

"SCRUM"  
A.K.A.  
"Fug Tup No Teefus"

CLOSE ON

A pristine green lawn. A line of white chalk. The sun shines down.

SLOW MOTION

The stands are filled to capacity, chanting and yelling and raising there fists. A banner reads:

"Aspen's Ruggerfest - National Championship"

The perfect square of green lawn with the white chalk again.

SLOW MOTION

Many taped and worn-out cleats, and dirty-ripped-up-sock clad calves back there way in to the frame. We are ANKLE LEVEL watching a SCRUM.

The mismatched shoes and ankles back across the frame. The rugby ball enters the picture being kicked and spun by the other team who are pushing there way into the picture wearing nothing but brand new cleats and pristine matching uniform socks.

MACK (V.O.)  
Every story needs a hero.

The ball is whip-kicked out of frame. The crowd rises to it's feet and roars approval.  
END SLOW MOTION

The ball goes flying across the "PITCH" - (Rugby Field), and is scooped up by CHIP STERLING. Chip is 30, Brad Pitt handsome, and wearing one of the pristine team's uniforms with matching clean socks and shoes.

The sun almost gleams off his perfect white teeth as he races down the side line at a lightning quick speed. He looks up to see...

MACK (V.O. - CONT.D)  
And every story needs a  
villain.

DAMON BOLD closing in fast. Damon is 39, and the ugly opposite of Chip. Damon's nose has been broken many times, and from the looks of things, again, just recently.

Blood runs down the length and breadth of one side of

Damon's face. His eyebrows have bald spots from stitches and scars and one of his eyes is blackened and bleeding.

QUICK CUTS: Back and forth of Damon and Chip as they run at full speed on a collision course. Bloody snot flies from Damon's nose as he leaps into the air. Chip braces himself for the blow.

FREEZE FRAME - The two polar opposites about to collide in mid air.

MACK (V.O. - CONT'D)  
But sometimes looks can be  
deceiving. To really  
understand who's who and  
what's what...We're gonna  
have to go back.

FAST MOTION - With Music  
The film rewinds itself all the way back to the opening frame.

Just as the Rugby player's ankles scurry off of the perfectly sun-lit pristine green lawn...  
end fast motion

It starts to rain. Establish we are

EXT. PARADE GROUND - AFTERNOON - ONE YEAR AGO

A muddy field in the middle of a rainstorm on the parade grounds of Louisiana State University.

The Clock Tower looks down at the empty field. No one would be out in this weather...And no one is.

INT. LAW SCHOOL CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

The rain-storm beats down on the parade grounds outside.

A hundred or more students dressed in conservative attire exhibit varying degrees of first year nervousness.

They take notes from PROFESSOR JULES HARRINGTON. Professor Harrington is in his 60's, with a full head of grey hair on top of an agile mind, and a somewhat still athletic frame.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
...As in the case of Global  
Com Vs. World Crossing going  
on right now in our Federal  
courts. Who can tell me who  
is going to eventually win

that ruling...And with a  
rather hefty settlement I  
might add...

A smart looking nerd in eyeglasses and a button-  
downed dress shirt, named IRVING raises his hand. A  
young man in blue jeans with longish hair cowers  
behind Irving.

MACK (V.O.)  
That's me. First year of Law  
School. Oh not the guy  
raising his hand. The one  
behind him.

MACK is 23 years old, athletic and rather hippy-ish  
looking compared to his fellow law students.  
Irving's arm is about to leave it's socket from  
straining so hard to get the teacher's attention.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Mr. McGinty.

Irving's face falls as he sits down looking around to  
see who the lucky student is.

Mack simply looks at the teacher with a dumb look on  
his face which is beginning to turn a little red.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Mr. James McGinty, please  
stand, and offer us your  
opinion.

Mack stands up.

MACK  
Um...  
PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Um?  
MACK  
Well...  
PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Well?  
MACK  
I think...  
PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
You think? Really? Do You?  
Your oratory skills lead me  
to believe that you actually  
don't think...Now if this is  
an attempt to win over a jury  
of more or less ignorant  
peasants..."I think" "Um" and  
"well" might be just the type  
of words with which to begin  
your argument. But as I look

around and surmise the demographics on your fellow classmates, I feel you may have underestimated their educational background and thus I must strongly suggest that you re-think your opening statement.

(Beat)

Mr. Irving. Would you care to clean up the verbal expectorate Mr. McGinty has so carelessly strewn all over our classroom?

The rest of the class laughs nervously. Mack turns even redder. Irving stands.

IRVING

It is obvious from the same court's ruling in Data Travel vs. Puget Com that World Crossing stands to not only win the courts favor in the ruling, but to practically be gifted the whole of Global Com's young but growing net worth. It is...And I quote: "The malicious nature of the...

As Irving continues shoving his nose verbally up the professor's ass his volume level begins to fade out. The rainstorm outside gets louder. Mack turns his attention to the windows.

MACK (V.O)

...Having just returned from a year of backpacking across Europe...I suddenly realized why I had put off going to Law School in the first place. I hated most Lawyers.

Mack looks down at his father's old-satchell-style leather brief case. It's worn from years of use. Mack rubs his thumb across the faded inscribed lettering that reads:

*"Tom McGinty - Attorney at law"*

MACK (V.O. - CONT'D)

My father was one of the few, that didn't give the occupation a bad name. He died four years ago. He was a trial lawyer. He always told

me that I had what it takes  
to follow in his foot steps  
and make a difference.

(Beat)

I used to agree with him.

(Beat)

But at that moment, one  
thought was crystallizing in  
my tiny little verbal-  
expectorate-creating brain.

(Beat)

Escape.

Lightning strikes the parade grounds illuminating the  
sky in a flash of white. A mighty thunderous clap is  
heard.

EXT. PARADE GROUNDS - AFTERNOON

The rain beats down as the thunder clap echoes  
softly. Mud and water is about all that is left of  
the long green lawn that stretches between the Law  
Building and the Clock Tower.

An old beat-to-shit VW-VAN pulls into view and off-  
roads onto the parade ground. The van builds speed  
with two wheels staying on the concrete walkway that  
runs through the middle of the parade ground.

INT. LAW SCHOOL CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Mack squints his eyes. What the hell is that?  
Outside the VW-Van can be seen gaining momentum as it  
speeds past the flag pole in the middle of the field.  
Irving is just finishing his answer.

IRVING

...Which would definitely not  
only consume the courts  
attention to the point of  
almost critical mass...

Irving's dialogue fades down.

MACK (V.O.)

My dad always said "When all  
else fails, don't forget to  
laugh." So that's what I did.

Irving continues.

IRVING

...But invariably it would be  
the deciding factor that  
would guide them in there  
decision making processes,  
and consequential ruling.

Mack surreptitiously licks the heel of his hand. He clasps them together tightly under his desk.

ETHAN YOUNGER, an athletic African American sitting next to Mack sees what he is doing. Irving steps half-bent to get back into his chair, and Mack stops him with his foot and rips a loud fart noise with his hands.

The whole class stops and looks at Irving. Ethan Younger is on the verge of cracking up.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON

(Beat)

Mr. Irving. Thank you for demonstrating that sometimes telling us everything you know can come off...Just a little...

(Beat)

Long winded.

The class erupts with laughter, none louder than Ethan Younger, who shares eye contact with Mack and nods with a grin.

Mack sits back feeling like maybe he can handle this place. The Professor continues to lambaste Irving.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Facts are facts and cases are cases Mr. Irving....But until you can string them together in a way that lets me "Hear" the "story" that you are trying to tell...You are simply demonstrating the verbal equivalent of Mr. McGinty's not so subtle commentary.

Mack shifts in his seat.

MACK (V.O)

Looking back on it...It might not have been the best choice.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Mr. McGinty. The "fact" that you can so flawlessly simulate the sounds of flatulence by pressing your palms together may have served you well in kindergarten, but I can assure you that it will take

more than a scatological  
sense of humor to rid the  
stench of ignorance that is  
now hanging around your head.  
Please stand up.

Mack stands, even more embarrassed than he was  
before. Ethan Younger is trying to disappear.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
This class is the study of  
Tort Law. Please illuminate  
us as to what that means.

MACK  
Tort Law is the study of...Or  
practicing Tort Law would be  
related to...Um...Tortious or  
Libellous...

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
That will be enough. Please  
sit down.

As Mack goes to sit down, the professor stops him in  
mid-squat.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Wait. Stay like that. Can you  
smell it?  
It's your future...And it  
stinks. I want you to hold  
this position for the  
remainder of class. "Um,  
well, I think" everyone  
behind Mr. McGinty should  
probably move to a safer  
place otherwise you might be  
blown backwards by his  
dazzling display of verbally  
irritated bowel sounds.

Mack stands stupidly in the middle of the class in a  
quarter squat position as the students behind him  
move to other seats.

MACK (V.O.)  
See now, My dad would have  
thought that was funny.  
(Beat)  
Anyway, that's why I started  
playing rugby.

CREDIT SEQUENCE - Intercut between:  
EXT. PARADE GROUNDS / INT. LAW SCHOOL CLASSROOM

MONTAGE (The credits come and go.)

1) The VW-VAN cutting doughnuts, and sliding through

the mud. It comes to a mud-flinging sliding halt. The door opens, and a motley looking group of drunken players are heaved into the mud.

2) The driver is Damon Bold from the opening game sequence. He is still a pretty gnarly looking fellow, but at present his face has no blood on it.

3) He holds a 6-pack of Guinness Stout in one hand and a rugby ball in the other. He tosses the ball into the mud, and the boys play "Mudball."

4) Intercut: Mack in his one-quarter-squat stance...The staid and constrained environment of the classroom...With the fun and freedom of the "mudball" game.

5) Intercut: Professor Harrington writing a definition of "Tort" on a blackboard with shots of the "Mudball" Game.

- a) In chalk: "*any wrongful act...*"
- b) A player grabs another player by the balls and lifts him into the air.
- c) In chalk continued: "*...damage,*"
- d) The player's face in agonizing pain.
- e) In chalk continued: "*...or injury done willfully.*"
- f) The player in pain is body-slammed into the mud. The other player holds up his hands together over his head in a Popeye-like victory dance.
- g) In chalk continued: "*...from the Latin for twisted...*"
- h) Damon's torso being twisted in the air.
- i) In chalk continued: "*... or distorted...*"
- j) Another body slams into Damon's torso with a bone crunching force.

6) Damon's body lands with a thud just placing the Rugby Ball across the make shift goal line.

7) The scoring players lift Damon on their shoulders as he downs a Guinness.

END CREDIT SEQUENCE

INT. CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

The students are all filing out. Professor Harrington is waiting and watching Mack who is still standing in the mid-squat position.  
The last student files out.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Mr. McGinty. You may leave  
now.

Mack puts his books in his briefcase and disdainfully



heads toward the exit.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

If you can answer more  
eloquently tomorrow, we will  
see about getting you back  
into your chair.

Mack stops and stares at the Professor. Is he kidding? The Professor looks back down at his work dismissing Mack by ignoring him. Mack exits.

EXT. LAW SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

The rain has almost stopped. Mack exits the building and stomps madly toward the parade grounds.

Mack is a study of frustration and anger as he storms along, pissed off at the world. A loud "splat" is heard. Black mud spatters across Mack's face and shirt.

He stops in his tracks. Covered in mud.

BINGER

Sorry mate. Little help.

Coming to retrieve the ball is BINGER, a six foot Australian. He's covered in mud and laughing as he waits for Mack to toss him the ball.

MACK

What?

BINGER

I said a little help mate.

In the back ground the boys wait for the ball.

BINGER (CONT'D)

Come on mate. The boys are  
waiting.

Mack carefully sets his brief case on the base of the flagpole. He picks up the ball. Before he can look up, he hears:

BINGER (CONT'D)

(Yelling back at  
his friends)

New man! Game on!

The boys in the back coming running at full speed. Binger turns to Mack.

BINGER (CONT'D)

If I were you mate...I'd  
start running.

Mack looks up at the approaching crew of mud-covered ball players and lets out a battle cry, and runs headlong into the melee.

Mack whips past Binger who just laughs. Mack puts a shoulder down and knocks the first player he meets off the ground, and out of his path.

Mack dodges a tackle and elbows another player in the jaw as he scrambles to the side-line and out runs the rest of the drunken players to the other side of the field.

Mack turns around and looks at the gang he has left behind him and he begins to laugh. He holds the ball over his head and does a victory dance.

Then "Slam!" He is knocked sideways and off the ground by Damon. Damon scoops up the ball and looks down at Mack.

DAMON  
Goals another ten feet...See  
the garbage can's?  
(He winks)  
You play rugby?

MACK  
(Disoriented)  
What? No.

DAMON  
Well you should.

Damon runs off and headlong into the guys who all try to take him down. Mud is flying and shirts are tearing. Damon breaks through the masses and heads for the goal line on the far side of the field.

INT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - EVENING

Two beer-bong funnels are filled to the brim and they begin to empty downwards into their tubes.

One funnel leads to Mack's up-turned mouth.  
The other funnel leads to the mouth of MARJORIE, a beautiful blonde 22 year-old in a bikini top, and cut-off blue jean shorts.

The boys from the rugby game, crowd around yelling:  
THE GUYS  
Drink! Drink! Drink!

Mack easily downs the funnel ahead of Marjorie. He jumps up in a drunken victory dance.

The boys just kind of shove him out of the circle as Marjorie assumes full focus from the crowd. Mack

turns around to watch.

Marjorie drinks the beer from the funnel. Slow. Real slow. Holding her hand tightly around the end of the tube, being careful not to spill a drop.

By the time she finishes it, she has every guy's attention. She wipes her mouth with her forearm. The boys go crazy with applause.

Mack takes it all in. His drunken smile says he has found a new home.

DAMON (OFF STAGE)

You want her?

MACK

I'm sorry?

DAMON

Marjorie. Do you want her?

MACK

Um...

DAMON

Do you want to fuck her?

(Beat)

Cuz she wants to fuck you.  
She asked me to find out for  
her if you were interested.

MACK

Um....Well yeah.

DAMON

Better make your move  
fast...The boys look like  
there about to start the  
diving competition. And  
things can get pretty messy  
from there.

Damon exits. Mack calls after him.

MACK

Diving competition?

As if on cue a guy named BIG LOU staggers drunkenly atop a table. The boys start chanting:

THE GUYS

Big Lou! Big Lou! Big Lou!

Big Lou is six foot three, weighing in at about 300 pounds. The cheap ass bar table is buckling under his weight.

Two other big guys, BIG BOB & BIG JOE, weighing in at about 270 a piece, drag a garbage can full of plastic bar cups in front of Big Lou.

As the crowd continues chanting Big Lou raises his

hands in a mock diving pose and moves his arms around to get some spring for his dive. The table collapses and Big Lou falls forward doing a belly buster, and crushing the garbage can to the floor.

The crowd boos. Another Australian named BOOMER sits at the bar with LESLIE, the bartender, and Binger writing scores on a wipe-able bar board. Leslie is 30 and kinda like the house-mother for the boys. She is Damon's wife.

Boomer is almost identical to Binger in size and mannerisms. They're brothers.

BINGER

Lame-o!!

BOOMER

I liked it...It had a sort of  
Big Lou je'nes sais quoi.

Leslie holds up the scores that they have written in Marks-a-lot. They read: "2, 9, 2." Big Lou holds up his hands in mock disgust as someone dumps the can on his head.

LESLIE

Je'nes sais quoi huh?

BOOMER

Oh Leslie...Stop!

BINGER

He's got a thing for french  
women.

LESLIE

He's got a thing for married  
women.

BOOMER

Say it again.

LESLIE

But Monsieur if I speak ze  
french my panties will get so  
wet that I will have to take  
them off.

BINGER

Okay now that's just cruel.

BOOMER

Leslie, come on, let's step  
outside. Binger'll keep a  
look out.

LESLIE

Hey watch the hands buddy...

She playfully swats at him with a fly swatter labeled "Drunk Swatter."

She gestures to a long wooden plaque that hangs above the bar. In wood burned lettering it reads:

"Rugby is a thug's sport...Played by gentlemen."

LESLIE (CONT'D)

I ought to have Damon  
underline that "gentlemen"  
part.

(Beat - Then)

You know Boomer, you should  
try your luck with Marjorie.  
She's looking a little randy  
tonight.

Marjorie is talking to 3 guys who would all do  
anything to sleep with her. Boomer gets suddenly  
interested.

BOOMER

What? Is she dating someone?

With relish, Leslie smiles.

LESLIE

Nope.

Boomer's face falls.

BOOMER

Never mind.

Across the bar, Damon walks up to Marjorie and sends  
the three guys off towards another "table-dive."  
Leslie's expression changes.

LESLIE

But, if she knows what's good  
for her she'll take two steps  
away from Damon.

Binger laughs, making fun of her.

BINGER

Yes sir, Off-i-cer!

(Beat - Then)

Leslie, he's a man. He's  
gonna look at everything on  
the menu. But when it comes  
to eatin'...He knows what he  
likes.

He holds up Leslie's wedding ring. She smiles.  
close on

Damon's wedding ring. He whispers in Marjorie's ear  
and points across the room at Mack who is laughing  
and yelling "Dive dive dive".

DAMON

Do you like him?

MARJORIE

What? who?

DAMON

The new kid. Mack. Do you like him?

(Beat)

Cuz he likes you. He told me.

She blushes. Flattered.

MARJORIE

Really?

DAMON

Yep. You better move fast though. You know fresh meat doesn't last long around here.

He indicates three girls in the corner who are also looking at Mack.

Mack joins the other guys who are now chanting:

THE GUYS

Little friend...Little friend...Little friend!

A somewhat small guy named MARIO stands on the edge of the table and turns around backwards as the guys keep it from tipping over.

Mario is a twenty five year old Cuban. He grabs his crotch and shakes it proudly to the rhythm of the chant.

Mario crouches down and does a back flip into the garbage can never letting go of his crotch.

The crowd roars approval as Boomer and Binger and Leslie turn up the score card: "9, 6, 9."

Mario does a victory dance. The three girls in the corner watch with interest.

GIRL #1

Why do they call him "Little friend?"

GIRL #2

Maybe because he's so short?

GIRL #3

I'm gonna go find out.

As the girl crosses the bar...

MONTAGE - WITH MUSIC

More drunken table dives and drinking games. Mack drinking shots with Big Bob and Big Joe.

The guys raucously singing songs. Damon holding Leslie and watching it all. Mack, drunk and smiling.

Girl #3 walks up to Mario and asks him something. Mario smiles and motions her to go outside with him.

Marjorie saying hello to Mack. The boys are singing drunkenly in the back ground.

Girl #3 walks back in the door with a bewildered look on her face. Her friends ask her what's wrong she just shakes her head and grabs a shot off the bar and downs it.

Big Bob is passed out on a stool with his head on the bar. Big Joe picks his head up and puts a towel under it.

The boys are singing.

EXT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - LATE NIGHT

The boys can be heard singing.

CROSSFADE TO

INT. MARJORIE'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

The singing of the boys slowly fades out. Mack and Marjorie make out. He pulls her jeans off revealing some WHITE PANTIES WITH LITTLE BLUE FLOWERS on them.

She rolls on top of him and kisses her way down his shirt, undoing buttons along the way. She kisses her way back up to his mouth, but suddenly stops.

He is passed out with a big goofy grin on his face. She smiles, and snuggles into his chest and closes her eyes.

INT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - LATE NIGHT

The place is empty and the lights are turned out. There at the bar is Big Bob still asleep, with his head on the bar. Snoring.

INT. LAW SCHOOL CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

It's sunny outside.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Mr. McGinty.

Mack stands up. He is badly hung over.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Did you want to try another attempt at demonstrating your oratory prowess today? Or did you just want to simply remain standing?

MACK

Ummm...Whatever the second thing was.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON

Very well...

The professor continues lecturing as Mack stands in the middle of the classroom looking like shit next to all the other conservative and attentive students.

MACK (V.O.)

I learned two things that first week of law school. Don't piss off your professors. And no matter how drunk you get...Always finish what you start.

He pulls a pair of white panties with blue flowers from his pocket. He smiles.

