

Ligue Cinq

written by

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COLD OPEN

EXT. COLLEGE SOCCER FIELD - DAY

A smattering of parents and fans are in the bleachers at a Division III conference championship game. A fold-out table at the front of the bleachers is being used as a makeshift commentator's booth by two nerdy student commentators.

STUDENT COMMENTATOR

Welcome back to those of you for some reason watching the 2021 EMASCCAC conference championship game, where we're heading into the second and final overtime period.

IN THE TEAM HUDDLE

A COACH is feverishly giving his players the gameplan.

COACH

Seniors, time to step up. Same strategy as before. We're gonna get the ball to Big in the box and let him take care of the rest. Big, hang out on the lowest defender. Dick, get up and down the touchline to find the ball and feed it in. Remy, you put together some bulletpoint notes from today's morning meeting.

REMY is a happy-go-lucky 24-year-old.

At the moment, he's totally confused.

REMY

Sorry, what coach?

COACH

Just go ahead and synthesize your notes from this morning's briefing. You were taking notes, right?

REMY

Notes?

The whistle blows loudly. Remy jerks his head and snaps into:

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Remy's being spoken to by DIANE, a sweet, old coworker.

DIANE

Hey, Remy?

REMY

(sweet, but let down)

Hi, Diane.

DIANE

You took notes at this morning's briefing, right? Would you mind just going ahead and throwing those into a nice, easy deck? Maybe some action items up top, then bullets of key points and a list of deliverables. Maybe a few-paragraph summary too. A Word document is fine, and then maybe also toss it into a PowerPoint in case that's easier for Jeff and Jeffrey. Would you be able to do that, Remy?

Remy can't bring himself to respond. Instead, he stands and starts packing his things into his backpack.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Remy? You okay, sweetie? Is that a yes? You're standing up. Is that a yes? I don't see why you'd need to put your backpack on for this assignment.

Remy looks Diane in the eyes, then walks out. Diane calls after and follows him to the elevator.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Remy? Grabbing an early lunch? Dig Inn isn't open yet. I think they open at 10:30. Mr. Chevrolet? Mr. Chevrolet?

Remy gets on the elevator.

REMY

Remy is fine.

DIANE

Are you feeling sick? Gosh, feel better if you are. Remy! What should I tell--

The elevator door closes. Almost immediately, the other elevator opens.

We don't see the men in that second elevator. We just see Diane greet them nervously. She looks first to dwarf height.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Jeff...

And then to about 7' high.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Jeffrey.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Remy untangles his headphones and breathes in his liberation.

PLAYER INTRO GRAPHIC OF REMY

As if this were a sports broadcast, Remy is introduced with a player intro graphic. He holds a soccer ball and stares into the camera in front of a sporty, animated background. Some key stats appear onscreen:

Remy Chevrolet.

Passing: 85.

Dribbling: 81.

Childish naiveté: 98.

Religion: keeping options open.

Religion: keeping options open.

END INTRO GRAPHIC

In the elevator, Remy goes on Spotify and plays "I Will Survive" by Hermès House Band, which ushers in the:

OPENING TITLES

A compilation of classic French soccer highlights set to said song.

ACT ONE

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Remy walks into a prestigious law office. He asks a passing woman:

REMY
Excuse me. Hello there. Could you
point me—

She walks right past. Remy meanders over to an open office door and knocks on it.

LAWYER
Who.

REMY
Hiya. I'm looking for a Wallace?

The lawyer smirks.

LAWYER
If Wallace wanted to meet with you,
you'd know where to go.
(nodding him out)
C'mon.

REMY
Got it. Wait, sorry. Dick?

The lawyer stares at Remy.

REMY (CONT'D)
Dick Wallace?

LAWYER
(remembering)
Oh. Check the basement.

INT. LAW OFFICE BASEMENT - DAY

Remy exits the elevator into a dingy corridor. He turns a couple corners, looking around. He hear's DICK's voice grow louder as Dick raps along to Drake while sorting mail.

INT. LAW OFFICE MAILROOM - DAY

Dick is Remy's college teammate, a second-generation Indian-American, and a douche. He's become quite chunky since college.

DICK

Musta had superpowers. Last 223 thousand hours. And it's cause I'm off of CC. And I'm off the Hennessy. And like your boy from Compton said. You know this dick ain't free.

Remy enters. Dick sees him and trails off in shock. Remy does a little dance step and twirl as a "look who's here."

Dick tries to act like sorting mail isn't his job. He shuffles through the stack in his hands.

DICK (CONT'D)

Oh here's my mail. Of course. The mailroom guy here kinda sucks.

REMY

Yeah, some people on the elevator mentioned.

Dick's face drops.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Remy and Dick walk down the street with coffees in hand.

REMY

So basically my job was a boring, stuffy ladder to my grave, and I was like, no. So I found this pro soccer team in France. They're in the fifth division, and they don't have a full roster, so they have room to grow.

INT. WALL STREET HIGH RISE OFFICE -- DAY

Remy is talking to BIG, a sexy, lovable, meathead idiot; soccer's Rob Gronkowski.

