



Scripts.com

# Varsity Blues

By W. Peter Iliff

In America we have laws.  
Laws against killing.  
Laws against stealing.  
It's accepted that, as a member of  
society, you will live by these laws.  
In West Canaan, Texas, there's  
another society that has its own laws.  
Football is a way of life.  
That's me as a kid,  
playing ball with my best friends.  
I'm Jonathan Moxon,  
but most people call me Mox.  
As a boy in West Canaan, you never  
question the sanctity of football.  
You just listened to the coaches  
and tried as best you could to win.  
Win at all costs.  
Good morning, Creighton Miles here,  
looking forward to seeing you tonight  
at Bud Kilmer stadium as the  
Coyotes take on the Bingville Bulls...  
- Think you'll play tonight ?  
- Do I ever ?  
Lance is the best quarterback  
in the state.  
Maybe if you run up the score...  
What if Lance gets hurt ?  
That would be a disaster.  
As a man on the cross,  
pray for the health of Lance Harbor.  
- Son, did you pray for playing time ?  
- Yeah, I just spoke to Jesus upstairs.  
- The crucified 11-year-old in my room.  
- Is Kyle strapped to that cross again ?  
Kyle... ! Why is he so difficult ?  
What is it with the cross ?  
- I'm preparing to die for man's sins.  
- That's so sweet.  
I want it off now. How is your brother  
supposed to concentrate on the game  
when you've got this whole deal  
strapped to your back ?  
- He's just experimenting.  
- I'm serious.

- We need to concentrate on the game.  
- That's probably Billy Bob.  
Hey Mox, you skinny-assed bitch !  
Let's roll !  
Come on, man. Get in the truck.  
Let's go. Earn it ! You got it !  
You're almost there !  
Here we go !  
- You tell him, Bacon.  
- Bacon, off in the flatbed.  
If this swine fucks up my new suit,  
he's road ham !  
I'm sorry, Wendell.  
Just kick him off.  
I'm gonna toss your pig ass  
out on the street.  
- I love that dog.  
- I think it's a pig.  
I love you, brother.  
I had the most beautiful dream  
last night.  
If you need anything,  
you let me know.  
Tweeder, let's go !  
Come on, just jump on !  
Good mooning, boys.  
I've been up since the crack of dawn  
and I have to ass you a question.  
- What is up with Carrie-Anne Baker ?  
- Darcy's friend ?  
Oh, my God ! She's got this look !  
That "I wanna suck your dick" look.  
- Relax, man, you've got to focus.  
- I can't focus. I need to get some ass !  
I need to get some ass.  
I'm about to fuck your pig !  
Give me a kiss.  
Tonight we play Bingville.  
Tonight we beat Bingville !  
In my 30 years of coaching  
at West Canaan,  
I have brought two state titles  
and 22 district championships.  
Count them !

And this year,  
with your support for this great team,  
I will bring number 23.  
Go, Pack ! Go, Pack !  
Now I present to you our captain,  
Lance Harbor. Let's hear it !  
- Hi.  
- How are you.  
I swear Kilmer gets off on this.  
He's made your brother a god.  
I was lying in bed last night...  
I drifted off and had a dream  
we were beating Bingville 14-3.  
But I woke up kind of sad.  
But then I realised it was only a dream.  
We'll beat Bingville by more than that.  
- This insanity's over in a few weeks.  
- Five more games.  
No more football, no more Kilmer. If  
I get into Brown, no more West Canaan.  
- No more games on Friday nights.  
- You don't like games on Friday ?  
- I like trains better.  
- Really...  
- You wanna watch trains tonight ?  
- Sure.  
This is Creighton Miles,  
the voice of West Canaan football.  
The Coyotes play the Bingville Bulls,  
as they try to stay undefeated.  
Joining me is Stubby "Stud-Daddy"  
Tanner, former defensive great.  
- You have a few words for the folks ?  
- Just one thing for Bingville fans.  
Tell granny to move, the Coyotes  
are coming to burn her house down.  
Though I walk through the valley of the  
shadow of death, I'll not fear Bingville.  
Stay loose, Mox. You never know  
when Kilmer might play you.  
Bingville don't stand no chance  
and Bingville can't see my dance.  
You wanna see  
the new Tweeder end zone dance ?

You know what it's called ?  
The new Tweeder end zone dance.  
Stick...  
What a night Lance Harbor's had !  
Sammy, that's about the most action  
your boy's seen, ain't it ?  
The Coyotes are punching it in for six.  
Billy Bob...  
Trainer !  
- Did we score ?  
- Yeah, we got the six.  
How many fingers ?  
Three.  
It's got to be true/false. Billy Bob, he's  
holding up some fingers, true or false ?  
- True ?  
- He's all right.  
If your daddy hadn't played  
his heart out for me, I'd cut your ass.  
That was a good game tonight.  
Good pass, Bo.  
Johnny and Robert, defence  
in third quarter, excellent effort.  
Game ball goes to,  
surprise, surprise, Lance Harbor.  
Get yourself another shelf.  
Pretty good running the ball, Wendell.  
- How are you feeling ?  
- Dog tired. It's my knee.  
Never show weakness. The only pain  
that matters is the pain you inflict.  
Look at Billy Bob.  
He's got enough heart for all of you.  
Four more games.  
Hang in there, you're doing fine.  
Tweeder, you got any ?  
My knee's killing me.  
- 500 mg. How many can I have ?  
- Keep them.  
I got more at home.  
We need more effort. What is this shit ?  
I'm not interested in your muscles !  
Kilmer...  
What a fucking asshole, huh ?