Ethan Younger the African American student seated next to him takes it all in.

Pre-lap SFX from next scene: A Whistle blows.

EXT. PRACTICE FIELD - AFTERNOON

"THE WHITEHORSEMEN" hold practice. Damon is the coach and he leads the team through drills.

Mack comes walking up in his law school clothes.

DAMON

Well don't just stand there Hoodman. We got a tournament in two weeks.

MACK

Hoodman?

DAMON

I talked to Marjorie this morning. She called you "The Hoodman."

Mack blushes. Damon Smiles.

DAMON (CONT'D)

So? You want in? We practice 5 nights a week. We play hard...And we work hard. I



need a halfback and I think  
you got the speed. Don't just  
say yeah...Cuz if you're with  
us...It's like family...We  
expect you to show up. Think  
about it as long as you  
want...If you want in, grab a  
jersey and some cleats outta  
the bag.

Close on Mack's face. He's thinking. He looks at his  
briefcase. Damon goes back to coaching the team.

CLOSE ON

In slow motion a rugby ball spirals it's way through  
the air. It lands in Mack's hands. He runs down the  
field in his new jersey with Marjorie's panties on  
his head.

THE GUYS (VOICE OVER)  
Hoodman, hoodman, hoodman.

INT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - NIGHT

Mack does a flip and a quarter landing his ass on top  
of a garbage can. Big Joe & Big Bob spray him with  
beer as the rest of the guys give him high-fives.

INT. LIBRARY - LATE NIGHT

One lamp is on. Mack turns the page of a lawbook and  
studies. He squints his eyes and rubs them.

MARJORIE (OFF STAGE)  
It's getting late.

Mack turns and sees Marjorie.

MACK  
Hey. What are you doing here?  
MARJORIE  
I came to get my panties  
back.

Mack blushes.

MACK  
Really?  
MARJORIE  
Uh huh.  
MACK  
Thing is...They're kinda  
stapled to the wall at the  
White Horse.  
MARJORIE  
Yeah. I "kinda" saw them.  
Damon told me you might be

here. Look I just wanted to tell you something.

MACK

Uh...okay.

MARJORIE

I had a lot of fun with you yesterday...But I know how things are...With you going to Law school and blowing off steam with the guys....I know you probably aren't looking for anything in the way of...Well, you know?...a Girlfriend. But before you go running away...I just wanted to tell you that I'm pretty busy myself with my master's program...And sometimes a girl just needs to blow off some steam too....So, long story short...Don't think bad of me for last night...And don't think bad of me...If I want to do it again sometime.

(Beat - smiles)

...And maybe again. It just kinda helps life be a little more liveable. Don't you think?

MACK

(Beat)

Will you marry me?

MARJORIE

(Laughs)

Come on. Be serious. I'm kinda putting myself out on a limb here.

MACK

I would like to...What you're saying...Very much.

MARJORIE

Yeah?

MACK

Yeah.

(Beat)

You got any food in your fridge?

She smiles.

INT. MARJORIE'S BED ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Mack and Marjorie fall naked and humping into the bed.

MACK (VOICE OVER - PRE-LAP)

...And in Stretford vs.

Narco, Judge Palathon ruled  
that the printing of said  
material was...

INT. LAW SCHOOL CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Mack is standing and speaking.

MACK (CONT'D)  
...not done with malice or  
harmful intent. Thus making  
it a precedent setting  
opinion to Manning Vs.  
Kepplinger.

The class waits for Harrington's decision. He mulls  
it over. He draws in a breath and seems to be ready  
to finally let Mack sit down. He stops. Mack seems to  
be ready to say something else.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Yes Mr. McGinty? Did you have  
something else to add?

Mack subtly lifts a leg and rips a loud fart.

MACK  
Umm. No sir. I think that's  
about it.

Professor Harrington's face turns red.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Very well then. You will  
remain standing.

MACK (V.O.)  
Hindsight being what it is. I  
definitely shouldn't have  
done that.

Many members of the class are on the verge of  
cracking up. Ethan Younger puts his head down inside  
his book.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
And furthermore it is my  
decision that unless you ace  
your midterm examination you  
shall be held back from  
progressing to "Moot Court"  
with the rest of your  
classmates. Once, shame on  
you. Twice? Shame on me.

The class loses it's levity. Pre-lap the sound of  
laughing.

EXT. PRACTICE PITCH - LATE AFTERNOON

Mack has just told the story to Binger and Boomer who are laughing.

BINGER

You've got Double-D balls  
Hoodman. Double-D Balls.

BOOMER

"Excuse me class I'm off to  
the lieu to check for skids."

They crack up some more.

Damon is tapping his cleats on the sideline. He walks over to the goal line and assumes a three point stance.

DAMON

You boys ready for the pain?  
Let's go. Line it up.

All the players line up and assume the three point stance on the goal line. En route Boomer pulls Mack aside.

BOOMER

Hey Mack. You getting serious  
about Marjorie?

MACK

Huh?

BOOMER

Marjorie. Is she your  
girlfriend?

MACK

No. She's uh...We're just  
friends.

Boomer's face drops.

BOOMER

(Under his  
breath)

Damn.

(To Mack)

Well. You get serious about  
her. You let me know. Okay?

Mack looks at Boomer confused, and then slowly nods his head.

MACK

Yeah. Sure thing Boomer.

The whole team is lined up. Damon blows his whistle and they begin running a ladder drill.

Stopping at the ten meter line and running back to the goal line and then to the twenty meter line and back to the goal line and so on.

Big Lou, Big Bob, and Big Joe do a slow jog with the other guys pulling out ahead of them.

Damon, Mack and a 35-year-old named GLEN FIELDING eventually take the lead.

Glen has long dark hair and a tattoo of a girl in a bikini on his forearm.

DAMON

You think you can take the old men?

MACK

Looks like. You boys need a cane? Or maybe a walker?

Glen backs off as Damon and Mack keep up the pace.

GLEN

Too much for me.

DAMON

(After a while)

Tell you what? You beat me and I'll wash and wax your's and a friend's car... Naked...Time and location: Your choice.

MACK

For all the world to see?

DAMON

That's the deal.

MACK

It's too tempting. What if you win?

DAMON

Smart lad. If I win, I get to keep the title as the fastest on the team.

MACK

But you already have that.

DAMON

And...You promise me no more jaggin' off in Harrington's class.

Mack is confused. Why does Damon care? They are running the full length of the pitch.

Once they tag the other goal line, it's 110 meters to the finish line.

They are breathing heavy, and sweating.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Well? What's it gonna be?  
Deal? Or no deal?  
MACK  
Deal.

They tag up and run the last length of the pitch. The rest of the teammates are all watching now. Normally no-one is as fast as Damon. They start cheering them both on.

BINGER  
Come on old man.  
MARIO  
Hoodman bring him down

Big Bob calls out to Big Lou.

BIG BOB  
Free drinks all night says  
the kid takes him.

Big Lou slaps hands with Bob.

BIG LOU  
You're on.

Everyone has stopped running and are yelling and cheering as Mack slightly leads Damon.

With twenty meters left, Damon kicks it in and breaks ahead of Mack. He looks back over his shoulder grinning and waves at Mack, as he crosses the goal line.

They continue running in a slow jog coming to a halt as there team mates hoot and holler.

DAMON  
So? We got a deal. Right?  
MACK  
Yeah man, sure...But, why do  
you care?  
DAMON  
"Rugby is a thug's sport  
played by gentlemen." Be an  
animal on the field...But in  
the "world"...Be a gentleman.

Damon looks at the rest of the team jogging it in.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Otherwise...We're just a  
bunch of assholes.  
(Beat - Laughs)  
Farting in Law School? That

just ain't cool dude.

Mack nods his head.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Oh. At the tournament pre-party you can take care of the van and Leslie's truck.

MACK

Huh?

DAMON

Standing bet for any White Horseman who tries to take me down. Read the handbook.

Pre-lap the sound of the guys singing the "Stripper" song:

THE GUYS (OFF STAGE)

"Da da dah da. Dada dah da.  
Da da da da dah dah da dah.  
Bodomp...

EXT. FAIR GROUNDS - TOUNDAMENT PRE-PARTY - NIGHT

Mack is washing Leslie's truck in the buff. Next to the truck is Damon's beat-to-shit VW-Van.

The guys are standing around laughing and singing.

THE GUYS

...bomp. Bodomp bomp. Ba dah  
da dah dah...

Girls take turns running by and slapping Mack on the ass. Guys spray beer at him. Leslie and Damon laugh.

As the song crescendos to a big finish. Mack turns around and bows to the crowd of on lookers.

Close on a GIRL's face who is looking directly at Mack's crotch. A revelation crosses her face.

GIRL

So that's why they call him  
"Hoodman."

Damon tosses Mack's clothes at him and the boys all laugh.

EXT. ST. LOUIS FAIRGROUNDS - MORNING

The Fairgrounds are set up so that there are two pitches, (Fields)...With a strip of PLAYERS-ONLY-GROUND in between them.

Taking the West Pitch in immaculate uniforms is a

team we have seen before - "THE BEEMERS" lead by Chip Sterling, the Brad Pitt look-a-like with the perfect teeth.

Another team, THE KANSAS CITY BLUES, takes position across from them in the "Players-Only-Ground."

JOE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Welcome to "St. Louis Slugger  
Fest!"  
Taking the West Pitch is 5  
time National Champions "The  
Beemers" out of Dallas Texas.

"The White Horsemen" wait near the Players-Only-Ground to be announced for their game on the East Pitch.

MARIO  
Dallas my ass...She hurts.  
MACK  
What'ya mean?  
MARIO  
This team is uh...How you  
say? They recruit. Only Pro-  
team in the league.  
BIG LOU  
Chippy's a trust-fund baby.

EXT. PRESS TABLE - MORNING

JOE & CHUCK, two ex-rugby players in their 50's, eat, drink, and announce.

JOE ANNOUNCER  
"The Beemers" are led by team  
captain and 3 time "Lowsmen  
Trophy" winner Chipper  
Sterling.  
CHUCK ANNOUNCER  
I think you mean the MVP  
Trophy there Joe.  
JOE ANNOUNCER  
Right Chuck. My bad.

EXT. ST. LOUIS FAIRGROUNDS - MORNING

"The Beemers" go through an extremely intricate, well-practiced, choreographed warm-up exercise and "run-in."

Their opponents do simple stretches and body scratches.

JOE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Oh boy. Here we go.  
CHUCK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)



And the Beemers unveil their  
new...Um...What is it?

EXT. PRESS TABLE - MORNING

CHUCK ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
...An entrance piece?

JOE ANNOUNCER  
How 'bout we just call it a  
travesty.

EXT. ST. LOUIS FAIRGROUNDS - MORNING

Chip runs down the line of players tapping every  
other man, who jumps up shouting his number and  
position. The fourteen players form a circle.

JOE ANNOUNCER (CONT'D-V.O.)  
(Sarcastic)  
I tell you Chuck, this is the  
kind of entertainment that  
only a team of grown men in  
jerseys and cleats could  
possibly provide.

Still waiting to take the Players-Only-Ground,  
between the pitches, Damon grabs a hold of Big Lou  
and whispers in his ear.

In a dramatic "MOVE," Chip runs in front of the  
remaining second string who pick him up and run him  
into the center of the circle. "The Beemers" in  
unison chant.

BEEMERS  
Beemers! Beemers! Beemers!  
Sis boom bah!

With that, they toss Chip up in the air. He does a  
full flip and a quarter in layout, landing in six of  
the second stringer's arms.

The crowd applauds in appreciation. A few cat calls  
of "Cheerleader's" and "Sissy-boys!" are also heard.

Big Lou lets out a big false yawn. Damon speaks to  
the rest of the team in a huddle.

The Beemers take a bow. The announcer drips with  
sarcasm, again.

JOE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Now that's what I call Rugby.

The "Beemers" begin a choreographed exit to their  
sideline.

EXT. PRESS TABLE - MORNING

JOE ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
"The Beemers" will be  
opposing the "Kansas City  
Blues" from well...  
CHUCK ANNOUNCER  
Kansas City.  
JOE ANNOUNCER  
Right.

EXT. ST. LOUIS FAIRGROUNDS - MORNING

One of the Beemers steps the wrong way and accidentally  
bumps into Chip. Chip goes off on him.

Near the Players-Only-Ground, "The White Horsemen"  
are watching.

BINGER  
We need to leave Brad Pitt  
there F.T.N.T.  
MACK  
F.T.N.T.?

In unison Binger and Boomer remove their two front  
teeth plates and say through toothless grins.

BOOMER & BINGER  
Fug Tup No Teefus.

EXT. PRESS TABLE - MORNING

JOE ANNOUNCER  
And now taking the East Pitch  
are the constant runner-ups  
and crowd favorites, hailing  
from Baton Rouge Louisiana,  
"The White Horsemen."

EXT. ST. LOUIS FAIRGROUNDS - MORNING

The Guys take the pitch in a mock of "The Beemers"  
uptight drill doing a ridiculous ballet version. The  
whole time they sing in unison:

WHITEHORSEMEN  
"If you want to do it  
right....Come ride the White  
Horsemen. If you want to do  
it right come ride our White  
Ponies."  
CHUCK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
You gotta love these guys.

EXT. PRESS TABLE - MORNING

JOE ANNOUNCER  
Always in the finals...And

always having a good time  
getting there.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER

It looks like they're gonna  
pay up a little homage to the  
Beemers.

EXT. ST. LOUIS FAIRGROUNDS - MORNING

The guys have set themselves up in a line, and Big  
Lou is doing a really funny imitation of Chip running  
by and slapping different guys on the ass.

The guys sound off one at a time...Shouting their  
"nick-names" and turning towards the Players-only-  
ground and dropping their shorts.

BOOMER

Boomer-Wangs to the left.

A few of the Kansas City Blues who have a good shot,  
look at Boomer's "presentation," and turn their heads  
sideways.

Boomer pulls his shorts up and waits for his team  
mates.

BINGER

Sandshark!

Binger drops his shirts. The players who can see,  
grimace.

DAMON

Hammerhead!

Damon drops his shorts. The players who can see,  
study it for a second and nod in agreement.

TWO WOMEN from the stands run around to get a better  
view of the Whitehorsemen's presentation.

EXT. PRESS TABLE - MORNING

JOE ANNOUNCER

I'm not sure...But it looks  
like they're flashing...

(Covers for the  
audience)

Um...Some sort of uh...Sign  
language to the Beemers  
across the pitch.

EXT. ST. LOUIS FAIRGROUNDS - MORNING

Chip Sterling watches with growing disdain.

CHIP

Those fuckers are gonna pay  
for this.

The Whitehorsemen team is forming a circle just like  
the Beemers did. Big Lou taps Mack who runs out and  
drops his shorts.

MACK

Hoodman.

The TWO WOMEN are now next to the Kansas City  
players. They all study the "hoodman" for a second.  
Some nod, some seem perplexed.

Big Lou taps Mario. Mario is wearing a boxer's robe.  
He runs out and imitates Al Pacino in *Scarface*.

MARIO

"Say hello to my little  
friend."

Mario flashes his robe open. Everybody double-takes.

Find the two women with stunned expressions on their  
faces.

WOMAN #1

Oh my...

WOMAN #2

...God.

Binger and Boomer are talking to Mack who is standing  
there with a Just-As-Stunned look on his face. He has  
just seen the "little friend" for the first time.

BINGER

They say sometimes he  
actually passes out when he  
gets excited.

BOOMER

Evidently it takes a lot of  
blood to make "little friend"  
stand all the way up.

MACK

That's like the size of a...

BINGER

The metaphors are endless  
mate.

BOOMER

Yeah.

Lastly, the "Three Bigs" run out, pull out their  
waistbands, look down and yell:

BIG LOU, JOE, & BOB

It's in there some where!

They run towards the circle.

Big Lou imitates Chip's dramatic "MOVE" as the guys lift him up in the air.

EXT. PRESS TABLE - MORNING

JOE ANNOUNCER

Now this I gotta see.

EXT. ST. LOUIS FAIRGROUNDS - MORNING

The guys have Big Lou in a position to toss him. They drop him down low and then throw him up in the air. He hangs in mid air about a foot over the guy's heads.

They catch him and throw him again. The crowd is chanting "Ohhh!" with every toss. Big Lou goes a little higher each time.

Finally on what seems to be the last heave, Big Lou flies in the air and catches half of a flip and lands on his stomach, flattening the whole team to the ground.

The crowd goes wild and starts yelling:

CROWD

Mudders, Mudders, Mudders!

Chip Sterling hits a teammate who is laughing.

EXT. PRESS TABLE - MORNING

JOE ANNOUNCER

Now that's Rugby!

CHUCK ANNOUNCER

Yes it is!

JOE ANNOUNCER

What's that the crowd's yelling?

CHUCK ANNOUNCER

Their fans call 'em "The Mudders." If you ever get a chance to see these guys play in the rain...It's well worth bringing the umbrella.

JOE ANNOUNCER

"Mudders" huh? Like a race horse?

CHUCK ANNOUNCER

Exactly.

JOE ANNOUNCER

So they run fast and they piss a lot.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER  
Does a race horse actually  
piss more than a non race  
horse?

JOE ANNOUNCER  
I'm not sure Chuck. Let's  
have some body in "Stats"  
check on that.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER  
The WhiteHorsemen will be  
taking on The Vail Rugby  
Football Club out of...Well..

JOE ANNOUNCER  
Vail, Colorado.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER  
Right.

EXT. ST. LOUIS FAIRGROUNGS - MORNING

On the West Pitch "The Beemers" and "The Kansas City  
Blues" form a line-up for the kick-off. On the  
East Pitch "The Mudders" and "Vail RFC" do the same.  
A whistle blows.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER (CONT'D -  
V.O.)  
And with no more further  
ado...We bring you games one  
and two...Of "St. Louis  
Slugger Fest"!

On the West Pitch the "Kansas City Blues" kick the  
ball to "The Beemers."

On the East Pitch, Mario kicks the ball for "The  
Mudders." A Vail player in the end zone, stomps his  
foot and yells:

VAIL PLAYER  
Mark!

Mack is the first to arrive, and he dive-tackles the  
player hitting him hard as they go down.

JOE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Uh-oh, looks like we gotta  
rookie on the field.

The player stands up and decks Mack before Mack can  
retaliate, the whole Vail-team dog-piles on top of  
him.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
And James McGinty of "The  
Mudders" learns a lesson the  
hard way.

"The Mudders" don't come to his rescue, they just kind of hide their smiles.

The Vail team gets up leaving a dazed and confused Mack. Damon offers him a hand.

DAMON  
That's uh...How you call a  
fair catch.

Mack shakes his head trying to regain single vision.

MACK  
Good to know.

MONTAGE - Time-lapsed shots of Rugby games.

1) "The Mudders" run the ball into some serious looking opposition. They deftly toss the ball sideways and backwards to evade getting tackled. Punches abound.

JOE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
You ever try counting the  
"oofs?"

2) Glen scores a "try." 5 points are added to the score card.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
That's Glen Fielding for the  
Mudder's with the ball...  
JOE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
No surprises there.

3) Chip Sterling pushes one of his own players in front of him into an on-coming tackle successfully keeping the ball in play.

JOE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Or there.

4) The NORTH PITCH has older guys playing on it.

5) The North Pitch score board reads: "OLD BOYS OVER 35." The Score is:

"The Roadhogs" 10 - "The Viagras" 10.

6) A player in a "Viagras's" uniform drop-kicks the ball through the uprights.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
And the "Old Boys over 35"  
have a new winner this year.  
"The Viagras" out of Seattle  
Wah.

7) "The Viagra's" are dressed in white. They say, "Good game" and shake hands with the "The Roadhogs" who are dressed in black.

JOE ANNOUNCER(V.O.)

Do you notice "The Viagra's"  
all-blue uniforms Chuck?.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER(V.O.)

Uh, no...Looks like they're  
all...Dressed in white?

JOE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

You caught me. That's not a  
banana  
in my pocket and I'm not  
happy to see you. Viagra!

8) Back on the East Pitch "The Mudders" are kicking off to "The Reddogs." A player about to catch the ball stretches his foot out in front of him and plants it. He yells: "Mark."

