

EDDIE THE EAGLE

by

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INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

At the bottom of a 1970s avocado bath, a bathplug chain drifts from side to side in the soapy water.

EDDIE (VO)
Every great athlete is born with a natural talent. Arnold Palmer, Jimmy Connors, Muhammad Ali, the illustrious Brazilian Pele...

A boy's hand appears holding a waterproof plastic watch. The seconds tick by as bubbles begin to stream upwards.

EDDIE (VO) (CONT'D)
Every sporting legend you can mention - naturally gifted from birth.

Eight-year-old Eddie Edwards bursts to the surface, purple faced and gasping for air.

EDDIE (VO) (CONT'D)
And I was no exception.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Little Eddie, hair still wet, carries his Gola kitbag down to the front door. He is a stocky kid with a determined jaw.

EDDIE (VO)
A week after my eighth birthday I equalled the Junior Swimming League record for holding my breath underwater.

He stands on tiptoes, straining for the lock.

EDDIE (VO) (CONT'D)
That meant I was ready to compete at the highest level.

A woman in a nightgown appears - EDDIE'S MUM.

MUM
Where d'you think you're going?

EDDIE
Rome. I'm going to hold my breath in the Olympics and win a gold medal.

She regards him thoughtfully. Then goes and rummages in the hall closet.

Among the coats and umbrellas, is a pair of plastic and metal NHS KNEE CALIPERS.

Eddie looks at them darkly until she emerges, holding out an empty biscuit tin.

MUM

Well, you'd better take this for your medals then, hadn't you.

Eddie tucks the tin under his arm, relieved. "Good thinking."

MUM (CONT'D)

And make sure you pack your hankie.

EXT. EDDIE'S STREET - NIGHT

Eddie walks along the damp pavement to the end of the street.

EDDIE (VO)

I soon found out there wasn't an Olympic event for holding your breath.

He studies the time-table at the bus stop.

EDDIE (VO) (CONT'D)

And there wasn't a bus to Rome from the end of our street. And Mum was absolutely right.

He wipes a sleeve over his runny nose.

EDDIE (VO) (CONT'D)

I should have packed my hankie.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eddie toys with a consoling cup of cocoa, pouring over a 1972 Olympics album.

EDDIE (VO)

But I didn't care. I knew I was going to be a part of it someday.

He gazes at the Kodachrome images enrapt - Jesse Owens, Olgar Korbut, Mark Spitz - victorious squads and medal winners cheered and chaired aloft.

MUM

Alright, pet. Time for bed.

She removes his cup, revealing Eddie's handiwork. Five chocolate rings on the tablecloth - the Olympic logo.

EDDIE (VO)

The first step was finding the right sport.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Eddie clutches a cricket bat, squinting at an incoming ball.

EDDIE (VO)

Something that played to my strengths.

He swings the bat and gets the ball right in the face.

EXT. STREET - DAY

EDDIE (VO)

I knew there'd be technical difficulties, and a fair bit of soul-searching.

Eddie trudges home, dragging his kitbag behind him.

EDDIE (VO) (CONT'D)

Every great sportsman has to confront his demons eventually.

Eddie walks smack bang into a lamp post.

INT. OPTICIAN'S - DAY

EDDIE (VO)

But it helps if you can see them first.

Eddie squints through an eye test machine at a chart of letters - all wildly out of focus.

Thick lenses are dropped in front of his eyes.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

EDDIE (VO)
Mum was a big fan of my new
incarnation.

Eddie shows off his new spectacles – jam-jar thick with fat
black rims.

MUM
Very smart.

EDDIE (VO)
Dad too, I think.

EDDIE'S DAD is a ruddy-faced builder. He gives the glasses a
wiggle.

DAD
"My name is Michael Caine."

EDDIE (VO)
The playground was less convinced.

EXT. CRICKET NETS - DAY

KID
Oi Four-eyes!/Joe 90!

A dozen kids make "goggle" faces at him through the cricket
netting. Eddie gives them a V-sign. Resumes his stance at the
wicket.

EDDIE (VO)
It makes a big difference being
able to see properly.

He swings, misses and just like before, gets the ball right
in the face.

EDDIE (VO) (CONT'D)
You get a much clearer perspective
on the best way to fulfill your
sporting potential.

INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Eddie drops his broken glasses into the biscuit tin.

EXT. SCHOOL RUGBY FIELD - DAY

EDDIE (VO)

Like making sure you pick the right size ball for your physical type.

A rugby ball bobbles towards Eddie wearing a too small jersey. At the third attempt he scoops it up.

SMACK. Half the opposition flattens him to the ground.

INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Another pair of broken glasses drops into the tin.

EDDIE (VO)

And choosing the best terrain for your endurance capabilities.

INT. SWIMMING-POOL - DAY

A starting pistol sends Eddie and his classmates into the pool. They all emerge and swim off except for you know who.

Eddie's sturdy trunks bubble to the surface. Instructors blow whistles, go running for the pool.

EDDIE

Let's just say it was a process of trial and error.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

We move down Eddie's handwritten list of sports - cricket, football, swimming, hurdles, boxing... All crossed out except for the last one - cycling.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Eddie peddles furiously on his bicycle towards a home-made jumping ramp.

The local bicycle gang all watch as he flies into the air - so high that he clears the long line of milk crates and manages to stay upright.

EDDIE

Woahhhhhhhhh.....

Only to discover that he hasn't left enough room to stop.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Shhhhhhhhhhh-

He SLAMS into a wall, FLIPPING over the hedge and out of sight with an almighty CRASH.

The junior bike gang stare open-mouthed. Then start running.

EDDIE (VO) (CONT'D)
It was not what you'd call a
textbook landing, but I couldn't
have been happier.

They find Eddie splayed out amid the remains of a smashed green house.

EDDIE (VO) (CONT'D)
Finally, I was a part of a gang,
accepted and liked for who I was.

He grins as they help him to his feet, covered in glass and broken plants.

EDDIE (VO) (CONT'D)
I fitted in. I belonged.

Eddie revels in his moment of glory until the irate OWNER storms up and grab him by the collar.

INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Eddie sits on his bed with his Olympic album. A boy alone under his Evel Knievel poster.

MUM (OS)
Eddie! Get down here!

He closes the lid on his broken glasses and heads downstairs.

EDDIE (VO)
And then came the bombshell.

INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

Eddie sits at the Formica table, facing Mum and Dad.

DAD
Enough's enough. You're spending
your holidays with me down at the
site. It's time you learn the
plastering trade.

Eddie digests this news, his knee bouncing up and down.

EDDIE

What about my Olympic preparations?

DAD

"Preparations"? All you do is get into trouble.

Eddie looks to his Mum for moral support. But she has to agree with Dad.

MUM

You never know, you might like it.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Eddie slams the door and bikes off down the street as furiously as his wobbly front wheel will allow.

EXT. HILL TOP - SUNSET

Up on a steep hill, Eddie sits and gazes out over the valley and the lights of Cheltenham below.

EDDIE (VO)

So that was the sporting career of Eddie Edwards. Eleven different sports and nothing to show for it but twelve pairs of broken glasses. (I sat on my sixth pair in the library.)

Down below him is a dirty noisy building site – his future.

He scratches his knees, furrows his brow – his agitated face slipping into darkness.

Suddenly, a blaze of white light illuminates the sky.

Eddie sits up intrigued. He's never seen this before.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

He pedals full speed down the hill. Dumps his bike by a wire fence under a big sign:

*"ENGLAND'S FIRST DRY SKI SLOPE -
OPENING THIS SUMMER!"*

His gaze drops to the corner of the sign. "In conjunction with the British Olympic Ski Association."

There it is. The magic symbol of the Olympics – five interlocking rings.

EXT. DRY SKI SLOPE - NIGHT

Eddie clambers over the wire fence and scrambles up the dirt slope.

He steps into the glaring light and his eyes go wide.

EDDIE

Bloody ada.

He is standing at the top of a HUGE floodlit ski slope.

He steps out onto the plastic surface, feeling the springy bristles under his feet, his joyous face swallowed up by the heavenly glare of the floodlights...

EXT. CALGARY OLYMPICS, DOWNHILL FINALS - DAY

Out of the whiteness comes an adult SKIER zig-zagging down a slalom course, hurtling towards a finish line, snow spraying in his wake.

SUPERIMPOSE: "10 years later."

A crowd leaps to its feet, deafeningly loud.

RON PICKERING (VO)

... This is amazing! This is sensational! Edwards is carving up the Calgary hillside like a Sunday roast.

RON PICKERING, the BBC's apoplectic voice of skiing, grabs his big 80s microphone as the skier crosses the finish line.

RON PICKERING (CONT'D)

Oh my word! He's only gone and done it. He's only taken first place!

The crowd swarms forward as ADULT EDDIE takes off his goggles. He's in his 20s with a deep tan and cool hair.

RON PICKERING (CONT'D)

Get out the champagne because Great Britain has just taken its first ever gold in the men's downhill.

(MORE)

RON PICKERING (CONT'D)
 And this is the man responsible,
 "Fast" Eddie Edwards.

The crowd lifts up Eddie with a cheer.

RON PICKERING (CONT'D)
 The plasterer's son from Cheltenham
 - now turned alpine champion and
 world-class -

WOMAN'S VOICE
 For gawd's sake. Get a wiggle on.

Ron Pickering looks up confused. So does the crowd. Eddie drops backwards to the ground.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
 Come on. Pick a lane.

INT. VAN - MOVING - DAY

A horn HONKS and Eddie snaps to. He is the front seat being driven along by a large jolly woman, his MOTHER.

A Charles and Di air-freshener swings from the rearview mirror.

In reality, Eddie is a stocky bloke in his twenties with a big chin, no tan and bog-brush hair. His jam-jar spectacles are still held together by a Band-Aid.

MUM
 Here we go.

His mother turns off past a sign: "British Men's Downhill Ski Trials."

EXT. BOSA DOWNHILL SKI TRIALS - DAY

The crowd is modest but well-heeled. Barbour jackets, cravats, and a throng of suited businessman in the sponsors' enclosure quaffing the free champagne and canapes.

They applaud politely as a skier crosses the finish line.

SUPERIMPOSE: "England, September 1986."

EXT. BOSA PARKING FIELD - DAY

The Edwards family van noses its way between Range Rovers and Jaguars to find a parking spot.

INT. CHANGING-ROOM - DAY

The room is full of Olympic class skiers, which means a hubbub of blokey posh accents. The skiers are in no hurry to acknowledge Eddie's greetings as he breezes in.

EDDIE

Mind your backs. Championship material coming through.

He hums loudly to himself as he searches for a coat hook.

EXT. CORPORATE ENCLOSURE - DAY

We hear the tap-tap of a microphone. Sponsors turn to find DUSTIN TARGET at the podium. He is the head of BOSA with the immaculate green blazer and name tag to prove it.

TARGET

I'd like to welcome our distinguished sponsors today. You are not just successful competitors. You're brand leaders - the best in your field. And you deserve the best in return.

EXT. STARTING PLATFORM - DAY

Eddie shuffles forward, flapping his arms and making strange warm-up noises.

EDDIE

Edwards, E. Cheltenham Winter Sports Centre.

The STARTING OFFICIAL directs him to the start gate, a frowning glance at Eddie's shoddy equipment.

Eddie wipes the steam off his goggles and snaps them into place. They're pink.

EXT. CORPORATE ENCLOSURE - RESUME

Target shoots his cuffs, savoring his crowd-pleasing big finish.

TARGET

Well, good news, ladies and gentlemen. Today, we're assembling the best squad we've ever had -

The KLAXON rudely cuts him short.

EXT. BOSA DOWNHILL SKI TRIALS - DAY

Eddie smashes down the plastic slope. He barely follows the "line," which shows his best quality is suicidal bravery. Not much style, plenty of guts.

One by one, the sponsors turn to watch.

Eddie takes the corners too fast and too tight, slamming over slalom flags. He looks like he'll wipe out at any moment, but amazingly he hangs on.

Target's face tightens at this careening blot on his landscape, flailing into the last two turns.

Suddenly the flaw in Eddie's all-out approach becomes apparent. He simply fails to make one of the turns.

He flies off the course, right into the sponsors' enclosure as bales of hay and tables go flying.

Ladies in Hats SCREAM as Eddie plows through across the AstroTurf, sending sponsors diving for cover, before he finally CRASHES through one of the hoardings -

"I bet he drinks Carling Black Label."

Silence. The drip of toppled ice buckets. The groan of prone sponsors.

Target turns to his Aide. Beckons him over. Now.

EXT. BOSA PARKING FIELD - DAY

The Aide escorts Eddie back, carrying his skis while Eddie re-assembles his glasses, wired with excitement.

EDDIE

See that. I was pinging down that hill like a ferret.

Nothing from the Aide.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Forty-five seconds at the halfway line. If I'd gone any faster I'd have taken off.

AIDE

You did.

A SECURITY GUARD arrives, holding out Eddie's kitbag from the changing-room.

EDDIE

What are you doing? I've still got a second run to do.

AIDE

Not anymore.

Mum peers out the window of the van, knitting in her lap. Eddie is firmly deposited by the van with his gear.

EDDIE

This is an outrage.

AIDE

We've only got 18 months to prep the squad for Calgary. You're too raw. It's that simple.

EDDIE

But I've got run times as good as that bunch.

AIDE

It's not just about speed. It's about finesse. Polish. Boys who can fit seamlessly into the squad.

EDDIE

Public school boys, you mean.

The Aide doesn't deny it. Just leaves Eddie next to his van: "Edwards & Son, Quality Finishes. Get plastered with us!"

EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

A pneumatic drill ROARS. Eddie is up to his elbows in muck, "knocking up" a tin of plaster on a busy renovation job.

His DAD sniffs the plaster like a three star chef.

DAD

Too thick.

EDDIE

You sure? I've been going like a Kenwood mixer all morning.

Dad gives him a glare. Eddie dutifully adds more water. Stirs harder.

EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

Some BRICKIES sit around, reading the tabloids, eating lunch, smoking roll-ups.

On the sports pages one BRICKIE finds a photo of Target and the British Downhill squad heading off to St. Moritz.

BRICKIE

That's strange. They must have cropped you out.

The Brickie insists on showing the photo to Eddie, who's munching on a banana and glugging milk from a carton.

EDDIE

Very funny.

BRICKIE

Hey, I wasn't the one telling everyone I was going to be on the team.

EDDIE

It's not a "team," it's a squad. You don't know what you're talking about.

The workmen start humming the "Ski Sunday" theme and miming the slalom down a pile of sand.

WORKMAN

Franz Klammer here.

More of the workers join in the humming. Eddie flings his banana skin at them and they stop.

EDDIE

If you don't mind.

He goes to finish his milk and an empty can of Tango comes flying back - boink.

EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

Eddie helps his Dad load up the gear into the van.

DAD

Quality Plastering's no different from anything else. You want to get on, you gotta put in the graft.

EDDIE
 "Quality Plastering." All I'm doing
 is mixing up mud.

He picks dried plaster off his shirt.

DAD
 So get your City and Guilds. How
 many times I got to tell you?

INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eddie sits on his bed, glumly reading the application form
 for a City and Guilds plastering diploma.

This is his Olympic shrine. Skiing posters, Olympic albums,
 photos of himself accepting junior trophies, showing off his
 latest plaster cast, teaching little kids how to ski.

His Mum brings him some tea on a tray. Sits on the bed.
 Notices the newspaper story about the British Downhill Squad.

MUM
 Come on, pet. It's not the end of
 world.

EDDIE
 No, it just feels like it.

He rolls over onto his side, but there's no escape. Even his
 duvet has a Winter Olympic pattern - skiing, tobogganing, ski-
 jumping...

EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

Eddie works away in the sunshine. Radio 1 in the background.
 He's graduated to proper plastering now.

His Dad gives an approving grunt as he does his rounds. He
 exits past JULIE, the girl who hands out the weekly
 paychecks.

JULIE
 Hello, stranger.

EDDIE
 Alright, Julie. How's it going?

She comes up to Eddie with his envelope. They regard each
 other a moment, quite comfortable together.

JULIE

I heard you stopped training.

He gives an airy wave of his trowel.

EDDIE

Hanging out with a bunch of
chinless wonders. Who needs it?

Not him, that's for sure.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

If I wanted to be "polished," I'd
be a bloody doorknob, wouldn't I.

She waits. Lets him finish.

JULIE

So you're free at the weekends
then?

She hands Eddie his pay envelope. Makes him tug it hard to
get it free.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eddie inspects his smartest 'date' outfit in the mirror - a
dark shellsuit.

Adds the finishing touch - his one pair of unbroken glasses.

INT. JULIE'S LIVING-ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie sits on a floral sofa next to Julie, watching TV. We
all know how these things should go...

Until we notice the TV is showing Evel Knievel at Wembley
Stadium getting ready to jump 13 double decker buses in a
row. Eddie just can't keep his eyes off it.

EDDIE

I did a jump like that when I was
kid. On my Raleigh Chopper five-
speed. Thirteen milk crates...

She gets up and dims the lights. Eddie looks around the
chintzy decor, trying to stay cool.

JULIE

It's okay my parents aren't back
till 11.

She sits back next to him. But Eddie is glued to Evel Knievel barrelling towards the ramp.

JULIE (CONT'D)
You can sit closer if you want.

EDDIE
I can see alright from here.

JULIE
I meant to me.

Oh. Eddie turns to face her.

They kiss but Eddie's gaze is drawn back to the TV - Knievel shooting into the air, suspended for an eternity it seems.

The image reflected in Eddie's glasses until - CLICK. Julie hits the remote.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Come on. Concentrate.

But it's no use. Eddie is consumed by an idea.

EXT. EDWARDS BACKYARD - DAY

And it's an idea that won't go away. His mind is racing as he trowels away on a low wall beside his Dad.

DAD
Guild requirement for pea-shingle
is half an inch for the base.

Eddie's brain is miles away.

DAD (CONT'D)
Are you listening?

EDDIE
I'm listening. Pea-shingle. Half an
inch.

DAD
Then what the chuff is that?

A strange shape protrudes from the top of Eddie's plaster... like a ski-jump.

EXT. BOSA HQ - DAY

Eddie bounds up the steps past the BOSA insignia.

INT. BOSA HQ LIBRARY - DAY

In the reverent hush of the archive dept., a BOSA OFFICIAL deals with Eddie's inquiry.

BOSA OFFICIAL

I hate to disappoint you but we don't have an Olympic ski-jumping squad.

Eddie doesn't look remotely disappointed.

EDDIE

Not even a small one?

The Official shakes his head.

BOSA OFFICIAL

Nope. Britain hasn't had a ski-jumper since 1936.

Eddie can barely contain himself.

EDDIE

Oh, that's terrible. Awful. Shocking.

EXT. BOSA HQ - DAY

He bursts out the doors and launches himself off the steps like a ski-jumper. Running down the street. Leaping off every bench with joy. Scaring the crap out of two GRANNIES.

INT. EDWARDS KITCHEN - DAY

Prince Andrew and Fergie's newly happy faces are covered by a big dollop of mash potato. The fancy china is out for the Edwards's Sunday roast.

MUM

I know the one you mean. The conversion on the corner with the pebble-dash.

DAD

That's the one. Kitchen-dinette. Move-in ready.

Eddie sits at the other end of the table, his knee bouncing like crazy. He repeatedly rolls a pea off his fork onto a mashed potato ski slope.

EDDIE

Mum. Dad. I've got an announcement.

They both turn to look. He can barely contain his excitement.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I'm not going to be taking my City and Guilds. I've made new plans.

MUM

Plans?

DAD

What plans?

Eddie swallows. Takes the plunge.

EDDIE

I'm going to train as a ski-jumper and go to the Olympics.

One of Dad's sprouts pings across the room.

INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eddie packs up his ski gear trailed by his horrified parents.

DAD

You can't go now. You got your first exam in six weeks.

EDDIE

It's not like I'm taking up ballet. It's still skiing. Only higher.

MUM

Just a bit!

DAD

Britain doesn't even have a ski-jumping team.

EDDIE

That's the whole point. No jumpers means no competition for a place on the squad.

(sharing his trade secret)

Squad? I am the squad.

MUM

You're the squad?

EDDIE

Mum. I'll literally be the only bloke in Britain doing it. The Olympic Committee will have no choice but to accept me.

Eddie struggles to close the zipper over his skis. No one helps.

DAD

And how are you going to pay for all this? Because we're not going through all that again with the bank and the bailiffs -

EDDIE

You won't have to. Florian got me a job - junior ski instructor.

Eddie pulls out a ski resort brochure. Shows them a photo of young kids being taught how to snowplow.

MUM

Florian?

EDDIE

From the Winter Centre. He's back in Germany now.

Eddie points to four ascending ski-jumps in the background.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Here in Garmisch. Where the facilities are all free for employees...

He leaves his parents blanching at the four ski-jumps - small, medium, large and gigantic.

MUM

He's going to break his neck.

DAD

I'm going to break his neck.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Dad sits in the kitchen hunched over his copy of the Sun.

EDDIE

I'm off then.

A grunt. A turned page. Eddie carries his gear to the front door, where his Mum awaits.

She looks him up and down - like a mystery she will never understand.

MUM

You're a stubborn bugger, you know that. Ever since you were a tot. Climbed out of every crib we put you in.

She gives him a ferocious hug. So tightly, he can hardly breathe.

MUM (CONT'D)

The only baby in the world who liked landing on his head!

EXT. GARMISCH - NIGHT

The brochure photo dissolves to the real ski-jumps all lit up with spotlights.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Garmisch, Germany. Site of the 1936 Winter Olympics."

Eddie looks out from the van he's hitched a ride in, absently scratching his cramped knees. 80s pop music blares from the Walkman that he wears on all his travels.

EXT. GARMISCH JUMPS - NIGHT

Eddie unloads his gear from the van. Hurries into the floodlit landing arena.

The ascending row of ski-jump towers now lined above him. The 15m. The 40m. The 70m and above them on its own hill, the 90m jump. A huge iron monster.

At the top, in silhouette, a last JUMPER sets off down the ramp.

Eddie moves nearer as the Jumper shoots into the air, soaring through the sparkling snowflakes, seemingly forever until he lands and skids to a perfect stop.

This is LARS MOBERG, the moustachioed superstar of the Swedish national squad. He rejoins a monastic huddle of ATHLETES and COACHES in yellow and blue jumpsuits.

It is all very high-tech with video monitors and walkie-talkies.

Eddie moves closer still and sees this isn't just the national squad, it's the Olympic squad.

There it is, on all their gear like a lucky omen – the five-ring logo.

INT. EDDIE'S DORM ROOM - DAWN

An alarm clock glows – 5.30am – in a tiny dormitory crammed with bunk-beds. Eddie creeps out with his gear, smacking a sleeping roommate with his ski-tip.

GERMAN ROOMMATE
Hosenscheisser!

EDDIE
(cheerfully)
Bless you.

EXT. GARMISCH 15M JUMP - DAWN

Eddie bypasses the baby jump and goes straight to the 15m jump.

All alone except for the put-put of an old snow groomer, chugging up the hillside.

He slots in his skis and sets off. Here it is, the moment of truth... He plops onto the slope. Glides easily to a stop.

EDDIE
What a doddle.

He can't believe his luck. It's so easy. He scrambles to the next jump up – the 40m.

EXT. GARMISCH 40M JUMP - DAWN

Eddie flies down the 40m ramp and it's a lot faster. For one magical second he is truly airborne. He WHOOPS with delight.

Then reality returns and he hits the slope face first with a nasty SPLAT.

EXT. GARMISCH SLOPE - DAY

A row of YOUNG SKIERS. They shuffle together in a line for FLORIAN from the front office.

FLORIAN

Alright everybody, settle down. I want you to meet your new instructor, Mr. Eddie.

CLASS

Guten tag, Mr. Eddie.

Eddie gives the kids a wave, acting all cool.

EDDIE

Eddie. Fast Eddie. Whatever.

FLORIAN

He's going be teaching you the three S's of skiing - smart, sensible, safe.

Eddie has a *huge* bandage on his nose.

THE CLASS

Practice their snowplows down the hill under Eddie's supervision.

EDDIE

Okay, folks, nice practice postures. Now let's try it for real. Penguins to the left, polar bears to the right.

Eddie's concentration drifts over to the Swedes on the 70m. Flying through the air. Making it look so easy.

NASAL VOICE (VO)

Room for one more?

INT. SAUNA - DAY

Eddie emerges from a cloud of steam, sporting sturdy swimming trunks and his huge nose plaster.

Lars and the Swedish team begrudgingly shuffle up as Eddie plonks down on the bench.

EDDIE

Hi there. Eddie Edwards, Great Britain.

The Swedes just stare. Eddie gamely presses on.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I'll get right down to business if I may. I've just started on the 40m and I'm making solid progress, but I'd really appreciate a few tips.

A vicious HISS of steam reveals the forbidding Swedish Coach, ladling water on the rocks. Like all Swedes everywhere, given half a chance, he has no clothes on.

SWEDISH COACH

You have been jumping long?

Eddie looks everywhere but at the coach's genitalia.

EDDIE

About a week.

SWEDISH COACH

And you think you are ready to discover some advices from me?

Eddie nods, sweat dotting his brow. This intensely nude man now standing over him, hands on hips.

SWEDISH COACH (CONT'D)

You know who Matti Nykanen is?

EDDIE

He's only the best ski-jumper in the world. The Flying Finn.

The Coach rocks back on his heels, arms akimbo.

SWEDISH COACH

So maybe I give you something harder now?

It's not exactly the phrase Eddie would choose, but okay.

SWEDISH COACH (CONT'D)

What is the maximum wideness for a jumping ski?

Eddie boldly holds out his thumb and forefinger.

SWEDISH COACH (CONT'D)

And that is what exactly?

Eddie can't help it. His gaze drops for a millisecond.

EDDIE

...About four inches.

The Coach SNAPS his fingers at Lars, who sits up straight.

LARS

The maximum wideness is 11.5 cm.

EDDIE

That is about four inches, isn't it.

SWEDISH COACH

Not "exactly," no. So you tell me what is the most length of the ski *exactly*?

EDDIE

"The most length of the ski?"
(why doesn't anyone else
find this funny?)
Eight foot two.

It's another bold guess and it provokes another finger-snap at another naked jumper.

SWEDISH JUMPER

The ski has permission to be 77.5 cm taller than the height of the jumper, but with no more taller than 275 cm.

Eddie hitches his trunks nervously.

EDDIE

Well, like I said, I'm just starting out.

SWEDISH COACH

In Sweden, the time to be starting out is when you are five.

This time he gives a double finger-snap and the whole team leaps up.

SWEDISH COACH (CONT'D)

We have not the moments for beginners. Good day.

Out he goes, his naked team obediently shuffling after him.

EXT. GARMISCH JUMPS - DAWN

Two skis plop over a fence. Followed by Eddie, undeterred as usual.

In the distance, a snowgrooming machine chugs up the hillside.

EXT. TOP OF 40M JUMP - DAWN

He sets off down the jump and it's the same result - another ice-gouging wipe-out. And another. And another...

The chugging noise gets nearer and nearer until the snowgroomer crests the hill, headlights blazing.

It comes to a stop next to Eddie splayed out on the ice.

The shadowy figure of the Driver drops to the ground. Inspects one of Eddie's craters. All Eddie can see is a red cigar tip.

AMERICAN VOICE

So you're the mystery elf who's
been hacking up my slope every
night.

He walks over, peers down at Eddie.

MALE VOICE

It's just you? No pick-axe?

Eddie looks up at BRONSON PEARY, the sarcastic resort fixture, perfectly backlit by his headlights. He has a weathered surf bum elan - collar up on his overalls, plastic tip on his cigarillo.

PEARY

You do realize the time to start
jumping is when you're five or six.

EDDIE

The Swedes already told me that.

Peary takes a swig from a silver flask. 'Politely' offers some to Eddie as he gets to his feet groaning.

PEARY

Did they also mention you've got
the wrong body shape?

Eddie has to check. Yes, this is the booze-swilling cigar-puffing out-of-shape snowgroomer telling him this.

PEARY (CONT'D)
I'm just stating the obvious.

EDDIE
Well, state this.

He flicks him a V-sign. Peary gives a raspy laugh and gets back in his cabin.

PEARY
Oh yeah, one more thing. You got the wrong skis.

The regular jumpers are now arriving, including some of Eddie's German Roommates.

Eddie nods at Peary as he drives off.

EDDIE
Where do they get these people?

GERMAN ROOMMATE
Florian told me he was in the US Olympic Squad.

EDDIE
That guy? No way.

GERMAN ROOMMATE
That's what Florian told me.

Eddie looks at the snowmobile departing into the mist. A sticker on the rear window says, "Carve Diem."

EXT. GARMISCH SLOPE - DAY

Eddie's ski class waits in a line getting more and more restless.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Eddie is inside conferring with Florian.

FLORIAN
It's true. He was in the '68 squad under Warren Sharp.

EDDIE
"Bronson Peary." How come I never heard of him?

FLORIAN

Well, they kicked him out.

Outside, two bored pupils start using their ski sticks as lightsabers complete with "bzzzzzthmm" sound effects.

EDDIE

What for?

FLORIAN

Boozing. Womanizing. Being an impossible asshole...

Take your pick. Eddie looks out the window at the snowgroomer chugging up the hill. Shakes his head in amazement.

EDDIE

Warren Sharp, 1968...

Behind him, unnoticed, the lightsaber fight escalates out of control, toppling over all his pupils like dominos.

INT. PEARY'S GARAGE - DAY

Peary slides out from underneath the snowgroomer and stares up at Eddie's imploring face.

PEARY

No.

EDDIE

Come on. All I want is a few tips.

PEARY

Get out of here.

Peary gets up, wipes his oily hands. Eddie goes nowhere.

EDDIE

Florian told me how you used to jump in America.

PEARY

Yeah, well, Florian also said he screwed Princess Stephanie of Monaco.

EDDIE

He showed me a clipping with a photo.