I'm getting fucked-up tonight.  
There you go. Chug it. What do  
you mean, is he a boy or a girl ?  
Look at the size of that sausage !  
I just got so excited about next year,  
Florida State and the future...  
I think I need to be your wide receiver.

- Really, babe ? Here ?  
- Not here here.

But somewhere here.

- How come you never dress like that ?  
- It costs a lot to look that cheap.  
- She's pretty sharp. She pulls A's.  
- That's not all she pulls.  
- I'm just saying she's not stupid.  
- You shut up.

She broke my heart  
so I broke her jaw...

- When did you graduate ?  
- I'm class of 1980.  
- He's class of 1980.  
- And you still come to these parties ?  
- I never miss these.  
- That's team spirit.

Are you ready to be on  
"America's Hilarious Home Videos" ?

- Absolutely.  
- All right. Put down that glass.

Pick up that there flower pot.

Bring it up over your head.

Now close your eyes.

Think real hard...

You getting this ?

Say, "I'm stupid and I'm about  
to get hit in the nuts."

- That's funny.  
- Ain't it ?

They need to change the name to  
"America's Funniest Shots in the Nuts".

- I don't know if I can concentrate here.  
- Relax...

Let the dryer do the work.

All right, fancy boy,

you ready to show us your dinner ?

Nothing but net.  
You thinking about  
calling some dinosaurs ?  
I figured I'd give them...  
...a holler.  
Billy Bob's gonna puke.  
Hey, if you're hungry,  
I left a few hot dogs in here.  
I'm back ! Puke and rally !  
That's the way to ride them.  
First-string offence, take water.  
Dummios, follow your dummy QB  
for a scrimmage.  
Moxon, pick it up !  
Your attitude's earning you laps, boy.  
Keep smiling, shithead.  
He used to hammer my ass  
the same way 27 years ago.  
- Hell, it's good for them.  
- They're having the time of their lives.  
- Oop-dee-ooop left, on one.  
- Let's go, big Mox !  
Shift !  
What the hell kind of offence is that ?  
Kilmer's gonna eat his ass.  
- Jesus, Moxon, what are you doing ?  
- It's a secret.  
Your dummies can't run a simple draw,  
and you got secret formations ?  
- This ain't no fucking sandlot.  
- It's called an Oop-dee-ooop.  
Overload the defense on one side,  
burn them one-on-one on the other.  
You got a bad attitude  
and you don't listen !  
We do things around here my way !  
You think you're in some fancy school ?  
I wonder if you know the difference  
between a sneeze and a wet fart !  
- You'll be second-string all your life !  
- Kilmer loves to bang on your boy.  
- Been on him all season.  
- Oop-dee-ooop, give me a break !  
I stood up to it, so will he.

We're holding our Troy back a year,  
so he'll be bigger for frosh tryouts.

- Eighth grade ain't so bad, is it ?

- Our Kyle's dying to be a Coyote.  
Had that ankle injury, but he's ready  
to go now. Ain't that right, son ?

Kyle ?

Kyle !

He's very spiritual.  
It's a shame nobody had the mind  
to hold us back when we was kids.  
Hell, I didn't fare so bad.  
Lance ! Toss me one, son.  
Let's show them your old pop's still  
got it. Button hook right, on three !

- Slow enough he could've mailed it.

- Well, there you go, Sammy boy.

- Let's see it.

- Let's show them how it's done.

Dad, you're gonna fall in the barbecue.  
Slant right, on three.  
Don't talk back to your father.  
Hit it !

- I guess bad hands run in the family.

- What's that supposed to mean ?

Don't get your panties in a bunch.  
If Kilmer weren't such a prick,  
my boy would be starting quarterback.  
Is that a fact ?

And you think he's first-string ?

- That's right.

- I smell a challenge.  
How about you, Johnny ?  
You think you're better than my boy ?  
Hell, it ain't multiple choice.  
Let's settle this once and for all.  
You all remember William Tell. Let's  
show them what it takes to be a starter.

- Stop it, Dad. This isn't funny.

- Show them what you're made of.  
Nail it, Lance !

- You're up, Sammy boy.

- Dad, come on, this is stupid.  
Throw it.



