

1

EXT. STOCKWELL WOMEN'S FC - FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

1

We're close on the eyes of MARIA (17), tired and lost, her hair is glued to her round face from the sweat.

She takes in slow breaths... controlling her heart rate when-

- SHE'S PUSHED, almost in slow motion, CRASHING to the ground! Bits of grass flying around her.

She stays down for a second, the audience CHEERS. UHHH, AHHH.

Maria sits up, her TEAMMATES running past her, no one helps.

The field stretches for miles. The Stockwell Women's FC are playing the first game of the season.

2

EXT. STOCKWELL WOMEN'S FC - BLEACHERS - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

2

DAD (50 - real name ARTUR MARQUES) butch and filled with compensating enthusiasm, waves his arms around almost flipping his popcorn bag. He's fully decked out in STOCKWELL WOMEN'S FC swag.

Bits of popcorn spitting out as he speaks.

DAD
(mouthful)
PUTA QUE PARIU! ÁRBITRO! (For
fuck's sake! Referee!) COME ON!
(to a random stranger in
the audience)
Did you see that?! Is this guy
blind?!

Dad's english is a bit broken.

BACK IN THE FIELD

Maria wobbles to stand up. She's not as lean and elegant as the other players in the team.

In the distance, DANICA (18), TEAM CAPTAIN, bright flowy ponytail, legs that could leap between countries, perfect everything, even drenched in sweat. She runs like a hawk looking for prey, carrying the football at her feet.

Danica gets closer and closer to Maria, who, unaware, uses her foot as support to stand.

This foot, her stupid sneaky foot, slips just as Danica runs past her, flicking the ball to a member of the opposing team, who sees this as an opportunity to swiftly score against the STOCKWELL FC.

2.

DANICA
(flapping her arms)
Fuck!

THE TEAM stares at Maria with daggers in their eyes. The referee whistles.

Maria looks up at THE BLEACHERS where Dad mouths the words "LET'S GO" in full commitment.

She jogs back to their main area.

MARIA
(to herself)
(Americanised Portuguese
accent)
And the worst player in game goes
to... Me! The crowd cheers! Oh
thank you, thank you, yeah it is a
true honour to exist.

TITLE: "GLITZ"

3

INT. LOCKEROOM | STOCKWELL FC - EVENING

3

Maria has her face stuck inside her locker. She sniffs a pair of socks, which judging by her face have probably been there for an unhealthy while. She puts them in her gym bag.

Behind her, other GIRLS, her TEAMMATES, gossip about the game.

Maria continues to sort through other items when the COACH (40), whistle around his neck and the football under his arm, approaches her.

COACH
(aggressively chewing
his gum)
Hey Maria, can I talk to you for a
sec?

MARIA
Yes. Um, I know I ruined the play
and-

COACH
Let me say first, it's not you it's
me.

Coach puts his hand on her shoulder.

MARIA
What?

3.

COACH

When I see you, I see a girl who's not ready to commit, to pour your heart out for us.

Maria frowns.

COACH (CONT'D)

And It's hard to justify your presence in the team when you don't take it seriously.

MARIA

What does that... mean?

COACH

Have you thought about volleyball?

MARIA

No...

COACH

Basketball?
(looking her up and down)
Wrestling?

MARIA

You know in Portugal I never really played professional, I think my dad made it sound like I did when he signed me up.

Coach nods with a smile that says "I regret what I'm about to say".

COACH

So you don't want to quit?

MARIA

As I'd like to keep my inheritance, no I don't.

COACH

Right. (beat) I think you should.

MARIA

You're kicking me out?

COACH

Kicking is a strong word. And ironically, also what you're lacking.

MARIA

Well... We paid the club fee and the uniform-

COACH

This is not a goodbye. It's a "see you later". And I know you'll come back next season better than ever, maybe you could even hit the gym with some of the girls, get their advice. We will always have a place for you here.

Over the Coach's shoulder a club assistant is removing Maria's uniform shirt from the lineup.

COACH (CONT'D)

(quizickly)

You have a strange case of crazy legs, *Maria*. (He says it in a Spanish accent)

He gives her an awkward pat pat and then walks away, leaving Maria standing there, wondering.

4

EXT. STREET - EVENING

4

Maria drags her feet down the street, carrying her assortment of locker dirty clothes. She practices a speech in whispers.

MARIA

(to herself)

It's fine dad, I'll prove the coach wrong. (Beat) *Então Pai?* (What's up, Dad?) So, if I leave the team how pissed will you be?

She lifts her head to see THREE of her TEAMMATES, laughing and taking selfies together. Maria's clearly out of the loop. Centre stage to team captain Danica.

MARIA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Hey Danica, how you doing? I'm good yeah, yeah. You looking for a gym partner? Oh, what a coincidence, me too!

Maria's phone buzzes, a text from PAI (DAD): "*Vim para casa. Bom jogo.*" (Came home early, good game.)

Maria sighs.

5

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - FAMILY FLAT - NIGHT

5

The main door of the flat opens. Maria's silhouette caused by the hallway light contrasts with the dark apartment.

5.

Maria frowns, looking for a light switch, it's not supposed to be this dar-

MIGUEL
SURPRESA! (SURPRISE!)

