

10 ANGRY DRAGONS

Written

by

Casey Costello

LACROSSE
America's first sport.
America's fastest sport.
America's fastest growing sport... besides pickleball.

Dedicated to my dad, Capt. John P. Costello II, U.S. Navy

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"The object of the game is to beat a man with a stick until he gives you what you want. And then buy him a beer after the battle."

-- Anthony Spottochino, UMass Gorilla, Class of 1974

Scroll to 1:34 mark on the link to see the best player in the game in 1977. He was 5'7" and weighed 150lbs:

<https://youtu.be/vh2lGQiukpI?si=PAsfMnll92Z1-8NS>

EXT. WANG'S BEST CHINESE RESTAURANT! - NIGHT

Tough part of Hollywood, CA. The Devil's slopjar.

INT. WANG'S BEST CHINESE RESTAURANT! - SAME

BACK STAGE

Our Zero: **GUNNAR McGLONE** (30s, unshaven, unkept, unsuccessful, unsober, unlawful, uneverything at this point in life) reads his iPhone Notes nervously rehearsing jokes.

He presses back to the HOME SCREEN and catches a glimpse at the picture:

A 20 year old pic of a youth sports team in shorts and jerseys. The KIDS are 10-12 and the 2 COACHES are in their 30s with mustaches - and everyone is mean-mugging the camera with their arms crossed like angry warrior badasses. (See next page for pic of my 8th grade team)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:



Gunnar grin/chuckles at the pic. He always does.

MAN (O.S.)

Let's give it up for our next comic, a really funny guy named... um, well he'll tell you. Come on out, guy!

Gunnar steps onto a tiny stage, 10 PEOPLE in the crowd.

GUNNAR

So.. umm.. My ma gave me some great lady- uh.. woman- *women* advice when I was young. She told me that women don't fall in love with their eyes... they fall in love with their ears...

He quickly leans down to a PRETTY WOMAN up front to YELL -

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

HI! MY NAME IS GUNNAR MCGLONE!
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?!

-- And scare the shit outta the whole city. Not funny.

A LONG 6 MINUTES LATER -- Gunnar skulks up to the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN (O.S.)

Sorry about that, folks. I thought
Gunnar was funner.

People LAUGH O.S.

Gunnar flops on a stool. BIG VIC the barkeep approaches.

BIG VIC

It wasn't that bad, Big Gun.

GUNNAR

Thanks, Big Vic.

BIG VIC

At least you get up there and give
it a shot.

GUNNAR

Gotta shoot to score.

Gunnar shoots his temple with his fingers.

BIG VIC

First bullet on me. What can I get
you?

GUNNAR

Drunk.

BIG VIC

The usual? Jameson-Jack?

GUNNAR

With a dash of dart frog.

BIG VIC

Neat?

GUNNAR

Yeah, a clean glass would be
great.

Big Vic laughs & pours. Gunnar gulps & stares: *'the fuck?*

EXT. WANG'S BEST CHINESE RESTAURANT! - CONTINUOUS

Gunnar stumbles out. A HOMELESS MAN harangues --

HOMELESS MAN

Yo, chief! Spare change for some
crack and a hand gun?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNNAR

If you promise to hit me clean
between the balls?!

Huh? Gunnar pulls out change, drops it and kneels to
retrieve it - crawling on the gross sidewalk.

HOMELESS MAN

(pathetic)
Keep it. Get yo'self a taco,
blatto.

EXT. GUNNAR'S APARTMENT - MID-CITY L.A. - MORNING

A **SHERIFF** exits his cruiser outside a quadplex in a
working class hood.

A 1997 Subaru Forester is parked on the front lawn. The
driver door is still open.

So is the apartment front door, which is covered with
EVICTIION NOTICES.

INT. GUNNAR'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Gunnar sleeps coffin-style on his nasty couch.

SHERIFF (O.S.)

It's time, Gunnar.

Sheriff stands over him. Gunnar nods.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Need help packing up?

No.

EXT. GUNNAR'S APARTMENT - MID-CITY L.A. - LATER

Gunnar's Forester is packed up, but not too much because
he doesn't have much.

He throws his last belongings in: 3 paintings of still
life, signed at the bottom by "Dad."

And lastly, his 3 LACROSSE STICKS.

TWO MEXICAN-AMERICAN BOYS (12) ride up on 1 bike - the
Boy on back holds a soccer ball.

JOSE

Where you goin', Gunnar?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNNAR

Nowhere.

MANNY

No shit. But where you goin' in
your car?

GUNNAR

Off a cliff.

(nods to bike)

Why you guys ridin' Siegfried and
Roy?

Huh?

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Why you sharing a bike?

MANNY

Have to.

JOSE

Cuckoo stole mine.

GUNNAR

The older kid? Why'd he do that?

JOSE

(sarcastic)

Cause he's not loco.

GUNNAR

So get it back.

MANNY

We haven't s-- Oh yo! There he is!

CUCKOO (17, big, tattoos) rides past them on Jose's bike.

JOSE

That's my bike, Cuckoo!

CUCKOO

(smiles/flicks off)

No mas, nina!

JOSE

Damn.

GUNNAR

Go get it.

MANNY

Look how big he is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOSE

We couldn't take him.

GUNNAR

It's not the size of the dog in the fight, fellas, it's the size of the fight in the dog.

Huh?

Gunnar relents and plops a lax ball in his stick, aims and rips a 40 yard dart at Cuckoo - drills him in the ribs & drops him off the bike.

JOSE/MANNY

Ha!

Cuckoo wobbles to his feet, and picks up the bike --

GUNNAR

No mas, nina!

Gunnar loads up another ball and threatens. Cuckoo drops the bike, and limps off nursing his ribs.

Jose & Manny celebrate, and retrieve the bike & return.

JOSE

(re: lax stick)

What is that?

GUNNAR

Lacrosse stick. For the game of lacrosse - the *Creator's Game*.

JOSE

What's *lacrosse*?

MANNY

Some white boy shit?

GUNNAR

Native American game that's been played for thousands of years. It's called "*baggataway*" or "*tewaaraton*" in a couple of the tribal languages, which means "the medicine game" or "little brother of war."

MANNY

"Little brother of war?" That's some macho shit, yo.

GUNNAR

And fun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Gunnar throws one stick in his car, and the other two at the boys, who drop their soccer ball to catch them.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Keep these in your hands at all times for a few years and you won't have to pay for college. Or *coño*.

He tosses them a lax ball, throws on his black Ray Bans Wayfarers (*which he'll always wear & hide behind when outside*), and starts his car.

Jose & Manny play catch with the sticks in the yard.

Gunnar drives off as a huge cloud of SMOKE from a forest fire in The Valley looms over Hollywood.

EXT. USA - DAY

-- Gunnar drives cross country.

-- He sleeps in his car at a truck stop.

-- He waits outside a truck stop RESTROOM. A MAN exits as a KID (10) runs up and cuts Gunnar, who halts him --

GUNNAR

I'm next, superguy.

Grumpy Gunnar enters.

-- Gunnar changes a flat tire on road side in the rain.

-- Gunnar at a gas station pump inserting a credit card - DENIED/INVALID. He pulls another card from his wallet and inserts it - DENIED/INVALID. He tries 2 more cards until one finally works and he's clear to fill'er up.

-- The dry desert landscape of the West turns to the green of the East.

A sign: **Washington, DC 20 miles**

EXT. GUNNAR'S SUBARU - DAY

Gunnar enters a small, rundown town. Sign: **DRAINESVILLE**

Small homes, big trucks, Walmart, KFC and Applebee's.

On the side of the road a small, worn out cardboard sign reads: "Drainesville Youth Lacrosse. Sign up."

He keeps driving thru town, into...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sign: **GREAT FALLS VILLAGE**

EXT. GUNNAR'S SUBARU - CONTINUOUS

Gunnar enters a small, beautiful & exclusive town overlooking the Potomac River.

Driving thru we see: Whole Foods, Gap, Gucci, Tiffany, Nobu. Their parking lots filled with Mercedes, etc.

GUNNAR

What the fuck am I doing here?

Flashy signs on every corner read: **"Great Falls Youth Lacrosse. We don't rebuild, we reload! Sign up now and become a Champion!"**

Then the clouds open up and a HAIL STORM pounds down.

EXT. GUNNAR'S SUBARU - NOT LONG LATER

Gunnar pulls up to a modest home surrounded by an overgrown/unkept lawn & trees. The other side of the Great Falls tracks: "Good Falls."

EXT. HOME - CONTINUOUS

Gunnar approaches the front door to enter but it's locked. He uses his key. Opens the door to find --

DAD (60s) standing in the foyer.

GUNNAR

What are you doing?

DAD

Standing in my house. What are you doing? Standing in my house?

GUNNAR

I left.

An emotional, unsure beat.

DAD

Right on time. I'm almost dead.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Gunnar pops a bottle of red and pours two glasses, hands one to Dad, who pours it down the drain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gunnar gulps his wine, and strolls the room looking at
FRAMED PHOTOS.

One of a **PRETTY LADY** (30s) smiling and holding an 8yr-old
GUNNAR and hugging DAD (30s) at the beach. Happy clan.

DAD

You look weak. Have you been
eating?

Gunnar gulps his wine.

DAD (CONT'D)

Solids..?

Dad eyes Gunnar with concern.

DAD (CONT'D)

So what's your plan?

GUNNAR

Plan?

DAD

You have to have a plan, Gunnar,
to get your life back on track.

GUNNAR

I *plan* on making God laugh.

DAD

How about a goal? Because a goal
without a plan is a wish.

Gunnar gulps.

DAD (CONT'D)

Why don't you try giving back til
you figure it out?

GUNNAR

Give back to what?

DAD

You know what. The only thing that
made you happy.

GUNNAR

It made you happy.

En garde.

DAD

You have any money?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GUNNAR

What are you? The IRS?

DAD

You better hope not.

Touche.

DAD (CONT'D)

Then where you gonna live?

Gunnar gulps and points to the floor.

DAD (CONT'D)

Then you have to get a job.

GUNNAR

Fine. As long as I get to wear my own clothes at this job.

DAD

Because you're better than a uniform?

Gunnar ignores and gulps.

DAD (CONT'D)

Might be a good idea to find a nice girl too.

GUNNAR

In this town? My options are cubs or cougars.

DAD

Still negative, I see.

GUNNAR

I know - it sucks.

DAD

You look hungover.

GUNNAR

God's way of saying I was awesome last night.

DAD

The way your life's going, you better believe in a higher power.

GUNNAR

My higher power is an asshole like everyone else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DAD

And by hungover I mean old. You're on a downward spiral, Gunnar. A tight one. Have been for about a decade.

GUNNAR

It's only been bad the last ten years though. I blame the womb.

Dad ERUPTS, GRABBING GUNNAR'S THROAT --

DAD

Don't you dare speak of her like that, you fucking..!

Dad realizes and releases. Gunnar gulps.

DAD (CONT'D)

(re: wine)

May wanna slow down there, Bacchus, and ride the wagon for awhile. Instead of being dragged behind it.

(as he exits)

You can sleep in your old room. For now.

Gunnar stands stunned.

DAD (CONT'D)

And shave your face. Your mom hated your dirtbag beards.

INT. HOME - GUNNAR'S OLD ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Gunnar enters and we see it's stuffed with high school and college All-America plaques, 2 Tewaaron trophies (college lacrosse Heisman). He was good.

LATER --

Gunnar lies on a mattress on the floor in the dark room, wide awake. Then POP! SSSHHH goes the air mattress.

Gunnar throws on jeans, grabs his car keys and splits.

EXT. THE OLD BROGUE IRISH PUB - GREAT FALLS - NIGHT

A MUSICIAN plays guitar & SINGS The Irish Rovers' "The Moonshiner" --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUSICIAN

*I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler, I'm
a long way from home / And if you
don't like me then leave me alone
/ I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll
drink when I'm dry / And if the
moonshine don't kill me I'll drink
til I die!*

Gunnar sits at the bar. **IAN THE BARTENDER** (20s, redhead, Irish brogue) approaches.

IAN THE BARTENDER

Hi, I'm Ian. What can I get you?

GUNNAR

Drunk.

IAN THE BARTENDER

Any particular path?

GUNNAR

A dark one. Jameson-Jack.

IAN THE BARTENDER

A Jameson and a Jack it is.

GUNNAR

No. A Jameson-Jack. In the same glass.

IAN THE BARTENDER

Umm...

GUNNAR

Ever heard of a vodka-tonic?

IAN THE BARTENDER

Yeah.

GUNNAR

Same idea. Double the trouble.

Ian shrugs, pours and delivers.

IAN THE BARTENDER

Bottoms up.

GUNNAR

Faces down.

Ian chuckles. Gunnar gulps.

IAN THE BARTENDER

Do I know you? You look familiar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GUNNAR

You don't.

(glass wag)

And if you pour like you're supposed to, you still won't the next time I come in here.

Ian walks away like: Oookkaayy.

A **WOMAN LAUGHS**, so Gunnar looks up - and immediately looks away and hides his face.

The **WOMAN** (20s, Pakistani-American) exits laughing with a **MAN** - looks like a date.

Ian the Bartender and a **WAITRESS** watch Gunnar and snicker barely audible bits: "...lacrosse.. high school.. drunk."

Gunnar tries to disappear more. Then, a back slap --

MAHONEY (O.S.)

What's up, McGlone!

JOHN MAHONEY (20s, corporate casual nice guy, Gunnar's oldest friend) sits.

GUNNAR

Despair.

Mahoney laughs and hugs him. Gunnar leaks a grin.

MAHONEY

Well. Welcome home anyway.

GUNNAR

Just a sabbatical.

MAHONEY

For how long?

GUNNAR

As long as it takes to save up at least 20 grand and split back.

MAHONEY

Back? To LA? Why? What's there?

GUNNAR

Not here.

This stings Mahoney.

MAHONEY

Why you need 20?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GUNNAR

While chasing the Hollywood dream
I didn't realize there was a
nightmare tailing called "credit."
I'll have to put like 6 months
rent down up front if I want to
not live in my car. The rest will
have to hold me til I get on my
feet and start headlining clubs or
land a sitcom.

Mahoney eyes him skeptically: *Headlining? Sitcom?*

MAHONEY

So what's the plan? While you're
here?

Gunnar stink-eyes him.

MAHONEY (CONT'D)

Alright, too soon. So, until you
know, why don't you coach
lacrosse?

GUNNAR

Where?

MAHONEY

Justin's U13 Drainesville team
needs a coach.

GUNNAR

No shot. Kids are just small
assholes. And what could I teach
'em? I haven't played the game
since college.