9) Mack is running hard at him, but as soon as the guy stomps his foot, Mack peels off to the side.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And McGinty of "The Mudders"  
proves he's smarter than the  
average fence post.

JOE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

See now I thought the guy was  
just killing a bug.

10) Big Lou, Joe and Bob, slam their heads into the scrum. They push the whole other team back with all their might as the rest of their team joins in. Slowly gaining some movement over the ball, one of their legs edges past it.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...and The Mudder's frontline  
takes control of the  
ball...That's Lou, Joe, and  
Bob. "The Three Bigs."

JOE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

You can "Huff" and you can  
"Puff"...But good luck trying  
to blow that house down.

11) Still in the scrum; The ball is heeled back and is kicked out to Mack who runs and laterals it to Glen who laterals it to Damon who laterals it to Mario who places it over the Goal Line.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Poetry in motion.

12) "The Whitehorsemen's" team card is moved forward



on the tournament tree.

13) Chip Sterling catches a backwards pass and crosses the goal line.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Now you don't have to like  
him...

JOE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
No you don't.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER(V.O.)  
But you do have to let him  
play.

14) 5 points is added to the Beemer's Score board.

15) Chip Sterling kicks the ball through the up-  
rights and two points are added.

16) "The Beemer's" team card is moved forward on the  
tournament tree.

17) Two "new" teams line up a meter across from each  
other, and a player tosses the ball up in the middle  
of them.

18) The guys from one team lift one of their players  
up in the air and he catches the ball. As he is  
lowered to the ground, the other team tries to grab  
the ball and a MAUL breaks out. As the players try to  
grab the ball from each other.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Ruckus!

JOE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Maul!

CHUCK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Ruckus!

JOE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Maul!

CHUCK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Ruckus...

19) A fist fight breaks out between two players.

20) At the press table Joe and Chuck look at each  
other and nod.

JOE & CHUCK ANNOUNCER  
Maul.

21) The Ref pulls out a yellow card and makes them go  
to their side lines.

JOE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
See in my day that was free

drinks at the local bar.

22) Damon, breaks past a few tackles, and passes the ball to Mack who drop-kicks the ball through the uprights.

23) Chip drop-kicks the ball though the uprights.

24) More fights break out.

JOE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
(Counting the  
"oofs")  
13, 14, 15...

25) At the press table.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER  
Oh this just in...Race horses  
do actually piss quite a bit  
more than non-race horses.  
JOE ANNOUNCER  
Well. Good to know.

26) Both "The White Horsemen" and "The Beemers" have their names moved to the final slot on the tournament tree.

END MONTAGE

EXT. ST. LOUIS FAIRGROUND - MAIN PITCH - AFTERNOON

"The Beemers" take one side of the pitch and "The Mudders" take the other. Chip stares at "The Mudders" with intensity.

Across the pitch Damon waves excitedly at him, jumping up and down like a school girl. Chip cracks a little smile and hides it.

Boomer looks up in the crowd and sees Marjorie making her way down the isle to Leslie and the rest of the fans.

Boomer pulls Mack aside.

BOOMER  
Hey Hood-Mack...Yer Girlie's  
in the stands.  
MACK  
Huh?  
BOOMER  
Up there. That's yer's, hey  
mate?

Mack looks up and sees Marjorie smiling and waving back. Mack jogs over to the stands.

Marjorie walks down to the railing.

MACK

Hey. I thought you had to  
study all weekend.

MARJORIE

I did. I finished.

(Beat)

You guys made it to the  
finals.

MACK

Did you ever have any doubt?

MARJORIE

Obviously not. I bought my  
ticket discount. A month ago.

Mack's face falls a bit.

MACK

Oh. So you just came to watch  
the game?

MARJORIE

Yeah.

(Beat)

And maybe ride a white  
horseman.

She leans over and kisses him on the cheek. Mack  
smiles.

MARJORIE (CONT'D)

Good luck.

MACK

Thanks.

Mack jogs back to the guys. Marjorie goes and sits.  
Boomer is waiting.

BOOMER

So?

MACK

What?

BOOMER

She's yer girlfriend. Yeah?

Mack just looks at him, and finally nods.

MACK

No...Just...No.

Boomer looks dejected and jogs off. Mack looks over  
at Binger.

MACK (CONT'D)

Hey Binge. What's the deal  
with your brother?

BINGER

Whatcha mean?

MACK

Why's he so up my ass about  
Marjorie?

BINGER

Oh that.

MACK

What?

BINGER

Well. See. It's like this.  
For some reason Boomer,  
he...Well, he's got this  
thing.

MACK

What thing?

BINGER

It's like you know how you or  
I can look at a fine woman  
like Ms. Marjorie there  
and...

He trails off.

MACK

Yeah?

BINGER

Well ol' Boomer, he can  
uh...He can only get himself  
fully straightened out so to  
speak...If he's uh...Banging  
someone's uh...Wife, or  
girlie friend.

Mack just looks at him, trying to comprehend.

BINGER (CONT'D)

Yeah.

(Beat)

Oh he don't mean no harm by  
it. He's got a regular heart  
of gold ol' Boomer does. It's  
just, well...

(Sighs)

See, back when he popped his  
cherry...Well...It was with  
my girlfriend.

MACK

Your...

BINGER

Yeah. In High School...And, I  
don't know. I guess it was so  
damn good that he's just  
kinda sharpened and honed the  
perversion to the point  
that...That's 'bout the only  
thing that gets him going.  
You know? The taboo and all I

guess.

MACK

So, he wants me to say  
Marjorie's my girlfriend  
so...

BINGER

So he can fuck her. Yeah.

(beat)

Again mate, He don't mean no  
harm. He'll be really sorry  
afterwards. He always is.  
Nuff said of that. Let's go  
eat some rich kids.

Binger jogs onto the pitch. Mack follows him.  
On the other side of the pitch, Chip is talking to  
two of his biggest players. GOON 1 & GOON 2.

CHIP

Okay. Which one's Damon?

Goon #1 points at Damon who is laughing hard at  
something one of the boys is doing.

GOON #1

The team captain there...

Chip pulls his arm down.

CHIP

Don't point. What's his  
number idiot?

Goon #1 & 2 look towards "The Mudders."

GOON #1

Eleven.

GOON #2

No wait a minute he's  
dyslexic...It's...No  
wait...That's right.

Chip slow burns.

CHIP

And what does the guy who  
takes him out... Get?

GOON#1

Free Car.

GOON #2

Free car.

CHIP

Right. Now you think you boys  
can handle this? Or should I  
get the rest of the team in  
on it as well?

GOON #2

Oh we got it. And I can fuck  
his face up real good at no  
extra charge.

Chip smiles.

CHIP

Good.

(Beat)

Just realize. It ain't gonna  
be as easy as it looks.

The two teams line up for up for the kick-off. The  
whistle blows. The game is on.

JOE ANNOUNCER (CONT'D V.O.)

And they're off!

Intercut as needed between:

EXT. PRESS TABLE / EXT. MAIN PITCH - AFTERNOON

"The Beemers" kick the ball. It goes deep. Glen  
catches the ball and sweeps toward the sideline.

JOE ANNOUNCER

Glen Fielding, another almost  
"old boy" returns the kick  
in this, mirror-image of last  
year's Aspen Championship  
match-up...

CHUCK ANNOUNCER

Yep "The Beemers" and "The  
Mudders" collide in what has  
come to be the David and  
Goliath repeat-a-thon of the  
last two years.

"The Beemers" take out Glen, hitting him hard.

JOE ANNOUNCER

Ouch!

A dog pile quickly forms and a Scrum is on.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER

The big corporate giant  
against the little engine  
that could. Or couldn't. At  
least not yet.

JOE ANNOUNCER

In their last 5 match-ups  
"The Beemers" have edged past  
the "The Mudders" in the  
crucial final 20 minutes.

The Mudder's kick the ball out and Mario scoops it

up. He runs toward the side line where he is tackle/pushed out-of-bounds almost immediately.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER  
And "The Mudders" have the ball. You know Joe, It's kinda hard to keep your strength in these two day tournaments and "The Beemers" are actually the only team that has enough players to make two full line-ups.

"The Beemer's" send in a whole new line-up to start the next play.

JOE ANNOUNCER  
That's 30 players to "The Mudder's" 15.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER  
Anyway you do the math it doesn't add up good for our boys from Baton Rouge. And yet, at the end of the day...There they are.

MONTAGE - Game on! Lots of bone-crunching hits and limb-stretching catches. A veritable "Push-me-Pull-me" on the pitch, as these two evenly-matched-teams slam back and forth into each other.

RESUME REAL TIME

EXT. PRESS TABLE / EXT. MAIN PITCH - AFTERNOON

Goon #1 takes an unprovoked full-on bear-claw swing at Damon. Damon ducks it.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER  
What was that about?

Damon grabs the goon's jersey and flips it over his head and head-butts the goon right in the nose. Goon #1 wobbles.

JOE ANNOUNCER  
I'm not sure, but Bozeman for the Beemers picked the wrong guy to mess with.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER  
Yep. In some circle's team captain Damon Bold is known as "Rugby's Ron Jeremy."

JOE ANNOUNCER  
Cuz absolutely no-one gets dirtier.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER

And at 39 years-old he's  
taking hits... And butted  
heads for four years longer  
than most any guy in the  
league.

Damon pulls the Goon's jersey up around his head and  
holds it tight, basically "bagging" the guy.

He drags him off blindly, all the while talking at  
the guys ear.

Damon starts running toward the ball. He pulls the  
"bagged" goon with him.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER

This can't end well.

JOE ANNOUNCER

Aww, I think they're just  
playing around. You know  
kids.

Chip picks up the ball and runs it. Mack draws a bead  
on him and is clothes-lined by Goon # 2.

JOE ANNOUNCER

That had to hurt.

Mack's body goes parallel to the ground then falls  
hard. Mack reaches out and is able to just snag  
Chip's passing ankle.

Chip begins a stutter-run, trying to maintain his  
balance. He is gang tackled by Big Lou and Damon who  
still has Goon #1 "bagged" in his up-pulled jersey.

Goon #1 is completely disoriented after the fall to  
the ground. He lets out a wail.

GOON #1

He promised us a car!

DAMON

Who did?

GOON #1

Chi...pmmff.

Before he can say it. Chipper has stuffed his jersey  
in his mouth. Chipper gets up and jogs off. Damon  
just laughs and helps Big Lou up. He looks down at  
Goon #1.

DAMON

That was your bossman  
Chipper.

He offers the goon a hand and helps him up. Damon



smiles.

DAMON (CONT'D)

What kind of car?

The goon smiles, takes his hand and stands up.

GOON #1

A Cellica.

DAMON

A big guy like you? I'd have  
held out for a Lincoln.

The goon doesn't get the joke.

GOON #1

It has to be a Toyota.

DAMON

Oh yeah.

A Referee blows a Whistle.

JOE ANNOUNCER

And it's half-time. The  
Beemers lead the White  
Horsemen 13-8.

EXT. ST. LOUIS FAIRGROUNG - MAIN PITCH

MUSIC OVER - (MOS)

Chip Sterling paces and addresses his 30 team members  
who are all basically standing at attention.

On the other side of the field, Big Lou paces and  
yells and gesticulates in a big imitation of Chip.  
The rest of the team is basically scattered amongst  
the stands talking to the crowd and hitting on babes.

EXT. ST. LOUIS FAIRGROUND - MAIN PITCH - TIMELAPSE

The whistle blows. "The Mudders" kick the ball to  
"The Beemers."

As the play action begins, for absolutely no reason,  
Goon #2 blind-sides Glen in a diving tackle to the  
knees.

Glen goes down hard.

On the other side of the pitch, the ball goes out of  
bounds. The Ref blows his whistle and pulls out a red  
card.

Glen isn't moving.

Goon #2 has a big smile on his face as he passes Goon  
#1.

GOON #2

Cellica!

GOON #1

What? That's the wrong guy A-hole!

GOON #2

No man, number 11.

A tournament doctor attends to Glen who rolls enough so we can see his jersey is # 10.

GOON #2(CONT'D)

Fuck!

The Referee waves the red card at Goon # 2.

REFEREE

You're outta here.

Glen winces in pain.

DOCTOR

It's broken.

The doctor signals for the stretcher. Damon is standing there with a few of the guys.

DAMON

What happened?

GLEN

I don't know, the guy just dove at me.

Across the field Damon sees Chip yelling at the two Goons.

Glen is carried off the field and the crowd cheers. The action of the field resumes. The two teams form a scrum.

Heads and chests and shoulders all jammed together. Chip is near the back end. Damon yells at him as he goes to join the scrum.

DAMON

What happened pussy boy?  
Your goons hurt the wrong  
guy?

Chip cowers back as the scrum starts and Damon and his boys bulldoze the other team backwards towards Chip. Damon kicks the ball out and straight into Chip's chest.

Damon runs at him and tackles him hard into the out of bounds where Chip is running. Before

Damon can beat the crap out of him "The Beemers"

restrain him.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Fuck head.

CHIP

Hey man it was an accident. I  
didn't tell him to break a  
leg.

The referee runs up to "The Beemers" holding Damon at  
bey.

REFEREE

You guys want to fight or  
play rugby?

MONTAGE - The second half

Some kick-ass play as the two teams hit harder and  
play smarter than we have seen. Glen shows up with a  
cast on the side lines. "The Beemers" score. They  
score again. Although they are giving it their all,  
the "The Mudders" are starting to look whipped.

EXT. ST. LOUIS FAIRGROUND - MAIN PITCH

40 minutes later. The score board has 11 seconds left  
on it...It ticks off towards zero as we see the  
score:

"The Beemers" - 32    "The White Horsemen" - 29.

The clock hits zero.

INT. VW VAN - FREEWAY - NIGHT

A somber mood as the guys ride in darkness towards  
home. Big Bob is asleep. Glen props his broken leg up  
in it's cast.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The VW Van pulls by, and a convoy of Mudder's cars  
and trucks follow it into the night.

INT. LAW SCHOOL CLASSROOM - MONDAY AFTERNOON

Ethan Younger holds a copy of "The Daily Reveille,"  
the student newspaper. He flips it to a picture of  
Mack making a tackle under a headline that reads:

"Local Rugby Club takes 2nd Place in St.Louis."

Mack has just finished another argument. Harrington's  
reaming him again.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON

...Thank you again Mr.  
McGinty for acting as a human  
"show & tell" of what not to  
do in arguing a case.

(Beat)

Very well. Let's see...Who  
have we not heard from yet?  
Ms. Lawney.

A pretty, but extremely shy girl named BETH LAWNEY  
stands. Ethan perks up. What he sees...He likes.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Can you enumerate just a few  
of the more than many cases  
that Mr. McGinty has so  
thoughtlessly omitted?

Beth is extremely nervous. She is almost flop  
sweating, but she bravely spits out her knowledge.

BETH

He forgot to introduce Maddox  
vs. Walcott, Blaine vs.  
Morrette, and most  
importantly the Women's PGA  
vs. Penthouse Publications.

Directly behind Beth sits a "Bull-dyke" looking  
student named MICHELLE, who smiles when Beth mentions  
the last case.

Professor Harrington demonstrates that he has a heart  
after all.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON

Thank you Ms. Lawney...

Beth sits immediately. Ethan is still watching her.

As the Professor continues to lecture. Ethan sees  
Michelle put her hand on Beth's back.

Beth puts her hand down behind her and Michelle laces  
her fingers with Beth. Michelle leans forward and  
kisses her gently and surreptitiously on the back of  
the neck. Beth smiles.

Ethan shakes his head, a little bummed.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

...Of the many cases that Mr.  
McGinty decided not to tell  
us about, the Women's PGA vs.  
Penthouse Publications stands  
out as the landmark decision  
regarding libelous sexism

against a "group" as opposed  
to that of an individual.  
Also Ms. Lawney you might  
want to make note of the two  
other cases that come to mind  
to help finish off the  
argument...Bearing vs.  
Doppler...And...

Mack rolls his eyes at the ease with which Harrington  
let the girl off. Mack scoffs audibly.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. Did you have  
anything that you wanted to  
add Mr. McGinty?

Mack bites his lip and nods.

MACK  
No sir.

EXT. LAW SCHOOL BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Mack is walking down the steps.

ETHAN (OFF CAMERA)  
McGinty. You forgot  
something.

Mack turns around. Ethan is coming down behind him.

MACK  
Huh?  
ETHAN  
You forgot something.  
MACK  
What?  
ETHAN  
Your pride.

Mack looks at him like, "What the fuck?"

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Name's Ethan Younger.

He extends his hand to Mack. Mack reluctantly takes  
it.

MACK  
Yeah?  
ETHAN  
I didn't mean to dis you man.  
It's just...Well, the only  
thing that gets me through  
ol' man Harrington's lecture  
is all the shit you pull. You

a funny motherfucker. Anyway,  
you looked a little beat  
today, so I just wanted to  
say thanks and keep your chin  
up.

He hands Mack the newspaper turned to the picture.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Oh...And uh...Congrats on the  
tournament.

(Beat)

Hey listen you guys don't  
need any more players do you?  
I used to play a little  
football at Southern. Kinda  
miss it.

MACK

Ethan Younger?

ETHAN

Yeah.

A long beat, then Mack smiles.

EXT. PRACTICE PITCH - AFTERNOON

The team is running the ladder drill and everybody is  
stopping to watch as Ethan, Mack, and Damon run and  
tag up for the last hundred and ten meters.

BIG LOU

Free drinks all night says  
the Hoodman takes it.

BINGER

You're on.

Mack drops out as Ethan and Damon beat it, neck and  
neck toward the thirty meter line.

BIG LOU

Shit!

Ethan starts to lead.

MARIO

Come on old man...Hammerhead!  
Hammerhead! Hammerhead!

Other guys are yelling: "Go Ethan!" "Take him down!"

With twenty meters left, Damon kicks it in and  
catches up to Ethan. Ethan digs deeper. They are neck  
and neck. This is gonna be close.  
Pre-lap the sound of:

THE GUYS (SINGING)

Da da da dah. Da da da dah...

EXT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - NIGHT

The parking lot. The guys are all standing around a pick-up truck singing the stripper song.

Girls are laughing and guys are shooting beer. Find Ethan's face, in the crowd, laughing louder than everyone.

Damon is butt-naked washing Ethan's truck. When they finish the song, they start chanting:

THE GUYS  
Hammerhead, hammerhead,  
hammerhead!

Leslie is laughing her ass off. Ethan looks inquisitively at Mack. Hammerhead? Mack points at Damon's crotch.

MACK  
Like the shark.

Ethan cocks his head and looks at Damon's crotch for a beat, and then back at Mack and laughs:

ETHAN  
Y'all some sick mothafuckas!

INT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - NIGHT

Ethan sits at the bar with Damon and Mack. The guys are drunk and partying in the background.

DAMON  
Starting Half-back for the  
Southern Jags...Huh?

Ethan just grins. Damon looks at Mack.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
You set me up?

Ethan and Mack bust up laughing.

MACK  
Man you should've seen the  
look in your eyes when he  
flew past you.

ETHAN  
All in good fun my  
brother...All in good fun.

LESLIE  
Shit! It's 'bout time!

She hands Ethan a beer.

LESLIE (CONT'D)  
On me. I've waited a long  
time to see that. He gives  
you any trouble...I got your  
back.

She walks off and snaps Damon on the ass with a bar  
towel. Damon mocks pain.

DAMON  
Hey. Ow!

The guys laugh.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
(Beat)  
So what you say Ethan? You  
in?

Ethan takes a breath and nods. He looks at Mack.

ETHAN  
As long I can go by the name  
of "Orca."

Damon and Mack look at each other.

MACK  
Orca?

Ethan gets serious as he negotiates his deal.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Well, for starters, I'm  
black.

DAMON  
Right.

ETHAN  
And Mack told me about  
um..."Little Friend?"

Damon looks at Mack. Mack nods.

DAMON  
Yeah?

ETHAN  
Well? Pound for pound? I  
figure me and little friend  
to be in about the same  
league.

DAMON  
Really?

