

Ted Lasso
Motivation

Spec Script



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INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - MORNING

KEELEY confidently faces down CAMERAS, BRIGHT LIGHTS, and REPORTERS. NATE coyly sits next to her, overwhelmed.

KEELEY

Alright, calm down boys, not all at once. Everyone take a breath.

Nate takes a DEEP INHALE as the reporters settle.

KEELEY (CONT'D)

Jason.

REPORTER 1

Now that they've been relegated and lost their captain Roy Kent, how is the team's morale holding up?

KEELEY

The team's morale is absolutely soaring - they could not be more excited to be back on the pitch.

REBECCA, next to HIGGINS, gives her new Director of Communications a thumbs up from the side of the room.

REPORTER 1

And Roy? Is it true he's been offered a coaching position here at Richmond?

KEELEY

Mr. Kent is looking to focus on his life outside of football right now. But trust me, he has some very exciting things on the horizon for his retirement.

REPORTER 1

Like what?

KEELEY

Now, now. Today's about the team! Who else?

REPORTER 2

How are the players looking first week back?

KEELEY

Well, I think our newest coach, Nathan Shelley, can speak to that.

She looks at Nate and eyes him towards his microphone. He leans in and begins to speak, entirely too close to the mic. The result is an extremely loud and mumbled whisper.

NATE

The club players are excited. Well, obviously, not, too excited.

He pleadingly looks at Keeley and eases up on the mic while clearing his throat.

NATE (CONT'D)

Everyone is, you know, professional. Stern. Each player has the eyes of a soldier, a deep sense of duty and an instinct to kill. Well, not like they're going to murder anyone *per se*, but they're looking very intense.

Keeley makes it clear that was a bit much. He relaxes his posture.

NATE (CONT'D)

But also, you know, they're all ecstatically gleeful. Childlike, really. Just here to have fun.

No, that's not right.

NATE (CONT'D)

But, also, you know, tough. Like ginormous, violent, primary school students.

TRENT stands.

TRENT

Trent Crimm, the Independent.

A GIDDY TED and a stoic COACH BEARD are huddled and HIDING FROM THE PRESS UNDER THE DESK.

TED LASSO

(pointing through the back of desk with his thumb)

Classic.

TRENT

Are we to believe the first day of training will be progressing under the supervision of someone who, until recently, served as the team's Kit Man?

TED LASSO
That's our Trent, biting the hand
that feeds.

COACH BEARD
Nine Inch Nails?

TED LASSO
You know it.

TRENT
Where is Ted Lasso?

Rebecca steps forward as the reporters begin clamoring.

REBECCA
As we have told you all, Ted Lasso
is in the States with his family.
You remember families, don't you,
Jason?

The press room reacts to the ZING and Ted accidentally BANGS
his head against the desk. SILENCE.

NATE
(delayed)
OW! OW! Shit! Sorry all. I banged
my knee a bit.

Ted, nervous he's been caught, is extremely still.

NATE (CONT'D)
Go ahead, Rebecca. Sorry, Miss
Welton. You were saying?

REBECCA
While Ted is missing the first week
of training, he'll be back before
you know it. Now, if anyone has any
legitimate questions regarding the
upcoming season I'll direct you
back to our new Director of
Communications, Keeley Jones.

Keeley retakes the reins as Rebecca rejoins Higgins.

KEELEY
Aaron.

REPORTER 3
With training officially picking
up, has the team begun discussing
any new players?
(MORE)

REPORTER 3 (CONT'D)

We know Liverpool is looking to mix things up, surely some of their players would be open to a starring role on a Championship team.

TED LASSO

Liverpool?

Beard nods.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

New blood! I love it.

He looks at his watch.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

Ooooooh! It's time!

Beard shakes his head no.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

Oh, I think it's time.

He excitedly begins crawling out.

KEELEY

(realizing Ted is now on the move at her feet)

We're not really ready to discuss any potential transfers at this time.

REPORTER 1

Because your manager is in Oklahoma?

Ted pops up from the floor behind the desk.

TED LASSO

Sure looks a lot like Richmond, doesn't it?

(to Reporter 3 - stern)

And I'm from Kansas, by the way.

(just very happy again)

But that's alright.

He finger whistles and Higgins pulls a rope dropping a banner behind him "HAPPY BIRTHDAY TRENT". As Ted DANCES excitedly, members of the team rush in holding balloons and cheering, followed by OLLIE approaching Trent with a birthday cake.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

Come now, Trent. You didn't think I'd miss your birthday, did you?

Silence. Rebecca smiles at the press, hopeful. Ted holds an unwavering smile and motions to Trent to blow out the candles. He reluctantly obliges, maintaining eye contact. The room erupts in cheers.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)
Trent Crimm, ladies and gentlemen.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ted and Nate stroll in.

TED LASSO
Ah, there's that scent of Lynx I've missed so much. First day of school!

He looks around. The locker room is empty.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)
Um, Nate?

NATE
(feigning that this is normal)
Yes?

TED LASSO
Where is everyone?

