

THE OLYMPIAN  
by  
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FADE IN:

**EXT. STADIUM - DAY**

A BRONZED, SHIRTLESS ADONIS races in SLOW MOTION with a javelin -- he flings it gracefully into the air.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)  
The javelin. One of the oldest and most majestic of Olympic events. A classic test of an individual's power, balance and accuracy.

THE SOUND of a movie projector spurting to life as SCRATCHY, NEWSREEL FOOTAGE of the 1932 Olympics fills the screen.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
It wasn't until 1932 that women were allowed to compete in the javelin at the Olympic games.

THE FOOTAGE focuses on the women's javelin competitors, in particular the American, 21 year-old BABE DIDRIKSON.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
That's when American Babe Didrikson won the gold with her very first throw.

Her javelin zips like a bullet across the sky.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
American women would be virtually absent from javelin medals ever since, except for Kate Schmidt, who won the bronze in both '72 and '76.

FOOTAGE of the 1972 and 1976 Olympics, with American KATE SCHMIDT competing and receiving her medals.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And then, in Atlanta, in 1996, there was, of course, the one and only Carly. Carly Carmichael.

**EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM (ATLANTA) - DAY**

TV FOOTAGE of the '96 Olympics -- AERIAL SHOT of the stadium.

BILL (O.S.)  
Welcome back to the finals of women's track and field-- and Larry, this place is about to explode.

**TITLES: Summer Olympics, Atlanta, 1996**

TWO SANDY-HAIRED ANNOUNCERS, LARRY and BILL, (30s), all smiles, sit on stools against the backdrop of track and field events. They speak way too enthusiastically about everything.

LARRY

*Kaaaaa-boom*, Bill! They are jammed in here tighter than a Spice Girl's bustier to see some of the greats of the sport, and no one has captured their interest more than-- dare I call her America's sweetheart?-- 18 year-old Carly Ann Carmichael.

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE as CARLY CARMICHAEL (20, short and stocky) enters the arena -- she wears a headband, sunglasses, and enough glitter to light up 20 discos.

BILL (O.S.)

(laughs)

Sweetheart? More like sweet dagger-in-the-heart, Larry.

LARRY (O.S.)

More like a chainsaw to the face, Bill. That's Carly, and she's about as unorthodox as they come.

Carly lights up a cigarette -- takes a drag.

LARRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Now, here we can see her wisely giving her lungs a little extra workout. Don't worry, folks-- it's menthol, so it's okay.

Carly turns away from the stands, slaps her butt, cups her ear and waits -- the crowd in unison screams "Nailed it!"

BILL (O.S.)

And there's her signature move, eliciting shouts of "nailed it" from the crowd.

LARRY (O.S.)

A ridiculous catchphrase, Bill-- one that, sadly, no one will ever remember.

Carly crushes out her cigarette just as she is handed her javelin. She marches with it to the track.

BILL (O.S.)  
 Carly broke the U.S. record at the trials, but can she break the Olympic record of 74.68 meters set by the East Germans in 1980?

Carly steps into the waiting area as WE TURN to the current competitor on the track: tall, blonde 18 year-old GRETA HAMMERSTEIN from Germany.

LARRY (O.S.)  
 Hard to say, Bill, especially when you take into consideration that the Germans are back with a prodigy of their own, Greta "The Gun" Hammerstein.

Greta and Carly lock eyes. Greta spits in Carly's direction. Carly gives her the finger.

BILL (O.S.)  
 Whoa, these young ladies are the front runners for this event, and boy do they know it.

Greta turns back to the track. Wields her javelin. Focuses. Then she leaps forward, runs like a gazelle and finally HEAVES the javelin into the air --

LARRY (O.S.)  
 Greta's throw is away... flying beautifully...

THE JAVELIN lands just beyond the 72 meter marker.

LARRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 ...and *shmaaa-blam*, Bill! It is a heck of a throw at 72.11 meters. A personal best for Greta, as she sets the bar very high for the other finalists.

Carly scoffs. She stares Greta down as they cross paths. Mimes slitting her throat and blood spewing out.

LARRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Ouch. Ever had your throat slit, Bill? It is not fun.

BILL (O.S.)  
 And here comes Carly Carmichael!

The crowd goes wild as Carly hits the track.

LARRY (O.S.)  
She's got the power, Bill, but  
discipline's always been a problem,  
as the death of her father when she  
was only nine years old haunts her  
like a friggin' chupacabra.

As Carly stretches, they SPLIT-SCREEN a photo of her father --  
he stands on top of a mountain, face blue, bug-eyed, frosted  
beard, psychotic smile.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
There he is, Regis Carmichael, a  
lifelong competitive mountain climber.

BILL (O.S.)  
The camera loves him, Larry.

The photo disappears as Carly looks at her coach, SASHA (40s,  
thick moustache), who nods back.

BILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Carly checks in with her mentor,  
the legendary Sasha Petrovsky.

Carly readies herself. Lets out an epic WAR CRY, then lunges  
forward and bounds down the track.

BILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Here's her throw--

Carly, sparkles blazing, lets the javelin fly -- it *soars* --  
the crowd is HUSHED -- *Fwump!* It spears the ground well ahead  
of Greta's. The digital SIGN lights up: **75.15.**

BILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
She did it! 75.15 meters!  
Unbelievable! Carly Ann Carmichael  
is the new Olympic record holder!

The crowd EXPLODES. Carly pumps her fist, throws a karate  
kick -- SIGNS go up in the stadium that read: **Nailed it!**

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)  
Carly's distance of 75.15 meters  
would hold, and she would go on to  
win the gold medal, just like Babe  
Didrikson did-- with her very first  
and only throw.

**EXT. STADIUM (MEDAL CEREMONY) - LATER**

Carly gets her medal as Greta, wearing the silver, broods.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)  
 But four years later, it was a  
 completely different story.

**EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM (SYDNEY) - AERIAL VIEW - DAY**

TITLES APPEAR: **Summer Olympics, Sydney, 2000**

BILL (O.S.)  
 Well, Larry, things are just not  
 going well this year for Carly "The  
 Car" Carmichael.

**INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY**

A 22 year-old Carly Carmichael uses her javelin like a crutch  
 -- her outfit still sparkles, but she looks wrecked: wobbly,  
 pale and sweaty, most likely hung over.

LARRY (O.S.)  
 I'd say "The Car" is running out of  
 gas, Bill. Seems her reputation as a  
 wild child is catching up with her.

Carly pulls a chicken leg out of her spandex, takes a bite.

BILL (O.S.)  
 Looks like she's trying to get in  
 some extra protein before her throw.  
 This will be her third and final  
 attempt to contend for a medal.

Carly stumbles to the track -- a few scattered "boos" from  
 the crowd -- Carly throws the chicken leg at them.

LARRY (O.S.)  
 Oh man, she's sure not going to win  
 this crowd over like that.

Carly glances over at the Germans -- Greta Hammerstein fires  
 an imaginary gun at her.

LARRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Greta Hammerstein from Germany,  
 once again unable to lock down the  
 gold, sits waiting in the sliver  
 medal position. A monster throw  
 from Carly, though, could knock her  
 down to bronze.

Carly gets in position. Gives her WAR CRY, runs wildly down  
 the track, releases the javelin... it flies HIGH into the  
 air... the crowd watches it go up, up, up... and then it's

BACK DOWN, embarrassingly short of the mark.

LARRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Ooh, *kerrrr-plunk*, Bill-- it's a simply  
terrible throw at 59.62 meters. And  
just like that, Carly Carmichael is  
off the podium. Way off.

Carly drops to her knees and pounds the track with both  
fists. Sasha races in and tries to drag her off -- she claws  
at the track, refusing to go.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)  
Had Carly simply burned out? Or was  
the fire still there, but no one who  
knew how to help her control it?

NEWSPAPER HEADLINES float across the screen: *Golden Girl Goes  
Dull, Carmichael Chokes Final Chuck, Hammerstein New Face of  
Blockbuster Video...*

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
One thing for certain is that,  
after Sydney, Carly Carmichael, the  
one-time champion, simply vanished.

We FOCUS IN on a photo of Carly, dejected, pushing cameras  
out of her face. And then we

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP ON:

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE (REC ROOM) - NIGHT**

CLOSE on the intense, focused face of JACQUELINE "JACKIE"  
STEELE (17, tall and lanky, blonde hair in pony tail).

She lifts her hand to her shoulder, wielding a DART. Her eyes  
narrow -- she ever-so-slightly twists the dart in her hand --  
pulls back and throws --

*Bullseye!*

A party room filled with high school kids erupt in cheers.

TITLES APPEAR: **Overland Park, Kansas, March, 2016**

Jackie extends her palm to her competitor, a hulking football  
player, who begrudgingly coughs up a ten spot.

CLAIRE (17, curly hair), Jackie's BFF, hands her a beer.  
Jackie chugs it and crushes the plastic cup. She BELCHES  
loudly.

JACKIE  
Who's next?

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - LATER**

Jackie, Claire and THE POSSE (TRISH, KAYLA, COURTNEY, teen party girls) do a round of shots.

CLAIRE  
Feel the burn, ladies.

TRISH  
Jesus, Claire-- that was the worst thing I've ever put in my mouth.

KAYLA  
Next to Brad Stevens' cock.

JACKIE  
Nice!

She high-fives Kayla.

KAYLA  
(gasps)  
Oh my God-- did I just say that?

COURTNEY  
Yep. You're wasted.

KAYLA  
Trish, I'm so sorry-- I didn't mean it.

TRISH  
No worries.  
(thinks)  
His cock was pretty nasty. It tasted like potato salad.

COURTNEY  
That's gross.

KAYLA  
Oh my god-- you gave *mister potato head*. Get it? I'm hilarious.

JACKIE  
More shots!

Claire follows Jackie to the drinks table.

CLAIRE  
Another round, eh? Jeez, I forget-- what time's your track meet again?

JACKIE  
Claire...

CLAIRE  
Jackie...

JACKIE  
(puts arm around Claire)  
Look, I didn't come to your party  
so you can go all parental on me.

CLAIRE  
I know, I know. It's just... you  
really need to kill that meet. I  
mean *kill it*. Win the whole thing.  
And, you know, I'm just--

JACKIE  
You're just looking out for me, I  
know. I get it. That's why you're  
my sister from another mister.

She puts Claire in a head lock. Ruffles her hair.

CLAIRE  
I mean, this is *your year*. The  
fucking *Olympics*. You just deserve  
it so much. I mean, with your mom  
and all-- I just, you know, don't  
want to see you blow it.

JACKIE  
Claire. Dude. I got this. Trust me.  
Tonight's your birthday, so we  
party. And tomorrow, as usual,  
Jackie Steele gonna bring the pain.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE (BATHROOM) - DAY**

Jackie vomits her guts into a toilet. She flushes, wipes her  
mouth, stands. She looks like death. Fishes her phone out of  
her purse. Sees the TIME is **1:05pm**.

JACKIE  
Son of a bitch!

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Jackie quickly navigates her way through the maze of sleeping  
bodies that cover the living room floor. Claire snoozes next  
to a boy on a reclining chair. She stirs.

CLAIRE  
Jackie?

JACKIE  
(racing out the door)  
Gotta go-- I'm friggin' late!

CLAIRE  
Knock 'em dead.

She falls back to sleep.

**EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - DAY**

Jackie leaps on her bike and zips off down the street.

JACKIE  
(on her phone)  
Jess!... Yeah, I'm sorry, sweetie,  
I'm running late... Yeah, I know...  
Are you ready?... Well, how much  
more time do you need?

**EXT. JACKIE'S STREET/HOUSE - DAY**

JESSICA (8, pigtails, wearing a backpack) works furiously  
with a chisel and ice pick --

WE PULL BACK to see her sculpting Rodin's "The Thinker" out  
of a block of ice. Jess pulls up on her bike.

JACKIE  
Wow. Amaze balls.

Jess drops her tools and hops on the bike.

JESS  
It's gonna melt. But such is the  
transient nature of life.

JACKIE  
Are you sure you're my sister?

JESS  
(shrugs)  
I guess so.

JACKIE'S DAD (40s, classically suburban) rolls out from  
underneath the car in the driveway.

JACKIE'S DAD  
Hey, I tried calling you--

JACKIE  
Sorry, dad-- gotta run.

She pedals away.

JACKIE'S DAD  
(calling after)  
Oh-- oh, okay. I'll see you there!

He rolls back to the car, knocking over a whole bucket of motor oil onto his pants.

JACKIE'S DAD (CONT'D)  
Well, fart.

**EXT. SMILEY FACE ART SCHOOL - DAY**

Jackie stops the bike in front of the school. Jess jumps off.

JACKIE  
Have a great time, kiddo.

Jess turns to go, then stops. She sighs.

JESS  
You know, it's mom's birthday today.

JACKIE  
I know, buggaboo.

Jackie takes Jess's hand. Kisses her sister's forehead.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
I'll see you later, okay?

She watches Jess run into the school, then speeds off.

**EXT. MILLHURST HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Jackie bikes into the school parking lot -- the track meet is already underway.

**EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY**

Jackie, breathless, runs up to her coach, RANDY SIMMONS (40s, athletic) who holds a clipboard.

JACKIE  
Sorry, Coach.

RANDY  
Jackie, what the hell? I've been trying to call you. You're thirty seconds shy of being DQ-d.

JACKIE  
I got this. Don't worry.

RANDY

Well, I *am* worried and-- Jesus, you look like shit. Are you okay?

JACKIE

Yes, Randy, I'm fine.

RANDY

Don't call me Randy. And for God's sake, splash some water on your face and get your number. You're up next.

30 SECONDS LATER

Jackie, number pinned to her shirt, selects her JAVELIN.

LOUDSPEAKER ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Women's javelin, first heat. From Millhurst High, Jacqueline Steele.

A rival crowd from St. Peter's Academy boos, lead by their mascot, A GIANT BADGER.

RANDY

Alright, remember what we're working on-- elbow tucked until ten feet out and--

JACKIE

Coach, look-- just let me throw it. We've got the tail wind. I'll just let it ride.

RANDY

Jackie, it's not a pure tail wind. You need to account for--

Jackie gives him a thumbs up and walks away, cutting him off.

She steps on to the track. Waits for the signal from the judge. Takes a deep breath. Javelin at her shoulder. And then she blasts forward like a cheetah, reaches top speed and

FLINGS the javelin into the air --

A huge throw, it's got more than enough distance -- but the crowd GASPS as the throw VEERS wildly to the right and

SPEARS the Badger mascot right in his over-sized head -- he goes flying backward.

LOUDSPEAKER ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

*Holy shit.*

Jackie covers her mouth in horror -- Randy drops his clipboard --

The Badger doesn't move. Then, slowly, he gets to his feet.

LOUDSPEAKER ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Don't worry folks, it looks like  
he's going to be just fine.

The crowd applauds as the Badger stumbles around like a wounded duck, his fellow cheerleaders trying to pull the spear out of his head.

**INT. COACH RANDY SIMMONS' OFFICE - DAY (LATER)**

Randy sits on his desk, phone to his ear, as Jackie paces in front of him.

RANDY  
(into phone)  
Uh-huh... Well, I appreciate it...  
You, too... Take care.

He hangs up. Rubs his eyes.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Well, thank god the Badger head was well  
padded. The boy inside is okay.

JACKIE  
Whew. What a relief.

RANDY  
Jackie, I just got word from  
Principal Carter. You're suspended  
for the semester.

JACKIE  
(she leaps up)  
What? Come on, coach, you can't be  
serious.

RANDY  
Can't be serious? You almost  
shishkabobbed the St. Peter's  
mascot. Hell, it's a wonder they're  
not going to sue us into oblivion.

JACKIE  
(pounds her fist)  
This isn't fair. That could've  
happened to anybody.

RANDY

Well, I'm going to say no, it really couldn't have happened to anybody. In eleven years I've never seen it happen to anybody.

JACKIE

This is bullshit. I can't be suspended. I'm the damn star of this team.

Randy jumps up and closes the office door.

RANDY

You know, you don't think you need anybody's help because you're the golden girl. Well, let's get the facts straight. You may have won state the last two years, but you've only placed at one meet this year, and we've had six of them already.

JACKIE

It's just a slump. I can shake it off.

RANDY

I'm sorry. It's out of my hands.

JACKIE

But what about the Olympic trials? They're in July.

RANDY

The Olympic trials?

He sits back down on the desk.

