

The life expectancy of an NFL player is 55 years.

The average NFL player's career is 3.5 years.

EXT. MIAMI- VERY EARLY MORNING - PRE DAWN

South Beach. Hotel Row. Overbuilt condos...in one of them...

INT. CONDO COMPLEX - SAME

A man and woman sleep. We notice two things. He's heavily muscled, she's boomin' hot. Her perfect, bare ass is partially covered by the sheets. Close on HIS eyes. Eye lids flutter back in forth in a state of REM. We move closer and bam...

POV: Inside a helmet. View partially obstructed by the grid of the face mask. Absorb one bone crushing hit after another. Mini earthquakes inside his head. One last blow and then his eyes pop open. Takes a minute.

He rolls over. Sits on the edge of the bed. SPENCER STRASMORE, mid 30's, Black, former All-Pro running back. Always ran hard. Grew up in Virginia Beach, and if you think there's no hood near the beach, then you haven't been to the 757. Adopted too..

Prepares to stand but before he can, he has to place both hands on his knees. Tiny holes pepper both knees. A pinky juts out at a right angle. Knuckles swollen. Football fingers. Spencer braces himself, pushes down on his knees...and stands up.

Walks into the bathroom and CLOSES the door. Opens a drawer, filled with orange pill bottles. Grabs a handful of pain killers, pops them in his mouth...starts CHEWING them.

He may look beat up and busted right now, but only we see this. Put him in a custom made suit and, to the outside world, he is still the same 227 lbs of chiseled perfection. Like many of his peers, he never lets anyone see behind the curtain.

He opens the bathroom door and sees MARQUEZ, mid 20's brunette, frantically grabbing her clothes from the floor. She jumps into her skirt, pulls her blouse over her head, grabs her heels in her hand and heads for the door barefoot.

SPENCER

You don't want to shower here?

MARQUEZ

Can't. Totally messed up. Have a meeting at the network in an hour. It's easier.

SPENCER

Easier?

MARQUEZ

All my stuff is there. Products,
hair, skin...you know, stuff that
makes one pretty.

SPENCER

Got it.

MARQUEZ

Babe, I had a really nice time last
night. Bye.

She heads toward the door.

SPENCER

You forgetting something?

She looks at him confused, then smiles, heads over to him and
gives him a goodbye kiss. He grins.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

That's what I'm talking about.

EXT. OCEAN DR. - DAY

A Big Benz cruises onto the Causeway, Star island in the
distance.

INT. BIG BENZ - SAME

A guy, RODNEY, Black, late 30's, drives, obviously a baller,
the girl next him, KIMMY, 26, Latina, is his girl.

KIMMY

Baby, I love you.

RODNEY

And I love you, baby.

KIMMY

Do you really? Are you sure?

RODNEY

Why do you always ask me that? You
know I do.

KIMMY

How much?

RODNEY

More than anything. But why you
always have to quantify things?

KIMMY

I don't know. Maybe I just like to
hear you say it.

RODNEY

Well then I'll say it again. I
LOVE you baby. More than anything.

KIMMY

Anything? More than football?

RODNEY

More than ball.

KIMMY

More than your Rookie of the year
trophy?

RODNEY

Yep.

KIMMY

How bout your Superbowl ring?

He thinks. Pauses.

RODNEY

Hmmmm. Even more than that.

KIMMY

So you would do anything for me?
Cause I would do anything for you.
Even kill myself.

He turns and stares at her. She's crazy. He responds
without missing a beat.

RODNEY

Anything. I would do absolutely
anything.

KIMMY

Even leave your wife?

He doesn't respond. She does.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

You motherfucker. I knew it.

RODNEY
Would you relax?

KIMMY
Relax? Relax?!? You told me you
were separated!!

RODNEY
I am.

KIMMY
You lying piece of shit. I
checked.

She grab his balls. Starts to punch him. He looks to push her off of him. Starts to swerve when a semi plows right into them. Dead.

INT. STADIUM - DAY

On the field a temporary stage with makeshift bleachers. A giant picture of Rodney next to a grand flower arrangement in the shape of a 12, his number from pee wee football to the pros.

Filled with players, most of them retired. Wives stand next to gold diggers wearing 6" Loubou's.

The widowed wife, TINA, 36, white, perfect features, and her son, RODNEY JUNIOR, 12, dark skin, curly hair, looks more like his dad, receive everyone. Spencer, wearing a perfectly pressed black suit, his diamond crusted JACOB THE JEWELER watch and, of course, his SUPERBOWL ring speaks with his buddy CHARLES GREEN, black, 35, Ole Miss boy, retired for a year, offensive lineman, wears a five button suit. Both played for the Rams. Charles put on a few from his 305 lbs. playing weight, which he struggles with.

SPENCER
You know how many times I told him
not to fuck with that chicken head.

CHARLES
No doubt.

SPENCER
Clip her before shit happens.

CHARLES
No doubt.

