

TED LASSO

Episode 214

"Saint Valentine"

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PREVIOUSLY ON 'TED LASSO'

This spec episode takes place after the season two finale, Episode 212, skipping over 213 for reasons that are more thematic than superstitious, as "Saint Valentine" is to Valentine's Day as "Carol of the Bells" is to Christmas. But for our purposes 213 doesn't actually exist, and so in 214 we have the bulk of our main characters navigating, in their own ways, what it feels like to be single on what can feel like the worst day of the year to be single.

Ted has moved on physically, if not 100% emotionally, from his divorce, but just like Yuletide, there's nothing like that first (fill in the blank holiday) alone to kick the old hornet's nest of latent emotions. Ditto for Rebecca, who finds herself weighing her lingering/truncated feelings for Sam against a more rational inner directive to reestablish her identity as an independent single woman. Double ditto for Keeley and Roy, who continue to coexist in that most horrible of relationship statuses, limbo, despite the strength of their feelings for each other. But not all of our characters are destined to begin and/or end this special episode alone, as Coach Beard has the constant coin flip that is his relationship with Jane to keep his heart on tenterhooks while Higgins, of course, always has his Rainbow. And Jamie, despite his semi-unresolved feelings for Keeley, always has Jamie.

EXT. TRAINING FACILITY - PARKING LOT - DAY

ROY stands alone in the middle of the lot, overnight bag at his feet, scowl on his face.

The scowl seems particularly scowly for this time of day. Something's got him lathered.

He checks his watch; the scowl tightens a couple more ticks. He turns back toward the training facility, revealing

TED AND COACH BEARD

standing by the entrance, like two parents waiting for their kid to get on the bus.

Ted's phone DINGS with a text. He glances down at it, smiles, holds his phone up to Roy, as if confirming a promise.

TED

He's on his way.

Roy growls, turns back around.

HIGGINS hustles out the front entrance, joining Ted and Beard.

HIGGINS

Did I miss anything?

COACH BEARD

Jamie's late, Roy's pissed...

Beard glances over at Ted. Ted nods.

TED

Yeah, I'd say that's a pretty airtight synopsis.

(gestures to Roy)

Kinda like watching water boil, you came in at just the right time, Higgy.

HIGGINS

Are we sure this is a good idea? Six hours in a car together, just the two of them, no mediation? The Family Higgins is only good for about four and we actually like each other.

TED

Aww, Roy and Jamie are coming around to each other, give or take a headbutt or two. Besides, it's not like we haven't seen some of cinema's greatest odd couples work out their differences in a third of that time. Am I right, Coach?

COACH BEARD

Spot on, Coach.

TED

Fire some off for Higgy Cabrera here.

COACH BEARD

'Toy Story.'

TED

Woody and Buzz.

COACH BEARD

'Rush Hour.'

TED

Detectives Carter and Lee.

COACH BEARD

'Midnight Run.'

TED

Jack and the Duke.

COACH BEARD

'When Harry Met Sally.'

TED

Harry and Sally. Plus bonus points for nailing the road trip theme on those last two, Coach.

COACH BEARD

Top five genre, baby.

HIGGINS

Still, isn't it a bit crass to do it on Valentine's Day, given the, you know...

COACH BEARD

Semi-unresolved tension about Keeley?

HIGGINS

...Right.

TED

Nah, gives 'em some common ground.
Common ground goes a long way on a
trip like this, heading into
foreign territory and all.

Just then, JAMIE'S ASTON MARTIN SQUEALS into the lot, bumping
to a stop right in front of Roy.

The driver's door opens and out springs JAMIE, forgetting
that he had a COFFEE CUP HOLDER WITH TWO COFFEES on his lap --
they dump out onto the pavement, splashing onto Roy's bag and
shoes.

Ted and Beard grimace, hold their breath. Higgins covers his
eyes.

Roy looks down at his wet shoes and bag, then slowly up at
Jamie.

JAMIE

Sorry, mate -- stopped for coffee.

ROY

Thanks for the commentary. Would
never have known.
(more importantly)
Is that how you're gonna fucking
park?

He's got a point -- the car's stopped at an arrogant slant
across three parking spaces.

JAMIE

Well, I ain't "parkin'" exactly --
since we're takin' mine.

ROY

There's no fucking way I'm riding
in that cockmobile. We're taking
mine.

Jamie looks over at Roy's G Wagon parked in the corner.

JAMIE

The geezer wagon? We'll barely make
it off the lot and the kid's liable
to be signed already...

As Jamie and Roy continue to argue over whose car they're
taking, Higgins turns to Ted and Beard.

HIGGINS

We're absolutely sure this is a good idea?

Ted and Beard look over at him, then back to Jamie vs. Roy.

TED

Think he's asking us for some more odd couples, Coach.

COACH BEARD

I love a challenge.

TED

How many you got left?

COACH BEARD

I could go all day.

HIGGINS

Impressive. Just out of curiosity, are there any of them who once shared the same girlfriend and are being coerced into taking a six hour recruiting trip together on Valentine's Day?

Ted and Beard look over at each other.

TED

Can't say I've seen that exact same pairing play out before, Higgs, but I for one can't wait to see how it goes.

COACH BEARD

Already with you there, Coach.

Off Jamie and Roy, staring in bitter silence at each other, a Mexican standoff with loaded personalities instead of guns...

INSERT: CREDITS

INT. KEELEY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

KEELEY turns on her Nespresso machine, automatically reaching up to the cupboard and pulling down two mugs -- a pink lioness mug and an Oscar the Grouch mug -- and setting them on the counter.

As she slips the pink mug into the machine, her eyes fall to the Oscar the Grouch mug left alone and she suddenly realizes what she's done -- and who she's done it for -- without thinking.

She sighs, picks up the Oscar mug. After a pause, she puts it back in the cupboard. After another pause, she slides it further back, hiding it behind some other mugs. Closes the cupboard.

INT. KEELEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Keeley sits on the couch with her lioness mug, flipping through channels on TV.

