

FRANCHISE

"Pilot "

by

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FADE IN:

TEASER

INT. JAMES WATSON'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - NIGHT

The extravagantly decorated room is faintly lit by one floor lamp. A bar is situated in the corner, the wall behind bristling with football pictures and trophies. Floor to ceiling heavy curtains cover one wall.

Grunts and screams from a male and female resonate. Two people are having sex. The female screams get louder. The male moans more frequently. She moans uncomfortably.

GIRL (O.S.)

Wait wait wait. Slow down...

MALE (O.S.)

Shut up.

He grunts louder and faster.

GIRL (O.S.)

Stop. Wait. That hurts.

She screams. He doesn't stop. SMACK.

MALE (O.S.)

Bitch!

After a thunk which can only be a fist to a face, she screams. Then another hit, and another. She struggles. She screams with her last unrestricted breath. Choking sounds are all that are left. He growls and strains. She fights to breathe.

The struggling and choking stop.

JAMES WATSON (late 20s), a 260 pound black man with minimal body fat, walks naked across the room to the bar. He picks up a full glass, takes a gulp. Blood drips from his hand.

A dinner plate covered with white powder sits on the bar. Jimmy picks up a card, cuts a six inch line. He grabs a rolled up bill, inserts it into his nose, and snorts the line. He does a full face flex, rubs his nose.

He takes his cell phone off the bar and falls into a chair.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN COAST - NIGHT

Rain falls on a choppy ocean surface. The full moon illuminates through ominous cloud cover.

A small yacht creeps through the quick, small waves approaching a 100 foot cliff at the shore.

OLD MAN (V.O.)

As we move through our lives, things tend to fade away into hazy, self promoting images, all lumped together into a pile of forgotten episodes of an otherwise inconsequential existence.

The boat heads towards the cliff, then corners to skirt the shore.

The boat slowly emerges through hanging vines and foliage which create a barrier, making a dock invisible from the water.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

I'm really not positive how I got here. Details of exactly where I've been are now glazed over by pharmaceutical bliss. I still remember though. They don't think I do, but they're wrong.

GALYEN RIGHT (late 30s), an exceptional looking man, is perched behind the wheel of the boat, standing like a quarterback surveying a defensive secondary. He wears sharp attire, only moderately disheveled.

He pulls his vessel to a sideways sliding halt, nudging into the dock.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

I have two sons out there somewhere. They don't know why I left. They only know I never came back.

He ties the boat off, grabs a small bag and steps off the side.

A metal stairway ascends up the side of the cliff wall leading to a solitary metal door.

He walks slowly up the stairs.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Climbing out of a bottomless hole
isn't easy. Especially while being
pulled from underneath.

As he reaches the top of the stairs his eyes find --

A bio-metric screening panel with a lighted, outlined shape
of a hand. He places his hand, palm down, flat on the panel.
A quick light flashes.

A blood stain on his sleeve catches his attention.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
I imagine they're doing well. I
just hope they didn't turn out like
me.

The fingerprints alight and are read by the digital panel.

The door opens with a secure, water-resistant pop and hiss
of a submarine hatch.

Galyen enters a room which is control-room like with TV
screens embedded into the wall. A desktop is littered with
computers, but no paper. The walls are natural cave rock.

He enters an elevator, also embedded into the rock.

EXT. GALYEN'S GUEST HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The doors to the guest house open as Galyen comes through
them. He pushes through a large back yard with flowing
walkways, manicured bushes and flower beds.

The house he approaches is enormous. A two-story, stone
faced mansion with large picture windows.

A WOMAN and a teen aged GIRL sit on the couch in the living
room. They apply different products to the other's face and
hands.

OLD MAN (V.O.)
A man who provides for his family
must feel invincible. No credit, no
pat on the back. No need for praise
or recognition.

He continues to watch them, rain running down his face.

OLD MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's what he's expected to do. I
failed that test... and many others.
(MORE)

OLD MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I could make excuses, but they don't
matter. Always be there for the
people you love. And treat them
like there's no tomorrow.

He glances down at his blood stained sleeve then back to his
wife and daughter.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
'Cause eventually... there just isn't.

INT. GALYEN'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: "20 HOURS EARLIER"

The room is dark. In bed, Galyen and his wife sleep.

The clock on the bedside table reads: "12:15 AM". A smart
phone lights up and buzzes.

Galyen answers his phone.

GALYEN
Yeah... Okay.
(sighs)
Three hours. Don't touch anything,
just sit in the corner and breath.

Galyen wearily pulls himself from bed and staggers toward
the bathroom.

INT. JAMES WATSON'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sprawled out and face down, a naked, slender Caucasian WOMAN
(20s) lies still in the center of the bed, saturation around
her. A closer look at her face, it's covered in blood.

Jimmy sits on the corner of the bed, shirtless, wearing only
sweat pants. He hangs his head with each hand covering an
ear.

INT. GALYEN'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - NIGHT

Galyen emerges from his closet, wearing the same expensive
business attire as later the next evening.

KATHY RIGHT (30s), rolls over and sits up.

KATHY
Are you fuckin' kidding me? These
pampered mama's boys.

Now at the edge of the bed, he kisses her on the cheek.

GALYEN

I'm dying to be at Ally's game, but
I don't know. I think it's bad.

KATHY

Just be careful.

He walks toward the door.

GALYEN

Always.

EXT. GALYEN'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The garage door opens slowly, revealing a gunmetal colored
Aston Martin Vantage V12 sports car.

With Galyen already behind the wheel, the engine starts,
roaring as only this type of car does.

The car tears from the garage, speeding down the long, winding
driveway.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Galyen's car speeds down the two-lane highway that skirts
the coast. He corners and swerves, intruding on the center
line as he navigates the curves.

INT. JAMES WATSON'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy apprehensively paces at the foot of the bed.

He fights the urge to look at the girl, rubbing his temples
with the palms of his hands. Each time he glances at her
and back at the floor, his body language quickens with fear.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

A private jet, engine humming, waits outside a quiet, secluded
airport hangar.

Galyen's car screeches up, sliding sideways to a stop.

CHRISTINE DALTON (20s), a slender, beautiful blonde, greets
him. She takes his bag and follows him onto the plane
expeditiously, hitting a button on entry which brings the
stairs inside, forming the door.

INT. GALYEN'S PLANE - NIGHT

Similar to his cave, one wall of the cabin is lined with a
cluster of TV screens, already showing sports and news.

At the bar in the corner, Christine pours scotch into a glass already half-full with ice.

Galyen plops into a chair and leans back. Christine hands him the drink, exits.

INT. JAMES WATSON'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy persists pacing at the foot of the bed, attempting not to look.

He darts to the wall pugnaciously. He rips plaques and pictures from the wall and shelves, sending them sailing across the room. He notices the cocaine covered plate on the bar. He flings it against the wall.

Falling to his knees, the enormous tough guy begins to sob, head down. He turns to the ceiling, letting out a sustained yelp-type scream.

JIMMY

Nnnnoooooo!