SPENCER

It was just a matter of time. That girl was crazy.

CHARLES

No doubt.

SPENCER

Would you stop saying that?

CHARLES

My bad. I just got lost thinking.

SPENCER

About?

CHARLES

How fucking hot Kimmy was. And what tragedy it is that she is gone off of our fine earth.

SPENCER

Is ass all you ever think about?

CHARLES

Yea...(beat) and food.

SPENCER

You're out of your mind?? How bout thinking about *his* wife?

CHARLES

You think she knew about Kimmy?

Off Spencer's look.

INT. MEMORIAL SERVICE - CONTINUOUS

Spencer up at the podium eulogizing Rodney.

SPENCER

The one thing I know is that he loved his family more than anything. Tina, you meant the world to him.

He looks at her. Others discreetly raise their eyebrows. Notices a sexy woman seated cross legged on a temp chair close to the front.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

We all know what a competitor Rod was...

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He looks out. Sees the woman again. She's now staring intensely at him....She mouths to him, "I want to fuck you." He pauses, gets his composure, continues...

SPENCER (CONT'D)

My first game starting...we're playing in the Giants Stadium. Swirling wind. Zero degree wind chill. And I had just fumbled the ball at the goal line. I come back to the huddle. Nobody wants to look at me and Rod says, you do that again, you'll be bagging groceries...But don't worry, I'll still be your friend. Then he said, get ready cause the next one's coming right back at you. So to my teammate, my friend, my brother, right back at you.

He finishes. Can't help himself and glances back to woman who hasn't looked off of him. And before he looks away, she uncrosses her legs and gives him a glimpse. Welcome to Spencer's world.

EXT. MEMORIAL SERVICE - PARKING LOT

Everyone exiting. Spencer, Charles, and their boy, RICKY JARRET, bowtie and glasses, black, 30, SoCal boy, grew up in Inglewood, always wired, wide receiver, still plays for the Packers, leans on car.

SPENCER

(re: Service)

That was fucked up.

RICKY

Nah, you know what was fucked up was that shorty in the front row.

SPENCER

You saw that?

CHARLES

Seen what?

RICKY

(reverentially)

Hell yea, she was a straight up freak. Got worried she might leave her seat.

CHARLES

Why do I always miss the freaks?

RICKY

(Smiles)

God works in mysterious ways.

SPENCER

(Laughs)

Rod would a loved it...What do you say we honor my man's life with a night out?

RICKY

(nods)

I'm always up for a little...What are you thinking?

SPENCER

The WALL. You know it was Rod's favorite spot.

CHARLES

Am I invited?

They both stare at him. Of course he is...

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I didn't want to be assumptuous. See you guys later.

Charles splits off and leaves Ricky and Spencer.

Ricky looks across at four girls with big tits and big hair.

RICKY

Should I grab some of the funeral ho's?

Ricky waves at the girls. They wave back.

Spencer gives him a look. "Show some respect."

EXT. MIAMI - DAY

Spencer drives his '65. White. Of Course. He's lost in thought. He reaches into a hidden compartment, grabs and starts chewing a handful of pills. Cell Phone rings. Looks up at digital display, "Vernon." He immediately kicks up his energy; that's how he is with people.

SPENCER

What up Big Time? Where the hell
were you today?

EXT. LUXURY HIGH RISE CONDO- CONTINUOUS

VERNON LITTLEFIELD, currently starts for Dallas Cowboys.
He's a smash mouth linebacker, nickname "The Plug." His
friends play Madden 2012 on a giant flat screen. There's a
whole lotta other people roaming around his condo. We're not
sure who they are or what they do.

VERNON

Huh?

SPENCER

You don't know about Rod?

VERNON

Oh that. Yea, sorry to hear, but I
got a predicament. Need some gap
cash. Short term. For rent and
things.

SPENCER

Fuck. How's that possible?

VERNON

(rambling)

You know how it is. I got a big
family. A lot of friends too.
They need to eat.

SPENCER

How much you need?

VERNON

Three hundred grand.

SPENCER

What?! Didn't you sign for 12 mil
out of school?

VERNON

Come on Spence. You know how it
is, spend the rookie deal, save the
next.

SPENCER

Are you telling me the whole story?
You know I would do anything for
you but you have to be straight up.

Vernon thinks.

VERNON
I'll call you back.

Vernon hangs up abruptly. Spencer immediately tries to dial him back. No luck. Pulls into his office parking lot.

INT. ANDERSON FINANCIAL

Spencer strides down the hall passing a row of offices. Hears from out of the corner office...

VOICE (V.O.)
Yo Yo

Spencer see's his thirtysomething boss, Joe, loves to surf, beckoning Spencer into his office. Leg draped over a chair watching coverage of the memorial on a flatscreen.

JOE
Wow. That was some service. Hope that many people show up when I die.

Spencer doesn't respond. Stonewalls him...Waiting to see what he needs.

