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Metegol

By Unknown

Papa?
Papa?
Papa!
What?
What are you doing?
What are YOU doing? C'mon, go to bed.
No!
Go to bed.
There's nothing I can do.
He doesn't believe, so he can't see.
It's time to tell him.
He's plugged into that device all day.
He won't listen to me.
I'm a failure as a father.
- Yuck, that's bitter!
- Go on, talk to him.
Be gentle, eh?
Mati?
Can I talk to you?
I'm sleeping. Tomorrow.
You left your game turned on.
Let's see... Difficult play.
Goal !
How'd you do that?
Show me! Tell me!
Weren't you asleep?
We need to talk.
Get comfortable,
and I'll tell you a story.
But you'll have to use your imagination.
It all happened
a very short while ago,
in a town, very close by,
where there was a square like ours,
a statue of its founder, like ours.
And a bar just like ours.
Ok, Eusebio...
"Transcendental number
that expresses the ratio
of the circumference,
to the diameter of a circle."
- Two letters.
- Pi.
C'mon, Eusebio...

"Surname of famous playwright,
William...?"

Pi.

A boy worked in the bar,
a kid like you.

I'm not a kid.

- Amadeo, hurry up, kid!

- I'm not a kid !

The boy had a great weakness.

Weakness? I could care less

Hi, Amadeo.

Hi.

I love ice cream.

Do you like it?

How could I not like it?

Laurita has a boyfriend.

Laurita has a boyf.....

Double Axle...

Look what Laurita did to me!

Can I show you my team?

I'd love that.

Come, see how it looks now.

I got tired of the same players.

Are they different now?

- No, now they're unique!

- Lovely!

Lechuga controls the ball.

Number five Forward.

short pass to Milton, who has
tropical rhythm in his blood.

He clears the ball

to stone-cold Igor...

the Belarussian blocker,

he threads, dribbles,

passes to his mate Malparitti.

A wall, a fortress,

a clean header.

The mood is black as night.

Benitez 'The Octopus' calls for it.

He's as elastic as a

willow whip between the posts!

Clears it out to the Korean Park Li.

Silence personified,

moving up the sideline.

Surprise pass
to the Cordovan Melena.
Then to the magic Forwards.
El Loco has it, 'The Poet of Goal'.
Short pass to Beto...
The most charismatic player
on the continent, looks up...
and sees the captain in the clear.
The one, the only, unequalled,
my friend Capi
And he nails it!
Goallllllll !
YES! What a goal!
What about the bald ones?
So what, they're bald !
Look, a new trick.
Look.
I wanna play with you.
You wanna play with me.
Him too.
Heads up!
Hey, you!
I'm talking to you.
Don't you wanna play with me?
Are you the famous 'Foosball Wizard'?
He lost his voice.
He's bashful. Poor baby!
If you're that good, play me!
No.
Aw, he's scared!
Play him.
C'mon, Amadeo, please!
He's no match for you.
Do it for me, for the bar.
Please, Amadeo, I'm asking.
I'm begging on my knees.
PLAY !
C'mon, I haven't got all day!
He's concentrating.
Seems the champion has a trainer.
Goal! Goal!
I just shot. Didn't see that, hey?
Goal! Goal!
And "he stands like a statue"!

The bald team attacks.
They'll score for sure.
Ramiro up the left.
Ramiro to Sergio.
Goal! Goal, for the Baldies!
Amadeo, please!
Poor, chicken.
Do you want your mother hen?
Let's see some mother hens.
Sergio passes to Gonzalo,
Gonzalo to Jorge, Jorge to...
Goalllll !
Goal.
That's my champ! Oh, goal!
Hurry up! Another ball.
Let's go. Come on!
What a goal, by the chaaamp!
No!
Tie game.
There's no such thing as
a 'tie' in foosball.
As you wish.
Go. Go.
Yeah! Alright!
Attaboy, Amadeo! Champion!
No, it's not over!
I gotta win.
I need coins.
More balls! Leggo!
I gotta win. I always win.
I gotta win.
Yes!
I hate this damned town!
I hate it!
It's your fault for founding it.
I hate you! I hate you!
I hate you!
Hey, kid.
What do you want?
So you don't like losing?
Ok, Eusebio, I don't know this one.
River in northern Italy. Two letters.
Pi.
What's wrong, guys?

Not on the same wavelength?
Who's up for a little game?
C'mon, one more.
Eusebio, one more. Please.
Double Axle?
I'll give you a rematch.
- Hola, Amadeus.
- Hola.
What's up?
- How are-ya?
- Fine.
Wanna play a game?
We're a bit old for foosball.
Look.
Look at this.
I'm going, Amadeo. I'm going.
Where?
To the city, to study. I scrimped
for 5 years it's so expensive.
I'll blow it all
but I'll have a future,
They have Greeks, Romans, even
a Swiss. I'll be part of history.
What do you say?
I'm...
very proud of you.
What will you do?
No, I won't...
I got a thousand things going.
My head is phew...
Now this business of...
Malparitti, who's...
rusting...
Plus, my mid-field has a
communication problem, no dialogue.
And I'm developing
a triple pinwheel technique.
No, I'm...
Lots of stuff. Lots...
Amadeo, you can't think of the future
if all your time goes into foosball.
Good afternoon, dear citizens
of this marvellous town.
Joy to all, no more sadness.

