

TED LASSO

Episode 101

"Pilot"

Story By

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Teleplay By

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&
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Directed By
Tom Marshall

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Final Shooting Script
15 November 2019

Based on the promotional campaign for NBC Sports generally known as 'Ted Lasso', including certain characters and other elements therein (source material not to be accorded on-screen credit)

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CAST LIST

TED LASSO Jason Sudeikis
COACH BEARDBrendan Hunt
REBECCA WELTON Hannah Waddingham
ROY KENT Brett Goldstein
JAMIE TARTT Phil Dunster
KEELEY JONES Juno Temple
HIGGINS Jeremy Swift

GUEST CAST

NATHAN Nick Mohammed
SAM OBISANYA Toheeb Jimoh
COLIN Billy Harris
ISAAC Kola Bokinni
OLLIE Jimmy Akingbola
MAE Annette Badland
TRENT CRIMM James Lance
BAZ Adam Colborne
JEREMY Bronson Webb
PAUL Kevin 'KG' Garry
TOMMY Bill Skinner
GEORGE Bill Fellows
REPORTER 1 Lloyd Griffith

REPORTER 2 Guy Porritt
REPORTER 3 Anna Martine Freeman
RICHARD MONTLAUR Stephen Manas
TEEN GIRL Sophie Shalla
TEEN BOY Wesley Bozonga
SCOTT VAN PELT Scott Van Pelt
REPORTER 4 Marcus Onilude

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

REBECCA'S OFFICE
SPORTS CENTRE WITH SCOTT VAN PELT
BRITISH AIRWAYS 757 - BUSINESS CLASS
AIRPORT - EXIT AREA
OLLIE'S CAR
TRAINING FACILITY
REBECCA'S FOYER/OFFICE
TRAINING FACILITY - HALLWAY
PRESS ROOM
TEAM GYM
CROWN & ANCHOR PUB
TRAINING FACILITY - LOCKER ROOM
TED'S OFFICE
TED'S APARTMENT
TED'S BEDROOM

EXTERIORS

AFC RICHMOND TRAINING GROUND
WALKWAY
RICHMOND STADIUM PARKING LOT
RICHMOND STADIUM
ANYWHERE, LONDON
TRAINING FIELD
CROWN & ANCHOR PUB
TED'S APARTMENT

1 EXT. AFC RICHMOND TRAINING GROUND - MORNING 1

We start on the vibrant PRACTICE GROUNDS of AFC RICHMOND, a mediocre PREMIER LEAGUE team. The PLAYERS WARM-UP.

2 INT. REBECCA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME 2

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, intimidating), STARES at a small PAINTING on her wall as HIGGINS (mid-50s, middle-management, middle everything) enters with a cautious knock on the door.

REBECCA

Rupert and I bought this on our fifth anniversary...

HIGGINS

You have exquisite taste.

REBECCA

Do you want it?

HIGGINS

But... it's a Hockney. It must be worth a million pounds.

REBECCA

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

Rebecca sits and sends a text, 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."

HIGGINS

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

REBECCA

Yes I know who George is Higgins.
If he's here, why isn't he here?

Higgins goes to the door to get GEORGE (old school coach), who is flirting with the secretary, who looks miserable. George BARRELS IN 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

I could ask the same of your hair.
(gestures to chair)
Please.

GEORGE

(to Higgins as he sits)
Oh she's a cheeky one, isn't she? Look, Luv, training starts in a few, so whatever you need to get off your impressive chest, let's have it.

REBECCA

Oh, of course.
(then)
You're fired.

George offers a condescending LAUGH, assumes she's joking.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

We'll be buying out the remainder of your contract. I do 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.

(off George's confused look)

I know, it's a big word. Ask one of your daughters what it means. Perhaps it's your performance, as you've 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)

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Aaand there's the other one. Liam and Noel: But hardly an Oasis. Still, if I'm being completely honest, George? You're sacked because I'm the owner now, and I don't like you. Now piss 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.

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.

