



WARRIORS

"Pilot"

Written by

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ACT ONE

INT. SFO - INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - DAY

In a TRACKING SHOT we move through the international terminal. It bustles with usual airport activity: a girlfriend greets her boyfriend, a little girl has balloons for her dad, etc.

As we near customs, it starts to get really crowded. There are REPORTERS with cameras and hundreds of BASKETBALL FANS in Golden State Warriors' garb. And is that... a contingent of FOREIGNERS holding signs and chanting in a strange language?

REPORTER

He's here!

Suddenly, the crowd surges forward, knocking a MINI BASKETBALL out of a little boy's hands. We follow the ball and the boy chasing after it down the arrival ramp.

They both come to a stop at a pair of the most enormous feet you've ever seen. The boy cranes his neck. The CAMERA SLOWLY PANS UP, and up and up... and up. Finally, it stops on a man's chest where we see his sweatshirt that reads: WARRIORS. This becomes our title card:

WARRIORS

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

We're on the sleeping face of JASON BLOOMBERG (25), average, sweet, a little wimpy.

He's jolted awake by a loud BUZZER. He pops up to see his mom, BONNIE (late 40's) folding laundry at the other end of his "room", which is really his parents' basement.

BONNIE

Hey, Sleepyhead. I'm doing whites.
Hand me your underwear.

Jason lays there for a beat, then reluctantly starts taking off his underwear under the covers.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Bonnie makes eggs as her husband, BOB BLOOMBERG (50) reads the sports page. Jason enters texting on his phone.

Note: throughout we will see texts appear on screen as a bubble next to the person sending or receiving them. This text is from Jason to "Bridget" and reads "Did you see Shark Tank last night? Bacon alarm clock? Come onnnnn."

BONNIE

Are you texting Bridget?

JASON

Yeah. I mean, I know she's dating Troy, but we have a really deep connection that doesn't just go away.

BOB BLOOMBERG

(checking his feet)

Hey Doormat, I think I have something on my shoe. Can I wipe it on you?

BONNIE

Bob.

BOB BLOOMBERG

What? He's chasing after some girl who's already dumped him.

BONNIE

She didn't dump him. She's having new experiences. And Jason is too. Which is why I signed us up for partner yoga.

JASON

Mom, I cannot say no to that enough times.

BONNIE

Bob, you need to encourage him.

BOB BLOOMBERG

Really? Okay, fine. Jason, I encourage you to experience living somewhere other than my basement. And maybe you could feel what it's like not to pine after a girl you're never going to get back. Oh, and while you're at it, learn how to find a job that pays more than eighteen hundred dollars a year.

JASON

Teaching assistants make eighteen hundred dollars a semester. When I lived in Africa, I met people who survive on two hundred dollars a year. So compared to those bushmen, I am crushing it. Now, which one of you is giving me a ride to the bus stop?

INT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE CLASSROOM - LATER

Jason sits with a bored college STUDENT who holds an "Intro to African Languages" textbook.

JASON

This is the third time you've taken this class. Just say anything in Setswana and I'll pass you. "My name is Todd." *Leina lame ke Todd.*

TODD

Is this gonna be on the test?

JASON

Todd, this is the test.

A WOMAN pokes her head into the classroom.

WOMAN

Jason? You have a phone call.

INT. SHITTY OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jason's on the phone in this shitty office.

DON (ON PHONE)

Jason Bloomberg? Don D'Alessario with the Golden State Warriors. I have a job to discuss with you. Can you come down to Oracle Arena right now?

JASON

But I already have a job. And I saw cupcakes in the break room so I think it's someone's birthday.

DON (ON PHONE)

There's a man standing in your doorway. Nod if you see him.

Jason turns. There is a MAN in his doorway. Jason nods.

DON (CONT'D)

Good. That's Chad. He'll bring you to my office. This is a once in a lifetime opportunity, Jason. You don't want to pass it up. Get in the car with Chad.

The line goes dead. Jason looks to Chad.

JASON

Chad, you should know I get car sick when I think someone's gonna kill me.

Jason laughs. Chad doesn't. As Chad exits, Jason pulls out his phone. His text is to Bridget and reads: **"Potentially being murdered by a man named Chad. Stay tuned."**

INT. CHAD'S CAR - LATER

Jason talks on the phone in the backseat as Chad drives.

JASON (INTO PHONE)

I don't know how, Mom, I just turned around and he was there... I can't ask him that... because I can't. Fine.
(leans forward, to Chad)
Do you think I'll be home for dinner?

Chad just looks at him through the rearview mirror. Jason gets a text from Bridget: **"H8 to be a 'B' and hope ur not dead, but Troy hates it when you text. :)"**

EXT. ORACLE ARENA - PLAYER PARKING LOT - LATER

The car pulls up to the front of Oracle Arena. DON D'ALESSARIO, General Manager of the Warriors, approaches. He's 50, smooth, confident, and well-suited -- the opposite of Jason in his stained sweatshirt and worn-out sneakers.