We come to announce the opening
of Universal Astro Gol.
Yes, here, in town.
A sports event, that'll
bring tourists into town
and money in your pockets.
Universal Astro Gol,
conceived, planned and financed
by a wonderful human being,
to whom this town was both
father and mother.
A real local son of ability!
Effects!
Fear not gentle townsfolk.
We will not harm you.
Fear not. We are your friends.
He was a mere child
when we took him in.
International soccer megastar
Ezequiel Remacho el Grosso.
Thank you, my little town.
Thanks for this wonderful welcome.
It's been many years,
but I could never forget.
I'm glad to say, my little town,
our lives are linked forever.
Why do you keep saying
"my little town"?
Obvious. It's small, and
it's mine.
How is it yours?
Let's talk to the mayor.
Why not? Mayor.
I'll explain, later!
Au revoir, Mayor.
You're not needed.
Welcome to the new town.
A tribute to the noblest sport
with the world's largest stadium.
Sightseeing tours.
Theme park.
And a museum dedicated to the most
important figure in its history.
We don't want any stadiums, here.

I didn't forget you.
Nor you.
Work starts today.
We'll start with the bar.
No!
No. Stop!
Quick. Get out!
Stop them, please.
Impossible. You can't
hold back progress.
Out, come on!
I want a rematch.
Wait. You can't do this to us.
It's your town, your people.
MY town -- YOUR people.
All this over a foosball game?
Oh, please... Please...
Bring me that foosball table,
or don't come back.
Wait. We won't stand for this.
The people is always right...
Ok, 'almost' always right.
Listen to me, please.
I won't leave you alone
until you hear me.
I'm all ears.
What are you doing? No, really,
don't press the buttons.
Laura! Laura! Laura!
Laura!
Amadeo?
Amadeo?
Hey, Amadeo?
Ta-daa! What's up?
Amadeo.
Capi, is that you?
Course it's me. Who else?
Don't sulk buddy.
Are we brothers or what?
3,724 undefeated games, you and me..
What's the matter?
This is a nightmare.
I'll wake up and everything
will be alright...

The bar, my foosball...

No.

This is not a nightmare.

No, no, don't be discouraged.

Don't give up,

we can turn this game around.

- Are you blaming me?

- No!

- Do your best and full speed ahead.

- What...?

I wasted my life on foosball

now I have nothing.

What do you mean 'nothing'? Wait up!

You have much more than El Grosso.

Please, Amadeo, stop.

My legs are short.

I'm useless.

Laura's leaving and I...

I can't help it. I have

no way to keep her here.

On top of everything,

I'm talking to

a piece of lead, as if it

were perfectly normal.

- Are you done?

- Yes!

I'm not a piece of lead.

I'm Left Winger and Captain of

the best foosball team in the world.

And you are undefeated champion.

You have an accurate eye,

perfect balance, a supreme wrist.

Did you forget the mechanic

next door's challenge?

He was destroying us and

laughing at you, remember?

- This was his laugh...

- No, not like that.

- He laughed like this.

- No!

- How, then?

- Like a squirrel. Sorta...

And his friend's laugh...

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

We were losing 3-0

and came back to win 4-3.

Amadeo, we're unbeatable!

You and me,

we don't need anyone else.

Let's find our dependable boys.

Women come and go willy nilly.

Do you think they'll ever come?

Let'em go if they want!

Once we get the team together

we won't fear anyone.

We do what we do best and it'll

end like the mechanic, Amadeo.

4-3. 4-3!

We don't need anyone. No one.

Not the town,

not the bar,

not Laura...

No.

Laura, yes.

Then, you'll get her!

With the team behind you,

forget el Grosso, you'll see.

- Yeah, yeah.

- Let's find the guys.

- Where?

- I dunno.

In the foosball, I know

every inch, but out here...

- Give me some time...

- I know!

- In the trash.

- In the trash.

Where do they dump the trash?

I dunno, the dump?

- To the dump!

- Let's go!

- Did we really beat the mechanic?

- 4-3, Amadeo.

Goals scored by Beto, el Loco

and two of mine. Remember?

- Your last one was offside.

- No, no. It was on the line.