JOE (CONT'D)
Did you get any leads?

SPENCER
Joe, it's a fucking funeral.

JOE
Don't tackle the messenger. I'm just saying, when are you going to start to...

SPENCER
(cuts him off, he's heard it before)
...Monetize my friendships.

I/E. CHARLES'S HOUSE - LATER

Charles wife, JULIE, 30's, black, his high school sweet heart, an RN, is bringing groceries into their single story, Boca Raton house. She sees her husband on the sofa watching ADAM SCHEFTER reporting on Sportscenter.

JULIE
Still haven't moved?

CHARLES
I'm mourning.

JULIE
Really????

CHARLES
People deal with grief in their own individual way.

JULIE
Fine I'll give you a pass today. But tomorrow you are out looking for a job. At least do us both a favor and learn something from Rodney's life.

CHARLES
What's that?

JULIE
When you have too much time on your hands and you fuck groupie whores, you end up dead.

CHARLES
You jokin' or you serious, I can't tell?

She just stares at him...Oh, she's serious.

EXT. W HOTEL - NIGHT

Assorted cars S65's, Rovers, Beemers diagonally parked up front, VIP style. Hot latin girls dressed in brightly colored sexy dresses. The guys (Spencer, Ricky and Charles) roll up in Spencer's custom, chauffeur-driven Escalade. They pop out. See two huge guys, identical twins, MAURKICE and MIKE POUNCEY, Mike is younger by a minute, both REAL players in the NFL, both play the position of center, one for Pittsburgh, the other for Miami. They get out of a white Bentley. Spencer, see's an opportunity and runs up on them.

SPENCER
(to Maurkice)
How's the best center in the league?

They both turn around, spot Spencer. TV Calling - For educational purposes only

MIKE

He's not even the best center in
the family.

They laugh.

MAURKICE

Spence, you know my little brother
Mike?

MIKE

Who you calling little?

Spencer looks at the 6'5" 320lbs guy.

SPENCER

We've crossed paths once or twice
but always good to get a proper
introduction.

MAURKICE

(Caught)

This is who I was telling you
about. Been meaning for all of us
to get together.

Spencer giving Maurkice shit.

SPENCER

You keep saying that...

MIKE

You're supposed be the man when it
comes to managing finances, right?

SPENCER

(owning it)

That's what they say. So when can
I start making you guys some
paper...or at least saving you
some...Whose Bentley is that?

MIKE

(defensively)
It's not mine.

MAURKICE

(proudly)
It's mine, and I paid cash!

SPENCER (CONT'D)

First piece of advice, never buy a
depreciating asset, if it drives,
flies, floats or fucks - lease it!

INT. THE WALL NIGHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Night club going off. The guys are joined by several other former players. Everyone drinks, Charles drinks water.

PROMOTER brings boom boom girls to the table.

PROMOTER

Dashi, Paulina, and Barrrrrbara,
(whispers to guys) just don't call
her Barbara. Girls, meet the dream
team.

The guys smile and say hi.

SPENCER

What can I get for you girls?

GIRLS

(in Unison)
Champagne please.

The girls jump up and sit of the ledge of the booth. Paulina stands and starts dancing on top of the booth. The waitress comes over with a bottle of Dom. Hands each of the girls a flute.

Dashi sits down next to Charles.

DASHI

I'm Dashi, who are you?

CHARLES

Charles Green.

DASHI

Who do you play for Charles Green?

CHARLES

(self conscious)
Used to play. But I'm retired now.
Haven't really figured what I want
to do next. I'm still
contemplative.

With that she gets up to moves on.

DASHI

Nice to meet you Charles. Good
luck with everything...

Spots Ricky, realizes who he is, makes a beeline for him...

Ricky and Spencer, admiring the view.

RICKY

Didn't he meet Kimmy here.

SPENCER

Yep. He had a thing for bottle service girls.

RICKY

Who doesn't? You think it's the uniform?

SPENCER

No, I think it's they're hot and you're drunk.

RICKY

Then I think I'll stick to a civilian tonight.

Dashi sits down next to Ricky.

DASHI

Hi, I'm Dashi...

RICKY

I'm Ricky, what you do Dashi?

DASHI

I'm in branding.(she's not)

INT. BATHROOM

Dashi is propped up a small sink inside a unisex bathroom while Ricky is fucking the hell out of her.

EXT. BATHROOM HALLWAY-MOMENTS LATER

A line has formed. People grow impatient. Even over the music you can hear Dashi howling in ecstasy coming from inside. They all look at each other. A FRAT BOY type, wearing a way to colorful button up starts banging on the door.

FRAT BOY

Come on you somma bitch, hurry the hell up.

A moment later the door opens. Ricky emerges. Quickly closes the door behind him before Frat boy can get in.

RICKY

O my bad, didn't know people were waiting. (He did) Do me a favor and just give my girl a minute, would you? She's not feeling too well.

The kid looks at him. Realizes.