MAHONEY

Where you were a 4-time first
teamer and still hold the NCAA
scoring record.

Gunnar gulps, long sick of hearing about his glory days.

GUNNAR

Why's he play for Drainesville
when you live in Great Falls?

MAHONEY

You have to try out for Great
Falls.

(disappointed)

So he tried.

GUNNAR

Try out? What is he like 8?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MAHONEY

12.

GUNNAR

12-year-olds have to try out for youth lacrosse?

MAHONEY

The game's different now. Fastest growing sport in the country. Kids verbally commit to college as ninth and tenth graders now.

GUNNAR

For lacrosse? Kind of a gamble. What if they end up fat and shitty by the time they get there?

MAHONEY

Or end up as the next Gunnar McGlone?

GUNNAR

Drunk and shitty.

MAHONEY

Stakes are high these days in lacrosse.

GUNNAR

And their parent's let them commit to college that young?

MAHONEY

Parents are crazy.

GUNNAR

Oh I remember. Exactly why I won't coach. You just own-goaled your argument.

MAHONEY

So don't coach like him. Get your own style.

Mahoney eyes him.

MAHONEY (CONT'D)

He was a young parent with a new family, I know what it's like. He just loved the game. Passionate.

Gunnar goes silent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MAHONEY (CONT'D)

Dude, Justin still watches your highlights on YouTube from 13 years ago.

GUNNAR

Don't worry, he'll switch to YouPorn soon.

MAHONEY

These kids need a guy like you, Gun.

GUNNAR

Then that's fuckin' sad.

Mahoney sighs a defeated beat.

MAHONEY

Come on. You get to know the parents and you can parlay it into camps and clinics in the off season - make a nice business out of it.

GUNNAR

Can't. I gotta look for a job. A paying job. Not a babysitting job.

MAHONEY

Then that didn't take long.

GUNNAR

What?

MAHONEY

We'll pay you 20 grand.

Gunnar spits up his Jameson-Jack.

GUNNAR

How?

MAHONEY

Some of the parents are from Great Falls, so when I told them you were home we pooled it together. The tires on their Teslas cost more.

GUNNAR

You pay full freight up front?

MAHONEY

So you can skip back to Tinseltown tomorrow?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

GUNNAR

I'd never.

MAHONEY

Half now, half at the end of the season. Not bad for 3 months work. Paying work.

GUNNAR

3 months? Ugh.

Gunnar thinks... then --

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Not interested unless it's full freight.

Mahoney regroupes for a beat, then --

MAHONEY

Laila's son is on the team.

Off Gunnar --

EXT. GREAT FALLS LACROSSE FIELDS - DAY

Gunnar pulls up and parks amongst fancy cars with douche-y vanity license plates: "GR8 MD", "GR8 ESQ", "U WHISH", "LAX DAD", "LAX MOM", "GR8 LBYST", etc.

IN HIS CAR --

Wayfarers sunglasses on (*and he'll always have on while coaching*). He pours Jack Daniels AND Jameson into a Gatorade squeeze bottle and hydrates with a squirt.

GUNNAR

(Gatorade slogan)
"Is it in you?" For this shit it is.

He exits with his lax stick, wearing jeans & flip flops.

THE LACROSSE FIELD --

Gunnar approaches, scanning for something... someone? Not there. So he watches **12yo LAX PLAYERS** scrimmage, and they're pretty good. Gunnar looks impressed.

Mahoney eyes his wrist watch and approaches --

MAHONEY

About time. You're 15 minutes late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNNAR

Don't hate the player.

Mahoney stink-eyes him.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

What? My team looks like they know what they're doing.

Angle on the good 12-yr-old TEAM playing.

MAHONEY

That's Fapperson's team - the Great Falls Rapids. The team your team didn't make.

Oh. Great.

GUNNAR

Got my flash?

Mahoney hands him a CHECK for \$10K, and a COACHES POLO SHIRT embroidered with DRAINESVILLE LACROSSE...

MAHONEY

Wear this for games.

Gunnar stink-eyes it. Mahoney hands him a sheet of paper.

MAHONEY (CONT'D)

And your roster.

GUNNAR

I have to know their names?

FAPPERSON (O.S.)

Gunnar McGlone!?

STEVE FAPPERSON (30s, excitable, goatee, sports neon "Great Falls Rapids Lacrosse" lax-bro apparel) approaches holding a neon stick and tapping on his iPhone.

FAPPERSON (CONT'D)

Hashtag holy shit! Gunnar McGlone!

GUNNAR

In the fleshlight.

FAPPERSON

Ha! You're sick, dude!

GUNNAR

It's your love life.

Huh? Over his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FAPPERSON

Heard you were in LA, guy.

GUNNAR

I was, girl.

FAPPERSON

Right on right on. Heard you were like an actor or comedian or some shit.

GUNNAR

Just *shit* some would say.

FAPPERSON

Hashtag hilarious! I guess it didn't work out though, huh?

GUNNAR

Who the fuck are you?

FAPPERSON

Steve Fapperson.

Fapperson extends his hand, which Gunnar kind of taps with his bottle while eyeing around for an escape route.

FAPPERSON (CONT'D)

I was a freshman when you were a senior. Loved watching you in high school. Fucking sick, dude, fucking sick. Remember that "around the world" game winner you had against Landon-

Gunnar squirts a shot from his bottle like he shot a load and walks away. Off Fapperson's clueless smile --

EXT. GREAT FALLS LACROSSE FIELDS - CONTINUOUS

KIDS await with their gear on. Their **PARENTS** await anxiously to greet Gunnar but he ignores them, takes a squirt and walks past them.

GUNNAR OPENS THE ROSTER ROLL -- squints confused, looks at Mahoney.

GUNNAR

There's only 10 names here.

MAHONEY

Enough to field a team.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNNAR

An exhausted one.
(moves on to roll)
Alright, TJ Doremus?

TJ is a muscular kid, who speaks with a HIGH VOICE --

TJ

Here.

GUNNAR

(re: voice)
Jesus.

TJ

No, "TJ."

GUNNAR

(sotto)
"Teresa" is more like it.

TJ'S DAD

Speak up, son!

Gunnar looks over to **TJ'S DAD**, a mean looking mountain of a man. Thunderous voice.

TJ'S DAD (CONT'D)

Hey, coach!

Gunnar nods. Carries on --

GUNNAR

Zed Lawson?

ZED rudely ignores him as he rocks his AirPods/Phone.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Must be a goalie.

Reads --

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Tyler Gordon?

GORDO - Fat kid.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Should be a goalie.

GORDO

Call me "Gordo."

GUNNAR

You sure?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Gordo doesn't get that "gordo" means "fat" in Spanish.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Matt Tholander?

THOLANDER stands, and he's 6'4" and embarrassed about it.

THOLANDER

Present.

GUNNAR

Jeezus. Tholandersaurus. How tall are you, Tholander?

THOLANDER

Six feet.

ZED

Yesterday maybe. He'll be six-five by the end of practice.

GUNNAR

Shut up, Red.

ZED

Zed.

GUNNAR

Ted.

Zed birds him. Gunnar stink-eyes. Then smirks. Fucker.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Tommy Lopresti?

LOPRESTI watches an iPhone video.

GORDO

Quit peeling your potato, Lopresti.

Lopresti flashes his iPhone, which plays porn.

LOPRESTI

But your mom's in a "Wobbly H."

Gordo head-locks him, so Lopresti pulls his hand from his shorts and wipes Gordo's face.

GORDO

Ahh!

GUNNAR

Cut the grab-ass. This is Great Falls, not Van Nuys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ZED

You mean "Drainesville."

Gunnar head-shakes then sees Lopresti is wearing his way too big cup/jock over spandex - no shorts.

GUNNAR

Where your shorts?

LOPRESTI

Don't wear em.

GUNNAR

Why?

LOPRESTI

(re cup/jock)

See this bulge? This Mountain of Man? Rocco Siffredi got nothing on me. It's called the Fear of Sicilian God. Opponents shit when staring this hog in the face.

Gunnar just stares at this kid.

LOPRESTI (CONT'D)

And my Apollo-like thighs.

GUNNAR

Wha--? Dude-- you're wearing shorts...

(eyes/nods Mahoney)

What size are you?

LOPRESTI

Extra balls.

The kids laugh, as Gunnar stifles his and Mahoney flings shorts at Lopresti.

GUNNAR

Team full of goalies.

Gunnar moves down the roster --

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Angel Pagan?

SOCCER HORN blows from the sideline by **PAPA PAGAN**, Angel Pagan's dad.

ANGEL PAGAN

Papa!

ANGEL PAGAN, small El Salvadorian, talks fast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PAPA PAGAN

(spanish)
You should be playing soccer!

ANGEL PAGAN

(spanish)
Soccer is slow and no one wins!

Papa Pagan blows his HORN again in defiance.

GUNNAR

(eyes roster again)
Really? "*Angel Pagan?*"

Nods yes.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

I like that - keep em guessing:
Good and evil.

ANGEL PAGAN

Ying and Yang.

ZED

Tits and ass!

GORDO

Spit or swallow!

LOPRESTI

Tush or bush!

GUNNAR

Relax, fellas. Jeez, you're like
10, where'd you learn this shit?

LOPRESTI

The Internet, where you think?

ZED

Where you from? The forest?

GORDO

No shit - open a browser, old.

The kids laugh. Gunnar head-shakes.

GUNNAR

Anyway, welcome to lacrosse, Angel
Pagan.

Moving on --

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Todd Sokolowski?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SOKO, nice kid, hard worker.

SOKO
You can call me, Soko, sir.

GUNNAR
If you call me Gunnar, Soko.

He nods respectfully.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
Justin Mahoney?

JUSTIN
Right here, Coach.

JUSTIN MAHONEY, student of the game.

GUNNAR
Don't call me that either. You
don't look like your dad.

MAHONEY
Hey!

Gunnar smiles. Then folds up the roster.

GUNNAR
Looks like we're still short a
couple players, but let's get to
it. Also, write your names on tape
and stick it to your helmet,
because I can read but I can't
remember.

Mahoney helps with this.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
Alright, get on the rez.

TJ
Aren't we gonna stretch first?

GUNNAR
You're like 7. The only muscle you
can pull is your pud.

ZED
Fuck that shit! I need a warm-up!

GUNNAR
Hey - language. Get in goal.

Zed walks to the goal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Run!

He doesn't.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Give me a ball.

Soko throws him one, but it sails way over his head. Gunnar motions to Tholander, who throws it at his feet and bounces by.

Lopresti throws him one but it somehow goes backwards and hits Gordo in the head.

TJ readies to throw him one, but Gunnar approaches him and grabs it out of his stick and puts it in his stick.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

If you can save this shot I'll grant you a warm up.

He's 30 yards away, and shooting from a tough angle.

ZED

If you can make this shot I'll grant you my lefticle in your mouth.

Gunnar shoots a bounce shot that bounces outside the crease but the wicked english darts it back on goal and DINGS off the pipe for a goal.

The Kids react in awe --

KIDS

Holy shit! What a shot! How'd you do that?! Fake shot!

ZED

Lucky piper!

GUNNAR

Sometimes in life - you hit a pipe. Sometimes it dongs you and sometimes it dings you.

ZED

Yeah yeah, and sometimes in life a shit is just a fart!

GUNNAR

(to all)
Now get on the reservation and fight!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Gunnar throws a ball on the field but no one moves.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Play.

SOKO

We didn't hear a whistle.

Gunnar realizes he's a coach without a whistle.

GUNNAR

So?

SOKO

Thought you were supposed to play the whistle, Coach.

GUNNAR

My name's not Coach, it's Gunnar. And as your coach I say play.

TJ

We only have one goalie.

GUNNAR

Life's a dick kick. Play better defense.

He leans into Mahoney --

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Which one's Laila's kid?

MAHONEY

He's not here.

Suspicious beat.

GUNNAR

You shifty fucker.

Mahoney smiles slyly.

A final **KID** sprints up --

KID

Sorry I'm late, Coach.

GUNNAR

(turns)

Don't call me coach, and never apologize--

The KID gears up and we see: he has **ONE ARM.**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Oh. Sorry, bud.

KID

For what?

GUNNAR

(shock)

You have one arm.

KID

(grabs crotch)

And three legs.

KID smiles. Gunnar laughs.

GUNNAR

What's your name, tripod?

TRIPOD

Good guess.

GUNNAR

So are you a righty or a lefty?

TRIPOD smiles and sprints onto the field. He's fast.

MAHONEY

You want me to stick around and help--

GUNNAR

Beat it.

MAHONEY

Practice ends at 4:30.

Mahoney splits. Gunnar takes a seat on the bench with his bottle and watches the kids play. They suck. He squirts.

LATER --

Gunnar squeezes the last shot from his empty bottle.

GUNNAR

Alright. Whistle. Good hustle today. Hit the showers.

Not a locker room in sight. Gunnar wobbles off the field.

SOKO

It's 4 o'clock. Where's he going?

GORDO

(knowing)

He doesn't wanna be late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

Gunnar enters his car and drives off swerving. Off kids' confused faces, and not a parent's car around.

EXT. THE OLD BROGUE PUB - FEW MINUTES LATER

Brogue sign: **Happy Hour 4-7pm**. Gunnar enters.

INT. THE OLD BROGUE PUB - LATER

Drunk Gunnar SINGS "RAMBLER" til it ends. He toasts --

GUNNAR
Peace in the Mick East!

WOMAN (O.S.)
Gunnar?

Gunnar's POV: blurry and boozy, so he looks around.

GUNNAR
God?

POV: he focuses - on a beautiful **WOMAN**.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
Goddess.

She's the BEAUTIFUL WOMAN from earlier, **LAILA ALI** (20s, Pakistani-American, smart as hell).

LAILA
Hey.

GUNNAR
Laila.

LAILA
Hey. How are you?

GUNNAR
Alive. Full spectrum.

LAILA
I see.

GUNNAR
Makes one of us.

LAILA
Did you move back?

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNNAR

My dad had a stroke so I'm playing
Nurse Ratchet for awhile.

LAILA

Oh my gosh. Is he ok?

GUNNAR

He's fine. Got a baboon heart now.

LAILA

Well, tell him I said hello.

GUNNAR

Come by the house and tell him
yourself.

Awkward beat. Gunnar went for it, catching her off guard.

LAILA

Umm, ok, yeah. Do you still live--

GUNNAR

(sleazy smile/smirk)
In the same bedroom.

LAILA

Yeah, I figured.

GUNNAR

Sit down, let's catch up. Can I
buy you a drink?

LAILA

Umm--

MAN (O.S.)

Sure.

COLE LAWSON appears (40s, better-than-you prick).

