

TOO EASY IN TILLMAN

"Pilot"

By

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INT. DOUBLE WIDE TRAILER HOME - DAY

Laremy Sims, mid 30's and good looking but rough around the edges, is sleeping on the couch. He rolls off and hits the floor hard, wakes up.

Eyes squint open and he sees the chaos of his surroundings: furniture flipped on its side, lamps broken, pictures askew. He knocks over a pile of beer cans.

His eyes open wide and he rubs his head. He has a circular bruise on his forehead.

LAREMY

Whew.

His eyes scan the entire place from his POV, and it's completely trashed.

LAREMY

What a night.

His eyes fall on one framed item hanging on the wall that looks as though it was untouched. It's a needlepoint of a strange, muddy, duck-like bird. Laremy grabs the attached note.

INSERT: THE NOTE

"Welcome to your new home, Coach Sims! Coot Coot Coot!"

Laremy looks off, puzzled and a little bit scared.

LAREMY

What the f-

Sound of a referee blowing a whistle.

BEGINNING OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - A series of still photos narrated by two football commentators.

STILL PHOTOS - Several quick photos of Laremy playing football from childhood to the big league.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)

Laremy Sims was born to do one thing.

STILL PHOTOS - several quick shots of Laremy making ridiculous catches.

(CONTINUED)

COLOR MAN (O.S.)
And I'll tell ya, that one thing is
to catch the football.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)
That's why they call him...

COLOR MAN (O.S.)
Too Easy.

STILL PHOTO - Laremy, at the end of a hard fought loss in
the big league. He's emotional, the other team celebrates.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)
But Laremy "Too Easy" Sims was one
of those legendary players that
never won the big one.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)
Makes me want to cry, those guys.

STILL PHOTO - Laremy takes the field, scoreboard behind him
showing six seconds left to play.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)
In fact, his career ended with a
chance to win it all.

STILL PHOTO - Laremy drops the pass, along with the sound of
a bone breaking.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)
That's the ballgame. Another
heartbreaker for Sims. And it looks
like Too Easy might be done Too
Soon.

STILL PHOTO - Laremy in agony.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)
Hate to see a great career end like
that. And on a dropped pass.
Unfortunately, that's what a lot of
people will remember.

STILL PHOTO - Laremy being loaded into an ambulance.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)
What's Sims gonna do now?

COLOR MAN (O.S.)
I think there's only one thing for
him to do : retreat to a life of
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

COLOR MAN (O.S.) (cont'd)
ease where he can cash in on his
celebrity.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)
And probably cover up the
humiliation and pain of that dropped
pass with loads of booze and women.

COLOR MAN
Of course.

STILL PHOTO - The outside of a luxurious hotel surrounded by
palm trees.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)
The Mondaro Hotel and Casino. Las
Vegas, Nevada.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)
Hey, not bad!

STILL PHOTO - Laremy in tuxedo, laughing, drink in hand and
babe on each arm. Very glamorous.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)
Meet the Mondaro Hotel's favorite
former football star: Laremy "Too
Easy" Sims!

Color Man uses the telestrator on this photo.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)
Look at him, he's got the smile,
the laugh goin'. Got a drink over
here. Nice bow-tie. Lookin' good.

INSIDE THE MONDARO HOTEL

Laremy, drink in hand and babes on arms, picks up right
where the cutout image of him left: in mid-laugh. He's
surrounded by gorgeous women and adoring fans as he finishes
a story.

LAREMY
...so I told the guy, you should've
told me you love how-to guides!

Everyone laughs and laughs.

(CONTINUED)

GUY 1
Hey, Too Easy! A seat just opened
up at our table!

LAREMY
Sorry bud, I don't gamble.

He twitches as little as he says that. Gulps his drink.

HOT CHICK 1
Why do they call you Too Easy?

LAREMY
I'll show you tonight at ten
thirty.

He slips her a room key.

More poses, more pics, more laughs. It's a party!

COLOR MAN (O.S.)
Hard not to love a guy like Laremy!

INT. BACK ROOM POKER GAME - CONTINUOUS

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)
Not if he owes you \$850,000.

Laremy sits at a poker table, head in hands, surrounded by
mobsters. Laremy pleads for time.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)
A gambling problem is like having
bad gas: you stink up the joint and
you end up alone.

An older man with a cowboy hat and mustache is cashing in
his chips, keeping an eye on Laremy.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)
Hey, who's this old guy watching
Laremy?

INT. MUD BATH - CONTINUOUS

Laremy, half-dressed and carrying a duffel bag, stumbles
through a door and falls into a mud bath.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)
That old guy is none other than
William S. Mustard from a little
town called Tillman.

(CONTINUED)

As Laremy raises up, he recognizes the older man in a cowboy hat and mustache from earlier.