On screen, a series of unsubtle reminders that it's Valentine's Day -- rom-com movies, flower delivery deals, grand romantic gestures like a MAN proposing to his GIRLFRIEND in the stands at a football match.

Keeley switches off the TV, tosses the remote on the couch.

She sees her phone, grabs it. Starts texting.

INT. REBECCA'S OFFICE - DAY

REBECCA is on her office phone, peering down at her open laptop.

REBECCA

Yes, I'm going to do the caviar and collagen cocoon after the ninety-minute hot stone massage.

(beat)

No...no, I don't want the couples massage. It's just--

(beat)

Yes, I understand the price difference.

(beat)

Yes, I am aware that it's Valentine's Day. I'm just not sure that you understand that there are still single people in the world who are not interested in purchasing couples massages, no matter what day it is.

Her iPhone DINGS with a text, she checks it.

KEELEY: Hey, babe -- plans later?

Rebecca's attention gets pulled back to the office phone.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Yes, that's very kind of you, but I think I'll probably try another spa who understands the difference.
Yes, thank you. Goodbye.

As she hangs up the desk phone, her iPhone DINGS again. She picks it up.

KEELEY: Took too long to answer, which means "no." OMW over

Rebecca smiles, turns, looks out at the training grounds, spotting PLAYERS in the distance, running drills.

She narrows her eyes, perhaps searching for a certain player...

INT. JAMIE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Roy sits grumpily in the passenger's seat as Jamie drives.

Roy is trying and failing to watch a VIDEO of a YOUNG FOOTBALL PHENOM on his phone, but the MUSIC in the car is loud -- insanely loud by any human metric.

Finally, he gives up, reaches over and switches off the music.

JAMIE

Ever heard of asking?

ROY

Like you would have heard me.

JAMIE

Like you would have asked.

Silence for a few moments.

Jamie glances over, sees Roy watching the football clips.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What d'you need the sound for, anyways? It's just football, how much you gonna miss? A few whistles and some fat twats screaming in the stands?

ROY

What I'm gonna miss is my ability to hear if you keep that music up.

Another stretch of silence.

Jamie glances over again as Roy resumes watching the video.

JAMIE

This kid's pretty good, then?

ROY

Pretty good? No, he's a fucking phenom. Highest ranked junior player Sheffield's ever had.

We see FLASHES of "The Kid" in action on Roy's phone -- a 16-year-old Mexican-born Englishman, absolutely laying waste to defenses in clip after clip, scoring with preposterous ease.

JAMIE

Still, what kind of name is "Iggy Flores?" Sounds like a dive bar in New York City or something.

ROY

Short for Ignacio. He's Mexican. But I guess you would have known that if you actually watched the videos.

JAMIE

What's the point of us both watching them? Kind of redundant, innit?

Roy just shakes his head. Glances over at the speedometer.

ROY

Watch your speed. Ain't gonna have as many friends the farther north we get.

EXT. TRAINING FACILITY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Keeley gets out of her car and heads toward the entrance, freezing as she spots

ROY'S G WAGON

parked in the corner. She stares at it for a moment, then continues on.

INT. REBECCA'S OFFICE - DAY

Rebecca is packing up her things, coat already over her shoulders as Keeley comes in.

KEELEY

Ready?

Rebecca looks up from her desk, can't help but smile when she sees that Keeley is already dressed for a night of going out.

REBECCA

For what?

KEELEY

Trouble, what else?

Beat.

REBECCA

I've already got plans.

KEELEY

Bullshit. Cancel them.

REBECCA

I can't. I already made the appointment.

Keeley smiles. Rebecca realizes she's just inadvertently tipped her hand.

KEELEY

An "appointment" can be rescheduled. Keeley and Rebecca's Galentine's Day cannot.

REBECCA

Galentine's what?

KEELEY

Galentine's Day. You're coming with me. We're going to a lock and key party.

REBECCA

Lock and what?

KEELEY

You need your ears cleaned out or something? There's a lock and key party at Fxix tonight and you and me are going. Together.

REBECCA

I don't know -- never really been into the whole S&M thing, to be honest.

KEELEY

Yeah, I know it sounds kinky, but it's not, I promise. It'll be fun.

REBECCA

I don't know...

KEELEY

Come on. We're both single, we're both fit as fuck, and if I have to work this hard to talk you out of a fucking spa appointment, you really do need a girls night out with Keeley.

Beat. Rebecca smiles.

REBECCA

How'd you know it was a spa appointment?

KEELEY

'Cause I know all about the Single Woman's Valentine's Day playbook.

Rebecca rolls her eyes.

KEELEY (CONT'D)

I do. And most of it's super sad. But we're not doing sad this year. This year we're gonna start a new chapter. Together. Yeah?

She winks.

INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

Beard stands at the whiteboard as Ted and Higgins watch him break down the problem at hand, which appears to have absolutely nothing to do with football.

On the board Beard has written:

PAPER FLOWERS VS. REAL FLOWERS

COACH BEARD

If I get the paper flowers and she doesn't show up, I've got a centerpiece that'll last a while.

He glances over at Ted and Higgins. They both nod.

Beard puts two check marks under PAPER FLOWERS.

COACH BEARD (CONT'D)

But if I get the paper flowers and she does show up, she's gonna think I'm not serious about her.

HIGGINS

Or cheap.

TED

Mmm-hmm. That's a real possibility.

Beard puts two check marks under REAL FLOWERS.

Everyone stares at the board, PAPER FLOWERS and REAL FLOWERS in a dead heat.

TED (CONT'D)

Hey, what about a corsage? Y'all do corsages over here, Higgy? The whole wearable flower thing?

(dead silence)

No?

Beard and Higgins look over at Ted to see if he's joking. A flash of pity when they realize he's not -- he's just seriously out of practice.

Ted's laptop chimes with an incoming FaceTime call. It's Henry.

As Ted sees Henry's face pop up on screen --

TED (CONT'D)

Hey, bud! How you doing?

