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Goal!

By Adrian Butchart

Santiago.
Get your things.
Now.
Now.
Quickly.
What are you waiting for?
Halt.
Remain where you are.
This is the United States border patrol.
Remain where you are.
Remain where you are.
Santiago.
Leave the ball.
Leave the stupid ball. Come on.
This is the United States border patrol.
Los Angeles. Ten years later
Santiago.
Stop goofing off.
Load up the truck.
Right now.
He's so hot.
Santiago. Where have you been?
We're already one down.
Only one?
How's the diet going?
What are you doing?
I don't want anybody hurt.
No shin pads. No game. Get off.
See you.
Hey.
How did you do? You play well?
Well. We won 4-2. Scored a couple.
Should have got another one.
In Spanish.
What's the deal with Dad?
He wants to buy a truck of his own.
Why?
So you can work for yourselves.
Munez and son. Eh?
That's what he wants for us?
- There's always plan B.
- Which one is that?
The American Dream.
We win the lottery.

What happened?
He wants too much.
Too bad.
You have to eat something.
Hey.
Hey. Boss. I've been a busboy now
for six months. Why can't I be a waiter?
This Chinese restaurant.
You're not Chinese.
So? This is America.
You're American. I'm American.
- You have green card?
- If I had one. Could I be a waiter?
No. You're not Chinese.
Tommy. Hold your position.
Tommy. You're supposed
to be on the wing.
It's not the Cup Final.
He's seven years old.
You're never too young. Val.
To be honest. I don't think
Tom's that into soccer.
That's b... Oh.
Go.
- Hey. Watch out.
- Go on. Tom.
Thanks.
- He's quite a player.
- Yes. He is.
- Did you teach him to do that?
- God taught him.
He doesn't look right.
His balance is all wrong.
Doesn't look up enough.
Doesn't lift his legs high enough.
That's what all the other teams think.
Then that happens.
Well played. Son.
Do you ever play professional?
Well... pro teams go for college kids and...
none of us went to college.
- When's your next game?
- Saturday.
There's someone I bumped into

on the plane on the way over here.
I want him to see you play.
He's a sports agent.
I'm serious. I think you're worth it. Son.
Listen. No offence.
But I need to get to work.
I used to play a bit myself.
- Yeah? Where?
- England.
I was a scout too.
I know what I'm talking about.
- England?
- What's your name. Son?
- Santiago Munez.
- Glen Foy.
I'll see you Saturday. Santiago.
Man.
Movie stars have agents.
What's an agent
supposed to do with you?
Do you know something?
Your boy's really good.
He could be a star.
Don't you get it?
There are two types of people
in this world.
Those that live in big houses
and people like us.
Who cut their lawns
and wash their cars.
That could change
if I become a professional player.
What are you saying?
You play in a park with a bunch of guys
who work in a car wash.
I don't know. Meet this guy and
everything could change. For the better.
I know how to make things better.
We buy a truck.
We make our own business.
The rest is rubbish.
Another beer.
Baseball. Tennis. Soccer. Basketball.
All at the touch of a button.

Experience the thrill of the game from
the comfort of your home environment.

- Barry. Is this a good moment?

- No time like the present.

So he's a young Mexican kid
from the barrio.

He dazzled me. I tell you. Barry.

As you know. I don't dazzle easily.

The last time was a young kid
called Jermain Defoe.

- I'd rather not talk about that. Glen.

- So he's playing on Saturday afternoon.
Some college downtown.

Right. Tell me exactly where it is
and I'll be there 110%.

- Glad to hear it.

- Oh. Hello. Now.

Why don't you knock yourself out
and help yourself to finger food?

Probably don't do sashimi in Gateshead.

Do they. Mate?

See you later.

Yes. Bruv.

- Would you like some sashimi?

- I'm in LA.

Whoo. Come on. Santiago.

Come on. Back.

Val. Let me use your phone.

Yo.

Glen. Glen. Mate.

Glen. I'm not a dickhead.

I didn't forget. No.

I'm in a business meeting. Bruv. I'm in
a meeting. I'm in a meeting all morning.

Yeah. Sorry. Listen. Mate. Do us a favour.

Can you send me a tape of your boy?

Glen. Glen. GI...

Pillock.

Goal. Yes.

Yeah. Come on. Come on.

Hey. Grandma.

Santiago. Well played. Son. Well done.

Thank you. Thank you.

This is my little brother.

- Hello. How are you? Pleased to meet you.
- And this is my grandma.
- This is my daughter Val.
- Hi.

So you are the agent?

No. No. No. No.

This man arranged for the agent to come.

And he didn't. I'm afraid.

He's... you know. He's too busy.

So he'll come to the next game?

No. No. I'm afraid he can't.

He's flying back to England tomorrow.

So am I.

Look at that.

Maybe the old man is right.

You dare to dream. Get screwed.

Thanks anyway.

- Hello. Who is this?

- This is Glen Foy.

Glen Foy? Do I know you. Mr Foy?

Uh... Well. I was one of your scouts
when you first took over.

You fired me. Actually. Well. You brought in
the new regime. I don't hold it against you.

Oh. You don't? So why are you calling me
at half past three in the morning?

Sorry. I'm in California.

I've just seen a young player.

I think he's a remarkable talent.

- Who does he play for?

- Oh. Just local league. Kickabout stuff.

The point is. I'm on a plane home tomorrow
and I want you to make me a promise.

If he turns up on your doorstep.

Will you see him?

- You want me to promise you this. Right?

- Aye.

Just give him a run out.

That's all I'm asking.

If I say yes. Can I go back to sleep?

Yes. Mr Dornhelm.

Then yes. Mr Foy.

- Santiago.

- Hey.

