

TED LASSO
"Pilot"

2/1/19

Story By

Jason Sudeikis
Bill Lawrence
Joe Kelly
Brendan Hunt

Teleplay By

Jason Sudeikis
&
Bill Lawrence

EXT. GREENWICH FC TRAINING GROUNDS - MORNING

We start on the vibrant green PRACTICE GROUNDS of the GREENWICH FOOTBALL CLUB, a mediocre PREMIERE LEAGUE team in OUTER LONDON. The PLAYERS STRETCH and warm up.

EXT./INT. GREENWICH FC OWNER'S OFFICE

We see those same players out a window. MOVERS bring items in and out - it's an office in transition. The team's new owner, REBECCA WELTON, (40s, resilient, hides blue-collar roots), STARES inscrutably at a small PAINTING on her wall. Almost as if she was looking through it, BEYOND it.

HIGGINS, (an "old" 45, middle-management, middle everything) enters with a cautious knock on the open door. Rebecca stays focused on the painting.

REBECCA

I gave this to Rupert on our fifth anniversary...

HIGGINS

You have exquisite taste, ma'am.

REBECCA

(takes it off wall)
Do you want it?

HIGGINS

But... it's a Hockney. It's worth three-hundred thousand pounds.

REBECCA

Good point. Should've said yes.
(hands it to mover)
Auction pile, please.

As Rebecca moves to sit, Higgins glances down at three BRITISH TABLOIDS on her desk. Each has a picture of REBECCA and her ex-husband, the club's previous owner, RUPERT MANNION. "He gets the bimbos, she gets the bozos." Rebecca looks up at Higgins, then puts the magazines in a drawer.

HIGGINS

Mrs. Mannion-- Excuse me - Miss Welton - George is here... The manager?

REBECCA

Yes I know who George is, Higgins.
Please bring him in.

Higgins leans out the door and sees GEORGE CARTRICK, (late 50's, old-school MANAGER) flirting, poorly, with a secretary.

Higgins clears his throat. George ENTERS WITH SWAGGER.

GEORGE

Higgy boy.

George pretends TO FLICK Higgins in the nuts, causing Higgins to flinch. George then moves to Rebecca, looks around.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Love what you've done with the place. You do it yourself or did ya have some poof help you?

REBECCA

(re: his styled haircut)

I could ask the same of your hair.

(gestures to chair)

Please.

GEORGE

(to Higgins as he sits)

Isn't this one cheeky? Now luv, training starts in a few, so whatever you need to get off your impressive chest, have at it.

REBECCA

Oh, of course.

(then)

You're fired.

GEORGE

(with a condescending laugh)

Right.

REBECCA

We'll be buying out the remainder of your contract. I wish you the best of luck.

GEORGE

Fired? What the fuck for?

REBECCA

Yes, you do deserve to know the 'why' of it all, don't you? I suppose I could choose from any number of reasons... Your casual misogyny, for one.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Perhaps it's your performance, as you have led this team into yet another remarkably-average season. Or maybe it's because you insist on wearing those tiny shorts even though it forces me to see one of your testicles.

(George shifts in seat)

Aaand there's the other one. Six more weeks of winter, I see. But, if I'm being completely honest, George? You're sacked because I'm the owner now, and I don't like you. Now sod off, you fat twat.

George stands, grabs a tabloid from her desk, chuckles:

GEORGE

Higgy boy, what do you think is worse? Your husband cheating on you? Or being the last to know?

George tosses the TABLOID back on her desk, then EXITS defiantly. Higgins watches him go, AGHAST.

REBECCA

(cheerful)

Is there someone who could pop out and fetch me a salad?

HIGGINS

...I'll send her right in. And as far as new managers go, shall I prepare a list of candidates?

REBECCA

(sparkle in her eye)

No. That won't be necessary.

INT. SPORTSCENTER WITH SCOTT VAN PELT - DAY

The SPORTSCENTER THEME takes us to "SPORTSCENTER WITH SCOTT VAN PELT" post commercial. Scott talks to the camera.

SCOTT VAN PELT

Surprising news today from across the pond. The Greenwich Football Club announced the hiring of their new manager, one Theodore "Ted" Lasso. Recently Coach Lasso led the NCAA Division-two Pittsburgh State Gorillas to their first national title in American football.

We see a HIGHLIGHT of Pittsburgh State's WINNING TOUCHDOWN.

SCOTT VAN PELT (CONT'D)

He took the Gorillas - love the name - from a perennial doormat, all the way to the promised land in his very first season as head coach. Still, that is not how Ted Lasso initially found his way into our living rooms or our hearts. For me, Ted will always be the coach celebrating a moment of joy with his young team in a way you have to see and feel to truly understand.

We see Ted in a PHONE VIDEO, DANCING with his players. The connection between Coach Lasso and his team is palpable.

SCOTT VAN PELT (CONT'D)

Good luck with the most beautiful game, Ted. Do 'Merica proud.

As he continues the broadcast, CUT BACK to see his show BEING WATCHED on an iPhone. This transitions to:

PRE-LAP SFX: AIRPLANE TOILET FLUSH

INT. BRITISH AIRWAYS 757 - BUSINESS CLASS

The bathroom door opens and TED LASSO (40, Jason Sudeikis-type) exits and heads to his seat. He passes a HIP BRITISH TEEN, TOMMY, (gaudy tracksuit, the one watching ESPN on his iPhone). Tommy does a DOUBLE-TAKE AT TED as he passes. Ted takes his seat, picks up his book, "The River of Doubt" by Candice Millard. Right then, an iPhone is SHOVED IN FRONT of his book, showing a PAUSED IMAGE OF TED'S smiling face.

TOMMY

Oi, mate, 'is you?

TED LASSO

I believe it is.

TOMMY

Aww man. Legend.

(holds up his iPhone)

Can I get an "us"-ie?

TED LASSO

Sure.

(as they pose)

We call 'em "selfies" back home.

TOMMY

It's not myself, yeh? It's us,
innit? "Us"-ie.

TED LASSO

I like that.

Tommy TAKES A PICTURE, looks at it.

TOMMY

Wicked.