COLE LAWSON

Glen Livet. 25.

He points to a 25 YEAR-OLD Scotch.

GUNNAR

25? How bout a 71?

COLE LAWSON

71?

GUNNAR

It's 69 with 2 fingers in your
ass.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

And lucky for you I got a ten inch
tongue and can breath thru my
ears.

COLE LAWSON

Why don't you watch your mouth
around the lady, pal.

GUNNAR

Why? Is she your girlfriend?

LAILA

No...

He puts his arm around her and smiles creepily.

COLE LAWSON

Until we make it official tonight.

LAILA

(shrugs him off)
Relax. Gunnar's an old friend.

GUNNAR

The oldest. And firstest. To turn
her thighs into Slip n'Slides.

Cole steps to him, but Laila stops it.

LAILA

And an asshole. Take me home,
Cole.

COLE LAWSON

(right at Gunnar)
Gladly.

LAILA

Take care, Gunnar.

GUNNAR

I'll take it anyway I can get it!

They split. Gunnar sulks.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

(I love you)
Laila.

EXT. PARENT'S HOME - NIGHT

Gunnar turns door knob but it's locked. Dad opens the
door, and Gunnar steps and face plants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAD
 (faux shock)
 Are you drunk?

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

BANG BANG BANG! Dad enters --

DAD
 Get up!

GUNNAR
 Why don't you let me sleep?!

DAD
 Why don't I put you to sleep?!

Dad yanks his covers off and stomps out.

Gunnar's fully clothed, shoes set neatly on the floor.

He sighs and looks around the room at the family memorabilia: one FRAMED PICTURE in particular --

"GREAT FALLS MOHAWKS LACROSSE" 6TH GRADE - every kid stands with their arms crossed and mugging like badasses.

A 12yr old mohawked, bucktoothed Gunnar stands under a younger, frowning, thick-moustached DAD as COACH, holding a Gatorade squeeze bottle.

It's the same pic we saw on his Home Screen on Page 1.

INT. HOME - LATER

Gunnar drags into the kitchen. Still unshaven.

DAD
 Morning, Gun.

Gunnar GRUNTS.

DAD (CONT'D)
 There's coffee.

Gunnar pours.

DAD (CONT'D)
 Hey, there's a job fair in Fairfax today, if you want to check it out? I can go with you...

Gunnar sits in the living room. TV on a Business Channel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNNAR

I got options.

DAD

Like what?

GUNNAR

Ooohh just one of my original
dream jobs: hedge fund manager,
NFL punter or... dirty cop.

DAD

And you're sure that comedian
thing won't work?

Zing and sting. Gunnar feels it.

Gunnar clicks to LOCAL NEWS. A live broadcast overlooks a
river with raging waterfall/rapids in the background.

NEWS ANCHOR

... this is the second casualty at
Great Falls Park this year.
Officials are once again warning
visitors of the dangers of the
Potomac River.

DAD

Every year some jackass slips off
the rocks into that death trap.

Dad sits down with him.

DAD (CONT'D)

Danny Sisson's landscaping company
is also hiring. I can put in a
call--

GUNNAR

I gotta get outta here.

EXT. MAHONEY'S HOME - DAY

Gunnar pulls up to a big, beautiful home.

GUNNAR

(impressed)

Damn.

Then notices 12 cars parked along the street and party
balloons tied to the mailbox, and a sign:

WELCOME DRAINESVILLE DRAGONS LACROSSE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
 (depressed)
 Damn.

INT. MAHONEY'S HOME - BACK DECK - CONTINUOUS

Gunnar enters a crowded gathering of PARENTS. Mahoney approaches - tipsy.

MAHONEY
 Coach!

GUNNAR
 What is this?

MAHONEY
 Team BBQ. I told you.

GUNNAR
 Didn't hear the "team" part of the invite.

MAHONEY
 No, you don't remember it, stew.
 Which is why you should quit drinking.

GUNNAR
 And do what?

MAHONEY
 (shakes head)
 Come on, I'll introduce you to the kids' parents. Some you may remember from high school.

GUNNAR
 No I won't.

As they approach the Parents, Gunnar loudly CLAPS his hands together --

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
 Cocaine and cigarettes! Who's got em?!

QUICK MINI-MONTAGE

As Mahoney introduces Gunnar to pleasant, suburban PARENTS, who bombard him with smiles & questions:

PARENT 1
 Hollywood, huh?

Then --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARENT 3

Why'd you come back?

Then --

PARENT 4

Where are you living?

Then --

PARENT 5

.. Oh, I hear that's a tough
business..

Then --

PARENT 6

Are you seeing anyone? Divorced?
Kids?

LATER -- Gunnar grabs 2 beers from a cooler and escapes
the annoying adults inside, and heads down to the --

BASEMENT --

ZED (O.S.)

Holy shit! Fuckin' sick!

JUSTIN (O.S.)

He dove and was in the air for
like 5 seconds!

TJ (O.S.)

And didn't land in the crease.
Replay it.

Gunnar peeks around the corner and sees his Dragons
watching Gunnar's YouTube lacrosse highlights on TV.

ESPN ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Gunnar McGlone sails thru the air
to tie the game with .2 seconds
left forcing overtime!

TRIPOD

He's the best lacrosse player I've
ever seen.

ESPN ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And he's 1 point away from
breaking Gary Gait's NCAA scoring
record - as a junior!
Unprecedented!

(then serious;
confused)

Wait... what is this...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ON TV - a MIDDLE-AGED MAN runs on the field in celebration, throws his beer in the air, and pounces on Gunnar. He wears a UMass Lacrosse t-shirt with "McGlone" & number 9 on the back.

ESPN ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Who is that?

Gunnar discards him and directs him back to the sideline.

He drunkenly stumbles back, and as SECURITY GUARDS apprehend him, he fights them. It's embarrassing.

ESPN ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Not sure what's going on here, but it appears the disrupter is being handled, so let's face off for sudden death OT.

ESPN COLOR ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

What a moron.

ESPN ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Looks like he got an early start to the tailgating.

They laugh. CLOSE UP ON MAN: his DAD years ago.

BACK TO GAME -- Gunnar wins the face off for a fast break, fakes a pass to the point that the defenseman falls for, runs past him, shoots behind the back and --

ESPN ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Goal!! Gunnar McGlone rips it behind the back in overtime to give the University of Massachusetts the NCAA championship and break the all-time scoring record! What a performance!

The Dragons go nuts.

SOKO

Notice how he doesn't celebrate his goals?

HIGHLIGHT ON TV - he doesn't celebrate, just walks back to the sideline as his team pounces him.

ZED

What a hard on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LOPRESTI

Funny you mention that. Hey, Justin, is your sister's team coming over?

JUSTIN

Why?

LOPRESTI

Thought we could scrimmage them. They could use the practice. On my stick and balls.

GORDO

You have a problem, Lopresti.

Gunnar head-shakes.

JUSTIN

My sister's out of your league, lasagna.

GORDO

You'd go number 2 in your pants before you went number 3 in hers.

JUSTIN

You'd be lucky to get a pat on the head.

LOPRESTI

Fine with me. She pat's my head, I'll spray hers.

Lopresti mimes nutting. Gunnar stifles a crack up.

SOKO

(re: coach)
What happened to him?

THOLANDER

(talks w/a deep
voice)
What do you mean?

ZED

(mocks in cro-mag
voice)
What do you mean? I swear you were born in a cave, Tholander.

SOKO

He didn't play pro or anything? No world team?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JUSTIN

I don't know. My dad said he moved to Hollywood right after college and just kind of disappeared.

ZED

My dad said he's a deadbeat loser who had to move in with his dad so he wouldn't be homeless.

Gunnar reacts: ouch.

THOLANDER

Your dad's a dick.

ZED

Your mom's got one.

TRIPOD

So he only played in college?

JUSTIN

High school too. Watch this shit...

Justin brings up high school highlights of Gunnar, which are even sicker and the kids HOLY SHIT! as they watch, jumping on each other and going crazy.

Lopresti jumps on Gordo and humps him, who throws him off; and Zed smacks Tholander across the face with a pillow, and then wraps TJ in a headlock, but TJ is too gentle-giant to fight back, as he GASPS in a his high-pitched SQUEAL.

Gunnar watches too, fondly, almost smiling. Then he goes dark, chugs the rest of his beer and sneaks out.

EXT. GREAT FALLS LACROSSE FIELD - DAY

Gunnar approaches the field. Mahoney awaits.

MAHONEY

Where's your shirt?

Gunnar points at his gross Guinness shirt.

GUNNAR

I'm wearing it.

Mahoney points at the DRAINESVILLE LACROSSE POLO SHIRT he's wearing, the one he gave Gunnar at first practice.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Oh. Forgot it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mahoney shakes his head and walks off.

FAPPERSON (O.S.)

First game!

Fapperson & his SON approach. Son does stick tricks, showing off.

FAPPERSON (CONT'D)

Gunnar McGlone, this is my son
Talan.

GUNNAR

"Talan?"

TALAN

"Gunnar?"

They're both dicks, but Fapperson is too busy tapping/tweeting to notice.

FAPPERSON

Faces off but doesn't get off. Not until he scores at least.

TALAN

I'm probably gonna go like 6 and 2 today.

GUNNAR

Kind enough to dish out two assists, huh?

TALAN

If my guys can catch my dope rope.

FAPPERSON

We're already talking to Coach Danowski.

GUNNAR

The Duke coach? About what?

FAPPERSON

Committing.

GUNNAR

To the school?

FAPPERSON

And a scholarship.

GUNNAR

At his age?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FAPPERSON

Talent is a commodity at any age,
Gunnar. Know what the college
coaches are saying about him?

GUNNAR

What?

FAPPERSON

They say he's the next fucking
Gary Gait.

GUNNAR

The next fucking Gary Gait? Oh no,
that's disgusting. But that's just
a rumor, right? As his father I
hope you're not gonna let that
happen?

FAPPERSON

Huh--?

Over Fapperson's head, so he moves on --

FAPPERSON (CONT'D)

Gather the guys for 4 v 3, Talan.

As he runs off --

TALAN

Hey, side-smiles! Fast breaks!
Look sharp! We look good, we play
good, we play good, we feel good,
and if we feeeeee good...!!

RAPIDS

We WIN GOOD!

FAPPERSON

My boys love to feel. Hashtag Good
luck, coach.

Fapperson extends for a hand shake but Gunnar squirts
himself a shot instead.

GUNNAR

Gods peed.

And walks off.

WHISTLE - START OF GAME

Talan quickly beats Soko at the face-off, easily scoops
the ground ball before Justin or Lopresti can get to it,
causing them to run into each other - Talan sprints down
the field.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Talan has 2 TEAMMATES wide open (*because Gunnar's defense doesn't know what they're doing*) but doesn't pass it, and instead runs right by TJ & Tholander, who only offer meager swings of their sticks, and shoots point blank on Zed - scoring easily.

TALAN

Not a chance, swiss-hole.

ZED

What the fuck, defense?!

TJ'S DAD

Come on, TJ! Lay em out!

Talan and his Teammates celebrate like assholes: excessive dancing, etc.

Their PARENTS celebrate just as assholely.

TALAN

Don't blame them when you're afraid of the ball, Zed!

Zed steams.

FACE-OFF -- Talan does it again, scores and dances --

ZED

Come on, Dragons!

TALAN

Hey Zed! You cock-suckers should change your name to the Drainesville Angry Dragons with all the load shooting out of your noses and tears running down your faces!

GUNNAR

(to himself or
whoever)

That lil shit knows what an "angry dragon" is?

ZED

Hey, Fap?! This is how the deaf say your name!

Zed fake masturbates while making FAP FAP noise.

TALAN

Go fuck yourself, Zed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ZED

Fuck yourself, you'll get more pussy.

Gunnar chuckles proudly at Zed's dirty retort.

TALAN

Suck my dick!

ZED

Not after it's been up your dad's ass!

Dragons getting spanked MONTAGE:

They don't win a face-off, so their offense doesn't get the ball, so they can't score.

When the ball is on the ground they can't win a ground ball and get body checked to the ground.

When they do pick up the ball they don't pass it and instead try to run thru too many of their opponents, which doesn't work and they lose the ball.

IN THE STANDS - PARENTS of Dragons somberly react.

COLE LAWSON

Pass the ball!

GUNNAR

(sotto)

I agree.

PARENTS of the Great Falls Rapids celebrate excessively.

TJ & Tholander play timid and don't use their size to knock Rapids around. Zed YELLS --

ZED

Come on, you giant pussies! Hit somebody!

Gunnar isn't doing shit. Except oogling MILFs on the sideline. And squirting Gatorade shots.

Lopresti oogles the MILFs' teen DAUGHTERS, doesn't see the ball thrown to him and is decked by a Rapid.

Talan continues taunting Zed, who's almost crying from the Rapid barrage.

The ball bounces to Soko, who shoots a weak shot, which GOALIE saves & throws up field to a Rapid for a fast break and goal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

A Rapid moves to step on the field, but Fapperson holds him back and pushes Talan on.

Dragon PARENTS grow angry, watching Gunnar do nothing and lackadaisically look around.

A Rapid ATTACKMAN dodges Gordo, who's too big & slow so he's easily beat for a goal.

Zed digs the ball from the goal and whips it at Gordo. Gordo punches Zed, as TJ & Tholander break them up.

SCOREBOARD:

RAPIDS: 12 DRAGONS: 0

Fapperson motions to Talan to keep running up the score.

Gordo is easily stripped of the ball as a DEFENDER chases him, because he's not running (moving his feet).

The same thing happens to Tripod because he's not moving his feet either.

Justin doesn't know what the fuck is going on.

Angel Pagan chases a ground ball with a RAPID. Angel has a step on him, but if he scoops the ground ball he'll be easily stick checked and lose it...

so he makes the smart decision to scoop the ball with ONE HAND AND USE THE OTHER HAND AS A SHIELD from the Rapid.

GUNNAR

Damn. Impressive.

Angel Pagan then throws a pass to Gordo who doesn't move his feet to catch it so it goes out of bounds.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Move your feet.

Angel Pagan runs off the field --

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Nice ground ball, Angel Pagan. Who taught you that?

ANGEL PAGAN

You did. Yesterday.

Huh? Gunnar squeezes a shot, trying to recall. Angel eyes him strangely.

Mahoney and Cole watch the beating with frustration, and stink-eye Gunnar, who teeters on the sideline.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Lopresti is stripped of the ball by a Rapid d-man, who runs it up field and scores.

ZED

You suck, Lopresti!

LOPRESTI

Come say that to my face, Zed!
I'll rip your teeth out and eat
your asshole with 'em!

