

SCRUM DOWN

Pilot

by

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Registered WGAw

FADE IN:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT: NEW ORLEANS-DAY

High above the city we lazily drift above the expanse.
Peaceful and serene:

MUSIC CUE: Soft, opening stanza of CHUMBAWUMBA'S TUBTHUMPING

As the camera passes over a park below, the camera drops at an incredible speed, plummeting towards a city park, zeroing in on a group of men piled upon each other in the middle of a marked playing field. The music pauses...

EXT. RUGBY PITCH-DAY

A REF crouches in front of a rugby scrum, a crushing mob of two teams of mud covered, unmoving MEN. The REF shouts:

REF
Crouch and hold... Engage!

MUSIC CUE: TUBTHUMPING Reprise BLASTS as:

The pile of men bellow and grunt as they crush inwards. A SCRUMHALF puts the ball into play. The ball hooks out the back, and emerges between the legs of the EIGHTMAN. The Scrumhalf picks up the ball and tosses it to the OUTSIDE-CENTER, who runs with the ball.

The fans on the sidelines yell and Cheer:

FANS
(shouting)
Give the ball to Gus! It's what the
fans want!

The Outside Center runs a few yards then passes it to:

GUS O'MALLEY, a charming, tall Irish bloke in his late thirties/early forties. He tucks the ball between his abdomen and arm, then runs like hell. He weaves back and forth and searches for someone to pass back to. Men on both teams yell at opposing plays and fellow team members in a seemingly chaotic, but well planned strategy.

A LOCK from the opposing team rushes Gus and tackles him hard to the ground. It's not a ruck, it's an all out pile of RUGGERS that amass on top of Gus.

The Ref BLOWS his whistle. Slowly the men separate to reveal Gus, who holds his shoulder, SCREAMS, and writhes in pain. Blood covers his mouth and teeth.

MUSIC CUE: The song ends with a needle dragging across the record; then silence.

EXT. RUGBY PITCH - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Two EMTs load Gus into the back of an ambulance. Gus sports a neck brace. The EMTs strap him in tight and immobilize him on the gurney.

The CROWD of ruggers and SPECTATORS watch as the EMTs slide him into the ambulance.

Gus sits in the stretcher, immobilized, but fear, blood, and pain is clear on his expression as a medic steps into the Ambulance with him, pulling the doors shut.

INT. UPSCALE GROCERY STORE - NEW ORLEANS - DAY

EDDIE HARRISON STAFFORD, an athletic, attractive woman in her early thirties, pushes a full cart down the aisle. She loads it with healthy, expensive goodies. She is humming happily then quietly to herself:

EDDIE

You drinks a whiskey drink
You drinks a vodka drink
You drinks a lager drink
You drinks a cider drink
You sing the songs that remind you
of the good times, you sing the-

ASHLEY (O.C.)

Eddie?

Eddie turns to see ASHLEY WHENCE, a young, Junior League trophy wife, approach Eddie from the opposite direction with her cart.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

(somewhat shocked)

Eddie Stafford, what a surprise to see you here.

EDDIE

Just picking up some groceries for me and Mark... How are you?

ASHLEY

I'm good. But how are **you** holding up through all this?

EDDIE

All this?...

(realizing)

Oh, you mean the I-V-F treatment Mark and I are doing? It's going pretty good. We just started it, actually. But-?

ASHLEY

So no baby for **you** then, huh?

EDDIE

No, no baby for me. Yet. Keeping my fingers crossed though... Mark wants one so bad.

ASHLEY

(catty)

Well, **something** tells me he'll be getting one sooner than later.

EDDIE

That's what we're hoping.

ASHLEY

Good to see you...hope it all, uh...works out for you.

Ashley pulls away, heads down the aisle and SNICKERS.

EDDIE

(to Ashley, perplexed)

Thanks... Good to see you, too...

As Ashley strolls away, Eddie shakes her head, mumbling:

EDDIE (CONT'D)

That was weird.

Eddie continues down the aisle.

INT. CHECK OUT COUNTER-A FEW MINUTES LATER

Eddie waits in line. A six pack of craft beer perches atop the cart. As she waits, Eddie peruses the magazines that line the checkout aisle. She picks up a PHOTOGRAPHY magazine, pages through it then but puts it back in the rack. Bored, she glances over to other magazines then sees them. All of them. Every single tabloid has the same essential headline: SINNER NOT SAINT! SHAME ON SAINT! SAINT IT'S NOT SO!

Then the Byline:

SAINT'S DEFENSIVE END MARK STAFFORD KNOCKS UP PORN STAR

Eddie freezes in her tracks, then slowly takes the tabloid from the rack.

CASHIER (O.C.)
Ma'am... Ma'am... You ready to
check out?

Eddie stares at the pimply faced cashier and then down at the tabloid in her hand. She places the tabloid on the check-out conveyer, grabs the six pack from her cart, and places it on the conveyer as well. She ditches the rest of the items.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
You need to put the rest of your
cart on here, Ma'am.

EDDIE
(shakes head, in a hurry)
Just these two.

CASHIER
I.D. Ma'am?

Eddie blinks and tries to focus. She open her purse but now notices her hands are shaking. She cant focus. She grabs a twenty and closes the purse. She tries to hand him the cash.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
I.D. Ma'am.

EDDIE
I'm over 21-

CASHIER
Ma'am-the store requires-

EDDIE leans into the Cashier and glances at his name tag. She takes a breath, then talks slowly, but is struggling:

EDDIE
Look, Avery is it?...**This** is not
the moment to challenge me. Ring
these up, put them in a bag, take
my money, and if you call me ma'am,
one more time, I will rip your cock
off and beat you to death with it.

Wide eyed, the Cashier glances at the CUSTOMER directly behind her.

It's an elderly man who quietly picks up his bag of *DEPENDS* and retreats to another cashier. The Cashier obediently scans the two items and places them in a bag.

CASHIER
That'll, that'll be ta-twelve oh
eight, please.

Eddie places the twenty on the conveyor, grabs the bag and heads for the door.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Ma-I mean l-lady your change!

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT-DAY

In the rain, Eddie rushes to her luxury SUV, quickly opens the driver side door, and gets in.

INT. CAR-CONTINUOUS

She pulls out the tabloid from the bag, snatches a beer, pops the top, and chugs it as she flips to the page in the tabloid where the story spreads out on two pages - complete with grainy paparazzi shots of MARK, the PORN STAR, and even Eddie. She guzzles the beer as she reads the story, then tosses the paper behind her and grabs the steering wheel, fighting to not hyperventilate.

EDDIE
(angry, tears well up)
Holy fucking shit.

She spies her wedding ring and instinctively tries to wrench it off but it's too tight. It's impossible.

EXT GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT-CONTINUOUS

Through the windshield, we see, but cannot hear, Eddie let out a howling scream as the rain pounds the SUV in the lot.

EXT. A BACKYARD SWIMMING POOL - DAY - ONE YEAR LATER

Dogs bark. Birds chirp. The sun shimmers on the water. Dead leaves lap against the pool's side. Children's toys dot the patio. A typical middle-class abode. And then we see:

GUS, who lounges in a floating chair in the pool in his shamrock adorned shorts. A beer rests in his hand. A nasty surgical scar graces his shoulder. Gus smiles and reacts as:

A HOT FORTY SOMETHING LATIN MILF, wearing an "O'Malley's Pool Service" shirt, skims the pool with a skimmer. She winks at Gus, puts down the skimmer, and takes off her shirt to reveal her perfect naked body that only good surgery can provide. Gus's smile expands.

She dives into the pool, swims underwater until she reaches Gus. She kisses him, pulls him into the water and yanks off his boxers.

EXT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Eddie, minus her ring, stands behind a camera focusing on PERVIS, a smarmy looking lawyer (think Leslie Jordan type), standing in front of his firm. A FILM CREW scrambles around Eddie. Pervis looks nervous.

PERVIS

I hope this isn't going to take too long. I've got briefs to file.

EDDIE

Well Mr. Pervis, if you're good, we're ready to shoot.

PERVIS

(nervous as hell)
I think I'm ready.