(to Ted; joyfully)

You, coaching football? Mate, you
are a legend for doing something so
stupid. I mean, it's mental.
They're gonna fucking murder you.

TED LASSO

Oh, I've heard that tune before.
Yet here I am, still dancin'.

TOMMY

Legend.

Tommy heads off. Ted peeks over his seat to see COACH BEARD
(40s, stoic, loyal, a walking encyclopedia). He reads
"Inverting the Pyramid", by Jonathan Wilson a SOCCER TEXT.

TED LASSO

Another soccer book? Coach, you are
a sponge. Hit me with a fun fact.

COACH BEARD

"Catenaccio" is the highly
defensive system which has come to
define Italian football, but it was
actually created in Switzerland.

TED LASSO

Okay. Lil' more "long" than "fun."
What else ya got?

COACH BEARD

In soccer, instead of "out of
bounds" they say "in to touch."

TED LASSO

There we go. I don't need to know
how the sausage is made, just gimme
a nice spicy mustard.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)

We'll now be dimming the cabin...

As she continues on, Beard grabs his blanket.

TED LASSO
You gonna grab a little shuteye?

COACH BEARD
Got to. The jet lag will kill us.

TED LASSO
No I hear that, right behind you.

The LIGHTS DIM. As Beard settles in, he regards Ted.

COACH BEARD
How ya feeling, Coach? Gonna be quite a challenge.

TED LASSO
Yeah. But takin' on a challenge is a lot like celebratin' Christmas. If ya only do it once a year, you're doin' it wrong.
(Coach Beard nods)
Goodnight, Coach.

COACH BEARD
'Night, Coach.

Ted ducks down to his seat. Beat. Then his head POPS BACK UP.

TED LASSO
Hey, if we see each other in our dreams, let's goof around and pretend we don't know each other.

Beard chuckles, slides on his EYE MASK. Ted turns off his overhead light, pulls out his IPHONE. His wallpaper is a HAPPY PICTURE of his WIFE AND SON (10). WIDE SHOT: We see a dark cabin, with only Ted ILLUMINATED, by his phone.

INT. AIRPORT - ARRIVAL GATES - NEXT MORNING

We start on an EMPTY MOVING WALKWAY. Coach Beard moves into frame, looking fairly fresh.

COACH BEARD
You didn't sleep at all?

Ted MOVES INTO FRAME, looking WORSE FOR WEAR.

TED LASSO
Not a wink. I tried but my brain just kept cookin'.
(MORE)

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

First I was thinkin' about not sleepin', then I was thinkin' about thinkin' about not sleepin'. That's never good.

COACH BEARD

You created a negative reality.

TED LASSO

Exactly!

As Ted EXITS FRAME...

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - CUSTOMS LINE - MOMENTS LATER

Ted and Coach Beard are in LINE, slowly moving forward...

TED LASSO

I did almost doze off at one point, but then I heard the all-too-familiar whispers of a lovers' spat. Sure enough, it was the flight attendant and the captain. They were goin' back and forth til she full-on dumped him. He turns around, tears in his eyes, walks right back into the cockpit. Now I'm wide awake, cause with my modest understanding of the fragility of the male ego, I'm thinkin', "Oh hell, what is this guy gonna do now?" But, he was a pro. Got us here safe and sound.

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - OUTSIDE CUSTOMS

Ted and Coach Beard make their way out, passing waiting families and VARIOUS DRIVERS HOLDING SIGNS.

COACH BEARD

The captain did seem emotional when we got off the plane.

TED LASSO

Oh I'm sure he was. Heck, he'd heard her say "bye-bye" enough for one day.

(then)

I believe this is us over here.

A driver, SANJI (Indian, 30s) holds a sign: "LASO".

TED LASSO (CONT'D)
Howdy! My name's Ted, what's yours?

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

MUSIC CUE: "WATERLOO SUNSET" BY THE KINKS.

They drive through LONDON. Ted takes in the ICONIC SITES for the first time with childlike wonder.

TIME CUT:

The car drives through more SUBURBAN OUTSKIRTS. Coach Beard holds FLASH CARDS of the LOGO of each team he mentions:

COACH BEARD
...Okay, if anyone mentions Manchester United, all you need to know: super rich. Everybody either loves them or hates them.

TED LASSO
Dallas Cowboys.

Coach Beard nods, Ted's correct. Another FLASH CARD:

COACH BEARD
Liverpool. Used to be great, haven't won a title in a really long time.

TED LASSO
Also Dallas Cowboys.

COACH BEARD
Cardiff City - classic underdog, dragon on the crest.

TED LASSO
What's that pretty lady's name from Game of Thrones? The gal with all the dragons.

COACH BEARD
Khaleesi.

TED LASSO
Khaleesi.

COACH BEARD
Man City. Been around forever, disappeared for a while, now they're back, stronger than ever.

TED LASSO
Michael Keaton.

EXT. GREENWICH FC TRAINING GROUNDS - LATER

Beard removes the luggage as Ted talks to Sanj at the window.

TED LASSO
...and you're gonna grill those rib-
eyes, chop 'em up, toss 'em right
in there, and if that's not the
best chili you've ever had in your
life, I'll come to your house and
take a bath in it.

SANJI
I'm sure that won't be necessary.
You're a good man Ted Lasso.

TED LASSO
Oh you know that's comin' right
back atcha, Sanj. Drive safe now.

The car pulls off. Ted notices the training field in the distance. He SETS OFF with purpose. Beard follows.

EXT. TRAINING FIELD - CONTINUOUS

We start CLOSE ON the GRASS as Ted's hand comes down into frame, SCRATCHES ACROSS it and FEELS IT.

TED LASSO
Feels different, Coach. I mean,
feels the same, but different.

COACH BEARD
Metaphor.

TED LASSO
Bingo.

Ted rips out a small HANDFUL OF GRASS, smells it.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Don't do that. Excuse me. Please
don't touch the grass.

TED LASSO
Sorry.

NATHAN, (30s, put-upon clubhouse attendant, he's got a lot to offer, but has no belief in himself) hurries over.