FRAT BOY

Hey, you're Ricky Jarret. (Ricky nods) I watched you and your boy Rodney play at SC.

RICKY

You a Trojan too?

FRAT BOY

Hell no. Fuck the TROjans.

RICKY

Huh?

FRAT BOY

Rules don't apply to you, huh? No common decency? You guys with your self entitlement. Y'all nothin' but a bunch of selfish womanizing assholes...know what I mean?

RICKY

No, I don't know what ya mean. (He does) How bout you tell me, big boy?

FRAT BOY

How bout you ask your friend Rodney?

Ricky punches the guy in the face and drops him. Casually turns and walks back to the table.

A guy in line takes out his cell and types...

We freeze frame on Ricky walking away.

Super reads "@RickyJarret just punched some guy at #THEWALL"

INT. WALL NIGHT CLUB - GUYS TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Spencer sees Ricky heading towards the table.

RICKY
(To Spencer)
We gotta bounce.

SPENCER
What's up?

RICKY
Problems.

Ricky looks back at the scene behind him.

SPENCER
I'll eat the bill. Head out the
back. Charles'll grab the car.

RICKY
Don't forget the girls.

Spencer looks at him.

SPENCER
Call your fucking agent!

Ricky heads out. Spencer grabs Charles in a headlock.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Ladies, you have to get the old man
to stop drinking water, it's bad
for his health...Come on, who wants
to go chill on the boat?

INT. JASON'S APT. BEDROOM - 3 AM

Sports Agent Jason Antolotti, 40's, Long Island Italian, and MOLLY, Stanford U. Blonde, are having sex. Framed pictures of the couple are all over the apartment. Several feature Molly either holding a golf bag, a trophy or both...She's a pro golfer.

JASON
Who's going to win the Open?

MOLLY
I am.

JASON
Who?

MOLLY
I am.

His cell rings. Caller ID reads "Ricky Jarret"
TV Calling - For educational purposes only

JASON
O geez, What the fuck...

JASON (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Ricky.

INT. RICKY'S BOAT

People party on the deck, girls in the jacuzzi. Miami in the background. Ricky is in his quarters with the door closed.

RICKY
(Whispering)
J.

JASON
What's up?

RICKY
I have a little situation.

JASON
Another one? How little?

RICKY
Bigger. Let some punkass fratboy incite me. So I dropped him.

JASON
Ahhh fuck. Why'd you do that?

RICKY
Why do I do anything? Shit just happens to me.

JASON
Well I'm sure there was good reason. Let me get on it. In the mean time, don't talk to anyone, lay low. And I'll call you tomorrow.

Two girls in bikini's walk in looking for Ricky.

EXT. SETAI - NEXT MORNING

Jason, seated in usual spot working two cell phones. Up walks Spencer, dressed like he's straight out of a Ralph Lauren ad, wearing a cream colored linen suit, not a wrinkle.

JASON

You living legend...I'm setting up a pro day.

SPENCER

Never stop selling, huh?

JASON

Still look like you could play though.

SPENCER

How bout focusing on your current players? They're not doing too good. Vernon's fucked. And are you up to speed with the Ricky situation?

JASON

Already spoke to the GM. He's fucked. They're trying to trade him.

SPENCER

Wow, that quick?

JASON

Shit's changed. Twitter. You Tube. He's trending.

SPENCER

Of course he is. Fuck. That's problematic. I'll reach out to him, try to keep his head on straight...Vernon hit you yet?

JASON

He left me some cryptic message. What's up?

SPENCER

He's a broke motherfucker is what's up and he needs a loan.

JASON

Not surprised. His childhood friend Reggie handles his money.

SPENCER

You gotta be kidding me. Fat Reggie from Pensacola?

JASON

Yea that Reggie.

SPENCER

Damn, how the hell'd you let that happen?

JASON

How did I? Like I had a choice. How did YOU let that happen... I'm trying to get him a new deal.

SPENCER

I should be handling his money.

JASON

Why aren't you handling his money?

A beat....Spencer thinks. Makes a decision.

SPENCER

You know what, I'm gonna loan him the 300K.

JASON

You know what, you're fucking crazy. I know you don't have that kind of money.

SPENCER

No crazier than loaning YOUR first client 50K when you had zero. And it sure seems to have turned out ok for you.

JASON

But you were a sure thing.

SPENCER

No I wasn't. Not even close.

Off Jason's smirk.

INT. STOP AND SHOP - SAME

Charles, dressed in Lime Green Polo shirt, crisp jeans is at the check out paying for an assortment of candy including a box of Ring Dings, Yodels and Snowballs.

CASHIER

Yodels are my favorite.

Charles smiles.

CHARLES

I still haven't decided.

EXT. FT. LAUDERDALE - ANDERSON FINANCIAL REGIONAL OFFICE

Spencer pulls into the parking lot. A glass and chrome two story building in the background. Cell phone rings. "Vernon" pops up on the display. He parks and walks in to the office as he talks.

