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COOL RUNNINGS

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EXT. HIGH SCHOOL SOCCER STADIUM, RURAL JAMAICA - DAWN

(ROLL CREDITS, A REGGAE VERSION OF THE BEATLES' "HERE COMES THE SUN" KICKS IN)

The tropical sun pokes its mighty head over the lush green hills creating a peaceful early morning mist that falls over a beat-up soccer field and the crude dirt track that surrounds it.

A rooster's crowing breaks the eerie silence as a ghost like figure circles the track.

This is no weekend jogger. This is DERICE BANNOCK, Olympic hopeful and one of the island's top sprinters. Derice has the face of an African Prince and the long fluid stride of a champion.

He goes along at an easy pace, then, before you can blink an eye, he's sprinting down the straightaway like he was shot out of a cannon.

He stretches forward as if he were breaking an imaginary tape. Derice pulls back to a jog and begins his 'victory lap' waving to the imaginary crowd, one athlete, alone with his dream, running in the early morning mist.

EXT. THE DIRT STREETS OF A JAMAICAN SHANTY TOWN - CONT'D

We see TWO POWERFUL FIFTY YEAR-OLD WOMEN carrying big baskets of fruit on their heads.

They see someone coming their way.

It's Derice. He is still jogging, but this is an easier more relaxed pace than before.

He breaks into a warm smile as he waves to the women.

DERICE

(with a casual salute)

Morning, ladies.

LADY #1

(teasing)

Faster, Bannock, faster!

LADY #2

Come on, child...You got an Olympics to get to.

Derice gives a small laugh and goes into a higher gear as he flies past the two women.

LADY #1
Handsome as a lion that one.

LADY #2
I could watch his bum all day.

The two older women giggle like school girls.

EXT. FARTHER DOWN THE ROAD - CONT'D

As Derice jogs along, we see little kids tagging behind him. Some drop off as others take their place.

From Derice's POV, we see a little snack and soft-drink stand. The sign above it reads 'UNCLE FERTE'S.' In front of the stand, JOSEPH, an old retired fisherman plays dominoes by himself on a wobbly card table.

JOSEPH
Here he comes!

UNCLE FERTE, a seventy year-old man with kind eyes and leathery skin, comes out from behind the stand with a bottle of water.

Derice grabs the bottle without breaking stride.

FERTE
(calling after)
Go get 'em, tiger!

Ferte comes over to Joseph. They watch Derice run off.

JOSEPH
Look at him...He run just like his father.

FERTE
Wait till the world finds out we got another Bannock.

(End credits)

EXT. BLUE MOUNTAINS JAMAICA'S PUSH CART DERBY - NOON

A nice crowd has shown up for the annual 'Pushcart Derby' (The Jamaican version of Soap Box Racing.)

The Derby is a big event and has a carnival atmosphere. A live Reggae band turns out the beat as spectators line the mountain road all the way down to the finish line.

CLOSE ON: A pushcart. It is painted in the traditional Rastafarian black, green, and red. On the front of the cart, printed in bold letters is 'TRENCHTOWN ROCKET!'

Relaxing in the driver's seat, as he looks through a pair of binoculars, is SANKA COFFIE, the reigning king of 'Derby' racing and Derice Bannock's best friend.

SANKA IS THE ONLY ADULT IN THE RACE. His long 'Dreadlocks' stick out from under his 'World War I' leather flyer's helmet and goggles. His outfit is completed with wild tye-dyed flour-sack knickers, red high-tops, and argyle socks.

Sanka's POV: A fine EIGHTEEN YEAR-OLD GIRL in a summer dress swayin' in the crowd.

As Sanka adjusts the focus on the binoculars, we close in on WINSTON, a slight, goofy ten year-old boy. Winston wears a beat up American football helmet and is covered in grease and grime as he uses all his strength to tighten a loose bolt on the cart.

Sanka puts the binoculars down and contemplates.

SANKA

You know, Winston...As I sit here thinking about all the greatness which is me...I begin to realize what an honor this must be for a boy such as yourself. To ride with the gifted one...The Grand Poobah of the pushcart...Sanka Coffie.

We hear a VOICE OFF CAMERA.

DERICE (V.O.)

(calls out)

Hey, Poobah, when you gonna take on someone your own size?

SANKA

Whoever said that better be ready to rumble.

Sanka springs to his feet, spins around and sees it's Derice.

SANKA (CONT'D)

Where you been, star? I'm about to go for my all-time record, seventh in a row.

DERICE

Be easy, ras...You know I ain't gonna forget me best friend on his day of days.

Winston jumps up from behind the cart and comes over to Derice.

WINSTON

(interrupting him)

Hey Derice, my grandpa says you're a cinch to make it to the Olympics. He says you're gonna be even better than your father.

SANKA

And my grandpa says you better get your pee-wee ass back behind that cart...We got a derby to win!

Derice can't help but laugh.

EXT. THE STARTING LINE

A HUNDRED FUNKY, COLORFULLY PAINTED, HOME-BUILT, RAG-TAG PUSH-CARTS are lined up in rows ten across and ten deep.

SANKA'S CART IS IN THE LAST ROW.

A wildly dressed OLD RASTA takes a starter's pistol and points it in the air.

OLD RASTA

On your marks.

EXT. SANKA'S CART - SAME

Sanka pulls an egg out from somewhere inside his shirt.

SANKA

(to Winston, affectionately)

Quick, little ras...Kiss the lucky egg.

Winston tries to kiss the egg through his football helmet.

OLD RASTA (V.O.)

Get set.

Sanka calls out his final battle cry.

SANKA

(chanting, rockin' side
to side)

Feel the rhythm, feel the rhyme, get
on up, it's derby time!!

EXT. STARTING LINE

Old rasta fires the pistol and the madness begins.

We see a head on shot of all the carts, and colors, and kids coming right at us. The pushers push for all their worth and the drivers try to keep them straight as the crowd starts a roar that won't stop till the finish.

Before the race is ten seconds old, a dozen carts are out of control, smashing into the spectators and each other. It looks like total chaos. Sanka has moved up five rows in the first thirty seconds.

CLOSE ON: Sanka's cart; he's weaving and bobbing avoiding traffic, throwing his weight from side to side. He passes another fifteen carts in a matter of seconds and trains his sights on the leaders.

SANKA

Spread out, suckers...Here comes the
rocket!!

Sanka strikes an aerodynamic pose as he comes up on A FUNKY BLUE CART and challenges it for position.

But the BLUE CART is not to be taken lightly. It bump wheels with Sanka and tries to drive him off the road. Sanka holds his ground and even takes a slight advantage.

The funky blue cart's DRIVER is pissed. He tries to ram Sanka, but Sanka whips the wheel hard. The blue cart's driver misses Sanka badly and smashes into the hay bails that line the racing strip. Sanka's cart miraculously does a full 360 turn and continues on it's way.

SANKA

(taunting the blue cart)
Say hello to the 'Coffie whip,'
sucker!

But this little duel has let AN OMINOUS BLACK AND SILVER CART take a big lead.

As Sanka looks ahead he knows he's gonna have to do something special to pull this one out of the bag. He calls to Winston.

SANKA (CONT'D)
Release the 'sanity brake'...I'm
going to RASTA-DRIVE!!

Winston pulls on a stick and the cart sprouts little wings painted, green, black and red.

SANKA (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Rastafari!!!

Sanka, now begins bouncing up and down, bending his knees, pumping his ass like a locomotive. He gains radical speed and passes everyone but the black and silver cart.

The crowd goes wild. Derice pumps his fist in the air.

EXT. THE HOME STRETCH

There are 50 yards left and Sanka's within striking distance. As they approach the finish line we see a determined Winston, who somehow has the entire top half of his body stretched out over the front of the cart.

As we pan back to Sanka, we see that he has abandoned the steering wheel and is HOLDING WINSTON BY THE ANKLES, enabling him to stretch over the front end. THEY JUST CLIP THE BLACK AND SILVER CART AT THE WIRE.

SANKA RAISES HIS FISTS IN VICTORIOUS SPLendor BUT THE CART ISN'T SLOWING DOWN.

CLOSE ON: DERICE, CALLING OUT.

DERICE
SANKA, WATCH OUT!!!

BUT IT'S TOO LATE. THE CART HITS A BANK AND FLIES OFF THE ROAD. EVERYONE'S EYES WATCH THE FLIGHT OF THE CART AS IT GOES UP AND THEN COMES DOWN, LANDING HALFWAY THROUGH THE ROOF OF A SMALL SHANTY HUT.

SANKA LOOKS DOWN AND SEES AN OLD MAN EATING.

SANKA
Sorry, mon.

OLD MAN
(looking up)

No problem.

EXT. MOMMA COFFIE'S BAR - NIGHT

We hear party sounds as reggae music pours from inside a large bamboo structure covered in Christmas lights.

INT. MOMMA COFFIE'S - SAME

We cut to a big banner stretched over the bar that reads "Congratulations Sanka...Good Luck Derice!!"

As we pan down from the banner, we are in the middle of a ripping, rasta, rum soaked blowout complete with live music and a smokin' dance-floor packed with partiers.

We see an attractive woman in her mid twenties. This is JOY BANNOCK, Derice's wife. We can see that Joy is looking for someone as she makes her way through the party.

She taps a young man on the shoulder.

JOY
Lyndon, you seen Derice?

Lyndon shakes his head 'no'. Joy presses on.

CLOSE ON: Three deep Rastas with dreads down to the floor doing a trance-like stomp dance. Sanka, now in different clothes but still with his helmet and goggles, is out there with them, matching them step for step.

We cut behind the bar to a two hundred pound woman with gold teeth and an infectious smile. This is MOMMA COFFIE, Sanka's mother and owner of the establishment. Joseph and Uncle Ferte stand at the bar with her.

MOMMA COFFIE
(re: Sanka)
Look at that crazy boy. All honey-eyed and dancin' like a criminal.

Joy has now joined Momma, Joseph and Ferte.

JOY
(above the music)
Momma Coffie, you seen Derice?

MOMMA COFFIE

Sure I seen that husband of yours.
He went sneakin' out the back a
couple of minutes past.

Joy looks to the gods. She knows where he is.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL SOCCER STADIUM - LATE NIGHT

We see Derice circling the track in the moonlight.

Joy is sitting in the top row of the bleachers, watching.

JOY

(to herself)

Run, Mr. Bannock, run.

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM INFIELD - DAY

Kingston Olympic Stadium is jam packed. It is the day of the Olympic trials and they are in full swing. EVENTS ARE HAPPENING EVERYWHERE

CLOSE ON: A huge jet black Adonis with a shaved head. This is YUL BRENNER. He is dressed in all black and wears a #6 on his chest. He also wears a pair of black BATTING GLOVES. Yul claps his hands as he psyches himself into a frenzy.

Next to Yul, now down on one knee, his head bowed in silent prayer, is Derice (wearing #8).

We hear a voice calling the runners to attention.

VOICE (V.O.)

Gentlemen, please, gather round.

The voice belongs to BARRINGTON COOLIDGE, an older Jamaican track official in a green blazer. Derice, Yul and the other finalists gather around him.

COOLIDGE

First, let me congratulate you on winning your heats and reaching the hundred meter finals.

JUNIOR BEVIL (#7), a sheepish looking twenty year-old in a 'PRINCETON UNIVERSITY' warm-up suit, stands next to Derice.

JUNIOR

(sotto)

You're Derice Bannock, right?

DERICE

Right.

JUNIOR

I hope I make the team...It'll be a real honor to run with you.

Back to Coolidge who is finishing up his speech.

COOLIDGE

Remember, only the first four finishers will have the honor of representing Jamaica in this year's summer games in Seoul. Good luck to you all.

Junior turns to Derice with an outstretched hand.

JUNIOR

Good luck.

Derice shakes it. Junior now turns to Yul with an outstretched hand.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Good luck to you too.

Yul takes Junior's hand and places it firmly on Junior's own groin.

YUL

Hold onto your luck, college boy...You gonna need it.

EXT. THE STARTING BLOCKS - MINUTES LATER

The full field of runners take their ready positions.

CLOSE ON: Yul, Junior and Derice (#6, #7 and #8). Their faces are pure concentration as they await the gun.

COOLIDGE FIRES HIS STARTER'S PISTOL.

The runners are off. Derice and Yul accelerate quickly out of the blocks. Yul takes a slim lead, but Derice digs down and edges ahead of him.

Derice and Yul are battling for the lead. Then out of nowhere, Junior surges between them. It's a three way race.

There's twenty yards to go. Junior is straining as he tries to pass Derice and Yul. He reaches deep down for something extra and his legs go out from under him.

THE REST HAPPENS IN SLO-MOTION. Junior's tumbling body goes horizontal and we see both Derice and Yul try desperately to hurdle Junior's flailing limbs. But it's no use. They each get tripped. Derice catches an arm, Yul a leg. THE THREE OF THEM ROLL IN A TUMBLE as the other runners fly past toward the finish line (in fast motion).

EXT. BLEACHERS - SAME

Joy and Sanka stand, looking on in shock.

JOY

Oh, God!

EXT. THE TRACK - SAME

CLOSE ON: Derice sprawled on the track. He looks toward the finish line.

Derice's POV: THE WINNING RUNNER, his fists raised in the air. Someone hands him a Jamaican flag as he and two other runners take their victory lap.

INT. DERICE'S BEDROOM - THREE DAYS LATER

CLOSE ON: AN OLYMPIC GOLD MEDAL laying in a velvet jewelry case.

Pull back to reveal Derice. (He is sitting in the middle of the bedroom with a big box of his father's memorabilia in front of him. Black & white photos, track trophies, and newspaper clippings are scattered all over the floor.) He delicately removes the medal from the case and holds it as if it were his father's ashes. The pain of his recent disappointment dominates his face as he lays the medal gently on the floor.

INT. DERICE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Joy has her ear to the bedroom door. She listens for a beat, then steps back and shakes her head. There's a knock at the front door.

JOY

Who's there?

Sanka pokes his head in.

SANKA

Any change?

JOY

Nothing...And it goin' on three days now...Don't talk, don't sleep, don't eat...I don't know what to do.

Sanka comes in holding a big steel pot.

SANKA

Not a problem, sister. I got a big pot of me momma's salt fish and banana...When he get a whiff a dat, he come runnin' out and back to normal.

Sanka lifts the top off the pot and sets it by the bedroom door.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Derice is holding a pair of old fashioned track spikes. He looks at them with a bittersweet smile and lays them down next to the medal.

Derice now goes digging in the box. He pokes around and comes out with an aged, letter sized envelope.

He opens the envelope and inside it is a snapshot.

CLOSE ON: The snapshot. It is a photo of Derice's father with his arm around a white man of the same age. They are on the beach in Jamaica and both of them wear big straw hats and have gold medals around their neck.

Derice stares at the picture curiously. He looks back in the envelope and finds a little folded note. Derice unfolds the note and reads it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONT'D

Joy and Sanka are in mid-conversation.

JOY

I tell you, Sanka...I never thought I'd be saying it, but it seem like he just givin' up.

The bedroom door opens. Derice comes charging out holding the letter.

DERICE

Listen to this! (He starts reading the letter.) Hey, Ben. Just wanted to thank you for all your hospitality. I'll always regret that I couldn't convince you to give bobsledding a shot...Believe me, you sprinters are the future of the sport...Take care, buddy. Irving Smuin...P.S. If I ever retire, maybe I'll take you up on your offer and move down here for good.

Derice dashes over and gives Joy a big squeeze and kiss. He turns and flies out the door. Sanka goes to the door and calls after him.

SANKA

Hey, star, what's a bobsled?!

Derice turns to Sanka but continues running down the dirt road backward.

DERICE

(big smile)

I don't know, but I'm gonna find out.

He turns and sprints down the road.

INT. JAMAICAN OLYMPIC HEADQUARTERS, WAITING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: A photograph of four bobsledders in a full run pushing their sled.

Pull back to reveal Derice with a huge smile on his face.

Barrington Coolidge (the official from the Olympics) comes out of his office.