They're in Big's splendid corner office on Wall Street. Big sits in a swivel chair behind his desk with his back to Remy.

REMY

I got in touch with the coach and told him I have three players who played in the third division in America.

(MORE)

REMY (CONT'D)

I'm pretty sure he didn't understand that I meant Division 3 as in college, but that feels like it's on him, and he agreed to give us a trial period.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Remy is talking to AMY in the basement of Amy's parents' nice house in suburban New York. Amy is a sweet, dumb, white, elite progressive, and a steadfast aspiring doctor.

REMY

And if we're gonna be pro soccer players, obviously we're gonna need someone to keep us physically at our best. Luckily I know just the person. That's right. Aspiring medical student Amy Stetson.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Dick and Remy are approaching Dick's building holding coffee.

DICK

Nah man. Look, it makes sense to me that an international professional soccer coach would hear about my skill and want me to play for him. That totally clicks. But do you see where I work? You don't just leave a place like this when you're in line for the throne. Anyway, I got you for the coffee.

He activates Siri.

DICK (CONT'D)

Venmo Remy Chevrolet five dollars.

SIRI

I'm afraid I don't have that functional-

Dick cancels her response.

DICK

(as if payment went through)

Gotchu.

Dick starts heading inside.

REMY

Wait.

Dick stops.

REMY (CONT'D)

You know I love you, right man?

DICK

Of course. That clicks.

REMY

Like I'd give you a kidney. Even if you weren't sick.

DICK

Sure.

REMY

So I gotta ask. Do your coworkers respect you here?

DICK

They will when I own the place.

REMY

That's very true. But what about right now?

Dick relents.

DICK

The owner won't even acknowledge me.

REMY

The owner being... your dad.

DICK

He asked me not to call him that.

REMY

Okay, well try this on for size and tell me if it accentuates your pecs. There's no one in Europe more respected than professional soccer players. On game days, the 12th most popular person in Rome is the pope. Think about Neymar. You think Neymar gets coffee for his coworkers? No no no. He's busy getting girls.

Dick seems to mull this over, so Remy goes for the kill.

REMY (CONT'D)
 Don't ya wanna be like Neymar?

INT. WALL STREET HIGH RISE OFFICE -- DAY

Big slowly swivels his chair around to Remy.

BIG
 I thought I told you. I'm retired.

REMY
 It would be fun.

BIG
 Sweet.

Big shoots up from his chair.

BIG (CONT'D)
 (calling out to no one in particular)
 I quit.
 (poking head out to assistant's desk)
 Thank you so much by the way.
 You've been extremely fruitful.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Amy is responding. Her desk is littered with medical textbooks.

AMY
 Oh, Remy.

She runs a thumb over his cheek like a dramatic movie.

AMY (CONT'D)
 You know I'd love to come with you.

REMY
 And Big and Dick.

AMY
 Right, and them. But I have to study. If I'm going to heal people, I have to trick a medical school into admitting me. And it's just so competitive. They say I need even better MCAT scores, and I'm already in the fifth percentile.

REMY

... 95th?

Amy thinks it over.

REMY (CONT'D)

I know you're going to succeed,
because you're too good of a person
not to. You're like Mother Teresa
if she saw slut as a compliment.

AMY

Thank you.

REMY

And that's exactly why you should
come. Medical school admissions
look for good grades, right? Well
if you don't have that, what do
they look at next? Real. World.
Experience.

Amy considers.

REMY (CONT'D)

And you can read these books in
France, no?

Amy hugs Remy.

EXT. AIRPORT - EVENING

A shot from the runway as a plane takes off from New York.

We cut to Big standing next to the runway taking videos of
the planes.

INT. AIRPORT - SAME

Remy, Dick and Amy look out the airport window at Big taking
his videos on the runway.

AMY

How did he get out there?

DICK

Idiot.

AMY

Is he gonna get in trouble?

REMY
Oh definitely.

EXT. AIRPORT - MORNING

The plane lands in Paris.

INT. CUSTOMS - DAY

The group approaches customs. Big gestures to a sign.

BIG
Remy, you're doing Duolingo, right?

REMY
Oh yeah.
(French with subtitles)
I am an owl. You are doing very well!

BIG
What's that say?

PLAYER INTRO GRAPHIC OF BIG

Big crosses his arms, focusing on them to make sure he gets it right. The text says:

Beau "Big" Johnson

Number: 69 lol*

Position: 69 lol*

IQ: 69 lol*

*Sorry. He did the form himself.

END INTRO GRAPHIC

The sign Big is gesturing to says: "FOREIGN CITIZEN QUEUE."

REMY
... It says foreign citizen queue.

BIG
Oh shit that's English as fuck.

Big joins them in line.

DICK
Look at these herbs.

Dick is looking at the adjacent line of French citizens, most of which are thin guys wearing skinny jeans, striped sweaters, and beanies.

DICK (CONT'D)
French dudes look like the easiest game of Where's Waldo.

