

DRAFT DAY

by

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FADE IN:

INT. RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL - MORNING

It's early morning. Radio City is empty. Almost ghostly. We see thousands of empty seats...

A large stage with a giant NFL BANNER hanging behind a podium....

Tables and chairs for Teams and Media...

The WAITING ROOM for the top draft prospects...

As we see these places, the echoes of the place are heard. Things like, "With the first pick in the 1998 NFL Draft, the Indianapolis Colts take..."

Intercut with NEWS CLIPS/PHOTOS of famous #1 draft picks (i.e. O.J. Simpson, Terry Bradshaw, Bo Jackson, Troy Aikman, Michael Vick, etc.)...

Sounds of CROWDS CHEERING AND BOOING...ANNOUNCERS critiquing draft picks and NFL GMs...

We see a GIANT BANNER of ALL 32 NFL TEAM LOGOS...then slowly ZOOM IN ON:

THE BUFFALO BILLS LOGO.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SONNY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON: THE BUFFALO BILLS LOGO.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Nobody can predict the future.

Still close on the Bills Logo, we PAN OUT to see that it is emblazoned upon a plaque that reads:

**IN LOVING MEMORY - COACH SAMUEL "SONNY" WEAVER SR. BILLS HEAD COACH 1985-2007.** There's a photo of the old coach.

ANOTHER MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Sure, but you gotta get lucky SOMETIMES, right?

We zoom out to see that this brand-new plaque is still in bubble wrap, sitting on a chair, amid a pile of clothes.

We then see a radio alarm clock on a bedside table and realize we're listening to local sports radio.

RADIO HOST #1

One would think luck would come your way,  
one would think, but for the Bills, for  
the city of Buffalo, even when we're  
lucky, we're unlucky.

We're in a nice but unremarkable bachelor apartment in downtown Buffalo. SONNY WEAVER JR., 40's, sits on his bed, staring into space.

RADIO HOST #2

I'll tell you what the real problem is:  
Sonny Weaver JUNIOR.

RADIO HOST #1

Not Senior. Senior, rest in peace, was a  
saint.

RADIO HOST #2

Right. I'm talking bout Junior. As  
General Manager, he has run this team  
into the ground in just four years. And  
now, today, we're looking at a nice plump  
7th overall pick and I just want to watch  
and see how Weaver screws this up. I  
really do.

RADIO HOST #1

Is the team leaving? Is this gonna be  
the Los Angeles Bills next season?

RADIO HOST #2

Depends who you ask.

Sonny grabs a PAD OF BRIGHT GREEN PAPER, scribbles something, tears it off and stares at it.

RADIO HOST #1

Shameful. You're almost glad Coach  
Weaver isn't around to see his son sell  
us down the river...

The radio is suddenly snapped off by--

ALI, 35, a beautiful, sharply dressed woman, exiting his bathroom. They stare at each other.

ALI

Look, Sonny, this is not the end of the  
world. You know?

Sonny stares at her.

SONNY  
You look nice.

ALI  
Shut up.

SONNY  
You do.

ALI  
Can you please address the topic at hand?

Sonny stares at the floor.

ALI (CONT'D)  
Okay, this wasn't part of the plan. But now it is. So can you please just say something to me? Let me know how you're processing this? Please?

A beat. He stares at her and then down to the ground. He crumples the piece of green paper.

SONNY  
Do you want to keep it?

ALI  
Do I want to keep it?

SONNY  
I mean. First things first.

ALI  
(disappointed, not angry)  
Jesus, Sonny.

SONNY  
You had to tell me today? Why *today*?

ALI  
Because *I* found out yesterday and so I wanted you to know. I need you to know. I thought you'd be happy.  
(beat)  
Yes. I'm "keeping it".

She starts to leave. Then stops.

ALI (CONT'D)  
You suck. Do you know that? You fucking suck.

SONNY

Ali...

She walks out.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Ali!

The door slams. Sonny throws the green paper across the room and steps on a remote control, clicking the TV on by accident.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Oww...shit!

ESPN! Music and fanfare.

ESPN ANCHOR #1

...That's right! It's draft day! 32 teams, 7 rounds...the fate of 224 collegiate athletes will be decided today...

Sonny goes and looks--

OUT THE WINDOW

And sees Ali peel off, hitting some garbage cans as she does.

ESPN ANCHOR #2

Well, Michigan quarterback Bo Callahan's is the number one overall pick. That's a lock. He's going to Detroit.

ESPN ANCHOR #1

Oh, he's a once-in-a-lifetime, ready for prime time bluechipper. But everyone else? Who's going in the first round for the next 31 teams? Who's the number one pick for YOUR TEAM? It's anyone's guess.

Sonny watches Ali stop the car, get out, and put the garbage cans back where they were.

A PHONE RINGS. Sonny grabs his cell...but it's not ringing. His other cell is. He picks that one up.

SONNY

Ali, look, I....

THE SCREEN SPLITS

To show a middle aged woman, MARIE in her kitchen.  
**(NOTE: The split screen will be a "thing" throughout)**

MARIE

Nope. Marie Michaels calling from Tom Michaels phone. He asked me to try and get you while he stuffs his face with pancakes, Sonny. It's disgusting.

We see TOM behind her, shoveling pancakes into his mouth.

SONNY

Hey Marie. How's the weather in Detroit?

MARIE

Terrible. I'm sorry about Coach, Sonny. How's Mom holding up?

Sonny takes the BILLS PLAQUE OF COACH SAM "SONNY" WEAVER off his chair and turns it over, face down.

SONNY

Hanging in there. She wanted me to thank you for the flowers.

Tom speaks unintelligibly, his mouth full of pancakes.

MARIE

Tom says you need to make a decision.

Tom grabs the phone from her, still chewing.

TOM

(into phone)

Your number one this year, your number one next year and your first rounder the year after that.

SONNY

No thanks.

TOM

I know what it sounds like...

SONNY

It sounds like you're trying to sodomize me.

TOM

I would never do that.

SONNY

Our number one this year and our next two number twos.

TOM

I need number ones, not number twos.

SONNY

I'm not selling the farm.

TOM

You should. Your farm sucks and I have the golden ticket. If I give it to you, you get to save football in Buffalo.

SONNY

That's...overly dramatic.

TOM

Your 7th pick gets you, what? A running back with a rap sheet and bad knees? You are staring down the barrel of a gun, kiddo. Sell the farm. Pick Number One. Get Bo Callahan. Win.

SONNY

Why don't you take him?

TOM

I have a quarterback.

SONNY

So do I.

TOM

*Brian Drew?* Are you talking about *Brian Drew?* Jesus, Sonny, you are hilarious. Look, you have 10 seconds and then I have to go to work. Tell me we have a deal or go fuck yourself.

SONNY

Enjoy your pancakes, Tom.

Sonny hangs up. Split screen ends. Sonny walks off.

INT. SHOWER - MORNING

Sonny stands under the water, eyes closed, girding himself for the day ahead.

INT. SONNY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sonny dresses in an impressive power suit and tie. ESPN still blaring on TV, anchors arguing, as insanely impressive GAME CLIPS OF BO CALLAHAN, superhero QB, play.

ESPN ANCHOR #1  
We're talking about a once in a  
generation player--

ESPN ANCHOR #2  
I'm not arguing that--

ESPN ANCHOR #1  
What are you arguing then?

ESPN ANCHOR #2  
Nobody's saying Bo Callahan isn't the  
finest raw quarterback prospect since  
Elway--

ESPN ANCHOR #1  
You just said that.

ESPN ANCHOR #2  
No. I said Callahan is gonna be BETTER  
than Elway.

ESPN ANCHOR #1  
This is stupid. Callahan's going to  
Detroit number one, no question. Let's  
talk about picks two through thirty-two.  
Because that, as the kids say, is wide  
open...

Sonny flips the TV off. He grabs the crumpled piece of  
green paper, jams it in his pocket and leaves.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING

Nice car. Same local hosts on the radio. As Sonny  
drives, he looks out the window at Allentown, a depressed  
section of Buffalo. PEDESTRIANS wear Bills jerseys.

RADIO HOST #1  
(through radio)  
Look, if it was easy everyone would do  
it.

Sonny notices a bunch of **GOING OUT OF BUSINESS** and **FOR  
SALE** signs on the storefronts...

RADIO HOST #2  
Yeah, but nobody does it worse than Sonny  
Weaver.

Sonny sees **KEEP BILLS IN BUFFALO** and **NO L.A.** signs...

(MORE)



RADIO HOST #2 (CONT'D)  
 I mean this guy, comes in here, fresh  
 from his [beep]show in San Francisco, and  
 fires *his own father*. A legend. The  
 ninth winningest coach of all time...

A sign even says: **FIRE SONNY**.

RADIO HOST #1  
 Let's look at his woeful draft track  
 record...

FOOTAGE OF: A quarterback moving like a crippled stork  
 before throwing a horrible wobbly ball....

RADIO HOST #1 (CONT'D)  
 Jonny Mayhew, quarterback.

RADIO HOST #2  
 Bust...

FOOTAGE OF: A defensive lineman lining up but not moving  
 when ball is snapped. He just stays in a 3-point stance.

RADIO HOST #1  
 Darrell Bernard, D lineman.

RADIO HOST #2  
 Bust.

RADIO HOST #1  
 Later diagnosed with borderline  
 personality disorder...

FOOTAGE OF: A receiver open on a deep route, the long  
 ball slowly arcing down into his arms...then right  
 through them.

RADIO HOST #1 (CONT'D)  
 Aubrey Loomis, wideout.

RADIO HOST #2  
 Bust of the Bust Hall of Fame.

FOOTAGE OF: A quarterback on crutches.

RADIO HOST #1  
 Brian Drew, unbelievably, our once and  
 future savior quarterback...

RADIO HOST #2  
 To be fair, not Sonny's draft pick, it  
 was Sonny's Dad who picked him, but Sonny  
 gave him the franchise tag. And now we  
 got a decrepit franchise QB.

RADIO HOST #1  
Mayor of Bust City all the same.

Sonny snaps off the radio and drives in angry silence.

He holds his hand up and looks at it.

Not shaking.

He snaps the radio on again.

RADIO HOST #1 (CONT'D)  
...we do have a chance today. We have  
the #7 pick. Lucky Number Seven.

RADIO HOST #2  
Weaver's gotta take Ray Banks there.  
Ray's pop, the great Bills linebacker  
Earl Banks...

A SPLIT SCREEN SHOWS FOOTAGE OF: RAY BANKS running over  
tacklers. On other screen, footage of 80's-era  
linebacker Earl Banks, wreaking havoc for the Bills.

RADIO HOST #2 (CONT'D)  
Buffalo royalty, Chaz...

RADIO HOST #1  
--and his son hits twice as hard!

RADIO HOST #2  
Ray Banks should be going 2 or 3, but his  
recent legal troubles have dropped him to  
probably 6 or 7...where he's a steal.

We see a series of NEWSPAPER PHOTOS of Ray Banks in  
handcuffs and a LARGE WHITE MAN in a stretcher.

RADIO HOST #1  
Pauly's talking about a skirmish down in  
Newport News, Virginia last week when Ray  
Banks put a youngster in the hospital.

RADIO HOST #2  
Whoa! Allegedly. His Dad maintains that  
Ray was there but never threw a punch...

RADIO HOST #1  
Regardless, attitude problems aside, the  
kid will score touchdowns....

BACK TO SONNY'S CAR

His cell phone rings: UNKNOWN. Sonny lowers the radio.

SONNY  
(answering)  
Hello?

SPLIT SCREEN

Shows EARL BANKS, 50s, the grown up version of the earlier player we just saw footage of, father of prospect Ray Banks. Earl's walking in Manhattan.

EARL  
Sonny. Earl Banks.

SONNY  
Earl. You guys in the Big Apple?

EARL  
We are. Good seeing you last week, even if the circumstances weren't the best.

SONNY  
Thanks for coming. It meant a lot to my mom. And to me.

EARL  
Listen, Sonny, I didn't want to bring it up, but I have to...I don't care who you draft. Ray'll play for anyone who wants him. But I raised Ray right and I don't want you thinking what the papers say.

SONNY  
C'mon, Earl. I know th--

EARL  
(calls offscreen)  
Ray! Get your ass on this phone!

RAY BANKS, 20s, running back, young version of his Dad, finishes snapping a pic of the Empire State Building, grabs the phone.

RAY  
Hey, Mister Weaver. Pops wants me to explain what happened to you. Wants you to hear it from me straight.

SONNY  
Fire when ready, son.

Ray motions for his Dad to stop hounding him, walk away. Earl does. They have a nice playful bond.

RAY

First, the papers said I was at that Mickey Dees with a bunch of drug dealer friends and...that part's true. I mean, I don't think of them as that, they're just my boys from back in the day, but yeah, they sling now and again. That's how it is down there. The part they got wrong is that we started it. Those guys came at us. They were big, too. My boys did what they felt was right.

SONNY

That guy got whooped up pretty bad. He's still in the hospital.

RAY

I know but....

SONNY

Is your Dad right there?

RAY

Nah. He stepped away.

SONNY

Tell me the truth. You never threw a punch?

RAY

No, sir, I threw a bunch of punches. Those were grown men who should have known better, Mister Weaver.

SONNY

Did you hurt your hands?

RAY

A little.

SONNY

You need your hands, Ray.

RAY

I know...

SONNY

You know, but you threw punches.

RAY

I lost my head.

SONNY

You find it?

RAY  
Yessir.

SONNY  
Now hold on to it, you understand me?

RAY  
Yessir.

SONNY  
Enjoy yourself today, Raymond. You only  
get drafted once.

EXT. GAS STATION - MORNING

Sonny gasses up. He looks over and sees...AN ATTRACTIVE  
BLACK WOMAN, 30s, suggestively dressed, pumping gas.