Nate peers around, as if he's just noticing.

NATE
Oh, yea! That is quite odd, isn't it?

INT. TED'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ted and Nate enter to talk to Coach Beard.

TED LASSO
Practice still starts at 11:00am - right?

COACH BEARD
That's right.

TED LASSO
So...

COACH BEARD
It's 11:15am.

TED LASSO
And they're all...

COACH BEARD
Not here.

WILL, the new CLUBHOUSE ATTENDANT knocks as he enters, leaving his hamper in the locker room.

WILL
Welcome back, Coach! Just checking in if you need me to do anything special today.

TED LASSO
Can you find our players?

Will laughs. The three coaches do not.

WILL
Oh, yea. Sure. I'll get right on that.

He leaves as Nate scoffs.

NATE
This guy. Probably scared everyone off. He's much too tall - don't you think?

Ted spots ISAAC and COLIN enter the locker room.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ted races up to the casual players, hugging them seemingly against their will. Nate and Coach Beard follow.

TED LASSO
Colin! Isaac! Oh MY is it good to see y'all.

Trying to seem casual he steps back, hands on hips.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)
So, where are the boys? Y'all aren't planning to jump out from underneath anything are you?

He bends down, playfully miming a search under benches.

ISAAC
Oh, yea. I'm sure they're on their way.

TED LASSO

Well, you know I hate a stickler,
but practice was supposed to start
- what was it?

COACH BEARD

20 minutes ago.

TED LASSO

20 minutes ago! My! No worms for
you.

COLIN

Well, I mean. Come on.

TED LASSO

Come what now?

Colin and Isaac look at each other - who is going to explain
this? Isaac puts a comforting hand on Ted's shoulder.

ISAAC

We were relegated.

TED LASSO

Yes. I remember. And?

COLIN

Well, you can't honestly expect us
to take things quite as seriously
now. Have you seen the teams in the
Championship league?

TED LASSO

Sure I have! Beard?

COACH BEARD

He has. I was there.

TED LASSO

Yea!

NATE

So what you two are saying is that
the team plans to simply - what?
Not try until they're promoted back
to the Premier league?

ISAAC

Pretty much.

TED LASSO
 Oh, no, I don't believe that. Even
 DANNY!? Football is literally his
 life!

INT. KEELEY'S FLAT - AFTERNOON

Keeley walks in and throws her keys and bag down. She hears a
 CLATTERING and ROY.

ROY (O.S.)
 FUCK!

INT. KEELEY'S FLAT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Keeley enters. ROY, wearing an apron, stares down the
 BAREFOOT CONTESSA on a LAPTOP. The counter is a mess of
 cooking equipment and flour.

KEELEY
 How's it going in here?

ROY
 (sarcastic)
 Oh, just fine.

KEELEY
 You trying the Roast Chicken again?

ROY
 Soda Bread.

Keeley gives Roy a kiss hello on her way to open the fridge.
 As she grabs a bottle of water, he opens the oven and A PLUME
 OF SMOKE fills the kitchen. Keeley coughs.

KEELEY
 (sipping water)
 Sounds delicious.

Roy reaches his bare hand in to grab the bread.

ROY
 (recoiling)
 ARGH!

He slams the oven door shut. Beat.

ROY (CONT'D)
 Ina says it's all about patience.

KEELEY

Got it.

ROY

(beginning to clean up)
How was the thing?

KEELEY

Good. Everyone was asking after you
and whether you were going to take
the coaching job.

He grunts a noise of "don't remind me" and continues to
clean.

KEELEY (CONT'D)

(clearly trying to get a
reaction)
You know, without football Trent
assumes you're just eating shit
food and debating whether or not to
walk into the ocean.

ROY

Oh, well if TRENT CRIMM is
concerned about my future.
(mimicking terribly)
Trent Crimm, the Independent. I'm a
lanky twat with no meaningful
contributions to the sport I won't
stop going on about.

He opens the oven (with a cloth) and pulls out the bread.

KEELEY

So you remember him, then?

He throws the charred loaf onto the counter.

ROY

It's done.

KEELEY

Maybe we should start looking for
some other ways to fill your time?
You know, less flammable ones?

ROY

What did you have in mind?

KEELEY

(tapping her face)
HMMMMMMM.

ROY
I'm not going to enjoy this, am I?

KEELEY
Oh, certainly not.

She laughs.

INT. REBECCA WELTON'S OFFICE - MORNING

Rebecca sits across from Higgins, both looking at a sea documents strewn about her desk.

REBECCA
So what are you saying exactly?
We're broke?

HIGGINS
Well - no - not exactly -

A JOVIAL KNOCK on the door.

REBECCA
Yes, come in!

Ted strolls in as the two stand and Higgins frantically gathers up the papers.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Ah, Ted. How did you sleep after
your first day back?

HIGGINS
Yes - did the players end up
showing up for training?

REBECCA
Did they what?

