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Any Given Sunday

By John Logan

This does not look good.
Cap Rooney, three-time league MVP...
...and Coach Tony D'Amato's star
...and not moving.
Don't you see he's hurt?
-Did you see that?
-That hurts.
Every Shark fan has a sickening
feeling in his stomach.
Let's look at this again.
Cap Rooney is down and in pain.
Get me Vincent.
Riggman makes a beautiful move
over Julian Washington.
Which frees up Watson up the middle.
Look at Gates on the backside.
Who's on weak side safety?
Stop showing that.
We'll return with Cap's condition
after a word from our sponsors.
-They cut to a commercial.
-I think I broke my back!
My butt!
Damn it! Fuck!
-Where's it hurt?
-Where you're touching it!
Candy-ass, no-blocking bitches!
Suck it up, Cap.
Can't breathe.
Neither can I.
It's the humidity.
Should we get a stretcher?
Do I have to get a stretcher?
You that old?
Wait! Wait!
I should, but you just
bled on my suit.
There goes history.
That's the real deal there.
Thirty-nine-year-old Cap Rooney...
...two-time Pantheon Cup winner,
almost 50, 000 passing yards...
...now to be replaced
by the second-string quarterback.

All right, nice and easy.
We're up. See? 21 -1 7.
Just hold on. Steady.
Where's my helmet?
Get him his helmet.
You'll need that, Tyler.
I'm not really sure how D'Amato's
going to get over this one, Kev.
Way to hold that football, kid.
Take it easy. Don't worry.
We're gonna finish this one
without you.
With three losses and three games
until the playoffs...
...this could spell the end
to an already dismal season.
Attendance is down,
while the Dolphins have prospered.
Bad-coaching-dot-com.
That's Tony's web site.
Horny, your zone coverage is soft.
Press it.
Get that out of my face. Shark! We
need more pressure on the quarterback.
-I'm on it, coach.
-Go fix it.
-I said fix it!
-I'm on it, goddamn it!
This'll put the Sharks' playoff hopes
on the shoulders of Julian Washington.
Backup quarterback Tyler Cherubini
has not seen a lot of action.
Cherubini has not thrown
for a first down all season.
Fumble!
Oh, my gosh! Touchdown!
The Americans go up, 23 to 21.
Man, oh, man!
Did they nail him!
It doesn't look like
Cherubini's getting up.
Fuck!
Two quarterbacks in a row.
I have not seen this since '88.

Or '78? When the Aztecs
and the Pharaohs lived.
Any given Sunday,
anything can happen.
They need you back.
Cherubini's down.
Did he fall off the bench?
What the hell's next? Stigmata?
Sit him out and don't touch him
till I get back.
Give me the names of players
in the quarterback market.
How about every available line coach?
Somebody who can teach this line
how to fucking block.
Malloy. Find out about him.
Cap's out.
Man, I can't believe it.
Do you know Willie Beamen?
No, I don't.
Who is Willie Beamen?
Beamen! What are you doing?
-I told you to warm up 5 minutes ago!
-What happened?
Look at your fucking play card!
It's upside down!
Get your head out of your ass!
Beamen, you're up.
Left Deuce Zig 22 Tomcat.
You know what that is?
Easy handoff to Julian.
The Americans got no profile on you.
You surprise them.
Look at me!
You're gonna do fine.
You hold it all inside. There.
Stay focused.
Okay? Stay there.
Willie, can you hear me?
As we await word
on Cap's condition...
...Miami is sending in third-string
quarterback Willie Beamen.
I've been in too many of these.

Twenty-six years old, a mystery man.
In his fifth year. He went
to the University of Houston.
First year with the Sharks.
He's seen four teams in his career.
All right, listen up.
We're gonna run
Left Deuce Zig 22 Tomcat.
What's the snap count?
Beamen, make the call!
You all right?
That's a first.
Fuck! You puked on the logo!
I got to get in a 3-point stance
in your vomit, nigger?
Set on two. On two. Ready?
Look at me.
I'll be the next to knock you up.
Buckle up! It's gonna be
a long day today.
Set!
Get used to that! I'll be picking
peanuts out of your ass!
First down!
Change the play. Audible.
Change the play!
Check it! Check it!
Red 70 Blackstar!
Red 70 Blackstar!
Where'd you dream that up, rook?
-Red what?
-What the fuck is that?
Looks like an audible.
Looks like a broken play.
Goddamn it!
Does he know any of these plays?
The guy knows the basic package,
but he's only taken a few snaps.
What's a Red 70 Blackstar?
There is no such fucking play!
I just figured that out, J.
But there should be one.
It's the future of the team.
Blue 88! Blue 88!

Unless you gonna kiss me,
get your hand off my ass!
That's what your girl told me
last night!
Hurry! Hurry up!
He 's letting it go!
Interception!
Intercepted by Gates!
This kid 's been moving too fast.
He's way ahead of his receiver.
He's nervous.
And it's Minnesota 24
and Miami 21 at the half.
Try an enema.
What do I give a shit?
When this corner's coming up
I want you to drop back.
We got a third-string quarterback
that won't produce shit.
When I'm talking about defense,
you're dumb enough, we made it simple.
We made this shit real fucking simple.
I was lightheaded at kickoff. Now I'm
one-foot-in-the-fucking-coffin stage.
A couple quarts low.
You need an oil change, Madman.
Then why are my legs
one big fucking knot?
I need some Vicodin.
I need some cyclobenzaprine--!
Put that on your nose.
Harvey, could I speak to you?
Cap's losing ankle strength.
You examined him?
Ollie, you're one of the few
relatives I can stomach...
...but you're the internist.
I'm the orthopedist, remember?
Bone, muscle, joint, me.
Runny nose, diarrhea, pinkeye, you.
Got it? Thanks.
Bad news, Cap. You're okay.
It's just a bruise.
No ribs broken.

Your back film's normal.
Something is definitely wrong here.
My butt is killing me!
I'll send you over for an MRI.
Doc, pull the pipes, man!
Doc, I got to go, man!
Call of the wild!
-Out of my way!
-Sharks football: Whatever it takes!
Place-kicker, out of the way!
I'm taking a dump, unless you want
to be in a shitstorm!
Don't bend your elbows.
Whatever. Do what you gotta do!
Sit down! Listen up!
Who are you throwing to? The receiver?
Or you got some other shit on your mind?
We just lost two goddamn quarterbacks...
...in one half of football...
...because our line...
...couldn't pick up a backside bandit
on max protection!
All week long we work on the calls.
Over, over, over again!
You are not fucking focused!!
McKenna, what are you doing?!
Keep your head on a swivel!
Slide out there! Pick up that robber!
Roll up those outside linebackers!
Know your site adjustments.
Understand?
Sanderson and Fox
will break off their routes...
...but you gotta be there and deliver.
Two turnovers in one half!
Defense!
This is what we gotta do here.
I don't know.
You gotta do something out there.
You gotta make it happen.
You gotta stop flying around the ball!
Tackle somebody!
Don't let these guys
chew up the clock on us.

When we put eight in a box,
you gotta jam those receivers!
If you make mistakes, make them big.
I won't eat your lunch for that.
Here we got P.J.,
Mac, Beastman, Horny, Shark.
One-two yards less each time...
...they'll be looking at second and 8,
instead of second and 6.
We're only down by 3.
We can win this.
We got three losses in a row!
I'm sick and tired of this.
Are you?
Because if you're not,
raise your hand. Come on.
If you're going to act like a loser,
raise your hand.
If you're going to act like pussy,
raise your hand!
What are you doing, J?
I didn't want you to be the only pussy
with his hand raised, coach.
Gentlemen!
This is where we live!
We're not gonna let them
fuck with us in our house, are we?
Let's go out there and kick some
second-half butt!
We got a dance planned for you.
Payback's a bitch!
Motherfucker!
I'll fucking kill you, son of a bitch!
Get this guy under control!
Settle him down!
Slot Left 90 Go Z Read.
Here we go.
Settle down, settle down.
Shit!
We got it back. We got it back.
Time-out, time-out.
It looks like back surgery...
...but I'm told he may be back
by playoffs.

What's wrong?
What's wrong?
It's just moving so fast.
Believe me when I tell you this.
You can only get better.
And you don't have to worry about
getting the hook...
...because I got no one left.
I'm playing like shit.
I ain't playing like myself.
You know how to play.
You played this game your whole life.
You know what I'm saying?
You grew up in Dallas, right?
So maybe you're back in Dallas
right now.
You're home, you're enjoying yourself.
You're back in the 'hood just before
your mama calls you in for dinner.
I say, "Go to the Buick.
Turn around, I'll throw it to you."
-Remember that?
-Something like that.
What I'm saying is,
you gotta forget it all.
The crowd, the audibles,
the goddamn playbook.
Just focus on this next one pass.
Go to the Buick. Turn around.
Turn around.
Enjoy it.
That's what you're here for.
Slot. Throw it.
Forget the whole goddamn playbook.
Just focus on this one next pass.
He's got it! He's got it!
Touchdown, Sanderson!
And what a feeling it must be
for young Willie Beamen.
It's his first AFFA touchdown.
And it looks like the Sharks
are back in the ball game.
Let's kick some extra point, dog.
Let's get off the field.