ETHAN  
Yup.

DAMON  
That's uh...Quite a league.



ETHAN

I know.

(Beat)

And...I got a birthmark. On the side.

(Beat)

Must have been a whitey in the wood pile. If you know what I mean.

The three of 'em bust up laughing.

DAMON

Alright there Killer, Orca it is.

ETHAN

Cool.

INT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - NIGHT - NEW ANGLE

Moments later.

THE GUYS

Orca! Orca! Orca!

The guys are gathering around Ethan and chanting "Orca!" Boomer walks up with a beer-bong for Ethan to drink. Before he hands it to him:

BOOMER

Hey Ethan, you got a girlfriend?

ETHAN

Huh? No, we just broke up. Why?

BOOMER

Nevermind.

Boomer hands Ethan the beer-bong as the guys all pick him up and put him on a table.

THE GUYS

Orca! Orca! Orca!

Find three new girls in the corner, watching with interest as Ethan sucks the funnel dry. Damon pulls Mack aside.

DAMON

I hear you bit your lip in class today.

MACK

Huh?

DAMON

I heard you refrained from being a smart-ass. That's good.

MACK  
Who told you that?  
DAMON  
A little bird.

Back on Ethan as the boys finish chanting "Orca!" and Ethan does his first garbage can dive.

NEW GIRL #1  
Why do they call him "Orca?"  
NEW GIRL #2  
Maybe 'cause he's so big?

Girl #3 looks at Big Lou, and then back at Ethan.

NEW GIRL #3  
He's not that big. I'm gonna  
go find out.

As the girl crosses the bar...

INT. LAW SCHOOOL CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

The students listen. Mack is standing.

MACK  
...and although both  
companies started out with  
honorable intentions in  
regard to the owner of the  
product, that point becomes  
moot, in light of the fact  
that...In essence, it's not a  
question of which company is  
right, but a question of  
which company "owns the  
rights"...To say they are.

Professor Harrington thinks about it. Then:

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Does anyone else have  
anything to add to Mr.  
McGinty's answer?

The class seems to know that the answer was perfect.

Irving flips through two different law books trying  
to find something to add, but comes up with squat.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
Very well. Tell me...What did  
the court have to say about  
the poisonous nature of the  
encrypted messages that the  
clerks were exchanging?

The class looks confused. Irving flips manically through another law book.

MACK

The first court made  
absolutely no ruling.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON

But what about the 5th  
circuit?

MACK

There was a mention of...

Mack thinks hard, it's on the tip of his tongue.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON

Yes?

MACK

(Beat- Finally)

I'm not sure.

The professor smiles, and relishes his victory.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON

Honesty may very well be a  
virtue, but it won't help you  
win arguments, or cases...And  
it certainly won't help you  
get back into your chair.

Mack stands amongst all the students who shift uncomfortably in their seats. Irving puts his hand down.

Ethan looks bummed.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Mr. McGinty's answer, while  
correct... Again! Leaves a  
lot to be desired as far as  
letting us "hear" the story  
of the case. A good trial  
lawyer can read the phone  
book and have his listeners  
understanding it.

(Beat)

Now, in Packer vs. Wisdom...

INT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - AFTERNOON

Damon is signing a clip-board for a delivery guy. The guy leaves a stack of 10 cases of Guinness Stout. Damon begins putting them away. Glen enters and sits at the bar.

DAMON

What are you doing here?

GLEN

I called your house. Leslie  
told me you were subbing for  
her. She okay?

DAMON

Yeah. Why?

GLEN

She said she had a Doctor's  
appointment.

Damon's eye twinkles a little.

DAMON

She's fine, just a check up.

Glen nods.

DAMON (CONT'D)

How's your leg?

GLEN

Doc says it's gonna be fine.

(Beat)

But uh...

He trails off, not wanting to say it. Damon stops  
moving the beer.

DAMON

No.

GLEN

Not his choice. Mine.

DAMON

You sure?

GLEN

Yeah. I think I'm gonna  
start an "Old Boys" team. I  
saw a couple of the guys  
while I was laid up. They  
seem interested and...Well,  
you know...Me and you can't  
keep playing these kids  
forever.

DAMON

Yeah.

(Beat)

I just wanta...

GLEN

I know. Win it. Just once.  
Before you go.

DAMON

Yeah.

GLEN

Well If you do it this year,  
I'll be watching from the  
stands. Next year we'll be  
playing on the other pitch.

Damon nod's.

GLEN (CONT'D)  
Anyway, You should think  
about it. We need a good  
captain.

Glen heads towards the door.

GLEN (CONT'D)  
See ya round Hammerhead.  
DAMON  
Hey Girth.  
GLEN  
Yeah?  
DAMON  
What's the name of the new  
team?  
GLEN  
"The Fodders."  
(Beat - Smiles)  
You know, we all got kids  
now. See ya.

Glen exits. Damon puts the beer away.

EXT. LAW SCHOOL BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Storm clouds are brewing. Mack and Ethan walk down  
the steps. Mack is pissed.

MACK  
Fuck him.  
ETHAN  
I know.  
MACK  
That was like perfect...And  
the thing is, he knew  
it...Everyone did...  
ETHAN  
I know.  
MACK  
I can just kiss this shit  
good-bye. I mean, what's the  
use of studying?  
ETHAN  
You're right.  
MACK  
"Hear" the fucking  
"story"...Fuckhead Harrington  
hates me, that's the  
story...Therefore...I do not  
get to pass Go...  
ETHAN  
It ain't right...  
MACK  
...And there is no happy  
ending.

(beat)  
It's all a fucking game to  
him.

ETHAN  
And we're all playing on his  
field.

It starts to rain. Upstairs, Harrington is leaning  
out the window listening.

MACK  
What a dick.  
ETHAN  
Yep.

Harrington smiles and closes the window.  
Ethan looks up at the rain.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Looks like no practice...Huh?

Mack looks up. He smiles.

EXT. THE PARADE GROUND - AFTERNOON

Peeling out and slinging mud across the rain-soaked  
field is the old beat-to-shit VW-Van.

MUDBALL MONTAGE

Music over. The ball flies in slow motion flinging  
mud as it slips through Macks's hands, and then  
Ethan's, and then Damon's and the rest of the team.

Hard hits. Victories. Defeats. Fun in the mud.

INT. MARJORIE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Two huddled bodies hump in the darkness. It's Mack  
and Marjorie. They finish up. They roll over and lay  
on their backs for a few beats. Silence. Finally:

MARJORIE  
Hello.  
MACK  
Hi.

More awkward silence.

MARJORIE  
So. How was your day?  
MACK  
Good.

Silence.

MARJORIE  
Good.

More silence.

MACK

I think I'm gonna drop out of  
Law School.

Marjorie sits up and turns the light on.

MACK (CONT'D)

I mean fuck it. Damon's got  
the idea. Play ball when it  
rains. Play ball when it's  
sunny. Own a bar. Party all  
night. Wake up. Do it again.

(Beat)

What more do you need?

MARJORIE

Is that what you think he  
does?

MACK

What'dya mean?

MARJORIE

Your leader? Your Team  
Captain? The owner of your  
favorite bar?

(Beat)

Is that what you think he  
does?

MACK

What'dya...Of course. That is  
what he does.

Marjorie lets out an exasperated sigh.

MARJORIE

God. Guys are so weird.

MACK

What?

MARJORIE

Here I am thinking you guys  
are like really good  
friends...

MACK

Well. We are.

MARJORIE

Yeah?

MACK

Yeah.

Marjorie get up and tosses on some jeans.

MACK (CONT'D)

Where you going?

MARJORIE

Come on, I want to show you

something.

MACK

Marjorie it's like 2 am.

She tosses his shirt and shoes at him.

MARJORIE

I know what time it is. Come on.

EXT. WOODS - LATE NIGHT

Through-the-windshield POV.

The moon is full and it casts a blue ambiance on the dirt and gravel road. Tall trees flank the road, and drape themselves across the night sky.

Around the bend of the road, the moon lights up a magnificent lake with a beautiful and distinctive two-story-house sitting on it's opposite shore.

The beauty of the site is awe inspiring.

MARJORIE (OFF STAGE)

He's an architect.

Marjorie is driving an old beat up jeep. Mack is sitting shot gun.

MACK

What?

MARJORIE

Shh. Here help me.

She turns the windshield down so that their view is unobstructed.

MARJORIE (CONT'D)

That's Hammerhead's house.

Mack looks at her. "What?" He looks over by the garage and sure enough, there is the old beat-to-shit VW-Van next to Leslie's truck.

MARJORIE (CONT'D)

He builds and designs houses for a living. Beautiful houses. It's his passion. Just like Rugby's another passion.

Mack is speechless.

MARJORIE (CONT'D)

I'm supposed to be a debutante. You know? Junior



League. Gowns, balls, that kind of thing?

Mack nods confused. Marjorie makes a confession.

MARJORIE (CONT'D)

My parents are kinda high society. And my mom would love nothing better, than to see me hosting parties in Alexandria and Schreveport...Wearing the little dresses...But...When I was just a little girl, she told me something...That the most important thing about picking your life path? Was to make sure that it was something that makes you happy.

(Beat)

So, I don't know, maybe you aren't cut out to be a lawyer. Maybe it's not your path, but I'd sure hate to see you stop, just because it got too hard.

She looks at him.

MARJORIE (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. I don't know if it matters, but you know that little thing you like?

(Beat - Smiles)

I don't do that with quitters.

INT. LAW SCHOOL CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Professor Harrington is lecturing.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON

And with that, we end our tireless efforts at arguing for the mere sake of arguing. You will now divide yourself up into groups of five or less. Choose your partners wisely. You'll spend the next entire semester smelling their insecurities...And I must tell you, my "Moot Court" has a reputation for bringing out the stenchy odor of weakness, in even it's strongest and most capable

strategists.  
(Beat)  
And in it's worst?

He looks up at Mack, who is still standing amongst the seated students.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
It can bring out an absolute-  
olfactory-obliterating  
experience. You have two  
minutes to form your firms.  
Go.

Ethan stands up and gives a hand shake to Mack, as students quickly group up.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
Take your belongings and sit  
together in the location of  
your choice. Choose wisely.  
Every decision seems un-  
important, until it is.

The students are scurrying around like rats on a sinking ship.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
And just like on the  
playgrounds of your childhood  
you will begin to see the  
pecking orders arise. Those  
who are respected and  
revered...And those who are  
left...To work Pro-bono.

In the end, there are 19 groups of five.

Left over and alone are: Mack, Ethan, Irving, and the lesbian couple Beth and Michelle. They reluctantly take a space together.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
Have a great holidays.  
MACK (V.O)  
And despite the current  
circumstances, we did. We had  
an amazing holidays.

EXT. DAMON'S BACK PATIO - NIGHT

A Louisiana outdoor kitchen. This is way beyond barbecue. Turkeys are being deep fried. An outdoor oven has "Turduckens" roasting.

Big Joe stands with Mario at an outdoor stove cooking a big black pot of Gumbo. He is adding chopped food

from a cutting board.

BIG JOE

...Now you gotta start with a really good roux...See? That's your base...And to make great gumbo...You gotta put in a little bit of everything. You got your sausage and your garlic. Your onions and your peppers, celery...See that's what gives it it's soul...All the different flavors.

MARIO

(Beat)

Like us. "The Mudders" Huh? All the different flavors. Si?

BIG JOE

(Laughs)

That's right Little Friend. That's right.

A huge round TREE STUMP grows out of ground and the deck forming a natural table. The table is covered with candles and a feast fit for an army of hedonists.

Down a level from the deck is a heated swimming pool, with steam rising from it's waters.

"The Boys" are all here. Some cook. Some build fires in the outdoor pits. Some just drink beer from the kegs and talk to the sweater-clad girls.

Everyone looks more upscale and even classy, here at Damon's House.

Big Lou plays a game of "Chess" with Leslie. He makes a move.

BIG LOU

Check.

He pulls out a bottle of Jaigermeister and pours a couple of shots. He hands one to Leslie.

BIG LOU (CONT'D)

For you madame.

LESLIE

Why thank you sir.

Leslie and Big Lou down there shots. Pinkies out.

MONTAGE - Just a little later.

1) Big Lou has a drunk and screaming Leslie in his arms. Both are fully clothed as he carries her to the end of the diving board.

2) Damon is egging him on. They splash into the pool.

3) Marjorie pushes Mack in. Mack pulls her sweater off as he falls. Marjorie jumps in after him.

4) Everybody takes a dive. Fully clothed. There are flips. There are butt-bounces.

5)The "Three Bigs" falling, in a deluge causing "Nestea Plunge" from the side of the pool at the same time.

6) Damon jumps from the balcony of the second floor onto the diving board and is tossed in the air sideways in a one-and-a-quarter flip landing on the other side of the pool.

7) Pretty soon clothes are flying and everyone, the guys and the girls, are wet, and in their underwear or naked.

8)Now partially clothed, they all drunkenly sing.

EVERYONE  
Silent night...Holy  
night...all is calm...all is  
bright. Round young  
virgins...

Big Joe puts a pair of tennis shoes under Big Bob's head and leaves him passed out on the deck. Big Bob snores.

As the group sways in the crisp cold night, steam raises from their bodies. The singing softly fades down.

MACK (V.O.)  
But with every great  
party...Comes an even greater  
hangover.

END MONTAGE

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LAW SCHOOL - MORNING

Mack, Ethan, Irving, Beth and Michelle all sit in a circle staring at each other.

Silence for a long beat.

Finally Michelle turns to Mack.

MICHELLE  
You're not gonna fart are  
you?

A stack of files and a sealed-in-plastic publisher's  
copy of a novel entitled "JACKDANCES" lays on the  
table.

EXT. THE PRACTICE PITCH - AFTERNOON

Mack and Ethan are running laps. Burning off steam.

ETHAN  
This just sucks.

MACK  
I'm gonna take Irving and  
hang his ass out the window  
if he starts talking about  
leadership one more time.

ETHAN  
Yeah.

(Beat)  
Beth's hot.

MACK  
Yeah. Hot for Michelle.

ETHAN  
(Beat)  
You think maybe they'd do it  
in front of us?

MACK  
I don't think that's the way  
it works.

ETHAN  
Don't tell me that. Thinking  
about the two of 'em going at  
it's the only thing that kept  
me awake in there.

MACK  
Yeah.

ETHAN  
(Beat)  
This just really sucks.

MACK  
Yeah.

DAMON (OFF STAGE)  
"This sucks." "Yeah."

The guys turn around and notice Damon is running with  
them.

DAMON  
You know what my favorite  
part of my house is?

The guys just kinda look at each other and keep  
running.

DAMON (CONT'D)

The big stump table in the middle of the patio.

(Beat)

It was this big old rotten tree in the middle of my back yard. I cut it down, but the stump was way to deep and rooted to get out of the ground. Right there in the middle of where I wanted to put my patio was this big thing...That I didn't want...And I couldn't get rid of...Then I figured out a way to use it.

He jogs ahead of them leaving them to think.

MACK (V.O)

Well it turned out ol' Damon was right...

INT. LAW LIBRARY - NIGHT

Michelle and Beth burn the midnight oil searching through a stack of old law books.

MACK (CONT'D - V.O.)

Michelle and Beth were cracker-jack researchers...

Michelle finds a fact and points it out to Beth. Beth reads it and takes her glasses off.

Michelle lets her hair down, and looks around to make sure that know one is watching. She puts a hand on Beth's knee and moves inside her skirt. They start to make out.

MACK (CONT'D - V.O.)

And it seemed that their...  
Uh...Relationship, kept things interesting for them during late night study sessions.

NEW ANGLE

Michelle and Beth are simply searching through the law books as before.

MACK (CONT'D - V.O.)

Well, that's the way me and Ethan liked to think about it anyway.

INT. UPSCALE LAW FIRM - MORNING

Irving leads Mack, Ethan, Michelle and Beth through a grand antique door that has printed in exquisite gold leaf lettering: "Irving, Irving & Irving Law Practice"

The whole time Irving is talking continuously, pointing out all that the facility has to offer.

MACK (CONT'D - V.O.)  
...And Irving was...Well...A  
huge pain in the ass.

Irving introduces Mack et al, to his Uncle. They shake hands.

MACK (CONT'D - V.O.)  
But, his uncle was one  
righteous dude who gave us  
all high paying internships  
for the rest of the semester.

EXT. PRACTICE PITCH - AFTERNOON

Practice Scrimmage. One "side" kicks to the other. Mario signals a fair catch by stomping his foot and yelling:

MARIO  
Mark!

Ethan tackles him.

Mario stands up and decks Ethan. The whole team dog piles on top of Ethan. Mack laughs.

CROSSFADE TO

The whole team is running laps.

Ethan is carrying the RUGBY RULES BOOK, flipping through the pages as he runs. Mack jogs along side of him pointing at diagrams and explaining.

CROSSFADE TO

MACK (V.O.)  
Ethan and I learned the rules  
to rugby and we practiced  
arguing cases too.

CROSSFADE TO

It's later and only Mack and Ethan are left. They are still running laps.

ETHAN

...So in the case of  
Montpellier vs. Rutledge  
College we should take the  
position that Rutledge was at  
fault.

MACK

Why?

ETHAN

Because Rutledge ordered the  
publishing of Montpelier's  
novel only after obtaining  
written appraisals of his  
Mother's self publishing  
efforts.

Mack thinks about it for a beat and then nods.

MACK

Right...That's good.

They keep running and arguing.

MACK (CONT'D - V.O.)

But as prepared as I was...I  
still didn't see it coming  
when Harrington showed me  
again what a dick he truly  
was.

INT. LAW SCHOOL CLASSROOM - MORNING

Moot court is set up. Two "Law Firms" of five  
students take their perspective places as "Plaintiff"  
and "Defendant" as Professor

Harrington enters.

Irving plays the part of kiss-ass/bailiff.

IRVING

All rise.

All the students rise.

IRVING

The Honorable Judge Jules  
Harrington presiding.

Irving sits, as does the rest of the class.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON

Today we begin with the case  
of...

(Beat)

Just a moment.



Professor Harrington stops. He looks around the room.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
Mr. McGinty? Ahh there you  
are. You seemed to have made  
an ass out of "U" but not me.  
As in Ass-u-mation. Please  
stand.

Mack who is with Ethan and the girls in the far back  
corner stands.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
This court has not yet ruled  
favorably on your "chair  
status." If, and only "if"  
you perform at an exceptional  
level, will you be granted  
the permission and  
"right"...To sit.  
(beat)  
Now as I was saying...

Mack doesn't even flinch. Ethan lowers his head with  
a suppressed snicker.

ETHAN (PRE-LAP)  
That's cold.

EXT. LAW SCHOOL BUILDING - NOON

Ethan and Mack walk down the steps.

MACK  
Fuck it. He wants me to  
stand up all semester...I'm  
there...As long as I pass.

ETHAN  
Yeah but a motherfucker like  
that might grudge your ass.

MACK  
You think?

ETHAN  
I don't know. I like to shit  
myself when he made you stand  
up again today. I thought he  
was fuckin' with you.

Professor Harrington is leaning out of his window  
upstairs.

MACK  
Yeah. What a dick!  
ETHAN  
He most definitely is that.

Harrington yells down at them.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Better than being the female  
companion there of.

Mack and Ethan look up, as do a lot of other  
students. Professor Harrington looks down smiling and  
waves.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
See you tomorrow gentlemen.

He shuts the window. Mack and Ethan look at each  
other and shake their heads and keep walking. After a  
few beats.

ETHAN  
Did he just call us pussies?

EXT. DALLAS RUGBY PITCH - AFTERNOON

A bone-crunching tackle. A 40-year-old tosses the  
ball out as he hits the ground hard. Another player  
crosses the goal line just as the buzzer sounds.

JOE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
And "The Battleaxes" win the  
"Old Boys" Competition: 39  
to 29 here at "The Beemer's"  
invitational "St. Valentine's  
day Massacre!"

The "Old Boys" give a hero's ride to the scoring  
player who is drinking beer from the trophy cup.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Regular action re-commences  
at 2pm tomorrow afternoon...

The Tournament tree shows that "The Beemers" and "The  
Mudders" have advanced to the finals.