- How are you doing?
- Fine. Thank you. Why are you here?
Your coach told me where to find you.
Who's this?
The man from England
who watched me play football.
If you get yourself to England.
Newcastle United will give you a trial.
Newcastle United?
- That's a big club.
- A very big club.
What is this bullshit?
You think you are going to
play football in England?
He thinks I'm good enough.
Why you fill him with ideas like this?
Who the hell do you think you are?
And you. Why don't you keep your feet on
the ground instead of your head in the sky?
It's a big thing you ask. Senor.
He's supposed to fly halfway
across the world on something you say?
The manager's made me a promise.
He'll give him a trial. The rest is up to him.
- Look in my eyes and answer me this.
- Grandma.
Can Santi make it as a professional?
Aye. I believe he can.
Dad. We've gotta go. If the freeway's busy.
You're gonna miss your flight.
Here's my card.
It's all my numbers.
Think about it. Give me a ring.
It's good to meet you.
Good to see you.
You got enough?
- Enough what?
- Everyone knows the money's in the boot.
So are you going?
- Grandma thinks I should.
- What does Dad think?
I haven't asked him.
How far away is England?
Right now?

Go back to sleep.

Now.

There?

Thanks.

How could you do this. Dad?

I paid 4500 for the truck.

I took 1200 of yours.

But I'm giving you half the business.

That's a good deal.

You stole that money.

Stay out of this. Mother.

You knew what it was for.

- Two more weeks and I have enough.

- For what?

To chase a stupid dream?

Big-time ballplayer in England.

Come on. It's bullshit.

And when you fail. How are you

gonna come back with no papers?

One chance. And you think I should

just give it up for what you do?

What I do is take care of my family.

In Mexico. I work construction.

At night. I clean up in a brothel.

But I save enough to bring us to America.

And when your mother walk out on us...

No. When she walk out.

- I hold this family together.

- Leave her out of this.

I make enough for this house

and now we have our own business.

That's how things get better.

That's how you measure a man's life.

It's your life.

Not mine.

Gavin.

Gavin. Gavin.

Ladies and gentlemen.

This is a very good day for the club.

Gavin is a very gifted player

and should fit in very well

with our set-up here at St James' Park.

I'm very pleased to present him... with this.

Winning the league's out of sight. Erik.

What are your realistic goals
for the rest of the season?
Finishing in the first four and qualifying for
Europe. It's essential for a club like this.
To do that. You're gonna have to take
maximum points from your next games.
Look. The club has had
some problems lately. Yeah.
But...
I'm here now. Yeah.
And I'm not in it for fame
or money or anything like that.
I like to win matches.
So maximum points
shouldn't be a problem.
Eh. Boss?
Where's your father?
He's gone to get a part for the truck.
Good.
He doesn't have to hear this.
Train ticket to San Diego.
Bus ticket to Mexico City.
Mexico City?
Yes.
You can't fly to London
from Los Angeles.
You're illegal.
This is your ticket.
It's dated one week from now.
Grandma. How did you pay for this?
I've worked all my life.
I have savings.
What did you sell?
What did you hock?
Old things. From the past.
So now do I get a room to myself?
Come here.
Who's gonna help with your homework?
You won't do it.
He'll do it.
Take a shower before you leave.
You smell real bad.
- Am I leaving tonight?
- Sure.

Before your father gets home.
When your mother walked out on us.
I promised God I'd do everything
to help you boys follow your dreams.
You deserve this chance. Santiago.
Take it.

Passengers making
connecting flights from Mexico
should proceed to gate 14.

- Purpose of your visit?
- Excuse me?
- Business or pleasure?
- Business.

I play... I play soccer... football.
I hope to. For Newcastle United.

One moment.

This young man wants to play
for your team. Mr Henderson.

Newcastle?

Yes. Sir.

Need all the help we can get.

Glen. Phone.

Hello.

Who?

Santiago.

You're in England? Where?

Uh... Somewhere in London.

So. Glen...

how do I get to Newcastle?

Hey. How's it going?

Why didn't you call me from LA?

Let me know you were coming?

- Is it OK that I'm here?

- Oh. No. No. It's fine.

Just caught me a bit off guard. That's all.

Well. You'd best stay with me
till you get settled.

- OK.

- Welcome to the Toon.

- What is that?

- It's where the Geordies live.

- What is a Geordie?

- Someone that lives in the Toon.

You've a lot to learn. Bonny lad.

You mean toons. Like Looney Tunes
and stuff? Like Bugs Bunny?

Thank you.

- You live here alone?

- Aye.

Well. My daughter you met.

- Do you have a wife?

- She died a couple of years ago - cancer.

I'm sorry.

My grandma...

She sent you this.

Oh. It's...

She has it since she's a little girl.

I'm not much of a Catholic. Mind.

She thinks you're a good man. So...

Santiago. Your dinner's ready.

Santiago.

I thought you worked in football.

Not any more. I was finished a while back.

Like some of these cars.

- You fix 'em?

- Aye. I fix them. Restore them.

Listen. There'll not be anyone

at the club till ten o'clock.

So why don't you get yourself something
to eat? Some breakfast or something?

- Yeah.

- Do you have any money?

No. But I'm OK.

- No. I can't.

- It's OK.

Take it. Turn right.

Just for now.

Here. Mate. Watch the ball.

Oh. No.

Hey. Mister. Can we have wor ball back?

- Quite tasty.

- Aye. If you work in a circus.

- I'm done. Sorry. Here.

- Nice one.

I hear some players

have a problem with Gavin Harris.

- Divvent like his attitude.

- Aye.