3

INT. SPORTSCENTER WITH SCOTT VAN PELT - DAY

3

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 Richmond 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

4

INT. BRITISH AIRWAYS 757 - BUSINESS CLASS - NIGHT

4

The bathroom door opens and TED LASSO 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. Right then, an iPhone is SHOVED IN FRONT of his book, showing a PAUSED IMAGE OF TED'S smiling face.

TOMMY

Yo, mate, 'is you?

TED LASSO

I believe it is.

TOMMY

(re: iPhone)

Aww man. Lemme get an "us"-ie?

TED LASSO

(as they pose)

We call 'em "selfies" back home.

TOMMY

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

Tommy TAKES A PICTURE, looks at it.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

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 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 (CONT'D)

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

COACH BEARD

The Italian style of football, known as "Catenaccio" was actually created in Switzerland.

TED LASSO

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

COACH BEARD

Instead of "out of bounds" they say "in to touch."

TED LASSO

"In to touch." You owe me five bucks if I slide that into a sentence later.

COACH BEARD

You're on.

They do a tiny, ritualistic handshake, sealing the bet.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)

We'll now be dimming the cabin...

As she continues on, Beard grabs his blanket.

COACH BEARD

Better get some sleep. The jet-lag will kill us.

TED LASSO

No I hear that, right behind you.

Beard settles in as he notices Ted is lingering.

COACH BEARD
Something on your mind, Coach?

TED LASSO
Are we nuts for doing this?

COACH BEARD
Coach, I owe you a lot and you know I'd follow you anywhere. But...this is gonna be a challenge.

TED LASSO
Yeah. But hey, takin' on a challenge is a lot like ridin' a horse. If it feels comfortable, you're doin' it wrong. Or ya have naturally high-set testicles. Night, Coach.

COACH BEARD
'Night, Coach.

The LIGHTS DIM. Ted ducks down, then 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 (7). WIDE SHOT: We see a dark cabin, with only Ted ILLUMINATED, by his phone.

5 INT. AIRPORT - EXIT AREA - THE NEXT DAY

5

Ted and Beard walk with their luggage toward a bunch of drivers holding signs. Ted looks a little worse for wear.

COACH BEARD
You didn't sleep at all?

TED LASSO
Not a wink. I tried but my brain just kept cookin'. First I was thinkin' about not sleepin', then I was thinkin' about thinkin' about not sleepin'. Next thing I know we're landin' and they're handin' out warm chocolate chip cookies.

COACH BEARD

You eat mine?

TED LASSO

That's not part of the story. This is us.

A driver, OLLIE holds a sign: "LASSO".

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

How ya doin'! My name's Ted, what's yours?

6

EXT. WALKWAY - LATER

6

Ted and Beard walk and talk, mid-conversation.

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, cuz 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.

Ted and Beard stop and turn toward a railing. They look out:

MUSIC CUE: "WATERLOO SUNSET" BY THE KINKS.

REVEAL they are not walking toward the car, but are in fact on the pedestrian walkway of the Tower Bridge. A DRONE SHOT establishes them looking out at the amazing vista of London.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

Coach, I gotta a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore.

(then)

I've never actually said that when not in Kansas.

Ted and Beard take a last appreciative look then head back toward Ollie, who still holds the "Lasso" sign.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)
Thanks for indulgin' us, Ollie.
Let's get back on the road.

7 INT. OLLIE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

7

The car drives through more SUBURBAN OUTSKIRTS. We join Ted and Beard mid-conversation:

TED LASSO
This is gonna be a snap. Cuz all I'm doin' is takin' somethin' I don't know, and linkin' it with somethin' I do know. Gimme another.

COACH BEARD
...Okay, Manchester United, 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 the league in a really long time.

TED LASSO
Also Dallas Cowboys.

COACH BEARD
Everton. The other team in Liverpool that no one ever talks about.

TED LASSO
Dave Clark Five.

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

TED LASSO
Michael Keaton.

