

Be My Fantasy...Football

By

Noel Rustia

2012, Noel Rustia
WGA# 1589044

INT. PH LIVE (PLANET HOLLYWOOD RESORT & CASINO) - DAY

PH Live, a large auditorium inside the Planet Hollywood Resort & Casino in Las Vegas, is playing host to a private fantasy football championship game.

CHRIS BROOKS (mid 30's) sits on stage wearing a Chicago Bears jersey and facing a dozen LEDs broadcasting live NFL games. Watching behind him are all fifty of this year's Miss USA contestants, mixed amongst a crowd of beer-bellied tailgaters.

Chris is flanked by his main competitor, BORIS ZUKOLOV (late 50's), a portly Russian man wearing a mafia-tailored suit. They're both positioned like the climactic scene of the Fred Savage movie "The Wizard," only this time it's fantasy football with millions of dollars at stake.

Chris glances at the score and sees that his fantasy team "Menudo" (A picture of the 80's band as his icon) are losing. He turns to the center television and focuses on the "Game of the Week" between the Jets and Patriots.

LIVE NFL BROADCAST

The camera cuts to BRITNEY KERR (26), a pretty young woman sitting in a luxury suite at New Meadowlands Stadium.

TROY AIKMAN and JOE BUCK call the play-by-play.

JOE BUCK (O.S.)

Joe Buck along with Troy Aikman in East Rutherford, New Jersey inside New Meadowlands Stadium. And who do we have here? Is that none other than Mrs. Mark Sanchez?

Troy laughs.

TROY AIKMAN(O.S.)

I didn't hear they've reached that point.

JOE BUCK (O.S.)

Maybe so. But I'm betting thousands of Patriot fans are getting on the phone with their bookies this very second.

TROY AIKMAN (O.S.)

I'm just happy not to have Sanchez in my fantasy team.

(CONTINUED)

JOE BUCK (O.S.)

What? Who's not a fan of 'The Sanchize?' So what do you think the over-under is today for Mark Sanchez's interceptions and fumbles?

TROY AIKMAN (O.S.)

I'll say eight.

JOE BUCK (O.S.)

That's on the conservative side. You get a concussion on your way to work this morning?

PH LIVE

Chris eyes swell as he stares at Britney. Even the crowd at PH Live goes silent.

Suddenly Chris runs off stage, everyone befuddled.

GO TO:

TITLE CARD: *"THREE YEARS EARLIER"*

A montage of Chris and Britney during college:

1. Britney is studying at the library while listening to classic rock on an iPod. She's dressed for summer in Daisy Dukes and flip flops. Britney looks across the room and sees Chris, who's stacking books from a cart onto a shelf. She gives him a flirtatious glance.

2. Chris sits behind the library checkout counter reading a fantasy football magazine. Britney brings a stack of books and drops them in front of Chris. Chris takes her library card and starts checking out the books. Inside one of them is a note. On it are the words "Call Me" and a phone number. Chris looks at the note, shocked.

3. Chris and Britney have drinks at a local bar. Britney downs a beer like there's no tomorrow. She lines up the empty glass with the other five empty ones on the her side of the table.

4. Chris is helping Britney with her Calculus homework. Britney seems frustrated, but Chris calms her down and explains how to work a derivative.

(CONTINUED)

5. Chris and Britney have their first date at the Getty Center. They check out Claude Monet's "Iris" in one of the galleries. Before they walk to the next room Britney pulls Chris to a corner and makes out with him.

6. Chris and Britney are at the park flying a kite. Britney spoon feeds Chris bites of Pinkberry as he navigates the kite.

7. The two lovebirds make out under the sheets.

8. Britney's parents takes photos of them as they both graduate from college.

9. Chris helps Britney move out of her dorm.

10. Chris helps Britney move into his apartment. When they finish moving Chris gets on a knee and pulls out a ring. He proposes to her. Britney accepts and kisses him.

11. As Britney washes the dishes Chris sneaks into the living room. He turns on the TV and watches a football game.

TITLE CARD: *"TWO YEARS LATER" OR...."FANTASY FOOTBALL DRAFT DAY" OR...."LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE, BITCH!"*

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - DAY

Living room.

Britney is sitting on the couch reading a book.

Chris walks past her towards the door.

CHRIS
I'll be back.

BRITNEY
Chris.

CHRIS
Hey.

BRITNEY
You going somewhere?

CHRIS
Charlie's.

BRITNEY

You're not coming with me to my niece's birthday party?

CHRIS

It's today?

BRITNEY

Yeah. We went to Toys 'R Us yesterday to pick out a present.

CHRIS

Shoot, I thought it was next weekend.

Chris takes a seat on the couch next to Britney. He places a hand on her leg.

CHRIS

Brit. I kinda need to go to Charlie's today.

BRITNEY

I know he's your boss Chris, but jeez. It's a Saturday.

A beat.

BRITNEY

You're not going over there to draft, are you?

Chris smiles.

BRITNEY

You're going to skip my niece's birthday to play fantasy football.

CHRIS

This was the only day Charlie could get everyone together. And it was really last minute.

BRITNEY

So my niece's birthday isn't in your top ten?

Chris smirks.

BRITNEY

What about our anniversary?

CHRIS
That's in my top ten.

BRITNEY
Really. What number?

CHRIS
High. Like four.

Britney gives Chris a stern look.

CHRIS
Three.

Her sternness morphs to anger.

CHRIS
Two?...

BRITNEY
Go!

CHRIS
Huh?

BRITNEY
Go play your stupid fantasy
football.

Chris stands up. He tries to give Britney a kiss but she
dodges it.

CHRIS
You still going to the party?

BRITNEY
I'll go by myself.

CHRIS
Say 'Happy Birthday' to Michaela
for me.

Britney doesn't respond.

CHRIS
I'll post it on her Facebook.

Chris walks out of the apartment.

INT. MANSION - DAY

Chris and ten other league owners are having a draft party at their friend CHARLIE BAUER's hilltop mansion in Malibu.

Charlie (mid 30's, looks forty but "Mad Men" handsome) has thrown the mother of all draft parties with an all-you-can-eat-buffet, an open bar, and to top it off, two sexy young STRIPPERS (one dressed like an NFL referee and the other a lines judge). The girls are giving lap dances to Charlie and the fellas.

Chris doesn't participate in the festivities and stands in the corner of the room looking at framed portraits of Charlie with his wife and kids.

EDDY CHANG (30's), an American of Chinese descent, walks over to Chris. Eddy is wearing a NASCAR racing jacket and has the voice of a redneck.

CHRIS

What's up, Eddy?

EDDY

You ain't gonna get a lap dance?

CHRIS

I just came for the draft. Where's Charlie's family?

EDDY

He sent them all to Disney World. Didn't want them here with all this going on.

They see Charlie being grinded on by the lines girl.

CHRIS

So how you've been?

EDDY

I just came back from Daytona for the Coke Zero 400. Came in dead last.

CHRIS

No matter what, Eddy. You'll always be the best Asian driver in NASCAR. And the only Asian driver.

(CONTINUED)

EDDY

Call me the Chinese Jackie Robinson of stock car racing. When I heard Charlie was having the draft early I even dropped out of the Brickyard 400.

CHRIS

Charlie really outdid himself. The barely legal lines judge was a nice touch. So when are we starting?

EDDY

We're waiting on one more player. Charlie invited someone new.

CHRIS

Who?

EDDY

Don't know. All he said was that he's a rich dude. And that he's a Don in the Russian mafia, whatever that means.

Chris does a double take on Eddy.

Suddenly the party gets louder.

The strippers squat around JEROME (30's), a tall, muscular, male model-looking black guy. The girls are pretending to give fellatio to Jerome.

CHRIS

I haven't seen Jerome since last year's championship game. He was really upset after I beat him.

EDDY

I never thought in a million years it was possible to make the championship game without a single black guy on your roster.

CHRIS

Wasn't his kicker, black?

Eddy chuckles.

EDDY

There ain't no black kickers in the NFL.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Touche.

The doorbell rings.

Charlie stands up and tries to get everyone to quiet down.

CHARLIE

Everyone listen! I invited someone new to the league. He's not from this country so no one freak him out.

He points to the lines girl stripper.

CHARLIE

You. Go find some underwear.

The girl starts looking for her panties behind the couch.

Charlie walks to the front door and opens it.

Standing outside is Boris Zokolov along with two large bodyguards, VLADI and IVAN.

CHARLIE

Boris, you made it.

Boris points to Vladi and says something in Russian.

Vladi walks up to Charlie and pats him down.

CHARLIE

What the fuck?...

Vladi shakes his head at Boris.

Boris lightens his mood and kisses Charlie on both cheeks.

BORIS

(heavy accent)

Charlie. You start party without us?

CHARLIE

Of course not. Come in.

Someone is tagging along behind the bodyguards.

It's ESPN fantasy football analyst MATTHEW BERRY.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Wait, Boris. I said no analysts.

Ivan steps in front of Charlie and gives him a cold stare.

CHARLIE

...Except for Boris. He can have one.

Ivan cracks a smile and shows a gold tooth.

Matthew approaches Charlie.

MATTHEW

Hi, Matthew Berry. Host of ESPN's
'Fantasy Football Now.'

Matthew shakes Charlie's hands and leans over to whisper in his ear.

MATTHEW

Call the police...

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A clock on the wall shows half past midnight.

Britney sits on the couch with her arms folded, watching TV.

Chris walks inside holding a white paper bag.

CHRIS

How was the party?

Chris sees a wrapped birthday present on the table.

CHRIS

Oh, you didn't go...

Chris takes a seat next to her.

Britney scoots to the other end of the couch.

CHRIS

Guess what? I have your favorite.

Chris pulls out a cup of frozen yogurt overflowing with strawberries, blueberries, M&M's, and chocolate sprinkles.

CHRIS

Pinkberry was already closed so I went to a 7-Eleven. Who would have

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)
know they serve frozen yogurt this
late.

Chris hands her the yogurt. Britney takes it and throws it
over her shoulder.

CHRIS
Brit, I'm sorry. I promise this
will be the last year.

BRITNEY
You say that every year.

CHRIS
I know. But this year I gotta
play. I drafted Breesus.

BRITNEY
Drew Brees is going to ruin our
relationship.

CHRIS
He's just a quarterback,
Brit. He's not really the Messiah.

BRITNEY
I mean fantasy football is going to
ruin our relationship. This always
happens when football season comes
around. It's not going to be about
us anymore, it's about what Drew
Brees does every Sunday for the
next six months.

CHRIS
He'll have a bye week.

BRITNEY
You told me you're going to stop
once we got engaged.

CHRIS
I did, didn't I?

Britney nods while giving Chris an icy glare.

CHRIS
You're the most important person in
my life, Brit. Fantasy football's
just a hobby. No matter what
you'll always be my number one
draft pick.

(CONTINUED)

BRITNEY

...Your what?

CHRIS

You know. My numero uno. My ocho cinco minus my ocho quatro.

Britney cracks a smile, shaking her head at the Chad Ochocinco reference.

BRITNEY

We'll stop doing stuff on the weekends.

CHRIS

Of course not. We'll have all day Saturday. And we'll go wherever you want. The nail saloon. Target. Costco. Forever 21...

Britney gives Chris a look.

CHRIS

Okay, not Forever 21. Nordstrom...

Britney nods and smiles.

Chris scoots closer to her.

CHRIS

And you can use my credit card to buy anything you want.

BRITNEY

Really...

Chris sneaks his arm around her.

Britney's mood seems to be changing.

CHRIS

Yeah. Then we'll come home and watch re-runs of 'Dancing with the Stars.'

BRITNEY

Admit it. You like that show too.

CHRIS

I do. Even though the guys at work once put ballet shoes, tights, and a tampon on my desk after they found out we TIVO'd it.

(CONTINUED)

BRITNEY

...*They what?*

CHRIS

Nothing. What I'm trying to say, Brit is that I'm madly in love with you. And once we're married, have children, and buy ocean-front property in Laguna Beach, fantasy football will be a thing of the past.

A beat.

Britney looks at Chris. She then looks at the life-sized Fat Head poster of Drew Brees on the living room wall.

BRITNEY

Yes, Chris. I see that. You're madly in love with me. But really for only six months during the off-season. And even then you cheat on me with the trade deadline, free agency, the combine, mini-camp, the draft, and preseason. Just admit it, Chris. You're in love with football every single day the entire year.

Chris doesn't respond.

Britney stands up and leaves the room.

She walks into the bedroom and slams the door shut.

CHRIS

So I'm sleeping on the couch tonight?

No response.

CHRIS

Well it's just you and me, Breesus.

The Drew Brees fathead gives Chris a wink.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Chris is at work. He walks down a hallway to a large corner office.

Through the glass walls Chris sees Charlie behind his desk. Across from Charlie are Boris and his two bodyguards.

Charlie stands and walks over to Boris, who also stands up. They shake hands and embrace. Boris furthers it by leaning over and kissing Charlie on the cheek.

Boris bids farewell to Charlie and walks out of the office with his henchmen. Ivan shows a gold tooth as he gives Chris a roguish smile as they pass.

Chris waves to Charlie's attractive secretary before he steps in the office. It's a spacious room overlooking downtown L.A.

CHRIS

What was that all about?