Well. Three clubs in five years
should tell you something.
I think he's better playing on the inside.
If he's in a mood. He gets lost out wide.
Aye. Right enough. Like.
What are you looking at?
Sorry. But you're
talking about soccer. Right?
- No.
- Football?
Oh. Aye. Yeah.
That's all there is to talk about.
- Where are you from. Son?
- Los Angeles.
Oh. Aye? You know Charlize Theron?
She's a cracker. Like.
- What are you doing up here?
- I have a tryout for Newcastle United.
- A trial. Like? Howay.
- Are you serious. Lad?
Yeah. Yeah. Maybe today. Actually.
You wanna lay off the black pudding. Son.
- What is it exactly?
- You don't want to know.
Football's a religion here. London has any
number of teams. Same in the Midlands.
Manchester. You've got two. Liverpool.
You've got two. Glasgow's got two.
Up here. Though. It's just the Toon.
There she is.
- Is that the manager?
- Erik Dornhelm. Mr Dornhelm.
He can be intimidating.
Look him in the eye.
I don't think my look will make a difference.
- It'll be my feet.
- Mr Dornhelm. Excuse me. Glen Foy.
This is the young man
I was telling you about.
- Hi.
- He's from Los Angeles.
Santiago Munez.
When was this?
When I phoned you

in the middle of the night.
You promised to give him a trial.
Yes. One minute. Please.
Like that?
Score a hat trick. You can have it.
I'm sure you have a watch and I'm
absolutely sure it's an expensive one.
What time does it say?
Sorry. Boss. I was dropping a shirt off
for a sick kid in hospital.
The PR people should have had a camera.
Would have been a really good photo op.
That. I think. Is bullshit. There are six
journalists inside. Waiting for 15 minutes.
Get in there.
- And today. You train with the reserves.
- Oh. F...
- Where do you play?
- Los Angeles.
I meant position.
Yeah. For my team. I play up front.
But I prefer midfield.
That way. I see more of the ball.
Get him over to the training ground.
Let's see what he's got.
Will do. Thank you very much.
Hey. I'll be around.
Oh. You're there.
How are you feeling. Son?
- OK.
- Good. Mal Braithwaite. Club coach.
I've been a friend of Glen's
since he played here. So I'm on your side.
- All right?
- Yeah. Thank you. Sir.
I'm not a sir. I'm a coach.
Sir is the gaffer. That's who's gonna
be watching you today. All right? Fit?
- Yeah.
- Good. Let's go.
Come on. It'll be fine.
Yeah.
- Come on.
- Get up the field.

- Behind you.
- Keep moving it.
Put it square.
Son.
I want you midfield. On the right. OK?
- Gavin... You know who Gavin is?
- No.
- Slot in behind him there.
- OK.
That's the fella. OK?
- Get Adie off.
- Adie. Come off.
OK. Pal. Swap bibs with him.
Do your best.
Hey. Mal. Mal. Who's the muppet?
He's from Mexico. Be gentle. Son.
Yeah. I'll look after him.
Hey. Yo. Hey. Yo. Yo.
That's it. Phil.
- How are you. Mal? Bobby. How are you?
- All right. Boss?
Franny. Bring the kid into the game.
Look at me.
Here. Yo. Yo.
Oh. Fuck.
- What? A bit louder. Please.
- Oh. Come on.
Here.
All right. Let me call you back.
Let the kid take it.
Go on. Have a go.
Face up. How many?
Adios. Amigo.
Santiago.
Get yourself a shower.
I don't know. Glen.
My legs wouldn't do
what my brain was telling them.
I'll be better tomorrow. I promise.
There's not gonna be
a tomorrow. Santiago.
Get in the car.
You know. My father believes
people have a place in life.

You work. You feed your family.

You die.

And it's foolish to think otherwise.

- Excuse me. Sir...

- I had a word with the fellow on the door.

He said I could come in and just look
for someone. I won't be a second.

Mr Dornhelm.

Glen Foy from this morning.

Listen. I'm sorry

to interrupt the proceedings.

Have I missed all the boring speeches?

I'm making one of the "boring" speeches.

This distraction is not welcome.

Well. If you'd answered my calls.

I wouldn't be here.

- What do you want?

- Listen. This kid. Santiago Munez.

- Would you like to sit here?

- Sure. Thanks.

Listen. He's grown up

in poverty and hardship

and his only way out

is his skill with the ball.

He's flown 6.000 miles on my say-so.

He's jet-lagged. He's nervous.

You know. He's never seen mud before

and you put him on a pitch like that.

And then you spend

the whole time on your mobile.

- I saw him flat on his ass most of the time.

- Yet there was one moment of magic.

When he took the ball on the bounce.

- Turned Magowan. Took it down.

- I saw it.

Looks good.

Hear they do you well here.

Listen. When I was a scout.

I used to spend the whole time.

On muddy days.

Watching young lads

clogging the shite out of each other.

And just once in a while. There'd be one

that'd come along and lift your heart.

Like this lad.
Just give him a month.
Ah. So you found all my yesterdays?
I was just looking.
My wife made this scrapbook.
You never told me
you were a major-league player.
Aye. Well. Not for as long as I'd have liked.
- Why?
- Got an injury. Did my knee in.
Look at that.
Shorts were shorter. Hair was longer.
Didn't make 8 million a year. Either.
- But you were still heroes.
- Oh. Aye.
Footballers have always been heroes.
Even in my father's day. Earning 8 a week
and working down the mine
at the same time.
- There you go.
- No. I can't accept it. It's too special.
I'm not giving it to you.
Just try it on.
I want to see what you look like
in the black and white.
- What's the point?
- What's the point?
Well. You've got a month's trial.
Better phone your granny again.
Right. Listen up. You lot.
This is Santiago Munez. He's from Mexico.
- No. Los Angeles.
- Los Angeles. Whatever.
Before this day's done.
I want you to let him know who you are.
OK. Right. Let's get to it.
Push it hard. Hard.
Nice one. Franny.
Nice work. Come on.
Come on. Santiago.
- Santi. I've been to Mexico once.
- Did you like it?
Gave me the shits for a week.
One day. Son.