Where are we going?
Nowhere special, my weekend house.
Hold on tight.
- Isn't this great!
- I don't like this.
Why not? I do it every day.
The best part is,
they keep coming back.
Please, don't. Please!
Can you tell me how we're
going to find them here?
One step at a time.
Let's calm down, roll up our
sleeves and let's get started.
Woah! Crazy trip.
Oh, what's this!
The field got wider.
Beto, Beto!
Offside!
Help! Help!
No!
Look at what El Beto did!
You're El Beto!
Loco! Beto!
- Capi!
Bless your eyes that see me.
You don't know how we suffered
from our separation.
Look... How about that?
Beto wants to do this.
He wants to be free.
Ole, ole! Sausage and puree!
Ole, ole! Sausage and puree!
Careful.
- Turn, turn. Watch the hair.
- I'm free.
I'm free as the morning sun. Free!
This is great!
Beto always was the top scorer,
but, watch out now!
What scorer?
I'm top scorer, Beto.
Sure, Capi. Pardon, Beto got confused.
Big scorer!

Play along.
Seem he went a bit loco.
I heard that.

I repeat:

No, seriously.
Did the rat eat your brain?
The scorer was always Beto.
We all know it.
And it's pretty hard to score
in this useless team.
You're useless!
If I didn't pass it to you,
you'd never touch the ball.
He must've hit his head.
I'll hit YOU in the head,
big mouth. I score!
With one hand tied behind...
- Don't push me.
- I'm so scared.
Beto, seriously...
I scored those goals alone.
Guys, this is really bad for football.
We must be united.
Aligned with the universe!
Ohmmm...
You couldn't score a goal
on an unguarded rainbow.
Nee-noo, nee-noo...
Oh, an ambulance, come to
haul off the poor nut.
They'll haul YOU off
when I'm done with you.
With one hand tied behind...
- Back off or I'll snap you in half!
- I'll kill you!
Enough!
We're alone, guys.
You're all I have left.
Amadeo.
Did you know, tears are...
the wake that the soul leaves
in the sea of existence?
Who's "awake" where?

- Shut up, fool !

- Don't tell me to shut up.

Look...

Let's not confuse sensitivity
with stupidity.

Stupidity is what you're saying, now.

Better shut up.

- He's putting you on.

- We're just warming up.

Beto's the scorer.

How pathetic!

Liso?

- Lisandro, burgundy suits you!

- Garnet!

Lookin' good !

Did you get highlights?

Now you really ARE full of garbage.

Why don't you say that to my face?

Since you ask so nicely.

For 30 years I've wanted to
tell you to your face.

What's the matter? Lost your nerve?

Rat got your tongue?

- Us, no...

- But yours, yes.

- Don't show them fear.

- Look who's talking.

Come on!

There.

No, Beto didn't make it!

No!

Poor Beto. They took him!

We didn't defend him.

- We're worthless.

- No one is worth nothing.

We're all worth everything.

What?

Never mind him. That's just
how he talks, poor devil.

We gotta go. We can't
stay in this house forever.

Sure, let's see if the owner comes back.

Beto, Beto, Betito, Betito.

You knew he was our top scorer, no?

Our top scorer.
And best friend.
Always humble,
thinking of others.
Poor Beto.
Capi, Beto is one with the universe.
When our time comes
to join him, we'll be three.
With the universe?
With the universe, four.
With the rest of us, twelve.
We'll keep the universe
on the bench and still win.
Guys!
What are you doing up there?
Get down, you show-off.
Easy, Rabies, quiet! Woah!
Well?
You missed Beto, no?
Oh, please!
Who could ever miss you?
Why does he treat him like that?
Otherwise, he climbs all over you.
Look what he did to the rat.
Where'd Amadeo get to?
Look.
Left.
Left. Right.
Ahead.
Back, back. Ahead.
There, there!
We found them.
Let's go.
- They're taking it.
- Look! There!
Let's go, whatever-your-name is!
C'mon, we don't have all night.
How gross, yuck!
"I wanna foosball. I wanna foosball."
The things I do for money!
What are you doing, imbecil?
The 'imbecil' is dead,
long live your worst nightmare.
Remember me!

My name's Amadeo.
See that? I did it.
I chased him off, alone.
No one is ever totally alone.
He was afraid of me.
I even scared myself.
Yes, very nice.
It turned out well for you.
Let's look for the others.
No!
Everybody get off! Down!
Hi-ho, Rabies! Away!
No! Beto no!
Don't do this to me again.
Come back!
Why are you still here?
Go get him!
Didn't he give you the best
part of his life? Wretched rat!
Look, he left a trail of hair.
Let's follow it!
Ciao, Brownie, we gotta go.
You just gonna leave me here?
- Can you think of anything else?
- I don't think. I'm pure feeling.
Well, Baldie, looks like
you stay here. Ciao.
Fine. If you don't take me,
who will you play against?
Welcome to my humble home.
What a lovely statue.
I love abstract art.
Yes, yes.
I adore it..
I admire your good taste.
That makes two of us.
No, dear, the one on the end.
Tell her to aim at the Cordoban.
Take it easy, bro...
...it's Ok.
Easy, easy. Don't mess
with the Crown Jewels.
Don't you dare!
Drop it, four-eyes!