EXT. PLANE - NIGHT

Galyen quickly moves down the steps from the plane.

Christine follows him down the steps, carrying his bag.

A small, inconspicuous car awaits. Christine opens the door for him, closes it behind him. She opens the back door and places his bag on the back seat.

Galyen tears away in the average vehicle.

INT. JAMES WATSON'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - NIGHT

Galyen walks into the bedroom, startles Jimmy.

GALYEN

Awe, what the fuck Jimmy?

Jimmy falls into a chair near the bar.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

Why do linebackers have to fuck like they're rushing the quarterback?
Who's this?

JIMMY

She... she's just some girl. I met her a week ago or something. She called around eleven and came over.

Jimmy looks down, ashamed.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It got rough... she started talking
rape so I...

GALYEN

Where's the blow?

Jimmy looks up at Galyen, eyes tearing, then points to the
messy floor.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

And don't cry. Don't fuckin' do it.
She can't cry... It's always the
same story. You back on the juice?

Jimmy shakes his head with conviction, wipes his tears away.

JIMMY

I swear.

GALYEN

I already got you out of that mess
once. You know you only get one
strike in my game. Give me your
phone.

Jimmy hands Galyen his phone.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

You see anyone today?

JIMMY

Only Mark.

GALYEN

Did you use the home phone?

JIMMY

No.

GALYEN

Positive?

JIMMY

It's two thousand twelve. I don't
even know why I have the fuckin'
thing.

Galyen opens his bag, reaches inside. He removes a pair of
plastic, surgery type form-fitting gloves. As he cases the
room, he inserts each hand into a glove.

INT. GALYEN'S HOUSE/ KITCHEN - DAY

Sunshine bellows through the windows.

Kathy hovers over the stove, pans sizzling. She's fit but, isn't exactly slender. Her hair is pulled back in a short pony tail.

ALLY RIGHT (14) enters the kitchen wearing pajamas and rubbing her eyes.

KATHY
Morning sweetie, how'd ya sleep?

ALLY
Okay.

KATHY
Breakfast?

ALLY
Okay.

She plops down at the island.

ALLY (CONT'D)
Daddy here?

KATHY
No. He had to leave early for work.

ALLY
Was someone in trouble?

Kathy pauses a moment.

KATHY
What do you want? Eggs? Bacon?

ALLY
You're so obvious. Will he be back for my game?

KATHY
Sweetie, he wants to be there. He doesn't always know his schedule.

Ally shrugs her shoulders.

ALLY
Oh, well. I'm sure someone really needed him.

KATHY
We can go shopping before your game.

ALLY
Good. I need a new hard drive.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - DAY

Galyen stands in the middle of the now completely clean bedroom. The bed is without a mattress. He holds his phone to his ear.

GALYEN

Send me the receipts. Thanks kid.

Jimmy, freshly showered, waits anxiously.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

You went to Vegas yesterday. You come back tonight so no calls all day. Don't go outside. Don't answer the door. Anyone know she was here?

JIMMY

I don't think. She was home alone.

GALYEN

Don't lie. You put me in that position it's your ass. And the night you met. She have any friends with her?

JIMMY

Maybe, I don't remember.

GALYEN

You're lucky it's the off season. What if you had practice today? I'm not a miracle worker. Sometimes there's nothing I can do. Look at Tiger.

JIMMY

I know.

Galyen hands Jimmy's cell phone back to him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What's the fine?

Galyen thinks a moment, then --

GALYEN

Fifty thousand to a battered women's shelter. Anonymously.

JIMMY

Fifty?

GALYEN

Lay off the blow kid. No joke...
this is a contract year. You're on
the line for a hundred mil. Something
like this gets out... Pay attention.

Galyen collects his bag, gives the room another look.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

You're killing me Jimmy. I better
not hear from you for awhile.

Galyen walks out of the room.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. GALYEN'S CAR - DAY

SUPER: "ONE WEEK LATER"

Christine, wearing a cute little outfit, drives the black Maybach sedan. Galyen sits in back, focused.

CHRISTINE

You ready for this?

GALYEN

Always.

CHRISTINE

Need anything?

GALYEN

Just wait close. One hour... be ready to fly.

She stops the car, steps out, and opens Galyen's door.

He exits the car smoothly, cases the area.

INT. SCHOOL/ HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A quiet and empty, typical junior high hallway with colorful posters on the walls.

Galyen walks down the hall with a hand in his pocket.

A classroom door opens and MS. THOMAS (50s) exits. The teacher is overweight, dressed plainly.

MS. THOMAS

Mr. Right?

Galyen removes his hand from his pocket, shakes her hand.

MS. THOMAS (CONT'D)

Oh, I just got that... Sorry. I expect you've heard that before.

GALYEN

No, you're the first one.

He winks at her.

A large poster on the wall above his head reads: "CAREER WEEK".

INT. CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Thirty EIGHTH GRADERS, including Ally, sit at their desks awaiting their next victim. Ms. Thomas urges Galyen into the room.

MS. THOMAS

Class. This is Mr. Right, Ally's father. We're going to find out what he does for a living. Can you please say hello?

THE CLASS

(in unison)

Hello Mr. Right.

She motions to Galyen to take his place at the front of the class.

GALYEN

Thanks... How ya doin'? Career day. Listening to people yap about their jobs. Enlightening. Show of hands... who cares what I do?

Two hands go up. Ally smiles.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

Appreciate it you two. But I'd rather talk about what you want to do.

MS. THOMAS

Um. Mr. Right. That's not why you're here. Why don't we stick to the format? What do you do?

He stands still for a moment.

GALYEN

I... I'm a consultant.

FRANKIE, the loud-mouth know it all of the class chimes in without permission. Typical behavior.

FRANKIE

Consultant? Is that even a job?

MS. THOMAS

Frankie! Don't be rude. Go ahead Mr. Right.

Galyen's face gets tight.

GALYEN

I guess it's not normal. There are consultants in many industries, but I work in sports mostly.

(to Ms. Thomas)

I don't know. I've never done this before. How do people...

MS. THOMAS

Just tell us about last week.

GALYEN

Last week... I guess it started when I got a call from someone who needed help with his contract.

FRANKIE

What kind of help?

GALYEN

Uh... I can't say exactly.

FRANKIE

Why not?

GALYEN

(raises voice)

Cause I can't Frankie.

Galyen shakes his head, looks to Ms. Thomas for help.

Ms. Thomas does not respond.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

It's hard to explain. I sometimes help people with problems.

KATIE raises her hand.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

Go ahead.

KATIE

Is it like that doctor-patient thing? Where you aren't allowed to talk about their problems to anyone else?

GALYEN

Yes! Exactly. That's exactly what it is. This person needed help and that's what I do. I only handle franchise athletes.

KATIE

What's a franchise athlete?

GALYEN

The best ones. Not even one on each team. Usually without them, the teams lose. They're hugely important.

FRANKIE

How did you help him?

GALYEN

Again. Not information I can disclose.

MS. THOMAS

I'm not sure I understand. Can you tell us what the problem was?