WHISTLE - end of game.

SCOREBOARD:

RAPIDS: 20 DRAGONS: 0

Fapperson high-fives Talan and his team.

As the Dragons skulk to the sideline to gather around Gunnar he squeezes a shot...

GUNNAR

(slurs)

Goodz gamez, guysss.

Then he side-wines to his car and splits. Off the angry Dragons --

INT. THE OLD BROGUE IRISH PUB - LATER

Gunnar sits at the bar.

IAN THE BARTENDER

Another Jameson-Jack, Gunnar?

GUNNAR

It's a little early isn't it?

IAN THE BARTENDER

For another drink?

GUNNAR

For stupid questions.

Zing. He pours it.

IAN THE BARTENDER

Why Jameson-Jack?

GUNNAR

Because I'm Irish-American.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IAN THE BARTENDER

How long you been waiting to be asked that?

Zing. He walks away.

MAHONEY (O.S.)

Hey, quitter.

GUNNAR

I'm not quitting. You still owe me the other half of 20 large.

MAHONEY

You might be there at practice but you're not showing up, so in their eyes you're quitting. Right in their face. The only thing you won't quit is booze.

GUNNAR

See? I don't quit everything.

MAHONEY

Ha! What are you a comedian? Nope.

GUNNAR

What's your--

MAHONEY

You're fired.

GUNNAR

Excuse me?

MAHONEY

I just did.

He slams down a check for the remaining \$10k...

MAHONEY (CONT'D)

Your severance. Sorry it's not in a bottle - but you'll take care of that.

and splits.

GUNNAR

Valet! One more for the road!

(smiles at check)

Cause I got a comeback ahead of me!

EXT. HOME - DAY

Gunnar packs up his car, hugs his sad Dad and drives off for Hollywood. Again.

INT./EXT. GUNNAR'S SUBARU/GREAT FALLS - DAY

Gunnar drives thru a nice Great Falls neighborhood on his way out, drinking beer and admiring the beautiful homes - each of which sports a LACROSSE GOAL in the front yard.

He comes to a STOP sign and yields to a Range Rover. A **BEAUTIFUL WOMAN** drives it: LAILA. Gunnar covers up.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Laila parks at a beautiful home, enters with groceries.

Gunnar slows to a stop, as he followed her, but goes unnoticed. No lax goal in her front yard though.

INT. GUNNAR'S SUBARU - LATER THAT NIGHT

Gunnar drinks beer and watches the house. Laila and her **SON** (11) eat dinner. They look lonely. Her Son puts his plate in the dishwasher and kisses her goodnight.

INT. LAILA'S HOME - STUDY - LATER

Laila peruses BILLS and taps away on a calculator. Doesn't like the result as her face falls into her hands.

INT. GUNNAR'S SUBARU - MORNING

Gunnar sleeps where we left him. Sunglasses on.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Hey! Weirdo!

Gunnar startles awake to Laila. She yanks off his sunglasses.

LAILA

Gunnar?! What are you doing in my neighborhood?

GUNNAR

(still-drunk)

Laila? What are you doing in my bedroom? Couldn't stay away, eh? Shh, don't wake my dad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks around, realizing he passed out in his car.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Hey. How you been?

Off her shock, and his goofy stewed smile --

INT. LAILA'S HOME - LATER

Laila cooks breakfast for Gunnar. He eyes her naked wedding ring finger.

LAILA

So. You're obviously still crazy.

GUNNAR

Not Columbine crazy. Steal your panties crazy.

LAILA

And wear them.

GUNNAR

Whatever you're still into.

She Ew-eyes him.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

You're obviously still obnoxiously beautiful.

LAILA

And you're obviously still obnoxiously drunk.

Gunnar smiles drunkenly. She points at his hairy arms.

LAILA (CONT'D)

And still waging that War on Hair-ror I see.

GUNNAR

The unwinnable war.

Laila smirks.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Been a while since you've been this close to a man, huh?

LAILA

"Early Man."

They've always had a fun back & forth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAILA (CONT'D)

So, what've you been up to the last 15 years?

GUNNAR

Nope, not talking about me. It's all you. What you've been up to, but let's start fresh, like we weren't first loves. What's new?

LAILA

Well, I'm almost done with law school.

GUNNAR

To be a lawyer?

Huh?

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

That's awesome. You get to arrest people and shit.

LAILA

I can't arrest people as a lawyer.

GUNNAR

At least you get to carry a gun.

LAILA

Not just because I'm a lawyer.

GUNNAR

Handcuffs? But you carry those anyway. I remember junior prom.

He smirks.

LAILA

And I remember you flopping around on me like a salmon in a bear claw.

She smirks.

LAILA (CONT'D)

Too bad you didn't use them cuffs to hold onto me.

Touche.

LAILA (CONT'D)

So your car is packed up. Or is it moved into?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GUNNAR

No, I don't live in my car. Just came in to see Dad, but I'm heading out.

She nods. Gunnar awaits an emotion or reaction, but nada.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Wanna join me?

LAILA

You had your shot years ago.

GUNNAR

Gotta shoot to score.

He takes in the nice, big home.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

It looks like you're doing ok here. Where's the man of the house?

A beat to consider answering, and as she's about to --

CROGGY MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey.

LAILA

(turns to --)

Good morning, Thomas.

Shit. But it's her son, **THOMAS**, 11, who mopes in reading a thick book.

LAILA (CONT'D)

This is Mr. McGlone.

GUNNAR

Hey, Thomas. Call me Gunnar.

Thomas looks back to his book and sits. Awkward silence. Laila's phone RINGS.

LAILA

Excuse me.

She takes it in ANOTHER ROOM, closes the door.

GUNNAR

So, Thomas, do you live here or did you sleep in your car too?

Beat - nothing.

IN ANOTHER ROOM --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LAILA

... I haven't received shit from him in 6 months!... I don't know where he is - you're my lawyer, you tell me, Ira! Find him!

KITCHEN --

A stressed Laila enters the kitchen, but stops to listen to Gunnar and Thomas:

GUNNAR

Got a job?

Nothing.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Married? Girlfriend? Kids?

Nada.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

You on parole? Probation? The lam?

Thomas cracks a smile.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Yeah, me too.

Laila smirks.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

You like lacrosse?

THOMAS

La-what?

EXT. LAILA'S HOME - YARD - LATER

Gunnar plays catch with an unathletic Thomas, teaching him the basics. Laila watches out the window - wondering.

INT. MAHONEY'S HOME - NIGHT

Mahoney & Justin watch a Premier League Lacrosse (PLL) game on ESPN.

DING DONG. Mahoney answers the front door - to Gunnar.

GUNNAR

Half at the end of the season.

He hands him back the \$10k CHECK, and splits.

EXT. GREAT FALLS LACROSSE FIELD - DAY

The Dragons scrimmage, as Gunnar squirts shots on the bench. Soko hustles off, sucking wind --

SOKO
(pant pant)
Coach...

GUNNAR
Don't call me that.

SOKO
(pant pant)
Gunnar...

GUNNAR
What's up, Soko?

SOKO
Gunnar...
(pant pant)
can I...
(pant pant)

GUNNAR
What's the matter, man? Gotta
squeeze a lemon? Just go in the
woods, nobody's watching.

Collects his breath --

SOKO
I forgot my water, can I get some
of yours?

GUNNAR
Sorry, guy.

Gunnar squirts himself, as Soko walks off confused.

Gunnar sees Laila approaching with Thomas, so he shoots up, suddenly coaching and positive.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
Good job, guys! Good job! Let's
take a fire water break.

They walk to the sideline. Gunnar pats a few on the helmet, ad-libs encouragement.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
Nice saves out there, Zed.

ZED
Don't judge me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNNAR

Hey, Lopresti, I notice you can play both attack and middle. Which position is your favorite?

LOPRESTI

Consensual./Froggy.

GUNNAR

Jeez, kid.

LAILA

Hi.

GUNNAR

Hey. Glad you came.

LAILA

Thanks for inviting us. Sorry we're late, but it took some convincing.

GUNNAR

No sweat.

Gunnar turns to the kids.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Fellas! This is Thomas.

They don't care.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Alright, fire water break over. On the rez - time to fight.

LAILA

Fight?

GUNNAR

Don't worry --
(donks Thomas'
helmet)

Protection.

(re: her son)

Bet you wish you had some 11 years, 9 months ago.

LAILA

Ha.

LATER they scrimmage. Thomas is timid & terrible. Playing defense, he's easily beat by Lopresti who scores on Zed.

ZED

What the fuck, Thomas?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GUNNAR

Zed. Come on. Relax. And language.

ZED

(points at Thomas)
That kid's awful.

GUNNAR

(points at Zed)
That kid's an asshole.

ZED

You know he sucks, Gunnar.

GUNNAR

And you're some kind of prodigy?
How long have you been playing
lacrosse?

ZED

Four years.

GUNNAR

Thomas has been playing for four
minutes.

ZED

Looks like three.

Dragons laugh.

GUNNAR

Alright, you wanna see *sucks*? Me
versus you. All of you. Let's go -
face off. First one to 3.

Gunnar throws on helmet and gloves, and lines up to face
off against Tripod.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Call it, Zed.

ZED

Down.. Set.. Go!

Gunnar easily wins the face off, runs down the field,
right by them all and scores.

Next face off - same thing - goal.

Next face off - wins, ground ball, but pulls it out, and
the kids swarm him and he dodges them and fucks with
them, until they're exhausted.

Then he rolls the ball in the corner for them...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GUNNAR

Clear it.

They try but Gunnar is too fast - poking kids to the ground, stripping them, shoving them - just being an aggressive grown up dick, but it's all game legal.

And when the ball gets back to Zed he drops it, scoops it and runs up the field, Gunnar chasing --

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Pass it, pass it! Move it up field!

But Zed doesn't listen, so it's too late - Gunnar is on him and decks him. Gunnar scoops the ball and scores.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Goal. Game. The ball moves faster than your feet, Zed. You gotta move it up. Who sucks now?

The kids are exhausted and humiliated. Zed is so pissed he tears up and runs off the field. The rest follow.

GORDO

You suck, Gunnar.

Gordo scoops a ball and chucks it in anger... and really fucking fast and far, disappearing into clouds.

GUNNAR

(sotto; impressed)
Fucking cannon.

Off Gunnar's look --

EXT. GREAT FALLS LACROSSE FIELD - PARKING LOT - LATER

Gunnar waits with Thomas, heads hanging. Laila pulls up.

LAILA

Everything ok?

GUNNAR

Looks like the Dragons are down to one. Thanks for sticking by me, Thomas.

LAILA

What happened?

GUNNAR

They hate me. All except for Thomas. Or do you hate me too?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

I don't hate you. But you are a shitty coach.

LAILA

Thomas! Language!

THOMAS

You should hear him.

LAILA

Thomas, why don't you wait in the car.

He goes.

LAILA (CONT'D)

They may not like you now. But it's your job to convince them that coaching is just caring... with the volume cranked up.

GUNNAR

That's good. Got anymore of those, Voltaire?

She smiles.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Enlighten me over a drink tonight.

LAILA

Ummm..

GUNNAR

Don't say no. There's no glory in no, Laila.

LAILA

I can turn down a date with you if I want to.

GUNNAR

It's not a date. You think I wanna go on a date? And talk about my life? It's just a couple of old friends having a drink and shootin' the shit about nothin'.

She thinks.

LAILA

I can't have a drink with you.

GUNNAR

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She eyes his Gatorade bottle.

LAILA
Aren't you hydrated enough?

Off Gunnar watching her split with Thomas --

EXT. GREAT FALLS LACROSSE FIELD - DAY

Gunnar arrives to sulking Dragons, not in their gear.

GUNNAR
Come on, you little troglodykes,
get your shit on.

Solemn silence.

SOKO
We're gonna play baseball. We
talked it over with our parents.

GUNNAR
You're quitting?

TJ
Not quitting - just taking our
talents to another sport.

GUNNAR
Baseball? Baseball's not a sport -
it's a past time.

ZED
Baseball's a sport.

GUNNAR
And dolphins are gay sharks.

Dragons faces: Huh? They are? Are they?

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
Come on, fellas. If you're running
around with anything in your mouth
but oxygen and a mouth guard it's
not a sport. And it's certainly
not the first sport.

SOKO
First sport?

GUNNAR
Lacrosse is America's first sport.
You guys don't know this?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

It was invented by Native Americans, and has been played since pre-historic times.

GORDO

Bullshit.

GUNNAR

And it was played for badass reasons like settling disputes as a battle instead of going to war. And as a celebration when a party broke out. Who's cooler? Fat, juiced up assholes who sit around spitting until they get the chance to swing a bat three times in a 5 hour "game?" Or long-haired, make-up wearing First Americans running around shirtless and beating other men with their stick?

LOPRESTI

Gettin' our buttholes pounded just isn't fun, Gunnar.

GUNNAR

What does that have to do with lacrosse?

Beat.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Look, fellas, I know I've been... distracted... but my life has been pretty shitty lately. Mostly because I quit at it. I've quit just about everything I've had to work hard for. But I'm not gonna watch you dicks make that same mistake.

(they don't care)

Lacrosse can be a frustrating sport at first, but the beauty of the game is that anyone - all speeds, shapes and shades - can play it and be good. You don't have to be 7 feet tall, or weigh 300 pounds, or be strong enough to twirl cars. You don't need the speed of a mongoose or the reflexes of a cat. But you do need the fight in the dog...

Dragons: huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

When I was a freshman in high school I tried out for freshman football but I was small, very small, like not much bigger than most of you right now.

Dragons: woah.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

And the coach kept saying to us, *"It's not the size of the dog in the fight, it's the size of the fight in the dog."* And it spoke to me and motivated me. And then he cut me for being too small.

Some Dragons chuckle.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

I was crushed. And pissed. But I knew I wasn't too small for lacrosse. If I developed not my dog in the fight... but my fight in the dog...

Dragons seem to be getting it.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

My fight in the dog to show up and try. Compete. Take a shot.

(skeptical beat)

I started playing at about your age, but didn't know what the heck was going on game-wise until I was at least a sophomore.

JUSTIN

In college?

GUNNAR

High school. Pfft. Come on, I was a 3-time high school All American.

Back on track --

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

I know this game. It's the only thing I've ever known. And I know it because I loved it, so I studied and practiced it, which is the only reason I played like I did on that youtube shit you guys watch. It took years to get there. But I always believed I could.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TJ

Sorry, Gunnar. We already made our decision.

GUNNAR

Guess your mind's made up, huh?

They nod.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

WELL, FUCK YOUR MINDS!! THIS IS MY REZ, AND I'M THE CHIEF OF THIS FUCKIN' TRIBE, SO GET ON THAT GODDAM RESERVATION AND FIGHT!