- Sporting some 'tude now !  
- Be a winner, throw the ball !  
- You can do it !  
- Sit on the bench !  
- Show us what you do best !  
- He's chicken !  
- Throw that damn ball !  
- You feel like chicken tonight ?  
I raised you to be a winner, so win !  
Fire that fucking pigskin.

- Nice shot !  
- Not ice, get him a beer.

Oh, my God.

Ladies and gentlemen...

We are adults.

I think it's necessary we move beyond  
the common nomenclature  
commonly associated  
with sexual reproduction.

Now, I want everybody together  
to go ahead and say :

Penis, penis, penis.

Vagina, vagina, vagina.

Come on, y'all, say it.

Penis, penis, penis.

Vagina, vagina, vagina.

Good !

I think it's also very important  
that we discuss, and discard,  
any slang terms  
for different sex organs... Please.  
Because today we are going to begin  
our study of...

...the male erection.

Hand down, Billy Bob.

What are a few slang expressions  
for the male erection

we want to identify and discard ?

- Elliot ?

- "Boner" ?

- Is boner one of them ?

- Yes, boner is good...

- Boner is... What, Billy Bob ?

- Can I go to the bathroom ?

Does anybody have any others  
before we move on ?  
Mr Moxon,  
will you share with us ?  
The male erection ?  
Pitching a tent, sporting a wood.  
Icicles formed. The march is on.  
Stiffy. Mr Mortis.  
Rigor mortis has set in. Flesh rocket.  
Jack's magic beanstalk.  
Tall Tommy. Mushroom on a stick.  
Purple-headed yoghurt-slinger.  
And... Pedro.  
Pedro ?  
- Billy Bob, are you okay ?  
- Yes, ma'am.  
Call the nurse.  
Go on now.  
- How are you feeling, son ?  
- I can't hold down any chow.  
Must be nerves. Don't you worry.  
You'll play every minute of that game.  
The nurse doesn't think I should play.  
- Oh, she doesn't, does she ?  
- 'Cause I whacked my head last week.  
She don't have  
no division title to win.  
I'm gonna ask you, son...  
Are you ready to go ?  
- Yes, sir.  
- That's my soldier. See you at practice.  
Yes, sir.

**Fourth down, 1:**

Greenville leading 21-17.  
If they hope to win the ball game,  
they've got to stop Greenville here.  
Hornets come to the line of scrimmage.  
And Terry's stopped in his tracks !  
Our ball ! We got the bastards !  
It's ours to win now. Get out  
and win this ball game. 4-95, go !  
- Come on, Lance !  
- Let's go !

Billy Bob, I need you  
for one more series. Get in there.  
Are you all right to play ?  
If you're not, say something.  
Moxon, get your ass on that bench !  
Let's go, boys. It's ours to win.  
Door's open, let's go !  
Lord, don't do this to me.  
Stub, I've hardly ever  
heard this stadium this quiet.  
Lance Harbor laying there...  
Can you see his future  
going down the drain ?  
And what must this do  
to the Coyotes' football plans ?  
Please be okay, Lance !  
I'm sorry, man.  
- Now you've got Moxon coming in.  
- You've taken more snaps than him.  
Let's go.  
We've got a game to win, let's go.  
Watch me for the signals.  
Stay focused. And don't worry...  
...I'm behind you.  
Let's go !  
That Moxon ain't worth the Charmin  
Extra-soft he wipes his butt with.  
He's hurt bad, Mox.  
It's all my fault.  
I-right, 494, Z-post, on one.  
I-right, 494, Z-post, on one.  
Ready ? Break !  
- Here we go, Moxon at quarterback.  
- He scratches better than he throws.  
- Jon Moxon with a 40-yard pass !  
- Where'd this kid come from ?  
That's my boy !  
- Everybody on the ball !  
- He's got to stop the clock !  
The clock's still running !  
I can't... Fuck it.  
I don't know what play they're calling.  
How's your arm ?  
Last chance for the Coyotes.

Moxon at quarterback.

This is not the formation !

Moxon hands off to Brown.

Throwback pass... complete !

Moxon has the football, heading for  
the end zone. Touchdown !

Good grief ! Bud Kilmer pulls off  
another one ! Unbelievable !

Holy shit...

- Mr Harbor, Lance is out of surgery.

- How long is he out ?

- Any chance for this season ?

- Lance tore every ligament he's got.

- He'll need several surgeries.

- How long ?

Minimum a year and a half, if ever.

Oh, no...

Lance's ride...

His scholarship to Florida State.

Jesus...

I'm amazed he lasted this long.

I removed scar tissue from his knee.

- He shouldn't even have been playing.

- He never said anything to me.

Moxon, get some shut-eye.

The Harbors appreciate your being  
here, but there's nothing you can do.

- You go home, I'll stay with them.

- All right. I'll call you.

Well, I guess I should be going, too,  
this being a family thing and all.

- Thanks again for the ride, Mox.

- No problem.

- What the hell are you doing ?

- Changing.

I'm wearing underwear. It covers up  
the same as a bathing suit.

