



"The Trčka Terriers"

written by

Lisa Davis

ON BLACK:

Rugby is a game for barbarians played by gentlemen. Football is a game for gentlemen played by barbarians.

-- Oscar Wilde

FADE IN:

EXT./EST. 354 PARK AVENUE (NEW YORK) - DAY (2014)

Headquarters of the NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE [NFL].

INT. NFL - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The OWNERS and EXECUTIVES of the NFL's 32 teams eat gourmet munchies as they listen to Commissioner ROGER GOODELL.

GOODELL

I am pleased to report that each of our teams can expect a net revenue of one-hundred eighty-seven-point-seven million, up four-point-three percent from last year.

All are happy, except Dallas Cowboys owner JERRY JONES.

JONES

Goodell, we ain't paying you forty-nine -and-a-half million dollars a year for a lousy, stinkin' four-point-three percent! We are paying you forty-nine -and-a-half million dollars a year to make us money! Now, you go make us some goddamn money!

INT. NFL - COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - LATER

Goodell sits at his desk, paralyzed by indecision. Phone beside him RINGS. He presses a button.

GOODELL'S SECRETARY (OVER PHONE)

Coach Shula on line two, Mr. Goodell.

"Coach Shula" as in DON SHULA, the winningest coach in NFL history. Goodell groans, picks up the receiver.

GOODELL (ON PHONE)

Coach, for the last time...

SHULA (OVER PHONE)

That's "Mr. Shula" to you, punk! You rake in forty-nine-and-a-half million bucks a year, and you skip out on a nine dollar tab?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GOODELL (ON PHONE)  
The greens were limp, and the croutons  
were hard as rocks.

SHULA (OVER PHONE)  
Bull! My place makes the best Caesar  
Salad in town, you cheap bastard!  
Don't make me send Csonka up there! I  
want that nine bucks! Now!

LATER

Goodell still at his desk, still paralyzed by indecision.  
His secretary RUBY waits to take dictation. Finally...

GOODELL  
Ruby? Who is the most-annoying twit in  
our sport?

RUBY  
Besides Mr. Jones?

He groans.

RUBY (CONT'D)  
Oh, that's easy. Tim Tebow.

He smiles. Now they're onto something.

GOODELL  
And who is the most-annoying old fart  
in our sport?

RUBY  
Coach Shula?

He points at her: "Bingo!"

RUBY (CONT'D)  
Uh, I don't know where you're going  
with this, Mr. Goodell.  
(beat)  
But I like it.

INT. HOUSE (INDIAN CREEK, FL) - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Luxury residence of Don and MARY ANNE SHULA. They sleep.  
Phone at her end table RINGS. She stirs, turns ON her table  
lamp, grabs the receiver.

MARY ANNE SHULA (ON PHONE)  
Hello?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She listens to the WALLA, then rouses Shula.

MARY ANNE SHULA (CONT'D)  
Coach. It's David.

Confusion crosses his face as he takes the phone.

SHULA (ON PHONE)  
David? What's wrong?

He tries to make sense of the WALLA, then looks at the end table clock: 2:30 AM. Now, he's really discombobulated.

SHULA (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
It's two-thirty in the morning, David.  
Nobody mows their lawn at two-thirty in the morning!  
(long beat)  
All right, all right! I'll be right over!

He hands her the receiver. She hangs up as he gets out of bed, puts slippers on, stands/wraps a robe around himself.

MRS. SHULA  
I ought to call the police, Coach.

SHULA  
Don't bother, dear. He's probably sleepwalking again. I'll be back soon.

He leaves.

EXT. INDIAN TRAIL (COOPER CITY, FL) - LATER

Luxury car pulls up/stops in front of a LUXURY HOUSE. Shula - in slippers, PJ's, and robe - gets out/closes door. He walks up to the house/KNOCKS on the door. No response.

SHULA  
David? David? It's me, Coach.

He turns the door handle to find it unlocked.

INT. DAVID SHULA'S HOUSE - ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

Shula opens the door cautiously, enters.

SHULA  
David? David?

He is HIT from BEHIND, goes DOWN. SCREEN GOES BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG MAN'S VOICE  
Coach?... Coach?

