

Ligue Cinq

written by

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COLD OPEN

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

We open on a college soccer field with a smattering of parents and fans in the bleachers. A fold-out table at the front of the bleachers is being used as a makeshift commentator's booth.

COMMENTATOR

Welcome back to those of you for some reason watching the 2019 EMASCCAC conference championship game, where we're about to start the second of two overtime periods.

IN THE TEAM HUDDLE

A COACH is feverishly giving his players the game plan.

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, you 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 and naive 24-year-old, and the leader of his group of friends. At the moment, he's totally confused.

REMY

What?

COACH

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

REMY

Notes?

The whistle blows loudly, causing Remy to jerk his head.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Remy has been jerked out of his flashback by DIANE, a sweet, older coworker of his.

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 doesn't respond. Instead, he stands up and starts getting ready to leave, packing up his things and throwing them 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, then 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

Remy is fine.

DIANE

Are you feeling sick? Goodness, 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, but we see Diane greet them nervously.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
(looking to dwarf height)  
Jeff.  
(looking to 7' high)  
Jeffrey.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Remy untangles his headphones, looking liberated.

PLAYER INTRO GRAPHIC OF REMY

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

Remy Chevrolet.

Passing: 85.

Dribbling: 81.

Childish naiveté: 97.

Religion: keeping options open.

END INTRO GRAPHIC

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

OPENING TITLES

A compilation of classic French soccer highlights set to Hermes House Band's remix of "I Will Survive."

ACT ONE

INT. LAW OFFICE MAIL ROOM - DAY

Remy is talking to DICK in the mail room of a law office.

REMY

I'm going to France to try out for a pro soccer team in the fifth division there.

INT. WALL STREET HIGH RISE OFFICE -- DAY

Remy is talking to BIG in Big's splendid corner office on Wall Street. Big is in a swivel chair behind his desk, with his back to Remy.

REMY

I found a team there coached by a guy who grew up near my dad in Paris. I told him we played college soccer, I did not elaborate about the concept of Division 3, and he agreed to give us a tryout.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Remy is talking to AMY in Amy's parents' fancy basement.

REMY

And if we're gonna be soccer players, we're gonna need someone to keep us at our best. That's right. Aspiring medical student Amy Stetson.

INT. LAW OFFICE MAIL ROOM - DAY

Dick is responding. Dick is a former teammate, a second-generation Indian-American, and a douche. He's become pudgy since college. He was the frat "star" of the bunch, but no one thinks he's cool for it, which is a shame for him, because all he wants is to be cool and powerful.

DICK

What? No. Do you see where I work, dude? I don't care how unfortunate the partners' names are. You don't leave Wallace and Gromit and Associates. I'm on a power path.

REMY

But are you? You're in the mail room. Are you respected by your coworkers?

DICK

Not really. The boss won't even acknowledge my presence.

REMY

Isn't the boss your dad?

DICK

He asked me not to call him that.

REMY

Okay, well get this. You know who gets the most respect? Professional athletes. Think about it. You think Neymar gets people coffee? No. He's busy getting girls. Do you want to be like Neymar?

That makes Dick come around.

INT. WALL STREET HIGH RISE OFFICE -- DAY

Big is responding. Big is a sexy, ultra-athletic, lovable meathead; the soccer Rob Gronkowski.

Big slowly swivels his chair around to Remy.

BIG

I thought I told you I retired.

REMY

I want you to come back.

BIG

Okay.

(calling to assistant)

I quit.

(poking head out to assistant's desk)

Thank you so much by the way.

You've been wonderful.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Amy responds. She's a sweet, dumb, progressive aspiring doctor.

AMY

I can't just leave. I have to take the MCAT again. I'm getting better by the way. Last test I made the fifth percentile.

REMY

Fifth or 95th?

Amy thinks it over.

REMY (CONT'D)

Here's the thing. You come out and be a physical trainer... that's medical experience. Hands-on stuff. That's the type of thing that gets people admitted to med school.

Amy considers.

EXT. PLANE - NIGHT

A plane departs from New York.

EXT. PLANE - DAY

The plane lands in Paris.

INT. CUSTOMS - DAY

The group approaches customs. Big gestures to a sign.

BIG

Remy, you know some French, right?  
What's that say?

PLAYER INTRO GRAPHIC OF BIG

Big crosses his arms, focusing hard 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 delineates queues for "French citizens" and "foreign travelers."

REMY

Big, that's English.

BIG

Right.

Still a bit unsure, Big waits to see what his friends do and follows their lead.

DICK

Look at these herbs.