COOLIDGE

You wanted to see me, Derice?

INT. BARRINGTON COOLIDGE'S OFFICE - CONT'D

Barrington Coolidge now sits behind a large desk. Derice stands in front of him.

DERICE

Mr. Coolidge, I want to start a
Jamaican bobsled team.

COOLIDGE

And I want to marry Lena Horne...Too
bad it ain't never gonna happen.

DERICE

Oh, yes it is...I'm gonna make it
happen.

COOLIDGE

Look, Derice, I know you're dis-
appointed, but believe me, bob-
sledding is not the answer.

DERICE

Why not!!!

COOLIDGE

'Cause we're Jamaicans. We don't
compete in any winter sports.
Now, stop talking nonsense and face
facts...We're runners. We ain't got
no business in a bobsled.

DERICE

That's not true...Sprinters are the
future of bobsledding.

Beat.

COOLIDGE

Where'd you hear that?

DERICE

Irving Smuin said it.

COOLIDGE

(accusingly)

Oh, no. Don't tell me you been down
to Chatman Square talkin' to that
rascal.

DERICE

You mean to tell me Irving Smuin's
down at Chatman square?

COOLIDGE

(covering)

No, no. I didn't say that.

DERICE
 (to himself)
 He really did come back...Thanks,
 Mr. Coolidge...Got to run.

Derice goes for the door. Coolidge calls after him.

COOLIDGE
 Derice...Don't you go looking for
 Irving Smuin.

But Derice is gone.

COOLIDGE (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 He's not the man you think he is.

INT. POOLHALL - DAY

A dark, dingy, smoke-filled enterprise full of society's true undesirables. EVERYONE IN THE JOINT IS BLACK EXCEPT FOR ONE WORN FORTY-FOUR YEAR-OLD WHITE MAN. This is IRVING SMUIN, ex-bobsled great, now bookie. THERE'S A FADED BOBSLEDDING POSTER ON THE WALL.

Irv wears a tattered suit and has a five day growth. An unlit half smoked Tiparillo hangs out of his mouth. When we first see him, he's settling up with a 12 YEAR-OLD GIRL SCOUT. She has a few boxes of cookies with her. The Girl Scout counts off four singles and hands them to Irv.

IRV
 (counting as she hands
 the money over)
 One...Two...Three...Four...Don't
 stop, kid. Your uncle owes me five.

GIRL SCOUT
 I spent the rest on candy.

IRV
 Look, kid...Let me school you in the
 ways of bookmaking...You see, it
 goes like this...Your uncle loses,
 your uncle pays...Not your uncle
 loses, your uncle pays some, you buy
 candy.

GIRLS SCOUT
 How 'bout I give these cookies for
 the rest.

She hands him two boxes of cookies.

IRV

Oh, no. You're not pawnin' that
peanut butter crap off on me...I
want the mints.

He gives her back the peanut butter. She hands him two boxes
of mints.

IRV (CONT'D)

Alright, now run along and keep your
grades up.

Irv goes into a coughing fit. He takes the Tiparillo out of
his mouth and takes a nice long pull on an asthma inhaler.

He puts the Tiparillo back in his mouth.

CUT TO:

Derice and Sanka look on from the other end of the bar.

SANKA

(disbelief)

That guy won a gold medal?

DERICE

Two...Come on.

Derice and Sanka walk over to Irv who is now deep in the
newspaper handicapping horses.

DERICE (CONT'D)

Excuse me, are you Irving Smuin?

IRV

That depends on who's askin'.

DERICE

I'm Derice Bannock and I was wonder-
ing if you'd be interested in coach-
ing the first Jamaican bobsled team.

Irv shoots Derice a look that could kill.

EXT. THE POOLHALL

The camera pans next door to a boarded up building. DERICE
AND SANKA ARE HANGING FROM TWO NAILS BY THEIR SHIRTS.

SANKA
What you gonna do now, professor?

INT. POOLHALL - TEN MINUTES LATER

Irv sits at a table in the back counting crumpled singles.

Out of nowhere, Derice's head pops in through the window next to Irv.

DERICE
Mr. Smuin, you don't understand. I
have to get to the Olympics...
Please, just help get me started.

Irv gets up and comes to the window. (Derice is all smiles thinking he finally got through.) Irv slams the window shut nearly decapitating Derice and then pulls the shade down.

INT. POOLHALL MEN'S ROOM - 10 MINUTES LATER

Your classic seedy bathroom. There are three stalls, three urinals and a nasty, old towel roll. Irv comes shuffling in and goes into the middle stall.

After a beat Derice's voice is heard in the next stall.

DERICE (V.O.)
Mr. Smuin, I hate to bother you
again, but my whole life is at stake
and you're the only one who can help
me.

IRV (V.O.)
What are you, nuts?...I'm takin' a
dump here!

Derice and Sanka's heads rise above the wall of their stalls. They are both looking down on Irv.

DERICE
Just show me the basics, so I can
get off on the right foot.

IRV

Look, kid, I'm sure you got a terrible problem but 'A', I don't bobsled no more and 'B', I don't give a shit. And let me just conclude by saying, if you're both not out of here by the time I finish wiping, your balls are gonna be hanging from my rear-view mirror.

Sanka and Derice are out of their stalls and halfway to the door when Derice turns, stops, takes out the envelope and slides it into Irv's stall.

DERICE

My father's Benjamin Bannock.

EXT. POOLHALL - MINUTES LATER

Sanka stands by the front door ready for a quick exit. Derice is just outside the bathroom door waiting for Irv.

Irv comes out of the bathroom holding the envelope. He and Derice lock eyes.

IRV

I wrote that letter twenty years ago...It doesn't mean a thing.

He walks past Derice. Derice follows him.

DERICE

I don't believe you.

IRV

Well, then believe this...I don't care who you are, what you want or how many goddamn letters you have...As far as I'm concerned, the word bobsledding does not exist. I don't want to see it. I don't want to coach it, and most of all, I don't want to talk to you about it.

DERICE

Then how come you still got that poster on the wall.

Irv turns his back and walks away. Derice keeps up the chase.

DERICE (CONT.)

(earnestly)

Coach me...I can get you back to the Olympics.

IRV

Kid, I could coach you twenty-four hours a day and cry real tears and you still couldn't make it to the Olympics.

DERICE

But you thought my father could!

IRV

You're father was a great athlete.

DERICE

So, am I.

IRV

Will you stop following me!!!

Derice jumps in front of him.

DERICE

(passionate)

Twenty years ago an Olympic gold medal winner came down here to see if he could turn a Jamaican champion into a bobsledder and he never got the chance to find out.

Derice goes after him.

DERICE (CONT'D)

I'm giving you the chance. Now take it!!

Irv's been hit where it hurts. He looks to the poster on the wall. Then looks back at Derice.

IRV

Alright, kid...I'll take a look. But if you're not everything your father was, I'll drop you so fast you'll get whiplash.

EXT. JAMAICAN STREETS - DAY

Derice and Sanka hang posters recruiting Jamaican athletes for a JAMAICAN BOBSLED TEAM in sports clubs, restaurants, bars, and all over the streets and street vendor's stands.

EXT. WATERFRONT - DAY

CLOSE ON: A poster on a telephone pole. It reads: "SEE THE WORLD, JOIN THE JAMAICAN BOBSLED TEAM."

A crowd has gathered around the poster.

CLOSE ON: An OLD MAN IN A CRAZY HAT.

CRAZY HAT MAN

You hear this...Jamaican bobsleigh.

He weeps with laughter. The whole crowd starts cackling.

We pan down the waterfront to THREE DOCKWORKERS. Two of them are POT-BELLIED, WEATHERED, 50 YEAR-OLDS, standing around smoking cigarettes on break. The other is Yul Brenner, the bald sprinter from the trials. Yul is in a full sweat, loading huge sugar sacks onto a freighter. He still wears his black gloves.

The two fifty year-olds taunt Yul.

POT-BELLY #1

You had it...All your dreams was about to come true...Goin' to the Olympics, gettin' off the island, movin' up in the world.

POTBELLY #2

If only that little fancy pants hadn't tripped you.

POTBELLY #1

(taunting)

But he did...So you just keep on loading that sugar, strong-man, 'cause you gonna be stuck on these docks for a long, long time.

The two share a laugh as Yul grits his teeth and works even harder.

INT. MEETING HALL - LATE AFTERNOON

Jammed with HUNDREDS of JAMAICAN ATHLETES fanning themselves.

In spite of a ceiling fan, the place is like a sauna; it is hot, hot, hot.

In the front of the room are Derice and Irv. (Once again, Irv is the only white person in the room.) A pull-down movie screen behind them.

DERICE

This is Irving Smuin, our expert coach. He go and explain to you about bobsledding.

Irving walks over to the podium. He's tired, scruffy, and unamused. The lights go off.

DERICE (CONT'D)

(calls out)

Hit it, Sanka.

Sanka turns on an old noisy film projector.

SANKA

You're on the air, sled-mon!

Old bobsled footage appears on the screen.

IRV

Gentlemen, a bobsled is a simple thing.

A HECKLER calls from the darkness.

HECKLER

So's an out-house!

The room cracks up.

The film starts with old black and white footage of old fashioned open sleds.

IRV

Basically, what you're lookin' to do is get your rear ends from the top of an icy chute to the bottom of an icy chute.

We now see the new high-tech sleds whipping through bank turns at outrageous speeds.

IRV (CONT'D)

You're zigging, you're zagging,
you're flyin' through turns so fast
your stomach's bouncin' up and down
against your chin...You've heard of
a slow boat to China?...Well, this
is a fast frozen boat to hell!

The film now segues into a montage of brutal crashes. Sanka has his hands over his eyes; he can barely watch.

IRV (CONT'D)

(pure sarcasm)

Now, the one minor drawback to this
delightful winter sport is the high
speed crash. Always remember, bones
do not break in a bobsled...They
shatter!

The film ends with a huge crash...The lights go on.

IRV (CONT'D)

So, who wants in?

Of the hundreds of athletes, only one remains in the room. It is Yul Brenner.

IRV (CONT'D)

Don't panic...We got room for
everyone.

We hear a hiccup in the back. It's Junior Bevil (dressed like a Brooks Brothers mannequin); he gives a little wave.

YUL

It's him!!

Yul charges after Junior. Junior jumps up and starts running. Yul chases him around the entire room.

YUL

Your ass mine, rich boy!!

IRV

Team unity, I love it.

Yul finally gets a hold of Junior and is about to beat him senseless when Derice and Sanka jump on Yul's back.

YUL

I'll kill him. I swear, I'll kill
him.

DERICE

You kill him and you ain't goin' to the Olympics.

YUL

I ain't ridin' in the same bobsleigh as that tit-mouse.

They finally pull Yul off.

DERICE

Hey, he tripped me too. I hate him just as much as you...But there ain't nobody else here.

YUL

Forget it, mon...I'm gone.

Yul starts to walk out.

DERICE

Cool...I'll send you a postcard from Canada.

But Yul keeps going.

DERICE (CONT.)

With a gold medal around my neck.

Yul stops. He turns.

YUL

(re: Junior)

Alright...Just tell that little blood-clot he better stay clear the hell away from me.

Derice turns to Irv.

DERICE

Well?

IRV

Good work...But in case you haven't heard...There's no such thing as a three man bobsled team.

CLOSE ON: Derice. He slowly turns his head to Sanka.

SANKA

What you lookin' at me for?

DERICE

Come on, ras, you can do it.

SANKA

No, I can't...Bobsledding a winter sport.

DERICE

So?

SANKA

So, I ain't into all that igloos and Eskimos and penguins and shit.

DERICE

But you have to.

SANKA

Why?

DERICE

(appealing to his ego)

Your speed...When you get behind that push-cart, you're fast as a mad devil.

SANKA

Sorry, rasta...It cut too heavy into my leisure time.

DERICE

You sayin' you don't want your face in all the papers?

SANKA

No.

DERICE

Don't wanna have your pictures on a 'Wheaties' box?

SANKA

That's right.

DERICE

You gonna stand there and tell me that you don't want to be famous?

SANKA

I already am famous. I AM SANKA COFFIE!

DERICE

I can't believe this.

Derice turns and walks away. Sanka looks up to the heavens.

SANKA

Please, God, don't let him ask me to do it 'cause I'm his best friend.

Derice turns back.

DERICE

You know, you could at least do it 'cause you're my best friend.

Sanka just shakes his head...Derice has got him.

EXT. A CITY STREET - DAY

Sanka and Derice ride down the street in Sanka's beat up Volks.

IRV (V.O.)

Okay...The Olympics are in three months...

Yul jumps off the back of a beat up pick-up truck and waves to the driver.

IRV (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Considering the fact that we don't have any SNOW!!!...

Junior pulls up to the practice site in his Saab convertible.

IRV (CONT'D) (V.O.)

...I'd say, what you're looking for here is your basic miracle.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The four boys are lined up in the sand. In the background we see the crystal blue waters of the Caribbean.

Irv stands before them.

IRV

Any questions?

Nope.

IRV (CONT'D)

Then let the games begin.

(BOB MARLEY'S UP-TEMPO VERSION OF 'BUFFALO SOLDIER' SENDS US INTO OUR TRAINING MONTAGE.)

EXT. BEACH - CONT'D

The JAMS run in the sand. THEY ARE WEIGHTED DOWN WITH GIANT BUNCHES OF BANANAS.

IRV (V.O.)

Keep those legs pumpin'...A
bobsledder's got to be able to run
while he's pushing a six hundred
pound sled.

YUL HOLDS THE HUGE BUNCH WITH ONE ARM and with the other arm he throws bananas at Junior's feet. Junior is forced to do a version of the 'Mexican Hat Dance' as he runs.

Derice jogs along at half speed yelling encouragement to Sanka who CAN BARLEY KEEP STANDING, MUCH LESS RUN.

EXT. CITY STREET DAY

Irv, Yul, Junior, and Derice stand next to an old style 'Good Humor' ice cream truck. Irv eats a popsicle.

IRV

Cold weather endurance is vital in
building a successful sled team.

Irv checks his watch and gestures to the vendor. The vendor opens the truck's back door.

Slowly, out of the truck comes Sanka's head. His dreads are covered in frost. He does not look happy.

IRV (CONT'D)

Alright, Junior, you're next.

A COACH'S WHISTLE IS HEARD.

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY

THE JAMS NOW GO PAST THE CAMERA PUSHING AN OLD ROW BOAT. IRV IS IN THE ROW BOAT WEARING A SKIPPER'S CAP.

Close on: Irv.

IRV

Remember, control's the thing...You gotta run fast enough to be fast, but not so fast that you can't get in the sled.

THE WHISTLE IS HEARD AGAIN. THIS TIME THE JAMS ARE PUSHING AN EMPTY ROW BOAT (TWO ON EACH SIDE).

IRV (V.O.)

Now!

THEY ALL TRY TO JUMP IN AT ONCE AND THE BOAT COMES TO A COMPLETE STOP AS THEY STRUGGLE TO CLIMB IN.

YUL

(to Sanka)

Yo, slinky-head, you're crowding me.

SANKA

You mean that's your gorilla breath I'm smellin'?

JUNIOR

(laughing)

Gorilla breath...That's a good one.

YUL

You better shut up...If it wasn't for your rich little ass, I be on my way to the goddamn Olympics.

JUNIOR

I don't mean to be contrary, but there's a small chance I might of passed you.

YUL

What you sayin'...you would of won that race?...Come with it...I'll race you right now!

SANKA

I don't know what you all arguing about... Derice was gonna beat both your asses anyway.

YUL

Oh, yeah? How 'bout I beat your ass?

SANKA

How 'bout I draw a line down the middle of your head so it looks like an ass?

Irv stands on the beach watching the four guys argue.

IRV

(to himself)

Gentlemen, you force me to resort to drastic measures.

EXT. COUNTRY PASTURE DAY

The four boys are in the middle of the pasture TIED TOGETHER AT THE ANKLE with ten feet of slack between each of them.

Irv is perched on the fence that surrounds the pasture. He has a piece of wheat in his mouth.