TED LASSO
Oh, a couple of the guys were a bit
late yesterday. Nothing to worry
about - we're gettin' right back on
that horse. Go on, take a whiff!
It's not manure, it's the smell of
a brand new day.

He dramatically inhales.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

Isn't that nice? Now that the first day jitters are over with, I'm sure every one of those boys will be more excited than a 3rd grader when the reptile man comes to class. Oh! Speaking of...

He reaches into his bag pulling out a a larger pastry box.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

BUNS!

He shoves it in Rebecca's face and she accepts..

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

BUNS with the boss! New season, new B-astries, that's what I always say.

HIGGINS

(to Rebecca)

I have actually heard him say that before.

TED LASSO

(nodding)

Yup. You have.

She takes a seat and begins opening up her pastry box.

REBECCA

Yes, well - please, sit. How can I help, Ted?

TED LASSO

(sitting)

Well, I wanted to talk to you about that old trade window I've been hearing so much about.

REBECCA

What about it?

TED LASSO

Well, I figure, what better way to get everyone jazzed up than with some hungry young bucks? And I know those decisions come from you and your bank account, but we still have space to fill from Jamie and Roy-

REBECCA
New players?

She looks at Higgins who is CONCERNED by the suggestion.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
You know - I actually think, quite
the opposite.

TED LASSO
Really?

REBECCA
Oh, yes! Higgins?

HIGGINS
Absolutely! New players? Blech!

She smiles at him.

TED LASSO
Huh! How do you figure that?

Beat.

REBECCA
Well, you know, *new players*. Might
always get a bad seed. And didn't
you yourself say the team is the
best version of itself right now?

HIGGINS
Precisely! Actually, maybe even
offload some players. I know of
some Premier League teams that
would love to take on some of our
finer gentlemen.

TED LASSO
Now, why would we go doing that?

REBECCA
(lying)
Well, so everyone we have is
excited to be here! It sounds like
you have a few players that might
be bringing morale down. You said
they were late for practice?

HIGGINS
Yes, precisely!

TED LASSO

(confused)

Oh, don't you worry. I promise you there is not one worm in this delicious apple.

HIGGINS

Still - worth at least thinking about.

TED LASSO

You know what? I respect you both too much to ignore you. So, I am taking a solemn oath right now, to at least noodle on that.

REBECCA

(relieved)

Great.

TED LASSO

(picking up VIBES)

There's not something else I should know about, is there?

HIGGINS

REBECCA

Well-

Of course not!

Beat.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

It's nothing serious. We're just working on budgeting at the moment and want to make sure we're being as *economical* as possible. Now that we've been relegated I'm sure you can imagine we don't have quite the same level of sponsor interested.

TED LASSO

Really? No love from any other Middle Eastern Airlines?

REBECCA

Sadly not.

TED LASSO

There's no YemenAir? Sky Lebanon?

She shakes her head 'no' as he continues to name ideas.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

What about trains? Buses? OH BLIMPS?

(MORE)

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

You know, I'd love to see one of those big blimps hovering over the pitch.

REBECCA

Unfortunately not at this point. And attracting new talent can be quite the expense-

TED LASSO

Say no more! A penny saved is a penny earned, and I had one of the biggest penny collections in all of Kansas. It was just a thought.

She smiles at him, hoping he'll leave so this conversation can end before she has to say any more.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

So. Are you going to try my buns?

REBECCA

Your what? Oh yes!

She takes a bite.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Incredible.

He jumps up...

TED LASSO

I knew you'd love 'em!

...and begins prancing out the door.

REBECCA

You really made these?

TED LASSO

Oh, it was a piece of cake.

He emphatically HAHs at his own joke before turning back towards the door.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

TREE FIVE!

He slaps Rebecca's TREE SHAPED COAT HANGER, then does a MICHAEL JACKSON SPIN on his way out. Rebecca and Higgins share a brief look until Ted pokes his head right back in.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)
 I know, I know. I'm working on
 learning a less problematic dance
 repertoire. Bye now!

He actually exits and Rebecca lets out a relieved exhale
 towards a still visibly anxious Higgins.

EXT. RICHMOND FC TRAINING GROUNDS - LATER

Nate watches the PLAYERS warm up. Will approaches and stands
 beside him. Nate gives him a forced smile.

Sam scores an impressive goal off an assist. Both Nate and
 Will smile and clap, but when Nate notices Will's
 participation he shoots him a dirty look. Beat.

NATE
 You know, you really shouldn't be
 standing over here.

WILL
 (earnest)
 Oh - I'm so sorry! What do you mean
 "here"?

NATE
 (motioning around himself)
 This is a coach's area. A coach
 circumference. If you want to watch
 training you can do it from-

He looks around and points to a dark corner of the pitch.

NATE (CONT'D)
 Over there. You don't want people
 getting the wrong impression that
 you're *over-eager*, so to speak.

WILL
 Oh, I'm so sorry again, Coach Nate.

NATE
 (focusing on the players)
 That's alright.

Beat.

WILL
 It's just -

He turns to Nate.

