

PLAY ON
"Pilot"

By Kirsten Cornay

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT – DAY

A women's soccer match *BLARES* on TV in a sad studio apartment. Soccer paraphernalia covers all 500 square feet.

ON-SCREEN: Two COMMENTATORS sit behind a desk in an ESPN-like studio.

MALE TV SPORTS COMMENTATOR
This replay of the 2019 FIFA
Women's World Cup Final is brought
to you by She Wee.

FEMALE TV SPORTS COMMENTATOR
Move over, boys—the world's now a
unisex bathroom!

MALE TV SPORTS COMMENTATOR
Use the promo code "Equal pay,
equal pee" for a thirty percent
discount today!

A pair of TBD LEGS hustles out of the door, leaving the TV on.

EXT. UPHILL STREET – DAY

CHEESY HYPE MUSIC plays as the TBD Legs easily sprints past an out-of-shape, struggling JOGGER.

INT. GYM – DAY

CHEESY HYPE MUSIC continues inside a weight room filled with AGGRESSIVELY HETERO MEN. The same TBD Legs squat an insane amount of weight.

A JACKED BODYBUILDER ogles.

JACKED BODYBUILDER
Bro! Will you marry me?

INT. GYM STEAM ROOM – DAY

HYPE MUSIC intensifies as the TBD Legs violently undulate from one of those THERAGUN DEVICES. It's gross yet hypnotizing to watch.

EXT. HOLLY SPRINGS SOCCER COMPLEX FIELD #1 - DAY

EXAGGERATED MOMENT: Cleats laced, the TBD Legs step onto the soccer field.

A whistle *BLOWS!* The TBD Legs sprint backward?

GREER

Don't eat the dandelions! C'mon,
think of the pesticides.

Meet GREER ERIKSSON (late 20s, queer and bright-eyed owner of these TBD Legs).

Dressed in a yellow jersey and unnecessarily skimpy black shorts, she's clearly a referee at an under-five (U5) coed soccer match.

The smallest player, TIMMY (4), trips and sobs. Greer runs to his side.

GREER (CONT'D)

You hurt, lil man?

CHOMP! Timmy bites her hand and runs off, laughing.

GREER (CONT'D)

SH--!!!!

MANCHESTER CITY FAN (PRE-LAP)

--OOT!!! Shoot the ball!

INT. ABRAHAM'S PUB - DAY

Kitschy European-style sports pub where avid soccer fans watch matches at the bar, including Greer.

Chyron: Earlier Today.

ON TV SCREEN: a player runs straight toward the goal.

GREER

Well, they're totally offside.

The player shoots and scores! The Manchester City fans chant:

MANCHESTER CITY FANS

"City-Manchester City/We are the
lads who are playing to
win/City-the Boys in Blue will
never give in!"

Suddenly, the ref signals—no goal. A MANCHESTER CITY FAN throws up his arms.

MANCHESTER CITY FAN
Offside?! That's bullshit.

GREER
Yeah! Good Call!

MANCHESTER CITY FAN
So, you're a United fan, huh?

He points to the opposing team on screen.

GREER
Who, me? Gosh, no. I'm a Dean fan.

MANCHESTER CITY FAN
A what?

GREER
Mike Dean. The G.R.O.A.T.

MANCHESTER CITY FAN
The what?

GREER
Greatest Ref of All Time, aka my
idol.

Greer fangirls over the nerdy referee on the screen, not noticing the crazy stares on her.

Her phone alarm *RINGS*.

GREER (CONT'D)
Oh, snap! Gotta run. Today is the
beginning of the rest of my life!

She chugs her Shirley Temple (extra cherries) and bolts.

EXT. HOLLY SPRINGS SOCCER COMPLEX ENTRANCE – DAY

In a Georgia suburb, where baseball and football reign king, lies a perfectly adequate cluster of youth soccer fields.

Greer hops off her bike and stands frozen at the entrance, hyping herself up.

GREER
Rec league ref today. The first
female World Cup center ref
tomorrow.

A referee, SAM LAPLANTE (30s, gender nonbinary, and jaded as hell), knocks into her. Do they have a lollipop stuck in their hair? Yes, they do.

Sam grabs Greer by the shoulders, smearing blood onto her immaculately clean jersey.

SAM
Save yourself.

Above Greer's shocked face, the title card:

PLAY ON

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

EXT. HOLLY SPRINGS SOCCER COMPLEX – DAY

It's a hot and steamy spring day in Georgia. KIDS and PARENTS impatiently wait in line at the porta-potties stationed next to a sad little brick building (the referees' hut).