IRV

Let me tell you a little something about teamwork...It's a pain in the bubkus...But without it, you're just four dumb shmucks in a fancy toboggan. So remember...Stay together.

DERICE

You hear that, fellas? Stay together.

They stand there.

SANKA

This don't seem so hard.

IRV

Let her go, Henry!

Just then the team hears a loud angry snort. They turn around to see with terror, HENRY, the farmer, shooing a savage bull into the pasture.

IRV (CONT'D)

WEEHAW!!!

The bull charges toward them. They scatter in all directions. The rope pulls tight and they fall on their faces.

They keep trying to get up, and they keeping falling right back down.

CLOSE ON: The bull, charging like an express train.

CLOSE ON: The four boys are finally running. Sanka is so scared, HE'S RUNNING FASTER THAN ALL OF THEM.

This raises Irv's eyebrows.

INT. THE BEVIL FAMILY GARAGE - NIGHT

A large spotless three car garage. Next to a brand new Mercedes, JUNIOR POLISHES HIS SAAB METICULOUSLY.

JUNIOR

Alright, father, listen here.
There's something I need to
say...I've made up my mind...I'm
going be a bobsledder and there's
absolutely nothing in this world you
can do to stop me.

The camera pulls back to reveal that Junior is talking to himself.

JUNIOR (CONT.)

Oh, really? Well, I'm sorry you
feel that way...Fine, cut off my
allowance. A man's got to do what a
man's got to do!!

Junior's pleased with himself. He's got a big smile on his face when another Mercedes pulls in. Whitby Bevil Sr. gets out. He is a fifty year-old version of Junior in a three-piece suit.

BEVIL

Just who I wanted to see.

JUNIOR

(nervous)

Me?

Junior stops polishing.

BEVIL

You know where I just came from?

JUNIOR

Where?

BEVIL

Desmond Nixon's office...You know
what I just did?

JUNIOR

What?

BEVIL

I got you a job with Webster,
Webster and Cohen.

JUNIOR

Webster, Webster and Cohen?

BEVIL

They're one of the biggest brokers
in Miami...You start at the end of
the month.

JUNIOR

Um, dad.

BEVIL

I let you take your shot at that
Olympic track nonsense...Now you're
gonna get on with your real
future...Right?

JUNIOR

(bumming)

Right.

Bevil notices a spot on the car.

BEVIL

(pointing)

You missed a spot.

Bevil exits whistling a cheery tune. Junior looks paralyzed.

EXT. THE OPEN FIELD - DAY

Irv stands by the sled (Sanka's converted push-cart), the
boys in front of him.

IRV

Gentleman, this is a bobsled, sort
of.

The boys look curiously at the converted cart.

IRV (CONT'D)

Now, here's how it's gonna work.
Yul, you're gonna be the second
middleman.

Irv positions Yul where he wants him.

IRV (CONT'D)
You're strong, you're fast and you
dislike Junior.

Irv gives Yul a little wink. Irv goes to Junior.

IRV (CONT'D)
Junior, you're gonna be the first
middle-man.

Irv positions Junior right in front of Yul.

IRV (CONT'D)
You're quick, you're sharp, and
you're scared shitless of Yul.

Irv gives Junior a little wink.

IRV (CONT'D)
Sanka, I'm making you the...

SANKA
I know, I'm the driver.

IRV
(continuing his
sentence)
The brake-man.

SANKA
The brake-man...I'm the driver!

IRV
No, you're not...You're the brake-
man. The brake-man's your fastest
runner...I saw you smoke these guys
runnin' from that bull.

SANKA
But, coach, I have to drive for the
simple fact that I am Sanka Coffie,
the greatest push-cart driver in all
Jamaica...You dig where I'm coming
from?

IRV
Oh, I dig where you're coming from.

SANKA
Beautiful!

IRV

Now, dig where I'm coming from. I'm coming from two gold medals. I'm coming from nine world records in both the two and four men events. I'm coming from twenty years of intense competition against the best athletes in the world!

Derice smiles. This is the Irv he was looking for.

SANKA

That's a hell of a place to be coming from.

Irv delivers the next speech face to face with Derice (Even though he's talking to Sanka).

IRV

You see, Sanka, the driver has to work harder than anyone...He's the first to show up and the last to leave. When his teammates are out drinking beers, he's up in his room studying pictures of the turns...And not only is he responsible for knowing every inch of every course he races, he's also responsible for the lives of the other three people in the sled. Do you want that responsibility?

SANKA

I say we make Derice the driver.

IRV

So do I, Sanka...So do I.

CLOSE ON: Derice. His smile is gone. He takes a nice deep breath.

INT. DERICE AND JOY'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Joy is in bed sleeping. She rolls over and notices Derice is missing. She sits up and sees him staring out the window.

JOY

You okay?

DERICE
 (still looking out the
 window)
 Yeah...I'm just about to come to
 bed.

JOY
 Don't worry, baby...Everything's
 gonna work out fine.

Joy looks at him as he just keeps staring out the window.

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL - CONT'D

The sled has been laid out on a big, blue, plastic pool cover. This serves as the track. It is slicked down with water. The boys man the sled in their start positions.

CLOSE ON: Derice's eyes. They are all business. We pan back to Sanka, then Junior, then Yul. Their faces are full of different degrees of apprehension.

IRV (V.O.)
 Winning a bobsled race is about one thing...The push start! A respectable start time is 5.7...If you speedsters can't get your time down to a solid six flat, you got a better chance at becoming a barber shop quartet.

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE HILL

Irv stands with his stop-watch.

IRV
 When I yell, "Go!" Start pushing.
 When I yell, "Jump!" Jump
 in...Ready, set, GO!

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL - SAME

Just as the boys start pushing for all they're worth, Sanka spots TWO GIRLS walking along the road.

He calls to them as he runs.

SANKA
 Hey ladies, watch the Grand Poobah of the pushcart become the Red Baron of the Bobsled.

The sled slides well on the wet plastic, but unfortunately, so do the boys.

They get about twenty yards when Irv yells.

IRV (V.O.)

JUMP!

But instead of getting in one at a time, they all try to jump in at once. It's total chaos. The four of them finally fight their way into the cart with Sanka diving in head first at the last second.

Arms and legs are everywhere. Junior is in Yul's lap. Sanka's legs stick straight up in the air. The cart slides to a slow stop.

The two girls crack up.

Irv comes over.

DERICE

What was our start time, coach, 5.6,
5.7?

IRV

11.2.

SANKA

No problem, sled-brothers, we'll do better tomorrow.

IRV

Tomorrow?...We're gonna get it under seven flat today!

The boys all roll their eyes.

INT. MOMMA COFFIE'S - MORNING

CLOSE ON: Two eggs fryin' in a pan with bananas.

Pull back to reveal Momma Coffie standin' over the pan singin' a gospel song to herself.

INT. SANKA'S BEDROOM - SAME

Sanka is asleep with a big smile on his face. He holds his pillow like a lover.

SANKA
 (talking in his sleep to
 the pillow)
 Please, everybody...No autographs
 now...I need my beauty rest.

Out of nowhere, we hear the powerful voice of Momma Coffie.

MOMMA COFFIE (V.O.)
 SANKA!!!

Sanka nearly hits the ceiling.

EXT. TRAINING HILL - DAY

The boys sit under a tree waiting. There are a bunch of little kids standing off to the side watching them and giggling.

YUL
 See, this is why I don't like to
 play no team shit...You always
 havin' to be countin' on someone
 else.

DERICE
 Don't worry, he'll be here.

Irv approaches them.

IRV
 Alright...That's it. The party's
 over. I been trainin' you bums for
 two weeks now and in that entire
 time, you haven't been able to 'A',
 stop fighting with each other and
 'B', get your start time under 9.3,
 which, considering how fast you guys
 are, is an embarrassment...And now,
 when you really need to suck it up,
 one of your teammates pulls a no
 show...Fellas, I'm through wastin'
 my time with a bunch of goddamn
 children.

Irv starts to walk away.

DERICE
 But, coach...You can't leave now.
 We're just startin' to get the hang
 of it.

IRV
Get the hang of it?...I seen better
efforts from four Flamenco dancers
and a wheelbarrow.

DERICE
Please, coach!

IRV
(over his shoulder)
Bye, bye, Derice.

DERICE
Five more minutes.

IRV
No more minutes...Get it through
your head, kid...You came, you saw,
you sucked!

Just then we hear a car horn honking. It's Sanka in his
Volkswagen. He drives right up the hill and jumps out.

SANKA
Let's boogie, sleigh-rastas!

YUL
Where you been, fool?

SANKA
Take it easy, shine head.

YUL
Irv quit.

SANKA
Why?!

JUNIOR
(to Sanka)
'Cause we sucked, that's why.

DERICE
Don't say that...We're good...In
fact, we're gonna show him just how
good we are...Come on!

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL

The boys are ready to push off. They start to rock the cart.

DERICE

4,3,2,1...

They push off for everything their worth.

EXT. THE HILL

The camera bounces along following the cart. The cart is really moving. IT FLIES BY IRV WHO CLICKS HIS STOP-WATCH.

The sled keeps picking up speed as it jumps the plastic tarp and continues down the hill.

CLOSE ON: A banana cart. The BANANA MAN sees the sled coming right for him.

CUT BACK to the sled. The boys scream as the imminent impact nears.

The Banana man moves his cart in the nick of time. But behind the banana cart is a police car with two policemen eating lunch. Food goes everywhere as the sled CRASHES into the police car. The boys spill out and lay there motionless.

DERICE

Sanka, you dead?

SANKA

Yah, mon.

DERICE

Me too.

EXT. THE DENTED COP CAR

Sanka, Yul, Junior, and Derice stand against the cop car with their hands behind their backs and their legs apart. A small crowd has now gathered around.

COP#1

You all under arrest for reckless driving...Now, who belong to this thing?

DERICE

We do, sah.

COP#1

Who you?

DERICE

The Jamaican Bobsled team, sah.

The small crowd starts to laugh.

COP#2

Don't give me that business. I
wasn't born yesterday.

The crowd laughs even harder.

Then out of nowhere we hear Irv's voice calling.

IRV (V.O.)

5.9!! 5.9!!

Irv breaks through the small crowd and shoves the stopwatch
in Derice's face.

IRV

5.9...That's a world class start-
time. You did it! You did it!!

Policeman #2 grabs Irv and spins him around.

POLICEMAN #2

And who the hell do you think you
are?

IRV

I'm their coach!!

Derice stares at Irv and smiles. This is just what he's been
waiting to hear.

INT. COOLIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Coolidge sits behind his desk. Irv stands before him.

COOLIDGE

Forget it, Smuin...Jamaica has never
had a winter sports program and
we're not about to start one now.

IRV

I'm not asking for a winter sports
program...I just need a lousy
twenty-five grand so I can get us to
the Olympics.

COOLIDGE

Olympics?...How are you going to get to the Olympics? These boys have never even been in a sled race.

IRV

And Dwight D. Eisenhower never played the saxophone...What's that got to do with it?

COOLIDGE

You know, I knew you were a bit unusual...But I had no idea you were headed for the bughouse.

IRV

Hey, Coolidge...hear me out, will ya? In an Olympic year, the bobsled federation holds an event they call the qualifiers...You finish the course under a given time and to the satisfaction of the judges, you earn the right to compete in the Olympics.

COOLIDGE

You mean, you're willing to put your fate in the hands of the federation?

IRV

You got a problem with that?

Beat.

COOLIDGE

Have you forgotten what happened to you in Saporro?

IRV

Give me a break, Coolidge...That was twenty years ago.

COOLIDGE

Mr. Smuin, Jamaica has a proud athletic tradition...If you think I'm going to give you money so that you can parade our athletes in front of the world like some kind of freak show, then you got another thing coming.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE COOLIDGE'S OFFICE

Derice sits on a bench waiting as Irv emerges from Coolidge's office.

DERICE
(standing up)

How'd it go?

Irv stops and puts his arm around Derice.

IRV
Do the words 'give up' mean anything
to you?

DERICE
Not a thing?

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Sanka stands on the corner with his guitar, his case open in front of him. A sign on the case reads 'SUPPORT THE JAMAICAN BOBSLED TEAM.' There are a few small coins in the case.

Sanka is singing the Jamaican bobsled song, but nobody even stops to listen.

SANKA
We no like snow but still we go/ We
no like ice but that's the price/ We
hob and bob do what we're told/ Four
rastamen tryin' to win the gold.

An instrumental version of the song continues over the following.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET CORNER - DAY

Yul is looking very unhappy in a white apron and baker's hat as he stands behind a table full of cakes and cookies. The sign above him reads 'JAMAICAN BOBSLED BAKE SALE.' An OLD WOMAN stops to look at the cookies. Yul glowers at her and she quickly moves on.

EXT. CITY STREET

CLOSE ON: A sign reading, 'KISSES \$1.' The camera pans down from the sign; Sanka has set up a kissing booth. There are four women in line: Two young, three hundred pounders, and two octogenarians with supportive shoes.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Derice, in a poor looking suit, goes inside as we hear in voice over.

DERICE (V.O.)
Gentlemen, I present you with the
opportunity of a lifetime.

CLOSE ON: Derice standing in an office.

DERICE (CONT'D)
We're looking for a sponsor for the
new Jamaican bobsled team.

CLOSE ON: A series of different EXECUTIVES. They all stare directly into the camera.

EXECUTIVE #1
That's the most ridiculous...

EXECUTIVE #2
Hilarious...

EXECUTIVE #3
Ludicrous...

EXECUTIVE #4
Preposterous....

EXECUTIVE #5
Ill-conceived idea I ever heard in
my life.

EXECUTIVE #6
(into a speaker box)
Security!

EXT. FRONT OF A BIG KINGSTON OFFICE BUILDING - MINUTE LATER

We see Derice with two uniformed security guards. The guards dig into their pockets and give Derice their change. Derice waves as he walks away.

EXT. UNCLE FERTE'S STAND - CONT'D

CLOSE ON: A cookie jar. Pull back to reveal Uncle Ferte handing the jar to Derice.

UNCLE FERTE

There it is...The whole Kit and Kaboodle...One hundred and eighty-four dollars and thirty-three cents...My life's savings.

DERICE

Don't worry, Uncle Ferte...I won't let you down.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Sanka wraps up his song.

SANKA

Now you might say it a foolish dream/ But we da Jamaican bobsled team/ We put pep in your step, a smile on your face/ And you throw your money in my guitar case.

A DRUNK sleeping it off stirs awake. He staggers to his feet and goes over to Sanka.

DRUNK

I'll give you a buck to shut up.

INT. SANKA'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Irv, Sanka, and Yul (still in the hat and apron) stand over Derice's shoulder as he counts up all the money.

DERICE

(as he adds it up)

Okay, we got my \$74.00, \$58.53 from Momma Coffie, \$184.33 from Uncle Ferte, \$9.52 from Yul's cookies, and a whopping \$1.16 from the new Bob Marley.

SANKA

What's the total?

DERICE

Two hundred and fifty-five dollars and sixty-one cents.

YUL

What that mean?

IRV

It means we're short about twenty-four thousand seven hundred and forty-five bucks.

YUL

(to himself)

I ain't never gonna get off this goddamn Island.

Derice is devastated.

IRV

Sorry, Derice...Looks like this is the end of the line.

Junior comes into the garage carrying a small suitcase.

DERICE

You can unpack your suitcase, Junior...We ain't going.

But Junior just walks over, puts the suitcase on the table and opens it. IT'S FULL OF MONEY!

SANKA

I'm feeling pain in my chest.

IRV

Jesus Christ...How much is it?

JUNIOR

About twenty-six thousand?

DERICE

Where'd you get it?

JUNIOR

I sold my car.

SANKA

Alright... (He starts to boogie as he sings) We goin' to the Olympics!

DERICE

No, we're not...We can't take this money...It isn't right.

JUNIOR

Hey, Derice, if I hadn't tripped you guys, you'd already be going to the Olympics...Please...I want you to have it.

DERICE

You mean, you want us to have it, right?