GALYEN

I can only say that he made a mistake.

KATIE

So all of these people are famous, right?

GALYEN

Extremely.

KATIE

So, do you know Paris Hilton or the Kardashians?

Many classmates erupt with 'Yeah.' and 'Do you?'

GALYEN

I've met a few of them, but that's really not what I do.

KATIE

Why not? They make mistakes all the time.

GALYEN

Agreed, but they have people who help them with that.

MS. THOMAS

Class. Let's listen. Mr. Right has given us his time today.

(to Galyen)

So what can you tell us about it?

GALYEN

I just helped him get some things straight with his career.

EXT. DARION MILES HOUSE/ YARD - NIGHT

Another enormous mansion. Crickets chirp calmly. Many exterior lights shine, but the interior is completely dark.

GALYEN (V.O.)

A big part of what I do is preventative maintenance. We try to catch things before they happen.

Galyen and NICK PERILLO (30s) lay underneath bushes, both wearing all black. Nick is a little smaller than Galyen, but equally baronial. Nick finishes a chocolate chip cookie, places a black stocking cap on his head.

Galyen, flat on his back, clasps his hands behind his head.

NICK

I love that you're here, but why would you want to come on something like this? Pretty straight forward.

Galyen shrugs his shoulders.

NICK (CONT'D)

After a two hour flight? You didn't want to go home. Did you?

GALYEN

There's days when I can't look 'em in the face.

NICK

It's work bro... just work.

GALYEN

I know, but I can't shake it lately... It's once a year. It'll go away. Always does.

NICK

You gonna tell me what happened?

GALYEN

D's got a big dog I think. Be careful.

NICK

Dogs I can handle. You sure no one's home?

GALYEN

Shouldn't be. Spring training in Florida. Let's go.

NICK

I got this, man. You can't get caught in something like this and it's my job anyway. I'll be in and out.

Nick scampers through the yard, staying out of direct light.

EXT. DARION MILES' HOUSE/ YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Nick reaches the side of the house without incident, now in front of an electrical box. He pops it open, finding a circuit board, many wires, lights and switches.

He removes a small box from his bag, opens it, clips a wire, attaches a wire, then flips a switch. The largest light near the top of the panel, blinks once, then goes off.

Nick quietly pops a window open, slides it up.

As he places his hands on the window sill --

A Rottweiler head emerges, barking and growling, snaps at his hands.

Nick quickly pulls back, turns toward the bushes.

In the bushes, Galyen peeks his head over, smoking. He laughs, nodding his head.

Nick crouches down and waits, both arms extended, hands ready. The dog sticks his head out, still growling.

Nick grabs the dog on either side of his massive head. The dog pulls back, unable to bite, but still trying. Nick props his elbows on the window sill, pulls himself through the window, using the dog's backward force as a boost.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

GALYEN

Some people need protection from themselves. They need to be monitored. Again, kind of like a doctor.

FRANKIE

That's what my dad says about the blocks he puts on the internet. To protect me from myself.

GALYEN

That's probably necessary, but not really the same thing Frankie.

INT. DARION MILES HOUSE/ HALLWAY - NIGHT

The dog barks from the other side of a door.

Nick makes his way into the --

LIVING ROOM

He reaches into his bag, pulls out a small device that's the size of a hearing aid.

Down on one knee next to an end table, he attaches the device underneath.

KITCHEN

He repeats the same exercise, placing another device under the corner of a cabinet, near the floor.

BEDROOM

He places a device under the bedside table.

INT. DARION MILES' HOUSE/ HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nick tosses his bag through the open window.

Back at the door, the dog still barking wildly and scratching, Nick gathers himself.

In one motion, he opens the door and sprints toward the open window. The dog gives chase, gaining quickly.

EXT. DARION MILES' HOUSE/ YARD - CONTINUOUS

The open window.

Head first, arms extended like a gymnast, Nick dives through the window, tucks his head, rolls, landing shoulders first on the ground and springs to his feet.

The dog, barking and growling, extends his head out the window.

Nick does a full body flex to Galyen, pounds his chest.

NICK

(to dog)

This is my house bitch.

Nick closes the window, mission accomplished.

INT. ALLY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

FRANKIE

I don't get it. You helped one guy with his contract. And you protect people from themselves... How is that like a doctor?

GALYEN

Some of what I do is kind of like... well, therapy.

LILY, another student, gets into the conversation.

LILY

Are you a therapist? My mom's a therapist.

GALYEN

No. I read people so I can help them. I anticipate what they need.

MS. THOMAS

Can you tell them what your degree is in then?

GALYEN

Degree? Oh, I didn't go to college. Well, I wasn't enrolled in classes. That's not to say it's okay. College is important.

FRANKIE

How much money do you make?

MS. THOMAS

Frankie! Sorry Mr. Right. Go on. Do you travel often?

GALYEN

Here and there, but it's always great when I can work from home.

FRANKIE

Lame.

INT. GALYEN'S HOUSE/ DINING ROOM - DAY

Galyen sits at a large dinner table with Ally. They focus on a mess of papers and books.

GALYEN

Well, what do you think?

ALLY

You always ask me that. It's not always what I think.

In the kitchen, just off the dining room, Kathy works vigorously, cleaning.

Galyen's phone rings. Ally rolls her eyes.

He looks at it briefly, but turns it off.

GALYEN

I always ask you that because that's always the question. Thinking for yourself is all that matters. Learning is about what it means to you, not the answer they're looking for.

ALLY

It's algebra.

KATHY

Stop confusing her. Ally, thinking for yourself is the right thing to do. But learn the materials.

GALYEN

I didn't get a lot of their answers right in school.

KATHY

You were rarely in school... He's an exception.

GALYEN

She means I'm exceptional.

Ally smiles sarcastically.

KATHY

Please. School work wise, he's no example.

ALLY

He never went to college and look at this place.

KATHY

That doesn't mean you don't have to study.

ALLY

I already get straight A's and I barely study. I don't need your help with schoolwork. It's just a half hour that you'll sometimes not answer your phone and talk to me... when you're here.

Ally stands, walks away.

ALLY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get ready for Kyle's party.

Kathy gathers Ally's paperwork and books.

KATHY

You're missing her life.

GALYEN

It never stops. Now my clients call me for family members.

She stares at him with squinted eyes.

KATHY

Did you hear what I said?

GALYEN

Yes, but I don't know what to do. They call, I have to go.

KATHY

Then why do you keep doing it? It's been your whole life.

GALYEN

Most of what I do is fine... It's hard to believe what people are capable of.

KATHY

I'd hate to know what you're capable of.

She walks into the kitchen. Defeated, he sits silently.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CAVE - DAY

Galyen sits in front of the TV screens, sporting a headset. Faint audio, a conversation, sounds in the background.

MS. THOMAS (V.O.)

I'm sure this is interesting to the class since it's something different. Why don't you tell us what your office time is like?

GALYEN (V.O.)

I take calls to discuss deals, contracts, whatever comes up.

The phone rings, he sits back.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

Louie.