RANDY (CONT'D)

You know what, Jackie? You're one of the most naturally gifted athletes I've ever seen. But after today, you've become a liability nightmare. You're stubborn, irresponsible and reckless. There's no one worth a damn in town who's going to want to coach you.

JACKIE

Wow. Tell me how you really feel, *Randy*.

Jackie stands. Heads for the door.

RANDY

Jackie, wait--

She stops.

RANDY (CONT'D)

I said there's no one *in town* who would coach you.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

A HIGH DEF PHOTO of Carly Carmichael throwing the javelin sits atop Randy's desk.

JACKIE

Carly Carmichael? I thought she was dead.

RANDY

No, she's not dead. I mean, I'm pretty sure she's not dead.

(beat)

She might be dead. But that's for you to find out.

JACKIE

What are you talking about?

RANDY

Look, it's like this... Carly's father died tragically when she was nine years-old. He... well, he fell off a mountain. Now, incredibly, that didn't kill him... but at the base of that mountain he was attacked by a bear. It mauled him severely, mangled his face and chest. Again, he was still alive... but then he exploded. Landed on some old dynamite. Body parts everywhere.

JACKIE

That's... awesome.

RANDY

No. Not awesome. Jesus. The point is, Carly never forgave him for being reckless and dying on her, and that put a big chip on her shoulder.

He points at Jackie's shoulder when he says this.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Sound familiar? You may think no one understands what you're going through with your mother's death. Well, she does.

He leans forward.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
And if you want to go to the  
Olympics, she may be the only one  
who can get you there.

Jackie looks back down at Carly's crazed FACE as we

CUT TO:

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Jackie sits at a table with her laptop open.

ON SCREEN is Carly's Wikipedia entry. Jackie focuses in on  
the PHRASE: **Carly Carmichael was born in Des Moines, Iowa...**

**EXT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

Jackie throws her suitcase into the trunk of her beat-up  
hatchback. Turns to her dad and sister. Gives them a hug.

JESS  
(hands her a drawing)  
I made this for you.

It's a Picasso-esque SKETCH of Jackie, gold medal around her  
neck, spearing a huge badger, blood spewing from the wound.

JACKIE  
Aww, Jess. That's so sweet.

JESS  
The shading is off in the upper  
quadrant, and my lines could have  
been finer, but Mrs. Jenkins said  
it had a vibrant tonal quality.

Jackie shoots her dad a look. He just shrugs.

JACKIE'S DAD  
First road trip by yourself, so you call  
and check in every three hours, okay?

JACKIE  
I will.

She gets in the car. Her dad leans in through the window.

JACKIE'S DAD  
Hey. Your mom would be very proud.  
She would have approved of this.  
(MORE)

JACKIE'S DAD (CONT'D)  
More than anything, she wanted to  
see you in the Olympics.

JACKIE  
I'm not there yet, dad.

JACKIE'S DAD  
(wipes his eyes)  
I promised myself I wouldn't cry...

JACKIE  
Oh, no. No, please don't--

Her dad begins bawling like a baby. He reaches through the window, attempts to hug her, and gets totally stuck.

JACKIE'S DAD  
My baby...

JACKIE  
Not again.

**INT./EXT. JACKIE'S CAR - DAY**

Jackie drives down the road. A SIGN reads: **Welcome to Iowa!**  
And now we find ourselves in a -- *wait for it* --

TRAVEL MONTAGE

Jackie passes another SIGN: **Des Moines - 5 miles**

**EXT. FAIRVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Jackie pulls into the parking lot.

**INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY**

Jackie sits at the principal's desk. He punches something up on the computer. Scribbles AN ADDRESS on a sticky.

**EXT. JIM'S DINER - DAY**

Jackie parks in front of the diner.

**INT. JIM'S DINER - DAY**

She walks in and chats with the hostess. They both turn and look at A WAITRESS (40s, hair up) pouring coffee behind the counter. Her NAME TAG says: **Mary Lou**

A LITTLE LATER

Jackie follows Mary Lou out to her car. She rummages around in her glove box.

MARY LOU

Now, when you see her, you tell her  
Mary Lou and her other cousins miss  
her something fierce.

JACKIE

I'll tell her.

MARY LOU

Ah-- here it is.

She shows Jackie A POSTCARD: A beautiful lake surrounded by mountains on one side: the caption reads **Pike's Peak, Colorado**. Jackie flips it over and sees the name **Carly Simon**.

JACKIE

Wait. I'm confused. This postcard  
is from Carly *Simon*.

MARY LOU

Yeah. That's what she goes by now. She  
was always a big fan of her songs.

JACKIE

(beat)  
Whose songs?

**INT./EXT. JACKIE'S CAR - DAY (MORNING)**

THE SONG "You're So Vain" spills from the car stereo speakers. On the passenger seat is the CD case for **The Best of Carly Simon**. Jackie is bobbing her head to the beat as

THE CAR cruises ahead into the looming Colorado MOUNTAINS.

LATER

Jackie's hatchback winds its way through a tree-lined mountain pass.

**EXT. STREETS OF WOODLAND PARK - DAY**

Jackie drives past a sign that says **Woodland Park, Colorado** and continues down a quaint shop-lined street.

**EXT. CURIOSITY SHOP - DAY**

Jackie stands outside the shop with a little old woman. They are looking at the slip of paper in Jackie's hand. The old woman points to a ROAD that veers off from the main drag.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/CARLY'S CABIN - DAY**

Jackie's car rumbles down a gravel road that ends at a large log cabin with several out-of-state cars parked in front.

Jackie gets out and walks up to the cabin door. Knocks. No answer. Then she hears some SPLASHING sounds. Goes around the side of the cabin and finds A TRAIL through the trees to

**EXT. MOUNTAIN CREEK - DAY**

Jackie emerges at the bank of a cool, blue creek.

SIX TOURISTS (4 adults, 2 kids) stand in knee-deep water holding spears. They wear sun hats, wading boots and T-shirts with Carly's face on them that say "Simon Spears".

Standing perfectly still on a rock in the middle of the creek is 40 year-old CARLY CARMICHAEL: short and stocky, wild hair, *bored-as-hell*, she wields a spear of her own.

CARLY

(yawns)

I want everyone to remember what they're here for. You're the predator. The beasts that troll these serene waters are your prey. You must be ready to strike in the blink of an eye.

Then, suddenly, her eyes pop WIDE OPEN -- she springs, fiercely spearing the water with A WILD CRY --

The tourists jump -- Carly retracts the spear to reveal that it has skewered the TINIEST FISH on the planet.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Now. I know what you're thinking-- that is one small fish. And you're right. That sucker is tiny. But, where there are tiny fish, there are bigger fish. Pretty sure of that. I mean, gotta be bigger than this little cock-nibbler, am I right?

The tourists look at each other in mild confusion.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Okay, so, uh... your turn. Let's see those spears up.

The tourists all adopt spear-fishing poses. One guy has his spear tip pointed upwards.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Other end down, Roger. We want to  
spear the fish, not bludgeon it...  
great. Now, calmly wait til you  
spot something...

The tourists began spearing the water like mad -- it's chaos.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Maybe pick your target more carefully.

No one listens -- the frenetic spearing continues.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Or not.

TOURIST BOY  
Mommy, mommy! Look, I got something!

He brings up his spear to reveal that it has skewered a huge,  
pink, rubbery DILDO.

CARLY  
(under her breath)  
Wondered where that went.

TOURIST MOM  
Henry!  
(covers his eyes)  
Don't look at it.

Carly steps off the rock and heads over to them.

CARLY  
Yep, all kinds of things get  
dropped out here. You know, canoe  
trips and camp outs. We put up  
signs, but by gosh, people are  
people-- am I right?

She takes the boy's spear and gently removes the dildo.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
I'll just make sure this gets  
properly... disposed of.

She pockets it, but the over-sized penis head sticks out.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Alright, gang. That's all for  
today. Spears and waders go back in  
the box in the parking lot.

The tourists wade back to the bank and head up the trail past Jackie, who's been watching the scene.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Careful on the trail.

JACKIE  
Excuse me.

CARLY  
Sorry, young lady. Lesson's over  
for today. Come back tomorrow.

She starts up the trail.

JACKIE  
I'm looking for Carly Carmichael.

Carly stops. Turns back.

CARLY  
What did you say?

JACKIE  
You're Carly, the Olympian, right?

Carly takes a step toward Jackie. Eyes her suspiciously.

CARLY  
Who are you?

JACKIE  
Uh, I'm Jackie. I'm a javelin thrower.

A beat. Carly scoffs. Turns and heads up the trail.

CARLY  
Too bad, kid. I don't do  
autographs. Unless you're dying.

She pauses. Looks back.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Are you dying?

JACKIE  
No.

CARLY  
Oh. Well, good.

She continues on. Jackie follows.

**EXT. CARLY'S CABIN - SAME**

The tourists are stripping off their wading boots and throwing them in a long wooden box in front of the cabin. Carly and Jackie emerge from the trail.

JACKIE

I don't think you understand. I'm not looking for an autograph...

Carly throws her spear in the box. TOURIST DAD turns to her.

TOURIST DAD

Thanks, Carly. Think I'll get a big one tomorrow?

JACKIE

Mr. Chenowith, you never know.

He puts a twenty-dollar bill in her palm.

TOURIST DAD

Would sure impress the boy if I did.

CARLY

Oh, Mr. Chenowith, that's not how this works...

He hits her with another twenty.

CARLY (CONT'D)

It's mother nature, sir. I literally have no control over the fish...

Gives her a third one. She sighs. Pockets the cash. Smiles.

CARLY (CONT'D)

I'll commune with Poseidon tonight. See what I can do.

Tourist dad smiles. Heads back to his car. Carly turns to Jackie as she locks up the equipment box.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Tourists. They think money can buy them anything.

JACKIE

Look, I'll pay you to coach me.

CARLY

Like I said, tomorrow, two o'clock-- and no promises.

JACKIE

No, I mean I want you to coach me  
in the javelin.

Carly stops and looks at her.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I want to go to the Olympics.

Carly's eyes narrow.

CARLY

Are you shitting me?

She takes a menacing step toward Jackie.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Just who the hell do you think you  
are, you little snot gobbler?

(freezes)

My ex send you? Is that piece of  
crusty jizz behind this?

(looks around, shouts)

Dirk? Dirk, you cocksucker, are you out  
there? So help me God, if I see your  
face I will fuck it with my fist!

(back to Jackie)

And you-- you've got thirty seconds  
to get your little whore ass off my  
property.

Carly storms over to her SUV. Jackie follows

JACKIE

Hey, wait a second... I don't know  
your ex, I have nothing to do with  
him, and I've been driving for two  
whole days just to see you.

Carly gets in the driver's seat. Looks at Jackie.

CARLY

That true?

JACKIE

Yes. Honest. I just want to talk.

Carly slams the car door closed. Puts on a bright yellow  
baseball cap that says **The Canary Hut** on it.

CARLY

You want to talk?

She starts the car.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Then talk to my dust.

Carly revs her engine ridiculously high, then PEELS OUT and takes off down the road, leaving Jackie choking on a cloud of... dust.

**EXT. PIKE'S PEAK MOTOR LODGE - NIGHT**

A large rustic-looking motel framed against the mountains.

**INT. MOTOR LODGE (LOUNGE) - NIGHT**

Jackie, fresh change of clothes, paces around on the phone near a cracklin' fireplace in the motel's lounge.

JACKIE  
(into phone)  
I don't know, Dad-- it's a total bust... Well, she's a friggin' psychopath, that's what... I mean, she goes by the name Carly Simon now... I don't know why... Well, yes, I agree, her songs are good... Look, she clearly doesn't want to talk to me... Yes, dad, I'll try again... Okay. Love you, too. Bye.

**INT. FRONT DESK - NIGHT**

Jackie walks up to the desk. A nerdy MOTEL CLERK smiles at her. The desk is covered with little stand-up FLAGS from all the countries of the world.

MOTEL CLERK  
Ah, Miss Steele. Welcome back to the front desk. *Buenos noches.*

JACKIE  
Uh, thanks. So, I was wondering if you could recommend someplace for dinner?

MOTEL CLERK  
Well, there's the Waffle Shack. Open 24 hours. Quite popular with the locals. You can get other things besides waffles there. *Crepes*, for instance.

JACKIE  
That's good to know.

She now notices his T-shirt reads **The Canary Hut.**

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Say, what's up with The Canary Hut? I  
keep seeing it all over the place.

MOTEL CLERK  
That's because it's awesome. Do you  
like *kara-oke*?

He strikes a miniature GONG. Jackie rolls her eyes.

**INT. THE CANARY HUT - NIGHT**

A NEON SIGN that reads **The Canary Hut** hangs above a small stage with a curtain backdrop.

Carly, in an all-white, Elvis-style JUMPSUIT, is singing. She owns the room. The rowdy CROWD cheers.

CARLY  
*"Nobody does it better. Makes me  
feel sad for the rest. Nobody does  
it half as good as you. Baby you're  
the best."*

Jackie appears at the door. FAT MIKE, the beefy bouncer, stops her. She fishes out her FAKE ID. He studies it --

THE PHOTO is clearly Jackie, but the birth date is **1980**.

FAT MIKE  
You're thirty-six?

JACKIE  
I moisturize.

Carly karate kicks the air -- the crowd goes nuts.

CARLY  
*"Like heaven above me, the spy who  
loved me, is keeping all my secrets  
safe tonight."*

She shoots a look to BYRON (40s, burly, wearing flannel) who sits at a table in the front with a group of friends.

Fat Mike waves Jackie through. She heads to the bar.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
*"Baby you're the best..."*

Carly ends with a kind of half splits. The crowd applauds.

The bartender gives Jackie a beer. Jackie points at Carly.

JACKIE  
Put it on her tab.

Carly jumps off the stage and heads back to her seat beside Byron, KEVIN (early 20s, lanky) and RITA (mid 30s, big hair).

D.J.  
Give it up for Carly Simon--  
singing Carly Simon!

Byron gives Carly a kiss, hands her a bottle of Perrier.

KEVIN  
Carly, your version's better than  
the original. By far.

CARLY  
Aw, you're just saying that... but  
keep saying that.

Everyone laughs as Jackie appears at Carly's table.

JACKIE  
Nice pipes.

CARLY  
Well... if it isn't Dirk's new floozy.

JACKIE  
I told you, I don't know any Dirk.

RITA  
You two acquainted?

CARLY  
Oh, that's right-- this one here  
wants to be a javelin thrower. What  
was your name again? Jerkle, Jerkie,  
something with a jerk in it...?

Jackie aggressively sits down with them.

JACKIE  
It's Jackie. And I *am* a javelin  
thrower.

Kevin, totally smitten, extends his hand across the table.

KEVIN  
Jackie, hi, I'm Kevin. But you can  
call me Kevin. I mean Kev. Or, like,  
K-dog is fine... maybe K-town...

BYRON

I've got to say, you don't look old enough to be in here.

JACKIE

(takes a gulp of beer)  
Oh, I'm at least 21.

CARLY

Ha! More like Fat Mike over there has a thing for jailbait.

Byron leans over to Jackie.

BYRON

Better watch out, Jackie. It's tough going toe-to-toe with this one. I should know.

He winks at Carly.

JACKIE

Look, Miss Carmichael, or Miss Simon, or whatever... throwing the javelin is the only thing I've ever been good at. And I think I've got a shot. You know, a real chance.

CARLY

Like I told you before, I don't coach.

JACKIE

But why not? I mean, you've got so much to share. I could... I could *learn* so much from you.

CARLY

Athletic skill is a gift, kid. You gotta have it in your DNA.

JACKIE

But you haven't even seen me throw.

Carly begins chatting with Rita, ignoring Jackie.

Jackie sighs. Looks around the bar. Spots A DART BOARD.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I challenge you.

She's not loud enough -- Carly pays her no attention.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

*Hey!*

The whole table turns. Jackie stands.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
I challenge you to a game of darts.

CARLY  
Say what?

JACKIE  
A game of darts. You and me. If I win, you agree to coach me.

KEVIN  
Wowzers. Is this is exciting or what?

CARLY  
Pipe down, Kevin.  
(to Jackie)  
Look, you need to get it through your thick head-- I am not coaching you.

JACKIE  
Then beat me in darts. I saw the plaque at the bar. Says you've won the annual dart competition here seven times. You must be good.

RITA  
She's the best.

JACKIE  
(leans into Carly)  
Yeah? Well how would I know? *I've* never seen you play.