EDDIE

OK, then... I've got speed...
Marker!...

STEVE, a crew member, CLAPS the marker, startling Pervis.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Aaaaaaand..... ACTION!

Pervis freezes.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Mr. Pervis, that means go ahead and say your lines now.

MR. PERVIS

(even more nervous)
Hello... Ever find yourself...
uh... in a... uh... Do you need a
good lay... I mean, lawyer?...

Eddie stops the camera. The crew relaxes. It's going to be a long day. She walks over from her team to coax Pervis.

EDDIE

Mr. Pervis, I can make you cue cards if that would help.

PERVIS

That might. I'm just very tense-My brief needs filing, this shoot...

EDDIE

What can I do to loosen you up? You name it.

PERVIS

Fucking me would help.

EDDIE

(shocked)

I'm sorry... What?!

PERVIS

I was kidding. Unless-I mean I do have money.

EDDIE is incredulous.

PERVIS (CONT'D)

Blowjob?

Eddie nods, raises her hand, snapping her fingers.

EDDIE

Stevie! Got a side gig for you. As Stevie crosses over Pervis starts to protest.

PERVIS

No-that's not-I have an idea-wait-

INT. MILF'S BEDROOM - LATER

The MILF snoozes in the bed as Gus puts on his clothes and wet O'Malley's Pool Service Shirt. He kisses the MILF goodbye.

MILF

Next week? Same time?

GUS

Like clockwork, love.

MILF

I think my vacuum might be on the fritz.

GUS
Worked just fine today.

Gus winks and is out of there, a very happy man.

EXT. MILF'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gus' phone RINGS as he gets into an old faded and ratty "O'MALLEY'S POOL SERVICE" van. He cranks up the van, backs out of the driveway and glides down the upscale neighborhood street.

INT. VAN

Gus' phone rings. He answers as he pops open a Percocet pill bottle and pops a couple.

GUS
Yo... No, I'm headed back to the
office now... Supplies?... Shit.
Yeah, I'll go pick it up. Be there
in twenty.

INT. LAW OFFICE - A LITTLE BIT LATER

Behind the closed door of Pervis' office the film crew hangs out, clearly bored. Over at the sound equipment, wearing a headset, is STAN, the engineer. He slyly turns up a volume knob and unplugs his headset. The clear sounds of MOANS and GROANS of Pervis and a WOMAN in the throws of all out office sex. Eddie crosses over to Stan who smiles, then shrugs.

STAN
He left his lapel mike on. I didn't
want to bother him.

A few beats later a disheveled LEGAL SECRETARY emerges from the office, straightens her skirt, and sits back down at her desk. She takes her 'briefs,' opens a file drawer, and tosses them into it.

Stan whispers to Eddie.

CREW MEMBER
Looks like the briefs got filed.

Eddie rolls her eyes.

Pervis emerges from his office and adjusts his neck tie. He crosses over to Eddie.

PERVIS

I think I'm relaxed now. Let's do this thing already!

EDDIE

Sounds good. But with fly up would be best.

As she walks away Pervis looks down then zips up his fly.

EXT. O'MALLEY'S POOL SERVICE-DAY

On the shadier side of town, Gus drives up in front of the old mid-century building. He parks, gets out of the van, carries a small brown bag and enters the building.

INT. O'MALLEY'S OFFICE

Gus strolls into a crowded and junked up office. JESSIE, (20's) sits at a desk paging through a newspaper. He wears a muddy O'Malley's Pool Service shirt and some caked mud over one eye. He's part Hispanic, part Irish, a little on the short side but damn good-looking.

Across from him at another desk sits SAUSAGE, his feet up on the desk and as he sketches something on a pad of paper. He's also early twenties, husky, but not rich in the looks department. His O'Malley's shirt is clean as a whistle.

GUS

Don't get up gentlemen-try not to look busy when the boss comes in.

JESSIE

I'm lookin for a better job.

GUS

Unemployment is at an all time high for Hispanics.

JESSIE

I'm half Irish, that's how I'm applying.

GUS

Irish my ass!

Gus crosses over and looks at Sausage's sketch. He squints at the picture.

GUS (CONT'D)

What is that, a cat?

Sausage looks offended.

SAUSAGE
It's my dick.

GUS
Your dick?

Sausage nods, returning to sketch.

GUS (CONT'D)
One word, why?

SAUSAGE
I get requests.

Gus looks over at Jessie who smiles, shaking his head as he continues to read the paper.

GUS
Women ask for sketches of your cat
dick?

SAUSAGE
First of all, this is an *emotional*
interpretation, if you must know.

GUS
Oh I must, I must.

SAUSAGE
After being with me, some women ask
me to send them dick pics. I find
that a little, impersonal.

JESSIE
Moving on-you got the supplies?

Gus throws him the paper bag. He catches it and removes a plastic bag full of pot. Sausage crosses over with a bong he's pulled out of a filing cabinet. Sausage opens the bag, smells its incredible essence, and loads the bong as Jessie reaches over to light it up.

Gus now notices Sausage is wearing new, incredibly orange rugby boots.

GUS
Sausage, what the hell are those on
your feet? Looks like you're
wearing two pumpkins.

SAUSAGE

(raises up foot)

You like 'em? They were on sale.
Half off.

GUS

Cause they're half ass. The ref
won't have any problems calling you
for reckless rucking, that's for
sure!

SAUSAGE

If the ref doesn't see it-it never
happened.

GUS

You're practically wearing a neon
sign that says, "Please, for the
love of god, yellow card me."

After a pause holding in his inhale, Sausage coughs out:

SAUSAGE

I beg to differ.

GUS

Jessie, you gotta remember to bring
your birth certificate and proof of
insurance to practice tonight or
you don't play on Saturday.

JESSIE

I'm American Goddamnit.

GUS

Not to the league my friend. You
gotta CIPP.

SAUSAGE

Sip what?

GUS

Cipp. Club Individualized
Participation Program. Hello!

Jessie takes the bong from Sausage for a hit.

JESSIE

Horseshit rules...hey didn't you
clean my mom's pool today?

GUS

Yes I did.

JESSIE

Then why didn't you get it from
her, you mother fucker?

GUS

I was busy cleaning out her vents.

SAUSAGE

I sure would love to clean out her
vents.

Jessie whacks Sausage with the rolled up paper as Gus takes
the bong from Jessie.

GUS

Seriously, if you don't bring it
tonight, you don't play and we need
you in as hooker Saturday. Gotta
prove you didn't swim the Rio,
climb that wall, and migrate here
just so you could get muddy and
drunk with a bunch of reprobates.
Why are you muddy anyway?

Gus takes a hit on the bong as Jessie looks down at his muddy
shirt. Sausage is still mulling over the word "reprobate".

JESSIE

Your filter is leaking again. The
Wicked Witch made me dig up around
it.

GUS

That Witch pays your salary kiddo.
Did you fix it?

JESSIE

Pretty much. You got a mud hole
back there, though.

GUS

I'm sure I'll catch hell on that
tonight.

Gus takes another hit on the bong.

SAUSAGE

(snickering)
Rethinking that green card, Gus?

GUS

I should fire your fat cat-cock
lazy ass.

JESSIE

You can't. You already fired him
last week.

INT. EDDIE'S VIDEO EDITING BAY - LATER

Pervis' commercial plays on one of the monitors. He's beaming
with confidence.

MR. PERVIS

Personal Injury? I can do that.
Divorce? Not a problem. Wrongful
Death? I can handle that, too! I'm
Marshall R. Pervis... That's...

EDDIE

Marshall R. Pervert...

On the video he casually takes off his jacket, swinging it
over his shoulder.

MR. PERVIS

And I'll take my jacket off to get
you the best settlement possible.
Or you don't owe me a dime!

Eddie looks over at MARY NELL MORRIS (30's), (aka M&M), She is
beautiful and conservatively dressed. She shakes her head as
she grades some papers with a red pen. Several D's are
visible.

EDDIE

I actually went to film school for
this... Shoot me.