FADE UP INTO:

EXT. DOCK - EARLY MORNING

Fog. Shula COMES TO to find himself in a jacket and sweat pants he doesn't recognize, and a YOUNG MAN, in the SAME jacket and sweat pants, hovering OVER him.

SHULA  
You're not David.

YOUNG MAN  
Who's David?

SHULA  
My son.

He now looks hard at the Young Man.

SHULA (CONT'D)  
Either I am having the Mother Of All  
Nightmares, or you're Tim Tebow.

Indeed. TIM TEBOW gets hyper, which is what happens when he is happy/excited, which is most of the time.

TEBOW  
I can't believe you know me!

SHULA  
Even microbes on Mars know you.

TEBOW  
There are microbes on Mars?

Shula rolls his eyes.

TEBOW (CONT'D)  
Can you get up, Coach?

Shula nods. Tebow helps him stand. Groggy, Shula rubs the back of his head.

TEBOW (CONT'D)  
One minute, I was at a prayer meeting,  
and the next minute, I'm here.

SHULA  
Where's here?

They look around:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN lords over them.

They then look in front of them, and, as if on cue...

Ahead of them is what looks like a GINGERBREAD HOUSE.

MUFFLED MUSIC UP: "John Carroll University Fight Song" by VAUGHN MONROE AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

The fog parts enough to reveal large duffel bags around them. Shula smiles, recognizing the music.

SHULA (CONT'D)  
It's the fight song of my Alma Mater,  
John Carroll!

He and Tebow zip open/dig through the bags.

SHULA (CONT'D)  
(SINGS)  
"Onward, on John Carroll, for we're  
here to see you win, gold and blue/  
Onward, on John Carroll, onto greater  
goals and vict'ries new/Onward, on  
John Carroll, for our faith in you is  
boundless and true/Dear Alma Mater,  
we're all for you/And for the gold and  
blue!"

MUSIC ENDS, much to his disappointment. After more digging, Shula finds a FOOTBALL UMPIRE DOLL; it TALKS:

UMPIRE DOLL (MALE VOICE)  
Good morning, Coach. You are in the  
Kingdom of Trčka, home of the new  
NFL Europe franchise, The Trčka  
Terriers. The duffel bags sent with  
you contain souvenir items designed to  
promote the team to the populous.  
(beat)  
By now, you have become acquainted with  
your starting quarterback, Tim Tebow.

Tebow pumps a fist, jubilant. Shula wants to deck him.

UMPIRE DOLL (CONT'D)  
Your mission, should you choose to  
accept it - Ha! As if you have a  
choice! - is to prepare the Terriers  
for its inaugural season.  
(beat)  
As always, should you or any member of  
your team be caught or killed or  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UMPIRE DOLL (CONT'D)  
convicted of contributing to the  
delinquency of a farm animal, the  
Commissioner will disavow all knowledge  
of your activities.

(beat)  
This umpire will self-destruct in five  
seconds. Good luck, Coach.

Shula tosses it. It EXPLODES. He and Tebow now try to get  
their minds around their predicament.

SHULA  
"Caught"?! "Killed"?! "Convicted of  
contributing to the delinquency of a  
farm animal"?! What the hell kind of  
place is this?!

Just then, each feels something tap him on the head. They  
look up, then at each other.

EXT. BORDER CHECKPOINT - MINUTES LATER

Shula and Tebow lug the duffel bags through SNOW DRIFTS to  
the "Gingerbread House".

They see written signs on the windows and doors: "Pancake  
Day. Please use Kiosk". They share a confused look.

KIOSK - MOMENTS LATER

With a mind-numbing 92 push-button keys. Shula and Tebow  
try to figure out how it works when suddenly...

KIOSK (MALE VOICE)  
Hey, there! Welcome to the Kingdom of  
Trčka! Where Men Are Men and Women Are  
Women. A Darn-Good Arrangement.  
(in Adyghe)  
For Adyghe, press one.  
(in Albanian)  
For Albanian, press two.  
(in Aragonese)  
For Aragonese, press three.  
(in Armenian)  
For Armenian, press four.  
(in Aromanian)  
For Aromanian, press five.  
(in Avar)  
For Avar, press six.  
(in Azerbaijani)  
For Azerbaijani, press seven.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHULA  
English! How do you get English?!