- Does it really bother you ?

- Whatever...

I can handle it.

This has been the worst night  
of my life.

You really aren't looking.

You're sweet.

- Lance is gonna be all right.  
- His career's probably over.  
You guys are gonna be all right.  
You love each other.  
Things change, Mox.  
I don't wanna think about it right now.  
- I'm sorry.  
- It's okay.  
I mean, what about you and Jules ?  
- Is there a future ?  
- Yeah... I mean, she's great.  
I got another year  
till she's graduating...  
I love spending time with her.  
Things change, Mox.  
You're the starting quarterback now.  
- Well, you're here.  
- You're not coming in ?  
Not tonight. It doesn't seem right  
with Lance all fucked-up.  
You don't always have to do  
the right thing, Mox.  
We'll continue this any time you want.  
Hey, girls.  
- Hey, Tweeder, how you doing ?  
- Good. How are you ?  
- Well, if it ain't Charley Tweeder.  
- Yes, it is.  
- How are we doing tonight ?  
- We are doing fine.  
- Congratulations.  
- Congratulations to you, too.  
Congratulations for what ?  
For getting to wear  
such cute "mount me" hats.  
- Mount me ?  
- Not right away. After a few drinks...  
We just wanna make sure  
no one drinks and drives.  
- You got a smart mouth.  
- I know, and I'm gonna watch it.  
I'm gonna go home. Take these drinks.  
I don't wanna drink and drive.  
There'll be no drinking and no driving.

- It's time for you to go home.  
- You're right. I'm going home.  
- All right ? I'm going home.  
- Bye, Tweeder.  
- You hurt my feelings. I'm going home.  
- Where's Billy Bob ?  
- And you can kiss my ass !  
- He's taking the car !  
I'm gonna go to jail.  
Son of a bitch !  
- Great game tonight.  
- Thanks.  
- How much ?  
- Your money's no good here.  
Moxon, you are under arrest for not  
being naked with a sophomore chick  
who wants to bathe you  
with her tongue. Get in the car !  
- Tweeder ?  
- Damn right.  
We're all naked and we got handcuffs  
and cool shit to play with.  
- Now take off your clothes and get in.  
- Mox, will you come keep me warm ?  
Oh, shit...  
I can't go with you,  
but I'll give you my jacket.  
- Here you go.  
- Thank you.  
Sorry, Mox, I got to bail.  
Ladies...  
Shut up and hold on to your nipples.  
- You weren't asleep, were you ?  
- No, I was naming my unborn children.  
- How's Lance ?  
- He's out of the first surgery.  
They'll have to go back in there  
in a few weeks.  
- I'm gonna go see him tomorrow.  
- I heard you played a great game.  
- It was strange.  
- Strange to be a god now ?  
I don't know. I mean...  
We did win, you know ?

I don't know. I've just been walking around for a while.

- What's wrong ? Want me to come out ?

- No...

I'm just gonna go home.

It's been a really weird night.

I don't know... I'll see you tomorrow.

They stole a State Trooper car, and then they exposed themselves to the Ladies' Auxiliary.

These players nowadays are lawless.

They're all hopped up on beer and painkillers, is what it is.

They exposed themselves ?

They pressed their wangers against the glass at the Alano Club while the girls were rehearsing the Christmas pageant.

Wangers on the glass at the Alano Club ? No. No good.

We never stole no cars. I can't let these boys get away with this stuff.

Earl... Are my boys

too much trouble for you ?

No, Coach. They're just kids.

- Sam's boy looked good last Friday.

- They all get a sweet hand sometime.

Moxon sure ain't got what Lance had.

I want to know where Jon Moxon came from. A 40-yard touchdown !

- Nice game, Jonathan.

- Thank you.

See you in class.

Bitching wheels. That's a nice car on a teacher's salary.

- I'm going to see Lance. Wanna come ?

- This is Olin Buchanan of KPJT.

How is it to be out of Harbor's shadow and showing everyone you've been underrated ?

Gee... Lance Harbor

left some pretty big shoes to fill.

I don't know that I'll ever

get the job done like he did.

Are you planning to play  
in the Ivy League ?

Ivy League... ?

Heck, I don't know.

I don't know.

I just want to thank God  
and my team-mates for the win today.

I mean, Jonathan Moxon's  
only one man... I'm just one man.

- Thanks.

- All right. Thank you.

"Gee" ? "Heck" ?

You even thanked God.

- You're a scary superstar.

- Come on, Jules.

You referred to yourself as one man.

You're really enjoying this.

Why not ? It's a trip.

I'm gonna go meet my dad.

All right.

Let's razzle-dazzle the dummy D  
with the old hook and ladder.

- That play don't work.

- We'll have a little fun then !

Hook and ladder, left, on one.

Ready ? Break !

Is this the one where I trot downfield  
and act like I'm lost ?

- Huddle back up again.

- Give me a huddle !

- Tweeder's gonna pitch you the ball.

- No !

