

**Dream Team**

"Pilot"

by

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ACT ONE

EXT. ATLANTA SOCCER STADIUM - EVENING - TWO YEARS AGO

A CHYRON READS: 2014 YOUTH SOCCER NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

Footage from a televised soccer match played by two teams of young women, 16-18 years old, in front of a huge crowd. The score is tied 1-1. RAY HUDSON, the very colorful Scottish announcer, calls the game.

RAY HUDSON (V.O.)

Well folks, what a game it's been. These girls have pushed harder than a 3 lb. chicken with a 4 lb. egg. Last year's champs, The Rampage from Raleigh vs. The Canoga Park Fire - the rags-to-riches young ladies that started together in a park in California, brought all the way to these national championships by this man, Coach Marty Shumacher--

The CAMERA finds COACH MARTY SHUMACHER - charming, confident, slightly nerdy, pacing the sidelines, yelling encouragement to his team.

RAY HUDSON (V.O.)

He's been with these young women from the start, now heartbreak or destiny, devastation or jubilation is his. Either way, Coach Shumacher has shown us class in a glass and he's hoping his dream team is going to show him the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

INT. CANOGA PARK REC CENTER - MARTY'S OFFICE - PRESENT

Less office, more sports equipment room, Marty sits at a small desk, bins of balls surrounding him.

MARTY'S CONFESSIONAL

MARTY

The Canoga Park Fire was all over the news that year. Unfortunately, there was an actual Canoga Park fire which was also in the news, but I like to say, "Just like that fire that burned over twenty structures, our Fire was no accident". For two years, everyone's been asking the same question: Coach? Can you do it again?

(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

And I tell them all the same thing:  
Sister, you know I can. Because it's  
mostly my sister that keeps asking me.  
So, I'm putting together a new team to  
finally answer them. Why now? Well, my  
marriage has taken a turn for the...  
over...and I suddenly find myself with  
a lot of time on my hands. I'm going  
to prove to everyone that what  
happened two years ago was not a  
fluke. I'm going for a two-peat. Which  
is like a three-peat, but two. Which  
is also called a repeat.

EXT. CANOGA PARK REC CENTER PARKING LOT - EVENING

Someone is laying on their horn. A black Escalade sits in one of the aisles, blinker on, as a Chrysler minivan, with an "ANNOY A LIBERAL - LOVE AMERICA" bumper sticker, swings quickly into an empty parking space.

INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

OLGA DIAZ, strong, ambitious, not afraid of conflict, leans across the lap of her husband CARLOS, affable and easy-going, to honk the horn at the minivan. Their daughter VANESSA (11), sweet, shy, girly sits in the back seat.

CARLOS

Olga! Stop. It's fine. We'll find another spot.

OLGA

I don't want another spot, Carlos. I want our spot. We had our blinker on.  
(to Vanessa)  
You fight for what's yours, Mija.

Olga gets out of the car. Carlos looks at Vanessa in the rearview mirror and winks. Vanessa smiles back, amused.

EXT. CANOGA PARK REC CENTER PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

RICK JOHNSON, white, rough around the edges, with traditional values and a bit of a sexist streak, steps out of the minivan and yells at Carlos.

RICK

What is your problem, Amigo?

Olga marches around her car to confront Rick.

OLGA

My problem is that you took our parking space, Amigo!

RICK

(pointing to another row)  
There are plenty of empty spots over there.

OLGA

Good. Go park in one of those.

Rick waves his hand at her, as if she were an annoying insect, and turns his back.

OLGA (CONT'D)

Are you dismissing me? You don't want to dismiss me. Sir? Sir?!

Rick gets back into his car. Olga starts to follow him, but Carlos calls her off.

CARLOS

Olga Diaz! Get back in the car. Stop picking fights.

INT. RICK AND DENISE'S MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Rick is back inside with his wife, DENISE - a stay at home supermom, and daughter, TIFFNEE (11), nice kid, soccer superstar.

RICK

(to Denise, re: Olga)  
Jeez. I told you, that's what you run into in Canoga Park.

DENISE

Would you please stop looking for things to hate about this? Our daughter was scouted by a famous soccer coach. You should be proud.

RICK

(snorts)  
Scouted. Like it's a real sport.

DENISE

She's an athlete.

RICK

She's a girl.

EXT. CANOGA PARK REC CENTER - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

LESLIE, African American, OB-GYN, capable, competitive, loves sports, her wife, MICHAELA, artsy, gentle soul, and their daughter, MILEY (10), built like a fireplug, are getting out of their Prius.

MILEY

Come on, hurry up! I don't want to be late. Let's go!

Miley bounds ahead of her moms.

MICHAELA

What are we doing here? Did you read that email? Club soccer is a ridiculous commitment.

LESLIE

Honey, participating in sports helps kids figure out who they are. If my parents had let me play on the golf team like I wanted to, I might have figured out I was gay before college.

MICHAELA

You wanted to be on the golf team and you were the stage manager for the theater productions. You didn't know you were gay?