AMY
Don't hate France just cause you're too much of a nationalist oaf to understand culture.

DICK
I'm just saying, if I'm working door and these dudes try to get in? Try Alpha Kappa Pi.

A CUSTOMS OFFICER motions for the next in line. Dick isn't in front of the others but goes ahead.

The officer takes his papers.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Name?

PLAYER INTRO GRAPHIC OF DICK

Dick is trying to look cool. He fake punches as if trying to make the viewer flinch. The graphic says:

Dick Wallace

College: Eastern Mid-Appalachian State

Fraternity: Pi Kappa Alpha

Thoughts On Sexuality: It's Binary

END INTRO GRAPHIC

DICK
Dick Wallace.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
This says Alexander.

DICK
People call me Dick.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Is Dick not short for Richard?

DICK
(getting an attitude)
Yeah.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
So why do people call you Dick?

DICK
(shrugging)
Say it fits.

The customs officer loses patience and returns the attitude.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
What brings you here?

DICK
Work. Professional soccer.

The officer looks Dick up and down and doesn't believe him.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Who do you know here?

DICK
(very slighted)
Excuse me?

INT. STADIUM - EVENING

The group is taking their seats at a Paris Saint-Germain game. Dick looks out at the enormous crowd, then at the players warming up, particularly Neymar.

Then he sees HIMSELF on the field warming up. His PSG self looks up and makes cool eye contact with him. He slips into:

DICK'S DAYDREAM

Dick is on the PSG field dribbling flashily through many defenders. One eventually takes him out with a hard foul. The crowd explodes in outrage.

Dick gets up and speaks in French gibberish with subtitles.

DICK
(overly cool, French
gibberish with subtitles)
Bad idea.

(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)

I'm dangerous on the dribble. But on the set piece, I'm fatal.

DEFENDER

(also French gibberish)

I had no choice. You are too good, and everyone likes you.

The crowd hushes as Dick lines up his free kick. He slots it in the top corner. The crowd erupts. Dick celebrates over to the fans.

Two female fans run onto the field and begin taking his shorts off and fellating him.

He looks into the crowd and sees the CUSTOMS OFFICER (in uniform) begrudgingly clapping. Next to the officer is an Indian man in a suit - Dick's dad, RAHUL - clapping proudly.

END OF DAYDREAM

Dick comes to and nods with satisfaction.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Dick's satisfaction has been wiped off his face as the gang is crammed into a Citroen, driving through the countryside. Big is sleeping like a log.

Remy turns off the road and into the lot of a modest soccer complex. It's not shambles, but it's not PSG's complex.

DICK

Wait. This is it?

Instead of parking in the lot, Remy keeps driving through it.

REMY

That's actually the women's team. They're awesome. In the first division.

DICK

(relieved)

Oh, makes sense. That's just for girls.

Amy shoots an offended glance.

DICK (CONT'D)

Women.

AMY
 (somehow satisfied)
 Yeah.

Into view comes the men's "complex." It's a dumpy clubhouse and a ratty field. A single cow is wandering on the field.

Remy parks. Dick looks at him, refusing to understand that they've arrived. The lurch as the car stops wakes Big.

DICK
 Did you stall?

REMY
 I parked.

DICK
 Why would you do that?

REMY
 We're here.

DICK
 No we're not.

REMY
 Yeah. This is it.

DICK
 This is a shit field.

Remy's positivity snaps as he gets defensive.

REMY
 Whoa. Watch it buddy. You know I love you, but I love my team too, and that might end up being my team. So watch it.

Dick points to the cow, which is now pooping on the field.

DICK
 It's shitting on the field right now.

REMY
 Oh, you mean fresh fertilizer? You know how helpful that is?

BIG
 He's right. In college I used to shit on the field to fertilize it.

AMY

What?

REMY

Thank you Big.

DICK

What do you mean thank you Big?

REMY

I like where your head's at.
Unfortunately, we played on turf.

AMY

That's extremely unsanitary.

DICK

How dumb are you?

REMY

Watch it, Dick.

AMY

The fecal particles can get inside
you and... Well, I don't know,
probably cause diarrhea.

REMY

Luckily we were all fine.

DICK

What about Ryan Finnegan?

AMY

Who's Ryan Finnegan?

REMY

No one.

DICK

Yeah, no one. Just a teammate who
got MRSA and had to have his leg
amputated.

AMY

MRSA does live on turf...

They look to Big, who doesn't really register anything.

BIG

No it wasn't MRSA, it was like, M-
R-S-A or something.

REMY
Right, so let's just move on from
this and never return.

AMY
Right.

DICK
Why do you always defend him?

REMY
Obvious. Because Big is my boy.

DICK
Well your boy is an idiot, and that
team is a bigger piece of shit than
he left on our field.

REMY
HEY!

Remy smacks Dick hard in the face. Dick is stunned.

DICK
Don't insult my friend! And if we
make the team, there's a second one
coming for what you said about my
team.

They hear Big mumbling to himself and tune in.