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

DICK (CONT'D)

French people look like the easiest game of Where's Waldo.

AMY

Hey. France is a beautiful, inspiring country.

DICK

I'm just saying, if I was working door at Pi Kap and those guys tried to get in... no way, bro. Try AEPi.

REMY

Hey I've got a French joke for you. So, two cats are swimming across a river, right? One is called One Two Three, and the other's called Un Deux Trois. Only one of them makes it across. Which one?

AMY

Which?

REMY

One Two Three, 'cause Un Deux Trois cat sank.

They chuckle. Big laughs way harder than the rest.

BIG  
 Hahahaha. The cat sank. A sinking  
 cat.  
 (mimics drowning cat with  
 garbled meows)

A CUSTOMS OFFICER calls for next in line. Dick isn't first among them, but he jumps ahead. The officer takes his papers.

CUSTOMS OFFICER  
 Name?

PLAYER INTRO GRAPHIC OF DICK

Dick has his arms crossed, trying to look cool. He jerks his arms and head as if fake punching someone. 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  
 It says Alexander.

DICK  
 People call me Dick.

CUSTOMS OFFICER  
 I thought Dick was for Richard.

DICK  
 It is.

CUSTOMS OFFICER  
 So why do people call you Dick?

DICK  
 (shrugging)  
 Say it fits.

The customs officer gets a bit cold with Dick.

CUSTOMS OFFICER  
 Who do you know here?

DICK  
 (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 eye contact with him. Dick slips into a--

FANTASY

Dick is on that same field, dribbling flashily through defenders until one takes him out with a foul. The crowd explodes in outrage.

Dick gets up and speaks in subtitled French gibberish.

DICK  
 (overly cool, French  
 gibberish)  
 Bad idea. 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, and the crowd erupts. He celebrates over to the corner flag.

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 him is an Indian man in a suit -- his father, RAHUL -- clapping proudly.

END FANTASY

Dick comes to and nods with satisfaction.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Dick no longer looks satisfied as the four of them pull off a rural road and into the lot of a modest soccer complex. It's not shambles, but it's definitely not PSG.

DICK

What the hell is this? This is it?

Instead of parking in the lot, Remy drives through to the back of it.

REMY

No, that's actually the women's team. They're in the first division.

DICK

(relieved)

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

Amy shoots an offended glare.

DICK (CONT'D)

Women.

AMY

Yeah.

Into view comes a "complex" comprised of a dumpy clubhouse and a field with a tiny set of stands. Some cows are wandering on the field.

Remy parks. Dick looks at him, not letting himself understand that they've arrived.

DICK

Did you stall?

REMY

I parked.

DICK

Why?

REMY

We're here.

DICK

No we're not.

REMY

What?

DICK  
It's a shit field.

REMY  
Hey. That's our new team, maybe.

Dick points to a cow pooping on the field.

DICK  
It's literally shitting on the  
field right now.

REMY  
Oh, you mean fresh fertilizer?

BIG  
(syllable by syllable)  
Bo-nor. Bo-ner.

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

Dick glares at Remy, who won't look his way.

DICK  
The team is called Le Boner?

REMY  
(pronouncing correctly)  
Bonheur.

INT. CLUBHOUSE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

In a shabby conference room in the clubhouse, Remy argues over the phone.

REMY  
Yes it is a sustainable path, dad.  
What do you know about professional  
sports?

(beat)  
Semi-professional is a type of  
professional.

(beat)  
I don't wanna do corporate life. I  
did it for a year, and it was in no  
way enjoyable.

(beat)  
Academia? Where could you possibly  
have gotten that impression? I was  
diagnosed with ADHD by my  
podiatrist.

(MORE)

REMY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Maybe for your generation. But for mine, life absolutely is all fun and games.

(beat)

I gotta go. I have the biggest training session of my life in an hour. I need to focus up. Love you too.

Just as Remy hangs up, Amy approaches him with Big in tow.

AMY

Big has to miss training.

REMY

No. What? He can't. Why?

AMY

You know that concussion baseline test I made you take? Big failed.

REMY

You can't fail a baseline test.

AMY

I saw his results. Trust me, he failed. Watch.

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

AMY (CONT'D)

Big, unsolve this please.

REMY

You got this man. No biggie.

Big eyes it for a few moments like a speed-solver planning his approach. He keeps eyeing it.

REMY (CONT'D)

Nice and simple. Easy money.

Finally, Big twists a single side. He seems to be figuring it out. He twists a second side. Then a third, then tons more.

REMY (CONT'D)

See?