MUSTARD

Been at that table now for about three weeks. Can I tell you something? You're not a very good poker player.

Laremy gives him a look and gets up to leave.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)

Laremy oughta say: hey, give me \$850,000 or shut the hell up, smart ass.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)

Funny you should say that, because Mustard is about to do just that.

MUSTARD

I got a little proposition. Now, just hear me out.

Laremy turns, interested.

EXT. SMALL AIRPORT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Laremy ascends the stair to a private jet.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)

Mustard makes him an offer he can't refuse: he'll handle the debt if Laremy will go to Tillman and coach the high school football team.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)

But the question is, who's he going to have sex with. All ex-athletes have to have a lot of sex, that's just a given.

LAREMY

I can't coach. I hate coaches. Don't know anything about it.

MUSTARD

When in doubt, just be yourself.

LAREMY

What do I do when I get to Tillman?

(CONTINUED)

MUSTARD

Have a car take you to this address.

Laremy takes the note and gets on the plane. As the door closes he has one last question.

LAREMY

Wait, wait. How long do I have to do this gig before I'm all settled up with you?

MUSTARD

Till we get a championship.

LAREMY

Are you kidding me?!

Door closes.

Laremy looks at the note:

"Take me to that new place next to McGeehee's."

EXT. DOUBLE-WIDE TRAILER - DAY

The note with the "address" is still on screen as before, only now Laremy lowers it to reveal a battered, double-wide trailer.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)

Wow. This place looks like it was plunked down by a tornado.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)

That's because it was. The place fell next to the McGeehee's lot and no one's claimed it other than this old dog. Been here for months.

Laremy goes up to the trailer and sees a skittish hound dog lurking in front of the place. They stare at each other.

LAREMY

You live here?

The dog goes to the porch and lays down.

Laremy eats some peanuts that he got from the flight. He pours some out for the dog. The dog eats them.

(CONTINUED)

LAREMY

Those are just gonna make you
thirsty. Believe me.

He finds a water hose and a "bowl" and fills it with water
for the dog.

LAREMY

This'll work for you, but not me.

Bo Jo McGeehee, little bearded guy in his late 20s, walks
over to Laremy and hands him a beer.

BO JO

Too Easy Sims! I'll be darned. Damn
glad to meet you! My name's Bo Jo
McGeehee. Live next door.

Laremy, crushes the empty beer he just slammed.

LAREMY

I need to go to where there's more
of these.

INT. HENRYETTA'S BAR - EARLY EVENING

Henryetta's is a rundown dive bar with lots of character.
Laremy and Bo Jo belly up to the bar. Color Man breaks out
the telestrator.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)

Henryetta's! This looks like my
kinda place. Got the old jukebox.
Got this old guy here. I love it.

LAREMY

(to bartender)

Two beers.

Henryetta comes out from the kitchen. She's in her 60's and
was probably hot in her day, rough but pretty.

HENRYETTA

Bo Jo, I told you when your herpes
flares up - Why, hello! You must be
that football star I heard about.

BO JO

Miss Henryetta, this here is Laremy
"Too Easy" Sims.

(CONTINUED)

HENRYETTA

Why do they call you Too Easy?

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)

Laremy's got a knee-jerk reaction to that question.

LAREMY

I'll show you tonight at ten thir-
uhh, nothing. So, where's the
happenin' place in this town?

EXT. PIT-TRACK BARN - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

The three stand at the door of a large, old-timey barn.

HENRYETTA

We put this old barn behind us to
good use.

BO JO

This here's the worst kept secret
in town.

HENRYETTA

Bo Jo, you're just one cliché after
another. Look at you.

BO JO

You're startin' to sound like a
broken record.

HENRYETTA

There you go again.

As they bicker, Laremy opens the door to the barn.

The barn's interior is a fully functioning bar. A few
people play cards. A generator hums.

HENRYETTA

Welcome to the Pit-track!

COLOR MAN (O.S.)

What the hell's a
pit-track?

LAREMY

What the hell's a
pit-track?

INT. PIT-TRACK BARN - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

The three go inside. Laremy is clearly disappointed.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)
The pit-track. One of the only
places in the world where you can
watch a live mudcoot race. Tonight!

COLOR MAN (O.S.)
I can't wait to see this.

HENRYETTA
Good of a place as any to introduce
yourself.

Laremy straightens his hair and shirt and goes to the
karaoke microphone.

LAREMY
Hey folks! My name's Laremy. New in
town. Just want to say hi.

It's silent as everyone in the bar stops and looks at him.

LAREMY
Let's have some, uh, let's have
some fun, ok? How 'bout it?

The generator hums.

LAREMY
A shot of whiskey for everyone at
the bar, please. Thanks.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)
That'll get the party started!

