

“The Silly Guys” IN “Football Frenzy” OR “The Quarterback Caper”

Narrator - Zeke

Andrew - Himself

Branson - Himself

Charles - Himself

Coach Mick Silver - Pat

[Looney Tunes song for intro]

NARRATOR: Football has changed dramatically throughout the years. First, the archaic T formation morphed into the wishbone offense, then the wishbone offense morphed into a new type of lower case t formation, where the quarterback stands in front of his offensive line. Then, other innovations occurred. People realized that you could throw the ball forward. Sure, it was written into the rules from the beginning that you could do that, but no one had ever read the rules before, so it still counts as an innovation even if it sounds kind of stupid to us nowadays. Before this, the quarterback’s job on the football field was to help other players carry around their pads and helmets. But now? The job of quarterback suddenly became the soup de jour of the football field. With advances in aerodynamics spurred by World War 1, a young quarterback just returned the service named Bugsy McHudson pioneered the spiral, an ingenious throwing motion that allowed the football to glide like an eagle soaring over the gridiron. Now? Quarterbacks could do anything. They could run, they could pass, and that’s about it, but that is basically all football is, so that counts as everything.

However, throughout this innovation, only one thing remained constant. There was always just one. Only one quarterback on the field at once, like a legendary creature in Magic the Gathering. But three young—or well—not so young—pioneers of the sport made a discovery that would alter the shape of the gridiron for generations to come. This is the story of the Three Kings. But before they were kings, they were three middle-aged men. Still pretty young, though, for middle-aged guys. Basically the youngest that middle-aged guys can get. Like the coolest age where you are cool but you are still middle-aged. Also kings are usually really old. So even if they were old for football players, they were young for kings.

The story of the Three Kings begins humbly—as so many do. Andrew, Branson, and Charles as they came to be known by the general public had just experienced a crushing blow to their podcasting career, and were desperate for any avenue that might turn their lives around...

BRANSON: This Bites.

CHARLES: This fucking sucks!

ANDREW: I’m gonna kill myself.

CHARLES: I can’t believe zero people came to our live podcast show.

ANDREW: I can believe it.

CHARLES: Yeah cause you didn't show up either. You piece of shit.

ANDREW: The craps table was calling my name, amigo.

BRANSON: Guys, this is serious. Nobody is coming to our shows cause we're NOT funny. They would rather see us dead than onstage.

CHARLES: If I don't get some direction in my life soon, I'm going to have to get a real job and actually contribute to society. And then I will want to kill myself just like Andrew.

ANDREW: You're really willing to go square?

CHARLES: I would rather die. Or actually I guess I'd get a job I hate for 20 years, then decide to die after wasting my life on shit that I hate and complaining about it for decades.

BRANSON: Wait, what's that sign - hold on - don't bother reading it. I'm just going to start saying it out loud. "Attention: The NFL Punt Pass and Kick Contest is looking for people to participate in our thing. You know the thing. But it's not just for babies anymore. We need some middle-aged men PRONTO! You could have wealth, fame, cheerleaders—take your pick. But you gotta bring the goods on the gridiron. By the way, if you DO make the team, you CANNOT touch the cheerleaders, that was more of a figure of speech."

ANDREW: Punt Pass and Kick? I thought that was for little babies!

CHARLES: Not anymore! It's for guys like us. Middle aged guys. I mean, 30 is barely middle aged. But we're not getting any younger.

BRANSON: Well let's sign up before I have a midlife crisis. These old bones don't have much marrow left. One foot in the grave. I'm dead in the water. I'm falling apart at the seams. My 23&Me said I'm $\frac{2}{3}$ skeleton. I'm just an old chunk of coal.

CHARLES: Well let's use that coal to ignite something GREAT on the GRIDIRON! I know we can do it. Sure, I haven't played since fourth grade flag football—and I was the only kid in the history of elementary school sports to be cut from the team. But we also didn't know how to podcast until we tried. I'm sure we can just figure it out on the field.

ANDREW: Give it up, amigos. You can't teach an old dog new tricks, it simply can't be done. It's time to throw in the towel. We're washed up and we all know it.

CHARLES: We're not washed up! It's the fans who are washed up! We need fans who appreciate us, fans who can afford to pay \$95 apiece to stand in frigid temperatures, can't see

shit from the bleachers, home team can't put together a scoring drive to save their lives. And they pay money for that.

ANDREW: There isn't any way we'd make it into the NFL. And even more, there is no way in hell we'd invent a new play style where we are three quarterbacks.

BRANSON: Yeah that would be stupid...

CHARLES: Unless...

ANDREW: That's it! We invent a new play style where we are three quarterbacks!

CHARLES: That's an amazing idea! But if we join the NFL, it will cut into our book club time. We're still barely a third of the way through Finnegans Wake.

BRANSON: My copy's been dog-eared for so long, the vet might have to put it to sleep!

ANDREW: Forget the book club—what about our classic music appreciation society?

CHARLES: Maybe we can ask the NFL not to have practices on weekdays.

BRANSON: Hold up hold up hold up—fellas! We can discuss all of this during our wine tasting this weekend. I've always found that varieties from the Sonoma region bolster my clarity of thought in such matters.

ANDREW: It's gotta be the tannins.

CHARLES: OH the tannins they have in Sonoma! Truly among the best in the world.

BRANSON: They should reboot James Bond and he should be Double O One.

ANDREW: That's a good idea—but let's focus. The signup sheet only has 3 more spots on it. We need to jot down our Hancocks pronto, amigos!

BRANSON: Triple Zero. That's what he would be called. Because he is even more secret than Double O one.

CHARLES: That sounds more like the prequel.

ANDREW: Are you guys even listening to me? We have the rest of our young lives to talk James Bond.

BRANSON: I don't think I have much time left. I intend to die on that football field. But at least I will be a millionaire when I do. Going to leave all of my money to my future son, Comrade Branson.

ANDREW: Whoa, save some of those greenbacks for me.

CHARLES: We won't have to save ANY money once we're in the NFL. Cause those guys get paid the big bucks. I just signed us all up. Let's stop thinking about this and go to the casino—where we ALWAYS win.

ANDREW: Speaking of that, let's hit the tables boys.

NARRATION: The NFL's Punt Pass and Kick competition was established during the Cold War to steer kids away from egalitarianism. As the competition grew over the decades, it crystalized into six distinct age groups: 6 to 7, 8 to 9, 10 to 11, 12 to 13, 14 to 15, and 30 to 35. Now, for all those lower age groups, the competition was basically a ruse where the winners get to stand in the end zone for 10 seconds at halftime of a meaningless Week 15 game between two 4-9 franchises who aren't even bad enough to get the first pick in the draft or anything like that. Basically it's NFL mids. But worse than weed mids cause it doesn't do anything for you. Anyway, the 30 to 35 age group was different. The top three performers in that tier were immediately given lucrative NFL contracts worth MILLIONS of dollars in cold, hard cash.

BRANSON: Damn! There's a lot of kids here. I should put my shirt on.