8

EXT. RICHMOND STADIUM PARKING LOT - LATER

8

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

TED LASSO

...and you're gonna grill those rib-eyes, toss 'em in there, and if that's not the best chili you ever had, I'll come to your family's restaurant and take a bath in it.

OLLIE

Sounds delicious, Ted, but I married an Indian girl, so her father's Indian restaurant serves mostly Indian food.

TED LASSO

Y'all couldn't do a nice chili-masala? They both got cumin.

OLLIE

I'll ask, but they'll probably just stick to the food they've been makin' for five generations.

TED LASSO

Fair enough. Great meetin' you, Ollie. Drive safe now.

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

9

EXT. RICHMOND STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER

9

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!

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

NATHAN (CONT'D)

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

TED LASSO

Sorry about that. I'm Ted
Lasso, this here's Coach
Beard--

Nathan stops ushering them off, still on the field.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Oh no, oh god! The new manager! I'm so stupid... here, take all the grass you want. They just cut it today, I could probably get you more if I dig through the garbage.

TED LASSO

No, no, don't worry about it.

NATHAN

Okay, thank you. Still...
(hard to say)
We really should get off the grass.

Nathan "shoos" them.

9A INT. TRAINING FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

9A

Nathan, Ted, and Beard (wheeling luggage) enter the training facility mid-conversation, walking purposefully.

TED LASSO

So, we're supposed to meet with Rebecca Welton?

NATHAN

That's where I'm taking you.

TED LASSO

(re: Nathan)
Look at this fella. One step ahead.
(to Nathan)
What's your name, by the way?

NATHAN

(stops in his tracks)
Me? No one ever asks my name.

Nathan stares at them. Ted and Beard wait for an answer.

TED LASSO

Well, whenever you're ready.

NATHAN

Nathan.

TED LASSO

Nathan! Love that name. Love your hotdogs.

Nathan laughs appreciatively.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

Oh good! Y'all got Nathan's hotdogs over here?

NATHAN

No.

TED LASSO

Okay.

Nathan takes off again.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

This kid's great. He's got fire and he laughs at my jokes even when he doesn't get 'em.

(to Beard)

You never do that.

COACH BEARD

Never will.

Ted's tickled by this as they head toward Rebecca's.

10

INT. REBECCA'S FOYER/OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

10

They arrive at Rebecca's foyer. Nathan waves to Rebecca's assistant.

NATHAN

I'll introduce you.

He knocks on the door frame. 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 back down the stairs. Ted watches him go, then turns to Rebecca:

TED LASSO

How y'all doin? I'm Ted Lasso. You must be Miss Welton.

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

So exciting to finally meet you both face to face. 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 (assistant's name) get him their IDs, 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 get much sleep on the plane. I could definitely use a lil' caffeine boost.

REBECCA

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

Welcome to England. I want to thank you for taking the job. 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 here soon enough.

REBECCA

(stands)

Would you like a tour?

TED LASSO

Oh, I'd love to see Abbey Road.

REBECCA

...of the building, Ted.

TED LASSO

Even better!

12

INT. TRAINING FACILITY - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

12

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 "AFC RICHMOND." 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 just how everyone looked in the 1800s.

She moves towards a photo of the Richmond stadium, the field is covered with tents.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

During the war our stadium was used as a makeshift hospital. Many locals still claim to see fallen soldiers walking around the pitch.

TED LASSO

Ooo, that's spooky.

REBECCA

Do you believe in ghosts, Ted?

TED LASSO

I do. But more importantly I think they need to believe in themselves.

Ted moves to a section labeled "CLUB OWNERS." They're all photos of old, white men. Ted sees a photo of the most recent owner, RUPERT MANNION (late 60s, lovable cad) smiling, a bottle of champagne in one hand, a cigar in the other.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

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. You doin' okay?

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

REBECCA

It hasn't been the easiest year.

A sliver of vulnerability, then she MOVES OFF, Ted FOLLOWS.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

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

TED LASSO

Oh yeah. Once I get a couple nights of good sleep, I'd be happy to.