Carly locks a steely gaze on Jackie. A beat. She stands.

CARLY  
Byron... get my darts.

**INT. THE CANARY HUT - LATER**

Carly and Jackie stand in front of the dart board. A small crowd has gathered. Fat Mike addresses the ladies.

FAT MIKE  
Cricket. First one to close out 15 thru 20 plus the bullseye wins. It takes three hits to close out any target. Outer ring is double, inner ring is triple.

He hands each lady a dart.

FAT MIKE (CONT'D)  
Diddle for first throw. Closest to  
bullseye goes first.

CARLY  
Alright, little lady-- you asked  
for it. I'm gonna smoke your ass  
like a pork tenderloin.

She throws. Bullseye. Cheers from the crowd. Then Jackie  
steps up. Throws... *bullseye*. The crowd goes silent.

JACKIE  
Actually, I'm a vegetarian.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

- Jackie and Carly go back and forth, zinging the board with  
perfect throws...
- Fat Mike quickly closes out numbers on the chalkboard...
- The crowd cheers...
- A group of chicks make cash wagers...
- Two dudes punch each other in the stomach, then hug it  
out...
- UNTIL FINALLY the scoreboard shows Carly ahead -- all she  
needs is two more 17's. Fat Mike hands her the darts.

FAT MIKE  
Close out 17, and the game is yours.

The crowd begins to chant "Carly, Carly, Carly..."

CARLY  
Well, kid, I hope you've learned your  
lesson. You mess with the bull...

She throws -- hits 17. The crowd hoops and hollers.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
You get the bullseye.

JACKIE  
That doesn't make any sense.

CARLY  
It does if that bull has a laser  
for an eye. Which I do.

She throws again -- *it misses*. The crowd hushes. Carly is clearly rattled -- a bead of sweat drips down her face. She aims, fires again --

It hits the 17. The crowd cheers... but the dart doesn't stick, and it falls. The crowd sighs.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Aw, come on! What the hell? Fat Mike, clearly that counts.

FAT MIKE  
Sorry, Carly. You know the rules. The dart has to stay on the board.

Carly punches the air. Fat Mike hands the darts to Jackie.

FAT MIKE (CONT'D)  
Looks like you still need to close out 15, 19 and the bullseye. One hit each would do it.

CARLY  
Yeah. Good luck with that.

Jackie takes the darts. Steps up to the line. Chugs down her beer. Takes a deep breath.

RITA  
You can do it, Jackie!

Carly LOOKS at her: *What the fuck?* Rita just shrugs.

Jackie brings a dart up to her shoulder. She ever-so-slightly twists it in her hand -- fires --

*Zing!* 15. Fires the next one -- *Zip!* 19. The crowd gasps -- then Jackie puts the final dart *in her left hand*.

CARLY  
What the hell...?

Jackie throws -- *bullseye*. The crowd is silent. Then they break into WILD APPLAUSE. Jackie turns to Carly. Smiles. Carly glares at her... then holds out her hand.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Good game. Very good game.

JACKIE  
So... *coach*. When do we get started?

Carly shakes her head.

CARLY  
Be at my place nine a.m. tomorrow  
morning. And don't be late.

**EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (MORNING)**

Jackie, looking a bit haggard, pulls up to Carly's house to find Carly waiting for her outside. She gets out of her car.

CARLY  
You're late.

JACKIE  
Sorry.

CARLY  
And you reek of beer and Cheezits.  
Normally, not a bad combination.

She snatches the sunglasses off Jackie's face, revealing dark circles under her eyes. Jackie winces.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
But not on my time. You feel me,  
Courtney Love?

JACKIE  
Who?

CARLY  
Never mind.

Carly picks up a bag of fishing -- throws it to Jackie.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Now let's roll.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN CREEK - DAY (LATER)**

Jackie sits in a canoe in the middle of the creek. She drops an anchor.

JACKIE  
Okay. Now what?

Carly sits in a camping chair on the creek bed, cold drink in one hand, sandwich in the other.

CARLY  
Now stand up.

JACKIE  
What?

CARLY

You heard me. Stand up. Let's go.

Jackie hesitates, then slowly stands up, very wobbly, but keeping her balance.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Jeez, you move like an old man's poop.

JACKIE

I don't understand what this has to do with the javelin.

Carly takes a bite of her sandwich.

CARLY

You're not supposed to understand, Jackie. You're supposed to do. What I say. That is all. Got it?

JACKIE

(reluctantly)  
Got it.

Carly gulps back her drink. She stands. Collects some rocks.

CARLY

Standing in the canoe does two things. One, it strengthens your core, which is where your power will ultimately come from. And two...

She begins throwing the rocks at Jackie. Jackie ducks, maintaining her balance.

JACKIE

Hey!

CARLY

It forces you to balance, on both legs, which is the key to accuracy.

Carly keeps throwing rocks at Jackie, Jackie keeps bobbing and weaving.

JACKIE

Jesus, you're getting pretty close with those...

CARLY

Stay balanced...

The next rock hits Jackie right in the gut.

JACKIE

Ouch!

CARLY

Sorry. That one's my bad. The rock slipped.

JACKIE

(under her breath)

Slipped my ass...

Carly sits back down. Goes back to her sandwich.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Now what?

CARLY

Just keep standing.

JACKIE

For how long?

CARLY

For as long as I say. Jeez, what about this don't you understand? And a little less yap would be nice. So, you know, let's clamp the mouth parts off.

Carly goes back to eating. Jackie, clearly annoyed, stands in the canoe.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Stand up straight.

Jackie starts to protest, but Carly gives her the "no talking" sign. Jackie relents, corrects her posture.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Nice. Good form. You know, you're a bit lanky for a thrower. We'll need to put some meat on your bones. Or, you know, soy, or whatever you veg heads eat.

Jackie does not respond.

CARLY (CONT'D)

See? Isn't this better? This is nice.

Jackie glares at her.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Yeah. This is very nice...

She leans back, closes her eyes, basks in the sun.

Jackie watches her. Broods. Takes a deep breath. Relaxes.  
Closes her eyes. Feels the sun. Smiles.

Then a piece of sandwich hits her in the face.

JACKIE  
(steadies herself)  
What the fuck??

CARLY  
Did I say close your eyes? Look what  
happens. You get sandwich blasted.

JACKIE  
Jesus Christ, Carly-- that hurt.

Carly leaps up.

CARLY  
You know what hurts? Not winning the  
Olympics. That's what hurts. Now quit  
your whining and pick up that spear.

Jackie fumes, reaches down and picks up the fishing spear.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Alright. Great. Now get crackin'.

JACKIE  
What?

CARLY  
Spear some fish. Let's go.

JACKIE  
You want me to catch fish?

CARLY  
No. I want you to try not to fall  
off the canoe. Now get at it.

Jackie looks at the water. She widens her stance. Crouches.  
Wields the spear, ready to pounce -- she strikes -- loses her  
balance -- regains it. Tries again --

*Zing!* A rock shoots past her head.

JACKIE  
What the...?

CARLY  
(throwing more rocks)  
Keep fishing!

Jackie ducks the rocks, tries to spear more fish --

JACKIE  
Jesus, this is dangerous!

CARLY  
Life is dangerous!

The rocks start hitting Jackie dead on -- she keeps trying to spear, reeling from the stings -- finally, she throws the spear down --

JACKIE  
This is bullshit! You're not even trying to miss me.

CARLY  
Well you're not trying to get out of the way.

JACKIE  
Screw this. I'm done.

She jumps out of the canoe into waist deep water -- starts trudging to the shore.

CARLY  
Oh, you're done. I see. I guess that's how they do it in Kansas. Just quit when shit gets hard. Or is that just how you do it?

Jackie reaches the shore.

JACKIE  
I should have realized this was never going to work. You don't want to coach me at all.

She grabs her backpack. Heads for the trail. Carly storms after her.

CARLY  
Hey, guess what? I already told you that. But what good would a coach be to you anyway? You have no interest in learning.

Jackie whips around.

JACKIE

At least I'm not you, hiding out  
here in the forest trying to escape  
your failed life or something.  
You're nothing but a coward.

This last line *lands*. Jackie heads off, leaving Carly alone.

CARLY

Good first day.

**INT. BYRON'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT**

Byron walks into the living room, T-shirt and sweats, drying  
his hair with a towel.

BYRON

Babe, you seen my aftershave?

Carly sits on the sofa with a bowl of popcorn.

CARLY

Why? You don't need it. I prefer  
your natural musk.

BYRON

Yeah, well my natural musk doesn't  
close up my pores after I shave.

CARLY

It may not close your pores, but it  
sure does open up mine.

She points to her crotch and smiles.

BYRON

Jesus.

He leaves the room.

CARLY

Come on, By-By... give momma some  
of that hard candy.

BYRON (O.S.)

By the way, I'm really proud of you  
for helping that girl, what's her  
name, Jackie? She's right, you  
know... all that experience you  
have shouldn't go to waste.

This *LANDS*. Carly deflates.

CARLY

Yeah... well... I think she quit.

She flips on the TV with the remote. Byron enters, moves right in front of her view.

BYRON

Alright, what did you do?

CARLY

Byron, you're blocking CNN. I need my Wolf Blitzter.

Byron sits on the sofa with her.

BYRON

Carly, you're deflecting.

CARLY

Gee, thanks Freud.

Byron takes the remote and mutes the television.

BYRON

You know, you've been hard on that kid from the moment you saw her.

CARLY

I've been hard on her? Look, she's bull-headed, impatient, way too competitive--

BYRON

Well, that sounds familiar.

She pops him in the shoulder.

BYRON (CONT'D)

I'm just saying, it wouldn't hurt you to give her a break.

CARLY

But I don't want to give her a break. Look, you don't think I've had the opportunity to coach any number of aspiring track stars over the years? I was a different person back then. I have the right to not want to go back to all that. Don't I?

BYRON

Of course, babe. You have every right to want to make a difference or not.

CARLY  
You're damn right I do.

Byron turns the sound back on. Carly goes back to munching on the popcorn. Byron can see that she's doing more thinking than tv-watching.

**EXT. PIKE'S PEAK MOTOR LODGE - DAY (DAWN)**

The rising sun casts a warm glow over the lodge.

**INT. JACKIE'S MOTEL ROOM - SAME**

A packed suitcase sits on the floor next to the bed. Jackie is asleep. She stirs, opens her eyes --

JACKIE  
Holy shit!

There, at the foot of the bed, is Carly. She wears a pink sweat suit and dons a walking staff, looking like a cross between Richard Simmons and Gandolf the wizard.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Jesus, Carly, what the-- what the hell are you doing here?

CARLY  
I'm your wake up call.

JACKIE  
How did you get in here?

CARLY  
Billy at the front desk. We're *amigos*.  
(indicates the suitcase)  
Heading home?

JACKIE  
I guess so.

CARLY  
Look, I wanted to say... well, if you let me, I'd like to show you something.

JACKIE  
You want to show me something?

CARLY  
Yeah, it's pretty special. I want you to see it. Up close.

JACKIE

(beat)

Wait, are you... are you going to get naked?

CARLY

What? No. Gross.

(indicates her body)

I mean, *this* is not gross. This is a work of art. This is sex on a bagel right here. I mean, let's get something straight-- if I were into chicks, you would not be able to handle it. I would literally rock your face off. You'd be walking around, and people would go "Where's your face?" And you'd say, "Ask my bitch, Carly. She's got it." But that is *not* going to happen, see? Cuz I'm into dudes. You feel me? Mama like the tube snake. She like to take the S train to D town. I'm talking about sucking on a *dick*.

Carly mimes giving a blow job.

CARLY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Alrighty then. Time to hike.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY**

Carly's SUV winds its way up the road.

**EXT. BASE OF MOUNTAIN - DAY (LATER)**

Carly and Jackie emerge from the woods at the base of a sheer mountain WALL that reaches up to a rocky cliff.

CARLY

Well, this is it.

JACKIE

Thank god.

She leans over, catching her breath. Carly hands her a water bottle. Jackie gulps it down.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

You gonna tell me where we are now?

Carly surveys the scene. Points up to the cliff.

CARLY

That's Eagle Ridge. Not surprisingly, eagles nest up there. You can only access the ridge by climbing the wall. A daring feat for even the most skilled of climbers. My father, Regis Carmichael, was a climber. One of the best.

Jackie realizes.

JACKIE

Oh, no. Carly. Is this where he--

CARLY

Died? Yeah. Right where you're standing.

Jackie looks down. She's standing right in front of a large white rock that has the initials **R.C.** scrawled into it. She jumps back.

JACKIE

Oh shit. I'm so sorry.

CARLY

You're still standing on him.

Jackie looks down. Sees another **R.C.** rock. Leaps away from it... onto another one. Then she looks around and sees DOZENS of white rocks all over with his initials on them.

JACKIE

They're everywhere.

CARLY

That's how they found him. His body blown to chunky bits.

Jackie leaps over to where Carly stands.

CARLY (CONT'D)

You know... you were right. I did move out here to escape. But I also thought that if I could live near where he died, near what he loved, I'd find a way to forgive him.

Carly sees something -- walks over to a bush and retrieves a large, cracked egg shell.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Look at that-- eagle's egg.

JACKIE

Did... it work? Did you forgive him?

CARLY

(shakes her head)

No. I didn't. Because it's been easier to live with the pain and the anger than to muster the courage to move forward. And I'll tell you what-- *that's* what makes me a coward.

She throws the egg shell down.

CARLY (CONT'D)

That's what makes both of us cowards.

Jackie shoots her a look.

JACKIE

What?

CARLY

Look. I Googled you. I know about your mom. She was an alcoholic and she crashed her car. I get what you're feeling.

JACKIE

(caught off guard)

No. I don't want to talk about...

Carly grabs her arms.

CARLY

Here's the deal: those sons of bitches died on us. So what? I say we forgive them, and then we go do the thing that we love-- together-- and move on with our lives. What do you say?

A tear falls down Jackie's face. She wipes it away.

JACKIE

She... she taught me how to throw.

CARLY

Well, you won state twice. She must have known what she was doing.

She smiles at Jackie. Jackie musters a smile back.

CARLY (CONT'D)

But you've gotta stay frosty. Quit with the fake ID and the booze. Okay?

JACKIE  
Alright, alright...

CARLY  
(holds out her hand)  
So let's have it.

JACKIE  
What?

CARLY  
Your fake ID-- no discussion.

Jackie sighs. Pulls out her wallet. Hands over the ID.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
And you'll be staying with me. So I  
can monitor all aspects of your  
diet and conditioning. Deal?

She holds out her hand. Jackie hesitates, then takes it.

JACKIE  
Deal.

CARLY  
Great. Now let's get out of here.

They turn to go. Jackie stops abruptly.

JACKIE  
Hey.

Carly turns.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Just so we're clear... I like  
grilling the tube steak, too.

CARLY  
(nods)  
Well, it's tube *snake*, but your  
thing kind of makes sense...

As they head back into the woods we begin a -- *wait for it*  
*again* --

#### **TRAINING MONTAGE**

- Jackie stands on the canoe, trying to spear fish. Carly  
throws rocks at her...

- Carly drives her SUV while Jackie jogs along beside it...

- Jackie stands at the edge of a lake. She whittles the tip of a wooden spear. Carly points at a buoy in the middle of the lake. Jackie throws it, but the spear goes wide right...

- Carly ties some weights around the left side of Jackie's waist. Jack tries to throw at the buoy again, but she falls off balance and biffs it...

- In Carly's living room, Jackie holds a sheet and some pillows. Carly stands in front of a sofa, pulls out the hideaway bed. A cloud of dust consumes them...

- Jackie, on the canoe, keeps trying to spear fish...

- Carly stands at the base of a large tree with a stopwatch. Jackie climbs swiftly from branch to branch. She sees an owl's nest. Stops. There's a baby owl inside.

Jackie coos at the bird. Carly motions to keep going. Jackie ignores her. And that's when the mother owl swoops in and ATTACKS. Jackie screams, flails her arms, and falls.

She lands in the brush with a thud. Carly winces...

- Jackie throws a spear at the buoy on the lake. It veers right, but not by much...

- Jackie watches as Carly puts bacon, cheese, a tomato, Sprite, and real grass into a blender. Fires it up. Takes a swig. Smiles. Then immediately vomits back into the pitcher.

- Carly hands Jackie a can of paint and a brush. She points to a wooden fence at the side of her yard and makes a "paint the fence" gesture. Jackie shakes her head...

