Goal II: Living the Dream

By Mike Jefferies
What a humiliation. 
A lot of unhappiness
around the Bernabu tonight,
a lot of it directed at Gavin Harris.
Came out as a hero,
his being called a donkey tonight.
Ronaldinho seals it
with a brilliant third.
Boy, do they need
some inspiration from somewhere.
And now it's Muniz. And we
haven't seen too much of him today.
Trying a give-and-go here
with Alan Shearer.
What a great run by Muniz!
Unbelievable!
Newcastle's newest and youngest player
gives the fans a brand-new song to sing.
He's got support to his right.
Stephen Carr.
A great header!
And a goal!
It's a dream start for Newcastle!
- OK.
- What about the rose petals?
About bloody time. Can we have
the red rose petals, but in that...?
- Gotta get back to work.
- Hey, babe.
- OK. Hello.
- Hey.
Just no fuss.
I've got to go,
but I will see you Tuesday.
- All right. Bye.
- Bye-bye.
San, it's ten of 5.00. The meeting
with the wedding planner was at 4.00.
Sorry, babe. I just...
I lost track of time.
- We do this together.
- What do I know about flowers?
As long as you show up,
I'll be happy.
You Latin boys are so cheeky.
Do you know that?
- Are you gonna show up?
- I might, if you're lucky.
Oh, no. Go and have a shower. You stink.
It's time for a toast, I think.
To your new home, may all your ups
and downs be in the bedroom.
Mom!
You might want to be careful, Santi.
Look where it got me!
You're lucky I let you get near me.
- How about the extra hot vindaloo?
- Sounds good.
Have consideration.
I'm the one who has to sleep with him.
It sounds good.
- Hello, stranger.
- Hello.
What happened?
Did you lose me number?
- Good timing. We're ordering.
- Can I have a word?
- Yeah, sure.
- In private?
Excuse us.
Oh, my God.
I've been on the phone for hours.
Are they serious?
They want to meet us.
- Shhoom, though, OK?
- Yeah.
You've got two more years
with Newcastle.
The fans'll go mad.
You're the best player.
It's just a meeting.
So when are they coming to meet us?
They're not.
I'm meeting them in Japan.
The biggest football club on the planet.
Nine times European champions.
Twenty-nine Spanish League titles.
Twelve Spanish Cups.
One Super Cup.
They come to Tokyo every summer,
the whole squad.
Beckham, Ral,
Ronaldo, Roberto Carlos,
Zidane, Harris, Munez.
Won't be long, don't worry.
Thank you for coming.
- Santi, how are you?
- Fine thank you.
Welcome to this
legendary football club.
I wanted to introduce you
to our coach.
- Van der Merwe.
- Pleased to meet you.
- Sorry you had to come so fast.
- That's fine.
We want Santiago.
We can make this work.
We have to act quickly. The transfer
window closes tomorrow at midnight.
- I know. Let's vamoose.
- OK. Come on.
Just don't think about the money.
You're gonna hate Madrid.
They all speak bloody Spanish.
- How's it going?
- Good.
- We haven't said yes yet.
- What, are you mad?
With ten percent you have your chest
waxed and highlights. You're sorted.
It's a big decision.
Roz and I got this new house.
You came halfway around
the world for karaoke?
No one says no to Real Madrid,
you nutter.
I don't wanna be on the bench like Owen.
He's one of the best. I'd go crazy.
- It's Dutch.
- Gentlemen.
Herr Van der Merwe.
Can I get you a drink?
Thank you. You're not
giving any career advice, are you?
He's pretending
he's got a decision to make.
I have some advice.
First, you listen to your heart.
Then you listen to your head.
Then your wife will
tell you what to do.
You're OK, Mr lves.
Sorry, doctor.
No comment!
Don't leave, Santi! Don't leave!

[Woman on TV] Michael Owen
acknowledges the Newcastle fans
as they welcome him
to St James's Park.
The last-minute exchange deal
with Real Madrid
will see Santiago Munez move
to Real Madrid on a two-year contract.

- Excuse me. You know where Roz is?
- Down to the left.
Thank you.
There's that git,
upsetting my lovely Rosalind.
You're in the bad books now.
- Hey, you save your breath, Mr lves.
- Baby.
- I don't want to talk to you.
- I tried to call.
- You should've asked for more time.
- I tried. Hey, listen.
I love you. I love you and I want
to marry you. None of that changes.
Now, before we have kids
and responsibilities, we can...
- Stop playing with the bed.
- I'm sorry.
We can go places, do things.
Just you and me.
I'm not sure I want to live in Spain.
I mean...
- I love Newcastle.
- I love it too. It's been good to me.
If I hadn't come I wouldn't have found
the most important thing in my life:
- You.
- He's got a point there.
Yeah, and what about our wedding and
our new house and my job? I love my job.
- I know, but...
- I've got exams at Easter.
You can see me on your days off,
how's that? I'll fly back when I can.
Baby, I can't walk away
from this chance.
This is my life,
and I want you there... with me.
- I can't even speak Spanish.
- I'll teach you.
I'm not eating paella.
Hey, hey, hey. Come here.
Will you do us a favour?
When you see that Gavin Harris,
tell him he's shite.
- I love you.
- I love you.
A very good day to all of you
and thank you for coming
to this very important presentation
of one of the greatest players
in the world
Good luck in this team.
Best wishes
and we place our hopes in you.
Many thanks.
Over ten thousand fans turned up
to welcome Real's latest signing...