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:

13 INT. PRESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS 13

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

HIGGINS

And here he is! Without further ado, the new manager of AFC Richmond: Ted Lasso.

As Ted makes his way to the front, we intercut with different groups watching the press conference:

14 INT. TEAM GYM - INTERCUT 14

In the gym, PLAYERS warm up. SAM moves to the tv grabs the remote. JAMIE hangs back, shirtless, lifting weights.

SAM

Hey it's on guys! Jamie, come on.

JAMIE

Yeh, I'm trying not to get distracted by things I don't care about.

Jamie poses and snaps a selfie.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

For the 'gram.

Sam gathers with Roy and all the players who banter and joke by the tv.

ROY

If I don't hear silence, I'm going to start punching dicks!

Everyone shuts up.

15 INT. CROWN & ANCHOR PUB - INTERCUT 15 *

The community watches on the bar TV. MAE FOSTER (70s, pub owner and matriarch of these die-hard Richmond fans) watches. Local barflies BAZ, JEREMY and PAUL are there too.

BAZ
Look at this twat.

JEREMY
Fucking yank.

MAE
Shut it, both of ya! You too, Paul.

PAUL
I didn't say nothin' Mae.

MAE
You were about to.

Paul quickly nods in agreement.

16 EXT. ANYWHERE LONDON - INTERCUT

16

Tommy is there with a few friends. They're WATCHING the PRESS CONFERENCE on a phone. Ted takes his seat. Tommy reacts.

TOMMY
Yo! I met 'im on the plane.

TEEN GIRL
Was he nice?

TOMMY
He tried to fuck me.

TEEN BOY
Cooool.

17 INT. PRESS ROOM - INTERCUT

17

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,
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
elephant in the room.

(MORE)

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

No, I have never coached the sport that you folks call "football," at any level.

There are MURMURS. Note: throughout the press conference, we can see the reactions from the established groups.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

And, yes, 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 that AFC Richmond, like any team I've ever coached, is gonna go out there and give ya everything they got, for all four quarters.

REPORTER 2

Halves.

TED LASSO

What's that?

REPORTER 2

Two halves.

TED LASSO

Yeah, sorry. They're gonna give you everythin' they got for two halves. Win or lose.

REPORTER 1

Or tie.

TED LASSO

Oh that's right, y'all do ties here. 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 chuckles)

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

No playoffs?! And y'all don't mind ties? My job just keeps gettin' easier and easier.

More chuckles. Rebecca smiles at Higgins, encouraged.

18 INT. TEAM GYM - INTERCUT

18 *

Sam and Roy intently watch the press conference.

SAM

He might not be that bad. What do you think, Roy?

Roy looks at Sam, then walks out. Surprisingly, Jamie wanders up to Sam and fills Roy's spot.

JAMIE

You know what I think, Sam?
(Sam turns, intrigued)
I think my next tattoo should be a snake. Big question: should it be the animal, or just the word?

Jamie walks off, lost in thought. Sam shakes it off.

19 INT. PRESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

19

TED LASSO

And hey, I respect what y'all press folks do, so just know that my door will always be open. 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 CRIMM (41, glasses).

TED LASSO

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

TRENT CRIMM

Thank you. Trent Crimm, "The Independent." I just want to make sure I have this right: You're an American, who's never set foot in England, 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 Premier League football club, despite clearly possessing very little knowledge of the game.

*

TED LASSO

You have a question Trent?

TRENT CRIMM

Yes... Is this a fucking joke?

*

20 INT. CROWN & ANCHOR PUB - INTERCUT

20

*

The crowd cheers Trent's question. THE LOCALS, Baz, JEREMY, PAUL (late 20s) are especially passionate.

BAZ

Thank you, Trent!

21 INT. PRESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

21

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 Premier League season?

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

Not off the top of my head--

REPORTER 3

Who won the league last year?

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

Michael Keaton.