CHARLES: Andrew why are you dressed like Captain Jack Sparrow?

ANDREW: I thought this was a costume contest too. All the little kids are wearing football helmets, but they're sure as hell not football players.

CHARLES: And this loser with the clipboard is dressed like an egghead!

COACH: My name is Coach Mick Silver. I'm the coach of the New England Patriots. I'm so hands on with this franchise, that I even like to run the Punt Pass and Kick contest personally. Also, it's kind of a DUI thing. Mighty Ducks and all that. But be that as it may. I need you guys to tell me your names so I can check off the signup sheet.

BRANSON: Richard Suckme. Donald Ass and Mister Pedo.

COACH: Those names are not on here sir.

BRANSON: Pussy Einstein, Johnny Lady Fingers and Cum Cumcumcum. I swear to God I am going to kill myself. I will.

ANDREW: Quit screwing around! We're Andrew, Branson, and Charles.

COACH: Ok... I see here we've got Andrew Austin, Branson Austin, and Charles Austin.

CHARLES: Son of a fucking bitch. I forgot we have different last names!

COACH: Eh, good enough. Go on in.

BRANSON: Let's see what this old hunk of coal can do to a dang pigskin.

ANDREW: The sooner we get this bullshit over with, the sooner we can get back to playing baccarat and listening to John Cage albums.

CHARLES: The song 4'33 is the lead single from his album 40'33.

ANDREW: I know.

BRANSON: The song 4'33 is proof that John Cage could never make it as a comedian. He can't make it to a tight five.

COACH: Are you guys gonna keep riffing like this, or are you going to punt, pass, and kick this fucking leather egg through those damn goal posts.

CHARLES: How about a nice-cold beer first?

COACH: We've got beers for the kids in the cooler over there. But they're only 2% ABV. Children's Brew, you know the routine.

CHARLES: I guess I can just drink three times as many. It will steady my aim.

COACH: I wouldn't drink TOO much, if I were you. That's the way the last Patriots coach died.

CHARLES: Bill Belichick? He died from alcoholism?

COACH: No. He died from the players pouring too much Gatorade on his head. I think a little bit got in his nose, and it choked him to death. Then they made ME top dawg.

BRANSON [doing his best heisman trophy pose]: Are we gonna yap all day like those old hags on the View? Or are we going to play some ball?

ANDREW: That's what I'm saying!

[Andrew goes to hit Branson but basically bounces off him and eats grass and the rich soil.]

COACH: I need you ALL standing at attention at O 14-hundred hours. And right now, it's O 13 hundred and 58 hours. So you've got 2 minutes to get it together!

BRANSON: I didn't even know there was 58 hours in a day...

ANDREW: Alright, dodo bird. He means 2 o'clock.

BRANSON: Don't even tell me. I promised myself I wouldn't learn anything today.

CHARLES: I'm setting an alarm right now on my apple iPhone. We got this.

BRANSON: Hold on. I'm thinking of a new type of art. It's a man trapped inside of a cage - the cage is his own mind. And inside the cage of his mind he is holding a sign that says 'SOS'. SOS... he wants help. He's trapped within his own mind. It's very powerful. And it's actually all about mental health.

ANDREW: Hold it, capitan. Put your genius on standby for a minute. We got an egg to throw.

CHARLES: My alarm's ringing! I guess it's time!

BRANSON: What about this. Flowers do not have noses so they don't know how beautiful they actually smell. That's art, right. Or it's more of a quote, I guess. "Flowers do not know how beautiful they smell because they do not have noses." It could be a nice quote for young people who are shitty or ugly or whatever. It could make them feel better about how shitty they are.

CHARLES: You're not making me feel any better about how BORED I am! Let's get it together and punt, pass and kick our way into professional athleticism! Go go go!

NARRATOR: They punted. They passed. They kicked. Coach Mick Silver couldn't believe his eyes. Never had he seen three aging men in such poor physical condition absolutely dominate the gridiron in every phase of the game. Well. Special teams anyway. And a little offense with the passing. But it's not like they're under any pressure. It's barely offense. But they did a really good job, is my point. Much better than all of the little kids.

They utilized strategies that no one inside of the game could have came up with. Charles, for instance, had someone write "Radiohead Sucks" on a football so he could kick it harder. He's basically obsessed with Radiohead's themes and motifs and their overall message through all their music: that Life is a silly little trip. It's easy for him to get worked up about Radiohead and it makes him kick the ball hard. And the whole band loves football—or Footy as they call it—and they wanted to see him succeed. He secretly hoped they would call to congratulate him afterward.

Branson went for his first punt and kicked that ball so damn hard it popped instantly. He called for another. Then another. And another. He also created a technique for field goals where he

stands above the ball and sits down on it really quick and somehow it goes flying through the uprights every time.

COACH: For god's sake, boy! Ease up!

BRANSON: I'm older than you are.

COACH: I'm 56!

BRANSON: I went to the doctor and he said, "Not good." The way that dogs age 7 years each year, he said, basically, I'm like that. He said that I'm aging fast because of how thick my blood is. It's somewhere between a paste and a roux. But not a gravy.

NARRATOR: Andrew was stretching for 30 minutes before Branson went over to charlie horse him. Soon, the two were wrestling to the ground screaming that one could get lower than the other. Coach Mick Silver was impressed by their "grit" and let them settle the dispute through good old fashioned horseplay.

COACH: Okay, the results of the Punt Pass and Kick competition are in. We'll get to the other age groups later, but in the 30 to 35 age division, the winners are Andrew, Branson, and Charles. They will all become new members of the New England Patriots starting tomorrow. Congratulations boys.

CHARLES: My lifelong dream has come true... That me and my friends would all be NFL stars who get to play and have fun on the gridiron every weekend.

ANDREW: The gridiron is basically the playground for adults. But it's not just playtime. This is for keeps. We're trying to win all the marbles and take home the Super Bowl.

BRANSON: I want it to say "RADIOHEAD" on the back of my jersey.

CHARLES: Why?

BRANSON: Also, no one else should have RADIOHEAD on the back of their jersey.

CHARLES: OK. This isn't the XFL. I'm just going to put my name on mine. Along with my favorite number, 25,395.

BRANSON: I'm going to put RADIOHEAD on the back of mine. They are some british guys and they really like old school rock. They sing a lot about robots and computers, but they are cool and they sound better on vinyl too. But if Charles isn't going to get mad then I don't want to do it.

CHARLES: No I think you're stuck with it now. And you're going to have to explain it to all the fans at a press conference.

BRANSON: I don't want to explain anything. I'll just change my name to Radiohead.

ANDREW: Then I'M changing my name to Charles Yorke. On account I love those peppermint patties.

CHARLES: Now that I'm an athlete, the only song I want to hear is Eminem's "Not Afraid."

BRANSON: Hey Coach, are you still here? Are you going to drive us to New England?

COACH: Yes. I drive the bus. Sometimes the players do too, if they're good I let them have a turn. But mostly, I like to drive. Life is a highway, after all.