Beat.

JUNIOR

Right.

Yul looks to Derice, maybe he was wrong about this kid.

SANKA

Get on, Mr. Bevil...Your father must be cool. He let you sell that car.

JUNIOR

Oh, he doesn't know I sold the car...In fact, he doesn't even know I'm on the team...He thinks I'm off to Miami to work for Webster, Webster and Cohen.

IRV

Oh, God.

EXT. MONTEGO BAY AIRPORT, THE TARMAC - DAY

The boys walk up the steps to board the plane waving to their few scattered loved ones. (The Bevils aren't there.)

EXT. RUNWAY, JAMAICA - DAY

A big Air Jamaica plane comes barreling down the runway and starts to rise.

EXT. RUNWAY, CALGARY - DAY

The big bird touches down.

INT. SHUTTLE BUS - DAY

The bus is filled. Some people are tourists, some are natives, but except for the Jamaicans, ALL OF THEM ARE WHITE.

The Jamaicans are visibly uncomfortable with the cold weather. They wear nine layers of brightly colored print, tropical Jamaican clothing. (Except for Junior who is in a fancy Parka.)

Sanka exhales in the cold air.

DERICE

Sanka, mon...What the hell you smokin'?

SANKA

I ain't smokin'. I'm breathing!

Everybody on the bus is staring at our boys. When we cut back, all four of them are exhaling their asses off, amazed that they can see their breath. Sanka makes smoke rings and pokes his finger through them.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - DAY

The bus rambles down an open highway. There are giant snowfields on either side.

CLOSE ON: All four faces pressed against the bus window looking out.

THE GUYS (V.O.)

Stop the bus!!

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD

The bus has pulled over. The doors open and the four boys come bounding out of the bus.

THE BOYS

SNOW!!!

They run toward the untouched snow.

EXT. SNOWFIELD - DAY

Derice screams like a cowboy and charges into the untouched snow. Yul follows with a smile, then Junior. This leaves Sanka, who tiptoes into it looking terrified.

(A reggae 'WALKING IN A WINTER WONDERLAND' is heard over the following SNOW MONTAGE.)

DERICE LIES IN THE SNOW MAKING 'SNOW ANGELS.'

YUL PACKS A PERFECT SNOW BALL.

JUNIOR RUNS AROUND BEING BOMBARDED BY SNOWBALLS.

SANKA REACHES OUT WITH A BARE HAND AND TOUCHES THE SNOW AS IF HE WERE DEFUSING A BOMB.

CUT TO:

A BUS FULL OF ONLOOKERS WATCHING A FREAK SHOW OUT THE WINDOW.

CUT TO:

DERICE, YUL, AND JUNIOR SPLASH AROUND IN THE SNOW EUPHORICALLY.

SANKA TAKES A TINY BIT OF SNOW AND TOUCHES IT TO HIS CHEEK. THEN HE TASTES IT.

DERICE AND YUL HAVE SANKA BY THE ARMS AND LEGS AND ARE SWINGING HIM AS SANKA SCREAMS. THEY THROW HIM IN THE SNOW.

CLOSE ON: THREE DARK HOLES AND ONE BIG YELLOW 'S' BEING WRITTEN IN THE SNOW.

THEN FROM BEHIND, WE SEE OUR BOYS ALL TAKING LEAKS. SANKA IS OFF TO THE RIGHT GYRATING HIS HIPS WILDLY AS HE WRITES HIS NAME.

DERICE

Same thing happen to you as me?

YUL

What?

DERICE

Me bamboo shriveling up like a prune.

JUNIOR

I can't even find mine.

YUL

Mine done shrunk in half.

Junior sneaks a peak at Yul's.

JUNIOR

(crestfallen)

That's half?

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD

As the bus pulls away, the camera pans from the road to the snowfield.

CLOSE ON: A giant snowman. He has a rasta hat, sunglasses, and a giant snow-splif in his mouth.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

The small hotel lobby is bustling, everybody staring at the Jamaicans who are tired, freezing and looking like bums. Irv deals with the hotel desk CLERK.

IRV

Me and my boys have two rooms booked under the name of Smuin.

CLERK

I'm sorry, sir, but we do not allow the entertainment to stay at the hotel.

IRV

These guys aren't the Temptations. They're the Jamaican bobsled team.

The guys wave, between shivers. The hotel clerk shakes his head.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

A tiny hotel room with two bunk beds. The boys can't take a step without getting in each other's way. (They twist, turn and sidestep caught up in a farcical human traffic jam.)

Yul, in some worn-out old flannel pajamas, unpacks two pair of underwear, fights his way through Junior and Sanka (who is trying to get to the bathroom) and puts them in a drawer. Junior, in silk pajamas and slippers, meticulously removes a new pair of colored 'CALVIN KLEIN UNDERWEAR' from the box, folds them, then has to avoid bodies to get to his drawer. On the bed, there are twenty more new boxes.

YUL

Damn, boy...How many asses you got?

Sanka's screaming voice is heard from the bathroom.

SANKA (V.O.)

Hey, fellas, come check this out!!!

The boys look at each other, then rush into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

CLOSE ON: Yul, Junior, and Derice's curious faces.

They are looking at Sanka (he wears a night dress and pom pom hat), who has turned the BIDET on 'high' and is drinking from it.

SANKA (CONT'D)

(excited)

We got our own water fountain!

JUNIOR

That's no water fountain.

SANKA

(looking up)

What is it?

INT. THE EMPTY BEDROOM

Sanka comes running out of the bathroom screaming!

EXT. CALGARY

The sun shines on the glorious city of Calgary. Workers are putting up banners and signs, preparing the city for the upcoming Olympics.

INT. OLYMPIC HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Irv walks the halls looking for the right door. As people walk by him, they whisper, as if they might possibly know him.

Irv finally finds his door. The lettering on it reads: 'TEAM REGISTRATION.' Irv takes a deep breath and goes in the door.

INT. REGISTRATION OFFICE - CONT'D

Irv walks up to the front desk. Behind it sits a PLEASANT CANADIAN OFFICIAL.

OFFICIAL

Can I help you?

IRV

Uh...No.

Irv turns, takes a step, and then turns back around again.

IRV (CONT.)

Yeah...You can help me...I'm here to register the...Jamaican bobsled team.

OFFICIAL

You're name?

IRV

Irving Smuin.

OFFICIAL

Welcome to Calgary, Mr Smuin.

The official sifts through a pile of folders. He pulls one out.

OFFICIAL (CONT.)

(curt)

Now, here's all your information. Your final run is gonna be on the afternoon of the tenth...Keep in mind, to qualify, you must finish the course safely in one minute flat or under.

IRV

Don't worry...I know the routine.

OFFICIAL

Your judges are Shindler, Kroyczcheck and Gremmer. They're three of our best.

IRV

I know.

OFFICIAL

Is there anything else, Mr. Smuin?

IRV

No, I think you've pretty much said it all.

Irv turns and heads for the door but just as he's about to exit, three men enter.

The first is KURT HEMPHILL (around 65), Irv's old coach and now a World Bobsled Federation official. The other two are ROGER and LARRY, two members of the current American coaching staff and ex-members of Irv's 1972 four-man team.

They are stopped in their tracks by who they see before them.

Nobody knows what to say. Finally, Irv breaks the ice.

IRV
(offers his hand)
Roger, Larry...It's been awhile.

They shake Irv's hand, Larry a bit reluctantly.

IRV (CONT'D)
(offers his hand to
Kurt)
Good to see you, Kurt.

Kurt walks by without acknowledging Irv.

IRV (CONT'D)
(ribbing)
Don't tell me you've forgotten all
we had.

Kurt whips around.

KURT
Larry, tell this gentleman that as far as I'm concerned, Irving Smuin died at the 1972 Olympics and that whoever he is, he better play it real careful 'cause the federation is watching his ass like a hawk and that goes double for that bunch of third world circus performers he brought with him.

Kurt turns and exits.

ROGER
Jesus, Irv...What the hell you been doin' with yourself?...We been hearin' all kinds of crazy rumors.

IRV
They're all true...Especially the one about the midget and the Gypsy fortune teller.

LARRY
Still with the jokes, huh, Smuin?

IRV
That's right, Larry, still with the
jokes.

LARRY
Roger...Come on!

Larry starts walking. Roger stands there a second with a
pained expression but there's nothing he can do.

IRV
(whisper to Roger)
I need to talk to you.

ROGER
(sotto, fast)
I can't.

IRV
Meet me at the bar on the corner in
half an hour.

ROGER
Half an hour?

IRV
It can't wait.

LARRY
(from down the hall)
Roger...Let's go!

Roger takes off after Larry.

EXT. HAPPY HANSEL'S SPORTS SHOP - DAY

The four boys in THEIR TROPICAL LAYERS enter the sports shop.

INT. SPORTS SHOP - DAY

A CANADIAN SALESGIRL looks them up and down.

SALESGIRL
May I help you?

DERICE

We are the Jamaican bobsled team...Do you have ice shoes, and what are they?

SALESGIRL

(not understanding
Derice's accent)
Are you speaking English?

The boys look at each other.

DERICE

What?

SALESGIRL

(slowly as if to
children)
American Express?

SANKA

Let me handle this...Yo, Miss Coconut, we need some jammin' warm bobsled clothes.

The salesgirl points them in the direction of the multi-colored Parkas.

YUL

(to Sanka)

I didn't know you spoke Canadian.

(MONTAGE OF THE FOUR GUYS TRYING ON AN ENDLESS SUPPLY OF THE LATEST, WEIRDEST SKI-CLOTHES IMAGINABLE.)

EXT. THE STORE'S FRONT DOOR - AN HOUR LATER

The four boys walk out of the store DRESSED FROM HEAD TO TOE IN BRIGHTLY COLORED WINTER SPORTS GEAR. They move stiffly looking like huge neon spacemen.

INT. BAR - LATER

Irv and Roger are sequestered in a back table.

ROGER

What's so important that it couldn't wait?

IRV

I need a sled.

ROGER
(total disbelief)
You came all the way to Calgary
without a sled.

IRV
Look, I got forty-eight hundred
American. I just need something
competitive.

ROGER
For five grand?

IRV
Alright, a working sled.

ROGER
But, Irv...

IRV
A flexible flyer with oomph.
Anything!

ROGER
You know I can't do that.

IRV
Hey, Roger, when it was down to you
and Morrison for that last goddamn
slot on the '68 Chantilly squad and
you pleaded with me to talk to
Kurt...Did I say, "Sorry, Roger, you
know I can't do that?"

Beat.

IRV (CONT'D)
You're not gonna make me beg, are
you?

ROGER
Maybe I can get you one of our
practice sleds.

IRV
Thanks, Roger...You know some-
thing...You're a damn nice guy.

ROGER
Alright, before you start slicing up
the bullshit, there's one thing I
got to know...

Irv raises his eyebrows.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Is this whole thing some kind of
joke or do you really expect these
Pastafarians to qualify?

IRV

(lieing)

Not only are they gonna qualify, but
they're gonna turn a few heads doin'
it...Let me tell you something,
three of them run the hundred in
nine something flat. And I don't
care who you are, that's lightning.

ROGER

But can lightning run on ice?

We hear a training whistle blow as we cut to:

INT. CALGARY ICE ARENA - AFTERNOON

The four boys flop around on the ice like fish. No one can
make it more than two steps as they keep falling over each
other.

On the other side of the rink, female figure skaters stop
their practicing to watch the show. They can't help but
laugh.

JUNIOR

These special shoes don't seem very
effective.

IRV (V.O.)

Grip with your toes.

DERICE

Grip with your toes everybody!

Derice is down in a flash.

Sanka manages to get to his feet.

SANKA

Alright, you candy-ass track stars.
Let the ice-rasta show you how it's
done.

Sanka looks like a log roller before he finally goes down.

Junior calls from the other side.

JUNIOR

Hey, fellas, look at my progress.

Junior is staying on his feet by holding on to Yul's sweater. YUL gives him a strong look. Junior lets go and falls.

Then Yul falls. Sanka, who has just about gotten up, starts laughing at them. He falls.

The figure skaters are hysterical, a few of them fall.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE MIDDLE OF A BOBSLED COURSE.

THE DRIVER'S POV.: We feel the speed, the danger, the blood curdling excitement of driving a bobsled as we go flying through a high bank curve, nearly turning completely upside down. WE come out of that curve and right into another one. The sound of speed and ice is deafening!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Derice. He is sitting in a bobsled simulator. His hands are on the controls as he takes another curve.

INT. SIMULATOR ROOM - CONT'D

Derice steps out of the simulator. Yul, Junior and Sanka are next in line. Behind them are a bunch of LITTLE KIDS.

Sanka turns to one of the kids.

SANKA

Is it as good as 'Super Mario Brothers!'

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The Jamaicans enter led by Sanka. The bar is packed with sliders from different nations.

JUNIOR

Remember, Derice said we got to be in by midnight.

SANKA

Stay loose, baby bear...You gonna cramp me style.

A COUNTRY WESTERN BAND is playing in the background. An EAST GERMAN SLEDDER is swinging a beer mug as he tries to sing along with the band.

JOSEF GROOL, the East German driver, nudges the singing German as the Jamaicans approach them.

Sanka walks up to the German.

SANKA (CONT'D)
Keep jammin', ras. I'll catch up on
the chorus.

The German ignores him. Grool looks through Sanka like he isn't there.

SANKA (CONT'D)
That's cool...I didn't know that one
anyway.

Yul and Junior stand in front of the band. Yul seems fascinated as he stares at the GUITAR PLAYER who is dressed like a cowboy

YUL
I gotta get me one of them hats.

Sanka makes his way over to a table full of FRENCH SLIDERS speaking FRENCH.

SANKA TAPS ONE ON THE SHOULDER.

SANKA
Where you from, mon?

FRENCH SLIDER #1
(mimicking Sanka)
Where you from, mon?

The French slider walks away. The rest of the French team just shake their heads. But Sanka is undaunted. He taps ANOTHER FRENCHMAN on the shoulder. The Frenchman doesn't budge.

JUNIOR
(nervously)
Sanka, take a hint.

But Sanka just taps a little harder.

SANKA
Excuse me, do you speak English?

ANOTHER FRENCHMAN
(also mimicking)
No, I speak English, REGGAE MON.

SANKA
Good, 'cause your father calls the
dog-catcher when your mother leaves
the house.

Yul and Junior crack up as the Frenchman stands there, still acting superior, not knowing what Sanka just said.

Two American sliders (JEREMY and COLE) sitting at a table nearby call out.

COLE
Hey, bartender...How 'bout a couple
of shots to go with this beer?

Sanka hears a language he can understand and lights up.

SANKA
Alright, finally! Some American
rastas.

Sanka goes over to their table, sits down and pours himself a beer.

SANKA (CONT'D)
Now we're talkin'...What do you say
we kick this badboy off with a big
ol' bobsledder's toast?

JEREMY
I'll tell you what, friend...

He takes the beer out of Sanka's hand.

JEREMY (CONT.)
First you go and prove yourselves
out there on that hill...Then we'll
talk about a toast.

The Americans grab their beers, get up and walk away leaving Sanka's friendly advances once again rejected.

EXT. BOBSLED HILL - NIGHT

Derice's feet crunch snow as he trudges toward the top of the hill. He finally reaches the top and what he sees before him is a vision.

DERICE'S POV: The SWISS BOBSLED TEAM is rocking their sled in the start area. Their movements are pure exacting poetry and their breaths are clouds of steamy focus as they rock back and forth, all of them one body, one will, one mind.

To Derice, it seems as though they are moving in slo-motion, the power of their concentration is so great.

The sounds he hears are super-amplified: the sled's runners against the ice, the raw power of the breathing, the joyous roar of adrenaline as they push start with the strength of four horses.

It is quite simply the most magnificently beautiful athletic display Derice has ever witnessed. You can feel his heart pounding as the Swiss whip through the final turns with the ethereal ease of a dream.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sanka and Yul sit on their beds. They both wear boxers (Yul's are ripped). A gargling sound comes from the bathroom.