Where did we find this guy, Johnny?
I think Arnie spotted him
before he left.
D'Amato's gotta go for it. If he gets
first down, he can run out the clock.
-What's with these plays?
-I can't get in his face.
Tell him he's gotta take a chance.
-I'm doing my best.
-Turn up the volume!
Red Beats Read.
They're giving us the flat.
-Let's run smoke and throw.
-They're looking for the pick.
I'm not taking any chances,
not with this ballerina.
Third down and five.
They're screaming for him to dump it.
It's wide open.
I know this coach. He's a prick.
This is a setup. I've seen this.
We'll run it again.
Let's do it!
Let's do Deuce Left 22....
Run the same play?!
All the Sharks have to do
is hold on to the ball.
It's money time! Give me five!
We home and dry and flying high.
Let the D win it, J-man.
We don't need no first down.
That's why you don't score
with the ladies!
Same play. Same play.
On two!
Call time-out. They're stacked up
against the run.
Time-out's for TV. Negative.
Fumble!
He fumbled!
Loose ball! Minnesota 's got it.
How stupid! How selfish!
Julian Washington fumbles the ball!
In your face!

You wonder if the million-dollar
bonus when he reaches 1500 yards...
...didn't play in to that one.
That's right, Kev. And now D'Amato's
lost four games in a row.
Two hands!
With two hands, you showboat!
Honey, please don't feel too bad.
We lost once.
All of a sudden...
...one of these real tall gentlemen...
...jumped up so high...
...and he just picked that thing
out of that air just like that.
And I thought your daddy....
I thought he'd have a heart attack.
He died because of this.
I don't want you to take anything
so seriously, honey.
-It's just a game, honey.
-Good night, Mother.
-Good night, darling.
-At least the dog still loves her.
Make sure she gets home, all right?
No stops.
Shall I wait up?
No, I'd be a lousy date tonight.
Don't forget I'm in Boston tomorrow
for 2 or 3 days.
It's a complicated deposition.
I'm sorry. I forgot.
Kick their asses.
Tomorrow morning, first thing.
Let it go, Willie.
You played strong.
I'm just sick of losing.
When you're my age,
you get used to it.
All right, everybody, listen up!
Played your hearts out there today.
No blame, nobody.
Let's take a knee. Father.
You and I have been in some tough
places together, haven't we?

I went to my playbook.
And the book says the rain falls
on the just and the unjust alike.
Now, we just lost four in a row.
That doesn't mean
that we're specially cursed.
Joy comes in the morning.
There are no atheists in foxholes.
Let's pray.
"Our Father, who art in Heaven...."
-How you doing, Rock?
-I felt like I was gonna die.
They went in and they sucked out. ..
...my L-5 disk.
It's no big deal.
-Did we win?
-They beat us by three.
What'd the kid throw?
Nine of 14 for 1 76.
TDs?
Two.
Holy moly!
I can beat this.
Cindy, will you please call that nurse?!
This doesn't work! I'm a football
player! They gotta pump up the volume!
Breathe.
Don't overachieve.
Even at 50% , nobody's better.
Playoffs...
...I'll be ready.
It's getting late. I'm gonna stop by
in the morning. You get some rest.
-Good night, Cindy.
-Good night.
Don't you give up on me.
You're like a son to me, Cap.
I'll fight for you till the day I die.
Willie Beamen, I don't believe you.
Your first big game on TV,
and you didn't let your own mama know!
Here it is right here.
Not that Willie didn't have some
nauseating moments of his own.

Poor guy!
Are you gonna start?
You could at least play first-string.
No, probably not.
Let's hope Willie Beamen
brings his Tums with him.
-You should be starting.
-Mom, I'm number three.
There ain't nothing
I can do about it.
You've been at this for 5 years!
Tell everybody I said I love them,
and I'll see them.
-I love you too, Willie.
-I love you.
Baby, she just wants the best for you.
Yeah, I know she does.
You did great!
You gotta wonder why D'Amato
would call that play...
... when J-man likes to pick his spot
when he runs.
Calling the same play twice?
What's that about?
There's a reason this team's
lost four games in a row.
Forget about the offensive line.
And forget about Cap Rooney.
Forget about the money-grubbing
Christina Pagniacchi.
Hello, genius!
This guy started coaching
in the late '60s, for God's sake!
I'm glad he's not talking about me.
This is a team with more than 200
variations on the pass!
Napoleon D'Amato's playbook's
got less than 75 plays, total!
What's wrong with this picture?
You're that coach, right?
I'm Mandy. Mandy Murphy.
You look better in real life.
You're always yelling at people on TV.
At least I look better

than that old fart up there, no?

I think.

You do.

-How old are you?

-I don't think age matters.

I think older guys have a certain thing.

I've wanted to meet you since I was 16.

You were on the sidelines.

You were winning this big game.

The Pantheon Cup, yeah.

That was it.

God, that's so wild!

So you promise to keep a secret?

I don't know. How do you mean?

On a date?

I got a place.

It's close by. It's quiet.

It's a thousand.

Five thousand for the night.

You won't regret it.

I'm flattered, thank you, but....

I got friends.

I could do your friends too.

-Some other time maybe.

-Fair enough.

Good luck.

I'll be rooting for you.

-Thank you.

-Coach.

I know you're not gonna

pass on that, D'Amato.

I must be drunk.

--Christina Pagniacchi,

who's so smart. ..

...she sold three of last year's

starters in the off-season.

You think you can lose

your coaching instincts?

You never had them.

How you gonna lose them?

All I got are my instincts.

I lose those...

...I got nothing.

Please leave your name and message

and we'll get right back to you.

Have a nice day. Bye-bye.

So, Jeanette....

I was hoping you'd be awake.

What time is it out there, anyway?

Never mind.

Could you tell Tommy that I'll be
in L.A. in a couple of weeks?

We got a game.

I'd like to get together with him...

...but I don't have his new number.

I really miss the shit out of
little Timmy and Melinda.

And you.

Grandkids.

We got grandkids.

Why did we get divorced anyway?

Fuck!

If you'd like to make a call,
please hang up and try again.

Shit!

We're gonna make a difference
this week!

Just the tip of the ball. Catch it!

This ain't no bullshit West Virginia.

You in the big leagues!

What the fuck is that? What are you,
a pussy? That ain't no damn hit.

-14 years, I know how to hit.

-14 years, you're captain.

Show me!

Break that shit up!

Goddamn it, baby! You did it!

That's my boy, my brotherfucker!

That's the way to hit it, Shark.

That is the way to hit it.

Now, come on in here.

Let me get this straight.

The California governor says there's
nothing for the public to vote on?

She's got the finances to build
a new stadium in Los Angeles...

...using lottery money.

Jeez, Ed!

L.A.'s a dream.
Certainly good enough to leverage the
city of Miami into a new stadium.
What about the Rosenthal bid?
\$250 million?
It's so low.
With a new stadium and a winning team...
...this club is worth \$800 million.
It's me!
You're like your dad.
You're a dreamer.
Take the money!
You're still young, darling.
Start over. Start a family.
You don't love football anyway.
It's none of your business, Ed.
Let's keep this between the three of us.
-Morning, Tony.
-Morning, Christina.
Alka-Seltzer?
No, thank you.
I had about four for breakfast.
This is a hell of a loss, Tony.
I can see how my mom could drink herself
into a stupor watching football games.
But this kind of play makes me
want to jump out of a window.
Well, you can run this a billion times,
but on any given Sunday--
"You'll either win or you'll lose.
The point is, can you win or lose
like a man?" Dad said lots of things.
Actually, I said that.
But he could never stand losing.
And Julian couldn't resist
going for his bonus yards.
Blame me, not Julian.
That was my call.
I know it was, Tony.
It's four in a row.
This season is a disaster.
Without the playoffs,
there's no more TV money.
You see this?

They want your head.
Your father would laugh at them.
This is a good team.
We hit, we win.
We put pressure, we win.
We penetrate, we win. You do it as
tough as it is possible to do!
And you do that in all things.
You die hard.
That's what I'm talking about.
You die hard.

Dad used to say:

"No intensity, no victory."
Where the hell is your intensity,
Tony?
Fours years ago,
we won the Pantheon Cup!
-I was there, remember?
-Now what are we?
We're a second-tier team, that's what.
Admit it! You're not being honest!
We're a solid football team.
We're just not inspired.
Too many free agents.
We got Julian. He's a merc.
End of the season, he's gone.
Next year, we rebuild our running game.
You talk about a running game, but
who cares as long as you're winning?
People want to see passes, touchdowns.
High scores. That's the game today.
I paid a lot of money
to get Nick Crozier here...
...specifically to modernize--
Football's played on a field,
not in the goddamn boxes.
You knew that when you had candy
stuck in your braces.
If we had gotten the linemen I wanted...
...our first two quarterbacks
would still be walking.
Think of the future.
Do you know what we could get for Cap?

Probably a second
and a third-draft choice.
We know that he's finished but--
I don't know that Cap is finished.
Do I have to remind you
that he helped build this franchise?
He's a hero to the working people
of Florida!
Probably one of the greatest pressure
players of all time.
You can't cut Cap--
Cap and Shark were great,
but memories--
Shark changed line backing forever!
He made a quantum leap in the game!
That's why we'll say goodbye
to both of them...
...with dignity, with class.
I won't cut Cap or Shark no matter
how much class you do it with.
My contract's very clear on this point.
I coach my way.
We make less money
than 90% of the other teams!
-The economics--
-Fuck the economics!
Your father, you hear me? Your father
didn't interfere! He made it work!
That's because you were a fighter.
You had intensity.
As much as I respect...
...my famous Uncle Tony...
...the players are just not
responding to you.
Art, may he rest in peace,
spent money like water.
But in the modern game
with the marketing costs--
Listen, I will do anything to bring
this team back to greatness.
I guess I had nothing to do with that.
That was all your dad.
Am I excused now?
Jeez, who's playing the child now?