NATHAN
Off, off, off. Who are you?
Off the pitch.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)
We're going, we're going.
We're doing it.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)
Sorry about that. I'm Ted Lasso--

NATHAN
Oh no! The new manager! Sir, please
forgive me, I didn't know--

TED LASSO
Hey, it's okay, just breathe. Now
first things first: no need to call
me "sir", it's either "Coach" or
"your highness". I'm kiddin' you
already got one of those over here
and the buzz is you don't wanna get
on her bad side. This here's Coach
Beard. What's your name?

NATHAN
Me? No one ever asks me my name.

Ted and Beard wait for an answer.

TED LASSO
Well, whenever you're ready.

NATHAN
Nathan.

TED LASSO
Nathan! Classic name. Hey Coach, is
that name in the Bible?

COACH BEARD
Book of Samuel.

TED LASSO
Old testament. I knew it. So Nate,
we're supposed to meet with
Rebecca Welton?

NATHAN
Miss Welton! Of course! I'll take
you straight away.

Nathan darts off. Ted and Beard follow.

TED LASSO
And away we go. This kid's great by
the way.

INT. TRAINING FACILITY - OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Ted and Beard wheel their luggage behind a VISIBLY NERVOUS Nathan, who KNOCKS on Rebecca's office door.

NATHAN

I'll introduce you.

REBECCA(O.S.)

Come in.

INT. GREENWICH FC OWNER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca works at her desk with Higgins. She turns, brightly.

REBECCA

Hello? May I help you?

Nathan's about to speak and... He turns and SPRINTS down the long hallway. TED STEPS INTO the FRAME, watching Nathan go, then turning to Rebecca:

TED LASSO

How ya'll doin? I'm Ted Lasso. Your new coach. You must be Miss Welton.

Ted and Beard enter. Rebecca gets up and greets Ted.

REBECCA

Oh please, call me Rebecca. Miss Welton's my father.

TED LASSO

If that's a joke, I love it. If not, I can't wait to unpack that with you. This here's Coach Beard.

REBECCA

How delightful to finally meet you both. So exciting. Higgins--
(back to Ted)
Oh, this is Higgins, he's our current director of communications.

HIGGINS

(under breath, concerned)
"Current?"

REBECCA

Could you please take Coach Beard and have one of the girls get him their IDs, keys, housing information. Whatever they need...

As Coach Beard heads out with Higgins, Ted confides:

TED LASSO
Wifi password, Wet wipes--

COACH BEARD
--Humidifier. Way ahead of you,
Coach.

They EXIT. Rebecca moves to the TEA SETUP.

REBECCA
May I get you something to drink?

TED LASSO
Yes please. Didn't sleep much on
the plane, so any iced or blended
coffee drink ya got - mocha latte,
frappuccino - I ain't picky as long
as I can't taste a hint of coffee.

REBECCA
I'm afraid we're not as coffee-
centric as you're accustomed to.
How do you take your tea?

She pours Ted a cup.

TED LASSO
Usually I take it back to the
counter cause there's been a
horrible mistake. But hey, when in
Rome...

Rebecca smiles. Ted takes a sip. He smiles and nods.

REBECCA
Well?

TED LASSO
Mmm. I always figured tea was just
gonna taste like hot brown water.
And y'know what? I was right.

REBECCA
(with a smile)
Welcome to England.

TED LASSO
Speakin' of which, I wanna thank
you for this opportunity.

REBECCA

Thank you for accepting. I can't imagine it was an easy decision. Will your family be joining you?

TED LASSO

Not right off the bat, but we'll get 'em over for a visit soon enough. I did have one question for ya, now that we're here, face to face and all: why me? Why'd you pick me? I'm just curious.

Rebecca SMILES.

REBECCA

(as she stands)

Follow me.

INT. TRAINING FACILITY - HALLWAY

Rebecca stops in front of a WALL COVERED IN PHOTOS and MEMORABILIA. Ted takes in the wall as Rebecca speaks:

REBECCA

This hall represents our club's long, albeit modest, history. First match was in 1897. This was taken on that very day.

WE SEE an old photo of 11 FILTHY YOUNG MEN holding a banner that says "GREENWICH FC". Ted looks closer.

TED LASSO

Oh man, these fellas are just covered in muck. Musta' been a heckuva game.

REBECCA

Actually that photo was taken before the match. That's how everyone looked in the 1800s.

Ted moves to a section labeled "CLUB OWNERS". They're all photos of old, wealthy, white men. Ted stops at one.

TED LASSO

Wait, is that who I think it is?

REBECCA

Ah yes. Freddie Mercury owned the club from '79 to '81.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Everyone talks about his amazing voice and four-octave range. But if you had asked Freddie what his greatest talent was, he would've said it was flipping straight men.

Ted moves to the photo of the most recent owner, RUPERT MANNION (late 60s, lovable cad) smiling, champagne in hand.

TED LASSO

Hey! Check out this guy! He looks like a good time.

REBECCA

That's my ex-husband.

TED LASSO

Well, "good times" aren't always a good time.

(then, empathetic)

No I heard about that. How ya holdin' up?

Rebecca's caught off-guard by his candor. Or his concern.

REBECCA

(with a chuckle)

You know, you're the first person here to ask me that.

TED LASSO

Oh that's just cuz you're the boss. And for most folks, talkin' to their boss is like winnin' a chili-eatin' contest. It may feel good in the moment, but eventually, it's gonna bite ya in the buns.

She looks at him, "Who is this guy?" and then...

REBECCA

It hasn't been the easiest year.

A sliver of vulnerability. Ted nods.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You want to know why I picked you Ted? Because this hallway is a monument to the kind of second-rate success that only men of privilege can achieve and yet still maintain their power. And you're nothing like them. And neither am I.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Now, obviously we'll need you to speak to the press.

She MOVES OFF, Ted FOLLOWS.

TED LASSO

Of course, happy to. I'll get a full night's sleep, nip this jet lag in the bud, I'll be good to go tomorrow.

REBECCA

Oh no. I'm so sorry. I thought you knew. They're ready for you now.

Right then, she reaches for the door, opening it to:

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - CONTINUOUS

Ted enters from a side door to a throng of CAMERAS, BRIGHT LIGHTS, and REPORTERS. HIGGINS stands in the front.