INT. CANOGA PARK REC CENTER - GYM - A SHORT TIME LATER

About twenty girls of varying shapes, sizes and ethnicities, ages 10-11, all wearing assorted soccer gear, some fancy, some hand-me-downs, are passing balls to each other. The parents stand off to the side. Michaela and Leslie stand alone.

MICHAELA'S CONFESSIONAL

MICHAELA

Oh god. Soccer moms. I don't want to be a soccer mom. I don't want to sign up for snacks and drive carpool. I grew up on a blueberry farm in Maine. I went to RISD.

INT. CANOGA PARK REC CENTER - GYM - SAME TIME

DENISE

(to Michaela & Leslie)

Hi, I'm Denise. We don't know a soul here.

RICK

Because we live in a nice neighborhood.

DENISE

This is my husband Rick. He's a grouch. And that's our daughter Tiffnee. Not Tiffany. No "uh". We thought it was sort of fun and different.

MICHAELA

Okay.

DENISE

Who's your daughter?

Michaela points to Miley.

MICHAELA

Over there. Miley. And I'm Michaela. This is Leslie.

DENISE

Hi Leslie. And who's your daughter?

LESLIE

Miley.

DENISE

(not getting it)

Oh. She's your... and your... so then she's both of your... So then you're...?

LESLIE

An obstetrician.

#### MARTY'S CONFESSIONAL

MARTY

Putting a team together is a lot like putting together a blind date. That doesn't go well. And lasts eight years. But they eventually tolerate each other. And sometimes sleep with each other.

#### INT. CANOGA PARK REC CENTER - GYM - A SHORT TIME LATER

In the bleachers, Olga scoots down a row with Carlos and Vanessa, and is not happy to see Rick, in the same aisle.

RICK

Uh-oh. Is this your seat? I know how spicy you get when you think someone's taken your spot.

OLGA

I don't get "spicy", Garth Brooks.

Carlos steps in front of his wife before she throws a punch.

CARLOS

Let's start over. Carlos Diaz. You've met my wife, Olga.

RICK

Rick Johnson. My wife, Denise.  
(then, quietly)  
You got your hands full with that one there, huh?

CARLOS

(with good humor)  
You don't want that fight, Rick.

RICK

What business are you in, Carlos?

CARLOS

Restaurant.

RICK

Oh yeah? I was a busboy in high school.

OLGA

He's not a busboy. We own a successful restaurant. We're about to open a second.

RICK

Wow. That's great. This country's done alright by you.

OLGA

I was born in Anaheim.

DENISE

There's an Anaheim in California, too.

The gym doors slam. Everybody turns to see Marty entering, holding a large net bag of soccer balls. A couple of the parents murmur: "Is that him?"; "He's kind of handsome."

MARTY

(waits for quiet, then)

"Talent is God-given. Be humble. Fame is man-given. Be grateful. Conceit is self-given. Be careful." The great John Wooden.

He raises his arm and the soccer balls spill out, rolling in all directions. Marty tries to gather them, but they're escaping.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Can someone help me with my balls?

Several of the dads laugh.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Alright. Very funny. That's why I stopped coaching boys' teams.

He continues gathering the balls. And we...

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

INT. REC CENTER - GYM - A SHORT TIME LATER

Marty stands seriously looking over his recruits. Finally:

MARTY

You have been given an opportunity to be great. I expect you to take that opportunity and make a man out of it! I expect you to attend four practices a week. I expect you to commit to tournaments and matches every weekend - including holidays. No excuses. You wouldn't be here today if you didn't have the talent. And you know how I know?

(lowering his voice to a whisper)

Because I've been watching you.

The parents look to each other, unsettled.

MARTY (CONT'D)

This is the big leagues. And I know a little something about the big leagues. I've played all over Europe. Seven seasons. Sixteen teams.

(MORE)



MARTY (CONT'D)

I know how to say "pancake" in nine languages. I was a pretty good player. I'm a damn good coach.

The door behind Marty opens noisily. ROBIN, cute, harried, single mom, and her daughter, OLIVIA (11), 5'9", dressed in goalie gear, a little angry, enter. Olivia is texting.

ROBIN

(realizing everyone's staring)  
Parking was a bitch.

MARTY

You don't have to apologize.

ROBIN

I wasn't apologizing.

MARTY

Are we waiting for your husband?

ROBIN

I don't have a husband.

MARTY

I don't have a wife. I mean, welcome.

ROBIN'S CONFESSIONAL

ROBIN

I don't really have time for this. I'm a single mom, I have a full time job. But I've got to do right by my kid. She's ten years old, five-foot-eleven, with the wingspan of a condor. She came out of the womb punting. Which was not great for me.

INT. REC CENTER - GYM - SAME TIME

As they move to the bleachers, Marty fawns over Olivia, who still hasn't looked up from her phone.

MARTY

I'd like you all to meet Olivia Kim. Our goalie recruit. She was named All-League for the past two seasons and started last year for Woodland Hills Torque - the youngest player on the team.