But not today. Come on. Move.

Thank you.

- Do you want to sit down. Please?

- OK.

- It may be a little high.

- Why's that?

Well. 'cause you are so close
and you smell nice.

It's normal.

- Are you the club doctor?

- No. I'm his nurse. He'll examine you soon.

- Did you fill in the paperwork?

- Yeah.

Just a couple of words I didn't understand.

OK. Like what?

Like this one here.

That's "cardiovascular".

It means "heart problems".

Oh. No. No.

And how about that one?

"Respiratory" - do you have any problems
with your lungs or breathing?

Do you?

No.

Do you wanna step on the scales?

Right.

- What's your name?

- Nurse Harmison.

- I mean your first name.

- You don't need to know that.

You don't need to know where I live.

What my star sign is.

Or what I'm doing on Saturday night.

- I'm gonna have to take blood.

- Oh. Man. Really? I don't like needles.

But you have a tattoo.

Or is that a rub-on transfer?

- That was a gang thing.

- You were in a gang?

Not any more.

There's only three ways to get out
of a gang - you get shot. You go to jail. Or...

In my case. You have a grandmother
who kicks some sense into you.

Sorry. Tough guy.

- What's your problem?
- Problem? What problem?
- Come on.
- Ignore him. He's a tit.
- Walk away.
- He's a knobhead. Laughing at you. Mate.
- He's a knobhead. Mate.
- Hey. Forget him.
- Knobhead? Knobhead?
- Come on. Let's get a game going.
- How long did they give you?
- A month.

A month?

That's not long.

At least I got six.

I was with Tranmere Rovers before this.

They signed me from school
when I was 14.

- How's it going?
- Early days.

That's Gavin Harris.

They just signed him for 8 million.

Dining with the bum-bandit today.

Are we. Jamie?

Hughie Magowan's 33. Unless every other
centre back in the squad breaks his leg.

- He'll not play for the first team again.
- Why be so pissed with me?

Well. You're the new kid on the block. Son.
You've got something he never had - flair.
Flair?

Aye.

You know. Most players. Myself included.

They play within themselves.

They play to their strengths

so they don't expose their weaknesses.

The great players. The ones with flair.

They take risks.

Because they don't believe they're risks.

Put your coat down here.

Three and in. You're in.

All righty.

They control the ball.

The ball doesn't control them.
Here.
Look at this.
Two jackets and a ball. It's all you need.
Finished with that. Son?
Yeah.
Sorry. Sorry.
Santi.
There you go.
Hey. Listen.
I could show you the town if you like.
Tonight. Go clubbing.
Bevvy. Women.
Yeah. Uh...
Do I need an ID or something?
- ID?
- Yeah.
- Identification?
- Yeah.
How old do you have to be here
to get a drink?
Eleven.
All right. Gavin.
Listen. Mate. If you want an autograph.
Write to the club. You muppet.
Listen. Elvis. I'm with the club too.
Mate. I'm with the club too. You know.
I've never seen you before.
I don't go out much.
Hey. Hey.
Nurse Harmison. Nurse Harmison.
- Hi.
- You wanna come into this club with us?
No way. It's full of posers. That place.
- Yeah? Where are you going?
- We're going to The Spyglass.
- What do you say?
- Yeah. Yeah.
Here we go. Here we go.
Canny wine. This Rioja. It's from
your part of the world. Isn't it? Spain.
- No. I'm from LA.
- I'm from Merseyside.
LA? And Merseyside?

What are you two doing up here?

- Well...

- We play for Newcastle.

I thought you said players were off limits.

Relax. They haven't made the reserves yet.

Well. As long as you're mired in mediocrity.

Pet. You're in with a chance.

I'm sorry. But I don't know what that means.

It means don't change.

Don't become something you're not.

Well. My life's already changed.

Just by being here.

I grew up on a council estate with a dad

on the dole and a mum on the booze.

Change is fine with me.

I remember you now.

- You're the one with the toe.

- What?

You had fungus behind your big toenail.

- What? Did you have to mention that?

- Oh. Man.

I guess in your job.

You must see the whole team naked?

- I know what you're gonna say.

- I'm not gonna ask who has the biggest.

- OK. What were you gonna ask?

- Who has the smallest?

It must be you. Because she cannot tell us.

- Go on. Come on.

- Mark him. Mark him.

Space. Hit space.

Stick with him.

- Remember what I told you.

- Here. Here.

OK. Pass. Pass the ball.

Pass it.

Why didn't you pass the ball. Man?

Hey. Mal.

Munez.

Come here.

Hey. Lads. Over here.

Come on. Gather round.

Hey. Mal. Give me five minutes.

- OK. Boss.

- Thank you.

So when I say go. I want you
to run as fast as you can to the goal.

- OK?

- Yeah.

Go.

Come back.

Again. Go.

What did you learn?

- That you can score from halfway.

- No.

That the ball can travel faster than you.

Here. We pass the ball.

You understand that?

We're a unit. Not a one-man show.

The name on the front of the shirt is
more important than the one on the back.

- OK?

- Yeah.

- Santi.

- Hey.

This is the final countdown
for Newcastle Utd.

Only three games left this season.

And to qualify for Europe
in the Champions League.

And all the riches that go with that.

They'll have to win them all - starting today.

Oh. Man.

Never an easy team to beat. Chelsea.

- Well-coached. Well-drilled.

- They certainly are.

The game. Yeah.

I'm with Gavin's girlfriend.

I'll call you back.

Lads.

Toon. Toon.

Black and white army.

Toon. Toon. Black and white army.

Toon. Toon. Black and white army.

How's that possible?

For all their possession.

You have to say

Newcastle haven't yet created

one clear-cut chance.

- He's fading.

- Aye.

By a brilliant sense of positional play.

He's avoided contact with the ball.

