

LOVE, RACE, AND THE MEDIA

Written by

Matt Brutsche

**EXT. BRYAN'S HOME - DAY**

The kind of house most people drive by and say, 'What does that person do for a living?' Beautiful home.

**INT. BRYAN'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY**

**CHIP DALEY**, early-30s, stares out window from old bedroom, sad. His room is a Manchester United shrine now covered in dust. Turns around to regard his old room. After a moment his father, **BRYAN DALEY**, mid-50s, appears at the door. Fragile. Sickly.

CHIP

Well you look like piss warmed over.

BRYAN

Happens with cancer. You should see the other cell.

Bryan's appearance is hard on Chip. Chip steps back to the window and looks down at the guest house by the pool area where a silhouetted figure walks by one of the windows.

CHIP

Looks like Josephine is here.

Chip turns around knowing this is bad news.

BRYAN

Tell her to piss off.

Sympathetic, Chip nods. Bryan walks away.

**EXT. GUEST HOME - DAY**

The small pool-side guest home is a six figure amenity, beautiful, modern, one story bungalow feel.

**INT. GUEST HOME - CONTINUOUS**

Tense conversation in progress between Chip and his sister, **JOSEPHINE**, late-20s. Josephine pacing, emotional.

CHIP

What's done is done. Our father wants a little peace on the way out. And you're wrecking that.

A portrait of glam even in her emotional state, she stops and stares at him.

CHIP (CONT'D)  
 Are you really being this bloody  
 selfish?

**INT. BRYAN'S HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Bryan's ageless wife, Jess, 50s, sits depressingly at the elegant marble island. The kitchen is high-end, neat. When Bryan enters she straightens up.

JESS  
 Why won't you see her?

Bryan grabs a water from the paneled fridge:

BRYAN  
 For ten years that question  
 floated in the loo. Now you wanna  
 fish it out? Takes a dying bloke  
 to wake you up - your daughter  
 up?  
 (cold shrug)  
 I'm good.

Bryan abruptly leaves.

JESS  
 I assumed you two would work it  
 out, Love.

Bryan gone.

BRYAN (O.S.)  
 Like you and I did? That's funny.

**INT. GUEST HOME - CONTINUOUS**

Chip completely fed up with Josephine now who still sits.

CHIP  
 Please go, Josephine.

She looks up. Chip's glare unyielding.

CHIP (CONT'D)  
 I'm not the one who told him,  
twice, what a cunt he was to my  
 life. And for the sweetener, a  
 racist piece of shit.

JOSEPHINE  
 I made a mistake.

Chip sits next to her trying to keep his shit together.

CHIP

You made two you rich twit. And it's only through the principles of "Daddy's little girl" is why you got a second chance - which naturally you fucked all to hell.

JOSEPHINE

I was angry, Chip, he was wrong.

Chip's dry laugh uncontrollable with her stones.

CHIP

Very well.

Chip rises now with the last of his patience holding.

CHIP (CONT'D)

You need to take your high-end posh point of view and fuck off with it. And don't come here again until our father sleeps with the angels. Okay, love?

**INT. BRYAN'S HOME - OFFICE DEN - CONTINUOUS**

From his desk, Bryan sets his Will down to take a break.

His den is a shrine of professional achievement as the former GM of Manchester United. Framed newspaper headlines: "**Daley becomes youngest GM in EFL History**". "**Daley has mastered the Soft Wage Cap**". "**Daley not happy with four Premier titles, wants more**"

On the framed newspaper behind his desk reads: "**Daley fired over Rooney Rule/BAME disgust -- tagged as racist**"

**INT. BRYAN'S HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Jess looks out the window and sees Josephine rushing for her car, crying.

**EXT. BRYAN'S HOME - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

As Josephine reaches her car, Jess intercepts with a hug.

JOSEPHINE

Let me go, I wanna go.