I'll rip out your esophagus!
I have so many unfulfilled
wishes in my life, Chino.
Me, Korean!
I haven't seen the ocean, or anything.
Now what?
Guys... Psst... Here.
Beto, is that you?
No, el Beto's gone.
He left a message.
He loves you guys a lot.
Go away. What are you doing? Go.
No, Beto's not here.
Beto left. He's gone!
Calm down, Beto, calm...
Snap out of it.
Buck up, Beto.
El Beto did what he could.
Don't worry, bro.
They cut off my hair.
I hear you. I hate failure too.
Yeah, but you're used to it.
No, it's impossible.
There's no way to find them.
Let's split up.
I'll go that way.
Right on, Captain!
"Divide and conquer".
Wrong proverb.
- Tully said it all the time.
- He meant "divide your enemies".
- Tully didn't specify.
- Enough of Tully. Who cares?
No!
Amadeo of my heart, please!
Look what they did to us.
Hey, halt!
C'mon. You look over there.
What's your name?
Oh, never mind. Come with me.
Malpa.
Malpa.
Malpa, what did they do?
Go, Capi. Save yourself

there's still time.

How can I go without you?

- Where's your brother?

- What brother?

The other Malparitti.

There.

- Where? I don't see him.

- You'll see him soon enough.

- Malpa, grab my hand.

- No, you grab mine.

No, no.

Beto feels injured.

- Unable to compete.

- Come on!

Does the cactus complain of the drought?

And yet, it pricks.

Let's go prick something!

I'm falling, Malpa. I can't.

Hang on. Without you,

we have no team.

Ciao, bro. Thanks for the hand,

but it's slippery.

How could you drop him? Animal!

How useless can you be?

I dare you to say it to my face!

- I AM, you quadruped!

- Shut up, biped!

-Malpa, hold onto my legs.

- I can't reach!

The other Malpa!

No need to scream. We did it.

Did what? Look down.

- What do we do now?

- I'd say, we scream.

Well, alright then.

Please, bro, get me out of these clothes.

I've had it. Do I look like sheep?

Find those bastards!

Your face isn't too sheep-like, but...

- Focus, Russian!

- Isn't that so, Chino?

- Korean!

- Alright!

Amadeo, bless you, bro!

Relax guys. You can rely on me.
Leave me alone!
Lemme alone!
Having a ball? Why don't you
send out invitations?
Grouch.
Impressive!
He's even uglier, close up.
Oh, man! If I had a free hand...
C'mon!
1, 2, 3...
- What are you doing, locos?
- Shut up, ugly.
He sure is an ugly breed!
Don't lump me in with my brother.
Why, who'd take you for an ornament?
I'm not ornamental.
I'm an anchor stud.
What?
Sure. Without me,
it'd all fall down.
What's wrong? Where are you going?
Don't go. The best part's coming up.
Loco, wait for us.
Cheer up, boys.
Against a team with no arms or legs,
you have a fighting chance.
- Capi!
- Pulpo!
- What have they done to you?
- It's so humiliating, Capi.
They made me Burgundy.
Get him down from there!
Better dead than Burgundy.
Cowards. Cowards!
Aren't you ashamed to shout
at your pitiful team-mates?
They're pitiful, alright
but not MY team-mates.
- Who are you calling pitiful?
- We owned you, sonny boy.
Don't make me laugh. I got tired
of taking the ball fom you.
- You?... Take fom me?

- No, my sister.

I 'owned' you my whole life, kiddo.

- You don't say? This is news to me

- Get out, you cold fish.

- Who you calling "cold fish"?

- And you hog the ball.

Enough!

Look where we are.

Look around you.

Don't you see? What unites us

is greater than what separates us.

From now on,

we'll work together. Ok?

Is there anything you admire about him?

- He's...

- Can't hear.

- He's...

- Louder.

He's a good defenseman.

See how easy? Now you. C'mon.

I'm not saying he's not...

a great leader.

"A great leader" I said. So what?

- What a lovely time. What fun we had.

- It was impossible to score.

- We feared you.

- Me?

Hey, guys,

How did we call him? You know?

- Me?

- No, me.

- Ah, you.

- No, you fool!

- Me? How?

- We called you "The Buffalo"

Aww, come off it!

Really.

You were an unstoppable bull.

Remember the game

that lasted 3 hours?

Like it was yesterday.

Old Tachola was still alive.

The old guy was a wild animal at the controls.

But how he could drink!

He was so drunk, he pinwheeled me,
and broke a window.

I remember!

And he wanted me to pay!

- What an old geezer!
- The old dude was sure nutty.
- Where are they ?
- There.

Let's build us a foosball.

Classic/modern fusion.

Give me the wrench.

Careful with Bo Peep,
don't smudge her mascara.