HENRY

Hey, Dad. Mom said I should call and wish you Happy Valentine's Day.

TED

Aw, that's nice of you, bud. I appreciate it. Happy Valentine's Day to you guys, too.

It's morning in the U.S. -- Henry's at the breakfast table, backpack at his side.

TED (CONT'D)

Y'all doing anything fun in school today?

HENRY

We're supposed to hand out valentines, but I don't know if I'm gonna give mine one.

TED

How come?

HENRY

Because I don't know if she likes me or not.

TED

Well, shoot, bud -- that doesn't matter. Thought's the same.

HENRY

But I think she likes another boy in my class.

Ted freezes as he stares at his son on the screen, suddenly unable to come up with anything to say.

Henry stares back at his father, waiting for the advice we've all come to expect to flow like breath from Ted.

But, weirdly, he's got nothing.

HENRY (CONT'D)

So...do you think I should give it to her?

Ted just stares at his son, struggling to find anything to say.

TED

Yeah, buddy...You know, I think you...You should do what's in your heart, and either way...it's gonna be all right. It's gonna be all right. I promise you.

Henry seems a bit disappointed by the boilerplate advice.

HENRY

Ok.

TED
And don't forget to call me and
tell me how it went later, ok, bud?

HENRY
Ok.

TED
All right, love you, buddy.

HENRY
Love you, Dad.

He hangs up and Ted sits there for a moment, still a little shaken by his inability to come up with any solid advice.

INT. JAMIE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Jamie and Roy ride in silence.

Suddenly, FLASHING LIGHTS through the back windshield.

Jamie looks up to the rearview, sees a POLICE CAR closing on them, SIREN WAILING.

JAMIE
For fuck's sake.

ROY
I told you.

Jamie pulls over to the side of the road, kills the engine.

They sit there in silence, waiting.

ROY (CONT'D)
While we're sitting here waiting
for this fucking panda to pull his
trousers up and write us a ticket,
I want you to do the mental
calculation in your little pea
brain and let me know when you
figure out that if we had actually
taken my car, we would've gotten
there sooner.

JAMIE
There's no fucking way, mate.

ROY
There's every fucking way.

Meanwhile, the POLICE OFFICER (40s, rotund, looks exactly like a panda in his uniform) has made his way to the driver's side and is politely waiting for Jamie to notice him and lower his window.

ROY (CONT'D)

Pull your fucking phone out, do the math.

JAMIE

I don't need me phone to know that my car's faster.

ROY

Right.

Finally, the Police Officer starts rapping on the window, but Jamie and Roy just continue arguing, oblivious to him.

JAMIE

I'm not stupid, you know. I won the fucking math-off in year six.

ROY

And you decided to go out on top by what, ending your learning there?

The Police Officer BANGS on the window, finally grabbing Jamie's attention.

As Jamie powers down the window...

ROY (CONT'D)

Yeah, sharp as a fucking tack, didn't even remember we just got pulled over twenty seconds ago.

JAMIE

If you hadn't been antagonizing me--

POLICE OFFICER

AHEM.

Jamie turns, looks up at him. Gives him a half smile, a nod.

JAMIE

Afternoon, Officer.

POLICE OFFICER

So I see you're not hearing impaired, sir.

JAMIE

Uh, no.

POLICE OFFICER

And any problems with your vision that might impact your ability to read the speed limit?

JAMIE

Uh...not usually?

POLICE OFFICER

Do you realize you were driving over the speed limit?

JAMIE

Um...am I allowed to plead the fifth?

POLICE OFFICER

You are. And I am allowed to give you a speeding ticket, as it happens, so while you sit there with your lack of words, I'm gonna go use mine and write it up.

JAMIE

Uh, could you maybe not? Let us go with just a warning or something?

POLICE OFFICER

A warning, eh? What you think this is, boarding school? Be right back.

As he starts back toward his cruiser --

ROY

Nice fucking work, Max Mosely.

The Police Officer hears Roy's voice and turns back. Leans down toward the open window and sees Roy in the passenger seat, smiles.

POLICE OFFICER

Oi, Roy Kent! You really are every-fucking-where, aren't you? What're you doing up in these parts?

ROY

Scouting trip with this fucking Muppet.

POLICE OFFICER

Ah.

(beat, narrows his eyes)
Going after Iggy Flores, are you?

ROY
How'd you know?

POLICE OFFICER
Well, you're only the sixth car
I've pulled over today. Everybody
heading the same place, got the
same idea, I guess.

Roy and Jamie turn to each other. Fucking great.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
Already met my quota for the month
with all the fancy cars heading up
from London. But hey, slowed 'em
down a little for ya at least.
Couldn't let them go without a
fine, but can always make an
exception for the great Roy Kent.
Good to see you up here, Captain.
(he winks at Roy, turns to
Jamie)
Drive safe. Watch your speed. And
good luck to you up there. I hear
it's like Twin Peaks meets Noah's
Ark.

He tips his hat and heads back to his car.

Jamie and Roy turn to each other again.

Silence.

JAMIE
Don't even say anything, all right?
You proved your point already.

Roy just smiles as Jamie starts the engine and pulls back out
into traffic.

EXT. RURAL FARM ROAD OUTSIDE SHEFFIELD - DAY

Jamie's car turns onto the road, which is clotted with A
DOZEN FANCY CARS AND SUVs parked on the shoulder, all angled
toward a big, sprawling homestead in the distance.

INT. JAMIE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Jamie looks from the cars up toward the distant farmhouse.

JAMIE
This the right place?

Roy glances down at his phone, looks all around them.

ROY
Says it is. And not a single other
house around, so it's gotta be.

EXT. IGGY FLORES' FAMILY FARM HOUSE - DAY

As Jamie and Roy, on foot, turn up the dirt driveway, an OLD HAY TRUCK comes BOMBING down from the side of the house, TOOTING its horn as it heads straight for our fellas.

They jump out of the way and turn to see a LARGE BLONDE WOMAN (late 20s) smiling at them through the open driver's side window, waving a meaty palm in their direction.

