



INT. DINER - WEEKDAY AFTERNOON

Trevor and Sheila sit at a booth in a diner, both absently drinking coffee as they stare at their iPad and newspaper (respectively).

In rushes Mark, wearing a suit and eager. He plops down next to Trevor. Neither of them look up at him.

Mark: *Sorry, I'm late. You guys order yet?*

Trevor: *Yep.*

Mark (glancing at menu): *I'm pretty sure I just want the buffalo chicken wrap. What'd you guys get?*

Trevor: *The Vegan Apocalypse Omelet. Seven different kinds of meat.*

Mark looks over at Sheila, and she holds up two fingers, indicating she got the same.

Mark (to Sheila): *Whatcha readin'?*

Sheila: *It's called a newspaper. It's how people got their news back when they knew how to read.*

Mark (taken aback): *Yipes.*

Trevor: *She's just being superior. Like people can't read the news on an iPad.*

Sheila: *Are you reading the news on your iPad?*

Trevor: *No...*

Sheila: *What is it you're doing with your iPad?*

Trevor: *Playing Angry Birds...*

Sheila: *I rest my case.*

Trevor: *I COULD read the news on here if I wanted to, I just don't want to right now.*

Sheila: *Mmm hmm.*

Mark (eager): *You hear the Browns might trade for Cam Newton?*

Both Trevor and Sheila finally look at him.

Trevor: *What?*

Sheila: *Where'd you hear that?*

Mark: *Heard it on the radio on the way over. Two number ones for him.*

Sheila: *Who said this?*

Mark: *Aaron Goldhammer.*

Both Trevor and Sheila groan.

Sheila: *Christ, you might as well have heard it from a pigeon.*

Trevor: *Yeah, wake me when someone that matters says it.*

Sheila: *I mean, why the hell would Carolina trade him anyway? That makes no sense.*

Trevor: *That'd be a bad move anyway. Two firsts for Cam? No way I do that.*

Sheila: *You crazy? You throw them two firsts and you thank them for being so stupid.*

Trevor: *You're not winning a Super Bowl with Cam Newton.*

Sheila: *Oh, but you are with Weeden?*

Trevor: *No, you draft a QB.*

Sheila: *I want to win now. With a real QB, they can win right now. Instead, you want to stick with the worst QB in the NFL.*

Trevor: *He's not the worst QB in the NFL.*

Sheila: *He's the worst in the NFL.*

Mark: *I don't like him either, but it's a little crazy to say he's the worst...*

Sheila: *He's the worst. He couldn't hit fucking pavement if he fell off a building. He's got the touch of using a sledge hammer to seal a zip-loc bag. I hope he gets hit by a monster truck.*

Trevor: *OK, so tell me how if he's so horrible they beat the Bills?*

Sheila: *The Defense scored. Ice Cube Benjamin scored on a punt. I could've won that game.*

Mark: *Wow, you're such a hater.*

Trevor: *She so is.*

Sheila: *I'm sorry you two don't want to face reality.*

Trevor: *Reality being that Weeden is somehow worse than Blaine Gabbert? Right. You're like that song, you're only happy when it rains.*

Mark: *The girl that sings that song is so hot.*

Trevor: *What, Courtney Love? Dude.*

Mark: *That wasn't Courtney Love.*

Trevor: *Pretty sure that was Hole.*

Mark: *No way.*

Trevor (to Sheila): *Was that Hole?*

Sheila: *Why don't you ask your Social Ineptitude Pad? And while you're at it, have it explain that if Weeden were in Jacksonville, he'd be worse than Gabbert.*

Trevor and Mike glance at each other, Trevor rolls his eyes.

Trevor: *The Melodrama of the Hater.* Every QB we have is the worst ever to her.

He starts tapping away while Mark leans over to Sheila just as the waitress brings two huge-ass omelets.

Mark: *So, what would you do with the QB situation?*

Sheila: *I'd start someone else.* There are guys out there. Vince Young. Matt Flynn just got released.

Trevor (snorting derisively): *Matt Flynn...*

Sheila: *...Pretty much anyone else.* We've already seen everything we're ever gonna see from the guy, and it sucks.

Mark (apologetic face): *Hate to break this to you, but unless they trade for Cam Newton...*

Trevor: *No chance.*

Mark: *...you have to realize they're gonna start Weeden.* Unless he gets killed, he's probably gonna start every game for the rest of the season. And I hope that you can put aside your anger to root for him to do well, since that's what's best for the team.

Sheila stares at him sullenly, then angrily forks her omelet.

Sheila: *I hope he gets hit by a monster truck.*

Trevor: *Garbage!* (they stare at him) *Garbage sang that.*

Sheila: *They should change their name to Weeden.*

Winning 3 in a row has shot the Browns up to a Decade-High #12, sporting a winning record and a positive point differential for the first time since Columbus enslaved the indigenous people of various Caribbean islands.

I don't share Sheila's hatred of our QB, but I also feel the city-wide depression at entering this "playoff run" with him at the helm. If a better option presented itself, I'd jump on that. "Anybody But" is not a viable option.

The Chiefs stay at the top of the rankings despite my personal belief they don't belong there, followed by New Orleans, Indy, Seattle, and Denver (who do). The Steelers, Giants, and Jags round out the Bottom 3, but it is amusing to see the Texans sinking to their depths at #29. A friend of mine just moved to Houston from Akron - looks like he brought the bad juju with him.

Team	Wins	Losses	Ties
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Kansas City 5 0 0

New Orleans 5 0 0

Indianapolis 4 1 0

Seattle 4 1 0

Denver 5 0 0

New England 4 1 0

Tennessee 3 2 0

Green Bay 2 2 0

Detroit 3 2 0

San Francisco 3 2 0

Baltimore 3 2 0

Cleveland 3 2 0

Dallas 2 3 0

Cincinnati 3 2 0

Chicago 3 2 0

Miami 3 2 0

Arizona 3 2 0

Carolina 1 3 0

N.Y. Jets 3 2 0

San Diego 2 3 0

Oakland 2 3 0

Minnesota 1 3 0

Buffalo 2 3 0

Philadelphia 2 3 0

Atlanta 1 4 0

Washington 1 3 0

St. Louis 2 3 0

Tampa Bay 0 4 0

Houston 2 3 0

Pittsburgh 0 4 0

N.Y. Giants 0 5 0

Jacksonville

0

5

0