Charlie wipes the excess slobber from his face with a handkerchief.

CHARLIE

Nothing. Have a seat.

Chris takes a seat across Charlie.

CHARLIE

You enjoy the party last night?

CHRIS

Yeah. Why were those guys here?

Charlie diverts the question.

CHARLIE

How'd you like the two girls?

CHRIS

I didn't know you were going to hire strippers.

CHARLIE

Those girls were more than just strippers, Chris. Each of them would get a 'Dirty Sanchez' before the night was over.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Didn't your wife and kids come home
the next morning?

Charlie nods.

CHARLIE

But I kicked those ho's out before
sunrise. Trust me, you don't want
your wife finding you in bed with
two naked women with 'Dirty
Sanchezes' under their noses at six
in the morning.

CHRIS

You're a good man, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Thanks. So you ready to win the
league this year?

CHRIS

About that. Last night Britney and
I had a talk about fantasy
football. I think I'm going to
drop out.

CHARLIE

What the fuck are you talking
about? You're like the best roto
player that's ever lived.

CHRIS

Fantasy football's ruining my
relationship. I need to take a
break.

CHARLIE

Are you crazy? After winning the
league eighteen years in a row?!

CHRIS

It's for the best.

Charlie stands up. He walks to the corner window and looks
out onto the street.

CHARLIE

Fantasy football's my life,
Chris. Remember when we started
this league back in junior
high? We were both new to the
school and sat by ourselves during

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE (cont'd)
lunch. I saw you playing with your
Dungeon and Dragon trading cards
and asked if you wanted to start a
fantasy football league with
me. You said you didn't watch
football and I told you it didn't
matter as long as you had money for
a buy-in. Then we got Eddy,
Jerome, and a bunch of other nerds
to join. Now look at us. I'm the
CEO of a multi-billion dollar hedge
fund, you're a top-rated futures
analyst, Eddy's the first Asian
driver in NASCAR, and Jerome's
trying to become the first black
porn star with a small dick. If
God were to take everything away,
my money, my job, my house, even my
wife and kids, fantasy football
would be the only thing I'd want to
keep.

CHRIS
So where did you find the Russian?

CHARLIE
The sports book at the
Palazzo. Guy owns the largest oil
refinery in Uzbekistan. Sure, he's
also a Don in the Russian mafia,
but hell...guy is a
billionaire. So Ruskie and I were
betting on horses when he asked me
what fantasy football was. I told
him it was like playing the stock
market. But instead of stock, you
draft NFL players. Play the best
ones each week, you win. The
worst, you lose.

CHRIS
He watch football?

Charlie shakes his head and smiles.

CHARLIE
Idiot asked if he could join our
league. I told him not a
chance. Know what that cocky
Russian motherfucker says? He'll
win our league even though he's
never seen a football game in his

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE (cont'd)
life. So I told him to fuck off
and bet him ten million dollars he
won't win it.

CHRIS
--What?!

CHARLIE
I know. I'm like Lando Calirissian
wagering Cloud City with the
Empire.

CHRIS
The entire pot for our league is a
thousand bucks.

CHARLIE
I know that. Don't worry. Guy
couldn't tell the difference
between a football and an overripe
watermelon.

Chris shakes his head.

CHRIS
You really do have a gambling
problem.

CHARLIE
Well I have nothing to worry since
you're playing. You gotta make
sure he doesn't win, Chris.

CHRIS
How?

CHARLIE
By winning the league yourself.

Charlie stands up and walks over to Chris.

CHARLIE
I need you to do this for me.

CHRIS
I'm sorry, Charlie. Britney's all
I care about right now.

Charlie walks to a framed photo of him and Pats coach Bill
Belichick on his wall. He pops it open, revealing a safe.

Charlie puts in a combination and opens it.

(CONTINUED)

He reaches for something inside it. It's a silver baseball card in a hard protective sleeve.

CHARLIE

Remember this?

Charlie hands the card to Chris.

CHRIS

It's the Billy Ripken baseball card I gave you in the seventh grade.

CHARLIE

Yeah. The one that said 'Fuck Face' at the end of his bat. Remember why you gave it to me?

CHRIS

It was my buy-in for our first fantasy football league. I didn't have any money so you let me join with this instead. You've kept it all this time?

Charlie nods.

CHRIS

Why?

CHARLIE

It reminds me of the three most important things in life: Loyalty, trust, friendship...and to never let your teammates fuck with your bat. I'm giving it back to you, Chris. This is more than about money. It's about *friendship*. It's about helping a friend with a serious gambling problem who just made a bet with the Russian mafia. What do you say, Chris? This is the biggest favor I'll ever ask.

Chris looks at the baseball card.

CHRIS

What do you want me to do?

CHARLIE

I want you...to play the game...that you were born to play.

Charlie reaches out his hand.

CHARLIE

I'm hosting the championship game
at Planet Hollywood in Las
Vegas. I want to see you there
holding up the trophy.

Chris reluctantly shakes Charlie's hand.

CHRIS

Okay. But let me talk to
Britney. I want to go home from
work early so I can cook her
dinner.

CHARLIE

Do whatever it takes. But
remember. It's bro's before
ho's. Unless they're open to a
little 'Dirty Sanchez' every now
and then.

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Britney enters the front door, home from work.

She's surprised to see a candlelit dinner sitting in front
of her.

Britney kicks off her heels and walks into the kitchen.

Chris pours wine into a glass. He hands the glass to her.

BRITNEY

What's cooking?

CHRIS

It's a surprise. So how was work?

BRITNEY

We closed the deal.

CHRIS

Congratulations.

Chris lifts her off the ground and embraces her.

CHRIS

You're saving the world with every
sale you make.

(CONTINUED)

BRITNEY

It's actually for a drug that cures herpes facial outbreaks.

CHRIS

That's gonna help a lot people who like uploading their photos on Facebook and Twitter.

The oven timer RINGS.

Chris picks up oven mitts and pulls out a beautiful Parmesan Chicken dish. Britney salivates just looking at it. Her eyes show all is forgiven.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Chris and Britney are finished with dinner. Britney beams in ecstasy, satisfied with the meal and a little drunk from the wine.

Chris sighs, happy to be forgiven from the night before.

CHRIS

How was it?

BRITNEY

That was the best meal you've ever cooked for me.

CHRIS

So are we in for a little 'Dancing With The Stars' tonight?

BRITNEY

Nope. I think we're going to go to bed a little early.

She walks over to Chris. She jumps on his lap and starts kissing him.

They make out crazily as Chris carries her into the bedroom.

BEDROOM

They begin taking off each others clothes.

With their lips locked the FOX NFL THEME SONG plays from Chris's pocket. They continue kissing.

(CONTINUED)

BRITNEY

I thought you were gonna get a new ring tone.

CHRIS

I will.

BRITNEY

You gonna answer it?

CHRIS

I'll let it go to voice mail.

The continue undressing. A few seconds later the house phone rings.

Britney is curious. She walks to a phone on the nightstand and answers it.

BRITNEY

(into phone)

--Hello? Hello?

Britney hands the phone to Chris.

BRITNEY

It's for you.

Chris takes the phone.

CHRIS

Hello?

EXT. AUTO CLUB SPEEDWAY (FONTANA) - NIGHT

Eddy is on the other end of the line. He's in a practice track at the Auto Club Speedway.

SPLIT SCREEN between Chris and Eddy.

Eddy sits near his trailer and is watching something on his iPad. Chris has trouble hearing him over the stock cars.

EDDY

Hey Chris, turn on ESPN.

CHRIS

What?

EDDY

Turn on ESPN.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
Now's not a good time.

EDDY
Trust me, Chris. You'll want to
see this.

Chris turns to Britney.

CHRIS
Eddy wants me to check something on
TV.

Britney stares at him blankly.

Chris picks up a remote and turns on the TV.

DREW BREES is giving a press conference on ESPN. Camera
flashes go off repeatedly.

DREW
I've decided it was time. The
Dalai Lama is one of the most
revered people in the world. And
when he called to ask me to join
him I couldn't refuse the
opportunity. After speaking to my
wife, my coach, and my agent, I've
decided to retire from the NFL and
join the Dalai Lama in a crusade to
free Tibet. I know I may be
disappointing a lot of people,
including the city of New Orleans,
but I've to the conclusion that
football and the NFL will always be
there. A free Tibet won't.

Chris can't believe his ears.

CHRIS
(into phone)
--What the....

EDDY
I know. Hey, at least you have
Mark Sanchez as a backup.

CHRIS
Yeah. But I can't win without
Brees.

Britney looks at Chris while standing in her underwear.

CHRIS
(to Britney)
Sorry. Let me get rid of this.

Britney can't believe what's happening and walks out of the room.

CHRIS
Eddy. I gotta go.

KITCHEN

Britney is in the kitchen sobbing.

Chris walks up to her and puts a hand on her shoulder.

CHRIS
Sorry.

BRITNEY
I'm moving out in the morning.

CHRIS
What?

BRITNEY
It's a lose-lose situation,
Chris. Football will always be
your first love.

CHRIS
Don't leave. I'll quit the league.

BRITNEY
Don't, Chris. You have every right
to do what you want to do. I can't
be the one who stops you.

CHRIS
You're not. I'm done with
football.

Britney fakes a smile.

BRITNEY
No, Chris. After three years I
know you too well. You'll never be
done. I need some time alone.

CHRIS
After all we've been
through? You're the only person I
care about, Brit.

(CONTINUED)

BRITNEY

And that's why I have to go. It's hard for me to always be there for you. I need someone who'll give me their undivided attention without thinking about waiver wire pickups in the back of their head.

CHRIS

So you're breaking up with me because of fantasy football?

BRITNEY

No. Because you're not sure *who* or *what* you love anymore.

CHRIS

What can I do to make you stay?

A beat.

BRITNEY

If you were stuck on a desert island and could only bring one thing with you, me or football, which would you choose?

Chris hesitates before he responds.

It's too late.

She takes off her engagement ring and places it into the palm of Chris's hand.

BRITNEY

That's why I'm leaving, Chris.

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Chris is trying to sleep on his couch but there's too much on his mind.

He looks at the Drew Brees Fat Head on the wall.

Drew shakes his head at him in disappointment.

Chris stands up and faces him.

CHRIS

Sorry, Drew.

Chris peels the Drew Brees Fat Head from the wall.

EXT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Chris watches Britney as she carries the rest of her belongings into her car parked on the street.

BRITNEY

You can keep the furniture I bought. Most of it's from IKEA anyways.

CHRIS

Don't leave, Brit. I love you.

Britney wipes a few tears sliding down her cheek. She doesn't respond to Chris.

She gets in her car and drives away.

INT. CHRIS'S CUBICLE - DAY

Chris is sitting in his cubicle at work wearing sunglasses.

KNOCK, KNOCK...Charlie steps into Chris's cube.

CHARLIE

Dude, I just had a live interview with Maria Bartiromo from CNBC. I spent the whole time trying to hide a massive boner.

Charlie notices the sunglasses.

CHARLIE

What is it? 'Blues Brothers Day?'

CHRIS

The glare from my computer monitor was giving me a headache.

Charlie walks to the cubicle next door and pulls a glare screen from the monitor. He puts it over Chris's.

CHARLIE

There.

CHRIS

Thanks, but I'm gonna keep the shades on.

Charlie gives Chris a long look.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
....You crying?

CHRIS
No.

Charlie reaches for Chris's sunglasses. Chris holds them onto his face.

After a brief tug of war Charlie pulls them off.

Chris is balling.

CHARLIE
Yeah. I'd be crying too after what happened to Brees.

CHRIS
It's not that. Britney moved out. She broke off the engagement.

A beat.

CHARLIE
Sorry. We gotta get you the fuck out of dodge. It's Hooter's Night.

CHRIS
No, not Hooter's Night.

CHARLIE
Hell yeah, Hooter's Night. I need you ready for fantasy football season. And nothing to get you over a girl like titties, wings, and beer.

INT. HOOTERS - NIGHT

Chris is at Hooters with Charlie.

The busboys have trouble keeping up with the empty beer pitchers that line Chris and Charlie's table.

SAMANTHA, a pretty big-busted Hooters waitress comes up to them.

SAMANTHA
Can I get you guys anything else?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Yeah. It's my friend's birthday today. You guys do anything special for him?

CHRIS

Really, it's not...

SAMANTHA

--So what's the birthday boy's name?

CHARLIE

Chris.

Samantha gives Chris a wink before walking to the middle of the restaurant. She whistles loudly.

SAMANTHA

(to everyone)

--*Everyone! We have a special guest at Hooters today. It's Chris's here birthday. Everyone let's make some noise!*

The drunk patrons at the restaurant cheer.

The other Hooters waitresses stop what they're doing and gather around Chris.

Samantha pulls Chris by his shirt sleeve.

SAMANTHA

Follow me, birthday boy.

CHRIS

Seriously, it's not my birthday.

SAMANTHA

I know. Just play along, cutie.

CHARLIE

(to waitresses)

His girlfriend just broke up with him so make it good. An extra dollar if you touch his pee pee.

The waitresses sit Chris on a chair in the in the middle of the restaurant. They stand around him in a circle, barely grazing him with their breasts.

Samantha brings out a large roll of foil. She and the other waitresses start wrapping Chris in foil until he's an aluminum mummy.