KIOSK  
(in Arpitan)  
For Arpitan, press eight.  
(in Asturian)  
For Asturian, press nine.  
(in Bashkir)  
For Bashkir, press ten.  
(in Basque)  
For Basque, press eleven.  
(in Belarusian)  
For Belarusian, press twelve.  
(in Bosnian)  
For Bosnian, press thirteen.  
(in Breton)  
For Breton, press fourteen.  
(in Bulgarian)  
For Bulgarian, press fifteen.  
(in Catalan)  
For Catalan, press sixteen.  
(in Celtic)  
For Celtic, press seventeen.  
(in Chechen)  
For Chechen, press eighteen.  
(in Chuvash)  
For Chuvash, press nineteen.  
(in Cornish)  
For Cornish, press twenty.  
(in Corsican)  
For Corsican, press twenty-one.  
(in Crimean Tatar)  
For Crimean Tatar, press twenty-two.  
(in Croatian)  
For Croatian, press twenty-three.  
(in Czech)  
For Czech, press twenty-four.  
(in Danish)  
For Danish, press twenty-five.  
(in German)  
For German, press twenty-six.  
(in Dutch)  
For Dutch, press twenty-seven.

Shula and Tebow are losing it. Finally...

KIOSK (CONT'D)  
For English, press twenty-eight.

SHULA  
About damn time!

Shula presses the "28" key, and... NOTHING.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

KIOSK  
 (in Spanish)  
 For Spanish, press twenty-nine.  
 (in Estonian)  
 For Estonian, press thirty.  
 (in Erzya)  
 For Erzya, press thirty-one.  
 (in Faroese)  
 For Faroese, press thirty-two.  
 (in Finnish)  
 For Finnish, press thirty-three.  
 (in French)  
 For French, press thirty-four.  
 (in Frisian)  
 For Frisian, press thirty-five.  
 (in Gaelic)  
 For Gaelic, press thirty-six.  
 (in Gaguz)  
 For Gaguz, press thirty-seven.  
 (in Galician)  
 For Galician, press thirty-eight.  
 (in Gallo)  
 For Gallo, press thirty-nine.  
 (in Georgian)  
 For Georgian, press forty.  
 (in Greek)  
 For Greek, press forty-one.

All through this, Shula and Tebow have been BANGING ON IT frantically. An OPTION then catches Shula's ear.

SHULA  
 Hungarian! It just said press forty-two for Hungarian!

Shula presses the "42" key. Incredibly, it STOPS.

KIOSK  
 (in Hungarian)  
 You have selected...  
 (beat; in English)  
 English.

Shula and Tebow are exasperated.

EXT. BÅRGEN - MAIN STREET - LATER

Earthy Viking meets Brothers Grimm. Shula and Tebow walk, still lugging the duffel bags.

PASSERS-BY stare at these strangers in their strange land. Tebow waves at them to assure them that he and Shula are "friendlies"; they wave back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHULA

My father was from Hungary. He changed his last name from "Sule", S-u-l-e, to "Shula". He thought it sounded more-American.

TEBOW

Our name was originally "Tibout", T-i-b-o-u-t. We're Walloons from Bruges.

SHULA

Wha-what?

TEBOW

Walloons: French-speaking Protestants who were persecuted by the Dutch-speaking Catholics.

SHULA

Naturally.

He notices Tebow's anxiety has been replaced with his the-glass-is-always-half-full disposition.

SHULA (CONT'D)

What are you so happy about?

TEBOW

I'm first on the depth chart!

SHULA

You're the only one on the depth chart!

He then stops walking. Tebow stops.

SHULA (CONT'D)

Wait. We don't have to recruit players. We don't have to put a team together. We don't have to do jack!

He looks up as if to rail at the football gods.

SHULA (CONT'D)

You hear me, Goodell?! We don't have to do jack!

EXT./EST. UNITED STATES CONSULATE (PATHÉ) - LATER

An armed GUARD allows a wiped-out Shula and Tebow to enter, each lugging the duffel bags.

INT. UNITED STATES CONSULATE - MAIN LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

Decadent. Shula and Tebow walk up to a desk manned by a snooty BUREAUCRAT (30s).

BUREAUCRAT  
Let me take a wild guess.

He points at Shula.

BUREAUCRAT (CONT'D)  
You're Don Shula.

He points at Tebow.