A massive tent is being constructed on one of the  
fields.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER (CONT'D -  
V.O.)  
...as "The Mudder's" out of  
Baton Rouge, Louisiana take  
on "The Beemers" on their  
home turf here in Dallas  
Texas.

EXT. PRESS TABLE - DALLAS - AFTERNOON

Joe and Chuck sit and announce.

JOE ANNOUNCER  
Is it finally "The Mudders'"  
turn to win?

CHUCK ANNOUNCER  
Or is it just one more  
"instant-replay" on "The  
Beemer's" march to another  
championship?

INT. THE GRAND TENT - NIGHT

A grand ball is being held. Chip Sterling dances a waltz with his mother on a wooden dance-floor that is set up at the far end of the tent.

A string quartet plays softly, as lots of non-rugby players & society types in formal-wear dance and watch.

JOE ANNOUNCER (CONT'D - V.O.)  
Only time will tell...But not  
before the Beemer's First  
annual St. Valentine's  
Massacre Ball.  
(Beat)  
Pass the Grey Poupon.

At the other end of the tent is an old cinderblock and wood structure that used to be a garage.

INT. GARAGE BAR - NIGHT

This building has been set up as the bar area, it has two closed garage doors at it's rear, and a big missing wall at it's front, that serves as it's connection to the tent.

All of the players from both teams are there. "The Beemers" wear matching jackets with a team crest on the lapel.

"The Mudders" are wearing mismatched whatever-they-could-scrounge-up semi-formal attire.

It looks like an eighth grade dance with everyone standing around, not knowing what to do.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
That Chipper Sterling. Just  
when you think there's  
absolutely no good in  
him...He up and invites his  
arch rivals over for drinks.

Damon looks up at the ceiling, and his eyes follow it back to the rear garage doors. He puts a hand on the wall support next to him and gives it a push. It's

fairly sturdy.

JOE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Should be a pretty calm  
night.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
My thoughts exactly.

On the other end of the tent. The string quartet  
finishes and the society crowd applauds lightly.

INT. THE GRAND TENT - NIGHT

Chipper escorts his mother, MRS. STERLING, around and  
they say their hellos.

Mrs. Sterling is in her early 50's and is an upper-  
crust, still attractive, well manicured Dallas maven.

MRS. Sterling  
Mr. Mayor, so glad you could  
come. Are you going to make  
it to the big match tomorrow?

THE MAYOR  
I wouldn't miss it. And will  
you be making it to my annual  
Campaign Fund-Raiser?

MRS. Sterling  
I wouldn't miss it.

The three of them laugh and clink glasses.

INT. GARAGE BAR - NIGHT

Damon carries a garbage can, and sets it in the  
middle of space. Players and dates seem confused and  
move out of his way as he carefully positions it.

DAMON  
Excuse me. Pardon me.

With bravado, Damon declares:

DAMON (CONT'D)  
The "ultimate" in garbage can  
dives.

INT. THE GRAND TENT - NIGHT

Chipper sees Damon raising his arms up across the  
tent in the garage/bar room. What's he doing?

CHIP  
Excuse me mother.

He starts making his way toward the bar room.

INT. GARAGE BAR - NIGHT

As Damon stands in silence with his hands up over his head everyone stares at him. Waiting.

DAMON  
I said: "The ultimate" in  
garbage can dives.

Nothing happens. Damon looks up at the ceiling.  
Everyone else looks up.

Just then the ceiling starts to buckle and Big Lou comes falling through it with loads of plaster and fiber glass. He lands on and squashes the garbage can.

The crowd erupts into applause.

INT. THE GRAND TENT - NIGHT

Chip can only see the crowd gathering and clapping and drinking as he is stopped by a stuffy couple in formal wear.

STUFFY MAN  
Wonderful affair Chipper.  
STUFFY WOMAN  
Yes just wonderful.  
CHIP  
Thank you.  
STUFFY WOMAN  
Wherever did you get the  
caviar? It's delectable.

The couple turns their head towards the music that is heard faintly growing in volume from the garage bar.

The opening bass riffs from "Play that Funky Music White Boy" by Wild Cherry.

INT. BAR ROOM - NIGHT

Boomer has backed a pick-up truck into one of the now open Garage doors. He cranks his stereo. The party goes into overdrive.

Big Lou dances. Everybody dances. "Beemers" and "Mudders," all having a good time together.

Chip shows up finally. A tall beautiful redhead named CONNIE starts dancing next to him.

CONNIE  
Nice party Chipster.  
CHIP  
Thanks.

He smiles. Then he searches the crowd. He sees Mack dancing with Marjorie.

He sees Big Bob at the bar drinking from a pitcher.

Across the room Damon is watching Ethan who has gathered a crowd with his exaggerated and funny dancing style. Chip excuses himself from the Redhead.

CHIP

I might ask a little favor  
from you for later. Nothing  
you won't enjoy.

CONNIE

Just let me know.

CHIP

I will.

Chip heads towards Mack and Marjorie.  
Mack is kissing Marjorie. They break the kiss and there's a little bit of a love stare there. Chip breaks it.

CHIP

McGinty. Who's the lovely  
young lady?

MACK

Oh, um...Marjorie...This is  
Chip Sterling, our host this  
evening. Chip, this is  
Marjorie Blanchard.

CHIP

Of the Alexandria Blanchards?

MARJORIE

Actually, those are my  
cousins. I'm from...

CHIP & MARJORIE

Schreveport?  
Schreveport.

Uncomfortable laughter from Marjorie as Chip keeps working it.

CHIP

I knew it. My Father probably  
hunts with yours.

MARJORIE

Probably.

CHIP

So McGinty I hear you're in  
Law School, If you'd like I  
can make a few phone calls  
for you over to Wellman's and  
Markus...Get you a foot in  
the door.

MACK

That's alright, I've got an

internship with Irving Irving  
and Irving.

CHIP

The Jews?

He laughs it off.

CHIP (CONT'D)

I'm Joking...I just didn't  
realize "McGinty" was a  
Jewish name.

(Laughs)

Listen I'm sure the Irving's  
have your best interest at  
heart, but if you ever decide  
you want to go where the real  
money is...Give me a call.

He slips Mack his business card. He then takes  
Marjorie's hand and kisses it.

CHIP

Ms. Blanchard please tell  
your Aunt Francis I said  
hello. That woman makes the  
most amazing Gumbo. Enjoy.

MARJORIE

Thank you. I will.

Mack takes the business card and sits it in a nearby  
half empty glass. Marjorie shudders.

MARJORIE (CONT'D)

Ooh! I feel like taking a  
shower.

Mack's eyes light up.

MACK

Now?

Marjorie smiles. Then.

MARJORIE

You should really keep his  
card.

MACK

What? Why?

MARJORIE

Well regardless of what his  
motives are...If he wants to  
help you...It could really do  
something for you.

MACK

Are you kidding me?

MARJORIE

Look, I'm just saying he's

very well connected.

MACK

Yeah but he's an asshole.

MARJORIE

And a lot of well connected people are. Whatever. Do what you want.

MACK

I will. Thanks.

Silence.

Across the bar Chip talks to CREWCUTMAN, one of his players. He slips a set of car keys and three hundred dollar bills into Crewcutman's pocket.

CHIP

Make sure he drinks as much as he wants.

Crewcutman nods and heads toward the bar. Chip glances over in the direction of Mack and Marjorie and smiles.

Back across the bar, Marjorie and Mack are still silent and pissed off at each other. Marjorie finally breaks it.

MARJORIE

Look are we just gonna fight all night because we have a difference of opinion.

MACK

It's just...I look at guys like that, and I think...That is everything that's wrong with the world.

MARJORIE

I'd be real convenient if that were the case.

MACK

Whatd'ya mean?

MARJORIE

You don't know anything about him. I mean, just because he's rich?

MACK

Yeah. That. And he's a dick!

(Beat)

I can't believe you're taking up for him.

On the dance floor, the music is cranked, and Damon is imitating Ethan as they both dance a sort of impromptu and exaggerated "stomp."

Everyone is laughing and having a great time. Chip is watching it all. He sees Connie, the redhead from



before, and walks over to her.

CHIP

Hey Connie. How would you  
like for me to pay your rent  
for the rest of the year?

(Beat)

You get an "either/or" on the  
target, and all you have to  
do...Is what you do best.

(Beat - Smiles)

Wear'em out.

INT. THE MAIN TENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

The main dance floor has been taken over by the  
player's party. High society mixes with Rugby.

The string quartet is playing along with Boomer's  
stereo. The tent is pulled up and over the cab of  
Boomer's truck which is backed into place next to the  
musicians.

Mrs. Sterling is looking at it all. She's a little  
drunk, and a little disapproving.  
Boomer walks up to her.

BOOMER

Mrs. Sterling?

MRS.Sterling

Yes.

BOOMER

I just wanted to take this  
moment to introduce myself.  
I'm Benjamin Dortell. Lovely  
party.

Her demeanor warms, just a little.

MRS.Sterling

Why thank you.

BOOMER

Is your husband around?

MRS.Sterling

Why no, he had some business  
in Toronto.

Boomer's eyes light up.

BOOMER

Oh, that's too bad, I had  
wanted to shake his hand.

(Beat)

Must be rough for you. You  
know...Him always on plane  
somewhere.

(Beat)

Oh, I'm sorry. Did I speak  
out of turn?

MRS. Sterling  
No, no, it's fine. It's nice  
when someone notices.  
Sometimes it is hard.

(Beat)  
Where is that accent from?

Boomer beams at her with his gap-toothed smile.

BOOMER  
Australia. You like it?

INT. GARAGE BAR - NIGHT

Damon sits at the bar alone with a fresh pint of  
Guinness.

He taps his fist twice on the bar and snaps his  
fingers over the glass and takes a sip.

He looks up at the hole in the ceiling and laughs.

CONNIE (OFF STAGE)  
Penny for your thoughts.

Damon turns and looks at Connie. She looks good, and  
she's working it.

Damon takes it all in. Her red high-heel shoes. Those  
legs. Those hips. The plunging-v-neckline revealing  
some beautiful store-bought cleavage.  
The fire-red hair on the ivory-white skin.

DAMON  
I was just uh...

She licks her lips.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
...Thinking about my wife.

He smiles and shows her his ring finger. Connie  
pouts.

CONNIE  
Oh. All the good ones taken.

DAMON  
That's what I hear.

CONNIE  
Is she here?

DAMON  
My wife?

CONNIE  
Yeah.

DAMON

(Beat)

No.

Connie smiles.

DAMON (CONT'D)

But...

Connie steps forward and closer to Damon...

CONNIE

But?

She is standing inside his legs now practically brushing her nipples across his chest.

DAMON

But. We have uh... A deal.

CONNIE

What kind of "uh"...Deal?

She smiles. It is very tempting. Damon smiles back.

DAMON

I don't fuck around and she  
lets me keep my dick.

Connie does not back off. She looks down for a second and actually leans in closer.

CONNIE

But what about your balls?

Damon whispers in her ear.

DAMON

Well, when we're fucking? She  
tickles 'em...Just right.

Damon stands up.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Nice meeting you.

He starts to go, but then he stops.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Chipper put you up to this  
right?

Connie turns beat red.

CONNIE

What? No.

DAMON

You're a beautiful  
woman...You tell'em I said

"Low blow."

CONNIE

Oh wait.

DAMON

What?

CONNIE

You guys are weird. He  
uh...He told me to tell you  
something if you called him  
on this.

DAMON

What's that?

A beat as she remembers it.

CONNIE

"All's fair in love and  
rugby."

Damon smiles a little.

DAMON

Yeah? Well, maybe.

He exits leaving her alone.

INT. THE GRAND TENT - NIGHT

Chip has Marjorie cornered.

CHIP

We should really get together  
sometime.

Marjorie tries to be nice about it.

MARJORIE

Well, you know...You live  
here and I'm at LSU.

CHIP

That's what helicopters are  
for. Listen...

He puts his arm on the post next to her and leans  
into her ear.

Across the tent, Mack comes out of a porta potty.  
He's pretty well buzzed and he looks up and sees Chip  
and Marjorie. Chip says something. Marjorie laughs.

Mack's face falls. Connie is walking by and notices  
this interaction.

CONNIE

Hey. You wanta dance?

MACK

Sure.

She grabs a hold of his hand and pulls him into the crowd. They start to dance.

Marjorie looks up and sees them. Her eyes glare a little. Connie is all over Mack.

Chip notices Marjorie's look.

CHIP

What?

He looks over his shoulder and sees Connie with Mack.

CHIP (CONT'D)

Oh. Yeah. That's Connie. She  
does like her rugby players.  
Say...Are you and McGinty?

(Beat)

I mean, you two aren't  
exclusive...Are you?

MARJORIE

No. We're just uh...Friends.

CHIP

Good. Cause I'd hate to be  
trying to move in on someone  
else's territory.

On the dance floor Connie turns herself around and grinds her ass into Mack.

Mack looks at Marjorie who is looking at him.  
Marjorie puts her hand on Chip's chest and smiles.

Mack puts his hands on Connie's hips and grinds back.

MARJORIE

Nope. I am nobody's  
territory.

(Beat)

So what else do you do in  
this town for fun?

CHIP

There's a hot-tub and a pool  
back at my house. Wanta go  
for a dip?

Marjorie looks at Mack and Connie almost humping on the dance floor.

MARJORIE

Sure why the hell not.

EXT. THE STERLING MANSION - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Steam rises over the foliage that surrounds the hot-tub grotto. It's old money, done right.

A woman's laughter is heard from behind the bushes.

It turns to a more sexual sounding declaration.

Chip and Marjorie exit the house and walk towards the hot-tub. They stop when they hear the moans of pleasure. They look at the hot-tub.

CHIP

Mom?

Unaware of her son, Mrs. Sterling screams out in pleasure.

MRS. Sterling

Oh Boomer...Wangs...To the  
left! Yes Boomer! Yes! Oh  
Boomer!

Marjorie giggles. Chip is dismayed, to say the least.

CHIP

Oh mom.

Boomer screams even louder

BOOMER

Oh Mrs. Sterling! Right like  
that! Work that fanny. Auugh  
Yeah!

Marjorie giggles again. Chip is mortified.

MARJORIE

I think I'm gonna go.

CHIP

But...

MARJORIE

Would you call me a cab?

Chip realizes the futility.

CHIP

Yeah sure.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Connie kisses her way down Mack's stomach unbuttoning his shirt as she goes. She heads back up to his mouth. She stops. He is passed out with a big goofy grin on his face. She looks pissed.

Pre-lap SFX - A whistle blows.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Mario has a sack of potatoes. Binger has a black Marks-a-Lot.

Mario is putting a potato into the exhaust pipe of a Toyota pick-up truck. Off stage a whistle blows again.

MARIO  
It just...It pisses me off.

BINGER  
Tell me about it mate.

The truck has a bumper sticker reading: "I got mine at STERLING TOYOTA," next to a picture of a smiling Chip Sterling.

Binger uses the marks-a-lot to blacken out Chip's two front teeth as Mario moves on to the next Toyota with the "Sterling" bumper sticker on it.

MARIO  
I mean where is the sport?  
Huh?

BINGER  
Well here's what I'd do if I  
were you.

MARIO  
Yes?

BINGER  
You have your  
receipts...Right?

MARIO  
Bags of 'em Binger...Bags.

They move down to yet another Toyota with a sticker on it and continue their work. Offstage a whistle blows.

BINGER  
Okay. You're gonna have to go  
through them and separate  
them into the last three  
years. Anything older than  
that you can toss.

MARIO  
Tres anos. Alright. Si.

BINGER  
Now do you want to claim any  
dependents?

Mario stops for a second, uncomfortable with the question.

MARIO  
Ah...Well.

(Beat)

Not uh...

(Beat)

To Boomer.

BINGER

What?

They move down to another Toyota with a bumper-sticker, and continue their work. Off stage a whistle blows again.

MARIO

Listen my friend...If you're goin'...Uh...How you say? To be Mario's Tax man...Huh?...Then you and I...We..We have a...A client to the attorney like privilege...Si?

BINGER

Uh. Yeah. Sure thing Little Friend.

MARIO

So...If I tell you something...But it is only because of my Taxes that it is for me to tell you...You can not tell brother Boomer. Huh?

BINGER

I guess. I mean...I never thought of it...But yeah...I don't have to tell Boomer.

MARIO

You sure man?

BINGER

Yeah. What is it?

MARIO

Yo tengo Espousa. I,we...We are married.

BINGER

Well no shit. Congratulations mate! How long?

MARIO

It is uh...From before I start playing. Four years now.

BINGER

Quatros Anos. Alright.

(Beat)

And here all this time me and Boom been thinking you were a Nancy.

MARIO

Huh?

BINGER

You know? Dick smoker.

MARIO

(Laughing)

No. Maricone?

BINGER

Well we never saw you with a



girlie.

MARIO

You just to let Boomer keep  
thinking  
this...Huh?...Alright man?

BINGER

(Finally gets it)

Ahhh.

(Nods his head)

Your secret's safe with me  
mate.

The guys continue laughing. From the other side of  
the grandstand area the whistle blows again.

A new angle shows that they are working on a row of  
about thirty vehicles. All Toyotas, with "Sterling"  
bumper-stickers on them.

They are in the parking lot of the Rugby Tournament.

EXT. THE MAIN PITCH - DAY

Chip is blowing on his coaches whistle.

"The Beemers" are all out on the field as Chip leads  
them through a long stretching routine. No one else  
is there yet.

EXT. THE MAIN PITCH - DAY - LATER

The stands are filled. "The Mudder's" are on one side  
of the field. "The Beemers" are just finishing their  
choreographed entrance.

THE BEEMERS

Sis boom bah!

They toss Chip in the air for his 1&1/4 flip, and  
catch him. The crowd applauds.

Chip and two other players walk to the center of the  
field for the coin toss.

"The Mudders" all suck down a helium filled balloon  
and sing at full voice as Damon and  
Ethan and Big Lou imitate "The midgets of Oz" for  
their walk out to the center of the field for the  
coin toss.

DAMON ,ETHAN, BIG LOU & THE  
GUYS

We represent the White-horse-  
men team...The White-horse-  
men team...The Whitehorsemen  
team...And in the name of the  
Whitehorsemen teeeeam...We'd

like to stop the "sis boom  
bah"

Chip pops a few veins in his forehead. The referee  
holds out a coin and shows them both sides.

REFEREE  
One side's heads. One side's  
tails. Visitor's captain  
calls it.

He tosses the coin in the air.

DAMON  
Tails.

The ref lets it hit the ground.

REFEREE  
Tails it is. Do you wish to  
kick or receive?

Chip looks to the side lines and watches as  
Crewcutman comes jogging up. Crewcutman looks at Chip  
and gives him the "ok" hand sign.

DAMON  
We'll kick.  
REFEREE  
Very well. Visitors will  
kick. Home team receives. Get  
your boys to their...  
CHIP  
Uh...Excuse me.  
REFEREE  
Yes Mr. Sterling?  
CHIP  
Shouldn't we wait for the  
rest of their team to show  
up?

Damon and Ethan exchange a look with the referee. Big  
Lou too.

CHIP (CONT'D)  
The rules clearly state that  
each team must have 15  
players on the field..."no  
less." I mean I don't mind  
letting 'em pick up a player  
but just doing a quick  
headcount...

Chip mimes counting all "The Mudders." He gets to Big  
Lou, Ethan and Damon.

CHIP

...12, 13, 14...Looks like  
they're a little short.

Damon turns around and does a quick survey and  
realizes Big Bob is missing. He looks over at Big Joe  
who shrugs his shoulders.

REFEREE

Uh...Well...You guys have a  
sub?

DAMON

Can I have a second?

The referee looks at Chip.

CHIP

Just one thing. Since this is  
my tournament...I get to pick  
your sub.

Chip puts his hand out to Damon.

CHIP (CONT'D)

All in the spirit of games-  
min-ship.

Damon looks at him and shakes his head. He shakes  
hands.

Chip turns to his team and yells:

CHIP (CONT'D)

Little Pete!

A five foot two inch Texican named LITTLE PETE comes  
running out.