He waits for the purpose of the call then --

GALYEN (CONT'D)

You'll never get him at that price. You're dreaming.

He pauses again.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

Louie. You think the Flyers give a fuck about your cap problem? You shouldn't have spent so much on Shafer and we wouldn't be having this conversation. I tried to tell you. Now he's got an ACL, sitting like a fuckin' pussy on the sidelines collecting nine mil a year. And he's not on my list.

The outer door activates and opens. Nick comes in.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

(to Louie)

Call his agent. I'm done trying to help you today... Alright... Okay.

Nick holds his hand up. Many cuts and scratches.

NICK

Fuckin' dog. You think I need a rabies shot?

Galyen snickers.

GALYEN

Don't be gay.

NICK

Yeah yeah. What's next?

GALYEN

Miami. The boys have stalkers that need a talking to. They banged two sisters that won't go away.

NICK

They call the police?

GALYEN

No. Can you believe it? You're all clear kid.

NICK

Alright, just give me the keys to the plane and I'll be on my way.

GALYEN

Sorry brother, I've gotta get to New York before you get back.

NICK

Mother Fucker. Alex and Derek?

GALYEN

Sorry buddy. It's kind of major and I need you in Florida.

NICK

What is it?

GALYEN

Ahhh. Nothing to worry about.

NICK

Whatever, but next time I go.

GALYEN

I gotta see the Commissioner anyway. A problem with his son in law.

NICK

Slipping the old Louisville Slugger in another teams dugout?

GALYEN

What are you gonna do? They say one out of four husbands cheat. In this business, we're almost battin' a thousand.

NICK

Not me. I just don't think I can ever do it.

GALYEN

Cheat on your wife?

NICK

Shit. Have a wife in the first place.

GALYEN

I gotta go. You coming to the party?

Galyen stands prompting Nick to follow suit.

NICK

Yeah, I'm coming. Bought the kid an iPad.

GALYEN

Larry will love that. He's already so fond of you. Wait 'til he sees what I got him.

INT. ALLY'S ROOM - DAY

Ally sits at her desk, feverishly typing on her laptop. Her room is more mature than a typical junior high girl, very high-tech and clean. Sort of a mini version of Galyen's cave.

Galyen steps partially inside her room stopping to lean on the door frame. He smiles.

GALYEN

You ready short legs?

ALLY

I'm a little old for that.

GALYEN

You're still my little girl.

ALLY

I don't know. I'm growing up pretty fast. Next thing you know, I'll be driving off to college.

Galyen looks at her a moment.

GALYEN

I want to be home more.

ALLY

I know. Don't worry about it.

GALYEN

I do. More than you know. I don't want to miss you growing up.

ALLY

Then don't. It seems pretty simple.

GALYEN

I'm sure it seems like it, but it isn't. I have serious responsibilities.

ALLY

So do I. And I'm handling one of them right now.

GALYEN

We're goin' to the Laker game Tuesday.

ALLY

I know. Can't wait. I need to finish this before we leave.

GALYEN

Okay. Leaving in ten.

EXT. LARRY RIGHT'S HOUSE/ BACKYARD - DAY

The yard is nice, although lacking proper upkeep. The FAMILY is centered under a covered patio. The few hanging decorations indicate it's a 16th Birthday party.

SYLVIA COLLINS (60s), Galyen and Larry's mother, stands when she sees Galyen, rushes to him for an affectionate hug. She kisses his cheek.

SYLVIA

My baby boy. How are you?

GALYEN

Hey mama.

The rest of the family join in swooning over Galyen and family, especially Ally who receives a plethora of attention.

LARRY RIGHT (late 30s), slightly over weight with beer in hand, notices the display.

LARRY

Wow. It's like Tom Cruise just walked in or something.

The brothers lock right hands, pull the other in for a awkward embrace.

GALYEN

Better than Bernie Madoff.

KATHY

Hey Larry. The place looks great.

They hug. She hands him a gift.

LARRY

Thanks. Good to see you. Glad you could get the little prince here to grace us all with his presence.

Galyen walks away shaking his head.

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Galyen and Larry stand holding their beers.

LARRY

You didn't. Jesus Galyen. What the fuck?

GALYEN

What? It's from both of us. I just thought --

LARRY

He'll know it's not from me... Everyone knows what I did. I haven't worked in months.

GALYEN

You still have money saved though, right? And isn't Debbie working?

LARRY

I'm sure we have some savings, but it won't last forever.

GALYEN

What kind of financial planner doesn't know how much money he has?

LARRY

Cancel it. I'll figure out how to get him a car.

Galyen's phone rings. Index finger extended to Larry, he answers.

GALYEN

Go ahead.

Larry squints his eyes, scrunches his nose at Galyen.

JIMMY (V.O.)
Hey, it's Jimmy. There's a problem.

GALYEN
How did I know this wasn't over?

JIMMY (V.O.)
A friend of hers called my cell
looking for her.

GALYEN
And I seem to remember asking you
about friends. What'd you say?

JIMMY (V.O.)
Nothing. She didn't seem to buy it
man.

GALYEN
Jesus Christ. I gotta call you later.

Galyen puts the phone back in his pocket. He silently stares,
motionless.

GALYEN (CONT'D)
There's always a spot for you on my
team.

LARRY
I couldn't look them in the eye and
they wouldn't want me anyway.

GALYEN
Well, you lost a hundred million
dollars and a lot of it was my
clients'.

LARRY
I know what I lost and don't forget
that cock sucker got all of my money
too.

GALYEN
And some of mine. We all trusted
you to know a ponzi scheme when you
saw it.

LARRY
No one complained about the returns...
and it was mostly laundered money
anyway.

GALYEN
Legal or not, we have to get it back.

LARRY

How? It was ten billion and they've only seized a couple hundred mil.

GALYEN

The money is somewhere. We just have to find it. And you'll get it back to them.

Larry isn't convinced.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

It's what I do. The SEC is a fuckin' joke. They play by the rules.

A horn honks wildly outside. Larry looks through the curtains.

LARRY

Damn it Galyen.

EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE/ DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A nice, but not brand new sports car stops at the end of the driveway. A large bow is strapped to the hood.

As the brothers reach the driveway, the whole family shuffles through a side gate stumbling over each other a bit. They chatter and woo over the car congratulating KYLE (16), the birthday boy, whose jaw drops as he reaches his gift.

KYLE

(caressing the hood)

Oh, man. I can't believe it.

He sprints to Galyen and half tackles him.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Thanks Unc.

GALYEN

You're welcome, buddy, but it's from your dad and me.

Kyle quickly hugs his dad.

KYLE

You said I had to wait.

Kyle runs back to the car.

Nick walks up carrying Kyle's present.

GALYEN

Kyle. It's not free. You and your dad will work out the details.

LARRY

(to Galyen quietly)
Happy? Unbelievable. Fucking asshole.

Larry storms away.

NICK

That seemed to go well.

GALYEN

Fuck him. He doesn't get it.

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE/ KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kathy and DEBBIE RIGHT (30s) sit at the kitchen table sipping wine. Debbie is cute, petite, and wearing a sexy outfit.