BIG
(syllable by syllable)
Bo-nore. Bo-ner.

They follow his eyeline to a promotional poster hanging on a
fence. It's a team picture, labeled at the bottom, "Le
Bonheur."

DICK
Le Boner.

Dick turns and glares at Remy, who won't meet his eyes.

DICK (CONT'D)
The team is called. Le Boner.

REMY
(pronouncing more
Frenchly)
Bonheur.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE - DAY

The gang stands by the clubhouse main entrance. Remy knocks.

GERARD opens the door. He's 46, a tough, no-nonsense, streets-made man. He's also a French soccer legend.

Dick and Remy recognize him and drop their jaws. Big is busy bowing.

PLAYER INTRO GRAPHIC OF GERARD

This graphic is in the style of a broadcast from the 90s. Gerard just stands there looking hard, no pose. The text says:

Gerard Forestier

World Cup victory: July 1998

Known children born March 1999: 4

Money lost gambling: All

END INTRO GRAPHIC

REMY
Gerard Forestier?

Gerard speaks with a thick accent and broken English.

GERARD
Yes.

Remy gathers himself a bit.

REMY
Remy. Dick. Big. Amy. She's our
personal trainer.

GERARD
Okay.

Gerard opens the door further and points to a man behind him. It's OLIVIER, a small, fiery assistant coach who never speaks English and doesn't fancy foreigners.

GERARD (CONT'D)
Olivier.

OLIVIER
Salut.

GERARD

He does not like foreigners.

Gerard waves them in. They file into the lobby. In the background is the faint sound of players milling around before practice.

GERARD (CONT'D)

You can start tomorrow. Trial period we will say... one week. After that we decide. Okay? Good. Welcome.

Gerard leaves them in the lobby. Olivier looks them over a second longer – especially Dick – and then follows.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Remy paces around his cozy, old hotel room on a phone call.

REMY

It's a quite sustainable path, Dad.

(beat)

Well maybe you just don't know much about professional sports?

(beat)

Semi-professional is a genre of professional.

(beat)

I can't go home. I told you, corporate life just doesn't work for me.

(beat)

Academia? Do you remember that I was diagnosed with ADHD by my dermatologist? You asked what diagnostic test she used and she said common sense.

(beat)

I don't think it's childish. I just want to play sports with my college friends instead of having a normal job— No, you know what, I heard that come out; don't even worry about responding.

(beat)

Well, I appreciate the advice, Dad. As always you only want the best for me, so thank you, and I love you, but I'm doing this. I should rest up. Bye. Love you.

Remy slumps on the side of his bed.

INT. CLUBHOUSE LOBBY - DAY

Remy and Dick are kitted up and ready for practice. They're walking from the locker room toward the field when Amy opens up the door of the conference room and waves Remy in. Dick goes on without Remy.

INT. CLUBHOUSE CONFERENCE ROOM - CONT.

Big is seated in the room.

AMY

Big has to miss training.

REMY

What? No no. Why?

AMY

You know that concussion baseline test I had you take yesterday? Big failed. I'm going to take him to get his head checked.

Remy stares at her a second.

REMY

You can't fail a baseline test.

AMY

Yeah. Big did.

REMY

No like it's not possible.

AMY

You didn't see his results. Look.

Amy pulls out a solved Rubik's Cube. Remy looks nervous.

AMY (CONT'D)

Big. Unsolve this.

Big eyes it for a few moments, planning his approach.

REMY

You got this, man. Easy money.

Finally, Big twists a single side. Then another, and a third, and then he twists rapidly.

Remy looks at Amy like "see?" But Amy knows what's coming. Remy looks back just in time to see Big flipping one last side, making the Rubik's Cube perfectly solved again.

BIG
Shit's impossible.

REMY
Amy. Big's not concussed. He's just... Big, would you mind stepping outside real quick?

BIG
Sure thing.

Big opens a window.

REMY
I just mean out of the room.

BIG
Got you.

Big leaves through the door.

REMY
(hushed)
Amy, he's not concussed. He's just...

He makes eyes like "don't make me say it."

AMY
Like what?

REMY
(quiet)
Dumb. No, not dumb. He just has a way of thought that isn't traditional or... effective.

AMY
Maybe he's not dumb. It could be a brain injury.

REMY
No, he's always been like that. Have you ever seen him play fetch with his dog?

AMY
Yeah.

REMY
Which position did he play?

Amy doesn't budge.

REMY (CONT'D)

Remember when we took those Spanish placement tests freshman year?

AMY

I know.

REMY

He placed into ESL.

AMY

I know.

REMY

What about when we got him that edible arrangement?

AMY

That's misleading. It's branded as edible.

REMY (CONT'D)

(counting off fingers)
Fruit. Decorative leaves.
Skewers. Wicker basket.

AMY (CONT'D)

It could be a long-term brain injury. Maybe he's not just stupid.

BIG

(outside window)

Thanks, Amy. But I am.

REMY

See?

