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Rebound

By Jon Lucas

Okay, Roy McCormick fan or not, you gotta admit, the guy is a Cinderella story. He grows up without two nickels to rub together, and look at him now. He's led Ohio Polytech to three championships. He is one of the best coaches in college basketball. And he's also the best paid, but let's be realistic. Coach Roy has not won in, what, forever. In my opinion, he's more interested in endorsements than winning basketball games. It's that simple.

Hey! Hi.

I'm Coach Roy.

When I get hot under the collar... I cool off with Cool Breeze. See, Coach Roy is slippin', because right now... his best statistic on the season- eight technical fouls in his last eight games. That's hardly championship coaching. You ate eight hamburgers at lunch. Look, the fact is this. Roy has lost touch with the fundamentals... and he's also lost touch with his team. Y'all can take some pictures, but I'm not gonna be able to sign any autographs right now. As you can see, I'm very busy. Roy better get his stuff together, because otherwise, he'll be coaching at DeVry. And they don't even have a basketball team. And that's the joke, see? Okay, guys, real important game today. I need you to be 100%. Unfortunately, I can't be there. I'm doin' a photo shoot for Details magazine. It's gonna run late. I'll be there at halftime, and you'd better not lose... because losing makes me look bad.

Coach Roy cannot be happy right now, Jack.
His team has a lot of work to do,
and not much time to do it.
It is crunch time.
This is where we're gonna find out...
what these two teams
and their coaches are really made of.
What are you callin'?
What are you callin', Earl?
Earl, what is that? What is that?
Keep it up, Roy.
Just one more word.
Hey, Coach, this is my nest!
This is my nest!
You need to do an endorsement for Altoids.
Your breath is humming!
Hey, clown.
You keep runnin' your mouth, I'm gonna
come over there and rearrange your beak.
You talkin' smack?
You talkin' smack, huh? You talkin' smack?
Shut up.
- No basket.
- What?
Why don't we play jacks?
'Cause we're not playin' basketball.
Technical foul, Coach Roy.
I- I was way over there!
That's two.
You're out of here!
- Just because- Did I do this?
- Don't touch my whistle.
Did I do that?
Did I do that?
- That's why you give me a tech!
- Hit the showers.
No, you hit the showers, Earl!
You hit the showers!
I'm not hittin' no showers!
Yeah! Kick him out! Kick him out!
Y'all didn't even ask me what went on.
Y'all just snatched me.
You know what?
Victor?

Coach Roy killed Victor!
You're crazy!
Victor? Victor?
I feel bad.
I feel real bad.
You know...
out there havin' temper tantrums
and arguin' with the refs.
Man, I should know
better than that.
You represent everything
that's wrong with college sports today.
You don't care about the players.
You don't care about the game.
If things don't go your way,
you explode like a spoiled child.
Look, if you're gonna fine me,
fine me, man.
How much?
'Cause I ain't got all day.
It's time for me to bounce.
What's happenin'?
It is with such pleasure
that I say...
that you, Roy McCormick...
that you're officially banned from coaching
in the N.C.B.A. for the remainder of your life.
You bannin' me, huh?
Yeah. Okay.
I been here longer
than all y'all.
You forgot about the three championships
I won, didn't you, Mr. Vice President? Huh?
And now you wanna ban me?
No, I'm bannin' you. I'm bannin' you for life.
- Can he ban us?
- Of course not! Stand up straight.
Excuse me, gentlemen.
"Prior to a lifetime ban...
"offending coach must be granted
an opportunity to demonstrate compliance.
"If offending coach completes the remainder
of the season without any infractions-
"ejections, criminal

malfeasance, etcetera-
he must be readmitted
on a probationary basis. "
In short, you gotta give Roy
one last chance to prove himself.
Yes, but it doesn't say I have to
let him coach out the rest of the year...
in my league.
Watch your temper, Roy.
Good luck finding another team.
We should go.
And then,
I'm gonna smash the guitar.
Good, 'cause if you don't, I will.
Dad call?
He comin' to this game?
Keep practicin', okay?
Come on. We're late.
Hey, hold it.
Hold it.
Okay, look.
I would love to tell you...
that everybody you meet in this life
was gonna be great...
and you could always
count on those people.
That'd be a lie. Your dad's not
a part of our lives anymore, all right?
But I got your back,
and I'm gonna keep havin' your back.
So before you go
givin' up on this world...
you need to wait till you're about 18
like everybody else, all right?
Mom, if you're so smart, how'd you
end up with Dad in the first place?
Okay, you know what?
You're too smart for your own good.
- I'll see you at the tip-off.
- All right, Mom.
Because if I hadn't, I-
I wouldn't have had you.
Keith?
I wouldn't have had you.

I always think of the good mom stuff
after he's gone. Crazy.
It's game day
here at Mount Vernon.
Let's take a moment to review
the Smelters' starting lineup.
First off,
we have Keith Ellis.
Now, everyone knows Keith Ellis is
the best player on the team, including Keith.
At power forward is One Love.
Okay, now, the only thing One Love
loves more than playing basketball...
is his shoes, um...
his hair, his image,
and his shoes again.
At point guard,
we've got Ralph.
The kid has got
four older brothers, okay?
All of them
were all-star athletes.
I mean, the pressure
to succeed is tremendous.
Returning as small forward
is the player with the best attitude...
and the worst vision.
Last year, he held the record
for the most balls to the face.
- Luckily, this year, he has a solution.
- And a new nickname, Annie.
Everyone's
callin' the kid Goggles.
Rounding out
the starting five is Fuzzy.
Now, we have
high expectations for the kid.
I mean, word on the street
is that he's been bulking up...
specifically
for this season.
And, of course, the coach of
our intrepid team and home ec teacher...
Mr. Newirth.

While he's never coached before
or even played the game of basketball...
he proved to the administration he was
exactly what they were looking for.

Oh, yeah? How?

- He volunteered for the job.

- Okay.