Everybody's got to renegotiate,
and that means you too.
Are you saying my contract's up
at the end of the season?
The economics aren't there,
that what you're saying?
You know, you're not giving me
a whole lot to work with.
You know how your dad and I negotiated
my contract? We had a beer.
We shook hands.
Well, I don't drink beer, Tony.
I don't imagine you do, no.
Fucking beer?!
Fourteen to three, Chicago.
Second quarter.
Eight minutes left.
Oh, man! Bad, bad pass.
This has been a tough start
for Tyler Cherubini. ..
... who has yet to find his rhythm.
Tyler, we're in Miami.
You're throwing the ball to Georgia.
It's not clicking.
The offense isn't clicking.
-Rest it up.
-I can get it done.
I know you can. Not now.
What's going on?
Stop these sons of bitches!
Suck it up!
B.J., I'm gonna kick your ass!
Then I'll kick that million-dollar
bonus baby's ass!
Then I'll go in the stands
and kick both your mama's asses!
-Fumble. We got the ball.
-It's ours.
Get Beamen.
You feel like throwing up?
Last time you puked,
you had a hell of a game.
Make a ritual out of it,
people will respect you.

We'll go at them.
We're going with the script.
Focus.
Concentration.
Downfield, downfield.
Every inch. Every inch.
You see it before you do it.
You see it, you do it.
Why'd you take so long?
This one's about to slip away.
Then go ahead. Let's go!
Make me a believer!
...second quarter,
three minutes left.
Set!
Green 68! Hike!
Beamen's got the ball,
with room to run. Look at him go!
He's carrying it
like a loaf of bread.
This kid can move.
He 's got some flexibility.
He 's got genius ankles.
Look at him go!
That's what we need.
A 57-yard carry by Willie Beamen.
What the fuck is he doing?
Will somebody teach this kid
how to slide? He'll kill himself!
I don't need another Julian out there.
I understand.
There goes breakfast.
He seemed confused.
What's he confused about?
What's 60 Bravo?
Red Draw, Regular Group.
That was your play. Twins Right
Beamen walks to the line of scrimmage.
Three minutes left, 14-3 Chicago.
Green 68! Hike!
Touchdown, Miami!
I don't know what he's doing.
I didn't call that play.
-My touchdown!

-It was yours, it was yours.
What the hell was that?
-It was a bootleg.
-I know it was a goddamn bootleg!
I'm glad there's no microphone
down there.
I wouldn't want to be
on D'Amato's dark side.
I didn't call that play.
I called a Regular 22 Fox.
You know what that is, son?
Yeah, I know what that is.
You run the plays I call.
You with me, son?
Yeah, I'm with you, boss.
I'm with you.
Green 68!
Sharks first and goal at the 8.
We'll see what the offense puts
together against this Rhino defense.
What the hell--?
Crozier, what's he doing?
I don't know what he's doing.
Watch 55!
Set!
Black 33, hike!
Beamen back to pass,
the rush is on.
Got good protection.
He 's rolling out right in a bootleg.
He pulls it down!
There's room to run!
He 's got some daylight.
He 's going for it!
It looks like they got him!
Yes! What the hell was that?!
Holy mackerel! That is football!
If I'm Tony D'Amato right now,
I'm praying to the football gods:
"What did I ever do to deserve this ?"
"A new breed of athlete...
...and man.
The future.
Welcome to the 21st century."

Sharks, baby!
-What's the name of my team?!
-Sharks!
Why didn't you kick?
You should've kicked!
Cap, you gonna be ready for playoffs?
I've always been a quick healer.
I'll be there.
-You should've kicked.
-I'll be back. I just saw somebody....
It gives me great pleasure
to present D.A.R.E...
...with this \$250,000 contribution.
The city of Miami thanks you,
Christina Pagniacchi.
You are a great Miamian.
You've done as much as anyone...
...to eliminate drugs and crime
from our city streets.
And your Sharks have provided
wonderful role models...
...for our inner-city youth
to look up to. And I'm all for it!
And now...
...let's get down and party!
Where is that bold and beautiful
quarterback of yours?
Say hello to His Honor.
-Good to see you, sir.
-Show me some love.
Absolutely.
You know my wife, Cindy?
-It's so nice to see you.
-Nice to see you.
I mean the other quarterback.
You know, the black dude?
-Who?
-He means Willie.
Of course, of course.
Dexamethasone?
And extra-strength hydrocodeine.
That mix makes Jimmy crazy.
Can't get it up!
Count your blessings.

Is Willie managing to keep
his food down tonight?
Yeah, he's fine.
I'm Vanessa Struthers.
Jack got such a laugh off that one.
Jimmy had to order new shoes.
I'm Jamie Lasseter.
Heather Sanderson.
Are you and Willie married?
No, but we've been together for six--
Doesn't count until you're married...
...or until you get your name
in the paper as "and wife."
J, did I ever tell you
what this bitch said about me?
Where's your handkerchief?
Bitch says,
"Your sausage ain't right."
That shit bummed me out, man.
I went to a shrink.
Next time, use a handkerchief.
Motherfuckers might have AIDS!
-Woman beater!
-Let's go, let's go.
Asshole!
Let's get out
before she goes public.
Motherfucker!
Fuck you! Fuck you!
Be proud, son.
You are the future of football now.
You are a model for your people now,
Willie Beamen.
A black man unafraid.
Stand tall.
Give me some love!
-You pretty cool too, mayor.
-Thank you.
It's great to see you again. Welcome.
Good to see you too.
-Are you married?
-I'm between marriages.
Between marriages?
What do you do for dick?

Can I be honest with you?
This is a waste of my time.
I come up with the edge we need, the
stats, the probabilities, each week.
I won't waste another season under Tony.
You won't, okay?
I promise.
Your team ain't doing
what the Dolphins are doing.
A new stadium is the last thing
on the city council's mind.
I'm not asking you to vote, T.J.
I'm asking you to deliver.
I want the 250 million you promised me.
I can get the rest with the bond.
Schools are howling for money,
roads need redoing.
If you're not there for us...
...we'd seriously consider
leaving this town.
Your lease has two more years,
so don't set fires you can't put out.
There are loopholes.
The stadium's falling apart.
You haven't contributed one penny
to the maintenance on that relic.
Now that's the Pagniacchi I believe.
I see your teeth. Get down, girl.
You are a relative babe
in this town. Go slow.
First you get along, then you go along.
Come on, darling.
We are a pro team, and we're losing
a ton of fucking money.
"Life begins with a kickoff"...
...Art used to say.
-That's Artie.
-He was football, Margaret.
I know.
Now all we have are these...
...know-it-all ESPN analysts.
I've just been knighted.
Come on, Mom. Let's go.
Why do we have to leave?

It's not late.
It's getting there.
I gotta give this back to you.
We gotta do this again!
Let's do it tomorrow night.
I remember when my dad
designed that ring.
Guess I'll have to wear mine
on a chain around my neck.
You got to win one first.
I was only trying to make--
No, just win one.
Good night!
See you later!
I saw you looking at
Heather Sanderson's ass!
Why didn't you introduce her
to the mayor?
You damn sure didn't introduce me.
After all these years!
I'm not worried about them!
I'm not thinking about the mayor
or them crackhead assholes!
I'm thinking about the game!
What're you saying?
I don't look so good to you anymore?
You know, for a college graduate,
you're plumb dumb.
"Heather said this, Cindy said this!
Willie this and Willie that!"
Fuck!
You come at me
when I'm dealing with this shit?
Get the fuck out.
Get your hands off me.
What's wrong with you?
You gonna hit me now?
You're turning into a shit like
everybody on that team.
-I'm calling your mama!
-You're calling my mama?!
Girl, look. Don't let my success
go to your head, bitch!
Why not find a college motherfucker

you can hang out with?
What you worried about me for?
With that educated ass.
You're right. I am educated!
And your dumb country ass
can't even read a fucking playbook.
You can take your football, since
it's the only ball you got anyway...
...and stick it up your ass...
...because my beautiful ass
you won't be seeing anymore.
I'll be at Darlene's house.
She might fuck better than you, bitch!
-Get your dyke ass out!
-I'm not a dyke!
You got a nasty mouth on you too!
I don't want you around my kids...
...with that goddamn cussing and shit!
Fuck you, big-ass bitch!
Mind if I sit down for a minute?
What you listening to?
Rap.
Anyone I know?
Trick Daddy.
-You know him?
-Sure.
You ever listen to jazz?
You know, Coltrane, Monk...
...Miles Davis, Billie Holiday?
I don't get into the old stuff much.
Well, maybe I'll put together
a tape for you.
-My favorites--
-CDs.
These. CDs.
Forget about it then.
How about your mom?
Is she ever gonna come to a game?
Church.
She thinks that Sundays is for church.
Maybe you don't know this...
...but I lost my dad
when I was young too.
World War 11.