Holy shit.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

SATURDAY WE PLAY THOSE PUSSIES FROM GARDEN CITY, AND I'LL BE FUCKED IF I LOSE TO A TOWN WITH THE NAME "GARDEN" IN IT!!

The terrified Dragons scurry onto the field. Gordo waddles behind exclaiming to himself & Dragons --

GORDO

Crazy drunk.

GUNNAR

AND GUESS WHAT?! THAT LITTLE POLE-HOLE TALAN FAPPERSON HAD IT RIGHT...

Huh?

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

We are - ANGRY DRAGONS! And when 10 of us are on that rez, we are - 10 ANGRY DRAGONS!

ON A CAR IN THE DISTANCE - Mahoney smiles - The Puppet Master. His son Justin flashes him a thumbs up.

LATER ON THE FIELD -- Gunnar distributes screwdrivers to D-Men, who unscrew their heads from their long poles.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

First things first, defensemen. No long poles. You will all play with short poles.

THOLANDER

Why?

He hands Tholander a short shaft.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GUNNAR

Because long poles give you false confidence, Tholander. Defense is played feet first, body second, stick third. And you have plenty of both, so a long pole is overkill.

LOPRESTI

That's what she said!

GUNNAR

Lopresti, play defense.

LOPRESTI

Why?

GUNNAR

Because I know you wanna poke someone.

Lopresti hip thrusts.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Gordo, move to crease attack.

GORDO

Why?

GUNNAR

Because your shot is heavy too.

He tosses him a short stick and a ball.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Shoot as hard as you can.

Gordo lines up in front of the goal. Takes a beat. Then lets it rip - hard - missing the goal by a mile.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Set your feet like this...

Gunnar demonstrates.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Don't aim for corners, just put it on cage.

Gunnar passes him another ball. Gordo sets his feet like Gunnar did, steps in and shoots - hard - ripping the net.

DRAGONS

Holy shit! Gordo! Cannon! Where's that been, you fat fuck?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Gordo smiles.

GUNNAR

You can't be a one dimensional player, Gordo. You gotta slim down so you're more than a shooter.

Gordo nods.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Tripod, your one arm and wrist is stronger than anyone with two, so you'll be facing off.

Soko sulks, since that was his job.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Soko and Justin, you'll be supporting him on the wings by boxing out, like in basketball, lowering your hips and using your elbows to box opponents out and get the ground ball...

Gunnar demonstrates.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Zed - you're our defensive quarterback, so you will communicate loudly and positively, but not yell negatively and dickishly, at your defensemen.

ZED

(facetious)

Super!

GUNNAR

And finally, we'll be practicing box lacrosse-style. Meaning: half field, 5 on 5, so you get more touches to improve your stick work, and think quicker in a smaller environment.

LATER -- they play 5 v 5 and it's a much quicker game. More Dragons touch the ball and move it faster. It's a faster game, but the ball is dropped less, and fun.

LATER -- water break.

JUSTIN

How come you never played pro, Gunnar?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

GUNNAR

Pro?

JUSTIN

Major League Lacrosse. Or in the new Premier Lacrosse League that just started?

GUNNAR

What for? \$100 a game in front of 10 people in Columbus, Ohio?

TJ

The games are on TV though.

GUNNAR

Which you can catch if you're home at 2pm on a Tuesday.

ZED

Aren't you?

Ouch.

SOKO

How come you never celebrated after scoring in college?

GUNNAR

It was a goal. Not a win. Yet.

TJ

Would you celebrate after winning?

He takes a thoughtful beat. Did he?

EXT. GARDEN CITY LACROSSE FIELD - DAY

GAME -- Gunnar watches as Soko picks up the ball in their defensive zone and runs it up field, dodging defenders.

GUNNAR

Move it up!

Soko is double-teamed and loses the ball. He tried to run thru too many defenders.

Garden City PLAYER scoops it and passes it to a TEAMMATE who scores.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Stop running the ball up the field! Pass it up! The ball moves fast than your feet!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AIR HORN - End of game.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Damn it!

SCOREBOARD:

GARDEN CITY: 10 DRAINESVILLE ANGRY DRAGONS: 5

The Angry Dragons sulk off the field. Not happy.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

(clapping)

Good game, Dragons.

He's met with silence, as they walk off with their angry parents. Gunnar's confused.

FAPPERSON

(gloating & texting)

Hashtag tough loss, McGlone.

GUNNAR

Retweet balls in your mouth, Fap.

FAPPERSON

Still relying on old talent, eh?
Well guess what? You're a cliché.
A cautionary tale to these kids.
High school hero, real life zero.

GUNNAR

Don't forget I was a college hero
too...

(jerk off motion)

Fap.

FAPPERSON

I'm glad you came back to coach,
so the kids know what not to
become if they get lucky enough to
catch a little talent.

Fapperson's smug mug walks off.

EXT. GREAT FALLS LACROSSE FIELD - DAY

The Dragons drag ass in practice, so Gunnar calls em in.

GUNNAR

You guys extra suck today. What's
wrong?

TJ

We lost. Again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUSTIN

Yeah, that shit you taught us
didn't do shit.

GUNNAR

Lacrosse takes time.

LOPRESTI

So does talking her into anal.

GUNNAR

What is wrong with you, Lopresti?

Lopresti punk-shrugs. Gunnar moves on --

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

So you wanna win?

THOLANDER

We wanna dominate.

TRIPOD

But we need some kind of
advantage. I do at least.

GUNNAR

Alright, I taught you the
fundamentals of the game, but
that's not gonna be enough. You
wanna win. Problem is you're
smaller, slower, weaker and less
skilled than your opponents. But
you haven't proven yourself to be
dumber, and lacrosse is a thinking
man's game, so it's time I teach
you some more advanced shit.

The Angry Dragons smile.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

But don't tell your parents or
anyone else what I'm teaching you.
You usually wouldn't learn this
til college.

ADVANCED SKILL TEACHING MONTAGE

-- LONG PASSES

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

The ball moves faster than you
slugs. The beauty of lacrosse is 4
passes covering 100 yards in 3
seconds. Your opponents will
selfishly run it up the field - we
will not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dragons throw 40 yard passes to each other, but it's ugly and don't connect on any of them.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

It's not easy.

-- STICK FAKES

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

You can only use a stick fake a few times a game before your opponent catches on.

Gunnar makes a passing motion but flicks his wrists down before releasing the ball, so it stays in the pocket. Dragons mimic him, but none can do it w/out ball drops.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

It's not easy.

-- ONE HAND GROUND BALL -- scooping ground balls with one hand, and other arm being used as a shield from checks.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

This is to be used when you're running for a ground ball with your opponent and he's in a position to check you, so - you stick out your arm to shield the check and scoop one handed.

SOKO

We know. You taught us this already.

Oh, right.

GUNNAR

I know. Just reinforcing. Do it.

They do. They suck.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

It's not easy. That's why I teach it twice.

-- HIDDEN BALL TRICK

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

This has been working since the inception of the game by Native Americans. Reservation Rules, boys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

2 Dragons come close together, 1 has the ball, they shield their bodies from the goal/defense, seem to exchange the ball, then both run off CRADLING. Who has the ball? We don't know.

-- BEHIND THE BACK SHOT

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Only used when you have a bad angle and can't switch hands.

He demonstrates. They attempt it. They suck.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

It's not easy.

-- GUNNAR WARMS UP ZED

Gunnar rips hard bounce shots, scoring every time.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Step to the ball to smother the bounce.

Gunnar shoots a bounce shot, and Zed steps to the ball and saves it.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Nice.

-- GROUND BALL LIFT

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Instead of checking down on your opponent's stick, you use the hockey check and lift up, so he runs right over the ball and you scoop it up.

Gunnar demonstrates on Tholander and he falls face first.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

See? Easy.

ZED

Timber!

Tholander stands up, steps up to Zed and towers intimidatingly over him. Zed laughs nervously. Gunnar smiles.

-- AGILITY DRILLS

Dragons run thru drills to improve their footwork. Tholander and Gordo drag behind due to their size.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GUNNAR

Keep moving your feet, Tholander!
Don't stop, Gordo! Be the burn and
it'll melt right off!

-- WATER BREAK

Gordo drinks Coke, but Gunnar yanks it for water.

-- ONE HANDED SHOOTING

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

This is mainly for Tripod, but
with the right leverage and when
coming around the goal, use
gravity and whip it around, or
between your legs.

Dragons try one-handed shots and suck, except for Tripod.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

See? Easy.

-- DEFENSE - poke checks

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

You poke the bottom hand when
they're about to pass or shoot.
And poke right in their bread
basket, ribs and hips when they're
cradling one handed.

Gunnar demonstrates on Justin, who takes a poke in the
ribs and falls down.

-- The "Rusty Gate"

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Set them up, and when they get
comfortable you let them think
they're beating you and then spin
your body and sling your stick
with it, like this...

He whips the stick behind his back to demonstrate:

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

I've only seen a handful of
players successfully land a Rusty
Gate, so if any of you chumps
pulls this off in a game it's a
night of Mardi Gras-like drinking
on me.

They immediately practice it on each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

IN VARIOUS DRILLS OF THESE ADVANCED SKILLS -- the Dragons are terrible.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

This is not a game you learn overnight, and these are not skills you master over many nights. Keep at it. And most importantly - keep your stick in your hands. At all times. Everywhere.

MONTAGE

-- Dragons practice these skills on their own at home, school, etc - a stick always in their hands.

-- Gordo shoots at his neighbors mailboxes - knocking them off their posts.

-- Justin & Mahoney play catch in the yard. Justin attempts Behind the Back passes and can't connect.

-- Tholander shuffles his feet as he chases his cat around the house.

-- Tripod's DAD repeatedly blows a WHISTLE, as Tripod practices face-offs - quickly clamping down on the ball.

-- Cole Lawson shoots on Zed in their backyard. Zed saves every shot.

COLE LAWSON

You're a wall, son!

ZED

The best lacrosse player in the world warms me up everyday!

-- Angel Pagan watches lax on TV. Papa Pagan enters and switches to soccer. Angel brings lax up on his cell.

-- TJ watches the movie "ROAD HOUSE" with Patrick Swayze. Rewinding the fight scenes, and getting fired up. Then he chases his dad around the house...

TJ

(high voice)
Come here, old man!

... and tackles him.

-- Talan & Fapperson play contact lax one on one. Fapperson aggressively dominates his son - because he's a grown man - and checks him to the ground losing the ball, which Fapperson scoops up to shoot and score.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

FAPPERSON

This is how you get better.
Playing against better players.
That's me right now. Come on, get
up - face off.

Talan stares at his dad upset & frustrated.

END MONTAGE

EXT. GREAT FALLS LACROSSE FIELD - DAY

GAME -- Angry Dragons play the Fairfax Flyers.

Flyer ATTACKMAN drives on Tholander who pokes his bottom hand, dislodging the ball right in front of the crease, but a Flyer scoops it and shoots for a "garbage goal."

ZED

Don't worry, Tho, it was a
bullshit goal.

ON SCOREBOARD --

FAIRFAX FLYERS: 8 DRAINESVILLE ANGRY DRAGONS: 5

1:30 left in 4th Quarter

GUNNAR

Time out!

REF WHISTLES

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Great poke check, Tholander, just a lucky garbage goal. Alright fellas, 3 goals in 90 seconds is nothing in the fastest game on two feet, got that?

They nod.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Tripod, pop and pinch it forward to yourself for a fast break, ok? Justin, Soko, be sure to box your guys out.

They nod.

ON FACE-OFF - WHISTLE

Tripod wins the face-off, draws a Flyer defenseman, so he underhand passes it to Gordo who CRANKS a shot and scores.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Not one Angry Dragon celebrates. Back in position.

SCOREBOARD:

FAIRFAX FLYERS: 8 DRAINESVILLE ANGRY DRAGONS: 6

1:15 left in 4th Quarter

ON FACE-OFF - WHISTLE

Tripod wins the face-off by raking it out to Justin, who boxes out a Flyer but he'll be checked if he scoops it, so he goes to a one-hand ground ball, using his free arm as a shield like he was taught and scoops it.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Great scoop, Justin! Invert to Tripod!

Justin passes it to Tripod, who runs behind the goal and dodges, gets a step on his defender and slings a shot around one-handed and scores!

No Dragons celebration.

SCOREBOARD:

FAIRFAX FLYERS: 8 DRAINESVILLE ANGRY DRAGONS: 7

00:50 left in 4th Quarter

ON FACE-OFF - WHISTLE

Tripod loses the face-off, and Flyers take it into their zone to run out the clock.

Dragons chase but they can't strip them to get ball back.

00:20 left in 4th Quarter

A pressured Flyer runs behind the goal and passes it to his teammate - but Zed jumps out of the goal to intercept the pass!

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

That's smart lacrosse, Zed!

00:10 left in 4th Quarter

ZED

Break!

Dragons scatter up field. Zed slings a 30-yard up-field pass to TJ, who throws a 20-yard pass to Justin, who throws it 20-yards to Soko --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GUNNAR

Way to move it up!

who slings it another 15-yards to Gordo - who catches it from 10 yards away with **00:02 left** and SHOOTs!...

KLANK! Hits the crossbar. No goal. End of game.

SCOREBOARD:

FAIRFAX FLYERS: 8 DRAINESVILLE ANGRY DRAGONS: 7

The Angry Dragons sulk off the field. Not happy. Again.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

We didn't win, but we didn't lose.
And I think we're getting better
at not losing.

Huh?

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

And that's what's important.

JUSTIN

We still suck.

ZED

You still suck.

JUSTIN

You do.

TJ

We all still suck.

A sad beat.

GUNNAR

You remember how bad we were 2
weeks ago? We shoulda changed our
name from the Dragons to the Dons
Jons we poo'd in public so much.

Gunnar gets a TEXT from Laila, he reads it --

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Oh come on.

He texts back: Thanks, Voltaire.

Then, reciting, but trying to sound convincing --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

*Fellas, character is not defined
by time - it's determined by
commitment.*

Huh? They scoff.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Fine. Hell with it. You wanna feel
sorry for yourselves? You wanna
know what's really important? You
entitled little pussies. I'll give
you something to feel sorry about!
Get on the rez!

MOMENTS LATER - The Dragons scrimmage with ONE ARM TAPED
TO THEIR BODIES, so they're playing one-armed.

Tripod has his ONLY ARM TAPED TO HIS SIDE, so he runs
around like a headless chicken.

TRIPOD

Gunnar, I can't really--

GUNNAR

You think you're special too,
Tripod! You're not!