BRANSON: Football players are pretty famous, right? Have they ever let one be in Kingdom Hearts?

COACH: No. Now come on. Let's go to New England Patriot Stadium. You three need to meet The Guys.

[The camera rapidly cuts around montage-style while Creep by Radiohead plays. They are visiting all the sights in New England. The New England Arch, The New England Pyramids, whatever, you get the joke. I don't know a lot about New England. It's not a state, it's not a city, so what is it, really?]

CHARLES: This is the life. I can't believe we're going to live just minutes away from Dunkin Donuts.

COACH: Here's your contracts, boys. Make sure you read EVERY bit of them. Your souls might be included in there, y'know. By the way, you're all millionaires now. Congrats.

BRANSON: You can have my soul. It's full of trash. It is actually quite evil.

CHARLES: I always knew I would be a millionaire. But I never thought it would be such hard work. I can't wait till I get on the field to throw my first T-Dog with the fans screaming and going nuts.

ANDREW: I'll give up my soul for anything. I don't give a fuck about anything in this life. I just want luxury. Plus, I want to feel nice and good. Fork over that pen, I'm ready to sign away my existence.

COACH: Right. That's all well and good. We've got one little issue to address though. We already had a full 55 man roster before you showed up, so we just had to cut all 3 of our quarterbacks to make room. One of you guys is gonna have to start the game this weekend.

BRANSON: S-s-s-start the game? You mean like.... F-f-f-flipping the coin at the beginning?

ANDREW: No can do, el capitan. If one of us starts, we ALL start. We call the shots now.

CHARLES: Actually I'm OK with starting by myself.

COACH: Actually, if you read the contract, I call the shots. Speaking of shots, you're all due for your steroids. Yoink! Yoink! Yoink! There we go. Thank God for HGH.

BRANSON: I don't even believe in God.

CHARLES: Now that I'm an athlete, I just started believing in God.

BRANSON: Hey, these Steroids actually taste pretty good! What is that - praline?

ANDREW: I think God believes in us.

CHARLES: As Tom Brady was dying in that sniper accident—you know, the one where he died?—he told me something. He said that when he was on the football field, there were actually two sets of footprints in the pocket. Because Jesus was in there right next to him, giving him ideas for where to throw it. Even though Jesus was getting in his way, making it hard to maneuver in the pocket, Tom still appreciated the thought.

BRANSON: In the past, God was a woman and her name was Gaia. We put our hands on the ground when we were hurting her. But we have forgotten our way. But I don't believe in that either. I don't believe in anything. I'm actually capable of great acts of violence.

ANDREW: That's because you're evil.

BRANSON: I have a great capacity for evil, you mean.

ANDREW: I don't.

COACH: Ok, well do you guys want to look at our playbook before the game?

CHARLES: Can you just summarize it? We'd rather hit those famous New England slots to double up our million dollar paychecks.

ANDREW: The Departed slot machine is calling my name.

CHARLES: It plays Dropkick Murphys 24/7, it's like a free concert.

BRANSON: Living in Boston rocks. I don't have to go to suburban bars to say my racial rants anymore. Boston is very tolerant to me and my racial rants.

COACH: Ahem!! The playbook?

BRANSON: I basically have all the routes in football memorized. You got the slant, you got the flag, you got the go route and the jet, you got the option. You got a curl, you got a zig zag, you got a wiggly guy. Sometimes you run a slant to the west and run a wiggle guy the other way and the smaller guys in the back of the enemy team have to run all over the place.

COACH: Fine. Here are your pads and helmets. The first game of the preseason is this Sunday. You guys better be there—We're counting on you. The whole city, or region or whatever, of New England is on your back.

ANDREW: Yeah, yeah, yeah, I'm sure we will do just fine. You heard the man, boys, we're off until Sunday!

CHARLES: Athletes only work one day a week, like podcasters. But they don't have to think of anything to say, so it's even easier.

ANDREW: Time to hit up the Time Crisis 2 Slot Machine at Boston's finest Casino, O'Belichik's Pot O'Gold.

BRANSON: At the strip club here all the strippers quote Boondock Saints. It's pretty cool, but it can make it kind of hard to stay hard.

ANDREW: You asked that stripper to quote Boondock Saints. You followed her to her car.

BRANSON: Oh look, there's our ride to New England.

CHARLES: C'mon, last one to the casino has to suck my dick!

COACH: I think those boys are gonna be aaaaaaaalright.

[We cut to another montage where they are having fun at some sort of hypothetical Boston-themed Boston Casino named O'Belichik's Pot of Gold, a casino where they use potatoes instead of poker chips. "Creep" by Radiohead is playing, but it sounds like Dropkick Murphy music but the lyrics are the same. You see a shot of them rolling green dice on a big craps table where Larry Bird is the guy with the long stick moving all the stuff on the carpet around. Then they are at Boston's hottest restaurant, the original Boston Market, and they are all eating the most uniformly orange colored chicken you have ever seen in your life. Then they are at the Boston Opera, watching a bunch of college kids do a stage-adapted version of Boondock Saints. Then, they start sloshing around martinis, falling over, spilling em everywhere, trying to drink them and spilling them on their own faces. Later, we see Branson following women to their cars.]

ANDREW: Cmon Charles! We're going to see Bingo Was His Name-O at the casino theater! It's the biggest play in boston!

CHARLES: (sounds like a nerd) Errr, I don't know, guys! Don't we have a big game coming up? I wonder what Coach would say...

[daydream harp noise]

COACH: Great news, Charles! They are putting Radiohead in Kingdom Hearts! And it's all thanks to YOU!

CHARLES: That's nice coach, but I'm more focused on my football career right now. I won't stop till they put ME in Kingdom Hearts. First athlete to ever do it.

COACH: This is your daydream, pal! I love you!

CHARLES: Wassup/

[daydream harp noise again]

BRANSON: FUCK the big game!! Tonight is our night—This is our house!!! Woop woop woop! I'm gonna shiiiiiiiiit on someone! Grab that guy!

ANDREW: Which guy?

CHARLES: He's getting away! He can see in his eyes what Branson intends to do.

BRANSON: Just grab anyone! The Big Game isn't until the morning, so let's get really liquored up and get nasty! I want the grab thing to kind of be a fun, spontaneous organic moment. So let's not talk about it too much.

CHARLES: It's just so much work. I'm just going to hit the Magic the Gathering tables and try to feel good.

ANDREW: Oh, come on guys! We got to go see Bingo Is His Name-O! I paid over seven hundred dollars for these tickets! Nathan Lane apparently kills it!

CHARLES: It's getting pretty late and our game is pretty early, but oh, I don't know...

BRANSON: Nathan Lane! Nathan Lane! Nathan Lane!

NARRATOR: [Charles receives a text from Coach Silver "You boys better be in bed and getting some rest. Tomorrow is the big day.]

CHARLES: Alright! One little play couldn't hurt! Let's go!

