

EXCERPT FROM "GIGANTE"

Written originally by

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This scene is taken from a full screenplay originally written in Portuguese. It has been translated and will be recorded solely for use by the crew and actors as portfolio material, with no intention of festival submission, competition entry, or financial gain.

#### **AFTERNOON - LOCKER ROOM**

FREDÊ is putting the training cones and vests away in a small locker in the changing room.

He takes off his cap and sits on one of the benches, exhausted. But then he hears a noise outside. Someone is still kicking a ball and hitting the goalpost, even though everyone else has already left.

He looks around the empty locker room, then puts his cap back on and walks toward the field again—tired, but looking for answers.

#### **AFTERNOON - STADIUM**

When he arrives at the field, he notices ANGELO trying to kick the ball into the upper right corner of the goal, and missing repeatedly. Sometimes the ball goes far from the goal, other times it hits the net, but nowhere close to the corner.

Angelo is practically at midfield, trying to hit the ball into a part of the goal that his advanced age and his body no longer allow.

FREDÊ  
Let's go home, Angelo! It's fucking  
freezing.  
(shouting)

Angelo hears the coach, but he prefers to ignore him and keep kicking the ball.

FREDÊ (CONT'D)  
Get the fuck off the field, Angelo!

Angelo still refuses to listen and keeps kicking the balls.

Fredê then grabs a bag next to one of the reserve benches and starts walking toward his teammate.

He walks past Angelo and gives him a deadly glare.

Angelo notices the glare but keeps kicking.

Fred<sup>â</sup> gathers all the balls near the goal and puts them in the bag, then waits beside the goalpost while Angelo tries to kick the remaining balls, collecting them one by one.

When Angelo finally gets to his last ball, Fred<sup>ê</sup> is standing there staring at him, patiently waiting for his final mistake.

ANGELO

I could do this with my eyes closed  
at that boy's age

A beat.

ANGELO (CONT'D)

I was once a promising player too.  
At his age, everyone is. You also  
said I had potential, remember?

Angelo starts walking backward slowly, getting ready to kick the ball.

FRED<sup>Ê</sup>

Wasted potential is the best friend  
from bitter losers.

Angelo watches the coach by the goalpost, and for a second, he considers kicking the ball at his face, but he's not sure if he could actually hit it.

Fred<sup>ê</sup> notices the change in atmosphere and takes off his cap, now approaching like an old friend.

FRED<sup>Ê</sup> (CONT'D)

Look... you're a guy who likes art,  
aren't you?

A beat. Angelo doesn't understand, but Fred<sup>ê</sup> keeps approaching.

FRED<sup>Ê</sup> (CONT'D)

I've been to your house, years ago  
when you were at your peak. I  
remember the paintings on the  
walls. So... I have this theory that  
art is a voiceless entity, and it  
needs to speak through people.

At first, he has to shout for Angelo to hear him from midfield, but as he gets closer, he adjusts his tone to something more gentle.

FREDÊ (CONT'D)

think that, every now and then, art has something so big to say that it chooses a vessel. It gives this vessel the ability to create: sensitivity, creativity, imagination. But it also gives them abilities that make them unstoppable in the world we live in: ambition, drive, and sacrifice.

Now, much closer to Angelo, the pitch of his voice sounds more like a friend giving advice than a lecturer speaking to a huge audience.

FREDÊ (CONT'D)

I believe that art has something important to say about football right now, and it chose that boy to give the speech. I want to be holding the microphone when he starts speaking—I brought you here to help me set up the stage. If that bothers you, you can watch from the audience like everyone else.

One last beat while he puts his hat back. And goes into coach mode.

FREDÊ (CONT'D)

You were good, you had things to say. But the boy...  
(he thinks for a second)  
It's as if you were a damn Japanese haiku, and the boy is the fucking dictionary itself.

Fredê stares at Angelo for another second, then looks at the goal behind him and at the ball still at the player's feet.

He knows he's stronger than Angelo; he won't leave until that ball is kicked.

But he also knows Angelo will miss, and the boy they're talking about would never miss.

Fredê returns his gaze to Angelo, knowing that his ego is his greatest enemy, and then leaves him alone, heading back to the locker room.

Angelo doesn't look back; he knows Fredê isn't watching. He waits a few seconds, then kicks the ball, trying to hit the corner of the goal, but the ball hits the post.