- Well. Maybe he's playing hurt.

- No. He's hungover.

- Right. Get him off.

- Shola.

Now. This looks quite bad for Newcastle.

The last thing they need is another injury.

They've already got

several walking wounded out there.

Number ten off. Mate.

Free kicks and get far post at corners.

Wait a second.

It's Gavin Harris who's coming off.

What? Me?

He's taking Gavin off.

What the hell is he thinking about?

What are you thinking about.

You German twat?

Substitution for Newcastle United.

- What are you doing?

- Sit down.

Only five minutes left to play.

Still no score.

Chelsea still have the upper hand.

Goal. They've got one at last.

And it's Patrick Kluivert.

- Evening. Mr Dornhelm.

- Good night. Sir.

Yeah.

What are you doing here?

Are you hurt?

- No. No. No. No. I got great news.

- What?

I made the reserve squad.

- Oh. That's great.

- I've only one week left on my trial.

This game is make-or-break. If the boss sees me do well. He'll keep me on.

- I'm sure he will.

- Do you play for Newcastle?

- Yeah.

- Well. Sign your name on that.

OK.

They'll all be asking
for your autograph soon.

Will that bother you?

What is your problem with footballers?

I don't have a problem with football.

It's fame I have a problem with.

It's my dad's fault. He was in a rock band
that got hot for five minutes.

- No way. Would I know him?

- I doubt it. I was only three.

Anyway. The point is.

Some of the players remind me of him.

One minute they're nice.

Uncomplicated guys

and the next they're ridiculously rich
arseholes who walk out on their families.

It was my mother who left mine.

- Why? What happened?

- My father never talks about it.

All I remember

is his anger and his drinking.

He's never seen me play.

I love that game. Love football.

Every night after school

and Sundays after church. I'd play.

All I hoped was that one day.

Football could be my whole life.

Why did you have to come so far
to make it happen?

For that. You have to ask the saints.

Why don't you tell him. Grandma?

Tell me what?

Santiago called me.

He sounds very happy.

Tell him about the game.

He's playing tomorrow night
for the reserve team.

After just three weeks.

That's fantastic. No?

He left like a thief.

Without saying goodbye.

Why should I care?

Ey-up. Lads.

Sit down. Pay attention.

Dagger's hamstring is holding up.

So we'll give him a half.

Santiago. I want you on the right flank.

Track the number eight.

He's a slippery bugger.

- I'll translate that for you later.

- Jamie.

I want you to slot in behind the two strikers.

Remember. Don't let 'em

panic you into playing football.

- Howay.

- Right. Come on. Let's go.

Let's kick some arse. Fellas.

Come on. Boys.

Let's go. Let's do this.

Reserve Game

Newcastle United V Manchester United

What's that?

What's wrong with him?

Right. Let's have a look.

Let's have you back.

Jackie. How are we?

Santiago. Get back.

Here. Mate. Do you wanna put on
a red shirt? You're having a shocker.

You all right?

- I think that's enough.

- I think you're right.

OK.

Go and get yourself an early bath. Son.

What's the matter?

Are you hurt?

Been out on the town?

Is there something

you want to tell me. Son?

OK.

I don't know. Santi.

I know you've got the skill.

But maybe you don't have the pace
or the stamina for the English game.

Maybe you'd be better off

playing back in LA.

I'm gonna have to let you go. Son.

- Yes?

- Does Roz live here?

Rosie. It's for you.

Oh. God.

Mam. I'm a wreck.

Are you the young man from LA?

Yes. Santiago.

- She'll be down in a minute.

- Thank you.

- Can I get you anything. Pet?

- No. Thank you.

I went there years ago

when my husband's band was on tour.

We stayed at the Hyatt House on Sunset.

Called it the Riot House in those days.

- Aren't you meeting your friends?

- No mad rush.

Nice to meet you. Santiago.

Nice to meet you. Ma'am.

- I love that name.

- Off you go.

- What's wrong?

- I lied to you.

At the physical.

- I have asthma.

- OK. Well. Have you told them?

If I had. They wouldn't have given me a trial.

- So tell them now.

- Too late.

- They fired me.

- Oh. Sant.

I'm so sorry.

I came to say goodbye.

- You're leaving?

- Tomorrow.

- Why so soon?

- I don't belong here if I'm not in the team.

Well. You can find another team.

I guess I was just...

I was just dumb to think

I could make this work.

- Worst thing is I've let people down.

- No.

- Who. Pet?

- Glen.

My grandma. My grandma.

This happens to players all the time.

It's part and parcel of the game.

No. We...

We hardly know each other.

Shit.

- Aren't you...

- No.

I can see why they took you off last week.

You're shite.

Been shagging them Armitage sisters?

Well. You're not the first.

- Paradise Taxis.

- I need one. Urgent. This is Gavin Harris.

And I'm Clint Eastwood. Make my day.

But I'm serious.

This is me. I need a ride. Pronto.

- Are you anywhere near Blakelaw?

- Why?

Gavin Harris is stuck on the estate
and needs a car. Desperate.

- I've already got a fare.

- He's first team. Man. Get there ASAP.

Gotta do a detour. Bonny lad.

Celebrity in peril.

You're that kid from LA?

You going to training as well?

- No. I have to get to the station.

- Why?

- I screwed up.

- Tell me about it on the way.

I don't know what

the gaffer will do if I'm late.

So you're Gavin Harris?

- Guilty.

- You're shite.

So I've heard.

Come on. Santi.

With all due respect. Gaffer. Mr Dornhelm.

The club will be making a big mistake

if they let this lad go.