Get a shoe contract yet,

One Love?

- Not yet.

- Bam!

Your deal.

Court's free.

You little guys wanna warm up?

What for?

Want a cookie?

- You spit on this?

- No.

- All right.

- Game nine, and the pressure is on.

But you couldn't tell by looking at the calm,
confident faces of the Smelters...

easily the best 0-8 team

in the league...

hungry to avenge

their nail-biting loss last week.

86 to zero.

In which the Smelters were subjected
to several hundred bad calls.

Break!

Okay.

One Love's cutting! One Love's open!

One Love is open!

One Love has the ball!

Here! Pass it!

Right here, Keith! Right here!

Keith!

- Man, what's he doing?

- I don't know.

Man, if we had Coach Roy, we'd never lose.

- Touchdown!

- Oh, here's the-

Ow!

All right, our next guest...

is looking to get back
into the game he loves, and this time...
he promises not to ruffle
any more feathers.

- Aw!

- Please welcome the former
head coach at Ohio Polytech...

Roy McCormick!

- Hey!

- How are ya?

Roy, you're a man of your word. You said you'd
come on the show when you were available.

And, brother,

you are really available now.

Well, you know, I'm weighin' my options.

I'm a free agent, baby.

My fans!

Word on the street is you couldn't
get a job right now fielding sheep.

Whoa!

Look, I wanna go somewhere where-

where the desire to win is just great, you know.

'Cause y'all know I'm a winner, and I-

I kind of wanna go back to my roots.

- That's what I want.

- You're a winner!

He's a winner, folks!

- That's right.

- Come with me.

Come on. I got a plan.

Come on.

- Anything yet?

- It's ringing.

- There?

- Mm-hmm.

- I'll get it. Stay.

- Whatever.

Man, this is a junior high.

I won three N.C.B.A. championships.

I mean, what do I gotta do?

Roy, don't you see it?

It's perfect. It's your old school.

Look, we accept their offer.

You work with these kids for a week.

They get a huge thrill out of it.

Duh!

You look like a saint...

and we get free P.R., which,
no offense, Roy, we desperately need.

In the meantime, it'll give me a chance
to land us a solid job offer.

- What offers do we have now?

- Hmm?

Doreen, this is
the supplemental budget.

Could you get me
the full budget, please?

Hon, that is the full budget.

Tim Fink, principal partner,
the Fink Agency. "Fink fast!"

Yeah. Mary Walsh...

principal,

Mount Vernon Junior H-

Whoo! Whoa! Wow!

Okay, it's Coach Roy.

Coach Roy is in the house.

Coach Roy is here. It's my house.

All right. Well, then, gentlemen-

Uh-oh!

Community service?

Did you get arrested for something?

We get more great
sports guys that way.

We're here to accept
your offer.

Yea! No idea

what you're talking about.

Your offer.

Mm-hmm.

Oh, my.

Oh, my goodness.

I-

Just-

S- Spelling error.

So you're telling me
that Roy McCormick...

wants to coach here?

Am I gettin' Punk'd?

Roy's gonna work
with your team.
They're gonna be coached
by the best of the best...
for absolutely-
wait for it- no charge.
Yeah, I wanna give back to the community.
You know, here's where I found
my first true love, which is basketball.
Well, teamwork.
So I guess that's two loves.
- Two loves.
- Mm-hmm.
That was very inspiring, Coach.
Well, uh, gosh, gentlemen.
I guess-
Follow me.
People. Apparently...
some of you have tried
to circumvent school policy...
and hire a new head coach
on your own.
Well, I'm impressed.
Without further ado,
please welcome your new head coach.
Wow.
They're really short.
Yeah, they're 13.
All right, well,
good luck, kids.
And, uh,
behave yourself.
Oh, we will.
I was talking to him.
Coach Roy, I'm a big fan.
I've seen all your commercials.
A couple things
I should warn you about.
Ralph here, for instance,
when he gets nervous, he pukes.
- You my assistant head coach?
- Real honor working with you.
Yeah, I appreciate it. Well, uh, why don't
you run and fetch me a patty melt?

Maybe one with your arms
around the kids having fun?

Yeah, sure thing.

Huh? Got it?

That's right.

Y'all look

basketball style.

- We're never gonna lose again.

- Yeah.

One Love's definitely on the way
to getting a shoe contract now.

- Yeah!

- How you feeling, Ralph?

Oh!

Oh! Priceless.

Y'all run some drills.

All right?

I'm gonna try to get
this guck off my shoe.

Excuse me,

Mr. Photographer.

- We don't know any drills.

- Or have any skills.

We'll just have to make some up then.

Come on.

Okay, great drill.

Let's run our passing drill now.

Come on.

Let's step it up.

I got it. I got it.

Yeah!

- Ooh!

- Aah!

Mary, is it really a good idea?

You know, Jeanie,

you may find this hard to believe...

but I don't get a lot of gifts here
at Mount Vernon.

I got no money. I got no resources.

I got no nothin'.

Excuse me.

That's a double negative.

Bethanne, stick it

where the sun don't not shine.

So, when one of the best coaches in
basketball wants to coach my kids for free...
kids who, incidentally,
are on their way to another no-win season...
I'm not gonna say no.
Besides,
Coach Roy has never...
hit a player.
Oh, okay. Great, great.
So that's the criteria?
If he's never hit a kid, then
he can work at Mount Vernon.
Yeah, I know.
But check it out.
If he steps out of line
in any way...
all we have to do is call the N.C.B.A.,
and he's out of here.
So I think he's gonna be
on his best behavior.
Okay, how are you gonna run a school
and monitor a madman?
Well, Jeanie, I'm not.
Uh-uh! No, no, no, no, no!
I'm not either.
- Uh, uh, uh-
- Yes, yes, yes, yes.
You go to all the games anyway.
You could be my eyes and ears.
Yeah. The minute you say
he's out of line, he's gone.
Come on.
Girls, trust me.
Coach Roy is going to do wonders
for this school.
- Coach Roy has some issues-
- Uh!
- that he needs to work-
- Uh!
a little bit...
out.
Stop. Stop. Stop.
Dang!
You really bleed a lot. High blood pressure.

