

PERSONAL BEST

February 22, 1980

④

FADE IN:

1 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 1

A TARTAN TRACK

twenty inches away. Superimpose: OLYMPIC TRIALS EUGENE OREGON 1976. Droplets hit the speckled yellow surface and sink into it. O.S. an announcer with a vaguely apocalyptic tone calls out the lane assignments for the finals for the women's hundred meter hurdles. More droplets hit the surface. VIEW SHIFTS and CAMERA TILTS UP to show:

THE WOMEN AT THEIR BLOCKS

for the start of the race. The droplets of perspiration hitting the track are from CHRIS CAHILL, on the inside lane, closest to CAMERA. She's sweating so much she looks as though she's already run the race. The announcer completes the lane assignments.

2 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 2

THE STARTER

steps into position, his red-sleeved arm raising the pistol.

CHRIS

sees him out of the corner of her eye.

THE STARTER

Runners to your marks -

ALONG THE BLOCKS

rear legs scrunch up against the rear block.

CLOSE - CHRIS

breathing heavily.

BEFORE HER

are ten hurdles. Sun glinting off the track makes them shimmer. The roar of the crowd seems to grow - then abruptly trails off into a hiss, with whispers of "Gun's up! Gun's up!" - then silence.

THE STARTER'S VOICE

- get set -

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

## ALONG THE BLOCKS

everyone is poised to explode.

## THE GUN

goes off.

## THE HURDLES

Racing toward CAMERA are the eight finalists. Two of them hit hurdles - one of the girls goes sprawling.

## PENNY BRILL

moves thru the field after a slow start. With each hurdle she seems to pick up speed, grow more aggressive.

## AT THE SIXTH HURDLE - CHRIS

sees Penny skim by her. It throws her off stride and she begins to tie up.

## AT THE FINISH

Penny Brill crosses first, Chris Cahill is fifth.

## THE RUNNERS

continue down the chute, all in varying states of ecstasy.

3

## EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY

3

## PENNY

is embraced by several people at once and between tears and giggles responds with "I know! I know!" to someone saying "Well you got your usual shitty start."

## OTHER RUNNERS

hug each other or stand with their heads between their legs.

## THE P.A. SPEAKERS

announce the results of the 100 meter hurdles.

## PENNY BRILL

is embraced again at the announcement of her win.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

She grabs the second and third finishers and takes off to the crowd's cheers on her victory lap.

CHRIS CAHILL

watches them go, ambles down the chute for a few more aimless strides then abruptly turns and heads onto the field past the official's stand.

4 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY

4

RICK CAHILL

waits, expressionless as Chris approaches him. He looks young enough to be going with her. He glances down at the stopwatch he holds.

CHRIS

(coming unglued)

..I can't believe it..I don't know what happened, I mean my trail leg  
- it -

CAHILL

- you hurt it?

CHRIS

- No, it just, it bothered me -

CAHILL

- How did it bother you?

CHRIS

I don't know!..Oh, Daddy - I just don't know what to say -

She leans on her father, near tears. He glances around, clearly a little nervous at the impending emotional display. He puts an arm on her shoulder firmly.

5 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY

5

TORY JANE SKINNER

has her top off but is still wearing sweatpants as she shifts the shotput she holds from one hand to the other. She watches the scene between father and daughter, a little mesmerized by it.

BEHIND HER

by the shotput circle is her coach, TERRY TINGLOFF. He's getting edgier and edgier.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

TORY SKINNER

dreamily continues to shift the shot back and forth.

TINGLOFF

can't stand it anymore. He leaps to his feet.

TINGLOFF

(with a strangled  
cry)

What the fuck do you think you're  
doing?

AAU OFFICIAL

(to Tingloff, a  
reprimand to a  
schoolboy)

No coaching, please.

(to Tory)

Two-minute rule, Tory.

Tory goes straight for the circle. She balances the shot, glances at the clock whose second hand is inching toward the red zone. Balances it again, getting Tingloff even crazier. She makes her move across the circle and THROWS.

THE SHOT

Flies thru the air.

IT HITS

at over 15 meters. The measuring OFFICIAL turns over the tape.

OFFICIAL

Fifty-one feet two inches -

There are appreciative whistles. The walkie-talkie picks it up and moments later it's on the p.a. system - the best toss so far in the pentathlon.

TINGLOFF

is now a little sheepish.

TINGLOFF

Not bad.

TORY

smiles. She holds her thumb up in the air.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

TORY

Hey, Terry - jump. I'll catchya.

TINGLOFF

(only slightly  
amused)

- you've got half an hour 'til the  
high jump - so - you know -

Tory throws her shirt around her shoulders, notices that Cahill has turned away from his daughter to another athlete. Chris stands waiting patiently.

TORY

Hey - you ought to put on your  
sweats -

Chris looks up. Tory turns away abruptly and heads downfield toward the highjump.

6 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY

6

CLOSE - TINGLOFF

near the longjump runway. Tory's name is pronounced. Tingloff tenses.

TORY

is posed on the runway. A large scythe of a scar can be seen around her right knee. She runs, hits the board and takes off, LEAPING toward CAMERA. Sand FLIES and she falls out of the pit.

THE TAPE

across the sand registers 6.71 meters.

TORY

jogs by Tingloff, more than a little pleased with herself.

TINGLOFF

(surlly)

It's not over yet.

TORY

(over her shoulder)

- yeah it is.

7 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY

7

TORY COMES OUT OF THE CURVE

of the two hundred meters, leaning into it, pumping furiously, in the thick of a bunched field. Crowd's roar grows.

COMING TOWARD THE TAPE

down the straightaway. Tory and another girl lead the group.

ALONG THE TAPE

as the winner leans into it, just edging out Tory.

TINGLOFF

can't contain himself. He runs onto the track and hefts Tory into the air. Then Tory lifts Tingloff into the air.

Other women from the San Luis Obispo Track Club surround Tory, hugging and kissing her.

8 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY

8

A YOUNG GIRL

taps Chris on the shoulder. Chris turns to be handed a basket with her crumpled sweats in it. For the first time she shivers.

9 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY

9

AT THE VICTORY STAND - TORY

stands just beneath the winner, holds two roses in her hands.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (P.A. SYSTEM)

- qualifying second in the pentathlon is a former junior national champion in the long jump, last year placed third in the Senior Women's Nationals, a first time Olympian with a personal best of 4639 points, Tory Skinner.

There are cheers and applause. Tory grins from ear to ear, nods acknowledgment, and clutches her roses - a moment of pure joy for her.

10 INT. BLACK ANGUS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

10

dimly lit with plastic booths, smokey mirrors and a rock band - chain restaurant luxury. Athletes in and out of sweats fill the booths, large and small.

AT A TABLE - CHRIS CAHILL

sits before a plate of untouched food. She's surrounded by her father Rick and other athletes from his club. No one is saying much.

CAHILL

Debbie and Martha have to compete tomorrow -

CHRIS

I'm ready.

CAHILL

(lowering his voice)  
- eat something, Chris.

Chris doesn't answer.

CAHILL

(continuing)  
Waiter, check please!

11 INT. BLACK ANGUS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

11

TORY, TANYA PASTOOCHIN, PENNY BRILL, TINGLOFF AND JASON TRAVIS

a black assistant coach in his forties, along with a couple of other athletes, finish their meal. Tory talks animatedly. Her plate is untouched, though.

DUANE, a large and handsome field athlete with a sliver of a girlfriend holding onto his arm, is held up by a trolley car in front of Tory's table. The two - Tory and Duane - spot one another at the same time. Tory stops talking.

TORY

Hello, Duane.

DUANE

Hey, Tory, congratulations. You really did it. All the way. Congratulations.

TORY

Thanks, Duane.

(CONTINUED)



11 CONTINUED:

11

Duane moves on with his little girlfriend.

WAITRESS

(to Tory, indicating  
untouched plate)

You finished?

JASON TRAVIS

looks up, smiles broadly.

JASON

Hey, Rick, what's happening?

CAHILL

Jason! Congratulations -

(to Tory)

- and you, golly, I saw you at the  
nationals last year you're really,  
you're coming on like gangbusters,  
just as a hurdler you'd make it -

He breaks off as he sees Tory staring at Chris who is  
standing uncomfortably at his side.

CAHILL

(continuing)

- oh..my daughter Chris.

TORY

- hi.

CHRIS

Hi. Will you excuse me?

CAHILL

What for? We're going right back  
to the dorm.

CHRIS

I'll walk. I don't have to be up  
tomorrow.

CAHILL

- all righty.

(to Tory)

Anyway - that was some performance -

Tory nods thanks, idly stares after a departing Chris.

TINGLOFF'S VOICE

Tanya, Penny - you do have to be  
up tomorrow..

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

PENNY  
 (mildly indignant)  
 What for? I won.

TINGLOFF'S VOICE  
 You've still got the relay.

12 INT. BLACK ANGUS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

12

JASON AND TORY

A lone beer in front of Tory. Tingloff and the others have gone. Tory has suddenly grown very quiet.

JASON  
 - miss him?

TORY  
 Who?

JASON  
 Duane.

TORY  
 No.  
 (lowering her face,  
 moving her shoulders,  
 mimicking him)  
 'Hey there, Tory. You really did  
 it. All the way - balls out.'  
 Fuck it.

JASON  
 - you miss him.

Tory shakes her head.

TORY  
 I feel like a kid who just had his  
 balloon popped. I feel like  
 somebody scoured my stomach with a  
 brillo pad. I feel like shit.

JASON  
 Hey, Tory, why don't you say what  
 you mean?

Tory laughs.

TORY  
 Fuck you too. Oh, Jason..  
 (she leans into him)  
 ..four years and so what? It's  
 just me - and that's not enough.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

Jason kisses her lightly.

JASON

Winning big, it's a killer, baby.  
It can hurt worse than anything.

There is a CRASH of dishes hitting the floor.

CHRIS

leans unsteadily against a doorway. She's walked into a waiter's trolley and knocked it over, including some flaming items that sizzle on the floor. There is an almost obscene stain of oil on her pants. She's about to fall into the mess at her feet.

TORY AND JASON

are up in a flash, grab her. Waiters, busboys and a HOSTESS appear.

CHRIS

I'm okay, I'm okay, I'm okay..

TORY

- sit down, put your head between your legs..

CHRIS

I'm okay.

JASON

Just do it - that's it..

HOSTESS

Does she need a doctor or what?

CHRIS

(head between legs)  
No!..I..haven't eaten today..  
that's all..I mean I'm fine..

She looks up. Her face is damp with perspiration.

CHRIS

(continuing)

Listen, I want to pay for this..

She starts to black out again. Jason just plunges her head back between her legs.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

JASON

Damn it, girl, keep it there for a  
minute, will you?

(to Hostess)

She's fine. We'll take care of  
her.

The Hostess looks for a moment, then moves away. Bus-  
boys scurry about, cleaning up.

TORY

You in Beane Hall?

CHRIS

Beane East - but really -

TORY

C'mon -

She and Jason help her up and they head outside, Chris  
still protesting.

13 EXT. STREET - BLACK ANGUS - NIGHT

13

THE THREE

emerge and head down the street toward a battered '63  
white Falcon convertible.

TORY

(to Jason)

I've got my car -

Chris gets in more or less unaided. As Tory gets in:

JASON

(to Chris)

- we're just down the street so -  
take care of yourself -

CHRIS

(almost fervent)

Thank you so much.

JASON

(dismissing it)

Hey -

With a wave to Tory he's gone.

14 INT. FALCON CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

14

CHRIS AND TORY

Tory fumbles with the keys, turns the engine over a couple of times. There's an ungodly screech. Tory winces.

TORY

Ugh - starter on this is totally fucked.

CHRIS

Listen, congratulations.

TORY

For what?

CHRIS

I watched your long jump - great, tremendous height. I love that feeling, flying thru the air, that's the way I started, the long jump..

TORY

Yeah?

CHRIS

- yeah..anyway, congratulations.

Tory looks at her, touched both by the sincerity of the compliment and Chris' try for composure.

TORY

Thank you. I was into it and - some days you get lucky and, aww fuck, I'm so sorry -

She reaches out and touches Chris' shoulder lightly. Chris nods and then bows her head and abruptly begins to shake with sobs - silently at first.

TORY

(continuing;  
matter of fact)

Hey, let go - it's got to come out sometime.

Chris' sobs become audible and wracking. Tory starts to reach to her, thinks better of it, sits back and stares out the front window.

15 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

15

FALCON MOVING UP A COLLEGE STREET

Chris is holding a handkerchief and blowing her nose.

CHRIS

What I really love is the box jump drill - so you get your full hitch kick, God this nose - feels like you're flying for ages.

TORY

I know, I know, oh - here we are.

CHRIS

Oh yea, listen thanks a million.

TORY

What for?

CHRIS

Well..don't know what I would've done. Anyway - see you.

Chris starts out of the car.

TORY

Yeah. Listen, what're you doing?

CHRIS

- when?

TORY

Now. I mean you feel like being alone?

CHRIS

God no - but..but..

TORY

But what?

CHRIS

- you made it, you're going to the Olympics, don't you have parties to go to or your folks to see or a boyfriend or -

Tory raises a hand to stop her talking.

TORY

First everybody's still competing, there are no parties..second, I made a serious mistake with my boyfriend.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

CHRIS

What's that?

TORY

(with a smile)

I became a better athlete than he was.

She gestures for Chris to get back in the car.

16 EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

16

"KLUTE" ON THE MARQUEE

Everyone ambles out. Tory and Chris are taller than the immediate crowd around them. They move down the street away from CAMERA. A group of athletes across the street sings - 'make new friends but keep the old, one is silver, the other gold.'

CHRIS

Gee..

TORY

What?

CHRIS

I'm starving. Where can we eat now?

TORY

My cousin's - what do you feel like?

CHRIS

Peanut butter and yogurt.

TORY

(ugh)

Peanut butter and yogurt?

CHRIS

It's great, gee we used to sing that in kindergarten.

17 INT. KITCHEN (HOUSE IN EUGENE) - NIGHT

17

CHRIS AND TORY

smoke a joint, make peanut butter sandwiches, a yogurt jar conspicuous, drink beer. Chris has grown considerably more animated.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

CHRIS

- anyway when I was six, they  
registered us with the BIA -

She hands the joint to Tory who's having a little  
trouble constructing her sandwich.

TORY

The what?

CHRIS

(eating)  
Bureau of Indian Affairs.

TORY

Oh yeah. How Indian are you?

CHRIS

(wolfing down  
sandwich)  
- pretty Indian, when my father  
wasn't looking my mother used to  
do rain dances and we'd tell the  
kids on the block she'd made it  
snow and they'd go 'really, does  
she wear feathers in her hair?'  
really impressed 'em, one quarter,  
I don't have any hair on my body -

TORY

No hair?

CHRIS

(picking up on it,  
goodnatured modesty)  
- well - not much.

She takes another toke on the joint and finishes the  
sandwich, drools a little and giggles - points to her  
crotch.

CHRIS

(continuing)  
- it's sort of a -  
(she strokes her  
chin)  
- Van Dyke.

Both girls laugh easily.



18 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

18

## TELEVISION SET

with the late news on showing the day's Olympic trials on a local television channel. There is a brief shot of Tory on the winner's stand.

CHRIS' VOICE

(before and during  
shot)

What about your family? Yayy.

ANGLE WIDENS. Both girls are glassy-eyed on the floor surrounded by empty plates and beercans. Between the beer and grass they are very ripped.

TORY

What about 'em? Father's dead,  
mother's dingy - excuse me.

She punctuates the family history with a loud belch.

CHRIS

That's nothing.

Chris holds out her index finger. Tory looks blankly at it.

CHRIS

(continuing)

Give it a tug.

Tory tugs on it and Chris promptly farts.

TORY

Can you do it again.

By way of reply Chris promptly holds up her index finger. Tory moves to tug it.

CHRIS

Wait - okay.

Tory tugs and Chris tears off another one. This time both girls laugh.

CHRIS

(continuing)

..my teammate at Long Beach,  
Debbie Peyton, she's a sprinter,  
comes up to me before every race  
and gives it a yank, you know, for  
luck!

Both girls are giggling now. Chris jabs at her nose.

(CONTINUED)

TORY

Pick a winner.

Chris looks out of the corner of her eye and flicks an imaginary booger at Tory.

CHRIS

I just did.

More giggling. Chris has flopped comfortably down again, close enough to Tory so their legs are touching. Tory after a moment moves away slightly - looks at Chris.

TORY

I watched you today too. Your lead leg's a little straight but you've got great technique, better than anybody's in that race - even Penny's.

CHRIS

- yeah, well, couldn't get my step..

TORY

Bullshit. You had your step and lost it.

Chris has been lying on her back. She moves to an elbow and looks directly at Tory.

CHRIS

What're you talking about?

TORY

At the sixth hurdle - when you saw Penny.

CHRIS

I didn't see Penny.

TORY

(smiling, almost  
teasing)

You saw her. You definitely saw her.

CHRIS

What's that supposed to mean?

TORY

- Penny's very strong the last 40 meters.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

So?

TORY

So you know it, everybody knows it. You saw her, and you - choked.

CHRIS

What is this?

TORY

(shrugs)

Who knows? You didn't want to win, I guess..at least you didn't want to have to beat anybody to do it..bet your father's always saying you don't have any killer instinct, am I right?

Chris looks at Tory not knowing what to say.

TORY

(continuing)

- I'm right.

CHRIS

Listen. I'll tell you one thing. I'm as competitive as you are.

Tory suddenly and disarmingly smiles. Both girls are having trouble concentrating, though it increases rather than diminishes their intensity.

TORY

Oh yeah?

CHRIS

Yeah.

TORY

(a sizable pause,  
then)

At what?..anything. Name it.

Chris checks her out. Tory's manner is charming, but insistent - a gentle bully.

CHRIS

Armrestling.

TORY

(smiling broadly)

Armrestling?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

I've got two brothers. I can beat them both.

TORY

I'd like to see those brothers.

CHRIS

- No you wouldn't. But that's not what we're talking about.

TORY

What are we talking about?

CHRIS

Armrestling.

TORY

...Oh yeah..

CHRIS

(not letting it go)

Are we gonna do this or not?  
Because if we do, I'm gonna whip your ass.

Tory breaks into another loose grin, takes a swig on her beer.

TORY

...oh...okay, whip my ass.

With that she rises and takes off her sweater, stripping down to a t-shirt with MOLSON BEER on it.

CHRIS

All right.

She gets to her knees and takes off her jacket, revealing a pale green tank top. Tory is larger but both girls' upper bodies are taut and beautifully toned.

TORY

How do we do this?

CHRIS

On the floor.

TORY

(getting down)

I know that...which arm?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

You got two choices.

Tory and Chris drop from their knees to their stomachs and stretch toward one another 'til their faces are only inches apart. Both girls are sweating a little from alcohol and from the imminent stress. Tory grins and after a moment raises her left arm. Chris nods and raises her arm - their left hands clasp, their forearms come together.

CHRIS

(continuing)

- whenever you're ready.

THE TWO IN PROFILE

watching one another. Tory is smiling slightly. Chris' face has become impassive, very much the Indian - it makes her look more formidable than we've seen her. Tory smiles a little more, possibly to get a rise out of Chris. Nothing. Tory abruptly makes her MOVE.

CHRIS' ARM

drops to nearly a forty-five degree angle under the attack, then abruptly stops. It's as if Tory's hit a stone wall. By degrees Chris raises hers and Tory's arm to a vertical position.

BOTH GIRLS

have broken out into instant flushes of perspiration. Tory's still grinning but under real strain.

TORY

(impressed)

...shit...

Chris says nothing, but stares at Tory and continues to push past the vertical plane.

TORY

stops smiling. It requires more and more effort to stop Chris' progress into her plane of defense. Her arm continues to sink. She begins to hiss with short explosive breaths - like a thrower or lifter. She's having to reach into herself for a maximum effort to stop Chris' attack.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

is putting on relentless pressure and remains impassive. Droplets of sweat are beginning to form rivulets. Her neck is glistening, the blue vein bridges across her bicep to a rising network of veins stretching to the surface in her shoulder.

TORY

is bathed in sweat, desperately manages to stop the assault and fight back to nearly an upright position.

THE TWO

are locked into one another now, staring impassively, their entire upper bodies beginning to tremble with strain. It's mortal combat now, with tiny little grunts and groans the only exchanges.

THEIR ARMS

remain locked, quivering, but upright.