PEARY

She's just a lookalike. He met her
in Verbier on a stag night.

EDDIE

Of you. The 90 meter at Lake Placid
- 1973, American Youth Cup finals.
You clocked 118 meters!

Peary gets his jacket and flask. Climbs into his cabin.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Four years with Warren Sharp!

PEARY

Three years.

Eddie doesn't care. It's still amazing.

EDDIE

You shouldn't be fixing rust
buckets, you should be coaching.

"Rust bucket"? Peary revs the engine.

PEARY

This is a PB 200DW with a multiflex
tiller. It grooms 81 square meters
an hour.

It also leaks gunk. Peary subtly wipes his hand.

EDDIE

I'm just saying if I had your
pedigree and experience -

PEARY

Well, you don't.

He hits the gas. Lurches out of the garage.

EXT. GARMISCH SLOPE - DAY

It's a gorgeous day. The sun sparkling off the slopes. Peary
breathes it in as he rumbles up the snowy hill. Sorting out a
nip from his flask to complete the moment.

A THUMP reveals Eddie has jumped aboard the running board.

EDDIE

Come on. One measly lesson!

PEARY

Hey. Authorized personnel only.

Peary swerves sharply, one way then the other, but Eddie hangs on.

EDDIE

I won't get any better unless you help me.

PEARY

Then you won't get better!

Peary veers over to some pine trees so the branches are WHIPPING Eddie like he was going through a car wash. Still, he hangs on.

Finally, Peary swerves hard so that WHAM – a big branch makes Eddie disappear with a YELP.

Peary adjusts his rearview, enjoying the sight of Eddie tumbling in his wake.

PEARY (CONT'D)

What a loon.

He takes a triumphant swig from his flask, but his mood quickly turns pensive.

He passes the Swedish equipment tent with its Olympic logo. Tries not to look at his oil-stained hands.

INT. GARMISCH BAR - NIGHT

Eddie trudges in after another gruelling day of wipe-outs. Finds a space at the end of the bar away from the crowd of partying Eurotrash.

Off his home-made German crib sheet -

EDDIE

"Glas Milch, bitte."

The barmaid gives Eddie a glass of milk and he gulps it down.

PEARY

You drink it straight? You don't put anything in it?

It's Peary, perched in his regular spot, complete with own schnapps bottle and American flag ashtray.

Eddie stifles a burp. 'Manfully' gestures for a refill.

PEARY (CONT'D)

Time to push you out of the nest.

He offers Eddie some schnapps, but Eddie declines.

EDDIE

To be honest, I don't really touch
the stuff.

Peary stares at him pitifully.

PEARY

Young guy like you. You shouldn't
be crashing into mountains. You
should be hitting on chicks.

EDDIE

Yeah... That's never been my
specialty.

Eddie gets his refill of milk. Drinks.

PEARY

I wonder why.

SWEDISH VOICE

You are still looking for pointers?

Peary and Eddie turn to find the more boorish SWEDISH SKI-
JUMPERS in the mood for some cruel fun.

SWEDISH JUMPER

I have one for you.
(jabbing a finger to the
door)
It's that way off the slope.

The Swedes all laugh. Eddie and Peary not so much.

SWEDISH JUMPER (CONT'D)

Seriously, I show you what to do.

He takes Eddie's wrists, turning him round and bending him
over.

SWEDISH JUMPER (CONT'D)

Jumping 101.

He pulls Eddie's arms straight, tipping him forward
precariously.

SWEDISH JUMPER (CONT'D)

Chest down. Arms back. Body
forward.

Eddie goes onto his tiptoes, his body at full stretch.

SWEDISH JUMPER (CONT'D)

Then go to your tiptoes – like so –
so you are almost falling over.

The Swede suddenly lets go so Eddie flies forward, face down right into Peary's lap, spilling their drinks everywhere.

SWEDISH JUMPER (CONT'D)

I said, almost!

The Swedes crack up. Peary gets to his feet, his shirt all wet.

SWEDISH JUMPER (CONT'D)

On no, the shit-shoveller wet himself.

PEARY

It's snow and I groom it.

But the Swedes just swan off laughing. Peary dabs at his shirt with a napkin. Offers the napkin to Eddie as he gets to his feet, face and shirt all wet too.

EXT. GARMISCH STREET - NIGHT

Peary drunkenly weaves his way home, half-supported by Eddie.

PEARY

Frickin' Swedes... All they've ever done is invent the meatball.

EDDIE

I thought they were all supposed to be nice. Like Abba.

Peary shakes his head.

PEARY

Very bitter people.
(raising his voice)
Who know NOTHING ABOUT JUMPING!

He veers over to a resort building, picking out a key from his big keyring.

PEARY (CONT'D)

"Almost on tiptoes." "Jumping 101."
I never heard such crap.

He checks the coast is clear. Ushers Eddie inside.

INT. SWEDISH TRAINING ROOM - NIGHT

It is the Swedes' training HQ. Peary walks up to a blackboard covered with diagrams and trajectories.

PEARY

See? See? This is the problem with modern jumping. The pointy heads run everything now. Turning everyone into robots.

He wipes his sleeve over the board, erasing the numbers.

PEARY (CONT'D)

No wonder they can't master the jumping paradox.

He moves off, scouring the room.

PEARY (CONT'D)

How can you? You got to free your mind first.

He comes to stop by a strange leather harness dangling from the ceiling.

PEARY (CONT'D)

Attitude is altitude.

He stands there, swaying slightly.

EDDIE

...What's the jumping paradox?

Peary shakes his head and gives a long-suffering sigh.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

It's not like the Swedes tell me anything.

Peary turns round, in full martyr mode, enjoying this far more than he cares to admit.

PEARY

The foundation of any jump is the take-off. That's where you've got to master the jumping paradox - simultaneously stretching up and leaning into your descent.

He raises his palm up high to demonstrate - tilting it forward, then pushing his arm out at a downwards angle.

PEARY (CONT'D)

It feels unnatural at first because you actually take-off downwards, not upwards. It only looks like you go up because the hill falls away so quickly. But the leaning forward is how you gain wind resistance.

He repeats the motion, this time making a fist.

PEARY (CONT'D)

Every time you stay hunched over, you just hit the ground faster. So...

He switches back to the 6" ski model, Eddie trying to keep pace with him.

PEARY (CONT'D)

What you need is a quadruple action where the skis come up and the legs stretch back and the body tilts forward all while simultaneously dropping. You see?

The little skier tilts and drops before Eddie's eyes.

PEARY (CONT'D)

Up, back, forward, down - all at the same time. Up, back, forward, down. Got that?

EDDIE

Up, back, forward, down.
(he nods)

PEARY

Okay, your turn.

Eddie reaches for the little skier.

PEARY (CONT'D)

Not the model. You.

THE STRANGE HARNESS

Swings into view, hooked up with Eddie inside it. He jumps from crouch to lift-off position and flops backwards.

PEARY (CONT'D)

Too soon.

Then flop forwards.

PEARY (CONT'D)

Too late.

Then falls to the floor with a THUMP.

PEARY (CONT'D)

Just right.

EXT. GARMISCH 15m SLOPE - DAY

Eddie tries out his new Peary method, and it's a huge improvement.

INT. GARMISCH BAR - DAY

Peary enjoys his lunchtime drink and smoke in peace. At least, he would if Eddie would leave him alone.

EDDIE

Come on. Put me back in the harness. You know you enjoyed it.

PEARY

Don't get confused. It was a bit of drunken fun. Nothing more.

EDDIE

Not to me.

An ELDERLY COUPLE nearby exchange a look. Peary turns away. Eddie just moves round into his eye-line.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I'm going to Calgary in February.

PEARY

To watch?

EDDIE

To jump.

Peary blows out a smoke ring. This should be interesting.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I've got a loophole.

Eddie leans forward, lowering his voice.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Britain doesn't have a jumping squad.

Peary leans forward, lowering *his* voice.

PEARY

I *know*.

EDDIE

So I don't have to compete for a place, do I.

PEARY

They must have *some* minimum requirements. Distance, number of jumps... Talent.

Eddie shakes his head.

EDDIE

BOSA hasn't updated the rules in 52 years.

Eddie sits back. Waits to see how Peary deals with this bombshell.

PEARY

Eddie, "mate", the smallest Olympic jump is the 70m. Even the average jumper takes four years to build up to it.

EDDIE

But I'm not the average jumper.

PEARY

Correct. You're well, well below average.

EDDIE'S VOICE

I can *do* it. It only took me a day to do the 40.

PEARY

Then go do it.

EDDIE

I will.

PEARY

I mean now. Right now.

EDDIE

So do I.

They stand there nose to nose, neither one moving.

PEARY
Great.

EDDIE
Super.

PEARY
Terrific.

EXT. GARMISCH 70M JUMP - DAY

The game of bluff continues at the bottom of the 70m tower. Eddie, now in his gear, gathers his skis.

EDDIE
No tips?

PEARY
You're the expert.

Peary puffs his cigar. Eddie starts up the steps.

EDDIE
You not coming up?

PEARY
I find the optimum view is from the bottom.

Peary saunters down the slope and joins some of the Swedes, who have gathered to watch.

LARS
He's not going to jump that?

PEARY
Of course not.

They're not sure they understand.

EXT. GARMISCH 70M JUMP/PLATFORM - DAY

Up close, Peary seems to be right. Eddie emerges onto the platform, bravado waning as he looks down the ramp - a sheer drop as high as a tower block.

He grips the railings, his stomach tightening, the icy wind blasting his face.

Peary waves to the Swedes gathering at the base of the tower.

PEARY

I wouldn't stand too close if I
were you.

(pointing to a bald
official)

Especially you.

They look up, confused, just as Eddie goes white and stifles
a retch. The Swedes scramble backwards.

PEARY (CONT'D)

My mistake. False alarm.

Eddie snaps his boots into his skis and slots the skis into
the grooves on the starting platform. The view down the ramp
from this angle is even more terrifying.

PEARY (CONT'D)

In your own time. No rush.

EDDIE

stays stuck on the ramp, too scared to go forward, too proud
to go back.

VOICE

The game is over now, yes?

Lars has arrived behind him.

EDDIE

Give us a push.

Lars looks at him confused.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

A push. It's not hard. You just
stick out both hands and -

Eddie loses his balance and sends himself down the ramp just
as Peary flicks his cigar butt into the air.

The Swedes react first, then Peary.

PEARY

What the f -

Eddie instantly accelerates to 50mph. His knees shudder like
jackhammers as he thunders into the 'tabletop', still frozen
in a crouch, skis screeching in the icy grooves.

He plummets to the slope for the shortest 70m jump in
history. Bouncing along, briefly upright, before flipping
over spectacularly.

The Swedes watch, stunned, as Eddie goes tumbling past. Painfully skidding to a halt.

Lars peers over the top of the ramp. Sees Eddie motionless on the ice.

Peary rushes over as Eddie rolls onto his back, face covered with snow: "How was that?"

We push in on Peary's stunned face. He's never seen anything like it in his life. And Eddie knows it.

Angry shouting breaks the moment as the Swedish coach charges up, beetroot with rage.

SWEDISH COACH

"Damn, damn, damn. Do you have piss in your head or what?"

PEARY

Alright. Take it easy. Everything's under control.

Peary helps poor dazed Eddie off the slope. The Swedish Coach's voice gets more high-pitched as he throws Eddie's skis after them.

SWEDISH COACH

Next time, I shove them under your pistenbully.

PEARY

Look forward to it.

INT. PEARY'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Eddie's swollen face. Peary sorts out an ice pack, still marvelling in amazement.

PEARY

No one jumps the 70 first time out. No one. Even Matti Nykanen took two years and he was a prodigy.

EDDIE

So does this mean you're going to help me now?

Peary says nothing. Just applies the ice-pack, making Eddie wince and grimace.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

The only Olympic requirement is one completed Circuit jump. We can do that right here -

Eddie indicates a nearby poster for the Garmisch Seniors Tournament.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

All the judges are Circuit officials. It's totally valid.

PEARY

What are you going to do? Strap on a colostomy bag? Pretend you're 82?

EDDIE

The last jump of the day is an open event...

Peary wanders over to his cigar box. Unwraps a tiparillo. He's finally run out of excuses. Eddie gets to his feet. Collects his skis.

PEARY

Where are you going? You're in triage.

EXT. GARMISCH 40M SLOPE - NIGHT

Eddie toils away, ice-pack strapped to his cheek, a lone figure under the floodlights, enduring the jeers of beer-drinking teenagers.

He flicks a cheerful V-sign at his tormentors. Doggedly trudges back up the stairs for another jump.

Peary watches from his garage doorway, pulling on his tiparillo.

What is it about this kid that gets to him so?

INT. PEARY'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Peary turns inside and contemplates his drab little room, and in a way his life.

It suddenly looks very lonely and meaningless. He flicks his cigar butt into the sink.

Here goes nothing.

EXT./INT. GARMISCH VARIOUS - DAY

Music swells as -

Peary clears out the back of his workshop.

Customizes his own little model skier.

Gives Eddie a poster of Matti Nykanen to pin up next to his bunk.

Cuts out leather strips. Assemble some buckles.

INT. PEARY'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Eddie tries out the new home-made harness and it feels terrific.

PEARY

Rule number one. All the hi-tech gadgets in the world don't mean squat if you're not feeling it here.

He thumps Eddie's chest.

PEARY (CONT'D)

Who's your favorite female movie star? Jane Fonda? Raquel Welch?

EDDIE

Honestly... Linda Gray.

Peary furrows his brow: Who?

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You know, Sue Ellen from Dallas.

PEARY

JR's wife?

Eddie nods, a little defensively. Peary makes no comment. Just YANKS the harness up over Eddie's crotch.

PEARY (CONT'D)

From here on, you're going to approach every jump as if you're making love to Sue-Allen from Dallas.

Peary uses the miniature ski-jump to illustrate further -

PEARY (CONT'D)

The starting gate is your foreplay. The in-run is where you build your rhythm. The table-top is where you head for home. And the lift-off is your orgasm. Same facial expression. Same straining of the muscles. Same peaceful feeling of release – if you do it properly.

Eddie's nods. Er, okay.

PEARY (CONT'D)

And as with any act of lovemaking, there's only one way to tell if you've done it properly...?

EDDIE

You fall asleep?

This doesn't get a laugh.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

She falls asleep.

Neither does this. Peary lets out a deafening cry of release.

PEARY

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

It's a unique primal mix of war cry and sexual ecstasy...

PEARY (CONT'D)

Come on, let me hear you!
Crouch/clench. Crouch/clench.
RELEASE!

Eddie lifts off with a exhausted little grunt.

PEARY (CONT'D)

Woah.

Everything grinds to a halt.

PEARY (CONT'D)

The most shattering physical and emotional experience of your life, and that's the noise you make?

Eddie fiddles with his harness strap.

EDDIE

In England, yeah.

Peary comes right up to Eddie's face and lets rip.

PEARY
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

He keeps going until Eddie joins in, conducting him as he gets louder and louder.

EDDIE/PEARY
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh -

EXT. GARMISCH STREET - NIGHT

One by one, lights snap on in the neighboring dorm rooms.