M&M

At least you got propositioned at
work today. My only proposition
was, 'Ms. Morris, would you like to
be student counsel coordinator this
year? You're single and have no
life.' Seriously, I gotta get laid
soon or I'm going to become a tired
bitter spinster school teacher.

EDDIE

You realize that by all technical
accounts, you already are a tired
bitter spinster school teacher?

M&M looks back at the monitor.

M&M

Why don't you do something besides these stupid commercials? It's not like you need the money, Eddie.

EDDIE

I like having a purpose to my life.

M&M

And this is what you call a purpose?

Eddie leans back in her chair and thinks as the commercial plays back again on her editing display.

EXT. O'MALLEY'S POOL SERVICE-DAY

Gus, dressed out for rugby practice, carries his kit bag and tosses it into his Mercedes convertible. He starts the car. Dead. His head droops defeatedly.

EXT. SOUTH HIGHLAND ATHLETIC CLUB FIELD-DAY

With kit bag by his side, Gus gets out of his van and walks into the parking lot. He puts down the bag to rub his left shoulder. Then pops a Percocet as his phone rings to the theme for "The Wicked Witch of the West."

GUS

Hello Susie.... Yes... No... Just pulled up to practice actually... uh huh... OK. Diapers for Sally... OK-I'm sorry-I will get the cruisers this time. I know she's not a new born-I will get Cruisers, I promise... Cruisers-yes... Tampons?... Super absorbency...pink box. Got it... OK. Hun this is the last practice before the season opener-

He leans away from the phone as an agitated voice clearly becomes louder. He leans back in.

GUS (CONT'D)

You're breaking up, hun.

He hangs up the phone; he's gonna pay for that.

EXT. RUGBY PITCH - MAGIC HOUR

The Sharks prepare for rugby practice. Gus sits on the bench and changes into his rugby boots as 'SABE, short for KEMOSABE, a vertically challenged, crotchety rugger in his mid fifties with severely cauliflowered ears from years of working the front row, leans into Gus.

'SABE

We're barely gonna have a full roster come Saturday, Fib. If someone gets hurt and we need a sub... we're fucked. We certainly can't field a B-side with what we've got.

GUS

We'll clear the numbers-

'SABE

If Jessie doesn't CIPP we're really screwed. Too many fuckin' foreigners in this club already. Anyway you can get your citizenship by Saturday?

Gus shoots 'Sabe an annoyed look. They see Jessie walking up to them happily waiving a piece of paper as he approaches.

JESSIE

I brought it.

Gus takes the birth certificate from Jessie, opens it, and becomes wide eyed. The name on the birth certificate reads JESUS HAMISH MACGILLICUDDY.

GUS

You gotta be fucking kidding me... Jesus. Your name is Jesus H. Macgillicuddy?!

Jessie takes the paper from Gus and reads it.

JESSIE

My name is Hey-Sus?! Holy shit.

'SABE

That explains the Jesus complex.

Sausage, wearing his orange boots, and HEAVY D, a chubby African-American sporting a serious corporate haircut approach.

'SABE (CONT'D)

Heavy D you are now too pretty for front row.

HEAVY D

Yes, I am, brother. **And**-I passed the bar. DA's office just hired me.

GUS

Is that a good thing or a bad thing for us?

HEAVY D

It's all good. Friends in high places now instead of friends "high" in places.

Jessie is still dazed by his name reveal.

JESSIE

My name is fucking Hey-sus?! I don't believe this shit.

GUS

How do you not know your name is Jesus?

JESSIE

I'm not big on paperwork. Mom always handled it.
(shrugs)
Everyone's always called me Jessie.

'Sabe notes Sausage and Heavy D standing on either side of Jessie. He holds up his hands, framing the three:

'SABE

Jesus, Mary and Joseph, hey-it's the unholy Trinity.

EXT. RUGBY PITCH - LATER

Gus, Heavy D and Sausage practice a lineout with Jessie as the rest of the club runs drills for their respective positions. Heavy D and Sausage (both props) lift up Gus by his shorts band. Jessie stands just outside the sideline holding the ball.

GUS

Jesus, throw the ball already.
Gettin' a nutcracker here!

Jessie shoots Gus a dirty look.

JESSIE

I can't. I'm blinded by Sausage's
new boots.

SAUSAGE

Get used it, Jesus.

JESSIE

It's Hey-sus, you orange-booted
prick.

SAUSAGE

(singing)

Hey-sus loves the little
children...

HEAVY D

(singing along)

...all the children of the world.

JESSIE

What the hell was my mother
thinking?

Jessie throws the ball to Gus. He catches it and the props
bring Gus back down to the ground.

GUS

Were you an immaculate conception?

Jessie rushes Gus and knocks him down.

INT. ELAINE'S WINE BAR - EVENING

Eddie sits at the bar and nurses a glass of red wine. She
fiddles with her glass and glances at her watch. M&M PLOPS
her big purse on the bar next to Eddie and takes a seat.

M&M

Oh, you're drinking wine. Blech-I
need something stronger.

M&M waves at the BARTENDER.

M&M (CONT'D)

Dirty Martini, vodka, extra olives.

EDDIE

Bad day at Black Rock High?

M&M

My students are idiots. Every year they get dumber and dumber. I need a diversion.

EDDIE

I was just thinking the same thing.

M&M

You were thinking you need to get laid?

EDDIE

OK, I wasn't thinking that.

M&M

Oh that's right-you're a good girl. You're never thinking that.

EDDIE

Been separated for a year, so-yes, sometimes I **do** think of that.

M&M

We're a sad pair of tits, ain't we?

M&M receives her martini and takes a big gulp.

EDDIE

If only we knew where the real men hang out.

M&M

Well-this joint ain't the place.

A scan of the bar shows mostly sad looking women and one squirrely old man.

M&M (CONT'D)

We need to find them in their natural habit where they live and breathe.

EDDIE

Which is...?

M&M

If I knew that, I wouldn't be here with you feeling sorry for myself, would I now?

EDDIE

Good point.

INT. HOLE IN THE WALL RUGBY PUB - LATER

A DVD of a previous Sharks/Quins game plays on the big screen as most of the rugby club sit around the bar, drink beers, and watch the game.

TONTO, a tough looking Cajun in his mid fifties, gives the play-by-play to MONTY & EARL MILLER, Monty obviously from India and Earl obviously Chinese but both talk with thick hillbilly Southern accents.

TONTO
Jesus' technique here is much more...

MONTY
Biblical?

TONTO
I was going to say passionate.

EARL
Ah, the passion of the Christ.

Tonto gives them a look.

MONTY & EARL
No, it doesn't get old.

Sausage, Heavy D, and Jessie stand at the bar and wait for their drinks from BOO RAY HARRISON, a scruffy slacker in his thirties. He presents the drinks to the Unholy Trinity.

BOO RAY
Two Guinnesses and a glass of water for Jesus.

He slides the glass over to Jessie.

BOO RAY (CONT'D)
Go ahead... turn it into wine. I buy for the whole night if you can.

JESSIE
Fuck you. Fuck all of you!

HEAVY D
Now, **my** Lord and Savior does not have a potty mouth.

On the far end of the bar sits Gus and 'Sabe . Gus chugs his Guinness, gets up to leave. The Wicked Witch tone blares from his phone. He clicks it off.

'SABE

Where are you off to? It's early.

GUS

This winged monkey's gotta fly back
to the lair.

'SABE

(ala Wicked Witch)

One of these days she's gonna get
you, my pretty!

GUS

She already did. Later fellas.
Later Boo!!

Boo Ray, at the far end of the bar and at an open rear door
talks to a TALL MAN in the shadows. He acknowledges Gus with
a raised hand but doesn't turn around. He's too busy giving
the stranger a large wad of cash and shaking his hand.

Back at the bar Tonto, drunk, holds a bottle of beer to his
chest and interrogates Sausage, who cannot escape the
grilling.

TONTO

(Into Sausage's face)

Listen, you little short sighted,
dick-head mother fucker... Do you
have any idea who I am?!

SAUSAGE

Uh, Tonto?

TONTO

Tonto... Tonto... Why do I even
bother talking to you? You know I
could have been a contender? Am I
right or Amarillo?