Marty beams over at Olivia, who doesn't acknowledge him.

OLIVIA'S CONFESSIONAL

Olivia texts, never looks up at CAMERA.

INT. REC CENTER - GYM - SAME TIME

MARTY

Our first match will take place in Rancho Cucamonga this weekend. I have reserved a block of rooms at the Rancho Cucamonga Home Style Motel for Friday night.

The parents look to each other, stunned.

RICK'S CONFESSIONAL

RICK

What the hell is this? Meetings? Motels? All for a girls' soccer game? I had four brothers. You know how many of our baseball games my dad came to? Zilch. I don't even think my dad knew where I went to school.

INT. REC CENTER - GYM - SAME TIME

MARTY

Look folks, this isn't everybody plays, everybody gets a trophy kind of soccer. This is war. But war is a privilege, not a right. And just like war, some of you won't be coming back.

The kids look to their parents, afraid.

MARTY (CONT'D)

(correcting himself)

I mean, you'll be coming back from Rancho Cucamonga, but maybe not as part of the team. There will be cuts. I'll be using this first game as a tryout. So come to play.

Marty grabs a stack of papers and crosses to the bleachers, handing some to the person at the end of each row.

MARTY (CONT'D)

These are contracts. Please take one and pass it down.

Marty gets to Robin and hands her a stack of contracts. She passes the stack down without taking one for herself. Marty notices. He brings another contract over to Robin.

MARTY (CONT'D)

(holding it out to her)

Here you go. You need to take one of these for yourself.

She doesn't respond. Marty moves it closer, but like a dog refusing medicine, Robin turns her head away. Finally, Marty gently picks up Robin's hand and tries to put the contract into it, but her hand stays limp. Confused, Marty lays the contract on Robin's lap and leaves it there. Robin stands, making it fall to the floor, then sits back down, smiling at Marty.

ROBIN

We're not in a contract signing place. We're in a gathering information place. We're looking at a few teams.

MARTY

Why? I can take your daughter all the way.

ROBIN

Don't you mean almost all the way?

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. ATLANTA SOCCER STADIUM - EVENING - TWO YEARS AGO

The game is still tied.

RAY HUDSON (V.O.)

Wow. That girl came off the line faster than a dress on prom night. That's a corner kick for Rampage and we're in dangerous territory in the last seconds of this match. Not where Coach Shumacher wants to be.

The Fire sets up around their own goal, Marty frantically yelling instructions. The corner is kicked, ricochets off several players in the box - finally, a Rampage player gets a foot on it and it flies past the goalkeeper, into the goal, as the whistle is blown. The game is over.

MARTY'S CONFESSIONAL

MARTY

Yep. We lost. Had to settle for number two. Which is really where you want to be. Because you know who people root for? The underdog. And that's me. They're not making a documentary about the guy who came in first.

(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

Where is he?

(under his breath)

He's coaching the women's Olympic team  
and you're not allowed to film that.

(then, proud)

So here I am. The mighty underdog.

He cups his hand to his mouth and makes the sound of a crowd cheering.

INT. MARTY'S CONDO - EVENING

We hear keys and the door opens to Marty's condo.

MARTY

Let me just get some lights on.

He turns on the lights revealing his multi-level 1990's Valley condominium. Nice, but it has no furniture, except a small ottoman in the center of the living room.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I let my ex-wife take whatever she wanted because you know, the split was amicable. I didn't want to make a thing over stuff. The relationship is what mattered to me. And we're still close. And she left me the ottoman. Which she didn't have to do.

MARTY'S CONFESSIONAL

MARTY

You can believe Coach Marty Shumacher is the real deal. Because you know what rhymes with Shumacher? "Star-maker".

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. SOCCER SUPERSTORE - DAY

CLOSE ON: JAVI, a cocksure, Venezuelan soccer fanatic and Marty's friend, talking directly to CAMERA.

JAVI

So all three ladies are like super nice. You know what I mean? And I'm like, what am I going to do? You know what I mean? Like a dilemma. You know what I mean?

WIDEN TO REVEAL Javi is talking to Marty.

MARTY

Yes, Javi. Yes. Unless I say, I don't know what you mean, assume I know what you mean. You're surrounded by three beautiful women. What happened?

They're in a cool store that deals in all things soccer. TV monitors display matches being played all over the world. Marty and Javi both wear uniforms, which are basically a soccer jersey with three-quarter workout pants.

JAVI

So, I don't know which one I'm going to pick, so then I, uh, wait... how does Spiderman shoot his web again?

MARTY

Spiderman? He does this...

Marty holds up his hands in the "Spiderman" position.

JAVI

Oh. That's right.

Javi holds up his hands in the Spiderman position and reveals three phone numbers written on his palms. He's thrilled with himself.

MARTY

Alright. I get it. You do well with women.

JAVI

When are you going to get back out there, Coach?

MARTY

I'll get out there. But I have to stay focused on my new team right now. There is this one mom on the new team that's pretty cute. In like a hot way.

JAVI

Oh, you get her number?