Just catch the ball ! "Oh, a ball.

I'm gonna catch it." That's all.

- I'm not an eligible receiver.

- Just catch the damn ball.

- Fine.

- Ready ? Break !

When did the circus come to town ?

I didn't see no trucks.

- It would've been six if he caught it.

- For which team ?

You listen hard. Stick to the basics !

Stick to the basics ! Stick to the basics !



We're a running team. You only call  
what I tell you to call. You hear me ?  
You are the damn dumbest  
smart kid I know.  
Come in.  
No, don't sit.  
It won't take a minute.  
You're dragging ass,  
and it's fucking up my universe.  
You're fat, slow,  
all of a sudden you're lazy.  
If it wasn't for you,  
I'd still have Lance.  
- Coach, my head...  
- I don't want no excuses.  
I want you to fix it.  
Get out of here.  
Get the hell out.  
Mox, wait up.  
- What time ?  
- What time what ?  
When are you coming over tonight ?  
It's half-price night at the gun club.  
My folks never get home before twelve.  
- I visited Lance today in the...  
- This is about you and me.  
I've known you my whole life.  
I'm not telling anyone  
you're coming over.  
Anytime after seven.  
Why be good ? I'm always good.  
Where's my upside to being good ?  
I'm 18, it's not like I'm married to her.  
She invited me. I'm just being polite.  
Right, Kyle ?  
Kyle... ?  
I only answer to one name :  
The great El Ali Akbar Shabazz Da.  
- That's a bunch of names.  
- There's only one God. Praise Allah.  
Yeah, but would Allah nail Darcy  
if he had the chance ?  
- I think he would.  
- As-Salaam Alaikum.

Okay...

- I gave up on you.

- Am I too late ?

Come in.

I'm glad you came. It's kind of weird  
to have you in my house.

Yeah, I feel like

I'm doing something illegal.

Well, not yet.

Look at me, I'm a mess.

No one ever sees me like this.

I think this is the best

I've ever seen you look.

You're sweet, Mox,

but you know you are.

Nice house.

I was about to make  
an ice cream sundae.

You want one ?

- Yeah, have one. I'll make it.

- All right.

- Do you want whipped cream ?

- Sure.

Come here.

Wait, wait, wait.

I can't.

We can't. This is not...

I'm really sorry.

- What ? You're sorry ?

- There's Lance, there's Jules...

I don't know if I love Jules,  
but I might.

What I do know is, I don't love you,  
but Lance might love you...

I don't love Lance.

It was never about love.

It was about me getting a better life.

Lance and I were gonna leave.

Now he'll stay in West Canaan, manage  
a Wal-Mart and coach JV football.

Darcy...

I just wanted to go with you.

You're gonna get out of West Canaan  
on your own.

You're smart.

- Unbelievable.

- What ?

I usually fall for  
the whipped-cream bikini every time.

Wendell, meet me at the mini-mart

**at 10:**

- For what ?

- I could tell you, but I'd have to kill you.

- Where's Billy Bob ? I can't find him.

- Kilmer.

He's been

riding the fuck out of Billy Bob.

Blaming him for Lance's knee.

Look man, I'm over this shit.

- I hear you.

- You don't hear me.

Kilmer's a fucking racist.

You know how many yards

I average a game ? 133.

You know how many

touchdowns I have ?

Three. That's only because

I broke for over twenty yards each time.

If we're inside the 10, he gives the ball  
to Lance or some white receiver.

It's bullshit.

I'm just Kilmer's black workhorse.

- Kilmer...

- Would he call Texas or A&M for me ?

Fuck, no !

My mom's been doing my recruiting.

She's got Grambling coming to see me.

Damn, Mox, I thought you knew.

This shit's fucked-up.

Fuck Kilmer.

I'll get you in the end zone.

We're cool, Mox.

Hey...

You got shit to tend to.

I'll see you at practice.

- Hey, how are you ?

- Tell me not to feel weird around you.

The last thing I need right now  
is for anything to come between us.

We're friends.

We're just a little closer now.

- Okay ?

- Yeah, I guess we are.

- Thanks, Mox.

- No problem.

Wait a minute ! Jules !

Would you listen to me ?

Bitches are all just panty droppers.

- You understand ? That's it.

- What ?

You give them a Percocet,  
two Vicodins and a couple of beers,  
and the panties drop.

It's very nice.

- You think you'll enjoy prison ?

- I don't know... What ?

- Where are we going tonight ?

- It's a surprise. I'm bringing Lance.

Nice...

What the fuck is that ?

Oh, my God.

It's star quarterback Jonny Moxon.

- Somebody hold me up.

- There's nothing going on with Darcy.

Nothing's ever happened.

You've never seen her

in her whipped-cream bikini ?

- No.

- Funny. That's how she got Lance.

- Jules, are we together or what ?

- I don't date football players.

- I've always been a football player.

- Number 26.

No, you were something different.

At least I thought you were.