EXT. PIT-TRACK BARN - CONTINUOUS

Two kids are outside playing catch when they hear Laremy's
introduce himself. They stop, run over a peek inside. Yep!
It's really him.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)
And word was out that Laremy "Too
Easy" Sims was in town.

MONTAGE -- THE WORD SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE

Boy 1 runs by the barber shop. Everyone stops what they're
doing and listens intently to the kid. A woman shrieks.

(CONTINUED)

Boy 2 runs into a home, then out again. A moment later, a naked man comes out putting on his clothes. He runs off as a half-naked woman comes out to the porch, cursing.

Boy 1 runs into a batch of twentysomethings putting a roman candle up another passed out guys's ass. They hear the news, leave, then the roman candle goes off, while ass-lodged.

Boy 2 runs into a trailer park. Screams out the news, then the doors open followed by billows of smoke and people come stumbling out.

Boy 1 runs into a house, then out again. A moment later a man comes out putting on his clothes. He runs off and is followed by another man putting on his clothes. A beat, then another naked man comes running after them.

Boy 2 runs into a woodshop where the men are carving out weird wooden horses. The men freeze as they hear the news, then one man cuts a finger off. He yells "Leave it!" he grabs his Big Gulp, shoves his hand in it, and they leave.

Boy 1 runs by a filling station where a scary, crusty guy is smoking and coaching up a pen of muddy, duck-like birds. He has a "who cares?" disposition to the boy's info.

Boy 2 goes to a well-to-do street and shouts out the news. Porch lights go off, children are gathered, doors locked.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. PIT-TRACK BAR - EVENING - LATER

The bar fills up as people are interested in Laremy. The following happens in quick cuts, like introducing a team.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)

After a few drinks, Laremy starts to meet some of Tillman's major players. Science teacher, Ms. Lainie Oliver.

Lainie bumps into Laremy, spills her drink on him, awkwardly wipes it up, laughs. She's cute and nerdy.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)

Whoa! That cute little nerdy girl will break your neck if you're not careful.

(CONTINUED)

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)
Comfortably lurking in the shadows,
Vice Principal Eric Funz.

A thin, snarling man watches Laremy like a hawk.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)
Never smiles. You can just tell.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)
Farrah Foster leads the rest of the
English department into unfamiliar
territory.

Farrah Foster and two of her minions/teachers hold Zimas.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)
I never really knew what "dowdy"
meant until just now.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)
And there's Russell Littleman, the
Geometry teacher who fancies
himself a football mastermind.

Russell, a slight man, can't take his eyes off of Laremy.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)
That's about the faggiest football
mastermind I've ever seen.

INT. PIT-TRACK BAR - EVENING - LATER

The place is packed. Laremy has a gaggle of women of varying
ages hanging off of him. He's blasted.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)
So this looks promising for Sims.
Although I'd stay away from this
one, she looks like a biter. In
fact, a couple of them-

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)
Well, it won't matter because a
different kind of action just
showed up.

Babby, the scary, crusty guy from earlier brings his
mudcoots into the pit-track area. He grabs the mic.

(CONTINUED)

BABBY

Time for the first mudcoot race of
the night. Place your bets.

Laremy leaps to the track like a dog to his master.

PIT-TRACK - LATER

Laremy tears up his ticket in disgust. So does Russell,
who's sidled up next to him.

RUSSELL

Hey, Mr. Sims. Close race.

LAREMY

These damn things don't race! They
just play in the mud. And call me
Laremy.

RUSSELL

The number 6 bird has won the
fourth race the last five nights.
Laremy.

LAREMY

Allright! That's information! Who
are you?

RUSSELL

Russell Littleman. I teach
Geometry. I love...football.

LAREMY

I tell you what. This whole 6 bird
thing happens, you become my first
assistant head coach.

RUSSELL

Ok! Just curious: what if the 6
bird thing doesn't happen?

Laremy embraces Russell's shoulder like a father.

LAREMY

I lose my last hundred bucks. And
I take it out of your ass.

Russell is so scared he's about to cry.

LAREMY

Just kiddin'! You can still be my
first assistant head coach.

Russell is so happy he's about to cry.

(CONTINUED)

THE PIT-TRACK - LATER

The track is the center of attention.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)
Fourth race of the night and
Laremy's got everything riding on
the 6 bird.

It's rowdy, raucous, and Laremy is yelling like a madman.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)
This doesn't look good. Never put
your money on something you can
bar-b-que.

Laremy, pounding the wall with his ticket, screams at the 6
bird as he smashes a beer. People are stunned.

Laremy leaps the wall and is into the pit-track. The birds
scatter as he chases the 6 bird.

LAREMY
C'mere. C'mere you little fucker!

Mouths dropped. Silence. Babby stops calling the race.

