



INT. DINER – DAY

Sheila and Trevor are sitting at a booth. Sheila is wearing sunglasses and sipping a bloody mary, Trevor is adding creamer to his coffee. Mark walks in, straightening his tie. He plops down next to Sheila.

Mark: *Hey kids!*

Trevor: *Morning, Mark.*

Sheila nods and raises her glass.

Mark (eyeing her drink): *Hair of the dog?*

Sheila: *Nah, fresh start.☐ Jaeger doesn't give me a hangover – that's why I drink it, cuz it tastes like ass.*

Mark: *Huh, thought for sure you'd be hurtin' today after passing out in the 3rd quarter of the game yesterday.*

Sheila: *I didn't pass out, I simply saw it as an opportune moment to take a nap. Watching the Browns is like mainlining tryptophan.*

Mark: *So I assume you're off today?*

Sheila: *I gave myself the whole week off.*

Mark looks to Trevor.

Trevor: *Yeah, I took the week off too.*

Mark: *Lucky bitches. I'd have to shit out a spleen to get the holidays off.*

Trevor: *Do you guys have like a Black Friday of used cars?*

Mark: *You'd be surprised. People are freakin' drunk with buying fever this time of year.*

Sheila: *You ever have anyone ask you to put those big bows on the cars?*

Mark: *Huh?*

Sheila: *Like those obnoxious fucking Lexus commercials where some spoiled bitch walks out of her house and – surprise! – there’s a brand new luxury vehicle for her complete with a huge fucking red ribbon on it.*

Mark: *Oh! Those! Yeah, we had a guy ask for one once. We told him we’d write it into the loan, then charged him \$1500 for it!*

Sheila smiles broadly.

Sheila: *I knew there was a reason I liked you.*

Mark: *So, they were saying that Jason Campbell is as good as out for next week.*

Sheila moans. Trevor shakes his head.

Trevor: *Dude, even I can’t muster up the energy to be pissed.*

Mark: *That means Weeden will have to start again...*

Trevor: *Weeden... Campbell... does it really matter?*

Mark: *Whoa, you sound like Sheila! I guess not. Just that they’re gonna have to sign a QB so they have two.*

Sheila: *So?*

Mark: *So... what if they sign Tim Tebow?*

Trevor thunks his head down on the table as Sheila snorts her drink up her nose and starts coughing.

Mark: *What?*

Trevor: *They're not gonna sign Tim Tebow.*

Sheila shakes her head through her wracking coughs.

Mark: *I doubt they would too, but that's just what this team needs!*

Sheila: *What, a guy that couldn't hit water if he fell out of a fucking boat?*

Mark: *A winner! The excitement, the attention that would come with signing a guy like that!*

Sheila: *What, we want to draw attention to how much we suck now?*

Trevor: *Yeah, that's like filing for bankruptcy then announcing it on TV while wearing a pink tutu and riding an alligator.*

Sheila makes a face at Trevor.

Sheila (to Mark): *Not sure I'd put it that way, but you get the picture about how AWFUL an idea that is, right?*

Mark: *I just think it would be exciting.*

Sheila: *So is falling off a cliff.*

Trevor: *While wearing a pink tutu and riding an alligator.*

Sheila: *What is it today with you and the tutu and the alligator?*

Trevor shrugs. Sheila chuckles.

Mark: *Who do you want them to sign then?*

Sheila: *I don't care.*

Mark looks at Trevor.

Trevor: *Nope.*

Sheila: *This season is done. Can we all agree on that?*

She looks pointedly at Trevor, who, after hesitating, nods.

Sheila: *Do we really care what Weeden or Campbell or Caleb Hanie or Tyler Thigpen or Tim freakin' Tebow do? They're no more part of a successful future Browns team than I am. I told you boys right from the beginning that this team was not built to win, and that's working out for them. Where are we picking now, 6 or 7? And I'd be shocked if they don't get higher. So you see what they're doing, right?*

Mark: *Tanking for a QB?*

Sheila: *Tanking for a QB. Not REALLY tanking, per se. No way you can ask players and coaches to tank and not have that go public. Just purposely short-shafting the team under the guise of "evaluation" and "cap responsibility" so the fans will still show up and the players will lose without flat quitting.*

Trevor: *This speech coming to you from the 50th anniversary of the Kennedy assassination...*

Sheila: *Hardly. What does their Wall of Truth say, right below "We Will Rape The Customer"? It says "We Will Have A Championship Level QB". You think they have any illusions that that is Weeden or Campbell or even Hoyer? Not me. I don't trust these guys, but I think they're smart enough to know they need to get a guy early next year, and THAT'S the guy I'm going to give a damn about, not this bag of dog shit.*

Trevor: *So you'll start caring again when they get a QB that you like?*

Sheila: *I don't even have to like him. I don't really care who it is, (except for Johnny Douchebag, of course), just so long as THEY like him and he's got the skill set to actually be good in this league.*

Trevor: *And what if he ends up like Brandon Weeden?*

Sheila: *Then you fire Lombardi and Banner and bring in new guys and try again. Weeden was a terrible pick, but at least they tried to address the position and not just stick with a fuckawful QB like Colt. Trying to address the QB problem hasn't been the issue, really, with any regime, it's just been them fucking up the pick.*

Trevor (sighing): *I so am opposed to the idea of QB or Bust, that if you don't have an elite QB you might as well shoot yourself in the dick, but I gotta say, man, I am pretty goddam sick of watching these schmoes, sick to the point that I'd be fine with taking one in the Top 10... SO LONG as they aren't reaching for a Blaine Gabbert.*

Sheila: *And that's why they get paid a lot more than any of us do.*

She finishes off her bloody mary.

Sheila: *Except you, Mark, and your \$5000 fuzzy dice.*

The Browns sunk to an exasperating #25 this week. Accompanied by a suddenly 7th worst-in-the-league record of 4-7, this is certainly not where we'd hoped we'd be 2 weeks ago when they "amassed" a 13-0 lead in Cincy. The Good Will of the season certainly does not extend from the city of Cleveland to its football team. There will be many fans dressed as seats at Sunday's "showdown" with Jacksonville.

Team	Wins	Losses	Ties
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Seattle	10	1	0
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New Orleans	9	2	0
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Kansas City	9	2	0
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Carolina	8	3	0
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New England	8	3	0
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San Francisco 7 4 0

Denver 9 2 0

Cincinnati 7 4 0

Arizona 7 4 0

Philadelphia 6 5 0

Dallas 6 5 0

Green Bay 5 5 1

Detroit 6 5 0

St. Louis 5 6 0

Indianapolis 7 4 0

San Diego 5 6 0

Buffalo 4 7 0

Tampa Bay 3 8 0

Oakland 4 7 0

Cleveland 4 7 0

N.Y. Giants 4 7 0

Jacksonville

2

9

0