TORY

Listen, I don't want to break my  
fucking arm -

REACTION - CHRIS

almost frightening impassive, relentless.

TORY'S VOICE

(increasing  
desperation)

I got Montreal in two weeks -  
let's quit on three.

Chris finally nods.

TORY

(continuing)

One - two - three.

BOTH GIRLS

release their grip on one another. Tory cheats and 'pins' Chris' slack arm. Chris squeals and bops her on the head. Tory laughs. Both girls collapse side by side on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

TORY

Sore loser, huh?..Jesus fucking Christ, I take it all back, you're tough, tough..what'd he say after the hurdles?

CHRIS

..my Dad?..stared at his stopwatch, reminded me I forgot my warmup shoes.

TORY

Sometimes when you know somebody it keeps you from knowing something a perfect stranger would see right away - if I could've been anybody in that race today, I would've been you..

CHRIS

Why?

TORY

You can be great.

Chris' eyes grow moist.

CHRIS

You really believe that?

TORY

(quiet conviction)  
I know it.

CHRIS

..I've just been thinking my whole life is over..what I've lived for up to now..

TORY

Bullshit. You can go to Moscow in '80.

Chris is overwhelmed by what Tory's telling her, afraid to believe it.

CHRIS

Why are you saying this?

TORY

Because it's true.

She leans over Chris, her face inches above Chris'.

(CONTINUED)

TORY

(continuing)

You got it all, speed strength  
flexibility balance everything  
everything I ever wanted you've  
got if I had what you have - oh,  
fuck.

Tory looks away from Chris.

CHRIS

What's wrong?

TORY

I'm very scared right now..very  
fucking scared.

CHRIS

..why?..

Tory slowly turns back to Chris, looks at her, then  
bends down the last few inches that separate them and  
kisses Chris on the mouth - fully but gently. Its  
sexuality is restrained but unmistakable.

Tory moves back up to her elbow. Chris stares open-  
eyed and enigmatically back up at Tory. Tory is very  
nervous.

TORY

..what did you think of that?

CHRIS

(a pause, then)

...I don't know.

TORY

What...if I try it again?

CHRIS

(a longer pause)

I don't know.

Tory tries it again. Their lips touch but Tory keeps  
her body away from Chris, almost hovering over her.  
After a very long moment Chris' right arm slowly rises  
to Tory's shoulder. Tory sinks down onto Chris and the  
embrace grows increasingly passionate.

CHRIS AND TORY

lie naked in the dark...

(CONTINUED)



...illuminated only by light from a clock radio, light from the hall which falls across their legs giving a peculiar sheen to the scar around Tory's knee. Occasional headlights flash thru the window from passing cars. Boz Scaggs is on the radio.

TORY

You've got some body.

CHRIS

Carpenter's dream.

TORY

Carpenter's dream?

CHRIS

Flat as a board easy to nail.

Tory laughs. Then:

TORY

I've got to it's dumb but I've got to say it - this is new for me... Chris?..

A long moment. Then Chris giggles.

CHRIS

- yeah, I always worried how I'd react too.

TORY

Yeah?

CHRIS

Yeah - didn't feel a thing.

TORY

(laughing)  
You rat!

She's playfully slugged Chris.

CHRIS

Watch it - you're pretty strong too you know.

TORY

Not like you. I'm not the athlete you are.

A moment of silence.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

CHRIS

- hey - you're the one who made  
the Olympics.

Tory sits up slightly. The knee with the scar becomes  
prominent.

TORY

Well..I don't get bored and..I can  
live with pain.

Chris' hand touches the scar on Tory's knee.

CHRIS

How'd you do that?

TORY

It was easy.

CHRIS

Gee..

(her hand moves  
across the scar)

..I've never been hurt.

20 INT. CAHILL LIVING ROOM (LITTLE NAPLES LONG BEACH) - 20  
NIGHT

The Cahill family is seated in front of the television  
set eating off dinner trays and watching the Olympics -  
in addition to Chris and her father there are two  
brothers, RON who wears glasses and is reading Popular  
Photography and JEFF who is stringy haired and stares  
at the ceiling. Chris' mother, RITA, is very much  
aware of the tension between husband and daughter.

A race has just been completed. Marty Liquori is com-  
menting. He's interrupted by a quick cut to Chris  
Shenkel commenting on Princess Anne's horsemanship.

CAHILL

Just because he's good for your  
friend Tory Skinner doesn't mean  
he's good for you. You know that,  
don't you? Don't you?

No answer from Chris.

RITA

Who is this Tingloff? Rick, honey?

Cahill doesn't respond to his wife.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

He's the Cal Poly Coach, Mama.

CAHILL

What's he promised you?

Cahill is staring intently at his daughter who is staring at the screen.

CAHILL

(continuing)

Transfer there and you won't be able to compete for a year.

RITA

You think he's a better coach than your father?

CAHILL

Rita, shutup. If he was or he wasn't you'd never know the difference.

(to Chris again)

I said what's he promised you? Full tuition? Half? What?

Chris has been staring at her mother who has shut up.

CHRIS

- nothing.

Cahill half-rises out of his chair in shock.

CAHILL

Nothing?

Rita, also in shock, opens her mouth.

CAHILL

(continuing)

Rita!

She closes it. The results of the women's pentathlon and their current standings come on the screen. Both Chris and her father abruptly focus on the screen. Tory Skinner's name isn't mentioned.

CAHILL

(continuing;  
almost smug)

Well I guess Tingloff isn't that good for Tory Skinner - she didn't make the first ten.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

CHRIS

- yeah, she's probably only the eleventh best pentathlete in the world.

With that she rises and walks out of the living room. Rita starts to follow her. Cahill gives his wife a withering look and heads after his daughter.

21 INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

21

with a generous scattering of trophies. Chris looks out the window to a lovely canal and the houses bunched up against it. Cahill comes up beside her - stands by the trophy case.

CAHILL

What'll you do - work at a Thirty One Flavors part time? You think you can live on that and go to school and workout?

CHRIS

I can try.

CAHILL

You know, he's hated by other coaches.

CHRIS

Sure. He's more successful than other coaches.

CAHILL

(stung)

He's a quick result guy, a brain - washer - he talk to you about steroids?

CHRIS

He didn't talk to me at all.

CAHILL

- it's - like I don't know you anymore.

CHRIS

(turning to go to the bathroom)

I think we know each other too well.

Cahill grabs her arm.

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

CAHILL

Explain that please.

CHRIS

Let go.

CAHILL

I said explain that!

CHRIS

(frightened but determined)  
- you see me a certain way and I  
see you see me that way - on the  
track, here - I'm your disappointment.  
Let go!

She tears her arm away and slams into the bathroom.  
Cahill starts after her, then stares at the closed  
door, suddenly uncertain.

CAHILL

I'm a better coach than he is.  
Honey? Honey?

22

EXT. SAN LUIS OBISPO CAL POLY TRACK - DAY

22

There is a track the color and texture of schoolyard  
sand, a brace of Cypress trees above the stands  
on one side and black heffers lazily grazing below  
the skyline on a green knoll above the far end of  
the field. Male athletes are leaving the workout,  
female ones are waiting.

TINGLOFF

steps into FRAME, obscuring the view. He's obviously  
intent on something. VIEW SHIFTS to include TORY who  
stares with equal intensity back at him. The moment  
goes on and on.

TORY

- what is this? whoever blinks  
loses?

Tingloff half smiles. Tory half smiles. Tingloff  
glances toward the polevault pit about ten yards away.

22

CONTINUED

CHRIS

sits there in her sweats, quietly clutching her Adidas bag.

WITH TORY &amp; TINGLOFF

Tingloff flicks his gaze back to Tory, flutters his eyelashes.

TINGLOFF

Have I lost now?

Tory smiles. Tingloff stops smiling - glances toward:

THE OTHER ATHLETES

about twenty of them who watch the confrontation between Tingloff and Tory as though it were a main event. Tingloff strides over to MAC YELOVITCH, an immense discus thrower who weighs an eighth of a ton, towers over the ladies and Tingloff.

TINGLOFF

Listen Mac, these girls have to warm up, know what I mean?

Before Yelovitch can answer there is an un-Godly sound, a dyspeptic prehistoric animal puking its guts out.

CHRIS

alarmed, turns toward the sound.

ZENK

has finished one of his tosses. Two hundred seventy pounds bounce up and down delicately in the shot-put circle. Zenk smiles. He's pleased with his toss.

WITH YELOVITCH &amp; TINGLOFF

YELOVITCH

Zenk's got a few more throws. I'm waiting for him.

22

CONTINUED

TINGLOFF

Yeah, well why don't you wait over there and give Zenk some encouragement?

Tingloff strides back to Tory, takes her by the arm and walks a few feet further away from his other athletes. He catches something out of the corner of his eye.

TINGLOFF

(turning)

What is that?

POOCH

a honey-colored and very pretty pentathlete is holding some mozzarella cheese. A thread of it dangles from her mouth.

POOCH

(very tentative)

- string cheese.

TINGLOFF grabs the cheese out of her hand.

TINGLOFF

(in a rage, holding it under her nose)

That's mucus! You're putting mucus in your system!

He moves back to Tory, takes a bite out of the cheese. Pooch can be heard mumbling, 'See what he done? He took my cheese..he's eating my cheese?'

TORY &amp; TINGLOFF

Tingloff now speaks with delicate fury to Tory.

TINGLOFF

(indicating Chris)

I don't care if she's Evelyn Ashford.

TORY

- especially Evelyn Ashford.

TINGLOFF

- Anybody shows up I'm supposed to coach them is that - why especially?

22

CONTINUED

TORY

What credit could you claim  
for Evelyn Ashford?

This gets to him.

TINGLOFF

(pleasantly)

All right. Bring me Evelyn  
Ashford and I'll coach her. I'll  
marry her. Thank you.

He turns away from Tory to get back to the  
workout. Tory grabs him by the arm.

TORY

(meaning Chris)

She's uhh..she's..

TINGLOFF

She's what?..

(with sarcasm)

- 'down on her luck?' Since  
when is another athlete's  
performance so important to you?  
Since when?

TORY

She's better than you think.

TINGLOFF

C'mon, I was at the trials too -  
(a flick of his eyes  
toward Chris)  
- no speed, no guts..why does a  
third rate hurdler matter so much?

Zenk sounds like he's barfed again. Automatically  
Chris and almost everyone turn toward the sound.

TORY

She's better than that.

TINGLOFF

Okay she's second rate. Now  
what?

TORY

You're wrong.



22

CONTINUED

TINGLOFF

You're a liar.

TORY

(scared but furious)

What about? What am I lying  
about?

Tingloff appears to hold his breath. Then:

TINGLOFF

What makes you such an expert?

They are nose to nose.

TORY

- you.

TINGLOFF

Really think you've got my number  
don't you?

TORY

- yeah.

Tingloff finally smiles.

TINGLOFF

- she can work out with the  
team.

Tory gives him a kiss.

TINGLOFF

Don't do that! Everybody's  
gonna think I'm a total pussy as  
it is!

TORY

(sweetly)

You are.

With that she runs off and grabs Chris.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. SAN LUIS OBISPO STREET - FALCON CONVERTIBLE - DAY 23

Smoking down the street in San Luis, its tattered top flapping in the wind and rain.

24 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 24

AFTER DINNER - TORY SITS

Chris lies bloated on the floor, dishes are piled in the open kitchen behind them, melon plates -- with two or three melon rinds on each plate -- are beside them.

They are studying. Tory reads I, CLAUDIUS, Chris reads a huge text, THE PHYSIOLOGY OF EXERCISE. Tory wears glasses. Chris after a moment holds up her index finger, still reading. Tory glances down, tugs on the finger. The resulting sound is lost with Dan Hill's SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH coming from a JVC - a song and instrumental which continues on through the following:

FADE TO:

25 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY 25

A HIGHJUMP BAR - TORY

in b.g. taking a run at it with a very quick, even hasty start. She takes off and clears the bar. TINGLOFF INTO SHOT. His concentration on Tory is total.

TINGLOFF

No, no, no, you're not a speed jumper, godammit, how many times do I have to tell you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

TINGLOFF (CONT'D)

It's acceleration, your last three steps -

With that he HEFTS Tory to her feet, passes by an awed Chris who tries to get out of his way and bumps into him. She tries to apologize. He ignores it.

26 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY

26

SPEED BOUNDING DRILL - CHRIS, TORY AND TEAM (DIFFERENT DAY DIFFERENT SWEATS)

For fifty yards down the track, they do alternating leg long-bounds, great graceful stag leaps. They stop and on the way do a ham-string drill. At the end of the speed bounding, Tory stops and says something obviously congratulatory to Chris - patting her on the back.

TINGLOFF

(shouting)

Tory, are you gonna do it or talk about it?

27 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY

27

TORY'S STANDING ON A BENCH

She drops to take-off leg - the impact and shock on her legs of the extra gravitational force can be seen in slow motion - then she jumps into the pit and the sand flies.

28 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY

28

CHRIS

doing a trail-leg drill, stops and watches an exchange between Tory and Tingloff, then goes back to her lone workout.

29 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

29

TORY

naked, Chris wearing only her green tank top, try to get into their waterbed. They bobble up and down, riding the waves shakily.

Finally both get out after the waves stop. They sit on the edge on opposite sides back to back - very carefully lie back on the bed - and roll onto it. Tory hits the light as they continue their roll into each other's arms and the room goes into darkness.

30 EXT. SAN LUIS OBISPO COUNTRYSIDE (MORNING)

30

including joggers employing various waddles and choo-choo's as running styles, much jiggling of jellowy flesh. INTO FRAME Tory and Chris move with a sprinter's jog - balletic, controlled as though in slow motion, then a blazing burst of speed for ten to twenty yards, then BACK to the unique, dangerously controlled gait of the sprinter in check.

31 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY

31

YELOVITCH AND ZENK LIE ON THE EDGE OF THE FIELD

two bull walruses lazing on their beach checking out the cows. Zenk watches Chris and Tory jog by, groans. Yelovitch groans in agreement.

ZENK

We should say something.

Yelovitch nods.

ZENK

(continuing)

What?

YELOVITCH

Something friendly.

ZENK

Hey, hey girls! C'mon over and sit on my face and let me see how much you weigh..

Yelovitch looks scornfully at Zenk.

YELOVITCH

Gross.

ZENK

It was friendly.

CHRIS AND TORY

glance at each other, laugh. They slow to a walk.

TORY

(after a few steps)

Hey - wanna meet my sidekick?

CHRIS

(a little puzzled)

- sure.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

Without breaking stride Tory neatly 'sidekicks' Chris in the butt. Chris squeals in feigned indignation. Tory takes off running and laughing - Chris in hot pursuit.

32 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY

32

ON THE TRACK - ATHLETES

are placing hurdles along 6 lanes for a time trial. Shotputters, highjumpers, everyone helps.

TORY, PENNY BRILL

and two other hurdlers, LAURA PAPIRO and TRISH BLONDE, warm up, Tanya starts away after putting up the fifth hurdle.

TINGLOFF

No, Tanya - put up seven.

Two more hurdles are added to the lanes.

CHRIS

has been warming up over hurdles. They're taken from her to the track. She stops, watches.

TINGLOFF

looks around him.

TINGLOFF

(to Jason)

Let's get this show on the road.  
We lose the track in 10 minutes -

Jason goes off to hurry the setting up. Tingloff spots Chris watching.

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

Say - Chris.

CHRIS

can't believe he's talking to her. She runs over.

CHRIS

(eagerly)

Yes, Mr. Tingloff?

(CONTINUED)

TINGLOFF  
Could you get the blocks?

CHRIS  
The blocks?

TINGLOFF  
(points to a  
wheelbarrow down  
the field)  
- it's getting late.

CHRIS'  
face falls.

CHRIS  
- sure.

She trots dutifully off toward the wheelbarrow. Tory has seen this. She comes up to Tingloff.

TORY  
That really sucks.

TINGLOFF  
What?

TORY  
It's probably the first thing  
you've said to her in 2 months -  
are you trying to make her feel  
like a piece of shit?

TINGLOFF  
- of course not.

Both glance toward Chris who is moving the rickety wheelbarrow toward them, having a little trouble with it. Tory is furious. Chris stops at the first hurdles.

TORY  
Give her a lane - let her run the  
trial.

TINGLOFF  
What for?

TORY  
Because I'm asking you to, and  
because you've behaved very badly.

•Tingloff accepts the rebuke.

(CONTINUED)

TINGLOFF

(shouting)

Chris, why don't you take that  
open lane?

CHRIS

stands in shock by the wheelbarrow.

CHRIS

Me?

TINGLOFF

Yes, you.

She fights her way out of her sweats, trots to the in-  
side, then looks to the outside:

CHRIS

- which open lane?

TINGLOFF

has been talking with Jason.

TINGLOFF

(really annoyed)

- any open lane godammit, all  
right people let's get going now -  
(he holds his watch)  
I'll take Tory, Tanya you take  
Penny, Jan you take Laura, Maureen  
you take Trish.

He's spoken to several other of the athletes who hold  
stopwatches.

MAUREEN

(a javelin thrower)

- we don't have a watch on Chris.

TINGLOFF

- don't worry about it.

CHRIS

has heard this. Tory moves over to her, puts a hand on  
her shoulder.

TORY

- You'll do great, you'll do  
great. Are you listening to me?

Chris nods but her eyes are glazed with anxiety.

33 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY

33

WIDE ANGLE - FIELD

TINGLOFF

Jason, you ready?

JASON

holds a gun by the start. He starts to nod then glances down at Chris' lane.

JASON

Chris didn't put down her blocks.

TINGLOFF

(seething)

Jesus.

He turns away. Chris is paralyzed with fear.

JASON

(to her)

Go ahead, babe. Get your blocks.

Chris hurries over to the wheelbarrow, fumbles around, pulls out a pair of blocks and shakily places them down, adjusting them - painfully aware that everyone is waiting on her.

TINGLOFF

Well, how about it?

Chris nods even as she continues to adjust the blocks.

JASON

Take your time - we'll wait.

TINGLOFF

(shouting)

Sure, take your time.

CHRIS

I'm ready, I'm ready.

Jason nods. He starts to raise his arm.

34 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY

34

AT THE FINISH LINE - TINGLOFF

stands with the other timers.

TINGLOFF

(warning them)

Okay - gun's up.

WITH JASON

emphasizing Chris in the outside lane closest to him.

(CONTINUED)



JASON

Runners to your marks - get set -

ANGLE FAVORING JASON & CHRIS

Jason FIRES the gun. Chris digs in and her REAR BLOCK gives way. She falls flat on her face.

WITH HER

as she looks up in absolute panic.

HER POV

The field is about to clear the first hurdle.

JASON

shakes his head.

TINGLOFF

chuckles, shrugs.

CHRIS

gets to her feet, a flash of anger across her face. She takes off frantically.

ANGLE ON RACE

with Chris initially ten yards behind the other hurdlers. She clears the first hurdle and really starts to fly.

ON CHRIS

as she picks up the pace, skimming over the hurdles, seemingly faster over each one, her face set.

SIDE ANGLE

She clears the fifth hurdle, is now only a few yards behind the field, and closing fast.

TINGLOFF

is stunned.

TANYA

(impressed)

- look at that.

.(CONTINUED)

## AT THE LAST HURDLE

Chris as overtaken everyone but Tory and Penny. She closes in on Tory a few yards before the finish, looks as though she'd pass her if there was one more hurdle -

TANYA

punches her watch as Penny crosses. Tory is right behind her.

TINGLOFF

punches his as Chris, not Tory, crosses. He furtively checks the time as he moves down the track.

CHRIS

has run past the finish line and is mumbling angrily to herself, stops, hands on hips and lowers her head between her legs.

CHRIS

(irritated as hell,  
head down,  
breathing hard)

..shitfuckpissgoddamsonovabitch...

TINGLOFF

You all right?

CHRIS

(not looking up)  
..oh yeah, I'm such a dingbat I  
didn't tighten the rear block -

She suddenly realizes she's talking to Tingloff, lifts her head up.

CHRIS

(continuing;  
apologetic)

Oh golly, Mr. Tingloff, I know I  
can do better, if you'll just give  
me another chance -

TINGLOFF

- you ought to fall on your face  
more often.

With that he walks away. Tory has come on over, hugs her, thrilled - she and the other girls have been checking with timers and found out what happened during the above.

(CONTINUED)

TORY

- I told you you'd do great and  
you did!