DON

You're Jason.

JASON

Yup.

DON

Jesus. Okay, walk with me.

Don starts towards the arena. He talks as fast as he walks and Jason struggles to keep up. The following will play like an Aaron Sorkin walk-and-talk on crack...

DON (CONT'D)

Tell me how much you know about
basketball. On a scale of one to ten.

JASON

Negative 9.

DON

Like you don't know anything?

JASON

I got Air Jordans for Hanukkah once.
And I saw Shazam.

DON

Well, you're going to learn fast.

Jason ogles the players' fancy cars. Don notices.

DON (CONT'D)

Don't touch.

INT. ORACLE ARENA - TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Jason follows Don who quickly leads him into the arena.

DON

We're a team on the rise, but we
needed to get stronger in the post, so
I spent an assload of money to take an
untested African center as the second
pick. Everyone thinks I'm nuts, but
I'd bet the farm this guy's Mutumbo
with a jumper and a shooting guard's
handle. Are you following me?

JASON

I'm trying but you have really long
legs and you're walking very fast.

DON

I meant about basketball.

JASON

Oh, no, not a word.

As they pass a few racks of basketballs, Jason reaches out.

DON

Don't touch.

INT. ORACLE ARENA - CONCOURSE - CONTINUOUS

They're still on the move...

DON

He's a physical specimen like I've never seen. Forty-six inch vertical, eight foot wingspan. Just a monster. Problem is, now that Moseki's here, he's playing soft.

They pass by a huge fridge filled with Gatorade.

DON (CONT'D)

Don't touch.

INT. ORACLE ARENA - COURT - CONTINUOUS

Don and Jason walk onto the actual court. It's impressive.

DON

We're a week away from our first preseason game and Mo's not understanding the plays, he's not fighting for the ball, and the only word he seems to know in the entire English language is "hello." His first translator got deported for selling fake passports and best I can tell you're the only other guy in the Bay Area who speaks this nonsense language.

One lone PLAYER intensely shoots free throw after free throw.

JASON

Is that--

DON

Derek Gates. Two-time MVP, all time team points leader...

JASON

I was going to say the guy from the Subway commercials.

(sings jingle)

Five dollar foot loooong.

Don keeps walking. Jason follows.

DON

You'll be with Moseki 24-7. You'll live with him, go on the road with him, make him pancakes if he wants them. Any questions so far?

JASON

Will I be home for dinner?

(off Don's look)

Sorry, I'm nervous. Someone asked me that earlier. That's not a real question.

DON

I'll pay you a hundred and fifty thousand a year.

JASON

Are you joking?

DON

Fine. Two hundred.

They pass the WARRIOR GIRLS in sexy practice uniforms.

DON (CONT'D)

And don't touch.

Jason does his best not to look as he follows Don into:

INT. WARRIORS LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

This is the epicenter of an elite basketball team and right now, it feels like a party. Music blares, half-naked basketball PLAYERS crack jokes with one another.

Jason is a munchkin among these giants and bumps into a GIRL in a Warriors' polo. This is MARTY (20s), cute but intense.

JASON

Did I hit your boob?

MARTY

(aside, to Don)

Is this the special needs kid we're doing the charity for?

DON

New translator.

MARTY
(looks him up and down)
Jesus.

DON
Jason, let's meet Mo.

Jason follows Don through the chaos until we find:

MOSEKI "MO" GOSEGO, a sweet faced but enormous African,
sitting alone at his locker.

DON (CONT'D)
Mo? This is Jason.

Mo stands up. He is the largest human being you've ever
seen. Jason has to crane his neck to look up at him.

****Note: Mo speaks Setswana, the native language of Botswana.
In the script, Setswana will appear in italics. Subtitles
will appear in unique ways, depending on the scene and the
available screen space. In this shot, they appear in the
abundant space over Jason's head.**

JASON
*Whoa... You're incredibly tall.
What's that like?*

MO
*You're a little white kid who speaks
Setswana. What's that like?*

JASON
*Until this moment, it has not been
super cool.*

Mo breaks into a big smile.

DON
He's smiling so I guess we're good.
You ready to talk to reporters?

Don motions for a group of REPORTERS to come over.

JASON
But isn't this fast? You don't even
have my social security number. And
since you'll probably find out, I was
arrested once for releasing some
science bunnies.

Before he can get out of it, the reporters are upon them.

REPORTER #1

Mo, from what we've seen in practice,
you're playing tentatively. Any
reason for that?

Jason turns to Mo, looks back, realizes the reporters are
looking at him. He asks Mo the question in Setswana.