DAD
SURPRESA! (SURPRISE!)

*

Dad and MIGUEL (13), Maria's little brother, PS4 addict, jump from behind the sofa holding a supermarket bought cake in the shape of a football field. Tiny plastic football players swimming in the frosting. Miguel's still wearing his gaming headset.

Behind him a homemade piece of crafting paper with the words "HAPPY BIRTHDAY! FELIZ ANIVERSÁRIO! 17".

MARIA
(startled)
Jesus!

Dad gives Maria a big hug and Miguel approaches them almost dropping the cake.

DAD
Parabéns a melhor jogadora do mundo e a próxima Jessica Silva!
(Happy Birthday to the best football player in the world and the next Jessica Silva!)

MARIA
Thanks guys.

MIGUEL
Can't work the lighter.

Maria pretends to blow the unlit candles.

MARIA
Done.

Miguel puts down the cake and runs to get a perfectly wrapped box.

MIGUEL
We got you presents!

MARIA
Oh.

She carefully unwraps the box, inside: a FC PORTO shirt and a pair of Cristiano Ronaldo kicks (digitally signed by him).

Maria looks at the presents, a blank stare.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Não tinhas que gastar dinheiro, pai. (You didn't have to spend any money dad).

6.

DAD
Ahh, they were on discount.

MIGUEL
(correcting him)
On Sale.

Maria gives him a small smile.

MARIA
I just... wish you wouldn't.

Beat. There's a moment of awkward silence.

MIGUEL
(to Dad)
What's for dinner?

DAD
Massa de atum. (Tuna Pasta)

Miguel falls on his knees! He raises his fists in desperation.

MIGUEL
NOOOOO! *Outra vez não!* (Not again!)
Please, can we go out? It's Maria's birthday!

Dad looks over to Maria for approval.

MARIA
(unconvincing smile)
Sure. Let me get changed.

DAD
Okay, fine!

MIGUEL
(victory jump)
Yes!

Maria walks towards her bedroom. Miguel behind her.

Dad stays in the living room admiring the kicks he just gifted her, over his thick glasses.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
How was the game?

MARIA
Well, I didn't completely embarrass myself. No actually, that's a lie.

Beat.

MARIA (CONT'D)
20 quid and we stay home.

7.

Miguel begins to walk backwards.

MIGUEL

Sorry, what? Couldn't hear you.
Must be the heart murmur.

He disappears into his bedroom.

6

INT. BEDROOM - FAMILY FLAT - NIGHT

6

Fully surrounded by football memorabilia, posters of Ronaldo, a football bed spread and a few football trophies, Maria tries on a strapless dress from a box labelled "MUM'S CLOTHES". She admires herself in the mirror.

The dress is too short and she keeps pulling it down. Her boobs almost popping out from it and you can see her black sports bra underneath.

On her bed there's an assortment of other sports bras, and when she puts them up to her chest they're all too clunky to be hidden under any dress.

She tries to suck in her stomach but that doesn't seem to help.

Maria plops on her bed and looks over to a small plate with a piece of cake. On top of it, a tiny little plastic footballer is about to score for the goal.

7

EXT. STOCKWELL WOMEN'S FC / ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

7

Maria waits by the gates. She leans against the brick wall chewing on her nails. She's nervous.

Two of her now former teammates finally exit through the gate, one of them Danica.

Danica waves the other TEAMMATE and then removes her heavy looking backpack and kneels down to search for something.

Maria watches her, takes a deep breath and then approaches.

MARIA

Heeey, Dani... ca.

Danica makes the effort to look up at her and then proceeds to rummage her bag.

DANICA

Hey.

MARIA

How are you?

8.

DANICA
Looking for my keys.

MARIA
Your house keys?

DANICA
No.

MARIA
(awkward)
Oh.

Beat.

Danica stands pulling with effort the backpack up to her shoulders.

MARIA (CONT'D)
You need help with that?

DANICA
No, thanks. Bye.

Danica begins to walk off. Maria follows.

DANICA (CONT'D)
Are you following me?

MARIA
On instagram?

DANICA
(confused)
No, right now.

MARIA
Oh, it's not in a creepy way I just-

DANICA
(walking away)
Please don't.

Beat.

MARIA
I was wondering if you could uh,
help me with something?

As she says it Maria frowns hoping this was enough to convince her.

Danica stops and sighs, she really just wants to leave.

DANICA
Didn't you quit from the team?

MARIA

No! Is that what he said?

Danica resumes her power walk, Maria lacking behind her.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Wait, I need to get back on it.
It's a lot more pressure that I was
expecting, the team.

DANICA

If football is what you want, you
need to redefine our priorities.

MARIA

Right, so would you like to
practice together, maybe? Give me a
few tips?

They've crossed a few streets already when Danica stops by
what looks like the back side of a warehouse.

DANICA

Maybe ask one of the others.

MARIA

But you're team captain and the
best player we have.

DANICA

Thanks, I guess. But I have lots
going on, you know?
(She shakes her head for a few
seconds and then-)
Anyway, see you around.

MARIA

Just for a few practices?

Maria starts to follow Danica into the warehouse.

DANICA

And please stop following me, it's
weird.

Danica disappears inside the heavy door. For a second Maria
stays put but then she follows her again.