[Cut to the next morning. Branson, Andrew and Charles all show up to the Patriots stadium (the Herman Cain Dome) and are all in rough shape. They are hungover, they got bags under their eyes, they got zits all over their foreheads, they are wearing nasty sweat pants with a bunch of sick on them, they have boogers on their faces, their breath stinks. Skin completely green. Also, their stomachs hurt and they are farting a ton and they all have headaches and are bitching about them. They also have big hot water bottles on their heads.]

BRANSON: Can we call in sick for the big game? If I sniff any fresh air today I'm gonna blow major chunks.

CHARLES: I'm ready for game time. This is my Michael Jordan flu game. I intentionally got the flu last night to make sure I could play my best.

ANDREW: MJ's flu game was for the championship, not a preseason game.

CHARLES: I'm thinking of a different flu game. One in the preseason. He scored 120 points in a meaningless victory over a very bad team.

COACH: Be that as it may, it's game time baby. Which one of you wants to be first string quarterback? I don't really have a strong preference.

BRANSON: String? Like a tampon?

ANDREW: I want to be first chair quarterback.

COACH: Fine. Let's just go in alphabetical order. Andrew, get in the game!

ANDREW: Oh my god. Me? I've been waiting all my life for this. I don't even know what a football is.

COACH: Well you're gonna learn real quick.

ANDREW: No I'm not.

COACH: Go get on the field and stand in the pocket.

BRANSON: Pocket? Like a hot pocket? Like a hot pocket full of pepperoni and real mozzarella cheese? That kind of a pocket? Are you FUCKING kidding me dude?

CHARLES: Coach, who's the bad guys today? I hope we don't have to play against the 1980 Oakland Raiders. Those guys were really mean.

COACH: It looks like the bad guys for today are... The Washington Football Team. From this year.

CHARLES: Phew. OK Andrew, go show them what you got.

ANDREW: OK.

COACH: Yeah let's see what you got.

ANDREW: Uh huh.

CHARLES: Yeah. Go get 'em.

BRANSON: I know you can do it.

COACH: Me too.

ANDREW: OK.

CHARLES: Yeah.

COACH: OK. Go out there on the field.

ANDREW: OK. I think I will.

COACH: Hold on. You'll need this in case things go wrong.

[The coach places a small pill in ANDREWS hand and gently closes ANDREWS hand around it.]

ANDREW: Is this a painkiller? Should I try to get addicted?

COACH: That's a cyanide pill. Only take it if shit starts getting really bad.

ANDREW: I am ready to die for you sir.

COACH: You and everyone else on this team. Now go get 'em tiger.

ANDREW: OK... Here I am on the field. Hike hike hike hike!! Oh fuck, he threw me the ball! What am I gonna do? Son of a fucking shitter! My ass is grass if I don't give this ball to someone else quick.

COACH: Andrew!! Throw the ball to the receiver!!

ANDREW: Here goes nothin'!!

BRANSON: Oh no, the ball's slipping out of his hand!

CHARLES: It's cause he ate a greasy burrito right before going on the field!

ANDREW: It was a gyro, dumbass. Tastes so good though.

CHARLES: Ohhh not bad. Might have to get me one of those.

ANDREW: You will eat it.

COACH: Keep your head in the game Andrew! You know what. You're out. I'm putting Branson in for the next play.

BRANSON: Okay here we go. The weak shall fear the strong. Hut hut hut hut hut hut hup hup hup hup huh huh huh huh huhuhu hhhhhhhhhhhh hike!

[BRANSON executes a perfect 5-step drop. BRANSON has prototypical height for an NFL quarterback, excellent posture, and a long and smooth ass like John Wayne. His uniform has very few stains on it. He rocks backward, anchors his right foot, and throws the football two hundred yards. Everyone in the stadium stops talking at once as the football soars majestically through the air, rocketing over the stands, until it just clears the stadium and falls harmlessly in the parking lot. BRANSON immediately starts raising the roof in the silent stadium.]

BRANSON: Don't look at me! Fuck you! What are you looking at? What do you want from me? My blood? You already have my sweat and tears! I will fucking kill everyone here today! I can do it, too! I'm descended from Charlemagne! I have the blood of Charlemagne inside of me!

[The rest of the football team starts dragging BRANSON back to the sideline. They drop BRANSON on the ground and he immediately goes to sleep.]

COACH: Poor guy must be tuckered out.

ANDREW: He had like 11 or 12 but I think he still has more tuckers in the locker room. He'll be fine.

COACH: Whatever. It's 3rd and 25. We really need a big play here. You're our last hope Charles.

CHARLES: I know coach. I won't let you down. This next touchdown pass is for the great folks of the New England region. My heart goes out to them.

COACH: Just get in there and show me what you got. And don't forget to put on your class ring to throw the ball. It's your good luck charm.

CHARLES: Oh thanks. I never play sports without it, but I had completely forgotten till you mentioned it. Anyway. It's not going to come up again in the story, but it matters a great deal to me personally that you reminded me.

COACH: I know. Anyway, the play clock is ticking! Show those BASTARDS what you're made of!

CHARLES: Hike hike 22 22 22 22 22 22 23 24 24 25 HIKE HIKE!!!! OK. He finally heard me and threw the ball to me from his legs. Oh wow, there's already a guy open!

COACH: That's the linebacker!

CHARLES: Perfect. He looks ready to catch the ball.

COACH: But he's on the other team!

ANDREW: He IS open, though.

COACH: Aaaagghh fuck! He's running that thing back for the whole enchilada and we are powerless to stop him.

CHARLES: Don't blame me. He was in good position to catch the ball right when I took the snap. If he ran toward our end zone, no one could have stopped him. It's not my fault he has an evil heart and went the other way.

COACH: God damn it!

[COACH does the thing where he throws his hat on the ground and he starts stomping on it. He is pretty old, though, so some of the other guys on the team start helping him stomp on it. There is such a commotion that BRANSON wakes up. He immediately picks up the water cooler and dumps it on the coaches' head.]

COACH: You're supposed to dump the Gatorade on the coach's head at the END of the game!! And that's only if you WIN!!!

BRANSON: It's not Gatorade. Gatorade is for winners. That was milk.

CHARLES: I thought it was White Ocean Gatorade.

ANDREW: That doesn't exist yet.

COACH: That's it!! We're playing the rest of the game without a quarterback. You three can sit in the locker room and think about what you've done!

BRANSON: I'm not going to think about that. I'm going to think about this video I saw where a donkey gets hit by a train.

CHARLES: That donkey is low key GOATed and a boss. Swag.

ANDREW: What? What are you talking about? I hate it when you decide to just act like a little dumbass. We're all sick of it. We've been talking behind your back, by the way.

CHARLES: Basically, any one of us can drop dead at any second. There's no point in any of this shit.

BRANSON: When do we get fentanyl?

COACH: OK. You know what. This game is already a waste of time. I'm just going to tell the refs we quit. We'll show a movie for all the fans who came out today. We've got a copy of October Sky in the locker room for just such an occasion.