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Chris is sleeping in bed with his head wrapped in a Hooters tank top. A few parts of his body are still covered in foil.

As he wakes up he starts suffocating in the tank top. He pulls it off. After rubbing his aching head he finally comprehends the "Hooters" logo.

The sound of a flushing toilet. From the bathroom walks out a topless Samantha in her panties.

SAMANTHA

This is the first time I've had sex while I was on my period. And what's funny is that you were so drunk you didn't care.

Chris takes a quick look under the sheets and grimaces.

SAMANTHA

I used one of the tampons under the sink. Why do you have tampons?

Chris dodges the question.

CHRIS

I got the biggest hangover.

SAMANTHA

Know what? I have a cure.

CHRIS

What?

Samantha leans over and pushes Chris's face between her breasts.

CHRIS

(muffled)

It smells...like...buffalo wings.

SAMANTHA

What?

Chris reacts by throwing up on her breasts.

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chris sits alone at the dinner table eating a Cup of Noodle. His cellphone lays in front of him.

He takes periodic glances at the phone as he eats.

Chris gives in. He picks it up and dials a number.

BRITNEY (O.S.)

Hello?

CHRIS

Brit.

BRITNEY (O.S.)

Chris.

CHRIS

How you've been?

BRITNEY (O.S.)

I'm good.

CHRIS

Where are you?

BRITNEY (O.S.)

I'm staying with my parents.

CHRIS

Oh, you're staying with your parents.

BRITNEY (O.S.)

So what's up?

CHRIS

You in a rush?

BRITNEY (O.S.)

Chris, it's only been a day. Let's give it some time.

CHRIS

Why? You in a hurry?

BRITNEY (O.S.)

Kind of. I'm going out.

CHRIS

Where to?

(CONTINUED)

BRITNEY (O.S.)
Nowhere important. Look Chris, I'm
getting dressed. I'll call you
later.

CHRIS
Later tonight?

Britney hangs up.

CHRIS
...I haven't been up to much
either...I banged a Hooters girl on
her period.

Chris puts the phone down.

A beat.

Chris stares at his car keys in front of him. He grabs them
and runs out the door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Chris drives his car in an upper middle-class neighborhood
in Orange County. He comes up to a house with its lights on
in the second story window.

Chris turns off his headlights and parks his car a
half-block away behind a few trash cans. The silhouette of
a woman appears through the window.

The blinds are raised by Britney (in her parent's house)
looking stunning in a black dress. She peeks out the
window.

Chris ducks to avoid being seen.

Suddenly, blue and red lights flash in Chris's rear view
mirror. Chris leans up and sees a police car right behind
him. He's screwed.

A POLICE OFFICER walks over to his window.

POLICE OFFICER
May I see your license and
registration, sir?

Chris pulls it out of his glove compartment and hands it to
the officer.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE OFFICER
Are you stalking that young lady
through that window?

Chris laughs.

CHRIS
I'm not stalking. I'm just lost
and trying to get the GPS on my
phone to work. Damn iPhone Maps.

The officer raises a brow.

A car pulls up to Britney's driveway. A group of girls step out of the car, looking ready for a night on the town. They see the flashing lights of the police car and are concerned.

Britney walks out of the house in her bare feet. She greets her friends and sees Chris parked alongside the squad car.

Britney tells her friends to wait and tip toes over to Chris and the police officer.

BRITNEY
Chris. What are you doing here?

CHRIS
I just wanted to know where you
were going?

BRITNEY
I'm just having a 'girls night
out,' something I haven't done in a
long time. Why are you stalking
me?

The officer looks at Chris.

CHRIS
Stalking? I'd call it being a
concerned friend.

BRITNEY
It's alright, Officer. I know him.

The officer nods and walks back to his patrol car.

BRITNEY
I think we shouldn't see each other
for a while.

CHRIS
How long's a while?

BRITNEY
Figure it out for yourself, Chris.

Britney shakes her head and walks back to her girlfriends.

INT. APPLEBEE'S (BAR) - NIGHT

A BARTENDER pours Chris a shot of Jack Daniel's.

Chris downs it.

CHRIS
Can you leave it?...The bottle?

The bartender nods and walks away.

A PRETTY LADY glances at Chris from across the bar.

Chris sees her. They make eye contact. The lady motions if she can sit with Chris.

Chris nods. The lady gets up and walks over to him.

PRETTY LADY
I saw the bartender left you the
bottle of Jack Daniels I was
drinking.

CHRIS
I'm sorry. Would you like some?

She nods.

Chris pours some Jack Daniels into her glass. She downs it like a man.

CHRIS
Nice.

PRETTY LADY
I like my drinks hard. Just like
my men.

Chris smiles.

The woman flirtatiously places a finger on Chris's arm and runs up and down it.

(CONTINUED)

PRETTY LADY

Wanna have some fun tonight?

CHRIS

Depends on what you mean by fun.

The woman smiles and takes Chris's hand. She places it on her breast and then slowly slides it under her dress. She presses it against her crotch.

Chris feels something. This lady is a man.

MOMENTS LATER

Chris runs out of the Applebee's (located in an outdoor strip mall. He finds a bench and takes a seat.

Something catches his attention: The neon sign of a Barnes and Noble.

Chris gets up and walks to the store.

INT. BARNES AND NOBLE - NIGHT

Chris goes through the magazine aisle. Dozens of fantasy football magazines line the shelf.

Chris picks up every one of them and takes them to the cashier.

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chris is back in his apartment making notes in the fantasy football magazines. Using his laptop he inputs football stats into Excel and makes graphs forecasting his fantasy team's season.

Chris then makes a list of "*Possible Free Agent Pick-ups*." He tests these players out on the "Madden" video game on the X-Box.

GO TO:

TITLE CARD: "*NFL Week 1*" or "*The Best Six Months Of The Year*."

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - DAY

Chris is sitting on his couch sporting boxers, a dirty wife-beater, and an unkempt five o'clock shadow. His apartment is a mess, empty McDonalds wrappers and rolled up fantasy football mags everywhere.

Chris has his laptop out and is checking his fantasy score. His team "Menudo" are losing by a whopping 85 points. Chris is playing Mark Sanchez as his quarterback and is watching the first Sunday Night football game of the season between the New York Jets and the Houston Texans.

The Sunday Night team of AL MICHAELS and CRIS COLLINSWORTH call the game. The Jets have the ball and are backed into their own end zone inside Reliant Stadium in Houston, Texas.

AL MICHAELS (O.S.)

Two minutes till the end of the first half and the Jets are down 42 to nothing and backed into their own end zone.

CRIS COLLINSWORTH (O.S.)

They just gotta find a way to run out the clock and head to the locker room. And then maybe beat traffic and hop on a plane back to New York.

AL MICHAELS (O.S.)

Yeah, problem is the Texans have all three timeouts remaining and looking to get another score.

Mark Sanchez and the Jets lineup for the next play. They're so close to their own end zone it already looks like a safety.

AL MICHAELS (O.S.)

*--Sanchez, ready for the snap....
Whoa! The ball sails over Sanchez's head...The ball's on the ground...Somehow Sanchez picks it up and scampers out of the end zone.*

Cris Collinsworth guffaws.

CRIS COLLINSWORTH (O.S.)

--That was like dropping a steak into a pack of wolves. How did Sanchez get that ball back?!

(CONTINUED)

AL MICHAELS (O.S.)
I don't know, but the Texans are calling a time out with a Jets third and long on the one yard line.

CRIS COLLINSWORTH (O.S.)
You see how close that is? There's not even enough room for a kneel down.

Back to Chris in his apartment.

Chris checks Mark Sanchez's current fantasy points on his computer. A horrendous negative 10.

CHRIS
--Damn!

AL MICHAELS (O.S.)
Sanchez has already thrown five interceptions today, all of them going for pick sixes.

CRIS COLLINSWORTH (O.S.)
When was the last time we saw someone throw five touchdown passes for the other team?

AL MICHAELS (O.S.)
Our colleagues downstairs are saying this is the first.

Chris sees his fantasy team is now down 100 points.

BACK TO THE GAME:

AL MICHAELS (O.S.)
Well, let's see how the Jets handle third and long on their own one...The snap...Sanchez's protection breaks down...He's grab by a Texans linesman...Sanchez breaks free in the end zone....He runs out of the pocket and throws it away...What?!...Santonio Holmes reached for the ball...He caught it!

CRIS COLLINSWORTH (O.S.)
--Wait! Wasn't Sanchez trying to throw that away?!...

(CONTINUED)

The Texans are so shocked they forget the play is still alive.

Santonio Holmes jumps over a defensive back who lunges after him.

AL MICHAELS (O.S.)
*--Holmes hops over a safety like a gazelle....He's going down the sideline...At the 50...the 40...30...Not a Texan close...A hundred yards...No flags...**Touchdown Santonio Holmes!!!***

Chris has a glimmer of hope.

CRIS COLLINSWORTH (O.S.)
 That's gotta be the single greatest play in my entire career in broadcasting. They're going to be talking about that one for a long time.

AL MICHAELS (O.S.)
 One of the worst plays of the season becomes one of the greatest plays of all time.

LATER IN THE GAME....

AL MICHAELS (O.S.)
 Mark Sanchez is in the midst of the biggest comeback in NFL history. He's thrown for seven touchdowns in the last two quarters and is close to breaking the single game touchdown record.

CRIS COLLINSWORTH (O.S.)
 I was going to say the same exact thing but I didn't want to jinx it.

Chris looks at his laptop. He's now only down ten points in his fantasy game.

Mark Sanchez has come back with an unprecedented 80 fantasy points.

AL MICHAELS (O.S.)
 Twenty seconds left in the game and the Jets are only down by four.

(CONTINUED)

CRIS COLLINSWORTH (O.S.)
No field goals here. Need a
touchdown to win it.

AL MICHAELS (O.S.)
Right. It's third and ten and the
Jets are at midfield. --*The
snap...Sanchez nearly throws a
pick...*

CRIS COLLINSWORTH (O.S.)
Wow. That was like the Santa Claus
and the Easter Bunny all rolled
into one. Say what you want about
Sanchez, but he's definitely not a
quitter.

AL MICHAELS (O.S.)
Fourth down and who knows how
long....

CRIS COLLINSWORTH (O.S.)
What do you say? Hail Mary?

AL MICHAELS (O.S.)
No doubt about it...Sanchez with an
empty backfield five wide receiver
set...*He takes the snap....The
Texans rush three....Plenty of
time....Sanchez lofts the ball high
into the air...It's up for
grabs...A group of DB's fight over
the landing spot of the
ball....It's tipped!....Holmes
jumps over the defenders and
snatches it from the air...He hits
the ground...Touchdown Jets!!!*

CRIS COLLINSWORTH (O.S.)
Oh my God!!....

AL MICHAELS (O.S.)
And with that catch Sanchez has
officially broken the single game
touchdown record.

Chris raises his hand and yells in victory. He's won his
first fantasy game of the season.

GO TO:

MONTAGE - (Set to Joe Esposito's 80's classic of "Karate
Kid"-fame, "You're The Best").

(CONTINUED)

1. Chris is in first place in his fantasy league, thanks to Mark Sanchez. Sanchez is on his way to break every NFL single season record in attempts, completions, yards, and touchdowns. He's on the cover of every sports page and magazine. Chris is winning game after game and is looking happier than he's ever been.

2. Chris has his phone out everywhere he goes so he can keep track of his fantasy team 24/7: He watches games on his iPhone while he's brushing his teeth, reads Sports Illustrated articles while at the gym, proposes trades at the supermarket, changes his fantasy lineup at work, etc.

3. Chris posts his fantasy football graphs on the wall of his apartment. He goes to a whiteboard and uses complex mathematical equations to make even more predictions on his fantasy team. He comes up with an answer: "THE SANCHIZE = VICTORY!!!"

4. Chris goes to work smiling at everyone he sees. He gives his secretary a wink and another secretary a fist bump. Chris even collects a side bet of \$500 with a player in the league he just beat. Chris was born to play this game.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Chris sits in Charlie's office.

Charlie sits across him.

CHARLIE

Congratulations. Six and 'o' and tied for first in the league. Maybe breaking up with Britney was the best thing that happened to you.

CHRIS

Maybe.

CHARLIE

You know who you're tied with, right?

CHRIS

Your best friend Boris?

Charlie picks up something from the ground and heaves it onto his desk.

It's a fifty-pound Mahi-Mahi with a knife stuck to it.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
Ruskie just upped the stakes.

CHRIS
What the hell is that?

CHARLIE
Never had a Mahi-Mahi taco
before? I came to work and this
was on my desk with a note
attached.

CHRIS
What does it say?

Charlie rips the note from the bloody fish and hands it to
Chris.

Chris takes the slimy note and reads it.

CHRIS
He also gets your Lamborghini if he
wins? Can he do that?

CHARLIE
You've seen 'Bad Boys II.' The
Russian mafia can do whatever it
wants. And we won't have Big Mama
and the Fresh Prince of Bel-Air to
save us.

CHRIS
I think you're going to get us all
killed.

Charlie smiles.

CHARLIE
In any case, I'm going to need you
to work this weekend.

CHRIS
Why?

CHARLIE
Don't worry. Just on Sunday.