Newcastle United fans are still coming
to terms with the loss of Santiago,
two years before the end
of his contract...
... in exchange for Michael Owen
has shocked fans...
... the Mexican-born striker runs
the risk of sitting on the bench.
How much do you think this one cost?  
I couldn't care less  
if the Bernabu goes bankrupt.  
We have the best strikers.  
We all know that.  
They compete with each other.  
No player wants  
to be on the bench for a long time.  
I'm sure it's not that  
different for Mr Munez.  
Well, I've always been a fan of Real  
Madrid. Me, my grandma, my brother.  
It's like a dream come true for me  
to be playing on this team, yeah.  
Goal!  
Is it true only a year ago  
you were a gardener?  
I'm from a simple background. My story's  
different than most of the players.  
- Rosa. Rosa!  
- For me, it's a big thing.  
A big responsibility.  
The omelette. It's lunchtime.  
I'll try to be at the same level.  
It's an honour to play with great  
players like Zidane and David,  
Roberto Carlos, everybody, so...  
You're prepared  
for everything about to hit you?  
- First day of school. Make me proud.  
- I will, Mama.  
- Miss Harmison?  
- Hey.  
Where have you been?  
Training or shopping? Oh, my God.  
- It's for us, baby. It's for us.  
- Have they given you all this?  
- Wow. Can I have one?  
- Sure. They're for you.  
Pick a car. Any car.  
- You'll have to score a lot of goals.  
- I'll try.  
The UEFA Champions League is back,  
and it's back at the Santiago Bernabu.
What a stage
for Europe's top club competition.
- Hey.
- Look at this.
Oh, my God.
Look at that.
Real Madrid, nine times winners.
But not now for four years.
This is where they kick off
their latest campaign.
An unhappy time for Gavin Harris.
He has a point to prove.
- Cheers. Good luck.
- Cheers.
The new boy, Munez.
He starts from the bench.
Gavin Harris. He hasn't scored
for 14 games. The wait goes on.
Half a yard behind, isn't he?
Just over half an hour to go.
Again the delivery. No finish.
Harris again trying to influence
proceedings. He's struggling tonight.
One on one,
that should have been a goal.
Harris off the mark, off his game.
And the crowd's starting
to get on the Englishman's back.
- Oh, yeah, look, there he is.
- It's time for a new star.
Does this spell the end
for Gavin Harris?
It's certainly the start
of something new for Santiago Munez.
- Go, Sant.
- Go on, Santi.
Munez ghosting in.
He's looking menacing.
Oh, dear, it's all coming to the boil.
Thomas Gravesen's brought his handbag.
Beckham's corner.
Not cleared,
only as far as Munez.
Could this be the moment?!
Yes! Yes!
It could not be a better start
to his Real Madrid career.
A last-minute goal for Santiago Munez.
- Enrique!
- Come on, come on.
- Did you bring the dough?
- Quick, before they catch us.
OK, OK, this is for you
and this is for me.
What's in that head of yours?
What do you want?
For us to visit you in jail?
Listen...
...one false move,
and you will ruin your life forever.
More ruined than it already is?
Enrique my love, don't say that.
Look at that player, Munez.
He didn't have anything, like you.
Look at him now.
Apart from that, what the hell
does that have to do with me?
I'm going to tell you a secret.
That player is your brother.
Santi! Over here!
- OK, OK. Take it easy.
- Santi!
- Come on out, darling.
- Careful. Are you all right?
- Are you OK?
- I broke my heel off.
Come on inside. I've got a little
surprise for you. This way.
That's for you.
Come on in. And follow me. Follow me.
That's for you.
- Come on. This way.
- What was that?
Come on. Patience.
And pick her up. She can't walk.
And that's for you.
Come here.
I think he wants a photo.
Here we go.
- So is it always like this or what?
- It is, actually. They're all mad.
- Total lunatics.
- You don't sound surprised.
- You love it.
- What, being in the press?
I'll tell you what.
At the end of the day,
I'd rather be out with my friends having
a nice meal, nice conversation.
Let it breathe for one minute.
OK. There's more
to life than just football.
What, like computer games?
- Come on, you're in the first team.
- Don't get me wrong.
It pays the bills. I do love it,
but I've got other interests as well.
I mean, for example, wine.
I've made an investment
in a tasty little vineyard in France.
Could be my future, you know?
- I think it's corked.
- No, no, it's Covio de Special Reserve.
Jump on the plane with us.
No one will know.
- I think the coach might notice.
- The house is so empty without you.
- It's only a couple of weeks.
- I don't want to go.
- It'll be like you never left.
- I love you.
Me too.
- I'll call you, OK?
- OK.
- Anything you need, give me a ring.
- Thank you.

ONE MONTH LATER:
Sant, I'm desperate for the toilet.
Look at the pool,
at the gorgeous pool.
Hey, happy birthday.
- Didn't need to. I've got everything.
  I won't bother next time. 29 again?

Watch it.
I really need a wee.
Where's the toilet?
  Back here.
  See you in a minute.
In that room.
It's a bit of a wait, I'm afraid.
What do you think?
It's not bad, is it?
Different class. How can you afford?
I don't know.
Barry sorts all that out.
Hey, Barry! How can I afford this?
Because I get you
Oh, yeah.
It's because I'm on 80 grand a week.
I've got something for you.
Off you pop then, treacle.
Santi, what's up, man?
Listen, you scored an absolute belter
tonight, love. You smashed it, bubba.