If you ever want to talk
about that stuff...
...I'm around.
Deuce Right Split 25 Barrel Clear
on one.
I'm coming in fast.
Don't make me wait.
On one. Ready?
-What did he say?
-I don't speak Ebonics.
I don't speak Beamen.
-I got the outside backer?
-You got the nose.
Nose. Face.
They think that you are a bunch of
lowbrow Neanderthal shitheads!
They think they'll gut you and leave
you with your insides hanging out...
...so that the goddamn buzzards
can eat your no-playing asses!
You're gonna have a stroke!
I don't get strokes, motherfucker!
I give them!
Fumble! Oh, no!
There goes another one from J-man.
Or was it Willie Beamen?
Aw, come on!
Damn it!
-Snake Eyes Right, right?
-I was adjusting!
You didn't adjust shit!
I think McKenna's got a distended knee.
He's out.
He's out for how long?!
If he's lucky, Easter.
You didn't adjust shit!
Knock it off! Knock it off!
You realize that that little screw up
just cost us McKenna for the season!
Sit down, all of you!
Sit down and shut the fuck up!
They're leaking,
you don't know where. Fix it!
Don't scream, yell,

all that bullshit! Fix it!
What the fuck is wrong with you?
Where'd you find this faggot?
-I had to get that out of my system.
-Don't do it on my shoes.
-On your period, you anorexic fucker?
-Yes, I am.
Right Deuce Dog 90 Smoke on three.
Jimmy, you're one. Ice, you're two.
Champagne, you can clear out.
J-man, take the flat.
Don't force it if you don't got it.
I'm a righteous fucker.
On three. Ready?
Wow, look at that block!
Perfect throw! Touchdown!
Touchdown pass,
Beamen to Sanderson.
Touchdown, Beamen.
Touchdown, Sharks!
Strong right!
Will you get someone to block 58?
Turn it up!
Punting team. Jesus!
Right Deuce Gun, F-shoot 60 Snake Eyes
on three.
You run Snake Eyes in the red zone.
Get on my page or shut the fuck up.
On three. Ready?
Under incredible pressure,
off his back foot!
Sixty yards! Touchdown!
Playoffs!
Playoffs, New York
and home-field advantage.
As the Sharks go in to
their bye week...
...the story's gotta be
Willie Beamen.
He 's running. He 's throwing.
He 's rocking and rolling,
chucking and jiving.
He 's flat-out steaming.
This magic Sunday,

he's Steamin' Beamen.
Hell, no.
Not this Nazi rock shit again!
Metallica rules!
Hetfield is God.
We live to serve him.
You should bow down
to the monsters of rock!
That's right, bitch!
Can you feel the intensity, baby?!
We did something exceptional today.
We were under pressure, and we did it.
Come Wednesday,
we got one thing on our minds.
One thing, victory!
We wanna feel this way again,
don't we?
Hey, guys.
-Clark. Great game.
-Appreciate it.
Where's Beamen at?
He's down there.
How's it going?
Hey, Cap.
J.J., great game.
Looking really good out there.
Pete, don't stiffen up on me.
Congratulations. You were great.
Really exciting to watch out there.
Well, you know, I thrill to chill.
You can't dance!
Get off the juice,
you'll get a little loose!
Fuck you. Fuck you.
It's like that?
I'll be back. I'll be back.
I hope you don't think this is rude.
You know, I don't B.S., Miss Pagnicci.
You do it to me.
I was wondering if we could go out
for a drink or something, hang.
-I'm flattered. Really, I am.
-You should be.
But I've never dated players.

It gives the wrong impression.
I guess you're saying you're
influenced by what other people think.
I think we all are, in business.
And it's...
..."Pagniacchi."
Eat this, you fucking pussies!
I'm sorry, baby, I'm sorry!
Reebok's got this ad campaign...
...ready to go the moment I hit
I don't get the ball, I don't get
my stats, I don't get my money.
This team isn't about your damn stats.
That's a winning attitude, J.
How much you paying that
Let him block.
Because he sure can't run like I can.
J-man's got a point.
Beamen ain't doing his homework.
He won't read the playbook,
he won't come see the films.
He doesn't even know the names
of the defense he's facing.
He don't give
a gee-whiz about anybody.
He just wants
to make the plays himself.
He's young, Cap.
He doesn't know how to read like you.
What do you mean, he's young?
Come on! He just does what he likes.
He's changing the plays in the huddle.
Plays that you designed, that I love.
He's dissing this play and dissing
that play. "I got a better play!"
Guys, we won.
What's the point?
I'm trying to get paid!
That's the point!
The point is, if we don't win,
you can't do your commercials.
What do you know?
You're an offensive coordinator!
Jesus Christ.

Keep your mouth shut.
Get this shit straight, coach.
I'm with you, man.
It's all right, J.
Anything else?
Hey, guess what?
Coach suddenly invited me
over for dinner.
Or orders me, more like.
That means you made it, boy.
The coach thinks you're the real deal,
invites you to his house...
...makes the worst jambalaya.
Better bring some flowers.
Coach gets really pissed off
if you don't bring flowers.
Flowers?
Trust me, man.
When?
Saturday.
That's tight, man.
Got a gig over at my house.
Going to be a lot of trim.
Don't bring no sand to the beach.
Come on, I'm a born-again ladies' man.
I bet you were born again, baby.
With a team, hotshot, you can try
to lead them, but will anyone follow?
You go out there on your own,
you're gonna die a very lonely death.
You feeling me?
Say, Cap, how old are you again?
We got a problem.
There's something wrong with Shark.
Brilliant. Did you
go to medical school for that?
His eye-hand coordination's
deteriorating.
He's fucked up. The crazier they are,
the more the crowd likes it.
This isn't pro wrestling.
He needs an MRI.
You gonna order a \$20,000 workup
for every nutcase on this team?

Could have a subdural hematoma,
intracranial bleeding.
Or he could just be
a crazy fucker, okay?
They walk on that field every Sunday.
They got only one thing going for them:
their confidence.
You chip away at that
with a bunch of unnecessary testing...
...and we can kiss
the playoffs goodbye.
Are you saying
I can't do the tests on Shark?
Jesus Christ!
I'll take care of it.
I have earned their trust.
You haven't. Good night.
Hey, baby.
-What's the matter?
-Who's Courtney?
I don't know who Courtney is.
Why are you starting your shit?
What's it like to be a nobody one day
and have the world know you the next?
I was always a star.
Y'all just didn't know about it.
It ain't the whole world.
Two billion people in China
ain't never heard of the game.
Sharks are in the water.
The busboy, Steamin' Beamen.
What you think?
It's all to the good,
that's what I think, baby.
Let's get out of here.
This studio time ain't cheap.
Take over.
I'll be doing this every day.
Gotta get to work
That's right
You know my name
My name is Willie
Willie Beamen
I keep the ladies

Creamin'
-And all my fans
-Got 'em screamin'
-Think you can defeat me?
-You're dreamin'
Get set, motherfucker.
Then we can get in the gym.
Give generously
to Child Find of America.
And let's make every kid
feel like a superstar.
You should have fought for
that "superstar" line.
"Giving." "Team sport."
Those are the lines.
Meanwhile, honey,
you used to do this spot alone.
Finished?
Take care of Julian for me?
I know this guy.
He's a top plastic surgeon.
I think I could get him
to see you tonight.
Oh, motherfucker!
Inflate your chest. Get MET-Rx.
Yo, Rocky.
Enough. You're gonna hurt yourself.
Kid's breathing down my neck.
Jack, he's not even close.
You're the man.
-Less on the ball, Willie.
-What?
You want a cool, tight spiral.
Don't pat the ball.
It was tight as a frog's ass.
I'm the man.
You're the man. I repeat, don't
pat the ball. What'd he say?
I said, "I'm as tight as fish pussy."
I need an interpreter.
Okay, Cap. Sit down.
I'm fine. Fine.
You got the balls.
Come on, just get some rest.

Let's go.
Bottom line, Rooney is like
some kind of medical miracle.
He really could be ready for New York.
Have you told anyone?
I've been on for 1 2 years
and two rings.
Give me a break. I played hurt before.
It's no big deal.
He's so freaked about Beamen taking his
job, he'd play with a fractured neck.
Could you slow him down?
Tell him he's not responding
to rehab well enough.
Let's give Beamen a shot.
We're going with Willie
against New York.
Rest up till the playoffs.
The Emperors don't mean enough for you
to risk everything.
Home-field advantage.
That don't mean anything?
Everyone knows
herniated discs are iffy.
This is how it starts, huh?
I know what you're talking about.
I know how your mind works.
"Rest up."
"Let the kid take a few games."
"You were great, but time marches on."
-That's not what I'm saying.
-The heck you're not.
I know the game of football.
-What about Shark?
-He's woozy still.
He's got bad migraines,
postconcussive syndrome.
Don't get a hard-on. Don't move.
Can you clear him?
He's had 3 concussions in 5 months.
There's no way to predict what
another head hit would do.
I don't think anything'll happen,
but I'm not a complete prick.