Penny comes by, "Congratulations, kiddo." Other hur-  
dlers, Jason - all tell her how good she was, what she  
actually did, how strong she came on at the end. Tory  
beams. For the first time Chris smiles.

CHRIS

Gee, I was okay, huh?

Tory nods. Then she remembers.

TORY

Hey, Terry, what was my time?

Tingloff is standing in a hurdle lane, apparently lost  
in thought. He looks up, checks his watch.

TINGLOFF

I'll be goddamned - I missed it.  
We'll take it off Penny's - c'mon  
guys, let's finish the workout.

TORY, PENNY, CHRIS, TANYA, MAUREEN, SHEILA,

the last being an attractive black longjumper who is a  
little older and something of a leader on the team.  
They are almost all nude or have towels loosely draped  
around them, are unself-consciously examining aches,  
pains, sore tendons, bruises on themselves and on each  
other, as they talk, backtalk, kid, are goodnaturedly  
raucous. Fleetwood Mac can be heard on an o.s. radio.

Nearby are several non-athletes in dramatic contrast -  
withdrawn, intimidated, carefully covered - two even  
packaged in plastic wrappers to sweat away unwanted  
flesh. More or less simultaneously:

PENNY

- for the indoors in  
Toronto? Seven seven,  
seven eight.

TANYA

- he had a curved  
weenie.

TORY

(no)  
Uh-uh. 8.3 - 8 flat.

MAUREEN

(after a moment,  
thoughtfully)  
To the left or right?

PENNY

(surprise)  
Really? Well - it's  
qualifyin' -

TANYA

(only a moment)  
- to the left.

(CONTINUED)

PENNY  
 (spots Chris's  
 upper leg and  
 hip)  
 Jeez, lookit that - your  
 tensor fasciulata -  
 (touching it)  
 Great definition.

CHRIS  
 Thank you.

PENNY  
 Hey, Sheila, look at  
 Chris's tensor fasciulata!

NADIA POUCHER, a black sprinter who is skinny as a pole  
 and very lively comes in, is greeted with cries of "Hey,  
 Pooch."

POOCH  
 (to Chris)  
 - really liked the way you run the  
 sticks.

CHRIS  
 - oh thanks.

POOCH  
 Tingloff wants to see you when  
 you're outta here.

TORY  
 What for?

POOCH  
 - I heard him tell Jason he wants  
 to take her to the Maple Leaf  
 Games.

CHRIS  
 (overwhelmed)  
 - but I haven't done a thing since  
 Eugene, Toronto's invitational.

POOCH  
 That's whrt Jason said.

CHRIS  
 And what did Tingloff say?

POOCH  
 He said - 'don't worry about it.'

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

CHRIS  
 (thrilled but not  
 ready to accept it)  
 'Don't worry about it.' - what  
 does that mean?

SHEILA  
 (rising to go)  
 It means you got a coach, honey.

TORY  
 (thrilled for her)  
 How about that?

A couple more congratulations. Chris is too happy and dazed to respond - Then:

PENNY  
 Hey, Chris. Know why Chinamen  
 have slant eyes and buck teeth?

CHRIS  
 - no.

Penny promptly squints her eyes, sticks out her front teeth and fiercely mimes a male masturbating. Laughter from the girls.

CHRIS  
 (continuing)  
 ...I don't get it.

More laughter. Tory flicks her with a towel.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - NIGHT 36

REDEYE  
 on rear of jet as it turns, takes off.

37 EXT. TORONTO AIRPORT - DAWN 37

AT DAWN THE REDEYE  
 lands in Toronto.

38 INT. TORONTO AIRPORT - THE BAGGAGE CAROUSEL - DAY 38

THE BAGGAGE CAROUSEL  
 slowly moves the luggage past the bleary-eyed team.  
 Chris, Tory, Tingloff et al appear dead on their feet.

39 INT. TORONTO MAPLE LEAF GARDENS - (NIGHT) 39

The crowd swells rapidly.

40 INT. BASEMENT ALCOVE STADIUM - NIGHT 40

partitioned off, a miniature maze of training tables and liniment bottles with athletes being worked over, taped, lectured, etc.

TORY

seated on the floor beneath a training table, carefully cuts out her number from a cumbersome MOLSON BEER AND MAPLE LEAF card, using the tiny scissors from a Swiss army knife.

TINGLOFF'S VOICE

Jan the highjump's over the pole vault, down again, over the long jump - and for you the jump's from the left, don't even know if there's enough room.

REACTION - JAN

a tall gawky girl with glasses.

TINGLOFF & JASON MOVE THRU THE ALCOVE MAZE

to Sheila.

TINGLOFF

(to Sheila)

- honey, the longjump pit ends at the curve of the track - but don't worry about ending up on your ass in the middle of the men's 440 or you won't be aggressive enough - Tory, Penny, Chris - remember - quarter inch spikes, anything longer and you'll be stuck in one place half the night - okay just run your race and don't worry about results, it's early in the season -

Tory has looked up from the floor, Chris has risen to one elbow on the training table above Tory. Tory now pins the streamlined number she had cut out onto her jersey.

CHRIS

(looking down,  
indicates knife)

- oh, can I borrow that?

TORY

What for? It's done.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

She holds up Chris' jersey, with her number already trimmed and pinned to it. Chris shakes her head.

CHRIS

..one of these days.

TORY

One of these days what?

CHRIS

- I'll do something for you.

Tory smiles. She's putting on her warmup shoes. Chris sits up on the table to finish dressing.

TORY

- like what?

CHRIS

Name it.

TORY

(another smile)

- oh - take care of me in my old age.

Chris smiles back but without much conviction.

TORY

(continuing)

Hey - lighten up.

Tory stares at Chris for a moment as Chris' head is obscured while she's slipping into her jersey.

41 INT. MAPLE LEAF GARDENS ELEVATOR - NIGHT

41

A CROWDED SERVICE ELEVATOR WITH TINGLOFF, JASON, other athletes and a flatcart full of hurdles opens to:

42 INT. MAPLE LEAF GARDENS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

42

SERVICE CORRIDOR FILLED AND CRAMPED WITH ATHLETES

male and female warming up. They dodge carts, hurdles, chairs, gawking riff-raff and each other as they nearly run into walls.

P.A. SPEAKER

(in corridor)

- ladies and gentlemen, the next race, event number 84 on your program, the men's 60 meter hurdles. In lane one, etc.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

CHRIS AND TORY

stop their warmup.

CHRIS

All this way - and in 7½ seconds  
it's over.

TORY

You want it to take longer? -  
we're next.

CHRIS

Didn't you forget something?

Tory looks perplexed. Chris holds out her index finger. Tory tugs on it, gets a muffled reply and the two jog off. A desperate Penny runs up to Tingloff and Jason.

PENNY

Does anybody have an extra pair of  
shorts?

TINGLOFF

What for?

PENNY

I just got my period.

43 INT. MAPLE LEAF GARDENS - NIGHT

43

THE RACE

is run. The results aren't clear but the girls embrace and it seems to have gone well for them.

44 INT. YELOVITCH AND ZENK'S HOTEL ROOM - (NIGHT)

44

POST MEET PARTY

held on and between Zenk and Yelovitch's beds in their single room. The party spills over into the bathroom and a connecting single on the other side.

The effect is a moderate version of stuffing a Volkswagen - bodies male and female, black and white, in sweats and out of them on beds, the floor, window sills, dressers - everywhere.

In addition to Yelovitch and Zenk there's the whole panoply of black coked-up sprinters and longjumpers, heron-like highjumpers of both sexes, boisterous shot-putters, blade-like and withdrawn distance runners - in general personalities tending to reflect the nature of the event.

(CONTINUED)



Smoke fills the air - grass and alcohol are the most evident drugs - music intermittent from an unseen and slightly tinny cassette recorder.

YELOVITCH

is standing in a life-jacket and shorts, demonstrating a facet of his throw to a couple of other giants who gravely watch his every move. They all look as immovable as a structural wall for a highrise.

A wiry little man is holding up a newspaper and persistently tapping Yelovitch on the arm - the effect of a gnat on an elephant. Yelovitch and the others continue to talk.

ZENK

runs around in a top hat and sweat pants, a pink balloon poking out from the bottom of his pant leg - the effect, which he never tires of showing, is of a thirty-eight inch cock.

DANCING IN THE BATHROOM

are WILLIE LEE WHITE, a graceful black sprinter, LINDA FUSE, a marginal white distance runner, and ADRIAN DEBEAU, a powerful and potentially violent 400 meter man.

INT. YELOVITCH AND ZENK'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CHRIS AND TORY

enter the party, react to the heavy grass in the air, practically reel with it.

TORY

- talk about contact highs..

CHRIS

- really.

WILLIE LEE

spots Tory, comes out from the bathroom to greet her, kisses her warmly on the cheek, touches her lightly on the shoulder. Tory responds with equal warmth.

WILLIE LEE

Hey, babe.

TORY

Hi, Willie Lee. Good race.

Willie Lee shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIE LEE

Thanks - you look real nice, like  
always.

TORY

So do you, like always - this is  
Chris Cahill -

Just as Tory introduces them Adrian comes out, throws his arms around Tory and in marked contrast to Willie Lee, picks her up, gives her a wet kiss on the mouth, and a little crotch action. When he puts her down:

TORY

(continuing;  
good natured, but  
with an edge)

Gross, Adrian, gross - like always..

Adrian starts to eye Chris. As he does:

WILLIE LEE

(to Tory)

Good to see you -

(to Adrian)

let's go.

ADRIAN

And do what?

He holds his finger to his nose.

Willie Lee shrugs, as if to say, 'maybe.' After looking at Chris for another moment, Adrian follows Willie Lee back into the bathroom, where they shut the door.

Tory grabs a couple of beers from someone, hands one to Chris.

CHRIS

- you and Willie?

Tory smiles.

TORY

- for awhile.

She takes a joint, and a toke, passes it to Chris.

CHRIS

- he's real cute. Isn't Adrian  
the guy who was in jail last year?

TORY

-yeah.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

CHRIS

- that why you don't like him?

TORY

No -

CHRIS

- then why don't you like him?

TORY

Because that's where he belongs -  
in jail.

46 INT. YELOVITCH AND ZENK'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

46

still in his lifejacket, now sits on a bed, playing his guitar. It's a blues number about his love for and dependence on a steroid - sung about a lady. Again he's interrupted by the wiry man still holding the paper, tapping Yelovitch. He actually drops the paper on Yelovitch's guitar.

YELOVITCH

(gently)

C'mon, now.

WIRY

I'm telling you I can stand on one half of the paper and you on the other half and you can't hit me.

Yelovitch - with delicacy - hands him his paper back.

ZENK

is passed out on the other bed. His balloon down his pantleg starts to fizzle - and shrivel. It stops at his knee - indicating a member of gargantuan size nevertheless.

MAUREEN

stops cold, stares at Zenk's pantleg.

AFTER A MOMENT ZENK'S

member continues to shrivel on up - it was all air after all.

MAUREEN

takes this in, moves on.

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED:

46

CHRIS DANCES

with a handsome young man with blonde hair of shoulder length. He's talking non-stop with her.

TORY AND JASON

are talking, drinking, smoking. Tory idly watches Chris and the young man dance by.

CHRIS AND YOUNG MAN

are now dancing very closely, and neither one is saying a word.

TORY AND WILLIE LEE

are talking. She looks again as they dance by, this time holds her gaze.

TORY

(to Willie)

- who's that?

WILLIE LEE

With Chris? Randy van Zile -  
vaulter from S.C. He's good.

Tory watches them for another moment. She's getting a little ripped and tries hard to focus.

TORY

- hey - how about a little -  
nose candy?

She sniffs a little. Willie Lee is not too pleased.

WILLIE LEE

- I don't know..

TORY

I won't hurt you Willie Lee..

Willie Lee smiles - they head toward the bathroom.

47

INT. YELOVITCH AND ZENK'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

47

RANDY, CHRIS AND PENNY

are on the floor, Chris and Penny comparing some facet of their hurdling technique - one leg stretched in front of them. Randy is an interested spectator.

(CONTINUED)

TINGLOFF

moves through the room - spots Jason.

JASON

Hey, where you been?

TINGLOFF

- the Addidas guy, glomming some shoes - how's it going?

Jason nods.

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

- where's Tory? I wanted to -

She emerges from the bathroom with Willie Lee. She's badly ripped and smoking a joint. She comes over to Tingloff, gives him a big kiss. Tingloff eyes the joint, then her.

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

- you comfortable smoking that - here?

TORY

- sure.

TINGLOFF

- I'm not - and I don't like the way you look. You're going to bed.

TORY

Aw, c'mon, Terry, the meet's over -

She staggers.

TINGLOFF

You're going to bed.

TORY

Okay, okay - lemme get Chris.

Before he can stop her she heads over to Chris, Penny and Randy. Jason shakes his head as if to say, I'm sorry - I can't do anything with her. Tingloff nods.

YELOVITCH

is now cornered by the wiry man who is jabbing his fore-finger at Yelovitch's belly, holding his paper and talking to another listening giant.

(CONTINUED)

WIRY

I'm telling you I can stand on one half and this pussy on the other half and he can't hit me - you're afraid to try Mac.

Yelovitch gravely shakes his head.

TORY STANDS OVER CHRIS, PENNY AND RANDY

for a long moment. They look up expectant and a little puzzled.

TORY

...Bedtime..

CHRIS

What?

TORY

Bedtime.

CHRIS

(still puzzled)

What do you mean?

TORY

(a mother to her little girl)

I mean it's time to go to bed.

She reaches down to take Chris' hand and lift her to her feet - loses her balance. Randy steadies her.

RANDY

- easy -

TORY

I don't need any help.

CHRIS

..I'm not sleepy.

TORY

(trying to lift her up again)

Well, I am.

This time Chris pulls her hand back sharply and Tory falls into Zenk, waking him. She gets herself back to her feet. Tingloff comes over.

TORY

(continuing; louder now)

What do you think you're doing?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS  
 (very embarrassed now)  
 ..nothing..I mean I'm just not ready  
 to go anywhere - okay?

TINGLOFF  
 Tory -

TORY  
 (pulling away from  
 Tingloff)  
 - No!

Zenk's awake now. He also has no idea what's going on  
 - he's still flat on his back - and barechested.

ZENK  
 Tory. Tory!

She ignores him. He twists her around and wraps his  
 legs around her.

ZENK  
 (continuing)  
 Look - a lady hurdler!

He mashes his belly together until it forms a hairy  
 fissure - then does a couple of vertical moves - and  
 finally one horizontal one - as "she" hurdles. He  
 smiles, pleased with himself. Tory stares down at him.

TORY  
 Let go of me, butthole.

With that she hits him in the stomach. Zenk is more  
 shocked than anything else. Tingloff jumps right in.

TINGLOFF  
 (quietly)  
 I warned you about this. Jason  
 take her to her room.

She doesn't argue. Jason hustles her off as Tingloff  
 goes over to Chris, Penny and Randy.

TINGLOFF  
 (continuing)  
 Sorry about that, guys - Chris  
 could I talk to you a second?

Chris glances uneasily at Randy and Penny.

CHRIS  
 - sure.

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED (4)

47

He helps her up. Chris is pale, looks at the carpet as she leans up against the wall. Tingloff leans his head against the wall besides hers, sips a beer.

TINGLOFF

You ran well today.

Chris shrugs. He pokes her gently.

TINGLOFF

No, no, no - you're right where you should be now. It's just...

He trails off, looks away.

CHRIS

What?..what?

TINGLOFF

- Tory.

He glances at Chris who is waiting for more.

TINGLOFF

She's just..she's..she never knows when to quit and sometimes sooner or later that's not so..I guess what I'm saying is I need you to help.

CHRIS

- how?

TINGLOFF (lightly)

- be her friend.

CHRIS

- I am her friend.

TINGLOFF

- well - keep being her friend.... know what I mean?

CHRIS

I know what you're saying.

TINGLOFF (hastily)

Well anyway - congratulations, I'm gonna check up on her - and thanks.

Chris watches him leave quickly. She slowly leans back against the wall.

48

INT. YELOVITCH AND ZENK'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

48

(CONTINUED)



## THE WIRY MAN

jostles Chris as he grabs the tail of Yelovitch's t-shirt, trying to spin him around - to no effect. Yelovitch slowly turns on his own.

## WIRY

All right how about this,  
chickenshit - ten bucks against  
a gram of coke you can't hit me if  
I stand on one half of the newspaper  
and you stand on the other half.

## YELOVITCH

Well... if you insist.

Zenk has heard and watches with interest. The wiry man promptly goes to the bathroom door. He opens it and places the newspaper across the floor between living room and bathroom. He smugly gestures for Yelovitch to come to the door - stands on his half of the paper resting on the bathroom side. When Yelovitch approaches the wiry man CLOSES the bathroom door in Yelovitch's face.

## REACTION YELOVITCH

staring at the closed door and half the newspaper poking out under the door.

## WIRY MAN'S VOICE

(cackling)

Okay, Mac - anytime you're ready.

Yelovitch takes another look at the door, turns to Zenk, shrugs - then SLAMS his fist INTO and THRU the bathroom door.

## ON THE OTHER SIDE

his fist SHATTERS the door and connects with the wiry man's face, knocking him across the bathroom and into the shower curtain which covers him like a shroud as he collapses into the tub.

It sputters and spews its way to the track parking lot.

## CHRIS' VOICE

Thought you changed the fuel pump.

## TORY'S VOICE

I did. Twenty-seven bucks.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

The Falcon groans to a halt, shakes and smokes. After a moment it kicks over a couple of more times. Then Chris opens the door to get out.

TORY'S VOICE

Wait. Talk to me a minute.

CHRIS

(holding door open)

What about?

TORY'S VOICE

The other night.

Pooch and Penny trot by the car. Pooch calls out. Chris waves. Other team members periodically pass the car. It makes Chris progressively more edgy.

50 INT. FALCON - CAL POLY TRACK PARKING LOT - DAY

50

CHRIS

(closing door)

...I don't have anything to say.

TORY

Well I do. I'm sorry I was such a butthole, I don't know what got into me. I'm sorry..okay?

She takes Chris' hand, squeezes it. Tanya moves past the car. Chris withdraws her hand casually - Tory notices the move relative to Tanya.

CHRIS

- sure. I just didn't understand why you got so angry.

TORY

You didn't?

CHRIS

No.

TORY

You didn't understand.

CHRIS

No, I didn't understand.

A moment.

TORY

...I think you do.

CHRIS

Oh, God! Can we go work out?

(CONTINUED)

TORY

Do whatever you want!

CHRIS

(right back)

That's just it. I can't! I can't  
stop worrying about you!

TORY

What about me?

CHRIS

- what you're thinking, what you  
think I think, what you want -  
everything!

TORY

(amused but not  
amused)- hmmmm.

CHRIS

(picking up on  
it, pointedly:)- hmmmm?

TORY

You worry about what everybody  
thinks - why should you be  
different with me?

CHRIS

I guess I'm not.

She starts out of the car.

TORY

There's only one thing to do  
Chris - see other people.

CHRIS

See other people? What are you  
talking about?

TORY

Either we're together or we're  
not together.

CHRIS

Jesus Christ, Tory, we're friends.

(CONTINUED)

TORY

Yeah, we may be friends but every little once in a while we also fuck each other - and you can't face that. It hurts - and pain is pain and to do anything you got to live with it and you can't and I can't make you. Either you move out or I move out and we really are friends.

CHRIS

- no.

TORY

No?

Chris is clearly stunned by Tory.

CHRIS

- I..I..need to be around you, I need to know you're there..I..just need to be around you.

Tory smiles tightly.

TORY

Oh hell, don't worry. We'll still work out together.

CHRIS

No that's not it you make me feel like I can really do something, like I'm really gonna do..I just need you...

She trails off clutching at Tory's hand. Tory stares at Chris' white-knuckled hand over hers. With mild disgust:

TORY

- for what?

Chris continues to stare at her own lap. Tory impatiently turns away and looks out the window. Finally, a whisper:

CHRIS

I just need you.

Tory mutters 'oh, fuck' at the seeming tepid response and starts out of the car. She's jerked back by the fierce grip Chris has on her hand. Surprised and annoyed she turns on Chris.

CHRIS

stares back trembling, then finally has to look down again - still grips Tory's hand.

50

CONTINUED; (3)

TORY

tries to hold out but her resolve finally breaks.