Tonto accidentally spills some beer on Sausage who let's it
slide.

SAUSAGE

You had a number one hit on the
radio once, didn't you?

TONTO

I could have been big time, you
know?! Big time.

SAUSAGE

So what happened?

TONTO

Life, my boy, that's what happened.
Life.

EXT. HOLE IN THE WALL RUGBY PUB-NIGHT

Boo Ray and the stranger stand outside a truck with a horse trailer behind it. The Man opens the trailer and brings out a small goat on a leash and gives it to Boo Ray.

Boo Ray Smiles. The goat BLEATS.

INT. GROCERY STORE - LATER

Gus strolls the women's aisle with a large bag of diapers tucked under his arm as a A HOT WOMAN peruses the condoms.

Gus stops in front of the tampons. He notices her and eyes her up and down. He casually grabs a box of the tampons, and plays it off.

GUS

For my sister.

The woman notes the diapers. He nods to them.

GUS (CONT'D)

For my dad.

She smiles and nods, seeing right through the lie.

HOT WOMAN

Your accent's hot. Irish?

GUS

As a shamrock, love.

HOT WOMAN

You're a man, right?

GUS

Last time I checked, yes.

HOT WOMAN

Well then, which do you prefer?
Ribbed or plain?

INT. O'MALLEY'S POOL SERVICE VAN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

With her head resting on the big bag of Cruisers, Gus bangs the shit out of the Hot Woman in the back of the van.

EXT. O'MALLEY'S POOL SERVICE VAN - A FEW MORE MINUTES LATER

The Hot Woman crawls out of the van as Gus pulls on his pants. She smiles.

HOT WOMAN
Ribbed it is, then.

EXT. MAGNOLIA ESTATES GUARD GATE-MINUTES LATER

Gus waves out the window as the van flies past the guard gate. The guard shakes his head with a disapproving look. Gus waves at him and drives on past.

EXT. MAGNOLIA ESTATES-NIGHT

He continues through the neighborhood and into the driveway of a beautiful two story mcmanion. Gus is home. He parks the van in the driveway. Gus takes a swig of mouth wash and downs a Percocet. He checks his breath as he exits the van.

The front door opens, revealing SUSIE O'MALLEY, (30's) with a look that could cut glass. She angles SALLY, their toddler, on her hip.

INT. O'MALLEY HOME - CONTINUOUS

Gus brings in his kit bag, busted diaper bag, and small bag of tampons. He hands the diapers to Susie.

SUSIE
Where the hell is your car?

GUS
At the office. It wouldn't start so I had to drive the van.

SUSIE
What the hell are the neighbor's and the HOA Committee going to think, Gus?

GUS
That O'Malley's is a twenty-four hour pool service. I don't know. What am I supposed to do, Suse?

SUSIE
Maybe have one of your half-wit employees drop you off. That van is disgusting. No telling where that thing has been.

(MORE)

SUSIE (CONT'D)

I thought I told you never to drive
it home at night. Period.

GUS

Speaking of-here's your tampons.

She's not amused. She yanks the bag out of his hand and looks
at it.

SUSIE

By the way-your flunky was here and
totally wrecked the backyard. Why
can't you hire experienced help?

GUS

He's a good kid. And he was here to
clean the pool not rework the
plumbing.

SUSIE

You really need to rethink him as
an employee, Gus. He's going to
get you into trouble. He looks
like an illegal.

GUS

Isn't that what I was before you
married me, Love?

She's thrown by this as Sally gets cranky, so Susie rolls her
eyes, grabs the diapers, and heads upstairs. The baby wails.

INT. O'MALLEY HOME - MINUTES LATER

Sally can be heard crying upstairs. Gus pours himself a stiff
Irish whiskey from the tricked out bar. He takes a deep, deep
swallow. He then crosses to the stairs and as he reaches the
top he looks into the room to see:

MEGAN, (5) and the apple of her daddy's eye. She looks up
from her bed at her dad standing in the doorway.

MEGAN

I love you, Daddy.

GUS

I love you, too, Puppet. Sweet
dreams, baby girl.

Gus saunters into the master bedroom where Susie is changing
Sally. Colicky, the baby is dangerously close to shrieking.

SUSIE

You couldn't get a package of
diapers that wasn't already opened?

GUS

Must have gotten busted on the ride
home.

SUSIE

Of course-with all the dirty sharp
things in there. You need a new
van.

GUS

I've had that van since I came to
this country.

SUSIE

My point exactly. I can't have you
driving around in that-that thing
any more. It doesn't look right.
WE need to demonstrate "class".

GUS

Whatever, Suse.

Susie continues to berate him as Gus walks into their
luxurious bathroom and turns on the water to the big spa tub.
He pulls his shirt off and examines his shoulder. He runs his
finger down the large surgical scar. He winces at the pain,
then opens the medicine cabinet and sorts through the pills.
He pops a muscle relaxer, washes it down with his whiskey and
tries to shut out Susie's continuous nagging and Sally's
wailing.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eddie carries the mail into her house. She turns on a light,
chunks her keys on the table and opens up a large envelope.

She removes the papers from the envelope. It reads EDITH
ELLEN HARRISON STAFFORD, PLAINTIFF, vs. MARK ANTHONY
STAFFORD, DEFENDANT, DECREE OF DIVORCE.

Eddie sighs.

Her phone vibrates. She pulls it out of her purse and looks
at it. The message is from Boo Ray:

COME OUT AND PLAY SIS!!!

Eddie smiles and returns the message:

NOT TONIGHT. MAYBE ANOTHER TIME.

INT. O'MALLEY HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Susie, in her unsexy pajamas, snores on her side of the king-size bed. Gus, in his T-shirt and boxer shorts, slides onto his side of the bed and turns out the light. A vast void separates the two.

EXT. BOO RAY'S OLD WINNEBAGO CAMPER-MORNING

A FED-EX TRUCK stops in rear of the bar and in front of the camper. The FED-EX DRIVER jumps out of the truck with a small Fed-ex envelope.

As the Fed-Ex Driver hurries up toward the camper, he notes a goat tied to a tire in the middle of a path of weeds and overgrown grass. The goat noshes on the weeds. The Fed-Ex Driver shakes his head and KNOCKS on the door.

INT. BOO RAY'S FOYER- CONTINUOUS

A sleepy Boo Ray, in his boxer shorts, a cigarette hanging from his mouth and a Bloody Mary in his hand, opens the door. From the driver's vantage he notes the camper is a shithole.

FED-EX DRIVER

There's a goat in your...

BOO RAY

Oh, yeah, I fired my yard service.
This is the new guy.

FED-EX DRIVER

Okay...

Boo Ray signs for the envelope, closes the door, and rips open the envelope to reveal a check made out to:

BEAUREGARD RAYMOND HARRISON from THE HARRISON FAMILY TRUST

Boo Ray kisses the check and smiles.

EXT. RUGBY PITCH - EARLY MORNING

Gus pushes a wheeled chalk line marker lining the pitch. A joint hangs from his mouth - a match-day morning ritual.

EXT. RUGBY PITCH FENCE LINE - A BIT LATER

Gus hangs a vinyl banner on the fence. It reads:

RUGBY MATCH TODAY

SOUTH HIGHLAND ATHLETIC RUGBY CLUB - GO SHARKS!

The banner lists several sponsors, one of them being HARRISON OIL & GAS.

EXT. CHANGING ROOM - LATER

Numerous cars dot the parking lot. The Changing Room is adjacent to Boo Ray's Rugby bar.

INT. CHANGING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The rugby club mates are all in various stages of dressing out and psyching up for their match.

Gus mixes a bunch of supplements in a water bottle and drinks it. He then wraps sports bandage around each of his legs just above the knees, then secures it with black electrical tape. He does the same thing around his head and top of his ears and secures it to his head with the black electrical tape. He then straps on a Sully shoulder stabilizer to protect his bad shoulder. With the last little bit of supplement from his water bottle, he pops two Percocet.

'Sabe hands off a joint to Gus and he takes a hit.

'SABE
Fuckin' Quins, man.