Laremy snatches the 6 bird and flings it to the finish line.

LAREMY
WIN, DAMN YOU, SON! WIN!

Laremy looks around the room, a moment of clarity. The crowd
is silently staring at him.

Babby cautiously picks up the mic.

BABBY
Folks: I think that's you're new
head football coach.

At that moment a Zima bottle comes crashing into Laremy's
forehead. He collapses onto the pit-track.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)
Welcome to Tillman, Coach Sims!

COLOR MAN (O.S.)
Hey, why didn't he catch that?

INT. DOUBLE WIDE TRAILER HOME - DAY

FLASHBACK ENDS - Laremy is staring at the needlepoint of the strange, muddy, duck-like bird, just as in the beginning.

LAREMY

Mudcoots.

He sees the "Go Coots!" slogan attached.

LAREMY

This ain't Vegas.

EXT. TILLMAN FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY

The football team, 30 boys, sits in the stands. They're a scraggily bunch. "Go Mudcoots!" is painted on the press box above them. Mustard speaks underneath the narration.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)

8:30 am, first time Coach Sims meets the team. What should we expect here?

COLOR MAN (O.S.)

You never know what to expect. It, really, all depends on leadership. You hope to see some motivation on the part of the new coach.

MUSTARD

...allright, men. Let's meet your new coach: Laremy "Too Easy" Sims! That's Coach Sims to you. Coach?

Laremy pulls himself up and stands in front. He launches into a coughing fit.

LAREMY

Allright, allright. I'm okay. So. Good morning. I'm Coach Sims, I guess. Uh...I didn't really prepare a speech or anything. I guess we'll start practice next week, I don't know. Anybody have any questions?

The kids start raising their hands.

KID 1

Are you hungover?

(CONTINUED)

LAREMY

No.

KID 1

You've got red eyes like my dad, is how I know.

KID 2

Did you eat a mudcoot last night?

LAREMY

No.

KID 3

What's sex like?

LAREMY

Ok. Does anyone have any football questions?

KID 4

Can I bring my dog to practice?

LAREMY

No.

One of the kids gets up to leave.

LAREMY

Where are you going?

KID 5

I thought this was Ms. Oliver's rocket launching project.

LAREMY

It's not.

Several other boys get up to leave as well.

LAREMY

Is everybody clear that this is not Ms. Oliver's rocket launching project?

KID 6

Do you know where Ms. Oliver's rocket launching project is?

LAREMY

No! Listen, I need a second.

He grabs Mustard's arm.

(CONTINUED)

LAREMY

Can I talk to you privately?

The walk up the stands to the Press Box.

IN THE PRESS BOX

Laremy closes the door and shuts all the windows.

LAREMY

I want to make sure that no one can
hear us.

Mustard sits down and rests his arm as to accidentally turn
the PA mic on.

LAREMY

Are you insane?! I can't possibly
coach this group of losers!

OUTSIDE THE PRESS BOX

Laremy's rant booms through the loud speakers.

LAREMY (O.S.)

Did you get a look at those kids?!
They look like complete idiots!
There's no way I can win a game
with these fat bastards!

A tear rolls down the cheek of one kid.

BACK INSIDE THE PRESS BOX

LAREMY

These pee-wees can't even find
their science class! What have you
gotten me into! What a bunch of
assholes!

OUTSIDE THE STADIUM

Vice Principal Funz leads two students into the stadium.

FUNZ

I think a little time cleaning up
the stadium bathrooms should -

He stops when he hears te PA.

FUNZ

Get to work, children.

INSIDE THE PRESS BOX

(CONTINUED)

Laremy finishes up that rant.

LAREMY

They have no hope! No chance! If we win one game with this terrible excuse for a football team I will be amazed! I'd be out of my fucking mind to think they could beat any sorry bunch of poor bastards.

Mustard gets up, and the PA is off.

MUSTARD

Do you feel a little better?

LAREMY

Yes, actually.

MUSTARD

Now, go down there and really give'em some of that Too Easy charm this time.

LAREMY

You're right. Ok. Alright.

They exit and the stands are empty.

LAREMY

They left! Believe that? This is what I'm talking about. No heart.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - SCHOOL - DAY

Laremy is getting some coffee. Funz enters and locks the door behind him. They're alone.

FUNZ

I heard every mean thing you said to those children.

LAREMY

Who the hell are you?

FUNZ

Vice Principal Eric Funz. I'm your boss. And I don't like you being here.

LAREMY

I don't really like me being here either. What do you mean you heard what I was saying?

(CONTINUED)

FUNZ

The PA was on. The children heard every word. I want you to know something: I spent and undisclosed amount of time in an Iraqi prison during Gulf War number one. I'm always watching you. My eyes are like pistols. Watching pistols. Aimed at you, Sims.