She sees Sonny and gives him a flirty smile. When she  
finishes, she walks over.

SONNY  
Beautiful morning, huh?

WOMAN  
If you fuck this draft up, you fuck this  
team up, and then you fuck this city up.  
And if you and Molina take this team to  
LA, me and my cousin Donald will torch  
your house to the ground. Do you hear  
me? Me and Donald will light your house  
on fire and it will burn to the ground.

She walks back to her car, hops in. Starts the car.  
Pulls away. Then stops. She pulls back to Sonny and  
rolls down her window.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
The ground.

She drives off.

MOLINA'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Watch this...

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA WORLD - MORNING

The voice belongs to ROGER MOLINA, 60's, eccentric owner  
of the Bills. Sonny eats donuts with him. Breakfast.

MOLINA  
Watch this right here...

They're in a semi-outdoor amphitheater, staring at a large tank. Suddenly, a killer whale leaps out of the water, splashing the first rows of seats. Molina claps.

MOLINA (CONT'D)  
See that? First few rows just got soaked. Soaked. People pay for that. They want to see whales doing flips and splashing them with water.

SONNY  
It's very impressive.

MOLINA  
They said I was crazy to bring Sea World to Buffalo, New York. And they were absolutely right. We're closing up next month.

SONNY  
What?

MOLINA  
It's true. Nana's slated for Florida delivery late this afternoon. I'm going to cry when they take her, Sonny. I'm not ashamed to say it. I will cry like a little girl.

SONNY  
I'm sorry, Roger.

Beat. Whale jumps. Molina laughs and claps.

MOLINA  
Things leave. They go away. Doesn't matter how loved they are. Or what they mean to this place.

SONNY  
Goddammit, Roger...

MOLINA  
What? What did I say?

SONNY  
We're leaving? You're moving us to L.A.? When were you gonna tell me?

MOLINA  
I was talking about Nana.

SONNY

You sure made it sound like--

MOLINA

Just make a splash, Sonny. That's what I need you to do. It's why I went out four years ago and brought you back home. When nobody else would. I need to sell tickets. If I don't sell tickets here, I sell tickets somewhere else.

SONNY

You can't move the Bills. I grew up here. These people are--

MOLINA

Save me the prodigal son bullshit. You fired your own father.

(beat)

May he rest in peace.

SONNY

Jesus, Roger....

MOLINA

(sternly)

Hey. I stood behind you. When have I not stood behind you?

(beat, smiles)

That was delicious though. Felt like I had front row seats to some awful Greek tragedy...

Roger watches the whale jump again. Splash.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

Oh you poor beast. Jumping through hoops for some half-dumb crazy old sonofabitch.

SONNY

You know Roger, I don't know what the hell you're talking about sometimes.

MOLINA

Then let's talk about the draft. As you know, our shiny new head coach wants a shiny new running back.

SONNY

You said you would stay out of it. Let me do my job.

MOLINA

And I will but...whaddya say we get that for Coach Penn? Coach Penn has Super Bowl rings. He coached the Cowboys, you know.

SONNY

Yeah. I know that, Roger.

MOLINA

(sadly)

The Cowboys have the best helmets.

SONNY

Look, you have to let me do my job or there's no reason for me to be here. I don't want Ray Banks. I want Vontae Mack. He's special. He'll make our whole defense--

MOLINA

Defense doesn't make a splash.

SONNY

I thought we were talking about winning football games.

MOLINA

We're talking about making a *splash*.

Whale jumps. Splash.

MOLINA (CONT'D)

People pay to get wet, Sonny.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING

Sonny drives. SPORTS RADIO PLAYING AGAIN.

RADIO HOST #1

You can't rob this city of it's football team. Too much has already been taken...

EXT. BUFFALO - OLD FACTORIES - CONTINUOUS

Dilapidated and abandoned factory buildings..

RADIO HOST #1

What happened to steel? What happened to the jobs in this city? We've lost too much, in too many painful ways...



CUT TO

FOOTAGE of the Buffalo Bills' Scott Norwood missing the last second field goal in 1991's Super Bowl XXV.

RADIO HOST #1 (CONT'D)

Wide Right!

CUT TO

FOOTAGE of the Buffalo Sabres' Brett Hull's infamous called off goal in 1999's Stanley Cup Game 6.

RADIO HOST #1 (CONT'D)

No Goal!

CUT TO

Sonny driving past more of Buffalo's decayed buildings.

RADIO HOST #1 (CONT'D)

President McKinley Assassinated?  
Asbestos in the River? The winters here?  
No. It's too much. And now I hear Sea  
World's closing!

RADIO HOST #2

We Buffalonians know only pain. But  
we're okay with it. *Because. We Have.  
Our Team.*

Sonny snaps the radio off and holds up his hand again.

Still not shaking.

He stops at a red light. He picks up his phone and scrolls to: TOM MICHAELS. He stares at it.

TOM (V.O.)

(in Sonny's head)

*I have the golden ticket. And if I give  
it to you...*

Funnily enough, Sonny's CELL RINGS.

THE SCREEN SPLITS

And shows VONTAE MACK, 20s, outside linebacker. Think Ray Lewis. His athleticism is only overshadowed by his big personality. He's driving too. Bluetooth in ear.

VONTAE

Sonny Weaver Junior! Tell me something  
that's gonna make Vontae smile.

As Sonny speaks, his side of the split screen shows GAME CLIPS OF VONTAE BEING AWESOME next to Vontae speaking.

SONNY

The draft doesn't start until eight,  
Vontae.

VONTAE

Who you picking? If I were you I'd take  
a lightning quick middle linebacker who  
can murder the gaps in a 3-4.

SONNY

(joking)

Totally agree. You have Reggie Wilson's  
number down at Purdue?

VONTAE

I'm not stupid. You don't take me at  
seven, I drop down to twenty or twenty-  
one. I watch ESPN's Draft Tracker! I  
know who's picking who and I can't fall  
to twenty. I can't take a twenty pick  
paycheck. Vontae needs a seven pick  
paycheck. Got a gaggle of nephews need  
to get fed.

SONNY

How are the little guys?

VONTAE

Nephews! Say hello to Mister Sonny  
Weaver Junior!

We see Vontae is driving a minivan with FOUR LITTLE BOYS.

BOYS

Hello Mister Sonny Weaver Junior!

VONTAE

I'm taking them to tumbling. Nephews  
love to tumble. Nephews! You love  
tumbling, yes or no?

BOYS

Yes!

VONTAE

You hear that Mister Sonny Weaver Junior?  
They love tumbling. See, that is the  
difference between them and me. I do not  
like tumbling. Especially if I'm  
tumbling thirteen picks. Feel me?

SONNY

Vontae, forget about what I'm doing. You gotta run your own race.

VONTAE

(quietly)

Listen, I am seriously SWEATING here, Sonny. I just want you to know that. The number seven pick will make triple of what I get at twenty. And then I'm looking at taxes, agent, manager, and then I got my nephews. I need you to do me up, Weave. For real.

SONNY

Everything will work out in the end, Vontae. It always does.

VONTAE

Okay, okay. I never said sorry about your Dad, yo. That sucks.

SONNY

Thank you.

VONTAE

Mine died, too. I'm a man because of him. You gonna be fine.

BEEP. Another call coming in: UNKNOWN NUMBER.

SONNY

I gotta go.

VONTAE

Okay...Vontae...nephews...out!

Vontae's screen is quickly replaced by...DOTTIE, 75, an extremely excitable and worried older woman.

SONNY

Hello?

DOTTIE

It's Dottie Wilson! From next door!

SONNY

Mrs. Wilson? Are you okay?

DOTTIE

There's a fire!

SONNY

What?

DOTTIE

Your mother is in the backyard and she's making a fire!

SONNY

She's "making a fire"? Mrs. Wilson, what are--

DOTTIE

I'm not crazy! Your mother calls me crazy, but there she is, in the backyard, burning things and you gave me your number and told me to call you if--

SONNY

Wait, Mrs. Wilson, is the fire out of control, or--

DOTTIE

(deeply crazy)

I don't know! Fire is fire! All living things are frightened of fire! You can't control fire! Come quick!

SONNY

(to himself)

Shit...

(he hangs up; shouts)

I DO NOT NEED THIS TODAY!

Sonny makes a U-Turn.

EXT. WEAVER HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Sonny's car screeches to a halt in the driveway of a nice ranch home with some land in East Aurora, a town outside Buffalo. He gets out and sees:

A huge bonfire and his mother, BARB WEAVER, 60s, tough, still beautiful, tossing FOOTBALL STUFF into the fire (jerseys, newspaper clippings, photos, etc.).

SONNY

Jesus.

Sonny walks by - THE NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - as he goes to his mother. Dottie is at the window.

DOTTIE

Do something! Please!

SONNY  
(containing his anger)  
Will do, Miss Wilson! Thanks for the  
call!

He walks on to his mother. She doesn't look at him.

BARB  
They're reading his will today.

SONNY  
You know, Canton would take half this  
stuff.

BARB  
They can sift through the ashes. Are you  
coming?

SONNY  
To what?

BARB  
His will, Sonny. I told you, they're  
reading his will.

SONNY  
Why even ask? C'mon, Ma. You know what  
today is. Please stop.

Sonny makes her stop.

BARB  
You're taking Vontae Mack, aren't you?

SONNY  
I don't know yet.

BARB  
He's undersized. Slow.

SONNY  
It's the guy, not the numbers. Vontae  
could be one of the best middle  
linebackers we've ever--

BARB  
Ray Banks ran a 4.2 forty.

SONNY  
So what.

BARB  
Backwards.

SONNY

No he didn't.

(beat)

Did he?

BARB

That's the word.

SONNY

Vontae Mack is raising his dead sister's four sons. That says something.

BARB

You and your father. I swear it's like you're running a charity sometimes.

SONNY

What's going on? Are you okay?

BARB

I suppose I miss my dead husband a little. What kind of question is that, 'am I okay'?

(beat)

I wish you and Dad had patched things up.

SONNY

(coldly)

Well, we didn't.

BARB

You're grown men, you should have resolved your differences.

SONNY

I could have told him why I fired him. Would you have liked that? Should I have told Dad the whole story?

A long silence. They stare at the fire. She throws a game ball on the fire. He grabs it out of the fire.

SONNY (CONT'D)

This is from the '89 Oilers Game!

BARB

What a waste. Dying for a stupid game...

They watch the fire. Sonny looks at the football he just saved. It's covered with autographs of the players. He sees his father's autograph: a very simple SONNY WEAVER.

SONNY

You know...it's not a bad fire.

BARB  
I'm happy with it.

A ridiculous car horn honks. They look to see COACH RANDY "DOC" WOODSON, getting out of a giant Cadillac.

Woodson, 60s, prickly, brilliant, brash, larger than life, a coaching legend. Think Bill Parcells with a dash of Jerry Glanville. Sonny hates him.

SONNY  
Jesus, what's he doing here?

BARB  
We're having brunch.

SONNY  
You're having brunch?

BARB  
Yes, Sonny. *Brunch.*

He stares at her. This info enrages him.

SONNY  
Whatever, Mom. Burn the fucking house down for all I care.

He leaves.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sonny walks to Woodson.

SONNY  
You're blocking my car.

WOODSON  
No hug for Uncle Woody?  
(squinting into distance)  
What's she got going on there? A fire?

SONNY  
What are you doing here?

WOODSON  
We were gonna have brunch, talk about new and exciting ways for me to spend my retirement years, hear your Dad's will being read, maybe watch the draft later. I like Vontae by the way, but Ray Banks, that's a lot to pass up.

SONNY

She just lost her husband.

WOODSON

And I just lost my friend.

SONNY

Yeah? What kind of person sleeps with his friend's wife?

A beat.

WOODSON

I've known your folks since freshmen year, Sonny. Forty-two years.

SONNY

I know...

WOODSON

He was gonna introduce me in Canton this fall.

SONNY

Lucky him.

WOODSON

There's not a part of that man I didn't know and admire and on my best day I'd like to think the feeling was vice versa.

SONNY

You got a hell of a way of showing it, Coach.

Woodson and Sonny in a mini stare down.

WOODSON

I'd pick Vontae Mack.

Woodson's the first guy to agree with Sonny on Vontae.

SONNY

Yeah? Why?

WOODSON

He'll get you one of these.

Woodson shows Sonny his three Super Bowl rings.

SONNY

Wow, coach, hadn't noticed your three Super Bowl Rings before. You know most people would just wear one.



WOODSON

Most people don't *have* one. Remember you used to ask me if you could wear them?

SONNY

I was seven. Move your goddamn ugly car.

Woodson smiles, walks to his Cadillac.

WOODSON

Better relax, kiddo. Gonna be a long day.

Woodson gets in the Cadillac and backs out.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING

Sonny drives. He holds up his hand and looks at it.

It's shaking a little now.

Sonny shakes the hand violently, then tries again.

Still shaking.

He lowers his hand and rolls his head around his neck. Clearly bothered. Clearly uncomfortable.

He takes out his cell. Stares at it. Looks up and sees A GIANT TRUCK stopped at a red light.

Sonny SLAMS ON THE BRAKES! Screeching, he's definitely going to crash....but he doesn't. Barely.

Sonny is a wreck. Sweating, panting, shaking...

INT. GAS STATION RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sonny washes his face, looks up into the dirty mirror.

He stares at himself, then turns to go. But his eyes fall on something...

Amid the graffiti on the walls, someone has written, almost childlike, almost sweetly: **GO BILLS.**

Sonny stares at it for a long moment.

He takes out his phone. Makes a call.

INT. SONNY'S CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Sonny's driving again and back in a SPLIT SCREEN with Tom Michaels, Detroit GM, owner of the #1 pick.

SONNY

Our first round pick this year, our first round pick next year and the year after that.

TOM

And your first rounder the year after that.