CHRIS
You're serious.

CHARLIE
Have something planned?

CHRIS

Well besides keeping track of my fantasy team, I was planning to clean up my apartment. It's been a mess since Britney left.

Charlie opens a drawer and pulls out an envelope. He slides it to Chris.

Chris opens the envelope and finds two tickets to a Dallas Cowboys home game against the New York Jets. His eyes glow off the tickets.

CHARLIE

Why not keep track of your fantasy team in Jerry Jones's personal suite at Cowboys Stadium?

CHRIS

Where'd you get these?

CHARLIE

I'll tell you when we get there. You don't mind working on Sunday, right?

CHRIS

I don't mind.

EXT. DALLAS FORT WORTH AIRPORT - DAY

Charlie and Chris step out of a private jet at Dallas Fort Worth.

A LIMO DRIVER holds up a sign with Chris's fantasy team "Menudo" written on it.

INT. COWBOYS STADIUM - DAY

Charlie and Chris sit in the owner's suite at Cowboys Stadium. They're watching Mark Sanchez and the Jets demolish the Dallas Cowboys.

Two gorgeous DALLAS COWBOY CHEERLEADERS sit in between them. Charlie has one hand on a glass of whiskey and the other around the shoulder of one of the cheerleaders.

CHARLIE

Sanchez is throwing dimes. Your fantasy team is up a hundred points. We're in the owner's suite

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE (cont'd)
at Cowboys Stadium with two of the
hottest cheerleaders on the
planet. How good can it get?

CHRIS
So how'd you get the suite?

CHARLIE
I won everything here on a bet with
Jerry Jones.

CHRIS
What was the bet?

CHARLIE
I bet Jerry he wouldn't be able to
get a boner with these two honeys.

Charlie's cheerleader gives Chris a wink.

LATER

An ecstatic Chris and Charlie walk their way out of the
stadium.

Charlie is looking at his phone.

CHARLIE
Russian cocksucker lost! You're
sole owner of first place, Chris!

CHRIS
Really?

CHARLIE
Yeah. And you play Commie next
week. He won't have a chance
against you.

CHRIS
How much better can this day get?

They see a large group congregating near a concession stand.

Camera flashes start going off like crazy. The crowd is
gathering around Mark Sanchez signing autographs.

CHARLIE
--Look...

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Whoa...

Chris and Charlie move in closer to get a better look.

Charlie notices a girl standing next to Mark.

CHARLIE

Check out the hottie.

The girl looks exactly like Britney.

CHRIS

Is that?...*Nevermind*.

Security guards try to push the fans away so Mark Sanchez can head out.

CHRIS

It isn't.

CHARLIE

What isn't?

CHRIS

Nothing.

Chris makes nothing of it and starts walking away.

CHARLIE

You don't want a picture with Sanchez?

CHRIS

No man. That's gay.

CHARLIE

Right. That's fuckin' gay.

GO TO:

TITLE CARD: *"NFL Season Week 7," "The Mid-Season Grind" or "I'm Getting Tired of Jerking-Off In Front Of My Computer Sunday Nights and Need to Get a Life."*

Chris is in his apartment in front of the computer checking on his fantasy team. Chris is losing 15 to 138 against Boris's team "The Bolsheviks" and is on his way to losing his first fantasy football game of the season.

Chris has the Jets-Lions game on television. Joe Buck and Troy Aikman are again calling it.

(CONTINUED)

JOE BUCK (O.S.)
Now this is a surprise. With Sanchez's three picks this might be the first shutout of the Jets this season.

TROY AIKMAN (O.S.)
With all those record-breaking performances Sanchez was bound to hit a bad streak.

Mark Sanchez throws another interception.

JOE BUCK (O.S.)
And there's another one.

TROY AIKMAN (O.S.)
You sit Sanchez in your fantasy team today?

JOE BUCK (O.S.)
No. And if you ask me one more time I'm going to punch you in the face like Pacquiao.

Chris is tearing his hair out.

Suddenly the live broadcast cuts to a pretty woman sitting in the stands. The woman looks like Britney.

Chris falls out of his chair.

The FOX NFL THEM SONG plays. It's Chris's phone.

Chris stands up and answers it. Split screen between the two callers.

CHRIS
Hello?

EDDY
Hey, Chris. You watching the Jets game?

CHRIS
Yeah.

EDDY
You see Britney in the stands?

CHRIS
Look, it's not her. Brit wouldn't fly all the way to Detroit just to
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)
watch a football game. Right now
she's in Orange County at her
parent's house.

EDDY
Dude. I have it TIVO'd on her
face.

Chris picks up a remote and rewinds his DVR to the woman who
looks like Britney.

He pauses when the camera cuts to the woman. Chris zooms in
on her and walks closer to the TV.

It is her.

CHRIS
*--What the hell is she doing in
Detroit?!*

EDDY
Chris, you're not gonna believe
this. Check out the TMZ website.

Chris walks over to his laptop and goes to the TMZ
website. He scrolls down and sees photos of Mark Sanchez
with Britney at an L.A. nightclub.

The headline reads: "*Sanchized!*"

CHRIS
*...Oh my God. Eddy, let me call
you back.*

Chris hangs up with Eddy and dials a number in his speed
dial.

BRITNEY (O.S.)
(voice mail)
*...Hi, this is Britney. I can't
get to my phone right now so please
leave a message. Thanks!*

CHRIS
Brit. It's Chris. I was watching
TV and...

Suddenly, the doorbell rings.

CHRIS
Shoot. Call me if you get this.

Chris hangs up the phone and opens the front door.

Standing outside is Vladi. He reaches for something in his jacket.

Chris takes a step back expecting the worst.

It's just an envelope.

Vladi hands it to Chris and walks away.

Chris shuts the door and locks every dead bolt on it.

He opens the envelope. There's a note inside:

"Your fantasy football reign is over. Long live the Bolsheviks....P.S - Is your girlfriend fucking the Sanchez?"

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Next morning. Chris goes to his cubicle.

Sitting in his chair is a female blowup doll wearing a Sanchez jersey with a dildo taped to its hand.

Chris hears chuckling in nearby cubicles.

LUNCH ROOM

Chris eats lunch by himself.

There are others in the lunchroom with him but they remain silent.

Suddenly Chris hears snickering. Then a few giggles.

MEETING ROOM

Chris walks out of a board room just as a meeting ends.

Charlie stops Chris before he leaves.

CHARLIE

Chris. You see your girlfriend at the...

CHRIS

(interrupting)
--Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Wasn't sure if you caught it.

CHRIS

I even TIVO'd it.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry. You think she's gonna ruin your fantasy team?

CHRIS

You know Charlie, I got bigger problems than fantasy football.

CHARLIE

Like what?

CHRIS

Like the Russian mafia knowing my address.

CHARLIE

Chris, we're all in the same boat. Except they'll probably kill you first before me. So you better start focusing on your team or you're going to get us both killed.

CHRIS

(sarcastically)

Thanks.

Chris starts to walk out. He stops just before exiting.

CHRIS

Was that your blow-up doll on my desk?

CHARLIE

What are you talking about?

CHRIS

There was a blowup doll holding a dildo and wearing a Mark Sanchez jersey on my chair.

CHARLIE

Chris. I'm a CEO. I can't risk bringing blowup dolls to work.

Chris shakes his head and walks out of the room.

Charlie presses a button on his speakerphone.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Kate.

KATE (O.S.)

Yes, Mr. Bauer.

CHARLIE

Can you fetch my dildo from Chris's cubicle?

KATE (O.S.)

Of course, Mr. Bauer.

BREAK ROOM

Chris is pouring himself a cup of coffee.

A few employees in the break room do their best to hold in their laughter.

Chris walks out of the break room. Someone had placed a sign on his back that says "Sanchez's Wide Receiver."

RESTROOM

Chris runs into a stall and closes it. He sits on the toilet but doesn't use it. Just needs a place to hide.

Chris hears two people walk into the restroom to use the urinals.

CO-WORKER #1 (O.S.)

Hey. You hear about Chris?

CO-WORKER #2 (O.S.)

Who the hell's Chris?

CO-WORKER #1 (O.S.)

That nerdy-looking dude who plays fantasy football?

CO-WORKER #2 (O.S.)

Oh. That guy. Looks like a douche?

CO-WORKER #1 (O.S.)

Yeah. His girlfriend dumped him for A.C. Slater.

(CONTINUED)

CO-WORKER #2 (O.S.)
Who?

CO-WORKER #1 (O.S.)
Mark Sanchez.

CO-WORKER #2 (O.S.)
No way.

CO-WORKER #1 (O.S.)
Yeah. I'd kill myself if my girl
left me for Sanchez.

CO-WORKER #2 (O.S.)
She good-looking?

CO-WORKER #1 (O.S.)
Kinda looks like Meg Fox. But with
a bigger chest and without all
those stupid tattoos. And not as
pasty.

CO-WORKER #1 (O.S.)
No shit. Chris has got to be gay.

Suddenly the FOX NFL theme song plays on Chris's phone.

Chris checks his caller ID. It's Britney.

He quietly answers it.

CHRIS
Hold on, Brit...

Chris jumps out of the stall and runs past the two guys on
the urinal.

They look at each other and wonder who it was.

HALLWAY (CONTINUOUS)

Chris is walking down a hallway.

CHRIS
Sorry, I was in a meeting.

BRITNEY (O.S.)
I got your message, Chris. I was
meaning to call you.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Where are you?

BRITNEY (O.S.)

You won't believe me. I'm in Miami. A lot of stuff has been going on these past few weeks.

CHRIS

I know... I mean, why are you in Miami?

BRITNEY (O.S.)

I'll tell you about it when I get back.

CHRIS

Are you alright?

BRITNEY (O.S.)

I'm fine. I just want to tell you Chris. I miss you.

Chris stops.

CHRIS

I miss you too.

BRITNEY (O.S.)

I'm kinda going through these weird feelings right now. I just wanted to see how you've been doing.

CHRIS

My life's been a mess, Brit. I don't even enjoy football anymore. I just want to see you again.

BRITNEY (O.S.)

You mean that?

CHRIS

Yeah. This whole thing's my fault. I've been selfish.

BRITNEY (O.S.)

I've been selfish too. This time apart has made me realize...how much I want to be with you, Chris.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
I want to be with you, Brit.

A beat.

BRITNEY (O.S.)
Look, I gotta go. I'll call you
when I'm back.

CHRIS
When's that? Why are you in Miami?

Britney hangs up.

Chris runs to his cubicle.

CUBICLE (CONTINUOUS)

Chris goes to his computer and clicks on a desktop shortcut that takes him into an NFL schedule. He checks the Jets next game.

The Jets are playing the Dolphins at Sun Life Stadium in Miami.

EXT. OFFICE - DAY

Chris runs out of the office and into the building parking structure.

He gets into his car.

INT. CHRIS'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Chris drives out of the lot.

While driving he takes out his iPhone and opens the Google Voice app.

CHRIS
Navigate to Sun Life Stadium.

The phone returns back 2,740 miles. 1 day 20 hours.

Chris places the phone on his car mount.

Chris gets on the 10 Freeway as the sun sets on the Pacific and heads out east.

SUPERIMPOSED - Day turns to night as the pages of a calendar turn from Wednesday to Friday.

(CONTINUED)

Chris tries his best to stay awake as the reflection of passing headlights careen pass his eyes.

He sleeps in his car in various rest areas and motel parking lots.

After moving images of the Grand Canyon, the Alamo, the Superdome, etc., Chris finally crosses the Florida state line.

EXT. SUN LIFE STADIUM - DAY

Chris is parked on a sidewalk about a block away from Sun Life Stadium. He's practically grown a full beard during his trip.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK...

A SECURITY GUARD on a bicycle taps on his windshield.

Chris wakes up.

SECURITY GUARD
You can't park here.

Chris opens his door.

SECURITY GUARD
I'm sorry, Sir. You can't park here.

Chris gets out of the car.

He tosses the guard his keys and starts walking away.

SECURITY GUARD
Sir, I'm not a valet attendant.

Chris stops. He turns around and walks back to the guard.

CHRIS
Sorry.

Chris pulls out a dollar and puts it in the guard's hand.

STADIUM ENTRANCE

Chris pays a scalper for a ticket.

EXT. SUN LIFE STADIUM - DAY

Chris runs past a group of drunken tailgaters. The rowdy bunch heckle him.

Chris comes back to confront them. He takes a shrimp kabob from their grill and runs away before they can react.

INT. SUN LIFE STADIUM - DAY

Chris in the stands using his binoculars to try to find Britney. He scans the luxury boxes to no avail.

The game's already at the two minute warning of the second half and the Jets are down by four. Sanchez has the ball and is driving inside the Dolphin's red zone.

Suddenly the big screen shows a live image of Britney with the words "Marry Me, Sanchez." The crowd boos.

Mark Sanchez sees this and fumbles the snap. A Miami linebacker picks up the ball and returns it 80 yards for a touchdown to win the game.

The Dolphin fans go wild over the upset while Mark throws his helmet on the ground.

LATER

Chris is in the stadium parking lot.

He sees a group of people surrounding a press trailer. A monitor shows Sanchez giving a post-game interview inside.

Chris heads towards the trailer but is stopped by a large STADIUM GUARD.