SPENCER

What happened yesterday? I tried to call you back.

LORENA (V.O.)

Mr. Strasmore?

INT. VERNON'S APARTMENT

Vernon stands with Lorena, 20's, rental agent.

SPENCER

(confused)

Who's this?

LORENA

Lorena Salinas. I'm calling from the management office of Vernon's building. He requested I call you regarding his rent.

Spencer shakes his head. Can't believe Vernon made her call.

SPENCER

Ok...?

VERNON

(whispers in her ear)

Tell him how much I owe.

LORENA

Well, he's three months past due...

Vernon grabs the phone back. The task completed.

VERNON

See, I ain't been making shit up.

SPENCER

YOU could have just told me.

VERNON

But why leave any doubt?

Spencer smiles to himself.

SPENCER

I got you covered.

VERNON

That's why you were always my
favorite teammate!

INT. ANDERSON FINANCIAL

Spencer chomping on a muffin comes walking in. Brokers and assistants. Cruises by his co-workers, says hi to everyone, everyone loves Spencer. He's greeted by his secretary, VIRGINIA, 50'S, black, voluptuous with long acrylic nails. They met during his stint with the Saints when she worked in front office. Today her nails are black and gold. She has a pic of quarterback Drew Brees in her cubicle.

VIRGINIA

Morning honey.

He goes to pound fists.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)

Watch the nails.

This time we get a real glimpse of his office. Walls filled with pics from his playing days, college and pro. A game ball with a date written on it and "10,000th Yard" in white ink, sits in a credenza under a window overlooking the parking lot. Everything immaculate, just like the way he wore his uniform.

Joe sees Spencer. Walks in right behind him.

JOE

I'm on the elliptical this morning
watching Sportscenter... Dude!
What is up with your boy Ricky?

He leans, sotto.

JOE (CONT'D)

Dude, you got to tell me what
really went down.

Spencer just stares at him, he'd rather quit than talk about it. His blackberry rings. Spencer sees its Ricky, Joe doesn't. Spencer looks at Joe. TV Calling - For educational purposes only

INT. CAR - SAME

Ricky wearing sunglasses and a Yankee baseball hat.

RICKY

Spence, it's Rick. You wanted to talk?

SPENCER

Yea, can we grab dinner tonight at Prime 112?

RICKY

Nah, can't do that, don't want to see anybody.

SPENCER

Where're you now?

RICKY

Where else? Parked right out front of your office.

Spencer shakes his head.

SPENCER

Ricky, hold on a sec. Joe. It's Ricky Jarret, needs a minute with me.

JOE

Not a problem, but you should be handling him. Bro, the time to pounce is when people are at their weakest. By the way, what's it like to get traded?

SPENCER

I wouldn't know.

EXT. ANDERSON FINANCIAL - CONTINUOUS

Spencer walks out to see Ricky in his Red 458 Italia Ferrari. License plate 88. Spencer gets in the car.

SPENCER

Thought you were laying low?

RICKY

It was this or the monster truck. Thought this was a better choice.

INT. LOS PERROS RESTAURANT - HIALEAH, FL - LATER

Spencer and Ricky eat with the locals. They munch on ChorriPerros (Cuban Hotdogs). Ferrari in the background surrounded by junkers. Ricky is amped and fidgety.

RICKY

I don't want to be traded.

SPENCER

You've been traded before.

RICKY

Yea, but I was young and stupid then. This time it's different. I like where I am. Don't want to learn a new system, play the get to know you game.

SPENCER

Did Jason tell you that?

RICKY

(panicked)

No, I'm not talking to him. I'm avoiding his calls. (Takes a bite)...I'm not letting them treat Ricky Jarret like this. I mean fuck, if they send my ass to Jacksonville, I'll retire. I do not care. I'll do something else.

SPENCER

You threatening to quit?

RICKY

Fuck being part of rebuilding an organization. Had 1000 yards last year.

SPENCER

Oh, so you're going to pull a Tiki Barber? Retire early. Pursue your dreams. Nigga please. You think there should be special rules? Ricky Rules.

RICKY

Hell no. It's not what I'm saying. They didn't treat you like this, Golden boy.

SPENCER

Golden boy, huh? Well let me tell you what it was like...I had an image of what my retirement day was going to look like, standing at the podium, mic in front of me, coach on one side, owner on the other, family and friends surrounding me...you know how it went down?

Ricky shakes his head, he doesn't

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Sitting at my kitchen with my cell phone...waiting for the call from the owner, GM, hell even the trainer. You know when it came?

He stares at Ricky.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Never.

RICKY

Really?

SPENCER

Yes, really. I'll swap with you. Trade my life to get one more play. Nothing can replace that feeling. So you better wise the fuck up, because you got one more contract before you join the rest of us. Start acting and conducting yourself like a professional. Do not do anything on your own. No phone calls, no texts and you better not be tweeting.