MARTY

No! I was taking care of business. Her daughter's that great goalie I told you about. I've got to get her on the team.

Robin enters the store.

MARTY (CONT'D)

(urgently)

Hot mom! Hot mom!

JAVI

I get it. She was hot. If I don't know what you mean, I'll say I don't know what you mean.

MARTY

No! She's here! Okay, watch me turn on the Spidey-charm.

Marty tries to be cool as he crosses to Robin. She's looking at a display of jerseys. Javi drifts over closer and starts folding jerseys so he can listen in.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Well, howdy howdy. You looking for me?

ROBIN

Uh... no.

(then, realizing)

Oh! You're that coach. Hi. I didn't realize you worked here.

MARTY

Oh. I don't work here. I'm the manager.

ROBIN

So... you... work here.

MARTY

As the manager.

ROBIN

Right.

MARTY

I thought you might be here to sign the contract.

ROBIN

No. I came to get goalie gloves for Olivia.

MARTY

Why wouldn't you sign with me? Do you know where the girls from my last team are now? Three have scholarships, full rides to major universities. Two of them are on the Olympic development team. And one is a boat show model, so...

ROBIN

Look, my kid's great. You know it. I know it. And about four other coaches know it. She needs that full ride to college. God knows her dad's not paying for it.

MARTY

Hey, I totally get that. I've got an ex too and it's the same story.

ROBIN

Really? You have a kid?

MARTY

No.

ROBIN

Then how is it the same story?

MARTY

It's not the same story. You know, not for nothing, if she signs with me, I could probably get you my manager's thirty percent discount on all your gear. Of course you'd have to pretend to be my wife.

Robin can't help it, she smiles at Marty.

ROBIN

Hm. Interesting offer. You know the Valley United coach works at a car dealership.

(MORE)

ROBIN (CONT'D)

He said he can put me in a pre-owned Altima for three thousand below blue book.

MARTY

Mid-size? Seriously? That's embarrassing. Come away with me this weekend.

ROBIN

Excuse me?

MARTY

Bring Olivia to the match in Rancho Cucamonga and you can see what I'm all about. I guarantee I'll win you over.

ROBIN

Me?

MARTY

Your daughter. You. Whatever.

Marty leans confidently on a life-size, cardboard display of soccer superstar Cristiano Ronaldo. It tips over, throwing Marty off balance. Robin laughs.

ROBIN

Okay.

MARTY

Really?

JAVI

(impressed)

Damn.

ROBIN

We'll be there.

She crosses away. Marty calls after her.

MARTY

See you in Cu-cu-camonga!

Marty shoots his Spiderman web to camera with a smile.

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE SWELTERING CITY OF SUMMERTIME  
RANCHO CUCAMONGA - SURROUNDED BY GRIDLOCKED FREEWAYS AND SMOG



MARTY'S CONFESSIONAL

MARTY

On the road again. The life of a club soccer coach is a nomad's life. Some people ask me: Are you lonely? And I say: Sister, was Mick Jagger lonely? That's what this gig is. I'm a road dawg -- that's "dawg" with a "w".

INT. MOTEL COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Marty sits in a booth by himself, drinking a cup of coffee and working on his lineup for the game in a notebook.

DENISE

Coach, mind if we join you?

MARTY

Not at all.

Rick and Denise slide in.

DENISE'S CONFESSIONAL

DENISE

Tiffnee is my fourth and final child. I have been room parent, team mom and snack supervisor for all four and I've loved every minute of it. I have not missed one minute of one game of one season of Tiffnee's soccer career. And now here I am, nine and a half years away from being an empty nester, and you can bet I'm going to do whatever I can to support Tiffnee's dreams of greatness.

INT. MOTEL COFFEE SHOP - SAME TIME

DENISE

We haven't formally met. I've been the one sending out all the email blasts.

MARTY

Oh, so you're [thismomsdabomb@aol.com](mailto:thismomsdabomb@aol.com)? Thanks for being so on top of it.

Rick throws his arm around his wife, proud.

RICK

Oh, Coach, you have no idea. You should see her minivan. It's like a Costco-survivalist operation in there.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

I don't want to tell you how to do your job, but you might want to keep that in mind when you're making those cuts. You've got a two-fer with this family. A superstar midfielder and team mom extraordinaire.

ANGLE ON: Carlos and Olga on the other side of the coffee shop.

OLGA

Look at that. The parking spot thief is buttering up the coach. We've got to get in there.

CARLOS

Olga, why do we always have to get in there?

OLGA

Because that's how these things work. If you don't want to get cut, you've got to play the game.

CARLOS' CONFESSIONAL

CARLOS

Poor Olga. She thinks everything's a game.

OLGA'S CONFESSIONAL

OLGA

Poor Carlos. He doesn't know everything's a game.

INT. MOTEL COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Olga and Carlos stand at the table. Olga holds out two coupons.

OLGA

Coach, Carlos and I would like to offer you two all-you-can-eat coupons to dine in our restaurant. We've been voted the most authentic Mexican cuisine in the Valley three years in a row on Yelp.