SONNY

What?

TOM

You heard me.

SONNY

That wasn't your offer.

TOM

I changed my offer. We lived in a different world a half hour ago. I made you a fair offer and you told me to "enjoy my pancakes", which I interpreted as a vague ethnic slur.

SONNY

You've been bugging me about those three number ones for two months...

TOM

You're panicking, Sonny. And I intend to take advantage of that.

SONNY

I'm not panicking.

TOM

Your next four first round picks.

Sonny pulls into the Buffalo Bills Administrative and Training Facility in suburban Orchard Park, twenty minutes from downtown Buffalo.

TOM (CONT'D)

Anybody home?

The building is massive. Looks like an industrial park. There's a small practice field next door and down the street Ralph Wilson Stadium is seen (where Bills play).

Sonny stares ahead. Deep breath.

INT. BILLS COMPOUND - MORNING

The place is sleek and constantly reminds one of the team's past success (trophies, pennants, photos, etc.)

Sonny looks shell-shocked. He seems to be drifting through the halls. PEOPLE pass and say hello, but he's somewhere else...floating...right into...

INT. WAR ROOM - MORNING

The war room. The epicenter. An excited balance between intelligent debate and pure chaos.

This is a huge room with a large unbelievably messy conference table. Food, coffee and papers EVERYWHERE. And more food. Tons of food. Not healthy food.

A white marker board on the wall. One side says: **VONTAE MACK**. The other: **RAY BANKS**. Pros and cons for both.

A huge pull down TV screen on another wall plays TAPE of both guys. On another wall is a floor to ceiling "draft board" - hundreds of players ranked by position.

Sonny is still in a daze. He surveys the room, all the people, all the processes that make this team work...

There's about ten people here, mainly scouts, all men, all in suits, and we'll meet them all in good time.

The one person not wearing a suit and not eating crap (he's in shorts and eating yogurt) is the Bills' intense wunderkind COACH PENN, 40. Think Jon Gruden. He's in the midst of a one-sided argument with a wide-eyed scout.

COACH PENN

Ray Banks.

SCOUT #1

But Sonny--

COACH PENN

Ray Banks.

SCOUT #1

I'm telling you, Sonny doesn't--

COACH PENN

Ray Banks.

Sonny enters, taking the whole scene in.

COACH PENN (CONT'D)

Nice of you to show up, Sonny. I was just telling your man here that we're taking Banks at 7. Am I right or are you crazy?

Sonny walks over to the dry erase board...and erases both Vontae and Ray's names.

SCOUT #1

What are you doing?

SONNY

I just made a trade with Detroit.

SCOUT #1

For--

SONNY

The number one pick.

Everyone shares looks as we...

CUT TO

RICK THE INTERN walking down the hall carrying coffees which he promptly drops upon hearing EVERYONE SHOUT FOR JOY!

CUT BACK TO

The war room. Everyone high-fiving.

SCOUT #1

You got us Bo fucking Callahan?

SONNY

I got us the number one pick. Now we need to figure out if it's going to be Bo Callahan.

SCOUT #3

What did we give up?

SONNY

Our number one pick...

SCOUT #3

And?

SONNY

Our first round pick next year...

SCOUT #4

That's okay...

SONNY

And the year after that...

That one hurts.

SCOUT #1

Well, it's a lot but when you have the chance at--

SONNY

And the year after that.

SCOUT #3

Four consecutive first rounders? That's our future.

Sonny almost looks dizzy... the words "Our Future" echo in a distorted way and the edges of Sonny's sight get blurry... everyone's voice sounds too deep. Then:

SONNY

No.

(beat; he's back)

Bo Callahan is our future unless we can find a good reason why he's not.

Sonny sees Coach Penn leave, SLAMS the door behind him.

SCOUT #1

Why he's NOT!? Are you crazy? He's the best player in the draft! We pick him!

SONNY

You have 90 minutes to find one good reason why we shouldn't.

SCOUT #1

Sonny, all due respect, that's a huge waste of time. We already did our due diligence.

Sonny looks at him and walks over to him.

SONNY

Well, I'd hate to waste your time, Greenberg. Maybe you should pack up and go home since you have so many better things to do.

SCOUT #1

That's not what I me--

SONNY

Because I'm taking this first pick very seriously.

SCOUT #1

I am t--

SONNY

I take my job seriously.

SCOUT #1

Sonny--

SONNY

And I won't waste *my* time with *ass-mats* who don't want to *WORK* for this *TEAM*!

SCOUT #3

He didn't mean anything by it, Sonny. It's just that... I mean, *Bo Callahan*? Who else *would* we pick?

SONNY

(calming; right at Scout #1)  
I know we already looked at Bo. Look at him again. I need you to find out everything we missed before, find answers to every question we never thought to ask before. I want to know what his favorite toothpaste is, what his resting heart rate is, what his Mom's resting heart rate is. Everything we overlooked when we watched his films last December. Stats only tell us what happened. Not how. Not why. We have about ten hours to do about ten months worth of looking under and between the stats, so get off your asses and get busy.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Sonny walks down the hallway. He's sweating, but trying to keep it together.

INT. SONNY'S OFFICE AREA - MORNING

As Sonny enters his big but disheveled office, he hears a voice on the phone.

RICK(O.S.)

I know and I can appreciate that but I'm just filling in for--

Sonny is surprised to see Rick, the intern who dropped the coffees before, taking his calls.

SONNY  
Where's Ali?

RICK  
(into phone)  
Yes, can you just hold on one second...?

SONNY  
Where's Ali?

RICK  
(into phone)  
Thank you, I'll be right with you...just hold.

SONNY  
Where the fuck is ALI!?!

ALI (O.S.)  
I'm right here.

Ali is standing in the doorway to Sonny's office.  
Surprise: The girl from the beginning is also Sonny's assistant. She's holding a box with her things.

ALI (CONT'D)  
Where have you been?

SONNY  
What is he doing here and why are you holding that box?

ALI  
This is Rick. He's an intern.  
He's taking my place today.

SONNY  
He's what?

ALI  
He's taking my place. He can do everything I can. He's been here for a year.

SONNY  
What are you talking about?

ALI  
I quit.

Sonny stares at her, before--

SONNY  
(to Ali)  
Rick, go get a soda or something.

RICK  
(holds up phone)  
It's...Robert Attenweiler from ESPN. He  
heard a rumor.

SONNY  
Tell him to go fuck himself.  
(to Ali)  
Okay. Cancel all media requests. Tell  
people to stop forwarding me emails...

ALI  
Tell *him*. Talk to *Rick*. I quit.

SONNY  
You're not quitting.

RICK  
You want a soda?

SONNY  
No! I don't want a god damn soda!

ALI  
Don't yell at him. Give us a second,  
Rick.

Rick leaves. Sonny closes the door behind him.

SONNY  
Look, I'm sorry. About how I responded  
this morning... it was just, I was  
just...in shock, and...

ALI  
I'm not mad at you.

SONNY  
Yes you are.

ALI  
No, I'm not. I put you in a weird  
position. But I have to make a decision.  
(beat)  
I'm moving back home.

SONNY  
What are you...Ali, come on, you're  
overreacting!



ALI

I'm not overreacting, I'm REACTING. Which is what you couldn't do. You should know this about me by now. I do not sit around waiting for things to happen.

SONNY

No. No, not today. You can't quit. You can't...you're *leaving me and quitting on the same day?* Draft day?

ALI

The timing's never gonna be right.

SONNY

You can't go.

ALI

I'm going.

SONNY

You CAN'T GO!

She turns to leave.

SONNY (CONT'D)

I just made a trade with Detroit for the number one pick.

She stops, turns back to him.

ALI

Whoa.

SONNY

I know.

ALI

For *today's* number one overall?

SONNY

Yeah.

ALI

Whoa.

SONNY

I know.

ALI

What'd you give up?

SONNY

Our number one picks for the next four years.

ALI

(cringes)

Whoa.

SONNY

Yeah.

A voice in the next room starts yelling like crazy...

VOICE (O.S.)

What the fuck do you mean you don't know?! Are you fucking retarded!? Get me the things I fucking need now or I will have you fucking fired!

Sonny closes his eyes. The pressure is mounting everywhere.

SONNY

Please. Ali. Do not leave today. Give me one more day.

VOICE (O.S.)

No, the other one. THE OTHER ONE! You fucking goat, get your head out of your ass!

Ali opens the door to see Scout #1 laying into Rick, who is on the verge of tears.

ALI

What's going on?

SCOUT #1

Who the fuck is this?

ALI

This is our intern. Rick. What do you want?

SCOUT #1

We need every tape of Callahan like, YESTERDAY, and suddenly every tape of EVERYONE is AWOL and shitshow johnny over here doesn't have a fucking clue where they are!

ALI

Game tape is in the archives. Chill. Out.

SCOUT #1

They changed the punch code!

ALI

Oh for christ sake, everyone in this building is a fucking child! I will get it. Okay? I will get the Callahan tapes. Rick, handle lunch orders and all of Sonny's calls, will you? Hank, don't ever yell at another intern like that. Go back in the war room. Your tapes will be there shortly.

Scout #1 thinks of saying something, then thinks better of it. Ali sticks her head in at Sonny who is sitting at his desk with his head in his hands.

ALI (CONT'D)

I'm taking care of this one thing, and then I am gone.

She leaves. Rick sticks his head in, very timidly.

RICK

Um... Sonny?

SONNY

What?

RICK

Brian Mackenmaker's on line 3.

SONNY

Shit. Already?

RICK

And Brian Drew's called three times in the last five minutes.

SONNY

Christ...can't deal with him today. When he calls back, just tell Drew I'm in meetings all day but will call tomorrow. Mackenmaker on 3?

RICK

Yeah.

Sonny breathes deep, takes the phone.

SPLIT SCREEN

BRIAN MACKENMAKER, 40's, a slick and charming agent.

SONNY

Mackenmaker! How's my favorite super agent?

BRIAN MACKENMAKER

What a coup, Sonny. What a coup.

SONNY

C'mon, Bri. Some of us didn't go to Harvard. What's a coup?

BRIAN MACKENMAKER

You went to Princeton, asshole.

SONNY

I know, we're both a couple of ivy league douchebags. How my favorite Wolverine?

BRIAN MACKENMAKER

Bo loves playing in cold weather.

On Sonny's cell, a call comes from: MOM. As Sonny goes to answer, his Mom's face comes up in a "THREE-SCREEN", but then quickly disappears, when Sonny pushes REJECT.

SONNY

I need to talk to him.

BRIAN MACKENMAKER

(playing stupid too)

Wait. Talk to who?

SONNY

I know Bo's sitting right there, Brian. Put him on.

Sure enough, across from Brian on a couch is the perfect, almost Amazonian, BO CALLAHAN, holding up two dress shirts for approval. Brian points at one of them.

BRIAN MACKENMAKER

Gotta dash, Sonny. Let's talk later.

Brian hangs up. Sonny looks at the phone. That was weird.

Sonny's CELL RINGS. MOM again.

SONNY

Goddammit...

SPLIT SCREEN with Mom at house.

SONNY (CONT'D)  
Mom, I don't have time for--

BARB  
What's wrong with you? You could have  
stole Ray Banks at seven!

SONNY  
(hand over phone, to Ali)  
How does the entire world know about this  
already?

BARB  
Vontae Mack just tweeted it.

SONNY  
He tweeted it?

BARB  
(reads)  
*Agent just called. Bills trade for #1.  
Sorry Buff. U get Bo, no Vontae, dumb  
move.*

SONNY  
You're on Twitter?

MOM  
Doc's on Twitter. He thinks you need  
to...  
(to Doc in background)  
...what was that?

DOC (O.S.)  
Put on his big boy pants!

MOM  
He wants you to put on your big boy  
pants. I don't even know what that  
means.

SONNY  
He's probably drunk.

MOM  
And you sold a cow for magic beans.

Coach Penn walks into the office and...casually lights  
some papers on fire and throws them on Sonny's desk.  
They stare at each other over the flames.

SONNY  
I gotta go, Mom.

He hangs up. Mom disappears. Sonny and Penn stare each other down. Rick enters, screams, runs out.

Ali comes in, rolls her eyes, grabs a fire extinguisher and blasts the fire out on the desk.

Neither men have moved or reacted to any of this.

ALI

Can I get you gentlemen some coffee?

SONNY

None for me. Coach?

PENN

No thank you.

ALI

Great...

As she exits, she shakes her head and places the extinguisher by the door.

PENN

Tell me: why am I here?

SONNY

Existence is a mystery.

PENN

You know what's not a mystery? How to win a football game. That's why I thought you brought me here, because I thought you wanted one of these...

Penn shows Sonny his Super Bowl ring.

SONNY

What is it with you guys showing--

PENN

--Here's what I know. I know we don't need a quarterback. Brian Drew is serviceable. I know I wanted a running back. I know I wanted Ray Banks. I know I had my choice of teams to go to last year and I chose this one. I chose to coach *this* team. Not the one you're putting together on the fly because you're freaking out because your old man died last week and you're banging your assistant.

Sonny is surprised by this.

PENN (CONT'D)  
(dismissive)  
C'mon. It's so obvious.

SONNY  
Go fuck yourself.

Sonny exits.

EXT. BILLS COMPOUND PARKING LOT - DAY

Sonny walks outside to get air. He's pissed. He whips out his cell and makes a call....

SPLIT SCREEN

Shows Vontae at his nephew's tumbling class.

VONTAE  
I'm disappointed in you, Sonny Weaver Junior.

SONNY  
Let me tell you something, Vontae, and I want you to listen to me really clearly, okay? Are you listening?

VONTAE  
Yeah.

SONNY  
Don't Fucking Twitter. Delete your profile. Get off the web. Do not do this to yourself.