What a Kodak moment. Star Jonny  
Moxon wondering who he really is.

- You don't think all this is hard ?

- On who ?

- Jules !

- Mox !

We had a thing and it was great.  
Things have changed a little bit.  
That's okay.

- Maybe you should go.
- You can't make me leave.

Oh, my God !

Everybody come meet Jonny Moxon.  
The Mox ! The star quarterback  
of the Coyotes is at my window.

- Good game, man.
- I'm your number-one fan.

These are from Brett.

You boys are on the house all night.

- Gentlemen...
- I'm gonna go nuts.

My gift to you.

To Kilmer !

- Fuck Kilmer !
- Take my shot, you know I don't drink.
- You're drinking tonight.
- We got Elwood tomorrow.

Relax. Just chill, Wendell,  
and look over your left shoulder.

Goddamn...

- Keep your shirt on, Billy Bob.
- It's a strip club, I'm here to work !

Here you go, have a beer.

Of all these guys, you're the only one  
who visited me in hospital.

You're a good friend.

And also, I have to say...

Thanks for dragging me here.

I appreciate everything you've done.

You're not gonna try and hug me now ?

- Oh, my God, it's Miss Davis !
- Holy shit !

I want you to know I'm 18, and I've  
had sex with older women before.

It was topical, it was erotic...

I gave it a 9.5.

I still got wood. Still !

I gave it a 10. A fucking 10 !

Gentlemen,

I'd like to propose a toast.

- To Miss Davis.  
- 10 !  
- Fuck me, it's seven o'clock.  
- What did you just say ?  
It's seven o'clock.  
- God, what's that smell ?  
- That's us.  
Are we playing tonight ?  
Jon Moxon, finding out  
how the other half lives.  
- He got crushed on that play.  
- It's a true slaughter out there.  
Kilmer can't be happy with his team.  
Let the pom-pom girls play for you !  
Worst game I ever seen !  
- You said Elwood wasn't that good.  
- They ain't. We're playing like shit.  
- Can you stop them from planting me ?  
- I got the squirts, Mox.  
- That liquor's still in my system.  
- I keep seeing Davis' ass in my face.  
I'm hung-over, too. We're gonna  
suck it up and put one in the end zone.  
I-right, 495 curl, on one.  
Eyes up !  
Ready ? Break !  
The hard work of so many  
sacrificed...  
...by the disrespect of a few.  
Moxon...  
You sacrificed the honour of this team  
and the town that supports it.  
Shit, you poisoned my team, son !  
I hope last night was fun.  
Was it fun ?  
Your daddy was a no-talent pussy,  
but at least he listened !  
Oh... little Billy Bob...  
Cry-baby ?  
You cost me my perfect season.  
How does it feel ?  
Cry me a river, you fat fucking baby !  
You disgust me.  
My star quarterback is dragging

his leg around because of you !  
And I got to watch you cry about it !  
You know what ?  
Get the fuck out of here.  
I don't wanna see your fat face !  
Get the fuck out of here.  
People say you dragged ass because  
you organised a drinking party.  
- Save it, Dad.  
- Save what ?  
- You got the opportunity of a lifetime.  
- It's not the opportunity of a lifetime.  
Your attitude's wrong.  
This is your opportunity...  
Playing football here may have been  
the opportunity of your lifetime.  
But I don't want your life.  
- What the hell's Bacon doing here ?  
- Billy Bob wants you to take him.  
- Mind if I take a seat ?  
- Don't move.  
This is for most-improved player  
at lineman camp.  
I was eleven.  
- How'd you find me ?  
- What the hell are you doing ?  
Championship trophy. Steelers.  
We were nine.  
Remember this shit ?  
Playing pee-wee ?  
- Yeah, it was fun.  
- No, it wasn't.  
I remember getting yelled at.  
"Too fat, Billy Bob !"  
"Too slow and dumb !"  
We were just little kids, Mox.  
It's like nothing was ever good enough.  
- It's almost over.  
- No.  
It's over, man. It's so over.  
- Come on. This is bullshit.  
- What ?  
You're gonna let football get you ?  
You're gonna let Kilmer win ?

What am I supposed to do ?  
Why don't you fucking tell me.  
Quit ! Who gives a fuck about Kilmer's  
I do !  
I do...  
Coach loved me like a son.  
Treated me like one, too.  
He told me to protect Lance,  
and I didn't. I fucked everything up.  
Kilmer fucked up,  
and everyone knows it.  
That's where you're wrong, Mox.  
You're wrong.  
Look, we got one more game left,  
and we need you.  
I need you.  
Who the fuck's gonna protect my ass ?  
Come on.  
Your boney ass ?  
I don't think I have a boney ass.  
I think I have a very nice ass.  
It is kind of nice.  
Yeah ! Fuck you and the horse  
you rode in on, you son of a bitch !  
- We're worried about the Gilroy game.  
- It's their first year in our district.  
They were 4-A last year. They've been  
killing people since they came to 3-A.  
Believe me,  
Mox will stick to the game plan.  
- That's what we came to hear.  
- Thank you, Sam.  
- What's the deal with these kids ?  
- These are my people.  
Kyle, did you start a cult ?  
That's so sweet !  
Out ! Come on, freakos, get lost !  
Now that's it ! No more religions.  
You're healthy, you're playing football.  
Jonny,  
this letter came for you yesterday.  
Brown...  
"You have been admitted to the  
Jon... Great, Jon..."