JESS

Listen to me, listen. It's not your fault -

Josephine breaks free and gets in the car. Before Jess can process anything, Josephine speeds away.

Jess looks down the driveway like she's got a bone to pick.

**EXT. BRYAN'S HOME - BACKYARD - SECONDS LATER**

Jess appears around the corner to see Chip regarding the pool. Sensing the glare, Chip looks up. No backing down.

CHIP

All of us had choices. For years.  
Yours was to reject everything  
about him. Except for the way he  
provided for you of course.

Beat.

CHIP (CONT'D)

Never saw anything about him you  
liked. Not one thing-ya? And  
yet...he gave you everything. His  
life. His one little blink.

Chip enters the pool house.

CHIP (CONT'D)

Amazing.

**INT. BRYAN'S HOME - DEN - NIGHT**

In addition to the Manchester United motif, the room is lush. Mini-bar. Floor globe. Jammed, elegant bookcases. Bryan behind his desk with cellphone on speaker - talking to ANGEL APONTE, his Puerto Rican lawyer.

ANGEL APONTE (V.O.)

...just trying to get this all in  
order for you, Bryan.

BRYAN

I know- Appreciate it. So what's  
left?

Silence.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Angel... I'm dying, it's awkward,  
I know, mate. Let's just...

ANGEL APONTE (V.O.)

You have to decide how you want  
to split it all up.

BRYAN  
I already did.

ANGEL APONTE (V.O.)  
I know. But I think you'll regret  
it.

BRYAN  
Dead people don't feel regret.  
Much of anything really.

Silence.

ANGEL APONTE (V.O.)  
Just do me a favor. As you take  
the next week getting things in  
order, give the Will the same  
consideration, okay?

Bryan mulls it over, grudgingly.

BRYAN  
Yes.

**INT. ANGEL'S HOME - DEN - CONTINUOUS**

ANGEL, 50s, behind his desk, cellphone on speaker.

BRYAN (V.O.)  
Anything else?

INTERCUT telephone conversation:

ANGEL APONTE  
Your legacy.

BRYAN  
What about it? I'm a racist.

ANGEL APONTE  
C'mon, brother. Just don't think  
this interview, with Jamie Waters  
of all people, will help with your  
perception, your legacy.

BRYAN  
Decision's made. I am going take  
the interview, I will set the  
record straight, and then I'm  
going to die.

Silence.

ANGEL APONTE

How bout- Listen- The events are fine, but the order's not.

BRYAN

Okay...

ANGEL APONTE

How about- You die first, then, do the interview, set the record straight, then -

BRYAN

Will you piss off already -

ANGEL APONTE

- where you can tell all the bloody journalist pricks, media, paparazzi, to kiss both sides of your ass.

Silence.

BRYAN

Angel, let me ask you something my snazzy conquistador. When it comes to the fuck stick media, journalists, and these idiot talk show blow-holes...wouldn't you agree what's done is done?

(beat)

Can Tiger Woods undo the pole dancers and Waffle House skanks? Can Rooney ever undo the threesomes he did when his wife was pregnant? Fuck no. And that's the rare moment when the media cunts actually get some of the facts right. So silence or not, my media-shaped asterisk will stay right where it is. It's never been about being right or accurate with these rating-cunts. It's about being first. Truth be damned.

Angel considering.

ANGEL APONTE

I remember what they did in America when Michael Jordan's father was murdered...

BRYAN

They did what any low life parasite, para-shit would do... Blamed it on his gambling. So I'm going to do this interview, not as an apology- But as a fuck you. It's that simple. Then God willing, be taken soon after to be relieved of this hellish pain.

Angel's lovely Puerto Rican, wife, 40s, appears at the door. Angel shrugs like she should know better.

END INTERCUT telephone conversation -- staying on ANGEL.

ANGEL APONTE

Just wanted to speak my peace.

BRYAN (V.O.)

You're on the record, brother.

ANGEL APONTE

Okay then.