GUS
(fired up)
Let's show 'em why we are division
two champs, Ladies!

EXT. RUGBY PITCH-MINUTES LATER

A white rented van pulls up. QUIN MEMBERS start to exit the van as Boo Ray arrives in a restored convertible Volkswagen Thing.

INT. BOO RAY'S VW

In the front seat, next to him like a dog, sits HUSQVARNA, AKA VARNA, The Goat, dressed in a shark costume. Boo Ray takes Varna's leash.

BOO RAY
Come on, Varna! That a girl!

EXT. PARKING LOT-CONTINUOUS

Varna follows Boo Ray toward the pitch. She BLEATS. Both teams are now gathering on opposing sidelines.

On the Shark's side, Tonto stands on the sideline with an old video camera dangling around his neck with a frayed string. He removes a can of beer from his ice chest. He takes an ink pen, stabs the can at the base, and shotguns the beer dry. He burps, crushes the can, and chunks it into an already mounting pile. Boo Ray notes the cans.

BOO RAY
Hey, Tonto, maybe you should pace yourself there, wait til after you film the match before getting shit-faced... Just a thought.

TONTO
Here's another thought-why don't we just watch the sex tape Tammy just made on our camera.

BOO RAY
Sounds great!

TONTO
...with another dude!

BOO RAY
Not so great...

Tonto grabs another beer and his video camera and climbs up his painter's ladder that he uses as a perch to film the match. This will not end well.

BOO RAY (CONT'D)
Tonto-I'm thinkin-

Tonto loses his grip and equilibrium. He, his beer, and the video camera go flying off the ladder into the air. Tonto crashes to the ground. The camera shatters in pieces. 'Sabe raises his hands in victory.

'SABE
And the Russian Judge gives him an eight point five and the crowd goes wild! Aaaaaaaaaah.

Boo Ray looks down at the situation as the goat sniffs the unconscious Tonto. He pulls out his phone from his pocket and speed dials a number.

EXT. TARGET PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Eddie loads her bags into her little convertible sports car. Her phone rings and she answers it.

EDDIE
Hey, Boo, what's up?

EXT. RUGBY PITCH - CONTINUOUS

BOO RAY
(on phone)
Hey, Sis, whatcha doin' right now?

EXT. RUGBY PITCH - A LITTLE BIT LATER

Sausage pets Varna. Varna looks up and starts to eat Sausage's shorts.

SAUSAGE
Fucking goat!

HEAVY D
Ha, she thinks you're her
daaaaaaad.

EXT. RUGBY PITCH - A LITTLE BIT LATER

Sausage inspects the goats damage to his shorts. Jessie spies Sausages tear.

JESSIE
Sausage, are you going commando up
under there?

SAUSAGE
I couldn't find my jockstrap this
morning... Fucking goat tried to
eat my dick.

JESSIE
Well goats will eat just about
anything, even a cat dick.

EXT. RUGBY PITCH - LATER

Both sides are ready for the match. WIVES, GIRLFRIENDS and SPECTATORS line both sides of the pitch.

Across the pitch, Eddie sits atop Tonto's ladder with a rather intense looking video camera.

Gus, walks the sideline and drinks a quick gulp of water. He notices Eddie and leans over to 'Sabe .

GUS

Hey 'Sabe , when did Tonto get a sex change?

'SABE

When he passed out and fell off the ladder. That's Boo's sister up there. She's some kind of filmmaker or something.

GUS

Boo Ray's got a sister, huh? Who knew? But chicks can't shoot rugby for shit, though. Known fact.

'SABE

Ya don't say?

GUS

Hey, I don't make the rules.

'SABE

Well, I think for today, that's all we got so we're going to have to suck it up.

GUS

Tonto knows we rely on that footage. She doesn't even...

'SABE

...Well, I think she's got a college degree in the shit so she should be worth something.

Unappeased, Gus walks the line shaking his head.

GUS

Damn, Tonto.

EXT. RUGBY PITCH - MINUTES LATER

The STARTERS for the Sharks huddle up around Gus. Starters include Sausage in his bright orange boots, Jessie, Heavy D, Monty, Earl, among others.

GUS
We gotta fuckin' win this one and
show those Quins who took division
away from them last season!...
(looking straight at
Sausage)
Let's not embarrass ourselves,
Ladies!

Distracted, Sausage notices his shorts have ripped a little bit more.

EXT. PITCH SIDELINE

Boo Ray anchors a turn stake in the ground with a long lead and ties Varna to it. Varna eats the grass around her.

'SABE
So what did we name this year's
lawn mower?

BOO RAY
Husqvarna! Varna for short.

Eddie calls down from the ladder.

EDDIE
So what's with the goat, Boo?

BOO RAY
She's our mascot for the year.

EDDIE
I thought you guys were called The
Sharks or something.

BOO RAY
Kind of hard to bring a Shark out
here. So we got a goat again this
year.

EDDIE
What happened to last year's goat?

'SABE
We ate him at our annual end of the
season banquet.

EDDIE

Oh, my god, you're joking, right?

BOO RAY pours some beer on the goat.

BOO RAY

We should probably start marinating her now, huh?

EDDIE

You're sick, Boo. Sick.

BOO RAY

That's what dad says!

EDDIE

So why rugby? I mean, really?

BOO RAY

When you watch today, you'll see.

EDDIE

But football is so much better. No one has ever heard of rugby.

BOO RAY

(laughs)

I beg to differ. Football has less than half the global fans rugby has.

EDDIE

You pulled that out of your ass, didn't you?

BOO RAY

Google it.

EDDIE

I will!

EXT. RUGBY PITCH - A LITTLE BIT LATER

Eddie sits atop Tonto's ladder and peers through the camera lens at THE REF, who shakes hands with Gus and the QUINS CAPTAIN. He flips a coin. The Quins' Captain makes a victorious fist pump.

Both sides line the pitch for the kickoff. The Quins kick to the Sharks. Monty catches the ball inside their twenty-two meter line and the Sharks begin to move the ball forward.

A ruck forms and Sausage jams his foot inside the ruck and deliberately boots the face of a Quin.

The Ref BLOWS his whistle and calls Dangerous Rucking on Sausage. He issues Sausage a yellow card.

EDDIE

What just happened?

BOO RAY

Sausage is getting sent to the sin-bin. For dangerous rucking. He's out for 10-we're down a man now.

Sausage, mad as hell, walks to the end of the pitch and stands in the "sin-bin".

Eddie realizes she can't get the shots she wants from the ladder. She comes down off the ladder and makes her way to the sideline. She follows the action close in with her camera.

EXT. RUGBY PITCH - A LITTLE BIT LATER

Both sides form a scrum, the unholy Trinity, (minus Sausage). Gus forms the lock position.

REF

Crouch and hold... Engage.

The scrum engages and GRUNTS as the ball is put into play by the SCRUM HALF.

EXT. RUGBY PITCH - A LITTLE BIT LATER

Sausage comes out of the sin bin and returns to the match. He gets on the pitch just in time for a Quin to kick the ball for touch, down the pitch. A touch judge throws up a flag where the ball went out. It's the Shark's ball.

FANS

(shouting)

Give the ball to Gus! It's what the fans want!

Sausage and Heavy D lift Gus up in a lineout. Jessie throws the ball and Gus catches it and throws the ball to a Earl and the ball moves down the pitch, as does Sausage.

Sausage looks down and the rip in his shorts has grown bigger. Much bigger.

Sausage catches the ball and runs down the pitch. He sees no one to hand it off to and rushes toward the end zone with his "sausage" flapping fully exposed in the breeze through the rip. The crowds on the sidelines start to take notice.

Eddie follows Sausage down the sideline with the camera as Sausage slides over the end zone line, slams the ball down, shaking both fists victoriously. He leaps up, hands high in the air.

His shorts fall off.

INT. EDDIE'S VIDEO EDITING BAY - LATER

Eddie sits and burns a dvd of the game footage. She opens her browser on her computer and Googles rugby's fan base. She reads on the website that American Football's global fan base is around 400 million while rugby's global fan base is over 800 million world wide.

EDDIE
Holy shit!