- Too much stress.
- What's that? CK-One?
- How much do they pay you
to put that on your hankie?
- Let me smell it.
Look, I don't care
how many titles he's won.
I don't care anything about that.
I know his reputation.
- Come on. Give him a chance.
- For what?
He's got some problems,
and if he touches my son-
Stay away from my son!
Mom, he didn't hit anybody.
Yet. He just got here.
Give him a chance.
We hit him
and barfed on him.
Plus, his Escalade
got tagged.
But he doesn't know that yet.
Look, I'm sorry.
My name is Jeanie,
and it's just my son means a lot to me.
Look, uh- Excuse me.
Miss Jeanie?
Now, look, I know
my reputation precedes me.
But it's just rep, you know?
It's not true.
Roy McCormick.
Very nice to meet you.
I know who you are.
My son idolizes you.
Well, your son,
he's-he's a good kid.
I think he's gonna do
big things in this game.
- He's gonna be all right.
- Well, that's good to know,
because that's not my son.
That's my son.
He's gonna be good too,

'cause they-they run drills together, so-
They kind of know
the same drills.
And, quite frankly, I don't like
the way you treat your players.
My son doesn't need
some hotshot egomaniac...
trying to tell him he's good,
because he is good.
Ma'am-
Miss Jeanie, look, I swear...
the only reason I'm here
is-is to help these kids.
I wouldn't do anything to hurt 'em. Now,
that temper tantrum thing is long gone.
Well, it was nice meeting you.
Very nice meetin' you.
If you don't mind, maybe I can call you
sometime or somethin'?
I don't think so.
Dude, Roy's checking out
your mom.
He ain't lyin'.
Coach Roy, what's it like coming back
to coach at your old school?
It's a'ight, you know,
and, you know-
I grew up in the mean streets-
the suburbs.
Okay? I had one dream,
and that was to get out...
not end up here
like these losers...
who, I guess,
I would love to give back to.
For such a great coach,
he really doesn't do much, does he?
No.
- There's a game today?
- That's why we're in uniform.
Oh, how the mighty
have fallen.
You don't remember me,
do you?

I applied to be your assistant coach
seven times.
You said that
I was too rigid.
Turns out I wasn't so rigid, I couldn't lead
the Vikings to nine state championships.
Wow. I didn't know middle schools
had state championships.
Well, they do,
and I won them nine times.
Nine times?
Big kudos for ya.
F.Y.I. The only kid you need to look out for
on my team is my son, Larry Jr.
All right, well,
good luck, man.
You're in my house!
This is my world!
You be in my world now!
No mercy.
- One, two, three.
- No mercy!
Let's get some!
Oh! Way downtown!
Yeah!
One Love is cutting!
One Love is open!
One Love has the ball! One Love is shaking!
One Love is baking!
Aah! My shoe!
Aren't you supposed
to be doing something?
Yeah, I'm thinking about what I'm gonna
eat for lunch. You interested?
- Keith, I'm open!
- One Love is wide open!
- Pass the ball!
- Keith, One Love is open!
Has your kid
ever heard of passin'?
We had position, ref!
Where's the call?
Charge!
Oh! Thank you!

Are you kiddin' me?
That was 10 minutes ago.
Oh.
That's our ref-
"Late" Carl Freedburg.
He's a good guy.
He's a little slow on the whistle, though.
- Keith, pass.
- Time out!
Come on, guys. Huddle up.
Come on. Come on. Come on.
Listen, I don't mind you
embarrassin' yourselves...
'cause you're used to it,
okay?
But now, you're startin'
to embarrass me.
- What's your name?
- My name's Keith.
Keith, do you think you can, uh,
try not to turn the ball over?
Guys, I need you to get out there
and go to work, okay?
And try to keep it in single digits.
Let's go, guys. Let's go!
We wouldn't wanna humiliate him.
That's a winning attitude.
- Keith, the ball!
- Hey.
What is he doing?
Two! Four! Six! Eight!
Who do we appreciate?
Smelters!
A hockey-playing dog.
What'll those Canadians think of next?
Speaking of animal lovers...
in a follow-up
to a recent story...
former N.C.B.A. madman Coach
Roy McCormick lost his first game today...
former N.C.B.A. madman Coach
Roy McCormick lost his first game today...
in the cutthroat
middle school division!

I swear to God.

109 to nothing.

For real!

He has to teach the kids fundamentals,
things like which basket is ours.

Yeah, like jump ball means
that your team has gotta jump too.

Look, Roy's gotta do a better job if
he wants to coach again in the N.C.B.A.

It's that simple.

Oh, sh- Oh!

Yeah.

Roy? Fink.

Uh, what the heck
are you doin'?

Hey, man, what's the big deal, okay?

It's middle school. Who cares?

Who cares? That's what I said. But,
you know, Roy, it made all the national news.
And I had some solid job offers lined up,
and now everyone's bailed on us.

Look, nobody wants to hire...
a loser.

Look, you gotta win at least one game
with these kids if you ever wanna work again.

Oh, hi.

Are you Mr. McCormick?

I'm a big fan.

Can I please have your autograph?

Sure thing, young lady.

Thank you.

- Wait. Whoa, whoa, whoa. That's my car.

- That was your car.

It was part of your endorsement deal,
and that's been terminated.

Have a great day.

I still think you're great.

I want my old life back.

Ooh!

Huddle up!

Now, I'm gonna
be honest with you.

I can't afford to lose by triple digits again,
or else I'm finished.

So I've decided to teach you how to play the game of basketball. Yeah, the concept of dribbling, passing and scoring, okay? So playtime is over. And if you don't like it, the door is right there. Get back here!

I'm gonna need some help.