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)

I can't remember the last time we were this full in the press room. Yet here you all are.

(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 here who has seen Richmond play as much as I have. Home, away, league, cup, 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 want, but like it or not, AFC Richmond is changing the way we do things. And from now on, it's "The Ted Lasso Way." We will see you at our next match against Crystal Palace. Thank you.

(to Ted, gestures to door)

After you, Coach Lasso.

TED LASSO

(leaning into the mic)

Nice meetin', y'all. Sorry for spittin' all over your stuff.

Ted exits with Rebecca, Higgins and Beard behind him. Trent, the team, the pub-goers all take to their phones, immediately REACTING: complaining, tweeting, texting, etc.

22

INT. TRAINING FACILITY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

22

Ted, shellshocked, moves down the hallway. Rebecca follows.

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. 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

Miss Welton, I was a bit skeptical. But after hearing you speak in there... You're right, Coach Lasso is just what we need.

REBECCA

Oh, he's an absolute wanker.

HIGGINS

I couldn't agree--Excuse me?

REBECCA

I hope he fails miserably.

HIGGINS

But I--didn't you--

REBECCA

My ex-husband has truly loved only one thing his entire life: this club. And Ted Lasso is going to help me burn it to the ground.

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

REBECCA (CONT'D)

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

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

HIGGINS

You are correct, Miss Welton. Though some people pronounce it "JIF."

REBECCA

Thank you, Higgins.

She walks off. Leaving Higgins alone. He makes a weird noise.

23

EXT. TRAINING FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

23

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 (O.S.)

Jesus, Mary and COCKSUCKING JOSEPH!

Ted and Beard turn to see ROY KENT (35, battle worn, intimidating) mid-scrimmage, COACHING THE TEAM as he plays.

ROY (CONT'D)

Isaac, you have to know who you're marking. C'mon!

TED LASSO

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

Nathan arrives with the two Gatorades.

COACH BEARD

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

NATHAN

But- but- he's a legend. Won a Champions League with Chelsea.

COACH BEARD

Eight years ago.

TED LASSO

Well, Coach, sometimes an old dog doesn't need to learn any new tricks cuz he already knows all the tricks.

(Ted sips the drink)

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 by a cucumber!

COACH BEARD

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

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
Jamie? Um, well, he's kind...of
rude. But he's great...at football.

TED LASSO
Uh huh.

Sam Obisanya whips by on the wing. Ted nods, impressed.

COACH BEARD
Sam Obisanya. Left back defender
from the Nigerian league.

TED LASSO
Africa? Oh, so these fellas are
from all over the place.

Beard nods. COLIN runs by, shouts in a Welsh accent.

COLIN
I'm open, boyo!

TED LASSO
But, he's from England, yeah?

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.

24

INT. TRAINING FACILITY - LOCKER ROOM - MINUTES LATER

24

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

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.

TED LASSO

You can tell a lot about a birdie by its nest.

At one, Ted observes a NINTENDO SWITCH, candy bars. He checks the nameplate - OBISANYA, #23.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

Our Nigerian friend, Sam. He a young fella?

COACH BEARD

First year in the league.

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

TED LASSO

He's a long way from home. Let's keep an eye on him.

Ted checks another locker - holds up LYNX 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. Ted grimaces.

Finally, ROY KENT'S LOCKER. Sparse. Except his TOP SHELF is like a MEDICINE CABINET. Ted reads a Rx label: "HYDROCODONE 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.

(MORE)

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

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

COACH BEARD

"Jaws?"

TED LASSO

No. "All That Jazz." I'm gonna say
somethin'--

(stepping forward)

Hey there, fellas. 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.
Now, I know we haven't officially
started yet, but we just wanna say
howdy, let y'all know how excited
we are to be here--

KEELEY (O.S.)

Knock, knock.

Ted turns to see KEELEY JONES (31, 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.

JAMIE

Sorry, Coach. But she made me an
appointment. I'm getting waxed.
It's more for the fans than for me.
You know when I score, the shirt's
gotta come off.