DJ (PRE-LAP)
Scalpel. Stat.

INT. REFEREES' HUT LOCKER ROOM – DAY

A bleak space where the refs change and prepare for their matches.

DJ (40s, muscular, human teddy-bear, and obstetrician) removes the lollipop from Sam's head.

SAM
Brats. I just grew this back.

AGNES (70s, lonesome retiree) walks by, pouring alcohol from a flask into her coffee.

AGNES
Your hair? Or your balls?

BRITTANY (15 and precocious) films the "extraction."

ANGRY PARENT (O.S.)
NUTS, MAHMOUD?! YOU EJECTED MY KID
OVER HIS NUTS?!

MAHMOUD (50s, Head of Referees, Type B, non-confrontational) races inside, avoiding the wrath of an ANGRY PARENT.

He cracks the door slightly.

MAHMOUD
Technically, peanuts are legumes.
And your son threw them at another
player, Benny.

ANGRY PARENT
SO?!

MAHMOUD
So, Benny's deathly allergic.

An ambulance siren *BLARES* in the background.

Angry Parent squeezes into the door gap, but Mahmoud closes it just in time.

MAHMOUD (CONT'D)

Guys, refereeing's a non-contact sport. As in, I don't come in contact with players, coaches, or worse, parents. Especially today. Team rosters are posted, and everyone's on edge.

He peeps out the window. Parents anxiously pace.

MAHMOUD (CONT'D)

Look at them. Circling like sharks, and we're the bait.

AGNES

Speaking of, where's the fresh meat?

Greer barrels inside, screaming as she's pelted with peanuts.

MAHMOUD

Ah, here she is. Everyone, meet our newest ref.

She quickly composes herself.

GREER

Hi! I'm Greer. Wait. Command the room like you'd command the field. It is I, Greer.

MAHMOUD

Right. Listen --

GREER

Can I say something? I've wanted to ref my whole life, so excuse me if I get a little emotional. But no one really understands why anyone would actually want to be a referee. Especially my dad or Lauren, my ex, or my boss when I turned in my two weeks' notice --

DJ

Wait, you quit your job for this?

BRITTANY

You know this is part-time, right?

GREER

Psh, duh, I knew that. I'm devoting all my extra time to honing the craft.

Greer practices whipping out her yellow card but drops it.

Everyone's dumbfounded.

MAHMOUD

As I was saying, rosters. Parents'll blame anything, except their kids, for not making the elite teams. And I can't take any more heat from the league. So just don't make any waves today, ok?

GREER

Don't you worry. They won't make anemone out of me. Get it? Anemone?

EXT. SOCCER FIELD #1 - DAY

Greer and the crew set up for an upcoming match. Sam helps her with the corner flags.

SAM

Let me help you.

GREER

Thanks!

They both grab the flag at the same time. Their hands and eyes graze each other's for a split second.

Sam retracts.

SAM

Uh, looks like you're my linesman next match. I'm Sam--

GREER

--antha LaPlante - the greatest goalie ever to grace the US National Team. I knew that was you! You know, I was there that day - when you got that career-ending wrist injury. But now, you're reffing! It's like you never left the game. How awesome is that?!

Greer fangirls. Sam's triggered.

SAM

So awesome. This is exactly like playing at the highest level in front of thousands of screaming fans. In fact, even better.

GREER

You're being sarcastic, aren't you?

SAM

Yup. And it's just Sam, cool?

GREER

Of course! Totally. Yeah. Cool. That's cool. You're cool.

SAM

Sorry about the blood on your jersey.

GREER

You kidding me? It's an honor.

Sam's unsure yet flattered. They make introductions.

SAM

This is DJ.

DJ

That's Dr. DJ to you. I'm kidding. Not about the being a doctor part.

SAM

And over there's Agnes.

They point to Agnes sleeping on the bleachers.

SAM (CONT'D)

And here comes Brittany.

Brittany's phone *PINGS*.

BRITTANY

Twenty bucks. Bet! Hey, Sam, you know that jersey you gave me?

SAM

You mean my jersey?

DJ

Wait, did you sell their jersey? That's cold.

BRITTANY

There was a demand, and I had the supply. It's economics.

SAM

My jersey's worth way more than twenty bucks, right?

Awkward silence.

BRITTANY

I'm gonna get a Coke.

Brittany backs away slowly.

GREER

I'd pay a thousand dollars for your jersey. Well, I would if I had a thousand dollars.

Sam's still flabbergasted.

GREER (CONT'D)

Do you need a Coke? You know what, as your linesman, Ima get you a Coke.