Unbelievable.

Give me that!

Get off me, boy! You want some too?

Unbelievable!

- What?

- She started it.

- Shut up!

- Go on. You're comin' with me.

- Look who's in trouble again.

- You got somethin' to say?

Look, these ain't even allowed in school.

Okay?

You a natural.

What's your name?

- Big Mac.

- Big Mac.

- You're comin' with me, all right?

- Oh, no. I'm not- No.

I'm not goin' to detention.

It's more like

a work release program.

All right?

Trust me. Suit up.

Come on.

Come on, Big Mac. Suit up.

Trust me.

Whoa.

Yao Ming, wait up.

- What a dork.

- Sorry.

- Hey-

- Excuse me.

- Can I help you?

- I just wanted to talk to one of your players.

"Players"?

These are my students.

And, no, while Wes is in my class,
you can't speak to him.

I'll come back later, okay?

Look.

Wes is really shy, okay?

And he's not into sports, and he really doesn't
need to be pushed around by your type.

- My type?

- Mm-hmm.

What's my type, since you know me?

What's my type?

A bully.

A stubborn, spoiled,
always-gets-his-way bully.

You're good.

- Thank you.

- Mm-hmm.

I'll come back after class.

But I do gotta ask somethin'.

Look, son, you like basketball?

Um, I'm not

very coordinated.

Man, that's perfect.

Nobody else on the team
is coordinated.

So join us, please.

It's perfect.

- You- out!

- Just give me one second.

Thirty seconds, all right?

All right?

Son, do you know what
everybody wants out of life?

- No.

- They wanna be loved.

I love you, because...

you are six feet, man...

with extremely long arms,
you know?

Now, I can't promise you if you join the team
that you're gonna get the girls.

I can't- I can help you, you know,
see where they at...

but I can't help you

get the girls, you know.
And I can't even promise
that you're gonna be a good player.
But what I can guarantee you
is that, uh...
you won't be the butt
of nobody's jokes, son.
- How tall are you, son?
- Six-two.
Six-two?
I'm deeper and deeper
in love!
Wow!
Six-two!
Will you join us?
I, uh-
I have to wear a T-shirt
under my jersey...
'cause my perspiration
gives me dermatitis.
Meet me at the gym at 3:00,
'cause, uh, we practice hard.
I'll be there.
My man. All right.
- Careful.
- Yeah. Thanks.
- I'm watchin' you.
- Thank you.
These here are the new recruits.
This is Wes. You mess with him,
you're gonna have to answer to me.
This is Big Mac.
You mess with her,
well, you're on your own.
Are the Smelters running a drill?
Hey, I think that's the girl
that stole my wife's car.
Don't stare.
Just out of curiosity,
how long you been shootin' hoops?
For a while in juvie.
Well, you're our enforcer,
okay?
Don't mean you gotta fight.

But you got five fouls.
Don't be afraid
to use 'em.
- I don't mind fightin'.
- I'm sure.
But you have good hands,
and you have good footwork. Use 'em.
That's not
what I'm talkin' about.
Wes!
Yeah, Coach?
Look, do yourself a favor.
Don't warm up today, all right?
- But I-
- I know. You never, ever played basketball.
But for the next 15 minutes,
that's our little secret, okay?
All right.
My secret weapon.
No weapon form against thee...
shall prosper.
How you doin', my brother?
You always come through
for a brother. Hey!
God bless you!
- Oh, brother!
- Thank you.
You're shinin'.
You're shinin' like the light.
Look, I got about four or five
other engagements I need to get to.
So if we can kind of put a little pep
in the step, get this thing movin'.
Not a problem.
Smelters?
God bless you, basketball babies.
How you doin'?
I'm Preacher Don.
And Coach Roy asked me to come down here
and speak with you.
So if I- if I may, I would like
to say a prayer with you and Coach Roy...
if that's all right.
Let's bow our heads, please.

God is good.
God is great.
Thank you for this game
we're about to receive...
'cause we about
to get up in them.
Thank you for the food that we about to-
No, that's the wrong prayer.
God, we ask that
you give us the strength...
that everything will go our way
out there on the court.
And if that cannot happen, God...
we ask that you injure
some key players on the other team...
not so that they get
seriously injured...
but that they're slowed up...
so that the Smelters
will win this game.
Amen! Amen.
Because we know you- God-
loves a winner.
Can I get an "amen"?
Amen.
I'm gonna need that cash
real quick.
Oh, no problem.
Back off!
In her rookie debut,
Margaret "Big Mac" Green...
won the Smelters'
first tip-off since-
- When's the last time we won a tip? Quick.
- Um- '89.
Two years before
we were born.
- Wait. Uh-
- Where do we write our points?
I don't know.
We've never had to before.
Technical foul,
Mount Vernon!
- What's wrong with you?

- It's a technical foul. Delay of game.
I'm not talkin' to you.
I'm talkin' to them.
Look, you can't have a parade
every time you score.
Now, get back out there
and get your heads in the game.
Let's go!
Big Mac,
you really tryin' my patience.
Substitution.
Substitution, ref.
I'm bringin' in Sledgehammer.
Sledge?
You're all right.
Ref, let's get an I.D. check here.
This kid looks old enough to drink.
Look, I'm whisperin', okay?
I need you to nod your head...
and act like
I'm sayin' somethin' important.
I need you to go out here,
be cool...
and try not to trip.
Can you do that?
- I-I think so, Coach.
- Thank you, son.
Come on.
Diamond and one. Diamond and one.
Let's go.
- Set it up.
- Okay, double-team the kid.
Double-team the Sledgehammer.
Yeah!
Yeah!
Sledge? Hey?
Give me-
Give me some shake and bake, baby.
A double shake and bake.
You know? With a little bit of this, that.
Double it up.
You know what I'm sayin'? All right?
- Bang with 'em.
- What's that?