MO

(ignoring question)
So how did you learn Setswana?

JASON

*It's a good story, but can I tell you
later? This seems important.*

Mo says something else in Setswana which Jason translates:

JASON (CONT'D)

He's still getting used to the system.

Jason is now in an Albert Brooks-esque flopsweat. A camera
man shines a BRIGHT LIGHT in his face.

From Jason's POV, we see a series of rapid fire questions:

REPORTER #2

Coach has said he isn't sure how many
minutes you'll see in the preseason.

REPORTER #3

You gonna be ready for opening night?

Mo looks to Jason to translate, but Jason is completely lost.
He sees everyone staring at him: the reporters, Don, Marty
the boob girl. He grabs a nearby trashcan, his head goes out
of frame and he PUKES in it.

A long beat, his head comes back up. Finally:

JASON

He'll be ready.

The Reporters back away as Marty turns to Don.

MARTY

You sure he's not the special needs
kid?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. ORACLE ARENA - PLAYER PARKING LOT - LATER

Jason and Mo walk out of the arena.

MO

I'm thinking I should have interviewed you first. Do you get sick like that often?

JASON

No. But I can't go on boats, rollercoasters or ride in the back seat of cars. So, yeah, I guess I do.

Jason's phone CHIRPS and a text appears on screen next to him. It's from Bridget and reads: "**Saw the clip of you throwing up. LOL. Congrats on the new job.**"

JASON (CONT'D)

But look at that. Bridget texted me for once. She saw me on TV and was impressed.

MO

Who is Bridget?

JASON

She's how I know Setswana. We joined the Peace Corps right after college.

EXT. BOTSWANA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jason and BRIDGET wear Peace Corps t-shirts and stand near a bonfire tended by several native Botswanans.

JASON

I can't wait to spend the next two years building toilets together.

BRIDGET

Now that we're here, let's not limit our experience to just each other. I think we should see other people.

JASON

Other people? We're the only other people!

Bridget walks off, linking arms with a Botswanan.

EXT. ORACLE ARENA - PLAYER PARKING LOT - PRESENT

JASON

My first sentence in Setswana was:
Ntsa ne namagadi.

MO

"Bridget is...

JASON

A bitch. Wait, do you speak English?

MO

*A little. Back home we have a
satellite dish and we're all obsessed
with "Game of Thrones".*

JASON

I'm the only person not watching that
show.

MO

*I'm like Hodor and you're the little
cripple boy.*
(like Hodor)
Hodor.

JASON

I don't know what that means, but it
doesn't matter, because I just got the
job of a lifetime! I'm getting paid
crazy money for repeating what people
say to you and I'm going to get
Bridget back. Win win! Now where's
our ride?

Jason looks at the parking lot filled with expensive cars.

JASON (CONT'D)

*The Maserati? But you're tall, so
Range Rover? But then again, Teslas
are like driving an iPad...*

Mo walks up to Jason with a moderately crappy bicycle.

MO

*I don't waste money on fancy cars.
Sixty bucks on Craigslist.*

Is he serious? Mo starts riding away. Jason thinks a
moment, then runs after him.

EXT. STREET - LATER

A WIDE SHOT of Mo riding his bike along a city street and Jason jogging awkwardly behind him.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK - LATER

Mo walks his bike. Jason is exhausted. Mo greets every single person they see, practicing his English.

MO

Hello. Hi. How are you?

They stop in front of a high end, modern apartment building. It is total luxury - glass, marble, cool chandeliers.

INT. MO AND JASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jason and Mo enter the stunning (but unfurnished) apartment with an incredible view of the San Francisco Bay.

JASON

Holy crap! This is what I'm talking about! We can have a killer party in here. Hire a band like Maroon 5, get a margarita machine--

MO

That party sounds terrible.

JASON

--and we're going to need someplace for people to sit. Why don't you have any furniture?

MO

I send all my money home to support my family. But I did buy a sweet bed.

He motions to a pool table where the dining table should be that has a sheet and a pillow on it.

JASON

Why do you sleep on a pool table?

Mo says something in Setswana.

JASON (CONT'D)

But you're in the NBA. You can afford to have a custom bed made.

GUY (O.S.)
That's what I keep telling him.

Jason spins around to see a guy in a PINKBERRY UNIFORM.

JASON
Who the hell are you?!

STEVE
I'm Steve. From Pinkberry. Mo came
in for yogurt, said 'hello' and we
totally hit it off.

MO
Hello.

STEVE
Hey, Mo.
(then)
He told me he leaves his doors
unlocked and I could come over any
time. Of course, it took us five
hours and some pretty elaborate
drawings to have that conversation.
Anyway, the view from your toilet is
banayners.

JASON
That's not okay.
(to Mo)
You don't just invite strangers over.