VONTAE  
Hey, man, I can do whatever--

SONNY  
Every GM in football has read your..."tweet" or whatever they call them, and they have all made a mental note that Vontae Mack, however prodigiously talented, is a guy who likes to talk, who likes to spread rumors, who announces to the whole world whatever inane thought passes through his head. And be it your God given right or not, GM's HATE that shit, Vontae. We HATE it.  
(MORE)

SONNY (CONT'D)

We long for the days when there was no 24 hour news cycle or sports radio or Twitter or Facebook or PLAYERS who considered themselves Global Fucking Icons worthy of their own worthless press releases every fifteen minutes.

VONTAE

You made a mistake, Sonny.

SONNY

No, I made a deal. And you're gonna be a great player in the NFL if you don't sabotage yourself.

VONTAE

That boy you wanna take? That's a mistake, yo. Callahan's a poser.

SONNY

What do you know that every scout and coach on Earth doesn't?

VONTAE

I know he got sacked seven times last year.

SONNY

Six times. It was six.

VONTAE

Well I got four of 'em. In one game.

SONNY

I remember. I saw your highlight reel. I also remember he beat you.

VONTAE

Watch it again. But don't watch me. Watch him. Watch me sack him four times. Then watch what happens after.

SONNY

What happens after what?

VONTAE

Just watch.

Vontae hangs up. As Sonny walks off, he sees his oversized strength and conditioning coach, TONY "BAGEL" BAGLI step out of his undersized Prius.



SONNY

Tony Bagel. How's my favorite strength coach?

TONY

What the hell'd you do to Brian Drew?

SONNY

Good morning to you too, Tony. And it just so happens I don't know what I'm doing with the first pick yet so Drew's not definitely--

TONY

First pick? What are you talking about, first pick?

SONNY

What are you talking about?

TONY

Just that Brian Drew came in and wanted me to work him out a little yesterday. See how his knee is.

SONNY

Bad news?

TONY

Opposite of bad news. The exact opposite. He squatted four--

SONNY

We told him to stay away from--

TONY

Squatted four hundred.

(off Sonny's reaction)

I know. But what's even more impressive is his arm. Your star wide receiver Andre Bello's been telling me about these secret workouts they've been doing together all winter, you know about those?

SONNY

(no)

Yeah...

TONY

Well Andre thinks Brian can throw a good fifteen yards deeper now, but I didn't believe it until I saw what he benched yesterday.

SONNY  
What did he--

TONY  
Two fifty. Twenty times.

Sonny looks a little dazed.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Translation: Brian Drew is in the best  
shape of his life.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Splashing of water. Sonny's head rises out of the sink.  
He stares at himself in the mirror. He is filled with  
doubt. Again. But he shakes it off.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

Sonny enters.

SONNY  
How's my due diligence on Bo Callahan  
coming? Find his weakness yet?

SCOUT #4  
Oh yeah. Hundred percent. He's got a  
weakness for...banging hot chicks.

Scout #3 shows Sonny his laptop.

SCOUT #3  
There's a whole website dedicated to all  
the girls he's--

SONNY  
Come on. Someone's gotta have something.

SCOUT #1  
He doesn't speak French real good. Got a  
C minus.

SCOUT #2  
And he used to bite his fingernails, but  
then, wait for it, now he doesn't  
anymore.

SCOUT #4  
Hey Sonny, how many chicks you think a  
guy like that sleeps with, on average,  
per week? I say twenty. Minimum.

SCOUT #2

I say ten. That's one and a half per day, which makes sense. Two and a half sounds exorbitant.

SCOUT #1

Speaking as a former star quarterback in college...

SCOUT #3

(under breath)

Division One A...

SCOUT #1

I'd say he averages three a day. Definitely doable. He wakes up with one, has one for lunch, goes to bed with one. Maybe in the library a couple times a week he takes one back to the microfiche.

SCOUT #3

Yo, Sonny. You see the song they made about you yet?

Scout #3 turns his laptop to Sonny again...

ON THE LAPTOP

A shoddily made YouTube video. We hear JOURNEY'S "DON'T STOP BELIEVING". A FAT GUY with a Bills jersey sings.

FAT BILLS FAN

(singing)

'Just a shitty GM...about to destroy my team...gonna make them take off for Los Angeles...

The Scout fast-forwards...

SCOUT #3

Hold on...this is the best part...

FAT BILLS FAN

(singing to chorus)

'...Don't fuck up...my Bills, Sonny...just do your fucking job for once...!'

SCOUT #2

Holy shit. How many hits does-

Sonny throws the laptop across the room. It smashes against the wall. Oddly, nobody seems fazed by it.

SONNY

I'm trying very hard to not completely  
lose my shit on all of you right  
now...but you're not making it easy.

SCOUT #1

So far, he's still the best prospect  
we've ever seen, Sonny.

SCOUT #3

We've been looking, Sonny. I swear. We  
couldn't find anything before and we  
can't now. No other team could either.  
If Callahan can't play football, nobody  
can play football.

SONNY

C'mon. Everyone has something, guys.  
Montana was too small...

INSERT: Early clip of Joe Montana throwing a pass into  
the back of his lineman's head.

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

Marino had a weird delivery...

INSERT: Early clip of Dan Marino's weird throwing motion.

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

And Peyton had below average arm  
strength...

INSERT: College clip of Peyton Manning under-throwing his  
receiver.

SONNY (CONT'D)

We need to find what Bo Callahan's  
something is...then figure out if we can  
live with it. I'm back in fifteen  
minutes and I want, no, I need to hear  
SOMETHING.

Sonny exits.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Walking, Sonny calls - SPLIT SCREEN - Tom Michaels, the  
Detroit GM. He answers in the Detroit war room.

TOM

Buyer's remorse?

SONNY  
Why'd you make the deal?

TOM  
Same reason you did. Best thing for my franchise.

SONNY  
What knock did you find on Callahan?

TOM  
We didn't find anything. Bet your guys haven't either. You need to trust what you see, Sonny.

Sonny sees Ali walking briskly down the hall with a handful of files. He motions for her to stop.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Sonny? You there?

SONNY  
Yeah. I'm here.

TOM  
You feeling alright?

SONNY  
Not even a little.

Sonny hangs up. Ali approaches holding a ton of files.

ALI  
What's wrong?

SONNY  
Nothing. Everything's great.

ALI  
That bad?

SONNY  
I thought you were quitting. I thought you were outta here.

ALI  
I am.

SONNY  
Except you've got about 25 scouting reports on...  
(reads a file)  
Ah! Bo Callahan. Doing homework?

ALI

I'm just taking care of a few things  
before I go.

SONNY

Those are yellow. Those are old. Who  
asked you for yellow reports?

ALI

Nobody.

SONNY

Really?

ALI

I thought every piece of information  
would be useful, even scouting reports on  
Callahan in high school.

She starts to walk past him.

SONNY

You can't leave, can you?

She turns back.

ALI

*What?*

SONNY

You're too curious. You're too into  
this. Ali, we got the NUMBER ONE PICK IN  
THE DRAFT! How often does that happen?

ALI

I'm just...

SONNY

You're just stalling. Because you're  
excited. I can tell. The day got a lot  
much more interesting didn't it?

ALI

We live in interesting times.

SONNY

You got a pen?

She shows him she does.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They walk. Ali writes.

SONNY

I need a security check on Callahan. Get Ralph on it, he does fuckall on draft day. I want to know everything I don't know. Tell him to be ready to talk about it in an hour.

ALI

Got it...

SONNY

And get Rick Moore on the phone...

ALI

Michigan head coach?

SONNY

Callahan's college coach. His number should be in my contacts. Just look under 'Prick'.

ALI

Okay...

SONNY

Callahan went to St. Edwards High School in Raymond, Kentucky. See if you can get me his coach there too. Then get Doc Fleischer to find Callahan's medical records from the combines. Have him go over them again and let me know if he sees anything new. Oh. Right. I also want Doctor...

(stops)

Are psychologists doctors or is that the other one?

ALI

Psychiatrists.

SONNY

Good. Tell Roberta, or Dr. Roberta, or whatever it is, tell her to start watching the Callahan tapes and--

ALI

See if she sees anything new.

They get to--

SONNY'S OFFICE

SONNY

I really do appreciate this.

ALI  
Anything else?

SONNY  
This is fun, right?

She walks away.

SONNY (CONT'D)  
It is! It's a little bit fun!

Sonny ducks in and answers his RINGING PHONE.

SONNY (CONT'D)  
Sonny Weaver.

SPLIT SCREEN

Shows JOHN MITCHELL, Tampa GM, chain-smoking and pacing in his office.

JOHN MITCHELL  
John Mitchell.

SONNY  
How's my favorite Buccaneer?

JOHN MITCHELL  
About to get a whole lot better when you trade me that number one pick, you handsome asshole. Our number fourteen plus...wait for it...Leonard Sacks.

SONNY  
(laughing)  
Leonard Sacks the running back who's suspended for the first six games this year?

JOHN MITCHELL  
Leonard Sacks who's been to the Pro Bowl five times...

SONNY  
Three years ago!

JOHN MITCHELL  
The leader of our clubhouse and an undeniable fan favorite...

SONNY  
That you're willing to let go--



JOHN MITCHELL  
For a solid quarterback prospect like Bo Callahan? Sure.

SONNY  
*Prospect?*

JOHN MITCHELL  
We don't believe in hype down here in Tampa, Sonny, you know that. We do like the kid though.

SONNY  
(gets idea, smiles)  
Hey, by the way, who said I'm taking Calla...  
(pretends to catch self)  
Uhhh...know what? Thanks for the offer. But I think it's a pass, John.

JOHN MITCHELL  
Are you looking somewhere else for number one?

SONNY  
I didn't say that.

JOHN MITCHELL  
Who would you take instead? A running back? I can get you a running back!

SONNY  
Calm down John. I don't want you leaking-

JOHN MITCHELL  
Leonard Sacks, Sonny. If you need a running back, let's talk Leonard Sacks.

SONNY  
I never said I needed a running back.

JOHN MITCHELL  
Which back are you looking to draft? Ray Banks? Demarcus Miller?

SONNY  
Gotta go. Sorry.

Sonny hangs up, smiles. Finally.

INT. THE WAR ROOM - DAY

Sonny enters.

SONNY

Please tell me you're making progress.

SCOUT #1

We got Callahan's Wonderlic scores.

SPLIT SCREEN - Different Wonderlic questions (it's a standardized test) pop up. Questions like:

**A boy is 17 years old and his sister is twice as old. When the boy is 23 years old, what will be the age of his sister?**

**The hours of daylight and darkness in SEPTEMBER are nearest equal to the hours of daylight and darkness in:  
1. June 2. March 3. May 4. November.**

SONNY

Those things are bullshit.

SCOUT #3

He scored a forty six.

SONNY

No he didn't...

SCOUT #2

The record's forty-eight.

SCOUT #4

You took it, right, Sonny? What did you score?

SONNY

I got a 31...barely.

The men laugh.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Joey Shanks got a fucking 3, so fuck you all.

The men laugh. Rick the intern enters.

RICK

You're wanted in the locker room.

SONNY

Just tell whoever it is--

RICK

It's Brian Drew.

SONNY  
Shit...how bad?

RICK  
Pretty bad.

SONNY  
Fuck.

RICK  
I told him you were busy but then he told me to fuck my mother, and you know, my mom passed away, but I didn't want to tell him that, and anyway...

SONNY  
Fine thanks. You're doing great, Rick. Keep it up.

Sonny leaves. Rick smiles. Sonny just made his day.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Veteran quarterback BRIAN DREW, 36, earnest, paces the locker room. Spotting Sonny, he marches over.

BRIAN DREW  
Trade me.

SONNY  
Slow down, Brian. If this is a conversation you want to have, let your agent have it.

BRIAN DREW  
That's what he told me. Fuck that. Talk to me. Man to man. You owe me that.

SONNY  
Owe you? I drafted you.

BRIAN DREW  
Your Dad drafted me.

SONNY  
Trust me. I drafted you. He wasn't even looking at you before I told him to. And when your knee crapped out and no one wanted you I brought you back here. I've given you every chance--

BRIAN DREW  
Give me one more.

SONNY

I want you here. I've always wanted you here.

BRIAN DREW

Then why take Callahan?

SONNY

You know why.

BRIAN DREW

Then trade me.

SONNY

I'm gonna do what's best for the team.

INSERT: GAME CLIPS from Drew's glory years. They look impressive...but they also look OLD.

BRIAN DREW

I've been in the league for twelve seasons. I've been to the playoffs. Almost won a Super Bowl for your Dad. I know this game. And I know that the best thing for this team, this season, is me.

CUT BACK TO - Brian and Sonny in the locker room.

SONNY

Are you finished?

BRIAN DREW

No.

SONNY

Well get finished, and then get back to work. If I trade you, I trade you. If I don't, I don't. Do yourself a favor and worry about Brian. Don't worry about Bo, and definitely, most absolutely fucking most importantly, do not bother me with your shit right now. I have too much on my mind, okay? So go lift weights or play Madden or get laid, BD, but leave me the fuck alone.

Sonny storms out.

INT. HALLWAYS - DAY

Sonny speaks on his cell as he walks.

SONNY  
You need a quarterback.

SPLIT SCREEN

To show GM, PETE BEGLER, silver-haired veteran, in the Kansas City Chiefs war room.

PETE  
Tell me you want to deal Brian Drew.

SONNY  
His knee's better than ever, he's a proven--

PETE  
Stop. I was about to call you. His agent already sent us over tape of Drew working out this offseason and we like what we see.

SONNY  
Interesting...

PETE  
You seem surprised.

SONNY  
(covering)  
Why would I be surprised? Drew's great. We love him here too. I brought him here for chrissakes. Why doesn't anyone remember that?

PETE  
Okay, Sonny. You don't need to play games with me. What do you want for him? I'm all ears. Let's talk.