LITTLE PETE

Now boss? I switch teams now?

Everybody tweaks for a second, having all caught that  
it was a plan. Then Chip just smiles that smile.

CHIP

Yeah Little Pete. Now.

Damon shakes hands with Little Pete.

DAMON

Welcome to "The Mudders"...Go  
grab yourself a jersey.

Little Pete runs over to the other side of the pitch.  
Damon laughs to Chip.

DAMON (CONT'D)

We're still gonna beat you.

CHIP  
In who's dream?  
DAMON  
What'd you do with Big Bob?  
CHIP  
I have no idea what you're  
talking about.

CLOSE ON

A bumper-sticker. Close-up of Chip's smiling face. No  
blackened-out teeth on this one. The sound of snoring.

EXT. NOWHERE TEXAS - DAY

Big Bob is asleep in the passenger seat of a Toyota  
Cellica.

The car is parked out in the middle of a vast  
spreading flat land. Big Bob snores again.

EXT. MAIN PITCH - DAY

Big Lou and Big Joe flank Little Pete in his new  
jersey.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Looks like there's been a  
change in the front line for  
"The Mudders"...I can't quite  
see from here Joe, but...Is  
that a child?

MONTAGE OF THE GAME

Without their "third big" the well oiled machine of  
"The Mudder's" team breaks down. Little Pete has  
heart and plays with it, but it can't help "The  
Mudders" over come "The Beemers." Intercut shots of  
Big Bob asleep in the car as the score card builds  
to: Beemers-36 Mudders-5

The final seconds tick off the clock.

Pre-lap SFX: Back-fires. Several in a row.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

All of "The Beemers" are starting their cars and the  
potatoes are backfiring out of their tail pipes.

CLOSE ON

A blacked-out smile on Chip's face on a bumper  
sticker. A hand peels it off.

Chip stands there crumpling the bumper-sticker.

The Mudder's file into the VW-Van, and the rest of their convoy of cars and trucks. Chip looks over at Damon who is shaking hands with Little Pete. Pete says goodbye and leaves.

CHIP

That's funny.

DAMON

What's that?

CHIP

The marks-a-lot on the teeth.  
Potatoes in the tail pipes. I  
like it. Reminds me of  
something I would have pulled  
in grade school.

He tosses the bumper sticker on the ground. Damon and Chip stand alone in the parking lot.

DAMON

This was good. I'll give you  
that.

(Laughs a little)

Now you gotta tell me. What'd  
you do with Big Bob?

Are these guys friends? Chip smiles.

CHIP

About thirty miles outside of  
town, he's in a late model  
Cellica. I left a cell phone  
in the glove compartment.

Admiring Chip's play.

DAMON

Nice.

(Beat)

You know? These guys really  
hate you now.

Chip nods grinning.

CHIP

Should make Aspen  
interesting.

DAMON

To say the least.

Damon heads back to the van.

CROSSFADE TO

The Mudders drive off. Chip waves goodbye.

MACK (V.O.)

By that point we were all  
taking it more than a little  
personal.

INT. VW VAN - AFTERNOON

Big Joe's cell phone rings.

MACK (CONT'D - V.O.)  
We found Big Bob on the way  
home...And he felt just  
terrible.

EXT. NOWHERE TEXAS - AFTERNOON

The VW-Van pulls up and Big Bob gets on it.

MACK (CONT'D - V.O.)  
But Damon told everybody not  
to worry...We'd get 'em in  
Aspen...But that was over a  
month away...

EXT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - NIGHT

Mack is on pay-phone as the players all drive off  
into the night.

MACK (CONT'D - V.O.)  
So the first thing I did...

INT. MARJORIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marjorie stands listening to Mack talking on her  
answering machine. She does not pick up.

MACK (CONT'D - V.O.)  
...Was give Marjorie a call,  
to try and patch things up.  
But she wasn't having any of  
that.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Mack reads through a stack of law books.

MACK (CONT'D - V.O.)  
So I buried myself in my  
studies and licked my wounds.  
IRVING (OFF STAGE)  
Hey Hoodman. How'd it go?

Mack looks up. There's Irving.

MACK  
What'd you just call me?  
IRVING

Hoodman. That's what Ethan  
calls you. So how'd it go?

MACK

What?

IRVING

The tournament. I was gonna  
try to drive over, but my  
uncle had some work he needed  
done. Did you guys win?

MACK

No we came up short a man,  
and...Well...We lost.

IRVING

That sucks.

MACK

Yeah.

Then, Irving's eyes start to light up.

IRVING (CONT'D)

Hey. You know what?

Mack can see what he's thinking. He shakes his head.

MACK

No.

IRVING

Why not?

MACK

You'd get killed.

IRVING

Who says I'd play? I might  
just sit the bench...But at  
least you guys'd have enough  
to make a team next time.

(Beat -

Emotional)

You know what it's like to  
never be a member of  
anything? No. You probably  
don't.

(Smiles,

covering)

Come on. Give a geek a  
chance.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A dog-pile in the rain. The last two guys land on  
top, and then they start unpiling.

At the bottom of the pile holding the rugby ball is a  
smiling mud-covered Irving.

EXT. MARJORIE'S APT. - EVENING

It's still raining. At the foot of the door is a

small potted plant with a blooming flower.

The door opens and Marjorie stoops down and picks up the plant. She looks for a note, there is none.

Marjorie turns to go inside and sees a small "sad face" drawn in mud next to her apartment number.

EXT. FIELD - ANOTHER DAY

It's sunny. Ethan and Mack run laps.

ETHAN

So, the thing is if we try to make our case about the Mother's right to the son's work...We need to show precedence in another court case.

MACK

But like you said the Mother was in possession of the manuscript and had self-published it months before Rutledge College went to print.

Jumping up into frame is Irving. He is carrying the Rugby rules book. He breaks from his reading.

IRVING

Correct but Mrs. Montpellier...And I quote: "Never even made so much as a Poorman's copyright on the material." Rutledge registered with the Library of Congress before they published.

(Beat)

Hey did you know that Rugby originated in England?

MACK

So wait, how do we show her prior ownership?

IRVING

(Beat)

I don't know.

MACK

Well, let's hope the girls have come up with something besides a short and curly.

Mack and Ethan laugh. Irving looks confused. Ethan looks at Mack.

ETHAN



That's wrong.

(Beat)

Hey man. You like eating it?

MACK

Love it.

ETHAN

I don't get that. Maybe if I did I could get me some of that Beth. Mmm, damn that woman's fine.

MACK

(Laughs)

I think it'd take more then a little tricky tounge work.

Irving looks confused.

IRVING

To do what?

Mack and Ethan look at each other.

ETHAN & MACK

Nevermind.

INT. LAW SCHOOL CLASSROOM - MORNING

"The firm" sets up at their table in the Moot court room. Irving sits between Beth and Michelle. Mack and Ethan flank the girls.

IRVING

Come on we have to decide.

MICHELLE

I say Mack.

IRVING

Me too.

ETHAN

I agree.

BETH

I think it should be Ethan.

Ethan is a little surprised at Beth's dissent.

MACK

I agree.

IRVING

Auuugh! He's going to be here any second. Why do you want to change it?

MACK

Listen, I'm flattered...But we all know Harrington hates me. I think given the logistics, outta the five of us, well...Ethan stands the best chance to win it.

BETH

He's right.

Ethan checks in with Beth again. Is she vibing him?

IRVING  
Okay I'll third it.  
MICHELLE  
Fourth-ed.  
IRVING  
So it's settled. Switch  
chairs.  
(Giggles)  
I mean...

Professor Harrington enters. Irving steps quickly to his bailiff stand.

IRVING (CONT'D)  
All rise. The honorable Judge  
Jules Harrington presiding.  
PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Sit down.

Everyone sits. Except Mack.

Irving takes his place at the table. Harrington is all business.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Today we hear the case of  
Montpellier vs. Rutledge  
College. Who stands first  
chair for Rutledge?

At the opposing table a sharply dressed young woman named MYRNA PRICE stands up. She is all business too.

MYRNA  
Myrna Price representing  
Rutledge College your honor.

Harrington looks over at Mack. This is what he's been waiting for.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
And for Montpellier?

Ethan stands.

ETHAN  
Ethan Younger representing  
Mrs. Montpellier your honor.

Harrington is a little surprised. The class almost sighs with disappointment. They were waiting for the showdown too.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Well. Very well. Ms. Price  
are you prepared to present  
your case?

MYRNA  
If it pleases the court we  
are ready and willing.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
It does. Please precede.

Ethan sits down. Mack stays standing. By this time  
it's ritual.

MYRNA  
What the court is here to  
decide today is...How a  
woman?...Who can show no  
legal paper work or even a  
Poorman's copyright...Can  
possibly believe that she is  
entitled to any, let alone,  
all profits of the award  
winning novel "Jackdances."

Myrna holds up a sealed-in-plastic publisher's copy  
of "Jackdances." Mack looks from her copy of the book  
to his team's copy, still wrapped-in-plastic, laying  
on the table.

MYRNA (CONT'D)  
Albeit the novel was written  
by her deceased son James  
Montpellier...We are here to  
show...That not only does  
Rutledge College hold a  
United States Copyright to  
said novel, but it was  
actually the author's intent  
that Rutledge College, not  
his Mother, be the sole  
benefactor of any and all  
profits that were to arise  
from it's subsequent  
publication...

TIME LAPSE - Myrna's volume dies down.

CROSSFADE TO

INT. LAW SCHOOL CLASSROOM - LATER

Myrna closes her argument.

MYRNA  
...So sighting Black vs.  
Meadows, George vs.  
Hollifactor, and Killing vs.

Manchester. We again come up with nothing but rulings that will favor Rutledge in your decision. Thank you your honor.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Mr. Younger.

Ethan stands.

ETHAN  
Yes your honor.  
PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Are you prepared to precede?  
ETHAN  
I am your honor.

He checks his watch.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
This court will recess. We will resume on Monday morning at 9am sharp.

He bangs his gavel and exits.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Courts adjourned.

Everyone packs up their stuff.

Irving goes to grab his book-sack but a long slender two-foot black leather case falls out. Ethan catches it and hands it to Irving.

IRVING  
Whoaa! Thanks.

Ethan has kind of broken a little sweat. Nerves. Beth has noticed it. She puts a hand on his back.

BETH  
Ethan. You're gonna be great.

Ethan is a little surprised. Again.

ETHAN  
Thanks.

EXT. LAW SCHOOL BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Mack and Ethan walk down the steps.

ETHAN  
You going by "The Horse?"  
MACK  
Nah. I thought I'd try on Ms.

Pissed again. What about you?

ETHAN

Well, maybe I'm crazy, but I  
thought I might...

Ethan stops. Beth and Michelle are walking down on  
the other side of the steps. They look like they are  
getting ready to make out.

MACK

Yeah?

Beth grabs a hold of Michelle's hand and they laugh.

ETHAN

Never mind. I'll be at "The  
Horse" if you come up short.

MACK

Alright man.

Mack walks off.

Ethan watches the girls walk away. Irving comes  
running out and catches up with the girls.

IRVING

Hey, wait up.

Irving jumps between them breaking their hand  
contact.

IRVING (CONT'D)

Where we going?

Ethan shakes his head and starts to walk off. Irving  
calls out to him.

IRVING

Yo Orca! You wanta come hang?

Ethan just nods his head and waves as he walks off.

ETHAN

No thanks man.  
(Laughing to  
himself)  
"You wanta come hang?"

INT. MARJORIE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The phone is ringing. A pretty girl named SUSAN  
answers it. She is Marjorie's roommate.

SUSAN

Hello.  
(Listens)  
Sorry. She said, "No way."

Marjorie is showering in the back ground.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Listen if you want to talk  
about it, I'll meet you  
somewhere, but she really  
doesn't want to see you.  
(Listens)  
Okay. I'll be there in an  
hour.

She hangs up.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - EVENING

Mack hangs up the pay phone. He checks his watch and  
tosses his books down on a table.

He picks up his copy of "Jackdances" and pulls the  
plastic-wrap off, and starts reading it.

INT. THE WHITEHORSEBAR - NIGHT

Ethan is in the DJ-booth. He puts on a CD by  
"Mystikal." He drinks his beer and grooves to the  
tune.

Damon walks up.

DAMON  
Who's that?  
ETHAN  
That my man is Mystikal. He's  
a cousin of my cousins.  
Straight outta New Orleans.  
DAMON  
I knew there was a reason I  
liked it. You gonna work the  
booth tonight?  
ETHAN  
(Beat)  
Can I?  
DAMON  
Yeah man. Better'n playing my  
old mixed tapes. And the "DJ"  
drinks for free.  
ETHAN  
Cool.

EXT. MARJORIE'S APT. - NIGHT

Chip drives up in a convertible and pops up to the  
door with a bottle of champagne.

Marjorie comes out and closes the door behind her  
before Chip even knocks.

MARJORIE  
My roommate's sleeping.  
CHIP  
Oh. Okay.

They get in the car and drive off.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Mack is on the payphone holding his copy of  
"Jackdances," as Susan comes walking up.

ETHAN ( VOICE MACHINE)  
You got, you got, you got  
Ethan...You got, you got, you  
got 30 seconds.  
(Beep)

MACK  
Ethan. Mack. Listen, you  
should read the novel,  
"Jackdances"...I think we got  
us a new argument. Talk to  
you. Bye.

SUSAN  
Hey.

Mack hangs up.

MACK  
Hey. Have a seat. You want  
some coffee?

SUSAN  
Yeah sure.

Mack gets her some coffee.

INT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - NIGHT

Ethan is finishing a pitcher. He dances over to the  
bar and Leslie fills it up for him.

Irving and Beth and Michelle come walking in.

IRVING  
Yo Orca! Alright!

Irving runs up to give some dap to Ethan, and pours  
himself a beer from Ethan's pitcher. Ethan daps back,  
but he is looking at the ladies.

ETHAN  
Aww shiiit! What 'chall doin'  
here?

BETH  
Irving says this is the place

to hang. So we came to hang.

Ethan laughs.

ETHAN

Drinks ladies?

MICHELLE

That's what we came for.

ETHAN

Leslie. Whatever they  
want...It's on me.

(Beat)

But Irving pays his own way.

Ethan dances back over to the dj-booth.

LESLIE

What'll it be ladies?

BETH

Do you know how to make a  
"Wet Pussy?"

Irving does a spit-take with his beer.

LESLIE

Is that like a fuzzy navel?

BETH

Yeah but you add a shot of  
Jaigermeister.

Leslie remembers and nods.

LESLIE

That's right.

(Beat)

Two of em?

Beth looks at Michelle.

MICHELLE

Why not?

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Marjorie is counting bubbles in her champagne glass.

CHIP

So then I told the skipper to  
turn it around...Cuz we  
forgot all the crab-legs back  
in Alaska.

Chip laughs. The waitress arrives. Chip cuts her off  
with a wave of his hand.

CHIP (CONT'D)

(To Marjorie)

Are you ready to order yet



honey?

Marjorie just bats her eyes. "Honey?"

CHIP ( CONT'D)  
(To the Waitress)  
Maybe not just yet.

The waitress leaves.

CHIP (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have  
called you that. It wasn't  
meant to be sexist...It's  
kind of a family thing.

Marjorie loosens a little.

CHIP (CONT'D)  
I just really wanted to thank  
you for coming out with  
me...I realize that a lot of  
people in your circle think  
badly of me, but you know?  
That's just the game. I can  
really be quite the  
upstanding gentleman if you  
give me the chance.

Marjorie is listening very intently.

MARJORIE  
Well.  
(Beat)  
Prove'em wrong.

Chip smiles.

INT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - NIGHT

Michelle and Beth are dancing. Sexy. With each other.  
Ethan is digging it. So is Irving.  
Irving sets his book-sack on the stool next to

Ethan and pulls out a camera and snaps a picture of  
the girls.

Ethan notices the two-foot leather case sticking out  
of Irving's book sack.

ETHAN  
What is that?

Irving tries to shove it back in.

IRVING  
Nothing.

ETHAN  
Come on man. What is it?  
IRVING  
(Beat)  
It's a clarinet.  
(Beat)  
What? It relieves my stress.  
ETHAN  
Aww shit! You play that  
thing?  
IRVING  
Yeah.  
ETHAN  
Break that Muthafucka out.

MONTAGE - to "Bumpin' me against the wall" - by  
Mystikal

- 1) Irving plays the Clarinet.
- 2) Ethan gets "Jiggy" with it.
- 3) Beth and Michelle mix it up on the side.
- 4) Different guys join in and mock Ethan's steps.
- 5) By the end of it, almost the whole team is doing a  
stomp with Ethan, and singing:

THE GUYS  
"You keep bumpin' me 'gainst  
the wall. Yeah I'm knowin'  
that it's time to fall...But  
'til you seen me...Trust me!  
You ain't seen Bouncin'  
Back!"

- 6) Mack and Susan enter and witness the end of the  
show.
- 7) Big Lou is up on a table trying to imitate Ethan.  
The table collapses.

EXT. MARJORIE'S APT - NIGHT

Chip walks Marjorie to the door. Marjorie's attitude  
has warmed considerably.

MARJORIE  
Thank you so much.  
CHIP  
Your welcome.  
MARJORIE  
I really had a good time.  
CHIP  
Me too.  
CHIP  
Must be some kind of record.  
MARJORIE  
What?

Tries for the joke.

CHIP

I never had a girl want me  
back to her place so quickly.

(Beat)

You know? We skipped desert.  
You don't happen to have any  
whipped cream laying around?

MARJORIE

Chip. Don't ruin a perfectly  
good...

CHIP

I'm sorry I just...

(Beat)

I like you. You're something.

Marjorie is flattered.

MARJORIE

Yeah well, I like the guy I  
hung out with tonight too.

CHIP

Yeah?

MARJORIE

Yeah.

CHIP

Good.

(Beat)

Here let me get that for you.

He takes the key and opens the door.

MARJORIE

Thank you.

Chip hands her the keys.

MARJORIE (CONT'D)

(Beat)

Do you want to come in for a  
second?

INT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - LATE NIGHT

The crowd is thinning out. Under the sign: "Rugby is  
a Thug's Sport played by Gentlemen," sits Mack and  
Susan.

Susan is kinda drunk and staring dreamily at Mack.

SUSAN

Wow. I just think she's  
crazy.

MACK

Yeah, but I did kinda fuck it  
all up.

SUSAN

Well I can talk to her and  
see what she thinks...But it

sounds like y'all kind a had  
a deal...And I'm not sure  
where you really did anything  
all that wrong. Did y'all  
play in Aspen yet? I heard  
Marjorie talking about that.  
That just sounds like it's  
going to be so much fun...

Susan leans in, and is getting a little flirtatious,  
displaying more cleavage. She continues to talk. Her  
voice fades down.

MACK (V.O.)  
Sitting there under the  
"sign" and listening to  
Marjorie's Roommate say how I  
hadn't really done anything  
wrong...I started to  
drunkenly contemplate for the  
first time what it actually  
meant.

Damon bumps into Mack breaking him from his thoughts  
and shutting up Susan for the moment.

DAMON  
Hey don't you have a big case  
on Monday?

MACK  
Yeah, but Ethan's gonna argue  
it.

DAMON  
But you're ready for it.  
Right?

MACK  
Huh?

DAMON  
I mean you know the case.

MACK  
Yeah, we all do.

DAMON  
Just checking.

Damon walks off. Mack tries to figure that one out.  
Susan pipes up.

SUSAN  
Hey. Do you have your own  
apartment?

INT. MARJORIE'S APT - NIGHT

Marjorie and Chip have been talking on the couch.  
Marjorie decides to shut it down.

Marjorie is holding a white envelope which she hands

back to Chip.

MARJORIE

I don't know, Let me think  
about it...And thank you  
again. I really had fun.

CHIP

Me too.

He goes for a kiss. Marjorie gives in to it. Then she  
comes up for air.

MARJORIE

I have a lot of work  
tomorrow. I have to get up  
early.

Chip smiles.

CHIP

So do I. Now, about that  
whipped cream.

He goes in for another kiss. Again she gives in to  
it. It's getting pretty hot. Then she breaks it. He  
tries again.