KATHY

Sorry about all you've been going through.

DEBBIE

It's unbelievable. We had to change our number. People come by here screaming, trying to get in.

KATHY

He still can't find work?

DEBBIE

No one will hire him now.

KATHY

How's your job?

DEBBIE

Okay. I only work a couple days a week.

KATHY

At least you get out, interact with people. You always have it together.

Debbie stands, goes to the sink, and rinses dishes.

DEBBIE

I'm sure it seems that way. How 'bout you?

KATHY

I'm okay, but Ally's on her own basically. Always in her room.

DEBBIE

Teenagers. My boys barely talk to me.

KATHY

Now Kyle's driving. And the car... I didn't know anything about it, Deb.

DEBBIE

Sometimes Galyen doesn't think.

KATHY

Galyen often doesn't think, except for his clients of course.

DEBBIE

At least he didn't get scammed out of all your money.

KATHY

I can't imagine. I know you would never ask, but do you need anything? What do we have all this money for anyway? You're family.

DEBBIE

Um... Well, no... thanks. No. Larry would never take it.

Galyen glides in the room with purpose.

GALYEN

We're leaving. Get Ally.

KATHY

What? Why?

GALYEN

Thanks for everything, Deb.

Larry follows into the room.

LARRY

Leaving? Thanks for coming by bro.

GALYEN

It's not Kyle's fault you lost everything.

LARRY

No one asked you for anything. You don't always have to step in.

GALYEN

I have to step in to clean up your mess. It's not a choice.

LARRY

That's not what I'm talking about.

GALYEN

I am.

DEBBIE

Just let it go. They're leaving.

Sylvia storms in.

SYLVIA

What's all this?

DEBBIE

It's fine Syl.

SYLVIA

(to Larry)

What'd you do?

LARRY

Why do you always assume it's me?

GALYEN

It was me. We're gonna go.

SYLVIA

That's why. Something happens and now he's leaving.

Galyen exits the room, Kathy follows.

INT. GALYEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Galyen, Kathy, and Ally sit silently. A fitting song quietly plays on the radio.

Galyen drives, eyes staring straight ahead without blinking.

FLASHBACK - INT. CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT

The same eyes, adjusting to a dark room.

YOUNG GALYEN (15), closes the door to their apartment.

YOUNG SYLVIA (40s) sleeps on the couch, a cigarette smoldering in an ashtray on the coffee table.

Galyen extinguishes her cigarette, then kisses her on the cheek. She doesn't move.

He notices her purse on the floor. He gives her a glance then bends down to open it.

Suddenly, YOUNG LARRY (17) comes around the corner.

Galyen follows him, silently tip-toeing, to the --

KITCHEN

As Larry opens the refrigerator door, Galyen grabs him with both hands, one on each side near his rib cage.

Larry jumps, screams. Galyen laughs quietly.

YOUNG GALYEN
Shhh. You'll wake mom. Dumb ass.

YOUNG LARRY
Where were you? I told mom you were at T.J.'s.

YOUNG GALYEN
I was out. What?

Larry grabs a can of soda, closes the refrigerator door.

YOUNG LARRY
I better not find out you're into anything.

YOUNG GALYEN
Into what?

YOUNG LARRY
You know what I mean.

YOUNG GALYEN
I don't know what you're talking about.

Larry walks away.

YOUNG LARRY
Just don't.

Galyen goes quietly back to the --

LIVING ROOM

He takes her wallet from her purse. He removes a thick roll of cash from his pocket, inserts several bills into her wallet.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. GALYEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Galyen silently negotiates turns, eyes focused on the road.

INT. ALLY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Galyen is now sitting down in Ms. Thomas' chair. Ms. Thomas stands near the door.

GALYEN
(standing)
Well. This has been fun.

MS. THOMAS
Not so fast. We still have time left.

GALYEN
Really? Cause I have a lot of...

MS. THOMAS
Tell us how you got into this line of work.

Another FATHER (40s), wearing a suit and an uppity grimace, enters through the door at the back of the class, takes a seat against the wall.

GALYEN
It's hard to remember.

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Young Galyen, holding a notebook, leans against the lockers. Several male STUDENTS crowd around him.

GALYEN (V.O.)
I was always into sports. In one way or another.

He writes in his notebook.

YOUNG GALYEN
Who wants the Bears minus six?

A couple of guys take the bet. He writes, urges them on.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL BATHROOM - DAY

Young Galyen slams a "CUSTOMER" against the wall while a huge male STUDENT wearing a football jersey watches, arms folded. The kid falls harshly to the floor, scrambles.

GALYEN (V.O.)

I was liked by the players so they went out of their way for me.

Galyen kicks the kid repeatedly in the ribs.

YOUNG GALYEN

Give me the fucking money.

Galyen stops, allows him to get his money out of his pocket.

GALYEN (V.O.)

I just had a way with people. And could usually get them to do what I wanted.

He hands Galyen all the money he has. Galyen counts it.

YOUNG GALYEN

You're twenty short. Two days bitch.

He hands the football player some money as he walks out.

GALYEN (V.O.)

I just helped them see the way things should go. I always protect my clients.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. CAVE - DAY

Galyen works at his desk. He takes a deep breath, makes a call on speaker.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Hello?

GALYEN

Ashley?

ASHLEY (V.O.)

Yes. Who's this?

GALYEN

Not important. What is important is your friend you've been asking about.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

What do you know about it?

GALYEN

Not a lot. From what I hear, she had a breakdown and was committed. Her parents moved her back home so they could take care of her. I don't think you'll be hearing from her again.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

I don't understand. Why are you calling me?

GALYEN

I'm calling to give you the good news.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

Good news? What good news?

GALYEN

She had some friends that helped her out. They'd like to take care of you in her absence.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

What?

GALYEN

She'd like you to keep all this to yourself. If you're agreeable, there's a nice sum of money waiting for you.

A short silence.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

Uh... Okay... I don't know what to say. Where is she really?

GALYEN

Again. Not important. What is important is where you are. Three forty four East Wilcox, right?

ASHLEY (V.O.)

How do you know that?

GALYEN

If I tell you your parents and brothers addresses, are you going to ask me how I know... or just do what I say?

A few moments of silence.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

How much are we talking about?

GALYEN

Enough. I know you'll be happy.
Can I trust you to keep this between
us?

ASHLEY (V.O.)

Sure. No problem.

GALYEN

Good. I'd hate to see you lose
everything if you didn't. I'll call
you with the details.

He hangs up, sits back and exhales.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. CAVE - DAY

Galyen types an em-ail.

GALYEN (V.O.)

When you hear about that three team trade or monumental contract extension, chances are I was behind it.

He makes a call.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

Mark. What do you know about this Cubs Mets trade?

He waits.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

Who do they want for him?

He waits for the answer.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

It won't happen without Garcia. Unless you want to drop Smith. Up to you... Get them to include Garcia and it'll go.

He hangs up, continues working.