EXT. GARMISCH JUMP - DAY

Eddie does squat jumps in the snow.

INT. EDDIE'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Eddie pins up a poster of Sue Ellen in full 80s glamor mode.

EXT. GARMISCH SLOPE - DAY

Peary uses his model skier to show when not to pull up your skis.

PEARY
Too soon... Too late...

EXT. GARMISCH 40M JUMP - DAY

Eddie shoots off a jump. Peary winces.

PEARY
Too soon.

INT. PEARY'S GARAGE - DAY

Eddie studies video footage of Matti Nykanen. He is sporting two huge black eyes.

EXT. GARMISCH SLOPE - DAY

Eddie races to the jump, full of inspiration, only to pull his skis up -

PEARY

Too late.

Peary winces doubly hard.

INT. GARMISCH SENIORS REGISTRATION - DAY

A line of spindly spry OLD PEOPLE. Eddie registers for the Seniors Tournament, his face is hugely swollen and purple.

SIGNING-IN OFFICIAL

He is okay for this?

PEARY

(indignantly)

He's the national squad leader.

It's a modest easygoing crowd. Lots of chatter, laughter, missing teeth.

And Eddie looking like a basket case as Peary preps him at the base of the tower.

PEARY (CONT'D)

Remember. You're only one jump away from the Olympics.

Eddie puts on his battered old helmet. He's customized the chin strap with a HUGE sponge.

PEARY (CONT'D)

Just stay focused and do what we've done in training only better.

(pause)

A lot better.

INT. GARMISCH 70M TOWER - DAY

Antique jumpers bound up the stairs past Eddie as he psyches himself up.

EDDIE

You're only one jump away... You're only one jump away.

EXT. GARMISCH 70M SLOPE - DAY

Peary takes his place next to the MEASURING OFFICIALS, who are uniformly short bald intense men, who take measuring jumps very seriously.

EXT. GARMISCH TOP OF THE 70M - DAY

On the wind-swept platform, a bunch of OLD TIMERS laugh it up. One OLD SKIER turns to Eddie to share the joke.

OLD JUMPER

He says, You must treat every jump
as if it's your last. We are
saying, for us, that is easy!

Eddie stares down the gut-churning icy ramp.

EDDIE

For me too.

OFFICIAL

Edwards!

A OFFICIAL points at Eddie. It's time.

PA ANNOUNCER

Our next jumper is Eddie Edwards
from... Great Britain.

The MEASURING OFFICIALS snap into position – eyes fixed on the landing area like hawks. Peary discreetly mutters a prayer.

The horn blares, the light goes green and off Eddie goes.

Peary can't help mime everything that Eddie should be doing.

PEARY

Arms back. Chest down. Fanny in...
And lift. Lift!

Eddie does not lift. He loses his nerve and shuts his eyes, so he stays frozen in his crouch and SMACKS PLOP down onto the slope, a good 30 meters above the normal landing position.

The Measuring Officials, who never make a mistake, are completely caught out. The crowd too. That was the shortest jump they've ever seen.

Eddie rockets past their dumbstruck faces, eyes still closed, to cross the crucial red line and complete his jump.

He opens his eyes and catches Peary letting out an all-too-real sigh of relief.

ANNOUNCER

Eddie Edwards – 48 meters.

The crowd still can't believe it.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

That is a new British record for a competitive jump.

(not quite covering the microphone)

This has to be mistake.

(a hasty consultation)

No, that is correct - 48 meters. A new British record for a competitive 70m jump.

The crowd bursts out laughing. Even more so when Eddie leaps up and down with joy. Who is this crazy guy? The OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER scurries forward to get a picture. Click!

EXT. GARMISCH SLOPE - DAY

Eddie is back teaching his class and Peary's influence has begun to show.

EDDIE

You're acting like a bunch of robots! Technique doesn't mean squat if you don't feel it here!

He THUMPS his chest. A row of kids, all crouched in the snowplow position, peer up at him, wide-eyed in terror.

PEARY

Eduardo.

Peary appears waving a clutch of envelopes and a newspaper.

INT. GARMISCH SLOPE - LATER

Peary and Eddie hunch over a *Daily Mail* sent from home and find his photo - hamming it up - under "Jumping for Joy":

PEARY

"Plucky plasterer 'Fast' Eddie Edwards set a new British record in ski-jumping last week at Garmisch, Germany, jumping 48 meters on the normal hill. The previous record was set back in 1929 by Hector Moonie."

EDDIE

"Plucky plasterer."
(liking the sound of it)

Behind him, completely ignored, his class are back fighting with 'lightsabers' causing havoc for any passing skiers.

Peary points to an envelope in the rest of Eddie's mail stamped with the BOSA logo. What's that?

Eddie slits it open and pulls out an embossed letter.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

"Dear Mr. Edwards, We are writing to inform you that in the interests of safety we have ratified a minimum distance of 61 meters to be achieved in European Circuit contests as the qualification for all future British ski-jumping contestants in Olympic competition..."

Eddie has to read it again to be sure.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

"Minimum distance?"

Peary grabs the letter and reads for himself. One figure leaps out from the page. 61 meters. 61 meters.

INT. GARMISCH BAR - NIGHT

Peary storms into the bar. Heads straight for his spot.

PEARY

So much for your loophole.

He signals for a drink.

EDDIE

I'll just go back and talk to them. Sort it out face to face.

PEARY

Like you did when you were doing downhill?

EDDIE

This is different.

PEARY

How?

It's like he's taking it more personally than Eddie. Eddie shouts over the music as he leaves.

EDDIE
They're dealing with the British
Record Holder now!

INT. BOSA HQ - DAY

A seated row of BOSA officials, all in green blazers.

Eddie sits opposite, perched on a single chair. Knotted tie, Argyle V-neck, combed hair - his dressed to impress look.

Heading this row of flunkies is his old pal, Dustin Target.

TARGET
Mr. Edwards, corporate sponsors pay
to be associated with hard-earned
success, not some ridiculous side-
show.

Eddie grits his jaw.

EDDIE
Why do I suddenly stop being
ridiculous at 61 meters?

TARGET
That was the distance ratified by
our Health and Safety committee.

Target indicates his Aide, the same one who ejected Eddie from the downhill trials. He's also decidedly porky.

Eddie's face: "He's Health and Safety?"

TARGET (CONT'D)
Our position could not be clearer.
We will not put amateurs in with
the real athletes.

Target scrapes his chair back, getting to his feet.

EDDIE
I thought the Olympics was for
amateurs...

More chairs scrape back. The meeting is adjourned.

INT. EDWARDS KITCHEN - DAY

Eddie sits tensely at the kitchen table with his parents.

DAD

So the only way to do it is to go
and do certified jumps on the
Circuit?

Eddie nods.

DAD (CONT'D)

And how much is that going to cost?

EDDIE

It's mostly entrance fees and a bit
of travel and -

DAD

How much?

Eddie can't or daren't answer.

DAD (CONT'D)

Exactly. More than you can afford.

He picks up the Prince Charles salt shaker.

DAD (CONT'D)

Answer me this. If this is you now -

He puts it near the middle of the table.

DAD (CONT'D)

How much more are they asking you
to jump?

Eddie can't lie. He moves the Lady Diana pepper shaker to the
edge of the table.

DAD (CONT'D)

So you're no better off than when
you left, are you.

HE storms out in the backyard. Eddie looks to his mother.
But she folds away her knitting, avoiding his gaze.

He looks back at the two royal figures. This huge gap. This
impossibly huge gap.

INT. EDWARDS KITCHEN - DAY

Prince Philip's disapproving frown on a plate. Mum dries off
her china, peering out into the backyard...

EXT. EDWARDS BACKYARD - DAY

Dad works away on some new ornate brick feature, Eddie by his side helping him.

EDDIE

You can't tell me you never had a dream when you were a kid.

DAD

Of course I did. I'm not made of stone, am I.

This is news to Eddie. Great news.

EDDIE

Really? You never told me.

He collects some more bricks. Brings them over.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

...So what did you want to be?

He hands a brick to his Dad.

DAD

A plasterer.

INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Eddie retreats to his room, exasperated.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Dad washes plaster off his hands, no less exasperated.

DAD

I'd have more luck banging my head against a brick wall.

MUM

We're just going to have to face it. He's an obsessive.

Dad grunts.

DAD

Yeah. I wonder where he gets that from.

He looks at her surrounded by *shelves* of royal china.

MUM

Yeah. I wonder.

She looks at him *surrounded* by fancy stucco walls and ornate brickwork.

INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Eddie stares up at the ceiling. We push into his face... His eyes...

The echoey sound of SNAPPING and CLICKING fades up...

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL WARD - FLASHBACK

Eight-year-old Eddie - before he got his glasses - watches a DOCTOR and NURSE strap a leg caliper onto his leg.

It is just like the pair we saw in the hall closet at the beginning.

DOCTOR

How does that feel?

EDDIE

Itchy.

Eddie gets to his feet, trying it out like a new shoe.

DOCTOR

They take a little while to wear in.

Eddie waggles his foot, flexes his knee and doesn't like it at all.

The Doctor moves to strap on the second caliper. Eddie recoils, getting very uneasy.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Come on. There's a good lad.

The Nurse takes Eddie's hand, but he's scared. It's like he's being put in prison. He recoils further.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Eddie, you've got delicate cartilages. We need to protect them.

They gently but firmly corner Eddie against the wall. He turns his head away. Winces as the straps are CLICKED tight -

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adult Eddie's eyes snap open. It's dark. Dawn is just breaking.

He gets his bearings. Spooked. Automatically rubbing his knees. He gets up as if fleeing a nightmare. Reaches for his bag. Starts packing.

INT. EDWARDS HALLWAY - DAWN

Eddie carries his gear to the bottom of the stairs only to find Mum and Dad are waiting with something to say.

MUM

If we can't stop you, we can at least support you.

She holds out a check. Eddie shakes his head.

EDDIE

You don't have to do this.

DAD

That's what I said.

Mum throws him a look. Turns back to Eddie.

MUM

Just come back in one piece.

Eddie sees the amount on the check. It's sizeable. He hesitates. Mum pushes the check into his hand.

DAD

That was going to be for your first van when you got your diploma.

Dad stifles a sigh.

DAD (CONT'D)

That was the other dream I had.

EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

A truck motors down the autobahn, splashing through puddles, ferrying Eddie back to Garmisch.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Eddie sits in the front seat with day-old stubble. Headphones on, deep in thought. One knee bouncing away.

EXT. GARMISCH - DAY

Eddie looks out at the 70m jump ski-jump coming into view. Feeling the pressure.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Peary tinkers away in his workshop. Eddie enters, fresh off the truck. Peary looks up. Sees his expression.

PEARY

So... 61m it is.

EXT. TOP OF THE 70M - NIGHT

The twinkling lights of the resort. Eddie and Peary sit atop the 70m, drinking steaming cups of 'fortified' coffee from Peary's Thermos.

PEARY

I think it's a good thing. It means now you've got to do it for real.

Eddie's in no mood to smile. They sit and sip.

EDDIE

It was different for you. You were a champion. You were always *good*. I got kicked off every team I was on. Even the bloody tiddlywinks team. And the one thing I thought I was good at - ruddy downhill - they wouldn't take me.

PEARY

They're not exactly begging you now.

Eddie acknowledges this - and a strange hint of delight fills his features. He looks down, toying with his cup.

EDDIE

I was in hospital for a year when I was a kid. Dodgy knees.

INT. HOSPITAL - FLASHBACK

Eight-year-old Eddie sits in bed strapped into his calipers.

EDDIE (VO) (CONT'D)
 All the doctors told me to forget
 about sports. All the experts. Told
 me to take up reading.

A DOCTOR kindly wheels over the library cart: *Indoor Word Games, Playing the Flute, Watercolours Made Fun!*

Eddie pointedly picks the Olympics photo album with the action-packed cover: *Moments of Glory.*

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 So I did.

Eddie reads under his bedsheet with a flashlight.

It's the same book he read at the kitchen table at the beginning. Gorgeous Kodachrome photos of Mary Peters, Lasse Viren, Dick Fosbury...

We move in on his face as it suddenly fills with ethereal inspiration. He has just discovered 1960 triple gold medallist Wilma Rudolph from Tennessee -

"The Black Gazelle."

A strikingly fit black woman, the 20th of 22 children, but also amazingly -

"a polio sufferer who couldn't even walk until she was 8."

Young Wilma in her leg braces. Just like Eddie's -

"who went on to become the fastest woman in the world."

EDDIE (VO) (CONT'D)
 That's when I realized I needed my
 own moment.

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION - NIGHT

Eddie lurches down the hallway like Forrest Gump. A Nurse reacts, horrified.

EDDIE (VO)
 That one thing I could do to prove
 them all wrong.

Eddie picks up speed, zigzagging wildly, bouncing off chairs. A Doctor chases after him as Eddie tumbles to the floor -

EXT. TOP OF THE 70M - RESUME

Adult Eddie fiddles with his cup, his jaw set firm just like when he was a kid.

EDDIE

I've never changed my mind since.

He lifts his hot metal cup to reveal five interlocking rings in the iced platform.

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE 70M - NIGHT

The clang of unsteady feet as Peary and Eddie descend the stairs.

Peary puts an arm around Eddie's shoulder.

PEARY

Eduard, mein freund. I'll get you your moment.

Off they weave, down the slope towards the lights below.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

Music swells as we sail over a snowy mountain road.

PEARY (VO)

We've only got three contests to make your distance before the Olympic cut-off date. Seefeld, St. Moritz and Obersdorf. Two months. Three jumps. That's it.

A caravanette hatchback comes into view, groaning its way uphill. On the side is a faded pizza delivery logo.

INT. CARAVANETTE - MOVING - DAY

Peary does the driving; Eddie handles navigation.

On a map, Peary has marked the jumps in sequence - 1, 2, 3.

EXT. SEEFELD/SLOPE - DAY

Eddie does brutal squat thrusts and leaping star jumps.

PEARY (VO)
I was letting you push off later
because it gave you more time for
your alignment. No more.

Peary demonstrates using a homemade model skier.

PEARY (VO) (CONT'D)
You've got to do it quicker and
stronger. Like a mad salmon.

Eddie leaps – just like a mad salmon.

INT. SEEFELD/SLOPE OFFICE - DAY

PEARY (VO)
Good start times! You'll gain at
least a meter jumping on early
morning ice.

Eddie presents himself to a surprised OFFICIAL. Signs his
name on a clipboard.

PEARY (VO) (CONT'D)
So let's get you registered as a
squad captain and claim a pole
position.

Eddie tries out his captain's armband, just like the one Lars
wears.

INT. SEEFELD/STREET - DAY

Peary drags Eddie along to a ski resort building.

PEARY
New equipment! Decent skis, proper
boots, aerodynamic jumpsuit,
streamlined helmet. This will gain
you at least two meters.

EDDIE
With what? We've barely got enough
left for entry fees and petrol.

PEARY
Who said anything about buying?

EDDIE
Well, I already tried borrowing.

FLASHBACK –

A row of naked Swedes looking very unhelpful.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Come on. One bloody pair of skis. I
wouldn't ask if I didn't have to.