Sonny suddenly stops in front of a trophy case. Sees a picture of a victorious Brian Drew and his Dad walking off the field, arms around each other.

Sonny shakes his head as if to wake himself up.

SONNY  
You know what...we're still working out some stuff over here. Call you back.

INT. RALPH'S OFFICE - DAY

Sonny marches in and finds his big jolly Head of Security, RALPH MOWRY, at his desk. There's a photo of Ralph back in his cop days.

SONNY

I just pulled off the biggest coup of my life, got the number one pick, a can't miss future Hall of Famer and everyone is still up my ass. You would think people would be happy. That I'd get some pats on the--

RALPH

Sit the fuck down, Sonny.

Sonny sits. Ralph opens a file. Reads.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Bo Ridley Callahan. Born September 12, 1988. Columbus, Ohio. Raised there before the family moved to Cleveland when he was fourteen so he could play for Coach Phillips at Fairfield Prep. Only child. Mom was a homemaker, father a medical malpractice lawyer. Made some dough. Pays his taxes. Has three years left on his mortgage. Dad got arrested for a DUI in '82 but doesn't seem to have had problems since. Mom has prescriptions for Lexapro for anxiety, propranolol for blood pressure and something called Retin-A which I think is supposed to make her look younger.

SONNY

Where do you get this stuff?

RALPH

Do you really wanna know?

SONNY

No I do not.

RALPH

Kid's pretty vanilla. Was in a few clubs in high school, had a walk on role in Damn Yankees, honor roll every semester from junior high through college, kept his nose clean, worked out and just, you know, threw footballs better than anyone ever has in the great states of Ohio and Michigan.

SONNY

But...

RALPH

How do you know there's a but?

SONNY

Because you're an unoriginal bastard, Ralph. This is what you do. You try and make me believe that's it all good and then you save the bad stuff for the end. I think you think it's dramatic rather than annoying. But it is annoying.

RALPH

I don't do it every time...

SONNY

But...

RALPH

But last year at Michigan, Callahan and some other kids in his dorm got busted for a noise disturbance for some bash he threw for his twenty first birthday...

SONNY

But...

RALPH

But...they took the names of everyone at the party. Over a thousand kids. Musta been a great time.

SONNY

But...

RALPH

Ask me who wasn't there.

SONNY

Who wasn't there?

RALPH

Any of his teammates. None of his teammates came to the poor guy's birthday party, Sonny.

INT. SONNY'S OFFICE AREA - DAY

Sonny approaches Ali.

SONNY  
You get Rick Moore's number?

ALI  
Yup. Want me to call him?

SONNY  
Yup.

ALI  
(as he goes)  
You should eat something...

SONNY  
So should you...

Sonny walks in--

HIS OFFICE

Takes a seat. His phone BUZZES.

ALI (O.S.)  
That's him!

Sonny girds himself for this asshole, picks up the phone.

SONNY  
Hey, Coach. Sonny Weaver.

SPLIT SCREEN - Coach Moore sits in his office at  
University of Michigan.

COACH MOORE  
You're about to be a very happy man. Bo  
Callahan is some of my finest work.

SONNY  
What can you tell me about him?

COACH MOORE  
I can tell you what I just told you: he's  
some of my finest work.

SONNY  
What else?

COACH MOORE  
You have the tapes. He's the real deal,  
Sonny. Don't overthink this like your  
Dad would have. No offense.  
(realizing)  
Sorry. Look, I love Bo.  
(MORE)



COACH MOORE (CONT'D)

My coaches love him. The cheerleaders love him. The fans love him. Everyone loves him.

SONNY

Then how come none of his teammates went to his birthday party?

A beat.

COACH MOORE

Are you kidding me with this?

SONNY

Seems relevant.

COACH MOORE

You want to tear this kid down or what?

SONNY

Just doing my due diligence. You don't think it's odd that nobody on the team was at their beloved teammate's twenty-first birthday party?

COACH MOORE

I don't know, Sonny. What do you think is more plausible? That nobody on a sixty person squad attended a party thrown by the Captain? Or that the cops, when they busted the party, mysteriously decided not to take down any players names because, being cops, and this being Ann Fucking Arbor, the last thing anyone here would ever want to do is imperil the Wolverine Football Squad. Oh, no, wait, your theory seems right. Bo Callahan...*BO CALLAHAN*...doesn't have any *friends*. Good luck with the draft today. Shithead.

Click. As Sonny lets that marinate, he gets another call on his cell. Looks at it. Huh. Answers.

SONNY

What can I do for you, Max?

SPLIT SCREEN

Shows MAX STONE, Jacksonville Jaguars' razor-sharp, former lawyer of a GM.

MAX

Got an offer for number one.

SONNY

I'm all ears.

MAX

Maurice Carson, Antonio Taylor, our first rounder today...and next year. That's a blue chip running back, a blue chip corner and two number ones.

SONNY

Not bad. I'm intrigued.

MAX

So make the deal.

SONNY

You gotta give me some time.

MAX

Time? The draft's in three hours, Sonny. Time is the one thing neither of us has. Make the deal.

SONNY

Give me one hour.

MAX

I'll give you half that.

INT. THE WAR ROOM - DAY

Sonny enters and points to Coach Penn.

SONNY

Do me the honor.

INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE WAR ROOM - DAY

Sonny talks to Penn.

SONNY

Just got off the phone with Max Stone.

PENN

How are things in Jacksonville?

SONNY

Didn't you ask when you called him behind my back?

PENN

Fair question. Can't remember.

SONNY

He offered me a very good deal for our number one. But you already knew that.

PENN

Listen, I'm an honest guy. Max Stone's an old friend. He calls me up, congratulates me on the Callahan thing, and I tell him my opinions on the matter.

SONNY

He called you, or you called him?

PENN

Who remembers such things?

SONNY

Fuck you, Vince. I can and will fire your ass.

PENN

You "can" and "will" but you "can't" and "won't".

SONNY

I'd like us to work together here.

PENN

Then let's start doing that, Sonny.  
Let's start doing that right now, huh?

Penn opens the war room door.

INT. THE WAR ROOM - DAY

Sonny and Coach Penn sit.

SONNY

Okay. New deal for us to break down.  
Very interesting. Jacksonville just offered...

As Sonny talks, his voice begins to fade as we see CLIPS UPON CLIPS of various Jacksonville players as well as hear THE GUYS BREAKING EACH DOWN.

However, the clips start coming faster and faster, and the chatter becomes louder and louder, and more garbled, and before long we start experiencing the same sensory overload these guys must be feeling until we--

SMASH TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Dead quiet. Sonny paces, nervous. Doesn't know what to do. He looks at his phone. Scrolls through names. Finds one, dials.

SPLIT SCREEN

Shows the intense, paranoid, DANNY SALAZAR, GM of the Seattle Seahawks, in his office.

DANNY SALAZAR

Salazar.

SONNY

Danny. Sonny Weaver. I need to bend your ear. Off the record.

DANNY SALAZAR

You want to make a deal for Callahan?

SONNY

No.

DANNY SALAZAR

Someone else?

SONNY

No.

DANNY SALAZAR

I don't get it.

SONNY

I need someone to run something by. There's so few people who understand what we do.

DANNY SALAZAR

Are you drunk?

SONNY

I just need an impartial party to ask a simple innocuous confidential question.

DANNY SALAZAR

Don't fuck with me, Weaver. I got it up to my neck today picking twenty eighth because my predecessor anally ramrodded this franchise.

SONNY

Jesus, Dan. I just want to ask you something off the record.

DANNY SALAZAR  
Yeah? Great. Go fuck yourself.

SONNY  
What's your problem?

DANNY SALAZAR  
You will not make a fool of me. You fuck me, I will fuck you. Did you hear that? I will fuck you, Sonny. Call me back when you wanna make a deal.

He hangs up. Sonny is amazed at where this all went.

INT. SONNY'S OFFICE AREA - DAY

Sonny sits on Ali's desk.

SONNY  
There's a deal on the table from Jacksonville. The number one pick for Maurice Johnson, Antonio Jennings, their first round pick this year and next.

ALI  
What's the war room think?

SONNY  
Split. Penn wants me to do it.

ALI  
But you don't.

SONNY  
I don't.

ALI  
Why?

SONNY  
It's a good deal. But...I don't know...

ALI  
Why are you here, Sonny? Isn't this what the war room is for?

SONNY  
I can't lie to you.

A beat.

ALI  
Not about football.

SONNY

Not about football.

ALI

What do you need to know about Callahan?

SONNY

Remember the '89 Super Bowl? The Joe Montana story?

ALI

Yeah, 49ers-Bengals. Niners down by three..three twenty to play...93 yard winning drive, 10 yard pass to Taylor.

SONNY

Yeah but before the drive...

INSERT: REAL FOOTAGE OF THE GAME.

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

Joe Montana's in the huddle and unbelievably, somehow, spots the actor John Candy in the stands. He points to him and asks the guys in the huddle, 'Hey, isn't that John Candy?' They couldn't believe the balls on the guy. To be that calm, at that game, at that time. His guys instantly relaxed, they march ninety-three yards down the field, Montana throws the winning touchdown pass, Niners win the Super Bowl. I want to know that's what I'm getting.

ALI

No one gets that. Not on draft day.

SONNY

I know.

(beat)

The fact that this deal feels so right to Penn kinda scares the shit out of me.

ALI

Then don't do it.

SONNY

But maybe I should....

ALI

Sonny, do something or don't do something, for Christ's sake, but don't wait.

SONNY  
Get Max Stone on the phone.

ALI  
Please.

SONNY  
Please.

Sonny walks into--

INT. THE WAR ROOM - DAY

Sonny rejoins his team.

SONNY  
It's still Callahan. I said no to Jacksonville.

SCOUT #1  
Okay, Sonny. We're with you.

COACH PENN  
The fuck we are. With all due respect, I think that's a bonehead move.

SONNY  
Well, if it helps, I don't feel great about it either.

COACH PENN  
It doesn't help.

SONNY  
Okay. So. We're back on Callahan. Do me a favor. Let's run the Michigan-LSU footage.

SCOUT #1  
Sure thing, Sonny...

Scout #1 looks for it on his laptop.

SCOUT #4  
What's up, Boss?

SONNY  
Just doublechecking something.

SCOUT #1  
Here we go...

Scout #1 hits Play. They all look at--

## THE VIDEO SCREEN

It's the start of the game.

SONNY

Fast forward to the first time Vontae sacks Bo.

Randy fast-forwards until he gets there. When he hits play, we see Vontae beat his man and burst up the middle to lay a vicious hit on Bo Callahan.

SCOUT #2

Damn. Bo didn't even see him coming. His center basically waved Vontae in.

SONNY

Or Vontae wasn't where the center thought he was.

SCOUT #3

Pretty impressive Bo held onto the ball after taking a hit like that. That's when having a brick shithouse for a QB comes in handy. Look at him...he just popped right up.

SCOUT #2

Two hundred fifty pounds of tough to take down...

SONNY

Go to the next play.

SCOUT #1

The next sack?

SONNY

No. The next play after this one.

Randy fast-forwards to the next play. Callahan drops back to pass, jumps around in the pocket, seeming very jittery...before throwing the ball...four feet over his receiver's head. Sonny sees something.

SCOUT #3

Not his best pass but--

SONNY

He should never have thrown it. Guy wasn't open. Can we fast forward to Vontae's next sack?



Randy fast forwards again. This time, Callahan drops back and is immediately in deep shit as his linemen don't pick up the all-out blitz. Amazingly, Callahan is able to stiff-arm one guy...

SCOUT #4

Good...

Elude another guy...

SCOUT #4 (CONT'D)

Nice...

Before Vontae sacks him again.

SCOUT #4 (CONT'D)

Kid did all he could there.

SONNY

Let's see what he does on the next play.

Randy fast forwards. Bo drops back...and falls down. He's quickly tackled after.

SCOUT #1

We watched this before, Sonny. Barring those two plays, Callahan was brilliant. Threw fours TDS and ran for another to win it. His last TD pass was a sixty yard bomb.

SONNY

Can we fast forward to that, Randy?

Randy fast forwards. We see Bo drop back again...and again he's under pressure. As he does before, he stiff-arms a guy down to the ground to buy some time...

SCOUT #2

Man, this kid is strong...

Bo bounces around looking for an open man...

SCOUT #4

He's looking downfield...checking his progressions...staying calm...textbook...

Bo rears back and unleashes a sixty yard bomb...that is caught for a touchdown. It's pretty impressive.

SCOUT #1

See that? The corner was draped all over him and Callahan made sure he put it on the guy's back shoulder.

SCOUT #4

The only place the corner couldn't get at it. Who does that at this level? Sick. Just sick.

SONNY

Rewind it back to the start of the play.

Randy rewinds. As the offense breaks out of the huddle--

SONNY (CONT'D)

Stop.

Sonny stands. Goes up to the screen for a closer look.

SCOUT #1

What?

SONNY

What's missing?

SCOUT #1

The fullback. I know. But Michigan runs most of their passing plays with an empty backfield.

SONNY

Try again.

Everyone looks at each other.

SCOUT #3

We give up.

SONNY

Where's Vontae?

Sonny's right. Vontae's not on the field.

SCOUT #3

Oh. You know what? I think he got ejected.

SONNY

He got ejected from the game? For what?

SCOUT #1

Yeah, after he stripped the ball from Callahan in the 3rd quarter and scored that TD. He gave the ball to a fan.

SCOUT #3

Bonehead move.

SONNY

Cue that up.

They do. Vontae sacks Callahan, returns the fumble for a TD. He then takes off his helmet and runs to the stands, hands the ball to a WOMAN IN A HEADWRAP.

SCOUT #1

You can't do that in college.

SCOUT #3

Bonehead move.

SONNY

That's not a *fan*. That's his sister.