AMY

You wanted a trainer, Remy. Now you've got one. I'm taking Big to the hospital. Give me the keys.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Dick and three other players are on the bench as the rest of the players, including Remy, play in a scrimmage. Dick doesn't know it yet, but these are the broken-spirited RESERVES.

Dick is stretching and staying warm as the reserves fully lounge. Two are playing cards. The other is lying down.

DICK

When do we go in?

The cards-players glance at him. The napper lifts his head to see who would ask such a question. No one answers.

DICK (CONT'D)

I'm feeling ready. Little winded from the warmup but ready. Does he know that? How do you say ready?

One cards-player reluctantly engages.

RESERVE 1

Pret.

DICK

Hah. Nice try, dude. I know pret means sandwich.

RESERVE 2

Sit. The subs don't play.

Dick's ears perk up at the word sub.

DICK

Excuse me?

RESERVE 1

The system is broken. A vicious cycle. You become a sub, so you practice less with the first team, so you get worse. Pretty soon, everyone forgets about you.

RESERVE 2

You sometimes hear stories of a man who broke back into the first team. But I think people just make those up to help them sleep.

DICK

Did you say sub?

Dick turns to the field and shouts to Gerard.

DICK (CONT'D)

GERARD. HEY. NEED A WORD.

Gerard eyes Dick, shocked by his brazenness. He ends the scrimmage.

GERARD

(to players, in French)
Two minutes for water.

Gerard approaches Dick. Remy watches on nervously.

DICK

Hey, how's it goin'. Just running something up the ole flagpole. The guys over there said I was a sub, so I think there might have been a mistake. Because I was all-conference in college. So what are we doin' here?

Gerard stares intensely for a couple beats. Finally...

GERARD

You're fat.

DICK

What?

GERARD

You're fat.

DICK

No I'm not.

GERARD

Maybe not in America. But here... Fat guy.

Dick fake laughs.

DICK

No, actually— God that's funny. This is muscle.

GERARD

Oh. Is it?

DICK

Yeah. Look, I didn't wanna say it, but you're making me say it. I put up 185 on the bench, and that's for reps. So...

GERARD

Really.

DICK

Again, I don't like to go public like that, but yeah. What can you bench?

GERARD

Well I don't know. I just benched you. What is that, 250 pounds?

Dick is frozen for a moment. Remy keeps watching, still nervous and getting mad. Others have started watching too.

DICK

You think I'm a sub... in the fifth league?

GERARD

No. The subs are the ones in blue, playing the first team. You are with the reserves.

DICK

Reserves.

GERARD

Yes. Think of it like this. Say one of the drivers on that road over there is drunk and falls asleep in the car with his foot pushing the gas, and his car goes onto our field and smashes through five first-team players and also me, and then a new coach is hired to replace me as part of a program that gives coaching jobs to people born without eyeballs? THEN YOU WOULD BE A SUB.

Some French players laugh. The reserves' jaws are on the floor. One blows out a plume of smoke.

Dick is seething, but he covers his exposed ego.

DICK

Got it. Hear ya boss. Loud and clear.

REMY (O.S.)

HEY!

They turn to see Remy barreling towards Gerard with no intention of stopping.

Remy starts screaming the only French he knows.

REMY (CONT'D)

(French, English subtitles)

Wrong! Incorrect!!! TRY AGAIN TO ADVANCE TO THE NEXT LEVEL!

Just before Remy reaches Gerard to tackle him, Olivier steps in and headbutts him in the chest like Zidane in the World Cup final.

Olivier beams. Gerard looks at the leveled Remy, half angry and half impressed. He resumes play.

GERARD

(French)

Let's go. Jermaine, you start with
the ball.

ACT TWO

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Remy and Dick are walking home. Dick's mind is totally elsewhere.

REMY
Definitely not a big deal.

DICK
Yep.

REMY
France. It's a fiery nation. Very drama-heavy. I bet they liked it.

DICK
Uh huh.

REMY
We just come back tomorrow once Big is cleared, we play our best game, he'll be begging us to join.

DICK
Yup.

REMY
Feels like maybe you're not paying any attention to me.

DICK
Mm.

As they pass the women's complex, four women walk out wearing nice soccer gear. Dick snaps back into it to check them out.

One of the four is AMELIE, rocking a big, bouncy heap of curly hair.

Remy glances at her and then double takes. The world turns to slow motion as he watches her walk. She's not being glamorous - just walking. She spits in the grass and steps on it.

The girls leave their line of sight, and Dick and Remy are back to walking as before. Only now, Dick is present and Remy's head is in the clouds.

DICK (CONT'D)
Which way is the hotel?

REMY

Cool.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Amy and Big enter a calm, nearly empty emergency room. Amy is confused by the calmness. Almost suspiciously, she meanders to the reception desk.

AMY

Hi. We need to see a doctor.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay.

(tapping keyboard)

Go please to room 113.

AMY

Right now?

RECEPTIONIST

Oui.

Amy looks around.

AMY

Sorry, maybe there was a mix-up. We just got here.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay?