Hey, hold your ground, okay? Show 'em
what it's like to be with the big boy.
- Bang with 'em.
- You feel me?
- Huh?
- Stand strong, Wes! Stand strong!
Sledgehammer, huh? Take it
to the iron, boys! They're soft inside!
Wes?
Out.
Hey, you did good, son,
all right?
You hung in there a lot longer
than I thought you would.
Have a seat.
Ralph.
You're in.
Thanks.
Come on! Let's go!
Congratulations.
You only lost by 45.
That's why you're doin'
45 suicides.
Now, let's go. What?
What are you doin' here?
- What?
- Coach, what happens if we win?
Fuzzy, if you win-
if you win-
I'll do a suicide
for every point you win by, okay?
Now, dig it out!
Get back to work.
See the way you're runnin'?
That's why you're losin'.
You may wanna embarrass you,
but you're not gonna embarrass me!
I pulled out
every trick in the book today.
These aren't college kids, Roy.
They're 13.
I mean, you were 13 once, right?
Only one thing motivates
a 13-year-old boy...

and it ain't Smelter pride.
I just said
something smart.
I'm gonna write that down.
Ladies, free pizza here.
Come by the gym, get a slice.
All you want. All you want.
All right?
Cheese, yeah.
Cheese. Excuse me.
- Is he serious?
- Come on!
My mouth's waterin' already.
I can't wait to get to this pizza, y'all.
- Hey, did you get the Cinnabon?
- Whoa.
'Cause they supposed to give us a free
Cinnabon that goes with these pizzas.
Yeah!
Pizza!
Guys, layup lines.
- But-
- Layup lines. Come on.
- All right.
- Is there always gonna be pizza here?
There will be from now on.
- You're home ec, right?
- Yeah.
- How's your pizzas?
- Delicious-y for shizzy.
All right. Okay, good,
'cause that's your new job.
- You straight?
- Yes.
- Oh. I will not let you down.
- All right.
- Okay.
- All right.
There's chicken parm in the crust, ladies,
so put your feed bags on.
Hey, green team out.
Green team out.
- So who are we playin'?
- Me.

You the ball handler, huh? Yeah, that's right.
I see you. You kinda tight with that rock.
You like to go to the basket.
Ain't no "I" in team, huh?
It's about you.
Do your thing, man.
Check it.
- Ooh! Did I anger you?
- Just give me the ball.
Oh! What's the Shaq do? What's
that move he do when he block people?
No, Mutombo.
He do like this.
"I don't think that you should bring it in there.
You should get it
to one of your teammates. "
Let's see what you got, man. You gotta
use your teammates sometime, man.
Huh? Uh-oh.
Look, he's mad now.
Ooh! See, when I get blocked,
I start looking for my teammates.
You know what I mean?
'Cause they can help me out.
You know? Wow!
But if I get the ball to them late,
watch what happens.
I didn't wanna do it.
I'm hungry.
What's wrong with you?
Pass the ball!
Dude, come on. Just pass it.
We'll give it right back.
Come on. Let's go.
Wait a minute. Comin' at ya.
Comin' at-
Comin' at ya. Look.
All right.
- All right.
You passed the ball, man.
How does that feel...
for the ball to go
from your hand to another hand?
Again. Try it again. Let me show you

how you do the one thing.
Uh-huh. Right there.
Right there. Comin' at ya.
Comin' at ya.
Huh? All right.
All right, all right.
All right. All right.
All right.
All right. I'm gonna admit,
I'm a little tired.
The point I'm tryin' to prove is that
teamwork beats out talent any day.
Now, one on one,
neither one of y'all could beat me.
You know, that's just real.
But all five of y'all together...
if y'all play as a team,
you might could do something with me.
And I'm gonna keep it real with you like that.
But anyway, I-
I gotta-
I gotta go throw up.
Green team, you're in!
Let's go, guys.
One Love,
hedge that ball screen.
Right there. There you go.
Right there. A'ight?
- Go to Mac. Mac.
- Here.
All right.
Who can tell me, again...
the highly complex way
of beating the pick-and-roll?
Somebody?
Talking?
Talking.
Exactly. Talking.
Guys, you gotta communicate out there.
You're a team.
All right?
Communication is the key.
It's like a-a healthy
relationship at home.

You know?
You ever flirt around with your lady?
You know, your lady say-
You, like, "Come on. Come on. "
Your lady is, like...
"No, no, not right now.
Remember?
You said that you wanted
to take some time to"-
- Huh?
- You know what?
Run the play again
till you get it right.
Run it!
Come on, guys.
Ladies, I'm not seeing none of those "R!"
You know.
I ain't seein' none of that.
Let's go.
Come on, people.
Guys, communicate out there.
You gotta know each other
like the back of your hand.
Come on! Communicate!
Teamwork!
- Huh?
- What?
I didn't say stop playin'.
Communicate out there.
Okay? Now you have to talk.
Ellis?
- Let's go, guys. Move the ball.
- Come on! Come on!
Ellis.
Shag 'em and bag 'em.
All right,
remember, Ellis.
You invited me here.
This is all your fault. What's up?
- You got a problem, son?
- You always pick on me!
I'm the best player on the team,
and all you ever do is ride me!
Okay, you got me

fair and square.
- I do something wrong, you yell.
- And I wonder why that is.
Even if I do it right,
you yell at me to do it better.
Hey, kid, you-you got a gift.
Okay? You got potential.
You can actually be someone.
You got what it takes, man.
You get your teammates involved,
guess what? You win.
Man, you know what?
You remind me a lot of myself.
The whole showboat,
basketball, and skills.
You and your mama, that's all you got.
Comin' up, that's all I had.
And we didn't live
in the best neighborhood.
It was sort of like
the neighborhood you live in.
I just wanna see you
do good, man.
That's all.
Coach, I got a problem.
If you don't say anything,
they can't make me testify against you.
- I got good lawyers. What?
- No, no, no.
I- I just got this letter
that says I can't play ball.
Won't let you
play basketball? Why?
It says I'm
academically in-eligible.
What's academically
inel-el-legible?
Academically ineligible.
That's what I said.
Academically illegible. I'm illegible.
Well, I'm your coach.
I'm not your guidance counselor, okay?
I can't believe
I'm doin' this.