BUREAUCRAT (CONT'D)  
And you're Tim Tebow.  
(beat)  
And, let me take another wild guess,  
you want to go home.  
(beat; smug)  
Sorry. No can do.

They look at him: "Huh"?

BUREAUCRAT (CONT'D)  
As you may know, Commissioner Goodell's  
brother is queer. And, as you may also  
know, President Obama is a big supporter  
of our rights.

SHULA  
What "rights"?

BUREAUCRAT  
The right to marry, for one!

SHULA  
Since when is marriage a right?!

Tebow signals a halt before it gets too-heated.

TEBOW  
So... let me get this "straight".

He and Shula chuckle. The Bureaucrat is not amused.

TEBOW (CONT'D)  
The NFL made a big contribution to the  
president's reelection campaign, and  
the president is returning the favor.

His smirk confirms Tebow's theory. Tebow suddenly lunges at him with righteous fury. The Bureaucrat SHRIEKS.

BUREAUCRAT  
Help! Help! Get off of me, you  
goddamn Jesus freak!

INT. UNITED STATES CONSULATE - HOLDING CELL - LATER

A dazed Shula and Tebow sit up against a wall.

SHULA  
I'm proud of you, son. You've just  
earned yourself a twenty year stretch  
at Leavenworth, but I'm proud of you  
just the same.

TEBOW  
Thanks, Coach.  
(long beat)  
What's Leavenworth?

SHULA  
It's a federal prison in Kansas.

Tebow doesn't get it.

SHULA (CONT'D)  
That three dollar bill is a government  
employee.

TEBOW  
(sinks in)  
Oh.  
(beat)  
Well, at least it's not in Colorado. I  
don't ever want to go back to Colorado.  
(suddenly upbeat)  
Hey, my brother lives in Colorado!

SHULA  
How many siblings you got?

TEBOW  
Two brothers and two sisters.

SHULA  
I'm the fourth of seven: Irene; Joseph  
and Josephine, the twins; me; Jane,  
Jeannette, and James, the triplets.  
Josephine died before I was born. The  
triplets came along when I was six.  
They were my first coaching job.

Tebow chuckles.

SHULA (CONT'D)  
Dorothy, David's mother, had our five  
children in the first six years of our  
married life. I changed jobs four  
times in those six years. I couldn't  
have accomplished or stayed in the  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHULA (CONT'D)  
profession as long as I did if I didn't  
have the strength that she gave me.

(long beat)  
She passed, and I lost it. Then, I  
really went nuts. That's when I met  
Mary Anne. Great gal. She calls me  
"Coach". Come to think of it, she  
never calls me anything else. Not  
"Don" or "Donald" or "The Donald".

Suddenly, the FLOOR SHAKES. They share an anxious look.  
The wall to their east is then KNOCKED DOWN. VIŠŇOVSKÝ, in  
riot gear, steps into their cell.

INT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - GRAND ENTRY - LATER

Višňovský and the PALADIN escort a nervous Shula and Tebow.  
Waiting for them are ANNE and GÖRGES.

ANNE  
Your visas.

The tone of her voice makes them even more-nervous. They  
hand her their entry visas. She examines them.

ANNE (CONT'D)  
These are counterfeit. From where did  
you obtain these?

Tebow turns, points at the duffle bags.

TEBOW  
Th-they were in the bag.

She motions to the Paladin. They unzip the bags, shake the  
contents out, turn the bags inside-out, examine them as a  
PAGE hands her a piece of paper. She reads it.

ANNE  
Half-meter of snowfall by noon. Good,  
me and the pups get in some sledding.

Višňovský picks up a jersey: an NFL Europe patch on the  
front, and a patch of a Terrier on each sleeve.

VIŠŇOVSKÝ  
An American football jersey, Ma'am.

The very word "football" gets Shula and Tebow pumped.

SHULA  
America's game!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEBOW  
God's game!

She purses her lips in disapproval. Görges hands her two envelopes. She hands them each an envelope.

ANNE  
Your tickets and exit visas. You shall be escorted to Pathé Centraal. The train shall then take you to Železniška Postaja Anže. From there, you may take a taxi to Letališče Kopitář, and return to the United States.