LARGE BLONDE WOMAN
(shouting much louder than
she needs to)
STILL GOT IT, EH, CAPTAIN?! WE'LL
BE BACK FOR YA!

As the truck passes, Jamie and Roy see FIVE WELL-DRESSED MIDDLE-AGED MEN bouncing around on bales of hay in the bed of the truck, holding on to the edges and each other for purchase.

ROY
What the fuck?

Roy and Jamie continue up to the huge front porch, where they find a rogues' gallery of SIX MORE LARGE BLONDE FEMALES, ages 8-30.

ONE of them clocks Roy and Jamie approaching, turns to the YOUNGEST of the brood.

LARGE BLONDE WOMAN TWO
Why don't you take these two,
Sissy. I wanna have a look at them
from here.

She smiles flirtatiously at Roy and Jamie, eyes ping-ponging between the two of them as SISSY grabs a couple of boxes of something and approaches the two men.

SISSY
(holding out the boxes to
them)
Here you go. Thanks for coming.
Next ride's leaving in about ten
minutes if you want to wait;
(MORE)

SISSY (CONT'D)
 otherwise, you can walk but they
 won't pick you up on the way.

ROY
 The way where?

LARGE BLONDE WOMAN TWO
 The fields. Here for Iggy, ain't
 ya?
 (off their nod)
 Yeah, he's at the fields.

Roy and Jamie look down at the boxes Sissy handed them. Each
 of them is holding a tube of BENGAY.

LARGE BLONDE WOMAN TWO (CONT'D)
 I know. Bit queer trying to sign a
 sixteen-year-old as spokesman for
 arthritis cream, innit? They send
 us a case a week. But as it
 happens, most of your lot ends up
 bein' the older type and kinda
 needin' it when they leave. Nice to
 see a little fresh meat out here
 for a change.

She winks at Roy, then Jamie.

EXT. RURAL FARM ROAD OUTSIDE SHEFFIELD - DAY

As Roy and Jamie bounce around uncomfortably in the back of
 the hay truck, they pass by a handful of BEDRAGGLED MIDDLE-
 AGED MEN heading back the other way, toward the farm, their
 dress shirts soaked in sweat and stained with grass and dirt.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELDS OUTSIDE SHEFFIELD - DAY

A former junior college campus in the middle of nowhere.

Another collection of BEDRAGGLED MIDDLE-AGED MEN litters the
 parking lot, stumbling around like zombies, wiping sweat from
 their brows, rubbing complementary Bengay on aching joints.

Roy and Jamie maneuver down out of the back of the hay truck,
 weaving through clusters of pride-wounded older men toward an
 OASIS of activity on a nearby pitch, where

JUAN IGNACIO "IGGY" FLORES

the teen phenom himself, Mohawked and lithe as a sword, is actively humiliating a handful of exhausted, MIDDLE-AGED SCOUTS in business attire, weaving around them with obnoxious ease as he scores goal after goal.

He's forcing the scouts to play him, testing their mettle.

Roy and Jamie look over at each other.

INT. TED'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ted enters with a bagful of items and carefully dumps them out onto the coffee table.

We've got YARN in various colors, SCISSORS, a pair of KNITTING NEEDLES...looks like Ted's gonna teach himself how to knit. ("Idle hands" and whatnot...)

He opens up his iPad, hits play on a YouTube instructional video on knitting.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELDS OUTSIDE SHEFFIELD - DAY

Everyone's attention is focused on the torn-to-hell pitch and the last two men standing:

JAMIE AND IGGY

Jamie has the ball and looks tired as hell, like he's been chasing a jackrabbit around for a half hour. He also looks like he was totally unprepared for this, because he was.

Jamie makes a move toward the goal but Iggy reads him and effortlessly steals the ball away, circling back and squaring up toward the goal.

Roy watches from the sidelines alongside a row of run-ragged SCOUTS.

Iggy makes a couple moves and loses Jamie quickly, scoring easily from twenty feet out.

Jamie shakes his head and looks over toward Roy, who motions for him to come over to him.

Jamie jogs over.

ROY

He's got a blind side to his left
on defense.

Jamie looks at him, hands on hips, panting.

JAMIE

What?

ROY

(slowly, as if to a child)
Next time you get the ball, dribble
left and get him to open up his
hips, then quick cross right.
You'll have an opening.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELDS OUTSIDE SHEFFIELD - LATER

Jamie takes the ball up and turns, squaring toward the goal, staring across at Iggy as he bounces on the balls of his feet, not a shred of visible fatigue anywhere on his body.

Jamie looks over at Roy and Roy nods.

Jamie dribbles left and Iggy follows, opening up his stance a bit. Jamie feints hard to the left, then, seeing Iggy take the bait, crosses the ball over to the right, freezing Iggy in his tracks for just a second.

But just as quickly, Iggy recovers and closes on Jamie again, crowding him and forcing him out of bounds.

As they reset, Iggy taking the ball at the edge of the penalty arc, Jamie shaking his head at the young phenom's seeming invincibility, Iggy flashes a glance Roy's way and they LOCK EYES.

IGGY WINKS AT HIM.

Roy narrows his eyes. WTF?

INT. REBECCA'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Rebecca and Keeley ride in back, checking their makeup, etc.

REBECCA

So tell me how this goes again?

KEELEY

Each guy gets a key at the door and every girl gets a lock, so as a kind of icebreaker you go around seeing whose fits into whose.

REBECCA

That's subtle. And you've been to one of these before?

KEELEY
A million times.

Rebecca exhales, not sure about this at all.

KEELEY (CONT'D)
Listen, this'll be good for us,
yeah? Low stakes, total strangers,
no promises. Think of it as a
practice round before we both get
back into the game for real.

Rebecca nods, relaxes a bit.

REBECCA
So you and Roy...

She makes the "done" sign with her hand.

Keeley shrugs.

KEELEY
Dunno exactly where we're at, to be
honest.

