

FADE IN:

EXT. MONTCLAIR VALLEY STATE COLLEGE CAMPUS -- DAY (PRESENT TIME)

Students bustle across a flat, unimpressive campus.

EXT. CLASSROOM BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

A non-descript two-story brick building, institutional in appearance. An instructor's voice is heard.

JOE (O.S.)
The principles of Game Theory are quite simple.

INT. JOE'S CLASSROOM -- CONTINUOUS

JOE SNYDER (28) teaches with child-like enthusiasm in a non-descript classroom. He's tall, slender and ill-dressed in a too-tight shirt, high-water wrinkled pants, white socks and dark shoes. At first (and second) glance you'd think "Doofus."

There are a dozen empty seats in the 30-seat classroom. Fifteen of the male students are dressed alike: Athletic warm-up outfits, tennis shoes. Most are well above six feet tall, slender, TEN AFRICAN AMERICANS, FIVE CAUCASIANS. Five of those doze, the ten others look out the window.

CLOSE ON SLEEPING STUDENT

His warm-up jacket reads "Warriors Basketball."

BACK TO SCENE

Various graphs are on the white board.

Joe paces, excited, a teacher doing what he loves. He turns to the white boards and gestures to individual graphs.

JOE
All these concepts we've just flown over, from 'Nash equilibrium,' to 'simultaneous games,' to 'agency problem,' to 'fixed sum,' to 'mass market' games and all the others are around us every day. We're playing them all the time; we just don't notice it. And ---

A BELL RINGS. The athletes shake off the torpor and stupor, fold their notebooks, stand and leave. Joe follows them.

JOE (CONT'D)
 (raising his voice as
 they leave)
 Quiz on Friday. Come to my office
 if you need help.

EXT. RACE TRACK -- DAY

An open-wheeled race car screams through a road course. The car is a STAR MAZDA type, one step below CHAMP race cars and thus one rung below elite-level road racing.

DRIVER'S POV

A turn flies at us to the WHINE of high RPM's, the DOWNSHIFTS of a six-speed sequential transaxle, then UPSHIFTS as the car accelerates out of the turn.

BACK TO SCENE

The car roars into the pits, stops. BECKY BATSON (25) comes over the low concrete pit wall easily and connects a LAPTOP to a port behind the driver, as BOB BATSON (30) struggles out of the cockpit.

Becky's coveralls can't conceal a tempting figure. Bob removes helmet, H.A.N.S. restraint, gloves, ear buds and ear tape. Bob grabs a wrench.

BECKY
 Not bad. I had 142 on the straight.

BOB
 One adjustment. One more run.

BECKY
 Can't. Got a gig.

BOB
 So I fire you?

BECKY
 I'm all you've got.

Their banter is easy.

INT. GYMNASIUM -- DAY

COACH ROBERT BELL (48), athletic, intense, a man's man, in T-shirt, basketball shorts and sneakers, whistle dangling from his neck, watches a two-on-two contest.

FOUR AFRICAN AMERICAN MALES (20's) lazily and skillfully move the ball around for outside shots, to the SQUEAK of sneakers. Bell blows his WHISTLE.

COACH BELL
 Ten more minutes, guys. Remember,
 it's a voluntary pick-up game. Right?

Bell leaves.

INT. COACH BELL'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Bell enters. His assistant MAX AGEE (35) slender, in T-Shirt, basketball shorts, sneakers, seated hands Bell sheets of paper. Bell studies them.

COACH BELL
 We play in Fargo then drive 600 miles
 to Billings? That's bull shit.

AGEE
 Every other year. New conference
 rule.

Bell tosses the papers.

COACH BELL
 Damn rules. NCAA. Conference.
 Buncha suits ruinin' it.

Agee nods, waits. He's heard this before.

COACH BELL (CONT'D)
 Plus, my guys are in some fuckin'
 Econ courses.

AGEE
 No choice, Coach.

COACH BELL
 Those NCAA pukers are dickheads.

Agee hands Bell more papers.

AGEE
 The guys were talkin.' I got their
 quizzes in that Game Theory course.

Bell studies the papers, tosses them back.

COACH BELL
 Shit. They'll all be ineligible.
 And practices start in a month.

Agee nods, waits.

COACH BELL (CONT'D)
 I'll get Thomas to handle the dickhead
 that's doing this.

They start turning off lights; Bell dials his cell phone.