WILL (CONT'D)

I'm just so excited to be here.
This is such a dream come true for
me. I mean, I am the the *Clubhouse
Attendant for the Richmond Football
Club*. Even saying it out loud - I
can hardly believe it.

Nate gives him a suspicious once over.

NATE

Did you reorganize the kit room by
player number?

WILL

Of course.

NATE

Clean Isaac's boots with the
toothbrush he likes?

WILL

Yes.

NATE

And you really want to be here?
Because - this isn't a game Will.
(beat)
Well, I mean, *this* is a game, yes.
But, being the *Clubhouse Attendant*
is not. Think about it.

Ted and Beard approach.

TED LASSO

Natedog! Taking Billy the Kid here
under your wing?

NATE

(briefly putting his arm
around a confused Will)
Of course!

TED LASSO

See, now that's nice.
(to Beard)
Isn't that nice? Close as two coats
of paint, these two.

NATE

You got that right.

TED LASSO
 (getting closer to Nate
 and Will)
 Know what I see?

He stares at Nate, waiting for an answer.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)
 Can you guess it? Come on! Give it
 a shot!

NATE
 Um. Beard?

TED LASSO
 No no! This one's for you, Natedog.

Nate looks back unsure.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)
 (giddy)
 I see the beginning of a
 beautiful friendship.

COACH BEARD
 (mouthing)
 -the beginning of a beautiful
 friendship.

NATE
 Beautiful friendship. Yup, yup,
 precisely.

TED LASSO
 Well, let's get back into that
 Locker Room.
 (to Will)
 Clean as a whistle by the way,
 great job Billy. And that scent?
 What is that?

WILL
 It's a lemongrass candle, sir.

TED LASSO
 Delightful. Truly. Way to go the
 extra mile.

Nate is fuming as Ted blows the whistle.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The coaches follow the TEAM slowly filing in, murmuring among
 themselves. As they begin to change, Ted steps forward.

TED LASSO
 Alright, great work out there today
 gentlemen.

No one's listening.

SAM

Come on guys! Let's listen up to Coach. It's our first big, honking, **American** speech of the season!

The disinterested murmurs settle as the team looks towards Ted.

TED LASSO

Yes, thank you for that, Sam.

SAM

(beaming)

I watched all of *Friday Night Lights* over break. Connie Britton? Fantastic. I just want to braid her hair.

TED LASSO

That's great, Sam.

COLIN

Sorry coach, is this going to take long? I have dinner reservations.

ISAAC

And I have a date.

DANNY

Are you back on Tinder after everything with Jess? So exciting!

ISAAC

Yea, man.

SAM

That's so great!

TED LASSO

Hey now! We're all excited about Isaac's quest for love, but we need to have a talk.

The players groan.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

Now, now. You know, this may come as a surprise, but where I'm from - being a *champion* means something.

SAM

Oh! But it does here as well,
Coach! The champions are the best
of the best.

TED LASSO

See - there's the attitude I'm
looking for.

Beard approaches him.

COACH BEARD

Champions League is like NBA All-
Stars.

TED LASSO

Exactly! You guys are ALL STARS!

COACH BEARD

This is the Championship league.

TED LASSO

You know, I'll never get used to
that.

COLIN

Come on Coach, we could beat these
other teams after eating Danny's
mincemeat pies again.

Everyone laughs.

COLIN (CONT'D)

How hard did you actually expect us
to train before playing *Queen City*?

TED LASSO

Well, I'll tell you, Colin.
EXTREMELY hard! Y'all should be
more excited than The Pointer
Sisters right now!

He turns towards Danny.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

And Danny, you know I'm more than
happy to help with your pie recipe.
You just name the time and place.
We'll crack it!

(pointing aggressively and
excitedly to all)

What you all need is some good old
fashioned MOTIVATION. And you know
what?

(MORE)

TED LASSO (CONT'D)
 (turning back to Nate)
 You know what Nate?

NATE
 (hesitant)
 You're going to give it to them?

TED LASSO
 (EXCITEDLY back to the
 team)
 I'm gonna give it to you! Where's
 Will?

Will races up.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)
 There you are. Can you do me a
 favor? How are you at crafts?

WILL
 Crafts, sir?

TED LASSO
 Yea! Crafts! Scrapbooking, popsicle
 stick figurines, maybe some
 origami?

WILL
 Ok, I guess?

TED LASSO
 Great.
 (turning to the team)
 Will here is going to make a new
 suggestion box this season - but
 this time-

NATE
 You sure you don't want me to do
 that coach?

TED LASSO
 (nodding reassuringly to
 Nate)
 No, no! You're a coach now! Will's
 got it.
 (back to the team)
 I want each of you to come in
 tomorrow morning with a note about
 what you're *most* excited for this
 season. Now, get to work!

He turns back towards his office, and slaps his 'BELIEVE'
 poster. The team returns to changing.

INT. KEELEY'S FLAT - SIMULTANEOUS

Roy sits on the couch and watches as Keeley wheels over a LARGE WHITEBOARD.

ROY
Why do you have this?