Laremy turns away from Funz and gets cream for his coffee.

LAREMY

Look, I had no idea that the PA was on. I would never have said -

He turns around and Funz is gone.

INT. HALLWAY - SCHOOL - DAY

Laremy looks for his office as students leer at him.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)

He's not making any friends.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)

I'm starting to hate the bastard myself.

Farrah Foster and her brood stop him. She's menacing.

FARRAH

Hello Coach Sims. I'm Farrah Foster, Head of the English Department. This is...some teachers.

LAREMY

Nice to meet you. Do you know where the coach's office is?

FARRAH

No. Did you enjoy the needlepoint that we made for you?

LAREMY

Needlepoint? Sure...

FARRAH

We'd love to make you another since you're so fond of the one you have.

Laremy is trying to make an exit.

(CONTINUED)

LAREMY

No, that's okay. Look, I really need to get to the coach's -

FARRAH

Do not snub me, Coach Sims.

LAREMY

(as if hearing someone)

What's that? Yeah, I'll be right there! Gotta run!

He bolts leaving Farrah steamed and ducks into a classroom as part of his getaway.

INT. MS. OLIVER'S SCIENCE CLASS - CONTINUOUS

Lainie Oliver is spooked by Laremy's sudden arrival and she drops a beaker onto the floor. It's shattered.

LAREMY

Sorry to scare you. Let me give you a hand.

LAINIE

I'm such a klutz! My off hour is always so quiet. I get kinda locked into my own little world.

They're on the floor cleaning up the mess.

LAREMY

I'm not making a very good impression on people.

LAINIE

Oh, you've made a really good impression on me! I mean, uh...

LAREMY

Really? I scared you.

LAINIE

I don't mind! I needed to clean the floor anyway, from other, stuff. That happens...

LAREMY

Hard to make friends after the way things have started off.

(CONTINUED)

LAINIE
I'm your friend! I think you're
just, really...really, neat!

LAREMY
Can you hand me another towel?

She gets up to get the towels and knocks over another beaker
that crashes onto Laremy's head.

LAREMY
Oww! What is this liquid? What is
this liquid!

LAINIE
Oh! Uh, it's um...Phosphorus! Don't
let it get in your eyes!

Lainie turns to get more paper towels as he gets up.

LAREMY
I think I'm okay. Burns a little,
but I think I'm okay.

As she rips off the wrapper on a fresh roll of paper towels,
her hand slips and bloodies Laremy's nose.

LAREMY
Ow! Damnit!

LAINIE
Oh! I'm sorry!

Hastily trying to help him, she accidentally turns on a
bunsen burner. It catches fire on the roll of paper towels.

LAINIE
Oh my god! Oh my god!

LAREMY
Fire extinguisher! Get me the fire
extinguisher!

LAINIE
Oh! Right! Um...

She grabs the small fire extinguisher, panics, and hurls it
toward Laremy. It hits him in the head and knocks him out.

INT. DR. JOLLY'S OFFICE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Ted Jolly, a man in his 30s, inspects Laremy as he's coming-to. Ted is sour and inhospitable. He presses on the bruise on Laremy's head until he comes around.

TED
So. You're alive.

LAREMY
Ow! That hurt like hell.

TED
Look at me.

Ted checks Laremy's eyes to make sure there's no concussion.

TED
Who are you, anyway?

LAREMY
You haven't heard? Everyone in the whole town hates me.

TED
Oh. You're my dead father?

LAREMY
No. I'm the new football coach.

TED
Football. Legitimized violence.
Fills my waiting room. Chokes the
healthcare system with people who
choose to get hurt. I'm not a fan.
How's this feel?

LAREMY
Oww! Yes! Why are you poking me
like that?

TED
I'm the doctor. Sit down over here.

LAREMY
No! I want out of here.

TED
Fine. Leave.

Ted drops his clipboard abruptly and is almost out the door.

(CONTINUED)

LAREMY

Whoa! Wait. Is that it?

TED

Listen, you want to leave? Leave.
You're not tethered to this place.
Like some people.

LAREMY

What do you know about it?

TED

I know I'm stuck here indefinitely
because I failed on my own and now
owe a huge amount of money.

LAREMY

Sounds pretty familiar.

TED

Is that so?

LAREMY

You have no idea.

Ted thinks about this, then takes off his lab coat.

TED

Let's go downstairs.

INT. HENRYETTA'S BAR - LATER

Ted and Laremy sit contemplating over a drink.

TED

...And so, not long after the
lawsuit that bankrupted me, my
father died. I had to come take
over his practice. Only thing for
me to do, really. Added a "Jr" to
door. Been here six months.

LAREMY

Do you know how I can get people
around here to like me?

TED

Nope.