Listen. What're you thinking
bringing Roz up here?
This is what we call a bona fide
singles party, do you get me?
  She's my fiance.
  Hey, Barry. Hey.
Chteauneuf du Pape 1982.
See what you think of that.
  Nice.
  Come on. Let's go outside.
Oh, Santi.
I've got a little idea for you, love.
  Who's that?
  No idea.
So how many rooms is this?
I think it's eight.
But I've only been in six.
I'm leasing it,
and one of the rooms was locked...
Well, but it's sort of,
like, a little bit weird.
It's those Euro-style bathing suits.
I don't think I'll wear it.
- Hey, monkey.
- Hello.
- Where you been?
- Introduce me to your friend?
Who, him?
Jordana Garcia, Santiago Munez.
- She can't resist me.
- I'll try.
Hi, Santiago.
Hi, how are you?
Hmm, Dolce?
Dolce, yes, yes.
Really good goal, eh?
Thanks, but I only played
for seven minutes, so I wasn't...
Well, you must be really tired then?
Lovely ass. I want him.
- But I thought he had a girlfriend.
- And who cares?
Roz. Hiya, darling.
It's so great to see you.
Have you seen Santi?
I think he just
popped upstairs with Gav.
- You look absolutely splendid.
- Thank you.
- Can I get you a drink?
- No. I'm going to find Santi.
- See you later.
- See you.
There you are.
I've been looking everywhere.
- Hi.
- Roz, this is Jordana.
- Hello.
- Hi.
He was telling me about your wedding.
You're lucky.
- Not as lucky as he is.
- True.
- Can we go in? It's a bit cold.
- Yeah. Sure.
OK, then, you'll have to come on my TV show before the other channels grab you, no?
Well, thanks, but I'm not into all that stuff. Did you just say no to me? You'll like it. I've been cornered by Barry. It was disgusting. He's such a lech. His hands were all over me. She walked around without a top all night. She's a slut.
- Glad we're home. That was mad.
- Gavino sure was in his element.
What did you think of that TV girl?
- TV girl? Who?
- You know who I mean. The one, "Did you just say no to me?"
Her? Silly cow. Think she's hot? Don't you pause! What do you mean? You just paused! You can't say yes. She's OK. I think Gavino has a thing for her, actually.
- She definitely likes you.
- I'm irresistible, what can I do?
I don't think so.
I could take you or leave you.
- I can change that.
- Do you? I think so, yeah.
Sant, why are we here? This is our house.
- You've bought it?
- Yeah, I did.
- Oh, you haven't.
- Look.
- Oh, my God, it's massive. Look at the size of it. It's beautiful. It's amazing. Oh, wow! I like the kitchen.
- It's great.
Yeah.
This house belonged to a very famous designer. What's his name?
Well, they say he's gonna be the next Versace.
A lot of the things inside and the furniture were designed by him.
- We have seven bedrooms...
- Seven?
- Yeah. And seven bathrooms. Cheers.
- Cheers.
- Do you like it?
- Don't know what to say.
Santi! Santi! Sant!
I'd like to talk for a second about this new arrival, the Mexican Santiago Munez who we see here entering this restaurant looking very handsome. He's also a total fashion victim.
- He'll be worse in the future.
- I really like his style.
Is he more Prada, or more Dolce? Well, we'll have to keep an eye on him. He'll be Dolce & Gabbana.
I'm betting on Prada.
I'm not sure his girlfriend will help much. She looks pretty, if a bit pale but...
- Hello.
- Hello, pet.
- Hey, Mom, how are you?
- Oh, I'm fine.
You're in all the magazines over here.
- Are they new shoes you're wearing?
- Yes, Mom.
- Were you talking to Victoria?
- I don't even know her.
Oh, David's looking gorgeous.
- Listen, love.
- Yes, Mom?
I think you need to let your hair down, pet. And, Roz... What, Mom?
Well, you could do with a bit of a spray tan.

...immobility...
- Darling, I'm trying to study.
- You can study on the plane.
I can't. I've got to get this finished.
- But I won't see you for two weeks.
- I know.
Please. Can you watch TV or something?
- It's me, you idiot.
- Sorry, it didn't sound like you.
- You busy?
- I'm always busy, monkey.
I'm at the hotel
and they're not letting us out.
It's a funny farm here.
I'm locked up with a bunch of dimwits.
- You should feel at home then.
- Seriously.
How about sneaking in?
You could come up
in one of them laundry baskets.
Not tonight.
I need my beauty sleep. I look awful.
Oh, shut it!
- Who else is there?
- ker, Guti,
- Ivn, Munez.
- Can you put Munez on?
Munez!
ker, grow up.
Yes. Santi speaking.
Hi, Santiago, yes.
The thing is, my producers are crazy about having you on the show.
And I told them that, as a personal favour, you would give me the exclusive.
Hm, I don't know.
You're not afraid, are you?
Hey, Gavino! Open this! Hey! Please!
Another important UEFA Champions League night for Real Madrid.
Whoever you are in this competition, no matter how big or small,
it's vitally important...
You could pay someone
to do that for you. Professionals.
I like doing it, Mom.
Makes the place feel like home.
His head is bound to be full of a
million different things right now.
- You should be one of them.
- I've got to be here.
They need me at the hospital.
Even if I was, I couldn't see him.
He's locked in hotels most of the week.
What's the point of having this classy
house if there's only you in it, pet?