MARJORIE

Chip stop.

CHIP

What?

MARJORIE

I really have to get up  
early. You have to go.

CHIP

You're kidding right?

MARJORIE

No.

Chip tries a new tactic.

CHIP

Honey. When's the last time  
some one spent three hundred  
dollars on you? For dinner?

Marjorie stiffens.

MARJORIE

Okay.

CHIP

It was just a joke. I'm  
sorry. That's what people  
think of me, so sometime I  
just say that stuff. I was  
kidding.

(Beat)

Here.

He hands her back the white envelope which we now see is a FIRST CLASS AIRLINE TICKET to Aspen.

CHIP (CONT'D)

Please. Take it. No strings.

(Beat)

I really was just joking. I promise you'll have your own room...And I won't even come near it.

(Beat - smiles)

Unless you invite me. Just think about it. I'll call you. Good night. I had a great time, and I really am sorry about the joke.

Marjorie stands up and considers it all. Then.

MARJORIE

Go.

He leaves. Marjorie closes the door and looks at the airline ticket. She sets it on the end table next to her potted plant. She touches a few of the plant's leaves.

She fills a glass with water and pours it in the pot being careful not to get the plant wet. She turns the light out.

INT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - NIGHT

Big Bob is laying on the bar. Asleep. The place is closed. Above him hangs the plaque:

"Rugby is a thug's sport...Played by gentlemen."

Big Bob snores.

EXT. MARJORIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A box of Krispy Kreme Doughnuts sits next to a clay-window-pot with an exotic looking vine growing from it.

The door opens and Marjorie looks down. No note again. She turns around and on the door in mud is a small "Question mark."

Marjorie eats a doughnut and looks around.

INT. LAW SCHOOL CLASS ROOM - MORNING

The class is ready for moot court. Irving takes the Bailiff spot.

IRVING  
All rise. The Honorable Judge  
Jules Harrington presiding.

Harrington takes his place.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Be seated.

Mack stands.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
Mr. Younger? Are you ready to  
precede?

Ethan stands next to Mack holding a copy of  
"Jackdances."

ETHAN  
Yes your honor.  
PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Commence.

ETHAN  
Your honor it is our position  
that not only was it Jimmy  
Montpellier's desire for his  
mother to profit by the  
publication of...  
PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Excuse me.

ETHAN  
Your honor?  
PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Do you have any cases to  
sight that show precedence  
for a decision in your  
clients favor?

ETHAN  
No sir.  
PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
This isn't the army.

ETHAN  
I'm sorry. No your honor.  
PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
No apologies allowed. This  
court holds you in contempt.

ETHAN  
Your honor?  
PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Sit down.

Everyone's a little confused. Ethan sits.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
Who will stand as second  
chair?

He looks at the standing Mack.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Thank you Mr. McGinty. Take  
over for your un-esteemed  
colleague.

Ethan shares a look with Mack. He hands him the copy  
of the novel and whispers:

ETHAN

Kick his ass.

The whole team nods in agreement. Mack takes a deep  
breath.

MACK

Jimmy Montpellier wrote  
"Jackdances" as an ode to his  
mother Mary. The manuscript  
for the novel was laying on  
Mary Montpellier's  
pillow...In Mary  
Montpellier's bedroom...The  
evening that Mary Montpellier  
came home to discover her  
only child Jimmy...Had hung  
himself. After reading the  
entire novel Mary buried her  
son, and set about on a  
life's mission to get his  
work published. The same  
mission that her only child  
Jimmy, had finally lost.  
Rutledge College...The multi-  
billion dollar-a-year-  
budgeted "Rutledge  
College"...Had already turned  
down Jimmy's novel. And then,  
they turned it down again. A  
second time, when Mary,  
Jimmy's mother, physically  
brought it to their doorstep.  
Mary Montpellier never  
finished High School. She  
knows little or nothing about  
Copyrights or legal  
practices. Mary took all the  
money she had, and made up  
one hundred copies of her  
son's novel "Jackdances."  
Mary convinced a local  
grocery store to sell them. A  
critic...For a major  
newspaper happened to read  
the manuscript, and wrote an  
article which the upstanding



"Thieves" at Rutledge  
College...Happened to read.  
(Beat)  
On that day, they made a  
phone call and filled out a  
form.

Mack pauses and opens the novel.

MACK (CONT'D)  
On page 272 Mary's son Jimmy  
wrote the following  
paragraph:

Mack reads from the novel.

MACK (CONT'D)  
"Chiseled in stone were the  
words: 'Here lies Jack, a  
loving son who lost his way.'  
Upon reading the tombstone  
Mary fell to the ground and  
wept the tears that only a  
mother's eyes can. She beat  
her breast and cried...Until  
there were no more tears to  
cry. Then she looked up into  
the heavens and whispered: *I  
know you can hear the beauty  
now...I know that  
somewhere...Jack dances.*"

Mack closes the novel.

MACK (CONT'D)  
There are many cases that my  
esteemed colleagues and I  
have found that all support a  
decision to favor Rutledge  
College...But the simple  
"justice" of it all  
says...That to do so...Would  
simply be wrong.

Mack puts the novel down.

MACK (CONT'D)  
Thank you your honor.

Mack remains standing. Professor Harrington considers  
it. He looks over at the Rutledge College table.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Ms. Price?

Myrna jumps to her feet.

MYRNA  
Yes your honor.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Did anyone on your team so  
much as crack the seal on  
your copy of the novel?

The still wrapped-in-plastic evidence is laying on  
the table behind her.

MYRNA  
No your honor.  
PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Well you should of. How does  
the saying go? You can't  
judge a book by it's cover.  
(Beat)  
Nor should you try a case  
about one...Without reading  
it.

MYRNA  
Yes your honor.  
PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
Be seated Ms. Price.

Myrna sits. Harrington continues on.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
This court will make a ruling  
on the presented evidence and  
offer it's opinion...

Irving stands.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
Mr. Irving please sit down...

Irving remains standing.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
If you feel like passing  
this...

Ethan stands. Beth and Michelle stand.

One by one the whole class begins to stand until just  
about everyone, besides the students at the Rutledge  
table are standing.

Harrington waits until the everyone has settled. It's  
a stand off. He looks at Mack.  
Finally.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
As I was just about to say.  
For almost a year now I have

been trying to get you all to  
grasp a simple idea...And  
finally somebody, Mr.  
McGinty, of all people, has  
demonstrated the extreme  
power of what happens, when  
you actually let us "hear"  
the "story."

(Beat)

Mr. McGinty?

MACK

(Beat)

Yes your honor.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Your father would be proud.

You may be seated.

He knows about Mack's dad? Mack sits down. The class  
breaks out into applause. Professor Harrington hides  
a smile.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON

Court's adjourned!

He slams his gavel and exits.

INT. LAW SCHOOL CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The class has filed out. Mack is yelling out the  
door.

MACK

I'll catch up with y'all.

Harrington finishes packing up his things. Mack waits  
for him. Harrington walks to the door.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON

Your father and I traded  
licks back in the day. He was  
a good lawyer. And a good  
friend. That's his right? May  
I?

The professor takes a hold of Mack's brief case.  
Looks at the name.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Tom was the one who taught  
me, that you have to look  
beyond the obvious to truly  
understand human nature. He  
kicked my ass more than once.  
And every time he did.

(Smiles)

I never saw it coming. Good  
Job.

He hands Mack the briefcase and reaches in his jacket pocket and pulls out an INVITATION.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
Here. It's a prestigious  
legal caucus that's held once  
a year. It's a lot of mumbo  
jumbo and politics...But it's  
an honor. And you'll get to  
sit down to dinner with yours  
truly.

He starts to walk off. He looks back and says with a  
wink.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
Just when you think you have  
someone's number...They turn  
around and surprise you.

INT. THE CHIMES' BAR - AFTERNOON

Beth, Michelle, Mack, Ethan, and Irving all sit at  
the bar laughing.

MICHELLE  
That was amazing Mack, truly  
amazing...To the Hoodman.

They all toast. "To the Hoodman."

MACK  
Thanks.

Michelle stands up.

MICHELLE  
Hey Beth I need to go to the  
bathroom.

BETH  
Oh, okay.

The girls exit. Ethan watches them leave.

ETHAN  
Damn! What I wouldn't give to  
be in there.

MACK  
Yeah, I bet there gonna slam  
out a Victory-fuck right  
there in the stall.

ETHAN  
Could be my man. Could be

They laugh. Irving looks confused. Ethan decides to  
clear it up for him.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
They're Gay.  
IRVING  
What? Who?  
ETHAN  
Beth and Michelle.  
IRVING  
No they're not.  
MACK  
Yes they are.  
IRVING  
Well. If you guys say so.

Irving kinda turns red, he is really uncomfortable with the subject matter, but he forges a head.

IRVING (CONT'D)  
But I was um...Michelle was...You know? The other night...We were fooling around and...  
(Beat - He has their attention)  
... Well, she actually said this...That the only three things she needs to survive are food, shelter, and...And I quote: "A pair of...Big Balls" slapping her against the ass.  
(Beat - Worried)  
Maybe I was confused by the sheer ecstasy of the moment...But does that sound like she's gay?

{BETH & MICHELLE RETURN}

BETH  
The lines too long. Hey. Do y'all want to go over to The Whitehorse?

Mack and Ethan are speechless. Finally Ethan manages:

ETHAN  
Uh-huh.

Mack checks his watch.

MACK  
Aw, I can't. Maybe I'll catch y'all there. I gotta...I gotta go do something.

INT. GREENHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Marjorie is digging in the dirt planting a row of ferns. She is checking the soil for sulfites with a test-stick.

Other Master's students are scattered around doing the same thing at their tables. They all make notes in notebooks.

PROFESSOR GREEN  
Okay that's time. Please turn  
in your findings and leave  
your tables for inspection.

The students file out giving their notebooks to the Professor.

PROFESSOR GREEN (CONT'D)  
Oh. Marjorie would you check  
in on the Philodendrons  
before you go...they were  
looking a little needy this  
morning.

MARJORIE  
Sure. No problem.

EXT. GREENHOUSE - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Marjorie comes walking out alone. She locks the door to the green house and walks to her car. She stops.

Her car is covered with a beautiful creeping ivy that is coming out of "Strawberry Pot" that sits next to the driver's side door.

Written in mud on the driver's side window is:

"Just 5 minutes?"

Marjorie turns around. Mack is standing there.

INT. GREENHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Marjorie and Mack walk and talk.

MARJORIE  
Let me say something first.  
MACK  
Okay.

MARJORIE  
I have no right to feel the  
way I do...But it doesn't  
change the fact that that's  
the way I feel.

Mack is completely confused.

MACK  
Okay.

MARJORIE  
Go ahead. You have 5 minutes.

Marjorie sits down on a concrete table and listens.

MACK  
I'm guilty.  
(Beat)  
I reneged on our deal.

MARJORIE  
Are you talking about the  
girl in Dallas? I think I  
already knew that.

MACK  
Well yes and no.

MARJORIE  
Whatatya mean? Times ticking.

MACK  
Well when I said I reneged on  
our deal...I was talking  
about the one we made at the  
Library.

(Beat)  
You kinda alluded to the fact  
that we were supposed to keep  
this thing between  
us...Physical...And that you  
really didn't want any  
emotional ties...

MARJORIE  
That's not what I said...I  
just...

He cuts her off.

MACK  
Well, I reneged.  
(Beat)  
Cause...I guess the truth  
is...I do have feelings for  
you. And when I woke up in  
Connie's uh...That's...

MARJORIE  
Yeah.

MACK  
Well...I felt like I'd really  
fucked up. And ever since  
then...You haven't talked to  
me...So I know I really  
fucked up.

(Beat)  
I would love to tell you that  
nothing happened between me  
and her.

(Beat)  
But I can't. Not everything  
happened, but, well...

(Beat)  
I'm sorry.  
(Beat)  
I guess it took all of this  
for me to realize that I  
don't want you to be my  
"buddy" or my friend. I want  
you to be my girlfriend.

He reaches in his pocket and pulls out  
Marjorie's pair of white panties with the blue  
flowers. He hands them to her.

MACK (CONT'D)  
So here.  
MARJORIE  
What's this for?  
MACK  
When you came to the library  
that night and we made the  
deal...You said you wanted  
your panties back.  
(Smiles - Beat)  
I don't want the deal we  
made...And I don't want your  
panties stapled up on the  
wall at the "Whitehorse."  
Well actually they looked  
kind of cute up there but...I  
don't want you to hate me.

Mack gets that same mischievous look he had the first  
time he spoke in Harrington's class.

MACK (CONT'D)  
I just want you to...  
(Smiles)  
MARJORIE  
Mack. Don't ruin it.

Mack stops.

MACK  
(Beat)  
I just want you.

Marjorie considers it for a moment. Then.

MARJORIE  
Times up. Go away. I have to  
think about it.

Mack looks at her. He leaves.

INT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - NIGHT

Mack sits at the bar drinking a beer. Damon pours



himself a Guinness and sits next to him.

Damon bangs his fist against the bar twice and snaps his fingers over the top of his glass of Guinness.

MACK

What'd you do that for?

DAMON

Get's rid of the pixies.

MACK

Huh?

DAMON

It's an old Irish drunk's tale. The drink can bring out your evil side...If you don't kill off the pixies.

(Beat)

What's that?

Damon points to the "invitation" sticking out of Mack's jacket pocket.

MACK

Oh, it's this uh...Invitation to a Legal Caucus...From Harrington...Can you believe?

DAMON

Wow. That's a change. When is it?

Mack opens it up.

MACK

I don't know, he just gave it to me...It's uh...Oh shit!

DAMON

What?

MACK

It's next weekend! "Ruggerfest."

DAMON

Oh fuck.

(beat)

Is it important?

MACK

He made it sound like it was like this big deal. Wait, here's his number. I'm supposed to R.S.V.P.

(Beat)

What can I tell him?

Damon fills Mack's glass from the tap.

DAMON

Oh no man. I'm not touching this one. Sometimes only you can make the right choice. Here. Have a pint and figure

it out.

Damon walks off.

Mack looks at the payphone. He looks at the invitation. He hits his fist on the bar twice and snaps his fingers over his glass. He sips his beer and looks at the payphone again.

INT. MARJORIE'S APT. - NIGHT

The phone is ringing.

Marjorie is looking at the little potted plant sitting on the table next to the First Class Ticket to Aspen.

The phone rings again.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS ASPEN RUGGERFEST - DAY

A banner proclaims "Aspen's Ruggerfest." On the field the "Old Boys" are playing rugby.

JOE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Welcome to Aspen's  
Ruggerfest...The national  
championship tournament that  
decides it all on...

EXT. ASPEN AIRPORT - DAY

A plane touches down.

JOE ANNOUNCER (CONT'D - V.O.)  
...What's what? And who's  
who? In the World of American  
Rugby.

INT. AIRPORT - LUGGAGE PICK-UP - DAY

A pair of SKI BOOTS and skis come out of the luggage chute.

The ski boots are immaculate, brand new, and have "C.S." embossed on them.

Chip Sterling picks up the boots and skis and carries them out to a waiting red-convertible Corvette rental-car. He drives off.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
The teams are still arriving,  
as regular action begins  
tomorrow with the final  
championship match to take  
place on Sunday.

At another terminal, "The Mudder's" carry their luggage and get on a bus. Mack is not with them. Damon gets on last.

JOE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
But that hasn't stopped the  
Old Boys championship from  
creating quite the stir of  
excitement.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - DAY

An extended play as an "Old Boy" scores and the crowd goes crazy.

INT. MUDDER'S BUS - DAY

DAMON  
Whose hungry?

INT. DINER - AFTERNOON

No talking. The Mudder's are taking up 5 tables. They are eating. It's loud and carnivorous.

"The Three Bigs" are going at it like, well, "The Three Bigs."

EXT. HUGE CONDO - AFTERNOON

Chip is out front shaking hands with a real estate agent.

AGENT  
Oh I almost forgot...Here. If  
you lose your keys, you can  
always get in through the  
garage, if you have this.

The agent hands Chip a remote control door opener.

CHIP  
Thanks.

INT. THE DINER - AFTERNOON

"The Three Bigs" eat. Noisily.

EXT. HUGE CONDO - AFTERNOON

Chip hops in his convertible and pulls out onto the road. He sticks the remote control in one of his ski boots behind the passenger seat.

Chip speaks into his cell phone.

CHIP

Hey. The place is  
beautiful...You have to see  
the view! Listen, just like I  
said before..."No Strings"...

INT. MARJORIE'S APT. - DAY

Marjorie waters her plants and listens to Chip on  
the answering machine. Susan stands behind her  
holding the ticket.

CHIP (ANSWERING MACHINE)  
...I really hope you can make  
it. I'm on my way to the  
market. I was just calling to  
see if there was anything  
particular that you liked...

SUSAN  
Are you gonna go?

Marjorie picks up the first class ticket.

MARJORIE  
I don't know. I haven't  
decided yet.

She feels the leaves of the plant and waters it some  
more as Chip continues to talk on the answering  
machine.

EXT. ASPEN CITY STREETS - DAY

CHIP (cont'd)  
...Oh well. Give me a call  
and let me know if you're  
coming...Just so I know...You  
know, leave a light on kind  
of thing. Hope to see you...

INT. CONNIE'S APT. - DAY

Connie runs to grab the phone as Chip's voice  
finishes on the answering machine.

CHIP(machine)  
...Whatever you do...Don't  
forget to call first. Chow.

CONNIE  
Damn!

EXT. ASPEN CITY STREETS - DAY

Chip presses speed dial.

. CHIP  
. And just in case...

. (Into cell phone)  
. Hey Wanda...The condo looks beautiful...Listen make  
. sure you call...

INT. DINER - AFTERNOON

Damon is eating with Binger and Mario. He looks up and sees Chip drive up and park his car at the market across the way.

Damon cocks his head. He sees the skis sticking out of the back seat.

INT. THE MARKET - AFTERNOON

Chip shops. Beer. Vegetables. Prophylactics.

EXT. MARKET - AFTERNOON

Damon is standing beside Chip's convertible. He looks at the ski boots.

Damon turns back to the diner and looks at "The Three Bigs" still chomping down like animals.

Big Joe gets up and heads into the men's room.  
Damon gets an idea. He grabs one of the ski boots.

INT. THE MARKET - AFTERNOON

Chip is at the cashier. The cashier is ringing his last few items.

CASHIER  
That'll be 199 dollars and 55 cents.

Chip gives her two one-hundred-dollar bills and winks.

CHIP  
Keep it.

He wheels his cart of stuff out to his car.

EXT. THE MARKET - AFTERNOON

Chip puts the bags in the back seat next to his skis. He hops in the car and backs out.

"The Mudders" are all coming out of the Diner and form a small group on the side-walk. Damon yells out to Chip.

DAMON  
Hey Chipster.

Chip looks up. "The Mudder's" all wave.

THE GUYS  
Welcome to Aspen.

Chip flips the bird at em and drives off. "The Mudders" laugh.

INT. CHIP'S CORVETTE - DAY

Chip pulls up to a red light. He makes a slight face. Does something smell? The light turns green. He goes.

He turns a corner and pulls up to the Huge Condo. He reaches in the back to pull the remote out of his ski boot.

The sound of something squishy.

He stops. He looks at his hand sticking into the boot. A disgusted look over comes his face.

A roll of toilet paper sticks out of the other boot...Printed in black marks-a-lot on the end of a roll are the words:

"LOVE AND RUGBY"

Chip looks just a little like he's going to be sick.

INT. HUGE CONDO - EVENING

Chip is talking at the phone. The remote is sitting in the bathroom sink with hot water running on it.

CHIP  
I need another one. It's  
ruined.  
(Beat)  
It got wet. I had to clean  
it.  
(Beat)  
Just get in your car and  
drive over here and bring me  
another one.

EXT. HUGHE CONDO - NIGHT

Chip's ski boots sit atop a garbage can.

CHIP (V.O.)  
Thank you!