I do have a conscience.
I'm not trying to screw him, Harvey...
...but I'd like him in the playoffs.
Long-term, what are you thinking?
What am I thinking?
Bottom line?
We'll cut him in the off-season.
The word's out.
Everyone's seen him take the hits.
Nobody's gonna sign a
two-million-dollar concussion case.
He'll be happy to have his job back
at 30% of what he makes.
That's if we want him back.
He's got four kids, Christina.
You do the math, doctor.
What you help save us now,
we won't forget at contract time.
What do I tell Tony?
Tell him what he needs to know.
Shark can play. Cap can't.
--in these high beautiful heels.
-You know what you need?
-A pump.
You need to be...
...young again!
You got me!
I like going downfield.
That's my game. I open it wide open.
The fans want it. Old- timers
don't dig it, like Coach Stone Age.
I beg your pardon? "Coach Stone Age"?
Is that what you just said?
It's up and it's good, baby!
That's a name I give him.
I don't mean disrespect.
Tell me about your past.
Where did you start?
In Houston, but the coach didn't dig
having a black quarterback.
I guess he felt our brains
was no bigger than the tip of his--
And then I went to San Diego.
Coach made me cornerback

because he felt I had quick feet.
No, wait. Leave him on. He's cool.
"Cool"?

Thinks he's Joe Montana already.
They didn't know what I was.
I mean, he doesn't buy into the
bullshit, you know? I like his eyes.
Life ain't fair.
And fair ain't what I'm here for.
He's sure of himself.
It makes him sexy.
I'm glad I'm old.
Check all right?

I'm not surprised. Rookie thinks he's
hot shit and all-pro all of a sudden.
Did you feed the dogs?
-Put the kids to bed.
-Can't we afford a maid?
Why'd I get married?
Are you saying black people
are being dissed in this league?
I see what you're doing.
You're doing that media spin.
Let's talk about the facts.
-How many black coaches do you have?
-Very few.
-How many black owners ?
-None.
Zero.
At what point does the "Uncle Tom"
feel come in to it? No t my language--!
It is because we didn't speak it
when we got here.
But "Coach Stone Age"...?
Your smack is so fresh, so on time
and truthful. Give me a pound, dog.
-Share the love.
-I'll pass on the love.
You get it started, okay?
-Hope you like cream in your coffee.
-Yes, I do.
Mandy...
...I like you.
I'm wondering,

maybe we could make this...
...you know, a more regular thing.
Yeah, I got a few clients like that.
We could book a regular time.
I'll give you my number--
No, I sort of meant--
Not like that.
Without the money.
-I know, but--
-No, you don't want to do this.
I really like you.
I like you too.
Tony, you don't want to do this.
Call me.
You got pretty hair.
-Got you flowers.
-These for me?
-Thank you.
-Carnations.
I'll put them in water or something.
Come on in.
Want a beer?
Yeah.
Sharky motherfucker.
Nice spot.
Yeah, isn't it?
The gladiators of their time.
That's what it's all about.
I don't cook so well,
but you gotta try this jambalaya.
-Ready?
-I'm always ready.
It was my recipe. Sort of.
How do you like it?
It's...hot.
Let's talk about some basics.
You getting ready to yell at me?
Cap going down was tough on me.
I realize you're learning the system.
Pressure must be incredible.
-I can handle it.
-I know you can.
If the playbook is too complicated,
we simplify it.

Playbook's too slow.
When I'm on the field,
I gotta feel it, gotta let it out.
That why you've been changing the plays?
I'm just trying to read the defense.
I'm not talking about audibles.
Talking about in the huddle.
When you change plays,
you show disrespect to people.
People who have worked years
in this club.
People who've sacrificed more than
you'll ever know to be in this game.
I'm trying to win, coach!
I ain't trying to disrespect nobody.
Winning is the only thing I respect.
Listen very carefully.
One day you'll realize this is
the truest thing you ever heard.
This game....
This game has got to be
about more than winning.
You're part of something.
Lombardi, Tittle, Sammy Baugh, Unitas.
Those men on the wall.
You're part of that now.
I want you to cherish it
because when it's gone...
...it's gone forever.
When I look at them pictures
and trophies, it just makes me sad.
It's like a room full of ghosts.
When I'm done with this game...
...I don't want to be no ghost.
I wanna be more than that.
Looks like Cap's gonna make it
back in time for the playoffs.
-What?
-I'm gonna start him.
I knew you were gonna sell me out.
Cap's a leader. He's a team player.
That's such bullshit!
He ain't half the athlete I am.
You look me in the eye and tell me

that Cap is a better player.
Cap's a better player.
I guess somebody else
won them last two games.
He lost four in a row!
I lead by doing.
You kicked ass.
But Cap Rooney has been doing it
for years.
And his time is over.
And yours is too,
unless you take some risk!
Play this game the way
it's played today.
It's not about
the pictures on the wall!
I've lived this game
for three decades, kid!
I know football.
-Those men on the wall--
-They wanted to win.
Just like you do.
You can feed the press that whole
sacrifice and glory-of-the-game crap.
But I been there.
I seen a long line of coaches...
...with that same old bullshit
halftime speech.
-Bullshit?
-Yes, it's bullshit.
You know it's bullshit
because it's about the money.
The TV contracts,
fat-cat boosters in the skyboxes.
Coaches trying to up their salaries.
You looking for the next black stud
to take it to the top 10.
Get you in a bowl game.
It's the same way in the pros.
Except in the pros,
the field hands get paid.
Don't play that race card on me, kid.
of your color.
Maybe it's not racism.

Maybe it's placism.
Brother has to know his place.
Right, boss?
I don't understand
what you're talking about.
You don't trust anybody
because of what happened in college?
You knew the rules.
You were the one that broke them.
-How did I break them?
-How?
I lost a million-dollar
signing bonus...
...because I took a \$300 suit
from a booster to go to a wedding.
What's a brother supposed to do
in college? He ain't got money.
He wants to go out on a date.
Wants to get some nice clothes.
Everybody had their hands out...
...but it was me they suspended.
I dropped six rounds in the draft
because of that.
The coaches labeled me: "He's trouble.
He don't wanna play ball."
You talk about sacrifice.
I sacrificed \$10 million because dumb
rednecks like the coach in San Diego...
...made me a cornerback
because I got quick feet.
He separated my shoulder tackling
I don't do that!
I was a great football player.
But nobody let my shoulder heal,
and they traded me out of there.
You go ahead.
Blame everybody but yourself.
Whatever.
Because that's what a leader's about.
Sacrifice.
The times he's gotta sacrifice
because he's gotta lead by example.
Not by fear and not by self-pity.
Who you think you're talking to?

Half my career is over
and you want me on the bench...
...to sacrifice for the glory
of Cap Rooney? Fuck you!
I ain't buying your brand.
Just because you some scared old man.
You feel like if I play my way,
I just might win.
Then what was your life about anyway?
You're not some flash-in-the-pan
corner or receiver...
...or even Julian Washington.
You're a goddamn quarterback!
You know what that means?!
It's the top spot, kid.
It's the guy takes the fall.
It's the guy everybody's looking at
first, the leader of a team.
Who will support you
when they understand you.
Who will break their ribs and their
noses and their necks for you...
...because they believe.
Because you make them believe.
That's a quarterback.
I'm the leader of your team...
...till Cap's back up.
Then I'm back on the bench.
You ain't said two words to me
till Cherubini went down.
Then it was, "Go out there and...
...play like you're in the 'hood.
You're throwing the ball...
...and your mama's
ringing the dinner bell."
All you do is talk at me, man.
I'm gonna stay who I am.
Steamin' Willie Beamen.
With the time I got left,
I'll play my way. Get my dollars up.
So when you go to waive me, trade me
or whatever the fuck y'all do...
...I'll be worth 10 times what
I was worth before I got here.

You're very, very young.
And you're very, very stupid.
What're you doing? Get off the lawn!
It's Mr. Beamen. Willie, how you doing?
It's about winning. That's what this
country's about. Being number one.
This whole country was built
on kicking immigrant ass.
African ass, Chinese ass.
Don't matter who ass.
Get the fuck out!
Get the fuck out of here, bitch!
Every kid can grow up
to be President, right?
Who the hell want to grow up
and be vice president?
There ain't no number twos
in football.
Homeboy! Welcome to the pit!
You come to my house,
you bring me no flowers?
You played me.
Blowjobs upstairs. If you want
the skin, trawl the beach.
Don't mess the sheets.
My wife's back on Tuesday.
-I won't spill a drop.
-Hey, no semen, no blood.
Goddamn!
You tell me.
Who lost the Pantheon Cup last year?
Who came in second
at the 100-yard dash in the Olympics?
Where I'm from, either you're
number one, or you ain't sh--!
That's a fact.
Did you get
the Vince Lombardi speech?
He was in my face
like we lost the game.
I got out of Dallas because
I worked harder than anybody else.
You make it and get the big car,
or you don't and catch the bus...