SANKA

Seemin' to you like nobody like us?

YUL

We different...And people always scared of what is different.

Junior comes in from the bathroom in a monogrammed red satin bathrobe. He's flossing.

JUNIOR

You guys talkin' about why everybody hates us?

SANKA

Yeah.

JUNIOR

Don't let it bother you...You all hate me and I don't mind.

Derice comes flying in the door.

DERICE

You guys won't believe what I just saw.

SANKA

A jerk pork stand?

DERICE

No, mon...Bobsledders! I watched this Swiss team take a run down the hill...It was like nothin' you've ever seen.

Derice is in a state of rapture.

DERICE (CONT.)

Like a miracle...Like the four of them could take over the world...And right then, I knew that we could do it too...All we have to do is believe, believe that there is nothing more powerful than the combination of man, ice, and machine!!

SANKA

Goddamn, Rasta brother...What the hell have you been smokin'!?

They all look at Derice. His eyes are wild with fire.

EXT. FROZEN LAKE - SAME

CLOSE ON: A tarp covering an unknown large object.

The camera pans over to the four guys in parkas, hats, and mittens standing shoulder to shoulder in the middle of the frozen lake, their hands covering their eyes. Irv pulls a tarp off the object behind him. It's a bobsled.

IRV (V.O.)

Alright, open 'em.

The boys open their eyes; before them is a bobsled. It's beat-up, the paint is peeling, it's way outdated, but it is a bobsled. The Jamaicans are in awe. They walk slowly toward it like four Incas worshipping the sun. They each softly lay a hand on their priceless jewel.

IRV (CONT'D)

I know it isn't state of the art, but...

DERICE

SHHHH!!!

He needs silence so he can admire the goddess.

SANKA
Look at her, Ras.

DERICE
She some lady.

SANKA
What we gonna call her?

JUNIOR
How about Tallulah?

SANKA
Tallulah?...It sound like a two
dollar hooker...Where you come up
with that?

JUNIOR
It's my mother's name.

YUL
I say we name it the 'Assassin!'

DERICE
No, mon...She's a lover, not a
fighter.

SANKA
You're right...I say we call her the
'Sex Machine!'

IRV
Oh, God!

DERICE
How about Cool Runnings.

Beat.

SANKA
Beautiful!

JUNIOR
I like it.

YUL
Very strong.

IRV
What's it mean?

DERICE
It means peace be the journey.

SANKA

Yeah.

JUNIOR

Peace be the journey.

YUL

That's what it means.

Sanka says the name loudly and proudly.

SANKA

COOL RUNNINGS!

All of a sudden the mountains explode with an echo of Sanka's voice.

SANKA'S ECHO

COOL RUNNINGS! COOL RUNNINGS! COOL
RUNNINGS!

This blows everybody's mind and they all look to each other as if it's an omen. Then they all start shouting joyously.

ALL

COOL RUNNINGS!

The mountains explode in a rumbling chorus of COOL RUNNINGS.

EXT. THE BOBSLED FACILITY

Everybody's there. The East Germans, the Swiss, the Soviets, etc.

Four teams are lined up waiting for their practice run. Three others are doing 'dry' push-starts over by the push-start strips. Other sledders polish their runners, work on their sleds, stretch, meditate and generally prepare.

THE ENTIRE AREA IS ALIVE WITH VOICES, ENERGY AND ACTIVITY!

Into the middle of this walk our FOUR HEROES (Minus Irv). They stand there mesmerized by all the goings on. Their black skin standing out like neon among the white snow and white faces.

All of a sudden, almost as if on cue, all the sledders notice the Jamaicans. The activity and noise comes to an immediate halt. THE ENTIRE HILL IS SILENTLY GAWKING AT OUR BOYS.

The four guys stare at everyone staring at them. They are more than uncomfortable.

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL - CONT'D

The Jamaicans stare down the hill in amazement. 'Cool Runnings' is on the track next to them all ready to go.

SANKA

Oh, my God...It go on forever.

DERICE

Actually, it's 4967 feet...It's a brand new course. No one's ever raced on it...That's why everybody's here early.

JUNIOR

It seems somewhat steeper than the hills we have in Jamaica.

SANKA

Steeper, deeper, and you can keep her.

Beat.

YUL

Anybody else cold?

SANKA

Cold...Mon? I'm freezin' my royal rastafarian nuts off.

JUNIOR

It is a bit chilly.

SANKA

Let's bobsled tomorrow.

DERICE

Tomorrow's supposed to be even colder.

SANKA

Damn, it's a nice day for a sleigh ride.

The JAMS put their helmets on. When Sanka puts on his helmet, his dreads stick out of the bottom, THE WHOLE HILL CRACKS UP.

Irv comes up behind the boys.

IRV
 Alright, fellas, this is it...What
 you've all been waiting for...You
 boys are about to get your first
 piece of ass bobsled style?

The boys take a nice big gulp. Irv notices that the other
 bobsledders are watching them.

IRV (CONT.)
 Climb in.

JUNIOR
 Climb in. I don't understand.

DERICE
 Ain't we gonna push start?

IRV
 On this first run, I'll nudge you
 off.

SANKA
 Good idea!

CUT TO:

Kurt Hemphill stands off to the side watching with another
 official.

EXT. TOP OF THE TRACK - CONT'D

The four guys are getting settled in the sled. They try to
 get comfortable. The entire hill starts laughing.

A GERMAN SLEDDER calls out.

GERMAN SLEDDER
 Hey coach...You gonna tuck them in
 too?!

Irv bristles at the comment.

Sanka takes his lucky egg out of his pocket and kisses it.

DERICE
 This ain't time to eat no egg.

SANKA
 I ain't eatin' it. I kissin' it.

Derice turns around shaking his head.

SANKA (CONT'D)
(turns to Yul)
You want to kiss my egg?

Yul looks at him like he's nuts.

SANKA (CONT.)
Suit yourself.

He carefully puts the egg back inside his sweatshirt.

Irv gives his final instructions.

IRV
Everybody, listen up...Don't worry
about tryin' to look good out
there...You guys are beginners and
that's nothin' to be embarrassed of.

Josef Grool looks on. He whispers something in his buddy's
ear and they both crack up.

IRV (CONT.)
Remember, bobsledding ain't like
other sports...There's no gettin'
your feet wet and seein' if you like
it...You gotta dive in and swim for
your life...Now, over the next
couple of weeks I might do some
things that seem a little
mean...Believe me, it's all in your
best interest.

Sanka raises his hand.

IRV (CONT.)
What is it, Sanka?

SANKA
I gotta go...(He points to his lap.)
You know.

DERICE
There's no time for that.

SANKA
Why not? We ain't bobsleddin' yet?

IRV
Oh, yes we are!!!

Irv kicks the sled with his foot and it starts down the hill.

The sled wobbles off, slowly at first, but then quickly accelerates. The camera follows as the sled starts to fly down the tunnel of ice.

SANKA (V.O.)

SHIIIIIIIT!!

INSIDE THE SLED as it rumbles like a jackhammer into the belly of a curve, smacks into the wall, heads for the lip, then jackknifes and comes out of the turn. THE ENTIRE SLED FACING BACKWARDS.

Junior screams at the top of his lungs as Sanka prays. Yul grits his teeth.

The sled now whips into the finish curve, smacks it like a pinball and crosses the finish line backward. But instead of slowing down, it keeps on flying.

People are forced to jump out of the way, screaming.

DERICE

BRAKE, SANKA, BRAKE!!!

Sanka, now in front, pulls the brake and the sled slams to a short stop. Junior's mouth is wide open in a silent scream. Sanka's eyes are closed tight.

SANKA

Is it over?

KURT HEMPHILL and the other official look on.

KURT

Look at those clowns...Someone's gonna have to stop this.

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sanka, Yul and Junior are sitting around the room. Junior's using a 'lint roller' on his pants, Yul's playing solitaire and Sanka's reading a comic book. A pan of bananas cooks on a hotplate by Sanka's bed.

Yul pulls the reading lamp away from Sanka so it shines on his cards. Sanka pulls it back, but Yul just does it again.

YUL

Shut dat hot plate down, fool...Them bananas stinkin' like a dead dog.

Sanka ignores Yul, so Yul reaches over Sanka to shut the hotplate off.

SANKA

Cut it out, head wax. I'm readin'!

YUL

What you mean readin'...Them things be for little children.

SANKA

Oh, is that so?

YUL

Yah, that's so.

SANKA

Well, if they for little children, that means they too advanced for the likes of you.

YUL

You sayin' I ain't no smarter than a little child?

SANKA

What I'm sayin is, you're the kind of club totin' cave man bastard that counts to ten by stompin' with his foot.

Yul goes over to the dresser and starts whippin' through the drawers.

YUL

Go ahead, boy, enjoy yourself. Say whatever you want...

We can see Sanka getting nervous. Maybe Yul's looking for a gun.

YUL (CONT'D)

You're just like every other fool on the island...Goin' nowhere fast and thrilled to death about it.

Yul has found what he was looking for.

YUL (CONT'D)

But you see, I'm different...I know where I'm goin'...And after I'm famous for winnin' the Olympics, I'm gonna be livin' right here!

Yul whips around holding a picture postcard of the 'WHITE HOUSE.' Sanka sees this and starts to laugh his head off.

YUL (CONT'D)

What's so damn funny?

SANKA

(fighting through
laughter)

That's the White House!

YUL

I know what color it is...What about
it?

SANKA

Nothin' about it...It's just if you
plan on livin' there, you gonna have
to evict the goddamn president.

JUNIOR

(explaining to Yul)

Yul, that's where the president of
the United States lives.

Yul is so embarrassed he can't speak. He wraps his fist around the postcard and crumples it violently, wishing it were Sanka's head, and throws it on the floor.

SANKA

Face it, Brenner, you gonna end up
in an out-house shanty like every
other dockworkin' sucker-Jon.

JUNIOR

Says who?

SANKA

Says me, rich boy. What you know
about it?

JUNIOR

I know my father started off in a
one room hut, and now he lives in
one of the biggest homes in
Kingston.

SANKA

(re: Yul)

Well he ain't your father.

JUNIOR

He doesn't have to be. All he has to do is know what he wants and work hard for it. If he wants it bad enough, he'll get it...Believe me, the more guys like Yul Brenner we got makin' it, the better off this world would be, especially for Jamaicans.

Junior goes over and picks up the crumpled postcard. He straightens it out and hands it back to Yul.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

(genuine)

Go ahead, Yul Brenner. Go get your White House.

INT. MOMMA COFFIE'S BAR

CLOSE ON: An old 50's telephone. Pull back to reveal Joy on the phone. Momma Coffie washes glasses at the other end of the bar.

JOY

Derice, I can barely hear you...What you say?

INT. A PAYPHONE - SAME

Derice sits in a phonebooth talking on the phone to Joy.

DERICE

(on phone)

I said, I don't know what's gonna happen...This bobsledding thing's a lot harder than I thought.

JOY

Derice...I know you can do it. All you got to do is stick with it and everything gonna be fine.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - SAME

Sanka steps out of the elevator mumbling to himself.

SANKA

Well, if he movin' into the Whitehouse...I'm movin' into the goddamn Statue of Liberty.

Sanka sees something and stops dead in his tracks. He makes circles with his thumbs and forefingers and brings them to his eyes like upside down binoculars. He gets a big smile on his face.

SANKA'S POV: Two beautiful, tall, identical blonde twins.

SANKA (V.O)

Bingo!

INT. MOMMA COFIE'S BAR. - SAME

Joy's turn.

JOY

And never forget, I love you.

We hear Derice on the other end.

DERICE (V.O.)

I love you too?

INT. LOBBY - SAME

Sanka introduces himself to the blonde twins.

SANKA

You girls better tell me your names right away 'cause when I dreamed about you last night, I could only call you 'Baby!'

GORGEOUS BLONDE #1

I am Uba and this is Eeba...We are belonging to the Norweigan ski team.

SANKA

And I'm the 'Coffie' and you the cream and I'm belonging to the Jamaican bobsled team.

UBA

Wow!!! How cool!!! Listen, we are knowing a good place to dance...You like to party, Sanka?

SANKA

Lead on, my little Scandinavian snow bunnies.

Sanka puts his arms around the girls and heads for the door.

EEBA
Were you knowing Bob Marley?

SANKA
Know him?...Me and Bobby were like
that.

Sanka crosses his fingers to show how close they were. They
all exit.

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL - NEXT MORNING

CLOSE ON: Derice, shaking his head.

Next to Derice, IRV PACES NERVOUSLY. Junior and Yul are
sitting in 'Cool Runnings' waiting. Sanka is nowhere to be
found.

DERICE
I can't believe he's late again.

The starter approaches Irv.

STARTER
You got three minutes, coach. Either
take your run or pass...If you don't
want your slot, I got twenty-nine
other teams that do.

IRV
This is great...Two weeks till show-
time and you guys haven't even had a
goddamn push-start.

Just then we hear the roar of an engine.

A snowmobile pulls up nearly running Irv over. It's Sanka.
He's sandwiched between the two Norwegian skiers. Uba's
driving. Sanka climbs off. He's in his bobsledding clothes.
He blows the girls a kiss.

SANKA
(to the girls)
See you again tonight, ladies...Same
bat-time, same bat-channel.

The girls wave and skoot off on the snow-mobile. Sanka heads
for the team. Derice is on him in a flash.

DERICE
Where the hell you been?

SANKA

Lost in Norway.

DERICE

Three more minutes and you would of cost us our run.

SANKA

Good thing Uba knew that short-cut.

EXT. TOP OF THE TRACK - SAME

Cool Runnings is on the track and the boys are in their start positions. Irv gives them a few last words.

IRV

This is your first push start, so don't try to set any world records. All you gotta do is get in the sled.

The four boys take a deep breath, then they start to rock the sled. They push off like they were shot out of a cannon, but they're running so fast, they can't get in. Sanka let's go first, then Junior, Yul and Derice...The four boys are actually CHASING AN EMPTY SLED DOWN THE TRACK.

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL

We see a man with a camera up to his eye. Next to him is Kurt Hemphill.

HEMPHILL

NOW!!

A flashbulb pops, freezing the image of the boys chasing an empty sled in black & white.

HEMPHILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I want that photograph everywhere.

CLOSE ON: A newspaper photograph of the boys chasing the empty sled. Pull back to reveal it's become the cover photo of the 'Kingston Gleaner.' And the 'Gleaner' is in the hands of Mr. Coolidge.

INT. BARRINGTON COOLIDGE'S OFFICE - JAMAICA

Coolidge stares at the photo and shakes his head in embarrassment.

COOLIDGE

I knew this was a bad idea.

EXT. NEWSTAND, JAMAICA

TWO MEN stare at the photograph laughing their heads off. Two other men peek over their shoulder to see what they're laughing at. It's Uncle Ferte and Joseph.

JOSEPH

Them boys got Jamaica lookin' the fool in front de' entire world.

FERTE

I just don't understand.

EXT. THE BEVIL'S PATIO - JAMAICA

The newspaper is slammed down on a table. Up stands Whitby Bevil Sr.. There's fire coming out of his ears. He goes over to a phone, picks it up and dials.

BEVIL

(into phone)

I want to send a telegram...Calgary!

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL - DAY

The Swiss are ready to roll. Their captain goes up and starts slapping his teammates in the head and screaming in their faces. They slap and scream back. (This is how they get psyched.) They prepare to push off, rocking the sled hard.

SWISS CAPTAIN

Ein...Zwei...Drei!

The Swiss explode out of the blocks and get in the sled like a perfect machine.

Derice watches mesmerized.

DERICE

(to himself)

Ein...Zwei...Drei.

Larry (Kurt's henchman) approaches Derice.

LARRY

You guys aren't doing too well, are you?

DERICE
What?...We'll be fine.

LARRY
Is that so?

DERICE
Coach Smuin ain't worried and either
am I.

LARRY
Wake up, kid...Irv's what's killing
you...He's been useless since the
day he was busted.

DERICE
What you talkin' 'bout, busted?