DENISE

(too loud)

I brought you some homemade lemon bars!

Marty abruptly stands up.

MARTY

Alright folks, I've got to cut this short. I know what's going on here. The girls are waiting in the Avocado Room for our team meeting. So, I'll see you all at the game tomorrow.

Marty walks away.

INT. AVOCADO CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

An empty conference room. The girls sit on the floor in a circle. Marty sits with them.

MARTY

Okay, first off, I just want to say, your parents are incredible. They drove you out here, seventy miles away from home, dropping everything in their lives just to watch you play soccer. Not many parents would do that. Let's give them a hand.

He starts clapping. The girls join in, a little unsure.

MARTY (CONT'D)

There we go! Parents! They're the best!

(stops clapping)

Okay. That's it for the parents. From this moment on, I don't want you to listen to a word they say. The only people who exist on that field are your teammates and your coach. Nothing else belongs in that sacred space. The only voice you're going to listen to is my voice. You got me? Let's see. Who are you gonna listen to?

GIRLS

(tentative)

You?

MARTY

No, come on! WHO?

GIRLS

WHO?

MARTY

No. "You" was right. Let me hear it louder. WHO?

GIRLS  
(yelling)  
YOU!

MARTY  
One more time. WHO?

GIRLS  
YOU!

MARTY  
When it comes to soccer, you have no  
parents. I'm your mother, I'm your  
father...  
(Darth Vader)  
Luke.

He laughs at his own joke. They stare at him.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
You'll get me.

INT. HOMESTYLE MOTEL - MICHAELA AND LESLIE'S ROOM - DAY

Leslie and Michaela are in their very modest room.

LESLIE  
You're quiet. What's wrong with you?

MICHAELA  
Nothing.  
(then)  
We've been in traffic for over two  
hours. It's a hundred and seven  
degrees out there. This is not how I  
pictured our weekends. I thought maybe  
ballet recitals, musical theater...

LESLIE  
For Miley? She's tone deaf, and her  
feet are completely square, like Fred  
Flintstone's.

MICHAELA  
She has the heart of a ballerina.

LESLIE  
And the shoulders of a linebacker.  
Come on. It's not that bad. It's an  
adventure.

MICHAELA  
Nice try. That's how I almost joined  
the Navy.

(MORE)

MICHAELA (CONT'D)

(then)

We're going to be spending every weekend in these god-forsaken places, schlepping her to four practices a week. This is a nightmare.

LESLIE

You're being dramatic.

MICHAELA

Easy for you to say. You're going to be at work. I'm going to be the one doing the schlepping.

LESLIE

I don't think you can "schlep", you're only an eighth Jewish. You should be happy. Our daughter has found her thing.

MICHAELA

Whose thing?

LESLIE

What?

MICHAELA

Miley is a sweet, earnest pure little spirit. She practically sprinkles sunshine when she walks and you want to put her out on the gridiron and put her out there against a bunch of Neanderthal children like the Hunger Games until they beat the sweetness out of her so that you can live out the frustrations of your youth.

LESLIE

You never saw the Hunger Games. And honey, the world is based on competition. But instead of teaching her how to compete fairly, you just tell her it doesn't exist. Even when she's perfectly capable of competing and winning!

MICHAELA

Why do you care about winning so much?

LESLIE

What's wrong with being the best at something?

MICHAELA

What's wrong with being the best person? With the biggest heart? Why does it have to be The Fight Club?

LESLIE

Which you also never saw!

MICHAELA

We always said if we didn't agree on something for Miley, we wouldn't do it. We'd always present a united front. We promised each other that.

LESLIE

You're right.

MICHAELA

I am?

LESLIE

Yeah. After the game, I guess we'll tell Coach Marty she's out.

MICHAELA

Really? Do you mean it? That would be so great. I would be so happy about that. Thank you. I love you.

LESLIE

But I don't want her to play cello anymore.

MICHAELA

What?

LESLIE

Cellists are weird and I don't want her to play anymore. You know, united front.

MICHAELA

You're going to deny our daughter music out of spite? Okay. Well then, I'm nixing the Michelle Obama Halloween costume. Too political.

LESLIE

(gasps, then)

Okay. Do you want to call your Grams and tell her we're not celebrating Hanukkah anymore, or should I?

MICHAELA

Wow. That half-Jewish old woman loves and accepts you, Les. She thinks of you as her *bubulah*.

LESLIE'S CONFESSIONAL

LESLIE

Okay, Grams was a low blow. But I hate to lose. And god I love to win. Having a kid who's good at sports is my dream. I'm like one of those dads that sits in the baseball stands screaming, living vicariously through their kid. Like a tiger dad. I mean, like Tiger Woods' dad. I'm Tiger Woods' dad.

INT. MOTEL HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Marty is coming down the hallway. Robin enters from the opposite direction, carrying takeout.

MARTY

Robin, hi. You made it. I missed Olivia at the team meeting.

ROBIN

Yeah, I couldn't get her to go.