EXT. CONCESSION STAND - DAY

Greer stands in a long line. Suddenly, KINDERGARTENERS circle her.

GREER

Hey. No cutting.

Their thirty-pound, pig-tailed leader, MIA, steps into the circle.

MIA

So you're the new ref, huh?

She sizes Greer up.

GREER

I am. And you are?

MIA

Your worst nightmare.

GREER

Excuse me? Where are your parents?

They all close in, blowing gum bubbles in perfect unison.
It's terrifying. Brittany swoops in.

BRITTANY
Alright, show's over. Get lost,
twerps!

The kindergarteners scatter.

GREER
What was that?!

BRITTANY
They smell fresh blood. Trying to
get in your head before the game.

GREER
But they're like five years old.

BRITTANY
Doesn't matter. They all do it.
Gotta earn their respect, or it's
dog-eat-dog out there.

JACOB, a fifth-grader hiding in a nearby bush, approaches.

JACOB
PSST. Ten bucks if you book
Sullivan today?

BRITTANY
Make it fifteen, and we have a
deal.

JACOB
Fine.

He slides her the cash.

BRITTANY
See. They respect me.

GREER
That's not respect. That's bribery!

JACOB
Want in? Heard you're reffing my
annoying little sister's game.
Twenty bucks if her team loses.
Then I'll be the favorite.

GREER
One, that's sad. Two, no way, José!
That's against the code.

BRITTANY

What code?

Greer whips out her trusty referee handbook:

Greer

"You have to be accepted on the field of play not because you are the referee but because people trust you."

BRITTANY

OK, Karen.

GREER

We can't accept bribes. That defeats the whole purpose of our jobs. And if Mahmoud finds out...

BRITTANY

As long as the players and parents are happy, he's happy. Everything else, he could care less about. Remember? No waves.

GREER

That can't be true.

INT. MAHMOUD'S OFFICE – DAY

Minuscule office right off the locker room. DJ installs soundproof foam panels.

MAHMOUD

T-minus thirty minutes until the first round of team rosters is posted.

DJ

Well, all my patients swear by this soundproof foam in their nurseries.

Mahmoud tends to his houseplants.

MAHMOUD

Finally, my little ficus can grow without the constant verbal abuse. If this works, DJ, I smell a bonus in your future.

He fans several Yankee Candle coupons.

DJ

I was thinking. How about more
night shifts instead?

MAHMOUD

You want more work? You're a
doctor, for heaven's sake. Plus,
night shifts are for the sad single
refs with nowhere to be on a
Saturday night, like Sam.

Sam just so happens to walk by the window and overhears.

SAM

Hey!

DJ mounts the final piece, muting Sam. He fidgets with his
wedding ring.

DJ

So, about those night shifts?

Mahmoud's highly impressed, watching Sam's mouth move but
hearing absolutely nothing.

MAHMOUD

Sure! Take all of them.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD #1 - DAY

Greer looks for Sam, Coke in hand. She spies them outside the
referee's hut and makes her way over there.

She passes Jacob, leaning on the goalpost.

GREER

Listen, kid, my refereeing won't
help your parents love you more.
Trust me, I know firsthand.

He dangles a whistle.

GREER (CONT'D)

Is that the Hurricane Two Thousand?

JACOB

Two thousand and one.

He tosses it to her. She gives it a *TOOT*.

GREER

Loud, forceful, but not too shrill
like the Pistol 600. Don't these
come out next year?

JACOB

I know a guy, and I'll give it to
you if you throw today's match.

Greer inspects and admires the whistle.

GREER

Just look at the finger grip and
that mouthpiece design.

She snaps out of it.

GREER (CONT'D)

Wait. What am I doing? I cannot be
bought. No, sir!

JACOB

Fine. Your funeral, Miss.

Jacob rips the whistle out of Greer's hand and stomps on it.

GREER

NOOOO! She's innocent!

He runs off. Greer picks up the scattered whistle pieces.

GREER (CONT'D)

Rest in peace, sweet girl.

She touches her lips as if she just kissed the love of her
life.

INT. MAHMOUD'S OFFICE – DAY

Mahmoud lounges and meditates in his newly soundproofed
office.

MAHMOUD

I inhale positive energy and exhale
any fears. I am enough and I am
complete.

We see Jacob and his FRIENDS sneak into the locker room
through Mahmoud's door window. Mahmoud can't hear them break
into Greer's locker. Is one of them holding a snake?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. CONCESSION STAND - DAY

VARIOUS KIDS shove their faces with orange slices. One of them chokes. An ADULT does the Heimlich until it comes out.