TORY

All right, weirdo, let's go  
work out. C'mon, c'mon, c'mon -

Chris nods gratefully and the two bounce out of the car.

- 51 EXT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - NIGHT 51  
 THE REDEYE MOVING DOWN THE RUNWAY AGAIN
- 52 EXT. CALI, COLOMBIA - AIRPORT - DAY 52  
 THE PLANE LANDS.
- 53 EXT. INTERNATIONALE HOTEL - CALI - (DAY) 53  
 ESTABLISHING SHOT.
- 54 INT. INTERNATIONALE FRIENDSHIP ROOM - DAY 54  
 A SEA OF HEADS

bob up and down as athletes and managers try to maintain consciousness while they sit on folding chairs.

MANAGER'S VOICE

(THRU MIKE)

- okay, Cali Colombia has a few more unexpected things to offer - including Montezuma's revenge. Ha, ha.

(no response)

But Doc Banks'll have more to say about that. Doc?..let's hear it for Doc.

A few half-hearted claps.

BANKS

rises from his seat and makes his way to the podium. He wears an ineffectual smile and waves to the crowd as if to thunderous applause.

SLEEPING HEADS OF TANYA, POOCH,

and others, now nakedly crapped out. Zenk snores.

COLIN SALES' VOICE

- you are ambassadors of your country - sportsmanship and goodwill on the field - adult behavior off it -

CLOSE COLIN

prim and perfect as a plastic flower in his blue blazer.

COLIN SALES

- the host country is giving you its best, let's give them our best. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

There's a massive rush for the door. The manager frantically leans into the mike.

MANAGER

- hold it people, women's team remain here - Nellie Bowdeen would like to officially welcome you.

There are a few audible moans.

55 INT. INTERNATIONALE FRIENDSHIP ROOM - DAY

55

CLOSE - NELLIE BOWDEEN

the women's chaperon is at the mike. She's heavily made up, given to wearing red, and in manner is somewhere between a Sunday school teacher and a bull-dyke.

NELLIE

- now ladies, when we go shopping, don't wear jewelry in the streets. The natives are liable to rip it right off your back, and - oh yes, no visine, no scented tampax they show up on dope tests - and no men. Any woman found out after curfew or found with a man at any time in the women's compound will be sent home on the first available commercial flight - no exceptions, girls.

56 EXT. WOMEN'S COMPOUND - CALI, COLOMBIA - (DAY)

56

A functional four story structure located among older buildings at the outskirts of the city. There's a sign BIENVENIDAS AMERICANAS, or words to that effect.

57 INT. WOMEN'S COMPOUND - DAY

57

THE EXHAUSTED ATHLETES ARE IN A STATE OF SHOCK.

TORY

stares at unfinished concrete floors with a few empty oil drums. Chris sniffs the air, wrinkles her nose.

CHRIS

Smells like kerosene.

Tory kicks one of the cans. It bangs into a wall, knocking away damp plaster, leaking oil.

TORY

It is kerosene.

58 INT. COMPOUND DORMITORY - BEDROOM - DAY

58

MAUREEN

watches while Tanya tries out one of our tiny bunkbeds. Her head and feet hang over both ends. Penny comes bounding in.

PENNY

- where's the john, I've gotta pee so bad -

59 INT. COMPOUND DORMITORY - BATHROOM

59

PENNY

stops where the toilet is supposed to be - there's simply a capped pipe with water oozing thru the cap and dripping into the concrete floor.

PENNY

Jeez -

60 EXT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - BALCONY - DAY

60

overlooking the city. Colin Sales, and two Columbians are seated, finishing a lush late afternoon luncheon. RUSS COFFEY, the women's head coach and Tingloff, his assistant, are there, Tingloff pacing the balcony. Sales is trying to maintain his aplomb.

SALES

(to Columbian)

Jorge, what's this about the kerosene?

JORGE

Momentito.

He turns to his fellow Columbian and engages in a lively and lengthy exchange.

JORGE

(continuing;

finally - to Sales)

It is fodaratz.

SALES

Fodaratz? I don't understand.

TINGLOFF

Rats, Colin, rats - you know - the kind that run up your dress.

(CONTINUED)



60 CONTINUED:

60

JORGE

(his English is  
not great)Yes at the last moment we  
discovered a very important  
infestation of rats.

Jorge smiles. Tingloff glances around.

TINGLOFF

(he leaves)

Nice place you've got here, Colin.

SALES

Now just a minute - admittedly  
there was some confusion about  
when the women's compound had to  
be completed.

RUSS

Same time as the men's I would've  
thought - Resolve this by tonight  
Colin, or these girls will not  
compete. That's a promise.

Russ nods, follows Tingloff on out.

61 EXT. JEWELRY STORY - CALI - DAY

61

NELLIE BOWDEEN

and a dozen female athletes can be seen thru the store  
window. She hands her latest acquisition to Maureen  
to carry. As they walk thru the streets the relatively  
tiny Columbian population stop and gape at the contin-  
gent of Amazons.

PENNY

Jesus, I feel like King Kong.

TANYA

Imagine how I feel.

CHRIS

When do we get to work out?

TORY

As soon as this cow finishes  
shopping.They move on, pass a little fruit stand. Chris stops,  
grabs a mango and begins munching it as she hurries to  
catch up with the group.

62 EXT. WOMEN'S COMPOUND - (NIGHT) 62

Busses carrying athletes pull up and they pile out, half in, half out of their sweats - obviously having come from a workout. B.g. Tingloff supervises a small army of Columbians who are - with varying degrees of efficiency carrying toilet bowls, glass panes, other pieces of plumbing.

63 INT. WOMEN'S COMPOUND DORM BEDROOM - (NIGHT) 63

Someone's snoring - an occasional toilet can be heard flushing, mingling with the traffic sounds thru the open window. Then someone moaning softly. Then the toilet flushing again - only this time the sound continues. The sound causes some stirring and grumbling - 'somebody fix that...if you want a plumber, try the yellow pages.'

64 EXT. CALI STREET AND HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - NIGHT 64

PENNY BRILL

runs thru the streets, deftly dodging cars, pedestrians, etc. She reaches the Hotel Internationale entrance and races on in, practically knocking down the doorman.

65 INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 65

PENNY WITH DOC OWEN BANKS

who is half-hanging out of his robe.

PENNY

(moving into room)

Dr. Banks, please, you've got to come right now -

BANKS

(stopping her entry)

Wait there, young lady.

He disappears and can be heard rummaging around. Penny grows progressively more nervous as she waits.

PENNY

(calling into room)

- she's supposed to compete tomorrow if she doesn't die first... I actually think she's dying... Jeez, how long does it take to get your pants on?

Banks re-emerges - still half-hanging out of his robe. He's carrying a bottle. Penny is shekced.

(CONTINUED)

PENNY

Kaopectate? She's puking her guts out.

BANKS

These things have to run their course, it's best she get it out of her system.

Behind Banks a little female Columbian head whisks by in a man's pajama top that hangs down to her knees. She giggles, mumbles something. Finds the bathroom at last. Banks ignores the action. Penny doesn't.

PENNY

Doc Banks - do you have piles?

BANKS

(mildly indignant)

No.

PENNY

Yeah - everybody says you're a perfect asshole.

BANKS

(calmly shutting door)

She'll be fine in the morning.

66 INT. WOMEN'S COMPOUND - BATHROOM - NIGHT

66

TORY HOLDS CHRIS

under the shower, actually a gush of water coming out of a naked pipe. She pulls her out of it, wraps a towel around her, sets her down on the foam rubber she pulled off the cot.

CHRIS

- you've got to take me outside.  
Just out in the air somewhere.

TORY

- I can't.

CHRIS

I'm burning up.

As soon as she says this she starts to shiver.

TORY

And now you're freezing.

She wraps a thin blanket around Chris - who starts to double up with cramps again. She reaches out, squeezes Tory's hand. Tory squeezes back.

(CONTINUED)

PENNY'S VOICE

- this is the best we can do.

Tory looks up, Chris can't. She sees a disheveled Penny with Sheila and behind her are the two big girls - Tanya and Maureen - flanking what looks like a slender woman in a local strawhat and U.S.A. woman's sweat suit. Tanya takes off the hat, revealing a dark-skinned young man of about twenty with an Indian-like coarseness to his face. He looks wildly topheavy.

TANYA

Raoul.

TORY

Raoul. He's a doctor?

PENNY

Look, Tingloff can't be reached.

TORY

Why not?

PENNY

For one thing we can't work the fucking phones.

TORY

Well - well who is he?

SHEILA

Assistant to the Columbian team's manager - but he's a pre-med student.

PENNY

We told him she had diarrhea and cramps. He seems to understand.

TORY

Seems? He doesn't speak English?  
Oh God -

CHRIS

(in great spasms  
of pain)

- somebody's got to do..something.

Raoul touches the back of Chris' neck, holds it for a moment. Then tries to get her to stretch out. She cries in pain. He tenderly touches her abdomen, on the right side.

RAOUL

..hurt or not hurt you say please.  
Okay?

(CONTINUED)

Chris nods. He pushes her abdomen slowly - releases his hand quickly. It doesn't hurt her. He checks the skin there, holds the back of his hand against it, mumbles 'no calor.' Then a spasm hits her again. Raoul nods, fishes into his pocket and pulls out a little stone with a hole in it, lights it, puffs - hands it to Chris.

PENNY

What's that?

TORY

Are you kidding? It's dope.  
What're you trying to do to her?  
Ask him what he thinks he's doing.

She's directed this to Sheila, who manages a question. Raoul replies - briefly and word 'opium' can be heard.

SHEILA

- he says she's got food poisoning  
and the best thing for it..is opium  
...says it'll stop the cramps and  
make her sleepy and won't show up  
on the tests.

Tory's hesitant.

CHRIS

..it can't be worse.

Tory nods. Raoul gives her the smoking stone and lights it again. He indicates she take deep breaths and hold it. She does.

TORY

- you guys just split - if anybody's  
gonna be caught with this stuff,  
the fewer the better.

Sheila thanks Raoul. Tanya puts the straw hat back on his head.

RAOUL

Good luck.

67 INT. WOMEN'S COMPOUND - BATHROOM - NIGHT

67

WITH TORY AND CHRIS

Chris taking another deep puff.

CHRIS

..it's better, Oh God, it's better.

(CONTINUED)

She sinks back, and Tory holds her.

TORY

Do one more.

Chris does. She's covered with perspiration now. Tory reaches over, gets a damp towel, puts it on Chris' forehead. A long moment while Tory looks down at Chris, watching her.

CHRIS

..I'm so tired..why am I still  
doing this?

Chris is beginning to relax and float with the opium.

TORY

Because..you love it.

CHRIS

It's a great high.

TORY

..the greatest...

CHRIS

..even the workouts -

Tory wipes the perspiration away again. Chris shuts her eyes.

TORY

You're gonna be just fine.

Tory tucks in the blanket and starts to rise. Chris sits bolt upright.

CHRIS

(panicked)  
Where are you going?

TORY

Just - to lie down for a minute.

CHRIS

Please don't. Don't leave me,  
don't let me go to sleep, don't  
let go of me.

She starts to cry. Tory kneels down, takes her in her arms. Chris clutches her fiercely and continues to sob.

TORY

Okay, okay.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Oh, thank you. I'm sorry but I'm  
so scared.

Tory settles back down. Leans up against the wall,  
pulls Chris into her.

TORY

Don't talk. We'll play a game.  
We'll pretend you're a little girl  
and you're home from school and  
you don't feel so hot and you're  
with your mother...now what would  
she do?

CHRIS

(settling down)

..she'd..oh she'd read to me. Or  
sing - or tell me a story.

TORY

What kind of story?

CHRIS

..a story..one she knew I wanted to  
hear.

Tory holds her a little closer. She lowers her voice  
slightly as one does in telling a story to a child you  
hope will go to sleep.

TORY

Okay..well, once upon a time in  
a kingdom far away there was this  
tall, slender, sensitive blonde...  
pole vaulter - with - green eyes..

Chris smiles, reaches up to touch Tory.

CHRIS

How'd you know I like polevaulters?

TORY

(amused herself)

Oh - I noticed.

CHRIS

(dreamily)

...yeah...they've got..such..great..  
deltoids..and what's more - they've  
got great poles.

DISSOLVE TO:

67 CONTINUED: (3)

67

DURING DISSOLVE:

TORY'S VOICE

(singing)

Make new friends but keep the old,  
one is silver and the other's gold..

68 INT. WOMEN'S COMPOUND - BATHROOM - MORNING

68

TORY AND CHRIS

are both asleep. Tory scrunched against the wall, half-sitting, Chris in her lap. Tory's eyes open - winces when she turns her neck. She looks down at Chris.

CHRIS

is sleeping, her brow smooth and dry.

69 EXT. CALI STADIUM - DAY

69

AT THE STADIUM THE GUN

is in the air. It goes off.

TORY

is out of the blocks for the 100 meter hurdles. She hits the third hurdle and loses her stride, falling behind the leader.

REACTION TINGLOFF.

70 EXT. CALI STADIUM - DAY

70

ACROSS THE SHOTPUT CIRCLE TORY

moves, throws and fouls.

REACTION CHRIS

miserable as she stops warming up to watch Tory as Tingloff chews her out.

CLOSE TORY AND TINGLOFF

Tory looking beat. The crowd sounds are intrusive.

TINGLOFF

(almost shouting)

- I don't care how you feel. You've got two more events and you're going to finish. No athlete of mine, unless they've broken something, is going to dnf.

Chris moves into SHOT.

(CONTINUED)



CHRIS

(to Tingloff)

- look, it's my fault -

TINGLOFF

(turning on Chris)

You're sick and she can't perform?  
 What is this shit? By the way,  
 you've got a race to run, or are  
 you gonna bother?

CHRIS

Yes, I'm gonna bother.

TINGLOFF

Then warm up.

71 EXT. CALI STADIUM - DAY

71

CHRIS STANDS IN HER LANE

stripped to her running top and shorts, shaking her legs. The starter calls everyone to their blocks. Chris glances over at Tingloff who makes some gesture of encouragement. She ignores it, gets set in her blocks. The gun fires and Chris takes off like a shot. She's over the first hurdle ahead of the field.

RUSS COFFEY WATCHES WITH TINGLOFF

COFFEY

- that's some start.

AT THE FIFTH HURDLE PENNY

begins to make her move. She catches Chris at the sixth hurdle. The two run stride for stride several yards ahead of everyone. They clear the last hurdle and are dead even as they race for the finish.

AT THE TAPE CHRIS

leans, breaks it and beats Penny by a few hundredths of a second. The two girls continue down the chute, go all floppy, and fall into each other's arms.

Both girls are surrounded by their teammates. Chris finds Tory, gives her a bearhug, picks her up off the ground.

72 EXT. CALI STADIUM - DAY

72

AS CHRIS PUTS ON HER SWEATS TINGLOFF

comes by. Chris sees him, continues dressing.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

TINGLOFF

I got you in 13.32. You ought to get food poisoning more often.

CHRIS

Thank you and fuck you.

TINGLOFF

What's that mean?

CHRIS

(seething)

- it means the way you handled Tory was real chickenshit. She's responsible for my performance today - not you, not me. Tory.

Tingloff looks at Chris a moment, nods, smiles slightly.

TINGLOFF

...well, be sure and congratulate her will you? - she ran a hell of a race.

Tingloff walks away from Chris, leaving her suddenly more puzzled than indignant.

73 INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - GRAND BALL ROOM - NIGHT 73

A MARIACHI BAND

looking a little disorganized, plays very loud and bad rock and roll music in the GRAND BALLROOM of the Hotel Internationale. They make music on a podium above an abandoned horseshoe banquet table covered with dessert dishes, beer and wine bottles, and little trophies.

AAU officials and their Columbian counterparts, athletes from all the countries, including Zenk, Yelovitch, Chris, Tory, and the others from San Luis Obispo mingle, dance, drink, and spill over into an adjacent room. The most raucous displays of drunkenness come not from the athletes but from the officials.

74 INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT 74

CHRIS AND TORY

move thru the crowd holding drinks. Chris is repeatedly congratulated. Tingloff comes by, takes Chris by the arm.

TINGLOFF

- some people I'd like you to meet, okay?

(CONTINUED)

Tory points to the next room, indicates she'll be there. Tingloff leads Chris into a pocket of officials, all male and older, who fawn over her and congratulate her. Less thrilled by their interest than the interest of her peers, Chris suddenly brightens and smiles as she looks over the stooped shoulders of the AAU officials. She silently mouths the words 'thank you.'

THRU THE CROWD RANDY VAN ZILE

the pole vaulter she'd danced with in Toronto, nods and smiles. He moves to her and she towards him.

VAN ZILE

(softly)

Listen I...

GIRL'S VOICE

Randy. Randy, Russ says you have to get your poles off the bus right now - it's leaving.

Van Zile turns toward a perky little blonde who stands peremptorily at his side.

VAN ZILE

Tell 'em I'll be right over, Kim, could you?

(to Chris)

Could you sort of wait here? I'd like to see you. I've been wanting to see you for six months, okay?

CHRIS

(pleased)

- okay.

Van Zile follows the perky blonde. Chris watches him go. The band starts up again, dancers move by. Chris is tapped on her shoulder. She turns swiftly and expectantly around. Her face falls.

ADRIAN DEBEAU

flashily dressed, and very loaded stands in front of her. They talk thru a heavy rock number.

DEBEAU

Adrian. Adrian Debeau. Toronto. Willie Lee - you were with Tory Skinner. You don't remember.

CHRIS

Sure. Sure I remember.

(CONTINUED)

DEBEAU

(smiles)

You was one fast mama today - uhh -

CHRIS

Chris. Thank you.

DEBEAU

Fast.

CHRIS

Thanks.

DEBEAU

(winks)

I mean, fast, know what I mean?

CHRIS

Sure, I think so.

DEBEAU

- fast.

CHRIS

- well, gee, not that fast.

Debeau laughs.

DEBEAU

- yeah. Well fast enough uhh -

CHRIS

Chris. Could you excuse me?

DEBEAU

Yeah Chris. No Chris, this is not easy for me..you know about Willy Lee and Tory?

He's placed his hand lightly but firmly on her shoulder, stopping her. He smiles pleasantly.

CHRIS

What about them?

DEBEAU

What about them?

CHRIS

Yes, what about them?

Debeau takes her into his arms, starts to dance with her, moving her across the floor toward the band and a small stage.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

(continuing)

Wait a minute -

DEBEAU

(suddenly intense)

Know how they broke up?

CHRIS

No not exactly - why do you have to talk to me about that?

DEBEAU

- well.. I think you can help.

CHRIS

How - wasn't it Willy Lee's idea?

DEBEAU

Well it was and it wasn't. He was trying to protect Tory, understand? You lookin' for someone?

Chris has been nervously scanning the room - in the direction van Zile exited. As Debeau dances with her he's moved her further and further away from where she's seen van Zile and toward the stage.

CHRIS

Not exactly.

75. INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT 75

VAN ZILE

has re-emerged is looking thru the crowd, spots Penny Brill.

VAN ZILE

Hey.

PENNY

Hey. Randy!

VAN ZILE

Listen, you see your friend? The hurdler, you know she won today. She -

PENNY

No shit?

INT. BALLROOM

Van Zile suddenly spots her dancing thru the crowd with Debeau - near the band, almost to the side of the stage.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

VAN ZILE

- oh sorry - I mean good to see you.

He moves on, leaving Penny staring uncertainly toward the stage and Chris and Debeau.

76 INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

76

DEBEAU

is angling her thru the crowd toward a half open door near the stage - circuit boards on the wall, speakers, spare podiums can be glimpsed in the tiny room.

DEBEAU

- sure you ain't lookin' for someone?

CHRIS

- no. I mean yes. I mean how big a problem is this?

DEBEAU

Big.

A LONGER ANGLE THRU THE CROWD

from approximately the same vantage point Penny has been looking at them. Debeau suddenly whirls Chris into the room by the stage and slams the door.

77 INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT

77

DEBEAU LEANING UP AGAINST THE DOOR,

Chris is backed up against a spare podium. Speakers surround her, a brace of electrical circuits and wiring on the wall at her back.

DEBEAU

- only thing is it's my problem.  
Hey, hey, hey - I ain't gonna hurt  
you -

He moves to her, picks her up by her buns and sets her on a waist high speaker, hugs her.

DEBEAU

(continuing)

- I'm just givin' you the excuse  
you need. You gotta have an excuse.  
Take it.

