

Football Randomness  
by  
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EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY

It is a sunny day. In the middle of the pitch, A male REPORTER (25) faces a male CAMERAMAN (40) with his filming equipment and microphone. On the REPORTER'S immediate right is an ENGLISH FOOTBALL TEAM, on his immediate left is a FRENCH FOOTBALL TEAM. Surrounding everyone are many thousands of seats, only one of which is occupied by an OLD LADY (90, maybe) with a walking stick beside her. She is behind the REPORTER.

REPORTER

Hello, viewers! Following the massive brawls between England and France last week, there will be no football crowds here, as a punishment. Instead, the only spectator here is a mad 90 year old woman...

The OLD LADY waves and is heard very faintly.

OLD LADY

Yoohoo!

REPORTER

But that doesn't mean the match won't be very good!

OLD LADY

(even fainter)

Can I go home, please?

REPORTER

So teams, what have you got to say to each other? Keep it light.

ENGLISH PLAYER 1 puts his hands on his hips.

ENGLISH PLAYER 1

You're going to get powned, France.

FRENCH PLAYER 1 laughs.

FRENCH PLAYER 1

No way, JAMES.

REPORTER

Excellent stuff. Well done James for not going too mental, there. It couldn't have been easy for you.

ENGLISH PLAYER 1 (JAMES)

I'm getting therapy.

REPORTER  
Great! Now it's time for the English  
national anthem!

OLD LADY  
(very faint again)  
Did someone mention music or  
something? It's Cliff Richard, right?

The ENGLISH TEAM start singing.

ENGLISH TEAM  
God save our gracious Queen...

OLD LADY  
What rubbish music do the youth of  
today listen too? Damn rock'n'roll!  
And damn young people, too.

ENGLISH TEAM  
Long live our noble Queen...

REPORTER  
Ok, that'll do.

The ENGLISH TEAM stop singing.

REPORTER  
Now for the French national anthem...

The FRENCH TEAM start singing.

FRENCH TEAM  
Allons enfant de la patri.  
James est un imbécile.

REPORTER  
A beautiful language.

OLD LADY  
England forever!

The REPORTER turns to face the OLD LADY.

REPORTER  
A very dedicated fan!

He then turns back.

OLD LADY  
Violence forever, too!

REPORTER  
Yep, violence never. I agree with  
that.

(MORE)

REPORTER (cont'd)  
 Though it should be 'never any  
 violence'.

The OLD LADY gradually stands up, grabs her walking stick and swings it at full force. The stick is seen flying through the air getting closer and closer to the REPORTER. It hits him on the back of his head.

REPORTER  
 Ow!

JAMES widens his eyes.

JAMES  
 I have to be honest, that was a  
 pretty good shot...

REPORTER  
 Right! That's it then! Football has  
 reached a new low!

JAMES picks up the stick and hits the REPORTER again. He then drops the stick and stares blankly.

REPORTER  
 What did you do that for??

JAMES  
 I'm not sure. Don't tell anyone about  
 that, please.

REPORTER  
 No, no need, we're live on air.

JAMES  
 I like you. You're my friend. No need  
 to complain about me.

The OLD LADY shakes her fists in the air.

OLD LADY  
 Direct hit! Keema Nan rules!

JAMES  
 No way...

REPORTER  
 What's the mean?

The REPORTER turns to face the OLD LADY, as do both dumbfounded TEAMS. A helicopter approaches her from behind. The aircraft stops above her and a MAN inside throws a rope out. She grabs it as she shouts.

OLD LADY  
Another thing I can scratch off my  
bucket list!

REPORTER  
Scratch what off??

OLD LADY  
Hitting a twat from behind!

The helicopter pulls the WOMAN away.

REPORTER  
Do you know what that was about,  
James?

JAMES  
I'll tell you, but only if you stop  
calling me 'James'.

REPORTER  
Why don't you want to be called  
James?

JAMES  
I could get into trouble for hitting  
you. Not just for that incident just  
now, but also in the future if I have  
another of my urges. Which ARE real.

REPORTER  
I see. What's going on, Bill?

JAMES  
Who, me?

REPORTER  
YES!

JAMES  
Well... It goes back many years, now.  
You see...

FRENCH PLAYER 1  
JUST LET US PLAY THE GOD DAMN MATCH!

Both TEAMS cheer.

JAMES  
Yes, let us...

JAMES makes quotation marks with his fingers.

JAMES  
... 'play'...

The REPORTER backs away.

REPORTER  
There's a bad energy here, Bill.

JAMES  
(calmly)  
Yes...

REPORTER  
You're scaring me, Bill.

JAMES  
BUNDLE!!!!

Both TEAMS start beating the living daylights out of each other in 'bundle' fashion. (Everyone jumps on top of each other, basically. The person at the bottom of the bundle suffers most). The REPORTER backs away further. The CAMERAMAN walks backwards so can get a shot of the fighting and the reporting. The REPORTER mouths and points to JAMES in silence.

REPORTER  
It's James over there. Fire him from his podcast, now. He's mentally ill. Please, I'm begging you.

JAMES is heard shouting as he batters someone.

JAMES  
I'm going to kick him in the nuts!  
Then I'll be a foot-baller in TWO ways. Are there any bald people here, to kick in the head? Then I could be a foot-balder!

REPORTER  
(sighing)  
What are you doing, James?

JAMES continues the violence.

JAMES  
I'm bringing puns to football!

REPORTER  
No, you're bringing madness to football.

JAMES stops fighting, stands and faces the REPORTER. The other FOOTBALLERS continue bundling.

JAMES  
There's method to my madness.

REPORTER  
And that is?

JAMES  
Puns!

REPORTER  
James, you're getting banned from  
football for life.

JAMES  
Can I still host my podcast?

The REPORTER shrugs his shoulders.

REPORTER  
I've heard how crazy it is, so  
probably, yeah.

JAMES  
I've done worse things than beat up  
some Frenchmen and mistakenly hit my  
English team members, haven't I?

REPORTER  
Exactly. But you'll get no listeners  
other than those who are morbidly  
curious.

JAMES  
And how many people is that?

The REPORTER clenches his fists.

REPORTER  
God damn you, James.