I'm serious, love. It may only
be a few hundred miles to Madrid,
but if you let it,
it could become a world away.
What is that?!
Nice shot!
Enrique, clean the ashtrays.
No, I'm watching the football.
When they pay you to watch TV,
you'll be loaded.
Until then, get up and work,
like everybody else.
Santiago Munez, super sub!
How long can the calls for a start
be resisted by the manager?
- Good goal, man.
- You OK?
Mr Harris, what's going on with you?
You were a disaster.
Are you ever going
to score another goal?
Yeah. At this moment in time,
I am a very bad player.
Hey, coach?
- Munez.
- Can I have a word?
Sure.
Well, I'm feeling great.
I'm fit, I'm scoring goals
and I think I'm ready
to start a full game.
When you are ready to start, Munez,
I promise you,
you'll be the first to know.
Hey, baby. You won't believe
what I just bought for us.
- Go on.
- Guess. Come on!
- I don't know, Sant.
- Come on, come on!
I'm not really in the mood for games.
Lamborghini. White convertible Spyder.
Different class.
Roz?
Mr lves died this morning.
I was gonna phone you,
but I didn't want to bring you down.
- I'm sorry, baby.
- I've got to go.
Do you think Munez
is ready for a full game?
I think it's too early.
Maybe you should think again.
What's wrong with you, man?
Can't you see I almost killed you!
My name is Enrique, I'm your brother.
What?
My mother married your father,
Hernan Munez in Mexico.
The client's screaming down my throat.
I don't know what I'll say.
Mr Munez, I'm glad
you could make it, sir.
Do you mind?
We're going
straight through to the studio.
- How long will it take?
- Not too long if we go straight though.
- Rolling.
- 104, take 27.
And action!
That's why I go
for Total Tofu every time.
"The super food for the super sub."
All right, cut!
Great. That was great.
One more time, then, Santiago.
Did you do that?
Well, it says here you did, Phil.
- Santiago!
- Hey, Glen.
These people are making
a fool out of me, man.
- Who, Sant?
- This commercial.
David Beckham gets Gillette,
and I get freaking... tofu?
You got to start somewhere, Santiago.
It's good money. You shouldn't complain.
No, it's disgusting!
You try eating it for five hours.
Give me a break. Please.
- I'll have a word with...
- You know what? I'm better than this.
- Jesus.
- Was that Santiago?
Aye, it was.
For the first time this season,
Van der Merwe has a decision to make.
He's got Santi Munez and Gavin Harris,
and Gavin appears to have been
on his holidays this season.
You're talking five million
for the boy.
At the moment, it doesn't
look like he's worth a fiver to me.
- Hey.
- Surprise!
I'm glad to see you.
Cheeky git.
He just ran in front of the car?
There you go.
Are you all right?
You look a bit in shock. Hey.
Come on, it'll be all right.
Eat your dinner.
Well, did he say anything else?
No, nothing.
When he threw that at me,
I was so freaked I just drove off.
I couldn't breathe.
It might not be bad. You always
talked about wanting to find her.
I know. But right now, I can't deal with
it. In my head, she was gone forever.
She does really look like you.
- Hey.
- Santiago.
- Where did you get this?
- Is it her, Grandma?
When you went to Spain,
I worried this might happen.
Wait, you knew?
I couldn't tell you, Santiago.
I didn't want to cause you pain.
My God. You didn't tell me?
- What gave you the right?
- That woman left all of us.
She just walked away.
Left your father in pieces.
But it's my choice.
She's my mother.
She abandoned you.
How can you forgive her for that?
OK, Grandma. Let me decide, please.
Santi! Santi! Santi!
Santi, you listening?
It's a very big night
for that young man.
Santiago Munez, for the first time
since his move from Newcastle,
starts a game for Real Madrid.
Illustrious company alongside him,
to say the least.
Just look at those names.
They tend to be feisty, these encounters
between Real Madrid and Valencia.
It's Beckham forward early on.
He's picked out Munez.
Raul alongside him,
but Munez goes
for goal and glory himself.
Wanted the glory,  
but I don't think Raul's happy.  
Perhaps he wanted that one squared.  
Raul!  
Ramos back to clear off the line.  
David Beckham now.  
Just about hooked away by Valencia.  
Under a bit of pressure here.  
But now they can counter. Picked up by  
Vicente, taken down by Santi Munez.  
Now Munez could be in real trouble here.  
He is! It's a red card.  
Munez sent off  
on his first start for Real Madrid.  
Well, it's unbelievable, isn't it?  
That's a man who's rusty.  
A late challenge.  
He gave the referee nowhere to go.  
Vicente was really clipped down.  
And it's a sad day for Munez.  
From dreams to nightmares  
for Santi Munez.  
His first start,  
and now his first early bath.  
Off comes Zinedine Zidane,  
and it's Gavin Harris who will come on.  
Plenty of tackles flying in out there,  
and that's Guti.  
Canizares, what is he doing?  
Not just with his hair either.  
This is not a typical  
Real Madrid game, is it?  
The early sending-off  
has really set the tone for the match.  
And another effort  
blocked away by Casillas.  
And the follow-up just wide.  
Down to ten men,  
it'll be very hard work for Real Madrid.  
They have to get their passing game  
going. Beckham with a free kick.  
Even he's not quite  
found his range tonight.  
David Beckham with the cross.
Here's Gavin Harris! Goal for Real Madrid! And they lead one-nil!
The drought is over.
That's a goal poacher's goal.
It was a great cross by Beckham.