- Jackie, on the canoe, thrusts the spear into the water, and comes up with a HUGE FISH. Carly, on the shore, applauds.

Jackie smiles... but the flopping of the fish on the end of her spear topples her right into the creek.

#### **EXT. HIGH SCHOOL TRACK FIELD - DAY**

Carly, a long case strapped to her back, stands with Jackie on one edge of the field.

CARLY

It's time.

She removes the case. Unzips it. Pulls out a shiny JAVELIN.

CARLY (CONT'D)

I won the gold with this. So I call her Goldie.

JACKIE  
Wow. She's beautiful.

CARLY  
She hasn't been thrown in 20 years.

Carly offers it to Jackie. Jackie takes it... but Carly doesn't let it go.

JACKIE  
Carly?

CARLY  
Yep.

JACKIE  
Uh... are you going to let go?

CARLY  
Oh, was I still holding it? I didn't realize. How silly...

Jackie tries to take it again -- Carly resists, but then lets go. She stumbles back, woozy.

JACKIE  
Are you okay?

CARLY  
Whew. Feel a little faint.

JACKIE  
Look, I don't have to do this...

CARLY  
No. It's fine. You need to start training with a real javelin anyway.

JACKIE  
You sure?

CARLY  
Yes. Go ahead. Take her for a ride.

She gestures down the field. Jackie nods. Carly watches as, in SLOW MOTION, Jackie heaves the javelin -- It SOARS beautifully --

Carly catches her breath -- in her head, she hears the ROAR of the crowd --

THE JAVELIN lands mid-field. A near-perfect throw.

JACKIE  
Amaze balls.

She hugs Carly.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
You're a genius.

CARLY  
Well. How about that?

She smiles, but she can't take her eyes off the javelin.

**EXT. WAFFLE SHACK - DAY**

Carly's SUV sits outside the restaurant.

**INT. WAFFLE SHACK - DAY**

Jackie and Carly sit at a corner booth. The waitress puts in front of them two large salads. Jackie digs in. Carly pokes through the salad like an archeologist.

JACKIE  
You know, you're not going to find  
a hidden hamburger patty at the  
bottom of that.

Carly scratches her chin, thinking how to proceed. She stabs her fork into the center of it, then shoves a mound of leafy greens into her mouth. Grimaces.

CARLY  
It's delicious.

JACKIE  
You hate it.

CARLY  
It's disgusting. But, I'll eat it  
anyway.

She jams more salad in her mouth. Chokes it down.

JACKIE  
So...?

CARLY  
Still disgusting.

JACKIE  
No, I mean answer the question.  
What's it like?

CARLY  
To win the gold?

She slugs back a glass of orange juice.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Right. Winning the gold. What's it like? Well, I'll tell you. It's like...  
(thinks)  
It's like your first kiss, but times a million. That's what it's like.  
(beat)  
Or if you could sprout wings and fly. Fly and soar amongst the stars.

Carly stares off, lost in thought.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Or imagine you walked into a room, and there was Lou Ferrigno-- you know, The Incredible Hulk? Before your time, but man, what a hunk. And, you know, he's butt naked, lying spread-eagle on a bed...

JACKIE  
Carly...

CARLY  
And, you know, he's not green like the Hulk-- well, maybe his dong is. Wouldn't that be something?

JACKIE  
I think I get the picture.

CARLY  
Just saying. I met Lou Ferrigno at a monster truck rally once. I'll never forget it. Just like I'll never forget winning the gold.

She goes back to eating her breakfast.

JACKIE  
Great story, Carly. Truly inspirational.

CARLY  
That's what I'm here for. To motivate your lily white ass. And the clearer you can see the gold, the more that you will...

Carly trails off as she glances at the TV behind the counter. *Her face turns to stone.* She jumps up, grabs the remote.

JACKIE

Carly?

Carly turns up the volume -- A SPORTS NEWS SHOW plays -- the SPORTSCASTER speaks next to a graphic that shows A TALL WOMAN with short blonde hair at a podium.

SPORTSCASTER

...and some call 17 year-old Astrid Zeller a prodigy. But the two-time Olympic medalist, Greta Hammerstein, who came out of retirement to coach the young German, simply says she's the best female javelin thrower in the world.

The image of a tall, athletic, 40 year-old GRETA HAMMERSTEIN fills the screen. Carly draws in a breath.

GRETA

When I heard about Astrid's abilities, I had to see for myself. Having won two Olympic medals, both silver... neither one gold... silver is not gold...

She laughs awkwardly and pounds the podium. Quickly regains composure.

GRETA (CONT'D)

I feel I am a pretty good judge of talent. And now, with my expert guidance, I believe Germany will once again claim glory in women's javelin. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Astrid Zeller.

ASTRID, a striking, dark-haired girl of 17, joins Greta at the podium. Cameras FLASH wildly. Astrid smiles.

ASTRID

Thank you. It is an honor to have Miss Hammerstein as my coach. I will continue to train hard, and be the best ambassador for the sport that I can be. I hope to see all of you at the Olympics in Rio.

Greta leans into the mic.

GRETA

On the podium stand, of course.

She smiles. Laughter, applause and more camera flashes. Carly stares at the screen, a deer in headlights.

JACKIE

Jeez, I've never seen a javelin competitor get so much press. Have you heard of her?

(touches Carly's shoulder)

Carly?

CARLY

(staring at the TV)

It's what the Germans do. They try to beat you with words before the games are even played.

She suddenly slaps the counter, startling the nearby patrons.

CARLY (CONT'D)

*Well it's not going to happen this time!*

JACKIE

Hey, whoa-- take it easy.

CARLY

I'm not going to take it easy. Cuz you know who else isn't taking it easy? Greta Hammer-twat, that's who.

Carly grabs the check off their table and heads to the register. Jackie follows.

JACKIE

So... you *do* know her.

CARLY

Know her? Hell, I beat her.

(to herself)

*She's going to come out of retirement? Well, two can play at that game.*

She turns to Jackie.

CARLY (CONT'D)

We're going to throw our own press conference. It's just what we need to take this thing to the next level. A media blitz the likes the sporting world has never seen.

**EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY**

Carly, wearing her gold medal, and Jackie, holding Carly's javelin, stand at a podium on a small platform in her NEARLY EMPTY front yard --

A TEENAGER in a baseball cap is the only one there.

Carly turns to Rita, who stands offstage with a clipboard.

CARLY

Where the hell is everybody?

RITA

I don't know. I sent the announcement to every newspaper and TV station in town.

CARLY

Well, Jesus, Rita-- we can't have a press conference without TV.

RITA

Maybe that guy is with TV.

Carly addresses the teen.

CARLY

Sir... please state your name and the media outlet you represent.

TEENAGER

Todd Willmann, Pikes Peak High.

CARLY

That would be the high school newspaper, correct?

TEENAGER

Totally.

CARLY

Great.

(rubs her eyes)

Look, kid-- does your high school have a TV station?

TEENAGER

Not really. We have a YouTube channel.

CARLY

(to Rita)

They have a YouTube channel.

Rita smiles sheepishly.

TEENAGER

I have a camera phone. I can film this if you want.

CARLY

(exasperated)

Well, why the hell not?

The kid takes out his phone. Holds it in front of him.

TEENAGER

Okay. We're rolling.

CARLY

Ladies and gentlemen of the press-- thank you for coming. My name is Carly Sim... Carly Ann Carmichael, and today is a great day for the sport of women's javelin.

She sweeps her arm across the sky.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Yay, for it is rich in possibilities. And when possibilities meet, they intertwine, reminding us of the mating habits of the spotted owl. For the female owl shares with her male companion the nest, so that they may have much room to fornicate. And with fornication comes new life... and sometimes regret and self-loathing. And tears. And maybe even crabs or herpes.

RITA

Stay on target...

CARLY

The point is, I have officially come out of retirement to embrace the possibility of a new American Olympic hero. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you women's javelin's newest star, Jacquelin Steele.

Jackie slides over to Carly, smiling and waving.

CARLY (CONT'D)

(to the teenager)

Can we foley in some applause?

TEENAGER  
 (taps a button)  
 Just did it.

CARLY  
 Holy shit, that's amazing. Damn it--  
 can you cut out the "holy shit"?

TEENAGER  
 (taps another button)  
 Bam. Done.

Carly smiles. Gives him thumbs up.

CARLY  
 Jackie is a spectacular talent. And  
 with my guidance, you better  
 believe that at this year's Olympic  
 trials she's gonna...

Carly slaps her butt and points right into the camera.

CARLY & JACKIE  
 Nail it!

Just then, the owl from earlier swoops in and ATTACKS Jackie  
 in the head -- she SCREAMS and tumbles off the platform --

Carly gives out her WAR CRY, starts karate kicking the air --  
 the owl easily evades her kicks --

TEENAGER  
 No fucking way.

The teenager keeps filming. We MOVE IN on the camera lens...

#### **A SERIES OF SHOTS**

- AT SCHOOL, the teenager uploads the video to YouTube...
- IN THE COMPUTER LAB, other teens watch the video...
- AT HOME, another teen shares the link on Facebook...
- AT WORK, a few ladies gather around a computer to watch...
- IN A NEWSROOM, an anchor watches the video on his phone...
- ON TV, the same anchor plays the video...
- ON OTHER TVS, sports anchors play the video...
- IN HIS OFFICE, Coach Randy sees the video on his laptop...

**INT. GRADE SCHOOL GYM - DAY**

Carly and Kevin watch as Jackie climbs a rope.

CARLY  
You can do it-- one more.  
(to Kevin)  
What do you think?

KEVIN  
(transfixed on Jackie)  
Oh, you know, she's great. Did she  
do something with her hair? It's a  
good look.

CARLY  
What? No, I mean what do you think  
about her progress?

KEVIN  
Oh, yeah. That's good, too.

CARLY  
Kevin, you sly little doggie-- you  
like her don't you?

KEVIN  
What? Nah. I mean, sure, she's  
nice, you know, smells nice...

Jackie descends the rope.

JACKIE  
(exhausted)  
How many was that?

CARLY  
Eleven. Good work.  
(from *Spinal Tap*)  
"These go to eleven."

No response from Jackie or Kevin.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
You know, "These go to eleven."  
Nothing?

JACKIE  
Eleven pipers piping?

KEVIN  
Seven eleven?

CARLY  
Forget it.

**EXT. GRADE SCHOOL GYM - DAY**

Jackie and Carly exit.

CARLY  
We gotta do some more work on your triceps. They've taken a detour to flabbyville. We'll hit the dip machine in a skoshe.

JACKIE  
Dip machine? Jesus, Carly, I'm exhausted.

CARLY  
Hey, no sass. You need... *holy shit*.

Carly and Jackie stop abruptly -- the parking lot is FILLED with press vans, reporters, cameras. Carly's eyes light up.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Fucking YouTube.

JACKIE  
I can't believe it. It worked.

CARLY  
Let me handle this. The press can be savages.

As the news media swarms them, Carly steps forward.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Ladies and gentlemen, I will answer all your questions. But first, let me change into something more comfortable.

She reaches into her bag, pulls out her gold medal, and puts it around her neck.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
There. Much better.

The reporters laugh. Carly begins taking questions. Jackie watches on quietly as we

CUT TO:

**EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY**

A sea of not-so state of the art mobile homes.

TITLES appear: **Baton Rouge, Louisiana**

We FOCUS IN on one classic-looking metal Airstreamer.

**INT. AIRSTREAMER - DAY**

A BLONDE BIMBO lies on the fold-out bed doing her nails. In front of her, a battered TV with rabbit ears shows Carly talking to the press. The bimbo glances at the screen.

BIMBO

Dirk?

From the front of trailer comes a ROGUE of a man with handsome eyes, five o'clock shadow and curly Q moustache. Holding a sausage and a knife, this is DIRK LEROUSE.

DIRK

Honey, you been eating the andouille again? Baby, you do that, you gotta open a *window* up in here.

BIMBO

Isn't that your ex-wife?

Dirk sits down beside her --

ON THE TV: Carly answers a question.

CARLY

Yes, with my guidance, Jacquelyn Steele will be the next Olympic gold medalist in women's javelin. And you can put *that* in your piggy bank-- and then later, crack it open.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

I don't follow.

CARLY

(confusing herself)

You know... you put coins in a piggy bank... and then you crack it open... see, it's a metaphor... meaning... you shouldn't... do crack... next question?

DIRK  
(to himself)  
Well, well-- where there's smoke,  
there's fire. Ain't that right, Carly?

The bimbo is on her feet, walking away -- she FARTS -- Dirk grimaces -- takes a bite of the sausage -- and then we

CUT TO:

**EXT. BERLIN, GERMANY (SKYLINE) - DAY**

TITLES appear: **Berlin, Germany**

**INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY**

Tall, blonde-haired athletes work out on all kinds of high tech equipment.

Greta Hammerstein watches her protege, Astrid Zeller, run on a treadmill. GRETA'S ASSISTANT (20s) pokes her head out of an office -- *they speak in German.*

ASSISTANT  
Greta-- you better see this.

**INT. GYMNASIUM OFFICE - DAY**

Greta's assistant de-mutes a TV in the corner --

INTERCUT TV SCREEN & OFFICE

On the TV is a U.S. SPORTSCASTER talking in-studio with a smartly-dressed Carly.

U.S. SPORTSCASTER  
Were you surprised by the response  
of your YouTube video? I have to  
say-- first ever viral press  
conference I can think of.

CARLY  
Well Bob, that's the kind of forward-  
thinking you can expect from the  
Jackie Steele training camp.

GRETA  
*Carly Carmichael...*

Greta, red-faced, turns and punches a hole in the wall.

ASSISTANT

Kind of an extreme response, don't you think? I mean, you could have yelled or thrown something first.

GRETA

Tell Astrid-- we now train day *and* night.

The assistant sighs and nods. Greta turns back to the TV.

U.S. SPORTSCASTER

Well, thanks for being here, Carly.

CARLY

Thanks for having me, Bob.

U.S. SPORTSCASTER

One last question: the trials are in two weeks. Do you feel you and Jackie are ready?

CARLY

Oh we're ready. And pardon my French, but we're going to kick some ass.

**EXT. UNIVERSITY OF OREGON (HAYWARD FIELD) - DAY**

The stadium is filled to the brim.

TITLES appear: **Olympic Trials, University of Oregon, July, 2016**

**INSIDE THE STADIUM**

Jackie, sweating, hair tussled, leans against Carly who frantically massages her arms.

CARLY

We are getting our asses kicked.

They look at the digital scoreboard -- the current 3rd place throw clocks in at **59.15 meters**.

CARLY (CONT'D)

You've got one more throw-- you can do this. You just have to get on the board.

JACKIE

Yeah? Well, my other throws were for crap.

CARLY

That's because they're still going right. Hell, you'd be throwing 65 for sure if they were dead on.

JACKIE

No shit, Carly. What other pearls do you have for me?

CARLY

Look, I thought we fixed you. What's going on, kid?

JACKIE

I don't know-- it's so much different than a high school meet.

CARLY

It's the larger stage-- gets to everyone. I'm surprised you're not filling up your diaper right now.

JACKIE

Nice visual. I'm fucked.

CARLY

Hey, no-- look at me.

Jackie looks at her.

CARLY (CONT'D)

You're going to be okay. Relax. We just need to keep your mind off your throws hanging right.

JACKIE

How are we going to do that? That's all I can think about. That and vomiting.

Carly suddenly gasps. Looks around.

CARLY

Of course. I should've thought of this sooner...

She finds her dufflebag. Rummages through it. Comes up with a pack of cigarettes.

CARLY (CONT'D)

(holding out the box)

Here.

JACKIE

What? Are you nuts?

Carly shakes her head. Sticks the pack into left side of Jackie's waistband.

CARLY

You feel the pack there?

JACKIE

Yeah, of course.

CARLY

Okay. That should keep you thinking about your left side. Straighten you out a bit.

JACKIE

This is going to help?

CARLY

It worked for Kevin Costner in "Tin Cup". Great movie.

JACKIE

*What??*

STADIUM ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Women's javelin... next up, number 31, Jacquelin Steele.

CARLY

Now get up there and throw that son of a bitch.

Jackie takes a drink of water. Walks up to the track. Takes a deep breath. Waits for the signal from the judge. Gets it. Takes off running -- hits the mark -- lets the javelin

FLY -- it goes straight, but starts to veer right --

Jackie watches it -- cringes -- the javelin SPEARS the ground -- Jackie looks back at the scoreboard --

STADIUM ANNOUNCER

62.13 meters for Jacquelin Steele.