Your hands are shaking, come on!

Lechuga feels fresh now.

Fresh?... Lettuce?...

My beloved fans,

Beto came to say goodbye.

He's going on tour.

No, please, don't embarrass yourselves.

No matter how you beg,

Beto can not stay.

Look on the bright side.

No longer in shadow of a crack player,
you'll be able to grow.

- Put me down, Amadeo, I'll kill him.
- Amadeo.

Take off this clown's wig!

This is why Beto's leaving.

In the theater there's
no jealousy; no envy.

All is harmony and applause.

Amadeo!

They took the Burgundy team.

They took my team. And we're "Garnet".

You have to rescue them...

We need them!

Come on, keep looking.

Where are you going? Wait!

- Look who's here.
- Who?
- Amadeo.
- About time.

Wait for Beto!

Don't shut him out!
C'mon, Betito.
That's just like you,
isn't it?
Isn't that like you?
Or is it just like you.
Beto will never abandon you.
He knows you need him.
Amadeo. Throw the ball,
to start our match.
Well, what's the hold up?
It's too far.
Amadeo. Look at this!
What's the matter?
Laura is in danger.
Forget Laura. We're all together.
We don't need her.
But she needs us.
She's gone, Amadeo. Forget her.
You should have seen her face.
I know her. Let's go.
Please...
- Amadeo, women are...
- Like landmines.
That's right.
I'm not moving from here.
Are you?
- No, I'm fine here.
- Beto stays here.
It's my rightful place in the world.
See?
I dunno, I feel...
- I feel something...
- Here? In the fourth chakra.
Me too. Like a void.
Beto feels a sort of pain
in his chest...
...el Beto does.
Yes, boys, it's sad.
Amadeo! Wait for us.
- We'll keep looking, If you like.
- Shut up, you fool!
At least I got a few
to amuse that spoiled brat.

To the mansion, numskull.

I don't know how it works.

It has no key, only buttons.

Not the blue one.

It's this one.

- What's wrong, fool?

- A visibility problem.

- What's up with the window?

- I dunno. It won't respond.

It WAS the blue one!

Green.

- Not the green!

- Didn't you say green?

You didn't let me finish.

I meant to say, "green? no way!"

This is an homage to my shoulders,
where I carry each game.

Sure, you're a one-man team, right?

Can you imagine? They forced me
to add ten players!

Some sort of rule, I dunno.

- Here I am throwing a disco.

- A "discus".

The decorator said the same.

So many ignorant people, my God!

This one always gets me!

Because it shows

I'm as fragile as a child...

...and as kind as a mother...

..at the same time.

Look! Goosebumps.

- And this one?

- I dunno what he's doing.

- Come, come.

- No, no! Stop.

Well? You like me, no?

Why are you doing this?

You already have money and fame.

You're successful.

Why don't you leave our town alone?

I didn't hear. Do you like me

or do you like me a lot?

Go. We can't harm you. You always win

You already have everything.

No, I don't have everything.

And I didn't always win.

Once I was beaten. Remember?

- Genius!

- About time.

C'mere.

Gimme that. This is what

I was looking for!

Where are the rest?

Useless bloodsucker!

Why do I keep you around?

I've located the rest...

Out!

- Why? They're harmless dolls.

- Harmless?

They represent the only

failure in my life. Come!

He's taking her again! No!

He's taking her again!

- Ready?

- Couldn't we have walked?

I don't walk 10 meters

without a sponsor.

- What's this?

- The future of soccer and its stars.

The best of nature and the latest

science; muscles and nanotechnology.

Perfection for

perfecting the perfect.

- What's this?

- Divebomber doves no longer rate.

A weak luke-warm, animal,

the rating system spits them out.

These are Divebomber Doves 2.0.

Armor plated and weaponized.

The Australian ostrich is the

fastest ostrich with a deadly kick.

Can you imagine a boot

with these characteristics?

- Give me that.

- What will you do?

What would happen if I mixed

this pile of junk

- with boots?

- No, wait.
Why? It might improve the cleats,
and increase my traction.
Or at least I can trample
them the rest of my life.
No, no, wait. Please, no!
What're you gonna do, Chino?
Korean.
What's he doing?
Think.
One more advantage we have
over that filthy team.
- Ok, I don't understand.
- Obviously you don't.
You're standing before
a master of Eastern Wisdom.
The guy perceives things that
you and I couldn't dream of!
Things that escape
the rest of us mortals.
They're just numbers.
It's confusing me.
Always brute force,
the crass response.
What are you doing? No.
It's pointless!
No, wait!
Show me more inventions.
Ok. Inventions, inventions.
No! Let go of me. Wait.
Leggo.
That's not how it's done.
Oh, man, that door hit me!
Do I need to teach you everything?
Ready?
Now!
What were you going to teach us?
I'm coming...
I'm coming...
Stop!
No!
Please let him go.
- But I 'm not doing anything.
- Leave her alone.