CHRIS

I don't want any excuse, I swear  
to God, please let me out.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

INT. UTILITY ROOM

Chris flips over backwards with remarkable agility and tries for the door. Adrian cuts her off.

DEBEAU

(laughing)

Hey, that's bad - now just drop those jeans, it'll be so nice, I don't hurt my mamas, you'll be gone and back before you know it.

Chris is now backed up against the electrical circuits eyeing a mike and one of the podiums. Debeau is moving carefully to her.

78 INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

78

PENNY

has been looking thru the party. Finally spots Willie Lee, Tory and Sheila. They look up.

PENNY

Adrian's got Chris in some room by the band.

WILLIE LEE

So?

Lights in the ballroom suddenly flicker - the room goes black, the electrical instruments in the band go wonky, people yell - the lights flash on and off and on. Willie Lee is on his feet and moving.

79 INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - GRAND BALL ROOM - NIGHT

79

WILLIE LEE TORY PENNY &amp; SHEILA

Willie Lee at the door, glancing nervously toward the band. Willie Lee smiles.

WILLIE LEE

(exuding confidence)

It's okay - just -

(to Adrian)

C'mon you fool, the whole damn ballroom knows you're in there - you hear me Adrian, you made it like a fuckin' air raid out here - open up.

The door opens, the band resumes playing.

80 INT. UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT

80

CHRIS

is still backed up against the wall, her cheeks stained with tears and eyeliner - but holding the heavy mike.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

Debeau's left ear is bleeding.

WILLIE LEE

You fool you fool - what you trying to do?

DEBEAU

(outraged)

Hey, this mama's got some nerve, gettin' me in here, gettin' me all heated up -

(to Chris)

You can get people in trouble this way mama, know that?

TORY

Bullshit.

DEBEAU

You weren't here. You don't know.

TORY

I know you Adrian.

DEBEAU

Maybe. But maybe what you don't know is she's getting tired of you. Maybe.

Debeau winks. Tory stares for a long moment, trying to keep from shaking. Then easily:

TORY

Well then, she should go for Willie Lee here - not a dumb boogie like you.

Adrian backhands Tory. Tory's lip is cut and bleeds. She instantly hits him with a right that is powerful enough to stagger him. Adrian's full power erupts. He smashes Tory into the wall and begins to pummel her, knocking her to the floor. Both Willie Lee and Chris try to drag the powerful Adrian off her. They hit the wall circuits again.

81 INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

81

Lights flashing again - one of the band moves to the door of the utility room, opens it - is steamrollered by Willie Lee, Adrian, Tory and Chris - all entangled with one another, falling over a speaker, ending up sprawled among members of the band who hit more than a few sour notes under the impact.

FADE TO:



COLIN SALES

dressed in a blue blazer and with a severe knot in his tie presides over a hearing. There are some half-dozen AAU officials, Nellie Bowdeen the women's chaperon, Russ Coffey, the women's coach, and Ken Busher, the men's coach. The two coaches are less formally dressed and sit slightly apart from the officials. All of them seem dwarfed by the horseshoe banquet tables - now stripped to the wood - that held so many people the night before.

ADRIAN DEBEAU

neatly dressed in his red, white and blue orlon AAU travel suit, makes a vivid and humbel contrast with his flamboyant dress and manner of the previous night. He talks softly, articulates with excessive care. He stands patiently.

AAU OFFICIAL'S VOICE

You're certain Chris Cahill invited you to follow her into the storeroom?

DEBEAU

(apparently embarrassed)

Yes sir.

COFFEY

You're sure about that, Adrian?

DEBEAU

Oh yes, coach. I am in no position to mess around, and consequently I am a very careful person.

Coffey nods. An AAU official leans over. Quietly, to Sales:

AN OFFICIAL

There goes our invitation for next year.

Someone whispers to Nellie a question about Chris - along the lines of how well does she know her.

SALES

(quietly, to Busher)

Gee, coach, I'm so - Adrian seemed to be finding himself - he seemed so conscientious, so dedicated, so -

He gropes here.

(CONTINUED)

BUSHER

(jumping in)

- oh for sure, Colin, He's been, well yesterday he ran the fastest four hundred in the world this year.

SALES

(to Coffey)

- by the way, coach, how come your gal Skinner dnf'd? Boy, did she dnf.

COFFEY

(above a whisper)

I thought we were discussing what they did off the field, not on it. If this is going to be dealt with on the basis of whether Adrian Debeau ran a :45 flat or a :44.7 yesterday I'd like to know now, Colin.

BUSHER

Golly Russ, that's not fair.

COFFEY

(right back)

No, it's not.

SALES

Now let's keep an even keel here -

83 INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - GRAND BALLROOM - DAY

83

IN THE REAR OF THE BALLROOM TORY, CHRIS, TINGLOFF, WILLIE LEE

have been listening. Tory looks like she's about to burst with rage.

TINGLOFF

(whispering with

machine-gun

intensity to Tory)

- all that anybody saw was you and Adrian fighting and destroying hotel property.

CHRIS

(whispering)

What about us?

TINGLOFF

(whispering back)

- the rest of you were trying to stop the fight. The AAU has no quarrel with that.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIE LEE

What about how it started?

TINGLOFF

(nearly an explosion)

What the fuck difference does it make? She's gonna have to apologize.

TORY

Apologize? Apologize? Apologize?  
She almost got raped and I almost  
got killed!

The AAU officials look up. They've heard Tory's outburst, though not precisely what she's said.

TINGLOFF

(quiet desperation)

Tory, grow up. You know those people.

Tory shakes her head.

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

Apologize or you won't be competing.

She looks sharply at Tingloff.

TORY

You're a fuckhead. It's your ass  
you're worried about.

(loud and clear)

You're a fuckhead!

Tingloff slinks a bit in his chair. The AAU officials are poised expectantly for more fireworks. Jason moves quickly to Tory, grabs her by the shoulders and blocks her from their view.

JASON

(spitting it out)

Just like all of us you got a few  
years to run and jump and whatnot  
- they'll take those years away.  
They've done it before. Now Adrian's  
gonna come over and take your hand  
- You get up and you walk up to that  
table and you apologize with him.  
They don't do what you do. They  
don't care. They got you.

Tory has been strongly affected by Jason, but still shakes her head no.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (2)

83

DEBEAU

has looked at Jason who doesn't not react to Debeau's silent question. Debeau slowly moves toward Tory who begins to shake slightly at his approach.

THE AAU OFFICIALS

have quieted down, wait expectantly for the confrontation.

TINGLOFF, JASON, ET AL

watch nervously.

DEBEAU

has reached Tory, who remains seated. The two stare at one another, Debeau trying to read her. He offers his hand. She lets it hang there for a long long moment. Debeau is perspiring, but manages a smile, leans down so he's inches from her face.

DEBEAU

You got to. Look up there and face it - to them, you're just another nigger. And furthermore, you ain't even as valuable a nigger as I am... I'm eatin' shit either way - all I'm trying to do now is save your ass -

He moves his hand a little closer. Tory slowly takes Adrian's hand and rises.

84 INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - GRAND BALLROOM - DAY

84

DEBEAU AND TORY

as they face the officials.

DEBEAU

I furthermore wish to apologize to my teammates and the host country and the hotel for letting an intemperate remark make me forget myself with Tory.

Debeau has turned to her when he says this. Tory in turn looks to Debeau.

TORY

(with real feeling)

Sure, Adrian, I understand that things got out of hand..I'm sorry too.

ABRUPT CUT:

85 INT. 707 - DAY

85

TINGLOFF WALKS DOWN THE AISLE OF A 707

trying to balance two cups of coffee during a slightly bumpy flight. He is blocked by a group of athletes, all of whom seem to be looking at the aisle floor.

TINGLOFF

(to an athlete on the  
arm of an aisle seat)

What's going on down there?

Tingloff cranes and squeezes his way to see:

CHRIS AND TANYA

armwrestling in the aisle. As partisans encourage the combatants, e.g. 'Go for it Chris!', 'that chick is stronger than she looks.' Chris more than holds her own with the much larger and more obviously muscular Tanya. Tanya looks up in disbelief to Tory. Tory laughs.

TORY

- told you so.

THE ATHLETE ON THE CHAIR

jumps as Tingloff has spilt coffee on his knee.

ATHLETE

- hey, watch it. I said watch it.

TINGLOFF

- oh - sorry.

Tingloff virtually ignores the fact that he's spilt half a cup of coffee on the athlete's pantleg - continues to stare with great interest at the ongoing struggle at his feet between Chris and Tanya.

DISSOLVE:

86 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - SUNSET

ON THE TRACK AT SAN LUIS OBISPO CHRIS AND PENNY AND TORY

are jogging at sunset. Zenk's retch can be heard.

PENNY

- ah, the end of another day.

TINGLOFF

is with Sheila at the longjump pit, glances toward them.

86

CONTINUED:

86

CHRIS IS STRETCHING

on a tall steeple hurdle, straightens when Tingloff comes up.

She promptly does a pretzel and turns away from Tingloff. Tingloff nods.

TINGLOFF

- who's the Indian?

CHRIS

(turning back)

Indian?

TINGLOFF

- mother or father?

CHRIS

Mother.

TINGLOFF

Shoshone? Keep going.

Chris has stopped - a little surprised.

CHRIS

Juanino - offshoot of Shoshone.

TINGLOFF

From San Juan Capistrano.

Chris is really surprised. Tingloff suddenly grabs her legs, turns her upside down, shaking her long legs loose as they talk.

TINGLOFF

Still pissed? Relax...you know you're something of an embarrassment to me.

CHRIS

An embarrassment?

TINGLOFF

Yeah an embarrassment. Anyway - how about a full ride next year, tuition, room, board, everything.

CHRIS

Are you kidding?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

## CHRIS &amp; TINGLOFF (CONTINUED)

TINGLOFF  
(holding her as  
she squirms)  
I said relax. You'll have to  
stay the summer and work out with  
me -

CHRIS  
Sure, sure, sure -

TINGLOFF  
And starting next year I want  
you to do pentathlon.

Chris stops squirming. Her legs go limp. Tingloff holds  
on, continues to stare down at her.

TINGLOFF  
- something wrong with that?

CHRIS  
I..don't think I can do it.

TINGLOFF  
(grunts, then)  
- you've got more speed than you  
or anybody knows about, strength  
to body weight that's unreal, I  
misjudged it all and that's that -  
isn't it? or is it?..there's room  
for more than one pentathlete in the  
country, babe.

CHRIS  
What do you mean?

TINGLOFF  
If Tory goes to the games, that  
leaves room for two more.

CHRIS  
I wasn't thinking about that.

TINGLOFF  
Of course not.

CHRIS  
I wasn't.

TINGLOFF (amused)  
I'm agreeing with you.

86 CONTINUED:

86

CHRIS &amp; TINGLOFF (CONTINUED)

Despite herself, Chris smiles back.

CHRIS

Think you know it all, don't  
you?

TINGLOFF

Not all - see I don't know what  
scares you more - getting beat  
by Tory - or beating her.

Chris looks up, half-laughing, half-angry. She says something like, 'you son of a bitch', as she takes a swing at Tingloff. Tingloff jerks on her legs at the last minute so the blow misses him. He takes off laughing.

TINGLOFF

(over his shoulder)

- Moscow in '80, Moscow in '80...

87 INT. CHRIS AND TORY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

87

TORY

clears the kitchen-living room table of dinner plates. The apartment itself looks torn apart - laundry, Adidas bags, stray piles of books and records, and calcium pills. Chris remains seated over a chocolate mousse.

TORY

(indicating mousse)

- finished with this?

(CONTINUED)



87 CONTINUED:

87

Chris nods. Tory sweeps it up, takes it to the counter where the dishes are piled.

TORY

(half to herself)

- no good, huh?

She dumps it unceremoniously into the sink. Chris stares quietly at her back. Tory is half-mumbling as she starts to clean the dishes.

CHRIS

Do you have to do that now? Tory?

TORY

(without warning)

I don't want to wake up to the smell of onions.

Chris rises and walks up to Tory, stands right behind her. Tory doesn't acknowledge the move. She remains resolutely facing the sink.

CHRIS

(softly)

Okay, if you want to do the dishes, go right ahead.

Chris reaches around and puts her hand on Tory's crotch. No response. She wraps her other hand around Tory's middle, landing on Tory's right breast. Both hands begin a delicate tease. No response. Chris leans into Tory's neck, kisses it until she reaches Tory's ear.

CHRIS

(continuing; a whisper)

- bet I can make you drop that plate..wanna bet?

There is the sound of a zipper. Tory finally begins to respond. Then she breaks away.

TORY

- no, c'mon. Leave me alone.

CHRIS

I told you, Tingloff kept me late, and the market was closed.

TORY

Couldn't you've managed -

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

What? Told him I had to get you some packing boxes?

TORY

Well, I had to sell our books, pick up the laundry, drop your stuff at the kines lab, make sure the phone wasn't disconnected since you're staying. What about Lucky's?

CHRIS

They didn't have any.

TORY

They didn't have any?

CHRIS

That's right.

TORY

Lucky's didn't have any boxes of any kind?

CHRIS

Not empty ones.

Tory turns back to the sink.

CHRIS

(continuing)

Okay - it does bother you. I'll tell Tingloff tomorrow - I won't do pentathlon. It doesn't mean that much to me. I swear it.

Chris turns Tory around, brushes back a lock of Tory's hair. Tory's eyes are moist.

TORY

- if you don't do it, I'm leaving Tingloff and never speaking to you again. That doesn't bother me.

CHRIS

Then what is it?

TORY

Tingloff. I still think he's a fuckhead, but he's right about you and we'll work out together and I'll help you. I'll help you more than he can...maybe it's having to see my mother...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (3)

87

TORY (CONT'D)

...maybe it's change..maybe it's  
not seeing you for six weeks.

Chris kisses her.

TORY

(continuing)

- maybe it's that you don't mean  
that.

CHRIS

- I do mean it.

TORY

- because you know it's what I  
want.

CHRIS

Bullshit.

Tory looks at Chris, really lost. Chris takes her hand.

CHRIS

(continuing)

C'mon, leave it - c'mon - c'mon, c'mon.

Tory allows herself to be pulled from the sink.

FADE TO:

88 INT. CAL POLY GYM - DAY

88

A MEDICINE BALL

fills the screen.

TINGLOFF'S VOICE

- the hurdles, the shot, the  
highjump, the long jump, the 800  
meters - five events, but the  
thing to remember is this -

(the ball moves  
up and down)

- the pentathlon is one event.  
You do it in one day and you find  
that one element in yourself  
common to all the events.

ANGLE WIDENS TO SHOW TINGLOFF AND CHRIS IN A GYM

Tingloff holds the four pound medicine ball. Some  
guys are in a pickup game of basketball at the far end  
of the court.

CHRIS

- I know.

(CONTINUED)

TINGLOFF

You know?

CHRIS

I saw you work with Tory - on her takeoff in the longjump and the highjump and you wouldn't let her shorten her stride in the 800.

Tingloff's impressed.

TINGLOFF

And what did that tell you?

CHRIS

You made her work on her strength - her power. You do that with everybody - make them work on their strength and not their weakness - with me it'll be speed. My father he tries to correct people's weakness. You ignore them...it's why you're a good coach.

Tingloff stares at her. It makes Chris a little nervous.

CHRIS

(continuing)

- sorry - Am I talking too much?

TINGLOFF

Boy, have I misjudged you.

He tosses her the medicine ball. Chris balances the large ball on her shoulder, almost loses it. She makes her first throw. It slides off her hand and hits the wall, making a soft little thud. Chris shrugs helplessly. Tingloff throws her the ball again. She throws again. She misses the wall completely. Tingloff throws her the ball again.

89 INT. CAL POLY GYM - DAY

89

THE MEDICINE BALL

hits the wall with a little more authority. The ball hits it again, and again and again - each time with a little more zip, until the sound of hard THWACKS from the ball echo thru the gym.

90 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - SHOTPUT CIRCLE - DAY

90

CHRIS ON THE FIELD

holds a four kilo shot.

(CONTINUED)

- 90 CONTINUED: 90  
 Her feet are planted on the ground. Without moving she  
 throws the shot forward over her head.
- 91 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - SHOTPUT CIRCLE - DAY 91  
 THE SHOT IS BETWEEN HER LEGS  
 She throws from this position.
- 92 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - SHOTPUT CIRCLE - DAY 92  
 WITH LEGS STAGGERED  
 she throws it.
- 93 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - SHOTPUT CIRCLE - TWILIGHT 93  
 she throws from the left side, then from the right.
- 94 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - SHOTPUT CIRCLE - DAY 94  
 IN BRIGHT SUNLIGHT CHRIS  
 throws from a crouch, using the turn, but not moving  
 her legs.
- 95 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - SHOTPUT CIRCLE 95  
 HER LEGS  
 move thru the balletic shotput drill of turn and twist.
- 96 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - SHOTPUT CIRCLE - MORNING 96  
 A SHOTPUT CIRCLE  
 the white paint flaking. Chris' legs step into it.  
 ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE TINGLOFF  
 watching her on the field. It's a foggy morning. Chris  
 looks at him. She balances the shot carefully, nuzzles  
 it at her neck in that curiously tender gesture before  
 the glide and release. She moves across the circle and  
 with a little cry, THROWS.
- THE SHOT  
 flies thru the air and disappears into the fog.  
 TINGLOFF  
 watches it, turns to Chris. They both smile.

97 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - HIGHJUMP PIT - DAY

97

CHRIS

stands in the open field doing a heel and toe move with her arms shooting into the air. It has the abstract quality of a dance.

THE HIGHJUMP BAR

cuts across the screen at Chris' waist. She does pop-ups before the bar, leaping straight up - but not attempting to go over the low bar.

CHRIS STANDS WITH HER BACK TO THE HIGHJUMP PIT

The bar is not there. She flops into the pit.

98 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - HIGHJUMP PIT - DAY

98

THE BAR

cuts across the screen again. Chris b.g. steps up to a mark indicated by Tingloff. She makes a short approach, clears the bar and lands in the pit. She gets out of the pit and it can be seen that the bar is still only waist high.

99 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - HIGHJUMP PIT - DAY

99

WITH CHRIS

concentrating. She makes a longer run, takes off.

GOING OVER

she knicks the bar and it falls. She shakes her head. When she helps Tingloff replace the bar it can be seen that the height she barely missed was above her eye level.

100 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - LONGJUMP - DAY

100

CHRIS

slowly steps off the length of the longjump runway to the board. Tingloff watches:

TINGLOFF V.O.

- the first event, the hurdles - they're a fear event - you can hurt yourself if you hit them - and in the pentathlon there's a double fear -

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

TINGLOFF V.O. (CONT'D)

- you've got to get over them to reach the other four events. It's doubly hard to be aggressive. The shotput takes consistency, the highjump - it's a masochist's event. It always ends on a miss, a failure, and it requires patience - if you do well you're liable to be out there half the day. Which brings us here -

She's reached the board - makes no more move than a standing leap into the pit. The sand doesn't move. Tingloff continues:

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

- just when you're really getting whipped you reach the event that calls for reckless abandon - you have to throw yourself thru the air as fast and as far as you can.

101 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - LONGJUMP - DAY 101

CHRIS

does a short run of ten to twelve steps, hits the board, jumps. She plops into the pit.

102 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - LONGJUMP - DAY 102

ANOTHER ANGLE AS CHRIS

makes a long run with great speed, hits the board but runs thru the pit rather than leaping.

103 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - HURDLES - DAY 103

A LOW HURDLE

Chris HOPS over it from a standing position. She hops back.

104 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - HURDLES - DAY 104

TWO LOW HURDLES

She hops over them, a little shakily, using a double hop.

105 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - HURDLES - DAY 105

SIX LOW HURDLES

Chris hurdle hops them smoothly, moving from a jerky double hop to a fluid single hop.

106 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - LONGJUMP - DAY 106

LOW ANGLE LONGJUMP PIT

the sand raked and smooth. Chris stands far down the runway. She begins her run.

EXTREME CLOSE CHRIS' FACE

She sprints. The skin ripples across her cheeks.

SIDE ANGLE SHE NEARS THE BOARD AT GREAT SPEED

and HITS it.

LOW ANGLE PIT CHRIS LEAPS

kicking, half laid-out in the air, lands in that ecstatic effort to fly as long as possible. She lands in the pit, her calves and thighs rippling with the impact, SAND FLYING everywhere.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY 107

THE TRACK

empty. Fog rolls thru the brace of eucalyptus and creeps over part of the field.