...and you in the funeral home,
because to me, losing is dying.
"Losing is dying".
I am down with that!
I think we'd be top dog
if the defense would step up.
Lay off the D, man. Shark hear you
saying that, he'll kick your ass.
Like I give a fuck.
I'm trying to win some games.
I ain't trying to kiss
no overrated loser's ass.
What you care about?
You playing for yourself.
What you talking about, punk?
You gotta earn the right
to diss somebody on this team.
You call this a team?
I see a bunch of super-fly
brothers running around...
...living in the white man's world...
...getting their dicks sucked by ho's.
J, you were a great football player.
Now you done turn into a joke.
You're playing,
but you're dying inside.
What the fuck you mean,
I'm dying inside?
Kiss my Armani ass! Know what I did for
this team? I'll take your life, man!
Football is a corporation.
Black kids are raised
to be stars, individuals.
They do not learn to work together.
-Beamen's talking shit about you.
-What?!
Talking about how we'd be on top
if the defense would do their job.
Fucking kidding me!
Motherfucker! I'll break a piece
off in his goddamn ass!
What the fuck is wrong with you,
motherfucker?!
In football, you have

the offense and the defense.
You can't have one without the other.
Respect will be paid!
Somebody call you a cab.
Get out of my house!
But isn't this an awesome New York
pass rush coming at you?
When you're out there,
is the fear in the belly?
The fear and the terror.
No, I don't feel none of that.
They won't touch me. They won't
feel me. They won't even smell me.
I don't care if it's the T-Rex
or the Terminator chasing me.
I got this in visible juice,
and once I turn it on, I'm gone.
Stay down, motherfucker.
Beamen is sacked again.
He goes down hard.
They won't play for him, Tony.
Let him fucking learn, then!
Welcome back
to the Monsoon Bowl, folks.
The Emperors have been eating
Shark patties all night long.
Smash-mouth football.
This is what it's all about.
Halfback up the middle.
Lava y steps up to fill the gap...
...misses the tackle.
The Emperors block their way
in to the end zone. It's a touchdown.
Good job, offense! Way to play!
Just about everything that can
go wrong has here today.
Murphy's Law in effect
for Tony D'Amato.
Can I get some fucking protection?!
If you're not blocking,
get the fuck out the way!
Loudmouth showboat motherfucker!
Where's your steam now, Willie?
You fuckers wanna make it tough?!

I can take that shit.
Come contract time,
there'll be a whole bunch of changes!
Just give us the play.
It'll be you or me.
And it ain't gonna be me.
And there goes home-field advantage
for the Sharks.
Although their season ends on a low
note, there's still life after death.
Look for the underdog Sharks
in the playoffs...
...in Tough Town, U.S.A.:
Dallas, Texas.
There goes that black dynasty
you promised me, darling.
What's the matter?
Forgot your invisible juice?
Stop this now!
Thirty years in football...
...I never seen something
stinks like this!
Today out there...
...you embarrassed yourselves.
Today...
...I'm ashamed to be your coach.
Lucky for him, some of these Sharks
still have teeth left in their head.
Tell you the truth,
they remind me of my ex.
I don't know what more I can do.
Doesn't make sense,
my not having a home. A life.
Game's all that matters to me.
Because it's pure.
Four quarters.
You cross a line, you score.
It's sane. Life isn't.
Life is fucked.
It's a new world, Tony.
In my day, we used to just be happy
to get the goddamn job.
I used to shovel liquor
in the off-season.

You know, sell used cars, insurance.
Some of the guys used to even wrestle.
But, shit, now, prima dogs.
Bodies that are year-round great,
but crack just like china.
It's TV.
Changed everything.
Changed the way we think forever.
I mean, the first time
they stopped the game...
...to cut away to a fucking commercial,
that was the end of it.
Because it was our concentration
that mattered, not theirs.
Not some fruitcake selling cereal.
Who wants to think about blitzes
when you're holding your grandkids?
You gonna miss your friend
screaming in your face...
...embarrassing you
in front of your players?
That's why I wanna coach high school.
Get back to the basics.
Kids don't know nothing.
They just wanna play.
Like you said, Tony...
...it's pure.
So what are the odds?
Well, there's no telling.
It's an odontoid fracture.
Basically, Luther, you broke your neck,
and it never healed correctly.
It's hard to predict
this kind of thing...
...but what I can say is
that the wrong kind of hit...
...could result
in paralysis, seizures...
...even sudden death.
What else is new?
In my opinion...
...he is not medically fit to play.
I need one sack
and three more tackles...

...and I get my bonus. Then we'll talk.
Okay, motherfucker?
Come on, Luther.
Have you ever seen
an old punch-drunk boxer...
...stumbling around drooling...
...with no memory of
what he's done in his life?
You want that life, Luther?
You need me against Texas, don't you?
Don't you?
Of course I need you against Texas,
but not...
...not at this price, no.
For a million dollars, I will shake
like a coconut on a tree if I got to.
Coach, I gave you 13 years.
You can give me one.
Football's my life, coach.
It's my life.
It's all I know how to do.
Please, man.
Come on, coach, please.
You have to sign a waiver, Shark.
Bring it on, man. Bring it on.
Coach.
We need to have
a discussion about Harvey.
Where the hell's D'Amato?
Don't you ever say that
your papa didn't believe in you.
Don't believe what your mom says.
You evil motherfucker!
Come over here.
Shark's film.
I know what you did, asshole!
You switched the results
so Powers wouldn't pick up on it.
Princess, I'll call you right back.
Granted, it could look that way
to a layperson.
I want you out of here!
You're taking the high road?
You didn't consult with him!

He could get killed out there!
You didn't consult with him?!
I'm gonna consult with a player?
I knew his answer!
Getting killed? Maybe, maybe not.
One chance in 1000.
But nobody blitzes
like the Shark, right?
I never wanna see you near
one of my players again!
They couldn't take a piss
in the morning without their pills!
You're gonna play innocent?
Fuck your innocence!
What about Beyer?
Or Nielstrom and Manzicki?
Logan and Krause?
I will not have this discussion
with you!
You don't wanna hear the answer?
Don't ask the question!
And you, you fucking snitch.
Did you ever think about Shark
putting food on the table?
You lied to him.
You didn't give him a choice.
-It's a doctor's ethics.
-Since when?
The Hippocratic oath, that's when.
The one that starts, "Do no harm"?
With all due respect, I didn't
have to ask because I knew the answer.
Who am I to tell these men
they cannot live their dream?
They will not live with shame like you.
They are gladiators.
They are warriors!
And long ago, they made that choice.
Not you! Not you!
Not me. I won't be responsible
for standing between them--
Didn't you ever have...
...a dream, Ollie?
I'm living it, Harv.

Oh, fuck it.
We did win the Pantheon though,
didn't we?
See you around the old nursing homes.
Courtney, let's go.
No. I'm gonna stay here.
-What?
-Please.
Perfect. Stay here.
And get butt-fucked by
twelve Neanderthals. Bitch!
Coach D., what do you say?
Out of my way!
Well, that's just great.
That's just fucking great!
Did you get that?
Nobody's gonna hit your pussy-ass.
I know, man. I just got happy feet.
I'm getting old.
I should just trust that you'll
do the right thing for Willie B.
Is it true you make 10 million a year?
That's right.
It must be true about you
not blocking no more either.
My dad says you won't take passes up
the middle because you might get hurt.
What's that?
You led, nigger.
But did anybody follow?
Let me tell you something:
For every sucker who makes it...
...for every Barry Sanders,
for every Jerry Rice...
...there's a hundred niggers
you never heard of.
Sure. The game's taught you
how to strut...
...how to talk shit, how to hit.
But what else?
Suddenly, there's no more money...
...no more women, no more applause.
No more dream.
This is what I'm trying to say to you.

When a man...
...looks back on his life,
he should be proud of all of it.
Not just the years he spent
in pads and cleats.
Not just memories of...
...when he was great.
You gotta learn that in here.
Or if you don't, you ain't a man,
you're just another punk.
Who wants mustard on their hot dog?
Johnny?
-No, just ketchup.
-Just ketchup.
Ketchup, mustard, mustard....
So doc's cleared you for Sunday?
That's great.
A little help?
Paper's got us at six-point dogs.
Can you believe that?
I can't wait to strap it on and stick
it to Dallas like we used to.
Show them what this game's all about,
right there in the playoffs.
You okay?
Doc got it wrong about your back?
It hurts a lot more than I thought.
I think I pushed it too hard.
Don't play hurt.
You just need the needle.
Yeah, I'm sure that's it.
Maybe you ought to go with Willie.
Are you seeing your psychiatrist?
No.
Well, are you depressed?
Rock, come on!
You wanted to play. I fought for you.
If something was wrong, you
should've told me. I had four weeks.
I could've gone another way!
I'm sorry.
I got blank spots in my memory.
It's weird.
And I shake.

Sometimes I can't even hold a spoon.
And I'm always on painkillers
for my elbow...
...or my rib or my neck!
Now I got this ruptured disc,
and I just....
Even with all that,
I would go back in a second....
But if I go in there, Tony...
...I'm gonna fold.
And I just....
I can't do that.
You know these things you're saying...
...all in your head, Rock.
They're not real.
You understand?
You know you got it in you...
...because I know you do.
It's my body, Tony.
It's my body. It's not there.
I wouldn't let you get hurt.
I need you, Rock...
...to lead this team.
Come on.
One more time.
You and me.
You and me, together.
Trust me.
You need me, Tony, I'll be there.
Thank you.
What I'm saying is...
...I've got my rings,
we took care of our money...
...and the kids are all right.
We had a good run.
I just think that it's time for me...
...to get out after this season.
And do what?
I talked to a guy
at one of the networks--
You are a football player.
Will you hear me out?
You're a football player, Jack.
And you have two or three years

left in you.
Cindy, you are missing
the big picture here.
There is no big picture here, Jack!
You're the goddamn quarterback
for the Miami Sharks!
You're a legend,
and you're talking about quitting?
All my life everybody's been telling me
what to do, ever since college!
This is not your decision!
It is my decision--!
I will not listen
to this bullshit from you!
I will not!
Wanna know why?
Because they want you.
You know what I'm saying?
The sky's the limit, baby.
They'll swallow
the beer distributorship.
The funny thing about this
whole situation is...
...no one knows how good
you really are.
You get in that playoff game,
you score...
...you can forget about this team.
They'll lose anyway.
-I'm bored.
-Can you give me a second?
You'll get five million
serious dollars from somebody.
I'm gonna tell you something else.
Christina wants to give you \$2 million
to extend you for the year.
But we're gonna wait.
That's what you hired me for,
to watch your back.
You follow me?
I hope you're doing that, Wayne.
Just in case I ain't made out of steel.
I'm saying, what if
my arm starts hurting?