HER NAME appears on the board in 2nd place. The crowd cheers. She leaps for joy. Runs over and hugs Carly.

JACKIE

Carly, I did it!

CARLY

You sure did. You're going to the Olympics, baby!

JACKIE

I couldn't have done it without you.

She kisses Carly on the cheek.

CARLY

Eh, whatever. Go on and celebrate with your new teammates.

Jackie hugs Carly again, then races over to the other qualifiers.

Carly watches her go, a small tear welling up in her eye. That's when A CAMERA finds her -- suddenly, she's on the jumbo-tron.

STADIUM ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen... Olympic gold medalist, Carly Ann Carmichael!

The crowd erupts in wild applause. Carly sees herself on the big screen. She marvels at it. Raises her hands. The crowd cheers again.

She throws a karate chop. They cheer even more.

And now she looks around at the stadium, lost in the moment. *Time seems to stand still.* And then she is

20 YEARS OLD again, looking around at the cheering crowd in Atlanta, basking in their thunderous applause... and then

40 YEAR-OLD Carly snaps back.

STADIUM ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Women's javelin... final competitor, number 26, Missy Highfell.

Carly watches the last thrower hit the track. And then she turns and heads over to the OFFICIALS table.

FIRST OFFICIAL

Carly Carmichael, what a treat. Your girl did great, didn't she?

CARLY

Yeah, she did indeed. I want to throw.

SECOND OFFICIAL  
Come again?

CARLY  
I want to add myself as a late  
addition. I want to throw.

THIRD OFFICIAL  
Wait, let me get this straight--  
you want to enter yourself as a  
competitor?

CARLY  
What's so hard to believe about  
that? I did win the gold, mind you.  
Which gives me an automatic A  
rating. And, you've got one athlete  
still competing, meaning the  
javelin trials aren't yet over.

SECOND OFFICIAL  
This is highly unorthodox.

FIRST OFFICIAL  
She does have a point. Technically,  
she can still compete.

THIRD OFFICIAL  
Nonsense.

Carly watches Missy Highfell make her 3rd and final throw...

CARLY  
Come on, you guys. Give me a number.  
You don't want a former Olympian  
filing a complaint with the IOC that  
I was treated unfairly, do you?

The officials huddle together. Carly watches Missy's score --  
*it does not make it onto the board.*

The officials turn back to Carly. They hand her a number.

THIRD OFFICIAL  
You get one throw, Carly. One throw  
only.

CARLY  
That's all I'll need. Thanks, guys.

Carly pins the number to her shirt and bounds over to the  
sidelines.

## STADIUM ANNOUNCER

Next up are the heats for... Wait,  
 what's that...? Scratch that,  
 folks. We have one final competitor  
 in women's javelin. A late  
 addition, number 38... I don't  
 believe it... Carly Ann Carmichael!

The crowd goes berserk.

Jackie's jaw drops. She turns and looks at Carly, who is heading to the track. Carly shrugs.

She steps on to the runway. Selects a javelin. Hefts it. Licks her finger, checks the wind. The crowd grows quiet.

## CARLY

(takes a deep breath)  
 No guts, no glory.

And then she releases a primal SCREAM and leaps forward, bounding down the runway --

She hits the mark and wings the javelin with all her might --

It soars -- a little wobbly, but it whizzes through the air before finally impaling itself into the dirt.

Carly turns and looks at the scoreboard --

**59.99 meters** -- her name appears in the 3rd place position.

## CARLY (CONT'D)

Holy shit. I qualified-- *I qualified!*

The crowd applauds wildly. The rest of the female track competitors and their coaches, however, are livid -- they yell and throw clipboards.

Carly slaps her ass and points to the crowd who yell back "Nailed it!" -- Jackie grabs her.

## JACKIE

What the hell are you doing?

## CARLY

I... don't know. It just happened.

## JACKIE

*It just happened?*

Just then a gaggle of reporters swarm Carly, thrusting microphones in her face. Jackie is edged outside the circle. She shakes her head and storms away.

Carly sees her go, starts to call after her, but turns back to the media as we enter a

# **MONTAGE**

- MAGAZINE COVERS with Carly's face fill the screen -- **Sports Illustrated: The Car is Back!** -- **Track and Field: Once and Future Olympian** -- **Time: Will She Make History?**

- We get snippets of TV NEWSCASTERS...

YOUNG NEWSCASTER  
...the controversy surrounding  
Carly Carmichael and her Olympic  
qualification...

MALE NEWSCASTER  
...has been vindicated by the IOC.  
But most importantly, the fans are  
going nuts for the 42 year-old who  
came out of nowhere...

FEMALE NEWSCASTER  
...wondering if she could capture  
the gold and make Olympic history.

# **INT. TV STUDIO - DAY**

A TALK SHOW HOST interviews a gussied up Carly.

TALK SHOW HOST  
My understanding is that, and make  
sure I get this straight, is that no  
one in the history of the Olympics  
has ever won gold in the same  
individual event, separated by more  
than 12 years, let alone 20 years.

CARLY  
That's right.

TALK SHOW HOST  
But you could do it. Win the gold  
twice, 20 years apart. Am I right?

Applause from the studio audience.

CARLY  
I could. But that's not my concern,  
Tom. Really, I'm just staying  
focused, and concentrating on my  
training. And, oh, and I've got  
something for you.

She produces a CARLY BOBBLEHEAD. Sets it on his desk. The audience laughs.

TALK SHOW HOST

Look at that, your very own  
bobblehead.

CARLY

You bet. See, the head bobbles back  
and forth, Tom. You see it? There  
it goes. Bobbling away.

TALK SHOW HOST

Right. That's why they call it a  
bobblehead.

CARLY

I know. Clever, right?

TALK SHOW HOST

Let's talk about Jacquelin Steele.  
It must be awkward now that you're  
her coach *and* her competitor.

CARLY

You know, Tom, it's not. Jackie's  
great. Truth be told, we view  
ourselves as equals. Exactly the  
same in every respect.

**INT. RITA'S HOUSE (STUDY) - DAY**

Jackie stands in the doorway holding an envelope.

JACKIE

You're flying to Rio first class?

Carly runs on a treadmill.

CARLY

Yeah.

JACKIE

But I'm in coach.

CARLY

Right. What's your point?

JACKIE

What the hell? Why aren't we flying  
together?

CARLY

Look, it's simple-- people are going to recognize me. I won't get a moment's peace. They're more respectful in first class.

Rita, at her desk, gets off the phone.

RITA

Okay. Gatorade's on board as a sponsor.

Carly stops the treadmill.

CARLY

Yes!

Rita goes back to working the phone.

JACKIE

We have a sponsor?

CARLY

Well... *I* have sponsor. But of course they'll bring you on board if you medal.

JACKIE

*If I medal?* Gee, thanks, coach.

Carly, dripping with sweat, puts an arm around Jackie, who tries to shake it off.

CARLY

Look, Jackie-- we gotta ride the wave of my celebrity. It'll help us both in the long run. Trust me, kid. I've been to this party before.

Jackie manages to slip away from Carly's sweaty grasp.

JACKIE

Whatever. Fine. Let's just get to the track. I have some ideas about my stride I want to work on.

CARLY

Right. Stride.

RITA

(holds up phone)

Carly, Champion needs your measurements for your custom made sweat suit.

CARLY

Ooooooh.

(to Jackie)

You go ahead. I'll catch up.

Carly grabs the phone. Jackie watches her... then quietly leaves as we

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP ON:

**EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (MORNING)**

The early morning light casts a warm glow over the house.

**INT. CARLY'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - MORNING**

Carly enters, dressed for a workout.

CARLY

Jackie? We gotta get to the lake by nine...

She sees a NOTE on the coffee table. Picks it up. It reads:  
**There's not enough room in The Carly Show for me. Going home to finish training. Jackie**

CARLY (CONT'D)

Ah, Jesus. What the hell?

A KNOCK on the front door. She goes to open it.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Okay, maybe I've been a little--

Dirk LeRouse stands in the doorway. He holds a leather dufflebag.

DIRK

Hey, hey, Carly baby. Ooh, girl, you look as gorgeous as ever.

CARLY

(seethes)

Dirk.

She takes a swing at him. He ducks.

DIRK

I knew that was coming.

Carly immediately kicks him in the nuts. He flinches, but shrugs it off.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
Padded jockstrap. Saw that one coming, too.

CARLY  
Oh, yeah? Did you see this?

She slams the door on him. Opens a closet and pulls out a shotgun.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
(loading the gun)  
You've got 15 seconds to get off my property, or I'll blast a hole in your face and call it self defense.

She hears Dirk speak as he moves around to the back entrance.

DIRK (O.S.)  
Aw, come on now, honey. That's no way to treat your business partner.

CARLY  
Business partner? We're not partners in anything, except loathing and disgust.

Carly follows his voice through the house into the

#### **KITCHEN**

DIRK (O.S.)  
How can you say that, honey? We had a lot of good times together. Remember that time in Vegas? Oh man, we tore up the Horseshoe Club pretty good.

CARLY  
It was Reno, you dipshit. And the only thing you tore up is the cocktail waitress you banged while I played slots.

DIRK (O.S.)  
Now, you never proved that in court of law.

CARLY  
Okay. Times up. Shotgun to the face.

She opens the back door -- Dirk holds a folded up document in front of him. Carly cocks the gun.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Too bad for you that's not  
bulletproof glass.

DIRK  
These are our divorce papers. You  
do remember our divorce, don't you  
sweetie?

CARLY  
Ten seconds...

DIRK  
That is, what I mean to say, you  
remember the *terms* of our divorce?

She ponders a moment. Realizes. Lowers the shotgun.

CARLY  
Son of a whore.

DIRK  
That's right. Now, if you recall, I  
am entitled to fifty percent of your  
earnings from athletics for as long  
as you compete. Hell, I thought you  
had packed it in, baby girl. But  
looks like you're back in the saddle.  
And ol' Dirk's along for the ride.

CARLY  
I'll give you one thing, Dirk-- you  
are anything if not consistent.  
Consistently a selfish prick.

He cautiously moves a little closer to her.

DIRK  
Aw, come on, honey bun. Mostly I'm  
happy for you. You proved all those  
sons of bitches wrong. You still  
got it in you. I mean, I see  
sponsorships, book deals, maybe  
even a cable network movie-- Carly  
Ann Carmichael, back on top.

He strokes her arm.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
That always was your favorite position.

Lightning fast, she produces a tazer and zaps him -- he  
convulses and falls writhing to the ground.

CARLY  
No-- *that's* my favorite position.

She slams the door shut, falls back against it, and sighs.

DIRK (O.S.)  
(pained)  
Good one, babe.

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY**

Jackie throws a javelin as Coach Randy watches.

JACKIE  
Balls.

RANDY  
Okay, not bad. Still hanging right.  
We'll work on your approach. Small  
things. Technical things.

Jackie kicks the dirt. Randy puts a hand on her shoulder.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
(beat )  
You know, you're going to have to  
talk her.

JACKIE  
I know. I will. Just... I think  
I'll throw a few more.

Randy nods. He picks up an equipment bag and heads off.  
Jackie picks up another javelin. Hefts it.

GRETA (O.S.)  
Don't just throw it...

Jackie wheels around to see Greta Hammerstein, tall and  
stunning, walking up to her.

GRETA (CONT'D)  
Make love to it.

She holds out her hand.

GRETA (CONT'D)  
I'm Greta Hammerstein.

JACKIE  
I know. What-- what are you doing here?

GRETA

We've moved our training camp to Los Angeles until Rio, so I thought I'd jaunt over here and see this Kansas of yours. It's... quaint.

JACKIE

Thanks. I think. This is so... look, I'm not sure that--

GRETA

It's ethical for me to be here? Perhaps. I'm just a connoisseur of great talent, that's all. And you have the perfect physique for the javelin...

She moves closer, circles around Jackie seductively.

GRETA (CONT'D)

Tall, balanced, well proportioned. In Germany, we'd make a girl like you a star. You would train at the finest facilities. Not in the woods with sticks.

Greta removes her jacket to reveal her lean, toned arms.

GRETA (CONT'D)

You know, I was sorry to hear about your split with Carly Carmichael. She's such a... force.

JACKIE

Yeah. You know, this is an honor and all, but I think maybe you should leave.

GRETA

Of course. I honestly did not wish to disrupt your training. But perhaps, before I go, you'll let me show you something? Something that will help your throw?

Jackie frowns.

GRETA (CONT'D)

You can either use what I show you or not. It's just a little trick anyway. May I?

JACKIE  
(shrugs)  
I guess.

Greta positions herself right behind Jackie.

GRETA  
Wield the javelin.

Jackie raises it above her shoulder. Greta wraps her arms around Jackie's, like a lover.

GRETA (CONT'D)  
Side arm throwing, of course, is not allowed. But you can achieve a similar effect with a twist of the wrist upon release-- like so.

She takes Jackie's hand and completes the move.

GRETA (CONT'D)  
There. Give it a try.

Greta steps back. Jackie turns down field. Runs and throws, TWISTING her wrist as Greta showed her -- *Whoosh!* The javelin flies relatively straight.

JACKIE  
Hey. It worked.

GRETA  
Of course. You lose power, so you have to compensate with a faster approach. But you clearly have the legs for it. I bet the boys can't get enough of you. Yes? Am I right?

She laughs. Jackie smiles. And

BEHIND THE FENCE on one side of the field a PHOTOGRAPHER is snapping photos...

#### **INT. CANARY HUT - NIGHT**

Carly, Byron, Rita and Kevin sit at their table watching the current singer on stage.

BYRON  
Just put your name on the list.

CARLY  
I don't want to put my name on the list.

RITA

But look-- you'll feel better. You know you will. Just put your name on the list.

CARLY

Hey, guys, I don't want to put my damn name on the list. Jeez. I'm enjoying myself just fine watching these other a-holes screech on pitch.

She takes a swig of her Perrier.

KEVIN

So... have you heard from Jackie? How is she? Does she ask about me, or--

Carly slams the bottle on the table.

CARLY

What the hell, Kevin? Why does everyone keep talking about Jackie, for Christ's sakes?

KEVIN

That was literally the first time any of us brought her up.

BYRON

Yeah, babe-- you gotta mellow out.

CARLY

I am plenty mellow, thank you.

Fat Mike walks up with a large envelope.

FAT MIKE

Carly, sorry-- this came addressed to you here the other day. I forgot to give to you.

CARLY

(takes the envelope)

Fan mail, I'm sure. Been getting letters like crazy. You guys should take note. Guess I'm a role model again to these young...

She pulls out a PHOTO of Jackie and Greta smiling at each other.

CARLY (CONT'D)

*...mother fuckers!*

She thumbs through the other PHOTOS in the envelope -- *Greta embracing Jackie from behind -- Greta applauding Jackie's throw -- laughing -- smiling --*

RITA

What is it?

Carly drops the photos onto the table. Kevin picks up the photo of Greta's sensual embrace.

KEVIN

Oh, my-- what the heck is this? I mean, what is even going on... this is, I mean, really... are there more like this one?

CARLY

Back-stabbing little shit!

BYRON

Okay, now take it easy Car. I'm sure there's a logical explanation for--

CARLY

I see, I get it-- this was her plan all along. Get the secrets of the champion and then dish them off to that German fart bag.

RITA

Come on. Jackie wouldn't do that.

CARLY

Rita, open your fucking eyes. She did do that. *Son of a dick!*

A WAITRESS passes by -- Carly grabs her.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Let me have a double whiskey and coke.

Everyone tenses. The waitress looks befuddled.

WAITRESS

But... you don't drink, Carly.

Carly stands -- takes a cocktail glass off of the waitress' tray and slams it back.

CARLY

What do you call that, sugar tits?  
(pulls out some cash)  
(MORE)

CARLY (CONT'D)

Now, buy the owner of *that* drink  
another one, and bring me a double  
whiskey and coke. That's a good girl.

Byron jumps up. Grabs Carly's arm.

BYRON

Alright. I think it's time to go.

Carly yanks her arm back.

CARLY

I'm not one of your lackeys at the  
lumberyard, Byron. I think I know  
what I'm doing.

BYRON

(nods)

I guess you do. Your way or the  
highway, right Carly?

CARLY

Yeah. That sounds right.

Byron grabs his jacket.

BYRON

Let's go, Kevin.

RITA

(tries to make peace)

Byron, Carly-- come on, you guys.

BYRON

Now, Kevin.