KEELEY
For Pictionary! Obviously. I don't just care about the environment on Instagram.

She uncaps her marker.

KEELEY (CONT'D)
Alright, so, let's start by just listing out some things you like. Anything.

ROY
Cursing.

KEELEY
(writing it down)
Great.

ROY
You.

KEELEY
(truly touched)
Awwww.

She writes down KEELEY with a HEART.

KEELEY (CONT'D)
What else?

ROY
I still don't understand how this is going to help me find something to do with my time.

KEELEY
We're finding your next big thing! Continuing the grand Roy Kent saga! It's a branding workshop!

Roy placates her with a laugh while sitting up straighter.

ROY
Alright, well...

KEELEY
Come on, no bad ideas in
brainstorming.

Roy begins to speak -

KEELEY (CONT'D)
OH! I KNOW! Kids!

ROY
What? I hate kids.

KEELEY
So it's really just Phoebe, then?

ROY
I like space.

KEELEY
Why space?

ROY
It seems quiet.

KEELEY
So space as in, like, space?

ROY
Yea, like, planets...stars...you
know, SPACE!

KEELEY
(drawing a planet)
Ok! PLAAANNNEETTTTTSSS.

She stares at the board.

KEELEY (CONT'D)
Looks quite like a football,
doesn't it?

ROY
Keeley.

KEELEY
I just don't understand!
(pointing to the 'planet')
The answer is right in front of
you!

ROY
We both know I'll never be anything
but a has-been at that club.

KEELEY

You know coaching is technically a new job, right?

He sighs and rolls his eyes.

KEELEY (CONT'D)

(erasing the board)

Fine. Let's think about your brand holistically.

(narrating dramatically)

Who is Roy Kent? Roy Kent is fiery! Roy Kent is passionate and FURIOUS! So, what makes you mad? What really gets your blood pumping? What about Jamie?

(she mimes a fairy tale villain)

Jamie Tartt. Grrrr.

ROY

Fairly certain that still counts as football.

KEELEY

Well, yea, I guess so.

Beat.

KEELEY (CONT'D)

So should we just have sex then?

ROY

(getting up and popping off his shirt)

Sure.

She follows him up the stairs.

INT. TED'S OFFICE - EVENING

The DIAMOND DOGS (Ted, Beard, Nate and Higgins) lounge in their usual positions.

TED LASSO

Alright, gentlemen. Hit me, what have we got?

NATE

We could host an ice cream social!

TED LASSO

I love it! But is it big enough?

NATE

Or buy them all cars?

HIGGINS

Might be a bit pricey.

TED LASSO

Well, that's true. So, what's between an ice cream social and new cars?

COACH BEARD

Is it such a good idea to bribe them?

TED LASSO

Oh, it's not bribing! It's MOTIVATING!

HIGGINS

We really need Roy to take that job.

TED LASSO

Oh, he will. Once he realizes this is the best outlet for his rage.

COACH BEARD

What does ice cream have to do with football?

NATE

Oh, nothing. I just think it would be fun.

TED LASSO

Fun...fun...football...fun.

HIGGINS

What's happening?

COACH BEARD

He's getting an idea.

Ted slaps his hand on the table.

TED LASSO

You're darn right I am! And you know what? I couldn't have done it without my best friends.

NATE

(flattered)

Are we your best friends?

TED LASSO

Oh, you know a Diamond Dog is a
man's best friend.

They all HOWL.

EXT. PARKING LOT - EVENING

Ted excitedly prances out and spies Rebecca getting in her
chauffeured car.

TED LASSO

Oh! Oh! Rebecca! Yoo hoo! Paging
Rebecca Welton!

REBECCA

(feigning excitement;
clearly still nervous to
talk to him)

Ted!

He races up to her.

TED LASSO

Almost missed ya, there. Thought
you were about to drive out of here
like a bat out of hell.

REBECCA

You caught me!

He mimes a gun.

TED LASSO

Freeze!
(miming into a collar
radio)
We've got the perp cornered!

She plays along, raising her arms.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

You have the right to remain
(switching to EARNEST)
strong, independent and an all-
around boss, in every sense of the
word.

She smiles and lowers her hands.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

So, the Diamond Dogs and I were just kicking around some ideas to get the team motivated. And we came up with something I think will really knock their socks off.

REBECCA

What's that?

TED LASSO

A classic carnival field day here at the club. Get the gentlemen remembering the love of the game. Oh, we took the boys in Kansas to the State Fair and I've never seen them so excited. You know, once the Fried Butter passed through their systems.

REBECCA

It sounds like a great idea, Ted.

TED LASSO

Doesn't it? I figure we'll set up different football-themed obstacle courses, we can bring in bumper cars, cotton candy, maybe a ferris wheel? All the fixings of a great fair.

REBECCA

(trying to get back in the car)

Great.

TED LASSO

So, before really setting the plan into motion, I'll need to get a gander at that pesky old budget.

REBECCA

Ah. The budget. Well, you see, Ted - it's not really in a final place yet.