MARTY

Well, I was just taking a little walk. I've got my usual night before the game nerves. Not quite sure what to do with myself.

ROBIN

I'm going to eat dinner in my room.

MARTY

(misunderstanding)  
Dinner? Well, I'm not sure how hungry I am, but I guess I could pick a little.

ROBIN

What? I wasn't inviting you.

MARTY

What?! I know! Wow. Robin. If you're going to be on this team you're going to have to get used to my sense of humor. It's legendary.

ROBIN

Is it?

MARTY

(quickly changing the  
subject)

Listen, I'm going to keep walking but,  
seriously, jokes aside, I know what  
it's like. On the road. Divorced. If  
you need anything...

Robin softens a bit.

ROBIN

Thanks. I'll see you at the game.

(then)

How long were you married?

MARTY

Two years.

ROBIN

Are you kidding me? That's not a  
marriage. That's junior high. I was  
married twelve years. That's married.

She walks away. Marty calls after.

MARTY

Hey, two years can feel like forever  
if you're with the right woman.

INT. MARTY'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Marty is in his socks and underwear laying out his uniform  
for the next day's game. He carefully puts out his shorts,  
jersey and his fluorescent, top-of-the-line cleats. He takes  
his whistle and puts it around his neck.

Marty's phone rings. We see on his screen the name CONNIE.

MARTY

(into phone)

Connie, hey stranger! This is a nice  
surprise.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CONNIE'S BATHROOM - SAME TIME

CONNIE, a knockout and she knows it, dressed to go out,  
checks herself in the mirror as she talks on the phone.



CONNIE

Oh good, you're home? Because the movers left my ottoman at the apartment, and I need to get it back.

MARTY

Oh. I thought you left the ottoman for me.

CONNIE

Of course not. I love that ottoman. Where am I supposed to put my feet?

MARTY

How about on the couch you took? The bed you took? The chair you took...

CONNIE

Don't be funny, Marty. Can I get it now?

MARTY

Actually, I'm out of town. I'm in Cu-cu-camonga. On business.

CONNIE

Cu-cu-camonga? Oh God. You're coaching again?

MARTY

Yeah, I'm putting together a new team.

CONNIE

Why?

MARTY

What do you mean, why? It's been two years. I've missed it.

CONNIE

Okay, Marty. Whatever. It's none of my business if you're satisfied being just a coach for the rest of your life.

MARTY

I'm not "just a coach". I'm a coach. In fact, I'm a head coach. Of a nationally-ranked soccer program.

CONNIE

I know, Marty. I've read your windbreaker.

MARTY

It's an official warm-up jacket! Come on, Connie. Haven't you ever had a dream?

CONNIE

Of course I had a dream, Marty. And it was to be married to a guy with bigger dreams than yours.

MARTY

What's bigger than being number two in the country? I mean, obviously being number one in the country, but--

CONNIE

You're ridiculous.

She hangs up, then flips her head down and quickly back up to fluff her hair.

MARTY'S CONFESSIONAL

MARTY

Connie. Didn't mind dating a coach.  
Was okay being engaged to a coach.  
Didn't want to be married to "just a coach".

(then)

And I'm not ridiculous.

INT. MARTY'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

He puts the 'do not disturb' sign on the door, but drops it. When he goes out to retrieve it, he's locked out in the hallway. In his underwear, with a whistle around his neck. He turns and looks to CAMERA.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEEXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

A giant soccer complex with multiple fields. It's blazing hot and there's no shade anywhere. If you love soccer, this looks fun. For anyone else, it's hell.

Marty walks out in his full coach regalia, his whistle glinting in the sun, his chest puffed out like Patton surveying a battlefield. He stumbles over the base of a goal, looks around to see if anyone saw, and notices Robin sitting off by herself in a folding chair. He crosses to her.

MARTY

I don't care what anyone says. Coming out here, watching these young athletes pouring their heart into the sport they love. There's nowhere else I'd rather be. I'm back where I belong.

ROBIN

What are you selling? You sound like you're making a commercial.

MARTY

I'm not selling anything. Just feeling good. Why are you sitting over here all by yourself? The rest of the parents are over by the team bench.

ROBIN

Which is why I'm sitting over here by myself. I'm not social.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - SAME TIME

Michaela and Leslie have nothing you would need for a day out on the soccer field in the relentless sun. Michaela sets her purse on the ground and perches on it. It's tense between them.

LESLIE

You didn't even bring a blanket to sit on?

MICHAELA

I brought what I always bring when we go away for the weekend -- a bottle of Merlot and my Kindle.

Michaela puts the bottle of Merlot next to her on the ground and holds the Kindle over her head for shade.

A ball comes flying off the field, knocking over the wine bottle. It breaks, sending wine into the dirt. Michaela looks like she might cry.

Carlos sets up a grill area. He's got cooling misters, chairs with cupholders, speakers blaring Spanish music, etc. Nearby, Denise is cutting orange slices on top of her cooler. Carlos crosses to her.