HIGGINS

...and here he is. Once again, we apologize for the somewhat longer wait than we had hoped--

REPORTER 1 (O.S.)

--Over an hour, you twit!

HIGGINS

Without further ado, I'd like to introduce you to the new coach of Greenwich Football Club: Ted Lasso.

As Ted makes his way to the front:

INT. TUBE - SAME TIME

Tommy is there (wears a different color tracksuit) with a few friends. They're WATCHING the PRESS CONFERENCE on a phone.

TOMMY

Oi! I met 'im on the plane.

Tommy shows the "us"-ie on his cell.

TEEN GIRL

Was he nice?

TOMMY

He tried to fuck me.

TEEN BOY

Coooool.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - CONTINUOUS

Ted sits at the table. The second he lands, reporters lay PHONES and RECORDING DEVICES on the table. Ted grabs a bottle of water, takes a SIP and IMMEDIATELY COUGHS.

TED LASSO

Wasn't expectin' fizzy water. Okay, so ya'll are probably runnin' late 'cause we're runnin' late. So why don't we just jump on in. Anybody got any questions?

Every arm SHOOTs up, as reporters call for his attention. An assistant escorts Beard in. He stands by Higgins and Rebecca.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

Yup. Shoulda seen that comin'. How bout I go ahead and address the larger than normal elephant in the room. No, I have never coached the sport that you folks call "football", at any level.

(murmur)

And, yes, if I was in y'all's position, I'd be lookin' at me the exact way y'all are lookin' at me right now. I got a whole lot to learn. Heck, you could fill two internets with what I don't know about football. But I'll tell you what I do know: I know how important it is for a group of young men to believe not only in themselves, but in each other. I know enthusiasm is contagious. And I know that like any team I coach, Greenwich FC is gonna go out there and give ya'll everything they got, for all four quarters.

REPORTER 2

Halves.

TED LASSO

What's that?

REPORTER 2

Two halves.

TED LASSO

Right. Sorry, I knew that, just a little jet-lagged. They're gonna give you everythin' they got for two halves. Win or lose.

REPORTER 1

Or tie.

TED LASSO

That's right. Y'all do ties here. Boy I tell you what, back where I'm from, y'all try to end a game in a tie, that'd be the first sign of the Apocalypse.

A few reporters chuckle at Ted's charming self-awareness.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

Look, we're gonna play smart, play together and we're gonna be gentlemen. We do that, I think we got as good a chance as anyone to get to the playoffs.

REPORTER 3

No playoffs.

TED LASSO

Gosh dangit, that's right. No playoffs and y'all don't mind endin' games with ties. My job just keeps gettin' easier and easier.

More chuckles. Rebecca smiles at Higgins, encouraged.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

And hey, I respect what y'all do, so my door will always be open, ok? And no topic will be "in to touch."

Ted gives Beard a wink. Beard reacts, "Yeah, kinda."

HIGGINS

Alright, one final question.

Hands go up. Ted calls on TRENT (41, glasses).

TED LASSO

How bout this fella right over here, I love those glasses.

TRENT

Thank you. Trent Crimm, "The Independent". I just want to make sure I have this right: You're an American, who's never even set foot in England, with no football experience whatsoever, whose athletic success has only come at the amateur level - a second tier one at that - and has now been charged with the leadership of a Premiere League football club, despite clearly possessing very little knowledge of the game or its basic strategy.

TED LASSO

Did you have a question?

TRENT

Yes... Is this a fucking joke?

INT. CROWN AND ANCHOR PUB - SAME TIME

The lunch crowd, watching on TV, cheer Trent's question. MAE FOSTER (70s, pub owner and matriarch of these die-hard Greenwich fans) draws pints. THREE LOCALS, BAZ, JEREMY, PAUL (late 20s) are especially passionate.

BAZ

Thank you, Trent!

JEREMY

Fuck yeah.

PAUL

Not a joke to me.

MAE

Shut it!

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - CONTINUOUS

The dam has broken as reporters hammer Ted with questions.

REPORTER 1

Can you even name any footballers?

TED LASSO

Sure, you got Ronaldo, and uh, that fella who bends it like himself...

REPORTER 2

Do you know how many games in a Premiere League season?

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

Not off the top of my head--

REPORTER 3
Who are you playing this weekend?

TED LASSO (CONT'D)
That's easy, Dallas Cowboys.

The confusion grows louder. Ted nervously takes a gulp of water and spits it out all over the phones.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)
The bubbles!

Rebecca calmly steps forward, next to a still-seated Ted.

REBECCA
Coach Lasso! You must forgive my countrymen. Somewhere over the last few years, we seem to have abandoned all sense of manners and hospitality.
(to room)
My my, aren't you a salty bunch. What's wrong, did we run out of pies?

REPORTER 2
Actually, yes.

REBECCA
Well, you must forgive us, we didn't expect to see so many of you today. In fact, I can't remember the last time we were this full in the press room. Yet here you all are. And all because of Ted Lasso.
(to Ted, smiling)
Maybe you're not such a mad notion after all, eh?
(back to room)
And despite the number of you, there isn't a single person in this room who has seen Greenwich play as much as I have. Home, away, league, cup, sunny days on the Thames, cold rainy nights in Stoke. I was there. And in all those years, under the stewardship of the previous owner, I have witnessed nothing but profound mediocrity.
(murmurs of discontent)
Oh, am I wrong? Ted Lasso may not have a CV that you all find acceptable, but he does have something this club doesn't: A trophy from this millennium.

Ted and Beard share a look as Higgins grimaces.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Now you people are going to write the story however you like, but Greenwich Football Club is changing the way we do things. And from now on, that way is the "Ted Lasso Way". We will see you this weekend at Liverpool. Thank you.

(to Ted, gestures to door)

After you, Coach Lasso.

TED LASSO

(leaning into the mic)

Y'all have a good week. And sorry about spittin' on all your stuff.

Ted exits with Rebecca, Higgins and Beard behind him.

INT. TRAINING FACILITY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ted, a little shellshocked, moves down the hallway.

TED LASSO

Oof, sorry 'bout that y'all.

REBECCA

Ted. Don't you think of them for another second. You have a job to do. And proving them wrong has just been added to the list.