MONTAGE - SUPERSTAR ATHLETES

-- GAME FOOTAGE, RED CARPET FOOTAGE, SIGNING CONTRACTS, HOLDING UP JERSEYS WITH TEAM OWNERS.

GALYEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There's maybe fifty true franchise players in the world. I don't represent them, officially. They know they pay me. They just don't know how. The truth is that the sports world needs me. Franchises need me. Owners need me and the fans, fans need me the most.

MONTAGE - FANS

-- BUYING SPORTS TEAM MERCHANDISE, MEMORABILIA, REFRESHMENTS AT GAMES.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

When your parents buy you that jersey or the two hundred dollar game ticket, they pay me. And when the franchise player needs help, who's there? Not the owner and certainly not their agent.

MONTAGE - AGENTS

-- SHAKING HANDS, SIGNING CONTRACTS, TAKING PICTURES WITH CLIENTS.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

(snickers)

Huh, agents... The ultimate salesmen. Not one of them could do what I do. Actually... no one can.

END MONTAGE

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The class is quiet, all eyes fixed on Galyen.

FRANKIE

How do you know that?

GALYEN

Cause I'm the only one of my kind.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Galyen sits with his feet up. Watching attentively.

GALYEN (V.O.)

The public wants these guys to be taken care of. I just make sure it happens.

He walks to the outer door, pushes the button. It opens.

GALYEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I handle problems and facilitate deals.

Now standing on the steel walkway, he lights a cigarette.

GALYEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I could close them, but then I'd be just like the rest of them.

Nick's speedboat creeps through the hanging foliage and into his spot on the dock.

Galyen takes a drag, nods at Nick.

Nick steps off his boat, climbs the stairs.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

How'd it go?

NICK

The usual. South Beach, Dominican bitches, you know.

GALYEN

Neat. The stalkers? Our clients?

NICK

Nothing to worry about. A little money is all it takes. They're all the same. A fucking waste of organic material except for giving me head.

GALYEN

You know how long it's been since I got the head?

NICK

You could any time you want... and you know it.

GALYEN

We've had this conversation. I don't cheat.

NICK

She has a cheating clause in the pre-nup. Let's be honest.

GALYEN

That's not the reason. And Ally... I could never do that to her.

NICK

Lamar's having a party if you want to go.

GALYEN

I'm taking Ally to the game.

NICK

You think about what I asked? More responsibility?

Galyen takes a long drag, exhales.

GALYEN

I know you're capable, but are you sure you're ready?

NICK

I'm ready.

GALYEN

I have to keep a handle on everything. You know the stakes.

NICK

I want my stripes. And deserve them.

GALYEN

Stripes? This isn't organized crime.

NICK

Isn't it?

A sinister smile creeps over Galyen's face.

GALYEN

Well. Maybe a little.

NICK

I know you're trying to protect me, but I'm ready. Put me in Coach.

Galyen settles back in to his perch.

GALYEN

We're branching out. Meet me after the game. I may have something for you.

Galyen smokes. Nick opens a bag of chocolate chip cookies. They share the silence, indulging in their chosen vices.

INT. GALYEN'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kathy watches TV. Galyen and Ally come in.

KATHY

How was the game?

ALLY

Awesome. Kobe hit the game winner.

GALYEN

And court side seats for it. That was great, huh?

ALLY

You can actually see better further back.

KATHY

Go get ready for bed sweetie. I'll be up in a bit.

Ally walks away.

GALYEN

You're welcome.

ALLY

Yeah, thanks.

Galyen shakes his head, looks at Kathy.

KATHY

Got a minute?

GALYEN

One. I have a meeting.

KATHY

At ten thirty. Should I think what any rational wife would?

GALYEN

I'm not cheating and you know it. What do you need to talk about?

KATHY

We'll talk when I can have more than a minute. Whenever that may be.

GALYEN

I'll be home in a couple of hours.

KATHY

I'll be asleep. One of us has to be up with Ally.

GALYEN

Tomorrow then. I'm sorry. I've gotta go.

He leans down to kiss her. She pulls away, stands, walks away.

EXT. MARINA PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Galyen and Nick lean against a fence which separates the lot and the marina. The many boats slightly bob in the water.

MICHAEL HUMPHREY (50s) approaches slowly. The CEO of Our Town Foods wears an expensive suit and walks with cockiness.

Galyen motions for Michael to lift his arms.

GALYEN

No offense.

Nick frisks him.

MICHAEL HUMPHREY

Did they explain the problem?

GALYEN

They did. Understand... this isn't something I typically do.

MICHAEL HUMPHREY

If this report gets out, we're finished.

GALYEN

Our Town Foods... A homegrown meal.

MICHAEL HUMPHREY

You know our foods?

GALYEN

I don't eat that shit. When I make the report go away, then what?

Michael nonchalantly shrugs his shoulders.

MICHAEL HUMPHREY

It goes away.

GALYEN

And you keep selling that garbage with a health food label. All fresh local ingredients actually from some field outside Manila.

MICHAEL HUMPHREY

We're paying you to make this go away, not your left wing disdain.

GALYEN

You haven't paid me yet. I'm not telling you how to run your business. You change your tag line to something more ambiguous... I'll take the job. Otherwise, good luck.

Galyen turns to walk away.

MICHAEL HUMPHREY

What do you care?

He turns back to Michael.

GALYEN

I don't just fix problems. I create solutions. Don't have an abortion then go back to unprotected sex.

MICHAEL HUMPHREY

Okay... okay. Consider it done.

Galyen and Nick walk away.

GALYEN

I'll be in touch.

EXT. LARRY'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Galyen walks into the open garage where Larry, with greasy hands, opens a can of oil.

GALYEN

What's up big brother? Changing your oil?

Larry lays down on the ground.

LARRY

Some of us have to do things ourselves now.

He slides under the car.

GALYEN

I'm trying to make conversation here... I'm sorry about the car. I thought...

Larry slides from under the car.

LARRY

As usual, you didn't think of me at all. Always trying to be the hero. You think that's easy for me? I should get him his first car.

GALYEN

Let's get the money back and all this goes away. You can get him any car he wants.

LARRY

Did you hear they sentenced Sully?
I hope they take ten billion out on
his asshole.

GALYEN

It'll be his time soon.

LARRY

How you gonna do it?

GALYEN

I've got a few guys in Oakdale. In
my experience, the only thing people
truly understand is pain. Until
then, you need any money?

LARRY

I'm not taking your money. I never
have... and I never will.

GALYEN

Really?

Larry looks Galyen in the eyes.

LARRY

That's right. Never.

GALYEN

Okay. I'm done.

He starts to walk away, but --

LARRY

Wait...

Galyen stops, but doesn't turn around.

GALYEN

For what?

LARRY

It's just been tough lately, mentally.

GALYEN

I just want to help.

LARRY

That's it. I don't want to need
your help. You're my little brother.

Galyen turns back to Larry.

GALYEN
We're gonna get it all back.

Larry grabs two beers from a small refrigerator, hands one to Galyen.

LARRY
You and Kathy doing okay?

GALYEN
It is what it is.