A lobbed jockstrap lands on Eddie's face to hearty laughter.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Dra åt helvete!

This only makes the Swedes laugh harder.

SWEDES
Screw off English! Go take a
bollock! Go play with your wanker!

BACK TO EDDIE AND PEARY

PEARY
Who said anything about borrowing?
We're reclaiming.

They enter past a multi-lingual sign for "Lost Property."

INT. SEEFELD/LOST PROPERTY DEPT. - DAY

Peary and Eddie root out various ski boots, a helmet, gloves, a ski suit – recoiling at the musty smell.

PEARY
Size 11, right?

EDDIE
10.

PEARY
All they got is 11.

He hands Eddie the boots. And six pairs of socks.

Eddie assembles his final selection. Pulls a face as Peary unveils *his* selection – a garish Tyrolean hat with a feather and a seriously superfly sheepskin coat.

PEARY (CONT'D)
What?

INT. SEEFELD/CHANGING-ROOM - DAY

Eddie puts on his new kaleidoscope of mismatched gear. Six pairs of socks and a pair of oversized boots.

He joins the circle at the captains' meeting, proudly putting on his armband.

One by one, the other captains react to the shocking aroma.

EXT. SEEFELD 70M JUMP - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "Contest No. 1 Seefeld."

Eddie jumps and lands. Judging by Peary's reaction - it's an instant improvement. Ugly, but definitely longer.

Peary gives Eddie the thumbs-up, resplendent in *his* Lost Property couture.

INT. EDWARDS KITCHEN - DAY

Mum hands Eddie's latest postcard to Dad behind his copy of *Plasterers Monthly*.

She moves Prince Charles a full two inches towards Lady Di.

INT. CARAVANETTE - NIGHT

Eddie and Peary lie fast asleep in their sleeping bags wearing mittens and scarfs. Their breath misting in the cold.

It's small, but they've made it like home. Posters of Matti Nykanen and Linda Grey on the wall.

There's a knock at the door.

EXT. CARAVANETTE - DAWN

They peer out to find two MEN - one with a bunch of cameras, the other with a tape-recorder.

MAN
Eddie Edwards?

The van is parked in muddy field. Eddie's underwear dangling from a makeshift clothes line.

MAN (CONT'D)
The British Record Holder?

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

Eddie poses for the photographer. Sits for his interview.

EDDIE

Deep down, I'm just a bloke who
wants to fly the flag for his
country and let the world know us
Brits are not going to be
intimidated by anyone -

A ferocious burst of German cuts him short. It's the farmer
who owns the field.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Oh shite. Hold on, will you.

Eddie hurries off to placate the irate farmer.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The caravanette WHOOSHES past downhill...

EXT. VARIOUS - DAY

Eddie practises his cry of release... In the van... On the
slopes... In the shower... Ahhhhhhh!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Dad butters his toast with a plasterer's precision. Looks up
to see Mum move Prince Charles another inch closer.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The caravanette WHOOSHES past, more slowly now as it heads
uphill..

PEARY (VO)

Be prepared though. You're going to
plateau. Quicker than you think.

The caravanette promptly GROANS and splutters.

EXT. SLOPE - DAY

Eddie kicks at the slope after coming up short.

PEARY (VO)

The important thing is not to
panic. Not to get frustrated.

EXT. SLOPE - DAY

Eddie dangles in a makeshift homemade harness attached to a branch.

PEARY (VO)

If you get too tense, you're going to snatch at your lift-off.

Eddie jumps, far too hastily, and the harness SNAPS. A thundercloud breaks.

INT. CARVANETTE - DAY

Eddie sits with an icepack and a pillowcase around his head.

PEARY

The more you fret, the worse you make it.

They study Eddie's progress chart – or lack of progress chart, to be accurate. Raindrops leak through the roof, smudging the chart.

Eddie throws his arms up. Stomps around.

PEARY (CONT'D)

Relax. It's just a plateau.

EXT. ST. MORITZ 70M JUMP - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "Contest No. 2 St. Moritz."

We travel down the scoreboard all the way to the bottom as Eddie's distance flicks up in last place – a feeble 53m.

INT. EDWARDS KITCHEN - DAY

Mum moves Prince Charles backwards from Lady Di – a whole inch. Dad takes this hard.

INT. CARAVANETTE - NIGHT

Eddie fiddles with the model skier. Peary drinks. The mood is grim and irritable.

EDDIE

"It's just a plateau."

PEARY
 (through gritted teeth)
 We're going to find a way forward.

EDDIE
 We got one jump left!

PEARY
 So we'll focus on technique. You
 can't push for distance until you
 integrate your posture and timing.

EDDIE
 "Integrate your posture..." We've
 only got three weeks.

Peary's well aware of the pressure. And he's not coping so
 great either. He tops up his glass, emptying his bottle.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 Like that's going to help.

Eddie dunks the ski model into Peary's glass, splashing it
 everywhere.

PEARY
 If you really want to get there so
 bad, just go jump the 90m.

Eddie scowls and retreats to his sleeping bag.

EDDIE
 Some coach you are.

PEARY
 Well, look at the raw material I
 got to work with.

He picks out the little model. Finishes his drink.

PEARY (CONT'D)
 Seriously. Your BOSA letter only
 said the minimum distance had to be
 recorded at a Circuit jump. It
 didn't specify what event.

Peary unsteadily clammers into his sleeping bag.

PEARY (CONT'D)
 Even the *worst* jumpers make 75m on
 the 90.

He fumbles for the light.

PEARY (CONT'D)

It's the perfect event for you. You can do as badly as you like and still make the distance.

He rolls over and goes to sleep.

Eddie stays sitting upright, arms folded, knee bouncing away in the dark.

INT. CARAVANETTE - DAWN

Peary stirs awake in the morning light.

Finally, notices the blindingly obvious - Eddie's bed is empty.

EXT. 90m JUMP - DAY

A ski-jump elevator takes Eddie up into the sunlight peeping over the ridge. All the way to the top.

THE 90M START PLATFORM

is surprisingly small. There is just enough room to put on his skis and shuffle into position.

Eddie moves out, bracing the wind, and takes in the view.

It's like nothing he could have imagined.

A dizzying vertigo-inducing ice-ramp that plunges down into infinity.

He steps forward, dislodging some ice from the metal grating beneath his feet. The ice chunks fall... and fall... and fall...

Blood drains from Eddie's face and a new expression fills his features. One we've never seen before.

Total fear.

THE ELEVATOR

hisses open behind him, producing a new JUMPER. A preposterously young guy. He opens his palms at Eddie: What's the delay?

Eddie is white as a sheet and completely paralyzed. The kid has to brush past him.

The kid clicks on his skis. Shifts out and pushes off. He picks up speed at a frightening pace then abruptly disappears from view.

A l-o-n-g moment later he flies back into view - SLAPPING down onto the slope. A hard crunching landing. A fierce stop. Real ski-jumping.

Eddie attempts to move into position.

All he can hear is the whistling wind. All he feels is the metal structure swaying slightly as his knees buckle.

He hears a distant scratching like in a hospital room as he fumbles for the rail.

A few deep breaths seem to do the trick. He regains his composure, even managing a smile at his own silliness.

Then vomits spectacularly.

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

Peary is lead into the restroom by the JANITOR, who shows him Eddie in the end cubicle. He's on his knees by the toilet bowl.

PEARY

You idiot.

He looks at Eddie's ashen face, not unkindly.

PEARY (CONT'D)

All you got going for you is your nerve. You blow that, you got nothing.

He helps Eddie to his feet and steers him to the sink

PEARY (CONT'D)

Balls of steel and a brain of mush!

He hands Eddie a wodge of paper towels.

PEARY (CONT'D)

No more shortcuts.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

The caravanette chugs uphill, black clouds in the distance.

INT. CARAVANETTE - MOVING - DAY

Peary and Eddie wear waterproof plastic sheets. Rain leaking everywhere.

PEARY

We have to dig deeper. That's all there is to it.

Eddie nods, still pale and shaken.

PEARY (CONT'D)

That's why I've organized a proper base camp.

EXT. OBERSDORF OUTSKIRTS - DAY

A set of imposing iron gates lead up to an old Gothic pile.

They drive thru and Eddie warily reads the sign for "Sanatorium."

PEARY

It's like a spa.

A MATRONLY NURSE comes out and greets Peary warmly, like an ex-flame.

BUSTY NURSE

Bronzie! Long time, no see.

INT. SANATORIUM - DAY

The Nurse leads them through a dorm full of loonies and catatonics to a spare bedroom.

NURSE

Don't worry about the patients. They're perfectly harmless.

A huge BLACK WOMAN clicks her heels at Eddie.

BLACK WOMAN

Sieg heil!

INT. SANATORIUM BEDROOM - DAWN

Eddie is shaken awake in his new bedroom. It's a little spartan, but otherwise comfortable.

Peary holds out a bottle of prune juice and a JUMBO box of laxatives.

PEARY
Rise and shine.

INT. SANATORIUM SPA - DAY

A SCALE pings to 188lbs. Eddie is getting weighed.

PEARY
Look at the best jumpers. They're all tall, wide and thin. Like a sail. Whereas you, you're built like a linebacker...

Peary can barely get his pinkie inside Eddie's waistband.

INT. SANATORIUM KITCHEN - DAY

Peary chops green vegetables into a blender. Hands a glass of green mulch to Eddie.

PEARY
You, my fat friend, are going on a diet.

INT. SANATORIUM REC ROOM - DAY

Eddie trains in his harness with Peary urging him on. The Patients watch from the windows.

Every time Eddie gets it wrong, they cheer like he's succeeded.

EXT. SANATORIUM YARD - DAY

Eddie finishes a run, wrapped in a plastic trash bag. All he gets from Peary is a celery stick.

PEARY
Private Edwards, you are a thigh-chafing horror.

Eddie does press-ups. One of the patients sitting on top of him.

PEARY (CONT'D)
Gargantuan. Obese. Disgusting. What are you?

INT. SANATORIUM KITCHEN - DAY

EDDIE
Starving.

He gulps down green liquid wincing. Peary does the same with his schnapps.

A tempting box of chocolate Jaffa cakes sits on the table. A gift from the Daily Mail. Peary removes them from view.

PEARY
Not until you qualify.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Eddie runs downhill, Peary driving alongside.

PEARY
No rest until every pound of quivering blubber is gone!

Coming back up the hill, Eddie easily outruns the caravanette, forcing Peary to shout after him.

PEARY (CONT'D)
Vanished! Purged! Finito!

INT. SANATORIUM SPA - DAY

The scale pings to 182lbs.

PEARY
Every pound you lose is a meter gained!

INT. SANATORIUM SPA - DAY

A beefy NURSE slaps lubricant onto a gurgling hose nozzle.

Peary prods Eddie past a sign for "Hydro-Colonics."

INT. OBERSDORF CHANGING-ROOM - DAY

The scale BOINGS to 175lbs.

Eddie's traumatised face is not unlike Ned Beatty's in Deliverance. Peary gets two whole fingers inside Eddie's waistband.

PEARY

How do you feel now?

EDDIE

Weak.

EXT. OBERSDORF SLOPE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "Obersdorf Practice Jumps."

Various squads and coaches arrive to begin their preparations.

The Swedes gather round their coach, but Lars's gaze keeps straying over to Eddie.

The new streamlined Eddie. Already hard at work on the slope. Valiantly doing as Peary instructs. Not complaining once.

Just like a real athlete.

INT. OBERSDORF CHANGING-ROOM - DAY

Eddie gets undressed, exhausted from another long day, stomach GROWLING, tighty-whiteys slipping off his new slimline frame.

Behind him, nonchalantly nude as usual, Lars strolls up holding out a shiny pair of Atomic skis.

LARS

You could maybe use these, I think.

The skis are gleaming, barely used - and bright pink.

LARS (CONT'D)

Proper jumping skis. With lightweight tips. For better balance.

Eddie waits for the punchline, but it doesn't come.

EDDIE

You sure? These things cost a fortune.

LARS

The sponsors take care of it.

He thrusts the skis at Eddie, who runs a hand over their gorgeous dimensions.

EDDIE

Lars, they're beautiful.

Lars shrugs – the nearest he'll ever get to an overt display of emotion – and leaves him to it.

Eddie 'comes to' and turns to one of the other Swedes.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Quick. How do you say "Thank you for the skis" in Swedish?

INT. OBERSDORF SHOWERS - DAY

Lars ambles nudely to the shower.

EDDIE

Lars!

Eddie pushes through the other athletes, still clad only in his Y-fronts.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Det var som fan sanslös.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Bugger me till I faint."

Lars blinks in surprise, which only emboldens Eddie to squeeze Lars's shoulder warmly.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Det. var. som. fan. sanslös.

EXT. OBERSDORF 70M JUMP - DAY

A much improved WHOOSH sees Eddie shooting off the slope in his shiny new pink skis.

It's not a great lift-off, but he stays aloft appreciably longer, and lands at 61 meters – the magical distance.

EDDIE

And that was without a headwind!

Eddie falls into Peary's arms like he's collapsing of hunger.

PEARY

Do that in the contest tomorrow and
you're through!

INT. EDWARDS KITCHEN - DAY

Prince Charles CLINKS into Lady Di, so he's right next to her. Dad exchanges a tense look with Mum. Fingers crossed.

INT. SANATORIUM BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peary is fast asleep. Eddie is wide awake. Staring at the ceiling, stomach growling like a bear.

He gets up, rummaging for a snack. Finds the parcel of Jaffa cakes - and a note from Peary: "Not until you qualify!"

INT. SANATORIUM KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eddie sips on some spinach puree, relieved to have some company as he talks to a night shift DOCTOR.

EDDIE

Normally it takes eight years to reach Olympic standards. But we've done it in 10 months.

DOCTOR

And this is all with a snow groomer as your coach?

Eddie nods, pushing back his Band-Aid-hinged specs.

EDDIE

Well, he jumped a bit when he was younger.

The Doctor smiles kindly and leaves. Some of the cases here are just too tragic for words.

EXT. OBERSDORF 70M SLOPE - DAY

The arena fills up with officials, TV crews, spectators. Competition day.

Peary rubs the overnight snow between his fingers. Sizes up the headwind. It's all good.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Contest No. 3 Obersdorf."

EXT. OBERSDORF 70M JUMP - DAY

Eddie gets his armband with Lars and the other captains. And his jumping position.

OFFICIAL

Number three: Klauser. Number two:
Moberg. Number one... Edwards.

Wow. The prime start time.

EXT. OBERSDORF 70M JUMP - DAY

Eddie hurries to find Peary and tell him the good news.

EDDIE

Peary! You better get in position.
I'm first off.

He pulls up short like he's seen a ghost. Two of them in fact. It's Target and his Aide in their bright green blazers.

TARGET

Can we take it you've acquired a
coach?

EDDIE/PEARY

Yes./No.

Pause.

PEARY

It's not a formal arrangement.

TARGET

I should hope not. That would
require you to be licensed and
registered, Mr... It's Peary, isn't
it?

Target glances candidly at Peary's 'Lost Property' chic.