TED LASSO

Oh. Well that's no problem - you can just tell me *around* what we can spend on something like this. Ballpark.

REBECCA

On something like a carnival?

TED LASSO
Yea! Exactly!

Rebecca exhales and shuts the car door.

REBECCA
Ted, there isn't any money.

TED LASSO
How do you mean?

REBECCA
The club is close to bankrupt. The only way we're going to make it is if we're able to garner some truly massive offers before the trading window closes.

TED LASSO
What do you mean offers? We can't lose any of our players.

REBECCA
We may not have much of a choice. Unless we attract some new sponsors and *quickly*, we'll have to. Unfortunately it's unlikely that will happen without some press, which most likely won't happen without some trades. See the problem?

TED LASSO
Can't we just call up your friend at The Independent?

REBECCA
Not without a story.

TED LASSO
I could donate a kidney! Oh, no, that won't help.

Rebecca smiles at him and reopens the car door.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)
What about if we get Roy back? Roy's still a story, right?

REBECCA
He turned down the job, Ted. Keeley says he wants to "find an identity outside of football" - whatever that means.

TED LASSO
Silly Roy. He just hasn't learned
that coaching has nothing to do
with the sport yet.

REBECCA
Literally nothing?

TED LASSO
Not a one thing!

REBECCA
(getting in the car)
Yes, well. I guess we'll just have
to see what happens.

TED LASSO
(leaning into the open
window)
Hey Rebecca!

REBECCA
Yes, Ted?

TED LASSO
You know how many licks it takes to
get the center of a football?

REBECCA
How many, Ted?

TED LASSO
Not a one. Not a lick. You go on
now!

He smiles, pats the top of the car, and waves as it drives
off.

INT. CROWN AND ANCHOR PUB - LATER

Roy enters and walks up to the mostly empty bar. He address
MAE standing behind the bar.

ROY
Can I get a pint?

MAE
Sure, dear.

Coach Beard takes a seat next to him.

MAE (CONT'D)
Same for you?

COACH BEARD

Yup.

They both stare ahead in silence until Mae places down two pints.

ROY

So I assume you're just going to try and convince me to take the job?

COACH BOARD

Nope.

He takes a sip.

ROY

Because, you know, I have other skills.

COACH BEARD

I'm sure you do.

Beat.

ROY

So what are you doing here?

COACH BEARD

I'm meeting my chess club.

ROY

You play chess?

COACH BEARD

I do.
(impersonating a medieval wizard)
I too have other skills.

He gets up and puts a bill on the bar.

COACH BEARD (CONT'D)

Funny how that works.
(yelling down the bar)
See ya around Mae!

He walks out of the bar as Roy takes a contemplative sip.

Excited LOCALS BAZ, JEREMY and PAUL approach him quietly.

ROY
 (without even looking at
 them)
 Fuck off.

He walks away.

EXT. RICHMOND FC TRAINING GROUNDS - EARLY MORNING

Beard and Nate walk onto the field and see Ted excitedly tweak his self-made obstacle course: empty tires, cones, flags. Ted notices them and races up.

TED LASSO
 What do you think?!

NATE
 Have you been here all night?

TED LASSO
 Eliza Doolittle! Nice, Natedog.

Nate looks at Beard.

COACH BEARD
 My Fair Lady.

NATE
 Right, right

TED LASSO
 And not all night, I got here around 3:00am or so. Evidently budget is tighter than Chandler and Joey, but Rebecca got me my very own coffee machine and I am just SPEWING with little motivational nuggets of beauty. Come on!

He starts walking them towards his set-up.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)
 So, I spent the first half of the morning trying to find Kuwait on a map, but then I realized - who needs money for a carnival?! Not to self-toot, but I've always had a knack for spinning straw into gold.

He begins pointing to the different "stations".

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

Take a look, I think the team's gonna love it. We've got: A tight rope passing station, Tire Runs, this one's just Cornhole which, sure isn't super related - but-

COACH BEARD

Coach.

TED LASSO

What's up? You don't like it?

Nate gives him a childlike "no" face while Beard gives a stoic head shake. Will runs up.

WILL

Good morning! Did you want me to start taking down your - um - your game - before training?

TED LASSO

(at a loss)

Well, yea, I - I guess so.

WILL

You know...

Will looks up at Nate, who gives me a stern look.

WILL (CONT'D)

I was a thinking about your issue with motivation.

Nate shakes his head no at him.

TED LASSO

What is it, Billy? You can tell me anything.

WILL

Well, for a lot of these players - it's the *competition* that got them into the game. Maybe they just feel like now that they've been relegated they won't be given that same adrenaline rush. You know, different caliber of player.

COACH BEARD

That makes sense.

NATE
 (angry)
 Doesn't really help us though, does
 it William?

WILL
 But it could!

NATE
 (mouthing to himself,
 shocked at the hubris)
 WOW.

WILL
 (closer to Ted)
 See, they each can push *each other*
 to be the best versions of
 themselves! Even if they're not
 excited at the prospect of playing
 Queen City, they still respect one
 another's talents. That was never
 the issue.