Rebecca studies her, hesitates.

REBECCA
But you do still have feelings for
him?

KEELEY
Of course. But you can't stop
living your life, right? You'll
figure out what you need to figure
out when it's time to figure it all
out. But either way, what you can't
do is lose track of who you are.
And who we are tonight is just
Keeley and Rebecca. Not somebody's
girlfriend or somebody's boss and
all that other rubbish that comes
along with it. Tonight, we're just
us, yeah?

Rebecca nods.

EXT. RURAL FARM ROAD OUTSIDE SHEFFIELD/JAMIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jamie sits on the hood, massaging Bengay onto his beaten-up
feet as Roy approaches from the house's direction.

ROY
We're in the running.

JAMIE
Fuckin' hope so. Can't even feel me
feet.

ROY
Yeah, that might be the Bengay.
(beat)
Anyway, the little prick's saying
he wants us all to join him and his
horde of sisters at the pub.

JAMIE
The pub? Thought he was sixteen?

ROY
Look where we are, mate.

INT. PUB - SHEFFIELD - NIGHT

Roy and Jamie enter to find a RAUCOUS SCENE at the bar:

THREE OF IGGY'S SISTERS

locked in a shot-for-shot whiskey showdown with the remaining
THREE SCOUTS, all of them looking worse for wear. Just like
out on the pitch with Iggy, the scouts are getting their
asses handed to them.

Roy and Jamie size up their wilting competition.

ROY
(to Jamie)
We doing this?

Jamie smirks, gives him a nudge, nodding toward the bar.

JAMIE
Age before beauty.

INT. PUB - SHEFFIELD - NIGHT

Roy and Jamie, the last men standing, sit at a table across
from IGGY, his THREE SISTERS -- MISSY, PRISSY, AND CHRISSY
(all early 20s) -- and another BLONDE WOMAN (18), TRICIA,
who's either another sister, Iggy's girlfriend, or both.

Everyone is dead drunk except for Iggy, who's staring across
at Roy and Jamie in admiration.

Iggy, his arm around Tricia, turns to Missy on the other side of him, speaking to her in rapid Spanish. (Btw, Iggy doesn't speak a single word of English).

Missy turns to Roy and Jamie.

MISSY

He says congratulations.

Roy and Jamie, blotto, exhausted, nothing but a couple of pyrrhic victors at this point, aren't even really sure how to take this news. They just kind of nod.

MISSY (CONT'D)

He says he'll visit Richmond on two conditions.

Iggy smiles, speaks some more Spanish.

MISSY (CONT'D)

One, tell him when and how you spotted what you thought was his weakness on his left side.

Roy nods.

MISSY (CONT'D)

And two, because it's Valentine's, one of you has got to spend the night with one of us.

She gestures to herself, then the other sisters.

Jamie and Roy stare across at her in silence.

MISSY (CONT'D)

And the other one of you gets the other two of us.

Jamie looks like he's about to vomit, but Roy stays poker-faced.

ROY

How do we know that's coming from him and you're not just making that second part up?

Missy smiles, turns to Iggy, speaks a little Spanish.

Iggy laughs -- once -- then looks across at Roy and Jamie with a smile. Takes his index finger and sticks it in his closed fist a few times.

MISSY
Need me to translate that for you?

Roy and Jamie look over at each other once again. Shit.

INT. FIXT NIGHT CLUB - LONDON - NIGHT

Swanky, softly-lit, shades of purple everywhere.

Rebecca and Keeley enter, look around. It's the opposite of packed, with only about TWELVE PEOPLE scattered throughout the spacious main room, a mere two of them women.

REBECCA
Has it started yet?

KEELEY
Yeah, we're like an hour late.

REBECCA
You're sure this is it?

KEELEY
Positive.

She looks around, trying to salvage some positivity from the situation.

KEELEY (CONT'D)
Guess the numbers are on our side,
though, yeah?

REBECCA
Oh, my God.

Keeley looks over, sees Rebecca staring across the room.

KEELEY
What?

REBECCA
Is that...Colin?

Keeley follows her gaze, and sure enough, there's COLIN from the team, standing on the edge of a group of YOUNG MEN. Among the others in the group are THREE MORE RICHMOND PLAYERS -- RICHARD, JAN, AND THIERRY.

KEELEY
Oh, no.

Beat.

REBECCA

Right...this is incredibly awkward.

KEELEY

That might be my fault. I might have mentioned it to Richard in passing. Guessing he must've told his mates.

REBECCA

Or the whole team? Are there more of them?

She starts looking around nervously, but the space is too dimly lit to see well enough into the far corners.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Well, obviously we can't stay.

KEELEY

What do you mean...why not?

REBECCA

Are you mad? I can't date one of my players!

Keeley turns and gives her a look. "Really?"

Rebecca lowers her voice...

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Again...

(beat)

Plus, what if he's here?

KEELEY

Who, Sam?

REBECCA

Yes! Would that not be unbearably awkward for us to run into each other here?

KEELEY

I see your point. And if you wanna go, I totally get it. But I say we're already here...what's the worst that could happen?

Beat.

REBECCA

I think I just told you the exact worst thing that could happen.

KEELEY

Well, think about this...if he is here, would you really want him going off with another woman right in front of you, if you could do something about it?

Rebecca considers. It's a solid point.

INT. PUB - SHEFFIELD - NIGHT

Roy and Jamie sit across the table from each other now. If they were drunk before, the current situation has sobered them up completely.

Missy and Prissy are making a Roy sandwich on one side while on the other side, Chrissy leans in close to Jamie to his growing discomfort. Jamie's pressed against the side of the booth and you get the sense that she's chased him across it.

Meanwhile, Iggy and Tricia are making out intensely at the head of the table, oblivious to everything else around them.

Roy has a faraway look in his eyes, can't wait for the night to be over.

Jamie, meanwhile, is trying to be a sport with Chrissy.

JAMIE

So, what do you do for fun around here?

CHRISSEY

This.