KEELEY

How is waxing your crack and sack
for the fans?

JAMIE

Ah, that part's for you.
(to Ted)
But I could stay.

TED LASSO

No no, that's okay.

JAMIE

Cheers.

He gestures for Keeley to go first.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

After you.

KEELEY

Oh, you're a gentleman now?

JAMIE

Nah, I just wanna look at your ass.

KEELEY

Fuck off.

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

TED LASSO

Anywho... I'm lookin' forward to
gettin' to know each of ya better,
and we should be in for a heckuva
ride. Thanks for your time.

As Roy and OTHERS head to the showers, Nathan CALLS OFF:

NATHAN

Oh! And remember: If you're going
to urinate in the whirlpool, which
you should not do, please get in it
first.

25

INT. TED'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

25

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. Gotta stay up.

Ted STIRS, he's a little terse:

TED LASSO

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

Right behind Beard, in the glass, Roy is heading out.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

Oh, hey, Roy.

Roy stops in the door. Ted moves to him.

ROY

Yeh? Whaddya want?

TED LASSO

It was fun watchin' ya out there.
The boys really respond to you.
Doesn't surprise me, you've had a
heckuva career.

ROY

Thank you. Never thought it'd end
being coached by Ronald fuckin'
McDonald.

Roy walks off. Ted turns to Beard:

TED LASSO

He thinks he's angry now, wait
until we win him over.
(picks up poster tube)
You done with that tape?

Beard tosses Ted a roll of black tape.

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

TED LASSO

Roy the last one 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 see what the poster says:

BELIEVE

Ted grimaces, realizing the poster is slightly crooked. He then notices Jamie's locker, and sees the nude photo of Keeley. CLOSE ON: TAPE BEING TORN. REVEAL: Keeley's now has a piece of black tape, covering her breasts, looking like the "censor bars" of old. ACTUAL KEELEY enters, sees Ted's head buried in Jamie's locker.

KEELEY

(deepening her voice)

What you doin' in there?!

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

KEELEY (CONT'D)

Oh my god, I'm sorry! I shouldn't laugh, that looked really painful.

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. Whatcha doin' back here?

KEELEY

Jamie left his phone in his locker.

TED LASSO
Why didn't he come grab it?

KEELEY
He's still getting waxed. He's
surprisingly furry. The hair
started to grow back as she was
doing it.
(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, and grabs Jamie's phone. She notices the black tape on the photo. SHE SMILES, then sees 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 holds up his hand for a high-five. Keeley obliges.

KEELEY
I'm Keeley by the way.

TED LASSO
Nice to meet ya Keeley. I'm Ted
Lasso.

KEELEY
Oh, I know. You're trending all
over Twitter.

TED LASSO
Hey, how 'bout that.

KEELEY
(amused)
You don't care, do you?

Ted shrugs.

KEELEY (CONT'D)

Do you even Tweet?

TED LASSO

Nah, but I can beatbox alright.
(he does so)

KEELEY

I never know how to react when a
grown man beatboxes.

(then)

Well, if you get curious and start
searchin' around, I'd avoid hashtag
Richmond, wanker, or dick. Or knob.

TED LASSO

I'll take your word for it.

She smiles and turns to leave. But then:

KEELEY

Oh, and welcome to England.

Keeley EXITS. Nathan crosses in the BG, carrying TOWELS into
the other room. WE HEAR a LOUD NOISE ("BOO!") then:

NATHAN (O.S.)

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.

27

EXT. TRAINING FACILITY - PARKING LOT - LATER

27

*

Ted and Beard exit with LUGGAGE. Nathan is with them. 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.

They start loading their stuff in NATHAN'S MINI.

REBECCA

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

TED LASSO

No, that's okay. Nate's gonna drop
us off at the tube, get a little
more local flavor. Night y'all.

Higgins makes an AWKWARD NOISE, trying to stifle acid reflux.

REBECCA

What is wrong with you?