STADIUM GUARD
Sorry. Press only.

CHRIS
I'm a journalist.

STADIUM GUARD
Can I see some credentials?

Chris pulls out his wallet and hands him a card.

STADIUM GUARD
This is a Costco card.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Oh.

Chris takes back the card and smiles.

Chris quickly runs past him.

Before he even gets five yards Chris is tackled to the ground.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

Chris sits in a holding cell with a group of inmates of the Cuban-exile variety.

Chris waits to use a phone on the wall as an INMATE talks on it in Spanish. The phone cord stretches long enough so that the man is able to sit on a toilet and use the phone at the same time.

The man finally gets off his call. He hands the phone to Chris.

INMATE

Here, mang.

Chris reluctantly takes the phone and dials a number.

CHRIS

Charlie. It's Chris. I think I'm going to need a wire...

The inmate lets loose on the toilet.

INMATE

--*Me cago en el concha tu madre!*

CHRIS

...*Miami.*

EXT. JAIL - NIGHT

Chris walks out of the prison.

He hails a TAXI waiting near the jail.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

The cracked neon sign with the words "CAR IMPOUND - WE EXCEPT CREDIT CARDS" flickers above a junkyard in Miami-Dade County.

Chris's cab pulls up to the yard.

INT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Chris gives his credit card to a MAN behind a bulletproof glass enclosure.

The guy points to a handwritten sign on the glass wall reading: "*80% Credit Card Transaction Fee.*"

EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Chris is on his long drive home back to California as Coldplay's "We Never Change" plays on his stereo.

A tired look of despair emanates from Chris's eyes.

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - DAY

Chris sleeps on his couch, looking like Grizzly Adams.

The shades are drawn so that he's in complete darkness.

The doorbell rings.

Chris doesn't move.

A beat.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK....

The sound of keys unlocking the door. It opens.

Bright sunlight enters the room, eclipsed by a silhouette of a woman. It's Britney.

She walks in and takes a seat on the couch next to Chris.

Chris slowly opens his eyes and sees her.

CHRIS

I'm not dreaming, am I?

Britney shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

I'm glad you kept your keys.

BRITNEY

It's the only thing I took with me. Are you alright?

CHRIS

Yeah. I just took a few days off from work so I could grow this beard.

BRITNEY

I guess you figured what's happened.

CHRIS

Well. If you went out with a punter or a long snapper I probably wouldn't have noticed.

BRITNEY

I'm sorry, Chris. I've been really confused lately.

CHRIS

It's alright. You were seeing the world. You just happened to run into one of the most handsome quarterbacks in all of football.

BRITNEY

This is all my fault.

Britney begins crying.

BRITNEY

...I can't believe I did that to you, Chris.

CHRIS

Don't worry about it. Come here.

Chris takes Britney's hand and guides her towards him.

Britney lays down on the couch with Chris. He puts his arm around her.

Britney wipes the tears from her face.

CHRIS

So where did you meet him?

(CONTINUED)

BRITNEY

At a club on Sunset. I was with my girlfriends and he had his agent come over to ask us if we'd like to join them in their VIP booth.

CHRIS

Like a true sports star.

BRITNEY

We danced a little. Before he left he asked for my number. He started inviting me to his games.

CHRIS

So why are you here?

A beat.

BRITNEY

I'm still in love with you, Chris.

Chris kisses Britney's cheek.

BRITNEY

Chris.

CHRIS

Yeah.

BRITNEY

Have you been with anyone since I left?

Britney looks Chris in the eye.

BRITNEY

It's alright. You can tell me. I want us to be honest with each other now.

CHRIS

Nobody.

She smiles and snuggles her head onto Chris's shoulder.

BRITNEY

Remember when we first met?

CHRIS

Three years ago. In the library.

(CONTINUED)

BRITNEY

I saw you shelving books and knew I
in my heart that the man I was
going to marry was going to know
the Dewey Decimal system.

Chris chuckles.

CHRIS

Come here.

Britney moves her head toward Chris's.

BRITNEY

Can we try again, Chris?

CHRIS

Being without you was the worst
period of my life.

They kiss.

INT. CHRIS'S CUBICLE - DAY

Chris is at his desk.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

So look what the sheriff brought in
to town.

Charlie walks into Chris's cubicle.

CHRIS

Charlie.

CHARLIE

--That's the thanks I get? For
bailing you out?

CHRIS

Oh. Thanks. I'll pay you back.

CHARLIE

Forget it. So what's this I hear
about your girl and Sanchez?

CHRIS

What did you hear?

CHARLIE

They broke up.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
Who told you that?

CHARLIE
Oh, I don't know...ESPN, Access
Hollywood, Mario Lopez, and every
fantasy owner in America with
Sanchez on his fantasy team.

CHRIS
Yeah. I heard too.

CHARLIE
Wanna know what else I
heard? She's back with you.

A beat.

Chris nods.

CHARLIE
She going to let you play in the
league?

CHRIS
You know Charlie I kind of realized
there are more things important
things than football.

CHARLIE
Like what?

CHRIS
Love.

Charlie guffaws.

CHARLIE
Have you been reading a lot of
chick mags lately?

CHRIS
Sort of.

CHARLIE
You have gone gay.

CHRIS
No, Charlie. I'm just not
interested in football anymore. I
mean, not as much as I use to be.

CHARLIE

You know there's a good chance I might lose ten million dollars?!

CHRIS

I know. Play for me. This is *your* league. Beat the Ruskie yourself.

CHARLIE

That's like telling Phil Jackson to sub in for Michael Jordan circa 1994. The Ruskie just took your spot at first place, Chris. You lost three games in a row. Lose the rest of the games in the season and you might not even make the playoffs.

CHRIS

--*What?!...*I mean, that's fine. Who knows, I might get lucky.

CHARLIE

Goddammit, Chris. You haven't even changed your lineup. You got half your time on bye and you aren't even subbing in players. God gave you a gift. You have a responsibility to everyone to use it.

CHRIS

I don't know what you're talking about.

CHARLIE

The Almighty gave you the gift of picking fake football players for a fake football team. I know it may not sound like a lot, but it is. I would give up everything I own to have that talent. If Britney really loves you she'll understand that.

CHRIS

I think it's time for us to grow up, Charlie. Fantasy football is no different than Dungeons and Dragons. We have to outgrow it.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
*--Dungeons and Fuckin'
Dragons?! Fuck!!!*

Charlie storms out of the cubicle.

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Chris and Britney lay in bed post coital.

BRITNEY
You got that lingerie you picked
out off of me pretty fast.

CHRIS
It didn't take too long for it to
do it's job.

Britney giggles.

BRITNEY
I missed you, Chris. I missed
this.

CHRIS
Me too. We haven't had this much
fun in a while.

BRITNEY
Reminds me of our trip to Cabo last
year.

CHRIS
I remember that.

BRITNEY
You still have the pictures?

CHRIS
The ones we took inside the hotel
room or outside?

Britney smiles.

BRITNEY
We never went outside, Chris. I
think the album's under the bed.

A beat.

Chris and Britney both check under opposite ends of the bed.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
I don't see it.

Britney finds something.

BRITNEY
Chris. What's this?

She holds it up.

It's a Hooters tank top.

CHRIS
Nothing.

She holds it close to her face.

BRITNEY
It smells like...buffalo wings.

CHRIS
That's yours, right?

BRITNEY
No. Has someone been in here?

CHRIS
No. I mean....

BRITNEY
--Who's is this, Chris?

CHRIS
Just someone I met...at Hooters.

BRITNEY
Was she in here?

Chris doesn't respond.

BRITNEY
Did you you sleep with her?

CHRIS
It was nothing.

BRITNEY
--Oh my God...

CHRIS
Brit, I was drunk. It was right
after you left.

Britney starts crying.

CHRIS

Don't tell me you never slept with,
Sanchez.

BRITNEY

We never did it, Chris.

CHRIS

What?

BRITNEY

He wanted to but I told him I was
still in love with someone else. I
told him I was still in love with
you.

CHRIS

Then why did it seem like you two
were going to get married on top of
the Empire State Building?

BRITNEY

Don't believe everything you
hear. Just because you see two
people together doesn't mean
they're having sex.

Britney stands up and starts putting on her clothes.

CHRIS

Where are you going?

BRITNEY

I don't know anymore.

Britney grabs her purse and runs out of the room.

Chris throws on some shorts and follows her.

LIVING ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Chris runs through the living room.

CHRIS

Britney, wait...

It's too late.

Britney is already out the door.

As Chris tries to follow her he is blocked by two men: Ivan
and Vladi.

(CONTINUED)

Ivan has Britney restrained with a hand over her mouth.

Vladi steps forward to Chris.

VLADI

(Russian accent)

You will be coming with us. Boris
would like to see you.

INT. BASEMENT - UNKNOWN

Chris and Britney are bounded to chairs back to back. Both
of their mouths are wrapped with duct tape.

Chris somehow uses his shoulder to remove the tape so he can
speak.

CHRIS

Brit, you alright?...

Britney moans a "Yes."

CHRIS

I think...I think I have a lot of
explaining to do.

She moans another "Yes."

CHRIS

Charlie made a bet with someone
from the Russian mafia that they
wouldn't win the league. And he
wanted to make sure it didn't
happen.

Britney raises a brow.

CHRIS

I know, I've taken fantasy football
too far. But I learned how
meaningless it all is. Brit,
you're more important than any
sport, any Super Bowl, any fantasy
game I've ever played. And no
matter how much I love football,
it'll never love me back...

Chris tries to slip his hands free but the ropes are too
tight.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

...And the girl. I understand if you'll never forgive me. I was scared of being alone. I've spent the past three years waking up right next to you, and I didn't know how I'd feel without you right there. So whatever happens, I want you to know, Britney...that *I love you*...and I want to spend the rest of my life with you.

Britney gives Chris an "Are we going to die?" look.

CHRIS

Don't worry, I'm going to get us out of here.

Chris tries to slip his hands out of the rope again. He twists and turns as the chairs see-saw back and forth.

Finally the chairs give and Chris and Britney fall like a redwood.

CHRIS

...Sorry. You alright?

Britney moans a "Yes."

The sound of approaching FOOTSTEPS.

Chris sighs.

Ivan walks into the room. He lifts Chris and Britney's chairs like a feather and stands them upright.

He pulls out a knife.

Chris and Britney's eyes widen.

Ivan approaches Chris and cuts the rope binding his hands.

CHRIS

Let her go. She has nothing to do with this.

IVAN

Do not worry. We will not harm her.

CHRIS

Then let her go.

(CONTINUED)

IVAN

You must see Boris first.

Ivan walks Chris out of the room.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Boris sits in his study filled with Stalin-era antiques.

A football game plays on a flat screen TV on the wall.

Ivan has Chris take a seat across Boris.

BORIS

What is this...*Wild Pussy Offense*?

CHRIS

Wild Cat Offense? It's a play that allows for the person who takes the snap to either run or throw the ball.

BORIS

Why does he not just throw?

CHRIS

It's a play to leave the defense guessing if it's a run or a pass.

BORIS

I will never understand this fooz-ball.

CHRIS

Which sports do you like?

BORIS

Wrestling...Bandy...Ice Hockey...*Figure skating*...You know American skater Brian Boitano?

CHRIS

Yeah.

Chris nods.

BORIS

I have man crush.

Boris and Ivan chuckle.

(CONTINUED)

BORIS

So you know about my bet with
Charlie?

Chris nods.

Boris pulls out a checkbook and a pen from his desk.

BORIS

I give you offer. Half-million if
you drop out of league.

CHRIS

I was planning to quit it anyway.

BORIS

--*Okay, one million dollars.*

CHRIS

Charlie's my childhood friend. I
can't...

BORIS

--Three million.

CHRIS

Maybe you didn't hear me. I was
going to drop out of the league
anyway.

BORIS

--Five million. Final.

Chris looks at Ivan, and then at Boris.

Chris stands up.

CHRIS

--Know what? I'm going to win this
league and I'm going to knock you
out of it. Charlie's my friend,
and I'll never turn my back on
him. Now if you don't let Britney
and I go I'm going to call the
police and have them put your
Russian ass in an American jail.

Chris glances at Ivan, who stares at him menacingly.

Chris smiles at him and slowly sits back down.

(CONTINUED)

BORIS
--Go.

CHRIS
What?

BORIS
I only see if you take deal.

The other bodyguard, Vladi walks into the room.

CHRIS
Where the hell's, Britney?

Boris looks at Vladi who nods.

BORIS
Outside. I live near bus stop.

CHRIS
Oh.

Chris stands up. He starts walking out.

BORIS
--Chris.

Chris stops and turns around.

BORIS
I will beat you.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Britney is sitting on a bench near a bus stop.

Chris walks over to her.

CHRIS
Are you alright?

Britney nods.

BRITNEY
One of those guys offered me a
thousand dollars and a bus
ticket. I just wanted the ticket.

CHRIS
I don't know what to say.

(CONTINUED)

BRITNEY

You don't have to. This is it,
Chris.

Chris nods.

BRITNEY

You were everything I
wanted. Forget about what happened
with the Hooters waitress. Your
obsession with football was the
only thing that stopped me from
loving you completely. And it
could have gotten us killed.

CHRIS

I'm sorry.