His cell chimes. It's a text from Ralph, the Security Guy: **COME TO MY OFFICE PLS. GOT SOMETHING 4 U.**

RALPH (V.O.)

Got a new Callahan story. Talked to Jack Tate in Washington....

INT. RALPH'S OFFICE - DAY

RALPH

....Apparently, the first thing they did when they got the number five pick was send all the guys they were looking at their playbook.

SONNY

Right. We do the same thing.

RALPH

Well they add their own little twist. They tape a hundred dollar bill to the last page.

SONNY

Why?

RALPH

When they interview the guy they ask him if they read the whole playbook and all of them of course say yes. Then half of the guys usually blush and get embarrassed and tell them they took the money. The other half of the guys smile or laugh and just say thank you. Ask me what your boy Bo Callahan did.

SONNY

I really hate playing this game with you.

RALPH

Ask.

SONNY

What did Bo Callahan do?

RALPH

Neither.

SONNY

You lost me.

RALPH

He said yes he read it...and then said nothing.

SONNY

So?

RALPH

He had no idea about the hundred dollar bill, Sonny. He lied. He never read the playbook. And when they told him about the hundred dollar bill he lied again and said something like, 'Oh yeah, now I remember, yeah, good one'. Jack said it was the second strangest response he had seen to the hundred dollar bill thing. Ask me what the first was.

SONNY

Goddammit, Ralph. Just tell me.

RALPH

Bunch of years ago, he had a guy mail the money back to him once. Put it in a card and wrote: Save this for when I win you the Super Bowl.

SONNY

Nice...

RALPH

Ask me who it--

SONNY

No.

RALPH

Brian Drew.

EXT. OUTSIDE COMPOUND - SUNDOWN

Ali sits on a wall, pensive, looking off. Penn approaches.

PENN  
I know that look. That's a Sonny Weaver Junior induced look.

ALI  
No. I was just thinking.

Penn squints at something. Points.

PENN  
What the hell's that?

OFF IN THE DISTANCE - it looks like thirty or so BILLS FANS are tailgating in the compound's parking lot.

ALI  
An impromptu Bo Callahan victory party.

PENN  
What?

ALI  
Some fans came here as soon as they heard about us getting the first pick. Everyone's excited about Bo. More and more people keep showing up.

PENN  
(disbelief)  
Bills fans....

ALI  
Best fans in the world.

(beat)  
When I was in high school, the Bills had this placekicker, Joey Shanks. Started out the '89 season, missed his first three attempts. But Coach Weaver stood by him. He said, *'the kid nails em in practice. The kid kicks field goal after field goal for six straight hours in practice.'*

(beat)  
I wrote Coach a letter. I'm just this high school kid from Fairmount. I tell him, don't let Joey Shanks kick field goal after field goal in practice.

(MORE)

ALI (CONT'D)

Because during actual games he stands on the sideline for 40-50 minutes at a time, and then has to come in and kick once. Make him practice that way. Make him kick once, then have him stand to the side for 40 minutes.

(beat)

I didn't think he'd even read my letter, I was just so pissed at Joey Shanks, I had to do *something*. But Coach wrote back. He offered me a job and I've been here ever since.

PENN

I remember Joey Shanks.

ALI

Yeah, it didn't work. He still missed everything he ever kicked.

(beat)

God, we lose a lot in this town.

PENN

You miss Coach, huh?

ALI

We all do.

PENN

Sorry about the fire before. It wasn't my intention for you to deal with that.

ALI

Boys will be boys.

PENN

I don't hate Sonny, you know.

ALI

He doesn't hate you either.

PENN

You should leave him. And that's coming from an even bigger disaster than him.

ALI

I don't think you have any idea what you're talking about.

PENN

Probably not.

(he gets up to leave)

But you know what the thing is about men who make football their life?

(MORE)

PENN (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
Football is their life.

With that, Penn walks inside.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sonny is peeing...while on the phone.

SONNY  
Hey, Dre. Sonny.

SPLIT SCREEN

Shows ANDRE BELLO, 24, the Bills young, tall, #1 wide receiver, playing X-Box. Andre jumps off his couch.

ANDRE  
Shit, Sonny! You trading me?

SONNY  
No!  
(jostles phone)  
No.

Sonny puts the phone on top of the urinal. Hits speaker.

ANDRE  
Good...  
(beat)  
You pissing?

SONNY  
Something like that.

ANDRE  
Cool.

SONNY  
Calling about Brian Drew. He said you worked out together this offseason.

ANDRE  
Flew me out to his place in Houston on his own dime. Worked on our routes and timing nine to five every day. His wife did my laundry, Sonny. That's my boy, right there. You gonna pick Callahan though, right?

SONNY  
Honestly Dre, I have no idea what I'm doing anymore.

Sonny FLUSHES. Starts to walk out.

ANDRE

Don't even tell me you're not gonna wash  
your hands, dude.

Sonny stops, turns back, washes his hands.

INT. THE WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Sonny returns and Scout #1 hands him the phone.

SCOUT #1

Houston.

Sonny grabs the phone.

SONNY

Nixon?

SPLIT SCREEN

Shows NATHAN NIXON, Houston's nerdy GM, in his war room.

NIXON

Talk to me about Vontae Mack.

SONNY

Why?

NIXON

Who cares why?

SONNY

You're thinking of picking him? At  
fifteen?

NIXON

He's got potential, no? What else do I  
need to know?

SONNY

Uhhh...well...he's a great kid.

NIXON

C'mon...

SONNY

That's what I know.

NIXON

Quit being coy. You didn't think he was  
gonna fall to the second round, did you?

(MORE)



NIXON (CONT'D)

*Somebody's* gonna take him, Sonny. Tell me why that shouldn't be me.

SONNY

I'd never tell you how to do your job.

NIXON

This is all you're giving me? What's your problem?

SONNY

Don't have a problem, Nathan. Much as you want me to, I can't make your pick for you.

NIXON

You find something with him?

SONNY

I didn't say that.

NIXON

You didn't not say that.

SONNY

I'm not saying anymore. He's a great kid.

NIXON

Friend to a friend, Sonny, please, there an injury I don't know about?

A beat. Sonny really debates his next move. Bites his lip and...does something he finds morally questionable.

SONNY

I'm in a tight spot here, Nate.

NIXON

So there is?

SONNY

I can't say anything more. Good luck tonight.

Sonny hangs up.

SCOUT #1

You okay, Sonny?

Sonny walks out.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sonny comes out, bends over, hands on his knees. He doesn't feel great about what just happened. He kicks the wall.

SONNY

Goddammit!

As he takes some deep breaths, he sees...Coach Woodson?

SONNY (CONT'D)

Hey! What--

WOODSON

Was just looking for you. Your Mom's in your office. She needs to pow-wow. Says it's urgent.

SONNY

I don't have time for--  
(smells something)  
Are you drunk?

WOODSON

We both are.  
(beat, re: war room door)  
That your war room?

SONNY

Stay out of there, Doc.

Doc looks heartbroken.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Don't. I'm serious.

WOODSON

I can see that, Sonny.

He salutes Sonny...and walks right in.

WOODSON (CONT'D)

(to war room)  
Don't get up, fellas! Just here to say hi!

We hear lusty cheers as Doc disappears into the room -- he's a living legend, everyone loves him. Sonny thinks about stopping him...takes out his cell instead. Stares at it. Then puts it away. Walks down the hall.

INT. SONNY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sonny enters and finds his Mom at his desk, looking through the ashes from the Coach Penn fire incident.

BARB  
What happened?

SONNY  
What are you doing here?

BARB  
You look terrible.

SONNY  
It's draft day, Mom. So I'll ask you again: what are you--

BARB  
They read your Dad's will. And would you believe it, he wanted his ashes scattered at "his" field.

SONNY  
The Bills practice field? Here?

BARB  
Weaver Field. Yes. I'd like to do it as soon as possible.

Barb plops a big urn on Sonny's desk.

SONNY  
You can't be serious. It's...we're making our pick in an hour.

BARB  
I won't bother anyone. I'm going to do exactly as he asked. He wanted you to read this.

She hands him a paper.

BARB (CONT'D)  
It's a Gaelic blessing.

Sonny looks at the paper...but doesn't touch it.

SONNY  
Now you're saying? You want to do all this now?

BARB

Yes. I need to. Right now. So...I'm  
just going to walk out to the fifty yard  
line with you--

SONNY

With me?

BARB

It'll be quick. We'll just walk out  
together, dump his ashes and I can go  
home.

Sonny kicks his desk. He kicks it multiple times. He's  
enraged and doesn't even know why.

He sees that Ali's been watching him. They stare at each  
other, before he turns back to Barb. Tries to calm down.

SONNY

Tomorrow.

BARB

No.

A long beat.

SONNY

Mom...

BARB

(leaving)

No.

He looks at Ali.

ALI

Do you want to kick that desk some more?  
I think it might still be alive.

SONNY

Does anyone in this building still smoke?

ALI

Ralph.

SONNY

I need a cigarette.

EXT. BEHIND THE BILLS FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

Sonny and Ali sit on some stacked truck tires, probably used as training weights, but now discarded behind the building. They both stare off at nothing. Sonny smokes.

SONNY

Whoever thought it meant that much to him. Naming a dingy practice field WEAVER FIELD. God, he took pride in the weirdest things.

ALI

She's just gonna dump the ashes and go?

SONNY

What else are you supposed to do?

ALI

I dunno. Invite family and friends and stuff?

SONNY

The memorial service was last week. You don't need two.

ALI

Still.

(beat)

Are you going to go up there?

SONNY

No.

ALI

Sonny, why not?

SONNY

Everyone always gives me grief for firing my own dad. I only did it because my Mom asked me to.

(beat)

More like told me to. His doctor said stress was gonna kill him, but he wouldn't retire. Refused. Mom was the fucking puppeteer. She convinced *him* to get Molina to hire *me* as GM, then she convinced *me* to fire *him*.

ALI

That's fucked up.

SONNY

I know.

(beat)

Whatever. She wants to dump his ashes,  
she can dump em. With her boyfriend.  
But she's not gonna walk into my facility  
on Draft Day and distract me, or my  
people.

Ali looking in a different direction, sees something.

ALI

Um...that might not be the case...

Sonny looks over.

Everyone in the building is filing out and following Barb  
up to Weaver Field.

SONNY

No. No. No way...

EXT. BEHIND THE BILLS FACILTY - MOMENTS LATER

Sonny runs up to everyone as they walk towards the field  
as if to intercept them.

SONNY

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! What's going on here?

SCOUT #2

Sonny, we heard. And we all thought...

SCOUT #1

Look, they're scattering Coach's ashes,  
we're gonna be there. We loved him,  
Sonny. We gotta take a moment.

SONNY

We aren't having a memorial service in  
the middle of the practice field! How  
did you all even find out about this?  
Did Vontae Mack tweet it?

WOODSON

Sorry, kiddo. They asked why I was here.

SONNY

I told you to stay out of my War Room!

BARB

(sharply)

Sonny. Please.

SONNY

No! Not PLEASE! We have the NUMBER ONE  
OVERALL PICK IN THE DRAFT! Have I lost  
my mind!?!

SCOUT #3

Five minutes, Sonny? Outta respect?

SONNY

Fuck this. Go. All of you. But I'm not  
going up there. I AM NOT.

BARB

Stop being a child. You need to read  
this.

Sonny takes the piece of paper, and shoves it in  
Woodson's gut.

SONNY

Here, big man. You read the goddamn  
Gaelic Blessing. I have a fucking job to  
do.

Sonny storms off.

INT. SONNY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

SPLIT SCREEN:

One half of screen is the event on the practice field,  
the other half is Sonny at his window, staring out at  
them. His reflection in the window is next to the sign  
that reads: WEAVER FIELD.

Woodson reads the crumpled up paper.

WOODSON

"May the road rise to meet you. May the  
wind be always at your back. May the sun  
shine warm upon your face. May the rains  
fall soft upon your fields. And until we  
meet again, may God hold you in the palm  
of his hand."

Barb scatters the ashes. Split screen disappears. Just  
Sonny in his office.

Ali enters.

SONNY

Thought you were up there.

ALI

I'm here. You okay?

SONNY

Who do I take?

ALI

I don't know. What do you want? Do you want to be a winner?

SONNY

Yes.

ALI

You want to win games.

SONNY

Yes.

ALI

That's all that matters.

SONNY

Yes.

ALI

Then pick Callahan.

SONNY

Right? I should. I should pick Callahan.

ALI

He wins. He wins at all costs. He's a winner.

SONNY

He is a winner.

ALI

He plays through pain. He puts his emotions on hold. He's got tunnel vision. It doesn't matter if he's well-liked, he wins. It doesn't matter if people love him, he wins. It doesn't matter what he does anywhere except in the pocket, dropping back to pass. He wins. He's a winner.

SONNY

Get him on the phone...please.

(as she goes)

Wait.



He picks up the phone. Dials someone.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Nate. Sonny.

SPLIT SCREEN

Shows Nate, Houston GM he just got off the phone with.

SONNY (CONT'D)

There's nothing wrong with Vontae.

NATE

What?

SONNY

There's nothing wrong with Vontae Mack.

NATE

Why are you telling me this?

SONNY

I may have given you the impression that there was an injury there and I feel like shit about that. Vontae's fine.

NATE

You fucking with me?

SONNY

Not at all.

NATE

Just tell me the truth.

SONNY

Helluva kid, helluva player.

NATE

What the fuck!

SONNY

I'm telling you the--

NATE

NO! FUCK YOU!

SONNY

Nate, I'm serious....

NATE

We should be above this! We should be goddamn mind games, Sonny! Go fuck yourself!

Sonny kicks the desk again. Ali comes in, gives him a look.