EXT. PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

An EXHAUSTED FATHER approaches the TEENAGED GROUNDSKEEPER smoking a joint while mowing.

EXHAUSTED FATHER
Can I hit that?

TEENAGED GROUNDSKEEPER
For sure, my man.

INT. REFEREES' HUT LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Greer nervously studies notecards with Brittany.

BRITTANY
What do you do if a team is playing
a high press?

GREER
Move closer and have a better angle
of view.

Brittany flips the card over.

BRITTANY
Yes. Why?

GREER
Because if a team is playing long
ball, you need to get in position
for the drop zone quickly?

BRITTANY
No. Why do you need to know this?
You're reffing toddlers. Just make
sure they don't run away, and
you're golden.

GREER
You never know.

She almost opens her locker when the clock strikes noon.

BRITTANY
It's showtime.

INT. MAHMOUD'S OFFICE – DAY

Greer and Brittany join DJ, watching Mahmoud pace the room.

GREER
What's going on?

DJ
First round of team rosters is up.

Mahmoud whips out a walkie-talkie.

MAHMOUD
OK, Agnes, release the Kraken.
Over.

EXT. REFEREES' HUT – DAY

Agnes stands by a covered bulletin board right outside Mahmoud's office. PARENTS surround her, anxious.

AGNES
Roger that!
(to the crowd)
Who wants to know if your kid's on
the elite team or if they just
suck?

She removes the cover and her hearing aids. She's immediately swarmed and screamed at by Parents, but she laughs in silent bliss.

INT. MAHMOUD'S OFFICE – DAY

Mahmoud watches and revels in the chaos. Parents bang on the windows.

MAHMOUD
Sorry, what did you say? I can't
hear you. Can they hear me?

DJ
Nope.

MAHMOUD
Aww, little Sally didn't make the
team. Boo-hoo. How will you ever
love her now?

BRITTANY
Harsh, Mahmoud.

MAHMOUD
See. This place changes me. I don't
even recognize myself sometimes.

He practices breathing exercises to calm down.

EXT. HOLLY SPRINGS SOCCER COMPLEX PARKING LOT – DAY

Sam grabs their sunscreen from their once fancy, now dated,
and dented BMW.

A gorgeous and super fashionable woman approaches—meet KATE
CRANFORD, Sam's former US National Teammate (think Mia Hamm
level of famous).

KATE
Samantha?

SAM
Kate?! Hey. How are you?

They instantly hide their ref uniform behind the car door.

KATE
I thought that was you! Gosh, I
barely recognized you with the lack
of hair and gender, I guess.

SAM
Yup. It's me. So, what are you
doing here?

KATE
My son plays here. Ugh, I feel so
old. Miss the ol' World Cup days,
am I right?

Several FANS run up to her and ask for photos and autographs.
Kate obliges. No one recognizes Sam.

KATE (CONT'D)
Anyways. What are you doing here?

Sam panics.

SAM
My kid plays here, too. Yup.

KATE
I didn't know you had a kid?!

SAM
Well, I did. You know? The thing.
The having of children.

Greer shouts from the referee's hut.

GREER
Field one, Sam! See you there!

SAM
Thanks for letting me know,
complete stranger!

KATE
Hey! My son's playing on field one!

SAM
Oh, great. That's just great.

KATE
I know! I'll save you a spot. Just
like old times. Oh, Sammy, I just
hate how we lost touch.

SAM
Well, now that both our kids play
here... we never have to...

KATE
Yay!

SAM
Yay...

EXT. SOCCER FIELD #1 - DAY

Parents arrive with their TODDLERS. Greer warms up,
stretching her legs and jogging in place.

DING. A CHYRON appears over her head as she opens her text.

DAD: "Mom wanted me to say good luck on your first game."

GREER: "Thanks, Dad! Love you."

DAD: "... " appears, then disappears.

GREER
Hmmm. Phone must've died.

Brittany, DJ, and Agnes check in.

BRITTANY

Vibe check. You nervous?

GREER

If by nervous, you mean: Am I ready for the singular moment I've been waiting for my entire life? Then, yes, I'm extremely nervous.

BRITTANY

Good. You should be.

GREER

Wait, what? Why?

BRITTANY

Look.

Mia rolls up to the field. She glares at Greer before hugging her mom and joining her team on the sidelines.

Jacob's watching, too, cracking his knuckles. Greer gulps.

AGNES

You gotta assert dominance.

GREER

What? Over the children?

AGNES

Or they'll never stop. And don't show any fear; they can smell it.

DJ

Don't listen to her. Just be confident, and you'll be just fine.