TINGLOFF V.O.

- there are differing philosophies about the 800. Some say as long as you run it between 2:15 and 2:20, that's okay - you don't get that many more points for a 2:12 or even a 2:10. But the 800's the last event, and if you're even up in points -- and you have to beat somebody - even by a half a second - there's no hell on earth like it - so you're gonna have to be ready. You're going to have to run.

During this Chris emerges from the fog, running, then disappears, then breaks thru the fog again - a shadowy figure, always running.



- 108 EXT. SAN LUIS OBISPO COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 108
- THE FOG CLEARS
- to show Chris running in the San Luis Obispo countryside. Her heavy, almost erotic breathing can be heard as she moves through greenery and scrub oak and past clumps of wildflowers, perspiration pouring off her, her breath little puffs of frost. MOVE DOWN TO HER FEET:
- 109 EXT. CAL POLY SCHOOL BUILDING - DAY 109
- BOUNDING UP SCHOOL STEPS.
- First together, then the left foot step by step, then the right. Finally it's stag stepping - moving upward two, then three steps at a time.
- 110 INT. CAL POLY GYM - DAY 110
- CHRIS' FACE
- strains as she does squats with an Olympic Bar. With each squat the weight on the bar increases.
- TINGLOFF SPOTS CHRIS
- in a bench press - a modest amount of weight: 10's on a 20 kilo bar. MOVE IN ON HER FACE as she repeats.
- 111 INT. CAL POLY GYM - DAY 111
- SUPER SETS
- quick glimpses of her moving back and forth on Universals from shoulders to hamstrings to gluts to triceps to calves to biceps, to leg presses - as the pace increases, TORY JOINS in the workout; parts of their bodies are stretched and pressed across and into machines, strongly suggestive of Inquisitor's tools - and Tory adds v.o. sounds to Chris - a duet of choo-chooing, her bursts of breath, and cries of physical effort suggestive of the pangs of birth, orgasm and supreme effort.
- 112 INT. CAL POLY GYM - DAY 112
- AN OLYMPIC BAR
- on a mat. It has a very respectable amount of weight. Chris wearing a belt, positions herself. Tory watches closely - taps Chris on the back, indicating Chris should straighten out the line of it. Then she nods approval. Chris hesitates and CLEANS it. A couple of male athletes stop their weight workout and watch them as Chris cleans it again and again under Tory's eye.

113 EXT. HILLTOP - SAN LUIS OBISPO - (DAY) 113

CHRIS AND TORY

run along the skyline and disappear INTO a cloud resting on the hilltop. DISSOLVE, as the low-lying cloud thins and dissolves itself, showing Chris' tiny figure alone against the skyline, still running.

DISSOLVE:

114 INT. CAL POLY ARTS AND CRAFTS CLASS - DAY 114

TORY SKINNER

carefully hand tools the front of a leather binding - one about the size of a daily dairy.

TINGLOFF V.O.

- you won't try pentathlon for a year..when you do don't be upset by your scores, or anybody else's - that'll come soon enough -

115 INT. CHRIS AND TORY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 115

CHRIS BLOWS OUT CANDLES

on a birthday cake. Their apartment is filled with the track team - Penny, Tanya, Sheila, Yelovitch, Zenk - including Tingloff and Jason.

CHRIS

opens one of her presents. It is the diary-size leather binding Tory had fashioned. On it is C. CAHILL and below, carved in smaller letters, pentathlon. Chris is delighted. She hugs Tory. Tingloff watches with interest.

116 INT. CAL POLY GYM - WEIGHT ROOM - DAY 116

CLOSE ANGLE CHRIS

looking down, concentrating. Then she REACHES down and it can be seen she's about to heft a bar with a formidable amount of weight. She makes her move, cleans - then JERKS.

TORY'S VOICE

C'mon, c'mon, go for it! That's it. Great. Great.

Chris strains.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

HER ARMS

shakily but triumphantly hold the bar with its heavy plates over her head.

TINGLOFF'S VOICE

- I don't want her doing that.

Tingloff takes the bar and lowers it - finds himself standing between Chris and Tory who's pleased expression has turned to mild surprise.

TINGLOFF

(to Tory)

- she's not ready.

(to Chris)

You know, if you're gonna change your workout, let me in on it. I might have something to say.

He leaves. Chris shrugs. Tory shakes her head - clearly annoyed.

117 INT. CHRIS AND TORY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

117

AT HER DESK TORY

thumbs thru her own workout book. She shows Chris the pages - her workouts, records of her individual bests. She pauses over two pages, one that has her PERSONAL BEST scores, and the other that has the 1977 U.S. RANKINGS. There are ten names. Number two is TORY SKINNER with a total of 4640 points. Boz Scaggs is on the hi-fi.

118 INT. CHRIS AND TORY'S APT. - NIGHT

118

TORY

puts down the book she's reading, shoves her glasses over her forehead, and grabs an empty mug - this in response to a whistling teakettle from the kitchen. She pauses as she sees Chris writing in her own workout book - and referring to Tory's as she does. She leans over Chris' shoulder.

IN CHRIS' BOOK

are the 1977 U.S. Rankings, name for name with a little pencilled star by Tory's number two. On the adjacent page Chris has written U.S. Rankings 1978 and left ten blank spaces. Beside the blank spaces she has written her own name and as Tory watches she adds a question mark.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

Tory smiles. She takes the pen out of Chris' hand and, leaning over Chris, scratches out the question mark. She circles Chris' name and draws an arrow to - hesitating a moment - the blank No. 9 in the 1978 rankings. Chris looks up as if to say really? Tory nods, pats Chris' shoulder and heads off to make her tea. Chris turns back to the page. Her pen point alights on the No. 2 ranking for Skinner in 1977. Chris continues to stare at the page.

DISSOLVE:

119 EXT. DRUG STORE NEWSSTAND - DAY

119

TRACK & FIELD NEWS Women's Annual Dec. 1978

Tory at a drugstore newsstand opens it to the 1978 U.S. Rankings. Under Pentathlon, No. 3 Tory Skinner, No. 5 Chris Cahill. Chris delightedly reaches over Tory's shoulder to point out her name in the five spot. Tory nods approvingly, but there's slightly less enthusiasm in the nod than before.

120 INT. CAL POLY WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

120

TINGLOFF

comes into the weight room - watches as Chris is struggling with a bench press of well over a hundred and fifty pounds. He shakes his head. Tory who is standing over Chris, sees the gesture, grabs the bar.

TORY

(by way of explanation)

- hey, it's low reps, it's what I do.

TINGLOFF

I want her to taper.

TORY

Fuck it - let's take a sauna.

CHRIS

Okay.

TINGLOFF

Chris just - wait. I'd like to talk to you.

Chris and Tory glance at one another. Tingloff sees it, smiles.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

TINGLOFF

- if it's all right with Tory.

Tory leaves. Chris sits on the bench but doesn't look at Tingloff.

TINGLOFF

Okay, the Pan Am Games are in ten days, they're the last international competition before the Olympics, if you place in the first four I've got that car dealer who'll give you a ticket for the European meets - a ticket to compete the rest of the summer. Furthermore - only two athletes qualify for the Pan Ams and Tory knows it.

CHRIS

What's that supposed to mean?...  
Tory's just trying to help.

TINGLOFF

(shrugs, smiles)

- sure. Go take your shower.

121 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - HIGHJUMP PIT - DAY

121

CHRIS

paces off a three step jump - places a little tape on the ground to mark her starting point, pulls off her sweats. She turns, concentrates - makes the three step jump and clears the bar.

AS SHE GETS OUT OF THE PIT TORY,

who has been lazing on the ground, stares reflectively at her.

CHRIS

- what?

TORY

Nothing.

CHRIS

No, what?

TORY

Uhhh - God I shouldn't get into it. Tingloff'll just have another shitfit.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Don't give me that. It'll drive me nuts for the rest of the day. Unless you're trying to drive me nuts.

Tory shoots her a quick look.

TORY

(rising)

Okay - you're a speed jumper and all that but you should at least try a takeoff where you lower your center of gravity. Bigger steps.

She demonstrates, taking much larger steps than Chris. She easily clears the bar.

CHRIS

- I can't begin to take steps like that.

TORY

I'm not saying you should. But if you try a little longer step, lower yourself, you'll catch your center of gravity on the rise - See - here's where I start -  
 (indicates a tape on the ground)  
 - and here's where you should start -

She tears the tape that Chris had put on the grass and moves it back by a half-stride.

Chris glances at the tape. Then she looks around the field. Tory smirks.

TORY

(continuing)

Oh, come on. Do you have to check and see if Tingloff's looking?

Tory walks away in disgust. As she does, her spikes pick up the tape she had marked for Chris. She walks a few steps and the tape becomes disengaged behind the mark she had originally set for herself. Both girls are preoccupied and neither is looking at the ground.

CHRIS

All right, all right.

(CONTINUED)

TORY

Don't do me any favors.

CHRIS

(taking her arm)

I said I'll try it.

TORY

So try it.

She disengages her arm and walks off. Chris is upset. She turns and moves to the forward tape, not noticing that it in fact was Tory's mark - not hers. She concentrates for a moment, and takes off in the bounding three step move, but the final step is much farther away from her take off point than she realized. She almost leaps to reach it, hits the take off and collapses screaming to the ground.

TORY

walking away, turns back to see Chris jackknifed in agony. She hurries to her.

JASON

drops the rake he's using on the longjump pit and comes running.

SEVERAL OTHER ATHLETES PENNY, TANYA AND SHEILA

look up from their respective drills.

JASON HAS REACHED CHRIS

along with Tory. Chris is writhing in agony.

JASON

(to Tory)

Grab her shoulders, hold her.

(to Chris)

Easy, easy, easy.

He takes her ankle, swiftly and expertly pulls. Chris gives another cry of pain. A small crowd has gathered. There are comments like - 'Jesus, look at that.' 'Her knee's out.' 'What's he doing? Trying to pop it back?' Jason doubles back the calf against the thigh and pulls again. Chris grunts. Jason carefully lowers the leg.

JASON

Don't move. Don't move. Don't move.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

(wincing)

Don't worry.

Tingloff comes running up.

TINGLOFF

What happened?

JASON

Her knee. I popped it back. I'm gonna grab some ince.

Jason takes off. Tingloff kneels, touches the knee.

TINGLOFF

(shouting after Jason)

And an Ace bandage! Not much swelling. Hurt?

CHRIS

Not too bad. Not now.

TINGLOFF

(smiles, then to Chris)

- you ought to kiss Jason's ass from now til next year.

(he looks up at the crowd)

- don't you have a workout to finish?

The crowd disperses. Tingloff turns back to Chris and to Tory who has been huddled on the ground beside Chris, staring miserably. Tingloff places her bag under Chris' knee, elevating it.

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

Okay, how'd it happen?

Chris doesn't look at Tory, but is very much aware of her presence.

CHRIS

- I - was just doing that three step approach, and uhh, I went to take off and - uhh - my knee, uh, it - went.

TINGLOFF

- uh-huh. That's it?

CHRIS

Well yeah.

(CONTINUED)



Tingloff nods. Gets to his feet. Looks at the tape on the grass - the one farthest back.

TINGLOFF

This your mark?

Chris nods. Tingloff starts his own move toward the highjump from the rear mark. He runs, does the three step approach - and has to do an exaggerated and almost ludicrous LEAP thru the air to reach the take-off point. He turns to Chris.

TINGLOFF

You know, jumping is a fairly difficult and complicated mental process. By comparison, counting to three is not so difficult. How in the fuck could you have made a mistake like that?

Chris lowers her head. Clearly she's not going to respond.

TORY

She didn't. I did.

TINGLOFF

You did what?

TORY

I..uhh..counted off her approach for her. I was just uhh..trying to lower her center of gravity, I mean catch it on the rise..I mean I just -

(she stops, near tears)

- it's impossible.

(almost a plea)

It was half a step.

Tingloff nods.

TINGLOFF

Lower her center of gravity. Mmm.

Tory is kneeling by Chris. Tingloff has come back and stops a few feet from them. Tory is between Chris and Tingloff. She looks at Chris whose head is bent, glances up at Tingloff. She's clearly heartsick, very edgy with Tingloff staring over her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

TORY

(to Chris)

I wish it had been me..  
(she takes Chris'  
hand)

- could you look at me at least?

Chris looks up, stares blankly at Tory. Then withdraws her hand - ostensibly to adjust the bag under her knee. Tory's having a hard time controlling her growing desperation.

TORY

You know I'd do anything to avoid hurting you.

(silence from Chris)

..all I've ever tried, I mean I was trying, I was trying to.. help.

(more silence)

Dammit, don't play the dumb Indian with me. Say something.

(lowers her voice,  
pleading)

Don't let them do this to us!

CHRIS

(looks up slowly)

Do what? What's he doing?

TORY

What did I do? C'mon, spit it out for once in your life. Did I hurt you on purpose?

CHRIS

Take your hands off me.

TORY

Did I? did I? did I? did I?  
did I? did I? You're so fucking gutless. Do you have a fucking thought in your fucking head?

CHRIS

- my thought is that at this point we're both better off with a dumb Indian.

Her frustration overwhelms her. Tory SLAPS Chris. She's immediately sorry. Chris' face grows blank, frightening.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (6)

121

CHRIS

Get away from me.

TORY

No, no wait - I didn't mean -

CHRIS

You've finally done it, you've done what you wanted -

TORY

I didn't mean to do anything!

CHRIS

You've done it, you hurt me, you hurt me, I'm hurt, I can be hurt, now you can be happy, get away from me, godammit, get away!

She rises to her feet to shove Tory, falls, twists her leg under her and hits the highjump bar and standard. Tingloff has screamed 'No' but Chris' move was too swift. She collapses into the pit. One of the standards falls on her twisted leg, the bar bouncing across it as she gives one long scream of agony.

122 INT. SAUNA - DAY

122

POOCH, TANYA, PENNY, SHEILA, MAUREEN ET AL

are sweating and going thru their usual ritual of poking and prodding their own and each other's aches, pains and bruises.

PENNY

- but why's he so pissed?  
It wasn't her fault.

TANYA

- my experience has been  
to avoid the field guys.

SHEILA

Maybe he figures it was.

MAUREEN

- why?

POOCH

Face it. Those two had  
to get into it sooner or  
later.

TANYA

- too many steroids -  
messes up their weenies.

PENNY

Tingloff and Tory?

MAUREEN

- not Zenk's.

SHEILA

Chris and Tory.

TANYA

- oh well. You could  
give Zenk strychnine and  
he'd never know it.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

Tory comes in, doesn't look happy.

SHEILA

How is she?

Tory shrugs.

PENNY

Well, what did Tingloff say?

TORY

Godammit Penny, I want to sit here quietly and sweat a little, okay?

PENNY

(shocked)

- okay...hey, Pooch - ever smell moth balls?

POOCH

Sure.

PENNY

How'd you get their little legs apart?

TORY

Penny, shut up.

PENNY

(quietly)

- jeez.

123 INT. TRAINING ROOM - DAY

123

CHRIS

lies on a table staring at the ceiling, her knee elevated and packed in ice. Tingloff is talking quietly to a couple of trainers. Chris is straining to hear them. Jason comes into the training room and interrupts the colloquy to talk with Tingloff. Chris is struggling to her - finally she can stand it no longer.

CHRIS

..Terry? Terry, how soon before I can work out?..Terry?..Terry?..

Tingloff has been ignoring the question. He finally turns away from Jason and calls across the room.

(CONTINUED)

TINGLOFF

(almost cold)

I'll get a key to the pool. In a week or so you can use a board and maybe kick a little.

He turns back to Jason. They continue talking. The tears start streaming down Chris' face. Tingloff turns back and calls across the room again.

TINGLOFF

(continuing; flatly)

Jason's talked to Tory - she's waiting to hear if she should clear out of your place. Are you going to stay there tonight? What do you want to do, Chris?

He's approaching the training table with Jason, and now sees that she's crying. He turns to Jason.

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

I'll take her with me.

Jason nods, touches Chris lightly - leaves. Tingloff looks at her a moment.

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

Hurting again?

Chris shakes her head.

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

Then what is it?

CHRIS

..you're mad...at..me..

Tingloff shakes his head. For the first time with real kindness:

TINGLOFF

You dumb cunt, How can you be more frightened of me than being hurt? How babe, how?

She starts to sob. He cradles her in his arms and she leans up against him, burying her head in his stomach.

124 INT. TINGLOFF'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

124

CHRIS LIES ON A BOX SPRING BED

that's on the floor in the bedroom of Tingloff's small tract-type house. She's watching "Laverne and Shirley" on an old TV that's propped up on cinder blocks. Her leg is elevated and she's wearing one of Tingloff's t-shirts and a pair of his track shorts.

A telephone sits on another cinder block - by Chris' bedside. Tingloff has an ironing board in the bedroom, is ironing his shirts, drinking a beer, watching Chris watch "Laverne and Shirley".

TINGLOFF

How about a coke?..beer?...a joint?

She smiles finally but still shakes her head.

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

Nothing I can offer you to break training? Haagen-Dazs ice cream?

Chris finally looks over.

CHRIS

(a little shocked)

You keep that in your house?

(Tingloff nods)

..what flavor?

TINGLOFF

(laughs)

Gotcha! Chocolate, vanilla, coffee and strawberry.

CHRIS

Well - maybe a little of everything.

She finally smiles and Tingloff puts down the iron to go to the kitchen and get it. As he does the phone rings. He stops and turns to see:

CHRIS

staring intently at the phone. She actually starts to pick it up.

TINGLOFF

(watching her but offhand)

Hey I'll get it.

Tingloff saunters back and lets the phone ring longer than he has to, still watching Chris out of the corner of his eye. He picks it up.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

Hello..no--fine, definitely better,  
anyway..no, don't bother with the  
blocks..just a light workout..for  
sure.

He hangs up, acutely aware of Chris watching him.

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

Jason sends you his best.

Chris seems faintly disappointed.

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

Well, how about that Haagen-Dazs?

Chris nods but with less enthusiasm than before.

TINGLOFF

(continuing; going out)

Time for more ice on that knee  
anyway.

He leaves Chris staring at nothing in particular. As he  
disappears, she glances at the phone.

125 INT. TINGLOFF'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

125

Tingloff finishes gouging strawberry out of the Haagen-  
Dazs carton. It has bent the spoon. He swears - puts  
the top back on the carton. The phone RINGS from the  
bedroom. Like a flash Tingloff throws the Haagen-Dazs  
cartons back in the freezer - which is too overfrosted  
to slam - the cartons come tumbling back out. Tingloff  
leaves it and races out of the kitchen.

126 INT. TINGLOFF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

126

CHRIS

has started to pick up the phone on the third ring.

TINGLOFF'S VOICE

Let it ring..you don't have to  
answer my phone.

He walks back toward Chris. The phone continues to RING.

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

..in fact, I'd just as soon not hear  
from anybody else tonight. You know,  
it's been a long day.

(CONTINUED)

The two are now staring intently at each other. The phone continues to RING AND RING between them.

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

- yeah. Just - let it ring.

He turns back to the iron. Chris can't stand it. She goes for the phone. Tingloff WHIRLS, picks the phone up, TEARS it out of the wall, and hurls it across the room where it SMASHES into the wall and breaks apart. Tingloff turns slowly back to Chris.

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

All you're worried about is your fucking girlfriend. What the fuck is that? Your fucking girlfriend! I'm trying to get you to the Olympics - you can win a medal - and you're worried about your fucking girlfriend!..I can't believe it, she crippled you..

He sputters off, practically choking.

CHRIS

..she..didn't mean it.

TINGLOFF

(looks at her, can't believe it)

I- I..oh, God, oh God, I mean I just quit, I quit, I quit, I quit, why did I do this, it's not fair, I've ruined my life, it's wasted, it's over, I'm finished, I mean I could've been a man's - if only they'd had the backfield coach's job open at Oregon State this never would have happened to me!

(he's been storming at the heavens, now turns to Chris)

I was coach of the year, do you know what that means when you're a woman's coach? JACKSHIT. I could've coached football, I wouldn't have had to put up with the insulting shit from you - do you actually think Chuck Noll has to worry that Franco Harris is going to cry if Terry Bradshaw won't talk to him? You bet your ass he doesn't! Oh fuck, I'm finished I'm ruined, who the fuck cares?...