He finishes up his drink, and prepares to leave.

(CONTINUED)

TED

I wish I could say this was fun,
but it wasn't. Gotta get back
upstairs. See you around.

Ted pats him on the back and leaves. Henryetta comes over.

HENRYETTA

That boy sure looks like the
spittin' image of his daddy. How I
miss that man.

LAREMY

I thought everyone hated him.

HENRYETTA

Shoot. If it weren't for
his...kindness, I wouldn't have all
of this.

Laremy takes a good look around at the bar. It's a dump.

HENRYETTA

Sure, it's seen better days. So
have I, for that matter. Where did
you hear that about Ol' Doc Jolly,
from Ted? Talk about messed up.

Laremy's still looking around.

LAREMY

Pretty messed up.

EXT. PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

Laremy is in tshirt and jeans. Only about a dozen boys show
up. They're in shorts and tshirts.

LAREMY

Alright! Is this everyone?

No response. Russell Littleman comes jogging in from over
the hill. He's in full "sport" attire, with clipboard.

LAREMY

Who the hell are you?

RUSSELL

I'm the first assistant head coach.

(CONTINUED)

LAREMY

Did I hire you?

RUSSELL

Yes, sir, Coach. Kind of. It was at the, uh...Henryetta's...You remember, right Coach?

Blank look from Laremy.

RUSSELL

As the first assistant head coach, I assumed that I'd be offensive coordinator. I went ahead and drew up some plays.

Russell hands him a notebook. Russell beams at he team.

RUSSELL

Alright! Is this everyone?

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)

Coach Sims needs some help.

Color Man uses the Telestrator and draws on Russell.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)

Yeah, and he's not gonna get any from this skinny little boy-man in the racing shorts.

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - DAY

Mustard is hitting golf balls, Laremy is throwing them, out on the driving range. The two talk underneath narration.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)

Laremy heading over to Mustard seems like the right move. To try and find his way out of this thing.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)

Oh sure. And Mustard's not letting him out. I mean, he's got one of the best players ever trapped here, he's not lettin' go.

Mustard hits balls, Laremy throws them. A guy drives a ballsweeping cart across the range.

(CONTINUED)

MUSTARD

I can tell you one thing about coaching: you gotta get the fans on your side. At the beginning.

LAREMY

Little late for that.

MUSTARD

Nah. Go out there and do something to win'em over. They'll forget all about that business at the pit-track.

LAREMY

Hitting on all the women there.

MUSTARD

Hitting on all the women, sure...

LAREMY

Almost killing the team's mascot...

MUSTARD

Almost killing -

LAREMY

Insulting the entire team over the stadium PA - while they listen...

MUSTARD

We can spend all day talkin' about what you did wrong. Do something right. Put your heart into it.

Laremy throws a ball. It hits the ballsweeper, who curses at him from the distance.

LAREMY

I hope that kid's not on my team.

EXT. PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

The second practice. Only Laremy, Russell, and four boys. Laremy looks dejectedly at his team.

RUSSELL

Well, Coach. This appears to be everyone. What do you have in mind for today's practice?

(CONTINUED)

LAREMY
I don't know.

Russell hands him the playbook.

RUSSELL
Want to go over some of the plays
I've drawn up?

Laremy grabs it and drops it.

LAREMY
What are you guys doin' here?

KID 1
It's practice time, Coach.

LAREMY
Why are you guys still here?

The boys look over toward the fence by the parking lot. Four silhouetted men stand at the fence, watching.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)
The dads.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)
Scary bunch. They're like the mob.

KID 2
Since you're coaching, my dad said
I have to be on the team no matter
what.

KID 3
My dad said you were one of the
best ever. I can't quit or he'd
kick me out of the house.

Laremy looks over at Russell, who nods knowingly.

PRACTICE FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Laremy, Russell and the boys are all seated as Laremy finishes up a story.

LAREMY
...so then I told Robby, "Bud, the
way you run, you just redefined the
concept of the 'man in motion'!"

They all laugh. Russell is like one of the boys.

(CONTINUED)

LAREMY

I actually got a patch of that end zone framed. Last game played there.

KID 2

That's wicked!

LAREMY

Caught a lot of touchdowns that game.

THE KIDS

Eight!

LAREMY

Was it that day?

KID 1

Yeah! Yeah, it was! My dad said that that record will never be broken.

KID 4

Do you have your jersey from the big league?

LAREMY

Yeah I think so. Somewhere.

KID 2

Game balls?

LAREMY

Yeah, I'll have to look.

The boys are amazed.

LAREMY

Would you guys be into that sort of thing? Old jerseys and stuff?

KID 1

Hell yeah! Man, I think everyone would love to see that stuff.

LAREMY

Really?

The boys all affirm, eagerly. Russell joins them.