TARGET (CONT'D)

Your old exploits are quite the
talk in the press tent.

Peary works hard to assume his most nonchalant air.

PEARY

If I'd been French, they'd have
made me captain.

TARGET

If you'd been English, you'd never
have made the squad.

Target brushes past them abruptly, severely deflating their
swagger.

They turn and watch Target and his Aide glad-handing the
asshole Swedish Coach.

PEARY

We have a word for guys like that
back in America.

EDDIE

I'm pretty sure it's the same word
in England.

EXT. OBERSDORF 70M JUMP/PLATFORM - DAY

Eddie settles into position. Flapping his arms, doing his
breathing warm-ups: "Ahhhhhhh!"

He sees Peary down below giving him the OK sign. Then catches
sight of Target and his Aide, which doesn't help.

He tries to shut them out - "Focused not tense." "Linda
Grey." The light goes to green and he pushes off in his shiny
new skis.

Peary watches in gradually awakening amazement as Eddie soars
and hovers like never before.

Graceful, controlled, no trace of panic. It's like he's a
completely different athlete. He even pulls off a Telemark
landing - arms out, knee bent - which is simply a miracle.

Eddie skids to a stop and flips off his goggles. He sees
Peary's face and sees his wonderment. Even better, there's no
red flag from the Officials. The jump will stand.

EDDIE

What did I hit?

Peary completely forgot to register his distance.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

What was the distance?

Peary has no idea. The Circuit crowd are doing their usual patronising reaction – cries of “woo-hoo” and taunting hand gestures.

But he doesn't care. That was a genuinely decent jump.

Eddie though only has eyes for one thing. The distance. He turns to the scoreboard as it clicks up.

“E. Edwards 57m.”

He blinks at this obvious mistake. But the announcer confirms it. It's a full 4 meters short.

Target turns to his Aide.

TARGET

At last. Now we can get back to
some real work.

An OFFICIAL steers Eddie off the snow to make way for the next jumper, but Eddie pushes him away. Wait. Wait. This is all wrong.

EXT. OBERSDORF OFFICIALS OFFICE - DAY

Peary waits outside the front office, while Eddie remonstrates with the senior Event Officials.

EDDIE

You don't understand. This is my
only chance. You have to give me
another run.

They will not budge. The rules are the rules.

OBERSDORF OFFICIAL (OS)

At Obersdorf, we do everything to
the letter.

EDDIE

But these people at BOSA. They're
bastards! If it's 61 this year,
it'll be 71 next year, then 81.

Eddie explodes, grabbing the man's lapels, ending any chance of clemency.

Peary watches all this from outside. He knows it's pointless, and that's okay with him. In a strange but wonderful way, this mad quest is turning out better than he'd ever hoped.

INT. CARAVANETTE - NIGHT

The long drive back. Headlights moving through ghostly tree-lined roads.

Eddie stares out the window, jaw clenched tight. The box of Jaffa cakes – unopened, uneaten.

Peary looks over at Eddie, biding his time.

EXT. GARMISCH CAR PARK - DAY

The caravanette noses to a stop right back where it all began under the floodlights.

Only now, there's just drab grey skies and humdrum tourists.

INT. CARAVANETTE/GARMISCH CAR PARK - DAY

Peary switches off the engine.

PEARY

Eddie, I want to tell you something.

Eddie stares out the window like a zombie.

PEARY (CONT'D)

Your jump yesterday...

His face is lit up with real happiness.

PEARY (CONT'D)

It was the first time you had all your components working together – lift-off, timing, balance, trajectory. All of it, working together like second nature.

Eddie can't face any of this. He opens for the door. Peary reaches to pull him back. But Eddie won't stop.

PEARY (CONT'D)

I'm telling you it was the best jump you've ever done.

But Eddie's already gone, hurrying out of sight.

INT. PEARY'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Peary sits at his desk, drinking regular coffee. He is studying some new coaching manuals.

He hears BANGING and SLAMMING. Looks out to find Eddie going mad in the garage, kicking doors, pounding the snowgroomer, hollering like a maniac.

PEARY

Oh for Pete's sake. I thought we were over this!

A paper towel whizzes over Peary's head.

PEARY (CONT'D)

Eddie, calm down, will you. I've been figuring some things out -

Eddie appears in front of him, eyes ablaze, waving a Telex.

EDDIE

We did it! We're through.

He's not upset. He's celebrating.

He hands the telex to Peary. "E. Edwards, Great Britain, Obersdorf 61m."

EDDIE (CONT'D)

They recorded the practice jump!

FLASH CUT to - _

OBERSDORF OFFICIAL

At Obersdorf, we do everything to the letter.

BACK TO EDDIE

EDDIE

It's officially logged. We're through!

Eddie charges out, banging the door, whooping. Peary stands there, completely thrown. This is not good.

INT. EDDIE'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Matti Nykanen's inscrutable blue eyes are unpinned from the wall. Eddie rolls up his poster. Packs up his gear, unstoppable now.

EDDIE

Where are those bloody Jaffa cakes?

Peary watches from the door.

PEARY

Eddie. What I said about your jump
– I meant it. We can do this for
real.

Eddie hums, dances, moonwalks backwards past his bemused
roommates.

PEARY (CONT'D)

You don't have to settle for being
a novelty item anymore.

Eddie just keeps bubbling away, munching on his cookies.

PEARY (CONT'D)

We should take another four years.
Re-train you from the ground up.

EDDIE

What are you talking about?

PEARY

I'm saying I want to coach you for
the next four years. So we can go
and really compete.

Eddie finally starts to pay attention.

EDDIE

What for? We're already going.

PEARY

I'm saying, if you go now, they're
never going to let you back.

EDDIE

So what?

PEARY

So all you can prove is that you
don't mind coming last.

EDDIE

I *don't* mind!

Eddie can't believe he's trying to ruin this great moment.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

What's the matter with you? We just pulled off the impossible. Now we get to be a part of it.

PEARY

I was a part of it.

The intensity in his voice takes them both by surprise. Eddie's roommates watch tensely.

PEARY (CONT'D)

It doesn't mean anything if you sell yourself short.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Peary heads down the hallway. Eddie chases after him in disbelief.

EDDIE

Wait a minute. Six months ago you were driving a rustbucket!

PEARY

It's only by getting to the top of the first hill that you see the real one you have to climb.

What is Peary on?

EDDIE

This *is* my hill.

Peary sees it's useless and heads outside.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Some coach you turned out to be! You only believe in me when I haven't got a chance of going!

The door bangs shut on Eddie's shouting.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Bloody coward. Soon as it gets real, you bail!

EXT. GARMISCH CAR PARK - DAY

Eddie waits beside a coach heading back to England. The driver honks. It's time to go.

Eddie finally accepts Peary is not coming and climbs aboard.

INT. COACH - MOVING - DAY

Eddie clamps on his headphones, folds his arms. How can a victory feel more like a defeat?

He doesn't look back. Not even a farewell glance at the jumps.

EXT. EDDIE'S STREET - DAY

The street is strangely empty outside Chez Eddie, palace of stucco. Just a voice yelling -

EDDIE (VO)
Hurry up, it's starting!

INT. EDWARDS LIVING-ROOM - DAY

Packed inside are Eddie, Dad, various NEIGHBORS, KIDS and Builders. Eddie's Mum enters with another round of tea and Jaffa cakes as -

ON TV, Eddie flaps his arms, jumping in a European contest with an over-excited foreign commentator.

NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)
This week, local boy Eddie Edwards achieves a boyhood dream when he heads off to Canada to compete in the Winter Olympics in Calgary.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh." Eddie practices in his own harness in the back garden, watched by the local Kids.

EDDIE (ON TV)
I've broken my arm, my jaw, three fingers, two ribs, and eight pairs of glasses.

NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)
Even though he only finishes half the distance of normal jumpers, Edwards can look forward to competing against the likes of Finnish champion Matti Nykanen. And can even expect to be cheered on by Great Britain's consort at the Games, Her Royal Highness Princess Anne.

On TV, a John Inman-style Gentleman's Outfitter slips an Olympic blazer onto Eddie's shoulders.

OUTFITTER (ON TV)

Any pinching under the arms, sir?

Eddie shakes his head, proudly inspecting the breast pocket crest. "Calgary 1988." Five Olympic rings and a Union Jack.

Through all this, Dad and Mum exchange a look – quietly humbled perhaps by Eddie's achievement.

INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Eddie rechecks his airline ticket and passport for the last time. When he struggles to close his ski bag, Dad comes and grips it, so Eddie can pull the zipper shut.

DAD

Wider than normal skis, aren't they.

EDDIE

Yeah. For the wind resistance.

DAD

Different buckles too. So you can lift your heel at the take-off.

Suddenly his dad is quite the expert.

EDDIE

You sure you want to fly all that way just to see me? I mean, it's not cheap.

DAD

It's already done. Call it an early summer holiday.

EDDIE

I know, but it's not the plastering World Cup though, is it.

No, it's not. But they don't feel it has to be anymore.

DAD

I'll get this. You save your strength.

Dad picks up Eddie's bag. Almost gives himself a hernia.

INT. EDWARDS HALLWAY - DAY

Eddie heads to the front door, where Mum waits as always, beaming with amazement and pride.

MUM

And where do you think you're going?

She gives him a ferocious hug. Her eyes tearing up. Eddie pulls a hankie out of his pocket.

Dad goes past with the bag.

DAD

Aye up. You've even got your own send-off committee.

EXT. EDWARDS HOUSE - DAY

Eddie exits his front door to find a small curious crowd has gathered. The local kids, a stray dog, the Asian family opposite, a clutch of grannies, a passing milkman.

Eddie heads for the car past their inquisitive faces, and a real crowd begins to ROAR, getting louder and louder.

EXT. STOCK FOOTAGE - DAY

We hurtle over the Calgary skyline towards McMahon Stadium and the teeming spectacle of the opening ceremony.

A procession of runners brings in the Olympic Torch to light the flame.

COMMENTATOR (VO)

Fifty-seven nations, 1700 athletes, 60,000 spectators and more than two billion TV viewers around the globe - all have come together for the 15th Olympic Winter Games, where today the words will be spoken, Let the Games begin!

The flame is lit and the stadium erupts in a swirling display of synchronized flag-waving.

Drummers, marching bands, polar bear mascots, singer Gordon Lightfoot, sexy ice-skater Katarina Witt, the Jamaican bobsleigh team and -

EXT. CALGARY 70M JUMP - DAY

Whoosh! A SKI-JUMPER flying through the air to reveal a packed stadium below. Olympic flags. TV commentators. Thousands of fans. This is so much bigger and NOISIER than anything in Europe.

INT. CALGARY CHANGING-ROOM - DAY

Eddie waits, suited and ready to jump, his knee bouncing like a jackhammer. Around him, athletes are prepped and massaged by their coaches.

Being on his own, Eddie has to make do with humming and fidgeting.

RON PICKERING (ON TV)
So here we are, kicking off the
men's 70m ski-jump with the
legendary Matti Nykanen.

Eddie leaps up at the mere mention of his idol's name.

RON PICKERING (ON TV) (CONT'D)
The 70m crowd has really come alive
at the sight of the Flying Finn.
Not what you'd call an accessible
figure. Prefers to let his jumping
do the talking - and my word,
here's his first speech!

Eddie watches the TV monitor: Nykanen soaring for an eternity - a near perfect jump.

RON PICKERING (CONT'D)
Oh, that's big. That's very big.
That is a Valhalla drinking lodge
of a jump. It's got to be at least
89 meters.

Nykanen's brilliance silences the other jumpers getting ready, even the Swedes. They quickly turn to stretching, checking their buckles.

All except Eddie, who is rapt by the sight of Nykanen as he strides off - eerily boyish in close-up, and also eerily unmoved by the crowd's rapture.

OFFICIAL
Edwards!

A short bald intense OFFICIAL [Seriously, is there any other kind in winter sports?] executes the familiar pointing routine to Eddie and then to the sky. You. Next.

EXT. CALGARY 70M JUMP/START PLATFORM - DAY

Eddie bounds up to the platform determined to enjoy every second. This is his moment, right?

He gets to the rail and looks down on the biggest ski crowd he's ever seen. 70,000 people and his parents, all waiting for him.

RON PICKERING

Here he comes, Eddie Edwards. The joker in the pack. His arrival in Calgary has already caused quite a stir, I can tell you. That homespun, idiosyncratic jumping style has even inspired a nickname -

Fans wave a placard: "Canada welcomes Eddie 'the Eagle' Edwards."

RON PICKERING (CONT'D)

"Eddie the Eagle." Well, if ever there was a moment to prove he's not an endangered species, this is it.

Eddie waves to the crowd, hiding his nerves by gambolling around, overdoing it to be honest.

EXT. CALGARY STADIUM - DAY

Around the stands, people watch curiously - fans, commentators, some of the British squad, Florian, his old pupils.

Target turns sarcastically to his porky Aide.

TARGET

"He'll never make 61m."

A horn blares rudely, as if in response.

EXT. CALGARY 70M JUMP/START PLATFORM - DAY

Eddie sets off down the slope, picking up speed.

He flies into the air and flaps his arms with a cry. It's more of a squawk as he plummets and lands awkwardly before skidding to an ungainly halt.

It's all over in five seconds and the silence is deafening. The crowd, the commentators, the other athletes – all staring in disbelief.

Until one by one they start cracking up. "What the f*** was that?"

Americans, Canadians, Brits – all cracking up with amused disbelief.

And the Swedish team, as always – totally impassive. They all turn towards Lars: "You gave that guy a pair of skis?"

EXT. CALGARY 70M JUMP/SLOPE - DAY

Eddie lifts his goggles and automatically turns to get Peary's reaction. But of course he's not there.

The score flicks up on the big screen: 55 meters. The crowd applauds good-humoredly, but it's a tad lame and Eddie knows it.

TARGET'S AIDE

Well, it could have been worse.

TARGET

How?

Target narrows his eyes at Eddie clowning it up for the crowd.

INT. GARMISCH BAR - NIGHT

Peary sips a glass of milk, watching the TV replays of Eddie and his forced bonhomie. Turns back to his coaching manual.

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - DUSK

Eddie wanders along, fighting a sense of anticlimax. He squints at his map, totally lost amid the geometric athletes' quarters.

He passes the Jamaicans, decked out in green and yellow latex suits. They watch him go by very strangely.

Once Eddie's out of sight, we see why. The Jamaicans finish puffing on a huge joint.

JAMAICAN
Me say we fi ready nah?

JAMAICAN (CONT'D)
Everything is cook and curry!

They bump fists and enter a gate marked "Bobsleigh Run."

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - NIGHT

Eddie finally locates his block, where a perky PR GIRL is waiting to greet him.

PERKY PR GIRL
The elusive Mr. Edwards, where the
hay have you been?

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE HALL - NIGHT

The PR GIRL leads Eddie down a backstage hallway towards a growing hubbub of expectation.

EDDIE
Blimey, who else is doing the press
conference?

PERKY PR GIRL
No one. It's just you.

Eddie notices a TV screen showing footage of him reading The Sun at the top of a jump... doing his funny arm-flapping warm-up exercises.