CARLOS

Can I offer you some soccer juice?

DENISE

Soccer juice, what's that?

CARLOS

You've been coming to soccer tournaments for seven years and you've never had soccer juice?

Carlos pours her a drink from a pitcher into a red plastic cup. She takes a small sip.

DENISE

Ooh, soccer juice is delicious. I've been doing this all wrong.

She takes a bigger gulp.

Olga lays out a towel, a water bottle and a plate with fruit on it. She crosses away. Rick comes and positions his folding chair right in front of Olga's stuff. Olga crosses back with an umbrella and sees Rick has stolen her spot.

OLGA

(to self)

You've got to be freaking kidding me.

She walks up to Rick. He's oblivious. She stands right in front of him.

RICK

Hey, you want to keep moving?

OLGA

This is my spot. Are you seriously going to tell me you didn't see my stuff?

RICK

Oh jeez, lady--

A ball comes flying off the field from warm-ups and hits Rick squarely in the head.

OLGA

You keep this spot. I'll move over there. Enjoy the game.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - A LITTLE LATER

On the field, Marty talks to the team in a huddle. Except for Olivia, who keeps her distance.

MARTY

Okay, girls. We're going to play like we practiced. But the last and most important thing: our cheer. Bring it in. Olivia?

OLIVIA

No, I'm good.

Marty stands in the center of the huddle.

MARTY

Now listen up:

(quietly)

"We're number one, not two, not three, not four / We're gonna win, not lose, not tie the score / We're gonna beat 'em, crush 'em, cause that's our custom / Gooooo Canoga Park Fire!"

(then)

Should we take a swing at this?

Marty starts the cheer. The girls try to follow along. The parents watch from the sidelines.

MARTY/GIRLS

"We're number one, not two, not three, not four / We're gonna win, not lose, not---

It's a disaster. Everyone's saying different words at different times. Finally, it mercifully fades away.

MARTY

Okay, we'll work on it! We'll get there. High fives.

Everyone tries to high five. Nobody's hands connect. Marty accidentally palms Vanessa in the eye.

VANESSA

Ow!

MARTY

Sorry.

MARTY'S CONFESSIONAL

MARTY

I can't lie. Connie got in my head a little. She had me asking myself, is this where I belong?

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - A LITTLE LATER

The teams are lined up opposite each other. The referee blows the whistle and the game starts.

IN A MONTAGE OF GAME ACTION:

- Tiffnee takes the ball down the line. She's amazing.
- Vanessa plays scrappy and tough. She wins the ball from an opposing player, then passes it down the field.
- Miley hustles all over the field.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD

On the sidelines, Denise reaches her red cup out to Carlos for more juice. She looks very relaxed and happy.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - A LITTLE LATER

We continue to follow the game:

- The opposing team has a breakaway. It looks like they're going to score, but Olivia makes an amazing save.
- Tiffnee runs down the field, speeds past the competition and scores a beautiful goal. Rick jumps to his feet and pumps his fist, then quickly sits back down.

TIME DISSOLVE:

On the field, the Quake are starting to pressure the Fire. Olivia yells at Miley to cover an opposing player!

OLIVIA

Mark her! Mark her!

Miley smiles and gives her a thumbs up.

MARTY

Okay, goalie. She's got it. Settle down. Miley, mark number nine.

She goes over to cover a player. Marty's PHONE BUZZES. He sees a text from CONNIE that reads: "Can you call me? IMPORTANT." He ignores it.

On the sidelines, Leslie watches with concern as Miley tries to cover the whole field.

LESLIE

That giant goalie is awfully bossy.

MICHAELA

Is Miley doing okay?

LESLIE

This game is so much more intense than her games at the park.

Marty's PHONE RINGS. It's Connie. Marty answers.

MARTY

What's up, Connie? I'm in the middle of the game.

CONNIE (O.S.)

Hey, I just wanted to say, sorry about last night.

MARTY

Don't worry about it. What's up?

CONNIE (O.S.)

Is there an extra key somewhere or something? I'd really like to get that ottoman.

MARTY

Fine. There's a rock next to the potted plant on the porch. But it's not really a rock. But it looks exactly like a rock. There's a key in there.

On the field, the Quake have a CORNER KICK. The girls take their positions. Miley looks to Marty for guidance, but he's on the phone.

CONNIE (O.S.)

Thanks, Marty. I'm going to send Todd over now.

MARTY

Who's Todd?

CONNIE (O.S.)

My boyfriend.

Marty is stunned.

MARTY

You have a boyfriend? Already? You moved out two weeks ago.

CONNIE (O.S.)

Oh god, Marty. Please don't make this about you.

Marty looks up just in time to see the player on the other team kick the ball, WHICH RICOCHETS OFF MILEY'S SHINGUARD AND INTO HER OWN GOAL. Olivia throws her hands up, angrily.

The whistle blows. The game is over.

Marty throws his phone angrily into a cooler filled with Gatorade and ice.

MARTY

Okay, Fire! Team meeting on the sidelines, now.