Harris is there in the six-yard area doing what he does best, and stoops to conquer.
So Real Madrid scraping home in the end, that late goal from Gavin Harris.
But Santiago Munez's moment of madness nearly cost them the game, a red card he could have no excuse about.
It was a poor foul, poor challenge, reckless.
The referee had no option, he had to go.
Gavin, this was your first goal in 17 games. How do you feel?
It's a great day. I'm very happy.
I'm going drinking with lots of girls.
Good night.
Hello, hothead.
Hello.
Look, I have the solution to all your problems.
Really?
Tequila, please.
And I need you on my show tomorrow whilst you're still playing for Madrid.
You won't give up, will you?
What do you think?
Another?
Another please.
You started it. I didn't.
Do you need a ride?
No, thanks.
- Bye.
- Bye.
Sant? Darling?
Sweetheart, wake up.
Come on, sleepyhead. Darling?
Look, I've brought you breakfast.
Do you want some juice?
You've been asleep for ages. Here.
- Sant.
- Why didn't you wake me up?
- I tried. You were dead to the world.
- Try harder!
- I told you to wake me up!
- I tried...
You stupid?
I'm gonna miss the team plane!
I'm not stupid. I'm not an alarm clock!
- Hi. Trondheim, first class.
- OK. I'll see what I can do.
- More champagne, sir?
- Yes, please.
Excuse me. I got it, I got it.
Excuse me. Sorry.
Sorry. Sorry about the peanuts.
It's been a good one, Santi.
The coach sends his apologies
for not coming to greet you
but I know he's very keen to see you.
Please! What is he doing?
Warm up.
Welcome to Norway.
- Not such a great day, son.
- Hey.
I got a call from the boss. There'll be
repercussions. Hefty fine probably.
Nil-nil and he had me sitting
on my freezing ass for 90 minutes.
He's the coach, son. He calls the shots.
He's sending a message.
You should listen.
Don't patronise me.
I'm doing commercials for goddamn tofu
- and you're fixing cars in Newcastle.
- I'm always there for you, son.
Well, I need someone full-time
in Madrid to support me off the pitch.
Well, perhaps this is where I get off.
It's been a great ride, Santi.
It's been a privilege.
Your plate's getting so full so fast,
watch what falls off the edge.
Roz?
I don't know what you're saying,
but I love it.
Careful!
Come on, open up.
Come on, open.
Come on, open, we're peeing ourselves.
Come on, open up.
Girls? I'm going
to have to take you home.
What?
Where do you live?
I'm coming!
- Any room at the inn?
- Gavino?
You're a diamond.
So how long you gonna need to stay?
- Quite a while, I'd imagine.
- As long as you need, man.
The vineyard was a scam.
Barry? Not a very good agent.
Hey, Santi! Where's the milk?!
Would sir like one lump or two
with his tea?
- I don't know why she's so angry.
- You can understand.
I mean, she's up there
all alone in that big house.
You're out
with dark-haired beauties.
But I'm not out
with dark-haired Spanish beauties.
No, I'm just saying, you know, she can
only imagine the worst, can't she?
Yeah. But I've never given her
any reason to imagine the worst.
Yeah, I know.
But you're an
international Latin sex symbol.
She knows how many girls
have got your photo on the wall.
That's part of the job.
She could try to understand.
I don't know. I'll talk to her
during the Christmas break.
Stop mucking about.
You Latinos are always diving.
- I can't. It really hurts.
- What, you serious?
Yeah! It really hurts.
Don't worry about it, man,
I'm sure it's nothing.
You're not to set foot outside
of this facility or your home.
But I have travel plans
for the Christmas break, coach.
You're going nowhere.
Do we have an understanding?
I hope so.
I don't understand. Why are they keeping
you there? You can't do any training.
They pay me. They call the shots.
I cannot change that.
- It's not fair. You promised.
- Why don't you come here?
All the times I've been to Madrid,
you've not come home.
Not set foot in Newcastle.
This is another excuse.
You can't call Glen, you sacked him.
I'm getting sick of it!
Baby, it's out of my hands. I'm sorry.
Look, I don't want
to speak to you right now, OK?
There, there, Roz, pet.
Have a nice glass of champagne.
- Thanks.
- It's a shame Santi couldn't be here.
He's probably partying
with Galacticos in Spain.
Look at the size of this bad boy.
Let's see if you can guess what this is.
It isn't easy.
It's the original Champions League ball.
I miss you too, Gran.
You watching The Great Escape?
What, Steve McQueen?
I know, he's a dish.
OK. Big kiss.
Bye.
Merry Christmas.
Merry Christmas.
We can't get to the phone, but if you leave a message, we'll call you back.
Hey, it's me.
I can't believe we're not together on New Year's Eve.
Remember the party last year?
Jamie told me that was the night Keanu was conceived.
I don't know how he can remember, but...
Hey, listen, I love you.
I miss you.
Well, happy New Year.
Hey, Sant. Sant.
Come on.
- Who was that?!
- Him!
I've heard there's a tradition in Spain which involves...
...having a grape for every...
Hang on. Hang on. Don't be greedy.
...having a grape for every single dong when it goes on the...
You want some as well? OK.
Oh, dear, what's it gonna sound like?
Aunt Annie?
So you have one grape for every dong when it goes.
So we've got four minutes and...
What?
I didn't say anything.
No, but you were looking at me like that. With a look.
- No, I wasn't.
- Nothing happened.
OK.
Nothing happened.