Where you coming from with that?
Baby, ain't nothing
gonna fall apart on you.
Vanessa!
"Vanessa"?
Excuse me.
Hey, that's Willie Beamen!
How you been? Long time.
Congratulations.
-Things are cool.
-Getting what you wanted?
I blew it, V.
Everything was just happening so fast,
I didn't have time to think.
I was thinking maybe we could go out,
we could just get together.
I don't think so, Willie. I'm sorry.
I understand. Or do I?
You're just too volatile for me.
I'm a simple girl.
I like simple things.
Truth be told, I didn't even
like football. I liked you.
I'm sorry.
-I understand--
-Willie, no!
-Get out of here!
-I need to talk to you.
Oh, my goodness, Barbara Bush.
-Where you been all my life?
-I'm sorry.
You're looking good too!
There's that smile
I've been looking for.
Listen to me. I just need to know
that I can call you.
Tell me that I can call you,
or I'll never talk to you again.
You're so full of shit.
No, I'm not. I'm very serious.
Don't test me.
You can call me as long as
you get out of here! Now go!
Get out of here!

-You too shy?
-No, I'm not shy!
I got a date out there.
You're talking about
the mortician out there?
You're just jealous because he's tall.
But he can't ball.
I'll holler.
Congratulations.
Was I the last to know?
Cindy Rooney told me.
What the hell are you doing
starting Cap?
Throwing him against the best
pass rush in the league?
Cap's my starter.
-If we lose this game--
-I'll do you one better.
In the off-season, I'm trading Willie.
That's not your option.
Your kid may sell a lot of T-shirts,
but he is tearing this team apart!
-Then hold it together!
-I can't! Not with him.
Where are you going?
You will start Willie on Sunday...
...and you'll make the adjustment
to modern times.
You don't tell me what to do.
Nobody tells me what to do!
Your father never told me what to do!
You're not gonna start!
I'd cut my father's ass
if we were losing like this.
You know, I'm really getting
sick and tired of you.
Your father was no genius.
He only acted like he was one.
And he took credit for a lot of things
he never did!
He at least respected me.
Would you stop using my father
as a scapegoat?
I can't even imagine what he'd think

of you right now...
...but my hunch is, he'd be ashamed.
He'd be ashamed!
Why do you think he put me in charge,
you bullheaded moron?
He could've made you general manager,
but he didn't, did he?
You know why?
Because he knew you didn't have the guts
to do it after he was gone!
It's true, Tony.
He couldn't trust you.
You got old.
I'll be in my father's office.
-Christina will destroy this team.
-What is it you fear?
You've got so much fear
inside of you, Tony.
I'm losing the team, Maggie.
I'm losing control.
Everything in my life's about control.
I lead men.
I control.
Did Art think I was past it?
I don't know.
Do you care?
You never understood Artie,
did you?
He wanted a son...
...more than anything else
in the world.
And when you really think about it,
what Christina is...
...it's just such a tragedy.
You know, she will sell the team.
And everything her father
stood for is gonna die.
And what will you do, Tony,
after football...
...with nobody to control?
Stop it. What are you doing?
Hey, I blame you for a lot of things.
You were like Artie.
A monster.

You've gotten older. Better.
But for a long time I hated you.
That game took my husband,
my daughter...
...my youth.
Left me with what?
All those Sunday afternoons
at the stadium.
And time...
...just kept slipping away, didn't it?
How's your head, Jack?
Sandy, it's nice of you to ask.
It's still hurting, quite frankly.
Like you guys, I play hurt.
Look at the monitor, you'll see
it was more than aggression.
Out of my way!
Well, that's just great.
There goes D'Amato, his 14th
consecutive game with a touchdown!
We regret to inform you that your
husband, Lieutenant Louis D'Amato...
... was killed in the European
theater of operations.
And to your son, Anthony D'Amato...
...our deepest regrets.
Controversy swirls around
the six-point Shark underdogs.
Willie "Steamin'" Beamen,
the sensational quarterback...
... who's held the Sharks together,
is not starting.
He 's said to be feuding
with his beleaguered coach...
... who's being investigated
for hitting Jack Rose...
...earlier this week at practice.
I'd say that's
a bit of an exaggeration.
-A mild shove.
-We'll find out later.
I'm the best yard receiver
that's ever lived.
I can catch anything.

I'm the best receiver
that's ever lived.
That's right.
Meanwhile, Tug,
immortal but vulnerable Cap Rooney...
...only six weeks off
a microdiskectomy--
--will start against
the league's toughest pass rush.
-"Toughest"?
-The toughest.
Get ready for the sparks to fly.
We'll be right back.
"The tension of the season
got to me...
...and I overreacted to an innocent
question from a journalist...
...we all know to be
of the highest caliber.
I only hope that one day I'll truly
be able to show Jack Rose...
...just how much I treasure
his invaluable contribution...
...to the sport of football."
Thank you.
Where's your wheelchair?
Hello, commissioner.
God, I hate Texas.
How are the headaches?
Fine, till you start doing that shit.
Your balance?
My check balance?
Looking P-H-A-T, baby. Phat.
Go on, get out of here.
You're done.
How about another shot, doc?
You don't need it.
It doesn't make any sense...
...medically.
Don't give a shit about medical, doc.
Give me some of that cortisone shit.
Please?
The surviving team will move on
next week to Minnesota...

...cold country for the
AFFA conference championship.
In the meantime,
we're back to another dang commercial.
I don't know what to say, really.
Three minutes...
...till the biggest battle
of our professional lives.
All comes down to today.
Either we heal as a team...
...or we're gonna crumble.
Inch by inch, play by play,
till we're finished.
We're in hell right now, gentlemen.
Believe me.
And we can stay here,
get the shit kicked out of us...
...or we can fight our way
back into the light.
We can climb out of hell...
...one inch at a time.
Now, I can't do it for you.
I'm too old.
I look around, I see these
young faces, and I think...
...I made every wrong choice
a middle-aged man can make.
I pissed away all my money,
believe it or not.
I chased off anyone
who's ever loved me.
And lately, I can't even stand
the face I see in the mirror.
You know, when you get old in life,
things get taken from you.
I mean, that's part of life.
But you only learn that
when you start losing stuff.
You find out life's this game
of inches.
So is football.
Because in either game,
life or football...
...the margin for error is so small...

...one-half a step too late or early,
and you don't quite make it.
One half-second too slow, too fast,
you don't quite catch it.
The inches we need are
everywhere around us.
They're in every break of the game,
every minute, every second.
On this team, we fight for that inch.
On this team, we tear ourselves...
...and everyone else around us,
to pieces for that inch.
We claw with our fingernails
for that inch...
...because we know when we add up
all those inches...
...that's gonna make the fucking
difference between winning and losing!
Between living and dying!
I'll tell you this. In any fight...
...it's the guy who's willing to die
who's gonna win that inch.
And I know if I'm gonna have
any life anymore...
...it's because I'm still willing
to fight and die for that inch.
Because that's what living is!
The six inches in front of your face!
Now, I can't make you do it!
You gotta look at the guy
next to you!
Look into his eyes!
I think you're gonna see a guy
who'll go that inch with you!
You're gonna see a guy...
...who will sacrifice himself
for this team...
...because he knows,
when it comes down to it...
...you're gonna do the same for him!
That's a team, gentlemen!
And either we heal now, as a team...
...or we will die as individuals.
That's football, guys.

That's all it is.
Now...
...what are you gonna do?
Here we go, ladies and gentlemen.
He 's in the open field.
He's gonna go all the way!
To the thirty. All the way!
Touchdown!
Way to go!
No big deal.
We still block. We still tackle.
We didn't say we'd win by a shutout.
Nothing changes, right?
Stay with the game plan.
-Set for the first series?
-Piece of cake.
Bring it home, Rock.
How about a big Texas-size welcome
for the Miami Sharks...
...and quarterback Jack Rooney!
My baby!
Guys, I missed your ugly mugs.
Just like old times. How's that disk?
Still spinning?
Like your favorite CD, baby.
Listen up.
It's a 12-poin t game for Dallas.
What? It's just one touchdown.
In your hometown.
A long way to go,
a lot of time to play.
There he goes. Sack number 12.
That's a personal high
for Luther Lava y.
Man, I can't believe this.
It stinks.
We 're the better team. We'll win
if we don't make any mistakes.
Inches, inches.
Let me on the finance committee. I'll
make a difference with the networks.
I know New York.
I can be incredibly effective.
Your mother looks great, by the way.

-She loves Dallas. Neiman Marcus.
-She's a good woman.
And your golf?
I'm about an 11 from the whites.
-Think you're ready for me?
-Don't think I'm in your class.
First down, Dallas!
It's a good game.
Good team.
Thank you.
I don't wanna bother you about this--
The owners would like you to
come to New York for a meeting.
About what?
There's a concern
that's been voiced...
...about some moves made
on your behalf...
...for another Los Angeles franchise.
-Rules have been broken. We've heard--
-Who said this?
Would Wednesday this week be too soon?
No. That'd be fine.
Good.
The best of luck to you today, then.
I honestly believe that woman
would eat her young.
What the fuck just happened?
That's the meaning
in one sentence...
...of captain Jack Rooney.
He won't take no for an answer.
Good job, Cap!
Good job, baby!
They can't fuck with you!
Score at halftime:
Knights 21, Sharks 17.
-I'm going down.
-Is that a good idea?
-Can you play?
-I'm banged up, but I'm all right.
Can you play?
Yeah, you bet.
Look at me, Rock.