I've played with him.
I've played against him.
I can see he's got it.
So can all of the other lads.
- I mean. Technically...
- What? He's better than you?
Well.
He's in that league.
What happened last night was he lost his
inhaler. He's got asthma. For God's sake.
Is this true?
Yes. Sir. But I tried to hide it.
Lying is a problem.
Asthma is not.
You can get shots.
Medication. Acupuncture.
Didn't your doctor back home
explain this to you?
I don't have a doctor.
All I got is a free clinic in LA.
- People keep pleading your case. Munez.
- All I wanna do is prove them right. Sir.
If you give me the chance.
- You think you deserve it?
- I know I do.
Good.
See the doc.
Tell him about your condition.
Then report for training. All right?
Thank you.
Gavin.
This is a decent thing you did.
Yeah. I do what I can.
Now explain why are you
dressed for discotheque
and 47 minutes late for training?
Reserve Game
Newcastle United V Queens Park Rangers
- Come on.
- You like him?
Yeah.
Go on.
- Stand up. Santi.
- Away you go. Fellas. Away.

Yes. Please.

Yeah.

- Bloody late.

- Got there as quick as I could.

Hughie. Hughie.

Yes. Please. Fella.

No more of that.

That is naughty. OK?

- Away you go.

- He'll think twice about doing you again.

- Thought you didn't like me.

- My sister will be upset if you get hurt.

She thinks you look like Antonio Banderas.

Hey. If you shag her. I'll kill you.

Reserve Game

Newcastle United V Middlesbrough

- Be careful.

- OK. I can't see a thing.

OK. You're almost there. Little step.

Little step down. Right.

Oh. My God. It's amazing.

- Can you believe this?

- No.

A month ago. I said goodbye to the city.

Goodbye to you.

And now I've got a contract.

- And this little apartment.

- How can you afford it. Though?

Gavino.

Say hello to my friend.

Hello.

I didn't say you could bring women here.

Oh. I'm sorry. Shall I go?

- I'm just kidding. Man. Ciao. Bella.

- How's it going?

Oh. Make yourselves at home.

There's finger stuff in the fridge.

Oh. Takeaway pizzas and ladies knickers?

Not hard to figure out his lifestyle. Is it?

He's all right.

He saved my ass. Remember?

- Got a bit of a rep is what I've heard.

- For professionals. Football is our life.

- Good to see you.

- How are you tonight?
Gavin. You all right?
Colin. It's a very good offer.
But just forget about it.
I'll tell you.
'Cause the chairman is a tosser.
The manager knows and says nothing.
Which makes him a bigger tosser.
The players know it.
Yeah. It's all clans and cliques
in the dressing room. Innit. Luv?
- Yeah. Gav.
- Little bit on your nose. Mate.
Listen. What's cool and hangs up?
All right. Mate.
- All right. Baz.
- Look at you. Crispy. Mate. How are you?
- Say hello to Santi.
- Heard it's going good. Mate.
Notched a pair for the reserves Saturday.
- Hello.
- Hi. How are you doing?
So. Santi. You got your contract sorted
to the end of the season?
Do you mind if I ask actually
who handled that for you?
- Glen.
- Glen Foy?
- Works in a garage. Bruv.
- Well. It's not actually...
Don't get me wrong. He's a lovely fella.
He used to be an absolute cracking player.
But what does he know
about marketability?
What does he know about endorsements?
You make the first team.
Santi. Next season...
I'll get you a Gap ad.
Crunch.
Hey. Pet. Do you fancy a dance?
Watch out. He's a salsa man.
No. Thank you. Sorry.
Hello.
Santiago? Hey. Bro.

What's going on?
No way.
Papa. It's Santiago.
He wants to talk to you.
Tell him I'm not here.
He can't talk right now. OK?
No problem. Man.
Ey-up. Lads.
Take them up the back pitch. Andy.
Give 'em a stretch.
Kicked me out. Bin-bagged.
- I've got my eye on you. Hughie.
- See you in the showers. Bobby.
- What's up?
- What's up? I just saw the reserve list.
I'm not on the team.
I didn't even make the bench.
I don't get it.
I play where you tell me to play.
I play how you tell me to play.
I didn't drop you. Son.
You're not at my disposal.
- What are you talking about?
- You're playing with that lot.
In London on Saturday.
Santiago.
What are you waiting for?
Come on.
OK. Guys. Let's get to work.
Come on.
Newcastle scraped through
with a win over Chelsea.
But it won't be enough in itself.
Liverpool are breathing down their necks.
And to make it worse. There is a makeshift
look to the Newcastle United line-up today
with all their injury problems. And one
of their substitutes. Santiago Munez.
- Is an unknown quantity.
- He is.
Apparently he was discovered
playing in Los Angeles
by Glen Foy. The ex-Newcastle midfielder.
He's been turning some heads

with his performances in the reserves.
But this is a much. Much higher level.
I just wonder how he will cope
if he does get the nod at some point today.
- What have I missed?
- Not a lot.
- How are you feeling?
- I'll feel better if we get three points.
- He's useless. He's useless.
- Howay. Man. Give him a break.
- Get in there.
- Put a challenge in. Man.
Did you see that?
Come on. Ref.
Munez.
Munez. You're going on.
A bold move.
But in the circumstances.
I don't think he's got much other choice.
And it is now quite a day
for this young man.
This is a chance to show your worth.
Give me your jacket.
Show them what you've got. Son.
Come on.
Who the hell is this?
That's my son.
That's my boy. Santiago.
I'm his father.
If he scores. Like. I'll buy you a pint.
Come on. Son. Sit at the bar.
Come on.
Substitution for Newcastle United.
Coming off. Number 13. Carl Francis.
Being replaced by number 26.
Santiago Munez.
Go on. Yes.
What a great run by Munez.
Brought down. Penalty.
Come on. Boys.
Penalty. Boys. Penalty.
- Down. You.
- I can't watch it if that playboy's taking it.
Just calm it down. All right?