He shoves him back on the field.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Lacrosse was also played by Native
Americans to prove a point!

The Dragons collide and fall as they try to play but it's
just ridiculous, so they start piling up on each other.
And then laughing. Gunnar too.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Alright! Happy hour on me!

INT. THE OLD BROGUE IRISH PUB - NIGHT

The Dragons SING loudly along with the Musician as he
plays The Irish Rovers' "The Moonshiner."

DRAGONS/MUSICIAN

I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler, I'm
a long way from home / And if you
don't like me then leave me alone
/ I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll
drink when I'm dry / And if the
moonshine don't kill me I'll drink
til I die!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gunnar raises his glass to toast --

GUNNAR
Stay Angry, Dragons! Bottoms up!

LOPRESTI
Faces down!

GUNNAR
Hey. Act like a lacrosse player,
not a butthole, Lopresti.

The Dragons laugh at Lopresti, who shrinks a bit.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
That goes for all of you. Respect
our first sport, respect The
Creator. And the people who love
it.

A beat to know he means biz. Moving on --

JUSTIN
Hey, Gunnar, we got you something.

He hands over a GIFT. Unwraps it: a WHISTLE. But it's one
of those bachelorette party COCK-SHAPED WHISTLES.

Gunnar head shakes as the Dragons laugh. Then he BLOWS
THE COCK WHISTLE LOUD AS SHIT!

EXT. HOME - BACK YARD - DAY

Gunnar carrying his lax stick & bucket.

He looks nostalgically at the old LAX GOAL in the
backyard, now almost overgrown by grass.

Then dumps the bucket - balls roll out.

He shoots and shoots - ripping corners, shredding the net
- extolling frustration; thinking and not.

ANGLE ON A HOUSE WINDOW - Dad watches his son.

INT. 7-ELEVEN - DAY

Gunnar buys a 6-pack and Advil from a Turban-wearing
INDIAN CLERK.

A continuous THUMP THUMP sounding from somewhere,
irritating Indian Clerk, who hands Gun his change.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INDIAN CLERK

(accent)
Thank you, sir. Take it easy.

GUNNAR

I'll take it anyway I can get it.

Indian Clerk laughs, but it's a mask.

EXT. 7-ELEVEN - CONTINUOUS

He exits and walks to his car, but slows as THUMP THUMP THUMP is louder. He walks around the building to see --

A dark skinned, pony tailed KID (12) with a lax stick, throwing a ball against the brick wall ("Wall Ball").

He's very skilled and wall balls easily.

GUNNAR

(sotto)
Jackpot.
(to kid)
"How"!
(nada)
Hey, Tonto!
(nothing)
Hey!

He stops & turns.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Who do you play for, chief?

Kid ignores him and goes back to wall ball.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Hey, bud. Why you playing possum with me?

He stops.

KID

Because my name's not "Tonto" or "Chief," John Smith.

Gunnar chuckles at the John Smith dig.

GUNNAR

What is it?

Kid pulls a long fabric from his pocket and ties it around his hair, forming a TURBAN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INDIAN CLERK (O.S.)

Kumar!

KUMAR hides his stick behind the dumpster...

GUNNAR

"Kumar?" What's that mean? "Little Feet," "Fire Water" or some shit?

KUMAR

(fuck you)
"White Castle."

Huh? Ohhh...

GUNNAR

You're Indian Indian?

KUMAR

Yeah, dipshit - dots not feathers.

Kumar splits inside.

INT. 7-ELEVEN - CONTINUOUS

Gunnar enters to see Kumar sporting a 7-11 shirt, sweeping the floor.

GUNNAR

Kumar, right?

INDIAN CLERK

Can I help you, sir?

GUNNAR

No.

(to Kumar)

You got some skills, dude.

INDIAN CLERK

I am his father Sanjay Gupta.
Please address me.

GUNNAR

Oh, hey, nice to meet you, Mr. Gupta, I'm Gunnar, Gunnar McGlone, and I coach the Under 13 lacrosse team for Drainesville, and I saw your boy out back--

MR. GUPTA

Thank you, but we are not interested.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNNAR

In what? I haven't asked--

MR. GUPTA

In you.

Gunnar points at the underage Kumar sweeping/working.

GUNNAR

Then maybe you'd be interested in
Child Services "addressing" you..?

LATER -- Kumar hands Gunnar a chili dog as all 3 talk.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

... I'm talking scholarships to
the nation's top colleges, Mr.
Gupta. And for short, slow, weak
kids in a fun sport that doesn't
require being a physical freak.
And shit, the top colleges have
the top teams.

Mr. Gupta thinks.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

You want Kumar to attend a top
medical school?

He nods.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Then he should probably start at a
place like Princeton. But do you
want to pay for it?

No.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Hell no. Let a stick and ball do
that.

Mr. Gupta frowns.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

He's 12, Mr. Gupta. He should be
ringing up goals, not customers.

Off Kumar's smirk --

EXT. 7-ELEVEN - CONTINUOUS

Gunnar exits with a big smile. Then stops - something
catching his attention --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIS DAD - sitting all alone outside Starbucks. He sits motionless, staring at nothing - lonely as fuck.

Off Gunnar's shrinking smile --

EXT. GREAT FALLS LACROSSE FIELDS - DAY

PRACTICE --

Gunnar addresses the Angry Dragons, with Dad by his side holding a lacrosse stick.

GUNNAR

Fellas, this is my father, Coach McGlone - listen to him. He taught me everything I know.

Motions to Kumar, his turban on --

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

And this is Kumar, and no he's not Native American - just Indian.

(re: turban)

Can you fit a helmet on that salad?

In one swift motion the turban is unwrapped, the hair drops and the helmet is on.

LATER - practice is intense and upbeat.

Kumar scores goals, hoovers ground balls and makes his teammates better, exciting the Dragons.

Kumar feeds Gordo - goal. He feeds Soko - great save by Zed. He feeds Thomas - who misses it.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

(claps encouragement)

No sweat, Thomas. Next time, bud.

LATER - Gordo runs thru TJ, Tholander, Lopresti and scores on Zed. They all blame & bitch at each other.

Gunnar huddles them up.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

I need you guys to work as a 4-man unit and support each other, alright?

They nod.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

And Tholander, TJ, use your size
and start tossing kids around.
Right now you giants are acting
like you couldn't scare a kitten
with a heart condition. Got it?

They nod.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

I SAID GOT IT!?

He grabs them by their face masks --

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

FUCK SHIT UP AND COMMUNICATE!

LATER - TJ, Tholander & Lopresti play like beasts.

Parents arrive for pick ups, and watch. The sun drops.

They eye their watches. Finally Gunnar blows his COCK-
WHISTLE - practice over.

Dad yanks cock-whistle from Gunnar's mouth and sticks in
a regular whistle.

EXT. LOYOLA COLLEGE - LACROSSE STADIUM - DAY

Gunnar, Dad and Dragons attend a college game.

FIELD OF PLAY - This happens very fast: a LOYOLA
DEFENSEMAN strips UVA ATTACKMAN and passes the ball to
his GOALIE --

who passes it 30 yards to a LOYOLA MIDDIE --

who dodges a UVA MIDDIE, crosses midfield and passes it
down the wing to LOYOLA ATTACKMAN --

who throws it to ATTACKMAN at "X" (behind the goal) --

who runs to the opposite side of the goal while getting
checked by UVA DEFENSEMAN --

but then steps back and feeds a cutting LOYOLA MIDDIE who
shoots and scores. CHEERS!

GUNNAR

Solid team defense, which leads to
3 passes in 90 yards in 4 seconds
and a goal. That's lacrosse,
fellas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOKO

Why'd the middle pass it down the wing to the attackman instead of hitting his own middle running down the middle?

GUNNAR

It's called a "slow break" and...

Gunnar explains, as the Dragons listen attentively.

EXT. HOME - DAY

Gunnar mows the overgrown lawn. Trims bushes. Throws debris in the trash. Dad watches out the window.

Dad joins Gunnar carrying 2 lax sticks and a ball bucket.

Dad hobbles around the yard feeding Gunnar passes, who shoots & shoots, ripping corners of the net.

They have a rhythm and seem to know where the other is going to be - passing & catching like a sixth sense.

EXT. GREAT FALLS LACROSSE FIELDS - DAY

GAME --

Kumar dodges, beats his OPPONENT and scores.

Angel Pagan beats 2 OPPONENTS to a loose ball for a protected one-handed ground ball.

TJ runs down the field with the ball, running over OPPONENTS and scores.

Tholander does the same thing. Not one Angry Dragon celebrates. They get back in position - all business.

WHISTLE - END OF GAME

ON SCOREBOARD --

DRAINESVILLE ANGRY DRAGONS: 8 HERNDON HORNETS: 7

EXT. DRAINESVILLE FIELD - DUSK

ANOTHER PRACTICE - the sun is gone. PARENTS sit impatiently in their cars with their headlights on. Gunnar coaches intensely.

Justin dodges, but Thomas doesn't cut thru so Justin is double-teamed by Thomas' defender and stripped.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNNAR

Thomas! You gotta get out of his way!

Gunnar blows his WHISTLE in frustration and approaches.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

You gotta clear thru, bud! When your teammate dodges at you, you gotta run out of his way. Got it?

He nods. Next play - Thomas doesn't clear thru.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Thomas...?! You gotta... ugh.

Thomas sulks. Dad approaches Thomas.

DAD

Do you know what a "pick" is?

THOMAS

No.

DAD

Well, instead of getting in your teammate's way, you get in his defender's way. But you can't be moving when you do it, and you kinda put your body on the line. Here I'll show you...

Dad takes Thomas aside to demonstrate.

LATER -- still scrimmaging, Kumar scores.

GUNNAR

Face off! Next goal wins!!

The Dragons slog back to their positions. Dad eyes his son. Then Dad finally blows his WHISTLE.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Dad!?

DAD

Go home, Dragons.

Off Gunnar's clueless annoyed face --

INT. LAILA'S HOME - NIGHT

DING DONG. Thomas answers to Gunnar, who's dressed well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNNAR

Hey, dude. You hear we made the playoffs?

Thomas stink-eyes him and walks away. Laila appears --

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

We're going out.

LAILA

No we're not.

GUNNAR

Why?

LAILA

Why?

GUNNAR

I learned that from the kids.

LAILA

For one, I already took off my bra for the night--

GUNNAR

I'm fine staying in.

He steps in but she stops him.

LAILA

It's too late to get a sitter--

GUNNAR

Covered.

Dad steps in frame.

LAILA

Mr. McGlone!

DAD

Hi, Laila.

They hug, but then realizing her bra comment, she blushes and he tries not to eye her breasts.

DAD (CONT'D)

Sorry about the surprise, but my son is persuasive.

GUNNAR

(sly smile)

Oh, she knows.

Dad yanks Gunnar's ear: OW! Laila chuckles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAILA

I'm so glad you're ok. How are you feeling?

DAD

Umm--

GUNNAR

He's great! Still tickin'.

Thomas appears.

DAD

Hey, Thomas!

THOMAS

Hey, Coach McGlone!

Thomas happily waves him in, leaving Gunnar & Laila.

LAILA

I can't go out tonight.

GUNNAR

Come on, Laila. What are your options after Thomas goes to bed? Snuggle up to stream the first 10 minutes of 5 shitty Netflix movies?

LAILA

Have you been sleeping outside my house again?

Off Gunnar's awkward 'No, of course not' face --

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

WAITER writes down their orders, takes their menus.

GUNNAR

You don't want any sake?

LAILA

No thank you.

GUNNAR

Wine? Whiskey?

LAILA

I don't drink.

GUNNAR

Really? Then how do you stay alive?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gunnar finds this funnier than Laila & Waiter do.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
Sake for one, then. Thanks.

Waiter splits.

A FLOWER MAN passes by selling roses.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
Cuanto cuesta?

FLOWER MAN
Diez dolares.

GUNNAR
Para uno rose?

FLOWER MAN
(spanish)
Your girlfriend is worth it.

GUNNAR
(spanish)
Of course she is. But she's not my
girlfriend.

FLOWER MAN
No?

GUNNAR
(Not yet. But if I have any luck.)

Flower Man laughs.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
Dame dos por favor.

Flower Man & Gunnar exchange 2 roses for a \$20.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
Gracias.

FLOWER MAN
Buenos noches, senior.
(And good luck.)

Gunnar presents 2 roses to Laila.

GUNNAR
Para ti, linda.

LAILA
My name's Laila, but thank you.
Such a gentleman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He blushes.

LAILA (CONT'D)
You speak Spanish now?

GUNNAR
Course, come on. This is America.

She chuckles, good point.

LAILA
What'd you say to make him laugh?

GUNNAR
You don't speak Spanish?

LAILA
No.

GUNNAR
Oh, then you wouldn't understand.

She laughs, impressed by this language layer of Gunnar.
Then she studies him for a beat.

LAILA
What happened to you?

GUNNAR
What do you mean?

LAILA
You disappeared and became a
miserable drunk.

GUNNAR
It's impossible to be miserable
and drunk.

LAILA
The Gunnar I remember was happy,
fun and had such an effortless
grace. You weren't cocky or
overconfident. You were just
comfortable. And made everyone
around you feel comfortable. And I
think lacrosse gave you that.

GUNNAR
And life took it away.

LAILA
No, alcohol took it away.

Embarrassed, he changes topic --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GUNNAR

What about you?

Sushi, rice & sake are delivered.

LAILA

After graduating I moved to New York and did the fun party thing for awhile. And then I met a charming stockbroker 15 years older than me looking for a 22 year old wife, and I fell without thinking.

Gunnar listens intently.

LAILA (CONT'D)

And like the typical Wall Streeter he snorted without sneezing, and cheated without caring. But Thomas was already on the way, so he bought me a home here. My parents loved that I came back.

GUNNAR

Not sure my dad did with me.

LAILA

He will. Once you remind him who you are.

GUNNAR

What about us?

LAILA

Then or now?

GUNNAR

What's the difference?

LAILA

A lot. We were young, Gunnar. I can't look back because I'm not going that way.

GUNNAR

But we were also in love.

LAILA

And it was wonderful. You were my first.. everything. Then you went away to college to be a big shot *lax bro*--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GUNNAR
(so offended)
Heeyyy!

LAILA
Sorry, low blow. Bro.

Amusing stink-eye.

LAILA (CONT'D)
And you dropped me. And then you
went away to Hollywood to be an
even bigger shot.. shot?

Gunnar's embarrassed.

LAILA (CONT'D)
And forgot me. Now you're back.
For what? For me? For you? Or
because you had nowhere else to
go?

An intense stare.

GUNNAR
I can count the number of girls
I've loved on my finger.