AGNES

Easy for you to say, Hulk.

GREER

He's right. Stick to the course. Smooth sailing and no waves.

DJ

Are you the center?

GREER

Linesman. Sam's the center.

DJ

Well, where are they?

Sam approaches (not in their jersey).

GREER
Oh, thank God!

They FaceTime with Mahmoud.

SAM
Please. Please, Mahmoud. You have
to switch my shift.

MAHMOUD
(on FaceTime)
Absolutely not. Do you know how
long it takes me to schedule you
all? Minutes! Minutes, I'll never
get back.

Mahmoud hangs up. Sam grovels.

SAM
Hey, DJ, my man.

DJ
No way.

SAM
I'll owe you big time.

DJ
You already owe me big time,
remember? I covered you when your
grandpa died for the fifth time and
when you swore you saw Tonya
Harding at the grocery store...

SAM
She pushed a woman down for the
last avocado!

DJ
And all of last June.

SAM
OK, OK. How about I'll throw in my
Christmas bonus, eh?

They wave a stack of Kohl's Cash in DJ's face.

DJ
No.

SAM
Agnes, buddy.

AGNES
Who's Agnes? What's an Agnes?

SAM
Stop playing senile.

AGNES
(to DJ)
Are you Agnes?

Kate Cranford arrives and waves.

GREER
OMG! Is that Kate Cranford? The
highest-scoring national player of
all time?!

Sam panics and wraps their arm around Greer.

SAM
Sorry, kid. You're on your own.

They slip the yellow and red cards into Greer's shirt pocket.

GREER
Wait, what?!

Sam bolts. Greer glances at the toddlers, sizing her up.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD #1 SIDELINE – DAY

Parents rush for the best vantage points. Kate grabs Sam.

KATE
Sammy!

SAM
Shit.

KATE
I saved you a seat.

SAM
Oh, you're just too...thoughtful.

They reluctantly sit next to Kate. DJ and Brittany sit behind them. Agnes heads to her match.

AGNES
Let me know how the bloodbath goes.

BRITTANY
Ten bucks say this'll crash and
burn.

DJ
(re: Sam)
This? Or
(re: Greer)
This?

BRITTANY
D. All of the above.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD #1 - DAY

The toddlers take the field. Greer pep talks.

GREER
Make your presence known from the
moment you walk onto the field. Use
the whistle to communicate control.
Remember, a firm whistle will
eliminate 50 percent of the
arguments. OK. Let's get this
bread!

FWEEET FWEEET! Greer blows her whistle. Toddlers waddle
aimlessly.

DJ (V.O.)
Go, Greer! You got this!

The toddlers kick the ball around with absolutely no
strategy. Greer keeps up, smiling and confident.

GREER
Yeah, I think I do got this!

AMY (4) picks up the ball and runs. Greer whips out her
whistle. *FWEEET!*

GREER (CONT'D)
Handball!

She takes the ball. It's covered in spit.

GREER (CONT'D)
Eww, gross.

INT. MAHMOUD'S OFFICE - DAY

Mahmoud mists his plant babies.

MAHMOUD

There you go, Christofern. And some
for you, Elvis Parsley.

He waters the cactus on the windowsill.

MAHMOUD (CONT'D)

I didn't forget about you...

Through the window, he sees Sam sitting instead of
refereeing.

MAHMOUD (CONT'D)

Why do they do this to me, Cactus
Everdeen?

EXT. SOCCER FIELD #1 SIDELINE - DAY

Sam cheers from the sidelines.

SAM

Good call, Greer. I mean ref whom I
don't know.

KATE

So, which one's yours?

SAM

Huh?

KATE

Which kid is yours, silly?

SAM

Oh, right! Uh...

They scan the field and point at a random player.

SAM (CONT'D)

That one?

KATE

Awww. I see the resemblance, but
she didn't want to be a goalie like
you?

SAM

Well, she's four years old so...

KATE

Smart kid. There are no
endorsements for goalies.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)
People only remember who scores the goals, not blocks them. Am I right?

Kate sips out of her Nike water bottle. She wears a Nike watch, shirt, yoga pants, and shoes.

KATE (CONT'D)
I never have to work again.

Sam's miserable.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD #1 - DAY

It's a water break. DJ and Brittany join Greer on the field.

DJ
Great job out there, really.

GREER
Thanks! Is that a defibrillator?

DJ
Yeah! For just in case, you know?

BRITTANY
I forgot the fire extinguisher.
Lemme go and get it real quick.

GREER
Guys, they're toddlers. What harm can they do? Look at them. Angels.