- What subject did you fail?

- Math.

Uh-oh. Ooh!

Whoa!

- Add this up. Add those up.

- But I don't-

I can't teach

Big Mac math.

- Why not? You scared of her?

- Of course.

Well, so am I, man,

but you got to be brave.

- Take one for the team.

- You?

I didn't think

you were scared of anything.

Hey, courage is just, uh,

well-concealed fear.

That's all.

You got to be brave, man.

You got to stick out your chest,

get mean! Get bad! You know?

Give me the face.

What's the face? What's the face?

Your mean face.

- Huh?

- Grr.

Give me some growls, not "Grr. "

- Holler back.

- Holler back.

- Yeah!

- Yeah!

We gonna work on that.

You got it.

We gonna work on that.

You got it.

Look, I don't think

I can do this, Coach.

Do you wanna be scared

the rest of your life, son?

No.

Big Mac?

I would love

to teach you math.

Aw. See?

She's a sweet, young lady.

Ow!

You tell anyone

I'm studyin'...

and I'll end you!

Ow! Ow, ow, ow!

First away game today, Walsh.

Where's the bus driver?

Hello, Roy.

Don't forget to

fill up the tank.

You serious?

No.

Yeah, I'm serious.

S-M-E-L-T-E-R-S!

When it comes to basketball,

we are the best! Say what?

S-M-E-L-T-E-R-S!

When it comes to basketball,

there is no contest! Say what?

S-M-E-L-T-E-R-S!

When it comes to basketball,

there is no contest!

Guys, look like we're gonna
have to forfeit another game.

- Okay? Another loss.

- Lighten up, Coach.

Why you all mad

all the time?

You know, it takes more muscles
to frown than to smile.

Great.

How am I supposed to win a couple
of games when I can't get us there?

Out here with a tire,

and I got a doggone suit on.

- I can't believe this!

- We should help him.

These shoes were 200 bucks.

- I ain't goin' nowhere.

- Then stay in the van then.

Yeah, I'm dressed for the occasion.

I'm dressed to change a tire!

- Well, I'm gonna help him.

- Me too.

- I guess I'll help.

Why me?

What-What have I possibly done?

Huh? Oh, I'm a mentor

to the kids.

- That's right. I don't know

how to change a tire.

- Hey, Coach?

Wanna give us a hand,

or does teamwork only apply to players?

Newirth, lean your head forward

so we can get the weight on the tire.

Yo, come on. Let's get out of here.

Smelters suck!

All right. Okay.

Everybody good?

All right.

Let's go play some basketball.

- All right!

- Let's go. Whoo!

Smelters,

y'all go warm up.

And work on that pick-and-roll. And I don't

wanna see y'all at that Gatorade thing, man...

drinkin' it like it's Kool-Aid.

One Love, let me

holler at you for a second.

Look, I appreciate all the flavor

that One Love's got goin' on.

I understand, man.

It's cool.

But you gotta share the spotlight,

you know?

Most of the nights when Jordan

had-had huge numbers, the Bulls lost.

You so worried about lookin' good, you're gonna

wind up turnin' into a Dennis Rodman.

Dennis Rodman!

I'm not sayin', like,

that's a good thing...

but get out there, work hard, man,

and get them rebounds.

You'll feel good about that,
and you'll feel good about the game.
So what you're saying is that...
I'm not really good.
No, man. I'm not sayin' that.
I'm sayin' the opposite of that.
I'm sayin' you're so good,
I wanna give you these.
Yeah, these are my most prized possession.
Magic Johnson gave me these.
Hey, man, I won every game
I wore 'em in.
I-
Just don't tell nobody.
You know, folks, they get a little envious
when your jump shot's like that.
I promise.
Well, well. If it isn't
Fox Sports' turkey of the week.
You're lookin' good, Roy.
Larry and I are here
scoutin' the Pioneers.
They're our only real
competition in this league.
Wait. Is that a girl
on your team?
Girls can't play
basketball.
What did you-
- Somebody get the ice.
- What for?
Look, I know you don't like
to back down from a fight...
but real power is about bein' respected,
not just crackin' heads.
Think about it.
- All right.
- Hey.
Let's go. Let's go.
Do your thing. Hey.
Hey. I heard what you said to Keith.
I was wrong about you.
- And I'm sorry.
- Sorry?

Sorry and
"Let's go out on a date" sorry?
'Cause I don't give out
pity dates.
But times have changed,
and I can make an exception.
Wow. You know,
you got a pretty smile.
Look, I'm gonna take
the Smelts out to get a Slurpee.
Okay? I'm gonna have 'em home by 8:00.
Can I call you?
Pump your brakes
and watch your temper...
'cause I'm still
watching you, Roy.
And I'm still
watchin' you.
The Smelters apparently abandoning
their usual strategy...
of getting scored on, and instead
choosing to score themselves.
Yes. Coach Roy clearly
shaking things up...
using his new
ingenious scoring offense.
- Good word.
- Thanks.
Let's go, guys.
Hands up, all right?
Hands up. Hands up, guys.
Let's go!
Come on. I want hands up.
Hands up! Let's go, guys!
Hands up!
Time out. Time out, guys.
You know what?
Guys, keep your hands up out-
You know what? Hands up.
Everybody, hands up.
Okay? Yeah.
A little of that.
- Okay.
- Oh, sweet mother, that's hot! Oh! Oh!