I hate this stuff.
- I'll buy you that pint now. Son.
- It's a little early.
Not in Newcastle. It's not.
Howay. The lads.
Only seconds to go and if it ends like this.
It will be a happy journey back to
the Northeast for the Newcastle players.
- Right. You should lie down. You.
- Aye.
Salsa man.
Munez.
Ah. Beautiful. I know.
Beautiful stuff.
What did you notice
when you won that penalty?
Uh. I noticed... the goal?
You should have noticed two players
in a better position than you.
You don't pass.
You go for glory.
Sven. How are you?
Stop brooding about it. Man.
The gaffer does that to everyone.
You played great.
Everyone saw that. Yeah.
Hey. Hey. Johnny.
- Santiago.
- Hey.
Congratulations. You were amazing.
Oh. Thanks.
My whole family are mad Real Madrid fans.
My grandma. She loves you. Man.
Well. Carry on playing like that.
You'll be there one day.
- See you around.
- Nice to meet you.
- You know how it is. It's your service.
- Gavino. I just...
Hey. Let me introduce you to my mates.
That's Zizou.
This is Raul.
Santiago Munez.
What the hell are you doing with him?

He's the one with the car.
We have to go.
Take care. Yeah.
See you later. All right. Man.
They're over here shooting a commercial.
Mucho dinero. Santi.
- Come on. Let's go. This place is dead.
- What? What do you mean? Where?
This is my town. Son.
Boys. Wicked. We were gonna
send out a search party for you two.
- Nice party. Man.
- This ain't the party.
- Come on. Follow me.
- Upstairs again.
This is the party.
Hello. Boys.
- Fill your boots. Son. It's your birthday.
- Shame on us.
Get in there.
- We're getting this.
- Excuse me.
Come on. Don't be shy.
Ball control. A bit of ball control.
Don't be shy. Your mother wasn't.
That's it. Get in there.
- Not your kind of party?
- I never know what to say.
You wouldn't need to say anything
to most of the girls in there.
I have a girl.
Well. I think I have one.
I met someone I really like.
She's very lucky.
How did you and Gavino meet?
Party like this.
Much the same people.
Musos. Models. Footballers.
Listen. Don't tell him I've gone.
Not that he'd notice.
Want to explain this?
There's nothing to explain. Sir.
It was just people fooling around at a party.
When you travel with this club.

You're an ambassador for this club.
Mr Dornhelm. It's not my fault.
It is your fault. You exposed yourself
to this kind of situation.
- Who is the other player?
- The other one?
It says there are two Newcastle players.
Who is the other one?
- I cannot tell you that. Sir.
- You mean you won't tell me?
Yeah.
Roz. Roz. Hey.
I have to explain about that picture.
- What picture?
- In The Sun.
- Don't read that rag.
- You haven't seen it?
I showed it to her.
Looked like a good party. That.
Are those lasses' tits real?
- It wasn't how it looked.
- Look. I don't wanna talk about it. OK?
I'm busy. You should go and visit
your friend Jamie while you're here.
He's in examination room B.
- Hey.
- Hey. Santi.
- What happened. Man?
- I got stretchered off in the reserve game.
They've sent me here for an MRI scan.
You'll be fine.
They can fix anything these days. Man.
I don't know.
It felt really bad when it happened.
You could just tell.
I reckon I might have to skip
them salsa lessons.
His meniscus is shattered.
And there's a tear
in the lateral cruciate ligament.
I don't know what that means.
Just tell me. Can he play again?
Not if he wants to walk. No.
- All right. Geezer?

- Hey.
Hey. Man. Thanks
for covering for me. Yeah.
You're a top man. If you fingered me.
I was right in the shitter.
We're even. OK?
I don't owe you no more favours.
OK.
You're screwing up your life. Man.
That's how you lost Christina.
- She'll be back.
- No. She won't. You know why?
'Cause she can't stand
your asshole friends.
How do you think that picture
ends up in the paper?
Bluto sold it.
How much does your buddy make dealing
drugs at all the places you get him into?
Think I'm some greaseball
who doesn't know stuff?
These are the best years of our lives
and how long have we got?
Ten. If we're lucky?
Or even less. If we get hurt like Jamie.
It can happen to any of us. We're one
tackle away from flipping burgers.
Get out.
Go on. Piss off.
Where's Dad?
He's setting the sprinklers.
Come on. Dad. Let's go.
Dad?
Dad.
Dad. Wake up. Dad.
Dad. Wake up.
Hey. Glen.
Hey. I meant to come over and explain
about that thing in the newspaper.
Santi. I had a call from LA.
You need to phone your grandmother.
- Glen. What's happened?
- His father.
Heart attack. Apparently.

Is he going to be all right?

Dead.

- I've got it.

- No. It's OK. Man.

Here.

Thanks for everything.

Safe journey.

- Yes. Boss.

- There you go. Brilliant. Thank you.

Hey. Boss.

- Can I have a word?

- Yes. Please.

- I was the other bloke in that picture.

- I'm shocked.

And I thought you should know...

it was me that dragged Santi

to that party to begin with.

He didn't even wanna go.

It's not his scene. He's a good lad.

I take full responsibility.

Boys with big bank accounts are still boys.

This is not an excuse for you any more.

- You're how old?

- 28.

- 29. I think.

- Yeah. Around that.

The young players should

be looking to you for an example.

Off the field as well as on.

Am I right?

I hear what you're saying. Boss.

And...

you're not the first person to say it.

Flight 19 to London Heathrow

is now boarding.

All connecting international flights

will be listed on arrival.

Sir. We're boarding now.

Keep stretching. Lads.

It'll be a long day.

What the hell are you doing here?

Why aren't you on the plane?

I'm sitting in the airport

and I think to myself.