Remy looks at Amy, whose face says "not so fast." Remy looks back to see Big flipping one last side, making the Rubik's Cube perfectly solved again.

BIG  
Damn it.

AMY  
See?

REMY  
Amy, Big's not concussed. He's just... Big, can you step outside for a sec?

BIG  
Sure thing.

Big heads to a window and opens it.

REMY  
I just mean out of this room.

BIG  
Got it.

Big leaves through the door.

REMY  
(hushed)  
He's just stupid.

AMY  
Maybe he's not.

REMY  
C'mon, Amy. You've seen him play fetch with his dog before?

AMY  
Yeah.

REMY  
Which position did he play?

Amy doesn't quite budge.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Remember when we took those Spanish placement tests freshman year?

AMY  
I know.

REMY  
He placed into ESL.

REMY (CONT'D)

What about when we got him that edible arrangement?

AMY

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

REMY (CONT'D)

(counting off fingers)  
Fruit. Skewers. Decorative leaves. Bucket.

AMY (CONT'D)

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.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Dick and five other players are on the bench, wearing pinnies. Dick is stretching, staying warm, but the others are fully lounging. Two are playing cards.

DICK

I'm ready to go back in. Does he know that? How do you say ready?

The others mutter and chuckle at Dick's readiness. One of the cards players responds.

TEAMMATE

Pret.

DICK

Nice try, bro. I know that means sandwich.

TEAMMATE

Take a seat, man. Once you become a sub, you don't often make it back.

The word "sub" perks up Dick's ear's.

DICK

Sub?

The other cards-player chimes in.

TEAMMATE 2

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

TEAMMATE

People tell stories of a man who made it back to the first team. But I think it's just to help them sleep.

DICK

Did you say sub?

Dick turns to the field and shouts to the coach, GERARD, 46, a tough, streets-made man and former soccer phenom.

DICK (CONT'D)

HEY. GERARD. NEED A WORD.

Gerard looks at Dick intensely, wondering who would dare be this brazen. He blows the whistle.

GERARD

Take water.

Gerard walks toward Dick.

PLAYER INTRO GRAPHIC OF GERARD

This graphic is in the style of a broadcast from the 90s. Gerard is just standing, no pose or anything, intensely looking into the camera. The text says:

Gerard Forestier

World Cup champion: July 1998

Known children born March 1999: 4

Money lost gambling: All

END INTRO GRAPHIC

Dick walks out onto the field to meet Gerard. Remy looks on nervously.

DICK

Hey, how's it goin'. Just wanted to run something by you. The guys there said I was a sub, and I was all-conference in college, so I think there might've been a mistake.

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

GERARD

You're fat.

DICK

What?

GERARD

You are a fat person.

DICK

No I'm not.

GERARD

Maybe not in America. Here, you are probably obese.

DICK

Okay, I put on a few since college, but it's muscle.

GERARD

Really? Then you must be very strong.

DICK

185 on the bench. For reps.

GERARD

Impressive. I can bench a whole American.

Dick's eyebrows go up at the slight. The people overhearing start to watch the interaction.

DICK

(condescending)

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

Gerard responds like a mob boss.

## GERARD

No, not quite. The subs are in blue, playing against the first team. You are a reserve. Think of it this way. Let's say a local man learns his wife has been cheating on him, so he goes on a bender, drinking for days on end. Then one afternoon, he runs out of liquor, so he decides to drive to the liquor store, and on the way, he passes out with his foot on the gas like a cinderblock, and he veers off the road, through the parking lot, and onto our field, plowing through not one but five of our players, killing them instantly. Then, you're a sub!

Everyone is staring. Remy is grimacing. The card-playing reserves are frozen, staring. One blows out a mouthful of cigarette smoke.

Dick, meanwhile, looks like he can't believe the injustice being done to him. But he chippers up, trying to pretend his ego isn't shattered.

## DICK

Got it. Cool. Loud and clear.

As Dick walks back to the sideline, the whistle blows and play resumes. A player runs past Dick, forcing him to awkwardly gallop the last few steps off the field.

ACT TWO

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Remy and Dick are walking home. Remy's trying to be cheerful, while Dick is totally absent.

REMY  
No biggie, man.

DICK  
Yup.

REMY  
So not a biggie. We'll just do so well tomorrow, he'll be begging you to join the team.

DICK  
Cool.

REMY  
We're still all gonna all get roster spots.

DICK  
Nice.

Remy realizes Dick isn't paying attention.

REMY  
Feels like you might be wondering whether France and the U.S. have an extradition treaty.

DICK  
Cool.