BRITNEY

We've known each other for a long
time, Chris. Now I'm finding out
I've never really known you.

CHRIS

I hope this isn't the end.

BRITNEY

We can be friends, Chris.

An Metro bus arrives at the stop.

Britney stands up.

CHRIS

You need anything from me?

Britney shakes her head.

BRITNEY

Be careful, Chris.

Britney hugs Chris and kisses him on the cheek.

She walks inside the bus.

The doors close. The bus drives away.

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Chris enters his apartment. He lifts a few mini-blinds to bring light inside the pitch-black room.

Chris walks to a table and picks up the Billy Ripkin baseball card Charlie gave back to him.

Looking at the card a moment he leans it onto the monitor of his laptop.

Chris logs into his fantasy league website. He benches Mark Sanchez and plays his back-up quarterback Jay Cutler.

GO TO:

TITLE CARD: *"WEEK 16 - FANTASY FOOTBALL SEMI-FINALS. MENUDO VS. ARYAN NATION"*

EXT. PARK - DAY

A winter breeze flies a lone leaf through the air.

It lands in front of Chris who's sitting on a park bench flying a kite. Chris picks up the leaf and lets another breeze carry it away.

Chris's cellphone plays the Fox NFL theme song. He ignores it.

The phone rings again. Chris reluctantly answers.

CHRIS

Yeah.

Juxtaposition between Eddy and Chris. Eddy is at a crowded Buffalo Wild Wings.

EDDY

--Chris, where the hell are you?
You see Cutler's touchdown?!

CHRIS

No, I'm at the park.

EDDY

Why are you at a park?

CHRIS

Flying a kite.

(CONTINUED)

EDDY

You're in the semis of the toughest fantasy football league in the nation and you're kite flying? You drop acid or something?

CHRIS

Of course not. I set my lineup early this morning. How's Cutler doing?

EDDY

Jay is dropping more bombs than George Bush I and II dropped on Iraq combined. If I had your talent I'd quit NASCAR and go pro in rotisserie leagues.

CHRIS

Where are you?

EDDY

Buffalo Wild Wings. Jerome threw himself an early victory party.

An angry Jerome throws a beer on the floor.

Two SECURITY GUARDS wrestle him out of the restaurant.

EDDY

Looks like you're knocking him out the second year in a row. The only one leaving here a winner is Charlie.

CHRIS

--Charlie's there?

EDDY

Yeah...

Eddy motions to someone off screen.

EDDY

He wants to talk to you.

Eddy hands the phone to Charlie.

CHARLIE

Chris, you son of a bitch. Awesome move benching Sanchez and playing Cutler. You're riding this thing to Vegas, motherfucker!

CHRIS
(sarcastically)
Yeah, Vegas...Baby...Vegas...

CHARLIE
Where the hell are you?

CHRIS
The park.

CHARLIE
--Have you gone loco?

CHRIS
I'm fine. I'm not sure if I should
play Sanchez in the championship
game.

CHARLIE
Play Cutler. The Sanchize has been
playing like shit ever since your
girl broke up with him.

A beat.

CHARLIE
--Shit, sorry. I forgot.

CHRIS
It's okay. We're through.

CHARLIE
That's right, forget about
her. We're gonna grab Vegas by the
balls and squeeze until it cums.

CHRIS
...Okay.

CHARLIE
And I might not even book a room
the first night. We'll be partying
at the Spearmint Rhino till
morning.

Chris lets go of the kite.

A jet stream picks it up and flies it away.

CHRIS
Awesome.

As the kite sails through the air it is suddenly shredded by
a Cessna with the words "Zukolov Enterprises."

EXT. MCCARRAN AIRPORT (LAS VEGAS) - NIGHT

The Zukolov private jet lands at McCarran Airport.

Boris steps out of it with his two bodyguards.

ELSEWHERE:

On another runway Charlie's private jet lands.

Charlie steps out of the plane along with two female escorts clinging his arm.

Awaiting them is a limousine.

EXT. 15 FREEWAY - NIGHT

Somewhere in the desert between Los Angeles and Las Vegas.

INT. PRIUS (MOVING) - NIGHT

Eddy, dressed in his NASCAR racing suit and helmet is heading to Vegas with Chris.

Eddy displays his race car driving skills on Chris's Prius, going 125 mph in the desert night.

CHRIS

Slow down, Eddy. I don't think Prius's were meant to be driven this fast.

EDDY

Don't worry. This Prius is using a prototype hybrid stock car racing engine. I'm getting like a thousand miles to the gallon. Anyway, I told Charlie I'd get you to Vegas before eight.

CHRIS

I think we should have flown with him.

EDDY

And wait two hours getting our assholes examined by the TSA?! I'll get us there in ten minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
I have a feeling they're already
there.

EDDY
--Nothin' gonna stop me now.

Suddenly, the flashing lights of a California Highway Patrol car turn on behind them.

EDDY
Except that.

EXT. VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

Images of the Vegas strip to Frank Sinatra's "Luck Be A Lady."

Eddy and Chris pull into the Planet Hollywood Resort and Casino.

INT. SUITE (PLANET HOLLYWOOD RESORT & CASINO) - NIGHT

About a dozen strippers in bikinis mingle inside the biggest suite inside Planet Hollywood.

Charlie, a cigar dangling from his mouth and wearing a "Mad Men" smoking jacket, watches as hotel employees fill a jacuzzi with liquid Jell-o.

Two strippers are dying to get in.

CHARLIE
--Hold on ladies. We have to let
the Jell-o chill.

STRIPPER #1
Why?

CHARLIE
Because...Shit, never mind.

Just when the strippers are about to jump in...

CHARLIE
--Wait! What's the rule?

The girls take off their bikinis and slide into the jacuzzi.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Now remember, if you guys get stuck
I'm gonna have to eat you out.

The girls laugh.

Chris and Eddy enter the suite.

CHARLIE

Finally. What the hell took you
guys so long?

EDDY

We got stopped by the highway
patrol.

CHARLIE

(Chinese accent)

Eddy, you one cwazy Asian dwiva...

EDDY

Charlie, if it wasn't for Asian
drivers no one would have invented
the middle finger. So where you
get the girls?

CHARLIE

Spearmint Rhino.

STRIPPER #2

--*Is anyone gonna join us?*

EDDY

Looks like you two are in need of a
Chinese finger trap.

STRIPPER #1

You gonna add a little Asian zing
to our Jell-o pool?

EDDY

--*Little?!!*

Eddy gets ready to jump in. Charlie stops him.

CHARLIE

I have one rule, Eddy. We have to
keep the pool edible, so no clothes
in the tub.

Eddy pulls off his racing suit. He was going "Commando."

The girls are impressed.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Oh. Okay.

Charlie looks at his watch.

CHARLIE

It'll take a couple of hours for
this to chill. Let's play some
blackjack.

INT. HIGH LIMIT ROOM - NIGHT

Chris and Charlie are in the Planet Hollywood High Limit
Room playing blackjack.

Chris has three \$100 chips while Charlie has over a dozen
stacks of \$5000 chips.

Their dealer HENRY is shuffling a deck.

CHARLIE

You sittin' this one out?

Chris counts his three chips.

CHRIS

I think so.

A waitress comes by.

WAITRESS

--Drinks....

CHARLIE

What do you want, Chris?

CHRIS

I'll have a Blue Moon.

CHARLIE

Get us two shots of 151. Henry, if
you give me another blackjack I'll
pay your mortgage.

Henry deals Charlie blackjack.

Charlie flips him a \$5000 chip.

HENRY

Thanks, Charlie.

At that moment Boris walks into the high limit room with
Vladi and Ivan.

(CONTINUED)

Boris takes a seat on the blackjack table to the right of Charlie.

Chris and Charlie stare at them.

Boris hands a wad of bills to Henry.

HENRY

On the table, please.

Boris places the money on the table.

Henry spends some time counting them out.

HENRY

That's fifty thousand. How would you like that?

BORIS

Just one.

HENRY

--*Excuse me?*

Boris holds up his index finger.

BORIS

One chip.

Henry nods and hands Boris a \$50,000 chip.

Boris bets the chip and looks at Charlie.

As Charlie decides what to do the waitress comes back with two shots of 151.

Charlie picks up a shot and downs it. He then takes Chris's shot and also downs it.

Charlie shakes his head like a wet dog. He bets half his chips (over \$50,000 worth).

Henry deals cards to Boris, Charlie, and himself.

Boris has a A-8 (a 19 or 9), Charlie has a 8-3 (11), and Henry's face card is a 6.

Henry looks at Boris waiting for his response.

BORIS

I like to...*hit*.

Henry looks at Boris like he's crazy.

(CONTINUED)

Vladi whispers into Boris's ear.

VLADI
(in Russian)
You have soft 19. Good to stay.

BORIS
--No. Hit me, goddamn!!

Henry hits Boris.

Boris gets a king.

HENRY
Nineteen.

BORIS
Stay.

Henry looks at Charlie.

Charlie shakes his head realizing Boris's king was his.

CHARLIE
Double dow-....

Chris stops him.

CHRIS
*...That's over a hundred grand,
Charlie. Look, I've been counting
cards. Next one is probably going
to be low.*

A beat.

Charlie nods.

CHARLIE
Fuck it, we're in Vegas. Hit me!

Henry nods and deals Charlie a 2, giving him a total of 12.

CHARLIE
--Goddamitt!

Charlie taps his hand for another card.

Henry deals him a Jack, busting him.

Charlie shakes his head and looks at Chris.

Henry deals himself a 10 (16 total), and then a 2, ending at an eighteen.

(CONTINUED)

Boris wins fifty grand while Charlie loses a hundred grand.

Henry pays Boris with Charlie's chips.

Boris and his bodyguards laugh. They take the chips and walk out.

Chris and Charlie are speechless.

INT. BAR (PLANET HOLLYWOOD) - NIGHT

Chris sits by himself at a bar, a Blue Moon in front of him.

He pulls out something from his pocket. It's Britney's engagement ring.

Someone behind Chris whistles at it.

EDDY (O.S.)

--*She gave it back?....*

Eddy takes a seat.

CHRIS

Yeah.

Chris puts the ring back in his pocket.

EDDY

I always thought Brit was the one.

CHRIS

Yeah, me too.

A bartender comes up to Eddy.

EDDY

I'll have a Heine.

The bartender opens a Heineken for Eddy.

EDDY

Know what, Chris? You have nothing to be sad about. You and Britney really tried to make your relationship work. Shit, I'm stuck having sex with strippers, housewives, and if I'm lucky, eighteen year-old NASCAR groupies. I just had a threesome with two girls inside a Jell-o pool.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Well I try to live my life
vicariously through you, Eddy.

EDDY

Thanks. Just stay away from
Jell-o. Once it's in your ass,
there's no enema west of Talladega
that'll get that shit out.

CHRIS

I'll remember that.

EDDY

So why don't you call her?

Chris doesn't respond.

EDDY

She ain't answering?

CHRIS

I did something really
unforgivable.

EDDY

I hear ya. I banged a Hooters
waitress myself.

Chris is surprised Eddy knows.

EDDY

I smelled like hot wings for a
week.

CHRIS

Did Charlie tell you?

EDDY

No, not directly. He tweeted it.

Chris shakes his head and finishes what's left in his
bottle.

EDDY

Well regardless what happened, if
you and Britney were really meant
to be...then you were really meant
to be.

Chris sighs.

EDDY

So you ready for tomorrow?

CHRIS

I think this is the last fantasy football game I'm going to play.

EDDY

--You serious? That's like Picasso saying he's giving up painting. Or Mozart giving up the piano.

CHRIS

Look, I'm not Picasso or Mozart. Not even close.

EDDY

The Good Lord put us here on this Earth to do certain things. He put me in NASCAR when the world thinks I should be drifting in a rice rocket in a 'Fast and Furious' sequel. Like it or not he put you on this planet to play fantasy football.

CHRIS

You know how silly that sounds? God wants me to play fantasy football?

EDDY

My grandmother always had this thing she use to tell us when we were younger...

(in Chinese)

--*Your destiny is like your shadow. You can't run away from it.*

Chris is confused.

Eddy repeats it in English.

EDDY

Sorry...*Your destiny is like your shadow. You can't run away from it...*

On a TV in the bar Chris watches a Sports Center highlight of Mark Sanchez getting sacked.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
I guess so, Eddy.

INT. ROOM (PLANET HOLLYWOOD) - DAY

A standard room inside Planet Hollywood.

Chris wakes up from bed.

Just as he's about to get up he bumps into someone next to him.

It's Britney, half-asleep.

BRITNEY
--You awake?

CHRIS
Yeah.

Chris does a double-take.

CHRIS
Britney?

BRITNEY
Yes, Chris?

CHRIS
What day is it?

BRITNEY
Sunday. Don't worry. You can go.

CHRIS
Go where?

BRITNEY
Win your fantasy football league.

Chris lays back down.

CHRIS
I rather be here.

BRITNEY
It's the last game, Chris.

CHRIS
I know. But I'd rather stay with you.

(CONTINUED)

BRITNEY

--Go.

Chris doesn't respond.

Britney covers her head with a blanket.

CHRIS

What's wrong?

BRITNEY (O.S.)

You hate me.

CHRIS

Why would I?