The sound of him slamming the phone down.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - MORNING

MONTAGE THE FINAL TOURNAMENT - (Music Over)

1) A great two minute montage of Rugby that shows "The Beemers" and "The Mudders" climb their way up to the final match on the Tournament tree. Mixed in with:

a) Beth and Michelle show up and join the fans in the stands. Ethan sees this and makes a play. He smiles at Beth.

b) Damon scores a touch down and smiles at Leslie.

c) Irving fills up the water jug and smiles at Michelle.

d) Boomer drop kicks a goal, and smiles at Mrs. Sterling.

e) Damon laterals the ball to Ethan who laterals the ball to Mario who laterals the ball to Mack. He came after all.

MACK (V.O.)

Sometimes in life we make the  
wrong decisions...And  
sometimes we can't go back  
and fix 'em.

f) Mack scores and looks to the stands. No Marjorie. Mack is bummed in his victory.

g) The tournament tree. The Mudders and the Beemers's have moved to the Final-Slot

END MONTAGE

INT. LOCKEROOM - AFTERNOON

Damon addresses the boys.

DAMON

On the plaque above the bar  
back home, it says it all.  
"Rugby is a thug's  
sport...Played by gentlemen."  
Now that's to remind us to be  
exemplary in our dealings  
with the fairer sex, and with  
society...But for the next 90  
minutes...We play in a thug's  
world with thug's rules.

(Beat)

Play honest. But play hard.

(Beat)

This is gonna be my last  
chance for a championship.

The guys are taken aback.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Leslie's pregnant. I made her  
a promise. So if you can't  
make it happen for  
yourselves. Make it happen  
for me. It's been fun. Let's

do it one more time. And when  
we get to the other side of  
this thing... Well...

Damon looks them all in the eyes. He doesn't need to  
say anything else. Then.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Ethan? If you would?

EXT. THE MAIN PITCH - DAY

The Beemers are going through their choreographed  
march-out. Chip is running by tapping every other  
player on the back. They are forming the circle.

From the other side of the field comes a loud dog  
bark.

THE GUYS  
RUFF!

Irving is playing his clarinet. Ethan is leading  
cadence. The whole gang of "Mudders" are doing a dog-  
like-stomp in a train from the locker-room to the  
field.

It gets the attention of the crowd and some of "The  
Beemers" and eventually Chip who gets pissed and  
makes his boys keep going.

"The Beemers" do their flip of Chip with the "Sis  
boom Bah!"

But the crowd is grooving to "The Mudders."

ETHAN  
"You keep bumpin' us 'gainst  
the wall"

THE GUYS  
Ruff!

ETHAN  
"Yeah we knowin' that it's  
time to fall."

THE GUYS  
Ruff!

ETHAN  
But until you seen the  
Mudders...

THE GUYS  
TRUST US!

ETHAN & THE GUYS  
"You ain't seen bouncin'  
back."

They get to the center of the field and at the  
crescendo they form a dog-pile. They are jumping on



top of each other and laughing and barking.

The crowd applauds, and barks and starts chanting.

CROWD

Mudders! Mudders! Mudders!

Chip is waiting with his two team captains and the Referee as "The Mudders" clear the field.

Damon and Ethan and Big Lou walk out to meet them.

REFEREE

Gentlemen.

CHIP

Excuse me.

REFEREE

Yes Mr. Sterling?

Chip pulls some legal looking documents from under his shirt. The words "WORK VISA ONLY" are visible.

CHIP

It's come to my attention  
that two of the players on  
The Whitehorsemen team are  
citizens of Australia.

He turns to Damon with a terse smile. Damon stifles a grin.

CHIP (CONT'D)

My Mother actually pointed  
this out to me.

(Beat)

But being so...They are in  
fact not eligible to play in  
the "American National  
Championship"

The Referee scratches his head. Chip smiles, all warmth sportsmanship.

CHIP (CONT'D)

Now, I'd be happy to offer  
you guys Little Pete again,  
and I noticed you have a new  
guy on the sidelines there...

ETHAN

Irving.

CHIP

I guess.

ETHAN

No Wait, Irving.

DAMON

What?

ETHAN

I just thought of something.

Chip turns his head.

Ethan turns and looks at the sideline, and then back to the Referee.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Can you give me a second?  
REFEREE  
Sure.

Ethan runs over to the sideline.

ETHAN  
Irving. You got the Rule  
Book?  
IRVING  
What?  
ETHAN  
The Rugby Rule book.  
IRVING  
I think it's back at the  
hotel.  
ETHAN  
How many men allowed on the  
field?  
IRVING  
Fifteen.

At the center of the field, Chip is getting impatient. The referee is watching as Ethan keeps conferring with Irving.

CHIP  
What is this?  
REFEREE  
Just a second.

Back at the sideline.

ETHAN  
Let's go. Follow me.  
IRVING  
On to the field?  
ETHAN  
Yeah.

Ethan and Irving jog back out to the center.

REFEREE  
Here he comes.  
ETHAN  
We have checked with our  
sources and would like to  
reference another of the  
rules in the Rugby Rule Book.  
Irving.  
IRVING

And I quote: "A team shall be made up of 15 players on the field..."

CHIP

Which is exactly what I...

IRVING

...and no more than Seven alternates."

Chip stops. Ethan starts to mime counting "The Beemers."

ETHAN

And as I start counting the number of players on your team...Well it seems like you made it to the finals illegally...Overlimit so to speak.

Ethan smiles. The Referee looks at Chip. Little Pete comes running out to the center of the field.

LITTLE PETE

Now boss?

Chip is thinking.

CHIP

Huh? No, no Little Pete, hold on.

REFEREE

Well?

The group in the center of the field huddles for a while as the crowd waits to see what is going on. Finally the Referee turns to the crowds and yells:

REFEREE

Play Ball!

Little Pete returns to "Beemers" side of the pitch.

Binger and Boomer take their positions on the pitch with "The Mudders" for the kick-off. Irving makes out with Michelle.

MONTAGE - THE FIRST HALF {Joe & Chuck commentary to be added}

- 1) "The Beemers" kick to "The Mudders" who make a long sweeping play that continues for a score on behalf of Ethan. 5 points are added to the Mudder's score card.
- 2) Ethan makes his extra point kick. The score is 7-0.
- 3) Mario kicks it deep. Chip calls a fair catch.
- 4) "The Beemers" are on the move. MUSCLEBRAIN, a new goon, takes a punch at Damon when no one is looking.

It clocks him pretty hard. Damon elbows the guy back but stays focused on the ball. Another goon, THICKHEAD, way-lays Damon with a flying head-butt. It splits his eye-brow and blackens his eye. He gets up disoriented.

5) Chip scores. Kicks the extra point. The score is 7-7.

6) Mario drop-kicks on the fly. Whitehorsemen 10 - Beemers 7.

7) A Beemer scores a "try" and misses the kick. Whitehorsemen 10 - Beemers 12.

8) Again the two new goons come at Damon. This time "The three Bigs" see it and it's an all out slam-fest. As close to an all out brawl as we've seen. Damon gets the ball and scores a "try."

Whitehorsemen 15 - Beemers 12.

9) Damon kicks the extra point. Whitehorsemen 17 - Beemers 12.

10) A kick off. A run back. A toss in. A fight. Chip scores, but gets knocked on his butt. He misses his kick. The score's tied up 17-17. The whistle blows. Halftime.

END MONTAGE

EXT. BEEMER'S SIDE OF THE PITCH - DAY

Chip is in Musclebrain and Thickhead's faces.

CHIP

He's just one guy. Knock him down and step on him.

EXT. MUDDER'S SIDE OF THE PITCH - DAY

The guys are focused and tired and sweating. Binger checks in on Damon.

BINGER

How you doin' Mate?

DAMON

Ready for the GQ photo shoot.

BOOMER

Hey. He sicks his goons on you once more...It's F.T.N.T time.

DAMON

I agree. But let me take the first crack...

(Laughs)

...If I can still move. Okay boys let's figure this out. They keep playing to our weakness. We get tired and they put new men on the field. Now...

(Beat)

I suppose...If we want...We  
can make 'em scratch 8  
players?

THE GUYS

Hell no. Fuck that! No way.

Damon holds his hands up. That's the answer he was  
looking for.

DAMON

Okay, okay. Good.

(Beat)

So we just gotta suck it up.  
It's only forty minutes till  
I retire. Let's make'em cry.

EXT. MAIN PITCH - DAY

MONTAGE - The second half

1) The Beemer's kick the ball. It's a long extended  
play. Mack catches it and punts it up field to "The  
Three Bigs," who lateral it. A "Beemer" intercepts  
it. A ruckus turns into a moving scrum.

2)Again, Musclebrain & Thickhead go after Damon on  
the blind side. When it's over, all three are  
bleeding. But Damon's nose has been broken again.

3) The ball is heeled out. Chip scoops it up and runs  
to the safest part of the field. Damon gets up and  
draws a bead on him. They head towards a collision  
course. Damon blows bloody snot from his nose. The  
sun gleams off of Chipper's perfect teeth.

4) SLOW MOTION - Damon dives in the air and Chip  
braces himself.  
freezeframe

INT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - NIGHT

Mack is sitting behind the bar. He is talking to six  
20-year-olds. Four guys and a couple of girls.  
GORDON, the tallest of the bunch has a shaved head  
and a goatee.

GORDON

So what happened?

MACK

Well you know how Damon  
always seemed to know what  
was going on at law school?

(Beat)

It turns out Professor  
Harrington is Leslie's Uncle.

FLASHBACK - INT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - NIGHT

Mack is on the payphone.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (PHONE  
FILTER)

What can I do for you Mr.  
McGinty?

MACK

Uh...I was calling to uh...

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (PHONE  
FILTER)

Yes?

MACK

To confirm our dinner plans  
for next weekend.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON (PHONE  
FILTER)

Oh, is that next weekend? You  
know what? I can't make  
it...I have a trip planned.

Macks's eyes light up.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON  
(PHONEFILTER CONT'D)

You are welcome to bring some  
one else, but I'm afraid I  
won't be available.

MACK

Ummm...Would you mind so  
terribly if I didn't go sir?  
It would really only be an  
honor if I was there with  
you.

INT. HARRINGTON'S HOUSE -NIGHT

Harrington is on the phone with Mack.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON

Oh Hogwash Hoodman! Of course  
you don't have to go. See you  
in Aspen.

He hangs up chuckling.

END FLASHBACK

INT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - NIGHT

GORDON

What?

Mack pulls an old team photo from off the wall and  
shows it to the guys.

MACK

Harrington was a founding member of the "The Whitehorsemen." He actually took Damon to his first Rugby game. That's him.

Sure enough there in the picture is a younger Harrington smiling a gap-toothed smile, and a younger Damon with the original "Mudders."

GORDON

(Laughs)

No shit.

Then in unison the guys and girls complain together.

GORDON (CONT'D)

But what about Damon?

THESE GUYS

Yeah...and the Chipster? What happened? Come on man! Don't leave us hanging.

MACK

Okay okay.

Mack waits until they quiet down. Plays with the moment.

MACK

Now remember. Damon had pretty much been road hard and put up wet. There wasn't really much left to him by this point...

GORDON

Did he get him?

MACK

(Beat)

Oh yeah. He got him.

EXT. THE MAIN PITCH - DAY

As before.

SLOW MOTION - Damon dives into the air. Blood is flying from his face. Chip looks to find somewhere to toss the ball but no one is there. Chip Braces himself.

REAL TIME

Damon slams into Chip. His right forearm catching Chip squarely in the mouth. Wham. Chip is knocked

back and loopy.

In the stands Professor Harrington lets out a howl of approval and is topped only by Leslie who jumps on her seat applauding.

PROFESSOR HARRINGTON

Slam that fucker! Yeah!

LESLIE

Yes! Come on baby get the ball!

Damon scoops up the ball and runs it down the side line. Coming at him is a gang of "Beemers."  
Damon cuts in-field and laterals the ball to Ethan.  
Damon cuts off a "Beemer."

Ethan laterals the ball to Mack. Ethan cuts off a "Beemer."

Mack laterals the ball to Mario. Mack cuts off a "Beemer."

Mario punts the ball up field and Big Bob scoops it up.

Big Bob laterals it to Big Joe who laterals it to Big Lou who dives and slams the ball over the line.

Back at the crash-site, Boomer and Binger help Chip stand up.

BOOMER

You alright mate?

CHIP

Huh?

BINGER

He said...Are you alright mate?

CHIP

What happened?

Boomer starts laughing.

BOOMER

I'll tell you what happened mate...The Hammerhead just left you F.T.N.T.

CHIP

Huh?

BINGER

Like us.

Boomer and Binger smile big toothless grins.  
Chip's eyes go wide. He reaches up to his mouth and sure enough...Two of his teeth are missing.



BINGER  
Aww, It ain't that bad.

BOOMER  
Yeah you know some very  
refined women actually find  
it quite attractive. Welcome  
to the club mate.

They laugh and pull him up off the ground. Binger  
bends down and picks up something and hands it to  
Chip.

BINGER  
Oh here. Don't want to forget  
these.

(Beat - Winks at  
him)  
It's yer teefus.

Big Lou kicks the extra point. It's good.  
Damon comes jogging up to Chip. Smiling.

DAMON  
Lemme see.

Chipper cracks a smile. Damon laughs.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Love and rugby huh?

Chip's grin get a little bigger.

CHIP  
Yeah.

Chip winks, lisping his "S's."

CHIP (CONT'D)  
All in the spirit of games-  
min-ship.

Damon laughs.

DAMON  
You're a sick mother fucker  
man.

CHIP  
There's fifteen minutes left.  
It ain't over till it's over.

There are 15 minutes remaining on the clock.  
The scoreboard reads:

Whitehorsemen 24 - Beemers 17

The two teams line up for the kick off.

MACK (V.O.)  
And then something magical  
happened.  
(Beat)  
It started raining.

The crowd starts chanting.

CROWD  
Mudders! Mudders! Mudders!

Mario kicks the ball. As the ball flies high, the  
rain falls down.

SLOW MOTION mixed with REGULAR MOTION - MUDBALL  
A Beemer catches the ball and runs into the ensuing  
melee. He tries to pass it off, but the ball is wet  
and it slips. It is jumped on and squishes out about  
5 times in a row.

"The Mudders" and "The Beemers" are having the time  
of their lives playing in the mud. The F.T.N.T.  
Chipper is right along there with 'em, enjoying it  
more than ever.

Regular motion Mack scores.

CHUCK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Now that's what I call Rugby.  
THE GUYS  
Hoodman! Hoodman! Hoodman!  
  
BARBARA (OFF STAGE)  
Why do they call you hoodman?  
MACK (OFF STAGE)  
I'm Sorry?

INT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - NIGHT

One of the girls, a pretty brunette named BARBARA  
asks Mack again.

BARBARA  
Why do they call you Hoodman?  
MACK  
Well I could show you but  
then I'd have to kill you.  
GORDON  
Come on man.  
BARBARA  
Yeah.  
MACK  
(Beat)  
You guys really don't know?

It's a blank-stare contest. The pretty girl Barbara  
starts flirting with Mack.

BARBARA  
Why don't you just show me?

Mack takes it in for a second.

MACK  
You didn't listen to the  
story did you?

BARBARA  
What?

Mack points to the word "gentlemen" on the sign.  
Barbara is confused.

MACK  
I tell you what.  
(Beat)  
Why don't you ask her?

Marjorie comes walking in the door. Mack slips out  
and kisses her on the cheek.

MACK (CONT'D)  
He's late. I gotta pee. Can  
you watch the bar for a  
second?

Marjorie becomes acutely aware of the kids staring at  
her.

MARJORIE  
Um yeah, sure.

Mack heads to the bathroom. He overhears one of the  
kids asking Marjorie: "Why do they call him Hoodman?"  
Mack laughs and walks into the bathroom.

INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mack takes a piss. On the wall mounted like a trophy  
is Chip Sterling's right ski boot. A plaque  
underneath it reads:

"His Right Boot not his Shit Boot"

Mack laughs.

INT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - NIGHT

Marjorie has an athletic tube-sock pulled over her  
fist and arm. She is explaining something to the two  
girls, who nod.

BARBARA  
Really?  
GIRLFRIEND

Ohhhhh!

The guys try to lean in to see and hear.

GORDON

What?

THE OTHER GUYS

Yeah? What?

Mack comes out of the bathroom as Damon comes walking in carrying a cardboard box.

DAMON

Hoodman check it out.

He pulls a rugby-jersey from the box. It's number 11 and it says "Hammerhead."

He turns it over and it says: "The MuthaFodders"

DAMON (CONT'D)

I got Girth to change the name.

He walks behind the bar.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Sorry I'm late. Y'all have fun.

Mack pulls the sock off of Marjorie's arm.

GORDON

Wait. Who won the game?

MACK

(Beat)

Stick around another 15 minutes and you can ask just about anybody who walks through that door.

He tosses the athletic-sock up over the bar and it lands on the Championship Trophy.

Marjorie's Panties are stapled to the wall behind it.

BLACK OUT

END CREDITS - EXT. THE MAIN PITCH - NIGHT

It's muddy. It's still raining.

Ethan and Beth, Mack and Marjorie, Irving and Michelle, and the rest of "The Mudders" and "The Beemers" are all mobbed together with them drinking and singing: "Louie Louie"

Damon and the gap toothed Chip have their arms over each other's shoulders. They are sharing the Trophy cup of Guinness. They imitate "Appollo Creed and Rocky Balboa."

CHIP  
Ain't gonna be no re-  
match...Don't want one.  
DAMON  
Adrian!

They join in with the others singing "Louie Louie."

BLACK OUT (Pause credit sequence)

INT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - NIGHT  
Boomer sits at the bar with Mack and Marjorie.

BOOMER  
So she's yer girlfriend?  
Right?

CONTINUE END CREDITS - EXT. MAIN PITCH - NIGHT  
"The Mudders & Beemers" in the rain singing "Louie Louie."

BLACK OUT (Pause credit sequence)

INT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - NIGHT

Boomer is still at the bar with Mack and Marjorie.

MACK  
Nope. I'm her boyfriend...But  
she's not my girlfriend.

BOOMER  
Whatcha mean? Same thing  
mate.

MACK  
No. I've sworn my heart soul  
and uh, well you know, the  
"hood" to her...And only her.  
But she can have anyone she  
wants.

BOOMER  
I don't see how...  
MARJORIE  
Boomer. Let's go fuck.

Boomer is excited but confused. He looks back and forth between them.

MACK  
Go on.  
BOOMER  
Wait. But.

(Tries to figure  
it out - Can't)  
No. No.

Marjorie and Mack laugh.

CONTINUE END CREDITS - EXT. MAIN PITCH - NIGHT  
"The Mudders & Beemers" in the rain singing "Louie  
Louie."

BLACK OUT (Pause credit sequence)

INT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - NIGHT

Boomer sits at the bar with Mario and his wife.  
There is a long beat of silence.

MARIO  
She's my sister.

CONTINUE END CREDITS - EXT. MAIN PITCH - NIGHT  
"The Mudders & Beemers" in the rain singing "Louie  
Louie."

BLACK OUT (Pause credit sequence)

INT. CHIP'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Connie and Chip are under the sheets...Humping.

CONNIE  
I don't know what it is about  
broken teeth that just turns  
me on.

CHIP  
Yeah?

CONNIE  
Yeah. It's like you needed a  
flaw and now your perfect.

CHIP  
Really.

CONNIE  
Oh Chipster!

CHIP  
Oh Connie!

CONTINUE END CREDITS - EXT. MAIN PITCH - NIGHT  
"The Mudders & Beemers" in the rain singing "Louie  
Louie."

INT. THE WHITEHORSE BAR - NIGHT

Ethan and Beth are sitting on the corner of the bar  
laughing. Boomer sits down next to them. Ethan stops  
laughing. Boomer gets up and walks away.

CONTINUE END CREDITS - EXT. MAIN PITCH - NIGHT  
"The Mudders & Beemers" in the rain singing "Louie  
Louie."

INT. DALLAS BAR - NIGHT

Chip and Connie sit at the bar with Boomer.

BOOMER

. So she's your girlfriend? Right?

Chip turns to Connie and smiles.

CHIP

. Yeah...She is.

Boomer smiles.

BLACK OUT

THE END