ANDREW: Aw man. I've seen that so many times already.

[The REFS wheel out a TV to the halfway mark on the field. They fiddle with the controls for a while and hook up a bunch of cords.]

FAN 1: Red to red! Match the red with the red!

FAN 2: Is it an aux?

FAN 3: You have to set it to channel 2.

[The stadium erupts in cheers when the DVD title menu for October Sky starts playing over the loudspeakers at the stadium. Dejected, BRANSON, ANDREW and CHARLES all walk down that long football hallway to the inside concrete part of the stadium where the lockers room are. They are all frowning and moping and shuffling their feet. There is a bunch of small rocks in the hallway and they are all kicking them around while bitching and moaning. Also, their hands are in their pockets as they walk. Also, when they get to the locker room one of the locker room attendants hands them their customary Game Day Rose and it starts wilting the second they touch it.]

ANDREW: I'm getting Doo Dash. Who wants cheese burgers.

BRANSON: I'll take a cheese burger from Doo Dash. I like doo dash more better than gub hub.

ANDREW: Yeah and it's still cheaper than the Whoo Foods in the stadium.

CHARLES: My friend's got an Xbox that plays PS5 games, and it has free Doo Dash in it. You don't have to pay ever.

ANDREW: My cousin works for Doo Dash and it's sick, they give you all the free food you want.

BRANSON: I have an idea for an app. It's a text that you send to a girl and if she clicks it, her camera in her phone takes a picture of her against her will and then sends it to you. So you could trick them when they are using the toilet or showering. It could be a prank, but I think it'll be mostly used for something else.

COACH: SILENCE! You three are in hot water. Your luck has dried up. It's dry water you're in, basically.

CHARLES: Coach can we have just one more chance?

COACH: Well.... OK. But you'll have to develop some secret techniques to impress me and show that you're serious.

ANDREW: My secret technique is the interception. And the fumble.

COACH: They need to be techniques that help us win.

BRANSON: I'm going to stab the bad guys till there's no one left to play against.

COACH: It has to be a football move that's legal in the game.

CHARLES: We're going to be here all day if we keep goofing off, so I'm not going to say something stupid. Let's just head home and chill for a bit. We'll think of some cool moves that you'll love, coach.

ANDREW: OK I got Doo Dash its going to our apartment in 30. We gotta get over there quick.

BRANSON: Perfect timing. My limo that I bought just arrived. It comes with power steering, 4 Cube Cycle Engine, 10000 Horsepower, a steering wheel, brakes, a seat to sit in when you drive it, multiple mirrors so you can look around more better, wheels, 4 wheels. A frame. Some sort of chassis. And it's still wrapped in the original plastic. That's right, a real fucking fine piece of machinery. Oh look, there it is now! Now that we've been walking while I was talking and now we are in the parking lot! When I started talking, we were still in the locker room. I don't know why I'm telling you guys this, you were right there with me as we walked here.

ANDREW: I know.

CHARLES: I know.

BRANSON: Be that as it may, let's go check it out!

LIMO DRIVER [w/ british accent]: Hello sir, you must be Branson! I will be your Limo Driver. I trained at the WorthingSmith School of ---

BRANSON: Pussy! You talk like a PUSSY! Give me the keys!

CHARLES: You sound like a limey brit mate. A lobsterback. A lobstercoat. Whatever they called them in the war to kill the British and be free.

LIMO DRIVER: I... I don't understand. Are you gentleman... dumb? Are you dumb guys?

CHARLES: Basically we're Animaniacs if they were QBs in the NFL.

[By this time, ANDREW has snuck behind the LIMO DRIVERS back. He gets down on all fours behind him. BRANSON then pushes the LIMO DRIVER in the chest and he goes toppling over onto his little British ass.]

BRANSON: I'll be driving this thang, kemosabe. You can go ahead and hitchhike home. Fuck you, fuck England, fuck your nasty old Queen, Fuck all your nasty old lumber teeth journalists in the Guardian, you are the most fugly island of all time. If it was legal, I'd kill you.

LIMO DRIVER: I'm going to tell on you... to the queen...

ANDREW: I don't think you'll be doing that.

[ANDREW hits the Limo Driver over the head with a wooden mallet and he passes out and there's various birds going around his head.]

ANDREW: Now let's get that Doo Dash. I just worked up an appetite.

[The BOYS pile into the brand new Gucci Limo. Oh, did I forget to mention that it was Gucci? Well, it is. It's the first car that they have made and it is a limo instead of a car. Also, it is a Chevy SSR. Also, it is twice as long as a normal limo and when ANDREW and CHARLES sit in the back, they have to yell in order to be heard in the front. BRANSON is putting on driving gloves, driving goggles, and he is taking his shirt off. There is factory default champagne in the mini fridge and they go nuts on it, sucking it down like an egg.]

BRANSON: You guys ready to head home? I'm going to try to run over the Limo guy's foot a little. Just a little. A few fractures. Nothing reconstructive. Also, where is our home? Also, what did you Doo Dash?

ANDREW: I doo dashed from Whoo Foods.

CHARLES: Baller!

[The boys pile into their new Gucci Limo and the GPS coordinates to their new home are already in the Limo. They pull up to the Bel-Air neighborhood of New England (fact check later) and it's a crazy mansion with a pool and a playboy bunny grotto but instead of playboy bunnys there are a bunch of old men swimming around with their shirts on.]

CHARLES: Yooooo! This mansion is GOATed though.

ANDREW: That's wassup. Anyway, I guess that dumb LOSER told us we had to do something? For football, I mean.

BRANSON: Fuck that guy, what was his deal anyway? Trying to tell us how to play the damn game, when WE'RE the QBs!

CHARLES: I think he was the coach. That's why he was telling us what to do.

ANDREW: Focus up, guys! We stunk on ice! We looked like a bunch of needle dicks out there, sharpening our dicks on the gridiron like some kind of fucking needle dick. I'm about to fuel up with some Doo Dash Whoo Food Cheeseburgers and get to training. Gub hub.

CHARLES: I guess we should all come up with secret techniques. But how? The next preseason game is only a week away!

BRANSON: Can I walk in first? Can I sit down first? We are looking at the mansion and just talking about what we are going to do next. Am I crazy? I get that we are trying to move the plot along and all, but my dogs are barking, and I'm about to ask those old guys in the pool if they remember what porno was like back then.

CHARLES: Back when?

BRANSON: Anytime before the stepmother era really. Back when it was just about sluts doing stuff.

ANDREW: A slut would walk in and some guy would be cleaning the pool.

CHARLES: And she would bring him a pizza.

ANDREW: Nature would just run its course. No need for all the narrative stuff. We were closer to our primal instincts back then in 2011.

BRANSON: Guys! We GOTTA come up with our secret techniques!

ANDREW: This was your topic. You were just bitching again. You're always just bitching.

CHARLES: Be that as it may—

ANDREW: Stop that! Stop saying “Be that as it may” so much! You’re over using it!