EXT. HOLE IN THE WALL RUGBY PUB - EARLY EVENING

Eddie drives by the bar, crowded with cars and people coming in and out. She finds a parking place, pulls out her camera bag, and walks across the street. Ska music BLASTS from the open doors of the pub.

INT. HOLE IN THE WALL RUGBY PUB - CONTINUOUS

Eddie walks into a scene straight out of Animal House; She spies people playing beer pong. A woman does a body shot at the bar; a guy does a keg stand; and Varna runs through the bar with Sausage's ripped shorts in her mouth.

As Boo Ray and JASPER (40's) tend the bar, Eddie approaches.

EDDIE
(shouting)
Is it always like this?

BOO RAY
Oh, yeah!

Eddie steps behind the bar with her bag and pulls out a DVD. She hands the DVD to Boo Ray.

EDDIE

I ran by the office and made y'all
a DVD of the game.

BOO RAY

Thanks. I'll put it in the player
for the guys to watch later.

Eddie removes her camera from the bag to shoot the party.

BOO RAY (CONT'D)

You don't have to film the party,
you know. The game was all we
needed.

EDDIE

Boo, are you kidding me? This is
gold.

A RUGGER throws up in a large waste basket as Boo hands off a
beer to Eddie. Eddie shakes her head.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

No, thanks. I don't like filming
drunk.

Boo hands her a bottled water instead. Eddie takes it but is
now filming The Sharks and the Quins drinking beer together
as they sing THE OLD CHICAGO STORE:

ALL

I used to work in Chicago at the
Old Department Store. I used to
work in Chicago, I don't work there
no more.

HEAVY D

...A lady came into the store for
some hammers.

ALL

Some hammers from the store?!

HEAVY D

Hammers she wanted, nailed she got!
I don't work there no more! Oh...

ALL

I used to work in Chicago at the
Old Department Store. I used to
work in Chicago, I don't work there
no more.

GUS

...A woman came into the store for
a satellite transmission device.

ALL

A satellite transmission device
from the store?!

GUS

A satellite transmission device she
wanted, an S-T-D she got!

ALL

Ewwwww!!!!

GUS

I don't work there no more! Oh!...

INT. HOLE IN THE WALL RUGBY PUB-LATER

Eddie films as Boo Ray stands up on a chair.

BOO RAY

Without further adieu, I declare
that while we thought he was going
to be the most hated Man of the
Match due to an incident with some
orange boots and a slight wardrobe
malfunction...

FEMALE FAN

Slight?!!!!

SAUSAGE

Shrinkage! It was shrinkage I tell
you!

The crowd LAUGHS.

BOO RAY

...So tonight, with his first try
ever, Brandon Wilcox, proving he is
the Sausage King of the Sharks... I
hereby dub you Man of the Match!

Gus fills one of Sausage's orange boots with beer and hands
it to him.

GUS

Drink, Motherfucker, drink!

ALL

Drink, Motherfucker, drink!

Sausage takes a long, deliberate deep breath and then guzzles all the beer in his orange boot. When he is finished, he upturns the boot to show it is empty. The crowd all CHEERS! It's Sausage's night. Eddie smiles from behind the camera.

The crowd huddles around Sausage and pours more beer into his boot. Eddie tries hard to get into the crowd to film as they sing:

ALL (CONT'D)
Ole zooma zooma zooma, Ole zooma
zooma chief... Drink it down you
Zulu warrior, drink it down you
Zulu chief... Drink it down you
Zulu warrior, drink it down you
Zulu chief, chief, chief!

Suddenly Sausage emerges from the crowd naked and starts to run around the bar as the crowd launches into another chorus:

ALL (CONT'D)
Ole zooma zooma zooma, ole zooma
zooma chief...

EXT. HOLE IN THE WALL RUGBY PUB - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Eddie stands outside between the pub and the changing room on the phone

EDDIE
M&M, you have to come down here.. I
found their natural habitat.

A naked Sausage runs by Eddie. Eddie looks up to see Sausage run by followed by two women in hot pursuit.

INT. HOLE IN THE WALL RUGBY PUB - A LITTLE BIT LATER

Eddie films Jessie leading the guys in a chant:

JESSIE
(shouting)
...Today is Tuesday!

ALL
Today is Tuesday!

JESSIE
(puts two fingers to mouth
simulating oral sex)
Tuesday's an ah-ah day...

ALL
(puts two fingers to mouth
simulating oral sex)
Tuesday's an ah-ah day... Monday's
a finger day!

JESSIE
(shouting)
Is everybody happy?!

ALL
(shouting)
You bet your ass we are!

They all put their beers on top of their heads and spin
around as they sing

ALL (CONT'D)
Da-da-da-da, da, da... Da-da-da-da,
da, da...

JESSIE
(shouting)
...Today is Wednesday!

EXT. HOLE IN THE WALL PUB-NIGHT

M&M pulls up in her car and parks.

INT. HOLE IN THE WALL RUGBY PUB

JESSIE
(shouting)
Today is Saturday!

ALL
(shouting)
Today is Saturday!

JESSIE
(shouting even louder)
Saturday's a rugby day!!

ALL
(shouting)
Saturday's a rugby day! Friday's a
fuckin' day! Thursday's a drinkin'
day! Wednesday's a whacking day!
Tuesday's an ah-ah day! Monday's a
finger day!

JESSIE
(shouting)
Is everybody happy?!

ALL
(shouting)
You bet your ass we are!

They all put their beers on top of their heads and spin around as they sing:

ALL (CONT'D)
Da-da-da-da, da, da... Da-da-da-da,
da, da...

JESSIE
(whispers)
Today is Sunday!

ALL
(whispers)
Today is Sunday!

JESSIE
(whispers)
The Lord's day.

Jessie and the rest of the crowd get down on one knee and hold their beers to heaven and bow their heads... Then they stand again.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Saturday's a rugby day!

ALL
(shouting)
Saturday's a rugby day! Friday's a
fuckin' day! Thursday's a drinkin'
day! Wednesday's a whacking day!
Tuesday's an ah-ah day! Monday's a
finger day!

JESSIE
(shouting)
Is everybody happy?!

ALL
(shouting)
You bet your ass we are!

They all put their beers on top of their heads and spin around as they sing:

ALL (CONT'D)
Da-da-da-da, da, da... Da-da-da-da,
da, da...

INT. HOLE IN THE WALL RUGBY PUB - CONTINUOUS

M&M opens the door to the pub and can't believe what she sees. Manna from heaven. Eddie sees her, waves, and makes her way toward her.

M&M
(overwhelmed)
Holy shit, Eddie, it's a freakin'
National Park full of testosterone.
You've been holding out.

EDDIE
No-this is my brother's bar. First
time I've been in here since he
bought it.

M&M
We definitely need to make this our
regular bar. I may even forward my
mail here.

EDDIE
I think there might be something
here.

M&M spies Jessie off in the distance. They make eye contact. Jessie nods and smiles.

M&M
Oh, there's something here alright.

EDDIE
C'mon...

They make their way through the crowd. M&M keeps Jessie in her sights. Eddie calls out to Boo Ray behind the bar.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Boo Ray, you remember Mary Nell
Morris, don't you?

BOO RAY
M&M, of course I do.

Boo Ray pours three shots, pushes two toward Eddie and M&M and takes the other for himself.

BOO RAY (CONT'D)
Saturday's a rugby day!

They all three drink as Jessie approaches the bar.

BOO RAY (CONT'D)
Eddie, M&M, this is Jesus.

M&M
Jesus? As in my lord and savior,
Jesus?

Jessie pours on the charm.

JESSIE
God, I hope so.

INT. CHANGING ROOM - LATER

Tonto sprawls under a bench in the background as Gus loads Eddie's game DVD into a laptop computer while 'Sabe loads a one hitter and passes it to Gus for a hit. Gus takes a hit as he fast forwards the footage then stops it.

The footage shows a lineout up close, obviously after Eddie has come down from Tonto's ladder. Gus snatches the ball during the lineout and passes it to Jessie who runs the ball in for a try. The footage is very good. Professional.