They watch the teams drink juice boxes and pick their noses. Amy waves. Greer waves back.

GREER (CONT'D)
See? Innocent.

BRITTANY
You sure about that?

Suddenly, Jacob huddles with the toddlers on his sister's opposing team.

GREER
Wait, what's happening?

EXAGGERATED MOMENT: Timmy, the biting toddler from the cold open, steps onto the field, focused and determined.

Jacob laughs maniacally.

DJ
Oh, shit, it's Timmy.

BRITTANY
Oof, bruh.

GREER
Who's Timmy?

DJ rolls up his pant leg. Brittany sticks out her hand. Both have scars.

BRITTANY
He's the worst of them all. A
biter.

Jacob massages Timmy's shoulders. Timmy licks his lips.

GREER
Why me?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. PRACTICE FIELD – DAY

A PRETEEN juggles a soccer ball.

PRETEEN
One, two, three, four...

He kicks it into his face. His lips tangle in his braces.

PRETEEN (CONT'D)
My wips! I can't move my wips!

EXT. SOCCER FIELD #2 – DAY

Agnes refs her match from a chair at the half-line. MIDDLE SCHOOL BOYS zoom past her.

A STRIKER scores.

VARIOUS PARENTS (O.S.)
Yeah! Way to go!

FWWEEET! Agnes blares her whistle.

AGNES
Touchdown!

EXT. SOCCER FIELD #1 – DAY

Back at Greer's game, the toddlers, including Timmy, rush back on the field.

Greer's white as a ghost.

DJ
Welp. Water break's over.

GREER
What?! No, it's not. It's not over.
Wait. Where are you going?

DJ and Brittany make moves toward the sideline.

GREER (CONT'D)
Don't leave me. Take me with you.

Suddenly, she's surrounded by toddlers.

KATE
Get this show on the road, ref!

GREER
You got it. Here we go. We're going
right...now.

Greer hesitantly blows her whistle. Timmy beelines for her.

GREER (CONT'D)
Oh, snap.

Greer sprints in the opposite direction.

She barely avoids Timmy, swerving past the on-field chaos:

- Toddlers trip over their shoelaces.
- One chases a butterfly.
- Others collectively dig a massive hole.

GREER (CONT'D)
No digging!

Timmy bobs and weaves with ease, determined to reach Greer, who backpedals into a 3' tall defender, JAIME.

JAIME
Hey!

GREER
Sorry, kid.

Jaime *WAILS*. Parents are concerned.

GREER (CONT'D)
Everything's fine. Just a little
run-in. Play on!

Greer's sweating bullets.

INT. MAHMOUD'S OFFICE - DAY

Mahmoud finishes the final touches of a poorly executed disguise (think John Waters meets basic suburban dad).

He ogles himself in a mirror.

MAHMOUD
Mahmoud, you've really outdone
yourself.

He surveys where Sam's seated. It's a long trek.

MAHMOUD (CONT'D)
 (to his plants)
 Wish me luck, my children.

He cracks his door open. Parents still circle the premises, angry at the roster results.

Mahmoud walks by, unrecognized.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD #1 - DAY

Greer checks her watch and gratefully *BLOWS* her whistle.

GREER
 Halftime! Thank God.

The two teams retreat to their corners. Greer's disheveled.

DJ hooks her up to an IV.

GREER (CONT'D)
 I don't understand. The pros don't seem this vicious.

DJ
 That's because they're adults who've already made it. These kids will do anything to win.

SAM
 PSSST!

Sam sneaks up, back turned away from Greer.

SAM (CONT'D)
 Sorry, I ditched you.

Greer rips out the IV.

GREER
 All good. No worries. Everything's stupendous.

SAM
 Here, take my gloves. For protection.

They slip Greer a pair of goalie gloves.

GREER

I can't take these. I mean, they're
a piece of American history. A
national treasure.

Sam watches Kate pass out Nike paraphernalia like it's candy
to a swarm of ADMIRERS.

SAM

Trust me, no one cares.

KATE

Sammy!

SAM

Kill me. Gotta go.

They rejoin Kate on the sidelines. Greer admires the gloves.

EXT. CONCESSION STAND - DAY

Mahmoud walks straight into a crowd. No one recognizes him.

MAHMOUD

Good morning! Hello there! I love
your haircut, miss.

He gleefully continues toward Field #1.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD #1 - DAY

Greer continues to admire Sam's gloves.

DJ

Halftime's up.

Her trance breaks.

GREER

Huh?

DJ

You're on.

Greer puffs out her chest and marches onto the field, armored
in goalie gloves.

