

TED LASSO

Episode 101

"Pilot"

Story By

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Bill Lawrence  
Joe Kelly  
Brendan Hunt

Teleplay By

Jason Sudeikis  
&  
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Directed By  
Tom Marshall

T12.16351  
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 BEARD .....	Brendan 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 Shallal  
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) TED LASSO  
Off, off, off. Who are you? Sorry about that. I'm Ted  
Off the pitch. 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? Michael Keaton.

TED LASSO (CONT'D)

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.

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.

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.)                                    TED LASSO (CONT'D)  
Dad? ...Dad, you there?                            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    YOUNG BOY (V.O.)  
How about now, any better?                            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**