LARRY
You ever think about leaving?

GALYEN
No. Like dad? No way. Why, do you?

Larry takes a drink.

LARRY
Why didn't he ever come back? At least for us.

GALYEN
I never think about it. Fuck him.

LARRY
I don't know man. What if he didn't know what he was doing?

GALYEN
He knew.

LARRY
I'm not sure he did.

Larry takes a long drink.

LARRY (CONT'D)
What if he had mental problems?

GALYEN
Why would you think that?

LARRY
Sometimes I wonder if I may have it too.

INT. SYLVIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Galyen and Sylvia sit in lounge chairs, both smoking cigarettes next to her beautiful pool.

GALYEN

He's more stubborn than you are.

SYLVIA

Watch it. He's jealous.

GALYEN

They're gonna go under pretty soon.

SYLVIA

Not just yet... Debbie asked me for money.

GALYEN

For what? I thought they had money saved. Some at least.

SYLVIA

I guess not. You can't tell him I told you.

Galyen rolls his eyes.

GALYEN

I won't.

SYLVIA

I'm not going to have my grandchildren on the street. He doesn't know I gave it to her.

GALYEN

Great. He actually said that he's never taken money from me. You believe that? He's been taking money from me for twenty years.

SYLVIA

He doesn't know that... And he never will. He doesn't need to know.

GALYEN

I put him through college and I was in high school.

SYLVIA

You weren't in high school all that much.

GALYEN

That's neither here nor there. And you get all the credit. I can't keep trying to help him too. I have too much to do.

SYLVIA

What we endure from each other is
what keeps a family together.

GALYEN

I endure a lot.

SYLVIA

So does he. Don't forget. He didn't
have the easiest childhood.

GALYEN

And I did?

SYLVIA

You're different. He always wanted
to protect you after your dad left,
but you didn't need it... or want
it.

GALYEN

Why do you think he left?

SYLVIA

I'm glad he left. It wasn't exactly
good before. He had... problems.

GALYEN

What kind of problems?

SYLVIA

He just wasn't quite all there.

GALYEN

Did he do anything to Larry?

SYLVIA

Not that I saw. Why?

GALYEN

He says dad had mental problems.
Is that what you're talking about?

SYLVIA

It's quite possible. He was all
over the place.

INT. ALLY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Ally raises her hand.

MS. THOMAS

Go ahead Ally.

ALLY

What about the rules? Tell them
about that.

GALYEN

The rules?

ALLY

Yeah. Don't you make the rules?

GALYEN

I don't make them... I suggest things
from time to time.

INT. DAY - CAVE

Galyen characteristically sits at his desk.

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN

A new e-mail. A drop down box shows the options: "ALL, ALL
MLB OWNERS, ALL NBA OWNERS, ALL NFL OWNERS". The mouse
clicks: "ALL NFL OWNERS".

The word "MEETING" is typed in the subject box. The only
text that appears as he types:

EMAIL TEXT

We all need to meet tomorrow.
Bring ten. -G

The mouse clicks "SEND".

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. NICK'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nick has a small, ASIAN GIRL (20s) bent over the arm of the couch. Both completely naked, he bangs her furiously from behind.

Galyen comes up the stairs.

GALYEN

Hey. Nice form. If that was a sport,
you'd be my client.

The girl covers herself with her hands and arms, crouches down behind the couch.

NICK

What's up G?

GALYEN

Honey, go wait in the bedroom.
He'll be there in a minute.

On the glass coffee table, a scotch-filled glass sits next to a bottle of Johnny Walker Blue.

Nick puts a robe on.

NICK

You wanna drink?

GALYEN

No, I'm good.

They sit on the couch.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

You up to handling this thing for
the food company?

NICK

I'm all over it.

GALYEN

Alright. Pour me a small one.

Nick smiles, pours Galyen a drink.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

You let me know what you think should
be done and we'll see.

They clink glasses, gulp the scotch.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

And come to a meeting I have tomorrow.

NICK

What's the meeting?

GALYEN

NFL. Pick me up at four.

NICK

For sure.

Galyen stands.

GALYEN

You go anywhere today?

Nick points to the couch.

NICK

Yeah, from that cushion to this one.

Galyen smiles, walks out.

INT. NICK'S CAR - DAY

Nick's FERRARI zips around corners along the PCH, top down.

Galyen smokes a cigarette, flips ashes along the roadside.

NICK

Watch it man. You're gonna fuck up
my seats.

GALYEN

Focus. This is no joke. You're
about to walk in a room with every
NFL owner.

He flips his cigarette over the side of the cliff.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

Listen closely. Don't say anything.
And I mean anything. I may not even
introduce you.

NICK

Got it. What's the meeting about?

GALYEN

New rules.

NICK

What rules?

GALYEN

You'll see. They aren't gonna like it.

Police Sirens. Nick looks in the rear-view mirror. It's a CHP Motorcycle Cop.

NICK

Mother Fucker!

Nick pulls to the side of the road, the cop stops just behind them.

NICK (CONT'D)

Cocksucker. I wasn't really speeding.

GALYEN

Don't worry about it.

The HIGHWAY PATROL OFFICER (40s) approaches Nick's side of the car.

OFFICER

Did you know it's illegal to throw your cigarette from a car?

Nick looks at Galyen, who smiles at the cop.

GALYEN

I didn't know that, but it's fine. Don't worry about it. We're late for a meeting so... please.

Galyen turns toward the road.

OFFICER

Are you kidding me? Who do you think you are?

Galyen leans and reaches into his pocket.

The cop puts his hand to his gun and backs up.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Hold it right there. What are you doing?

GALYEN

Take it easy Ponch. I'm not the one who bullied you as a kid.

Galyen takes out his money clip, removes a gold and green card, and hands it to the officer.

The officer turns it over, then back, studying it.

OFFICER

I've never seen one of these.

GALYEN

Well, now you have. We're really late so if you don't mind.

The officer hands the card back.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

Be safe now.

Nick floors it, sending rocks all over the motorcycle.

NICK

Can I get one of those? Let me see it.

Nick studies the card.

NICK (CONT'D)

How many people have these?

GALYEN

Not many.

INT. HOTEL/ MEETING ROOM - DAY

A large U shaped table covered with table cloths, set with water pitchers and glasses, centers the room.

The 32 NFL OWNERS (50s and 60s), some sitting and some standing, line the outside of the table. They're mostly short, over-weight and balding white men in expensive suits.

Galyen bursts through the door, Nick close in tow.

The owners come to attention, file to find a seat.

Galyen and Nick stop at the head of the table. Galyen motions with his hands, both up, palms down, calmly guiding them to sit.

GALYEN

Some changes need to be made... I know you guys don't give a fuck, but there were more head injuries last season than the two previous.

The owners squirm, awaiting the changes.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

Kickoffs move back to the thirty five.

(MORE)

GALYEN (CONT'D)

Touch backs go to the twenty five.
The wedge is done. And increase
late hits on QB's to when they begin
a throwing motion.

The owners look at each other in disbelief.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

Someone writing this down?