MO
*He's not a stranger, he's Steve. He's
going to take me to Alcatraz.*

JASON
Mo, you're too friendly. You're in
America now. Here we spend all the
money we make, we lock our doors, and
we don't let random dudes from
Pinkberry who say banayners take us to
Alcatraz.

Mo and Steve share a look. Mo draws something elaborate on a
piece of paper, then points at Jason and shrugs.

STEVE
I only had two ferry tickets anyway.

INT. PRACTICE COURT - THE NEXT DAY

Jason is on the sideline while Mo practices with the team. It's not going well. Mo is getting pushed around. He's not as quick or as physical. He misses a pass then gets knocked to the ground by his defender. No one helps him up. Derek, the star veteran we saw shooting free throws, is frustrated.

DEREK

C'mon, Butter! Fight for position.

A grumpy old COACH who's been doing this forever, barks at Mo.

COACH

Post up! Butter, post up!

(looks at Jason)

If only we had someone whose job it was to tell him to post up.

JASON

Oh. I didn't know who Butter was. But now that I do... Butter is Mo, right?

(off Coach's glare)

And also, I know the word for "pole" but not "post". Can you explain it to me another way?

COACH

He needs to stand between the foul line and the basket and look for the ball.

JASON

Got it!

On the court, the most amazing athletes in the world move with speed and precision. And here comes Jason, not at all athletically gifted, huffing and puffing, trying to keep up.

Jason yells in Setswana and points to the court. Mo turns, facing the opposite direction of the play.

MO

Kae? Ke tswanetse go tsamaya!

JASON

I don't know! That's what he said!

As Jason runs by the Coach...

JASON (CONT'D)

I tried the reciprocal verb extension
but the subject has to be plural!

As Jason continues flailing, the Coach BLOWS HIS WHISTLE.
The players stop as he walks onto the court quietly. He
looks at Jason. It's intimidating.

COACH

This is where you post.

JASON

Oh, see, I was way off. I think I
have it now. Let's take it from the
top.

(off the coach's glare)

Five, six, seven, eight--

The Coach BLOWS the whistle again, this time ending practice.
Derek is frustrated.

DEREK

This is a joke.

Jason and Mo each grab a towel.

JASON

*That was my first practice, but it
didn't seem to go very well.
That Derek guy seemed pretty
frustrated. And why do they call you
Butter?*

MO

*Jason, relax. As long as they don't
call me a Kenyan, I'm fine.*

Marty hands Mo a smoothie and crosses to some other players.
Mo notices Jason look at her.

MO (CONT'D)

*You like Marty? She's nice, and she
makes me smoothies. Go talk to her.*

JASON

But Bridget and I are still a thing.

MO

Even I know she's dating Troy.

(calling off)

Marty!

Mo points at Jason, gives him a "thumbs up", then exits with the other players. Marty approaches.

JASON

Heyyy. Remember me? I nailed you in the boob?

(starting over)

So, you're the smoothie girl, huh?

MARTY

Yes I am. I'm the smoothie girl. Today's special is Crazyberry Cooler.

Just then, Coach approaches.

COACH

Marty, how's it look for Dixon?

MARTY

I palpitated his hamstring and I've got him in a compression wrap. We'll keep hitting it with EMS and massage, but he's going to be day to day. Also, this jack-ass thinks I'm the smoothie girl.

COACH

Did you see him run? He's got bigger problems than that.

(turns to Jason)

My "African Phenom" is playing like a friggin' ballerina. When I yell to Mo, you translate every word: loudly, clearly and quickly. Got it?

The Coach crosses off.

JASON

There is no Crazyberry Cooler.

MARTY

I'm the assistant trainer. And that wasn't a smoothie, it was a high calorie protein shake. Mo's gotta bulk up to run with these guys. If you're going to live with him, that'll be your job. So really...

JASON

I'm the smoothie girl.

MARTY

Bingo.

She exits. Jason watches her go, intimidated but intrigued.

INT. JASON'S PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Mo and Bob sit at the kitchen table. Bonnie stands next to Mo, holding a casserole dish. Even with him sitting, they are almost face to face.

BONNIE
(enunciating)
Chick-en catch-a-tory.

MO
Chick-en catch-a-tory.

BOB BLOOMBERG
Bonnie, he needs to learn words like
"rebound" and "fast break" and "this
is my good friend Bob Bloomberg."

Bob leans in next to Mo, smiles and takes a selfie. Jason enters with a suitcase. Bob turns to him.

BOB BLOOMBERG (CONT'D)
You're really going to do this? Be
this guy's translator?

JASON
That's right. Your little doormat is
growing up into a full-sized area rug.

BOB BLOOMBERG
Look, this is exciting. You brought
home a real NBA player. We took
pictures, marked him on the wall...

REVEAL markings on a wall indicating how tall everyone in the family is. Mo's is near the ceiling.