The call disconnected abruptly. Angel and his wife looking at each other.

ANGEL'S WIFE

Little nosh my love?

Angel smiles warmly.

**INT. BRYAN'S HOME - DEN - CONTINUOUS**

Bryan sits behind the desk with his hand pressed against his head. Sick of the Wills, insurance forms, even the bottle of pain pills next to his chilled drink. Grabs the drink and reclines back.

JESS (O.S.)

What was this marriage?

Bryan's eyes staying on the ceiling:

BRYAN

Easy.

Bryan stops reclining and sets his hand on the green library lamp on the desk.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

This was me.

Moves the lamp three inches, glare on Jess:

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
 This was you.  
 (beat)  
*With, every, little, thing.*

JESS  
 This is what you want? How  
 you wanna go?

Bryan reclines back in the chair. He has no more to say. Jess leaves.

BRYAN (O.S.)  
 Hey...

She stops, looks back. A hope he just came to his senses.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
 You still got a chance. There's  
 gotta be someone out there you  
 respect - someone you can love.

Her hope instantly flushed.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
 We can lie to everything but the  
 mirror. Hope you stop doing that.

Jess stares compassionately at him. Then leaves.

**INT. BRYAN'S HOME - BATHROOM - DAY**

Bryan applies foundation, lightly, on his face. Covering the ugly marks. Finished, he studies himself. At length.

**EXT. HEADSTONE MEMORIAL BUSINESS - DAY**

Chip follows his dad who looks over headstones, giving him space. Eventually, Bryan stops at one he likes. His cough is painful. Chip likes the beautiful stone Bryan stopped at.

CHIP  
 That's the one?

BRYAN  
 Think so.

A salesman appears, knows who Bryan is - most do.

MONUMENT SALESMAN  
 Are you...

Salesman seems conflicted, stopping.

BRYAN  
My son will be in touch.

PRE LAP: Music theme for radio Shock Jock.

**INT. RADIO STATION - DAY**

Aging shock jock, JAMIE WATERS, 60s, is setting the stage with his guest today, Bryan Daley.

JAMIE WATERS  
...and thanks to all tuning in today to 'Muddy Waters' and do we got a guest today that either muddied the waters or had is muddied by the lib-dicks who share a bunk with those CNN tossers.

Jamie looks to his two CO-HOSTS. EMILY, Asian, 30s. EVA, 40s, Hispanic. Emily is heavy set and proudly associates with the LGBT community. Eva looks like a former cat-walker, beautiful.

EVA  
(to Emily)  
Is he hear yet, Em?

EMILY  
Think so. Tommy-two-times?

Both looking to Tommy the PRODUCER.

PRODUCER TOMMY  
Cocked and loaded, Jamie.

JAMIE WATERS  
Great, let's get the former Manchester Brain-God out here, six time G.M. of the universe, ladies and gentlemen and those of you in between...give it up for EFL's men of all men ... Bryan Daaaaaaaley.

Bryan entering, waving, taking a seat on the couch.

JAMIE WATERS (CONT'D)  
Six time Premier League champ, won his first at just thirty-two, Bryan Daley, how the hell are ya, mate?

BRYAN  
 Good, Jamie, good, thanks for  
 having me.

**INT. BACKROOM LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS**

Chip watching the show live in the back room.

**INT. RADIO STATION - CONTINUOUS**

JAMIE WATERS  
 My pleasure, believe me. So it's  
 been five/six years now since  
 U.M. and the Premier League  
 jointly tossed ya with many of us  
 wanting to know how you're doing,  
 what you're doing.

A pause...

BRYAN  
 Laying low, Jamie.

JAMIE WATERS  
 Aiming low or laying, mate?

Bryan looking at him, nodding, touche.

JAMIE WATERS (CONT'D)  
 Well look- The floor's yours,  
 man. Speak or forever hold your  
 peace with these inciting lib-  
 dicks.