RICKY

You're right...I promise. No tweeting.

INT. CHARLES' TRUCK - LATER

Charles cruises down Biscayne Blvd. Stops at light. Looks down at the passenger seat covered in empty wrappers. There's one last Yodel. He stares at it. Finally he snatches it, opens it, takes a huge bite and smiles.

INT. SETAI - LATER

Jason walks through the lobby, talks on his cell to Philadelphia Eagles GM.

JASON

John, we both know that the Packers have family base and you guys have a rogue base. If they put him on waivers you will be fighting six other teams for Ricky. You don't want that.

EAGLES G.M.

Six?

JASON

Ok, 3.

EAGLES G.M.

I'll think about it. But it's hard to make a decision without knowing how long the suspension is going to be.

Jason winces at the word suspension.

EXT. TROPICAL CHEVROLET - SAME

Charles drives along, sees Chevy dealership, decides to turn in.

INT. TROPICAL CHEVROLET - CONTINUOUS

Shined up cars fill the floor, surrounded by desks occupied by SALESMEN. One jumps up as soon as he sees Charles walk through the door.

SALESMAN

Hey, how you doing today buddy?

CHARLES

Good.

Looks out the window at Charles' truck.

SALESMAN

You looking for an upgrade?

CHARLES

No, sir. I'm looking to get me a job. You guys hiring?

SALESMAN

Have you worked in car sales
before?

CHARLES

No, sir.

SALESMAN

Sales of any kind?

CHARLES

No, sir.

SALESMAN

What was your last job?

CHARLES

You a football fan?

SALESMAN

Hell yeah, I'm a fan!

CHARLES

Played offensive line for the Rams.
Charles Green.

He extends his huge hand.

SALESMAN

No shit, don't remember you.

CHARLES

Don't feel bad. No one ever
remembers the right tackle.

INT. STAR ISLAND HOME - LATER

Ricky antsy in his trophy room. Triple flat screens on the
wall. He stares at the phone, can't control himself.
Finally he hits speed dial for the Packers front office.

SECRETARY

Packers office.

RICKY

It's Ricky Jarret, is Mr. Johnson
available?

SECRETARY

Hold one moment please.

Long hold. Ricky fidgets.

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OWNER

Hello.

RICKY

(Owning it)

Mr. Johnson, I'm calling to apologize. I messed up. No other way to say it. I am a fuck up and I let my emotions get the best of me.

OWNER

I appreciate your honesty, son.

RICKY

I'd also like to say that I will never put myself or YOUR team in this position ever again.

OWNER

Good to know and I admire the call. I'll take it all under consideration.

RICKY

Thanks so much.

OWNER

Take care.

They hang up. The owner looks over to his executive team.

OWNER (CONT'D)

Cut him.

INSERT SHOTS

Spencer's phone - Text from Ricky. "I called Mr. Johnson. Think we're good".

Jason's phone - Text from Ricky. "I called Mr. Johnson. Think we're good".

Off both their looks...Fuck.

EXT. CORAL GABLES - POP WARNER FOOTBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

A practice game of 12 year olds in progress. Tina watches from the sidelines as Rodney Jr. scrambles for big yardage. He is clearly the best kid on the field by a wide margin.

Spencers walks up next to her. TV Calling - For educational purposes only

SPENCER

I'm impressed to see you guys out.

TINA

They say the best thing for kids is to keep them in their daily routine. Keep them busy.

Rodney Jr. notices Spencer on the sideline, gives him a what up nod.

Rodney Jr. gets under the center and snaps the ball. Pump fakes passing the ball, instead brings it down and takes off running, making sharp cuts and stiff arming a much bigger kid to break free for a long TD.

TINA (CONT'D)

GO RJ!

SPENCER

Cut it back inside!

Instead of listening to Spencer, RJ lowers his shoulder and buries the kid trying to tackle him. Clearly an unnecessarily aggressive move to do in practice.

TINA

Young man, you do that again and I will pull your ass off that field. That is not what you were taught.

SPENCER

Think you should cut em some slack?

Tina responds with a death stare.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

My bad...So listen, about...

TINA

Save it. No need to say it. In fact I can't hear it from one more person.

SPENCER

I understand.

TINA

No, you really don't. Had to hire a lawyer. You know he didn't leave a will? No life insurance either. Rodney being Rodney, but you know better than anyone.

SPENCER

I guess.

TINA

Come on Spencer. You know everything that man did. How long did you know about Kim?

Spencer hesitates.

SPENCER

I don't know exactly. I didn't really hang with them.

TINA

Spencer, if you are going to remain in my life...

SPENCER

Fine. Probably as long as you did. But I sure didn't co-sign on it.

TINA

It's not like I haven't been fucking somebody too.

SPENCER

Who you fucking?

She ignores the question.

TINA

Don't worry, we're all good. You and me have our own thing.

SPENCER

Good. Cause I'm here for Jr. and you.