You were a warrior out there today.
I will never forget this.
Go do your job, coach.
This isn't about you and me anymore.
You gotta lead this team.
When they look in your eyes...
...they gotta believe.
I know.
What do you think you're doing?
Cap is finished.
Never talk that way
in front of my players!
Get out of here!
I don't give a shit if Willie
is out there changing the plays!
You let your ego get in the way
of this team...
...and you'll lose
this fucking game!
Get out of here!!
I'm sorry, but Coach D.
already told me I was going in.
Control the line of scrimmage,
you'll control this game.
Possession of the ball,
that's all I want. Move those chains.
Read the safety's drop.
If he backpedals, then we go downtown.
Surprise them. Make it sudden.
If you see their arms shaking,
that means they're coming.
Control the line of scrimmage,
you control the game.
You said that already.
One more thing. Right out of the gate,
let it fly, go 999.
Shock the shit out of them!
Interception!
What a way to start
this second half!
He 's down at the 48-yard line.
That's a tough break for this kid,
his first time in the playoffs.
He 's gotta be feeling the pressure.

Branco's just aching to nail you.
Watch his knuckles.
If they go white, do a fade to Sandman.
You want me to check off?
Where's the coach I knew and loved?
If Branco bites.
Firs t down.
Looks like he had damage to his eye.
On the four!
Twist it! Twist it!
Here we go.
Strong Left Zig 90 Gun
on three.
I'm serious. It's Coach D.'s call.
By the way...
...I'm sorry about getting a big head.
It wasn't me.
It was the devil. Red 666.
Let's get them
before they know what hit them.
On three. Ready?
Watch the robber on your right.
He'll be coming at you.
Touchdown, Miami.
I'm good!
This one right there.
Touchdown!
If you hit him for another score
in the next series, he'll fold.
I know it.
Touchdown, Miami.
That's what I'm talking about, baby!
Depending on how the election goes,
it may get better.
We got six producing wells probably
pumping out about....
Your home base is in Dallas?
The thing that bothers me most...
...is if you don't have 30,000
in attendance....
Coach, it's fourth and one,
we need a time-out.
All right. Shark! Shark!
Let's go. Run the Three-man.

Looks like Dallas is going for it.
He is going for the victory now,
not a tie.
Here we go now. One time.
This is the game, Tug.
If Miami can hold them here...
... Willie Beamen will have
one last chance.
This is where the famous rubber...
...meets the famous road.
Settle down! Be proud!
Guys, y'all gonna make this play.
One yard stands between us
and Minnesota!
They got no respect for us.
Shark flat on his ass!
Everything we ever fought for
is on the line right now.
Be proud!
Strong right! Strong right!
Is it first?
Sharks' ball! First down!
Looks like a man's down
at the line of scrimmage.
Luther "Shark " Lava y.
He 's been the heart
and soul of this defense.
Let's hope he's okay.
Stabilize his head.
Can you hear me?! Check his hands.
We got a pulse.
I don't know, coach.
What does that mean?
Is he breathing?
Ambulance!
Talk to me, Shark. Come on.
Let's get that board over here!
Is this how it starts?
Coach.
Did I stop him?
You stopped him cold, goddamn it!
Look at that!
Major bonus, baby. One million bucks!
One, two, three, roll.

Don't you guys drop me.
I'm worth a million dollars.
Well, 55 seconds.
You think they can pull it off?
Look at that. Oh, boy!
Is Dallas in trouble now!
Willie Beamen's ritual.
Let's put Sanderson to work.
We throw on two.
Ready. Break!
It's beautiful to watch you throw.
It's beautiful to hear you say that,
not-so-old man.
Razor! Check it. Razor!
Do it.
Do it! Come on!
Be there!
Flag! On the play.
It's coming back.
Holding, 69.
No touchdown! Holding!
You're out!
Touched an official!
Not anymore! Get off!
Thank you.
-That might be the backbreaker.
-Damn it!
-We got them where we want them.
-Punk!
I'll take it in myself.
I liked you when you was puking!
-Who are we?
-Sharks!
I feel like things are changing,
you know?
Things are out of control.
Maybe I'm just out of control.
Sorry for the way I've been behaving.
It's all right.
Keep your wits about you.
Roll it! Roll it!
Time-out.
Time-out, Miami!
That's the last one.

Something's gotta be wrong.
-They had it cold.
-Smart move.
There's something I've been
really dying to ask you.
Remember when you came to my place?
I made dinner for you?
Did you not like the jambalaya?
Worst shit I ever tasted.
Why do you think I've been throwing up?
I thought that.
No, you know that.
Now get the hell out there
and win this game!
Comanche.
Tony, we got nine seconds!
If he's stopped inbounds,
the game's over.
This is what coaching's all about.
Hey, Nick, you up for it?
Spread West Hustle....
West Hustle 60--
Sixty Comanche?
Man has balls of iron.
-We in this together?
-Dynamic duo, baby!
Don't let him out-of-bounds!
Out!
Out-of-bounds on the 3!
Unselfish! Unselfish!
Way to go, Julian!
You hear that? That's four seconds.
Time-out called by the Knights.
Dallas 35, Miami 31.
Now, remember,
see it before you do it.
Julian gave you the shot.
Make them believe, Willie.
This time, now.
One on one, man on man.
We do it together, all right?
I know y'all don't wanna go home.
It ain't no tomorrow!
Three yards to go. Four seconds.

One play.
We've been in too many of these.
This one'll get it.
Four seconds.
Four seconds is a lifetime!
We're a lifetime away here!
Rifle 22!
I think he lost it!
It didn't go!
Watch out! Watch out!
Touchdown!
Touchdown! Touchdown!
Nice night.
Can't get over Cap.
I learned more watching him in the
first half than I did in five seasons.
Next week I'll win it
just for him.
Glad to see success hasn't
gone to your head too much, kid.
Who, me? Steamin' Beamen?
This is your moment, Willie.
Savor it.
But never forget. On any given Sunday,
you're either gonna win or lose.
"But can you win or lose like a man?"
I got it, coach.
Next year...
...I'm out of here.
I figured.
I'm not the right guy
for this team anymore.
I wouldn't say all that.
There was this great quarterback
in the '70s I knew.
I mean, this guy was one tough
son of a bitch.
He fought for every inch he ever got.
He didn't have your natural skills,
but he could make it happen.
He could win.
But the game passed him by.
Anyway, I ran into this guy...
...a few weeks ago in L.A.

We had a few beers, and we start talking. You know what he told me? He said when he looked back...
...he didn't really miss the Pantheon Cups...
...or the girls...
...or even the glory.
You know what he missed? What he missed were those other guys looking back at him in the huddle. Those eleven guys...
...every one of them seeing things the same way.
All of them looking downfield...
...together.
That's what he missed.
I'm gonna miss you, amigo.
You know, my arm has been killing me. I met with a specialist who said--
I'm scared.
We 're all scared.
If you think it's easy being a coach, I'll trade your microphone for my ulcer.
I'm a triple-decker stress sandwich right now.
Why is that, coach?
The 32-13 loss to San Francisco?
You're not even close, Johnny.
Try fishing someplace else.
And I want to live up to what it is my father left me.
A legacy.
A feeling of a bond with this town.
A feeling that this is our house.
The Pagniacchi house.
And we have great confidence...
...that in the final hour,
our mayor will be there for us.
And Tony....
Know this.
Wherever you go, you will always be...
...loved and greatly respected.
Thank you.
Thanks for helping me understand again

what I had forgotten.
Tony D.!
He's been here 30 years!
Even the dogs are sad, he said.
It's been way too long
not to win a big one.
San Francisco sure
took care of that for us.
In football, as in life, things change.
I guess it's time for me to get the
hell out of the way, bring in the new.
I like Nick Crozier.
I think he'll do a great job.
But most of all I want to thank
the people of Miami...
...for their support through
the last 20-some odd years.
Gee, it just flew by.
It's really meant a lot to me.
It meant everything to me.
I've had a great, great ride,
believe me. And....
And I'm gonna miss you.
He's an arrogant son of a bitch,
but I'll miss him.
In thinking about change...
...I don't know, I felt maybe it was
time for me to make a change too.
And it was Willie Beamen taught me
how to give it another shot.
So starting today...
...I'm taking over as head coach...
...for that new expansion team in
Albuquerque, New Mexico, the Aztecs.
"Why," do you say? Because they're
giving me full management control.
But hoping not to make a complete fool
of myself out there...
...I just signed Willie Beamen
as my starting quarterback...
...and franchise player for the Aztecs.
So, Miss P...
...I look forward to seeing you
next season across those sidelines.

So long.... Au revoir....
See you when the clouds come home.
Especially you, baby.
Smoking cigars on me now, are you?
Gotcha!
Thought we had him tied up!
All right, little man!
What's up? What's your name?
Hey, what up, man? What up? What up?
How y'all feeling?
All right, now.
Y'all be looking out for the game now.