CHARLES: Be that as it may, the big preseason game is coming up! We gotta do something crazy to make the coach know that we’re the right guys to be 3 quarterbacks for him.

BRANSON: Should we have a lighthearted romp first? Maybe a filler episode where Andrew has a date with three women at the same time and we have to help him out?

CHARLES: NO! Let’s just go to our separate rooms and play our three PS5s that the football league gave us for free. I’m sure we’ll think of special moves eventually, even if we do it on the ride to the stadium for game time next week. Coach said there’s no practice this week cause it’s just the preseason.

ANDREW: I’d be cool with the three women thing as long as they are eights or above.

BRANSON: Okay well I thought of my secret move already so what should I do?

CHARLES: I thought of mine too. Let’s just have a pool party and order some Doo Dash.

ANDREW: Doo Dash is already on the way. But I’m thinking about dinner now. We gotta order another meal ASAP—chicken fingers anyone? My treat.

BRANSON: I’m logging onto Doober Eats on my Hoo Foods app. Charles do you want spaghetti and meatballs again?

CHARLES: Yeah just leave them a note that I want one giant meatball in the middle of all the spaghetti.

BRANSON: Okay, got it. Single large meatball, lots of noodles and sauce, extra sloppy just like how you like it. A big sloppy plate of spaghetti that you call pasghetti.

CHARLES: And no tomato in the tomato sauce please.

ANDREW: Be that as it may—

CHARLES: You just said I can’t say that.

ANDREW: Be that as it may—

BRANSON: Whoa, have you guys looked at a clock or watch or calendar lately? This conversation has been going on for seven days. Those old guys in the pool did not get fed and now they are just floating around.

ANDREW: Did coach tell us to feed them? They were adult men. I assumed that they didn't live here permanently and that they could have fed themselves.

BRANSON: I don't listen to that old bastard coach. I'm in it for the dinero, which is money, and for numero uno, which is me. Also, I'm in it for the Tang, but all they put in the coolers is Gatorade.

CHARLES: You should have become an astronaut if you wanted tang.

ANDREW: Oh wow we are driving to the game!

BRANSON: Whoa!!! When did we all sit down in this brand new 2023 Gucci Aston Martin Goku Vegeta Supercharged HEMI GT Charger Deluxe.

CHARLES: That old limo we got SUCKS now compared to this car!

ANDREW: Holy crap look we are pulling up to the stadium now!

BRANSON: Do you guys have ideas for your special moves?

COACH: That's what I'd like to know!

ALL THREE: COACH!!

COACH: You've had a week. What are you going to do to wow me on the gridiron?

BRANSON: I've created a new type of pass where I do a front flip and land on my big ass and throw the ball at over 100 mph in any direction. I call it "Toilet Stomper".

COACH: Seems unorthodox and willfully stupid. Also, the name is immature. It kind of makes me think that you are an ugly person inside and out. But I'll allow it.

ANDREW: Basically, I am going to put the ball in my helmet and throw my helmet. Also I'm the first Catholic quarterback to ever play in the NFL so if you fire me it'll look really bad.

COACH: Your secret move sounds like it's not going to be very helpful, but you're right. We can't have that kind of PR nightmare on our hands. We're already dealing with bad PR cause liberals and the Taliban say Pat the Patriot doesn't hate America enough.

CHARLES: I hate America, coach! But, well, as far as my technique goes... Let's just say I have some crazy ideas for new plays that I invented. I'll tell the guys how to do them later.

COACH: Coming up with crazy plays is MY job! But OK. I guess this is the best we've got. I hope it works.

[The entire season flies by very quickly in a montage. Play after play is shown where Branson is the QB scrambling and his pants keep getting tackled off and he runs into the endzone completely nude from the waist down and no matter how big his penis is it was cold that day. We see Andrew walk onto the field to roaring applause during Catholic Day at the stadium, where everyone gets a jersey of the pope and a bobblehead of one of those guys in the bible, like Paul, or John, or George, and the really rare one that you want to get is the whale from the bible who ate that guy. Andrew gives a candid interview about his Catholic faith to Pam Oliver, and then God smites the EVIL Green Bay Packers and kills all of them on the field—and also kills all of their firstborn at home—so Andrew has an easy time winning the game, and nobody's kids are disappointed in them losing the game, unless they had a secondborn. After that, many defenses were afraid to play against the Patriots, cause they didn't want God to kill their firstborn, and many NFL teams started signing guys who do not have children. Anyway, then there's a scene where Charles does a play called the Quarterback Trick—it's a trick play you see—where basically, he snaps the ball, and then suddenly he's in the endzone without the ball, and he's standing next to a linebacker, and he pulls the football out from behind the guy's ear, and then it's a touchdown.]

[The boys go 17 and 0, not losing a single game during the regular season. Also, nothing notable, funny or important happens in the playoffs leading up to the super bowl. The boys just play good clean football and leave it all on the gridiron (football field) and they win super easily. And by the way, in their free time, they all do lots of charity work, and are REALLY good guys. But they're too humble to show that in the script. They also win a bunch of awards that they don't even go to the ceremony of because awards to them are just like, pieces of metal arranged to look like a guy or a football or something. Awards don't matter to them because they aren't in this for the prestige. They are only in it for one thing and one thing only. The money. Every time they win an award they let a person from an indigenous community accept the award and talk about whatever issues matter to them, like racism or highway profanity.]

[It is now the Super Bowl time and they are all in the locker room listening to music to get amped up like they do in the commercials where they say stuff like "Nothing matters but this moment. Will your rise?"]

BRANSON: I'm listening to Hate Me by Blue October. He says he's playing movies in his head that make a porno feel like home in the lyrics he sings. I think he means that he is thinking of some sex that is so crazy that it makes watching a porno feel like a wholesome experience. I would fucking chop my right arm off just to see what kind of crazy sex this guy is dreaming up. My ropes would knock down the fucking walls of this stadium and it would be a huge disaster with tons of lives lost.

ANDREW: I'm listening to Superman by Five For Fighting. I like to call it the 9/11 song because I heard it after 9/11. It was written before 9/11 by the way so that meant that the guy obviously didn't know it was going to be the 9/11 song. I checked it out and he has no connection to the Taliban or Obama Bin Hiding at all. It's just a coincidence that his song was the 9/11 song because, thematically speaking, a lot of the themes of the song; Grief, loss, being Superman, are also the themes of 9/11.

CHARLES: I'm listening to a white guy on Youtube do an acoustic cover of Lil Jon's Get Low. It gets me amped up, but it also makes me more sensitive and makes me think. When Lil Jon saw this, he said Get Low belongs to this guy now. And then the two of them teamed up to deliver turkeys to a soup kitchen the week after Thanksgiving.

COACH: OK guys! It's time for the Super Bowl. This is the whole enchilada folks. The big one. The big easy. Don't take this one for granted. This one's for all the marbles. You won't wanna blink—close your eyes just once and you'll miss it. Yes, this one is the real deal. Remember Joe Namath? He played in one of these, probably. Doug Flutie? I bet he also did it. Mean Joe Green? You better believe he probably made it to a Super Bowl, since we all remember his name. Even Dan Marino. Could you be the next Marino? I hope not. Cause we gotta win this thing. Do it for all the firstborns god killed in our name these last few months. Win this enchilada for them.