TEBOW  
The embassy! It-it was --

ANNE  
Firstly, it was a consulate. Secondly, your Department of State violated the terms of its agreement with the Crown, so we ordered the property confiscated.  
(beat)  
Now, if you will excuse us, gentlemen, your Secretary of State is threatening to hold his breath until he turns blue in the face.

She turns away.

SHULA  
Wait!

She turns back to them.

SHULA (CONT'D)  
Who are you?

GÖRGES  
By the Grace of God, Her Most Gracious Majesty, Anne, Sovereign of The Kingdom of Trčka, Grande Duchesse of Pathé, Storfustinna of Bårgen, Velika Kneginja of Duklja, Granduchessa of Risacci, Defender of the Faith, Guardian of the Realm, you get the idea.

She leaves, leaving them in shock... and awe.

EXT. PATHÉ CENTRAAL - LATER

Empty. SNOWFALL. Shula and Tebow, minus the duffel bags, notice the statue of Jean-Guy Baillargeon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEBOW

Hey, his middle name is "Tibout"!

Shula could care less.

INT. PATHÉ CENTRAAL - DEPOT - MINUTES LATER

Crowded. Shula and Tebow find PEOPLE seated at rows of set tables. By now, nothing about this place surprises them.

Tebow gets the attention of a MAN (60s) in a "DE TROUWE KONINKLIJK ORDE VAN HET SPOOR" uniform.

TEBOW

Pardon, sir. Do you speak English?

DE TROUWE MAN

(Swedish accent)

I do.

TEBOW

When is the next train?

DE TROUWE MAN

No trains today. Pancake Day.

Before they can react, he escorts them to two seats at table. DOZENS of WAITRESSES, carrying plates stacked with pancakes, emerge to the delight of the people at the tables. A plate of pancakes each land in front of Tebow and Shula. Shula picks up his fork, cuts into them, eats.

SHULA

These are fantastic!

Tebow, however, looks at his pancakes as though they were a pile of poop. He now looks at De Trouwe Man.

TEBOW

I can't eat this, sir. It's not keto.

Shula, stuffing his face, looks at him.

SHULA

Keto?

Tebow turns to him.

TEBOW

Ketogenic: high-fat, low-carbs, moderate  
-protein, no grains, no sugar.

Shula reacts, incredulous. Finally...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHULA  
Pick up the damn fork, and eat your  
pancakes!

TEBOW  
(chagrined)  
Yes, sir.

Tebow picks up his fork, cuts into/puts a piece of pancake in his mouth. Surprised at how great they are, he digs in with gusto, keto be damned.

One WAITRESS refills their coffee mugs as a SECOND WAITRESS plops down more pancakes. Shula and Tebow nod their thanks.

LATER

Shula and Tebow, having polished off 3 plates of pancakes and 3 mugs of coffee each, are beyond stuffed. They notice the PEOPLE at the other tables paying their WAITRESSES. Shula hails the De Trouwe Man.

SHULA  
How much do we owe?

DE TROUWE MAN  
Nine trinkas each.

WAITRESS  
Cheap.

SHULA  
Will you accept American money?

They nod. Shula and Tebow reach into their pants' pockets. A sickening look then cross their faces.

INT. CONSTABULARY (PATHÉ) - JAIL CELL - LATER

Shula and Tebow sit on a cot, resigned.

SHULA  
Two trips to the pokey in an hour. That  
has got to be some kind of record.

Tebow nods sadly. NOISE O.S. They look to their left. Another sickening look cross their faces.

INT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - GRAND ENTRY - LATER

Višňovský again escorts Shula and Tebow. Again, Anne and Gorges are waiting for them.

(CONTINUED)





CONTINUED:

TEBOW (CONT'D)  
great-great-great-grandfather, Jan  
Tibout! Do you know what this means,  
Your Most Gracious Majesty, Ma'am?!  
We're eleventh cousins, once removed!

She looks at Shula.

ANNE  
Is he on drugs?

Shula gives a sheepish, exaggerated shrug.

INT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - HALL - MINUTES LATER

Shula and Tebow are each at a pay phone holding a "De Trouwe Koninklijke Orde van het Spoor" paper.

INT. SHULA RESIDENCE - DEN - MINUTES LATER - EVENING

Clock on wall: 5:30 PM. Mary Anne is surrounded by Shula's children: DAVID, DONNA, SHARON, ANNE, MIKE, and their SPOUSES and CHILDREN. Each of the adults has a smartphone.