'SABE
This isn't bad.

GUS
It's pretty good, actually.

'SABE
Don't tell Tonto. We'll never hear
the end of it.

TONTO
(groggy)
Hear what?

INT. HOLE IN THE WALL PUB - A LITTLE BIT LATER

People dance to the jukebox. They drink. They play beer pong. They celebrate. M&M dances with Jessie.

The goat prances through the bar. BOO RAY notes someone has drawn wings on it's back. He angrily looks about and sees Sausage holding a Sharpie. He points at Sausage.

BOO RAY
YOU!! Come Here!!!!

Sausage drops the marker and disappears into the crowd.

Eddie marvels at the scene as if she's discovered a hidden tribe in the Amazon that no one knows about. Gus notices Eddie and approaches her.

GUS
You enjoying yourself?

EDDIE
Quite a party you guys throw.

GUS
Yep. We're known in the union for being the best hosts.

EDDIE
Union?

GUS
Rugby union. The U.S. is divided into unions. We're part of the Texas Rugby Union, or T-R-U.

EDDIE
But we're in Louisiana.

GUS
A technicality. There's some overlap. Texas clubs hate us because we've been division champs now for several years straight.

EDDIE
Oh, really?

GUS
Boo never told you about our rugby here?

EDDIE
I've been away for a while. Just moved back recently. I knew he played years ago but never went.

GUS
Well we appreciate you filming us today. You did a good job, considering you don't know shit about rugby.

EDDIE

May not know rugby, but I do know sports and filmmaking. And this was fun.

GUS

Well, like I said, you did pretty good.

EDDIE

A backhanded compliment, but I'll take it. I was thinking I might like to film more of this.

GUS

I don't think Tonto will like you taking his job from him.

EDDIE

I don't mean your game footage. I mean, film you guys. Document your season. I think there might be something to this.

GUS

To this? You mean, film everything?

EDDIE

Like a fly on the wall. You won't even notice me.

GUS

But I bet that camera of yours notices **everything**.

EDDIE

Oh, you scared I might make you guys look bad?

GUS

No, not really. Not me at least.

EDDIE

Then what are you afraid of?

Gus LAUGHS the laugh of a nervous man living a double life.

GUS

I'm just not sure everything is suitable for print.

EDDIE

I'm not scared of an 'R' rating, if that's what you mean.

GUS

That's not what I mean. I don't think you really know what goes on here.

EDDIE

That's the point of the doc. To show what goes on here. It's a subculture. It's fascinating.

Gus shakes his head. He looks over to the corner and sees an old golf driver and a basket of old golf balls.

GUS

You a betting girl, Eddie?

EDDIE

I've been known to take a bet a time or two in my life, why?

Gus takes the driver and grips it.

GUS

How about I challenge you to a driving match? You win, you get to shoot your little documentary.

EDDIE

And if you win?

GUS

You walk away.

EDDIE

How well do you play?

GUS

I live on a golf course. You?

EDDIE

I've seen it on tv a time or two.

Gus smiles, trying to size her up. She's a hard read.

GUS

Let's go then.

EXT. HOLE IN THE WALL PUB-NIGHT

A CROWD gathers around Gus and Eddie out in the back parking lot. Behind the parking lot is a large grave yard. The full moon illuminates their course.

Jessie, Monty, Earl, M&M, Sausage, 'Sabe, Boo Ray, and a stumbling drunk Tonto make up the front of the gallery.

GUS

How about two out of three?

EDDIE

I don't know... We've got a gallery here. How about three out of five?

BOO RAY

Hey Gus, you **do** know-

Eddie glares at Boo Ray; seeing it he alters his advice:

BOO RAY (CONT'D)

-That my sister sucks at certain sports.

GUS

She's a big girl-she accepted the challenge. Ladies first. Why I'll even give you a handicap and give you the lady's tee.

EDDIE

How very generous of you. But you go first. I want to see what I'm up against.

Gus takes the club and tees up his ball on a glass beer bottle about twenty feet from where Eddie will shoot. He takes a few practice swings before taking his shot. The ball flies straight, about a hundred and fifty yards out into the graveyard behind the bar. Gus smiles.

The crowd CHEERS.

Gus knows he's got this. He hands the driver to Eddie.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

(perplexed)

You want me to use that thing?

GUS

It's called a driver, honey. Or would you like to will the ball into the air?

Eddie awkwardly takes the driver and approaches her 'Lady's Tee.' She places a ball on an empty beer bottle set on the concrete. She takes a few awkward practice swings then steps up to the tee and takes a swing.

The bottle shatters, the ball slices over the pub, and hits a car setting off the ALARM. Groans and chuckles come from the crowd. Gus smiles.

'SABE

What exactly are we playing for?

GUS

We are playing for Eddie to have the right to film us as a club.

EDDIE

A documentary.

GUS

If she can beat me, she gets full access. No holes barred. She loses, she goes home with her camera tucked between her legs.

'SABE

That's a pretty big camera, Eddie.

Eddie shrugs and hands Gus the driver.

EDDIE

Your turn.

Gus takes the driver and tees up a ball on a beer bottle. He takes a practice swing, then takes a full swing at the ball. It flies straight and just a couple of yards further than his first shot. Gus smirks and hands Eddie the driver.

Eddie takes the driver and goes back to her tee. Boo Ray places a new bottle down and she places a ball on top. The ball falls off.

'SABE

I think you got this, FIB.

Gus winks at 'Sabe . Eddie takes a practice swing, then steps up to the bottle and hits the shit out of the ball. The ball flies straight striking a Billboard just outside the cemetery fence. The crowd cheers as Eddie approaches Gus.

GUS

Lucky shot?

Boo Ray laughs.

BOO RAY

Sis was Division One champ in college her senior year. She's even been on the tour.

GUS
No kidding?

EDDIE
No kidding. But have at it-

Eddie hands Gus the driver, but he declines.

GUS
I'm married-so I'm used to being
wrong. No way I can clear that.

He offers his hand.

GUS (CONT'D)
I guess you have yourself a
documentary.

Eddie shakes Gus' hand. He shakes his head smiling.

GUS (CONT'D)
Division One champ, huh?

EDDIE
Yep. I had a full ride at L-S-U.
Golf.

GUS
Did ya, now?

EDDIE
Yep. And I also used to shoot
football game footage on the
sidelines.

Gus pulls out his phone and searches for golf stats as the
crowd filters back inside the pub.

GUS
(to Eddie)
Edith Ellen Harrison, also known as
Eagle Eddie.

EDDIE
That would be me.

GUS
Oh-shit-You were the one married to
Stafford, defensive end for the
Saints, weren't you?

EDDIE
You had to bring him up, huh?

GUS

He's the dude with that porn star
he somehow got pregnant. Wow.

EDDIE

And that's bringing it up.

GUS

Sorry.

EDDIE

What can you do?

GUS

That why you've come home, huh?

EDDIE

Pretty much. The glare isn't as
intense here as NOLA.

GUS

Last time I was there I nearly got
decapitated in a game.

EDDIE

So that town kicked both our asses.

GUS

Looks like it...

EDDIE

I promise I will be honest in my
portrayal of the club.

GUS

That's what I'm afraid of.

EDDIE

No-you guys are amazing. I've never
seen anything like this. It's-it's
like mardi gras!

GUS

Ah, that? That's just window
dressing. But I doubt outsiders
would get it.

EDDIE

Oh, no. This is going to be huge.

Eddie smiles to herself. Gus shifts, uncomfortable.

EXT. HOLE IN THE WALL PUB - A LITTLE BIT LATER

Eddie looks around for M&M but can't find her. The party has slowed down a little and many of the people have left, gotten drunk, or passed out.

Boo Ray slow dances on the bar with a SCANTILY CLAD CHICK. Eddie tiptoes behind the bar and retrieves her camera bag, trying not to be noticed.

BOO RAY
You leaving already?

EDDIE
Yeah, I'm going to take off now.
You seen M&M?

BOO RAY
Nope. Lot of folks took off.

EDDIE
OK, if you see her, tell her I
left.

BOO RAY
You doing brunch with Dad tomorrow
at the club?