Leslie watches Miley trudge off the field, devastated.

MICHAELA

What happened?

LESLIE

I threw our baby into the Hunger Games and now's she's going to get cut. I'm a terrible parent. I'm Tiger Woods' dad. He's going to cut her, she's gonna marry a Swedish woman and become a serial cheater.

MICHAELA

What?

EXT. SIDELINES - MOMENTS LATER

The team sits in a semi-circle facing Marty. The parents stand behind them, unsure what's about to happen.

MARTY

Okay, ladies. Tough loss.

MILEY

Coach, it was my fault. I was out of position. Go ahead and cut me.

VANESSA

It wasn't her fault. I should have had her back. It was my fault. Cut me.



MARTY

Neither of you are cut. I told you our field was sacred, and I broke my own rule. I wasn't there for you.

(then)

Girls, let me ask you something: what does it take to make a good marriage?

The girls stare at him, confused. The parents look at each other slightly concerned.

MARTY (CONT'D)

It takes commitment. And it also takes caring about each others' dreams. If someone loves you, your dream should be their dream. It's the same thing that makes a good teammate.

(then, noticing)

Where's Olivia?

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Marty approaches Robin and Olivia, getting into their car.

MARTY

Excuse me, Robin --

ROBIN

I'm late to drop off my kid at her father's.

MARTY

I gotta talk to you.

He pulls Robin aside.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I'm cutting Olivia from the team.

ROBIN

Excuse me? We haven't even decided to join your team.

MARTY

Well that makes it easier. No messy contracts to break.

ROBIN

You know, my kid is the only one with any actual talent around here.

MARTY

She's good. But you know, Robin, as someone once said: "Alone can do so little. Together can do so much." The great Helen Keller.

ROBIN

I don't know what that means.

MARTY

Of course not. Because you, ma'am, are no Helen Keller. A team only works if everybody wants the same thing. You and your daughter are only in it for yourselves.

ROBIN

You can't be serious.

MARTY

I'm serious. I'm a serious coach.

ROBIN

You coach little girls.

MARTY

I don't have to justify my dream to you or anyone. I can't believe I ever let a pretty woman distract me from the beautiful game.

ROBIN

How did I distract you?

MARTY

Not you. A different pretty woman. Goodbye, Robin. Tell Olivia I said good luck.

She calls after him:

ROBIN

You're pathetic! I can't believe I had a sex dream about you last night!

MARTY

(reminding himself as he walks away)  
Beautiful game. Beautiful freaking game...

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Marty walks back to the girls. The team is packing their bags while the parents put away their gear.

MARTY

Okay ladies, practice Monday through Thursday. We're traveling to Lancaster next weekend so everybody look at the website and make your reservations. Weather's unpredictable. It'll either be 40 or 110. But always windy. Bring Vaseline so your nostrils don't crack. Parents, that goes for you, too.

Michaela and Leslie approach Miley. They squat down next to her as she puts her equipment into her backpack.

MICHAELA

Hi sweetie.

LESLIE

Hey Miles.

MILEY

Nuh-uh.

MICHAELA

What?

MILEY

I hear your voices. I'm not quitting soccer.

MICHAELA

Sweetheart. We just feel like this whole thing was a little too intense for you.

LESLIE

You're eight years old. There's lots of other things you can do.

MILEY

I'm not a ballerina. I want to play in the World Cup. You heard Coach. If you love someone you have to support their dream.

Leslie and Michaela look at each other. Denise raises her hand, still holding her soccer juice. She's pretty drunk.

DENISE

Hey parents, before you leave, we need to talk about snacks, okay? Because I am not going through another season as the only sap who brings anything.

RICK

Honey?

DENISE

Hey, don't worry about it, Rick. I know how this goes. Everyone's super friendly and you'd "love to help" until the sign up sheet starts going around and suddenly, you've got a "crazy week" with your "very important jobs". But that's okay because "Denise will do it". She doesn't have a job, she can make fifty trips to Costco for Sun Chips and string cheese. Well, no more. Who's helping out?

(then)

Not you Carlos, you're good. You're bringing the juice.

MARTY

Okay, before everybody leaves, let's bring it in for the cheer.

The parents watch as the girls and Marty form a circle, arms over shoulders. They perform the cheer in unison with gusto:

MARTY/TEAM

"We're number one, not two, not three,  
not four / We're gonna win, not lose,  
not tie the score / We're gonna beat  
'em, crush 'em, cause that's our  
custom / Gooooo Canoga Park Fire!"

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. ATLANTA SOCCER STADIUM - EVENING - TWO YEARS AGO

Marty and his team walk off the podium. The girls surround Marty in a hug that turns into a dog pile. He loves it.

RAY HUDSON (V.O.)

Well, would you look at that! They're mobbing Coach Marty Shumacher! Yes, he came in second place, but not a bad day at the office when it ends with twenty-two fit and nubile young women piling on top of you. Oh, I'm getting word from my producer that's not appropriate. So we'll leave it at that. This is Ray Hudson, signing off.

END OF SHOW