Jamie nods, not really sure how to follow up on that.

MISSY

But we haven't really had too much "fun" lately, know what I mean?

She and Prissy put a meaty hand on each of Roy's legs, but he doesn't even seem to notice.

Jamie clocks this, notes the faraway look in Roy's eyes. And because he's Jamie, he sneaks a glance behind him to make sure Roy's not staring at an actual physical object.

Suddenly, Roy seems to snap out of his daze.

ROY

Excuse me.

He looks over at Missy and Prissy, but neither looks like they're about to move.

ROY (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

He ducks himself under the table, slipping out an open side and heading toward the front entrance.

JAMIE

(calling after him)

Oi?

But Roy's already disappeared into a pack of PEOPLE at the bar.

Jamie, fresh fear in his eyes, turns back to Chrissy, Missy, and Prissy.

They're all smiling at him.

EXT. PUB - SHEFFIELD - NIGHT

Roy pushes his way out the door lets out a low grunt.

He takes out his phone and unlocks it, and the first thing we see on the screen is

AN UNSENT MESSAGE TO KEELEY

that may very well have been there for hours, if not the whole day --

Happy Valentine's Xx

Roy stares down at the message, the blinking blue cursor at the end...

He takes one of the x's away, then the other. Stares down at what's left: "Happy Valentine's." After a moment, he adds a "?" to the end. A current of frustration runs through him.

ROY

Fuck!

He swipes the Messages app away, opens the Phone app.

INT. TED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ted's got something started with the yarn and needles that looks like a cross between a dog sweater and a koozie (i.e.

exactly the kind of cockeyed results you'd expect from a newb.)

He's got the YouTube instructional video paused on his iPad. The screen suddenly switches to a call from "Coach Roy."

Ted sets the needles down, answers his phone with a little pep in his voice -- Roy's clearly the first live human he's connected with in a few hours.

TED

Hey, Coach! How's it going up north?

Roy just kind of grunts.

TED (CONT'D)

Well, in my experience of deciphering your vast vocabulary of grunts, that sounds like somewhere between good and bad.

EXT. PUB - SHEFFIELD - NIGHT

Roy leans against the side of the building.

ROY

We're in the running.

TED (V.O.)

Well, that's good!

(beat)

What's the bad?

Roy grunts again.

TED (V.O.)

Yeah, don't know that one yet. Must be a new kind of situation, I'm guessing. Might need a couple words to help me out.

ROY

I can't fucking send it!

TED (V.O.)

(waiting for more)

Okay...

ROY

And every time I look at it and that blinking fucking cursor at the end staring back at me it feels like both the exact right thing to do and the exact wrong thing to do at the same time.

INT. TED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ted's eyes dart around for a second before he gets it.

TED

Oh, I get it. You're talking about a text message.

ROY (V.O.)

Yes!

TED

Hey, this is kinda fun. Like a verbal Pictionary or something. What would you call that--

ROY (V.O.)

It's not fucking fun, it's torture!

Beat.

TED

Yeah, torture is not fun. You are absolutely right there, Coach.

EXT. PUB - SHEFFIELD - NIGHT

Roy has walked out into the parking lot.

ROY

So what do I do?

TED (V.O.)

Well, I appreciate you asking my advice while at the same time giving me the absolute bare minimum of context.

ROY

The context is Keeley!

TED (V.O.)

Kind of figured that part.

ROY
And fucking Valentine's Day.

TED (V.O.)
Yup, putting it together.

ROY
And feeling about a million miles
away from understanding what to do
about either of them.

INT. TED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ted listens. Here he is again, getting asked for advice.

ROY (V.O.)
So what do I do?

A long pause.

ROY (V.O.)
You there?

TED
Yeah, yeah, I'm here.

Ted searches for something to say. Searches...

But once again, he's got nothin'.

TED (CONT'D)
Wish I could come up with something
a little more profound here, but I
think you just gotta do what's in
your heart, Coach.

EXT. PUB - SHEFFIELD - NIGHT

Roy stands there in the parking lot, staring out at the quiet highway.

ROY
That's it? That's your advice.
(beat)
My heart is a fucking house of
mirrors right now. Couldn't find my
way through with a fucking map, a
headlamp, and three wishes from a
fucking genie.

Beat.

TED (V.O.)

Well, sometimes you just gotta step forward and right on into the mud. Ain't nothing gonna happen if you just keep on standing there.

(beat)

And hey, no matter what? Don't be afraid to make a mistake. The right ones always forgive you for trying.

INT. TED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ted sits there on the couch, waiting to see if this particular piece of advice is going to land or not.

The wallpaper on his idle iPad comes alive. It's a photo of him, Michelle, and Henry he never got around to changing.

EXT. PUB - SHEFFIELD - NIGHT

Roy stares out at the highway, nods.

ROY

All right. Thanks, Coach.

TED (V.O.)

You bet.

Roy hangs up. After a moment, he turns back toward the pub, stops as he sees

JAMIE

by the door, leaning back against the building.

Roy stares across at him for a beat, suddenly feeling very vulnerable.

ROY

How long you been standing there?

Beat. Jamie just shrugs.

JAMIE

Thought you left me.

ROY

How the fuck am I gonna do that when you've got the keys?

Jamie shrugs again.

JAMIE
Wouldn't have blamed you if you
did, just so you know.

Beat. Roy nods.

ROY
Good to know.

INT. FIXT NIGHT CLUB - LONDON - NIGHT

Rebecca stands alone at the bar, sipping a drink.

A NEBBISHY MAN (late 30s) approaches and stands next to her,
waits for her to notice him. She doesn't. It's like he's not
even there. Doesn't phase him.

NEBBISHY MAN
Hello.

Rebecca turns, gives him a polite smile.

REBECCA
Hello.

NEBBISHY MAN
I'm Lionel.

He raises his drink to hers, wants a cheers.

After a moment, she clinks her glass softly against his.

REBECCA
Rebecca.

LIONEL
Didn't expect to find a woman as
beautiful as you here.

