

Script: Friday Night Lights, ROLE: VINCE, 16-19 years,  
AFRICAN AMERICAN MALE

INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY

A prison guard hovers about. Vince talking to his father,  
Ornette, a panel of glass between the two.

ORNETTE  
What's up, Junior?

VINCE  
Pops.

ORNETTE  
How you holding up?

VINCE  
I'm okay.

ORNETTE  
Okay. What is that?

VINCE  
Okay is okay, I don't know.

ORNETTE  
Mmm... Your mom says you got a new  
school.

VINCE  
New school, same old school. Ain't  
nothing much different about it.

ORNETTE  
Hear you playing football. You any  
good?

VINCE  
I'm alright.

ORNETTE  
You alright?

VINCE  
I'm good.

ORNETTE  
Oh, you good?

(CONTINUED)

VINCE

I'm damn good.

ORNETTE

That's more like it.

VINCE

I'm taking the kickoffs, taking back punts. Coach got me playing free safety. And I hit hard. Hitting 'em hard, out there. Friday's first game...

ORNETTE

You got games. You got practice?

VINCE

Yeah, yeah. Before school, after school. I'm telling you pops, you should see, I got speed, I got power...

ORNETTE

Sounds like a whole lotta time there. I hear you came in a little light this week.

VINCE

Mom say that?

ORNETTE

Ain't no matter who said it. You can't come in light. You got responsibilities.

VINCE

I brought in three cars, pops...

ORNETTE

Keep it down, junior...

VINCE

I got paid. I brought money home. She says I'm light, then I'm light cause she's hitting that pipe a bit much...

ORNETTE

Don't go there boy. That's your momma you talking about. That's my woman. Know yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

3.

VINCE  
I wasn't light!