(CONTINUED)



He sinks onto the bed.

Chris' mood has gone from surly resentment - to astonishment and a genuine anxiety that Tingloff has lost his marbles.

CHRIS

Hey, I'm sorry. All I said was she didn't mean it.

Tingloff looks up, smiles.

TINGLOFF

You know what you're like? There's a joke about a faggot who makes a pass at a Marine in the men's room on the fortieth floor of the Empire State building. The marine throws the faggot out the window. When he gets down to the street, the marine passes this faggot in the gutter who struggles to one elbow and says, 'Yoo-hoo... I'm not mad.' Just go home and kiss and make up or eat each other or whatever you do, will you? Ah, I think I actually made you mad. Then why don't you hit me? It would be nice to see you have the balls to hurt somebody. Go ahead, hit me.

She does - only it's a fist, a short right that knocks him right off the bed. He lands on his butt. Chris is shocked.

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

..why..do you always have to do what I tell you?

She touches his cheek.

CHRIS

..oh Jeez, it's starting to swell..

Tingloff shrugs. Takes her hand from his cheek and kisses it. He stares at her a long moment, rises.

TINGLOFF

I'll get some ice - for both of us.

CHRIS

(holding him)

Wait.

(CONTINUED)

TINGLOFF

What for?

CHRIS

(trembling)

Hold me please. Just..

Tingloff bends down and kisses her fully on the mouth. Chris' arms had gone around Tingloff, but at the length of the kiss, they leave his shoulders and hang limply in the air while she appears to be moaning something like 'oh, no' over and over. Tingloff stops kissing her.

TINGLOFF

(softly)

Don't worry, babe - we'll watch the knee.

He starts to embrace her again.

CHRIS

That's not what I'm worried about.

(a little cold)

Not at all.

Tingloff nods, sees he's made a critical miscalculation. He sits up, shrugs, forces a smile - Chris doesn't smile back.

127 EXT. CHRIS AND TORY'S APARTMENT - DAY

127

TINGLOFF'S CAR

pulls up in front of Chris and Tory's apartment. A garbage truck is passing by. Tory's battered Falcon, windows steamed and dripping with dirt and dew, is in front of them. Neither Chris nor Tingloff appear very lively.

TINGLOFF

(staring at Tory's car)

I better go in with you.

CHRIS

No. You're still her coach.

Tingloff nods. Clears his throat. He's obviously uncomfortable.

TINGLOFF

Will I - see you when I get back from the Pan Ams?

CHRIS

- sure. If you're gonna coach me.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

He nods. She reaches over to take her crutches and moves to the door handle. He stops her, hands her a key. She looks shocked and a little stony.

CHRIS

What's this for?

TINGLOFF

(hurt, an edge)

The pool. The swimming pool -  
you know you're going to kick -  
and you're gonna do that in water -  
use it.

She pockets the key after a moment, gets out and begins to make her way on crutches up the walkway to the apartment entrance. Tingloff watches a moment, then takes off. As she makes it to the steps, she runs into Tory on the way out. Tory looks like she's slept in her sweats. Both are subdued, almost embarrassed.

CHRIS

(very quietly)

- look - I - I'll make sure I'm  
out of the apartment by the time  
you're back from the Pan Ams.

TORY

(equally quiet)

- yeah - well - you know I can -

CHRIS

I want to make the move. I  
want to live in a new place.

Tory nods.

TORY

- sure - fine - well, yeah, sure -

She abruptly takes off, swears because she has to wipe the steam off her car windows, unable to make a clean exit. As she's doing this, Chris moves slowly into the apartment.

DISSOLVE TO:

128 EXT. CAL POLY POOL - DAY

128

THE KEY

being placed in one of those heavy Schlage locks. It takes a moment of fiddling for the key to work. Then:

129 INT, CAL POLY POOL - DAY

129

CHRIS

opens the heavy and slightly rusted metal door. Inside is an old pool of a hundred feet, surrounded by high concrete walls on three sides and backed up to a small weight room on the fourth side. There is an eerie quality about the pool this early - fog and steam rising from the pool's surface mingle so the water itself can only partially be seen. The high walls hold in the fog - it's a self-contained, shrouded and mysterious new world. Using a cane, Chris limps to the pool's edge, carrying a kickboard.

130 INT. CAL POLY POOL - DAY

130

AT THE POOL'S SHALLOW END

she stops - hears the sound of rhythmic splashing - almost like wheat being threshed.

RISING OUT OF THE MIST

then sinking back into it as he butterflies the length of the pool is DENNY STITES. His upper body rises and falls thru the mists with carefully controlled power, moving inexorably toward her. Thru his goggles and the gray he doesn't see Chris, who watches the seeming slow motion of the fly with fascination. Denny hits the wall and kicks off into a backstroke, fluidly moving toward the deep end, disappearing into the mists again. Chris watches another moment, then slips out of her sweats, revealing the sleek lines of SPEEDO.

DENNY LOOKS UP

thru the mists to see the flags overhead. He strokes twice more, flips and KICKS OFF THE WALL. MOVE UNDER-WATER WITH HIM as he does the flip and SURFACE with him as he begins the breast stroke.

CHRIS

kicks down the pool in a nearby lane.

DENNY

reaches the wall, and pushes into the freestyle, cutting smoothly thru the water.

AS HE BREATHES

from air to water and back again, CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM, revealing the lanes clearly on the pool bottom - thru his GOGGLES it is clearer under water than thru the fog on the surface.

(CONTINUED)

After a few strokes, Chris' body can be seen under the water's surface coming up on Denny's left - kicking and stretched out, it is spectacular. The GOGGLES stop moving from air to water and remain IN THE WATER, holding on Chris' legs and upper body. As the GOGGLES move past they remain underwater looking BACKWARD toward Chris, until there is a sudden JOLT,

DENNY

has crashed into the wall. He surfaces, shakes his head, and grabs the gutter.

CHRIS

approaches, kicking. She's seen him hit the wall but has no idea why.

CHRIS

- you all right?

DENNY

What? Yeah, fine.

CHRIS

(reaching the wall)

- fog's amazing.

DENNY

(more stunned by her  
than anything else)

- really.

CHRIS

- well, be careful.

She pushes off and kicks back down the pool. Denny somewhat reflectively cleans his goggles and watches her go.

131 INT. CAL POLY POOL WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

131

AT THE DOORWAY OF THE WEIGHT ROOM DENNY

pauses, wet and dripping. Chris, dry, is doing a light weight workout - deltoid pulls with a bar. She obviously knows what she's doing.

DENNY

How come you swim and then lift?

CHRIS

(not looking at him)

- I just do.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED;

131

She continues with the set.

DENNY

Aren't you worried about getting tight?

CHRIS

(finishing the set)

- not really.

She does a quick stretching exercise that makes any question about her flexibility ludicrous - it is an unintentional rebuke to Denny. He mumbles 'oh,' then heads to the showers, leaving Chris to her stretching.

132 EXT. CHRIS' SECOND STORY GARAGE APARTMENT - DAY

132

Someone pulls out of the garage under it, first gunning the engine.

133 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DAY

133

CHRIS

surrounded by packing boxes. She's placed a plant on a ledge to see how it looks. The apartment shakes from the car. She removes the plant from the ledge. Behind her the phone man is installing a long cord that he has stretched from the kitchen to the bathroom. He calls out to demonstrate that it will reach the toilet. She nods approval.

134 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

134

CHRIS SITS ON HER SINK

stuffing a towel with ice cubes she forces from a stubborn ice tray. She takes the towel and moves thru the packing boxes. She suddenly TRIPS. The ice cubes go flying. She catches herself on a packing box, stops her fall with remarkable agility. Looks down and sees the culprit - the long phone cord hidden among the boxes. Stares at it a moment.

FADE:

135 INT. CAL POLY POOL WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

135

CHRIS WITH HER LEGS OVER HER HEAD

limbers up. Her knees touch the floor. Denny comes into the weight room. She's wearing Adidas shorts and while not revealing they're certainly provocative in that position. Denny tries to merely glance at her as he goes immediately to a Universal bench press station.

(CONTINUED)

DENNY  
(in passing)

Hi.

CHRIS

- hi.

Denny starts pumping away on the Universal machine.  
He's well built but slender.

THRU HER LEGS CHRIS

watches him. Something about what he's doing makes her  
curious. She brings her legs back down, stares at him  
another moment.

CHRIS

- you know, if you're a swimmer  
you ought to stretch a little  
more before you do that.

Denny sits up. He's a little surprised she's said any-  
thing.

DENNY

- I stopped swimming last year.

CHRIS

- oh.

She goes back to stretching.

DENNY

- I'm playing polo now.

CHRIS

(stretching again)  
Water polo?

DENNY

- yeah.

She drops her legs again.

CHRIS

- in that case you really ought to  
stretch more - in fact you shouldn't  
use that machine at all.

Denny's a little amused.

DENNY

Oh yeah? What should I use?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

- free weights.

She indicates a large bar bell on a stand with some plates beside it.

CHRIS

(continuing)

- better for flexibility and coordination.

DENNY

Yeah?

CHRIS

Yeah. You don't see it.

DENNY

- not really.

She gets up and lies on the bench below the standing free weight. Without using the weight she demonstrates going thru the motions of the bench press.

CHRIS

Look - better range of motion for your shoulder girdle, plus you have to balance the bar, the bar won't do it for you... you still don't see...

Denny is too impressed to reply, and a little defensive.

DENNY

- no, I see. It's just I can't lift with the polo team - I've got a job.

CHRIS

What's that got to do with it?

DENNY

No one to spot me.

Chris sits up.

CHRIS

Tell you what - you spot me and I'll spot you - how about that?

DENNY

- sure.

CHRIS

Want to go first?

(CONTINUED)



DENNY

No, you're there.

He gets up and ambles over only to see Chris adding twenty five pound plates to the bar, making it over 150 pounds and probably over Denny's body weight. He tries to avoid being impressed, stands behind her. Chris lies back down, places her hands on the bar, looks up at Denny.

CHRIS

Ready?

DENNY

- sure.

CHRIS

Well aren't you going to -

DENNY

- oh yeah, sorry.

He puts his hands on the bar.

CHRIS

One, two, three - up.

He helps her heft the bar to a full arm extension. She takes it from there, neatly doing ten reps and putting the bar back on the stand herself. Denny is quietly in shock. Chris hops off the bench.

CHRIS

(continuing)

Okay - want to change 'em?

DENNY

- change?

CHRIS

(indicates spare plates)

- the weights.

DENNY

(as casually as possible)

No, no, I'll warm up with these.

He lies down on the bench, takes a deep breath, places his hands on the bar. Something stops him.

CHRIS

What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

FROM DENNY'S POINT OF VIEW CHRIS

has - quite rightly - placed herself over his head to control the weight. Her crotch is a few inches over his head. It is obviously disconcerting to him.

DENNY

blinks.

DENNY

Nothing. Okay -

CHRIS

- one, two, three - up.

She helps Denny in the same way. Denny gets thru about three reps fairly smoothly, then starts getting shakey on the fourth and fifth, the bar bell dipping sharply to one side. He's choo-chooing on the sixth, and having a lot of trouble.

CHRIS

(continuing)

- don't arch your back.

Denny flattens his back and almost loses the bar. She helps him up with it. He goes down for the seventh and it looks like he's not going to make it up.

CHRIS

(continuing;

exhorting him,  
placing her hands  
under the bar)

- c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, go for it!

Denny's trying like a maniac. Unavoidably arches his back and nearly finds his nose in Chris' crotch.

CHRIS

(continuing)

I said don't arch your back!

He flattens his back and collapses. She expertly grabs the bar and places it back on the stand. Denny sits up shakily.

CHRIS

(continuing)

That's for your pecs and your  
arms and shoulders - not your back.  
Won't help to cheat.

(CONTINUED)

DENNY  
(mortified and  
vaguely pissed)  
- yeah - thanks.

Chris immediately sees she's offended him.

CHRIS  
Listen, if you haven't used free  
weights for a while they can  
surprise you. That's all I'm  
saying.

DENNY  
- yeah.

CHRIS  
- you're a beautiful swimmer -  
especially when you're not  
running into walls.

She smiles, and now Denny does too.

CHRIS  
(continuing)  
- compete much?

Denny nods.

DENNY  
1650 - 1500 meters mainly. Two  
hundred back..but now I'm playing  
polo I just I need a little more,  
you know, upper body...I guess  
that's obvious.

CHRIS  
Not really - you've got the kind  
of body that develops really fast.

DENNY  
What do you do?

CHRIS  
Pentathlon.

DENNY  
Oh yeah? Here?

CHRIS  
- not anymore. I graduated last  
year - local club.

(CONTINUED)

DENNY

(sincerely)

..well..how come you know so much?

CHRIS

(amused)

..do I?

DENNY

You talk like a coach.

CHRIS

...guess I've had good teachers.

DENNY

Listen...what're you..what're you...

He can't get it out.

CHRIS

What am I what?

DENNY

I mean where can I..uhh..

At this point swimmers begin to move into the weight room. They obviously all know Denny. And there's a suggestion of real regard for him underneath the greetings and the badinage, 'Hey, Stites, what's happening?' 'Dennis the menace,' 'how's polo going,' etc. One of them, a polo player with a flaring mustache, SPICER, shows particular interest in Chris. In any case the intrusion finishes the conversation with Chris.

DENNY

(continuing)

- there's a..we play U.C. Irvine Friday.

CHRIS

U.C. Irvine?

DENNY

At the rec center..2:00, in case you might want to - you know polo.

CHRIS

Oh. Oh yeah. Sure, maybe.

She smiles, more amused than interested, and takes off.

136 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY

136

TINGLOFF

is by the longjump pit with Sheila when Chris comes jogging slowly toward the field. He looks up and sees her. Tory is jogging on the track. It looks as if their paths will bisect. Tingloff sees that as well.

THE OTHER ATHLETES SHEILA, TANYA, NADIA

look up to see the possible encounter.

AT THE LAST MOMENT

Tory breaks stride and begins to walk. Chris jogs on in front of her by a few yards.

TINGLOFF

has motioned to Chris and now walks over to her.

TINGLOFF

How you feeling?

CHRIS

(simply)

Ready to give it a try.

TINGLOFF

Good. Good. Look, there's no point in mincing words - I don't want you and Tory on the field at the same time.

A cold silence from Chris. Then:

CHRIS

Why not?

TINGLOFF

Let's put it this way - I don't think you can handle it...you have anything to say?

CHRIS

(flatly)

I work out with everybody else - or I don't work out at all - I'm too old and too hurt and too tired for this shit.

She turns and jogs off the field, leaving a speechless Tingloff.

137 EXT. CAL POLY RECREATION CENTER - DAY

137

## CHRIS TAKES LONG STRIDES

on a school path, head down, furious, grumbling shit-piss-fuck-goddam-son-of-a-bitch - the same kind of quiet outburst seen after the hurdle race. She passes by the rec center and a loud cheer goes up. Then there's another cheer. She stops - looks. There's a whistle and another cheer.

CHRIS

(to a passerby)

What's going on?

PASSERBY

- polo game.

138 EXT. REC CENTER POOL - DAY

138

## THE ELECTRONIC CLOCK

reads HOME 5 VISITORS 7 PERIOD 4 with only :57 left on the clock. It is a desperate time.

139 EXT. REC CENTER POOL - DAY

139

## THE CAL POLY TEAM

wearing their caps are clustered around their coach, some hanging onto the gutters, others dripping wet on the deck.

The coach is talking furiously and is furious - quick exchanges about 'the hole' and 'clear water' etc.

DENNY

is addressed as Stites. He's on the deck, breathing heavily, shimmering with water, more formidable than the goofy kid in the weight room. He nods as the coach talks directly to him.

CHRIS

watches with mild but genuine interest.

## THE TEAM

in and out of the water clasp hands, in unison give a loud 'GO'. Denny and those on deck splash back into the water.

140 EXT. REC CENTER POOL - DAY

140

THE BALL

is inbounded to Spicer.

SPICER LOSES THE BALL

as he attempts to pass. Denny outraces a U.C. Irvine player, recovers the ball. A cheer. Flips it over his head to another Cal Poly player. Another cheer.

CHRIS

almost despite herself, smiles.

IN THE WATER CAL POLY

moves the ball toward the U.C. Irvine goal.

THE REFEREE

is blowing his whistle seemingly every few seconds, either raising the red or white end of his flag. It doesn't seem to significantly slow down play.

141 EXT. REC CENTER POOL - DAY

141

THE CLOCK

has moved to :35 and is still moving.

142 EXT. REC CENTER POOL - DAY

142

THE BALL

is flipped back to Denny who is in the hole. He's jumped on by two Irvine players, kicks and jockeys.

THE GOALIE

hands up, is positioning himself, trying to anticipate where Denny will try to aim if he gets a clear shot.

DENNY IS FLATTENED

out on the water, his back to the goal. The coach is shouting frantically.

OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE

Denny checks the two opponents, and the goalie.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

HIS BACK STILL TO THE GOAL

and stretched out he BACKHANDS the ball off the water's surface. His arm moves like a scythe. He has not even looked at the goal. It is a spectacular looking shot.

THE BALL

whips off the water's surface and goes flying seemingly forever thru the air.

THE GOALIE

rises out of the water hands raised - he looks like he's been catapulted upward. But he's guessed wrong.

THE BALL THWACKS

into the canvas of the goal. A LOUD CHEER. Denny has scored.

143 EXT. REC CENTER POOL - DAY

143

CHRIS

finds herself applauding.

144 EXT. REC CENTER POOL - DAY

144

THE TIME ON THE CLOCK

is now :19. The score is HOME 6 VISITORS 7

145 EXT. REC CENTER POOL - DAY

145

THE REFEREE HOLDS THE BALL

and drops it. U.C. Irvine gets it, inbounds it but bobbles it. Denny recovers, goes racing thru the opposition, gets bottled up - throws to an outside man.

:07 ON THE CLOCK

THE BALL COMES BACK TO DENNY

he's in front of the goal in the identical position he was moments ago. Time is down to :03. Everyone is shouting. He tries the same backhand shot - to the same side.

THE GOALIE BLOCKS IT

(CONTINUED)



145 CONTINUED:

145

THE CLOCK RUNS DOWN

the whistle blows. The game is over. There are audible groans from the crowd.

146 EXT. REC CENTER POOL - DAY

146

ON THE DECK DENNY

is talking to a nice looking older couple. The man has the same engaging manner as Denny.

CHRIS TAPS DENNY LIGHTLY

CHRIS

- great game.

DENNY

- what?

CHRIS

Outstanding - you looked awful  
good losing - see you.

She turns and heads down the deck toward the exit, along with some of the spectators. She's surprised to find herself stopped - by Denny.

DENNY

- wait...what's your name?

CHRIS

- Chris...why?

DENNY

- well I - you really liked the  
game?

CHRIS

- yeah, I really like the game.  
But you never should've taken that  
last shot. You went to the right  
again.

DENNY

(chagrined)

Yeah. I don't know why I did that.

CHRIS

Probably your shoulder - anterior  
deltoid on the left side.

DENNY

You're kidding.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Look at it.

He tries to look down.

CHRIS

(continuing)

Never mind - you don't have the strength to make the shot from the left. If you'd work on it a little -

A small pert blonde who bears a marked resemblance to the pole vaulter's girl friend in Cali, Colombia comes up and peremptorily pulls on Denny's arm.

BLONDE GIRL

Denny -

DENNY

(he doesn't want her there now)

Uhh - Chris this is Laurie.

Laurie comes up to Chris' shoulder.

CHRIS

- hello.

LAURIE

Denny your folk're waiting. Hi.

DENNY

- okay.

LAURIE

'Okay?' Where are we taking them for lunch?

DENNY

I'll be there in a minute -

CHRIS

- it's okay.  
(to Laurie)  
- nice meeting you.

DENNY

(to Chris)  
- but what should I do about my, uhh...anterior...you know.

Seeing Laurie hanging on him Chris smiles, somewhat ruefully shakes her head and goes on out.

147 EXT. REC CENTER POOL - DAY

147

AT THE GATE CHRIS

runs into Penny.

CHRIS

- hey - what're you doing here?

PENNY

- swimmers.

Penny flexes, smiles. Chris nods. They walk on.

PENNY

You like him?

CHRIS

Who?

PENNY

Who you were talking to.

CHRIS

(thinks a moment)

Damn, I guess I do.

PENNY

You know Denny Stites very well?

CHRIS

No. Do you?