Four women players, wearing high-quality soccer gear, walk out of their complex and towards practice. One is DAPHNE, rocking a big, bouncy heap of curly hair.

Remy glances, then does a double take. The world changes to slow motion as he watches Daphne in the distance. She's not looking particularly glamorous -- just walking. She spits in the grass and steps on it.

The girls walk out of sight, and Dick and Remy are back to walking as before. Only now, Dick is present and Remy totally absent.

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)

You can go ahead 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.

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

A DOCTOR is getting Big situated in an MRI machine.

BIG

Hey, doc. Two cats are swimming across a pond. One is called One Two Three, and the other is called Un Deux Trois. Only one makes it across. Which one?

DOCTOR

I don't know.

BIG

The first one, 'cause the second cat sank.

The doctor shoots a confused glance at Amy. Amy looks back as if to say, "See? Head injury."

The doctor finishes situating a chuckling Big into the machine.

INT. MRI TECHNICIAN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Amy and the doctor are in the technician room while Big lies in the machine.

AMY

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

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: 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 at least admitted. Then the hard part is the test after the first year.

AMY

Everyone is admitted?

DOCTOR

Oui.

Amy is intrigued.

The doctor seems to perceive an issue on the screen.

AMY

What? What's it showing?

DOCTOR

It is not accurate.  
(in microphone)  
Mr. Johnson, try thinking about a math problem.

Still nothing. The doctor taps the monitor a few times.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Amy and Big are waiting when the doctor walks in -- now flanked by three residents -- and pulls up Big's results.

AMY

What's the diagnosis?

DOCTOR

I have good news and... interesting news. The good news is that you do not have a concussion, Mr. Johnson. There is no indication of bruising or physical trauma to the head.

AMY

Thank God.

BIG

So I can play?

DOCTOR

Yes.

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 the case. 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 dark.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

For comparison, here is a functional-- sorry, 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 similar to Big's.

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

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Your brain doesn't work.

BIG  
Ahhhh. Indubably.

The doctor turns to Amy.

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

BIG  
She means inside, just out of this room.

The doctor looks at her trainees, dismissing them.

AMY  
Well, I'm actually his volunteer physical trainer, so...

DOCTOR  
It will just be a moment.

Amy relents and leaves. The doctor turns to Big.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Would you like to go out to dinner with me?

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM FRONT DESK - DAY

The receptionist is handling payment.

RECEPTIONIST  
So, the MRI, plus two more MRIs to verify the first. Wow, I'm sorry. That will be 25 euros.

Amy once again looks around suspiciously.

AMY  
(secretive)  
Is this an accredited institution?

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

BIG  
What color dollars do you need?

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

Remy pipes up.

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

Gerard smirks at Dick's cowardice.

GERARD  
 Gone already. Where did he run to?

INT. PSG OFFICE - DAY

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

Two PSG MANAGERS enter and stand behind the desk. They're very professional, and a bit confused and apprehensive.

The whole scene has the slow, tense, measured vibe of a meeting of enemy diplomats.

Dick stands.

MANAGER 1  
 Hello.

DICK  
 Hello.

MANAGER 2  
 ... Hello...

DICK  
 You received my message?

MANAGER 1  
 You say you represent a top player  
 who wishes to play for Paris Saint-  
 Germain?

DICK

I do.

MANAGER 2

Who is the player?

Dick stares at them a few beats. Finally, he rips off tearaway pants and jacket, revealing him in a full PSG kit.

The managers stare, mostly unfazed.

Dick nods a nod that says, "that's right. Take it in."

MANAGER 1

You yourself would like to play for the football club Paris Saint-Germain.

DICK

Oui.

MANAGER 2

You believe yourself capable?

DICK

I can prove it.

The managers lean in close to each other and discreetly confer. They separate.

Then they lean in and confer again. Finally:

MANAGER 1

How?

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY

Dick, now looking very sour, takes his PSG jersey to the counter of a small sports store.

DICK

I'd like to make a return.

CASHIER

Pardon?

DICK

I'm returning this.

CASHIER

I don't understand.

DICK  
 (enunciating rudely)  
 Return. I bought. Now I don't want.  
 So I give back. You give back  
 money.

The cashier laughs.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Continued from the earlier scene of Gerard picking teams.

REMY  
 We are, at present, uncertain of  
 his whereabouts.  
 (excited)  
 However, Big here has been  
 medically cleared, isn't that right  
 Big?

Big smiles excitedly at Gerard.

GERARD  
 Fine. Big.

Gerard crosses out Dick's name on his clipboard and writes in  
 "BIG."