TED LASSO
 Well - would you look at that?

COACH BEARD
 What't that, Coach?

TED LASSO
 (putting his hand on
 Will's shoulder)
 We've got ourselves a little
 Diamond Puppy on our hands. If
 you'll excuse me, I've got some
 calls to make.

He runs off. Will is beaming, Beard begins picking up cones
 and Nate is visibly panicking.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

Keeley drives up to the training facility with Roy in the
 passenger seat. They exit the car.

KEELEY
 It'll just be a minute! I'll just
 pop in to Rebecca's office and pick
 it up.

She walks towards the entrance and Roy leans up against the
 car.

KEELEY (CONT'D)
Oy! Are you coming?

ROY
I'll wait by the car.

KEELEY
Don't you want to say hi?

ROY
No.

KEELEY
Pleaseeee?

He ignores her.

KEELEY (CONT'D)
You know, there's a whole mess of reporters around for some special event Ted's planning. You're a sitting duck out here on your own.

He looks back at her.

KEELEY (CONT'D)
QUACK. QUACK.

He reluctantly follows her in.

KEELEY (CONT'D)
Atta boy.

INT. TRAINING FACILITY - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Ted spots Keeley and Roy walking down the hall and LEAPS towards them. Roy lets out a startled exclamation.

TED LASSO
ROY KENT, as I live and breathe!

ROY
Hi, Coach.

TED LASSO
(to Keeley)
You know, he said he loves me.

KEELEY
I heard.

TED LASSO

He say that to you, yet? Well,
that's none of my business.

(turning to Roy)

Roy! Thank God you're here. I am in
such a pickle. And you know the
only thing that's going to fix it?

Roy stares back at him.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

A pastrami sandwich and healthy
dose of ROY.

ROY

(exasperated but willing
to participate)

What's going on?

TED LASSO

Oh, we can't talk about it here.
This is top secret stuff. Captain's
table, CIA intelligence, James Bond
type stuff. All I need to know is:
Do you have anything to do this
afternoon, what's your T-Shirt size
and what's your rising sign?

ROY

My what?

TED LASSO

Just that first thing for now. You
free today?

KEELEY

He's totally free!

ROY

Not sure...

TED LASSO

Great! You are really saving me.
All hail Saint Roy!

Rebecca and Higgins approach.

REBECCA

Roy Kent! How's retirement?

ROY

Fine.

TED LASSO

So sorry, I hate to stop this heartfelt reunion before it even gets going, but I was *just* about to take Roy down to my office for a top secret project.

HIGGINS

(disappointed he wasn't included)

Awww - what project?

TED LASSO

Oh, don't you worry Higgins. You'll be clued in soon enough.

Ted eyes to Keeley - they've got a plan.

KEELEY

Oh! Well, I actually need to talk to Rebecca.

TED LASSO

Well great. That's great. You gals go on up to the boss's office, and Roy and I will go have a little pow wow. Is that ok to say? Do y'all have indigenous communities here? Well, never mind, we can talk about that later.

KEELEY

(mouthing to Ted)

You got this?

He nods reassuringly at her. Roy is confused.

HIGGINS

Ms. Welton - will you be needing me in your meeting with Ms. Jones?

REBECCA

No, it's alright. You can go off with Ted.

He enthusiastically clenches his fist as Roy stares angrily.

TED LASSO

Love the enthusiasm, I gotta say. From you too, Higgins. HAH! We have fun.

EXT. RICHMOND FC TRAINING GROUNDS - LATER

Keeley, Ted and Rebecca address a group of REPORTERS and BRAND REPS.

TED LASSO
 (whisper to Keeley)
 Who are those fancy looking gents
 in the back?

KEELEY
 Oh! I invited the reps from Tom
 Ford.

TED LASSO
 You did NOT!!

KEELEY
 (laughing)
 No, of course not.
 (pointing)
 But those are the reps for
 Guinness, Volvic and Andrex.

TED LASSO
 Only heard of one of those, but I'm
 sure it's very exciting.

REBECCA
 (leaning towards them)
 It is. Keeley - brilliant idea
 inviting the press. What do you say
 we kick things off?

KEELEY
 Is everything all set on your end,
 Ted?

TED LASSO
 (putting one finger on his
 nose)
 The Ocelot is by the creek. Hasn't
 quite rejoined the nest yet, but
 he's is ready for phase one.

REBECCA
 That was quite a lot of mixed
 metaphors.

KEELEY
 I loved it.

She turns to the crowd.

KEELEY (CONT'D)

Thank you all for joining us on this beautiful day here at AFC Richmond. As we told you last week, the team couldn't be more excited about the upcoming season. And to give you just a little taste, not only will you all have access to training today - but we'll be hosting a formal scrimmage between the two best teams in the Championship League.

The press is ASTIR.

KEELEY (CONT'D)

Oh, that was misleading. They're both Richmond.

The press settles. Ted begins making a drum roll with his hands on his legs.