TINA

I appreciate it but, I know what I signed up for. And you know what? I'd do it all over again...But you need to stop worrying about everyone else and focus on you.

SPENCER

I'm cool.

TINA

Is that what you tell yourself?

EXT. STAR ISLAND HOME - LATER

Spencer, Jason, Ricky and his girlfriend, ANNABELLA, talk out in the back. Biscayne Bay in the background.

RICKY

Cut me? Cut Ricky Jarret? 22nd all time on the receivers list.

ANNABELLA

Behind Steve Largent.

RICKY

Who the fuck is that?

SPENCER

Hall of fame...

RICKY

I cannot believe I'm in this position. They can't even get value for me?

JASON

You know how it is now. Once they see an imperfection the organization doesn't want to have anything to do with you.

SPENCER

It's just politics.

ANNABELLA

He's still one of the best damn wide outs in the league.

RICKY

It's humiliating.

JASON

I'm working to fix it. I've already been in contact with Philly, Miami, Atlanta, and Tennessee.

ANNABELLA

And?

JASON

I'm waiting for them to get back to me.

ANNABELLA

Waiting? Training camp starts in 3 weeks.

Jason looks at her.

RICKY
(to Annabella)
Baby. Chill. (To Jason, honest and
insecure.) I can't stand to wait.

INT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Charles comes walking in. Julie's there waiting.

JULIE
I got worried. I came in.
Sportscenter wasn't playing, you
weren't on the couch...I thought
you might have been abducted.

CHARLES
Why you always have to make jokes
at my expense? You know I'm
sensitive.

JULIE
Because deep down you like it. You
know you always played better for a
hard ass coach.

CHARLES
True.

JULIE
You know mama is always here for
you. More than anything I got you
back. We are in this together.

She goes to kiss him, stretches up to reach him.

CHARLES
Yea I know.

JULIE
So how did you do? Any leads?

CHARLES
Well I...

He pauses for a second and then whips out the Tropicana
Chevrolet hat from his back pocket and puts it on his head.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
You now looking at the new salesman
of the biggest Chevy dealership in
Miami. TV Calling - For educational purposes only

JULIE

Baby!

She jumps on him and straddles him...

INT. STAR ISLAND HOME - RICKY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Ricky getting ready for bed. TV, muted, on ESPN, Adam Shefter reports. Ricky sees his face being featured next to Shefter's. Annabella nowhere to be seen. Ricky turns off the TV, kneels next to the bed.

RICKY

Please dear God, if you bestow on me a chance to play again, to lace up my shoes, to put on my pads and once again take motherfuckers out, I promise I will make you proud...

INT. TROPICAL CHEVROLET - NEXT DAY

Charles is at his desk getting a tutorial on car sales by a guy named, RAY, 53.

CHARLES

What happens if I don't know something?

RAY

You're a car salesman, just make it up.

Charles walks up to a customer.

CHARLES

How you doing today, sir?

CUSTOMER

Not bad.

Charles looks out the window to see that the guy's car is a Mercedes.

CHARLES

Looking for an upgrade?

Customer laughs.

CUSTOMER

No, I'm looking for a truck for hunting and fishing.

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CHARLES

Grew up huntin'. Daddy taught me early. Still do it.

CUSTOMER

Where...back in Biloxi?

Charles is immediately taken aback.

CHARLES

How you know I'm from Mississippi?

CUSTOMER

You're Charles Green.

CHARLES

Yes sir.

CUSTOMER

I'm Larry Seifert. Miami Dolphins. I scouted you when I was at 'Bama. Couldn't believe we lost out to Central Florida.

CHARLES

CF had a lot less folks. Wasn't always a city kid like I am now.

Seifert smiles, thinks for a second.

SEIFERT

You played with Ricky Jarret, right?

CHARLES

3 seasons. Arrived right after we won the Superbowl.

SEIFERT

Heard he's some character.

CHARLES

Always entertaining.

SEIFERT

Is he as much of an ass as he appears?

CHARLES

No sir. He's just passionate. We still good friends. He only cares about winning. If anything, he's just misunderstood.

SEIFERT

Aren't we all?

CHARLES

I guess so?

They walk up to Chevy Silverado....

CHARLES (CONT'D)

There she is.

INT. STAR ISLAND HOME - LATER

Ricky, Jason and Spencer talk.

RICKY

I prayed to God and he answered my calls.

SPENCER

I don't know what the man upstairs is up to, but I do know Jason, your super agent, got you an in person with Miami.

RICKY

It's all part of God's plan, ain't it?

JASON

Let's talk about OUR plan.

SPENCER

First thing is be contrite. Let him know you have learned from the experience.

RICKY

Be humble.

JASON

Also, that it won't happen again.

RICKY

Never.

SPENCER

And that you will do whatever the coach and the team need you to do.

RICKY

Even play on special teams.

JASON

Good, now get going, you don't want to be late. You know he schedules all the team meetings 5 minutes early.