BOB BLOOMBERG (CONT'D)
But you always try these big things
and none of them work out. You
followed the hot girl all the way to
Africa and when she dumped you, you
moved back in my basement. Grad
school didn't pan out, you took some
crappy teaching job. Now I hope this
NBA thing sticks, because I'd really
love season tickets. But if it all
goes to hell, don't fall apart.

JASON

I won't fall apart, because it's going great. Everyone loves me and Mo is going to be the best player in the NBA.

BOB BLOOMBERG

Really? Because I'm hearing he's slow and isn't looking for the ball.

JASON

Are you kidding me? He loves the ball. He's always looking for the ball. Watch.

Jason grabs a SALT SHAKER off the table and whips it to Mo. Mo ducks and the salt shaker SMASHES against the wall.

BOB BLOOMBERG

Maybe he's better with the pepper.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jason and Mo walk down the driveway.

JASON

I'm sorry I threw salt at you. My dad makes me crazy. You get along well with your dad?

MO

Yes. He named me Moseki, which means--

JASON

*Beloved Son. My dad calls me Doormat.
(off Mo's confusion)
I'm not the Beloved Son.*

MO

Jason, you're depending too much on this job. But the team... I don't think they like me. If this doesn't work out, you need a back-up plan.

JASON

*You sound like my dad. I don't need a backup plan. You're the plan!
(then, in Setswana)
Tomorrow, you're gonna get out there and do that posting thing, I'm gonna get my verb tenses down and we're going to be awesome.*

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

And when we're finished with that, I'm taking you to buy a sports car.

MO

But I like your Mom's car.

They're standing next to a 1997 Subaru Outback. Mo happily stuffs himself sideways across the backseat.

INT. WARRIORS LOCKER ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Jason walks into the locker room where players are laughing, gathered around Mo who wears a pink Hello Kitty backpack. He looks confused. Derek and the other players get their picture taken with him.

JASON

Hey, fellas. What's going on?

MO

I have to carry around these things. And I think they want me to sing.

JASON

Sing what?

DEREK

His college fight song. It's a ritual we do here for the rookies. I did it back in the day. Tyler did it. Andre didn't do it because no one wants to hear his ass sing.

ANDRE

Your wife did. Last night.

Several players laugh.

JASON

Aww, snap!

(everyone stops laughing)

Sorry. Mo didn't go to college, so I don't think he has a fight so--

MO

I have a song.

The players gather around Mo. He smiles, excited, then sings a solemn song which Jason translates:

JASON

This is in a dialect I don't know well... but it's something about how they have to be strong... because life is really hard... there's not a lot of fresh water... but there is a lot of AIDS.

Mo stops, full of pride. The players are silent. Mo asks Jason something in Setswana. Jason turns to the others.

JASON (CONT'D)

Do you want to hear the second verse?

ANDRE

Hell no. That shit was sad, man.

Jason turns to Mo and shakes his head "no". The other players laugh as Mo walks over to his locker and sadly starts packing some of his things into the Hello Kitty backpack.

INT. ORACLE ARENA - TUNNEL - LATER

Derek and a few other players in street clothes walk out through the tunnel. Jason jogs after them.

JASON

Excuse me, Derek... Mr. Gates?
(then)
D-dog!

They stop. Five huge guys are suddenly staring at Jason.

JASON (CONT'D)

D-dog felt wrong to me, too.
(still staring)
So, that was really funny making Mo wear the backpack and sing. Personally, I love hazing. The one year I played Little League, my coach made me play with a pink mitt. And that was some real hazing because the coach was my dad.
(everyone's sad, then)
Anyway, I was thinking -- I mean, do you think Mo gets it? I haven't known him long, but he seems kind of sensitive. So maybe what if you and I, like, work together and you can give me the heads up before you haze him, and then I can explain it to him?

DEREK
Yeah, okay, that'll work.

JASON
Really? Great!

INT. ORACLE ARENA - COURT - LATER

It's completely empty, except for Jason who is duct-taped to the supports underneath the hoop. Jason struggles to get out, then gives up.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ORACLE ARENA - COURT - A LITTLE LATER

Jason is still taped to the support when Marty enters with her jacket on, leaving for the day. She's in her own world, muttering to herself and doesn't see Jason.

MARTY

No, problem, Don. Of course I'll stay late to work on your old man knees, you old dumb dumb-ass...

Jason doesn't want to interrupt, but he needs help and COUGHS a little. She stops.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Whatever you heard, it doesn't mean anything. I mutter sometimes.

JASON

I cry during The State of The Union address. Doesn't matter who's president.

(off her look)

Let's both forget what we've shared. Can I get a little help?

Marty rips off duct tape and is very close to Jason. Is he smelling her hair? She shoots him a look, he looks away.