(CONTINUED)

LAREMY
Maybe that could happen.

Laremy has an idea.

INT. HENRYETTA'S BAR - DAY

Laremy bursts into the bar carrying a large box. He sets it on the bar. Henryetta comes over.

HENRYETTA
What's this all about?

LAREMY
I want to do some redecorating.

MONTAGE - Laremy, Henryetta and Bo Jo paint the walls, clean the place and mount a variety of Laremy's memorabilia on the walls: framed pics of him as a kid, his first jersey, his first jock strap, etc.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)
That Bo Jo McGeehee is not bad with a hammer.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)
And the more I see Henryetta the more desirable she becomes.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)
Indeed.

HENRYETTA'S BAR - LATER

A homemade banner hangs on the front that says "Grand Re-Opening this Sunday".

Inside, Laremy and Henryetta sip on a beer and take in the new decor.

HENRYETTA
Well, it definitely looks...better.

LAREMY
You don't like it?

HENRYETTA
Sugar, I just don't see the point.

LAREMY
You didn't see the way those boys' faces lit up when I was talking about this stuff.

(CONTINUED)

Ted comes through the bar on his way out, looks around.

TED

So. You've put yourself all over
the walls. Like a temple.

LAREMY

It's memorabilia. For the town.
Inspire the fans.

TED

Better hope it doesn't backfire.
Not very many people can impress
others by putting their jock strap
on the wall of a local restaurant.

HENRYETTA

We'll find out at the grand
re-opening this weekend.

TED

I wish you the best.

He leaves. Laremy is worried.

EXT. HENRYETTA'S BAR - DAY

The Grand Re-Opening. A crowd of a couple dozen stands
outside the bar. Laremy, in tuxedo, is making a speech.

PLAY-BY-PLAY MAN (O.S.)

Henryetta's re-opening, and there's
a bigger turnout than expected.

COLOR MAN (O.S.)

Yeah, I think it's like the saying:
You hate to see a guy die in the
ring, but you don't want to miss it
if he does.

LAREMY

Welcome to the new Henryetta's,
with a museum, of sorts. I'm not
too good at speeches, so, let's
open the doors and do this thing!

The crowd cheers.

INT. HENRYETTA'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

The crowd comes in and begins milling about the place. The walls are covered in Laremy memorabilia.

The place is oddly quiet. Henryetta serves up drinks as Bo Jo hooks up a VCR to a projector behind the bar. Laremy comes over. He's a little nervous.

LAREMY

The place is oddly quiet, don't you guys think?

BO JO

Nah. They're just takin' it all in. It's a heckuva sight.

HENRYETTA

Sure. I think your stuff has done wonders for the decor.

A couple look at the mounted "First Mouthpiece, 1984", that sits on a mantle.

WOMAN 1

You've gotta be kidding me.

MAN 1

I know! This is ridiculous.

A few giggles are heard around the room.

WOMAN 2

Look at that mullet he had in junior high!

MAN 2

Where's the pro stuff?

MAN 3

I don't want to see this junk!

LAREMY

There's pro stuff! I mean, there's one thing. Over there.

Man 2 points at a framed document on the wall.

MAN 2

What, this medical waiver saying you'll never play in the league again? You're proud of that?

(CONTINUED)

LAREMY

Yes.

He gets distracted by a group of young girls that are looking at "Jock strap, 1986", pointing and giggling.

A woman jabs a guy as they take in an "attraction".

WOMAN 3

It is kinda funny, though. Look at his little 9th grade All-city Cornerback Award. You'd think it was the Heisman!

The 9th grade All-city Cornerback Award is a cheap little trophy that's, indeed, behind glass and under a spotlight.

The laughter is mounting as people begin to joke with one another about how ridiculous this stuff is.

Laremy is visibly shocked.

A man is at a picture.

MAN 4

He signed this photo of the Homecoming Court!

The pic is from 1990 and Laremy is the second attendant, and not very happy about it.

WOMAN 4

What's the deal? Where's the really interesting stuff?

MAN 2

Yeah, Sims! We don't care about how brown your britches were in grade school.

The place erupts into laughter.

Laremy is stunned.

LAREMY

(almost inaudible)
I worked hard for this.

MAN 5

What's next? Got some video of you playin' football with your daddy?

Laremy locks eyes with Bo Jo, who freezes as he was about to put in a VHS tape into the VCR he hooked up to a projector.

(CONTINUED)

People are joking about Laremy with one another. They're getting louder and louder.

WOMAN 5

We may not have a coach, but we sure got us a celebrity!

Everyone laughs. They're getting louder.

LAREMY

(to himself)

I worked hard for this.

The ridicule keeps growing.

MAN 1

He's just a football washout.

LAREMY

(Louder, but still not above the din)

I worked hard for this!