LARRY
You know...Saporro...Nothin' like a
little extra weight in the runners
to make your sled go faster?

DERICE
(faking)
That wasn't no big thing?

LARRY
Getting thrown out of the Olympics
for cheating wasn't no big thing.

Irv comes up behind them.

IRV
(to Derice)
Come on, let's get a run in.

Derice heads for the sled.

IRV (CONT'D)
(to Larry)
Giving my driver a few pointers, eh
Larry?

LARRY
The kid's gonna need all the help he
can get.

Irv watches as Larry walks away.

EXT. THE TRACK

The guys are in their start positions. They push off and scramble in awkwardly. They make it, but Yul and Junior are facing each other in the middle.

JUNIOR

Hey, Yul...I think you facing the wrong way.

The sled starts to pick up speed and begins ripping through the turns. They rattle down a straight-away. They cross the finish line, slow by world class standards, but they cross.

Derice stands up and asks the OFFICIAL TIMER.

DERICE

What our time?

TIMER

1:10.7...

The other boys stand up proud. Sanka bows.

Sanka, Yul, and Junior share high-fives but Derice knows how much further they still have to go.

KURT HEMPHILL STANDS WITH OTHER BOBSLED OFFICIALS. THEY ALL SHAKE THEIR HEADS AS KURT JOTS THINGS DOWN IN A NOTEBOOK.

INT. BOYS' HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Junior and Yul are alone in the room. Junior is getting all fancied up in front of the mirror, suit, tie, the works. Yul sits on his bed watching him like he's a freak show.

YUL

Puttin' on your very specials, eh?

JUNIOR

(tying his tie)

Uh huh.

Yul comes over and gets a closer look.

YUL

Where you going, funeral?

JUNIOR

No, just out.

Yul picks up one of Junior's dress loafers. It has a shoe tree in it.

YUL

All your shoes come with wooden feet
in 'em?

JUNIOR

It's called a shoe tree.

Junior slaps some cologne on. Yul picks up the bottle and smells it. He makes a terrible face.

There's a knock at the door.

Junior gets up and opens the door, revealing a YOUNG WOMAN in a messenger's outfit.

MESSENGER

(accent)

For a Junior Bevil I am looking.

JUNIOR

That's me.

MESSENGER

Signing.

Junior signs.

The messenger exits.

YUL

What you get, mon?

JUNIOR

It's a telegram...From my father!

YUL

I know them...Like a letter, only
faster.

Junior opens the telegram and reads.

JUNIOR

It's over!

YUL

What's over?

JUNIOR
(in shock)

He knows. He knows it all...The team, the car, the job, everything. He says either I come home right now or I don't come home at all.

YUL
Don't you be listenin' to that!

JUNIOR
Oh, God. Why did I lie to him?..What could I possibly have been thinking? Of course he found out. He finds out everything...Would you go downstairs and call me a cab?

YUL
No.

JUNIOR
Why not?

YUL
'Cause you ain't leaving!

EXT. BOBSLED TRACK - NIGHT

Derice and Irv are walking the track from the finish line up. The moonlight on the ice has a luminous, surreal quality. Irving points to certain curves and calls their names. Derice holds his hands against the walls of the track following Irv's lead.

IRV
Always remember, driving is a state of mind...The mental is to the physical as four is to one...Now, in the Omega, show me where you get on and off.

DERICE
(trance like)
In the Omega, this is where I get on, and this is where I get off.

IRV
(simply)
Believe me, when you hit it right, you'll know it...The first time I nailed a big turn in competition, it was better than sex.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The country western combo is churning out a heartfelt version of 'Rhinestone Cowboy.' The dance floor is full of locals. (The men are dressed in cowboy hats and boots, the women in western skirts.) They are all happily dancing a simple two-step as the singer gives it everything he's got.

In the middle of this country western hoedown are Sanka, Uba and Eeba. Sanka looks like he's autistic as he keeps stopping and starting, trying to find the beat so he can do his patented 'stomp dance.'

Uba and Eeba just stand, bored, hoping the music will change.

UBA

This music is so not cool.

Sanka, now fully frustrated, THROWS HIS HANDS IN THE AIR.

We pan from the dance floor to a table where Yul and Junior are sitting, a half drunk pitcher of beer beside them and an empty pitcher next to that. They're a little drunk.

YUL

And let me tell you something else.
If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't
even be here.

JUNIOR

But you don't understand. He's
really mad...When he gets like this
it's usually best to just do what he
wants.

YUL

Not this time...Think on it; your
father wants you to come home and
forget about your teammates and all
we done worked for...I mean, for
God's sake, mon! You act like he's
the king of the whole damn world.
The man's just flesh and blood like
you and me.

JUNIOR

(slamming his head and
hands on the table)

WHAT AM I GONNA DO?

Josef Grool, the German driver, just happens to be walking
by.

GROOL
(accent)

Hey, Jamaica, keep it down...You are not owning this place!

JUNIOR

I'm sorry...I didn't mean to bother anyone.

Grool puts his finger in Junior's chest.

GROOL

You have no business here, Jamaica...You and your stupid friends...Playing like you are bobsledders...Vy don't you get on a leaky boat and go back to where it is you came from.

JUNIOR

I said I was sorry.

GROOL

And I said you are shit.

Yul stands up and lets his presence be felt. Grool moves on.

JUNIOR

Tell me the truth. Was that my fault?

Yul heads for the restroom.

YUL

Let's go!

INT. BATHROOM, BAR - CONT'D

Junior's face fills the bathroom mirror.

YUL (V.O.)

Alright, tell me what you see.

JUNIOR

I see Junior.

YUL

Want to know what I see? I see pride. I see power. I see a bad-ass mother who ain't takin' no crap off nobody.

JUNIOR
(in the mirror)
You really see all that?

YUL
Hell, yes! But it ain't about what I
seein'...It's about what you seein'.
Now, tell me what you see.

JUNIOR
I see...uh...

YUL
Pride!

JUNIOR
Pride.

YUL
I see power!

JUNIOR
Power.

YUL
I see a bad ass mother.

JUNIOR
Who ain't takin' no crap off nobody!

YUL
Again!

Junior looks in the mirror. He's bad.

JUNIOR
I see pride. I see power. I see a
bad-ass mother who ain't takin' no
crap off nobody.

YUL
Now, you're talkin'.

Junior bolts out the bathroom door.

YUL (CONT'D)
Where's he's goin?

INT. BAR - CONT'D

SANKA IS NOW ON STAGE WITH THE BAND. He and the lead singer share the 'mike' on a smokin' version of Bob Marley's 'I SHOT THE SHERIFF.'

Now it is the locals who stand still with confused expressions as Uba and Eeba tear up the dance floor.

Grool stands at the bar with a scowl on his face as he watches Sanka prance around the stage singing.

CLOSE ON: A finger tapping Grool on the shoulder. Grool turns around to find Junior in his face.

JUNIOR

Now, you listen to me, buddy...I won't be talked to that way...You better come up with a damn good apology or else.

GROOL

Or else vat?

JUNIOR

Or else...uh...

Grool pushes Junior hard in the chest.

GROOL

Or else VAT?!

Yul waits to see if Junior can handle it.

JUNIOR

Uh..Uh...

Grool sends Junior flying into a table.

GROOL

Come on, Jamaica, say something!

YUL

How's this.

Yul nails Grool with a massive shot to the chops. In a flash, three of the other German sliders grab Yul and, before you can say 'Joie de vivre,' we are in a full scale bar brawl (an un-willing Junior and Yul against everyone else in the joint).

Sanka leaps off the stage holding the mike stand like a bayonet.

SANKA (CONT'D)
 RASTAFARI!

Sanka charges the into the crowd. Junior punches someone in the face, then gets hit over the head with a bottle. Yul tosses bad guys about two and three at a time. Sanka now hangs from the chandelier kicking people. Uba and Eeba are kneeling bad guys in the balls.

The fight continues as police sirens are heard getting closer.

EXT. TOP OF THE TRACK

Irv and Derice look out over the track.

IRV
 You're damn right it's hard, but you keep on pushin'...And if you're lucky, you might just be there when it happens...When your heart starts beatin' a mile a minute and your ears are filled with the sound of speed...That's the moment when heaven comes to visit and you see the face of God...That's bobsledding.

DERICE
 Irv...What happened in Saporro?

CLOSE ON: Irv, as he looks down over the entire track, lost in his own world.

IRV (CONT'D)
 (it all comes back)
 I love this goddamn sport.

All of a sudden a POLICEMAN comes trudging up the path. He calls down to Irv.

POLICEMAN
 One of you guys know an Irv Smuin?

INT. JAIL CELL

Yul, Junior and Sanka are in the slammer. Their clothes now in shreds. They are sharing a cell with FOUR OUTRAGEOUSLY DRUNK COWBOYS IN TEN-GALLON HATS. A flask is being secretly passed around and our boys are pretty drunk.

Two of the COWBOYS are teaching Yul and Junior how to yell 'WEEHAWW DOGGY!' Yul is getting the hang of it. Junior kinda squeaks his. Sanka teaches the other two COWBOYS to stomp dance.

A POLICEMAN leads Irv and Derice to the cell. They can't believe their eyes.

POLICEMAN

They're all yours.

Irv gives a nice fake smile as we cut to Yul finishing with a flourish.

YUL

WEEEHAWWW!

INT. BOYS' HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Derice addresses the guys. They look like little kids waiting to be punished.

DERICE

Look at yourselves...You're disgraceful. We came here to get to the Olympics...Not to drink and fight and chase women.

YUL

But that German rascal go and push my teammate. 'Nuff respect...We had to fight!

DERICE

You don't see the Swiss team fighting..You don't see the Swiss team drinking and carrying on.

SANKA

And you don't see the Swiss team smiling neither. In fact, if one of those Swiss rastas came across a naked woman, he'd probably rock her back and forth and push her down some ice.

Irv comes bursting through the door.

IRV

Everything's okay...I told the judge you guys were mentally retarded and he threw the case out.

SANKA

(sing song)

Irvy pulled a fast one.

IRV

(all business)

Shut-up, Sanka...Maybe you all haven't noticed, but we ain't winning any popularity contests. They hate me. They hate you. They hate us.

Derice nods his head.

IRV (CONT'D)

Now, we got one week left....You can either make history or you can make fools of yourselves...You can climb to the top of the mountain or you can climb on a bus back home...The choice is yours...But mark my words, if you want to get to the Olympics, then you gotta sit down and take a nice deep look inside...(He points to his own heart.) That's the place you find the thing that gets you to the show.

All the boys look up now. He's got their attention.

INT. BOYS' HOTEL ROOM - PRE-DAWN

CLOSE ON: A ringing alarm clock. It reads 5:00 A.M..

Boom! The lights are on. Sanka, Yul, and Junior stagger awake, groaning, shielding their eyes from the light. Derice, already dressed in his training outfit, is in the middle of the room running in place, bringing his knees up to touch his palms.

DERICE

(while running)

Let's go everybody. Rise and shine.
Rise and shine...It's ASS-KICKIN'
time!

EXT. TOP OF THE TRACK - DAY

The boys knock off a so-so push-start and climb in the sled.

Irv clicks a stop-watch as they pass him.

IRV

(to himself)

6.6...No go!

INT. SLED HOUSE - DAY

The sled house is jam packed with every nationality of white person known to man. The drivers of the different teams are all meticulously polishing their runners. We hear a 'wild goulash' of different languages as we pan over to see Derice, awkwardly trying to polish his runners. He sees a cocky Josef Grool polishing his runners with short fast strokes and tries to do the same. Grool gives Derice a nasty snicker.

INT. CALGARY ICE ARENA - NIGHT

The boys practice their push-start. They push Cool Runnings past the camera going one way and jump in. The whistle blows and Cool Runnings is going the other way and they jump in. Back and forth, back and forth, faster and faster and faster.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

The guys are seated single file on the floor in their bobsled order. Irv stands before them with blown-up photos of the track's different curves. He shows them like 'flashcards.'

Irv shows the first photo.

DERICE

Omega!!

THE OTHERS

Left!!

They all lean to the left.

EXT. THE MIDDLE OF THE TRACK

The boys rattle through a serious curve.

IRV (V.O.)

No, no, no! You're still too low!

INT. THE BOYS' ROOM - NIGHT

Derice stands alone in the middle of the room. He has his eyes closed and his hands out (as if he were driving). He bobs and sways as he drives the course in his mind.

The other guys are off to Derice's right, sitting single file, swaying back and forth in unison on their own imaginary course.

INT. THE BOYS' ROOM - LATE NIGHT

The clock reads '11:30.' All four of the guys are sound asleep as we hear something pinging against the window.

This wakes Sanka. He gets out of bed and goes to the window and looks down.

Sanka's POV: UBA and EEBA are tossing pebbles up at the window.

Sanka lifts the window open.

UBA

Sanka-baby, where you been?

SANKA

Sorry, ladies, Sanka-baby can't play with you no more.

EEBA

Sanka-baby don't like Uba and Eeba?

SANKA

Sanka-baby love Uba and Eeba, but Sanka-baby tryin' to get to the Olympics.

EXT. TOP OF THE TRACK

The guys perform a solid push-start and jump into the sled.

IRV

Good...I want those heads down!

INT. SLED HOUSE

Derice is alone with the Swiss driver. They both polish their runners. Derice notices that unlike Grool, the Swiss driver polishes his runners with long fluid strokes. The Swiss driver looks over to Derice and winks.

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE TRACK

They take a combination turn. They're smoking!

IRV (V.O.)

Keep it high...Keep it high...Now
you're talking!

INT. SLEDHOUSE

The place is once again packed. Grool looks over at Derice who is now using the long fluid stoke. A slight look of concern comes over Grool's face.

EXT. FINISH LINE

Cool Runnings crosses the finish line. The boys are all business.

Irv clicks the stop-watch and looks at it.

IRV

YES...YES...YES...YES...YES!!!

(Music ends)

INT. THE BOYS' HOTEL BATHROOM - DAY

Sanka is seated on the closed toilet. He wears a blindfold and smokes a cigarette. Derice is next to him. He has a scissors in one hand and one of Sanka's dreads in the other. Yul and Junior can't look. They sneak a peek through their hands.

SANKA

This ain't right, mon...I didn't
even get a last meal.

Derice brings the scissor to the 'dread' and squeezes for all he's worth. Nothing. He does it again, this time using both hands. Still nothing. He looks at the scissors and shakes his head.

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM - LATER

We pan down the line of boys. They are wearing their aerodynamic bobsled suits complete with the skin-tight hood.

As we stop on each of them, they pull their crash helmet on.

Sanka is last. His skin tight hood looks like a potted plant with all his 'dreads' tucked underneath. He struggles to pull his helmet on.

EXT. THE HILL - DAY

CLOSE ON: THREE SIXTY YEAR-OLD JUDGES IN SUITS AND TIES. ONE OF THEM IS KURT HEMPHILL. THE OTHER TWO ARE SHINDLER AND KREOYCZHECK. THEY EACH HOLD A CLIPBOARD AND PEN.

Irv Smuin approaches the three judges.

IRV

(to Kurt)

What happened to Gremmer?

KURT

He got sick.

KROYCHZECK

We're ready, Mr. Smuin.

Irv goes and gathers his boys around him. He shares some final words. They look tense to say the least.

IRV

Alright, troops...Here it is, three months of hard work comes down to one lousy run...You keep it under one minute, you win a trip to the Olympics...You don't...You win a trip back home.

EXT. TOP OF THE TRACK

The boys are in their push-start positions. Irv watches from the side of the hill. Kurt Hemphill and the two other judges look on from a few feet away. (Binoculars around their necks.)

The JAMS rock the sled hard and explode out of the blocks, screaming. They complete the push-start and are in the sled.

Irv clicks his stopwatch.

IRV

6.1...Damnit!

The camera tracks Cool Runnings as it rockets into curve one.

The judges follow the sled through their binoculars.

Cool Runnings comes out of curve #2 and takes a high line into the Omega.

IRV (CONT.)

Come on...Hold it!