SHULA (OVER MARY ANNE'S SMARTPHONE)  
Goodell's goons took everything: our  
money, our credit cards, our cell  
phones. They even took my Sam's Club  
senior discount card! We'd still be in  
the pokey had Her Most Gracious Majesty  
not allowed us to post IOUs!

INT. TEBOW FARM (JACKSONVILLE, FL) - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

In their modest God-fearing abode, an ecstatic PAM and BOB TEBOW sit at a table with a phone ON speaker mode surrounded by their children: CHRISTY, KATIE, ROBBY, PETER, and their SPOUSES and CHILDREN. Each of the adults has smartphones, except Bob and Pam.

TEBOW (OVER PHONE)  
Me and Christy and Katie and Robby and  
Peter and Her Most Gracious Majesty are  
eleventh cousins, once removed!  
(long beat; bummed)  
She thinks I'm on drugs.  
(longer beat; ashamed)  
I broke keto.

Everyone reacts with genuine shock.

TEBOW (CONT'D)  
Am I going to Hell?

INT. SHULA RESIDENCE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

As Shula TALKS, his children crunch the numbers on their smartphones.

SHULA (OVER MARY ANNE'S SMARTPHONE)  
We take the train to Anže, Kopitář.

MIKE SHULA  
Wait, Coach. "Anže Kopitář"? The  
hockey player?

SHULA (OVER MARY ANNE'S SMARTPHONE)  
No, it's the capital of Trčka's  
neighbor.

(beat)  
From there, we fly to Frankfurt, then  
from Frankfurt to Atlanta. Tebow then  
flies to Jacksonville, and I take the  
first plane to Miami.

DONNA/ANNE SHULA  
Coach, that's eight-thousand, four-  
hundred and seventy miles!

INT. TEBOW FARM - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tebow's siblings are doing likewise on their smartphones.

PETER/CHRISTY/KATIE TEBOW  
Timmy, that's eight-thousand, one-  
hundred and twenty-four miles!

INT. SHULA RESIDENCE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

Everyone betrays concern.

SHULA (OVER MARY ANNE'S SMARTPHONE)  
Has anyone heard from David?

DAVID SHULA  
I'm here, Coach.

SHULA (OVER MARY ANNE'S SMARTPHONE)  
David! Where the hell were you?!

DAVID SHULA  
In Apopka for the Shula Burger launch.

SHULA (OVER MARY ANNE'S SMARTPHONE)  
Oh, jeeze! That's right! My bad!  
(beat)  
Look, I want you to get a hold of Ölaf  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHULA (CONT'D)  
Ólafsfjörður at De Trouwe Koninklijke  
Orde van het Spoor, and secure  
exclusive rights to those pancakes!  
We're gonna kick those sons-of-bitches  
Chuck Wagon right in the crotch!

INT. TEBOW FARM - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As everyone also betrays concern, Bob is plain confused.

BOB TEBOW (ON PHONE)  
The what, the what, the what, the what,  
the what, Timmy?

TEBOW GRANDCHILD #1  
"The Loyal Royal Order of the Rail",  
Grandpa.

TEBOW GRANDCHILD #2  
It's Dutch.

Bob looks at them, flabbergasted.

OPENING for the ESPN show "*FIRST TAKE*".

INT. ESPN (BRISTOL, CT) - TV STUDIO - DAY

SKIP BAYLESS and STEPHEN A. SMITH sit at a table, the "First  
Take" logo on a screen behind them.

BAYLESS  
If half - half! - of what Mrs. Shula  
says Coach told her is true, Roger  
Goodell is in big, big trouble!

SMITH  
The Executive Committee may as well sign  
it all over to them right now, because,  
as you say, if half of this is true, Don  
Shula and Tim Tebow are going to wind up  
owning the National Football League!

INT. NFL - PRESS ROOM - DAY

A smug Goodell stands at the podium before a sea of MEDIA.

GOODELL  
All of us appreciate what Coach has  
done for our sport and what he has meant  
to our sport. But, come on! How old is  
he now?! A hundred and fifty?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER #1  
So, Commissioner, you disavow all  
knowledge of Coach Shula's and Tim  
Tebow's activities in Trčka.