BRYAN  
 Probably won't change many minds  
 but that's okay.

EMILY  
 (showing teeth)  
 Why's that okay, elitist wank?  
 Why don't you just tell the  
 LGBT's to fuck (bleep) off while  
 you're at it -

Emily -

EVA

JAMIE WATERS  
 Hey, hey, cheeky-Lesb... This  
 is Switzerland right now and  
 the court will rest until  
 we've heard the defendant.

EMILY  
 Fine.

Silence.

BRYAN

Well- In my opinion, anyone who owns a business, or anything for that matter, should have the right to hire who they want - who they think the best person for the job is.

JAMIE WATERS

(to Emily)

A real Adolf isn't he?

Emily has no reply.

BRYAN

It might be arcane thinking, but hiring should be based on actual qualifications, not, by skin color, sex, etc.

JAMIE WATERS

Thoughts of the jury?

EVA

The theory is sound, holds weight. Makes sense.

EMILY

I think it sucks a 12 inch -

JAMIE WATERS

Hey-

EMILY

Johnsonville brat.

EVA

Love those.

JAMIE WATERS

I know. First hand.

Eva and Jamie holding lust-filled eyes on another.

EMILY

But how do we know that, Bryan? How do we know the best person is truly getting the job?

BRYAN

First off, I believe in the Rooney Rule, the BAME rule.

(MORE)

BRYAN (CONT'D)

I believe during the interview process, not the hiring process, but during the interview process, everyone needs to be represented. Asians. Hispanics. Men. Women. Hetero's. Straights. Anyone and everyone. Everyone gets a crack.

EMILY

Okay...

EVA (O.S.)

Black and white.

Everyone looking to Eva.

EVA (CONT'D)

The distinguished lad didn't mention black or white in his example.

BRYAN

Those two colors have been media-ized beyond shame and I will never use them as an example, except to say, I also hope they are considered. And it's really sad how this black and white scum has grayed out our middle races: Latinos, Indians, Arabs, Asians, etc. Media cunts (bleep) have no shame and everyday they charge just a little bit more to get your commercial on air - they're total whores.

EVA

It is a pick and choose over in America as I ain't heard shit about Hispanic Lives Matter, Arab lives matter, and with the Asians...? All you see in New York City is those little people getting hunted with only Fox giving it any coverage. Anyone with two brain cells should know a 'class' of people is far greater than any race. I know plenty of whites, blacks, Latinos, and Asians that are equally treated like scum.

EMILY

And the LGBT's... Don't forget our Lives Matter. We can put up posters anytime we want. They know- Everyone knows. We'll bite your ass. We don't play.

JAMIE WATERS

But should your lives matter though?

Jamie and Emily feign hateful eyes.

JAMIE WATERS (CONT'D)

I mean, look at the facts. You're not seahorses -- you can't reproduce. Probably gonna raise your kids to hate straights, save a rain forest, and open up more cafes with bad coffee.

EMILY

You done?

JAMIE WATERS

I am, Love. And before we stray too far, let's just acknowledge the past of certain races though -

BRYAN

Which is part of the problem.

INSERT CUT: Chip straightening up on the couch, uneasy.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Germany to this day still feels they owe the world an apology for that Austrian lunatic. Bollocks! It's a different time now. They are a good country with good people - little passive aggressive - but good people.

EMILY

You were saying about the BAME Rule...

BRYAN

I walked out on the organization when I was told we would only hire a BAME coach. Pissed me right the fuck (bleep) off.

JAMIE WATERS

Which got you posterized as a racist.

EVA

Which is hardly a subtle detail.

JAMIE WATERS

So what do you think, Em? Is it equity or best person? He just said everyone gets to interview. What's wrong with that you prickly, Lesbian, wank?

EMILY

Nothing you closet pillow biter.

The hard love on one another makes Bryan's head spin.

EMILY (CONT'D)

For me... I still need peace of mind. A checks and balance. Like a disinterested third party-chap that can call bullshit - which is where I like equity.