CLOSE ON: Derice, desperately trying to keep it together as the sled vibrates through the turn and bottoms out into the straightaway. He comes away in good order.

IRV (CONT.)

Thataboy!

Irv takes a pull on his inhaler and looks at his stopwatch.

Cool Runnings takes the straightaway in good order and goes into the final hi-bank turn.

IRV (CONT.)

No mistakes, Derice...Right now!

The sled takes the final turn going well.

THEY CROSS THE FINISH LINE. IRV CLICKS HIS STOP-WATCH. HE TAKES A DEEP BREATH, LOOKS TO THE HEAVENS, THEN LOOKS TO THE WATCH.

IRV (CONT.)

59.4...59.4

Irv goes over to the OFFICIAL TIMER who is also holding a stop-watch.

IRV (CONT.)
 What do you got?

TIMER
 59.4.

IRV
 Me too, baby, me too!

Irv does a little jig. Kurt Hemphill watches as Irv runs toward the finish line, his fists in the air.

IRV (CONT.)
 We did it...We did it!!

INT. FEDERATION CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

The nine officials of INTERNATIONAL BOBSLED FEDERATION sit around a conference table.

We pan from face to face as they all listen to the following voice over.

KURT (V.O.)
 Not only will they destroy what should be our greatest moment, but they could very well deal a blow to our image that this sport may never recover from...

The camera goes to TWO OFFICIALS nodding their heads.

KURT (V.O.) (CONT.)
 ...Therefore, it is in my opinion...

The camera has now found Kurt.

KURT (CONT.)
 ...That we use our governing power to disqualify them from competing in the 1988 Calgary Olympics.

A murmur of acknowledgement rolls through the room. But one OFFICIAL speaks up.

OFFICIAL
 But, on what grounds...They did everything that was asked of them.

KURT

Oh, come now, gentlemen...There must be some shortcoming we've all overlooked.

Some officials nod, some sit stoic. Some even go so far as to smile.

KURT (CONT.)

All those who wish to show that they are in favor of disqualifying the Jamaican bobsled team may now do so with a show of hands.

All nine hands go up.

INT. BAR - THAT NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Four hands holding up bottles of coke for a toast.

Pull back to reveal four ecstatic Jamaicans smiling ear to ear.

DERICE

To following your dreams and never giving up no matter what.

The boys howl their approval, clink their bottles together and drink.

Sanka is so exuberant that he just can't help but dance. The others watch and laugh. Sanka spots Irv at the door.

SANKA

Hey, sled-god...Come on over and join the party!!

Irv walks over to the guys. His posture is very serious. There is absolutely no joy in his body. Derice looks at Irv and knows something isn't right.

DERICE

What's wrong?

CLOSE ON: Irv. His face is a picture of doom.

INT. MOMMA COFFIE'S - NEXT DAY

Joy stands at the bar on the telephone.

JOY

Did they give you a reason why?

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONT'D

Derice is on the payphone.

DERICE

They say we haven't run in any official races...Irv says it's just a bunch of B.S., but there's nothing we can do about it.

INT. MOMMA COFFIE'S - NEXT DAY

Joy stands at the bar on the telephone.

JOY

(into phone)

I'm so sorry, sweetheart...I don't know what to say.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONT'D

Derice is on the payphone.

DERICE

There ain't nothin' to say...I just can't believe it's over.

Irv comes walking around the corner when he notices Derice on the phone. He stops and listens.

DERICE (V.O.) (CONT.)

I can't understand how, after all we done been through, it could end like this...Who knows, maybe everyone was right...Maybe it was just never meant to be.

CLOSE ON: Irv. He ain't goin' down without a fight. He marches out of the lobby.

INT. FEDERATION OFFICE - 15 MINUTES LATER

The office is empty except for a female SECRETARY behind a desk.

Irv comes barging through the door and goes right up to the secretary.

IRV

I'm here to see Kurt Hemphill.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, Mr. Hemphill is in an important meeting with the other federation officials.

IRV

Beautiful.

Irv blasts past the secretary.

SECRETARY

Sir...You're not allowed in there!

INT. KURT'S OFFICE - CONT'D

Kurt, Shindler, Kroychzeck and FOUR OTHER OFFICIALS we haven't seen before are sitting at a conference table when Irv comes barging through the door.

IRV

Alright, Kurt...I want to talk to you.

Shindler cuts Irv off

SHINDLER

I'm sorry, Mr. Smuin. There's nothing to talk about.

IRV

Oh, yes there is...I want to know why you disqualified my guys!

Kroychzeck chips in.

KROYCHZECK

As you were told...Your team must compete in a World Cup Series race in order to qualify for the Olympics.

IRV

But in an Olympic year the 'Qualifiers' count as a World Cup Series race.

SHINDLER

That may have been true in past Olympic years, but this year the federation has decided to change its policy.

IRV

(disbelief)

Change its policy?!

A GERMAN OFFICIAL chips in.

GERMAN OFFICIAL

The federation has the right to do whatever they feel is in the best interest of the sport.

IRV

I thought making sure that the right teams end up in Calgary was in the best interest of the sport.

A French official speaks up.

FRENCH OFFICIAL

Our only concern isn't simply what makes for the best competition...We must also be concerned about the potential for embarrassment.

IRV

I didn't know four black guys in a bobsled could make you blush.

SHINDLER

I think we've heard enough.

IRV

Excuse me, but I haven't finished with my appeal.

KROYCHZECK

What appeal?

Irv grabs a piece of paper off the table, spits on it, and slaps it back down.

IRV

This appeal...Now, I did a lot to help this sport and I did a lot to hurt it...But I've paid for my mistakes and I've paid hard...That's gotta be worth at least a minute of your time.

The board is silent...Irv continues.

Beat.

IRV (CONT'D)

Twenty years ago I won my first gold medal, and a lot of the people in this room said it was a fluke...that the Americans got lucky...Well, I think by now those of you who thought that would admit that you were wrong, and that when we broke the great European dynasty, it was the best thing that had ever happened to this sport...What if you had decided to keep us out of the Olympics?...What if you had said, "Oh, they're just a bunch of upstarts. They're no good for the image of the sport."

Right at Kurt.

IRV (CONT.)

Where would you be, coach...if they had kept us out in '68?...You...who never lost your faith while everybody laughed and taunted us...You...who did more than anybody to change the face of bobsled-ding...I know I let you down, Kurt...I know I broke your heart in Saporro, but don't take it out on my guys. They're who we were twenty years ago...And it don't matter if they finish first or fiftieth...

To all of them.

IRV (CONT.)

...They deserve a chance to represent their country and march into that stadium...They deserve the chance to wave their nation's flag...That's the greatest honor any athlete can ever have...And that's what the Olympics are all about.

Kurt starts to shift in his seat. The committee sits silent. Irv turns and heads for the door.

IRV (CONT'D)

Our plane leaves in three hours...Let us know what you decide.

INT. THE BOYS' HOTEL ROOM - TWO AND A HALF HOURS LATER

The bags are packed and by the door. The boys are dressed to go home. They sit on their beds ringing their hands. Irv checks his watch as he paces like a caged panther.

The boys look to each other, then to Irv. THE TENSION IS INSANE.

THE PHONE RINGS. Sanka nearly jumps out of his skin. Everybody stares at the phone, but nobody moves to answer it. On the second ring Irv picks it up.

IRV

(no visible emotion)

Hello...Uh huh...Uh huh...Uh huh...Alright, thank you.

He hangs up the phone. The boys' eyes are on him, but Irv just stands there.

DERICE

Well?!

Irv raises one fist in the air. Sanka yelps with joy, Junior jumps on Yul and Derice is near tears as he silently thanks God.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

THE GROUND moving close and fast.

We HEAR a runner's RHYTHMIC BREATHING.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

A LITTLE GIRL running. She carries the Olympic torch into a tunnel that leads to the Olympic stadium.

INT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE LIVING QUARTERS

We see the reflection of the four boys side by side in the mirror. They wear tropical yellow ski jackets, green slacks, and yellow and green ski hats. Sanka wears bamboo sunglasses.

SANKA

I'm feeling very Olympic this afternoon.

He and Derice give each other five.

EXT. THE TOP OF A PALM TREE NEXT TO MOMMA COFFIE'S BAR - SAME

Our ears are filled with radio static as a little boy holds a wire in one hand as he clings to a couple of coconuts with the other. Winston (the boy from the derby) yells up to him.

WINSTON

He say farther to the left.

The boy reaches the wire out farther to the left.

INT. MOMMA COFFIE'S - SAME

There is now a huge crowd gathered around the radio. Everyone we know from the movie and more. Joy's entire school class is there. They have a blackboard set up that lists the names of all the bobsled competitors and a place for their times and standings.

Ferte plays with the radio dials, but all he can get is static.

FERTE

(fiddling with the
dials)

Blasted!

MOMMA COFFIE

Come on, Ferte, you old horse thief.
The damn pageant is about to start.

Ferte turns a dial, but we just hear more static.

There is a hub-bub of anticipation in the air as everyone waits for the static to clear, but it turns to a curious hum as BARRINGTON COOLIDGE walks into the bar and over to Joy and Uncle Ferte.

COOLIDGE

What's the matter?...Can't decide
what to listen to?

JOY

We gonna listen to the Olympics...We
just waitin' for Uncle Ferte to get
the radio workin'.

COOLIDGE

Oh, I see...Well then, maybe this
will help.

EVERYONE'S EYES ARE ON COOLIDGE AS HE GESTURES TOWARDS THE
DOOR AND A LARGE SCREEN TV IS ROLLED IN ON DOLLIES.

THE PLACE GOES WILD.

JOY

I thought you didn't believe in
them.

COOLIDGE

(cat-bird grin)

Are you kidding? I was behind them
from the start.

INT. STADIUM RUNWAY - DAY

The four Jamaicans wait nervously as they prepare to go out
and march in the OPENING CEREMONIES. The other athletes
ignore them.

Grool whispers in the ear of his teammate but loud enough to
be heard by the Jams.

GROOL

They better enjoy the parade...It's
the last time they're going to be
smiling.

Irv comes by. It's time.

IRV

Here we go.

INT. MOMMA COFFIE'S

The crowd is now gathered around a GIANT SCREEN TV. Mr. Coolidge aims the remote control at the set as everyone stares on. But instead of turning the TV on himself, he hands the remote to Momma Coffie. Momma Coffie turns the set on as everybody cheers.

CLOSE ON: The giant screen TV. It shows the following.

A TREMENDOUS burst of APPLAUSE and CHEERING as the runner jogs into the stadium with the torch in front of 60,000 SPECTATORS.

The opening ceremony for the WINTER OLYMPIC GAMES has begun.

The center of all the excitement is the PARADE OF NATIONS. The FINEST ATHLETES IN THE WORLD emerge from the tunnel wearing their national colors as they wave to the crowd.

The Americans, the Chinese, the Czechs, the French, the Germans, the Irish, the Italians...

And now the JAMAICANS march out of the tunnel. Irving is popping his buttons. Sanka has his solar-energy smile on. Junior is waving, sure-footed. Yul has an easy air about him. Derice marches in front, waving the FLAG OF JAMAICA for the first time in a winter Olympics.

INT. THE GUYS' ROOM, OLYMPIC VILLAGE - NIGHT

Irv sits on the end of the bed. The guys sit on the floor before him.

IRV

Alright, fellas, tomorrow's the big day.

He gets up off the bed.

IRV (CONT.)

Now, most coaches would probably go for a 'win one for the Gipper' speech, but I'm not real good at that stuff...So, instead, I'll be leading us all in a little psalm of inspiration.

They form a circle, get on one knee, bow their heads, and clasp hands.

IRV (CONT'D)

Our Father, who art in Insbruck,
Bobsled be Thy Name. Our Kingdom
come, gold medals won, on earth as
in turn seven with liberty and push-
start for all...Amen.

THE GUYS

Amen.

There's a knock at the door. They all look at each other.
Then Yul goes to answer it.

Yul opens the door halfway. Standing there is Whitby Bevil Sr..

BEVIL

Alright, where's Junior?

Yul knows who this is. He opens the door the rest of the way,
revealing Junior to his father and Junior's father to
everyone.

SMASH CUT:

INT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE HALLWAY - CONT'D

Bevil is setting Junior straight.

BEVIL

Now, you listen to me, boy. You
might not have done what you were
asked, but you will do what you are
told...You're coming home.

JUNIOR

But...

BEVIL

But nothin'...Now go in there and
pack your things.

JUNIOR

What about my teammates?

BEVIL

What about them?

JUNIOR

They need me.

BEVIL

(getting worked up)

You're damn right they need you, but you don't need them...I didn't send you to the finest schools so you could end up slidin' on your ass with a bunch of common shanty folk!

JUNIOR

(almost yelling)

How can you say that?...You came from the Shanties!!!

Bevil slaps Junior in the face.

Beat. Junior's whole expression changes and he looks his father in the eye.

JUNIOR (CONT.)

Father, when you look at me, what do you see?

BEVIL

Go and pack your things. I'll wait in the limousine.

JUNIOR

LOOK AT ME!

This startles Bevil.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE!

BEVIL

(up to the challenge)

I see a stubborn little boy with a head full of foolish dreams.

JUNIOR

You know what, father? You're right...I am stubborn...Stubborn when I'm forced to stand up for what I believe in. And all my dreams are foolish...Till the day I make them true.

WE CUT TO YUL BEHIND THE DOOR LISTENING. THEN BACK TO JUNIOR.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

You're very right about both of those things...But there's one place where you're wrong...I'm not a little boy...I'm a man. And if you can't accept that...I won't ever be coming home.

Bevil turns and walks down the hallway.

CLOSE ON: Junior. The consequences of his actions are all over his face. He takes a deep breath and walks back in the room.

INT. THE GUYS' ROOM - CONT'D

Junior walks in. Everybody stares at him to see if he's okay.

YUL

Hey, Junior Bevil.

JUNIOR

What?

YUL

You a bad ass mother.

Junior practically collapses in Yul's arms.

EXT. TOP OF THE BOBSLED TRACK - DAWN

A huge tractor trailer hauls sleds up the mountain. Track workers unload the sleds and deposit them near the start house. The first day of the Olympics, control trucks, cameras, cables, all that TV jive. Coaches and sliders look over their sleds as they polish their blades.

INT. MOMMA COFFIE'S - SAME

Close on the TV.

JIM MCKAY

Oh, Canada, indeed. This is Jim Mckay live with Bob Beatie from the beautiful new bobsledding venue just a few miles outside of downtown Calgary.

The crowd cheers.

EXT. TOP OF THE TRACK

The red and white sled of the Swiss team is ready to go. They SMACK EACH OTHERS HELMETS as they psych up for their run.

WE CUT TO DERICE, WHO LOOKS ON, MESMERIZED BY EVERY NUANCE.

JIM MCKAY (V.O.)

The first team to take on this
spectacular new course is the Swiss
#1 sled.

The Swiss team roars as they push off. The competition is underway.

(ROCKIN' OLYMPIC MUSIC KICKS IN.)

THE SWISS GO HIGH THROUGH A BANK TURN.

THE CANADIANS CROSS THE FINISH LINE.

THE CROWD CHEERS.

THE USA PUSHES OFF.

THE SCOREBOARD FLASHES A TIME OF 58.13.

THE ELECTRONIC SCOREBOARD READS:

1. EAST GERMANY 2. U.S.S.R. 3. USA 4. SWITZERLAND 5.
CANADA.

INT. MOMMA COFFIE'S

The blackboard is filled with all the teams and times. The only team with no time next to it is the Jamaicans.

Close on the TV.

JIM MCKAY

And the last team up, on this first
day of competition, is from the
island of...Jamaica?

The entire bar goes wild.

BOB BEATIE

This Jamaican squad is some story. They took an unorthodox route getting here and there are quite a few teams who say they have no business being in the Olympics at all.

JIM MCKAY

Can you give them any serious consideration for a medal?

BOB BEATIE

Not this century.

The crowd at Momma Coffie's boos.