She beckons him on. He enters the room and 100 flashbulbs explode. "Eddie!" "Eddie!" "Give us a smile." "Eddie, to your left!"

130 photographers, TV cameramen and journalists crowded into a room for the new star attraction.

JOURNALIST #1
Is it true your helmet once jumped
further than you did?

JOURNALIST #2
Did you really use a pillowcase as
a bandage?

JOURNALIST #3
Did you live in an insane asylum?

EXT. CALGARY - VARIOUS - DAY

TV REPORTER

The Winter Olympics descended into French farce this week with the outbreak of Eaglemania.

SINGING FANS ON TV

"Fly like an eagle... Let your spirit carry me."

Eddie signs autographs and poses for pictures. With kids, parents, even Mounties.

Watching in amazement around the globe are Eddie's neighbors. The Builders. His pupils. And the black woman at the sanatorium - "Mine Fuhrer!"

Eddie has a quiet dinner with his parents until flashbulbs explode through the window.

TV REPORTER

Everywhere he goes the former plasterer is provoking equal parts amusement and derision.

Fans impersonate Eddie's arm-flapping. Make "four-eyes" faces with their fingers. Give him an inflatable eagle.

TV TALKING HEAD #1

He's the Elton John of ski-jumping. He gives the ordinary man in the street hope.

TV TALKING HEAD #2

If he's anyone famous on skis - it's Benny Hill.

Eddie gets mobbed by showgirls. Gets presented with a real eagle.

He signs yet more autographs buffeted by fans, hot dogs and soda spilling all over his blazer.

INT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE LAUNDRY - DAY

Mum has taken charge of cleaning and folding Eddie's clothes.

MUM

I don't care who wants your autograph. You're not going to the closing ceremony with mustard down your front.

The ATHLETES doing their own laundry glance over. Eddie thinks they're doubtful about his Mum. But we sense their reservations have more to do with him.

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE LAUNDRY - DAY

Eddie and his Mum head back with his clean clothes. But a team of SECURITY PERSONNEL make them wait while some VIP Guest passes.

MUM

Who is it, Katarina Witt?

Eddie cranes for a better look. No, it's -

EDDIE

Bloody Nora.

Actually, it's PRINCESS ANNE on a royal walkabout. And she's walking all the way over towards him.

PRINCESS ANNE

I know you. You're our ski-jumper.

She shakes Eddie's hand.

PRINCESS ANNE (CONT'D)

You know, my son Peter's just starting skiing at the dry slope in Cheltenham.

EDDIE

Get out of it. That's where I started.

(an aide discreetly prompts him)

...Ma'am.

PRINCESS ANNE

Maybe you can give him some lessons?

EDDIE

Sure.

PRINCESS ANNE

Just skiing. No jumping.

Eddie beams in royal-lover heaven. As for his Mother - she's gone as stiff as a board.

PRINCESS ANNE (CONT'D)
Mrs. Edwards? You must be very
proud.

Mum stares madly, still gripping the laundry basket of Eddie's underwear. The Princess has to make do with shaking her pinkie.

She turns back to Eddie.

PRINCESS ANNE (CONT'D)
Is it a stroke?

EXT. VARIOUS - DAY

FLASH BULBS pop and newspapers in every language tell Eddie's story. Crowds mob him. Some guys MOON him.

TV TALKING HEAD
This guy isn't embodying the spirit
of the Games. He's debasing it.

The crowd and media mob get more and more unruly.

TV TALKING HEAD #2
Let's not forget. The founder of
the Olympics was Baron de
Coubertin, not P.T. Barnum.

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

Eddie can't even find any peace on the toilet, where a tape-recorder is held under the door.

REPORTER
A hairdresser from Bristol is
claiming he was your lover for two
years? Any comment?

EXT. BOSA OLYMPIC HQ

BOSA officials escort Eddie into the flag-draped Olympic HQ, pushing their way through the chaos.

INT. OLYMPIC HEAD OFFICE - DAY

Silence. Target looks down at the SCRUM of fans and reporters below. On a conference table is a fanned-out mass of tabloid newspapers - Eddie's antics all in print.

TARGET

Your traveling circus is causing quite a commotion, Mr. Edwards. Congratulations.

He turns to consider Eddie standing on his carpet.

TARGET (CONT'D)

You'll forgive me for not joining in.

Eddie is a trickier proposition for Target now that he has a media profile.

TARGET (CONT'D)

The official photo session for the British athletes is being held tomorrow, as you know. I recommend you refrain from attending.

Before Eddie can object, he holds up a letter.

TARGET (CONT'D)

It's not my doing. It's what the athletes requested.

EDDIE

You mean the downhill squad -

TARGET

No. I mean, many of the British athletes. And many of the others too.

He hands Eddie the letter and let's him see for himself. Four pages of names.

TARGET (CONT'D)

A hundred and eight athletes signed the petition in total.

Eddie looks at this relentlessly dense list of names, the shock of stark rejection kicking in.

TARGET (CONT'D)

You don't understand, do you? These men and women have been preparing their *whole* lives for these Games. This is their chance to get the exposure and sponsorship they need to survive.

(MORE)

TARGET (CONT'D)

Then you come along and hijack it with your sideshow on a *whim*, which wouldn't be so galling if you were at least halfway decent. But you don't even bother with the *pretence* of being a genuine athlete.

Target eases out the letter from Eddie's frozen grip.

TARGET (CONT'D)

I think it's time for you to slip quietly away, don't you.

EXT. CALGARY STADIUM - DUSK

The vast empty freezing cold stadium.

Eddie sits way at the back, a tiny solitary dot, hunched against the icy wind, feeling like absolute shit.

His only company is a snowgroomer put-putting up and down the slope. A steady rhythm that seems to say, *What did I tell you? What did I tell you?*

In Eddie's lap is his battered copy of "Moments of Glory." All his treasured images of triumph. Victorious athletes getting cheered and chaired aloft.

THE 90M JUMP

Towers above him in all its concrete and steel glory. Casting its menacing shadow over the empty seats.

Eddie takes a last long at Wilma Rudolph's lung-busting face then gets to his feet. He knows what he has to do.

A phone starts to ring.

INT. CALGARY PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Eddie pushes in a stack of coins and takes a deep, deep breath.

EDDIE

Peary...? It's Eddie...

The discreet hush of camera-clicking -

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE HALL - DAY

Eddie has called a second press conference. This time, it's all business.

EDDIE

There's plenty of athletes more deserving of publicity than me. So the solution is very simple. I'm not doing any more press coverage.

Eddie adjusts his specs, stalling before he takes the plunge.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Not until I've completed my 90m jump on Saturday.

The room reacts. Half confused. Half delighted at the good copy this potential fiasco will provide.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Taking part in the Olympics doesn't mean anything if you sell yourself short.

He seeks out the German TV camera. Looks directly into the lens.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

People are right. I did come here as a novelty act. But I'm not going home as one.

INT. PEARY'S GARAGE - DAY

On TV, Eddie gets up and leaves. A clamor of questions in his wake.

Peary looks up from packing his suitcase and smiles. That's my boy.

INT. BOSA OLYMPIC HQ - DAY

Target's Aide rushes in, out of breath, but Target's already seen it on his TV, and he knows just what to do.

TARGET

Get me Dr. Pensotti at Eventing Safety.

EXT. CALGARY 90M JUMP - DAY

Eddie runs against the wind with his kitbag and skis – just in time to make his practice jump. It is all very regimented with clipboard officials and allocated times.

But Eddie is blocked from entering. And only Eddie by the looks of it.

INT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE/ROOM - DAY

On a TV monitor, Dr. Benjamin Pensotti of the Eventing Safety Commission explains:

DR. PENSOTTI (ON TV)

While the winds are this high, we have decided the less experienced jumpers should not jump.

EDDIE

High winds? That's not even a stiff breeze.

DR. PENSOTTI (ON TV)

It's nothing personal. It's strictly a question of safety.

Eddie spots Target on TV, hovering in the background.

EDDIE

"Nothing personal," my arse.

He switches channels in disgust. All he gets is a news report on the British athletes doing their photo call.

And an episode of *Dallas* dubbed into French.

And randomly, the Jamaican Bobsleigh team hurtling down the half-pipe facing backwards.

EXT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eddie's Mum looks out her hotel window at the 90m tower, all lit up like a fortress.

MUM

I feel sick to my stomach just looking at it.

She turns to Dad, who sits at the bureau, fiddling intently with a ski helmet and a screwdriver.

MUM (CONT'D)

You got to tell him he can't do it.

DAD

All these years, you been telling me I didn't encourage him enough. Now I've got to bloody stop him.

MUM

Alright, I'll tell him.

DAD

No, you won't. You'll only mess his head up.

MUM

Mess his head up? He's going to crush it like a grape.

DAD

Woman! What d'you think I'm working on here?

He goes back to tinkering with his helmet. Unpops a tin of varnish.

INT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE/HALL - DAY

Eddie lies on his bed, despondently staring at the ceiling, just like in his old bedroom.

MALE VOICE

Ah. The six most beautiful words in the English language: What did I frigging tell you.

It's Peary, fresh off the plane, still with his travel bag. He walks up to the bed. Peers down at Eddie, in all his self-pitying glory.

PEARY

"Eddie the Eagle."

INT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE/EDDIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie wheels in a fold-out bed.

EDDIE

It can't be like the Seniors Jump. It has to be a real jump.

PEARY

I wouldn't be here otherwise.

He's set up base camp in the kitchenette – ski wax, nasty green diet drink, harness etc.

PEARY (CONT'D)

Eddie, it's going to be fine.

He comes and gives Eddie a hand setting up the bed.

PEARY (CONT'D)

We'll do it together. Like we always do. Precision engineered cogs working in unison –

A metal catch PINGS across the room. The bed flops apart with a useless CLUNK.

INT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE/EDDIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie's bed is stripped of its blankets. Eddie and Peary lie side by side on the floor, just like in the caravanette.

The wind whistles outside, flapping the curtain. Neither one can sleep and they have to acknowledge it.

EDDIE

Have a tiparillo if you want.

PEARY

It's just jetlag.
(no, it's not)

They stare at the ceiling some more.

EDDIE

Peary... Whatever I said. I was wrong. I'm sorry.

PEARY

You want to be a real jumper, you need a real coach.

EDDIE

I appreciate it.

They continue to stare upwards in silence, lost in their private hopes and fears.

We fade to black.

We back fade up: "6 hours later."

Eddie and Peary are still staring at the ceiling, only now the first rays of dawn are peeping through the curtain. Peary sits up and cocks a forefinger: Listen.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

What is it?

He can't hear anything. Which is precisely Peary's point.

Eddie scrambles to his feet and pulls back the curtains. A clear blue sky. Not a flag fluttering anywhere.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

They can't use the weather as an excuse now, can they.

Peary sets out Eddie's breakfast, a glass of green sludge.

PEARY

Neither can you.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Olympic Officials go down the hall, delivering sheets of paper at each door with a sharp KNOCK.

OFFICIAL

Klauser. Start time... Puikkonen.
Start time... Edwards. Start
time...

Eddie opens his door for his start time and finds his parents waiting there awkwardly.

MUM

We wanted to give you this.

She holds out an airport shopping plastic bag.

EDDIE

Your duty free?

DAD

Inside the bag.

He pulls out the new ski helmet now customized with the word "Eagle" on the front in gold.

DAD (CONT'D)

It's a helmet.

MUM

A safety helmet.

Dad throws her a look: I'll handle this.

DAD

I put some Styrofoam inlay panels at the key pressure points and a few extra coats of shellac polyurethane for general reinforcement.

He hands the helmet to Eddie, pointing out his handiwork.

EDDIE

Good thinking.

MUM

You can't be too careful.

Dad throws her another look: *Will you control yourself.*

DAD

We just wanted to wish you luck. That's all.

MUM

Oh Eddie -

Mum can't hide her fear any longer. She hugs Eddie so tightly he can barely breathe. Dad shakes his head, aghast.

DAD

I thought we agreed to play it cool!

EXT. CALGARY STADIUM - DAY

Fans STREAM into the stadium. Finally, it's D-Day.

A row of global TV commentators - each one excitably reporting in his native tongue. Apart from the lugubrious fellow with a blonde beard. What a surprise. It's Swedish TV.

RON PICKERING

That was Bruce "Blizzard" Sassoon, the American, opening his account with a distance of 109.5 meters.

INT. CALGARY CHANGING-ROOM - DAY

"Ahhhhhhhhh." The applause of the crowd echoes from outside as Eddie warms up, Peary massages his calfs.

PEARY

I want to hear you at the back of
the stands. If you're not yelling
it, you're not selling it -

Waters drips on the floor. Peary is suddenly eye to eye with
a couple of naked Swedes. Woah.

SWEDE

You are quite the popular fellow,
Eagle-Man. Every time we turn on
TV, you are there.

SWEDE #2

Maybe, perhaps, you could tell
us... What is the secret?

PEARY

Clothes.

A KLAXON sounds for the next jump.

EXT. CALGARY STADIUM - DAY

Mum and Dad take their seats, wide-eyed as a jumper sets the
crowd alight. Her knitted sweater says, "I'm Eddie's Mum."

INT. CALGARY CHANGING-ROOM - DAY

Peary gets Eddie to his feet.

PEARY

And remember: you're going to land
so much harder on this jump. So
when your skis hit the slope keep
that fanny up. Whatever it takes,
don't drop back otherwise...

A huge GASP goes up from the crowd.

The TV MONITOR shows a jump has gone horribly wrong - a
monster wipe-out on the slope.

PEARY (OS) (CONT'D)

Otherwise, you're going to be
joining him.

OUT IN THE STANDS

Eddie's Mum and Dad watch in horror as medics stretch off
the injured jumper.

TV replays the wipe-out, the jumper impales his own groin on his ski.

MUM

No helmet is going to help you there.

INT. TV GANTRY - DAY

CANUCK ANCHORMAN

And that may not be the only spectacular wipe-out of the day. Not with Britain's Eddie "the Eagle" Edwards coming up soon. Take a look at this.

They run footage of Peary arriving with Eddie earlier.

CANUCK ANCHORMAN (CONT'D)

Eddie's coach is none other than Bronson Peary, fallen whiz-kid of '60s ski-jumping and an old Olympic squad member of yours, if I'm not mistaken, Warren?

SUPERIMPOSE: "Warren Sharp, US Senior Coach." A Living Legend, no question.

WARREN SHARP

Until we kicked him off the squad.

Sharp is not a man to mince words.

WARREN SHARP (CONT'D)

I always told him, You're never bigger than the slope. But some people never learn. It breaks my heart to say it, but he embarrassed the sport as a jumper. And he's going to embarrass it again today as a coach.

The dressing-room has fallen silent. Peary feels everyone's eyes on him. Even Eddie's. Before he can speak, the Officials bundle them into the hallway.

INT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE/HALLWAY - DAY

Eddie and Peary are ushered down the tunnel, two silhouettes heading towards the rising wall of noise.

PEARY

Alright, fine, so now you know.
This is my moment too.

They step out into the light.

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE/ATHLETES AREA - DAY

Electric excitement pulses through the athletes and officials 'backstage,' including a British contingent.