TED LASSO

Thank you. Ya know I'd love to say hi to the team, if I can.

REBECCA

Splendid idea.

(to Higgins)

Please show them the way.

TED LASSO

No, no, that's okay. I'm sure Higgins here has bigger fish and chips to fry. We'll sniff it out.

REBECCA

Very well. You can't keep a gaffer from his pitch.

Ted and Beard head off.

TED LASSO
Ain't that the truth.
(sotto to Beard)
I'm oh-for-two in that sentence.

Ted and Beard are gone. Higgins turns to Rebecca.

HIGGINS
I have to say ma'am, I was a bit skeptical at first. But after hearing you speak in there... I'm excited by your choice. You're right, Coach Lasso is just what we need.

REBECCA
Oh, he's horrid. Absolute wanker.

Rebecca's mask is finally off.

HIGGINS
Excuse me?

REBECCA
I hope he fails in spectacular fashion. In fact, I'm counting on it.

Higgins is STUNNED.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
You see Higgins, my ex-husband has only one true love: this club. And Ted Lasso is going to help me burn it to the fucking ground. Rupert will have no choice but to just sit there and watch his precious little baby die. I want to torture him.

She moves to the earlier picture of her ex, Rupert, staring at it/him as she speaks.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I want him to feel like he's being fucked in the ass with a splintered cricket bat. Just going in and out, in a constant loop, over and over. Like a GIF. That's what GIFS do, right? They're endless?

Unsure how to respond, Higgins reverts to his lackey ways.

HIGGINS

Yes, ma'am. Though some people pronounce it "JIF."

REBECCA

Thank you, Higgins.

EXT. FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

Ted and Beard arrive at the TRAINING FIELD, where the players scrimmage.

TED LASSO

Okay, let me use it in a sentence so it sticks. The "Gaffer"...

(points to self)

...is walking to the "pitch"...

(points to field)

...to watch practice.

COACH BEARD

Training. They call practice "training".

TED LASSO

Ooo, I like that.

Ted sees NATHAN filling cups with Gatorade and gives him a wave. Nathan, not sure if it was meant for him, POINTS TO HIMSELF, "Me?" Ted nods "Yes." NATHAN HOLDS up a CUP: "You want a Gatorade?" Ted looks to Beard, who nods. Ted holds up TWO FINGERS: "Two please."

ROY KENT (O.S.)

Jesus, Mary and COCKSUCKING JOSEPH!

Ted and Beard turn to see ROY KENT (30s, Irish, battle worn, intimidating) mid-scrimmage, COACHING THE TEAM as he plays.

ROY KENT (CONT'D)

Keith, you have to know who you're marking, dammit!

(supportive to other player)

Hector, he gives you that much space, make a run.

TED LASSO

Ooo, I spy with my little eye: a field general.

Nate arrives with the two Gatorades.

COACH BEARD

Roy Kent. Team captain, classic old-school box-to-box midfielder, has definitely lost a step.

NATHAN

But he's a legend, won a Champions League with Chelsea.

COACH BEARD

Eight years ago.

TED LASSO

Well, sometimes the reason you can't teach an old dog new tricks is cuz he already knows all the tricks.

Beard nods, agreeing. Ted sips the sports drink.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

Holy cow, that is a fine mix. Coach, taste that.

Beard swishes it around, then nods at Ted, "This is amazing."

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

Nathan, you continue to impress.

NATHAN

(moved)

You remembered my name.

Right then, Ted reacts to a BICYCLE KICK by JAMIE TARTT (23, handsome, talented, aware of both).

TED LASSO

Whoa! You see that?! He looked like a kitty-cat when it gets spooked.

COACH BEARD

That's Jamie Tartt. Superstar in the making. Top-scorer on the team.

Ted nods but notices Jamie Tartt KNOCKING AWAY an enthusiastic TEAMMATE'S HAND trying to help him up.

TED LASSO

What's he like, Nate?

NATHAN

Um, well... Jamie... has a strong sense of self.

TED LASSO

Uh huh. Where's he from, England?

COACH BEARD

Wales.

TED LASSO

Wait, is that another country?

COACH BEARD

Yes and no.

TED LASSO

How many countries are in this country?

COACH BEARD

Four.

Ted reacts. A whistle BLOWS.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MINUTES LATER

A PRO LOCKER ROOM with TRAINING ROOMS, SHOWERS and WHIRLPOOLS. Nathan SCURRIES IN and disappears into the laundry room. Ted and Beard STROLL IN.

TED LASSO

Can't help it, Coach. I do love a locker room.

(deep inhale)

Smells like potential. And am I getting notes of Axe body-spray?

COACH BEARD

Spot on, Coach. Though it may be called something else here.

Ted nods. Nathan WHEELS IN A LAUNDRY HAMPER, placing fresh TOWELS in lockers. Ted MOVES FROM LOCKER TO LOCKER, surveying players' tiny living spaces. At one, Ted observes a NINTENDO SWITCH, candy bars. He checks the nameplate - SOTO, #23.

TED LASSO

Soto. He a young fella?

COACH BEARD

Hector Soto. Nineteen year-old from Colombia. First year in the league.

Ted notices a number of family and friends photos taped up.

TED LASSO

You can tell a lot about a bird by
its nest. Hector might be a little
homesick. Let's keep an eye on him.

Ted checks another locker - holds up AXE BODY SPRAY to Beard:
"Ding-ding." Then JAMIE'S LOCKER. Everything is high-end
trendy: UNSCUFFED SNEAKERS, body-hair trimmer, etc. Lining
the sides are PINUP PICTURES of Keeley Jones. A few in
BATHING SUITS/LINGERIE, but the center piece is one of her
POSING TOPLESS. Ted's FACE tells us he does not approve.