He waits. Several of them start writing.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

The other reason for the meeting...
We had a problem with Mr. Fifty Six
from Phil's area.

He motions in the direction of one of the owners, PHIL
MARCHANT (60s).

The other owners mumble, shake heads.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

He had a falling out with a friend
who's no longer around. That's
handled. Problem is, someone else
is coming around now wondering, asking
questions. I can straighten it out
no problem... or... I can make it go
away. Take a minute.

The owners whisper to each other, some walk to other owners
to discuss. After a quick collaboration, a few of them
converge on Phil to give their opinion. Once finished, they
shuffle away. Phil stands.

PHIL MARCHANT

You've never let us down before. If
you're positive this is the last
we'll hear of it, straighten it out.

GALYEN

We'll take care of it. As you leave,
put ten in the case.

Near the door on a lone table, an open briefcase awaits them.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

That's it. Thanks for coming down.
Let me know if anyone needs tickets
while you're here.

They all stand.

OWNER ONE

You've got to give us more.

OWNER TWO

Yeah. We can't just make these changes. We need time.

Galyen stands silently, no response.

The owners create a line to the briefcase. Each places \$10,000 in cash neatly in the case as they pass.

Galyen watches. Impressed and excited, Nick smiles, barely able to stand in one place.

The room now clear, Galyen goes to the case.

NICK

How much is there? Three twenty?

GALYEN

Yep.

Galyen hands Nick a stack of cash.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

Here's ten. Put it away.

He closes and hands Nick the case.

GALYEN (CONT'D)

I'll buy you a drink.

INT. ALLY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Galyen, now standing, inches toward the door.

GALYEN

So, I suggested the rule changes. And we resolved another minor problem for a player. That was pretty much my week.

MS. THOMAS

Okay class. That's all the time we have. Everyone thank Ally's dad for sharing.

THE CLASS

(in unison)

Thank you Mr. Right.

GALYEN

Thanks for listening. Keep up the good work and all that.

Galyen shoots a wink at Ally, makes his way to the door.
Ally smiles.

Once he's out of the room, the class goes into a frenzy with questions for Ms. Thomas and Ally. Ally soaks in the attention, beaming.

The father who sat in the back, the next speaker, watches with amazement. He stands, flips the bottom of his jacket back to straighten his pants. He has a badge on his belt, and a 9 mm handgun on his side.

INT. GALYEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Galyen wanders through the mostly dark house, finally reaching the --

DEN

Galyen sits, removes the top from a crystal carafe, and pours a significant drink. He takes a gulp, settles into his chair. Just as he exhales, Kathy comes in.

KATHY

Hey.

GALYEN

Hheeeeeeyyyy.

He looks up at her with glazed, half closed eyes.

KATHY

You're drunk.

GALYEN

Yep.

KATHY

Ally was calling you.

GALYEN

I know. I have no excuse that you would understand.

His eyes tear up a little.

KATHY

We can't keep going like this. Why don't you tell me what happened?

GALYEN

I can't. It's as bad as you could imagine.

KATHY

Why do you protect these people? I feel it too.

GALYEN

I know... and Ally.

He shakes his head as his eyes fill up with tears.

KATHY

They think they can do whatever they want and you enable them. Why don't you just quit? We have plenty of money.

GALYEN

It's the things that I know, not the money.

KATHY

Are you capable of not speaking in code?

GALYEN

It's to protect you... and I just can't quit.

KATHY

You run everything.

GALYEN

That's the problem. They can't function without me. And I know everything.

KATHY

I still don't see why you can't just walk away.

He looks her in the eyes.

GALYEN

They'd never let it happen.

He takes another drink.

KATHY

So this is it? 'Cause if it is, I don't know if I can keep...

He takes her hand.

GALYEN

I know I don't make time for you...
But I did something today to be home
more.

KATHY

Yeah? Don't make promises you can't
keep.

GALYEN

It'll take time, but it's what I
want. You'll see.

She turns.

KATHY

Don't stay up too late.

GALYEN

Love you.

He watches her walk away.

KATHY

Love you more.

INT. GALYEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Galyen makes his way up the stairs, stumbling a bit. He
grabs the rail to steady himself as he climbs.

OLD MAN (V.O.)

At the end of the day, what is it
that moved us? Did we do anything
of consequence? How do we feel when
we walk up those stairs?

SERIES OF SHOTS - JIMMY'S DEAD GIRL

-- The girl lies still in Jimmy's bed.

-- The blood around her body and all over her face.

-- Jimmy, middle of nowhere, filling a hole with dirt.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

He tries to shake the images out of his head.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

What we do should be so loud that no
one can hear what we say. Our actions
are what we're made of.

He reaches the top of the stairs.

The door to Ally's room is cracked open. He pushes it slightly, making sure not to wake her.

OLD MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We're supposed to make a difference
in the lives of those we love. If
we can't look them in the eye, we're
nothing.

Ally is sleeping soundly and peacefully.

Galyen's head tilts slightly to the side, eyes widen as he leans against the door frame.

Her leg is out of the covers and hanging slightly off the bed, showing bare skin to just above her knee.

Galyen stares at her leg.

FLASHBACK - INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - NIGHT

The dead girl's leg.

Galyen calmly stands near the bar, smoking.

Thick plastic sheets cover the floor at the foot of the bed.

Jimmy is on his knees, bloody meat cleaver in hand.

The girl, now carved into several pieces, litters the bloody sheets around him. Both arms are in a pile.

Jimmy takes a wild hack with the cleaver, striking her leg around the knee. Blood sprays over his already soaked clothes and face.

OLD MAN (V.O.)
Why is it that those around us want
more than we can give?

Jimmy hesitates, puts his forearm to his mouth momentarily, then vomits profusely over the pile of body parts. Now on hands and knees, he weeps uncontrollably.

JIMMY
I can't do it anymore man... You
gotta help. I can't take it. I'm
sorry.

Galyen takes a drag, no response.

OLD MAN (V.O.)
Or is it that we just don't want to
be bothered?

(MORE)

OLD MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I don't have all the answers. That's
for certain. I'm no example. All
we can do is try to do better
tomorrow.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. GALYEN'S HOUSE/ HALLWAY - NIGHT

His eyes now watery, without blinking, Galyen stares at his daughter as she sleeps.

He does a full-body dry heave, then rushes into the --

HALLWAY BATHROOM

He slides to his knees and vomits into the toilet.

INT. GALYEN'S HOUSE/ ALLY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ally wakes, rolls over and listens to her dad puking. She gets up, grabs her blanket, and goes into the hallway.

BATHROOM

Galyen is lying on the floor. Ally stands over him.

He looks up at her with tears in his eyes.

GALYEN
I'm sorry I missed your game.

She covers him with the blanket, then flushes the toilet.

His head falls back to the floor.

She climbs under the covers at his feet, snuggles her feet into his chest. She lays her head down against and wraps her arms around his legs.

Galyen inhales, gives a long forceful sigh, then puts his arm over her legs.

Eyes closed, tears run across his face.

THE END