BRITNEY (O.S.)

You're not going because of me.

CHRIS

I'm not going because I don't want to.

BRITNEY (O.S.)

You think I'm a bitch.

CHARLIE

I never have.

BRITNEY (O.S.)

Chris, if you don't go I'm going to be upset.

A beat.

CHRIS

How about this? I'll go if you come with me.

Britney lowers the sheets from her face.

BRITNEY

...You want me to go?

CHARLIE

I pushed you away when I needed you to be a part of this. Football's something I love, and I want the person I love to be a part of it.

BRITNEY

You mean that?

Chris nods.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Yeah.

BRITNEY

You never asked me before.

CHRIS

I didn't think you would have fun.

BRITNEY

Do I have time to get ready?

CHRIS

Take all the time you need. But I promise. I'm not going to leave without you.

A FEW MINUTES LATER:

Chris is wearing a Jay Cutler (Bears) jersey.

Britney steps out of the bathroom wearing a Mark Sanchez (Jets) jersey. She calls out a play.

BRITNEY

--*Split right, Y corner, Z slant, X-Wing Fighter, uhhh...Mark Hamill, who was with Harrison Ford in 'Star Wars,' who was in the 'The Devil's Own' with Brad Pitt, who was in 'Sleepers' with Kevin Bacon...On 3.*

CHRIS

Was that a run or a pass?

Britney raises her arms like she has no clue.

CHRIS

You're the first quarterback who linked Mark Hamill to Kevin Bacon in a single play call.

BRITNEY

I think I'm gonna need some shoulder pads to fill this out.

CHRIS

You're beautiful.

Britney runs to Chris and embraces him.

(CONTINUED)

BRITNEY

And that's why I love you.

She kisses him.

They start walking out.

As Chris walks out the door closes behind him.

A beat.

CHRIS

--*Brit?*...

Chris pulls his key card out and opens the door.

CHRIS

Britney.

No one's inside.

On the floor is a Jets jersey.

Chris picks it up, realizing it was a dream.

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

Chris is in a restroom looking at himself in front of the mirror. He runs some water and splashes his face with it.

Charlie enters the restroom decked in an Armani suit.

CHARLIE

You throw up?

Chris wipes his face with a paper towel.

CHRIS

No.

CHARLIE

I did about an hour ago. Last time
I mix Viagra with Johnny Walker
Blue. So you ready? Everyone's
waiting.

Chris nods.

Charlie gives Chris a man hug.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Remember. You're my best friend no matter what happens. I'll just be your best friend ten million dollars short if you lose.

Chris nods.

Charlie starts throwing punches in front of the mirror like Jake LaMotta in "Raging Bull."

CHARLIE

I'm the boss, I'm the boss, I'm the boss, I'm the boss....

INT. PH LIVE (PLANET HOLLYWOOD RESORT & CASINO) - DAY

PH Live is filled with Miss USA contestants from all fifty states. Tailgaters wearing a variety of NFL jerseys, try to mingle with the models.

Suddenly the lights go out. The crowd goes silent.

A spotlight shines on Boris as he walks down the aisle with his bodyguards, DJ Khaled's "All I Do Is Win" playing as his entrance song.

Boris raises his hands up and down trying to do his best Ludacris impression. He makes his way to the front of the room, where two Macbooks and several large flat screens TVs are set up.

As the music ends the spotlight shines across the room on Charlie and Chris. They walk out to Joe Esposito's "You're the Best."

They pass by Eddy, Jerome, and other members of their league, giving them hi-fives.

Chris walks to the open seat opposite Boris and checks his lineup on his Macbook.

Chris has Jay Cutler as his quarterback. Mark Sanchez is on the bench.

A tuxedo clad MICHAEL BUFFER is emceeding the event. He walks up with a microphone to the front of the room.

MICHAEL BUFFER

--Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Fantasy Football Championship game here at the Planet Hollywood

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL BUFFER (cont'd)
*Resort and Casino in Las Vegas,
 Nevada. Sponsored by the Nevada
 State Fantasy Football Commission
 in association with ESPN Fantasy
 Football. And now, let's get this
 party started, the main event of
 the most prestigious fantasy
 football league in the
 world...--Are you ready!!....Ladies
 and gentlemen...let's get ready to
 ruummm-ble!!!*

The tailgaters cheer.

MICHAEL BUFFER
 Fighting out of the blue corner,
 official weight 275 pounds, his
 regular season record, 12 wins and
 one loss, the fighting pride of
 Uzbekistan, the challenger, Boris
 'The Russian Godfather' Zukolov,
 and his team 'The
Bol-she-viks.'....And in the red
 corner, official weight 165 pounds,
 his regular season record also 12
 wins and one loss, from West
 Covina, California, the
 eighteen-time world champion, and
 reigning, defending, roto league
 champion of the world, Chris Brooks
 and his team 'Men-uuu-doo.'

Michael walks over to Charlie

MICHAEL BUFFER
 No checks, straight cash.

Charlie gives Michael a thumbs up.

We're back to the first scene.

The main television starts broadcasting the pregame of the
 Jets-Patriots game.

TROY AIKMAN and JOE BUCK are calling the play-by-play.

JOE BUCK (O.S.)
 Joe Buck along with Troy Aikman in
 East Rutherford, New Jersey inside
 New Meadowlands Stadium.

The camera cuts to Britney at New Meadowlands Stadium.

(CONTINUED)

JOE BUCK (O.S.)
And who do we have here? Is that
none other than Mrs. Mark Sanchez?

Troy laughs.

TROY AIKMAN(O.S.)
I didn't hear they've reached that
point.

JOE BUCK (O.S.)
Maybe so. But I'm betting
thousands of Patriot fans are
getting on the phone with their
bookies this very second.

TROY AIKMAN (O.S.)
I'm just happy not to have Sanchez
in my fantasy team.

JOE BUCK (O.S.)
What? Who's not a fan of 'The
Sanchize?' So what do you think
the over-under is today for Mark
Sanchez's interceptions and
fumbles?

TROY AIKMAN (O.S.)
I'll say eight.

JOE BUCK (O.S.)
That's on the conservative
side. You get a concussion on your
way to work this morning?

Chris is staring at Britney.

The camera cuts away from her.

The life goes out of Chris.

A beat.

His cell phone rings. He checks the caller ID.

It's Britney.

Chris runs out of the club.

Charlie yells at him.

CHARLIE
--Where the hell you going?!

INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

Chris answers his phone.

CHRIS
Brit.

BRITNEY (O.S.)
Chris. I'm at the game.

CHRIS
I know.

A beat.

BRITNEY
--I didn't....

CHRIS
Don't say anything. I love you.

BRITNEY (O.S.)
I love you too.

CHRIS
Marry me.

BRITNEY (O.S.)
Okay. Where are you?

CHRIS
Vegas.

BRITNEY (O.S.)
You have the ring?

CHRIS
What?

BRITNEY (O.S.)
The ring, Chris.

Chris feels it in his pocket. He pulls it out.

CHRIS
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

BRITNEY (O.S.)
I could be there in a few
hours. Wanna get married?

CHRIS
Where?

BRITNEY (O.S.)
Vegas.

CHRIS
Yeah, Vegas. We can get married
here!

BRITNEY (O.S.)
Know any chapels nearby?

CHRIS
I don't think it'll be too hard to
find one.

BRITNEY (O.S.)
You'll wait for me?

CHRIS
I'd wait forever.

BRITNEY (O.S.)
Now don't pawn it off or anything.

CHRIS
No one's gonna take this from me.

BRITNEY (O.S.)
I love you, Chris.

CHRIS
I love you too.

Britney hangs up.

Chris is rejuvenated.

A HIGH ROLLER in one of the stalls flushes the toilet and
comes out.

HIGH ROLLER
I love you too, man.

The High Roller gives Chris a hug.

Chris tries his best to avoid touching the guy's hands.

(CONTINUED)

HIGH ROLLER
--This is Vegas, baby!

INT. PH LIVE (PLANET HOLLYWOOD RESORT & CASINO) - DAY

As Chris walks to the front of the room he takes off his Cutler jersey. He puts on the Sanchez jersey.

Chris goes to his MacBook and puts Jay Cutler on the bench. He starts Mark Sanchez at quarterback.

Chris's lineup is projected on one of the wide screen TVs.

Charlie sees the switch and yells from the crowd.

CHARLIE
*--What the fuck are you
 doing?! Don't play Sanchez!*

Back live to the Jets-Patriots game.

Mark Sanchez is in shotgun for the first play.

Joe Buck calls the action.

JOE BUCK (O.S.)
*--Santonio Holmes in
 motion...Sanchez with the
 snap...Throwing to Holmes in a
 slant...Into double
 coverage...Ball's
 tipped...Intercept-...Wait,
 Santonio Holmes with the ball...
 Holmes breaking free...No one
 close...Touchdown!..Santonio
 Holmes!*

Everyone at PH Live (except Boris and his bodyguards) go wild.

TROY AIKMAN (O.S.)
 (guffaws)
--Here we go again!

A FEW HOURS LATER:

Chris's fantasy team is up 285 to Boris's 37.

Sanchez is having a field day with over 400 yards and five touchdowns.

Boris is furious. He orders Vladi to destroy the MacBook.

(CONTINUED)

Vladi picks up the laptop and smashes it on the ground.

Immediately a half dozen security guards surround Boris and his entourage. They escort them off the stage.

BORIS

--Do not touch me I am from
Uzbekistan!

Boris and his bodyguards puts up a struggle to no avail.

Michael Buffer goes up to the front to announce the winner.

MICHAEL BUFFER

And the judges scores are in. With
a score of 285 to 37, the winner by
unanimous decision...and still
undefeated, Christoper Brooks and
his team Me-nu-dooo!

A popular Menudo song starts playing.

Two Miss USA contestants in bikinis haul out a Stanley
Cup-sized fantasy football trophy.

Eddy and Jerome grab Chris and raise him up into the air.

Charlie hands Chris the trophy.

CHARLIE

--Let's get this fuckin' party
started!

INT. GALLERY (PLANET HOLLYWOOD) - NIGHT

Chris, Charlie, Eddy, Jerome, and the rest of the fantasy
league are partying with Miss USA contestants inside the
Gallery Nightclub.

They're dancing on a raised VIP platform amongst the
club-goers. Charlie takes swigs from a 1.75 L bottle of
Patron as he grinds with Miss Hawaii.

Chris has other things on his mind and finds a spot to
himself. He pulls out Britney's engagement ring from his
pocket.

As Chris ponders, Charlie and Miss Hawaii accidentally bump
into him.

Chris drops the ring into the sea of people.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

Chris dives into the abyss.

As Charlie looks over the railing to see what happened he pukes into the crowd.

The club-goers pick up Chris from the ground.

Chris, covered with Charlie's vomit, raises the ring like he's found the Holy Grail.

MINUTES LATER:

EXT. PLANET HOLLYWOOD RESORT & CASINO - NIGHT

Chris and Charlie are being escorted out of the hotel by security guards.

CHARLIE

--Hey, I'm a guest here! You guys better not use my Jell-O pool.

Charlie is completely wasted.

Chris puts down the heavy trophy to hold him up.

CHRIS

Whatever you do Charlie, please don't throw up on me again.

CHARLIE

Sure.

Charlie throws up in the trophy.

CHRIS

Congratulations! It's yours.

A limousine pulls up in front of Chris and Charlie.

Boris steps out of the limo along with Vladi and Ivan.

Boris stands over Charlie.

BORIS

I would like my ten million dollars back.

CHARLIE

Fuck off!

(CONTINUED)

BORIS

You are in state for fucking.

CHARLIE

The money's in a Swiss bank right now. You're never seeing it again.

BORIS

Then I will take what is in your wallet.

CHARLIE

Try to.

Boris nods to Ivan.

The towering Russian shoves Charlie to the ground.

When Chris tries to help Vladi restrains him.

Ivan pulls out Charlie's wallet.

There's nothing inside there but a roll of Magnums.

CHARLIE

Those are what Starbucks call,
'Grande.'

Ivan punches Charlie in the jaw, knocking him out.

He picks up Charlie like a rag doll and throws him over his shoulder.

Vladi punches Chris in the stomach. He checks Chris's pockets and finds the engagement ring.

Vladi hands it to Boris.

BORIS

I will take this as consolation prize.

CHRIS

Let Charlie go.

BORIS

He is coming with us. As for you....

Boris knees Chris in the stomach.

Chris falls to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

BORIS
I spit in your fantasy fooz-ball
trophy!

Just as Boris is about to spit in it he sees the vomit.

BORIS
(in Russian, subtitled in
English)
--What the fuck?....

Boris pulls out a handkerchief and covers his mouth to stop himself from throwing up.

He instructs Ivan.

BORIS
(in Russian)
--Inside!

Ivan puts Charlie in the limo.

Boris and his bodyguards get in the limo with Charlie and drive off.

A beat.

Eddy walks out of the hotel.

He sees Chris on the ground and helps him up.

EDDY
What happened? I heard you guys
got kicked out.

CHRIS
...They took Charlie.

EDDY
Who?

CHRIS
Boris.

EDDY
--You serious?

CHRIS
Where's your car?

EDDY
Valet.

CHRIS
Shit, we need a car.

EDDY
--Hold yer britches...