KEELEY (CONT'D)

Introducing, for the first time ever, Coach's Beard's Biscuits!

Coach Beard jogs out the PLAYERS as Ted, Rebecca and Keeley clap. The press joins in as Ted returns to his "drumming" duties.

KEELEY (CONT'D)

Vying for the title against, also, for the first time ever, Coach Nate's Buns!

Nate runs out the remaining PLAYERS (in pinnies) as everyone applauds.

TED LASSO

Now, today's scrimmage is just a taste of what your AFC Richmond can do. And, just to keep things fair...

He takes his shirt off revealing a STRIPED AMERICAN REFEREE SHIRT underneath it.

KEELEY

(whispering to Rebecca)
Why is he dressed like a cartoon prisoner?

TED LASSO

Yours truly will be refereeing.

REBECCA

(poorly acting out what is
clearly a rehearsed skit)
But Ted! You don't know enough
about football!

TED LASSO

Why! Of course I do, young lady!
I'm the manager of AFC Richmond!

KEELEY

(also overacting)
But, gee Ted, couldn't you use a
little help?

TED LASSO

Well, I guess a guy could always
use some help. But who could we
possibly get to help little old me
on such short notice? What a
disaster!

KEELEY

Oh my! What's that!?

Roy walks out onto the field.

KEELEY (CONT'D)

Why - it's star footballer Roy
Kent!

Everyone applauds as camera lights FLASH.

ROY

Alright! Everyone shut it!

Silence.

ROY (CONT'D)

Let's play some football.

He blows his whistle.

EXT. RICHMOND FC TRAINING GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER

THE SCRIMMAGE begins. The players all PLAY THEIR HEARTS OUT.
Trent Crimm and fellow reporters are excited and visibly
impressed at the level of play. Ted runs back and forth
excitedly dancing, clearly having some difficulty keeping up
but generally, pretty good at cardio. He blows his whistle.

TED LASSO

OFFSIDES!!

ROY
What? No it isn't.

The player ignore the interruption and keep playing.

TED LASSO
(exasperated)
Is it really not?

Roy runs off to follow the play.

The ball SOARS past Keeley (holding a megaphone), almost hitting her. Roy blows his whistle.

ROY
What the HELL WAS THAT?

COLIN
It was an accident!

ROY
YOU CALL THAT A PASS? And Isaac!
Where were you?

He pulls out two yellow cards for Colin and Isaac.

ROY (CONT'D)
(yelling to all the
players)
From now on, yellow cards every
time any of you fuck up.

COLIN
Cut us some slack, would you? I
thought we were finally getting a
break from being yelled at this
season.

ROY
(to Colin)
Oh, is that why you're playing like
shit? Well, your mistake. I'll see
you at training tomorrow.

He blows his whistle again and Colin and Isaac slink off to continue playing. Keeley excitedly gives Ted a smile and a THUMBS UP.

TED LASSO
THERE IT IS! BILLY - NOW!

Keeley lifts up her megaphone and addresses the onlookers.

KEELEY

And that's a YELLOW CARD from your newest coach, Roy Kent.

Will drops down a banner on the sidelines saying "WELCOME HOME, ROY". The press APPLAUDS. Roy begrudgingly acknowledges them and runs back to follow the play.

A MONTAGE of impeccably executed moves on the part of all players, Nate / Beard leading huddles, players joking around, teammates helping one another up.

EXT. RICHMOND FC TRAINING GROUNDS - LATER

As the sun sets, Will cleans up after the match. Nate walks out holding a GORGEOUSLY MADE SUGGESTION BOX, rife with glitter, googly eyes and a three-dimensional topper of a footballer.

NATE

Will! Did you make this?

WILL

(nervous)

I did.

NATE

(earnest)

It's beautiful.

Nate gives Will a huge smile.

INT. REBECCA WELTON'S OFFICE - LATER

Ted knocks as he enters.

TED LASSO

Boy oh BOY, was that a perfect day! You know, I think it's fine that we can't bring in any new players. We have the best team we could have, exactly as is. And now with Roy back, a coach who can actually teach those boys technical skills or whatever, we're unstoppable.

REBECCA

(sitting)

About that. Please, take a seat.

TED LASSO
 (joining her on the couch)
 Alrighty.
 (beat)
 What's up?

REBECCA
 I'm not quite sure how to tell you
 this.

Ted lifts his pant leg revealing a band-aid on his knee.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 What is that?

TED LASSO
 It's a band-aid! I skinned my knee
 real good trying to keep up today.
 Thank God for Roy, truly.

REBECCA
 Oh me!

TED LASSO
 You gotta rip it off, Rebecca! Go
 on, now. Rip it!

REBECCA
 I'm not going to touch that.

TED LASSO
 (pulling his pant leg back
 down)
 Well no, I meant it more as an
 expression.

REBECCA
 I've found a way to get a
 substantial influx of funds into
 the club.

TED LASSO
 That's great!

REBECCA
 Man City has made an offer on Sam.

TED LASSO
 Come again now?

Fin.