Two guys put on a show with a football.

MAN 6

Hey look at this! I got a souvenir!

He throws the ball to his buddy, who drops the pass and acts hurt, just like Laremy's last play.

MAN 6

We got us a dropped pass from the Laremy Sims Cultural Center!

The place erupts with laughter.

Then Laremy explodes.

LAREMY

I WORKED HARD FOR THIS!!!

He shatters his glass against one of his old team pics.

Laremy looks like a madman. The crowd is hushed.

LAREMY

Do any of you know what this is? This isn't junk for you to make fun of. These things are markers. They tell a story. They're what's left after you've spent your life trying to do one thing: win.

A couple of guys check in with one another. They chuckle, yet sense something.

LAREMY

This is what's left. Over there, that was my first mouthpiece. I stood in mother's kitchen, late at night, and watched the water boil. I put the mouthpiece in the water - both my parents were at work, so I was alone. You have to boil the mouthpiece, then immediately put it into your mouth. I was terrified that it was going to burn, but it didn't. From that moment on, I knew that things weren't as bad as they appeared.

A woman puts her arm around her son.

LAREMY

I also learned that tiny hurdles, tiny achievements, can make you feel good, feel better. They're essential if you want one thing: to win.

Laremy gestures to the memorabilia.

LAREMY

All of these things tell a story. Some good, some not so good. That was my first varsity jersey. Are you kidding me! Varsity! You know what that does to a young man? That makes him feel like he's done something! Accomplished something!

Bo Jo nods in understanding.

LAREMY

Maybe you people around here haven't ever felt that before. Maybe your sons and daughters don't know what it's like to sweat and hurt for something that only a small group of people know anything about. Maybe you people don't know about one thing: winning.

Laremy has a fire in his eye. He's really getting into this.

(CONTINUED)

LAREMY

Maybe you don't even know what winning means. You think it's about more points on the board than the other guy? No. You think it's about trophies and interviews and money and glory? Wrong again. I'll tell you what it's about. It's about getting there. Lifting a little more. Running a little faster. The endless practice. From the boiling of the mouthpiece to the medical waiver saying you're finished.

Laremy is transformed. The crowd is getting pumped.

LAREMY

This stuff on the wall may look like sentimental crap to you, but to anyone who's played the game - really played the game - they see a lifetime. They see a beating heart. They see the story of one young man, trying to do one thing: win. Trying to win. Trying. To Win.

Laremy is a full-on, red-faced coach now.

LAREMY

Do you understand me, you fucking Mudcoots? You think this is about championships? This ain't about championships. This is about winning them. Winning championships. Win! Win! Win! That is the only thing, and you give it everything you've got! And I swear to heaven's Jesus if you give it all you've got you'll be a goddamned swinging-dick champion in the eyes of God. Everybody in here!

He puts his hand out. Everyone piles on like they're all players.

LAREMY

Hold your blocks longer. Hit your man harder. Run faster. Be bigger! And let's do one thing better than any son of a bitch in this state: win. Win! WIN! On three: one, two, three...

(CONTINUED)

EVERYONE
WIN!!

The whole place bursts with hope and enthusiasm, chanting:

EVERYONE
Coach Sims! Coach Sims!

They hoist Laremy on their shoulders and hand him a beer.
Tillman has a new coach in town.

INT. DOUBLE WIDE TRAILER HOME - EVENING

Laremy bursts through the door, busting with excitement.

LAREMY
Go Coots! Go Coots! Coot Coot Coot!

The hound dog from earlier gets excited as well. Laremy talks to him like he's a person.

LAREMY
You didn't know this, Dog, but you
are in the presence of The Head
Coach of the Tillman Mudcoots.

The dog barks once as Laremy gets beers from the fridge.

LAREMY
No, that's "Coach" Sims to you.

The dog barks twice as Laremy pours the dog some beer.

LAREMY
That's more like it, my friend.

They drink their beers. Laremy pulls out a joint. Lights it.
After a hit, he goes to the stereo and cranks it.

LAREMY
Let's celebrate!

He jumps around for a moment, then stops when he sees the
mudcoot needlepoint on the wall. He addresses.

LAREMY
You goddamned dirty little bird.
We're gonna take state!

He dances around - like a war dance - singing and drinking.

Camera pushes in slightly on the needlepoint.

INT. DARK SURVEILLANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A black and white monitor lights up an otherwise pitch black room. On the monitor is that same image of Laremy dancing around in his home, the sound is small and tinny.

He's being watched.

Laremy, on the monitor, breaks into his Mudcoots battle cry, drains his beer, then throws it. It happens to hit the needlepoint's spy camera.

LAREMY

We're takin' state, bitches!

Spy camera broken. Monitor goes black.

END OF PILOT