Finally, ROY KENT'S LOCKER. Sparse. Except his TOP SHELF is
like a MEDICINE CABINET. Ted reads a Rx label: "VICODIN FOR
PAIN." The CLICKITY-CLACK OF CLEATS cause Ted and Beard to
step back. They watch as players enter, throwing their sweaty
gear into the hamper, though Jamie and his buddies TOSS THEIR
SWEATY CLOTHES AT NATHAN, who laughs it off. The players'
laughter and chatter drops to MUMBLES and WHISPERS as they
notice Ted and Beard. Ted nods a "Hey there" as the players
walk past. Eventually Roy LUMBERS IN. Ted nods to him. Roy
STARES at him, no expression, no nothing.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

(whispering to Beard)

Yeesh. Last time I saw eyes that
lifeless they were goin' head to
head with Roy Scheider.

COACH BEARD

"Jaws"?

TED LASSO

No. But that works, too.

Beat.

COACH BEARD

What movie were you talking about?

TED LASSO

"All That Jazz". Okay, I'm gonna
say somethin'--

(stepping forward)

Hey there, fellas. Please, don't
stop what you're doin', I know
y'all wanna get outta here. My
name's Ted Lasso, this here's Coach
Beard. We just wanna say howdy, let
y'all know how excited we are to be
here, and that tomorrow we're gonna
hit the ground run--

KEELEY (O.S.)

Knock, knock.

Ted turns to see KEELEY JONES (31, British, former Page 3 girl, used to having her book judged by its cover) standing in the doorway. She has her HAND OVER HER EYES.

KEELEY (CONT'D)

Is everyone decent?

(drops her hand)

Well, that's disappointing.

A few chuckles. Keeley sees Ted, is IMMEDIATELY RESPECTFUL.

KEELEY (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry, I'm interrupting.

TED LASSO

No, no, that's okay. Can I help ya?

KEELEY

I'm here to pick up that one.

She POINTS TO JAMIE, now in sweats, ready to go. He stands up and HEADS OUT without explanation.

JAMIE

You got my keys?

Keeley hands him CAR KEYS. He gestures for her to go first.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

After you.

KEELEY

Awww, aren't you a gentleman.

JAMIE

Nah, I just wanna look at your ass.

KEELEY

(with a laugh)

Fuck off.

And they're gone. Ted tries to regroup...

TED LASSO

Anywho... in conclusion... I'm lookin' forward to gettin' to know each of ya, and if we all do our jobs, we should be in for a heckuva ride. Anybody got any questions?

Roy Kent raises his hand. He wears only a towel.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

Yes.

ROY KENT

That it?

TED LASSO

I suppose it is.

Roy IMMEDIATELY GETS UP and heads to the shower. OTHER PLAYERS FOLLOW. Ted reacts. Nathan CALLS OFF to the group:

NATHAN

And just a friendly reminder: If you plan to urinate in the whirlpool, which you should not do, please get in it first.

INT. TED'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ted and Beard enter, it's a simple office - TV, WHITEBOARD, ETC. There are TWO DESKS up against OPPOSITE walls. Ted and Beard LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER then PUSH the desks TOGETHER, facing each other, like best friends in grade school.

Beard opens a DUFFEL BAG FULL OF POSTER TUBES. TED unzips a BACKPACK, removing a CARD his son made. "Good luck Dad!" He puts it on his desk, leans back in his chair.

TIME TRANSITION: WE REVEAL posters depicting great UNDERDOG SPORTS MOMENTS and a framed print of John Wooden's PYRAMID OF SUCCESS now COVER THE WALLS. Beard puts up the last poster, taking us to Ted, who's doing the "head-nod-doze-off" in his chair. Beard gently wiggles Ted's foot.

COACH BEARD

Hey, Coach. Can't sleep yet.

Ted STIRS, he's a little terse:

TED LASSO

Aw c'mon man, don't be a sleep cop.

COACH BEARD

I hate saying it as much as you hate hearing it. You gotta hold off or you'll never adjust.

TED LASSO

Okay. Gotta keep the body movin'.

Ted stands, jumps, stretches the limbs a bit.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)
Where's my poster for the locker
room?

Coach Beard hands him a rolled-up poster and a roll of tape.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ted enters. Nathan finishes picking up WET TOWELS and TOSSING them in the hamper. They're alone.

TED LASSO
Everybody already head out?

NATHAN
I believe so. Unless a couple of
the lads are hiding somewhere,
waiting to scare me. Which they do
on occasion.

Nathan exits. Ted sees the perfect spot to hang the poster. He grabs a chair to stand on, tears off 4 pieces of tape. Once the poster is hung, Ted steps down to "check his work." We finally see what the poster says:

BELIEVE

Ted grimaces, realizing the poster is slightly crooked. He then notices Jamie's locker, and the topless photo of KEELEY. He moves toward the photo, as WE HEAR TAPE BEING TORN.

CLOSE ON: Keeley's photographed breasts, each one gets covered with a piece of black tape, looking like the "censor bars" of old.

KEELEY (O.S.)
Hello again.

Startled, Ted bumps his head on the inside of the locker. ("Ow"). He turns to see the ACTUAL KEELEY. She LAUGHS.

KEELEY (CONT'D)
Oh my god, I'm sorry!

TED LASSO
(flustered)
No, no, that's okay. I was just,
you know... makin' some adjustments
to the locker room.

He gestures to the "BELIEVE" poster.

KEELEY

How lovely. Though I "believe" it's crooked.

TED LASSO

See, I was thinkin' it was the room that was all outta whack, but you're probably right. What brings you back here?

KEELEY

Jamie left his phone in his locker.

TED LASSO

Why didn't he come grab it?

KEELEY

Oh, well, he got stuck playing "Fortnite" with some friends and they were doing really well, so...
(realizes how that sounds)
Whatever, I don't mind. I made him let me take his Aston-Martin again. That thing's a bloody rocket.
(gesturing to the locker)
May I?

TED LASSO

Oh sorry, of course.

Ted heads back up onto the chair to fix the poster.

Keeley walks to the locker, looking for Jamie's phone. While searching, she notices the pieces of tape covering her breasts on the photo. SHE SMILES. Then grabs Jamie's phone. She looks over at Ted working on the poster.

KEELEY

You wanna take that end lower.
(Ted does so)
A little lower.
(Again)
A weeee bit more.
(Once again)
Stop. Perfect.

TED LASSO

(hopping down)
Alright, nice teamwork.

Ted initiates a high-five. She grabs his hand and shakes it.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

Okay, well, you're gonna have to work on your high-fives at some point. Recognition of, execution of, et cetera.