SONNY

Go Fuck MYSELF!? Go fuck YOURSELF, Nate!  
You don't want to take Vontae Mack, fine!  
You will REGRET it like nothing you've  
ever regretted in your entire fucking  
life, you hack! You want my unvarnished  
opinion? He's the best fucking player  
I've ever seen in my entire fucking life!  
So FUCK OFF, YOU HACKY FUCK!

Sonny slams the phone down.

ALI

(sarcastic)

You're doing great today, you know that?

SONNY

Just get me Bo Callahan on the  
phone...please.

She returns to her desk and finds, then dials a number  
and talks to someone. Sonny sits and suddenly goes into  
a very calm, reflective state.

SONNY (CONT'D)

You know who got a bad rap? Bobby  
Beathard.

ALI

(covering phone)

Who?

SONNY

Former Chargers GM...

INSERT: TRULY AMAZING FOOTAGE OF A TRULY AMAZING COLLEGE  
QUARTERBACK.

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

Great football mind. Thirty two general  
managers in the league in 1998 and every  
single one of them would have taken Ryan  
Leaf over Peyton Manning...

The quarterback in the clips is RYAN LEAF, the biggest  
draft bust ever. We see HIM HOLDING A CHARGERS JERSEY,  
then a QUICK HIGHLIGHT REEL OF HIM SUCKING IN NFL AND  
BLOWING UP AT REPORTERS IN LOCKER ROOM.

CUT BACK TO

Ali walks back into Sonny's office.

SONNY (CONT'D)  
Yeah. Bobby Beatherd. Poor fucking  
bastard, that guy.

ALI  
Mackenmaker's on Line One.

SONNY  
(into phone)  
Mackenmaker...

SPLIT SCREEN

Shows Mackenmaker in a back room at Radio City with OTHER  
AGENTS, FAMILY MEMBERS and HULKING DRAFT PICKS. It's  
hectic.

BRIAN MACKENMAKER  
Gotta tell you, we're getting very  
excited over here, my friend.

SONNY  
I wanna speak to Bo.

BRIAN MACKENMAKER  
He's a little busy at the moment, Sonny.  
Can I get you two on after the pick?

SONNY  
No. I need to speak to him now.

BRIAN MACKENMAKER  
Is there a problem?

SONNY  
I. Want. To. Speak to him.

BRIAN MACKENMAKER  
He's in the john.

SONNY  
I'm about to decide whether or not to  
give him twenty five million dollars.  
Tell him to wipe up and get on the phone.

BRIAN MACKENMAKER  
Absolutely. No problem.

Mackenmaker puts his hand over the phone, talks to Bo.

BRIAN MACKENMAKER (CONT'D)  
Weaver just wants to say hi.

Bo reluctantly takes the phone.

BO

This is Bo.

SONNY

Hey, Bo. How you doing tonight?

BO

Good.

Sonny waits for something more...that never comes.

SONNY

Good, good. Try and enjoy this part if you can. You only get drafted once.

Shakes his head. Can't believe he said that again.

BO

Okay...

SONNY

Quick question: how important is winning to you?

BO

Excuse me?

SONNY

I've seen all the tape on you, talked to everyone that matters, but that's the thing I still don't know. How important is winning to you?

BO

I'm not sure I understand the question, Mister Weaver.

SONNY

All you guys at this level, you're all winners, you've always beaten everyone else. Of course you have. You're freaks. You won the genetic lottery. You're the most gifted football players on the planet. But I'm not as interested in why you won right now, I'm interested in how important it is to you to keep doing it. That's the twenty five million dollar question.

Bo takes a second. Looks at Mackenmaker who mouths, "What?". Bo shakes him off, comes back with...

BO  
I don't know...very?

SONNY  
Look, feel free to take a sec and really think about--

BO  
Hey, do you mind if we talk after you guys make the pick? Everyone really wants me to head downstairs.

SONNY  
Sure, Bo. Good talking with you.

Sonny hangs up. Takes a deep breath as we...

CUT BETWEEN THE FOLLOWING:

- 1) The "Bo Callahan victory party" in the Bills parking lot has doubled in size now. They are drinking and having fun. Someone starts a 'FUCK L.A.' CHANT.
- 2) Bo and Mackenmaker making their way to their table at the draft, shaking hands and taking pictures as they go.
- 3) The guys in the war room pace and try and look busy.
- 4) An OLD WOMAN being handed a glass of iced tea...by Vontae as he switches on his TV to ESPN's coverage of the draft.
- 5) A packed Buffalo sports bar watching the draft, high-fiving, doing shots, excited.
- 6) Ray Banks Jr. and his father Earl make their way to a separate table at the draft. Ray and Bo make eye contact and give each other a nod.
- 7) Ali looking at herself in the mirror in the woman's bathroom.
- 8) Barb, still on the practice field, staring at nothing. The lights are on. Someone taps her. She turns. It's Woodson. She smiles.

CUT BACK TO

INT. SONNY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sonny looks - OUT HIS WINDOW - at Woodson leading his Mom off the practice field.

SONNY  
Son of a bitch...

Sonny picks up his phone and makes a call.

SPLIT SCREEN

Shows MARVIN, the Bill's rep at the draft (his nametag tells us), in a back room at Radio City. We hear the circus outside as he picks up his cell and shuts a door for privacy.

MARVIN  
Oh, good. You remembered you actually had to call and tell me who you wanted? Was wondering what you were doing. It's almost go time, Boss. Whose name you wanna hear the Commissioner say in five minutes?

Sonny takes out...the green piece of paper he wrote on at the very start of the story. It is crumpled. He uncrumples it. He stares at what is written there.

SMASH TO:

INT. THE WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Sonny enters holding two six-packs. His guys are watching the DRAFT ON ESPN.

SCOUT #1  
Now's the easy part, right Sonny?

Sonny smiles, goes around the room delivering beers.

SCOUT #2  
Viva, Bo Callahan!

As they cheer, Sonny takes a beer...and chugs it...before looking--

AT THE TV

Just as the NFL COMMISSIONER steps up to the podium.

NFL COMMISSIONER  
With the first pick of the 2012 NFL Draft, the Buffalo Bills select...Vontae Mack. Linebacker. LSU.

Seemingly every mouth in Radio City drops.

EXT. BILLS COMPOUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

There's a LONG SHOT of the "Bo Callahan Victory Party" and all we can hear is a collective...

PARKING LOT FANS  
Nooooooooooooo!

SMASH TO:

INT. MACK RESIDENCE FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Vontae's grandmother's house. His FRIENDS, FAMILY AND NEPHEWS are going BATSHIT CRAZY HERE. Imagine thirty people experiencing the best night of their life.

Amidst the madness, we find Vontae...uncontrollably sobbing on his proud GRANDMA'S shoulder.

SMASH TO:

EXT. RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL - NIGHT

Bo Callahan bursts out a side door, catches his breath. Mackenmaker bursts out half a beat later.

BRIAN MACKENMAKER  
You need to get back in there.

BO  
How did this--

BRIAN MACKENMAKER  
Everything's going to be fine. Don't act weird.

He motions to the open door...and Bo marches back in.

SMASH TO:

INT. BUFFALO SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Bills swag and TVs everywhere. Just as packed but the exact opposite vibe of Vontae's.

People screaming "No!", pounding tables, kicking walls, chugging beers in disgust, looking at Vontae's face on screen...then chugging another beer.

SMASH TO:

INT. SOMEWHERE IN BILLS COMPOUND - NIGHT

Barb (and several STAFFERS) watch TV in a lounge.

BARB

Please tell me what I saw just happen did  
not just happen and my son did not just  
pick Vontae Mack number one.

Coach Woodson is beside her, smiling.

COACH WOODSON

Sorry, Barb. I can not tell you that.

SMASH TO:

INT. THE WAR ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Sonny staring into space. The impact of what  
he's just done floats around him.

We hear the dim roar of everyone questioning him,  
swearing, gasping, whispering...

Penn is yelling in his face, but we barely hear it.  
Sonny doesn't even look at him....

Sonny gets up and calmly walks out of the room, leaving  
the madness behind him.

Penn looks on the table and sees the CRUMPLED GREEN PIECE  
OF PAPER Sonny wrote on that morning. Penn looks at  
what's written:

**VONTAE MACK. NO MATTER WHAT.**

Sonny gets a call. Looks at his cell: VONTAE. He picks  
up.

SONNY

Congratulations, Mister Mack.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH

Vontae at his Grandma's...next to his Grandma...crying  
uncontrollably but trying desperately to speak.

VONTAE

Immma...zabba...lannna...

He breaks down crying again. Speaking's not gonna  
happen. Grandma takes the phone from him.



## VONTAE'S GRANDMA

He's gonna have to call you back, Mister Weaver.

## INT. SONNY'S OFFICE AREA - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Sonny returns to see Ali packing up her stuff to leave. She stops, looks at him.

## ALI

Congratulations, Sonny.

## SONNY

Where are you going?

## ALI

I'm leaving. I've been trying to leave all day.

## SONNY

Don't do that. I need you. It's been a crazy day, and it's just going to get--

## ALI

You have nothing to worry about. The hard part's over.

## SONNY

What? I have everything to worry about.

## ALI

You're a great GM, Sonny. You are. If you think Vontae is great, he's great. You see things other people don't see. But for whatever reason, you can't use that talent for anything else. You don't see when someone loves you, or needs you, or is terrified. And I guess, I wonder sometimes, who's gonna scatter my ashes? Who's gonna stand there and watch them scatter? Who's gonna care?

(hugs him)

You're a great general manager. Just cling to that.

She walks off. Sonny watches her go.

## WOODSON (O.S.)

Tough stuff.

Sonny turns and sees Woodson in his office.

SONNY

How long have you been there?

WOODSON

Long enough. She's a catch, Sonny.  
But you never were good at catch. You  
had hands like beef mittens.

SONNY

Get out of my office.

WOODSON

Interesting strategy you got going today.  
Trade four number ones DOWN to get a guy  
you could have traded UP to get.

SONNY

I'm not going to say it again, Doc.

WOODSON

I gotcha...

He starts to leave but Sonny pushes him against the wall.

SONNY

My Dad hated you. I know you think he  
didn't but he hated your goddamn guts.  
He told me you were a bastard.

WOODSON

He knew about your Mom and I.

SONNY

Excuse me?

WOODSON

He was fine with it. Told both of us so.

SONNY

Shut your goddamn mouth.

WOODSON

He was a great man, Sonny. But he was  
terrible to her.

SONNY

You don't know what you're talking about.

WOODSON

You must have known about the other  
women...

SONNY

I said: shut your mouth.

WOODSON

You're right. Not my place.

Woodson pushes away. He starts to leave, but turns back.

WOODSON (CONT'D)

She was right, by the way. Your girl.  
She was right what she said about you  
being a great GM. I've watched you.

SONNY

What?

WOODSON

What? You think I don't watch you?  
Cheering for you, like some dumb uncle?

SONNY

I haven't done anything right. Ask  
anyone.

WOODSON

Who cares what people say? They don't  
know, do they? The world, the media, the  
fans, everyone? They don't know like we  
know, do they?

Sonny doesn't answer.

WOODSON (CONT'D)

Take a rational position like yours:  
general manager. Someone who manages an  
entire organization. Rationally. But  
then, once a year, they throw you in an  
arena and tell you to PREDICT THE GODDAMN  
FUTURE. Some people get lucky, some  
don't. And that's where rationality and  
logic ends.

INSERT: FOOTAGE of former Sonny draft pick, the stumbling  
idiot QB JONNY MAYHEW:

*(\*NOTE: This all mirrors the montage at beginning)*

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

First guy you ever drafted: Jonny  
Mayhew, now he never acclimated to the  
NFL, sure. But the kid had a cannon...

INSERT: SHOT of Mayhew, throwing an incredible pass.

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

...And a brain. And he was good people.  
But he had NO PROTECTION.

(MORE)

WOODSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Sacked seventy times his rookie year.  
Rookie year's your childhood: If it's  
traumatic, chances are, you got a  
traumatic life ahead. Poor kid.

INSERT: FOOTAGE of DE Darrell Bernard sacking  
quarterbacks.

WOODSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Darrell Bernard was an ASSASSIN. How  
were you to know he had mental issues?

INSERT: NEWSPAPER CLIPPING of Darrell wearing a T-shirt  
and nothing else, on a city street, clutching a teddy  
bear.

WOODSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And Aubrey Loomis was just a bust.  
Everyone busts sometimes.

INSERT: FOOTAGE of Aubrey Loomis, the receiver we saw  
before...about to catch a long bomb, only to watch it go  
through his hands...

CUT BACK TO

Woodson talking to Sonny.

WOODSON (CONT'D)  
I know you wanna hit me but...the day's  
not over, Sonny. You know what you're  
doing. You know. Go do it.

As Woodson walks off, Sonny's cell BEEPS. He got a text.  
It's from Vontae. It just reads: **U WILL NOT REGRET THIS.**

INT. WAR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sonny walks through the doors. There is a buzz in the  
corner... everyone's watching the draft on TV.

SCOUT #1  
Holy shit. Holy shit...

Everyone is in disbelief...

SONNY  
What's going on?

SCOUT #3  
He's dropping!

SONNY

What?

SCOUT #1

Picks number 2 and 3 are NOT Bo Callahan!  
Nobody's picking him!

Sonny looks--

ON TV

ESPN ANNOUNCER

...and it seems that the Buffalo Bills have sent the entire league into a confused frenzy. Bo Callahan remains UNPICKED. After three picks, and going into the number four pick, many are wondering if there is some unknown issue with Bo Callahan...

BACK TO

SCOUT #3

Everyone is freaking out, Sonny. St. Louis went with Anderson and Miami took Palmer.

It dawns on Sonny...that there's opportunity here.

SONNY

Who's picking fourth?