Eddy pulls out his car keys and clicks a button.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE

The "Knight Rider" theme song plays as the headlights of Eddy's Prius turn on.

The Prius navigates itself out of the valet lot.

The VALET ATTENDANTS are in shock.

The car skids in front of Chris and Eddy and flashes it's headlights.

Chris is speechless.

EDDY
I had Google Maps installed.

INT. PRIUS (MOVING) - NIGHT

Eddy is driving on Las Vegas Boulevard like he's behind the lead car of a NASCAR race.

Chris averts his eyes as Eddy weaves in and out of traffic.

EDDY
What they gonna do with Charlie?

CHRIS
I don't know.

EDDY
Grab the wheel will ya?

CHRIS
--What?...

Eddy lets go of the wheel and pushes some buttons on his navigator.

Chris reaches out to grab the steering wheel.

(CONTINUED)

EDDY

Hopefully Charlie didn't turn off
the GPS on his phone.

CHRIS

I think you should ease up on the
accelerator, Eddy.

The navigator locates Charlie on a map.

EDDY

They're on the 15 heading south.

Eddy flips on the stereo to *Motorhead's "Ace of Spades."*

EDDY

--*They ain't leavin' Las Vegas.*

Eddy takes the wheel from Chris.

He goes to fifth gear and runs a red light on Tropicana,
nearly side-swiping a taxi.

EXT. 15 FREEWAY - NIGHT

Eddy and Chris jump onto the freeway on ramp.

There's a deluge of cars stuck in traffic.

Eddy finds a way in between them.

INT. PRIUS (MOVING) - NIGHT

After weaving past dozens of cars they see Boris's limo up
ahead.

CHRIS

There they are. They're exiting
the freeway.

The limo exits an off ramp in the outskirts of Vegas.

Eddy follows them.

The limo drives about about a hundred yards from the freeway
and pulls over into the dirt.

Eddy skids to a stop and turns off the headlights before
attracting attention in the unlit road.

The limo door opens. They throw a body out of the vehicle.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
It's Charlie!

The limo does a U-turn and drives past them.

Chris and Eddy duck to avoid being seen.

They get up and see Charlie on the ground.

EDDY
--Shit!

Chris and Eddy jump out of the car and run up to him.

Charlie isn't moving.

Chris shakes him to see if he's alive.

CHARLIE
...Stop, goddamn it. You want me
to vomit again?

CHRIS
--*Charlie!* Are you alright?

CHARLIE
Wait. Give it a minute and you can
watch my head explode.

Chris and Eddy pick Charlie up and carry him into the Prius.

EDDY
What the hell happened?

CHARLIE
I threw up a Costco-sized bottle of
tequila in Boris's limo.

CHRIS
What'd he want?

CHARLIE
He was going to kill me. So we
negotiated and I agreed to let
Boris play in the league next
year. I get to keep the dumb
asses' money though. You're
playing next year, right Chris?

They put Charlie in the backseat of the car.

Eddy starts the engine and pulls out of the dirt.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
--Follow 'em...

EDDY
Charlie's right here.

CHRIS
They have my ring.

EDDY
What ring?

CHRIS
Britney's engagement ring.

EDDY
Charlie, you think you can loan
Chris some of your ten mill so he
can buy another engagement ring?

CHARLIE
Hell yeah. I ain't fuckin' with the
Klitchko brothers again. I barely
got outta that goddamn limo alive.

CHRIS
I need that ring, Eddy.

Eddy gives Chris a long look.

EDDY
--Shit, okay. We'll get it, Chris.

CHARLIE
--*What-the-fuck?!...* You wanna get
your asses shot? You don't realize
who you're messing with. That guy
has killed more people than Adolph
Hitler, Joseph Kony, and the
creators of the Lap Band
combined. You think Britney's
gonna wanna marry your dead
friggin' body? She'll probably
cheat on you anyway with the next
hot young quarterback she sees.

Everyone in the car goes silent.

Charlie has gone too far.

CHRIS
Charlie. If you want us to drop
you back in the dirt, *fine*. If
not....Sit back, relax, and...

(CONTINUED)

(yelling)
 --*Shut your trap, you greedy,
 degenerate, gambling motherfucker!*

Charlie is reticent.

A beat.

EDDY
 (singing the Gnarl's Barkley
 song "Crazy")
*I remember when, I remember/I
 remember when I lost my mine....*

CHRIS
 Let's go, Eddy. They're heading to
 the airport.

Eddy continues the song as he drives.

EDDY
 (singing)
*Well, I think you're crazy/I think
 you're crazy/I think you're
 crazy/Just like me...*

INT. BORIS'S LIMO (MOVING) - NIGHT

Boris and his bodyguards are listening to a Stalin-esque
 orchestral piece.

They pass by a sign leading to McCarren Airport.

Boris pours himself a glass of vodka.

Just as he's about to drink....*BUMP!!!*

Boris's splashes the vodka on his face.

INT. PRIUS (MOVING) - NIGHT

Eddy is drafting with Boris's limo.

CHRIS
 --You sure you know what you're
 doing?!

EDDY
 I do this to white NASCAR drivers
 everyday.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
What's supposed to happen?

CHARLIE
--We're all gonna....

Before Charlie can finish what he's saying he throws up in the backseat.

EDDY
*--Dammit, Charlie. You're lucky
I'm sponsored by Febreze.*

The limo slows down and pulls to the side of the road.

CHRIS
They're pulling over.

Eddy slows down and stops with them.

EDDY
Stay here, Chris. I've been
studying Brazilian Jujitsu.

Eddy gets out of the car and walks toward the limo.

Vladi and Ivan step out.

Ivan pulls out a handgun.

Eddy runs back to the car and slams the door shut.

EDDY
Motherfuckers have guns.

CHRIS
I'll take care of this.

Chris slowly gets out of the car with his hands raised.

Ivan points the gun at Chris.

CHRIS
I just want my ring back.

Boris steps out of the limo.

BORIS
Girlfriend. She still dating
foozball player?

CHRIS

Yes, I mean no. I don't know...

Boris nods to Vladi.

Vladi motions for Eddy and Charlie to get out of the car.

They walk out with their hands raised. Charlie points at Chris.

CHARLIE

His idea...

Boris approaches Chris.

BORIS

You risk life for ring?

CHRIS

I'd risk everything for it back.

BORIS

Of course. You cannot get married in Vegas without ring.

CHRIS

Funny. You know about a lot. Except fantasy football.

Boris chuckles.

BORIS

I offer you job. I need foozball analyst.

CHRIS

I'm sorry. That was the last fantasy football game I'm going to play.

BORIS

You give up foozball for girl?

Chris nods.

CHRIS

I just want my ring.

BORIS

Then I want ten million back.

Chris looks at Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
Charlie...

CHARLIE
--Oh, hell no....

CHRIS
You wouldn't have won it without me.

CHARLIE
Doesn't matter. You work for me, remember?

CHRIS
I do. Give him back his money.

CHARLIE
Ten million ain't Dungeon and Dragons lunch money.

CHRIS
You make ten million hedging stocks every day.

CHARLIE
That's not the point. That dumbass made a bet and lost. It's a matter of principle.

CHRIS
What about this for principle. If you don't give him back his money, I quit. Your league. Your company...

Charlie can't believe what he's hearing.

CHARLIE
I thought we were friends, Chris?

CHRIS
We are. But I'm willing to risk that too.

Charlie takes a long look at him.

CHARLIE
Don't quit. You're fuckin' fired!

As the drunken Charlie walks away he stumbles on a rock and falls to the ground.

Chris turns to Boris.

CHRIS
Take the ring. It's yours.

Boris nods. He starts walking back to the limo.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
*--Okay. He can have his ten
mill...*

Boris stops.

Chris walks to Charlie.

CHRIS
You sure?

Charlie nods, reluctantly.

CHRIS
Thanks.

Boris goes to Chris and hands him the ring.

BORIS
If you want nice wedding, my cousin
owns Little White Chapel.

Boris hands him a business card for the chapel.

BORIS
My cousin owes favor.

CHRIS
Thanks.

BORIS
I hope to see you in fozzball
fantasy next year. If new wife
lets you play.

Chris smirks.

Boris and his bodyguards get inside the limo.

The limo drives off.

Chris approaches Charlie, who's still on the ground.

CHRIS
You alright?

CHARLIE

--Get the fuck away from me!

CHRIS

I know you didn't have to do that.

CHARLIE

(yelling)

That Russian is getting back ten million dollars he didn't earn.

CHRIS

Charlie. Remember when we started the league? It wasn't about the money. It was about the love of football.

CHARLIE

Are you serious?! It was about the money. Everything we did was about the money! Don't you realize that?

Chris nods.

CHRIS

I do.

Chris pulls out the Billy Ripken baseball card and slides it in Charlie's shirt pocket.

CHRIS

But this time it wasn't about the money. It was about us.

Chris walks to the Prius. He gets inside it with Eddy.

Charlie takes the card out of his pocket.

He looks at it, the words "Fuck Face" scrawled at the end of Ripken's bat.

CHARLIE

Wait! Don't just leave me in the middle of the desert with 'fuck face.' You gotta at least make me a groomsman.

INT. LITTLE WHITE CHAPEL - DAY

The wedding is taking place in the same Vegas chapel featured in "The Hangover."

Just about everyone from the championship game is there: Guys in NFL jerseys fill the pews along with the wrinkled nightclub dresses of the Miss USA contestants.

EDDIE, the same chapel owner from "The Hangover", is ministering the ceremony.

He's standing at the front of the chapel with Chris, Charlie, and Eddy, all dressed in tuxes.

EDDIE

This is a fuckin' awesome wedding, man. And that is not only because my cousin paying for it with Russian mafia money...

He taps Eddy on the shoulder.

EDDIE

Hey, are those Miss USA contestants?

Eddy nods.

EDDIE

How do you guys know them?

EDDY

I banged a few.

EDDIE

Wow! You one crazy Asian motherfucker.

Eddie calls his wife off screen.

EDDIE

Hey, you gonna play the fuckin' CD or what?

The chapel speakers start playing a cheesy version of "Here Comes the Bride."

Britney, looking beautiful in a wedding dress, starts walking to the front of the chapel holding a bouquet.

She meets Chris at the front.

(CONTINUED)

EDDIE

What a beautiful woman this is. Let's get this shit started. Do you take this plain looking guy to my left to be your husband?

BRITNEY

I do.

EDDIE

Do you take this gorgeous woman to my right as your wife?

CHRIS

I do.

EDDIE

Then as the only Eastern European agnostic in Vegas, I pronounce you man and wife. That's it. You guys kiss now.

Chris gives Britney a long kiss.

The tailgaters and Miss USA contestants applaud.

EDDIE

Okay, enough. You're making me hard.

EXT. LITTLE WHITE CHAPEL - DAY

Chris enters a limousine with Britney as the wedding guests throw rice at them.

INT. WEDDING LIMOUSINE - DAY

Someone taps on Chris's tinted window.

Chris opens it. It's Charlie.

CHARLIE

Chris, that thing about me firing you. Forget about it. I was just a little upset. There was this one man spacecraft I wanted to buy that was like a quarter of a billion dollars, but I guess I'll hold off on it a few more months. The moon doesn't look like it's going anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

It's okay, Charlie. I know you didn't mean it.

CHARLIE

As a wedding gift I reserved the entire top floor of the Wynn for the both of you. I also have the lead singer of Maroon 5 up there waiting to serenade you.

CHRIS

Thanks. But you really didn't have to do that.

CHARLIE

No. It's my treat. You guys do whatever you want in there. Make babies, get drunk, throw the Maroon 5 guy out a window...but if I get a call from Steve Wynn, I ain't paying for it.

CHRIS

I think we'll be alright.

A beat.

CHARLIE

--Hey...

Charlie has trouble finding the words.

CHARLIE

You really are one of my best friends, Chris. Actually, the only friend I really trust. My wife and kids would be like right here...

Charlie puts his hand down to his knee.

CHARLIE

...And you'd be like way up here.

Charlie puts his hand above his head.

CHARLIE

Britney, you have one hell of a man.

BRITNEY

Thanks, Charlie. I know.

Charlie taps the limo signaling for the driver to go.

(CONTINUED)

Chris closes the window as they start moving out of the parking lot.

BRITNEY

Did you tell him I like Maroon 5?

CHRIS

Strangely, no.

BRITNEY

So what did I miss?

CHRIS

Eddy got a new Prius from NASCAR. He also learned Brazilian Jujitsu.

BRITNEY

What about the Russian gangsters? Do they still want to kill Charlie?

CHRIS

Sort of. Well, at least not for another season.

BRITNEY

Speaking of which, I don't want to be the one who stops you from doing what you want to do. If you want to play fantasy football, I'll be there to support you one hundred percent. I'll even watch a game or two with you.

CHRIS

Don't worry, Brit. I think I'm....

BRITNEY

--*Seriously*. My girlfriends and I are thinking about starting a league. Unless you have room for another person in yours?

Chris does a double-take.

BRITNEY

I'm kidding, Chris.

He smiles.

CHRIS
Well, *I'm* taking a break.

BRITNEY
Why?

CHRIS
Because football's always going to
be there. And you're the only
fantasy I need.

Chris turns her chin towards his and kisses her.

THE END