Do you think I look like him?
Yes, yes, I see it now.
Really?
Your face and his ass.
You've broken my window.
Enrique, I'm telling your mother.
Idiot!
Need a ride?
OK.
Well, where do you live?
Straight ahead.
Who's she?
My girlfriend.
Leave it.
Nice.
Don't break them.
Do you like football?
Yes.
So tell me about your mother.
What is she saying,
what is she doing?
Well, she's a drag
but I keep away from her.
Leave it, man.
Hey, Mr Bunderguey.
Will you give me a tryout?
Wait, you're calling the coach!
Do you want me to get in trouble?
What's your problem?
I don't have anything.
I live in poverty,
and my parents work all day
to save the business
but I have a brother who's an idiot
and who does nothing for me.
What's in the bag?
Nothing, my things.
Enrique!
Enrique!
Where did you get that?
My brother gave it to me.
You know we can't be part of his life.
But he's my brother,
why do I have to keep him a secret?
Because in this house you do as I say!
I shouldn't have told you.
Forget about him.
You're not part of his world.
They decided to keep you on
till Santi's fit?
Piss off, you nonce.
Santi. You given up
that little nurse for Jordana?
What did you say?
You going to show
your Mexican temper?
- Come on, leave it.
- Yeah? Yeah?
Don't get me wrong. I'm just saying.
Is it true? Did you fly
all the way down here for this?
I hope he makes it worth it, that's all.
I wouldn't be too sure.
Why you going home?
Who me?
You called me three times. Look.
Hey, Salgado, bring a couple of birds.
I'm in the white Lamborghini.
What's wrong?
Where's my Lambo?
The keys, man?
In the glove compartment.
Enrique! Hey!
Follow that car!
- The Lamborghini?
- Yes, follow it!
- Like in the movies?
- Step on it!
These crooks.
No, it's my brother.
Oh, he's your brother?
What's he doing?
Enrique! Enrique!
To the hospital!
Hey, a doctor!
Hey, a doctor!
Straight ahead, straight ahead.
Is he OK? Is he conscious?
Yes.
And so, you simply lost control?  
I told you my phone rang,  
I got distracted.  
I shouldn't have answered it.  
Who was the boy with you?  
The son of a friend of mine.  
I've already told you that too.  
Calm down.  
And how much alcohol 
did you say that you had consumed?  
Come on! Get up! Get up!  
Come on!  
- Get up!  
- It just gets better and better!  
Come on, get up!  
Get up!  
I'm just doing my job.  
He chucked my camera and my glasses.  
You write that down. Yeah?  
It's my stuff. I'm just doing my job.  
- Hello?  
- Hey.  
- I'm sorry for calling so late.  
- What's up?  
Well, I'm in a little bit 
of trouble here.  
- Actually, I really messed up.  
- What have you done?  
I hit a photographer.  
They've arrested me.  
- Where are you? You OK?  
- Yeah, yeah, I'm OK.  
- I'm not your agent anymore, remember?  
- I know. I just...  
I don't deserve this, man.  
I really don't. I'm sorry.  
Don't apologise to me,  
save it for those that need it.  
You're not a kid anymore,  
you're a grown man.  
You've earned  
a lot of praise on the pitch.  
It's time to earn some respect  
in the real world, where it matters.
OK, I'm not coming out.
You're on your own.
Roz?
- Did you know about this?
- About what?
It's everywhere.
- Hey.
- How could you?
You didn't even have the wit to do it in private. You had to flaunt it.
What are you talking about?
You're in all the magazines,
Sant, with that girl.
Magazines? What girl?
Is she why you couldn't come home?
How long's it been going on?
No! You're getting it wrong.
The press twists all that stuff.
It's in front of me. I can see what you've been doing. Stop lying.
- I'm not.
- If that's the type of girl you want, you can have her.
It's fine, I don't care.
You've made a fool out of me, Santi.
I don't deserve this.
Please, Roz, call me back.
I need to talk to you. OK?
Bye.
Goalless after the first leg of this Champions League semi-final back at the Stade de Gerland. Now attention switches to the Bernabu.
Gavin Harris on the ball now.
He's really improved his form lately.
Great quick feet again.
Robinho. Strong and powerful himself.
Gavin Harris getting forward well.
The stakes could not be higher in this Spanish capital.
In comes Beckham's cross.
Harris could be in. Oh, Gavin Harris!
Nice shot!
Gavin Harris
is enjoying life at the moment.
The Bernabu rises to salute Gavin Harris. He's done his job out there.
A player at the top of his game.
And on comes Munez.
Two months out injured.
Five minutes to show his worth.
He'll be looking for an early touch
and he does well.
Munez looking sharp.
Immediately into the action.
And just wide.
Munez has opened it up for himself.
And Munez scores!
Now they are heading for the final.
What a finish.
Let it run with his front foot
through the legs. Around the corner,
a textbook finish into the far side.
- It was touch-and-go tonight.
- They had us pinned for the first 45.
Those Lyon boys will be sick
'cause it's a game of two halves.
And it ain't over till the fat lady sings. So that's football, isn't it?
Do you think you'll play in the final
or will the coach choose Santiago?
You played a fantastic game, got Real Madrid into the final. How do you feel?
I'm just glad we made it.
It's all there to play for now.
You're buddies. It's putting pressure on your friendship.
We're a team.
But first we're friends. Thanks.
Nice one, friends.
I'm off!
All right.
Thanks.
Take care.
Thank you.