KEELEY

I'll watch a youtube tutorial. Anyway, it was nice meeting you...

TED LASSO

Ted.

KEELEY

Keeley.

TED LASSO

Nice meetin' you too, Keeley.

She smiles and turns to leave. But then:

KEELEY

Oh, and welcome to England.

Keeley EXITS. Nathan crosses in the BG, carrying TOWELS.

TED LASSO

Need a hand, Nate?

NATHAN

No, thank you. I've got it.

Nathan crosses into the other room, as WE HEAR a LOUD NOISE ("BOO!") followed by a terrified:

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

JESUSFUCKINGCHRIST!

TWO PLAYERS COME TEARING OUT, laughing hysterically. They buzz by Ted and EXIT. Nathan ENTERS, calling after them:

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Well done boys! Got me again! Very patient! Well done!

We cut WIDE and see that Keeley's "help" with the poster made Ted hang it CROOKED again, just in the opposite direction.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER - MAGIC HOUR

Ted and Beard head out, ROLLING their LUGGAGE. They each hold a bottle of Nathan's sports drink. He leaves with them.

TED LASSO

Thanks for the to-go bottles, Nate.

NATHAN

It's designed so that as the ice melts, it just gets better.

TED LASSO

I know this word gets thrown around a lot over here, but I mean it: Brilliant.

Rebecca stands by her chauffeured car, mid-conversation with a distracted Higgins. She turns to Ted, and with a smile:

REBECCA

Ted! Already burning the midnight oil, I see.

TED LASSO

Well, as the man once said: Harder you work, luckier you get.

REBECCA

And you're all set with a way home?

TED LASSO

Yes ma'am, all set. Nate here's gonna drop us at the tube station. Then it's just a couple blocks to our apartments.

REBECCA

That's absurd. My apologies, Ted.
(pointed, to Higgins)
We should've ordered him a car.

TED LASSO

No, that's okay. Ya'll have done plenty. Plus it'll give us a little more local flavor. G'night y'all.

Ted and Beard go off toward NATHAN'S MINI. Higgins makes an AWKWARD NOISE, trying to stifle acid reflux.

REBECCA

What are you doing?

HIGGINS

(apprehensive)
It's just... Everything I've eaten this afternoon feels like it's stuck right here...
(points to throat)

(MORE)

HIGGINS (CONT'D)

I mean, he seems like such a nice man...

Higgins looks over at Ted, who crams himself into the tiny car. Higgins LOUDLY TRIES to CLEAR HIS THROAT, he can't.

REBECCA

Obviously for my little plan to go smoothly, I'll need the support of my new Director of Operations. This is assuming that a promotion and substantial pay rise would be of interest to you, of course.

WE HEAR a CAR HORN. Ted PRETENDS to HONK a horn, as Nathan ACTUALLY HONKS, giddy to finally be IN on a joke.

TED LASSO

(to Rebecca and Higgins)
This thing's got an invisible steering wheel. Just kiddin'.

REBECCA

You are a godsend, Ted Lasso.

Ted, Nathan and Beard DRIVE OFF as Rebecca gets in her car. She rolls down her window.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Well?

HIGGINS

I'd be honored, ma'am.

REBECCA

I had a hunch.

She rolls up her window, and drives off. Higgins, alone, takes a deep breath and walks toward his shitty car.

INT. LONDON TUBE - EVENING

Ted and Beard sit side-by-side on a cramped tube car. Beard sips his Gatorade, as Ted's head drops, leaning on Beard's shoulder. Beard gently nudges Ted awake. "I'm up, I'm up."

A woman we only see from the waist down, enters frame. Ted notices her, stands up, and offers his seat.

She sits. While FEMININE in CARRIAGE and DRESS, she's a BEARDED MAN. She and Coach Beard share a friendly nod.

EXT. CROWN AND ANCHOR - NIGHT

Establishing shot of MAE'S PUB. We PRE-LAP TED:

TED LASSO (O.S.)
... No, no hints, I got it. The
four countries in England are...

INT. CROWN AND ANCHOR - CONTINUOUS

We find Beard and Ted eating at a table, pints half-full.

TED LASSO
Wales...
(Beard nods for each)
England again somehow, Scotland,
and... Ireland?

COACH BEARD
(no nod)
That's a whole other conversation.

On the television we see former coach, GEORGE CARTRICK.

GEORGE (ON TV)
...Ted Lasso?

Beard turns to watch. Ted remains focused on his meal.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Ted Lasso's a joke. But not a funny
joke, like: "What's the hardest
part about eating a vegetable?
Swallowing the wheelchair." He's
the opposite of that, 'cause that's
a joke that makes people happy.

COACH BEARD
Asshole.

TED LASSO
Hey, c'mon now. You know that
anytime someone is talkin' 'bout
somebody, that says a lot more
somethin' about that "someone."

COACH BEARD
(a bit ashamed)
Yeah.

TED LASSO

Well then, let us raise our glasses
and wish the best to George: a
fellow coach, a leader of men, a--

COACH BEARD

Asshole.

They both laugh and RAISE THEIR PINTS. Suddenly, Ted's chair
is YANKED BACK, SCREECHING loudly. MAE NOTICES. Our three
LOCALS from earlier, now drunk and imposing, stand over Ted.

BAZ

You think you can come here and
fuck up our club?

TED LASSO

Whoa. How y'all doin'? I'm Ted Las--

JEREMY

We know who you are. Time for you
to get the fuck outta here, mate.

TED LASSO

Fellas, we're just gonna finish our
meals then--

BAZ

(in Ted's face)

Listen, you cunt. You don't leave
right now, there's gonna be a big
fuckin' problem.

COACH BEARD

(casual but terrifying)

Not for us.

TED LASSO

Easy now, Coach.

Ted chooses to defuse the situation.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

Tell ya what, gentlemen: We're just
gonna get a couple doggie bags and
head out. That sound okay?

Mae steps in.

MAE

Nope. Stay put and eat the food we
made ya.

(turns to guys)

(MORE)

MAE (CONT'D)

You're banned for two weeks, Baz.
That goes for all three of ya.