Don't mess with her.
I fell... What?
Please, I beg you. Let him go, please!
Don't tell me you like
this idiot!
What if I do?
No. No!
No!
I'll bury you along with
that nauseating little town.
- Over here, guys!
- Careful. Easy!
Laura. Laura.
Watch the hair, m'dear.
Watch the hair!
Let's go.
What does the wildlife
have against El Beto?
This is the worst
pre-season of my life.
- Don't let up now, Burgundy.
- Garnet!
Capiiii!
Loco!
No!
Never be afraid to fly!
- Get back!
- Come back, Amadeo!
Ole, Ole, Ole.
Ciao.
I'm fine. Thank God I was able to
rescue the most valuable thing. Me.
I was the only one injured
but I'm also...
- How are you?
- Fine. How are you, Laura?
Me? Fine.
You shouldn't have done it, Amadeo.
He's strong and well trained.
You shouldn't have challenged him.
You're crazy.
- I came to rescue you.
- You did wrong.
I can handle myself.

You know I love you the same.

- I thought, if I came...

- What?

That I'd fall in love with you
for your courage facing a guy
who is way stronger than you?

Is that what you thought?

One moment!

I beat him once.

Everyone knows I've never lost.

Once, you did! And I challenge
you publically to a rematch.

- You challenge me?

- Anytime.

I accept the challenge.

But not that baby game.

I challenge you to
a serious game of soccer.

Soccer? I...

You were always a coward.

Anytime.

One moment!

A game for nothing?

Let's make it interesting.

If Amadeo wins,
you give us back the town.

What's the matter? Afraid?

Hola!

Wanna play a match
in the new stadium?

- Alright. Against who?

- Los Absolutos.

Can you show me
how well you play...

...football?

You're dead meat, you horrible dogs!

You'll lose by five.

We gotta use psychology because
physically they can annihilate us.

Would you...

- Pla...

- Footb...?

Do you agree, then?

- Sure.

- Pi.

Hate. Hate. Hate...

THANKS TO OUR FOUNDER

Amadeo.

Look, a candidate.

Laucha, they say

you're the fastest in town.

- Is it true?

- Can I borrow your pen?

How'd y...

He's not going anywhere.

He's under my guard.

Wouldn't you rather

guard him on the field?

What a surprise, Amadeo!

You need God's forgiveness?

No Father, I need an outside defender

but I'll make do with a priest.

I can't go back until

the Hermit Sports Club.

wins the Liberator Cup.

A promises is a promise.

Don't you know what happened?

The Absolutos bought

the Hermit Sports Club.

They destroyed the field and

put up a Mega Convenience Store.

No!

We need a player and there are

no more men in town. Any ideas?

Me, me! I have an idea.

Thanks for joining the team but

could you not shave till Sunday?

I don't know if we should line-up

in a 4-4-2 formation or 4-3-3.

In your place El Beto,

would line-up 11-0.

All 11 hanging from the crossbar,

so they can't fit the ball in.

Amadeo.

They'll kill us.

20, 30 goals, they'll get!

Woah! Don't exaggerate!

10, 15 at most.

They're Stars. We're horrible.
- You're the best I know.
- At foosball. Don't you see?
We're not real players.
You, Beto, the others, and
me most of all, are useless.
They're real. We're toys.
Hey, what's up?
Nothing.
What, nothing? You're crying.
Nothing to do with you.
I was researching the subject of
...monoculture. All grass.
If it hadn't been for me, this
wouldn't have happened, Amadeo.
What?
This whole thing. The bar,
the town, the challenge.
What about the challenge?
What do you mean?
They'll massacre us.
We'll lose everything.
They'll score a thousand goals.
My, what little faith!
Didn't you see the team we built?
Did you see us train?
No wonder.
You don't know what these
past few days have been.
We killed ourselves training.
But you're just fans.
But we're playing for the town.
They're not playing for anything.
Laurita,
Trust me.
Light the Tower.
Light the Tower!
You, whatever your name is.
Light it!
No, no the other Tower!
Light it up!
See you tomorrow.
I never saw anyone with
such mastery of the game.

I was good, no?
I wasn't talking about you.
Welcome to the inaugural match
the greatest stadium in the world
The Universal Astro Gol.
The mighty Absoluto...
Come on, guys, with all this
cutting edge technology...
1,300 cameras, 800 cranes,
200 satellites...
but stairs are too much to ask.
Are you kidding me?
- What's your name?
- Juan Jose.
I don't care. Announce the players,
the boss is getting impatient.
Team Absoluto is sponsored by
Imelda Diamonds, Mugbook,
Smartsung, Amelia Benz,
Lefty Chic, Parrot's Shell,
Lord Vaseline, Ma' Che Donald!
ESSA, Cheaty-Cheaty-Bank-Bank,
La Aguada Coffee Stores,
Noentendo, Werner Sisters,
Bank of Atlantis, Grupo Presso,
WHIRL POO, Indy Frunde D'Sheguen,
Le Scorbut Gourmet Food.
and the incomparable
Ezekiel Remacho el Grosso.