REBECCA
Oh, thank you. I'm actually just
being kind of a... "wing woman" for
my friend.

LIONEL
Ah. Most women just say they're not
interested.

REBECCA
I'm sorry?

LIONEL

I said most women don't bother with a story -- they just tell me to piss off.

Rebecca nods politely, possibly already pondering this approach herself.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

But most of them don't know that I'm fabulously wealthy.

REBECCA

Congratulations.

LIONEL

Richer than anybody in this room, probably.

REBECCA

Well done.

LIONEL

And I can crack two eggs at the same time, and I don't mean in the kitchen.

Silence. He stares at her, waiting for a response.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Do you know what I mean by that?

REBECCA

I don't, actually, and I am completely fine with that.

LIONEL

Right. Now that we're all caught up, mind if I try my key in your lock?

REBECCA

I don't think it's going to fit.

LIONEL

And how do we know that without trying?

REBECCA

Because I don't have one.

He gives her a puzzled look.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

She takes her drink and heads across the room. Keeley spots her and approaches.

KEELEY

Okay, so I did a little digging,
and I've got some good news and
some bad news.

REBECCA

Okay.

KEELEY

Good news is Sam isn't here.

She waits for a reaction from Rebecca, but Rebecca's waiting for the bad news...

REBECCA

And what's the bad news?

KEELEY

Sam isn't here.

Beat.

REBECCA

Well, that's certainly one way to
break it to me.

KEELEY

I'm sorry.

REBECCA

No, probably for the best.

KEELEY

The players and me were talking
about maybe leaving and getting a
drink somewhere else, what do you
think?

Rebecca hesitates for a second, glancing across the room at the group of players. She shakes her head, frowns.

REBECCA

I don't think so. Sorry.

KEELEY

Aww, really?

REBECCA

Yeah, think I'm going to go.

KEELEY

Oh, no. Want me to ride with you?

REBECCA

No, that's all right. I think I'm going to, um...possibly make a stop on the way home.

KEELEY

You dirty martini. To see Sam?

Rebecca is silent, non-committal.

KEELEY (CONT'D)

Well, your heart wants what your heart wants, right? No sense in denying it. Not on Valentine's Day.

They hug.

Keeley turns and watches Rebecca cross the room and exit, her eyes lingering on the door after she's gone, something pulling at her.

INT. FIXT NIGHT CLUB - LADIES' ROOM - NIGHT

Keeley ducks inside and heads for the sinks, setting her clutch down on the counter.

She looks up at herself in the mirror.

KEELEY

You can look once, but don't be disappointed. No matter what happens.

She reaches over to her clutch, pulls out her phone.

Takes a breath before she wakes up the screen.

No notifications. No new text notifications. Most importantly, no new text notifications from Roy.

She's disappointed. Puts her phone back in her clutch.

EXT. PUB - SHEFFIELD - NIGHT

Missy, Prissy, and Chrissy stumble out in front of Iggy and Tricia and finally, Jamie and Roy, who are in no rush to find out what's next in this night of horrors.

Missy turns back to Jamie and Roy.

MISSY

We'll see you back at the house,
then, yeah? And don't go trying to
sneak off back to London before the
fun gets started.

The three sisters laugh and head toward their brand new SUV, Iggy and Tricia in tow, still making out.

Jamie waits for them to get out of earshot. Pulls out his car keys, hands them to Roy. Roy stares down at them.

ROY

Are you fucking kidding me? How the
fuck are you not dead sober after
staring down the barrel of whatever
the hell's next with those twats?

JAMIE

I'm giving them to you 'cause
you're gonna get the fuck out of
here and go be where you're
supposed to be.

ROY

And where is that?

JAMIE

Wherever you've been in your head,
'cause it ain't here, mate.

Beat. They stare across at each other.

ROY

You sure you're all right with
this.

JAMIE

Been in worse situations, believe
it or not.

ROY

I know. I watched your reality
show.

(beat)

Thanks.

Jamie nods.

JAMIE

Cheers.

They just stand there looking at each other, not really sure how to end the moment. Do they hug? Shake hands?

Nah.

ROY

All right.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

All right.

With a double nod they head their separate ways to very, very different circumstances.

INT. TED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ted has made a bit more progress on the still unidentifiable item he's knitting.

A glass of red wine on the coffee table says he's making a night of it. "Opus 26" on the stereo.

As he fixates on a section of the knitting, wondering if he messed it up, his phone chimes with an incoming FaceTime.

It's Henry again.

Ted answers.

TED

Hey, bud! How'd it go with your valentine?

HENRY

I gave it to her.

TED

Attaboy!

Henry just smiles.

TED (CONT'D)

Well, don't go keeping me in suspense, now! What'd she say?

HENRY

Not much at first, but then after school she asked me if I wanted to come to a party at her house tonight.

TED

Well, that's great, bud! You gonna go?

HENRY

Yeah, mom's got a date so I guess she's gonna drop me off on the way.

OOF. Ted tries to quickly hide the fact that he just heard something he really, really did not want or need to hear.

TED

That's great, bud. Have a great time, ok? And, uh, call me later if you want, ok? Let me know how it goes.

HENRY

Ok. You're gonna be...home?

Henry stares back at his dad, a bit of pity seeping in.

TED

Uh, yeah, yeah. I'll be here.

HENRY

Ok, Dad. Love you.

TED

Love you, too, buddy.

The call ends and Ted sits there for a second, trying, all at once, to both process and forget the information he just got.

"Opus 26" plays...but it sounds different now. He turns it off.

He looks down at the in-progress knitting. Picks up the needles and starts in again...but this time, his hands are shaking.

He stares down at them. Sets the needles down again, leans back against the couch, trying to collect himself.

Silence.

THE DOOR BUZZER SOUNDS

...shaking Ted out of his stupor.

After a moment, the BUZZER SOUNDS AGAIN.

Ted reaches for his phone, dials Beard.

COACH BEARD (V.O.)
Hey, Coach.