She looks away. They eat their sushi and rice in
confused, energized silence. Gunnar displays --

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
Rice is great when you wanna eat 3
thousand of something.

She spit-take laughs rice in his face.

INT. LAILA'S HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

Gunnar & Laila tip toe in giggling. Dad sleeps on the
chaise, and Thomas sleeps on the couch, TV on.

LAILA
Shh...

As they sneak past Dad & Thomas to go upstairs...

DAD
(eyes closed)
Not on my watch, kids.

Dad & Thomas open their eyes, laughing. Busted.

EXT. GREAT FALLS LACROSSE FIELDS - DAY

A banner reads: **Fairfax County U13 Lacrosse Playoffs**

Gunnar delivers a pre-game speech.

GUNNAR

You've come a long way, fellas.
Bet you didn't think we'd make the
playoffs?

THOMAS

Every team makes the playoffs.

GUNNAR

Gotta love America. Anyway, Garden
City deflowered us last time, so
if we beat them we got a good shot
at the championship. And remember
this: it's not a game unless you
want it to be.

He eyes them all intently. Then --

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Alright, let's bring it in!

They do.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

(chant)
We are!

DRAGONS

Drainesville!

GUNNAR

We are!

DRAGONS

Angry!

GUNNAR

We are!

DRAGONS

Dragons!

They break.

COLE LAWSON approaches Gunnar.

COLE LAWSON

Hey, coach. There's an extra ten
grand in it for you if you take us
to the championship game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNNAR

And win it?

COLE LAWSON

No. Just give us a shot.

GUNNAR

Done. Payment due before face off.

COLE LAWSON

Deal.

Cole back slaps him and splits.

Gunnar thinks. Then pulls Kumar aside.

GUNNAR

Hey, bud, feel free to dish less
and shoot more, ok?

KUMAR

You don't want me to pass?

GUNNAR

Not to everyone. We got a real
shot at winning this whole thing
if the guys hop on your back.

Gunnar back slaps him to send him off.

WHISTLE - START OF GAME

Tripod wins the face off, runs down for a fast break and passes it to Gordo who shoots and scores.

Kumar fakes a pass to Soko, steps by his guy and scores.

Angel Pagan runs by his OPPONENT and feeds Gordo who shoots and scores.

Papa Pagan and Mr. Gupta celebrate and high five.

Garden City (GC) ATTACKMAN runs over Lopresti and scores.

Kumar runs thru 3 defenders and scores, as Justin & Soko stand by wide open wondering why he didn't pass.

SCOREBOARD:

DRAINESVILLE ANGRY DRAGONS: 4 GARDEN CITY: 2

00:45 left in 3rd Quarter

Thomas lines up to sub in, but Gunnar holds him back, and allows Kumar to run on. Thomas sulks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Laila sees this from the sideline, frowns.

Fapperson approaches Laila --

FAPPERSON

It's too bad. He thinks winning is everything.

She's silent, as she's not sure what to think.

FAPPERSON (CONT'D)

Thomas can play for me next year if he wants..?

She turns to him.

Gunnar sees Laila & Fapperson chatting. She smiles, laughs. Gunnar frowns.

Dragons defense plays great, stripping and hitting G.C.

Then Garden City scores. And scores again to tie:

SCOREBOARD:

DRAINESVILLE ANGRY DRAGONS: 4 GARDEN CITY: 4

00:50 4th Quarter

Kumar runs by 4 defenders, and should pass, but doesn't and is decked by a Defender. Gordo scoops it up.

JUSTIN

Kumar, pass the ball!

SOKO

No shit, you ball hog!

KUMAR

Shut up, you spoiled dicks.

Justin & Soko get in his face. Gunnar calls TIME OUT.

GUNNAR

Get over here! What's the problem?!

JUSTIN

He's not passing, Gunnar--

GUNNAR

My name is "Coach!" And he's listening to his coach! Me! I told him not to pass. We're gonna win this thing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

We just gotta play our roles. And yours is to do what I say and stay out of Kumar's way!

They sulk.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Stop acting so entitled, and get back on the rez! We have 50 seconds to win this!

They march back on the field. Dad & Gunnar meet eyes --

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

What?!

Gunnar pulls Kumar aside.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Don't listen to them, Kumar, just keep doing your thing.

KUMAR

My thing is playing unselfishly.

GUNNAR

You got daddy issues or something, dude?! Because you can join your daddy in cleaning up Aisle 4 if you want. Don't jam this up for us. Do you want to be a sweeper or a stud? Studs win games and scholarships. Get out there.

WHISTLE -

Kumar is stripped of the ball right off the whistle, GC scoops it and runs down the field...

00:30 seconds left in game

Garden City player dodges and shoots - but Zed makes a great save and clears the ball to Soko - who drops it, and if his opponent scoops it he's got a clear path to the goal.

Kumar chases the ball with the opponent, and as they both bend down to scoop it Kumar extends his free arm and scoops it one handed - like Gunnar taught.

Gunnar jumps for joy at the great ground ball.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

That's coaching! That's coaching!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Kumar runs the field, runs thru 3 defenders and shoots - scoring the game winner!

AIR HORN - END OF GAME

SCOREBOARD:

DRAINESVILLE ANGRY DRAGONS: 10 GARDEN CITY: 9

Gunnar & the Dragons rush the field and jump on Kumar in celebration.

Gunnar approaches & stares down Fapperson.

FAPPERSON

Hashtag showdown.

GUNNAR

Retweet revenge.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Gunnar drinks a Jameson-Jack and watches Women's College Gymnastics on TV.

Dad enters so he quickly switches channels to...

ESPN CLASSICS - airing the same game the Dragons were watching when he breaks the scoring record and wins the National Championship in OT.

DAD

You sure could play the game.

GUNNAR

Yep.

DAD

But can you coach it?

GUNNAR

Who's asking?

DAD

Should be you.

GUNNAR

I did.

DAD

You're misguiding those kids.

GUNNAR

They'll thank me for it.
Misdirection is underrated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAD
Were you thankful?

GUNNAR
It made me good.

DAD
And hate the game.

GUNNAR
I didn't hate the game, I hated
the coach.

DAD
I hated him too.

Dad yanks Gun's booze away, and pours it down the drain.

DAD (CONT'D)
You have the self-esteem of a fat
teen. Grow up.

GUNNAR
What? You never had a drink?

DAD
That's why I don't. And why she
left.

GUNNAR
Me too.

Ouch. As Dad leaves the room --

DAD
I just worry about you, Gun.

Beat.

GUNNAR
You ever wonder if you're not the
person you think you are?

DAD
Not anymore.

Dad leaves. Gunnar pulls a bottle from under the couch.

DAD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Toss it, or I toss you!

Off Gunnar - dammit.

INT. THE OLD BROGUE PUB - NIGHT

Gunnar drinks at the bar, staring at nothing on the TV.

WAITER (O.S.)

Thank you. Have a great night, Mr.
Fapperson.

FAPPERSON (O.S.)

Hashtag I plan to!

Gunnar turns to see a well-dressed Fapperson exiting after dinner. He's on a date - with Laila.

Gunnar quickly hides in humiliation and shock. He peeks back to see Fapperson handsily guide her out.

GUNNAR

(to redhead barkeep!)
Gingja ninja!

INT. BEDROOM - HOME - MORNING

Gunnar shoots up in bed: fuck!

MAHONEY (PRE-LAP)

Where is that asshole? I'm gonna
kill him.

EXT. GREAT FALLS LACROSSE FIELDS - SAME

A banner reads: **Fairfax County U13 Lacrosse Championship**

Mahoney eyes his watch.

Fapperson pep talks his Great Falls Rapids.

FAPPERSON

You want to be a stud?! You want
to play in college?! You want to
sign with a Division 1 school your
freshman year of high school? Then
start today by finishing
Drainesville!

EXT. GUNNAR'S SUBARU - DAY

Gunnar drives, entering GREAT FALLS PARK. We HEAR the
ROAR of the powerful Great Falls on Potomac River.

EXT. GREAT FALLS LACROSSE FIELDS - SAME

Mahoney anxiously checks his watch. Dad warms up Zed, eyeing the parking lot for Gunnar.

EXT. GREAT FALLS PARK - SAME

Gunnar approaches the edge of an overlook of the Great Falls on Potomac River. Thinking.

He steps closer. The raging rapids just 20 foot down. The power of the rapids would turn a car inside out.

DONK. Something hits his leg, startling him.

KID'S VOICE (O.S.)

I'll get it!

A KID (8) carrying a lacrosse stick runs at Gunnar.

LAX KID

A little help, sir?

Gunnar picks up the ball. Beat. Then tosses it to Lax Kid, who catches it.

LAX KID (CONT'D)

Thanks.

And runs back to his DAD, where they continue to play.

Off Gunnar looking down at his decision --

EXT. GREAT FALLS LACROSSE FIELDS - MINUTES BEFORE F.O.

The Dragons huddle around Dad.

SOKO

Where's coach?

DAD

He's--

GUNNAR (O.S.)

Right here.

Gunnar struts up clean shaven except for a mustache (like his Dad's in team photo), and wearing the DRAINSVILLE DRAGONS POLO SHIRT Mahoney gave him at start of season.

He removes his Wayfarer sunglasses and enters the huddle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Let's give these dinks the Angry
Dragon smoke show today, fellas!
Bring it in.

They do.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

(chant)
We are!

DRAGONS

Drainesville!

GUNNAR

We are!

DRAGONS

Angry!

GUNNAR

We are!

DRAGONS

Dragons!

They break.

Gunnar looks for Laila, not seeing her.

Then he sees Cole Lawson and approaches.

GUNNAR

Deal's a deal.

COLE LAWSON

Absolutely. Let's do this.

Cole back slaps him and walks to the bleachers.

GUNNAR

Cole. You got the 10 large?

COLE LAWSON

Of course.

(pats his pocket)
After you win.

GUNNAR

That wasn't our deal, dude.

COLE LAWSON

Yes it was, Gunnar. Maybe you
forgot...

Cole eyes his squeeze bottle in judgement and walks off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Gunnar squirts an angry shot.

LAILA (O.S.)

Think we have a chance?

GUNNAR

Nope. Not after Fapperson's scored on you.

LAILA

Huh? *Scored on me?*

GUNNAR

It means that he banged you. Right?

LAILA

That's none of your business, asshole.

GUNNAR

Not anymore.

She gets in his face.

LAILA

Hey dickhead. Let's get some reality straight. I'm a single mother living - no, getting by - in one of the most competitive towns in the country so my son can grow up safe and happy. I'm free to date whoever I want without judgement.

GUNNAR

Why do you have to date? Why can't you just be alone?

LAILA

I am alone. Every night!

GUNNAR

You wouldn't be with me.

LAILA

Oh, trust me, I'd much rather be alone than try to love you again.

GUNNAR

That's bullshit.

LAILA

You're bullshit! Drop your magnifying glass and pick up a mirror, Gunnar--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GUNNAR

Why you going out with a douche like Fapperson?! I'm--

LAILA

What? You're what, Gunnar? Tell me.

Oof.

LAILA (CONT'D)

Let's look at my options: you - a high school ex-boyfriend who's now an unemployed drunk, living at the house he grew up in. With his dad.

Ouch.

LAILA (CONT'D)

Or all the available, successful, mature, divorced dads in town. Who hold the potential to be both a role model to Thomas, and the man of the house I need! And I'm entitled to!

GUNNAR

I thought your ex left you with plenty of money--

LAILA

My coke-head convict of an ex-husband bought the house - but he's a little hard to track down for property taxes, child support, car insurance, medical insurance and lacrosse sticks when he disappeared to some South American country to slam whores! So forgive me if I play the field for a father figure for my son, and the hope for some semblance of a proper family life for myself!

She stomps off. Gunnar squirts a shot.

WHISTLE - START OF GAME

ON FACE OFF --

Talan sizes up Tripod.

TALAN

You cumstains wouldn't even be here without that haji on your team.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TRIPOD

Allah Akbar.

TALAN

Commie snowflake.

WHISTLE - Talan wins the face off, runs down and SCORES.

Zed calmly retrieves the ball from the goal, hands it to REF and communicates to his defenseman --

ZED

Let's make him pay to play, boys.
Pay to play.

The Four Dragons huddle up to regroup, instead of yelling at each other.

LATER -

Talan shoots again, but Zeds makes a great save, scoops the rebound and TAUNTS Talan --

ZED (CONT'D)

My cat queefs harder than you
shoot, Talan!

Rapids swing at Zed trying to dislodge the ball, so TJ runs thru them clearing the crease, like in hockey.

In retaliation, Talan cheap-shots TJ from behind, so Tholander decks Talan. Talan stands and swings his stick like a sword, connecting with Tho's head.

A BRAWL erupts. BENCHES EMPTY. Both Coaches run on to break it up, which brings Gunnar & Fapperson face to face as they pull players apart.

GUNNAR

Control your kids, Fap!

FAPPERSON

My kids?!

GUNNAR

Especially your kid!

FAPPERSON

At least I'm not a kid! You washed up, drunken child!

GUNNAR

You weren't me growing up! Get over it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

FAPPERSON

Go fuck yourself, Gunnar!

GUNNAR

Fuck yourself, you'll get more pussy!

FAPPERSON

That's mature!

GUNNAR

(re: Fap's goatee)
So's that dick target/prison pussy/pole-hole!

Refs break them apart and blow WHISTLES --

REF

That's half!

TALAN

Go suck some oranges, rejects! And imagine they're my balls!

The Rapids (and Fapperson) all laugh, as the Dragons hang their heads at this. Gunnar eyes it all.

SCOREBOARD:

GREAT FALLS RAPIDS: 6 DRAINESVILLE ANGRY DRAGONS: 0

HALF-TIME -- Gunnar paces: fired up and manic.

GUNNAR

Gotta stay hydrated, fellas!

Dragons take a knee, as Gunnar walks around with his squeeze bottle squirting shots.

Dad & Laila exchange a look: *No. Can't be booze in it.*
Gunnar then squirts shots in Dragons' mouths. Phew.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Six goals down in the fastest game on two feet is nothing! Just remember what we taught you! Because it's time to apply it for our come back!

GORDO

Rejects don't make come backs.

GUNNAR

What? What'd you say, Gordo?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

GORDO

Talan's just sayin' what the whole league thinks of us.

GUNNAR

Forget the league. And especially forget Talan. Made-up-bullshit-name-punk.

The Dragons barely blink at this steam.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Look, fellas. I may have been good at something - one thing - but I always felt bad at everything else, which made me feel like a reject. Fine, you guys are rejects - too small, too slow, too fat, too.. one-armed.