PAUL

I didn't even say nothin'!

MAE

You heard me! Now go.

The guys MOVE BACK to the bar to grab their coats.

MAE (CONT'D)

And leave a fuckin' tip.

They all do so. Mae comes back to Ted and Beard's table.

MAE (CONT'D)

I was born in 1940; the day before
the Blitz began. Since that moment,
I've witnessed young men shipped
off to war, the Smog taking the
lives of thousands, the Kray Twins
running our streets, IRA bombings,
that cow Thatcher, the riots, the
fires, The Spice Girls, not to
mention the breathtaking stupidity
of this entire Brexit fiasco, which
brings us to now.

TED LASSO

I'm sorry ma'am, but what does all
that have to do with me?

MAE

We've gotten through worse.

TED LASSO

Thank you, ma'am.

MAE

Tonight's on me.

COACH BEARD

Great fish and chips, ma'am.

Mae eats one of his chips.

MAE

I know.

She walks off.

EXT. CROWN AND ANCHOR - LATER

Ted and Beard exit with their luggage. The entrance to TED'S APARTMENT is only a FEW DOOR FRONTS DOWN.

TED LASSO
This is me. You good?

COACH BEARD
Yeah, I'm just a few doors down.
G'night Coach.

TED LASSO
G'night Coach.

Ted enters his brownstone.

INT. TED'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Ted OPENS the door. His HAND SEARCHES the wall for a light switch, NOTHING. He turns on the FLASHLIGHT on his phone and SPOTS the switch at the END of a hallway.

TED LASSO
(re: switch)
Well that's just a lack of
thoughtful planning.

He ENTERS, and FLIPS the lights on.

MUSIC CUE: "Opus 26" by Dustin O'Halloran (No pressure, but we'd really love it if you played this as you read the rest)

Ted's new home is small, but not cramped. We start in the LIVING ROOM - a couch, side tables, an easy chair that faces a decent television. WET WIPES and a SMALL HUMIDIFIER sit on a coffee table, along with a gift basket of local fare. A card reads: "Welcome Coach Tim Lasso." Ted pulls out a bag of CIRCULAR CHIPS, looks at the label:

TED LASSO (CONT'D)
"Hula Hoops". Don't mind if I do.

Ted tries one. Yum! He mows through them as he enters the DINING ROOM. The table seats four but has a SINGLE PLACE SETTING. Ted flips another light switch, revealing the kitchen. It's serviceable. Next comes a tiny hallway: To the right, the BATHROOM. To the left: the BEDROOM, which is actually quite nice: Decent closet space, a chest of drawers, and a comfortable mattress, thank goodness. There's ANOTHER DOOR in the corner. Ted OPENS it and finds that it leads back into the living room. "Huh." Ted checks his watch, then does some QUICK MATH on his fingers.

IN CUTS: We see Ted UNPACK his suitcase; putting things in drawers, hanging clothes in the closet. He takes a SHOWER. Brushes his teeth. Throws on some PITT STATE SWEATS and makes his way back to the living room. His phone **DINGS**; commencing a TEXT EXCHANGE with Coach Beard:

COACH BEARD: here ya go coach nghub_4199/password

TED LASSO: Thanks Coach. But what's the password?

COACH BEARD: the password is password all lower case.

TED LASSO: Hope we don't get hacked! Would hate for folks to find out about your extensive collection of kitten GIFs.

COACH BEARD: lol

He opens his laptop and searches for the wifi signal. Two dozen router names appear: some silly, some filthy, some... like Ted's. He opens up Skype, and clicks on the only saved contact: "**HOME.**" The computer **RINGS**. And **RINGS**. Ted appears anxious for the first time since we've met him. And then--

YOUNG BOY (V.O.)
(from computer)
Hello? Dad?

TED LASSO
Hey buddy! Can ya hear me okay?

YOUNG BOY (V.O.)
Dad? ...Dad, you there?

TED LASSO (CONT'D)
Hello? Son? I can't see you.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
What's wrong?

YOUNG BOY (V.O.)
Dad's gotta a crappy sig--

Ted walks a lap around the apartment with his laptop.

TED LASSO
How about now, any better?

YOUNG BOY (V.O.)
I can barely hear h--

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Just have him call the land--

YOUNG BOY (V.O.)
But I wanna see his face.

TED LASSO
Helloooo?

YOUNG BOY (V.O.)
Dad? Dad. Call the landline.

TED LASSO
But I wanna see your face.

YOUNG BOY (V.O.)
Just--land line--okay?

Back in the living room, Ted calls. We don't hear the other side.

TED LASSO
Hey big guy! Sorry about that...
how ya doin', how was school today?
...Oh right. I forgot, ha. I tell
ya, I got that 'jet lag' stuff real
bad, feel a little loopy... Haha,
yeah you could say that... What's
that now...oh, yeah, it's good, ya
know...no, that all starts tomorrow
...So hey, me and your mom are
gonna find a time for y'all to come
out and visit, how's that sound...
ha, well I don't think we can pull
that off, but don't you worry none,
we'll figure it out...No no, that's
okay, go do your thing...is Mom
there...that'd be great, thanks...
(clears throat)
...perfect, thanks big guy, miss
you... I love you too...
(Ted smiles; and then)
Hi! How ya doin...well, so far so
good... ...definitely gonna take a
little gettin' used to but I think
once we get goin' it's gonna go...
Yeah, no, that's true, how 'bout
you, how was work...hey, that's
great, about time...
(looks around apartment)
It's actually pretty darn nice.
Would definitely benefit from a
woman's touch...speaking of which,
have you thought at all about when
you and the big guy might wanna
come visit... right...you're right
...absolutely, it's a process...No,
I do, I'm sorry... Yes, whatever ya
need...and I am giving it to you...
right, and to me...what now...oh no
that's okay...yeah, I'm tired
anyway... Yeah, okay...you too...
And hey, Michelle, I love you...no,
you don't have to say it, that's
okay... really...okay, good night.

Ted hangs up and takes a moment.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ted, finally in bed, pulls up the covers and turns off a bedside lamp. It's COMPLETELY BLACK.

TED LASSO
Shoot. Now I can't sleep.

FIN.