Referee:

Armando Demostenes Ferrero.
Parish priest, Jose Leguizamon.
Vicente "speedy" Navarro.
In goal,
Carmino Bienaventurado Loprete.
Luis Kracorian "el Emo".
Eusebio Daniel Quintana.
Deputy Commissioner Bautista Pisano.
Claudio Alcides Pedro Juvenal
"Double-axle" Rodriguez.
Evaristo "Mangy" Cuevas.
Hormona Dominguez.
And Amadeo Gonzalez.

LINGERIE ELSA:

THE FOUNDATION OF YOUR LIFE

What are you doing?

No idea. Everybody does it.

Supposed to bring luck.

And the game starts.

"Mangy" Cuevas passes to Amadeo,

who passes back to Ferrero.

Ferrero a right to Hormona

Dominguez, who's not paying attention

Double-axle calls, asks,

begs for it, finally she reacts.

- He centers it back to Quintana.

- My son!

The priest shows up on the left

- Father!

- Center it!

- Cut in!

- Shoot!

- Two short, one long.

- Shoot!

Long pass to Gonzalez.

McAntony intercepts without

even mussing his hair

Long pass to Sampietro.

Assaidi rushes up,

to Van der Luvin.

Back to Ayrton, deep to Assaidi,

a set-up for Bubaye.

They leave the priest

and Kracorian behind.

Stadies the ball!

A cross deflected to the net.

Got it, got it, got it!

I don't got it!

Goal!

Goal!

El Grosso makes the score 1-0

by the 1st minute of play.

Come on, guys! There's still

89 and a half minutes left.

Amadeo kicks off to Cueva,

Cueva to Ferrero.

Ferrero to "Speedy",
who has an open field
"Speedy" runs off.
Wait a moment! This is unheard of!
The Deputy Commissioner trips
and serves up a counter
attack on silver platter
A hard, high kick by Assaidi.
Bubaye receives it. Emo Kracorian
clings to him like a nettle
It's a feast for
Absoluto Sports Club.
El Grosso stops it with his heel.
He shows it, dribbles, kicks,
spins. Rabona cross-kick.
Bubaye shoots
Crossbar! By a miracle!
I got it, I got it!
- Boot it out!
- I'm buying time.
- But we're losing!
- 1 - 0, not more.
- They're ignoring me.
- Guys...
All week preparing,
and now this! Amadeo!
Here, Eusebio!
Eusebio clears it wide
looking for Amadeo.
El Grosso intercepts that
pitiful pass and advances.
Gets past Ferrero
Marvellous loft over the defense.
Time, referee!
Goal by el Grosso!
Oh, please! Goalie's error!
Goal!
No, it's too easy.
This game's a massacre.
- Not engaging.
- Boring.
What are you doing?
What? I'm destroying them.
Don't destroy them so easily.

There's no suspense.
What do I care?
I'll bombard them with goals.
There's the whole 2nd-half for that.
Dance awhile. Have fun.
Don't forget, after all,
this is a business.
That's a sin, you animal!
Didn't touch him. It was the ball.
Double-axle, you Ok?
Beto doesn't know this situation.
Beto knows triumph, glory, applause.
He has no words for this.
I too am out of aphorisms.
What's it called when
you'll do anything?
What's it called when
the rules don't matter?
When what matters is friendship,
our home, standing up for each other.
And the 'me'. Don't forget the self.
What's it called when you
know there's only one option?
Winning.
What's it called?

It's called:

Passion!
Boys! They're calling us!
Follow me!
Bubaye advances.
A real nightmare
for the mid-fielders
Bubaye in control of the ball
Sidesteps Father
Leguizamon's reach...
for his chance to score!
Bubaye collapses inexplicably.
Keep calm. It's alright.
The game is over.
The WAR just started!
Renewed attack by Absoluto.
Through the "Emo" Tunnel.
Come on!

McAntony gets it and
passes to Grosso.
Hold on! They advance in control.
Hang on! He prepares to shoot!
This'll be an execution by
firing squad. A massacre!
El Grosso sets up his shot.
The defense is unable to block him
He won't be denied
He lets fly an impressive right foot!
Oh, stunning save by Carmio!
A monumental let-down!
This'll keep him up at night!
- Useless!
- Come on!
The home team coming up the right
in their 2nd attempt
to cross the midfield.
Double-axle shoots!
Sends the ball into orbit!
Look, Loco!
Who'd have thought
we'd get this high?
I can't go back to foosball, Capi.
- Ok, shall we go?
- Alright.
The ball drops,
the action resumes.
Assaidi attempts a header...
What happened?
Get up!
Get back in the game, coward.
Don't anyone dare shoot.
Just follow my lead!
You're here because of me.
Don't you forget it.
Watch out! 'Speedy' Navarro
steals the ball.
Gives it to Cuevas.
Mendiguri intercepts...
but makes a beginner's error
Navarro fakes. Centers it to Emo.
Foul! Against Grosso!
For the first time, the