Excuse me,
have you seen this person?
No.
Thanks.
Have you...?
You'll get it tomorrow.
Watch out, someone's coming.
See you tomorrow.
Hey, man.
Have you seen this woman?
No.
You know,
that's a really nice watch.
I might know where she works.
Isn't that...?
I think so.
Can I help you?
Is Rosa here?
Rosa.
Rosa, come out for a minute please.
What's going on?
I'm sorry, gents, we're closing.
I've just ordered, man.
What are you saying?
We've just ordered.
That's it for today.
The next one's on us.
Please, please see you tomorrow.
We're open as usual tomorrow.
Santiago.
Miguel.
This is my son.
Why did you go? Why did you leave us?
It's...
It's a little hard to explain.
It had nothing to do with any of you.
It had everything to do with us.
I abandoned you.
I was walking home late one night.
And... two men attacked me.
One of them was your uncle.
I... managed to get home.
I knew then that I could never
tell your father what happened.
And I panicked.
And I ran away.
Well, yeah, but not even a call?
To explain?
Santiago,
I came back three weeks later
and you were all gone.
And no one could tell me
where my family had disappeared to.
And those who could wouldn't.
But it was too late.
You had left Mexico.
When I saw you on the television,
I wanted to get in touch
with you so much.
But I was sure that you wished me dead.
How could you think that?
I was angry. My dad was angry.
He actually died full of anger at you,
at everything. At the world.
He loved you very much.
Forgive me.
Everything's going to be OK, you'll see.
Enrique, Enrique, look who's coming.
Can I play?
Of course.
Who's that?
It's Enrique's brother.
Goal! Yeah!
- What the hell are you doing?
- Oh, nothing.
I've been getting rashes on my face
from some sort of allergies or something
- and this keeps it away.
- You have a rash on your face?
Well, it's just a little irritation.
That's weird, man.
You know what? I'm going
to be honest with you here.
I'm getting wrinkles.
It's not a rash, I'm just
getting wrinkles. That's all.
What?
I've got creaky legs,
I'm getting wrinkles.
My contract's up
at the end of the season.
So I just thought I should do whatever I can. Do you know what I mean? 'Cause I'm not yet sure what I'm gonna do when I'm done playing. So you're putting face pack on to extend your contract? Well, not really. I mean... kind of. Wow. Well, tell me when you're done here. OK? Yeah, OK. I'll see you later, yeah? Yeah.

Grandma! Mail from Santi!
- Who is that?
- That's your mother and stepbrother.

Boss?
Listen, I'm in a meeting. I have to call you back.

What is it?
Are you starting me in the final?
Keep me on the bench.

Play Gavino. Please.
If he plays well in the final he could make the World Cup team for England.
If you leave a message, we'll call you back.

Hey, it's me.
You know I'm not good at this, but before I go out tonight and play the biggest game of my life, I wanted to call you because I need you to hear me out. Everything has turned inside out since I came here. And all this money... ... I don't need it. Without you it's nothing. I finally met my mom. It's still hard to take in. It'll take a long time. But I think it might be fine now. I won't make excuses for what I've done. All I can say
is I'm just so sorry for treating you like I did and for pushing you away. I've been a total jerk. I know I took my eye off the ball, but I want to make things right. I love you. Please call me. And, well, let me know if I can see you. I just want a second chance. Gentlemen. I'm proud of you. You made it. The Champions League final. I don't want you to forget why you're here. I want you to play as if you have nothing to lose. Forget the money. Forget the press. Forget the cameras. Forget everything. Enjoy. This is it, quite simply the biggest club game on the planet. Champions League final. Real Madrid against Arsenal and it's in the Bernabu. Real Madrid feeling it's destiny to get their name on this trophy yet again in their own back yard. What a galaxy of stars we've got on show here. So many match winners on show, Bill. I wonder which one will be the one to take that trophy home. Will it be Thierry Henry, Fabregas, or TJ Harper? Look at Real Madrid, so many fine players: Beckham, Zidane, and, of course, the inform Gavin Harris. You listen to me. You watch yourself. It was the goals from Munez and Harris which got Real Madrid to the final, but only Harris has his place in the starting line-up. Munez on the bench. Glory within touching distance for footballers of Arsenal and Real Madrid. We're under way at the Bernabu. Gavin Harris with a little touch,
he's given it to Harper.
Harper breaking clear for Arsenal
in the first minute. Down he goes.
The referee gives a penalty!
Oh, no. Pen. I can't believe Harris was
suckered into that. A yellow to boot.
He lost possession to TJ Harper, tried
to get it back. Gave away the foul.
I'm not so sure, Bill.
That wasn't a pen to me.

TJ Harper will step up and take it. 
Looking for the dream start for Arsenal.
One-nil!
He may have dived for the penalty and
suckered Harris, but what a penalty.
Casillas had no chance. Low down
to the keeper's left, the perfect pen.
The dream final for Real Madrid
has started to turn into a nightmare.
Arsenal have hit the ground running.
This is Jos Antonio Reyes
for Thierry Henry!
Whoa, should have scored, Thierry Henry.
Good jump, should have
gone back across the keeper.
Great cross from Reyes,
super shape. Should be two-nil.
The stars of Real Madrid
are being eclipsed by North Londoners.
Henry for Reyes. Casillas again
providing a vital save for Real Madrid.
He's saving the Galacticos
at the moment.
The Arsenal youngsters
are the ones rising to the occasion.