AMY

He doesn't have any gunshot wounds. Not in septic shock.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay. Good.

AMY

So we'll just wait over here for like five hours?

RECEPTIONIST

Room 113 please.

AMY

Okay...

Amy suspiciously leads Big past the desk.

INT. MRI ROOM - DAY

Big is lying down in an MRI machine.

INT. MRI MONITORING ROOM - SAME

Amy and the DOCTOR, a pretty woman of about 35, look at the monitor.

AMY
You know, I'm going to be a doctor
too.

PLAYER INTRO GRAPHIC OF AMY

Amy smiles at the camera with a stethoscope draped around her neck. The graphic's text says:

Amy Stetson

Position: Physical Trainer

Dream: Help People

Inspirations: Nelson Mandela, Frida Kahlo, White Guilt

END INTRO GRAPHIC

DOCTOR
Really. That's good.

AMY
Just wasn't accepted to medical
school yet.

DOCTOR
It is competitive in the States.
Here, everyone is admitted.

Amy's ears perk up.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
The hard part is the test at the
end of the first year.

AMY
Wait. Everyone is admitted?

DOCTOR
Oui.

The doctor keeps monitoring. She starts to get confused.

AMY

What? What's it showing?

DOCTOR

I think there may be an issue with the machine.

The doctor taps the monitor a few times.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Amy and Big are waiting. The doctor walks in, now flanked by three residents, and pulls up Big's results.

BIG

Four doctors. I must be healthy as shit.

DOCTOR

Well, I have good news and... interesting news. The good news is that you do not have a concussion, Mr. Johnson.

AMY

Thank God.

DOCTOR

There is no indication of brain swelling or physical trauma to the skull.

BIG

So I can play soccer?

DOCTOR

Yes, certainly.

BIG

(pumping fist)

Let's go.

AMY

And the interesting news?

DOCTOR

Well, Mr. Johnson. You know of the common misconception that humans only use 10% of their brains?

BIG

(lying firmly)

Yes.

DOCTOR

Well, in your case, that appears to actually be happening. The gray matter in your brain is distributed uniquely, with neural synapses concentrated disproportionately in certain sections. Those happen to be the sections responsible for physical movement, spatial awareness, eye-body coordination, and other similar processes. Here are those sections.

She points to a few large, lit-up sections on Big's brain scan. The rest of the brain is quite dark.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

For comparison, here is a function—
a traditional human brain.

She pulls up a brain with much more activity and points to the corresponding sections.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Note the difference. And here is the brain of a healthy border collie.

She pulls up a brain scan that looks quite similar to Big's.

Big stares blankly at the doctor, who registers his ignorance and clarifies.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

A lot of your brain doesn't work.

BIG

Ahhhh. Indubably.

DOCTOR

Now, I do have one question of a personal nature for Big. Would you all mind stepping outside?

The residents start filing out.

BIG

She means inside, just out of this room.

AMY

Well, I'm actually his physical trainer, so I should probably stay.

DOCTOR

It will just be a moment, miss.

Amy relents and leaves. The doctor turns to Big.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Would you like to go out to dinner with me?

BIG

Oh, sick, I was gonna ask you the same thing.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM FRONT DESK - DAY

The receptionist is handling payment.

RECEPTIONIST

One MRI, plus two more to verify. Sorry, it is 30 euros.

Amy once again looks around suspiciously.

AMY

(secretive)

Is this an accredited institution?

Big fans out a huge wad of crisp, colorful euros of all denominations.

BIG

Okay, let's see. Wait, just a blue and a red? That's not bad at all. Here's an orange, you can keep the change.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

At the next day's practice, the players are lined up on the sideline. Gerard is picking teams for the next drill. Five players are already standing on one side of Gerard.

GERARD

Those five versus—
(reading from clipboard)
Marchand, Bernard, Thomas, Caron...
Wallace.

He looks around. Remy pipes up.

REMY
 Yes, actually, well, you see, Dick
 is not, at present... present.

GERARD
 (chuckles)
 I see. Where did he run?

INT. PSG OFFICE - DAY

Dick is sitting alone in an office at PSG's complex.

Two PSG MANAGERS enter and stand behind the desk. They're stiff and apprehensive. The whole scene has a slow, tense feel.

Dick stands.

MANAGER 1
 Hello.

DICK
 Hello.

MANAGER 2
 (when Dick doesn't
 initiate)
 ... Hello...

DICK
 You received my message?

MANAGER 1
 You say you represent a top player
 looking to transfer to PSG?

DICK
 Oui.

MANAGER 2
 Who?

Dick rips off his jacket and tearaway pants, revealing him in a full PSG kit.

The managers just stare. Dick nods confidently.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Continued from the earlier scene of Gerard picking teams.

REMY

We don't totally know? But Big is here now.

Big is smiling dumbly at Gerard.

GERARD

Okay.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - LATER

A few keep-away games are going on at once. Big is destroying in his game. He dances around with the ball, peppering in insults as he dominates.