Kevin finishes his drink and hops up. Starts to leave, but  
turns and picks up the photo he was ogling.

KEVIN

You know, if you don't need this, I  
could--

Carly glares at him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Leave it here, right.

**EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Carly stumbles out of Rita's car, drunk as a skunk.

RITA

You gonna be okay, Car?

CARLY

Never better, *marga-rita*. You know, you're a beautiful person, you know that? You're like a, a... a very beautiful person.

RITA

Listen... this is just a bump in the road. Got it? You're gonna get up tomorrow and forget this night ever happened.

CARLY

Oh, it happened, Rita bam bita. It happened all over the place. The thing is, you gotta have *pain* if you want to *attain*...

RITA

What?

CARLY

Look... stay beautiful.

RITA

I'll see you tomorrow, Carly. Get some sleep, okay?

Carly salutes.

CARLY

One step ahead of you. Been sleeping the last five minutes.

**INT. CARLY'S LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Carly staggers through the door.

CARLY

(talks to herself)

...little miss sunshine, thinks she can betray *my* good graces? Just who does she think she is? She's nothing but a little school girl, swimming in the big girl's pool.

She empties her pockets onto the coffee table --

CARLY (CONT'D)

And you better recognize-- when you swim with the big girls, you might just get eaten by the big girls' vaginas...

(MORE)

CARLY (CONT'D)  
cuz those things are big, and they  
will eat you... that's all I'm  
saying...

She eyes the spilled out CONTENTS of her wallet --

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Well, well, well-- what do we have here?

She picks up Jackie's FAKE ID.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
I wonder what the IOC would make of  
this? Oh, they'd make a lot of it.  
Yes they would, Miss Fake ID Jackie  
Steele. Oh yeah, I got you-- your  
ass is mine.

And with that, Carly crashes to the floor, passing out cold.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Carly lies passed out in the middle of the room. A KNOCK at the door.

DIRK (O.S.)  
Carly? Carly, you there?

A few more knocks. Then the door opens. Dirk steps through.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
Carly? Ooo-eee, smells like whiskey  
ass in here--

He sees Carly. Goes over to her. Crouches down. Shakes his head. Notices that she is clutching something. Removes Jackie's fake ID from her hand.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
Interesting. Very interesting...

Pockets the ID. Taps Carly's shoulder.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
Carly, baby-- wake up. Come on now.

Carly stirs.

CARLY  
(groggy)  
*They drew first blood, not me...*  
what?

DIRK  
Atta girl. Come on.

He helps her to her feet.

CARLY  
What the hell happened?

DIRK  
Looks like you got yourself piss  
drunk. Can't be falling off the wagon  
like that. It's medal-winning time.

She realizes Dirk is holding her. She pushes him away.

CARLY  
Dirk? Get your hands off me.

DIRK  
Easy now, sugar. Good thing I came  
around to check on you. You gotta  
be on a plane to Rio this evening.

Carly looks around.

CARLY  
Rio, right. Yes. Jesus. What the  
hell was I thinking?

Dirk rubs her shoulders.

DIRK  
Now, you weren't thinking, that's the  
thing. But hey, it's about getting up  
and getting back on that horse-- am I  
right? You know I'm right.

CARLY  
Yeah, yeah-- you're right.

DIRK  
Hey, remember that time we got plowed  
off of gin in Dodge City? Remember what  
our hangover cure the next day was?

CARLY  
Dirk...

DIRK  
Hell, I ain't never seen so many  
chicken strips on a naked body before.

He pulls her a little closer. She resists.

CARLY  
Dirk, stop it.

DIRK  
Come on, honey. I got KFC on speed  
dial.

Carly laughs in spite of herself. Dirk starts to tickle her.  
She giggles, tries to pull away.

CARLY  
Cut it out...

Just then, Byron appears in the doorway. Carly finally pulls  
away from Dirk. She sees Byron.

BYRON  
Guess you're okay after all.

CARLY  
Byron, I feel stupid saying this,  
but this is not what you think.

BYRON  
Maybe not. But it is what I see.

He leaves. Carly goes to the door.

CARLY  
Oh, real clever, Byron. Come on,  
don't be stupid. You know I think  
Dirk is a sack of ball sweat.

**EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY**

Byron waves her off, gets in his car and peels out.

CARLY  
(in the doorway)  
Okay, yeah, just drive away. Real  
classy.

Dirk comes up behind her.

DIRK  
You don't really think of me that  
way, do you hon?

Carly smiles at him. Touches his face. Gently positions him  
outside the door. Slams it closed.

**EXT. STREETS OF RIO - DAY**

A SERIES OF SHOTS of the hustle, bustle and heat of Rio De Janeiro, Brazil - finally, we come to

**EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - DAY**

AN AERIAL SHOT of the Olympic Village.

**TITLES: Olympic Village, Rio De Janeiro, August 12th, 2016**

**INT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE (WELCOME HALL) - DAY**

Carly bursts through the doors of the grand hall -- sunglasses, bandana, silk jumpsuit, javelin case strapped to her back as if she just walked out of a Duran Duran video.

She is met with a variety of LOOKS from the other competitors milling about -- elation, disdain, confusion, terror -- as she saunters up to the reception desk.

RECEPTIONIST

*Bom dia!* Welcome to Rio.

CARLY

Hi. Carly Carmichael, team USA.

RECEPTIONIST

(searches computer)

Yes, Miss Carmichael. You will be in the West Hall, 2nd floor-- it's the USA track and field wing.

SASHA (O.S.)

It has a great view of the plaza, I hear.

Carly whips around to find her old coach, the Russian SASHA PETROVSKY (60s, white hair, thick moustache).

CARLY

Sasha!

She gives him a big hug.

SASHA

*Mishka.* It has been too long, *nyet?*

CARLY

Oh, Sasha. You look great. Still rocking the stache I see.

SASHA  
It is my trademark.  
(leans close)  
Plus, I cannot give moustache ride  
without it.

He smiles. Carly pushes him playfully.

CARLY  
Same ol' Sasha.

SASHA  
But, perhaps, a new and improved Carly?

He takes her by the shoulders.

SASHA (CONT'D)  
It is great to be back together,  
coach and student. Tonight we dine.  
Tomorrow, we work on that golden  
arm of yours.

They turn just as JACKIE AND RANDY approach the reception  
desk. Everyone freezes.

JACKIE  
(makes an effort)  
Carly. Hi.

CARLY  
Fraulein Steele...

JACKIE  
What?

RANDY  
(offers his hand)  
Well, I have to say, Carly, this is  
quite an honor. Big fan. Really big fan.

Carly takes his hand.

CARLY  
A pleasure. I appreciate the respect.

SASHA  
And I must say, Jackie, that I have  
seen videos of your throwing. Perhaps  
you will let me coach you some day.

Carly swats him.

CARLY  
Sasha!

JACKIE

Carly!

RANDY

Jackie...

JACKIE

(mimicks him)

Randy...

RANDY

Don't call me Randy.

GRETA (O.S.)

You can always hear the Americans  
from across the room...

Everyone turns -- GRETA AND ASTRID walk up. Carly locks eyes  
with Greta and *fumes*.

GRETA (CONT'D)

Well. Old and new friends, I see.  
How charming.

Carly shoots Jackie a steely glance.

GRETA (CONT'D)

Carly Carmichael. How great to  
finally see you in the flesh again.

CARLY

Greta. Great to see you, too. How was  
your flight? You fly first class?

GRETA

Actually, we did.

CARLY

Oh. Must have been nice finally  
being first.

GRETA

Your attempt to, how do you say,  
"get under my skin" is both trivial  
and obvious.

CARLY

What's obvious is your butt.

Sasha nudges her.

SASHA

Carly. Be gracious.

GRETA

Perhaps you all know Astrid Zeller,  
the German nationals gold medalist?

Astrid politely curtsies.

ASTRID

*Guten tag.* Hello, everyone.

JACKIE

Hi. I'm Jackie.

They shake. Carly scoffs.

RANDY

Well, isn't this great? So many  
world class athletes right here, in  
this very spot. I mean, this is  
what the sport is all about.

No one says anything.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Okay. Think I'm going to take a  
nice hot bubble bath.

Jackie rubs her eyes.

RANDY (CONT'D)

(to Jackie)

See you bright and early.

He leaves.

ASTRID

I, as well, will go to my room, so  
that I may absorb the Brazilian  
culture by watching its television  
programs. *Auf wiedersehen!*

She leaves.

CARLY

Come on, Sash-- let's blow this  
popsicle stand. Time to go get in  
the zone.

She starts to leave --

GRETA

Well then, see you later, Carly.  
You look really good despite  
everything.

Carly stops. Wheels around.

CARLY  
What does that mean?

GRETA  
Oh. I'm sorry. I had just heard  
that you had, what's the  
expression, "fallen off the wagon"?

Jackie throws a concerned look at Carly, who moves right up  
into Greta's face.

CARLY  
My wagons are none of your concern.

Greta throws Sasha a glance.

GRETA  
Of course they are not. Well. I  
simply cannot wait to see you throw.

She leans in and whispers in Carly's ear.

GRETA (CONT'D)  
And I will be watching when you,  
once more, fuck up in front of the  
entire world.

She looks at Jackie. Smiles.

GRETA (CONT'D)  
See you later, *liebchen*.

She leaves. Carly looks as if she is going to spontaneously  
combust. She shoots fire eyes at Jackie.

CARLY  
I hope you and your girlfriend will  
be very happy.

JACKIE  
My girlfriend?

Carly grabs Sasha and storms off.

CARLY  
(shouts to Jackie)  
You got a great view of my back if  
you'd like to stab it again.

**INT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE (CARLY'S ROOM) - DAY**

Carly enters her room in a huff, followed by Sasha -- throws her bag on the bed -- pounds her fist on the wall.

CARLY

Ooh, I can't wait to rub that smug smile off of Greta's face. I mean, where does she get off? I'm the one competing. She's just on the sidelines, coaching that little wind-up German Barbie doll.

Sasha leans on the bureau.

SASHA

You know, I am reminded of something. In Sydney, I remember being in your room, having a very similar conversation with a younger version of yourself. That version was stubborn, pompous and reckless. Tell me history is not about to repeat itself.

CARLY

Sasha, how can you say that? I've changed. I'm more grounded.

SASHA

Good. Because I think that little German could take the gold.

CARLY

*Son of a cock! No!*

She throws a chair across the room.

CARLY (CONT'D)

I will eat her vagina for breakfast! And not in a sexual way!

Sasha shakes his head.

SASHA

You have not made a strong case for yourself. Please... show me what's in your bag.

CARLY

Huh? What are you talking about?

SASHA

This wagon that you may or may not  
have fallen off. I want to know  
which Carly I am coaching.

Carly shrugs. Plops her bag on the bed. Unzips it to reveal  
just HER CLOTHES.

CARLY

See? Just clothes.

She gives him a hug.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Look. Everything is fine. I just  
need to get it out of my system so  
that I can concentrate on the  
prize. In fact, I think I'll skip  
dinner and hit the gym for a little  
cardio. Trust me, Sash. We're gonna  
rock this.

Sasha smiles. Nods.

SASHA

Okay, *mishka*. If you say so. Now  
then, if we are not having dinner,  
then poppa is going to see if he can  
pick up the Serbian shot put coach.  
Her thighs could choke a moose.

He kisses Carly on the forehead. Exits.

Carly sits down on the bed. Pulls out her cell phone. Stares  
at it hard. Dials.

**INT. WOODLAND PARK LUMBERYARD - DAY**

Byron, in safety goggles, watches two workers send a log  
through a buzz saw. He steps back, pulls his phone out of his  
pocket -- sees the call is from CARLY.

He stares at his phone hard. Puts it back in his pocket.

**INT. CARLY'S ROOM - DAY**

Carly HEARS Byron's voice mail. She hangs up.

CARLY

Fuck it.

She goes to her bag. Pulls the clothes that were on top away  
to reveal that the bag is filled with BOTTLES OF BOOZE.

**INT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE (JACKIE'S ROOM) - DAY**

Jackie is doing pushups in her room. She stops. Pops up. Stretches. Goes to the window. Pulls the curtain and looks out at

THE GRAND PLAZA below. It bustles with life.

A KNOCK on the door -- then A FLIER is slipped under it. Jackie turns. Goes and picks up the flier --

It READS: **Brazilian Blow Out! Party with the men's football team. Tonight, 7pm. Bar Rio. Drinks! Dancing! Fun!**

Jackie sits. Thinks. Crumples the flier and throws it in the trash. Turns to the room phone. Picks it up. Dials.

JACKIE

Hi there-- can you connect me with  
Carly Carmichael's room? Thanks.

**INT. CARLY'S ROOM - DAY**

THE PHONE on the night table rings... and rings as

**INT. HALLWAY (OUTSIDE CARLY'S ROOM) - DAY**

SLOW MOTION

Carly, sunglasses on, bottle of whiskey in hand, steps into the hallway. She takes a healthy swig. Lets out a howl. Turns into

THE OPEN DOORWAY of another room -- two girls are taping their ankles. Carly takes a pull of whiskey, then spits it out as she flicks a lighter -- FIRE shoots out her mouth --

The two girls duck for cover.

**INT. JACKIE'S ROOM - DAY**

Jackie takes the phone away from her ear -- it continues to RING as she hangs it up.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Carly looks down the hallway.

CARLY

Hey!

Girls poke their heads out of their rooms.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Who wants to party with *The Car*?

The girls look at each other -- no one responds -- then, at the end of the hallway, A LANKY REDHEAD raises her hand.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Okay. Now we're getting somewhere.  
You-- what's your sport?

REDHEAD  
High jump. I'm an alternate.

CARLY  
Not anymore. You're on the first  
team for fun. The rest of you can  
suck a dick!

**EXT. STREETS OF RIO - NIGHT**

You know what's coming next -- yep, it's time for a

**PARTY MONTAGE**

- Carly and the redhead do colorful shots at various bars...
- They dance their asses off in a club...
- They zip around town on a moped, barely missing people as they leap out of the way...
- Carly lights a firecracker rocket and heaves it into the air like a javelin. It explodes into fireworks. Everyone around her cheers...
- Carly, cigarette dangling from her lips, expertly runs a three-card Monte routine on a card table as people pass by...
- The two ladies run from the police. The redhead carries a goat...

**INT. CARLY'S ROOM - DAY (MORNING)**

The room is an absolute disaster. Every bit of furniture is in pieces. Mardi Gras beads are everywhere. The goat is tied to the bathroom door.

Carly is asleep, literally duct-taped to the wall. The redhead, whose body is now painted silver, sleeps on a raft floating in a kiddie pool in the center of the room.

TITLES appear: **Day of Qualifying Rounds**

Carly stirs. Opens her eyes. Yawns. Looks around. Tries to move. Realizes she's stuck to the wall.

CARLY  
What the hell...?

She sees THE CLOCK: **9:15 AM**

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Oh shit.

She notices the redhead.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Hey. You. Silver girl. Yo. *Wake up!*

The redhead does not respond.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Please don't be dead.

The redhead stirs.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Oh thank God. Hey-- over here!

The groggy redhead looks at Carly. Then looks at her own body.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
(sweetly)  
Yeah. That's right. You've been painted. So, we'll deal with that in a moment. But I need to get to the track, so let's get your bony ass up and help me--

*Rip!* The tape starts to give way --

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Oh-- wait-- *shit*-- quick, catch me!

Carly falls off the wall, face-planting hard on the ground. The redhead does not move.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
(face in floor)  
Don't worry. I got it.

# **EXT. RIO STADIUM - DAY**

Aerial shot of the stadium -- tens of thousands of spectators fill the seats -- we hear the gravelly, older voice of LARRY, one of the commentators from years before --

LARRY (O.S.)  
 Day five of these Olympic games  
 here in sunny Rio de Janeiro, and  
 we have a slew of qualifying heats  
 in track and field.

**EXT. RIO STADIUM (BLEACHERS) - DAY**

Jackie's dad and sister find their seats as Larry's new,  
 younger partner, SCOTTIE, begins to speak.

SCOTTIE (O.S.)  
 That's right, Larry-- and none may  
 hold as much interest as a blast  
 from *your* past...

Dirk and the bimbo also find their seats --

SCOTTIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Of course I'm talking about American  
 javelin competitor Carly Carmichael,  
 the former gold medalist, attempting  
 to make Olympic history.