"Your university grant package will cover your full financial need."  
I'm real proud about Brown,  
but I need to talk to you about Gilroy.  
- Gilroy ?  
- Yeah.  
Tell me who wins.  
- Why are you so damn happy ?  
- My cat's okay.  
I took your advice.  
They scanned my cat, I can play !  
They scanned your cat... ?  
You got a CAT scan.  
The doctor said you got a human brain  
and it works ? That's great !  
Good news.  
Gentlemen, now that none of us  
are inebriated,  
I wanted to remind you  
of our conversation.  
- I appreciate you not saying anything.  
- We made a pact.  
- Really ?  
- Miss Davis...  
Would you go to the prom with me ?  
Jog it in.  
- How are you feeling, Jonny ?  
- All right, I guess.  
You understand that by running  
the ball we control the clock,  
and we can grind them,  
and the tempo of the game, way down ?  
Are you hearing me ?  
You disobey me and I will bury you.  
I know about your Brown scholarship.  
I got your grades under review.  
I can fuck with your transcripts  
and get this whole deal blown for you.  
I get what I want,  
and you get what you want.  
That's it.  
- Hi.  
- What do you want ?  
I'm really sorry.

I really need to talk to you.

- It's late.

- I got into Brown today.

- A full academic scholarship.

- That's great. I'm so proud of you.

What's wrong ?

Kilmer's threatening to fuck up my scholarship if I don't play by his rules.

- Then quit.

- I can't.

- Then play. It's just a football game.

- No, it's not.

If it was just football, I'd play.

I love football, when it's pure,  
but this...

- This isn't pure.

- I don't understand.

If I play for Kilmer tomorrow,  
and we win, he wins.

West Canaan will go on believing  
he's the best coach who ever lived.

What about the next team he coaches ?

And the one after that ?

What if my little brother  
ends up playing for him ?

I'd be buying into everything  
that's wrong with this town.

You want some cheese  
with that whine ?

You're a whiner. Why don't you  
just step up and play the hero ?

The hero ?

You're a football guy.

You know about heroes.

But heroes win.

What if I lose ?

Our father, who art in heaven,  
hallowed be Thy name.

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,  
on earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread  
and forgive us our trespasses

as we forgive those

who trespass against us.

Lead us not into temptation,  
but deliver us from evil.  
For Thine is the kingdom, the power  
and the glory, for ever and ever.  
Amen.

Listen up, people.  
Everything you've done  
to this point means nothing.  
The practices in the heat mean nothing,  
the games we won mean nothing,  
if you don't win tonight.  
No district title, no shot at state.  
This game is 48 minutes  
for the next 48 years of your life.  
Coyotes on three !  
One, two, three...  
West Canaan versus Gilroy  
for the whole magilla.  
This is what it's all about.  
Coyotes will receive the ball.  
Shake hands.  
Let's have a good, hard-hitting game.  
Pass out the ammunition,  
let's go to war.  
I-right, shift-52. We are a running team.  
Remember what I said.  
Now go fetch me a championship.  
Get down their throats now !  
A great drive, Brown the whole way.  
You can stamp "US made" on his butt.  
- First and goal from the eight.  
- You got to give it to Brown.  
Slot-left, 35 dive.  
Move your ass, let's go !  
Slot-left, 35 dive.  
- Fucking Kilmer ! This is fucked-up !  
- We'll change that to 25 dive.  
Somebody have a problem with Wendell  
putting it in ? I didn't think so.  
Slot-left, 25 dive, on one.  
Ready ? Break !  
Take it in !  
- Thanks, Mox.  
- Let's go.

Keep it up, asshole.  
Coyotes leading 7-0.  
Gilroy with the football at midfield.  
Bosell gets the pitch.  
He's at the 40, 35...  
He's at the 30... 20... 15...  
Touchdown ! Good grief !  
What a hit on Brown !  
That was a ferocious hit.  
He's in pain.  
And if he can't come back in and play,  
what about the Coyotes ?  
Get me off the field !  
He tore something.  
- Can you fix him ?  
- If he'll let us.  
- Make him understand.  
- Yes, sir.  
- How you feeling, boy ?  
- I'm all right, Coach.  
Let the old trainer take a look at it.  
Gilroy with the football.  
The quarterback wants to throw.  
He throws long... it's caught !  
Touchdown, Gilroy !  
And look at Mad Dog dance  
with the football. Get some mustard.  
There ain't no room for that stuff.  
- Kneel on it.