Gerard watches him with wide eyes, looking like he's remembering his love for the game.

BIG

(in various cuts)

Hold my nuts. You thought. Hold my nuts. Razzle dazzle. Coming through.

Remy, on a water break, shows up by Gerard's side.

REMY

Sorry about yesterday.

Gerard grunts.

REMY (CONT'D)

(nodding toward Big)

Impressive, right?

GERARD

He played in division 3?

REMY

Yeah. Well, actually, division 3 of college, which is more like division... 5. Maybe 4, maybe 6.

Gerard glares at Remy briefly for having misled him, but by this point he doesn't really care.

GERARD

Why?

REMY

We were friends growing up. He had offers to go to the MLS straight out of high school, but I was going to play division 3, and he just wanted to follow.

GERARD

What is the payment in division 3?

REMY

For players?

GERARD

Yes.

REMY

About 50 thousand a year.

Gerard weighs the sum. It's a lot.

REMY (CONT'D)

But then he got this huge finance job, so he already made it all back and more.

GERARD

Made what back?

REMY

The money.

Gerard looks confused. Remy registers that and explains.

REMY (CONT'D)

Oh, right. In America, to play in college, you pay them about 50,000 a year. You play for them for four years, and they teach you about some random thing you choose, but usually economics or psychology. Then when you're done playing, you use the receipt to get another job.

Big is still killing the keepaway drill. He stops and stands still with the ball under his foot, pretending a defender can have it.

BIG

Okay, no, I'm done, you can have it.

(takes off dribbling)

Sike, hold my nuts.

EXT. HOTEL - EVENING

That evening, Dick approaches their hotel, an old, modest yet pretty building set into the French countryside.

Remy is waiting for Dick on the front steps.

REMY

My man. Where were you today?

DICK

Busy.

REMY

You missed practice.

DICK

I was busy.

REMY

You probably won't make the team now.

DICK

Oh, I won't make the team? How about this: The team won't make me.

REMY

What?

DICK

I have evaluated the team, it's shitty amenities, and it's asshole coach, and I have decided to withdraw from consideration.

Remy can't believe what he's hearing.

REMY

Why would you do that?

DICK

Bro. Will you just let it go? We played soccer in college. It was fun. Now it's over.

Dick starts to brush past Remy into the hotel.

REMY

Every day you seem less amenable to the idea of matching tattoos.

DICK

Yes. Exactly. See you at homecoming
if I can take off work.

Dick walks into the hotel.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Bonsoir monsieur.

DICK

Fromage, frere Jacques, we get it.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Remy sits in the hotel lobby alone, watching a French soccer highlight video on his phone.

Behind the desk, the receptionist is playing "Gymnopedie" on violin.

Remy's phone vibrates with an incoming call. It's Diane. He waits a couple rings, then declines and goes back to his video. The receptionist keeps violining.

Remy gets a new voicemail notification. He listens.

DIANE (O.S.)

Hi Remy! This is Diane. I hope you're doing well, sweetie. We all miss you so much here at work, and we'd love to have you back. We know you were feeling burnt out, so our bosses petitioned Mr. Jefferson, and he gave us the all clear to offer you double the vacation days if that would make you want to return. So, you take your time and think things over and get back to me when you can. G'bye, sweetie!

Remy puts his phone down as the violin comes to a slow end. Remy and the receptionist exchange a nod of acknowledgment.

The receptionist delicately places her violin in its case, puts that case away on a shelf below the desk, and emerges with a second case. She opens it, revealing a trumpet. She slowly raises the trumpet, takes a slow breath, and bellows the first riff of "You Can Call Me Al."

ACT THREE

INT. LAW OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

RAHUL, Dick's father, has just wrapped up a large meeting. He sits at the head of the conference table as everyone files out. An ASSISTANT comes up to him with a phone in hand.

ASSISTANT
Mr. Wallace, it's Dick.

RAHUL
(English accent)
Dick who?

ASSISTANT
... Dick Wallace.

RAHUL
(tiny beat of thinking)
Ah.
(beat of considering)
Fine.

He takes the phone.

RAHUL (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Yes.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Dick is seated at his gate, waiting to depart.

DICK
Hey, Da-- Hello, sir. Good news.
I'm coming back to the firm.
(long pause)
Sir?

INTERCUT DICK/RAHUL

RAHUL
No.

DICK
What?

RAHUL
No you're not coming back here.

DICK

Why not?

RAHUL

You told everyone you were going to play professional soccer. Did you fail?

DICK

No, of course not. I quit on day one.

RAHUL

Sounds like failure. Do you think there are failures in this family, Dick?

DICK

No. Wallaces are alpha.

RAHUL

Exactly. When I immigrated here from my home country--

DICK

England.

RAHUL

Do you know what I learned?

DICK

Yes.

RAHUL

I learned that for a brown man here, there is no room for failure. Not if you want success. I don't mean brown success. Not meek genius success. I mean equality. White success. Climb up to the roof and then turn around and piss on the ladder success. So there's no room here for failure.