We see a large chart with HELMETS OF EVERY TEAM in order of their draft pick. We see that next is ARIZONA, then DENVER, OAKLAND and DETROIT at #7.

SCOUT #1

Arizona.

SONNY

Are they gonna take Callahan?

SCOUT #1

They should. But everyone's off their game. Rams and Dolphins both deviated from their expected picks, even though they were available. Everyone's panicking because Callahan's still there.

SCOUT #3

Jesus, what if he falls to seven? Detroit's got seven now. What if they still ended up with Callahan?

SCOUT #2

Tom Michaels would be the GM of the decade.

SONNY

Okay...Denver has five...Oakland has six...

SCOUT #2

Denver'd never take Callahan. They already got Herrod, he's an All-Star. So if Arizona balks, then Oakland's all over him.

SONNY

Unless they balk too...

SCOUT #3

And our friend Tom Michaels grabs him at seven.

SONNY

They have that kid GM in Oakland. What's his name?

They all look at each other and smile. They see where Sonny's going with this.

SCOUT #1

Jeff Carson.

SCOUT #2

Youngest GM in sports.

SCOUT #3

Zero on the job experience.

SCOUT #1

No experience whatsoever.

Beat.

SONNY

Get me Jeff Carson on the line.

CUT TO:

PHONE BEING PICKED UP, HANDED TO SONNY

INT. THE WAR ROOM - NIGHT

SPLIT SCREEN SHOWS - Sonny and Oakland GM JEFF CARSON.  
Carson looks twelve...and ready to piss himself.

SONNY

Hey, buddy.

JEFF CARSON

Holy shit, man, what do you know? What do you know?

SONNY

About what?

JEFF CARSON

About this! About this fucking thing! What's wrong with Bo Callahan?

SONNY

Nothing. We liked Vontae better.

JEFF CARSON

The Rams took my pick, man! I had everything planned out.

SONNY

Well, you still have time.

JEFF CARSON

Arizona's picking right now...

SONNY

You're right. Hold on...

They both put their phones to the side as we switch to a--

TRIPLE SCREEN

To show the Commissioner approach the podium again.

NFL COMMISSIONER

For the fourth pick of the 2012 NFL draft, the Arizona Cardinals select...Maurice Krupa. Cornerback. University of Wisconsin.

Gasps from the crowd, boos...

SONNY

Wow. Cardinals went corner. Callahan's still in play. Who picks fifth?

JEFF CARSON

The Broncos.

SONNY

Oh, well, they're not taking Callahan, they're taking Dearborne, the Left Tackle. Congrats, Jeff, looks like you're about to get Bo Callahan to quarterback the Raiders.

JEFF CARSON

Sonny, you gotta be straight with me.

SONNY

About what?

JEFF CARSON

What's wrong with him? Why's everyone passing on him? Why did you pass on him?

SONNY

I told you. We liked Vontae.

JEFF CARSON

Jesus, I'm about to be on the clock here! Look, please, what's wrong with Callahan?

SONNY

Can I be frank with you?

JEFF CARSON

Yes!

SONNY

I think he's a bust.

JEFF CARSON

What? How? Why?

SONNY

Gut feeling.

JEFF CARSON

Just tell me. If you were me who would you pick right now?

SONNY

I'd pick Callahan.

JEFF CARSON

But you just said--



SONNY

If you don't, you will be the laughingstock of the league tomorrow. Everyone else has an excuse to pass on Bo Callahan. You don't.

JEFF CARSON

So I should pick him?

SONNY

Look, I have other needs. You want to make a trade for six right now? Because I can hook that up.

JEFF CARSON

Who are you going to pick?

SONNY

I can't tell you that. The question is, do you want to make a trade? Because if you come out of here with a handful of draft picks, then you look like a seasoned pro and everyone wonders what you're up to next. If you don't, you look scared. Give me six and I'll give you our second round pick this year, and our second rounder next year.

JEFF CARSON

Two number twos for the sixth overall?

SONNY

I'd give you number ones, but I dealt them already.

JEFF CARSON

Jesus, the clock...

SONNY

Fine. Take our next three number twos.

JEFF CARSON

Your number two pick this year and the next two?

SONNY

Yeah.

JEFF CARSON

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Time is ticking. Both men look at clocks.

SONNY

Denver hasn't picked yet, but they will any second. They're just taking their time.

JEFF CARSON

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

SONNY

Final offer. Our Number two pick this year and the next three years. Four years worth of number two picks.

Everyone in Sonny's war room perks up, listening. Penn is back, and hears this too. He's not happy.

JEFF CARSON

Four years of second rounders?

SONNY

For your pick right now. And you and your guys can regroup, figure yourselves out, and relax.

JEFF CARSON

Deal.

SONNY

Very good, Jeff.

Sonny hangs up.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Somebody get me Tom Michaels.

PENN

Tell me you didn't just do that.

SONNY

We just got the number six pick.

PENN

Let me get this straight: In the span of one day, you have burnt through our next four years of number one and two picks?

SONNY

Yeah.

PENN

I quit.

SONNY

Don't quit.

PENN  
I can't coach a team with no future!

SONNY  
Hold on.

Sonny gets on his knees, begging, in front of everyone.  
It seems either half-crazy or half-jesting...

SONNY (CONT'D)  
Just let me do this... let me work with  
this. If by the end of the night you  
still want to quit, then quit. Just  
please, don't quit now. See what I do  
from here. It's gonna be worth it.

Penn storms out of the room.

PENN  
I'll be in my office.

SCOUT #1  
Sonny!

When Sonny looks over, the scout points...

ON TV

The Commissioner approaches the podium.

NFL COMMISSIONER  
With the fifth pick of the 2012 NFL  
Draft, the Denver Broncos Select...Moses  
Dearborne, Left Tackle, Oregon.

Whoops of disbelief as Callahan continues to drop.

AWKWARD shots of Callahan, humiliated at Radio City, in  
the special section reserved for expected top ten picks.

CUT BACK TO

SONNY  
We're on the clock.

SCOUT #1  
I have Tom Michaels...

Sonny goes and grabs the phone.

SPLIT SCREEN - Shows Tom Michaels.

TOM  
(laughing)  
Jesus Mary and Whatnot, do I owe you a  
thank you, Weaver. Oakland's on the  
clock. I am one more crazy fuck up away  
from INSANITY. Can you imagine? Scoring  
four first round picks AND Bo Callahan?  
Lord God, let that infant John Carson  
fuck this up.

SONNY  
It's Jeff Carson, Tom. And he doesn't  
have the pick, I do.

TOM  
What!?!

SONNY  
I just made a trade with Oakland. I'm on  
the clock. It's me.

TOM  
Bullshit.

A STAFFER approaches Tom and whispers just that.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Holy hell. What the hell are you doing,  
Sonny? What did you give them?

SONNY  
No time for that. I'm on the clock. I'm  
going to pick Bo, Tom. Unless you want  
him more. And if so, let's make a deal.

TOM  
What is going ON, Sonny?

SONNY  
Everyone thinks something's wrong with  
the kid. But you don't. You did your  
due diligence. You're about to pull off  
the move of the century. But you need my  
pick. Make me an offer.

TOM  
You've gone rogue. You've gone renegade.

SONNY  
Make me a deal and you get six and your  
boy wonder.

TOM  
What do you want?

SONNY

I want my number ones back. All of them.

TOM

That's crazy. Why would I give them back?

SONNY

Because at the end of the day, no one's the wiser. You haven't lost anything, and you get the quarterback messiah you wanted anyhow.

TOM

It doesn't make sense to do that.

SONNY

Sure it does. Callahan's not worth as much now. He's a sixth overall pick, not first. I just saved my owner, I don't know, what's the difference between a #1 pick and a #6? Twenty million dollars? You'd be doing the same for your owner. So give me my picks back.

TOM

Can't do it. I look like an idiot, I look like I panicked. Nah. You take him. You obviously don't want to. I'll keep my draft picks.

SONNY

But you want him, don't you Tom? Ever since you made the trade, everyone in Detroit has been calling for your head. Isn't that true?

Beat. No response.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Doesn't matter if you did the right thing, does it? Detroit wants a hero. They want a sure thing. And you denied them that. You snag Callahan now, and they'll name City Hall after you.

TOM

Go fuck yourself.

SONNY

Unless you wanna give me this year's first round pick, and your next three number twos. You still end up with three first rounders AND Bo Callahan.

Beat. Tom considers.

TOM

Next two number twos. Not three number twos.

SONNY

Let's make that third number two a number three. So this year's first round, next two years' second rounders. And next year's third round. For you to pick Bo Callahan now.

Beat.

TOM

Let's do it.

SONNY

Great.

They hang up. Sonny stands in triumph. A quiet hush as everyone waits.

SONNY (CONT'D)

We just gave them six. We get seven. And we got picks back.

Everyone CHEERS.

SONNY (CONT'D)

That means we're picking next. Back at seven. Where we started. Tom's picking Bo. So...who do we got?

The scouts go to answer but are beat by--

COACH PENN (O.S.)

Ray Fucking Banks.

Penn has been leaning against the wall. He walks over to Sonny, offers his hand.

PENN

Nice work.

SONNY

You're fired, Vince.

PENN

What?

SONNY

I don't like getting pissed on.

PENN  
You can't fire me. I already quit.

SONNY  
But you didn't.

PENN  
Because you begged me not to.

SONNY  
So I could fire you now. Nice working  
with you, Coach.  
(he turns back to his scouts)  
Pick Banks. He's Buffalo Royalty.

Sonny exits.

INT. RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL - NIGHT

The Commissioner's at the podium.

NFL COMMISSIONER  
And with the sixth pick of the 2012 NFL  
Draft, the Detroit Lions select... Bo  
Callahan, Quarterback, University of  
Michigan.

Bo is shocked. But there is finally a smile, relief. He  
gets up and goes to the stage. He holds up a Lions  
Jersey with the number 6 on it, smiles for the cameras.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Sonny walks. He loosens his tie. Takes it out of his  
shirt.

He walks through the Compound Lobby, past the trophy  
case, and exits...

EXT. OUTSIDE THE COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Sonny stands outside the facility, looks around.

EXT. WEAVER FIELD - NIGHT

Sonny walks to midfield. It's a beautiful night. This  
simple practice field feels like Lambeau right now.  
There is something mystical about it.

Sonny breathes deeply. He looks skyward. He lets loose an exhausted but satisfied groan of relief.

He crouches and touches the field.

He looks down towards an endzone. The goalposts sway in the wind. Sonny smiles.

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone watches...

THE TV

Where the Commissioner approaches the podium yet again.

NFL COMMISSIONER  
With the seventh pick of the 2012 NFL  
draft, the Buffalo Bill select...Ray  
Banks, running back, Auburn.

INT. RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL - CONTINUOUS

Slow-motion as Ray Banks, in a suit, goes to his father, Earl Banks, and they hug. They are both in tears.

EXT. WEAVER FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Sonny leaves the field, walking back to the parking lot, makes a call.

SPLIT SCREEN

Shows his mother is back home.

BARB  
Hello?

SONNY  
Hey Mom.

BARB  
Sonny.

SONNY  
I need to tell you something.

BARB  
Sure, honey.



SONNY  
I'm gonna be a dad.

BARB  
What?

SONNY  
It's true.

Beat.

BARB  
Since when?

SONNY  
Since recently.

BARB  
You're going to be a father.

SONNY  
You're going to be a grandma.

Beat. Barb starts to cry.

SONNY (CONT'D)  
I wanted to tell you because...because  
this is a good thing and maybe we can  
both use a good thing right now.

BARB  
This is such great news!  
(beat)  
I wish your father--

SONNY  
I know, Ma...  
(they share silence, then)  
Listen, is Doc still there?

BARB  
Yes.

SONNY  
Can I talk to him?

BARB  
Let me get him...

She gives the phone to Doc on the couch, watching the  
draft of course.

WOODSON  
First rate work, kiddo. Inspired.

SONNY  
I'm not done yet.

WOODSON  
What's next?

SONNY  
Hiring you as head coach of the Buffalo Bills.

Beat.

WOODSON  
I'm retired, Sonny.

SONNY  
Then get unretired.

WOODSON  
You already have a coach.

SONNY  
Not anymore. I fired him.

WOODSON  
Why?

SONNY  
Honestly?

WOODSON  
Yeah.

SONNY  
Hated the guy.

WOODSON  
(laughing)  
What about me?

SONNY  
Work in progress.

A beat.

WOODSON  
You mind if I sleep on this?

Sonny smiles. Knows he has him.

SONNY  
Take your time.

EXT. BUFFALO RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Sonny parks his car, gets out. He walks to the front door of an old Victorian house.

We watch him from a distance. He KNOCKS. Ali comes to the door. She comes outside. We watch them talk, but we can't hear them. He's telling her a lot.

He kisses her. She kisses him back. They hug. Sonny touches her belly. He kisses it. He puts his head against her belly. She holds him there.

A Men's Choir sings THE GAELIC BLESSING, acapella...

CHOIR

*'May the road rise to meet you...*

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

Angled shot of field goal uprights. The flags at the top ripple in the wind...

CHOIR

*May the wind be always at your back...*

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

A line of Bills players, circa 60's, stand with helmets off, listening to the National Anthem. Their faces shine in the sun...

CHOIR

*May the sun shine warm upon your face...*

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

Slow-motion, FEET at the line of scrimmage, circa 80's, tear up a muddied field as rain pours...

CHOIR

*May the rains fall soft upon your fields...*

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

Vontae Mack, circa now, in muddied uniform, walks toward the tunnel at the end of the game. He looks like he's been through battle. He raises a fist in triumph.

CHOIR  
*And until we meet again...*

EXT. CITY OF BUFFALO - NIGHT

The city is lit up like a jewel.

CHOIR  
*May God hold you in the palm of his  
hand.'*

FIREWORKS explode over the city in celebration.

FADE TO BLACK