One by one, they start to recognize Eddie. So this is the infamous Eagle.

Peary steers Eddie through the gauntlet of stares, feeling the mounting pressure.

He gets to the check in desk. Hands over their paperwork. They pass through to the elevator at the base of the tower.

They're not sure what to do. So the Official shows them. "You simply press the button - like so."

EXT. CALGARY STADIUM - DAY

Down in the stands, Eddie's parents feel the buzz in the crowd. Officials hurry into position. TV crews from every country get the countdown.

EXT. CALGARY 90M JUMP/ELEVATOR - DAY

As the elevator lights descend, Peary checks Eddie's equipment for the last time.

The metal doors open with a hiss. It's all happening too fast.

Peary CLASPS Eddie's arms. A complicated last look: fear, affection, resolve, and a coach's complete faith in his pupil.

EDDIE

Any last tips?

PEARY

You know what to do.

EDDIE

Clench and release.

PEARY

Linda Gray.

EDDIE

All or nothing.

Peary thumps Eddie's chest, just like he did in their first lesson.

PEARY

See you at the bottom.

Eddie backs onto the elevator, joined by another athlete, who's just strolled up.

The doors HISS shut.

All Peary can do now is step backwards and tilt his head back to look up... And up... And up...

It is truly a concrete monster of a jump.

INT. CALGARY 90M JUMP/ELEVATOR - DAY

Inside, the roar of the crowd is eerily distant. Just the soft hum of the winching cables. Eddie stares ahead, trying to keep calm.

MALE VOICE

Jumping is all that matters. If I didn't jump, I would drink and have sex all the time.

Eddie turns and blinks in amazement. It is MATTI NYKANEN. His caravanette poster made flesh.

Blonde, boyish and surprisingly small (5ft 8in), which throws Eddie even more.

NYKANEN

Everything else is shit, no?

Eddie searches for a suitable reply.

EDDIE

...Congratulations on your medal.

NYKANEN

I win gold, but it was not my best. If I had done my best, I could have come last and been happier.

EDDIE
What, like me?

His strained laugh is quickly silenced.

NYKANEN
You did not do so good either.

EDDIE
No, not so good.

NYKANEN
You've done better.

EDDIE
(a chastised schoolboy)
Yes.

NYKANEN
You laugh. You think I am being
patronizing.
(Eddie's not laughing at
all)
But you and I are like one o'clock
and eleven o'clock.

Nykanen extends two gloved fingers to demonstrate. A V-sign
over Eddie's nose.

NYKANEN (CONT'D)
Closer to each other than to the
others. And who are they anyway?
The nobodies, the mediocrities. All
they can do is compete amongst
themselves.

He rotates his V-sign a quarter-turn and gives it a neat
jerk, a finger now pointing at each of them.

NYKANEN (CONT'D)
You and I, we are pioneers. We live
at the extremes. Me - top. You -
bottom. So the only people we can
compete against is ourselves.

The doors HISS open. Nykanen doesn't move.

NYKANEN (CONT'D)
Winning, losing - that's for the
little people. You and I, we jump
to free our souls.

EDDIE
Isn't this our floor?

Nykanen grips Eddie's lapels. Fixes him with a piercing stare, rich with self-loathing and threat.

NYKANEN

The only two jumpers with a chance
to make history today are you and
I. If we do less than our best with
the whole world watching it will
kill us inside for all time.

And with that cheery piece of advice, he promptly steps out.

EXT. CALGARY 90M JUMP - DAY

Peary hurries down to his viewpoint, passing under the gaze of his old coach in the TV gantry box.

RON PICKERING

Here he comes, the Flying Finn.
Matti Nykanen getting into position
to go for an unprecedented second
gold for jumping.

Eddie is instructed to wait on the bench. But he can't help peering over as Nykanen sets off, hurtling down the jump. It is a nigh perfect jump: 118.5m. Alpine poetry in motion.

The commentators are in raptures. The crowd applauds like crazy. Eddie is momentarily relieved - it is like a blessing - until he sees the close-up of Nykanen's face on the monitor, the tiny telling hint of disappointment.

Nykanen turns his piercing blue-eyed stare into the camera - right into Eddie's soul.

OFFICIAL

Edwards!

EXT. CALGARY 90M JUMP/START PLATFORM - DAY

Eddie moves onto the start platform. And now it all becomes terrifyingly real. The horizon starts to sway. The sound of SCRATCHING echoes in his head. His knees go weak and his stomach heaves.

It's just like the last time he was on the 90.

He spits in his steamed-up goggles, but nothing comes out.

The Official locks Eddie into position as he stares down the monstrous ramp. No wind. No snow. No creaking metal.

Just the dying rumble of the crowd – the whole world – falling silent as they wait for him to fail.

His pupils, his neighbors, the builders, the local kids – all glued to their sets.

EXT. CALGARY 90M JUMP - DAY

Pickering drops his voice to a whisper as we pull back and back and back to see the full magnitude of Eddie's task – a 90m sheer drop, as high as a tower block.

RON PICKERING

The jump here at Calgary is a doubly tricky one. The short tabletop gives the jumpers less time than normal to get aligned for the push off. And the slope is a steeper than average 38 degrees. In short, it's the faster, most unforgiving slope in the world, especially when it comes to landings. And if Edwards has one weakness – one salient weakness, I should say – it's his landings.

EXT. CALGARY 90M JUMP/SLOPE - DAY

Eddie grips the rail, inching into position, but as the light goes to amber, he backs away.

Thousands of faces watch confused as Eddie shuffles back.

RON PICKERING

Don't tell me he's freezing up.

Target picks a hair off his blazer.

TARGET

When is this nightmare going to end?

Eddie struggles to focus, sweat beads on his forehead. The light turns green, burning in front of him.

There is nothing to do but close his eyes and go back...

INT. HOSPITAL FLASHBACK - DAY

Eight-year-old Eddie falling over in his calipers on the slippery linoleum floor.

PEARY (VO)
Come on, you bugger, stand up.

Young Eddie scrambles to his feet, picking up speed, heading for the exit doors and the freedom beyond it -

EXT. CALGARY 90M JUMP/START PLATFORM - DAY

As he opens his eyes in slow motion and pushes off.

He crouches low, picking up speed, Peary urging him on.

The wind pummels his cheeks as he hits 50mph. A glorious, terrifying view spreading out below him -

He hurtles into the tabletop. His knees juddering over the ridged ice. Going the fastest he's ever skied.

RON PICKERING
Here's the straight. He's got to
pick his moment just right -

Peary urges Eddie into his lift-off.

PEARY
Push. Up and out. Up and out.

Eddie stretches for his life, straining against the wind.

RON PICKERING
He's away, but it was late. That
was very late. That's going to
cause all kinds of problems.

Mum and Dad hold each other tight in the crowd.

Eddie's ski-tips swing up to his face - dangerously close. He's leaning forward. Way forward.

RON PICKERING (CONT'D)
Oh no. He's going to lose his
balance.

His pupils go wide-eyed. Mum grabs the person sitting in front, unable to look.

EXT. CALGARY STADIUM - DAY

Eddie grits his teeth as he reaches the pinnacle of his flight. Still no sound coming from his mouth.

RON PICKERING
How he's going to make this
landing, I don't know.

PEARY
Release!

But Eddie's still not yelling anything as -

He flaps his arms desperately - still no sound coming from
his mouth - as he starts to fall -

Target's cold eyes burning into his brain...

PEARY (CONT'D)
Come on, release!

Peary can barely look.

RON PICKERING
He's coming in too steeply, surely.

The slope rushing upwards beneath his juddering ski tips...

As Eddie sees Wilma Rudolph smash through the finish tape and
he finally summons up his voice and lets rip -

EDDIE
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...

Drowning out every rejection, every setback.

PEARY
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

BUILDERS/PUPILS/KIDS
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

EDDIE
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

His skis SLAM into the snow at 50mph, his whole body ROCKED
with the impact...

RON PICKERING
Oh no!

Mum and Dad wince. The crowd gasps. Eddie's butt has dropped,
his arms are flailing, but he's still screaming...

EDDIE
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

Target starts to smile with vindication... Some of the commentators too.

But Peary refuses to concede defeat.

PEARY

Up! Up!

Eddie gives one final agonizing push and with all his might, lifts his body back upwards to crest the safety bump and shoot his arms into the air.

It's good. He's safe. He's made it.

PEARY (CONT'D)

(leaping the barrier)

Ahhhhhhh, you motherf-----

RON PICKERING

Unbelievable! Unbelievable.

Mum and Dad whoop and holler, sending their neighbors' popcorn flying.

EXT. CALGARY 90M JUMP/SLOPE - DAY

Peary rushes to Eddie as he skis to a stop. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! It's a two-man primal meltdown.

RON PICKERING

I've been waiting nearly two weeks to say this. Well, here goes - The Eagle has Landed!

The crowd ROAR and CHEER, loving every second as Peary and Eddie hug and topple over into the snow.

Everyone's letting rip. The Swedish coach EVEN gives a curt nod to Lars. Not bad.

The only person not watching this, we might notice, is Target.

RON PICKERING (CONT'D)

Britain's Eddie Edwards has completed his large hill jump - and it's a belter. A small jump for mankind, a very small jump, but it's a personal best in competition for Edwards - 71.5 meters. And that is a new British Record.

Peary and Eddie get control of themselves until they see the result flash up: "71.5m... A new UK record."

Somewhere in all this, Peary catches Warren Sharp's eye for a second – a hint of his expression softening – before he and Eddie start hugging all over again, falling over into the snow.

RON PICKERING (CONT'D)

What a sight. What an amazing sight.

The soothing hum of a plane fades up, taking them home –

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Eddie and Peary in steerage, utterly drained, utterly content, enjoying it all – drinks, snacks, headphones and a copy of the Calgary Herald.

PEARY

"The most raucous applause came during IOC President Juan Antonio Samaranch's speech at the closing ceremony when he said, "Some competitors have won gold and some have broken records, and one has even flown like an eagle..."

They hold up their glasses for a toast.

PEARY (CONT'D)

To the next four years?

EDDIE

At the least.

They clink and drink, not noticing the ominous blur of green making its way towards them from first class.

VOICE

They have hangers, you know.

It's Target. He moves aside Eddie's blazer, folded up on the empty seat. Sits on the arm of the chair.

TARGET

It's only fair to tell you. A motion has already been approved to amend the entry criteria for the next Olympics.

He pauses to savor the final killer blow.

TARGET (CONT'D)

You will never be wearing this blazer again.

He shifts closer. It's an exultantly intimate assassination.

TARGET (CONT'D)

You think because a few TV pundits find your antics amusing, you've done something to be proud of. But you came last - twice. You made fools of your countrymen. You embarrassed your flag. When you get home, you'll find out how funny that really is.

INT. HEATHROW TERMINAL 4 - DAY

An endless terminal corridor, down which Eddie pushes his baggage cart, Peary alongside, the blazer folded up on top.

It is a desolate place. Jetlagged passengers shuffling like zombies. Except the odd one who whispers and points at Eddie.

Up ahead at Customs, Target is surrounded by his gleaming downhill boys. All spruced up in their blazers. They point out Eddie to some CUSTOMS OFFICIALS.

PEARY

My connection's Terminal 3.

EDDIE

Time for a coffee then.

Before Eddie can follow Peary, the Officers approach him.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

This way, sir.

Eddie is taken to one side while Target and his chinless wonders are escorted through.

EDDIE

What's the matter?

CUSTOMS OFFICER

If you just come with me, we can explain it all.

Peary is told to keep moving. "Nothing to see here."

Another OFFICIAL arrives to take Eddie's bag and skis. Leads him into a sideroom - Eddie, a German Shepherd and two customs officials alone in a tiny room. Eddie's jetlagged exhaustion turns to panic.

EDDIE

It's not a drugs test is it?

The Officers share a wry glance, which is really unnerving.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

'Cos I can tell you now, I've never taken a steroid in my life -

A far door opens and a forbidding SENIOR OFFICIAL enters.

SENIOR CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

This is him is it? Righty-o. Let's get this moving.

He gestures firmly for Eddie to follow him.

SENIOR CUSTOMS OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

This way, sir.

Eddie, his nerves already at breaking point, is steered forward through the second door and his jaw hits the floor.

INT. HEATHROW/ARRIVALS - DAY

A thousand people are waiting for him. Crammed in with banners, flags, foam fingers, stetsons. There's women in bikinis from a vodka company, TV cameras, his local Mayor.

His whole life before his eyes: his parents, Julie, the neighbors, the builders. All there for him.

This isn't the polite amusement of the Calgary crowd. This is a full-on folk hero explosion. The great stonewashed. Not the prettiest bunch in the world, but the most adoring.

EDDIE

Bloody ada.

Mum gives him the proudest hug of her life, tearing up, as well-wishers gather round and flashbulbs explode.

DAD

Alright, alright, calm down.

Dad takes his turn to hug Eddie only to tear up even more.

DAD (CONT'D)
Now look what you made me do.

EDDIE
(dabbing his own eyes now)
Me? You started it.

Everywhere he looks – cheering faces wearing pink Eddie-style glasses. Hanging over balconies, clambering onto check-in counters. Airport staff, policemen all craning their necks.

Many of the other British athletes are there too, and they are applauding. Giving it up. One team-mate to another.

Eddie catches Target's tight-lipped face, puce with rage, as his Aide and the downhill squad mutinously join in clapping.

An equally amazed Peary joins the fold as one of the Tabloid Reporters, sticks a microphone under Target's nose.

BLUFF JOURNALIST
Mr. Target! The one British athlete being acclaimed as a hero is the very person you didn't want to compete. Any comment?

TARGET
Piss off.

Peary takes a pair of oversized pink Eddie glasses from a fan and jabs them onto Target's face.

Eddie is hoisted onto some shoulders, lifting him into full view. The effect is like a winning goal. He can't decide whether to smile or cry. So he does both, waving and waving.

For Eddie, finally, the dream has come true. He gives the V-for-victory sign – the reverse of what he's been giving since he was a kid – as we freeze-frame and immortalize what has just turned into the greatest day of his life.

SUPERIMPOSE: *"Eddie continued to jump in European contests and eventually retired with a personal best of 115m – a new British record."*

Eddie bows out to an adoring crowd – in the Olympic photo album he now adorns for real...

His Parents show off his hit single "Fly, Eddie, Fly."

"As for the Flying Finn: Matti

Nykanen won an unprecedented three gold medals at Calgary to become the greatest ski-jumper of all time."

Nykanen poses with an array of trophies – expressionless.

"He retired in 1992 and did indeed develop a chronic drinking problem."

Housewives grope a stripper's bethonged buttocks.

"Not to mention a raging sex addiction. It's all in his memoirs."

The absolutely genuine book cover reads: "Greetings from Hell."

"Eddie, on the other hand, is now a happily married qualified solicitor and thriving motivational speaker."

Mature Eddie (the real Eddie in his cameo) has a row of businessmen bent over and moaning away like mating whales.

EDDIE
Come on, let me hear you!

The businessmen all moan louder: Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Attitude is altitude!

THE END