JASON (CONT'D)

I have a question. Why does Derek Gates get to be such a dick?

MARTY

Because even though he's a superstar, he stays two hours after every practice just to get better. He donates millions to charity, teaches basketball to blind kids and is the only person in this organization to ever send me a Christmas gift.

JASON

So, no real reason?

She frees him and places him down on the ground.

JASON (CONT'D)

(real)

They're picking on Mo.

MARTY

Yeah, because he's dead weight. They call him Butter.

JASON

What is that? Why Butter?

MARTY

He's soft. He's got no fire, no fight. He's getting pushed around out there. You need to do something.

JASON

I'm just the translator. I can't go out and play for him.

MARTY

You're not just the translator. You're his link to everything on and off the court. And if you don't get it, we're all screwed. We have our first game in two days. If you want to stick around, get fired up, fire up your guy, and for God's sake learn something about basketball!

They're both surprised by how intense she just got.

JASON

Whoa. When you get angry, your nostrils don't flare, they suck in.

MARTY

Sorry. It happens when I dance, too. You've just been frustrating me. I can't figure out if you have potential or if you're a total dumbass.

JASON

Why are you trying to pigeon-hole me, Marty? Why can't I be both?

She can't help but smile. There's a little bit of chemistry between these two. Marty takes the bunched-up duct tape and tosses it to him. Pretending the tape is a basketball, Jason tries to put a spin-move on her, but ends up elbowing her boob again.

JASON (CONT'D)

Same boob?! What are the chances?

INT. MO AND JASON'S APARTMENT - LATER

A fired-up Jason enters loaded down with bags. Mo sits on a beach chair watching Game Of Thrones. Jason turns off the TV and hands Mo the Warriors playbook and an iPad.

JASON

We've got homework to do. You're going to memorize the playbook and watch these videos. It's the Detroit Pistons from the 1980's. I Googled "tough basketball" and apparently they were very nasty.

Jason takes Warriors swag out of his bags -- sweatshirt, hat, headband -- and starts putting it on.

MO

Jason, what are you doing--

JASON

Listen, Mo: we're Butter and Doormat, two of the least likely people to succeed in one of the toughest sports in the world. Right now the only thing we've got going for us is that you're tall. But if we want to stick around, and I do, we're going to have to get strong, to get tough. When I'm done with us, we're going to be some bad, bad mammer-jammers.

Jason struggles to pull the tag off a jacket. He tugs, he bites at it, he grabs a knife from the kitchen and saws at it. Finally he uses all his might and pulls it off.

JASON (CONT'D)

Let's do this!

We begin an awesome MONTAGE to Patty Smyth's "Warrior".

--Jason dives into "Basketball For Dummies".

--Jason, on the futon in his room, takes notes as he watches Hoosiers on his laptop.

--Jason is at a rough Oakland park, watching a pick-up basketball game. When a fight breaks out on the court, he takes off running.

--Jason's dad teaches him about basketball on the driveway. Bob, more physical than Jason in every way, plays defense and accidentally hip-checks his son into the bushes.

Jason, determined, crawls out, gets to his feet and shoots. The ball toilet bowls around the rim then miraculously, goes in. Jason cheers like a mad man, but Bob is unimpressed.
THE MUSIC ENDS.

INT. MO AND JASON'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jason enters the apartment. He stops dead in his tracks when he sees Mo and Steve both wearing ALCATRAZ SWEATSHIRTS and eating clam chowder from bread bowls.

JASON
What the hell are you doing?

MO
We went to Alcatraz!

JASON
But I thought you were gonna go over the playbook.

MO
At the pier, they have soup in bowls of bread. Bread bowls!

JASON
I know. I grew up here. They've been around for a long time!

STEVE
Hey, man. Chill. We got you a keychain.

Steve tosses Jason a souvenir keychain with a photo of him and Mo in a jail cell.

JASON
The first game's tomorrow and you're still getting your ass kicked up and down the court.

Mo says something in Setswana.

JASON (CONT'D)
But you should be worried! People don't think you can do this. They think you suck.

Mo stands up and takes a step towards Jason. He's huge, towering over Jason. As he speaks, his subtitles tilt down towards Jason and vice versa. It's a fast mix of English and Setswana and the most bizarre fight you've ever seen.

MO

*I suck? That's not what they said
when some guy from the NBA came to my
house and gave my mom a mini van with
satellite radio. Now she loves
America and Howard Stern.*

Steve recognizes "Howard Stern" in their conversation.

STEVE

Baba Booney!

JASON

(to Mo)

They're paying you fifteen million
dollars. You should do whatever they
tell you.

STEVE

(chokes on breadbowl)

Fifteen mil--?

Mo steps even closer. Jason has to look almost straight up
to keep fighting.