EVA

What do you mean?

EMILY

Well- Let's just say there is a Third Party, and they think it's a draw between the whitey and the non-Anglo. In that case- I think the non-whitey should get it, and hopefully a gay person at that. Get two birds with that stone - sort of speak.

BRYAN

And... How is that fair exactly?

EMILY

It's not Bryan. But from a historical perspective, it's eminently fair. The whitey's and straights have always had this right of passage the rest of us non-affiliated don't get. And I think- When all things are equal, we should get the nod.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

Not because we fuck (bleep) the same sex, or have different colors, etc, but if that shit's even-Steven? Yes. We get the nod.

EVA

Not to mention, there has to be plenty of non-whitey's out there that do think the process is fair but can't say anything cuz that would be construed as whitey sympathizing. Is our little island perfect? Fuck (Bleep) no, nothing is. But I keep saying this... If you don't like it, then go fuck off to Russia, China, or N. Korea and leave the crumpets and tea behind for the rest of us.

JAMIE WATERS

Amen to that, sister. Look at what our colonial cousins are doing with their coppers over there? Are you kidding me? Defund the fucking (bleep) police? These barmy lunatics. They're imploding over there and electing bat shit crazy morons. They are about ten percent away from putting absolute fanatics in control of that country. But it pays doesn't it? Commercial rates are up what- two, three hundred percent? Think CNN charges ten million squid right now for 30 seconds of air time. Fucking (bleep) outrageous.

**INT. CAR - MOVING**

Chip behind the wheel. Bryan looking at passing scenery.

CHIP

Well I think we got the point across...

BRYAN

Think so.

Silence.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

She was right though.

CHIP

Who? Butch?

Bryan nearly laughs.

BRYAN

Emily was right in the grand scheme. May not ever have this 'third party', but it's valid. Because at this point- I'm in favor of anything that'll shut those cunt 'race' mongers up. Can I be the only one sick of the bloody word, race?

CHIP

Wanna 'race' over to McDonalds, get a Big mac?

Bryan not amused.

CHIP (CONT'D)

Just playin'.

BRYAN

Have you noticed, especially on American TV, to be in a commercial the last two years has only one hard requirement. Just don't be white.

CHIP

There is the occasional compromise - white chic, black guy.

BRYAN

White guy, black woman?

CHIP

Not yet. Or I missed it. Although I would give both balls and perhaps my sack for a drink with that very lovely, Candace Owens.

BRYAN

Don't forget your proper place in that line, my son. Right behind your father.

(Beat)

Something sexy about a strong woman with a strong mind. Didn't even have to mention her race.

CHIP  
That's for the media.

The passing scenery resonating with a dying man. So beautiful to Bryan.

BRYAN  
Which is the only good thing about dying - no more media, no more low life photographers. Just the memory of this beautiful land.

**EXT. JOSEPHINE'S HOME - NIGHT**

A fortress with some lights on.

**INT. JOSEPHINE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Josephine sits sadly with the peaceful pops and crackles of the fireplace. The flames provide a nice hue on the elegant room, and, her British-Arab husband, ELIAS, 30s, who enters with a drink.

ELIAS  
Should I ask how it went?

JOSEPHINE  
No need.

Thin and bookish with wiry spectacles, Elias weighs his words.

ELIAS  
I know this is gonna come across odd, but his adjectives aside, his views aren't odd - they're actually true.

Her astonished look warrants a follow up comment.

ELIAS (CONT'D)  
Factually I'm saying.

Nope, that didn't help either. Elias swigs his drink.

JOSEPHINE  
That wasn't the point.

ELIAS  
As delicately as I can say this...knowing my momma bear rather well...the point might've been missed on both sides of the aisle.

JOSEPHINE

Is that right?

French for, if you have want sex again better keep going.

ELIAS

Every race does in fact have that one percent that shames the other 99- ya? G.B News will show the black one percent because all CNN shows is the white one percent. So regardless what the best word is that most aptly describes that scum, the commonality is this... That kind of scum is now, and forever, unreachable.

JOSEPHINE

He couldn't use a different word?

ELIAS

Of course. Know how many times I've been called a sand nigger? But I consider the source -

JOSEPHINE

Which is my father -

ELIAS

- in its totality, and where they might be coming from.

JOSEPHINE

Love- What does it matter where anyone comes from with that word?

ELIAS

Right or wrong, probably more wrong than right here...

JOSEPHINE

Two points for you.

ELIAS

...he does use that word to describe every low-life who robs, hurts, rapes, and kills another. And he said it in a place where many people will say the ugliest things they'll ever say... In their home. The only real safehaven any of us have from all the media bollocks.

JOSEPHINE

Elias, it's academic now. What can I do?

Elias keeping quiet.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

What?

ELIAS

Nothing.

Elias puts his arm around her. She tries to enjoy the fire but needs know what he was thinking.

JOSEPHINE

What were you going to say?

ELIAS

You called him a racist twice, and rather bluntly. The second time with all the liberal media scrumming his brains out. 'Member what they did to Rooney - when his wife was pregnant? It's what sells, Josephine. It sure sold on him. And it's gonna stay that way until extinction. Setting aside the fact your father is in fact not racist. I will miss my talks with him terribly. I already miss what a smashing Opa he would've made.

JOSEPHINE

That's German.

ELIAS

The perks of a read up husband.

Silence.

ELIAS (CONT'D)

What happened to your father publicly, and between you two privately, funneled to one thing. Money. And with the exception of our most precious Lady Di, those cunts made a lot of fake squid off your old man's rightful stance - that it's utter bollocks to hire a BAME coach vs. hiring the best coach - which could in fact end up being a BAME coach.

(MORE)

ELIAS (CONT'D)

Which of course was made worse,  
from his point of view, when the  
apple of his eye joined the  
liberal scum in the public  
hanging.

Silence.

JOSEPHINE

Can't undo it, Elias.

ELIAS

No you can't, Love.

(beat)

It's for him to decide now. But a  
part of me knows he hasn't closed  
the door on you.

Instantly she tears up with this hope glued to Elias like  
never before.

JOSEPHINE

How can you know that?

Lovingly, calmly, Elias regards his bride's desperation.

ELIAS

It's not that complicated, Love.

It is to her and she's dying to know how Elias knows. So  
Elias takes her by the hand and rises.

#### **BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Elias leads Josephine to their infant daughter's crib who  
sleeps soundly. He lets Josephine regard their beautiful  
creation.

ELIAS (CONT'D)

Because that right there... Never  
leaves a father's heart, Love.

Josephine crumbles in his arms and cries.

#### **MONTAGE**

- 1) Pool side, night. Bryan sitting with a drink. Life  
Insurance form resting on the table. The BENEFICIARIES  
showing: CHARLES DALEY 100%
- 2) Josephine sitting by her beautifully lit pool. Thinking.
- 3) Jess sadly lying bed.

4) Chip watching his father by the pool from his open bedroom window.

5) Angel in his office, on the phone, happy over some news he is getting. After hanging up, the photo of him and Bryan changes the mood. Angel thinking.

6) Bathroom, morning. Bryan lightly applying foundation, coughing hard, painful. Checks closely in the mirror, looking for ugly spots. Contemplating his mortality.

7) Cemetary, day. Bryan and Chip walking, stopping where TONY DALEY was buried. Bryan referring to the empty plot next to his dad's, Chip nodding. Bryan staring at his father's stone, emotional. Chip puts his arm around him.

8) Night, Bryan in personal den. CLOSE on Life Insurance Form. There's been a change. JOSEPHINE HADDAD, 15%. JESS DALEY, 70%. CHARLES DALEY, 15%. Satisfied with the form, Bryan slides the Will over, long stare.

**INT. BRYAN'S HOME - DEN - NIGHT**

Bryan sits with Angel, drinks in hand. Enjoying the quiet.

ANGEL APONTE

Well...

BRYAN

Well, what?

ANGEL APONTE

Decide on the Will, Life Insurance?

BRYAN

I did, dickhead.

Angel pleased, smiling.

ANGEL APONTE

Knew you'd come around.

Bryan mumbles.

ANGEL APONTE (CONT'D)

Thanks for asking me over.

BRYAN

You're a good man, Angel. I'm sure it wasn't easy getting to where you are -

ANGEL APONTE  
Sure the hell wasn't -

BRYAN  
You stand for more than you know.

ANGEL APONTE  
Think I do actually.

Bryan looking at him.

ANGEL APONTE (CONT'D)  
I could've bitched and  
complained when all the whites  
we're getting the clerking gigs  
I wanted, but it would make me a  
hypocrite because Hispanic  
judges, Asian judges, woman  
judges, any judge not white  
hires their own people right up  
to that line of liability.  
Without exception, without  
remorse. Just the way it is. You  
don't think I hire all the  
Hispanics I can? Place them in  
the best firms I can?

Silence.

ANGEL APONTE (CONT'D)  
It's just easier to go at you  
guys because there's a lot more  
of you.

Bryan's cough, at length, stirs something in Angel.

ANGEL APONTE (CONT'D)  
It's not my place, Boss, but...  
You're leaving your daughter on  
an island if you go this way. Yes  
you needed to clear the air with  
the media cunts and you did...  
But there's one more element  
needing addressing here - two  
perhaps.

BRYAN  
Two?

ANGEL APONTE  
Your wife maybe? Who stood by your  
grouchy ass for three decades?  
(MORE)

ANGEL APONTE (CONT'D)  
 Winning six championships takes a  
 back-seat kind of will your wife  
 should be Sainted for doing. You  
 don't think she had dreams, goals?

Bryan looks at him.

ANGEL APONTE (CONT'D)  
 You make it easy, brother, for  
 people to misunderstand you. As  
 good as your heart is, the  
 barbwire around it has been known  
 to cut - and usually the people  
 who love you the most.

(beat)

I know your kids. I know  
 Josephine. In a way... She was  
 just acting the way her old man  
 raised her. To call bollocks when  
 she sees it. Maybe in a weird  
 way, she did it to keep your  
 barmy ass alive. Because she  
 knows... She knows what you say  
 behind closed doors can get you  
 killed. That's why we all say it  
 behind closed doors. You don't  
 even wanna know what we say about  
 you Anglo-crackers.

BRYAN

Sure I do.

ANGEL APONTE

Don't have the imagination, Mate.  
 Trust me.

After the impish grins fade.

BRYAN

If I had one dying wish...

ANGEL APONTE

Better be about your daughter and  
 bride.

**INT. BRYAN'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Bryan walking to his room.

ANGEL APONTE (V.O.)

I'm gonna miss you, brother.

BRYAN (V.O.)  
Gonna miss you too, Angel.

ANGEL APONTE (V.O.)  
Make it right- With everyone-  
Okay?

BRYAN (V.O.)  
Okay.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jess lies in bed. Eyes wide sad. Wipes tear away.

BRYAN (O.S.)  
Kept the fear away.

Surprised, she rolls over to see Bryan seated in the corner.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
That's what our marriage was to  
me. I wasn't scared of anything.  
The future. Dying. Nothing. I  
feared nothing with you.

Beat.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
I learned that when we were  
separated. Which is why I worked  
so hard to get you back.  
(impish)  
Which was just a fucking dream  
ever since.

The fib makes them both smile.

JESS  
But we never gave up, Love, did  
we?

BRYAN  
Didn't have that in us.

JESS  
We sure didn't.

Bryan's head then drops in pain.

BRYAN  
If you want...

JESS  
Josephine...

Bryan looks up.

BRYAN

Yes.

As Bryan leaves the room, Jess grabs her cellphone.

**INT. BRYAN'S HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Chip greets Bryan when he exits and puts his arm around him, helping Bryan to his room.

BRYAN

Glad you're mine, kid.

CHIP

Get it all from you.

Bryan bothered by some of that.

BRYAN

Not all of it.

Chip looks at him.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

There are people in this world beyond reach - most of them know it, admit it. But the word I used is reprehensible - too much carnage tied to it. I was naïve, bitter.

**BRYAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Chip takes his father to the chair, helping him sit.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

It was wrong. It was right to be called out. She was just fighting the good fight - a fight that I never took time to... Appreciate. In my own bitter world.

Silence.

CHIP

You're a good man, Pop.

BRYAN

Good men still make mistakes. I know I'm not what the media tried to shape, but if I could say it... Then...

CHIP

Dad listen to me... All people of are capable of saying and thinking things in private that will never make the light of day. Yours did. At least for your part... You wish you hadn't. And for your other part... You know you're not that way. Hell- If you want to get technical you paid your BAME athletes way more than your white ones.

Bryan smiles, needed that.

Suddenly, pain consumes him and slouches over being caught by Bryan.

**INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT**

Gripped by fear, Josephine pushes the car to its limits.

**EXT. BRYAN'S HOME - NIGHT**

The car zooms in and slams to a stop. Josephine jumps out as the front door is already opening.

**INT. BRYAN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS**

Josephine rushes by her mother.

JESS

He's in his room.

JOSEPHINE

He's okay?

JESS

I don't know.

Josephine stops and looks back.

JESS (CONT'D)

Said he wanted to see you and went to his room. Just go.

Josephine rushes up the stairs.

**HALLWAY**

Josephine reaches the top and sees Chip outside their father's door. Chip looks devastated. She walks toward her father's room and by Chip with her heart breaking, pleading with the kind of no's that go to God --

JOSEPHINE  
No, no, no, no, no.

**BEDROOM**

-- and enters with a frantic desperation to place her father which she painfully does O.S. Josephine drops to her knees and sobs.

Eventually, a HAND rests on her.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)  
I was so scared you were gone.

She looks up to her father's adore as we learn...her tears stem from eternal relief not being too late.

BRYAN  
Still got a little left.  
(beat)  
For my little girl.

Josephine rises and hugs him tight.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
So glad you have Elias. Glad he has you.

JOSEPHINE  
I love you, Dad.

BRYAN  
To my marrow, Love-  
I love you.

Fading to BLACK.

**EXT. CEMETARY - DAY**

Bryan's burial ceremony finished for some time now.

Jess, Josephine, Chip, Elias, and Angel are the only ones left. Bryan's casket still resting above the dirt hole. From a solemn distance, men in utilities with shovels patiently wait, sad too.

CHIP  
With the time we have left, I  
will be a better brother. Son.  
(MORE)

CHIP (CONT'D)

A better man. Something the world  
needs a lot more of.

Jess and Josephine look at him, touched.

JOSEPHINE

I as well.

JESS

As I.

Silence.

ELIAS

I think you're all fucked in the  
head.

On everyone's momentary disbelief: What?

Then in an instant, laughter that cannot be controlled.

The five of them coming together and hugging.

Starting to fade in ... is a blitz of soundbites and IMAGES  
of sports shows, news shows, sounding off on Bryan's last  
interview putting the weaponization of race on the offensive  
and the sports world, political world, in a heavy debate:

"...look the fact is this, best person should get the job  
above all else."

"...this man, God rest his soul, is just not getting it and  
won't ever get it now that he's passed."

"...whether or not the NFL or EFL will actually consider a  
third party evaluation remains to be seen but I for one am  
Pro anything that can balance both equality and equity."

**THE END.**