Oh, y'all think it's funny?
Y'all think it's funny?
Give some to you, and you.
Little right there.
Huh? Now, get out there
and play some basketball!
Hands up.
All right, guys.
Think now. Use your head! Hands up!
That's what defense is about-
blocked shots, baby. Now attack that board!
That's how you play defense.
Attack.
All right. All right.
Now, move the ball.
Yeah! Push it, Keith!
Push it! Yeah!
Right there! Good job!
Love it. Yes!
Keith, pass it!
- Time out.
Time out. Time out.
What did we do now?
You're playing basketball, baby.
Yeah!
Listen. "Smelters" on three,
all right? Let's do this.
One, two, three. Smelters!
Let's go. Yes.
You're playing basketball, baby.
Yeah.
Twelve, twelve.
Zone. Hands up.
Fifteen seconds left.
Smelters are only down by one.
- Wes steals the ball.
- Shoot it! Shoot it!
There's 10 seconds left.
Shoot it, Wes! Shoot it!
Yes!
- Okay, that's just wrong. Sit down, now.
- Sorry.
What? What in God's name
just happened?

All right, guys.
The van's leaving in two minutes, all right?
Um, Coach?
You forgettin' something?
Coach, we won.
Ah, y'all
stop messing around, okay?
Look, I want to beat rush hour,
so let's get goin', okay?
- Uh-uh.
- Come on, Coach.
But my asthma is-You unders-
I don't have the-
Coach Roy! Coach Roy! Coach Roy!
Coach! Coach! Coach!
All right, y'all got me good.
All right.
Coach Roy! Coach Roy!
Coach Roy! Coach Roy!
Ooh.
I was thinking you all
might like-
What the-
- Yeah! Our new uniforms!
- These are tight!
23! 32!
- You like it?
- I love it.
No, no. Please, no. Not the face!
Ow! Aah!
Let's sit down.
Here.
- My highest grade ever.
- "C"- plus.
So, can I keep
the skateboard?
- No, it's mine.
- Oh.
Ow! Ow! Ow!
S-M-E-L-T-E-R-S!
When it comes to basketball,
we are the best! Say what?
S-M-E-L-T-E-R-S!
When it comes to basketball,

there is no contest!
Come on, guys! Come on!
Yo! Don't make me
get the Icy Hot!
All right,
how's their forward shootin'?
He's throwin' nothing but bricks.
Twenty percent last game from beyond the arc.
All they have to do
is keep the kid out of the paint.
Twenty-five seconds left
in the Smelters' first-ever play-off game.
Keith passes to One Love.
One Love shoots. He scores!
- Traveling! Basket doesn't count!
- Are you insane?
How bad a ref do you have to be
to call middle school?
What? Was junior varsity
too demanding for you?
- Roy!
- Huh?
555-97-
It's my phone number!
Write it down!
Oh!
Oh, it's her number.
Um, go ahead.
- Uh, go.
- 555-
- 555-
- 97-
- 97-
- 41.
41. Okay.
Go!
Hey, hey!
Oh! Yeah!
We're going
to the finals, baby!
Yeah!
These were Magic Johnson's.
Have you seen the vertical
One Love gets in these?

Go talk to him.

Hi.

Hi.

He's shy. I'm Goggles.

I'm the sixth man.

Means I like to

ride the pine.

Who's your friend?

Big Wes.

- Yeah, Coach?

- Man, you can't run from the ladies forever.

No, it's not that.

It's just...

I kind of have a girlfriend.

Hey, this is me, man.

This is the coach.

Trust me.

He has a girlfriend.

- How would you know?

- I've seen her.

If you talk to that girl again,

you're gonna need a new face.

Okay.

Now, if my teacher

looked like you...

I would have the vocabulary

to pay you a decent compliment.

So I'm just gonna say,

"Mm, mm, mm, mm. "

No, I ain't finished.

Mm, mm, mm, mm.

Just one more. Mm.

Mm!

So, I just thought

I'd tell you that.

That'll do.

And thank you for dressing up.

Well, you know, my Prada had puke

on it, and ice cream. The kids.

Relax, Roy.

You look very nice.

Thank you. Um, you know,

it's just been a long week.

Why don't you come in?

Keith! Keith!

Save some for tomorrow, baby. Come on.

- I need you guys to clear this up. It's getting late.

- Later.

I'm just waitin' to see him pass it back.

Don't step on my flowers.

- Thank you, baby.

- Your mama did her thing.

Yeah, yeah.

It's all right.

- Thank you.

- Good night, Coach.

When you first came here,

I had a real bad first impression of you.

But you was dead wrong,

right?

No. I was dead right.

I mean, you were a spoiled pretty boy...

who was handed

everything he ever wanted.

You didn't give a damn

about coachin', only your suits.

All I'm saying is,

look at you now.

Look, this personal attack

on my- on my personality-

Is it leading up to a kiss or a slap?

'Cause I can't tell yet.

We'll see.

I haven't decided yet.

Yeah.

Coach.

- Hey.

- Hey.

What you doin' here? You going to the game?

Fuzzy's been on fire.

Oh. Good for Fuzzy.

What's a Fuzzy? It doesn't matter.

Do you check your messages? The N.C.B.A. review,

it's today. They want to reinstate you.

Today the kids

got the championship.

I know that. I worked it out.

The N.C.B.A. review's not scheduled till 4:00.

The game's at 5:

But we gotta move now.

- Seriously?

- Seriously. Let me get that.

Come on. Oh, this is lovely.

This must look great on you.

V-I-K-I-N-G-S!

It's about the kids.

I try to instill a good work ethic...

but a lot of the parents

get a little too wrapped up.

I'm not gonna pretend that

doesn't peeve me off. It's about the kids.

What are we doin'?

What are we standing around for?

Let's go!

I want some drills!

Come on!

I'm talking to you!

Man, stop the car.

- What time is it?

- Ten to 4:

Don't worry about it.

Go in there and knock 'em dead.

What has two thumbs

and makes a lot of money? Huh?

This guy.

If your beverage gets warm,

I could cool it off with a little ice. Huh?

Excuse me.

Coach Roy's phone.

- Roy?

- This is his representative, Tim Fink.

