



INT. LIVING ROOM - SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Trevor and Sheila sit on an old brown couch, staring straight ahead. From the lights dancing on their faces, it is clear they are watching a TV and are enthralled/zombied by what is taking place on it. Mark drinks a beer and Sheila gnaws on some beef jerky.

In rushes Mark, wearing a suit, eager.

Mark: *You guys DVR it?*

Trevor (not looking up): *Yep.*

Mark: *I kept the radio off all the way home from work so I wouldn't find out if they won. Did they win?*

Sheila (glancing at him): *You really want to know that?*

Mark: *Yes... no! I mean... was it close? Was it worth watching?*

Sheila: *Yes and yes.*

Mark: *Shit! That means it coulda been close and they lost! But you probably wouldn't say it was worth watching if they lost. Although maybe you would. Would you?*

Sheila: *No.*

Mark: *Then I know they won. Shit! Why did you tell me? They won! Awesome! Holy shit! Wait... DID they win? Would you tell me that...*

Sheila holds up a hand to silence him while looking at the TV.

Sheila: *Mark! Shut. Up. They won. Sit down and watch some football.*

Mark happily squeezes in between them on the couch.

Mark: *So, what happened?*

Sheila: *The Defense was awesome. Joe Haden had the best game I've ever seen him play. They made Dalton look like a douche (which he is). Even Buster Skrine looked OK.*

Mark: *How about Hoyer?*

Trevor: *He was awesome!*

Sheila snorts derisively.

Mark: *What? He wasn't awesome?*

Sheila: *Awesome isn't a word I'd use.*

Trevor: *Dude walks in and throws the ball on time and where it's supposed to be and wins 2 games and she's being a hater. For the first time since they came back, the Browns finally have a QB we can rally around!*

Sheila: *Where have I heard that before?*

Trevor: *This time it's different...*

Sheila: *Just like it was with Weeden. And McCoy. And Quinn. And remember what you said about DA being better than Peyton Manning?*

Trevor: *I was exaggerating for effect...*

Sheila: *The new guy has a few good games, you get his name tattooed on your ass. Then a few games later, he's the worst QB that ever lived and shooting him in the dick with a laser isn't painful enough. You're just like this with the women you date too, you love 'em right away before you even get to know them and it ends up blowing up in your face.*

Trevor: *Now that's bullshit, it doesn't "blow up in my face".*

Mark: *To be fair, remember that girl that you were in love with that ended up being in Hezbollah?*

Trevor: *She wasn't IN Hezbollah, she was just sort of a secretary...*

Sheila: *And how about that girl with the wooden tit?*

Trevor: *It wasn't wood, it was...*

Sheila: *And the girl that stabbed the bus driver.*

Trevor: *We only dated for like a year...*

Mark: *And the girl that turned out to be a Steelers fan.*

Trevor: *Now, that wasn't my fault, she didn't identify herself until the 4th date!*

Sheila: *Point is that you wear your heart on your sleeve, and by now you'd think that you'd have figured out maybe you should wait more than 10 minutes before you start making wedding plans. Same with Hoyer. Guy can't throw anything over 20 yards with any kind of zip, would be 0-2 without the D, yet because he looked OK in beating the Vikings and the Bengals, you compared him to Tom Brady!*

Mark (turning to Trevor in shock): *Did you?*

Trevor (a little sheepish): *I said that he learned from Brady.*

Sheila: *You said that he played just like Tom Brady!*

Trevor (defensive now): *He does play like Tom Brady.*

Sheila (yelling): *Then I submit YOU'VE NEVER SEEN TOM BRADY PLAY!*

Mark (holding out both hands defensively): *Guys guys guys! The Browns won! Can't we just be happy?*

Trevor: *I am happy! She's trying to rob me of my happiness!*

Sheila: *I don't want to rob you of anything, I just want you to say less stupid things!*

Trevor: *Saying stupid things is my God-given right as a fan!*

Sheila: *What, it's not possible to be a fan and also not act like the Jonas Brothers are in town?*

Silence except for the sound of football on the TV.

Mark (quietly): *If you guys don't want to watch the game again right now, that's cool, I know that there're live games on...*

Sheila: *No, watching it again is cool.*

Trevor: *Yeah, queue it up.*

Trevor reaches into a cooler sitting next to the couch and hands Mark a cold beer as Sheila offers him a piece of beef jerky. The game begins.

Trevor: *It was Styrofoam, not wood. It just felt like wood.*

After their win, the Browns have now climbed to #17 in the Power Rankings, one spot ahead of their next opponent, the Buffaloes. If I used my spread formula, I'd put Cleveland at a 3.5 point favorite for that game, which is about where Vegas has them (-4). They're still a listless 29th in points scored, but all the way up to #8 in points allowed at 17.5/game.

Seattle somehow clings to the top spot this week despite an iffy win in Houston, and KC continues to confound me at #2. Denver - probably the true #1 team despite the calculations stating differently - are #3, with New Orleans and Indy rounding out the Top 5.

At the bottom - to the surprise of no one - is the Spotted Kitties of Jacksonville, although I have to admit the Giants are giving them a run for their money with a 30-32-31 ranking (Points Scored/Points Allowed/Overall Rank).

And to everyone's eternal joy, the Steelers round out the Bottom 3 at #30 after yet another pathetic loss.

Even currently tied for first, I'm not sure I expect much out of the Browns for the rest of the season, but they sure as hell better beat Pittsburgh twice.

Team	Wins	Losses	Ties
Seattle	4	0	0
Kansas City	4	0	0
Denver	4	0	0
New Orleans	4	0	0
Indianapolis	3	1	0

New England 4 0 0

Tennessee 3 1 0

Detroit 3 1 0

Dallas 2 2 0

Chicago 3 1 0

San Francisco 2 2 0

N.Y. Jets 2 2 0

Minnesota 1 3 0

Atlanta 1 3 0

Oakland 1 3 0

N.Y. Giants	0	4	0
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Jacksonville	0	4	0
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