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - LATER

A few small-sided games are going on at once. In one of them,  
 Big is destroying. He dances around with the ball, peppering  
 in insults as he dominates. Gerard is watching 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  
 Impressive, huh?

GERARD  
 He played in division three?

REMY  
 Yeah.

GERARD

Why?

REMY

Well, we were friends growing up. He had offers to go to the MLS straight out of high school, but I was going Division 3, and he just kind of followed.

GERARD

What is the payment in the American third division?

REMY

For players?

GERARD

Yes.

REMY

About 50 thousand a year.

Gerard takes in that number. It sounds a bit out of reach.

REMY (CONT'D)

But then he got this big finance job, so he already made it all back.

Gerard looks confused.

GERARD

Made what back?

REMY

The money.

Gerard looks confused. Remy registers this and explains.

REMY (CONT'D)

Oh, right. In America, how it works is you pay a college about 200,000 dollars to play for four years, and then you use the receipt to get a job.

Big is still killing the keepaway drill. Then he stands still with the ball, pretending the defender can have it.

BIG

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

(MORE)

BIG (CONT'D)  
(takes off dribbling)  
Sike, hold my nuts.

EXT. HOTEL - EVENING

That evening, Dick approaches their hotel, an old, modest yet pretty building. It's a beautiful evening in the French countryside.

Remy is waiting for Dick on the front steps.

REMY  
Dude. Where were you?

DICK  
Busy.

REMY  
You missed practice.

DICK  
Yeah, well, I was busy.

REMY  
You probably won't make the team now.

DICK  
Oh, I won't make the team? I won't make the team? How about, 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 is crushed.

REMY  
Withdraw? Why would you do that?

DICK  
Wake up, bro. We're not soccer players anymore. Get on with life.

Dick walks into the hotel.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Bonsoir monsieur.

DICK

Bonjour, omelette, frere Jacques,  
we get it.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Remy sits in the hotel lobby alone, watching a 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 give each other solemn nods 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 won't be coming back here.

DICK

Why not?

RAHUL

Because you told everyone you were going to play professional soccer. If you return now, you'll look like a failure.

DICK

I didn't fail. I quit because the team's not up to my standards.

RAHUL

That's not what I heard, and it's not what I'll tell people. Do you think there are failures in this family, Dick?

DICK

No.

RAHUL

When I immigrated here from my home country--

DICK

England.

RAHUL

I knew what to expect as a brown man in America. For you and I to succeed to an equal extent to the inner sanctum whites, there's no margin for failure. Do you understand?

DICK

Yes.

RAHUL

Good. You will be welcome back. When you win.

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 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.

GERARD  
Big. Remy. Big. Thank you for trying out for Le Bonheur.

Big smiles at the name.

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

The door opens. It's Dick. Gerard's unhappy to see him.

DICK  
Hi. Sorry I'm late. Here for our meeting?

Gerard tries to pick back up, but is continually 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--

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's patience thins.

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're on the team.  
Dick, you are absolutely not.

Dick fakes surprise with the same sequence of facial expressions that Trump once famously performed at a debate.

GERARD (CONT'D)  
Do you accept your offers?

Remy looks 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 an exchange that ping pongs back and forth.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Big and I will only join if Dick is given a spot.

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 regimen.

REMY  
 Fine, but that regimen is run by Amy, making her a formal part of the training staff.

GERARD  
 Deal.

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.

GERARD  
 (pulling out stack of contracts)  
 Excellent. Welcome to Le Bonheur.  
 Your pay is 250 euros per week.

The boys hear the number and stop dead.

BIG  
 (whispering)  
 What color dollars?

REMY  
 One orange, 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 288 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 at all.

REMY

No. And here's the big thing. We'll be living our dream. Us three? Professional, *paid* soccer players. Amy?

AMY

Professional medical staff.

REMY

And all together, too. 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.  
Delicious.

BAKER

(French, subtitled)

You're welcome. Can I get you anything else?

REMY

(bad French, subtitled)

Are you 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 stands to enjoy watching Dick look like a fool.

NOTE: In the best-case scenario, the opponent Dick is playing against is a real PSG player. If that's unfeasible, the "player" will be revealed to be an assistant coach (see optional lines below).

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 rests his hands on his knees. He's gassed.

DICK  
(optional)  
What position do you play?

OPPONENT  
(optional)  
Assistant coach.

Dick throws up.

DICK  
Stomach bug.  
(calling out to managers)  
Just a stomach bug.  
(to opponent)  
Lucky for you.

END OF PILOT