EDDIE
Of course. You?

BOO RAY
It *is* a free meal.

EDDIE
And comes with a free lecture!
Night Boo.

BOO
Thought that was the desert!

EXT. HOLE IN THE WALL PUB - CONTINUOUS

Eddie, gear in hand, walks across the street. She turns to look back at the bar. She holds her hands up as if examining the pub from a director's perspective. She nods her head, satisfied. As she turns, Gus emerges from the pub.

GUS
Hey...practice is at six on
Tuesday.

EDDIE

Thanks.

GUS

Gonna make me famous, huh?

EDDIE

Something like that.

Gus smiles and watches Eddie walk to her car.

INT. CHANGING ROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

M&M is in the throws of passion with Jessie. He puts her up on the sink tearing at each other's clothes. What they don't notice is Tonto, in the bathroom stall, sitting on the toilet with a bottle of JACK in his hand.

INT. CHANGING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A crowd gathers inside, including Heavy D, Sausage, Monty, Earl, and 'Sabe. They listen at the bathroom door.

GUS

What's going on?

HEAVY D

Unlawful carnal knowledge in the toilet.

M&M (O.C.)

Oh, Jesus...

The guys SNICKER. Heavy D shushes them.

M&M (O.C.) (CONT'D)

I'm coming... Oh, Jesus, don't stop!... I'm coming! Oh my God!

EARL

Holy shit, it's the second coming.

M&M (O.C)

Thank you, Jesus!

MONTY

At least she got his name right.

Tonto raises his bottle in salute and then chugs it.

EXT. HOLE IN THE WALL PUB - DAYBREAK

A few cars remain in the parking lot.

INT. HOLE IN THE WALL PUB - CONTINUOUS

The pub is trashed. Boo Ray snoozes on the bar. Varna rips into a woman's discarded lace panties.

INT. CHANGING ROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

M&M wakes up, half naked and disheveled, in the arms of Jessie. She extricates herself from his arms, tries to find her panties, then gives up. She puts her skirt and shirt on quickly and emerges from the bathroom.

M&M steps over a passed out Sausage and exits the bathroom. A bathroom stall door opens and Tonto sheepishly exits as well.

EXT. HOLE IN THE WALL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

M&M squints at the sun and staggers to her car. She glances about to see if anyone is witnessing her walk of shame.

INT. BENNISON COUNTRY CLUB

Eddie strolls into the dining room and finds her father, ARTHUR HARRISON, an uptight, but dignified man in his sixties. He sits at a table set for four. He stands up to greet his daughter, kissing her on the cheek.

Eddie and Arthur hug then both sit down at the table.

ARTHUR

And where is Boo this morning?

EDDIE

You act like I'm my brother's keeper.

ARTHUR

Someone should be. I don't get you kids these days.

A waiter removes Arthur's empty cocktail glass and replaces it with another gin and tonic.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I give you everything and look what you do with it.

EDDIE

I've got a successful video company...

ARTHUR

That couldn't survive without my money, so success is debatable.

EDDIE

Then why the hell did you set us up with trust funds?

ARTHUR

I didn't as you may recall. My mother-

EDDIE

Yes- Nana set up our trusts-but you oversee them-

ARTHUR

Because she, and I, want my children taken care of. But she assumed you wouldn't simply sit back-

EDDIE

Sit Back? I'm working really hard here-

ARTHUR

Your brother, not so much.

EDDIE

We're doing what we want to do. You told us to pursue our passions. Well, I'm pursuing mine.

ARTHUR

And Boo?

EDDIE

He's doing what he wants, Dad. I think he's earned a break.

ARTHUR

Two undergraduate degrees, a Masters and a PhD. Brilliant and what does he do with it? He runs a dive bar for delinquents and serves Funions and cheap beer.

EDDIE

Daddy, he's happy.

ARTHUR
He's a drunk.

EDDIE
And just where do you think it
comes from?

ARTHUR
I'm not a drunk. I drink socially
from time to time. Fortunately for
me, I'm timeless.

Eddie sees Boo Ray approaching. Eddie stands up to give Boo
Ray a hug but Arthur remains seated.

BOO RAY
Dad.

ARTHUR
Beauregard.

Boo and Eddie sit. Boo signals for the waiter.

BOO RAY
(to waiter)
Bloody Mary, please.

ARTHUR
Tough night at the bar?

BOO RAY
Fun night at the bar. Even Eddie
showed up.

Arthur frowns at Eddie.

EDDIE
What? I went there for work.

BOO RAY
She's shooting a documentary.

ARTHUR
A what?

EDDIE
I'm filming a documentary.

ARTHUR
What could possibly be of interest
in that hole in the wall?
Reprobates on parade?

BOO RAY
You'd be surprised, Dad.

ARTHUR
Harrison Oil was started from
nothing and we built a small empire
to hand down. You both shrug off
the hard work it takes to build
your **passion**.

BOO RAY
Dad, you have a very different view
of passion than we do.

Eddie mumbles under her breath:

EDDIE
So did mom.

ARTHUR
What's that Edith Ellen?

BOO RAY
It's a different world pop. Money
isn't everything.

ARTHUR
Says two who do not lack it. I
cringe at the very thought of what
my money pays for these days, I
really do.

Eddie and Boo Ray give each other a look and a smile.

MONTAGE

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

Gus, Susie, Sally and Megan sit in a church pew listening to
a church service. Gus loosens his tie. He is uncomfortable
and clearly hung over. Susie smiles at Gus, who does not
return the look. Just shoot him. Now.

INT. BENNISON COUNTRY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Boo Ray, Eddie and Arthur eat their brunch, awkwardly.

INT. TONTO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tonto watches as his GIRLFRIEND packs up her stuff. Rugby memorabilia and pictures line the shelves and the walls, a veritable shrine to the sport, back in the day. A grammy award sits on a shelf next to a guitar.

INT. HEAVY D'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Heavy D sits at a desk and pours over a law book. His wife, CRYSTAL, a beautiful black woman in her early twenties, brings him a cup of coffee. He looks up from his book and gives her a kiss.

INT. M&M'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

M&M lies in her bed, awake and smiling.

INT. JESSIE AND SAUSAGE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

At the kitchen table Jessie stares at his birth certificate and his name - JESUS HAMISH MACGILLICUDDY. He then notes a sketch pad with a drawing on it on the table. He picks it up, but cannot decipher what the subject is. It looks like a five year old drew it.

Sausage bolts through the door and into the kitchen. He grabs the pad away protectively as he passes Jessie a fast food bag. Tacos. There is a God.

INT. 'SABE 'S HOUSE

Disheveled and hung over, 'Sabe turns on his TV and throws the remote on the glass coffee table. He taps a small plastic bag of cocaine and then pours a heaping amount onto the table. He uses a credit card to form a large line of coke; a 'Sabe-sized line. He picks up a straw and snorts it all. He rubs his nose, takes a swig of beer, sits back on the couch and watches football on TV. He's awake now.

INT. HOLE IN THE WALL PUB

Boo Ray supervises Jasper, who sweeps up the bar. He changes out a keg. He looks around his bar. He smiles and drinks a beer. This is what it's all about.

EXT. NEW POOL BEING BUILT -DAY

Tonto rolls out a blue print and examines it. He shows it to 'Sabe for review. 'Sabe waves to a small bull dozer that approaches carrying two burlap wrapped trees for planting around a newly installed pool.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

M&M, dressed like a conservative school teacher, writes a math problem on the wall while her class observes.

INT. EDDIE'S VIDEO EDITING BAY - CONTINUOUS

Eddie reviews the footage she shot on Saturday, a raunchy rugby song. This is good stuff. Next to a diet soda is a small Fed-ex envelope addressed to Eddie from the Harrison Family Trust, unopened and the envelope from the lawyer's office. She takes papers out of the envelope and flips to the last page. We see the last paragraph of the document reads:

"Edith Ellen Harrison Stafford shall be returned to her maiden name of Harrison." She smiles and signs the decree. She leans back in her chair and sighs; it's a content one.

FADE OUT.

-END OF PILOT-