GOODELL  
That is correct.

REPORTER #2  
And you also refute the claims in the  
statement issued by Mrs. Coach?

GOODELL  
Correct.

REPORTER #3  
So, do what is your reaction to Queen  
Anne refusing to allow the League to  
launch NFL Europe in Trčka?

GOODELL  
The bitch! Who does she think she is?!

GASPS. Goodell just stepped in it, stepped in it good.

EXT. AIRPORT (ANŽE, KOPITÁŘ) - GATE - DAY

What July is supposed to be: sunny, hot, and no snowflakes.  
Shula carries a sack of Coddle Milk Pancake Mix as he tries  
to make his way inside while surrounded by the MEDIA.

SHULA  
Tebow has asked Her Most Gracious  
Majesty to marry him. They're planning  
a June wedding.

EXT./EST. TEBOW FARM - DAY

Straight out of Norman Rockwell.

ROBBY TEBOW (O.S.)  
But she's more Catholic than the Pope!

INT. TEBOW FARM - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Robby, Bob, and Pam huddle around the phone ON speaker mode.

BOB TEBOW  
Robby, nobody cares about that sort of  
thing anymore!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pam pushes the speaker mode button OFF.

PAM TEBOW  
Now, we all know Timmy is a little  
touched in the head. That's what  
playing football will do to you. But  
he is a grown man, capable of making  
his own decisions.

She and Bob look at each other.

PAM TEBOW (CONT'D)  
We're going to have royal grand-babies!

Bob gives a YELL/pumps his fists and Pam SHRIEKS with joy as  
Robby throws his hands up, exasperated.

INT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - DINING HALL - DAY

Anne and Tebow sit at opposite ends of a table, attended to  
by FOOTMEN under GÖRGES's direction. She eats/feeds her two  
DOGS, standard-issue mutts, food off her plate as he stares  
at his gourmet, but very non-keto dinner. GÖRGES notices  
this, leans over to him.

GÖRGES  
Sir, may I suggest you not spurn the  
hospitality being extended by Her Most  
Gracious Majesty.

Tebow gets the message, picks up his fork, eats. Anne sees  
this, nods; Tebow smiles. There is something there, but  
she'd rather slit her throat than admit she is as sweet on  
him as he is on her. GÖRGES now approaches her.

GÖRGES (CONT'D)  
Your Most Gracious Majesty, General  
Šakić.

She nods. ŠAKIĆ comes to her, bows.

ŠAKIĆ  
Your Most Gracious Majesty, you are not  
going to believe what those touchy-  
feely pansies are up to now! If I may?

She nods. He grabs the TV remote off the table, points it  
at the flat-screen TV on the wall. TV turns ON: a SPOKESMAN  
stands at the WHITE HOUSE PRESS ROOM podium.

WHITE HOUSE SPOKESMAN (ON TV)  
The president is considering all  
options, including military action.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Anne and Šakić burst out laughing. A confused Tebow begins to freak. She stands, and "confronts" the TV.

ANNE  
You think you can take us on, you  
arrogant, incompetent ass?! Bring it!  
We will kick your arrogant, incompetent  
ass back to Kenya!

Görges leans over to a now-scared shit-less Tebow.

GÖRGES  
You did not hear that, sir.

Tebow shakes his head quickly.

INT. COMEDY CENTRAL (NEW YORK CITY) - TV STUDIO - DAY

"*THE DAILY SHOW*". JON STEWART sits behind a desk, a picture of Anne on the screen behind him.

STEWART  
It's official, Trčka! Your ruler is  
bat-shit crazy!

The OFF-SCREEN audience LAUGHS/WHOOPS it up.

INT. WNET (NEWARK, NJ) - TV STUDIO - DAY

CHARLIE ROSE interviews CONDOLEEZZA RICE.

ROSE  
Madame Secretary, what just happened?

She cracks a small smile.

RICE  
What just happened, Charlie, is that  
the ruler of a country smaller than the  
size of Delaware has called the bluff of  
the most powerful man in the world,  
forcing him not merely into a defensive  
posture, but even daring him to invade,  
knowing full-well that he won't.  
Brilliance. Sheer brilliance.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHULA RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Shula sits at the table, surfing the web on his tablet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHULA  
(to himself)  
There really is a place called Trčka.