home team has come close
Not even a yellow card?!
He should be jailed for that!
Amadeo!
Amadeo kicks.
The ball flies over "The Wall"
Towards the goalie.
An easy save for Said.
Goal! Goal! Incredible!
Yes, yes, goal!
Goal for the town team!
Amadeo Gonzalez with a free kick.
An incomprehensible
mistake by the goalie!
You Ok, Cordovan?
The horror, bro. The horror!
No victory songs, yet.
This is just the start.
Come on, you useless lot!
Grosso puts the ball in play and
- discusses strategy with Assaidi.
- Where you going, stupid?
Eusebio gets the ball.
Assaidi chases him.
Eusebio shoots it forward
it slips by McAntony.
Ayrton mis-steps.
"Mangy" gets it
Dubigny blocks his shot.
"Speedy" appears out of nowhere
You can't elude that wimp.
"Speedy" to Amadeo. Danger!
He does a belly-flop
thanks to Mendiguri.
Amadeo.
What are you doing here?
Kick it around easy, Amadeo.
We'll take care of the rest.
The Malparittis got some
wicked barbed wire.
No!
No tripping, no traps!
None of that.
Are you crazy?

You'll lose the town!
We're going to win. Properly!
You'll lose everything.
The town, Laura.
We'll beat them!
With what team?
That team!
Take that! Come on!
Guys! Let's go back!
Hormona takes it.
Perfect block by Armando.
"Speedy" receives.
Pass to the Deputy Commissioner,
then back to "Speedy"
A devastating cross!
Here comes "Mangy"
An utter jungle of legs!
Goal!
Goal!
Goal for the town team!
The home team evens the score...
with an impossible
diving head-butt by Emo Kracorian
'Emo'tive!
'Emo'tional !
- How much longer?
- 7 minutes.
- How much longer?
- 7.
What happened? I didn't see.
How much longer?
7 more. 7 ! Lemme alone!
The home team defies them to win
Look out! Carmio and the defenders
abandon their posts and go after the ball
The town's heroic effort, seores!
Again to Amadeo.
Again "Speedy" on the right
How this team passes!
"Speedy" overtakes the
Commissioner, on the inside
A scoring opportunity!
Cross and goal! Cross and goal!
Amadeo fires at the corner

Crossbar! Crossbar!
Would've been the winning goal!
A criminal kick by El Grosso
on Amadeo's humanity...
that the referee didn't notice.
Should be a penalty.
But the referee says, "play on"
Amadeo trying to thwart fate.
The crowd can't
believe such an end.
He's in the penalty area,
and Amadeo can't stop him.
Won't stop him.
Grosso's goal ! Grosso's goal !
Take it easy, Capi,
listen to what's happening.
Listen to what?
There's nothing to hear.
Precisely, Capi, precisely.
I won! I won!
Goal! Goal!
I won! I won!
I won! Goal! Goal!
- Amadeo, Amadeo!
- I won! I won!
Amadeo! Amadeo.
We lost.
It doesn't matter, Amadeo.
It doesn't matter.
Who are you applauding?
Who are you applauding?
You need to applaud me.
Don't you see I won? I won!
I'm sorry, the public
wants something else, now.
Imbecil! They're not shouting
my name! Why do I pay you?
You don't pay me anymore. I quit.
What? You're nothing without me.
I am the crack player.
I'm the star.
I am the idol!
Stars wane.
Idols fall.

Crack players get old.
Managers are eternal.
I'd give you my shirt,
but It's painted on.
I love you, Burgun ... Garnet!
Friendship!
How lovely!
How surprizing is football!
Don't ask me how.
Don't ask me why.
But the home team
managed to get in the game
and contend as equals.
Then, what happened?
The inhabitants preferred to found
a new town rather than
live in El Grosso's.
What about Amadeo?
He just wanted to be Laurita's idol.
So they got married and had a son.
A beautiful son.
I don't believe any of that.
Foosball players.
Who'd believe that?
I told you the real story.
Whether you believe it, is up to you.
Those players really exist?
Are they alive?
Papa, can I see them?
You must believe, to see.
I gave you that scar.
It's like your tattoo.
- What tattoo?
- A tattoo.
How could I have a tattoo?
- Let me kick. Free kick.
- Free kick!
You're such a prima donna.
15 meters, Amadeo.
- Amadeo, cover him.
- He has a tattoo, Amadeo.
Ok now, son. Come.
Garnets are winning 2-1, but
it can turn at any moment.

You know how soccer is.
Anything can happen.
Come on, come on. Play, play!
Let's go!
THANKS TO OUR FOUNDER