**- There's 1:**

I ain't interested in another turnover.  
Get out there !  
Move it ! He thinks I'm here  
for his entertainment.  
The clock's winding down.  
I can't say that I understand this.  
Moxon kneeling on the ball.  
- That's gutless.  
- And listen to this crowd.  
At the end of the first half,  
Coyotes trailing 14 to 7.  
You're a gamer, Wendell.  
Let's do this, you'll be good to go.

- What are you doing ?  
- He's getting back in the game.  
- Wendell, don't do this.  
- I heard a pop.  
- I think he's hurt pretty bad.  
- You know nothing about dedication.  
But I do.  
- Don't do it, it's not worth it.  
- He wants us to lose. The missing link !  
- Maybe I shouldn't do it.  
- Get out, before I lose my temper.  
If that needle goes near him, I'll rip  
your arms off and beat you with them !  
- This has nothing to do with you.  
- This has to do with all of us.  
We kill ourselves for you. Year round,  
we play hurt, we play sick...  
We're scared you'll kick our ass,  
because you don't give a fuck about us.  
- All you care about is your next title.  
- Give him the shot !  
If you do, find another quarterback.  
- You ready to lose that scholarship ?  
- If it keeps the needle out of his leg.  
- Fuck it. I'm out.  
- That's good ! That's good !  
- Finally ! Tweeder, you take the snaps.  
- No, I won't.  
I'm out, Coach.  
- What did you say ?  
- I'm with them.  
The only way we're going back out  
on that field is without you.  
Get your helmets on and take the field.  
Let's go. Let's go now !  
Let's go, goddammit !  
I'm walking out that door.  
I want you all to trust me.  
Follow me out there.  
Let's go.  
Let's go...  
Let's go after that title.  
Let's go, let's go, let's go.  
Kilmer said, 48 minutes

for the next 48 years of our lives.  
I say, fuck that.  
Fuck that.  
Let's go out there,  
play the next 24 minutes for the next  
We have the opportunity to play  
like gods for the next half of football.  
But we can't be afraid to lose.  
There's no room for fear in this game.  
If we go out there and half-ass it  
because we're scared,  
all we're left with is an excuse.  
We're always gonna wonder.  
But if we go out there  
and give it absolutely everything...  
That's heroic.  
Let's be heroes.  
Come on.  
What do you say, boys ?  
Field goal for Gilroy. They lead  
And still, no Bud Kilmer.  
Listen up !  
I need five wide receivers.  
We're running the Oop-de-oop.  
I want four receivers stacked left.  
Tweeder right. We overload their left.  
They'll cover Tweeder one-on-one.  
No huddles. I'll call the plays from the  
line. They'll never know what hit them.  
One, two, three, Coyotes !  
Let's go !  
Pass completed to Tweeder for 16.  
They're going again.  
- On the left ! On the right !  
- Look at all those receivers.  
Five ?  
Gonzalez, complete.  
They hurry to the line of scrimmage.  
Long pass...  
Touchdown !  
While they celebrate,  
I have a question :  
- Where in the world is Bud Kilmer ?  
- He's nowhere to be found.

Let's go, defence !  
- They're punting it.  
- And we're out of time-outs.  
- If we don't block this, it's over.  
- Coach Lance, put me in. We'll block it.  
- You wanna play defence ?  
- Put me in there, we'll block it !  
Get out there.  
Gilroy leads 17 to 14.  
Billy Bob has come into the game.  
Charley Tweeder blocks the punt !  
He blocks the punt !  
Billy Bob opens a hole up for Tweeder.  
- What a great job !  
- They still have a chance.  
Twins right, Z-out on one. Tweeder,  
make sure you get out of bounds.  
Ready ? Break !  
Tweeder didn't get out of bounds.  
The clock is still running.  
Quick ! On the ball !  
Get down !  
Billy Bob, this is it. The man who  
got us here. Are you ready ?  
You don't think that lame-ass play  
where I act like I'm lost is gonna work ?  
Split left 90, hook and ladder,  
on one. Ready ? Break !  
Touchdown ! Touchdown ! Touchdown !  
Oh my God ! Billy Bob !  
- Good gosh almighty !  
- Billy Bob ! Coyotes win !  
Coyotes win ! Coyotes win !  
Mox !  
Excuse me... Mox !  
- Mox !  
- Down, down, down.  
Wait a minute.  
I thought you only kissed heroes.  
And for some of us,  
it ended without us knowing.  
Maybe these were the last days.  
I never played football again.  
But I will never forget that day.

Billy Bob cried  
'cause he's a bit of a cryer.  
And Tweeder drank beers 'cause...  
Well, Tweeder drinks beer.  
Lance is happy. He found his calling  
as a football coach.  
Wendell got his ride to Grambling.  
That statue still stands, but only  
because it was too heavy to move.  
Kilmer never coached again.  
I took my scholarship and  
will graduate from Brown University.  
The day was ours...  
...and no one can ever take it away.