He notices Mary Anne enter.

SHULA (CONT'D)  
The dream I had last night, honey, it was, as the grand-kids would say, "off the hook".

MARY ANNE SHULA  
You can tell me about it on the way to Marky's, if you want to come with.

EXT. SIPPERS (JACKSONVILLE, FL) - MORNING - SAME

Quaint, Mom-and-Pop coffee house and bakery. Tebow opens the front door as De Trouwe Man and the Waitress leave -- only it isn't them.

TEBOW  
Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Møller!

MØLLER  
(Danish accent)  
Good morning, Tim.

The three exchange smiles.

TEBOW  
I had the craziest dream last night, and y'all were in it, and y'all were Swedish.

The Møllers look at each other, then at Tebow.

MRS. MØLLER  
(Danish accent)  
What was it about?

TEBOW  
(a laugh)  
Don't get me started!

He holds the door open for them to leave, then goes inside.

INT. MARKY'S GOURMET (MIAMI, FL) - LATER

Upscale market. Shula finds himself in the International Food aisle. He then sees something OFF-SCREEN which throws him for a loop.



INT. SIPPERS - CONTINUOUS

PATRONS recognize Tebow, but none approach him.

He has just been thrown for a loop as he finds himself standing at a display. He reaches out, and grabs... a sack of Coddle Milk Pancake Mix!

EXT. MARKY'S GOURMET - PARKING LOT - LATER

Shula and Mary Anne are approached by REPORTERS as they walk to their car. A BAG BOY pushes their groceries in a cart. Among of the groceries in the cart is a sack of Coddle Milk Pancake Mix.

REPORTERS  
Coach, may we have a comment?

SHULA  
A comment? About what?

INT. SIPPERS - CONTINUOUS

Tebow, a sack of Coddle Milk Pancake Mix on his tray, notices ON the TV above him CHRIS BERMAN of ESPN at a desk, a "Breaking News" crawl on the TV screen.

On the screen behind Berman is a picture of Goodell and a VIDEO of the Bureaucrat displaying a memo on "United States Department of State" letterhead to the MEDIA.

BERMAN (ON TV)  
Secretary of State John Kerry and NFL Commissioner Roger Goodell have both resigned in the wake of revelations made by an attaché with the American Consulate in the Eastern European country of Trčka that the State Department and the National Football League cut a secret deal to  
(disbelief)  
are you sitting down?!

INT. AT&T STADIUM (ARLINGTON, TX) - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Home of the Dallas Cowboys. Jones talks to REPORTERS.

JONES  
I always said he was bat-shit crazy!

INT. SUV (MOVING)/EXT. FLORIDA STATE ROAD 934 - CONTINUOUS

Shula sits next to Mary Anne, who drives. He watches his tablet while wearing a headset. He tips the tablet toward her so she can SEE Anne speaking in the PALACE THRONE ROOM. She takes a quick glance.

MARY ANNE SHULA  
Why, she's just a child.

Long pause as he listens to Anne.

SHULA  
She's throwing us out of the country.  
(pause)  
And she's moving De Trouwe Koninklijke  
Orde van het Spoor into our consulate.

MARY ANNE SHULA  
The what, the what, the what, the what,  
the what?

SHULA  
"The Loyal Royal Order of the Rail".  
It's Dutch.  
(quickly)  
Don't ask me how I know that.

INT. SIPPERS - CONTINUOUS

Tebow watches Anne ON the TV, a goofy smile on his face.

SFX: T-MOBILE RING TONE

He reaches into a pants pocket, pulls out his cell phone, flips it open.

INSERT: CELL PHONE SCREEN: "Jimmy Sexton. Agent".

BACK TO SCENE

TEBOW (ON CELL PHONE)  
Hey, Jimmy.

SEXTON (OVER CELL PHONE)  
(Southern accent;  
crazed)  
Timmy, the press is all over me like  
stink-on-stink for a comment about this  
whole NFL-State Department thing!

Tebow smiles. Finally...

TEBOW (ON CELL PHONE)  
Jimmy... I'm in love.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEXTON (OVER CELL PHONE)  
(freaking out)  
What?!

Tebow closes the phone. Memorized by Anne, he chortles like a giddy schoolboy.

FADE OUT.

END