HIGGINS

(apprehensive)
It's just... Everything I've eaten
this afternoon feels like it's
stuck right here...
(points to throat)
He seems like such a nice man... I
don't know if I can do this.

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 this to work, I'll
need the support of my new
"Director of Football Operations."
I'm assuming that a promotion and
substantial pay rise would be of
interest to you?

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'. It's
just my man Nate here hittin' the
horn!

REBECCA

(calls off)
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 accept.

REBECCA

Wonderful. And Higgins, I know there will be aspects to this little adventure that may weigh on you a bit. But I can't imagine it'll be harder than it was to sneak Rupert's women in and out behind my back all those years.

She rolls up her window, and drives off. Higgins, alone, MAKES THE NOISE AGAIN and walks toward his shitty car.

29 EXT. CROWN & ANCHOR PUB - NIGHT 29 *

29A INT. CROWN & ANCHOR PUB 29A *

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

TED LASSO

... No, no hints, I got it. The four countries in England are: Wales. England again somehow. Scotland, and... Ireland?

COACH BEARD

That's a whole other conversation.

Suddenly, Ted's chair is YANKED BACK, SCREECHING loudly. MAE NOTICES. Our three LOCALS from earlier stand over Ted.

BAZ

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

TED LASSO

That's not my entire plan. Hey, I'm Ted Las--

JEREMY

We know who you are.

BAZ

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

COACH BEARD

Not for us.

TED LASSO

Easy now, Coach.

Mae steps in.

MAE

Ignore them and eat the food we made ya.

(turns to guys)

You're banned for two weeks, both of ya. You too Paul.

PAUL

I didn't say nothin', Mae.

MAE

You were about to.

Paul nods in agreement.

MAE (CONT'D)

Now, go. And leave a fuckin' tip.

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

MAE (CONT'D)

I was born here in Richmond, 1945. The day the war ended. Since that time, I've witnessed the Smog taking the lives of thousands, the Kray Twins running our streets, IRA bombings, that cow Thatcher, the riots, the fires, One Direction, not to mention the breathtaking stupidity of this entire Brexit fiasco, which brings us to now.

TED LASSO

Sorry ma'am, I'm not sure what all that has to do with me.

MAE

We've gotten through worse. Tonight's on me.

COACH BEARD

Great fish and chips, ma'am.

Mae eats one of his chips.

MAE

I know.

She walks off.

31 EXT. TED'S APARTMENT - LATER 31

Ted and Beard arrive with their luggage.

TED LASSO
This is me. You good?

COACH BEARD
You bet. G'night Coach.

TED LASSO
G'night Coach.

Ted enters his building.

32 INT. TED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 32

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

Ted's new home is small, but not cramped. We start in the LIVING ROOM - a couch, side tables, a nice 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 eats them as he turns and sees the kitchen. It's serviceable. There's a dining table that seats four but has only a SINGLE PLACE SETTING. Next comes the BATHROOM. Then the BEDROOM, which is actually quite nice: Decent closet space, a chest of drawers, and a comfortable mattress, thank goodness. 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. Back in the bedroom, he throws on some PITT STATE SWEATS. 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 (kitten getting spooked by cucumber GIF)

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 FaceTime, and clicks on the only saved contact: "**HOME.**" The computer **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 bedroom 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
(moving downstairs)
Helloooo?

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

TED LASSO
(through the kitchen)
But I wanna see your face.

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

Now in the living room, Ted closes his laptop and makes a call on his cell phone. 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. Feeling
a little loopy... Haha, yeah you
could say that... no, that all
starts tomorrow ...yeah. 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...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,
good neighborhood too... You and
the little guy should come over
soon and check it out... what I'd
say ...no you're right... No, I
know, I'm sorry... and I'm givin'
you space... and to myself,
right...what now...oh no that's
okay... Yeah. Oh, and Michelle, I
love you...no no, you don't have to
say it...really...okay, good night.

Ted hangs up and takes a moment.

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.

END OF SHOW