Tripod flicks him off with his one arm.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

That's what I'm talkin' about, Tri. So you're rejects - at least in the eyes of Fapperson and his little toads over there. Native Americans - who were the first to play lacrosse/this magical game - were also rejects, at least according to their white invaders. Who made them feel like rejects in their own land!

LOPRESTI

What's your point?

GUNNAR

Easy, Lopresti. My point is--

ZED

Limp!

SOKO

Small!

GUNNAR

Shut up, you little!-- My point--

TRIPOD

Has herpes!

THOMAS

Is actually a vagina!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

The Dragons all laugh and back-slap Thomas - one of the Guys now. Gunnar smirks, impressed.

GUNNAR

Stop hiding behind your jokes and man up! Or at least lady down a bit!

THOMAS

You're the comedian.

GUNNAR

So?! Yeah-- no. Was! Was a comedian.

(beat)

Now I'm a coach. And you guys are players. Lacrosse players. Where the object of this great game given to us by The Creator is to beat a man with a stick until he gives you what you want! Remember what I told you: it's not the size of the dog in the fight, it's--

THOMAS

The fight in the dog.

Gunnar proudly nod/smiles at Thomas. Dragons nod too as it seeps in and fires them up.

GUNNAR

That's my point. Now let's get out there and play with that fight in our dog - for each other and for The Creator, you angry dragon rejects!

WHISTLE - 2nd Half begins.

FACE OFF - Talan wins the face-off, scoops it and runs down the field with Soko chasing him.

Soko runs along-side him, and suddenly whips his stick back, checking Talan with a RUSTY GATE!, causing Talan's stick to fly out of his hands. Dragons & Parents CHEER.

DRAGONS

Holy shit! Rusty Gate!

GUNNAR

Unbelievable!

Talan mopes to pick up his stick, a humiliating tide turner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

FAPPERSON

Hustle back, Talan! Don't be such
a puss--

Fapperson catches himself. Gunnar smiles at him.

Soko scoops the ball and passes it to Tripod, who runs it
into the offensive zone.

GUNNAR

Hey, Fap, watch this. Or at least
try to...

Kumar, Soko & Justin swarm together - and then take off,
each cradling - HIDDEN BALL TRICK!

RAPID GOALIE

Who has the ball?!

Rapids are confused. Suddenly the ball is in the net.
GOAL! Justin shot it.

FAPPERSON

The hell is that?! Not legal!

SCOREBOARD:

GREAT FALLS RAPIDS: 6 DRAINESVILLE ANGRY DRAGONS: 1

FACE OFF - Tripod wins it and runs down the field.

Talan trails behind him and deliberately and violently
whips his leg at Tripod's and trips him --

sending him sailing thru the air and landing hard on the
ground - stump first.

GUNNAR

Trip!

PARENTS

What the hell!/Foul!/Bullshit!

Ref blows his WHISTLE.

REF

Misconduct, two minutes
unreleasable.

Tripod stands and rubs his stump.

Fapperson runs out and grabs Talan by the face mask.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

FAPPERSON

What the hell is wrong with you?!
You just tripped a handicapped
kid?! What if Coach Danowski or
another college coach saw that?!

Fapperson jerks his face mask again, but this time he
rips off his helmet and Talan falls.

Gunnar watches in shock. So do Refs & Parents.

Fapperson, embarrassed, helps his son up.

FAPPERSON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, buddy. Just.. don't do
that, ok? We're better than that.

Talan's eyes well up with tears, as he settles into the
penalty box to serve.

Gunnar removes his sunglasses and pockets them. Unmasked.

GUNNAR

Thomas.

Thomas sits on the bench.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Thomas! Take Kumar's spot on man-
up. Kumar, take a breather, bud.

Kumar runs out. Thomas stands, unsure.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Come on, dude. On the rez, we're
playing lacrosse.

Kumar high-fives him for encouragement. Thomas runs in.

Laila smiles/CHEERS for Thomas. Gunnar eyes her and
smiles. She flicks him off.

Mahoney & Cole approach --

MAHONEY

What are you doing, Gunnar?

COLE LAWSON

Bullshit! More like what the fuck
are you doing, Gunnar?!

GUNNAR

(turns around)
What you're paying me to do.
(turns to field)
Make it happen, Dragons!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

COLE LAWSON

We're losing, and you just put in the worst kid on the team! In the league!

Gunnar calmly steps to them, but only eyes Mahoney --

GUNNAR

Mahoney - get him away from me, or I'm gonna fuck you both up in front of your children.

Mahoney ushers a pissed Cole away.

COLE LAWSON

Loser.

Gunnar ignores him.

Play continues with Dragons on man-up.

They pass the ball around the horn until Justin fakes a pass, which the defense falls for, shifting them out of position, allowing Justin to dodge --

but 2 Defenders recover and chase him, but Thomas steps up, sets his feet and SETS A PICK!

The 2 Defenders collide with Thomas and steam roll him, freeing Justin to feed an open Soko who shoots and scores! CHEERS!

The 2 Defenders stand and we see Thomas under them. Motionless.

Silence. Laila runs to Thomas, but Gunnar restrains her.

GUNNAR

Hold on...

After a long few seconds Thomas hops up, straightens his helmet, and jogs off the field - all in a day's work.

Gunnar CELEBRATES! Laila exhales & hugs Gunnar.

THOMAS

Nice finish, Soko! Great dodge, Justin!

As Thomas runs by him, Gunnar slaps his helmet --

GUNNAR

Nice pick, Thomas! That was your assist!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

Gunnar paces and claps excitedly - like an actual coach. Dad & Thomas share a smile.

SCOREBOARD:

GREAT FALLS RAPIDS: 6 DRAINESVILLE ANGRY DRAGONS: 2

The penalty expires so Talan re-enters the game.

Talan & Tripod line up for face off. WHISTLE blows, but Talan simply stands up and lets Tripod win FO, scoop the ball and run a fast break.

D-man slides so he passes it to a cutting Gordo - who's finally moving his feet - catches, shoots and SCORES.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Nice shot, Gordo! Way to move your feet! Come on, fellas, celebrate!

THOMAS

But we haven't won yet.

GUNNAR

That was shitty coaching, Thomas. Now celebrate, that's an order.

Fapperson stares daggers at his son, who stares them right back. Talan walks off the field - and keeps going.

FAPPERSON

Where the hell you going?

Talan walks to his MOM and leaves.

FAPPERSON (CONT'D)

Quitter.

Gunnar watches sympathetically. Fapperson regroupes --

FAPPERSON (CONT'D)

(points at Gordo)
Shut that sausage casing off, goddammit! Don't let him catch the ball!

Various Dragons shout "Nice shot, Gordo!" "Nice pass, Tripod!" Etc.

SCOREBOARD:

GREAT FALLS RAPIDS: 6 DRAINESVILLE ANGRY DRAGONS: 4

1:00 left in the game

Zed makes a great save and clears it to Justin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

GUNNAR/DRAGONS

Great save, Zed!

Justin beats his guy, but is double-teamed and runs away from the goal and out of angle...

but in SLO-MO he shoots it **Behind the Back** and scores!

MAHONEY

Holy shit! That's my son! What a shot!

Mahoney celebrates and high-fives Gunnar.

SCOREBOARD:

GREAT FALLS RAPIDS: 6 DRAINESVILLE ANGRY DRAGONS: 5

00:30 seconds left in the game

GUNNAR

Time out!

Dragons huddle.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Lopresti, TJ, Tholander! Get over here!

They jog over. Gunnar tosses them each a proper defenseman LONG POLE.

TJ

What's the deal, Gunnar?

GUNNAR

Confidence. But don't forget what I said!

THOLANDER

Feet first.

TJ

Body second.

LOPRESTI

Poke third.

GUNNAR

If they get possession off the face off I want you guys to triple team the ball. Once it's on the ground we'll scoop it up and get it to Kumar to run up field.

Dragons go silent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (13)

What? GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Coach... KUMAR

What? GUNNAR

JUSTIN
Kumar's fast. But not faster than
the ball.

Beat. Gunnar smiles.

GUNNAR
Then you know what to do.

Dragons nod. Gunnar shoos them back on the field.

FINAL PLAY - 20 seconds remain -- Tripod loses the face
off, and a Rapid scoops it and runs towards the goal -

and is immediately swarmed by TJ, Tho & Lopresti, who
dislodge the ball.

Kumar scoops it, dodges and quickly passes it 20 yards to
Soko, who passes another 20 yards to Justin, who --

quickly passes to Tripod running up field - he has a step
on the Rapid middies for a fast break.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
Way to move it, Dragons!

The Rapid DEFENDER doesn't slide to him, so Tripod steps
in and shoots to score!!...

but the ball DINGS off the pipe! NO GOAL! DRAGONS LOSE!

AIR HORN - END OF GAME

Rapids celebrate on the field and run to their Parents.
Dragons drag off it. Gunnar & Dad meet eyes... and smile.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
Heads up, Dragons, bring it in,
take a knee.
(they do)
You played a great game. But like
I said at the beginning of all
this: sometimes in life - you hit
a pipe. What's important is that
you keep shooting - because you
can't score if you don't shoot.
That's what counts, not the W.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (14)

FAPPERSON (O.S.)

But Ws sure feel good.

Fapperson approaches to rub it in.

FAPPERSON (CONT'D)

That's why some of us lose in life
and some of us win. So we feel
good. Look good. Are good.

GUNNAR

No, you're right, Fap, winning is
important - to most people. But
not when you're 12. Competing is
important. It builds more
character. You should try it.

FAPPERSON

Ha! Competing? Against you? You
had nothing to lose and you still
lost. We don't compete because
we're in different leagues, Gunnar
- hashtag you're a drunk,
unemployed, dead-end loser.

Harsh. The Dragons eye Gunnar sympathetically.

THOMAS

But not a shitty coach.

Dragons surround Gunnar. Fap's team continues their
celebration with their parents - sans Fap.

ZED

He's just a *rambler*...

THOLANDER

And a *gambler*..

DRAGONS

(sing loudly)
*And a long way from home / And if
you don't like him then leave him
alone / He'll eat when he's
hungry, He'll drink--*

GUNNAR

Alright, settle down, Dragons.

Gunnar steps to Fapperson - oh shit - but extends his
hand. Fapperson finally gets his handshake.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

Congratulations, Coach Fapperson.
Your team played well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (15)

Fapperson stalls, panics, and scurries away.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
Great season, Coach! Hashtag *feel*
better!

Gunnar keeps it classy. He eyes Laila noticing, smiles.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
Bring it in.
(they do)
We are!

DRAGONS
Drainesville!

GUNNAR
We are!

DRAGONS
Angry!

GUNNAR
We are!

DRAGONS
Dragons!

They break.

GUNNAR
Stay angry, Dragons!

Gunnar approaches various Dragons for brief farewells:

TRIPOD
Sorry, Gunnar, thought I had it.

GUNNAR
What'd I tell you when we met?

TRIPOD
"You have one arm."

GUNNAR
No--maybe--yeah, but what else?

TRIPOD
"Don't apologize."

Gunnar nods.

TRIPOD (CONT'D)
I just gotta keep shooting.

Gunnar smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (16)

GUNNAR

And you would've scored if you didn't have that third leg slowing you down.

TRIPOD

(crotch shift)
Manhood's a burden.

They chuckle. Tripod hobbles off like it is a burden.

THOLANDER

See ya, coach.

GUNNAR

Keep growing, Tho. And moving your feet. You too, Gordo. But not the growing part.

Tho & Gordo smile and walk off. TJ back-slaps Gunnar, and says with a VERY DEEP VOICE --

TJ

Later, coach.

GUNNAR

(shocked)
Later.. TJ. Guess they finally dropped.

Then Cole approaches, and offers a CHECK --

COLE LAWSON

Sorry for the jerk off, I was just trying to motivate you. The CEO in me.

GUNNAR

Keep your money, guy.
(Zed approaches)
Great game, Zed.

ZED

Thanks, coach.

GUNNAR

Keep communicating loudly and positively, bud.

ZED

But not negatively and dickishly.

GUNNAR

Leave that to your dad.

They smile as Zed splits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (17)

Then Kumar, Angel Pagan and their dads approach.

MR. GUPTA

What a game! Edge of my seat!

PAPA PAGAN

So exciting! So much scoring!

GUNNAR

Great players. Greater kids.

Mahoney approaches.

MAHONEY

Sorry about earlier.

GUNNAR

You warned me: lacrosse parents are crazy.

A friendly smile - these old friends are over it.

MAHONEY

Wanna hit The Brogue for a few to celebrate?

GUNNAR

I quit.

Mahoney smiles and hands him an envelope --

MAHONEY

Here's your check. You did it. Guess you can head back to the Dream Factory now.

GUNNAR

(takes check)
Pfft. I hit a pipe on that dream. I didn't have the talent to score a Skyrizi commercial much less a sitcom. Time to line up a new shot.

MAHONEY

You'll always be a star to me.

They fist bump and Mahoney walks off.

Dad joins Gunnar to walk off the field.

GUNNAR

What's the plan?

DAD

Plan?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (18)

GUNNAR

Gotta have a plan.

DAD

Like..?

GUNNAR

I need a job.

DAD

Oh... Yeah, like something creative? Interesting?

GUNNAR

Don't know how interesting they are but the little shits gotta have something to do in the summer.

DAD

(catches on; smiles)
Yes we do.

GUNNAR

Let's set up a lacrosse camp.

DAD

"McGlone and Son Lacrosse Camps."

GUNNAR

"McGlone and His Almost Dead Dad Lacrosse Camps."

DAD

Sympathetic enough. We'll guilt them into coming.

They smile.

GUNNAR

"Angry Dragon Lacrosse Camp."
ALT: "Drainsville Lacrosse Camp."

DAD

Sounds like a plan. But you know what you need to start a business?

GUNNAR

(waves the check)
Money?

LAILA (O.S.)

A lawyer.

Laila approaches with Thomas, who hi-fives Dad, then they walk off to leave Laila & Gunnar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (19)

LAILA (CONT'D)
So you're sticking around?

GUNNAR
Depends, bear claw. Is this lawyer
packing her own handcuffs?

He takes her hand.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
Because this salmon is holding on
this time.

He pulls her in and kisses her... then quickly parts --

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
Oh shoot, I forgot! Dragons!

Dragons, almost dispersed, turn --

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
Get back here!

SMASH CUT TO:

**TEAM PICTURE of the DRAINESVILLE ANGRY DRAGONS - arms
crossed and mean-mugging like angry warrior badasses just
like the old team picture in Gunnar's room and at our
open when he was their age. Dad & Gunnar bookending.**

FADE OUT.