JASON

*You have a chance to do something that
almost nobody in the world gets to do.
And you act like you don't want it!*

MO

*You just want to drive a fancy car,
party and finally be cool enough for
Bridget. It's not my responsibility
to make that happen for you.*

JASON

Yes, this is a huge opportunity for
me. But not just for cars and
Bridget. Nobody's ever believed I
could do anything big. I finally
decided to prove them wrong, to work
hard and do something with my life
that I never thought was possible.
But I can't because I'm tied to a
seven foot stick of butter!

This lands with Mo.

JASON (CONT'D)

Do you need me to translate that, Mo?

He doesn't. Mo sits back down and turns on the TV. A disappointed Jason exits into his bedroom.

STEVE

Think he'll mind if I eat his chowder?

INT. MO AND JASON'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

The apartment is dark. Jason rolls his suitcase out of his bedroom. He hears a SAD MOAN and stops. He steps closer to the sound and sees Mo, lying on his pool table "bed".

JASON

Are you crying?

Mo rolls away from Jason.

JASON (CONT'D)

Well, I'm gonna head back to my parents and prove my dad right about me for the ninetieth time. It's taco night, so that should cushion the blow. Good luck.

Jason starts to leave, then:

MO

I know how people see me.

Jason stops.

MO (CONT'D)

The tall freakshow. The African tribesman with no fight. In Botswana, basketball is fun. We play to forget about the hard things around us. Our lives are difficult. Many people are poor and there is little opportunity. Here, where everything is good, people want me to be tough, to "fight." When you've seen what I've seen, you know basketball is just a game.

JASON

It is just a game. But if you play it right, you can change people's lives back home. Think about your sisters, your father, your village...

MO

My cows.

JASON

Your cows! Put them all in your mind
and fight for them. You have a chance
to be a hero, for a whole country.

MO

Like Vin Diesel.

JASON

Okay.

MO

*But it's a lot of pressure for an
eighteen year old.*

JASON

Eighteen? This whole time I thought
you were, like, thirty.

MO

No, I'm just very tall.

In this moment, giant Mo seems like a kid thousands of miles
away from home, sleeping on a pool table.

JASON

I have an idea.

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - LATER

Jason and Mo sit on his futon looking at a computer. A SKYPE
window is open and we see the face of a COW in Botswana.

MO

Polka Dot, you've gotten fat!
(then, in English)
This is Jason. My friend.

JASON

Hello cow.

Mo puts his arm around Jason and nods, pleased.

MO

Now we sing.

JASON

You sing to your cows?

MO

Every night. Keeps them productive.

INT. ORACLE ARENA - THE NEXT NIGHT

The arena is packed. The Golden State Warriors and the Cleveland Cavaliers (including LEBRON JAMES) warm up on the court. Jason stands by at the ready.

TV ANNOUNCER

Here we are at the first pre-season game in Oracle Arena for what is sure to be an exciting season. An interesting note, our starting five does not include the rookie from Africa, Moseki Gosego.

Trying to fire Mo up, Derek passes him the ball, HARD.

The REF blows the WHISTLE ending warmups. As Jason heads for the bench, he stops at the Coach.

JASON

Mo's fired up. He's ready to play.

COACH

End of the bench.

Jason and Mo sit at the end of the bench. The teams take the court, the fans are on their feet and:

--Tip off. Derek Gates gets the ball and controls the opening play. Jason and Mo sit at the end of the bench.

--As the first quarter winds down, the Warriors are up by five. Jason and Mo still sit at the end of the bench.

--A time-out. The Warrior Girls do a sexy routine right in front of Jason who tries not to look at them.

--Third quarter. The Warriors are starting to lose. Jason notices someone a few rows back enjoying a giant popcorn.

--Fourth quarter. The Warriors are losing by fifteen. Jason is now eating popcorn. The Coach calls a time-out.

COACH (CONT'D)

Gosego!

ANNOUNCER (ON TV)

The wait is over. Looks like Moseki Gosego is going to get in the game.

Mo rips off his sweats. The crowd sees this and a chant starts to slowly build, "Mo. Mo. Mo."

JASON

Remember who you're playing for.

Mo nods. As Derek comes off the court, he turns to Jason.

DEREK

Look at that. You got some popcorn to go with your Butter.

JASON

How's he ever going to prove himself if you don't give him a chance?

Everybody looks at Jason, surprised.

DEREK

Don't talk to me, Duct Tape.

MO

Duct tape? No. Door mat.
(to Jason)
Why does he call you Duct Tape?

JASON

Because he taped me to the backboard, I lost some arm hair. And a lot of pride. It's no big deal.

COACH

Gosego! Let's go!

MO

(simmering)
He taped you to a backboard?

Mo's eyes go from Jason to Derek. He steps out onto the court. The chanting crowd is louder now. Everyone is excited to see him play. "Mo! Mo! Mo!"