**EXT. MILLHURST HIGH (FOOTBALL FIELD) - DAY**

Hundreds of students, parents, teachers flow into the  
 football field, where the Olympic telecast is being projected  
 onto a giant screen.

In the front row are Claire and the posse -- they wear T-  
 shirts that say **Jackie Steele** and have Jess's drawing of an  
 impaled badger on them.

LARRY (O.S.)  
 A blast indeed, Scottie. I was there  
 in Atlanta when she won the gold. You  
 were probably eating glue and playing  
 with blocks. Can Carly repeat some 20  
 years later? Let's hear what her fans  
 have to say. Maria?

**INT. CANARY HUT - DAY**

MARIA, a sports reporter with a microphone, stands in the  
 middle of the packed bar, where a large TV shows the  
 Olympics. Carly memorabilia is everywhere.

MARIA  
 Thanks, Larry. I'm here at the Canary  
 Hut in Woodland Park, Colorado,  
 surrounded by what must be the whole  
 town who have come out to support local  
 girl Carly Carmichael. You sir...

She turns to Fat Mike, who wears a T-shirt with Carly's face and the words **Nailed It!**

MARIA (CONT'D)

Do you think Carly has what it takes to win the gold?

FAT MIKE

Let me tell you something-- no one I know has a bigger heart or bigger balls than Carly Carmichael. And that goes for me, too, cuz as you can probably tell by my size, I've got quite a sack of nuts myself.

MARIA

And there you have it, Larry. Heart and balls might just win the day for the former champion. Back to you.

**EXT. RIO STADIUM (TRACK) - DAY**

Jackie is stretching in the warm-up area as a huffing-and-puffing Carly stumbles in. She starts to warm up. Jackie walks over.

JACKIE

Hey.

Carly ignores her.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

CARLY

(curt)

Yeah, I'm fine. Good luck and all that shit.

JACKIE

Carly... were you drinking?

CARLY

My process is my process. You would have learned it if you weren't so eager to get in that German's pants.

JACKIE

Why do you keep saying that?

CARLY

Look, I saw the pictures.

JACKIE  
(thinking)  
Pictures...?

CARLY  
What did she promise you? Train in Berlin with all the latest high tech equipment? Eat saurkraut off a baby's ass? Well, let me tell you-- it's overrated.

JACKIE  
Jesus, Carly, don't you see? This is all part of some kind of plan of hers. To mess with your head, turn you back into a fuck-up. And, I mean, look what it's done to us.

Carly wheels on her -- gets right in her face.

CARLY  
Let's get one thing straight-- only one of us is fucked-up here. And although you want me to say it's me, it's not me-- it's you. So why don't you give me some space, because only one of us can do this...

Carly steps out of the warm up area, shows herself to the fans -- they go nuts -- she slaps her butt and cups her hand to her ear -- the crowd yells "Nailed it!"

LARRY (O.S.)  
And with Carly Carmichael's signature move, it looks like the prelims are underway.

Carly smiles smugly at Jackie and saunters off.

#### **A SERIES OF SHOTS**

- The competition begins. We see women of all nationalities throw. Their distance and throw attempts are recorded on a large DIGITAL DISPLAY.

SCOTTIE (O.S.)  
38 women are vying for one of those spots in the finals. All it takes is a qualifying distance of 61 meters, and every competitor has three attempts.

- Astrid's first attempt: **61.78 meters**. Greta smiles. The crowd CHEERS.

LARRY (O.S.)

The lone German, Astrid Zeller, is the first to qualify. And I gotta tell you, that was a magnificent effort.

- Jackie's first attempt: goes wide right, for a distance of **58.21 meters**.

LARRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ooh. Jacquelyn Steele, the prodigy out of Overland Park, Kansas, seems to still be struggling with the slicing nature of her throws.

#### INT. COMMENTATOR'S BOOTH - DAY

LARRY, still sandy-haired but older and more leathery, and SCOTTIE (30s, boyish) watch the action while sitting on stools.

SCOTTIE

That's right, Larry. In fact, in a high school meet earlier this year, she famously speared an opposing team's beaver.

LARRY

I believe it was a badger, Scottie.

SCOTTIE

Well, I'm pretty sure it was a beaver, Larry-- so why don't you stop *badgering* me about it.

LARRY

Good one, Scottie. You are hilarious. I wish I could hang out with you all the time.

#### BACK TO SCENE

- Other women throw. A few hit the mark. The crowd cheers.

- Carly's first attempt: **57.32 meters**. She stomps. Punches the air. Sasha shakes his head.

SCOTTIE (O.S.)

Carmichael's first attempt is wobbly and short. She's going to have to step it up, Larry.

LARRY (O.S.)

True, Scottie. So far, her demeanor is giving me flashes of Sydney. One has to wonder if, sadly, we may be seeing the former champion at her worst again.

- Dirk angrily takes a swig of his beer.

DIRK

Aw, come on, ref! Open your eyes.

BIMBO

Baby, do they have refs in this game?

DIRK

I don't know. Just hand me that sausage on a stick.

- More throws. More qualifiers.
- Jackie steps on to the track. Breathes. Runs. And as she throws, we see her use Greta's WRIST TECHNIQUE -- the javelin flies fairly straight and hits the ground at: **61.11 meters**
- Jackie's dad and sister leap into the air.

SCOTTIE (O.S.)

And there it is. With her second attempt, American Jackie Steele has adjusted and thrown for a place in the finals.

#### **INSERT - MILLHURST FOOTBALL FIELD**

- Claire, the posse and the entire crowd cheer wildly.

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

- Jackie waves to the crowd. Turns to Carly. Carly applauds. She shows a hint of a smile.
- Carly's second attempt: **58.23 meters**. The crowd collectively groans. Carly karate kicks the air. Sasha curses in Russian.
- More throws. More qualifiers.
- Carly finally removes her gold medal javelin from its case.

LARRY (O.S.)

We're coming up on Carly Carmichael's third and final attempt.

- Carly takes her place on the track.

SCOTTIE (O.S.)  
Looks like she's breaking out her  
own personal javelin, pre-approved  
by the IOC this morning.

LARRY (O.S.)  
It's the one that got her the gold in  
Atlanta. Can it work its magic for  
her today? We're about to find out.

- Carly wields the javelin. Suddenly, she grabs her stomach  
and doubles over. The crowd is on their feet.

LARRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Oh no. Carly looks as if she may be  
sick. She is making the classic  
vomit face.

SCOTTIE (O.S.)  
So true, Larry. She could be  
blowing chunks at any moment.

- Greta watches. Smiles.

- Carly takes a few deep breaths. Suddenly lets out a monster  
BELCH. Stands back up. Waves to the crowd. They applaud.

LARRY (O.S.)  
And she's going to be okay!

- Greta's assistant holds up a piece of particle board. Greta  
turns and punches a hole in it.

- Carly again wields the javelin. Lets out her patented WAR  
CRY. Races down the track and throws...

The javelin soars and spears the ground at: **62.13 meters**

SCOTTIE (O.S.)  
She's done it, Larry. With a monster  
throw of 62.13 meters, Carly Carmichael  
is once again in the finals.

#### **INSERT - CANARY HUT**

- The bar goes nuts.

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

- Dirk and the bimbo leap to their feet, spilling their  
fruity umbrella drinks all over themselves.

- Sasha nods approvingly. Carly turns to Jackie, who applauds wildly. The two women smile.

**EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - NIGHT**

Competitors come and go. Celebrating ensues.

**INT. CARLY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Carly is on the phone.

CARLY  
Well, you just tell them that I  
know they're rooting for me.

**EXT. CANARY HUT - NIGHT**

Rita stands outside on her cell phone.

RITA  
You betcha.

**INTERCUT PHONE CALL**

CARLY  
And make sure you're on top of  
those T-shirt sales.

RITA  
Carly, I got it. You just win us a  
gold medal, alright?

CARLY  
That's what I'm here for.  
(beat)  
Oh, say, Rita... how's, you know,  
Byron doing?

RITA  
Oh. Carly. He... he didn't come.  
I'm so sorry.

Carly deflates. She tries to be positive.

CARLY  
Ah. I see. Well, he was never one  
for crowds. I'm sure he's watching  
at home.

RITA  
Yeah. That's it. I'm sure you're right.

A KNOCK on the door.

CARLY

Well, I've got to go. Room service is here. Listen, Rita... thanks for everything.

RITA

Sure, Carly. You just give 'em hell.

Carly looks around at her trashed room.

CARLY

Already doing it. I'll see you later.

She hangs up the phone. Wipes a tear from her eye. Gets up and goes to the door.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Coming!

Opens it -- Byron is standing there. Carly gasps.

BYRON

Security in this place sucks.

The tears start flowing --

CARLY

Byron.

BYRON

Hi baby.

She pulls him in. They embrace and kiss.

CARLY

You're here. I can't believe you're here.

BYRON

I got an advance from Mr. Simmons. Remind me to never book an international flight the same day ever again.

CARLY

Byron, I'm sorry I was such an ass. I don't know what's come over me lately.

Byron surveys the room.

BYRON

I think I know.

CARLY

Yeah. *The Car* came back out-- and you know what? She sucks.

BYRON

Well, I'll tell you what. Why don't we say goodbye to her for good. For real this time.

CARLY

I'd love that.

They kiss again.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Ever wanna do it on a pile of Mardi Gras beads?

BYRON

Not really.

CARLY

Well, too bad.

She pulls him to the ground.

**INT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE (COMMONS) - NIGHT**

Jackie hugs her dad and sister goodbye.

JACKIE'S DAD

Get some rest, kid.

JACKIE

Thanks, dad.

JESS

Oh, I almost forgot. I made you this.

She takes out of her backpack a wooden statuette that is a near-perfect likeness of Jackie holding a javelin.

JESS (CONT'D)

I originally tried to use white pine, but the balsa wood allowed the contours of your torso to be more pronounced.

Jackie looks at her dad. He shrugs. She takes the statuette. Kisses Jess on the cheek.

JACKIE

Thanks, buggaboo. I love it, and I love you.

JACKIE'S DAD  
Remember, no matter what happens in  
the finals, you have us. Which  
means you've already won.

JACKIE  
Dad...

JACKIE'S DAD  
(starting to tear up)  
I promised myself I wouldn't cry...

JACKIE  
Out. Get out. The both of you.

She smiles. Jackie's dad wipes his eyes. Takes Jess by the  
hand. They wave goodbye as they leave the commons.

Jackie sits back down. Finishes her smoothie. Notices that  
Astrid is now sitting beside her -- she sips a bottle of  
Evian through a straw.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Oh. Hello.

ASTRID  
Hello. Is it okay if I sit here?

JACKIE  
Of course. Congratulations, by the way.

ASTRID  
And the same to you. You made a  
very good throw.

JACKIE  
Thanks. You, too.

ASTRID  
That was your family?

JACKIE  
Yeah. My dad and my sister.

ASTRID  
They seem very nice.

JACKIE  
They are. What about your family?

ASTRID  
Oh. No. Unfortunately, they could  
not afford to make the trip.

JACKIE  
Jeez, Astrid, I'm so sorry.

ASTRID  
It is okay.  
(beat)  
In Germany, to train for sports can be very expensive. Especially if you are from a small town like me. My father, mother, two sisters and one-eyed brother all worked extra jobs to make it so I could compete in the javelin.

JACKIE  
Wow.

ASTRID  
I know that they are very proud of me. I am not sure they can watch the games, because we do not have a television-- or a car to drive to the nearest place that has one. But perhaps if I get a medal we will use the money to buy both. So they can watch me in the future, you know?

JACKIE  
Yeah. I mean, I guess so.

ASTRID  
(sighs)  
Anyway, I just wanted to say hello and wish to you good luck in the finals.

JACKIE  
Thanks. Good luck to you, too.

ASTRID  
*Auf wiedersehen.*

She gets up and heads off. Jackie watches her go. Looks down at THE STATUETTE as we

CUT TO:

**EXT. RIO STADIUM - DAY**

The packed stadium watches as the track and field competitors compete in the finals of various events.

TITLES appear: **Women's Javelin Finals**

**INT. COMMENTATOR'S BOOTH - DAY**

Larry and Scottie sit on their stools surveying the scene.

SCOTTIE

Welcome back to the Rio Olympics.  
Coming up are finals in the long  
jump, high jump, shot put and discus.

LARRY

But right now, we have the women's  
javelin finals, and the story here  
is Carly Carmichael.

**EXT. RIO STADIUM (TRACK) - DAY**

Carly warms up with Sasha. He looks in her eyes.

SASHA

You look better today. Healthy.  
This is good. Because I vowed to  
myself that I would not remain here  
as your coach if I saw the Carly  
from yesterday again.

CARLY

I wouldn't blame you. You've been  
great, and I've been a shit. Can  
you forgive me?

SASHA

*Mishka*. I am still here, am I not?

They hug. She sniffs him.

CARLY

Did you get some last night?

SASHA

A Russian never kisses and tells.  
But yes. The Greek pole vault  
coach. I ate her pussy like it was  
filet mignon.

CARLY

Gross. But awesome.

Near them, Randy and Jackie warm up.

RANDY

Just make sure you hit ten strides  
before you throw. I think you were  
off by one in the qualifiers.

JACKIE

Got it.

RANDY

And keep your wrist straight. I'm not sure what that little flick was yesterday, but it concerns me.

JACKIE

Don't worry, *coach*. I'm really feeling it today.

He smiles. Jackie looks around -- she SEES Astrid, head down, as Greta towers over, clearing berating her.

BRAZILIAN ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen. It is now time for the finals in Women's Javelin Throw.

#### **IN THE STANDS**

Jackie's dad and sister clap and cheer --

Dirk and his bimbo, sunburned and wearing a pound of Mardi Gras beads, stomp and shout --

Byron holds up a sign that says: **I love you, Carly** --

#### **INT. CANARY HUT - DAY**

The packed crowd sees Bryon and his sign on the big TV -- they all "Awwwww" in unison.

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

Carly blows Byron a kiss. Turns to Jackie. Smiles. Gives her a thumbs-up sign. Jackie gives it to her right back.

SCOTTIE (O.S.)

12 women, two of them American, and one of those seeking a historic record. We're going to see some fireworks today.

LARRY (O.S.)

No joke, Scottie. There is an actual, real fireworks display at the end of today's events.

SCOTTIE (O.S.)

How about that? I said something that was both metaphorically *and* literally true.

LARRY (O.S.)  
What a guy.

**EXT. TRACK - DAY**

Astrid's first attempt -- she heaves it down the field for a whopping **63.52 meters**. Her name and distance go on THE BOARD in first place. The crowd cheers.

She turns and looks at Greta for approval. Greta nods.

Next, Jackie steps up to the track. She looks at the board, then over to Astrid, who sits on the bench and watches hopefully.

Jackie wields the javelin. Breathes. Takes off running. Hits the mark and throws. The javelin starts to veer right, striking the ground at: **60.25 meters**.

She looks at THE BOARD -- her name and distance register as 10th place.

Jackie's dad and sister deflate.

As Jackie leaves the track, Carly comes up to her.

CARLY  
Hey, what the hell was that?

JACKIE  
What do you mean?

CARLY  
You held back. And your release was different. What gives?

JACKIE  
Nothing.

She walks away.

CARLY  
Hey, if you're feeling sorry for that little German girl, then *you're* the one who's being played.

Jackie looks over at the Germans -- Greta and Astrid are smiling and laughing.

Carly steps up to the track. Looks over at Sasha. He makes a fist. Carly nods. Cries out. Runs down the track. Throws: **62.25 meters**. The crowd cheers.

THE BOARD registers Carly's throw in 2nd place.

LARRY (O.S.)  
So at the end of the first round of  
three throws, the German, Astrid  
Zeller, is in first, followed by  
Carly Carmichael in second, and  
Felcha Lechter of Croatia in third.

**INT. CANARY HUT - DAY**

The crowd looks at the score and cheers. Then AN OLD MAN in a  
flannel hat raises his fist.

OLD MAN  
Go Felcha!

The crowd looks at him.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)  
What?

**EXT. RIO STADIUM (TRACK) - DAY**

More THROWS -- more names and scores go on the board -- then

Carly hits the track. Her second throw is a bullet: **64.20  
meters**. THE BOARD shows first place. The crowd goes wild.

SCOTTIE (O.S.)  
Just incredible, Larry. In a complete  
turn around from yesterday, Carly  
Carmichael is throwing with  
confidence and poise, and her second  
attempt has put her in first place.

Carly turns to Greta. Flicks dust off her shoulders.