RICKY

Won't be late...Yo, and I know I'm not the easiest person to deal with.

Spencer smiles.

RICKY (CONT'D)

So I appreciate that you don't bail when shit goes down.

JASON

Never even crossed our minds.

RICKY

It comes from a spiritual place. I'm just a passionate man.

EXT. I-95 - LATER

Signs show 20 miles to Ft. Lauderdale. Reveal Ricky stuck in traffic. Ricky sweating, melting down about the possibility of being late.

RICKY

Fuck me...Please dear god, no, no, no. Rodney, if you can hear me please clear me a path...

EXT. CORAL RIDGE YACHT CLUB - SUNRISE BAY - LATER

Ricky parks the car and sprints towards the boats. Momentarily lost he spots a 40 Ft. Viking, named BIG TUNA with it's engines running. He runs down the dock. The Miami Dolphin's COACH, late 50s, 270 lbs., currently on a low fat diet, is on the boat.

COACH

You're late.

RICKY

Well technically it's 4:58

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COACH
Do you know my rules?

RICKY
Yes sir.

COACH
Then what are you?

Ricky doesn't want to answer but he does.

RICKY
I'm late.

COACH
Good, then we understand each other.

Ricky shakes his head.

COACH (CONT'D)
Can you do me a favor and untie that cleat?

RICKY
Yea sure.

Ricky unties the slip knots. Throws him the ropes.

COACH
Thanks. And take care.

He motors off leaving Ricky on the dock by himself. The boat gets smaller and smaller in the distance. Ricky turns and walks away.

EXT. VERNON'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

Spencer walks into Vernon's luxury condo. There's even more people than before. His mom cooks...

VERNON
MY MAN! Coming to deliver the green hug!

SPENCER
I love you too buddy, but who are these people?

VERNON
I don't really know...

SPENCER

You better start knowing.

Spencer hands him a check.

VERNON

Thanks. I'm good for this. And
don't sweat it. I'll make sure to
pay you back.

SPENCER

Oh, I know you will.

EXT. CORAL RIDGE YACHT CLUB - SUNRISE BAY - LATER

The Big Tuna pulls back in the bay. Slows as it approaches
the dock.

We see Ricky sitting there eating a Big Mac. Waiting. He
stands as he sees Coach approaching. Coach throws Ricky the
bow line.

COACH

You really have a big set of balls.

RICKY

I want you to know who I am.
People talk a lot of shit about me,
I know my rep.

COACH

Don't worry, I form my own
opinions.

Ricky pulls him in and ties the rope off.

RICKY

Sorry for showing up late...

The coach just looks at him...

COACH

Let me ask you a question.

RICKY

What's that?

COACH

What are the three most important
things in your life?

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Ricky contemplates for a minute.

RICKY
God, family.....

Coach waits. Then Ricky says.

RICKY (CONT'D)
And football.

COACH
I thought you were going to say
friends there for a second.

RICKY
I wasn't.

Coach smiles.

COACH
Jarret, some people deserve a
second chance, are you one of those
people?

RICKY
Yes sir.

COACH
Good. Because there's only one
thing I like more than fishing,
that's winning football games. If
you can keep your head on straight,
and work hard, you got a shot.
(Pause) Welcome to the Miami
Dolphins.

He takes his cooler and starts walking off.

RICKY
Thanks. You won't be disappointed.

COACH
Heard that before.

Coach turns and adds...

COACH (CONT'D)
Oh and one more thing, not everyone
talks shit about you. Believe it or
not somebody *actually* said
something nice about you.

RICKY
Who's that?

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COACH

Salesman over at the Chevy dealership.

RICKY

Don't think I know anybody over there.

COACH

You don't know Charles Green?

Ricky just shakes his head and smiles.

RICKY

No shit? Charles got a job!

INT. SPENCER'S CONDO - EVENING

Spencer watches Sportscenter, drinks Buffalo Trace whiskey, pops a couple of pills, chases them down. Cell phone rings. "Ricky." He tries to amp up his energy.

SPENCER

My man. How ya doing?

RICKY

You ain't gonna believe this.

SPENCER

You got married?

Ricky laughs.

RICKY

Even crazier. Just left the meeting with the coach...Guess who's coming home?

SPENCER

...to play for the Dolphins?

RICKY

Hell yeah...And you know what? I been doin a lot of thinkin.

Spencer laughs.

SPENCER

Really???

RICKY

I'm not jokin. I need someone like you looking out for me. TV Calling - For educational purposes only

(MORE)

RICKY (CONT'D)

If you're up for it, I want you to
handle my affairs.

SPENCER

(Spencer thinks a beat)
You gonna stay outta trouble?

RICKY

I'll try it out.

SPENCER

Cause I'm not holding your hand
only your money.

RICKY

Well, you better get ready to use
both hands.

Spencer big smile. They hang up. Back to Ricky. Flashing
lights in his rear view. Oh Fuck!