TED
Hey, Coach. Think I'm just gonna
stay in tonight if that's all right
with you.

COACH BEARD (V.O.)
Uh, ok. Sure, Coach. Thanks for
letting me know...

TED
Sorry for you to come all the way
over here and everything. Just
feeling kinda like stayin' in.

COACH BEARD (V.O.)
Over where?

Beat.

TED
Aren't you outside?

COACH BEARD (V.O.)
No. I'm with Jane. At the
restaurant.

TED
Oh, shoot! I'll let you go, then.
Sorry about that.

COACH BEARD (V.O.)
No worries. Talk to you tomorrow.

TED
Sounds good. Oh, Coach!

COACH BEARD (V.O.)
Yeah?

TED
Real or fake flowers?

COACH BEARD (V.O.)
They're real, and they're
spectacular.

Ted hangs up with a smile.

EXT. TED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ted opens his front door to find

REBECCA

waiting outside her Range Rover with a smile.

Ted smiles back.

TED

Guess I should've known it was you,
huh?

EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - AFC RICHMOND - NIGHT

Ted stands alone on the sidelines, the grass around him in
darkness.

Then, the LIGHTS COME ON, TWO BY TWO, until the entire field
is illuminated.

Ted stares up at the lights in wonder, like they're some kind
of miracle of nature.

He looks back down to find Rebecca walking out onto the grass
in her bare feet, a bottle of champagne in one hand, two
flutes in the other.

TED

How'd you know how to get the
lights on?

REBECCA

Please. I'm the owner.

TED

I'm the damn coach and couldn't
ever figure it out myself. Thought
it was maybe a being American kind
of thing, like the metric system.

She stops next to him.

REBECCA

Well, it just goes to show you
don't always have to figure
everything out yourself.

She nods to his shoes.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Shoes off.

TED

Oh, right -- almost forgot. The sacred grounds.

He quickly pulls his shoes off, then his socks.

REBECCA

Oh, I don't give a shit about that. It just feels better barefoot.

Ted's barefoot now, squeezing the grass between his toes.

TED

Oh, I get it, like a Richard Gere in 'Pretty Woman' kind of thing, right? Yeah, I'm with you.

She smiles, gestures for him to follow her.

EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - NIGHT

Rebecca and Ted sit side-by-side at midfield.

She holds the unopened bottle of champagne out to him, but he shakes his head.

TED

Better not, unless you want a black eye. A bit out of practice lately.

She smiles, hands him the glasses so she can open the bottle.

POP.

She pours a little into one glass, then stops, looks up at him.

REBECCA

Fair warning this has bubbles in it. Am I going to need a face shield for your first sip?

He laughs.

TED

Tell you what, I'll face the other direction.

She fills the other glass and takes it from him, holds it up.

As he raises his glass to hers...

TED (CONT'D)
Thanks, Boss.
(beat)
What are we cheersing to?

Beat. Rebecca shrugs lightly.

REBECCA
To this.

Ted smiles.

TED
I like that. To this.

Their glasses clink. Ted goes to take a sip and Rebecca watches tentatively before he remembers, turns aside.

She laughs, the lightest she's felt all day.

EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - NIGHT

Ted and Rebecca lie on their backs, staring up at the stars.

REBECCA
Got any good non-romantic
Valentine's Day stories?

TED
Yeah, I got a lot of them,
actually. They might all fit the
bill, come to think of it.

REBECCA
Ha!

The bottle's half gone, and she's drunk most of it, so she's a little tipsy.

TED
There was this one year, when I was
sixteen...my dad was supposed to
take my mom out to dinner, but he
came home drunk and passed out, so
I put a suit and a tie on and took
my mom out to the restaurant, paid
for it with my paper route money.

REBECCA
Aww, that's sweet.

TED

Yeah, I know it probably sounds like a big old bowl of Sigmund Freud to a lot of people, but it really was one of my favorite Valentine's.

(beat)

How about you?

She thinks for a moment.

REBECCA

When I was in sixth form a group of girlfriends and I went to a nursing home to deliver singing Valentines to some of the terminal patients. There was this one man called Gerard who asked me to stay with him after we'd made our rounds. He told me the sweetest story about meeting his wife during a production of 'Les Mis.' Said our singing reminded him of her and that he was scared that his memories of her were lost until they all came flooding back when he heard us. All it took was music.

They lie there in silence for a few moments.

TED

Guess it's kind of funny both our favorite Valentine's Day memories are of the non-romantic variety.

(beat)

Might not bode too well for our romantic prospects, huh?

Beat.

REBECCA

I wouldn't say that.

(beat)

You can have nothing but bad dance partners and still love to dance. And if you've got to dance on your own for a little while 'til you find the right partner...sometimes it makes it even better when it finally happens.

They stare up at the stars, neither saying another word, just lying there next to each other, smiling their own secret smiles.

INT. KEELEY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Keeley, dressed for bed, turns the lights out in the hall as she heads into the bedroom.

She sees her clutch on the dresser, stares at it for a moment. Goes over and opens it, pulling out her phone. She hesitates again, then wakes up the screen.

ROY: Happy Valentine's Xx

Happiness floods her face as she stares down at her phone, blindly reaching over and turning off the lights as she heads toward her bed, as if not wanting to look away from Roy's message.

She gets in bed, taking one last look at the screen before laying her phone down on the empty pillow next to her.

The screen goes black, the room falling into darkness.

Then, HEADLIGHTS swim across the window, painting the walls with light for just a second.

Outside, a car approaches, parks, the engine turning off.

Footsteps cut through the silence outside, approaching the door.

A moment. Then...

Her phone's SCREEN BRIGHTENS, lighting up Keeley's face.

She opens her eyes.

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

She pauses for a moment, then flashes a smile just as the screen goes dark again.

FADE TO BLACK.

In the darkness of the room, we HEAR Keeley jump out of bed, footsteps fading away as she hurries downstairs to the front door, as if Saint Valentine himself is waiting outside...

THE END