Forward for Arsenal again.
It's wave after wave of Gunners attacks.
It's Freddie Ljungberg here.
And out comes Casillas.
Man of the match for Real Madrid
in this first half, he really has been.
Real Madrid saved, really,
by the halftime whistle.
It's been a torrid first 45 minutes.
Change is surely afoot at halftime.
Munez, go warm up. You go on.
Hey, lady! Is she upset?
Do you want to go? Because
I'll tell you, I will destroy you!
Leave it. He's not worth it.
Easy, easy, easy.
One-nil!
TJ made you look like an idiot.
I know, boss.
Look, I know what you'll say...
Here's what I want you to do.
Push forward.
I'm bringing in Santi.
You'll play him behind.
Now get the hell out there
and show me some cojones.
Here comes the change,
but it's not quite as we thought.
On comes Munez, but he's gonna
come on to partner Gavin Harris.
I don't think Arsenal
pre-empted this one.
I wonder how it'll work. They have to
strike up understanding quickly.
Not since Newcastle days
have they lined up together.
It's tantalisingly close now
for Arsenal.
Just 45 minutes away
from winning the European Cup
for the first time in their history.
Fabregas finds Henry. This is a strong,
purposeful, excellent run from Henry.
It's majestic!
And it's two-nil to Arsenal.
King Henry for Arsenal.
The captain leads them one step closer
to European glory
and Real Madrid have another nail
in their coffin.
Where's Beckham? Where's Ronaldo?
Where's Raul? Where's Gavin Harris?
The big names have to start
stepping up for Real Madrid.
Here comes Henry again.
Goodness, he's in the mood.
So are his teammates.
Cleared, but back for Thierry Henry.
Can he get another here, Henry?
Goes to ground, it's come to Fabregas.
But it's come to nothing.
I wonder when Real Madrid will get started.
It's all Arsenal, two-nil up and looking like they could go further ahead.
A rare Real Madrid attack. Zidane.
Beckham wants it, left-hand side. Ronaldo.
All names we've seen too little of so far.
Here is Ronaldo, but Lehmann got there first.
Arsenal with this run of clean sheets in this road to the final.
Looks like a road that will end with glory for them.
- Robert Pires now.
- Clear it, clear it!
Again, it's Casillas.
And if it wasn't for Casillas, I think it could've been a bit of a rout.
Very embarrassing for Real Madrid.
Plenty of furrowed brows amongst the all-stars of Real Madrid,
and in this bumper crowd at the Bernabu.
TJ Harper, who started the ball rolling for Arsenal, sees Cicinho, forward for Real Madrid.
Arsenal have it back.
Aliaksandr Hleb, teed up for Thierry Henry.
Real Madrid just can't get a foothold in this game.
Here comes Freddie Ljungberg.
He's brought down!
It's gonna be another penalty
to Arsenal. It is!
Real Madrid defence
can't cope with Thierry Henry.
Ticked it down in one touch. Turned, just
Freddie Ljungberg behind the back four.
And no doubt about it,
it was a foul and it was a penalty.
Things are getting worse and worse
for Real Madrid, and if this goes in,
three-nil and echoes of that
Barcelona defeat last season.
And surely if TJ Harper
hits the target and scores,
it's all over for Real Madrid.
Saved! Onto the bar! Casillas
does his bit for Real Madrid again.
Munez looking for Harris.
He's the furthest man up field.
Arsenal have been caught out here.
Too many men committed forward.
Gavin Harris,
on his own, going for goal!
Real Madrid are back in this final!
What an extraordinary turn of events.
Arsenal disappointed.
It hits the bar,
it bounds out to Munez,
and in one swoop,
a ball up front to Harris,
a superb dip and volley over Lehmann.
Four minutes.
Four very long minutes for Arsenal,
four very short ones for Real Madrid.
Maybe, just maybe, they can get back
into this game. Beckham.
He's picked out Harris. Munez wants it.
Finally, they start to combine.
It's Munez.
Lehmann tips it onto the bar.
What a save that was. Reflexes from
Lehmann, a close-in volley from Munez.
At last, Harris and Munez
really linking up with each other.
These two can play together.
The clock ticks on.
Gravesen looks forward for Real Madrid.
Arsenal, for the first time
in the match, under pressure.
Here's Cicinho.
They know, Arsenal,
they are in a match now.
Gravesen urging his teammates.
He knows how important it is,
and the game can still be won.
Beckham's corner.
Lehmann punches clear.
Lehmann's had his problems
with crosses,
but there he's really confident
and elects to punch.
Into stoppage time we go.
Two minutes at the end
of this Champions League final.
Roberto Carlos
with a high-lofted ball.
Desperation time, really,
for Real Madrid.
The super sub with a super goal!
Two-two!
Arsenal's shell-shocked.
The Bernabu is rocking.
They really believe
they could win this final now.
They've scored once in stoppage time.
Can they do it again?
Guti. Harris with the touch on.
Here comes Santiago Munez,
brought down.
Free kick, Real Madrid.
If there's anyone you'd want
in this situation, it's David Beckham.
Cometh the moment, cometh the man.
It's Beckham to win the
Champions League for Real Madrid.
Beckham!
It's looking good! It's in!
David Beckham has done it
for Real Madrid!
They are European champions!
The most incredible finish in a
Champions League final you'd ever see.
Beckham with the winning goal,
Real Madrid with the winning habit!
They were down and out at two-nil.
They've come back into it.
And it's those three who
have led them to European glory.