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL - CONT'D

COOL RUNNINGS is on the track. Derice comes over to Sanka and starts slapping him in the head.

SANKA

What's the matter with you? You crazy?

DERICE

That's how the Swiss be gettin' each other ready!

SANKA

They make them little pocket knives too, but I don't see you doin' that.

EXT. TOP OF THE TRACK - CONT'D

The boys take their start positions.

DERICE

Come on, fellas...Let's show them who we are.

Sanka takes out his egg and kisses it.

The boys begin rocking the sled.

DERICE

(possessed)

Ein... Zvei... Drei!!!

They push off for everything they're worth, but when it's time to get in the sled, it deteriorates into a Chinese fire drill.

Somehow they all get in as the sled bangs from wall to wall.

INT. MOMMA COFFIE'S

The home crowd watches in silent rapture.

JIM MCKAY

8.6...Not much of a start time but
at least they made it into the sled.

The crowd grows more concerned as they listen.

BOB BEATIE

They take a strange line through
'Omega' and they're ricocheting off
the walls like a pinball...It says
here the driver's name is Derice
Bannock, but to tell the truth, it
looks more like the sled's driving
him.

JOY

(re: the radio
announcer)

This fool better watch his mouth.

MOMMA COFFIE

Tell him, girl!

Uncle Ferte puts his arm around Joy. We cut to Momma Coffie who goes into good luck voo-doo mode, mumbling incantations to herself.

JIM MCKAY

They go into the three turns of
Labyrinth...Oh, Mary! Their heads
are flopping around like rag dolls
as they come across the finish line
in a time of 102.25...That's gonna
be good enough for last place.

Everyone is silent.

INT. BOYS' HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

The boys are lined up in the bathtub in their sled positions.

DERICE

Now, remember, the only way we gonna keep from smackin' the walls is to keep our heads in line like the Swiss do...Got it?

The boys nod. They are sick of this.

DERICE (CONT'D)

Ein...Zvei...Drei...Curve one...Lean left.

The entire team leans in unison to the left.

CLOSE ON: Sanka. He looks to his right and sees the toilet.

DERICE (CONT'D)

Into the Omega, lean right.

The entire team leans right, still perfect.

CLOSE ON: Sanka. Once again his eyes find the toilet.

DERICE (CONT'D)

The three turns of the labyrinth.

Three heads lean one way, Sanka's the other. The three heads go the other way. Sanka's wrong again. They lean into the third turn. Sanka misses this one too, but his eyes don't miss the toilet. He can't take it. He climbs out of the tub.

DERICE (CONT'D)

Why you gettin' out of the sled?

SANKA

'Cause you keep runnin' into the toilet.

DERICE

Forget the bloody toilet.

SANKA

I will, and I'll forget your Ein Zvei Drein' Swiss wanna be ass with it.

DERICE

Why shouldn't we wanna be like the Swiss ...They the best there is!

SANKA

We ain't no Swiss. We Jamaicans...We can't be bitin' nobody's style. We got our own style.

DERICE

Kissin' eggs ain't no kind of style...This is the Olympics...This ain't no stupid push-cart derby!

This cuts Sanka to the quick.

SANKA

(honest)

Hey, rasta...Let me tell you a little somethin'...I ain't come up here and freeze my ass off so you can whip me like an old mule ready for the grave...Truth be told, I just came to help you win your medal.

DERICE

Hey, I ain't lookin' to whip nobody...I'm just tryin' to be the kind of bobsledder Irv told us to be.

SANKA

So am I...He told us to look deep inside...And when I look deep inside, I only see Jamaica.

YUL

Me too!

Junior nods. He agrees.

SANKA

Derice, mon, I known you since before Merlene Jefferies asked to see your ding a ling and I'm tellin' you as a friend...If we look Jamaican, walk Jamaican, talk Jamaican, and is Jamaican, then we sure as hell better bobsled Jamaican.

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - NEXT DAY

We hear a voice.

VOICE (V.O.)
You're on the air.

JIM MCKAY
It's a crisp, cold, clear, Canadian morning...In other words, it's a perfect day for bobsledding...This is Jim Mckay with Bob Beatie. We're back for the second day of the four man bobsled competition. Things held pretty much to form yesterday...Hold on everybody...There seems to be some commotion at the bottom of the hill...Is that a sled or a piece of modern art?

EXT. THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL

CLOSE ON: Cool Runnings. It is beautifully painted in the classic rastafarian black, green, and red. (Similar to Sanka's push-cart.) The words 'Cool Runnings' are scripted on the front.

The Jamaicans wind their way up the hill. They have turned themselves into traveling ambassadors of confidence and goodwill.

Josef Grool and the other sledders look on bewildered.

THEY JAMAICANS START CHANTING.

DERICE
Rastaman vibrations, Yeah!

THE GUYS
Positive!

DERICE
That's what we got to give!

THE GUYS
Positive vibrations, Yeah!

DERICE
From within!

THE GUYS
That's how we gonna win!

LITTLE KIDS FOLLOW THEM UP THE HILL, PUSHING COOL RUNNINGS BEHIND THEM.

INT. MOMMA COFFIE'S BAR

The home fans are eating it up. Momma Coffie smiles.

MOMMA COFFIE
That's right! Stir it up!

EXT. TOP OF THE TRACK

The East German sled is on the track.

JIM MCKAY(V.O.)
The East Germans look like they're
about ready to take their second
run.

The East Germans explode out of the blocks, roaring.

(Music kicks in.)

CUT TO DERICE, WATCHING LIKE A HAWK.

THE ITALIANS EXPLODE OUT OF THE BLOCKS.

CUT TO DERICE, WATCHING LIKE A HAWK.

THE AUSTRIANS EXPLODE OUT OF THE BLOCKS.

CUT TO DERICE, WATCHING LIKE A HAWK.

INT. MOMMA COFFIE'S - CONT'D

The crowd is nervous. The Jamaicans are up next. Everybody
expects the worst.

JOY
(to herself)
Good, Lord, just let it be better
than yesterday.

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL

The guys are in their start positions, ready for their second
run.

DERICE
You ready, Sanka?

Sanka nods

DERICE

Release the sanity brake!!!

They rock the sled hard.

SANKA (CONT'D)

(in rhythm to the
rocking sled)

Let's get busy, let's go fast!

THE OTHER THREE

(also in rhythm)

Let's go out and kick some aaaass!

They explode out of the blocks screaming.

They're in the sled and moving down the hill. The camera tracks Cool Runnings.

BOB BEATIE (V.O.)

5.31...That's just a bee's butt off
the East Germans' start time.

Cool Runnings rockets into the Omega.

JIM MCKAY (V.O.)

And the Jamaicans take the Omega
like they were born in a sled.

INT. MOMMA COFFIE'S

The crowd listens like they're hearing the winning numbers of a lottery being read off. They can't believe it.

UNCLE FERTE

Keep to it boys!

MOMMA COFFIE

Breathin' fire!

EXT. THE TRACK

CLOSE ON: Derice. He is all business as the camera shakes with speed.

BOB BEATIE (V.O.)

This can't be the same Jamaican team
we saw yesterday.

JIM MCKAY (V.O.)

Where did these guys come from?

INT. MOMMA COFFIE'S

The crowd answers the T.V. They scream.

CROWD
(euphoric)

Jamaica!

We see the sled take a few turns on the tube.

The sled crosses the finish line.

JIM MCKAY
Whoa, Nellie. 57.87...That moves
them into eighth place.

BOB BEATIE
Watch out world...The Jamaicans are
coming!

The crowd at the bar is going berserk. Momma Coffie lifts up
Mr. Coolidge.

INT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE, THE BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Derice sits in a chair staring at a flash card of Omega. He
has a kind of glazed over look on his face.

Irv knocks on the door and pokes his head in.

IRV
Well, Bannock junior...Ready to
follow in your father's footsteps?

DERICE
(tentative)
I think so.

IRV
You think so?

DERICE
Alright...I know so.

IRV
That's better...Me and the fellas
are gonna get some dinner. You want
to come with?

DERICE
Nah.

IRV

Then we'll bring you back a doggy-bag.

Irv is about to close the door.

DERICE

Hey, Irv.

Irv pokes his head back in.

DERICE (CONT.)

There's something I got to ask you...You don't have to answer if you don't want to.

IRV

Shoot.

Irv now comes into the room.

DERICE

Remember the time you saw me talkin' with that Larry fellow?

IRV

What about it?

DERICE

Well, he said a few things about you, and I was just wondering...

IRV

(interrupting)

You want to know why I cheated in Saporro, right?

Derice nods.

IRV (CONT'D)

Simple. I was over the hill and I knew it...The only problem was... I had made winning my whole life and when you make winning your whole life, then you you have to keep on winning...Understand?

DERICE

But you won two gold medals. You already had it all.

IRV

That's just what everybody told me,
but it didn't make any difference
'cause it wasn't what I felt inside.

DERICE

I know what you mean...No matter how
many races I won...No matter how
many people believed in me...I've
never felt okay inside...But that's
alright, because I know that when I
win that gold medal tomorrow I'm
gonna feel okay all over...I'm
finally gonna be able to look into
that mirror and know that I'm
enough.

IRV

Let me tell you something, son...A
gold medal is a beautiful
thing...But take it from me, if
you're not enough without
it...You'll never be enough with it.

IRV PATS DERICE ON THE SHOULDER AND WALKS TO THE DOOR.

At the door he turns.

IRV (CONT.)

See you at the finish line, kid.

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL

(Music)

THE CANADIANS PUSH OFF.

THE HOME CROWD GOES WILD AS THE CANADIANS TAKE CURVE #7.

THEY CROSS THE FINISH LINE.

JIM MCKAY (V.O.)

That pushes the Canadians back into
fifth. One second separates the top
six.

BOB BEATIE (V.O.)

The only other team left with any
real shot at a medal are the
Jamaicans.

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - CONT'D

The two announcers have their backs to us. They are looking out the back of the booth at the commotion.

JIM MCKAY

I tell you, Bob...It looks like these fans have caught themselves a bad case of Jamaican fever.

They turn around. They are both wearing Jamaican bobsled T-shirts.

EXT. THE HILL

The crowd cheers wildly. Uba and Eeba open big fur coats. They're also wearing Jamaican bobsled T-shirts.

EXT. STARHOUSE - CONT'D

The boys come out of the starhouse ready for action. A VOICE is heard off camera.

VOICE (V.O.)

Junior.

Junior turns to see who's calling him. It's his father.

JUNIOR

Father...What are you doing here?

BEVIL

I have a son in the Olympics.

THEY HUG EACH OTHER.

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL

A SOVIET sledder approaches Sanka. He's got a JAMAICAN T-SHIRT pulled over his bobsled suit.

SOVIET

I am wanting to wish you...How you say good luck to you?

SANKA

Cool runnings.

SOVIET

Ah...Cool runnings.

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL

Derice looks like he's in a trance. He comes out of it and gathers the team around him. COOL RUNNINGS is in place.

DERICE

Yul, who are we?

YUL

The Jamaican bobsled team.

DERICE

Junior, who are we?

JUNIOR

The Jamaican bobsled team.

DERICE

Sanka, who are we?

SANKA

We're the GO AND GET HER, NO ONE BETTER, ALL TOGETHER, FIRST AND ONLY, ROYAL RASTA JAMAICAN BOBSLED TEAM.

They take their start positions.

YUL

(to Sanka)

Quick man...Let me kiss the lucky egg.

EXT. THE HILL - CONT'D

Irv watches the boys get ready.

IRV

Fellas!

HE GIVES THEM THE THUMBS UP.

EXT. TOP OF THE TRACK

The boys nod at Irv. They all put their hands in the middle.

DERICE

Let's do it!

They start rocking the sled. THEY EXPLODE OUT OF THE BLOCKS.

ALL
Rastafari!!!

We track COOL RUNNINGS as they fly in and out of the early turns.

JIM MCKAY (V.O.)
The Jamaicans have shaved a tenth
off the Swiss start time!

BOB BEATIE
They look possessed out there!!

The crowd surges toward the track yelling: "GO JAMS...GO
JAMS...GO JAMS!"

They take a perfect line through the Kriesel and you can't
hear anything but speed.

JIM MCKAY(V.O.)
Oh, my!!! GO JAMS!!!

But as the sled comes out of the turn IT HITS THE WALL HARD
as it bottoms out into a straightaway.

CLOSE ON: THE SLED'S FRONT TWO RUNNERS. ONE OF OF THEM IS
SOLID AS A ROCK BUT THE OTHER IS NOW LOOSE AND WOBBLY.

INT. MOMMA COFFIE'S

Everyone in the bar is screaming and jumping up and down.

INT. THE TELEVISION CONTROL TRUCK

All the technicians are screaming.

EXT. THE TRACK

We track COOL RUNNINGS through two more turns.

JIM MCKAY(V.O.)
They're coming up to turn seven.

BOB BEATIE(V.O.)
This turn's been chewing up sleds
all day.

The sled takes the turn.

JIM MCKAY (V.O.)
Somehow they got through!

Close on: THE DAMAGED RUNNER. IT'S ABOUT TO GIVE WAY!!

BOB BEATIE (V.O.)
This Bannock kid's driving like a
champion!!

The sled careens up and down the wall in curve #8.

JIM MCKAY (CONT'D)
Three more curves and they're home!

CLOSE ON: THE RUNNER. IT IS VIBRATING UNCONTROLLABLY AS IT
BREAKS OFF FROM THE SLED.

THE REST HAPPENS LIGHTNING FAST.

THE JAMAICANS' HEADS ARE WHIPPING AND SNAPPING AS COOL
RUNNINGS SMACKS OUT OF THE CORNER OF CURVE #8 AND IS SLAMMED
INTO THE WALL.

JIM MCKAY
Oh, no...They've lost control!

THE SLED RICOCHETS AND CAPSIZES VIOLENTLY. A STUNNING CRASH!!
AND NOW THE SLED BANGS AND SCRAPES LIKE A PINBALL DOWN THE
TRACK, THE JAMAICAN'S HEADS BEATING AGAINST THE BOTTOM OF THE
RUN.

JIM MCKAY (V.O.)
It's over!...It's all over.

INT. MOMMA COFFIE'S

Silence. People have their hands over their mouths.

EXT. THE HILL

The crowd stares in silence at the crumpled sled.

EXT. THE FINISH LINE AREA

Irving is running, pushing his way through the crowd.

HOLD ON: COOL RUNNINGS and the team, not moving, silence.

INT. THE SLED

The boys are upside down.

SANKA

Derice, we dead?

DERICE

No, mon.

Derice with some difficulty crawls out of the sled. Then so does Yul, then Junior, then finally Sanka.

DERICE (CONT'D)

Pick up the sled.

WITH GREAT DIGNITY, LOOKING STRAIGHT AHEAD, THEY MARCH WITH THEIR SLED DOWN THE TRACK.

The DRIVER of the Swiss team starts clapping.

A few more sledders join in. KURT HEMPHILL joins in as do all the rest of the sledders. Even JOSEF GROOL is clapping.

THE CROWD ERUPTS INTO THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE.

INT. MOMMA COFFIE'S - SAME

The whole place is cheering.

EXT. FINISH LINE

Derice and the boys take in this incredible moment as they proudly carry COOL RUNNINGS across the finish line. The way the crowd is reacting, they may as well have won a gold medal. Irv, panting, rushes toward them. Sanka reaches into his suit and removes his duck egg. IT'S AMAZINGLY INTACT.

JIM MCKAY (V.O.)

I don't think anyone who was here today will ever forget what they have seen.

The Jamaicans are being mobbed. The entire place is in a euphoric bedlam. Irv breaks through the crowd and reaches Derice. He puts out his hand. Derice shakes it. They put their arms around each other and wave to the crowd. Sanka, Yul and Junior join them.

FREEZE ON: THE FIVE OF THEM, WAVING TO THE CROWD.

CREDITS ROLL AS WE SPIN TO A WHEATIES BOX WITH THE JAMAICANS
ON THE COVER. (MORE COMMERCIALS FOLLOW.)

THE END