GREER

See if you can bite me now. You
butter-faced chicken noodle.

Timmy scowls. She *BLOWS* her whistle.

GREER (CONT'D)
Let's dance.

EXAGGERATED MOMENT: Tango music plays.

Greer bites a dandelion as if it were a rose, as she and Timmy run around the field in a game of cat and mouse.

Timmy disappears behind a CLUSTER OF KIDS kicking each other's shins.

Greer whips around. She can't find him.

GREER (CONT'D)
Where'd he go?! I can't see him.

CHHOOMMP! Timmy bites Greer's pinky from behind.

GREER (CONT'D)
(re: gloves)
Ha-ha! Joke's on you. I feel nothing!

He unlocks his jaw, angry and still out for blood.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD #5 SIDELINE – DAY

Mahmoud successfully makes it to the bleachers unscathed. He sits amongst a group of SOCCER DADS.

MAHMOUD
Sup... You lift?

SOCCER DAD
Um, yeah?

MAHMOUD
Me, too, obviously.

Meanwhile, Agnes joins DJ and Brittany.

AGNES
What happened?! What did I miss?

Riveted, Brittany and DJ guzzle popcorn.

DJ
It's like we're watching one of those wildlife shows.

BRITTANY
Facts, and Greer's the antelope.

AGNES
Greer, behind you!

She steals the popcorn and sits.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD #1 - DAY

Timmy's closing in.

GREER
How can his little legs run that
fast?!

She looks to DJ, Brittany, and Agnes.

GREER (CONT'D)
What do I do?!

INTERCUT SOCCER FIELD #1/SOCCER FIELD #1 SIDELINE

AGNES
What is she saying?

BRITTANY
She's asking what she should do.

AGNES
Card the little twat.

DJ
Red card him!

GREER
What?!

Timmy's even closer. DJ gestures to for her to whip out a card.

DJ
Card him!

Timmy's inches away.

GREER
Guard him! Got it!

Greer picks up Mia and uses her as a human shield.

MIA
Hey! I will end you!

Mia flails. Parents GASP.

DJ
That is not what I said.

Mahmoud stands and rips off his fake mustache.

MAHMOUD
Greer, what on earth are you doing?

AGNES
Mahmoud?

SAM
Mahmoud?! Crap.

His cover is blown. Parents lose their minds.

MAHMOUD
Oh no.

Sam tries to sneak away.

MAHMOUD (CONT'D)
You stay right there, Sam.

KATE
Sammy, isn't that your kid?!

SAM
What, huh?

KATE
The ref's taking your kid hostage!

SAM
What? Oh, yeah. Hey ref! Get your hands off my kid.

Mia's large and intimidating mom, JANET, stands.

JANET
That's not your kid. That's my kid.

SAM
Oops sorry. They all look the same at this age, am I right?

Parents nod in agreement.

MAHMOUD
Sam! What are you doing? Why aren't you down there, working?

KATE
Working? What's he talking about?
What's going on?

SAM
Uh, nothing. He's crazy. Just put
the kid down, Greer.

Greer panics.

GREER
I, um, thought I smelled a dirty
diaper.

She sniffs and puts Mia down.

GREER (CONT'D)
We're clear!

Parents clap and compliment Greer's altruistic gesture.

KATE
Aww, thanks for checking! Great
job, ref!

GREER
Oh, stop it. Just doin' my job.

She takes off her gloves and bows, not noticing Mia stealing
the gloves.

Greer blows her whistle and continues play.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD #1 SIDELINE – DAY

Now that the parents are calm, Mahmoud whispers to Sam.

MAHMOUD
I'll see you in my office after.

Sam GULPS. Mahmoud smiles so parents don't wonder what's up.

KATE
Since when are you soft on the
refs, Sammy? Need I remind you that
they're the enemy and total losers,
to be honest.

Sam sinks into their chair.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD #1 - DAY

The toddlers continue chasing after the ball. Finally, one scores a goal, and the crowd goes wild!

Greer resets everyone at the center line, and **the scene from the cold open replays**. A whistle BLOWS!

Greer sprints backward.

GREER
Don't eat the dandelions! C'mon,
there are pesticides.

Timmy trips and sobs. Greer begrudgingly runs to his side.

GREER (CONT'D)
You hurt, lil man?

Timmy moves in for the kill. Greer notices her missing gloves on Mia.

CCRRUUNNNCHHH! He sinks his teeth deep into Greer's right hand.

GREER (CONT'D)
SHHHHHHIIITAKE MUSHROOMS!

She takes the red card out of her shirt pocket, but Mahmoud gestures to not make waves. Then she spots Jacob, grinning from ear to ear.