But instead of taking his position, a determined Mo walks right up to Derek...

TV ANNOUNCER

And in his first NBA game, Moseki Go--

...and PUNCHES DEREK in the face.

TV ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

--Ohhh my god! Did that just happen?!

It did. And it's total pandemonium. The Warriors bench clears, but they don't know who to go after. LeBron and his teammates crack up. Even the refs don't know what to do.

As Derek tries to pick himself up, Mo stands over him, yelling in Setswana. Jason runs over and begins translating with the same intensity as Mo.

JASON

He says I don't care if this is the NBA!

Mo yells something else in Setswana.

JASON (CONT'D)

I don't care if you are my teammate!
(listens more, then)
You don't mess with my friend!

COACH

What the hell are you doing?!

JASON

You told me to translate loudly,
clearly and quickly. Got it?

Mo and Jason, our badass odd couple, stare down at Derek. It's weirdly intimidating. Marty looks on, bemused.

INT. JASON'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Bob watches the game and eats dinner off a TV tray. He is frozen mid-bite as he watches what's happening on TV.

TV ANNOUNCER

And now the translator is up in the coach's face! That kid's got balls.

BONNIE

Looks like you're going to have to get a new doormat.

BOB BLOOMBERG

It's only the preseason. Don't go to Home Depot just yet.

He smiles to himself, secretly proud of his son.

INT. WARRIORS LOCKER ROOM - LATER

The locker room is quiet except for the game which plays on a TV in the corner. Jason sits at Mo's locker by himself when Marty enters from the trainers' room.

MARTY

His hand's definitely not broken, but he needs to keep icing it.

JASON

Think I need to look for a new job?

MARTY

Oh, yeah. Definitely. But you really put it on the line. I was impressed.

JASON

You like that, huh? How about this? You. Me. Dinner.

MARTY

(smiles)

No.

Don sticks his head in the locker room.

DON

Tell Moseki I'm fining him fifteen thousand dollars. The press is going to want to talk and it's gonna be a bloodbath, so get ready.

JASON

I'm not fired?

DON

That was, hands down, the most disastrous first week on the job. But you put some spark into that kid. And you are literally the only person in this time zone qualified to translate for Mo. I'm stuck with you.

Don exits. Jason turns to Marty.

JASON

You heard him. I'm irreplaceable.

MARTY

That's not even close to what he said.

JASON

But you're smiling. Which means I've got a shot with you. It might be from far away, like a three-pointer. Basketball term! See, I'm learning!!

She exits, hiding a smile on her face.

INT. TUNNEL OUTSIDE LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Jason waits outside the locker room as players stream out.
Mo comes out of the locker room in his warm-ups.

JASON
Okay. We better get in there. You
just knocked out your star teammate.
Might be a few questions. Ready?

MO
(smiles)
*You'll be the one doing the talking.
What do I care?*

They start to head down a long corridor toward the press room
when Derek exits.

DEREK
Hey! You two!

Jason steps behind Mo, scared.

DEREK (CONT'D)
I don't know what kind of crap you
think you were pulling out there...
But I like it. That's the kind of
fire I need from you. Next time, aim
it at the other team.

Jason translates. Mo nods, understanding. Derek starts off
then turns back to Jason.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Duct Tape! There are a lot of
reporters in there. You need a
bucket?

JASON
Yeah, let me know when you're done
with the ice bucket for your face.

DEREK
(enjoying it)
Game on, little man.

Derek crosses off.

MO
You tough guy.

JASON
I know, right?

They open the doors to the press room. It's packed with reporters and cameras and flashing bulbs.

Mo stops, bends down and picks up a small trashcan and hands it to Jason.

JASON (CONT'D)

Good call.

Mo puts his giant hand on Jason's shoulder. As they head in, the camera goes TIGHT on the back of Mo's sweatshirt.

Everything else gets blown out except for the word: WARRIORS. This becomes our end card:

WARRIORS

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

EXT. ORACLE ARENA - PLAYER PARKING LOT - DAY

Mo and Jason walk out of the arena when Mo stops them.

MO

Look. I do something funny.

Mo points to Derek and some of the other players walking up to Derek's new MASERATI. Derek opens the door -- it's completely filled with popcorn.

JASON

Oh no. What did you do?

MO

Hazing!

JASON

They haze us. We don't haze them!

Derek spots Jason and Mo and starts towards them.

DEREK

You're dead, Duct Tape!

Mo and Jason take off running towards the Subaru. Derek is gaining on them when we hear:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Everybody back off!

REVEAL Bonnie, getting out of the driver's side.

DEREK

Who are you?

BONNIE

I'm his mother! Boys, get in the car.

MO

Your mom is cool.

As Jason and Mo get in the car, Jason shakes his head. What has he gotten himself into?

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW