

The camera booms up to frame the barren west Texas landscape outside the window of this isolated cabin. A pickup truck is approaching, trailing dust. The cat reenters frame outside, running across the rutted gravel in front of the house as the pickup slows.

KITCHEN

Scott, an old man in a wheelchair, has one clouded eye.

Scott  
I'm in back!

Matt enters.

Matt  
How'd you know I was here?

Scott  
Who else'd be in your truck.

Matt  
You heard it?

Scott  
How's that?

Matt  
You heard my - you havin fun with me?

Scott  
What give you that idea. I seen one of the cats heard it.

Matt  
But - how'd you know it was mine?

Scott  
Because once I was the greatest. It's a way you'll never be.

Matt stares at him.

Matt  
How you been, Scott?

Scott  
You're lookin at it. I got to say you  
look older.

Matt  
I am older.

Scott  
Got a letter from Dwight. He  
writes pretty regular, tells me the  
TLC news.

Matt  
Didn't know there was any.

Scott  
He just told me you was quittin.  
Sit down.

Matt lifts a bottle of whiskey off the counter.

Matt  
Want a cup?

Scott  
'Preciate it.

Matt  
How fresh is this whiskey?

Scott  
I generally open a new bottle every day even if there's already  
one open.

Matt pours some.

Matt  
That man that beat you in the first ECSB and that you beat in the  
Bizarro Bowl won a 2<sup>nd</sup> title a couple years ago.

Scott  
Brandon. Yeah.

Matt  
What would you a done if you'd still been in the league when he did that.

Scott  
I don't know. Nothin. Wouldn't be no point to it.

Matt  
I'm kinda surprised to hear you say that.

Scott  
All the time you spend tryin to get back what's been took from you there's more goin out the door. After a while you just try and get a tourniquet on it.

He taps a cigarette ash into a mason jar lid on the table in front of him.

...Nobody ever asked me to play in the TLC.  
I done that my own self. Dwight says you're quit-tin.

Matt  
Yes, you've circled round.

Scott  
How come you're doin that?

Matt  
I don't know. I play Wolf this week, and I feel overmatched.

A beat.

...I always thought after playing fantasy football for a

couple of seasons, God would just...come into my life and help me win a title in some way. He didn't. I don't blame him. If I was him I'd have the same opinion about my sorry ass team that he does.

Scott

You don't know what he thinks.

Matt

Yes I do. Wolf is 5-3-1 against me. And I'm giving the division away to Dwight and Smack.

A beat.

Scott

Let me see that roster.

Matt hands him a print out of the roster.

Yer right. A man can go far in the likes of this football with a good heart and a strong woman at his side, but I can't rightly account for how you've managed to keep the scales balanced at 6 and 6 with that roster. If we kin call it that.

A beat.

...But what you got ain't nothin new. Wolf's looking good this year, no shame in losing to your betters. And this game is hard on people. Hard and crazy. Got the devil in it yet folks never seem to hold it to account.

Matt

Most don't.

Scott

You're discouraged.

Matt

I'm... discouraged.

Scott

You can't stop what's comin. Wolf's team is ready. And it ain't all waitin on you.

The two men look at each other. Scott shakes his head.

...That's insanity.

After a beat, a fast fade.