Greta fumes. She pushes Astrid toward the track --

Astrid takes her place. Runs like a gazelle. Throws: **62.15  
meters**. She buries her face in her hands.

LARRY (O.S.)  
Astrid Zeller's second throw doesn't  
have the air that her first one did,  
and so she falls back to second  
place.

Astrid leaves the track in a huff. She passes Jackie. Gives  
her the evil eye and a little smirk.

Jackie watches as Astrid turns and waves to

HER FAMILY in the stands -- they are all decked to the nines,  
holding glasses of champagne -- they smile and wave back --

HER BROTHER holds up a large, colorful DIGITAL SIGN that cycles through the following phrases: *We love you Astrid! -- You're the Best! -- Crush the Americans!*

JACKIE  
(to herself)  
Oh, it's on, bitch.

Jackie takes her place.

SCOTTIE (O.S.)  
Jackie Steele is up for her second throw, and she needs a doozy if she hopes to be in contention for a medal.

Jackie wields the javelin -- she runs -- throws, using the twisting motion -- the javelin soars straight -- it spears the ground at **62.02 meters** -- THE BOARD shows 3rd place.

**INSERT - MILLHURST FOOTBALL FIED**

Once again, the crowd that has gathered to watch the finals cheers wildly.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Jackie pumps her fist -- turns to her dad and sister, who blow her kisses. Randy runs up and gives her a hug.

LARRY (O.S.)  
How about that? Coming all the way back from 10th place is Jacquelyn Steele, with a throw of 62.02 meters that puts her in third place.

Carly applauds -- she watches Jackie leave the track, notices that *she rubs her wrist and ever-so-slightly WINCES...*

**EXT. RIO STADIUM - DAY (LATER)**

Another aerial view as the blazing sun beams down on both fans and athletes alike.

SCOTTIE (O.S.)  
Well, Larry, it all comes down to this.

**INT. COMMENTATOR'S BOOTH - DAY**

Larry and Scottie hold ice cold drinks.

SCOTTIE

As the temperature hits a blistering 108 degrees, so has this women's javelin final been a blistering run to the medals.

LARRY

I like how you put that, Scottie.

SCOTTIE

Gee, thanks Larry.

LARRY

We are still not friends.

**EXT. RIO STADIUM (TRACK) - DAY**

THE BOARD shows Carly in first, Astrid in second, Felcha in third, and Jackie in fourth.

LARRY (O.S.)

Felcha Lechter just threw a surprising 62.78 meter bomb, moving her up into third place, putting the American, Jackie Steele, just off the podium. But she, along with Zeller and Carmichael, are the final three throws, so as they say, anything is possible.

In the warm-up area, Carly turns to Sasha.

CARLY

Well, here we are.

SASHA

No. Here you are. I was merely here for moral support. You did all the hard work yourself.

CARLY

Still. I couldn't have done it without you. So this last throw, it's for you.

SASHA

Then you better make it a good one.

BYRON (O.S.)

Carly!

Carly turns and finds Byron in the stands.

CARLY

What?

Byron speaks, but he can't be heard in the noise of the crowd.

CARLY (CONT'D)

I can't hear you!

He tries again, but no go.

CARLY (CONT'D)

It's too loud. I can't hear you!

He holds up a finger. Reaches down under his seat. Pulls out a large, handwritten sign that reads: **Will you marry me?**

Carly gasps. Covers her mouth. Nods.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Yes! Yes I will!

#### **INSERT - CANARY HUT**

The crowd, watching the proposal on the screen, once again all go "Awwwww" in unison.

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

BYRON'S SIGN is on the jumbotron for all to see. The stadium crowd gives a much louder, collective "Awwwww".

LARRY (O.S.)

And if things couldn't get more interesting, it looks like Carly Carmichael has just been proposed to.

SCOTTIE (O.S.)

You know, I proposed to my wife at Red Lobster. Put the ring in one of their cheesy biscuits. She never saw it coming.

Carly once again dons her gold medal javelin. Takes her place on the track. Turns to the crowd. Points at them -- they ROAR and leap to their feet.

SCOTTIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Would you look at this, Larry. The crowd, all 68,000 of them, are on their feet. And, wait a minute, what's that I hear?

Distinctly, the chanting of "Carly, Carly, Carly..." is growing louder throughout the stadium.

SCOTTIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Yes, that's right-- chants of  
"Carly" are nearly deafening here  
at these Olympic games.

OTHER ATHLETES, competing in other track and field events at the same time, stop what they are doing and listen.

### IN THE STANDS

Dirk puts his arm around the bimbo.

DIRK  
Hear that, baby? That's the sound  
of steak and caviar.

He finishes off a can of Schlitz and crushes it in his hand.

### BACK TO SCENE

Carly gets in position. Raises the javelin to her shoulder.

CARLY  
No guts, no glory.

She screams -- races down the track -- hits the mark and  
HEAVES the spear into the sky --

It goes up, then straight, with laser precision, finally  
spearing the ground -- THE BOARD reads: **64.36 meters.**

LARRY (O.S.)  
With the longest throw of her career,  
Carly Carmichael remains in first place.

The crowd CHEERS --

SCOTTIE (O.S.)  
Absolutely incredible. Larry, she  
is just two competitors' throws  
away from doing the impossible--  
winning the gold medal twice in the  
same individual event, over 20  
years apart.

Carly returns to Sasha, who is beaming. Gives him a big hug.

Greta pounds her first. Turns to Astrid. Speaks in German.

GRETA

It is very simple. You beat Carly's throw, or you'll never play this sport again.

She then smiles. Kisses Astrid on the cheek.

LARRY (O.S.)

And now, the final throw for the German, Astrid Zeller, currently in 2nd place.

Astrid walks to the track. Takes the javelin --

Carly and Sasha turn to watch --

Astrid raises the javelin -- she takes off running, *very fast* -- hits her mark -- throws --

THE JAVELIN flies --

SCOTTIE (O.S.)

And this is one heck of a throw, Larry. It might have the distance...

It lands -- Astrid turns to THE BOARD: **64.56 meters**

#### **INSERT - THE CANARY HUT**

The packed bar lets out a collective gasp --

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

Carly slumps -- Sasha puts his arm around her.

LARRY (O.S.)

And just like that, with an outstanding throw, Astrid Zeller of Germany has thwarted Carly Carmichael's dreams of Olympic history, moving into first place.

SCOTTIE (O.S.)

Carly will get a medal, Larry. Just not a gold.

The crowd cheers, just not as loudly as before. Astrid leaps into the air -- she runs to Greta, who embraces her.

#### **IN THE STANDS**

Dirk takes off his sunglasses.

DIRK

Oh boy. We just took a direct hit, baby.

He gets up.

BIMBO

What are you doing?

DIRK

Making sure we don't fall further  
in the rankings.

# **BACK TO SCENE**

Randy and Jackie huddle in the warm-up area.

RANDY

That was one hell of a throw.

JACKIE

And this is one hell of a pep talk.

RANDY

Sorry. Okay. Make sure to check the  
wind. I think we have a tailwind,  
so a well-timed gust could make all  
the difference.

Jackie rubs her wrist.

JACKIE

Randy. I have something to tell  
you...

BRAZILIAN ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Jacquelyn Steele to the judges  
table, please.

Jackie and Randy look up.

RANDY

What's that all about?

JACKIE

I don't know.

Jackie walks over to the judges table -- as she gets closer,  
she can see Dirk is waiting there, a big smile on his face --

Carly finally looks over -- sees Dirk as well --

CARLY

Oh shit.

SASHA

What is it?

Carly watches a gaggle of people conspire at the table. She pretends to ignore them. Poses for a photo. Sideways glances back over to the table. Sighs.

CARLY

Fuck it.

She races over -- pushes her way through --

CARLY (CONT'D)

Excuse me... *excuse me...*

She gets right up to the table.

FRENCH JUDGE

Miss Carmichael. Can we help you?

CARLY

Yes. I'd like to know what's going on with this teammate of mine.

FRENCH JUDGE

Well, if you must know, it has come to our attention that your teammate here is in the possession of false identification.

Carly sees the ITALIAN JUDGE holding up Jackie's fake ID. She looks over to Dirk and realizes.

CARLY

(under her breath)

Slimy son of bitch...

ITALIAN JUDGE

As you know, any athlete who commits what is considered a crime in their home country is immediately disqualified from competition.

Carly looks over at an utterly dejected Jackie.

AMERICAN JUDGE

I'm afraid it's true. We were just about to make the announcement.

The American judge makes a note on an official document. Hands it to an assistant, who begins to walk away --

CARLY

Wait.

The assistant stops --

CARLY (CONT'D)

Did you actually find this ID in the possession of Miss Steele?

AMERICAN JUDGE

Well, no-- Mr. LeRouse here made us aware of it.

DIRK

I couldn't in good conscience let a criminal get a medal she didn't deserve.

CARLY

And where did you come upon this incriminating piece of evidence?

Dirk smiles.

DIRK

Well, I found it at a bar called the Canary Hut when I was visiting you, my love.

He turns to the judges.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Carly and I were married once, and I decided to surprise her at home and give her my most sincere congratulations.

FRENCH JUDGE

This is most interesting, Mr. LeRouse, but we must continue with--

CARLY

The reason Dirk here found that ID in the Canary Hut is because I dropped it there.

Everyone looks at Carly -- Dirk frowns --

ITALIAN JUDGE

What do you mean, you dropped it?

CARLY

I used to coach Miss Steele. I wanted her to be able to celebrate with me if either of us won. So I took it upon myself to make her a fake ID.

Dirk gasps --

DIRK

Now, wait a minute honey, that's not true--

CARLY

It is true. Jackie knew nothing of this ID. It was going to be a surprise. I'm the one who's committed the crime.

DIRK

Now, your honors, my wife--

CARLY

Ex-wife, you idiot.

DIRK

My ex-wife is trying to do something here, and I'm not really sure--

AMERICAN JUDGE

Please, Mr. LeRouse. We'll take it from here.

He turns to Carly --

AMERICAN JUDGE (CONT'D)

In light of this news, we have no choice other than to disqualify you from these Olympics.

He turns to Jackie.

AMERICAN JUDGE (CONT'D)

Miss Steele, you are free to finish competing.

DIRK

What? You can't do this. This is not right. Now, let's talk this through--

The American judge nods to two large security guards -- they take Dirk by the arms and lead him off --

DIRK (CONT'D)

Easy gentlemen, that's a satin shirt-- Carly! Carly!

As Carly walks away, Jackie runs up to her.

JACKIE  
Wait a minute...

Carly stops.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
I don't understand. Why did you do that?

CARLY  
Because for starters, I'm the one who let Dirk into this whole thing, so I'm the one to take him out.

She takes Jackie's arms.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
But mostly, I'm sorry Jackie. For everything. You showed me that I have something left, something more to give. And I let the circus of it all get in the way.

JACKIE  
But... your chance at another medal... it's gone.

CARLY  
Did you see that throw? I couldn't have made that throw when I was 18 or 22. You got me back in the game, and you gave me a chance to do something I didn't think I could do.

A tear falls down her face.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
I don't need a medal. I... just need your friendship. What do you say?

A tear falls down Jackie's as well.

JACKIE  
Deal.

The two women hug.

BRAZILIAN ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
Ladies and gentleman, in the event of women's javelin, Carly Carmichael from the USA has been disqualified. The rankings will be adjusted accordingly.

The crowd gasps -- Carly and Jackie look at THE BOARD: Carly's name disappears from 2nd place and is replaced by Fecha, with Jackie moving into 3rd.

LARRY (O.S.)

Well, we have yet to get the whole story, but in an unexpected turn of events, Carly Carmichael went from first, to second, and now is out of the competition altogether.

Randy and Sasha run up to the ladies.

SASHA

What the hell is going on?

CARLY

I'll explain. Sasha, trust me, everything is fine.

She turns to Randy.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Sir, if you'd allow me, I'd like to coach your athlete here to a gold medal.

RANDY

Are you fucking kidding me? You got it.

Carly smiles. She takes Jackie aside.

CARLY

Okay. What's wrong with your wrist?

JACKIE

I think I sprained it.

CARLY

Let me guess-- Greta showed you that technique.

JACKIE

Yes. I'm such an idiot.

She kicks the ground.

CARLY

Hey. Never mind that. Stay with me, okay. What about your left arm?

JACKIE  
(looks up)  
My left arm?

CARLY  
Yeah. You destroyed me in darts  
with it.

JACKIE  
Well, sure, but that's darts.

CARLY  
Have you ever thrown a javelin left  
handed?

JACKIE  
Never.

CARLY  
Okay. Well there's a first time for  
everything.

JACKIE  
Carly-- are you crazy? I can't do it.

Carly grabs her by the shoulders.

CARLY  
Hey. I'm 42 years-old and I just  
threw for 64 meters. Trust me. You  
can do this. Just change your  
starting stance. The rest is  
exactly the same.

JACKIE  
Only with the opposite arm.

CARLY  
Exactly. Now get up there.

Jackie looks into THE STANDS -- her dad and sister watch her  
anxiously.

JACKIE  
(beat)  
No guts, no glory-- right?

CARLY  
You know it.

Carly hands her the gold medal javelin. Jackie takes it.  
Heads to the track. Gets in position. Looks around at the  
stadium. Breathes. Holds up the javelin with her left arm.

RANDY

What the hell is she doing?

SCOTTIE (O.S.)

I don't believe what I'm seeing here, Larry. It would seem that not only is Jackie Steele using Carly's javelin, she has switched arms and will be throwing as a *southpaw*.

Carly turns to the crowd. She raises her fist. Begins to lead a chant...

CARLY

Jackie... Jackie... Jackie...

The crowd starts to follow along -- a growing chorus of "Jackie" echoes throughout the stadium --

#### **INSERT - MILLHURST FOOTBALL FIELD**

Claire stands up -- turns around --

CLAIRE

Jackie! Jackie! Jackie!

The rest of the high school crowd joins in --

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

Jackie is in position -- she switches her stance -- closes her eyes -- feels A BREEZE blow against the back of her neck...

She opens her eyes -- and RUNS --

Her dad and sister stand --

Jackie hits the mark -- releases the javelin --

It SOARS out of her hand straighter than it ever has --

The javelin spirals as it flies through the air --

Greta and Astrid watch it go, mouths agape --

Until it finally SPEARS the ground --

Everyone turns to THE BOARD -- nothing happens --

Then the display reads a distance of **65.36 meters** -- Jackie's name appears in first place.

The stadium ERUPTS --

LARRY (O.S.)  
She did it! With a final, left-  
handed throw, Jacquelyn Steele from  
the USA has won the gold. It's  
just... it's just incredible.

Jackie jumps -- Carly and Randy race onto the track and  
nearly tackle her --

**INSERT - MILLHURST FOOTBALL FIELD**

The hometown crowd is beside themselves --

**IN THE STANDS**

Jackie's dad holds Jess above his head, dancing for joy --

Byron applauds and whistles --

Dirk's bimbo, alone, stuffs her face with nachos --

**BACK TO SCENE**

Jackie and Carly look at each other, tears streaming down  
their faces.

CARLY (O.S.)  
Yes, that was quite an emotional  
day for me, Scottie.

SCOTTIE (O.S.)  
I know. I was there. And I saw  
something pretty special happen.

CUT TO:

**INT. HAYWARD FIELD (COMMENTATOR'S BOOTH) - DAY**

Carly, dressed in a tan suit, sits on a stool next to  
Scottie. Behind them, through the glass, are track and field  
athletes competing in the stadium below.

CARLY  
But let's talk about today, Scottie.  
The collegiate track and field  
nationals are underway, and I gotta  
tell you-- I see a lot of budding  
Carly Carmichaels out there.

SCOTTIE  
Speaking of budding Carly  
Carmichaels, what's our reigning  
Olympic javelin thrower doing with  
her summer vacation?

CARLY

Well, as I've always told Jackie,  
you've got to be able to give back.  
And let me tell you-- Jackie can  
give it as well as she can get it.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN CREEK - DAY**

A half dozen eight year-old girls stand in small canoes that  
are anchored in the middle of the creek.

BRUNETTE GIRL

What are we supposed to do now?

*Smack!* A piece of sandwich hits the girl square in the face --  
she falls off the canoe.

Jackie Steele stands on the creek bed, holding a submarine  
sandwich -- she rips off another huge piece.

JACKIE

Less talking, more balancing. Why  
is this so hard to understand?

She begins firing more sandwich pieces at the girls as we

FADE OUT.

THE END