BRANSON: Who's starting coach? We all split the regular season MVP. I got the middle of it.

CHARLES: You got the middle of the Heisman too. They gave it to us posthumously.

ANDREW: We got it Doo Dashed.

CHARLES: Whoo food.

BRANSON: Gub hub.

COACH: That's not what posthumous means. And you DID NOT get the Heisman Doo Dashed.

BRANSON: Less yapping and more snapping! Snapping the football that is. To me. To QB.

CHARLES: Wait, I thought I was the starter for the big enchilada!

ANDREW: Fuck you! I'm the star! I'll kill you!

COACH: Boys, boys, relax! You're all going to start the big game.

ALL THREE: HUH!?!?!? DUHH?? DOYEE??

COACH: They'll never see it coming. The three quarterback maneuver. The Quadruple Option. It's the Quintuple Option if you consider one of the options to be giving up.

ANDREW: That just might work.

COACH: It better work. I just got word from Roger Godell. If we lose, they're shutting down the New England Patriots for good. There's no more money in the team bank, unless we win the billion dollar prize for the Super Bowl. It's lights out in Beantown—or more accurately, the Greater Beantown Region—if we don't take home the big payday and beat the little pink asses of the bad guy team.

ANDREW (headphones on, singing): Where did I go wrong, I lost some men, way back old days in the bitterest end, so you sit down, and what you write, and you know, how to save a life (louder) Where did I go wrong-

BRANSON (headphones on, singing): I'm afraid to fly I'm not that naive I just want to fight in my tights and in my jeans I'm more than a bird I'm more than a tree I'm more than this little guy inside of me and it's not easy, to be, me.

CHARLES: Coach I forgot to ask. Who are the bad guys today?

COACH: The Cleveland Browns. Nobody in the NFC was good enough this year so they let two AFC teams do it. Their QB, Johnny Manziel, really turned it around from his wet and wild days and worked hard on his craft of football. He doesn't do commercials, he doesn't go to the club, he doesn't get his wick wet, he just lives, eats, and breathes football. I cannot think of a more pure soul, with a more profound impact on the game of football than Johnny Manziel. Plus he's only 29, so he's a little more spry than you old timers. Hope you do your stretches before the game. Let's face it. Branson isn't getting any younger.

ANDREW: I'm getting younger.

COACH: Be that as it may, we've gotta show these Browns how we do it in Beantown. And the greater area around it.

CHARLES: Coach, where is this Super Bowl taking place? I just hopped on the plane and didn't ask questions.

COACH: We're at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. They built out this 120,000 seat stadium just in time for us to play in it for the whole enchilada. And they said, the quarterback who throws the most touchdowns today is automatically going in the Hall of Fame.

ANDREW (headphones on again, singing): He goes left she goes right and thats how you save my life Where Did I go wrong, my oldest friend, something else in the bitterest end, and you sit there, and you go left, and thats how, you save my life.

COACH: While you were singing, I just had a word with the head referee. He said he has a family thing, and he can't stay at the game long. We're gonna have to wrap it up early. He said maybe they'll just do the halftime show first, and then we can play one quarter of football and call it a day.

BRANSON: Das coo.

COACH: OK. I hope the fans aren't mad or anything. Or the sponsors who paid millions to put eyeballs on their wares.

ANDREW: They are still going to have the halftime show, right? I need to see if Slash is still alive.

COACH: Yeah it's starting right now. Let's go check it out.

[On the football field, there's explosions all over, and fire, and brimstone, and then ZZ Top comes out of the stage and they're rocking out, and bending the strings on their guitars, and shimmying around in a way that's really cool to dads. And their beards are in the color of the teams. Basically, one is orange, which is the Browns color for some reason, and one is red white and blue which is the color of a patriot, unless you are in a country other than the USA, France or Liberia. Also, out of fairness to the Taliban, the drummer is dressed like a Taliban man.]

CHARLES: I hope they play Sharp Dressed Man!

[After 30 minutes of Sharp Dressed Man, one of the beard guys says that they are bringing out a special guest. A platform comes out onto the stage with smoke billowing everywhere. You hear the platform grind to a halt, and the smoke dissipates, revealing the skeleton of Slash still wearing a top hat and holding a big guitar. The skeleton slumps over and falls off the stage in a pile of bones and the bones land on a bunch of super hot girls who start screaming and freaking out.]

BRANSON: Oh fuck! They forgot to feed Slash!

ANDREW: Is he alright?

CHARLES: I didn't see any blood, so I think he's cool.

ANDREW (singing): Clean shirt new shoes gold watch diamond ring, tuxedo pants, every girl's crazy 'bout a sharp dressed man!

COACH: This is the greatest moment of my life. Standing here watching my favorite band play my favorite song. I never want this to end.

[It ends]

COACH: Aww man. Time for football I guess. Let's show these clowns from the Buckeye state how we do it here in the Beantown state.

CHARLES: Aren't we in Ohio?

COACH: Right. Be that as it may, it's time to play ball. You know what I always say. If there's grass on the field, play ball. We lost the coin flip because you guys told me to say it is going to land on its side, so now we got to let Manziel and his Browns take the field first.

BRANSON: I'll kill 'em all. I don't care if it's in the rulebook. I will murder every single Brown with my bare hands.

GOD: Hey save some for me.

ANDREW: Hey big fella, WE got this one! You just sit back and enjoy the game.

GOD: OK. But I'm rootin' for you. By the way, thanks for being Catholic.

ANDREW: Any time, big guy. Keep a cold beer waitin' for me up there, for when I am killed someday.

CHARLES: Guys! The game is starting! LOOK!

BRANSON: T-t-t-t-two quarterbacks?

COACH: Damn! It looks like Baker Mayfield is out there with Johnny Football! I did NOT see this coming. Together, they represent all that is perfect in football. The Yin and the Yang. Life and Death. The cold precision of Mayfield combined with the fiery demeanor of Manziel. I'm about to throw my playbook in the trash and puke on it. Tell the defense to figure it out as they go! I'll be sitting here on the bench, checking my phone. I got a lot of money riding on this.

CHARLES: Don't worry coach, we've got something they never dreamed of. Three quarterbacks at once. They'll never know what hit 'em.

[The Cleveland Browns execute their two quarterback strategy to perfection as they take a slow, methodical drive down the gridiron (which is slang for a football field). Manziel and Mayfield work together like two halves of the same whole. Two CEOs divvying up stocks on the field. Two Presidents both vetoing each other. Two Kings comparing crowns. Their plays look like cirque du soleil shit, oozing with both sexuality and precision. It transcended sport to become art, and the entire stadium wept upon the completion of their drive, where Manziel and Mayfield ran

mirroring fractal route bootlegs that spiraled into the endzone. Then the kicker got a really good extra point that was like art too.]