She's conflicted for a beat, gripping the card.

GREER (CONT'D)
Sorry, Mahmoud. I'm not a pawn. I'm
a referee.

She lifts he arm and red cards Timmy.

GREER (CONT'D)
That is it! You're out of here!
Wow! I can't believe I did that. I
just peed a little.

Timmy cries and runs towards--

EXT. SOCCER FIELD #1 SIDELINE - CONTINUOUS

--his mom, Kate.

KATE

Excuse me! What are you doing? You can't card Timmy.

SAM

Wait. This is YOUR son?

Greer joins the sideline, no longer the self-conscious ingénue but a confident referee.

GREER

Rule 12 in the Youth Soccer Association's *Laws of the Game*: "Serious red card offenses include: kicking, tripping, charging, punching, pushing, holding, and spitting."

KATE

You didn't say biting.

GREER

There's spit when you bite. I'm sorry, but Timmy is banned from the next game.

KATE

Wait 'til the parents' association hears about this! I'll have you fired. Right, Mahmoud?

He thinks. Parents impatiently wait on his response.

MAHMOUD

Uh, how 'bout a 20 percent discount off the fall season, huh? And we'll even throw in a new uniform.

KATE

That's more like it.

SAM

What?! Are you kidding me?! Mahmoud, the kid's a monster.

KATE

Sammy, why are you defending a referee?

Sam hesitates, then puts their arm around Greer.

SAM

Because I am a referee.

Kate laughs uncontrollably.

KATE

Sorry. I don't mean to laugh but you? A ref? See, I told you, there's no money in goalies, Timmy.

TIMMY

But I want to catch the balls.

KATE

I said no. Now drop it.

Timmy obediently follows Kate to their car, disheartened.

GREER

Wait, am I fired?

INT. REFEREES' HUT LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Greer, Sam, Agnes, DJ, and Brittany change out of uniforms.

BRITTANY

You OK, Greer?

GREER

I can't believe my referee career was this close to ending on my first day.

AGNES

Honey, you're gonna have to thicken that skin real fast.

DJ

What Agnes means is, it'll get better. Someone sued me over an offside call on my first day.

BRITTANY

I was kidnapped after mine.

GREER

I'm sorry, what?

BRITTANY

For like ten minutes.

AGNES

They'll leave you alone, Greer.

GREER

Really?

AGNES

In about forty years.

Sam pats her on the back. Is there chemistry in the air?

SAM

C'mon, kid. I'll buy you a beer.

Greer blushes. Mahmoud busts in and flaunts Chili's coupons.

MAHMOUD

First round's on me!

SAM

I thought your office is
soundproof.

Mahmoud points to a CAMERA in the corner.

MAHMOUD

Security cameras, my friend. Now
I'll know if anyone ditches their
games ever again.

SAM

Whatever, the whole world now knows
I'm a washed-up loser.

GREER

That's not true. Do you know you
have the cleanest record ever on
the National Team? Not a single red
or yellow card.

SAM

So?

GREER

So! You're a legend in the referee
world.

SAM

A legend, eh? Well, how 'bout that?

Brittany puts Sam's jersey on.

BRITTANY

In that case, will you sign my
jersey?

SAM

You kept it?

BRITTANY

Duh, it'll be worth way more once
you're dead.

Sam's touched. Everyone exits except Greer, who tapes a photo
of her idol - Mike Dean - in her locker.

GREER

We're one day closer to reffing the
World Cup, Mike. Nothing will stop
me, not angry parents or biting
kids or SNAKE!

The snake slithers out of her locker and into Mahmoud's
office.

Greer bolts.

EXT. REFEREES' HUT - DAY

Greer catches up to the rest of the group.

GREER

There's a...!

She spies Jacob in the distance, who waits for her to freak
out.

GREER (CONT'D)

Never mind. Thanks for not firing
me today.

Jacob leaves without the reaction he hoped for.

MAHMOUD

Fired? No. You're reffing the
teenagers tomorrow, hot shot.

GREER

What?!

EXAGGERATED MOMENT: TEENAGERS run down a soccer field like
the Spartans from 300.

Greer's frozen scared, until Sam steps into frame looking
like a gorgeous Spartan demigod. Is Greer drooling?

SAM

Greer?

GREER

Heeeyy.

SAM
You coming?

Greer snaps out of it.

GREER
What? Yes. For sure!

Sam wraps their arm around Greer as they rejoin the gang.
Despite the day's chaos, Greer can't help but beam.

She's finally found her people.

END OF SHOW