At least now I have an excuse.
A reason to give my buddies and
everybody else why things didn't work out.
"Hey. My dad died. I had to come home.
Take care of business."
- Know why I needed an excuse?
- No.
Because that's the way
my father made me think.
He took away my self-belief.
He made it impossible
to have... aspiracion.
- Aspiration. You understand?
- Yes.
I don't need an excuse.
The only person who can tell me
I'm not good enough is you.
And even then...
I may not agree with you.
You are right. Santi.
There's no point in coming back.
It's God's will.
Hey.
Hi.
So how are you feeling?
I never made peace with my dad.
- He never made peace with you either.
- No. But he never forgave me.
You don't know that.
How can you know that?
What about all those pictures
you sent home?
I don't know where home is any more.
Yeah. You do.
It's green
and it's got a goalpost at each end.
Munez.
How are you doing?
OK. Boss.
Tough thing to lose a father.
I remember when I lost mine.
Thank you.
You shouldn't be here.
The groundsman is having a fit.

His turf is sacred.
I just...
I just wanted to see what it felt like.
You know...
to be on this pitch.
You'll find out Saturday.
Now get off the grass.
Yeah.
I'm in the squad for the Liverpool game.
- Get us a ticket. Then. Will you?
- Yeah.
Well done. Son. Well done.
Well. I never doubted it. Son. First time
I saw you. I said to Phil. Didn't I. Phil?
- That lad's got it.
- No. You didn't.
I owe you. Man.
Breakfast. Remember?
Here.
Get in. We're celebrating.
- Is that Gavin Harris?
- Where?
We're meeting a couple of girls at a club
and then back to my gaff. La vida loca.
I'm joking. Blockbuster and pizza.
Can we put the top up?
My ass is freezing.
Buy a coat.
It's down to this. The last game.
Against their main rivals. Liverpool.
The next 90 minutes
will decide Newcastle's fate.
Will it be Europe. And all the glory
that goes with it. Next season?
If so. They have to win today.
Private box?
I'd check your ticket.
So. Glen. Are you single then?
OK. Listen up.
Guys.
You know what you have to do.
Sant's come on. Sant's come on.
Now. Newcastle are choosing
to start with young Santiago Munez.

It's only his second-ever appearance
for the senior side.

I guess they'll be hoping
he produces some of the flair
that he showed
as a substitute at Fulham last week.
Our ball.

Yes.

- Come on. Sant. Come on. Sant.

- Go. Santiago.

It is getting physical now.

You can feel the determination.

Both teams really need this win.

I've got an airport pickup for you.

Cannae. Tommy. I'm rushed off me feet.

I'll get back to you.

Excuse me. Lads.

Room for a little 'un.

- How's it going?

- We've made all the early running.

- How long's it been on?

- A minute.

Given away by Liverpool.

Alan Shearer looking to organize
a counterattack for Newcastle United.

He's got support to his right.

Stephen Carr.

Now Dyer taking over.

Harris is getting into the middle.

Here comes Harris.

And a goal. It's Harris.

It's a dream start for Newcastle.

And what a way to answer his critics.

Come on.

Number ten. Gavin Harris.

Referee has given the foul.

Free kick to Liverpool.

And they've taken it quickly.

It's a corner.

Free header.

Liverpool are level. 1-1.

Goal-scorer for Liverpool.

Number 25. Igor Biscan.

Newcastle have given

the ball away yet again.
Into Baro.
He's got a chance to shoot here.
Oh. It's in.
Liverpool lead. 2-1.
They've conceded two goals
in quick succession without reply.
That's a devastating blow for Newcastle.
Now. Can they come back from it?
Goal-scorer for Liverpool.
Number five. Milan Baro.
Here we go. Second half.
With Liverpool firmly in the driving seat.
And that second goal has really
knocked the stuffing out of the fans.
Oh. It's a great chance
for Gerrard...
Oh. So close.
Had that gone in. It would have been
"Good night. Newcastle."
Now it's Munez.
The youngster's got some great skill.
Trying a give-and-go here
with Alan Shearer.
Give it.
Pass.
Give it.
- Yes.
- Come on. Pass.
Pass.
It's a goal. It is 2-2.
You beauty.
- We should have a talk about your lad.
- Talk about what. Barry?
Representation. It's gonna be
a feeding frenzy. Gonna be murders.
- A lot of sharks out there.
- I know. That's why he signed with me.
You what?
Great effort by Newcastle.
But remember. If it stays like this. It will still
be Liverpool in Europe next season.
Only three minutes to go now
and Newcastle are running out of time.

They've got to try
and find a winner from somewhere.
Back. Come on.
Come on. Come on. Come on.
Go on. Son. Have a poke.
Let go.
Free kick here.
In a very dangerous area.
- Get him off.
- Took him down. Give him a card.
A real chance for Newcastle. This.
But who's going to take it?
Hey. Santi.
It's yours.
I hope they know what they're doing.
It's young Santiago Munez stepping up.
With only seconds left to play.
And he must feel that the hopes of
an entire city are resting on his shoulders.
Come on. Come on. Come on.
- And I thought you didn't even like football.
- I know.
Unbelievable.
Newcastle's newest and youngest player
gives the fans a brand-new song to sing.
Santiago. Santiago. Ole. Ole. Ole.
That's my grandson. His brother.
- It's true. And he's from here.
- We met his dad.
How could you?
He was here for the Fulham game. Me
darlin'. He was over the moon. Wasn't he?
Dad was here?
Only seconds to go.
Time almost up.
Santi.
Santi. Someone wants to speak to you.
Yeah?
Santiago. Santiago. We saw the game.
Julio and me.
No. Glen's daughter brought us.
You were fantastic.
Si. And I wanna tell you something else.
About your father.

Hey. Glen.

You know when I played against Fulham?

My dad saw the game.

He saw me play. Man.

He's probably watching you right now.

Santi.

Santi.

Santiago.

Yeah.