CHARLES: Damn they ate up 14 minutes and 45 seconds off the clock! And the ref keeps looking at his watch like he's ready to call this thing.

ANDREW: We better make these 15 seconds count. The whole world is watching.

BRANSON: Guys. Are you thinking what I'm thinking.

CHARLES: Stop trying to get us to jack off together. We aren't the beatles.

BRANSON: Okay, Einstein, you tell us what we're going to do.

CHARLES: First, one of you guys needs a play that takes us alllll the way to the 1 yard line. Then I can put MY plan in motion.

BRANSON: I have a secret move that I've been doing all year and everyone has seen it. But I think it's going to work. It's the move I said to coach earlier if you remember.

ANDREW: I think we already wrote enough for a whole episode, so let's hurry this thing up.

BRANSON: Charles, you take the snap. Andrew, you then take the snap from Charles and snap it to me. I'll do the rest. Except one of you needs to also catch it when I throw it to the one yard line. They'll never expect that, because I've only ever thrown it into the endzone every pass attempt all year.

ANDREW: Okay. I'll walk to the one yard line and wait for the pass.

CHARLES: Okay, break! Let's do this thang!

[There are fifteen seconds left in the game. The three boys all line up next to each other, hip to hip, in the Quarterback spot (football lingo). The ball gets snapped to Charles, who hands it to Andrew, who snaps it to Branson. Branson takes the ball and hoists it high over his head before whipping it downwards as fast as he can, causing himself to front flip rapidly. As Branson comes back up in mid-air after the first front flip, he releases the ball at a near vertical trajectory into the air. As the ball goes flying up, the defense scrambles backwards. Andrew begins to walk to the one yard line as the defense looks up into the air like a bunch of dumb fucks. The ball comes screaming down at one hundred miles per hour, having a power trail on it like what it would look like if Goku threw a football. Andrew catches it and gets gently tackled at the one yard line. There is two seconds left on the clock.]

COACH: Timeout! Timeout!

ANDREW: Good call, Coach! There was only two seconds left.

COACH: Two seconds left in what? I'm on the phone with my bookie, and he says he's going to kill me! I called a timeout to ask if you guys know anyone who makes good disguises so I can hide from my bookie. Maybe in Hawaii somewhere.

ANDREW: We're not going to do anything about your thing! We are doing our thing right now! There's only two seconds left in the game! Charles - do you got a plan?

BRANSON: Yeah, do you got a plan, egghead? Yeah, what's the plan, Einstein? Hey, hey, hey, you PUSSY, what are we going to do?

CHARLES: OK OK take it easy! This is my time to shine. You see, I was talking to Trish earlier. You know Trish? The cheerleader whose looks are as good as her brain and personality? She was the first female cheerleader to be the head cheerleader at Yale, in 2019. She told me that it's really fun to do the pyramid where they stand on each other's shoulders. And it made me think, what if we did that to win the game? Basically, The guys on the line go do their thing. Then, the receivers and running backs pile up on top of them. Then, you two pile on top of them. Then I go all the way on top. And then, when I say HIKE, the center throws the ball up to me on top, and I simply fall over into the end zone for the T Dawg.

ANDREW: You magnificent bastard. It's just so crazy it might work. I can't believe how much better you are than me and Branson.

BRANSON: You are the smartest one out of the three of us. That's a good idea.

CHARLES: OK here I go. Hike hike hike 22!

[We could describe the play again, but basically, everything happens exactly as Charles described it, and the underdog New England Patriots score a T Dawg in the Big Game for the Whole Enchilada. However, there's one problem. They need a 2 point conversion to win.]

CHARLES: Yaaaaay! This is so fun! We're going to win the Super Bowl!

ANDREW: Not so fast. There's one problem. We need a 2 point conversion to win. We need a new trick play because we aren't that good at football.

CHARLES: We're fucked. There's NO way we can pull THIS off!

ANDREW: Leave this to me guys. I think I have a world-historic idea for a football play. They will be writing about this in football textbooks for eternity.

BRANSON: This must be a big play for them. They got Manziel and Mayfield both playing defense.

ANDREW: Okay, Branson, just hold onto this end of the rope here. And Charles, you hold onto this end of the rope here. And during the commercial, I'm going to walk around the back of their endzone. I don't think they will notice because they got Slash up on the jumbotron playing right now.

[Jumbotron shows a skeleton with a top hat on getting swept into a dustpan by a janitor. The crowd is losing it and going nuts.]

CHARLES: Do you have enough time to set it up?

ANDREW: I already did it. You guys were looking at Slash and I got it done already. I don't think anyone saw me. I don't think they have any cameras even pointed at the field right now.

CHARLES: Basically, the goal posts are bent over the Browns, and over our offensive line, and we're holding them in place with ropes. Are we sure the goalpost isn't offsides right now?

COACH: Offsides is only for players! Just do whatever you want out there!

BRANSON: This better work, Andrew. If we don't win we'll never be able to afford new guys with t-shirts on to swim in our mansion. And the guys gotta be old, and that costs some serious moola.

ANDREW: OK watch this! Hut hut hut hut hut Doo Dash!!!

[Andrew says hike and immediately throws a dagger instead of the football at a small piece of rope that is pulling the goalpost over. The rope snaps and whips out of Charles and Bransons hands, causing everyone to be thrown forward by the ropes behind them at 1000 miles an hour. They all go tumbling into the endzone like a bunch of dickheads, except for Andrew, who goes flying through the uprights of the goal post in a Christ like pose, landing safely in the crowd, who began to carry him around in adoration.]

CHARLES: I thought you were going to go into the endzone for the two point conversion Andrew. I think that's technically just a kick for one point.

BRANSON: No, wait, the ref says he doesn't want overtime. He's counting that as two points. The good guys win!

[Everyone starts partying and going nuts. The dejected Browns all start slumping away, real poor losers, bad posture, not congratulating anyone. Everyone begins to wonder if the reason that they are traditionally unsuccessful is because of their bad, ungrateful attitudes. You have to wonder about a franchise like that, whos biggest claim to fame recently is a white running back who was good for two years. Meanwhile, all the New England Patriots (the good guys, the best fans in baseball) start dancing like how all the kids dance at the end of Charlie Brown movies.]

COACH: Yaaaaaay!! We won!! Now the league won't shut down the Patriots franchise! And we're rich again! Hey... Where's those three guys? The three quarterbacks... You know, the ones who won this whole thing!?

[Outside the stadium, on a dusty and vacant road, we see the guys putting out their thumbs to hitchhike. A guy stops for them and he's like, where are you guys going...]

CHARLES: Hey traveler. Are you going to the American Southwest by any chance?

ANDREW: It's time for us to hit the old dusty road. Our time here has come and gone.

BRANSON: Where we'll end up in this crazy world, nobody can tell. But one thing's for certain...

[BRANSON opens up a small blanket that he is holding and shows everyone his new magical egg.]

THE END