Roy's in a meeting.

A meeting? But he has

a championship game today.

Right. With the, uh, Smugglers.

Yeah. Well, he's in the N.C.B.A. review.

Well, can you get him out of the meeting

with the N.C.B.A.?

Uh, okay.

Just hang on one sec.

I'm not gonna do that. He's got his career to think about. And mine. This is way more important than some kids playing with Fuzzies and Goggles. Well, can you tell him that he's a huge disappointment to me... to my son, the Fuzzies, the Goggles... and everybody else who thought he actually cared? Huge disappointment... you and son. Got it. And, uh, your name is, sweetheart? You want my name? Listen real close. Sit down. Sit down, Roy. Sorry to keep you waiting. I just want to be the first to say about the whole banning thing- My bad. Those kids of yours are getting more press than Polytech itself. Hey, well, you know, I'm just glad we could put a few wins under our belts. It just feels nice to give back to the community. Yeah, right. Uh, you got your job back, Roy. You can drop the P.R. routine. That was brilliant the way you used those kids. Nice going. You just have to sign here, Coach, and you get your old life back. You know, these kids, man... they really taught me a lot. And they've made me a better coach. Better than I ever was. Uh, uh, I think I see where this is going. I swear to you, Roy, we're giving you everything you want. Nah, nah. I don't- I don't think you know what I mean. Listen. Look,

thanks for the offer, man...
but I already got a team.
I'm the coach, man,
of the Mount Vernon Smelters.
And I'm proud of that.
Okay?
Are you out of your mind?
No. I'm not out of my mind.
I found a group of kids that love the game
of basketball the way I loved basketball.
You know?
So damn the fame, man.
You know, I don't care nothin'
about the year's supply of deodorant.
I just want to have fun
and teach these kids, man.
So, thank you very much.
I have a team to go coach.
We're in the finals,
and you're making me late.
Wish me luck, will you?
Roy! How'd we do?
It's rush hour. You're never gonna make it
across town. Okay. Let me get my stuff.
- You got to get back on "D."
- What? You don't tell me what to do.
You are not our coach!
We don't have one.
Yes!
Oh.
Blocking foul.
Smelter.
"Late" Carl once again making
a disappointing call against the Smelters.
You gotta wonder if the league brass
pressured him to keep this game close.
- Oh, my God, he's here.
- Coach Roy!
I thought you
got your team back.
This is my team, baby.
Whoa! Whoa!
Yeah!
I was so right about you.

I mean, before, when I told you
you were an egomaniac.
'Cause no, not last night.
Last night I was wrong.
Oh.
But you came back.
Okay, never mind the message. Bye.
Yes!
Hey, Carl.
Delay of game. Let's go!
Time out!
All right. Listen up.
This is important.
- Ralph, how many quarters did you play?
- Two.
- How many times did you puke?
- None.
You're a regular Michael Jordan.
Big Mac.
I'm proud of you. Congratulations.
Passing math. Give her a round of applause.
Yeah.
You even got Keith passin'. He's actually
coming out on the court and passin' the ball.
You. Big Wes.
Yes. The ladies' man!
Uh, hey, keep doin' your thing.
Big center, right?
Fuzzy. Man,
that defense thing you doin'?
I'm loving that.
That's what wins games.
- You feel me?
- Yeah.
And look, guys, no matter what
the scoreboard says, you are all winners.
Have fun, all right?
I love this game,
and I know you do.
So go out here and crush them,
and have fun doin' it.
"Smelters" on three.
- Yeah!
- Let's do this!

One, two, three!
Smelters!
Yeah!
Yeah!
Hey, hey, hey.
Yes!
The team is in the zone.
They have blown their old
per-game averages out of the water.
- Even Ralph scored?
- No.
But he's keeping his hands up.
Go, Ralph!
- Go. Way to go.
- Go, Ralph!

Jump in his 12:

Jump in his 12:

Hey, hey, hey.
Earth to Carl.
Earth to Carl.
You gonna call that?
Offensive charge.
Oh! You've
got to be kidding me!
Just wanna say
you doing a real good job.
Yeah, I know.
But it's still nice to hear it once in a while.
I just read this book saying you should
give yourself pats on the back.
Daddy never gave me
those pats I needed. He never-
Blah, blah, blah, blah.
This guy's as blind as my dead grandma,
twice as slow!
Why don't you just relax?
It's just a game.
Oh, yeah. It's just a game?
This is the state championships!
Slap him with a "T," idiot,
or go back to Foot Locker.
I got a technical. Smelters shoot two.

I'm doing good.

- Yeah!

- Yeah!

- Yes! Yes!

- Yes!

Two shots.

One shot.

Time out.

Come here.

All right.

Here we go, guys. Listen.

Communicate out there, okay?

Work together as a team.

The other thing I want to say was,
next year...

- I'll be back to take you all
to the championships.

That's right. Now, "Smelters" on three.

Stop playin'.

One, two, three. Smelters!

Keith, you're the captain.

I know, I know.

Pass it, pass it.

No, I wasn't gonna say that.

I want you to trust yourself.

That's what I was gonna say.

Trust yourself.

Do your thing.

Yes! Ooh!

No!

- Foul! Smelters shoot two.

- Yeah.

Yes! Yes!

Yes.

Hey, hey. You can't-

You can't blow the whistle
when the game is over!

But I just did do that!

No one tells me what to do. I'm an
authority figure. You better step back there.

Two shots.

- Yeah!

- Yes!

Oh, hell.

Whooh!

One shot.

Yeah! Whooh!

- Whooh!

- Yeah!

Yeah! Number one, baby!

Roy!

Hey, listen, um...

there's a message on your machine
that I want to talk about.

- What did it say?

- Well, basically, in my own words...

- Yeah.

- this.

Oh, wow.

You know what you said about me?

- Mm-hmm.

- You were right. You were dead on.

What can I say?

I'm a teacher.

- Yeah.

- Mm-hmm.