DICK

Okay... Where does that leave us?

RAHUL

You're done here for now. Call me if you become a winner.

Rahul hangs up. Dick lowers his phone. The GATE ATTENDANT makes an announcement from Dick's gate.

GATE ATTENDANT (INTERCOM)
 (French, English
 subtitles)
 Will the passenger Alexander
 Wallace please report to the gate?
 Alexander Wallace to the gate
 please.

The customs officer from Dick's arrival is walking past at the moment. His ears perk up at Dick's name. He looks around, finds Dick, and gives him a smug wave goodbye.

The intercom continues, with the gate attendant directing the spiel directly at Dick, who's the only one left in the gate.

GATE ATTENDANT (INTERCOM) (CONT'D)
 (French, English
 subtitles)
 As a reminder, it is post-9/11, so
 dramatically abandoning your flight
 would require the whole plane to
 delay while we locate and
 incinerate your luggage, and would
 be a major dick move. Alexander
 Wallace to the gate please.

Dick gets up and walks away.

INT. GERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Gerard sits behind his desk. Big and Remy are seated in front of it. Olivier stands to the side.

GERARD
 Thank you for your trial period
 with Le Bonheur.

Big smiles at the name.

GERARD (CONT'D)
 We would like to extend a contract-

The door opens. It's Dick. Gerard's instantly sour.

DICK
 Sorry I'm late. Here for the
 meeting?

Gerard tries to pick back up but keeps being interrupted by the fact that Dick doesn't have a chair and keeps trying to find a place to sit.

GERARD
 As I was saying. We would like to-

Dick tries to sit on Big's armrest.

GERARD (CONT'D)
We would like to—

Dick shifts to sitting on Gerard's desk, twisting his torso to look at him.

GERARD (CONT'D)
We have decided—

Dick gives up on sitting and resorts to standing with his arms crossed. Gerard stares daggers at Dick, who gives a faux-cool nod, as if giving permission to carry on.

GERARD (CONT'D)
Big and Remy, you are on the team.
Dick, get the fuck out.

Dick fakes surprise.

GERARD (CONT'D)
Do you accept?

Remy's a bit unsure how to proceed.

REMY
Can we please have the room for a moment?

GERARD
No.

REMY
Of course.

The boys exchange glances and subtle expressions. Finally, Remy speaks, initiating a ping ponging exchange among them.

REMY (CONT'D)
Big and I will only join if Dick can join.

GERARD
Can you speak for Big?

BIG
From heretofore, Remy has permission to speak on my bequest.

GERARD
Fine, but Dick's contract is week-to-week, and he has to start a fitness program.

DICK

No.

REMY

Fine, but that regimen is run by Amy, and you pay her what you pay us.

GERARD

Deal.

Amy, listening in from outside the door, celebrates.

REMY

Deal.

BIG

Deal.

They look at Dick. He's stuck on something.

DICK

I get number 10.

They stare at him.

DICK (CONT'D)

(giving up)

Deal.

Remy shoots up.

REMY

YES!

He smacks Dick hard in the face.

REMY (CONT'D)

Don't you ever talk shit on my team in the future OR the past.

Gerard doesn't know what's happening but is again somewhat happy to see Remy so vicious.

GERARD

Welcome to Le Bonheur. Your pay is 250 euros per week.

The boys hear the number and stop in their tracks.

BIG

(whispering to Remy)

What color?

REMY

One orange and one yellow.

Big looks surprised, though not upset, as he's already rich.

INT. BAKERY - DAY

Remy, Big, Dick, and Amy are all sat around croissants and espressos in a homey bakery in the small town center. All are happy but Dick.

REMY

First of all, it's Euros, not dollars. 250? Oh, I'm sorry, I think you mean two hundred and *eighty-eight* dollars as of market close, thank you very much.

Big is taking the lid off a sugar dispenser to sugar his espresso.

BIG

288. Not bad man.

AMY

I'm basically getting paid to study. Like a PhD candidate.

REMY

Exactly like that. And the best thing isn't even the money. I only love two things in the world: soccer, and my friends. Now I have both. I would've done it for much less.

Remy has finished his croissant. He gets up and goes to the counter.

REMY (CONT'D)

(bad French, subtitled)

Hello. Thank you so much. Very good.

BAKER

(French, subtitled)

No problem. Something else?

REMY

(bad French, subtitled)

You... Cafe... Hiring?

TAG

INT. STADIUM - DAY

The PSG managers have organized a "tryout" wherein Dick is playing one-on-one against a player. They've gathered the rest of the team in the tunnel to watch Dick make a fool of himself.

MONTAGE OF DICK LOSING

He has his shot blocked.

He gets nutmegged and then scored on.

He tries an elaborate dribble and gets aggressively slide tackled.

The opponent easily dribbles past him and scores.

END MONTAGE

Dick Is completely gassed.

DICK
What position do you play?

OPPONENT
Equipment manager.

Dick looks at the managers in the tunnel. They hide their smiles and walk away back into the tunnel.

END OF PILOT