PENNY

- no. Just you know - two golds  
at Montreal - world record in the  
1500.

Chris stops short. She laughs, incredulous and impressed.

CHRIS

That guy?

PENNY

Yeah - what's funny about that?

CHRIS

Nothing. Nothing at all.

She shrugs, chuckles and walks on leaving a slightly  
perplexed Penny.

148 EXT CAL POLY TRACK (DAY)

148

CHRIS BACK ON THE FIELD

has been rummaging thru her Adidas bag. She stands abruptly - kicks it with considerable force and sends it flying into the longjump pit. Pooch stops.

POOCH

What's wrong?

CHRIS (seething)

Nothin'.

POOCH

Nothin'?

CHRIS

(spitting it out,  
furious)

Penny took my tape, I gotta measure these fucking hurdles every time I come out on the track, the marks are always here for the men and every time we put tape down somebody tears it, this is just another straw, you realize things are controlling you don't have any control oh fuck I don't know what I'm saying don't pay any attention to me.

Chris goes about doing a trail leg stretch leaving an open mouthed Pooch. As she bends over and upside down her face breaks into a meek smile.

CHRIS

- hi

BETWEEN HER LEGS DENNY

is approaching. He stops.

DENNY

- yeah, well - I told 'em I had to see my coach about - you know, my anterior uhh -

149 INT. CIGAR FACTORY (RESTAURANT) - DAY

149

DENNY

- after they pulled me out of the pool and carried me to the recovery room. They had to delay the ceremonies half an hour.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

CHRIS

How'd it feel?

DENNY

Terrible. I couldn't move.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

No - I mean going to the Games,  
winning two gold medals.

DENNY

- fine, great - later. But at the  
time I walked out like a zombie,  
they hung the medal around my neck,  
played the national anthem and I  
suddenly thought - this is it! I  
been swimming twenty thousand  
meters a day since I was ten and  
this is it?

CHRIS

(smiles)

Any regrets?

DENNY

No. I just I just wondered why did  
I do it - for me, my coach, my Dad?

CHRIS

Ever figure it out?

DENNY

(with a laugh)

Not really - what about you?  
Moscow in '80?

Chris shrugs, nods.

DENNY

(continuing)

Three go, like in swimming?

(Chris nods)

- you'll go.

Chris is surprised by the matter of fact certainty -  
and cautiously pleased.

CHRIS

But you've never even seen me...

Denny smiles, looks away then glances back - there's  
something complicitous, almost mischievous in the look.

DENNY

I've seen people compete -  
sometimes you get hints about  
what they'll do, even right away.  
Who is that?

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED: (2)

149

CHRIS

Who is who?

Denny has been looking over her shoulder. He points above them.

AT A TABLE

next to the railing a flight above are Tory and Jason eating and talking quietly.

CHRIS

turns back to Denny - a little shaken.

DENNY

(pleasantly)

She keeps glancing down here is all - you know her?

CHRIS

Sort of - she was my roommate last year. Well for the last three years - but not anymore.

She's trying to sound casual - and it's uncertain whether Denny picks up the shakiness in her voice.

150 EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DAY

150

DENNY PULLS UP IN FRONT OF CHRIS' APARTMENT

A moment of awkward silence in the car.

DENNY

- well.

CHRIS

- thanks for lunch.

DENNY

- oh well - sure.

Denny takes it as his cue and gets out. Chris starts to get out, then sees he's actually coming around to her side of the car. She takes her hand off the door. Denny opens it for her and helps her out.

151 EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DAY

151

THEY GO UP THE STAIRS

of the garage apartment in absolute silence.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

AT THE DOOR CHRIS FUMBLES WITH THE KEY  
opens the door, turns back to him.

CHRIS  
- well - thanks again.

DENNY  
Thank you.

CHRIS  
(genuinely puzzled)  
For what?

DENNY  
For being such a good coach...  
for being around.

Denny looks directly at her. Chris doesn't know what to say. He heads down the steps. She turns and walks slowly into the apartment.

152 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DAY

152

she takes one look at it - including the phone cord stretched to the bathroom at her feet - and walks right back out.

CHRIS  
(calling)  
Denny!

153 EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DAY

153

SHE RACES BACK DOWN THE STAIRS

toward Denny. She vaults a gate with ease to end up next to him. Denny is surprised and a little intimidated by the move.

CHRIS  
- if that's how you feel... I'm  
not going anywhere.

154 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EVENING

154

She lies in bed in a darkened room, eyes wide open. Light comes from under the bathroom door - god awful moans from the pipes in the bathroom which actually make the bed vibrate a little. Chris winces.

CHRIS  
(calling out)  
If you turn on the cold at the  
same time it won't do that.

(CONTINUED)



154 CONTINUED:

154

After a moment the moans stop. The water shuts off completely. The light's turned off. Denny emerges. He's nude and his dimly lit body and features take on a mysterious, almost menacing caste. He moves to the bed, looks down at Chris who looks silently up at him. Finally:

DENNY

..scared?..

Chris, holding the covers around her, nods. Denny sits slowly on the bed.

DENNY

(continuing)

Well - it's scary.

He smiles - offers his hand. Chris lets go of the covers and takes it.

FADE:

155 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY

155

CHRIS FLIES OVER SEVEN HURDLES ON THE TRACK

with as much speed and grace as she's displayed.

POOCH

is doing interval work. She rounds the track and stops, stares in amazement at Chris - who after the flight of hurdles - does a little bounding pop-up.

POOCH

My God, girl, what's got into you?

Chris actually blushes. Pooch glances over by the stands sees Denny just a few yards away. Pooch smiles, nods approvingly. Chris continues to blush.

156 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT (DAY)

156

CHRIS

brings milk, toast and orange juice on a tray to Denny who is propped up watching a Chargers-Cowboy game. She sets the tray down. He kisses her. Her eye catches the latest play on the set - a Cowboy flanker has clashed with the Charger safety on a long pass, and the referee has dropped a flag.

DENNY

- break for the Cowboys.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

156

Chris shakes her head.

CHRIS  
Offensive interference.

Denny looks skeptical.

CHRIS  
(continuing)  
I'm telling you Preston Pearson  
pushed off -

The call comes down - offensive pass interference.  
Denny is awed.

CHRIS  
(continuing)  
Chargers are great this year,  
aren't they? Hey, don't you  
have to be someplace?

Denny has embraced her and pulled her down to the bed  
by way of response.

CHRIS  
(continuing)  
Is it important?

DENNY  
(shrugs)  
- no, well I told Laurie I'd meet  
her with her sister for lunch..  
she's here from Bakersfield.

He glances at Chris. She doesn't appear to react.

DENNY  
(continuing; casually)  
Know that roommate of yours?

CHRIS  
Tory Skinner and she's not my  
roommate.

Chris moves away from Denny who keeps looking at her.  
Chris finally looks back.

CHRIS  
(continuing)  
What have you heard?..  
(the two look at  
each other for  
a long moment)  
..want to hear it from me?

(CONTINUED)

DENNY

Not really. If she's not, she's not, that's all I wanna know.

CHRIS

She's not. Not for months. Okay?

DENNY

Not quite. Could you wait here?

He reaches up and pulls her into him, hugs her.

CHRIS

What for?

DENNY

Gotta use the john for one thing.

CHRIS

You gonna pee?

DENNY

(a little surprised)  
- well, yeah.

CHRIS

(taking his hand)  
Okay - c'mon.

She pulls him up out of bed, starts leading him to the bathroom.

DENNY

What're you doing? Chris? Chris?

CHRIS

I wanna hold it.

Denny stops cold.

DENNY

You what?

CHRIS

- I've always wanted to go to the bathroom standing up. C'mon.

She tugs on Denny, moving him toward the bathroom again.

DENNY

(half laughing)  
You're not really - serious -

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED: (3)

156

CHRIS  
(moving him along)  
Sure. C'mon.

DENNY  
Wait a minute, Chris - Chris, Chris,  
Chris, c'mon - I don't think I can  
do it.

157 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

157

AT THE BATHROOM CHRIS

kisses him on the cheek, pats him reassuringly.

CHRIS  
- yes, you can.

DENNY  
(mildly panicked)  
- I can't.

Chris moves him to the toilet and lifts the seat.

CHRIS  
(goodnatured, bantering  
but relentless)  
- I know you can do it. C'mon -  
it'll mean a lot to me.

She's behind him at the toilet - reaches around in front of him and obviously grabs his cock.

CHRIS  
(continuing)  
- am I aiming right?

DENNY  
- yeah. I think so...

CHRIS  
Okay.

Dead silence. The silence of prolonged and intense concentration.

DENNY

starts to sweat.

DENNY  
Chris, I can't do it. I'm trying,  
but I can't. It's not going to  
work.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

CHRIS

- of course it is.

She abruptly moves and turns on the faucet in the wash basin. The water gushes. She gives Denny a pleased little smile and moves back to him. He looks in wonder at her.

158 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY

158

CHRIS ON THE FIELD

has finished a workout. She pulls on her sweats, sits and begins to unlace her spikes. She sees Denny coming onto the field - continues to busy herself with her spikes and her feet.

DENNY

Hi.

CHRIS

- hi.

DENNY

Good workout?

CHRIS

- sure. Good lunch?

DENNY

Okay - uhh - there's this clinic I have to drive to in Monterey - so I'll probably be too late to -

She fishes in her bag and pulls out a pair of flats, neatly starts to tuck her spikes into the bag.

CHRIS

- okay, fine.

A moment while Denny watches Chris. He clears his throat.

DENNY

There's something I should - it's about Laurie.

For just a moment, Chris pauses with tucking away the spikes.

CHRIS

(evenly)  
What about her?

(CONTINUED)

DENNY

Well, I told her I wouldn't be seeing her anymore..that I wouldn't be seeing her - anymore...and uhh maybe I don't know whether you wanna know that or not, but uhh, I'm telling you I guess because I wanted you to know, and uhh, that's it, more or less - I mean that's it exactly.

Chris plants her feet into her flats and rises.

CHRIS

There's something I should tell you - if you wanted to keep seeing her, I'd've kicked your ass around the block.

Denny stares at her. Chris moves to him and throws her arms around him.

CHRIS

(continuing)

- honey, I wouldn't do that even if I could. I wouldn't hurt you for anything in the world.

She kisses him quickly about five times. Denny is obviously relieved.

DENNY

Oh, I knew that.

CHRIS

You did, huh?

DENNY

- sort of...yeah. I did.

He looks at her in a very straightforward way and takes her in his arms, holding her to him tightly. She makes a soft little sound and tries to get as close to him as she can.

CHRIS STANDS IN FRONT OF A MIRROR

at her apartment, comparing her knees for swelling, in the injured one. She moves it - nods approval. There's a knock on the door. She half-prances across the room.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Who is it?

Silence. She opens the door.

TORY

stands there staring thru the screen door.

TORY

- just happened to be - I uhh -

CHRIS

(opening screen)

- sure.

Tory enters, tentative but cheerful.

TORY

You been lookin' real, you know..  
at workouts.

CHRIS

Thanks.

TORY

I well I wanted to say goodbye.  
Tingloff and I, we agreed it's not  
working, him coaching me.

CHRIS

(stunned)

What do you mean?

TORY

I'm splitting - hey, it's no big  
deal.

CHRIS

But what did he say, what did you  
say?

TORY

Nothing, it's got nothing to do  
with - anything. It's no big deal,  
it's all very friendly. There  
just comes a time - it's no big deal.

CHRIS

What'll you do?

TORY

Olympic committee's got some job  
for me in L.A. Car dealer where  
you sell auto sealant.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Auto sealant?

TORY

Keeps the paint from oxidizing in all that smog - hey, I'm looking forward to the change, I've got a cousin in Pico Rivera and I'm really looking forward to the change..just..about that day at the highjump pit - it was my fault but I didn't do it deliberately -

CHRIS

- oh, God, I knew that the next day.

Tory smiles a little ruefully.

TORY

Well, anyway. It's been on my mind.  
(shrugs, then:)  
- so. You been doin' great. See you.

CHRIS

Wait - where'll you workout?

TORY

Workout?

CHRIS

In L.A.

TORY

Oh - maybe Cal State Northridge, UCLA..

CHRIS

Who with..

TORY

- hey, at this point I'm better off without a coach, you know me.

Tory turns to go. Chris grabs her hand. The contact has a visible effect on Tory.

CHRIS

You're going to hang it up, aren't you? You're not going to try for Moscow. Are you? Are you?

TORY

- hey -

(CONTINUED)



159 CONTINUED: (3)

159

Chris puts an arm around her.

CHRIS

- answer me.  
(hugging her)  
Answer me, please.

Tory tries to but the sobs break out uncontrollably.  
Chris leads her to the couch.

TORY

God, I didn't want to do this to  
you...

CHRIS

Shut up.

Chris holds her in her arms.

TORY

..so funny..for years you live by  
the clock - 8 o'clock classes, two  
twenties, three thirties, four  
fourties, and there's never enough  
time and suddenly you realize the  
day it's over you'll have all the  
time in the world..I'm so fucking  
scared.

CHRIS

(after a long moment)  
- promise me something -

TORY

- what?

CHRIS

You'll try one more time.

TORY

What for? What for? I mean what  
for?

CHRIS

- for the fun of it.

TORY

Oh, God, Chris - I'm just so lost.

Chris nods, strokes Tory's head that has fallen against  
her shoulder.

160 EXT. FREEWAY - SAN LUIS OBISPO - NIGHT 160

DENNY STITES (AT NIGHT) PASSES

four cars on the freeway leading form Monterey to San Luis Obispo.

UP AHEAD A FREEWAY SIGN

indicates the San Luis Obispo turn off is two and a half miles ahead.

161 INT. DENNY'S CAR - FREEWAY (SLO) - NIGHT 161

BESIDE HIM ON THE SEAT

is a very large color photograph of a sea otter lying on his back in a kelp bed with an abalone resting on his stomach and sunny contentment on his whiskered face.

162 EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT AND STREET - NIGHT 162

DENNY'S CAR

turns into Chris' street. He pulls up before the garage apartment. Tory's Falcon can be seen. Denny has to cruise on down the street before he find a parking place.

163 EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT 163

AT THE TOP HE KNOCKS ON THE DOOR

There is no response. Hears the TV going. Knocks again - no response. He balances the photo on the railing and tries the door. It's open.

164 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT 164

HE ENTERS

the apartment and moves thru the darkened living room to the alcove-like bedroom where the TV is placed in front of the bed.

DENNY

(softly)

Chris?..Chris?

AT THE ALCOVE

he can see Chris on top of the bed with Tory, her arms around her, rocking her, softly talking to her. There is nothing remotely sexual going on but from Denny's point of view it looks unmistakably provocative.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

looks up, a little sleepy and probably loaded. Her eyes slowly widen.

CHRIS  
(shocked)

Denny?

Tory lifts her head off Chris' shoulder.

TORY  
(drowsy)

- who?

DENNY

- I'm sorry.

CHRIS  
- no, it's just I thought you were -

DENNY

I was.

CHRIS  
No, it's okay, it's okay.

DENNY

I'm sorry, I'm just - sorry.

He turns, tosses what he's carrying on the coffee table and leaves.

CHRIS

Denny, wait!

Chris leaps out of bed, but the door's been slammed. She stands there, shaking.

CHRIS  
(continuing)

Oh, no.

Tory's now alert.

TORY

Who was that?

One look from Chris tells her. Chris finds herself staring down at the photograph.

THE INSCRIPTION UNDER THE OTTER

reads - 'he doesn't feel as good as I do - Denny.'

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED: (2)

164

TORY

- go after him.

Chris shakes her head.

TORY

(continuing)

At least give it a try. Go ahead  
- dammit.

CHRIS

- you sure?

TORY

Get out of here.

Chris leaps up and races barefooted out of the door.

165 EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

165

SHE COMES BARRELLING DOWN THE STEPS AND INTO THE STREET

looks one way - then spots Denny under a street light  
about fifty yards away. He turns a corner. She races  
after him, turns the corner herself.

UNDER A STREET LAMP

she catches up with him. Grabs his arm, spins him  
around. The two look at one another. She's trembling  
violently. Denny senses the danger.

Silence.

CHRIS

- don't look at me like that.

DENNY

I'm not looking at you anyway.

(carefully)

Let's - talk about this tomorrow -  
okay?Chris grabs him and holds onto him tightly, burying her  
face in him.

CHRIS

(shaking her head)

...can't..can't..can't..

Denny tries to move her away gently.

DENNY

What are you saying?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

(breaks away herself)

- if I have to wait til tomorrow  
I'll die..Please listen to me.

She hugs him desperately. Denny is acutely uncomfortable.

DENNY

Look, these things I don't think  
they're bad -

CHRIS

- no, no, no -

DENNY

Just listen..I don't understand  
them, that's all. I know they  
happen and if they're there..

CHRIS

- they're not there.

Denny looks at her with obvious disbelief.

CHRIS

(continuing;  
crumbling)

- not the way you think..

DENNY

Yeah, I know I know, but -

CHRIS

(in complete panic)

Denny, I love you.

DENNY

Chris, don't -

CHRIS

Please, please, please listen -

DENNY

I'm sorry.

He turns his back on her and starts away. She screams  
in fear and rage.

CHRIS

NO!

She strikes him with her fist between the shoulder blades.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED: (2)

165

He crumples and grabs the streetlight for support. He half-spins on it.

CHRIS

(continuing)

- oh, Denny -

She tries to move to help him.

DENNY

(pulling himself up)

- I'll be all right - just -

'Keep your distance' is the inference. He backs away a few steps, then turns and walks to his car. Chris sinks to the pavement, weeping.

FADE:

166 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY

166

FERN WADKINS HOLDING THE SHOTPUT IN HER NECK

She's a magnificent looking athlete. She balances it with the delicacy of a safecracker listening for the click. SUPERIMPOSE: OLYMPIC TRIALS EUGENE OREGON 1980

TINGLOFF'S VOICE

- you know Fern Wadkins. She's got power and she's been there before -

Fern moves and THROWS. The shot seems to fly forever. She bounces up and down, watching the toss - gives it a slight nod of approval.

TINGLOFF'S VOICE

(continuing)

- she's not going to blow it. She has no real weakness and she knows it - she'll end up in Moscow, probably with a medal. Don't even worry about her.

167 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY

167

CHARLENE BENVENISTE

sleek and lean and long legged sprints down the longjump run.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

TINGLOFF'S VOICE

(continuing)

Charlene Benveniste - she's got  
speed to burn, she'll give Fern  
all she can handle -

Charlene hits the board and FLIES. As she lands in a  
spray of sand:

TINGLOFF'S VOICE

(continuing)

- but Fern has the edge on her  
upstairs - in the past Fern's been  
able to psych her out - but not  
this year. She's been solid. She  
can go she can do it all.

168 EXT. EUGENE DORMITORY COURTYARD - DAY

168

WITH TINGLOFF &amp; CHRIS IN THE COURTYARD

of one of the dormitory buildings. Chris holds a packet  
- with her number, meal tickets, tourist stuff, etc.  
She stares blankly at it as Tingloff talks.

MALE AND FEMALE

athletes come and go and call to one another -- some-  
times hanging out over the planters of the second, third  
and fourth story windows in the dorm. Tingloff glances  
around - back to Chris who seems unresponsive.

TINGLOFF

- I'm not saying those two will  
finish ahead of you, I'd never say  
that - but I am saying there are  
three spots and they're going to  
take two of them - oh, oh -

He's looked up - as have a few others in the courtyard:  
Fern and Charlene have just run into one another. They  
hug, smile, pat one another, kid, mock-moan - trying to  
psych each other out in the most elegant way. The en-  
counter attracts attention from others - some of whom  
quietly comment on it. Other athletes seem a little  
shabby by comparison - in stature, poise, etc.

TINGLOFF

(continuing; watching,  
smiles appreciatively)

- Mmmm.

He looks at Chris, who has glanced at them, now is star-  
ing down at the bench.

(CONTINUED)

TINGLOFF

- so the way it shapes up is either you or Tory for the third spot... this..hold any interest for you at all?

CHRIS

(still staring down)  
I'm listening.

TINGLOFF

Good - after all it's only four years of your life - and mine.

This gets a slow rise out of Chris.

169 INT. UNIVERSITY CAFETERIA (EUGENE) - NIGHT

169

Tingloff puts a side of spaghetti on Chris' tray. She looks at him. He takes the jello off her tray pointedly - and with some vehemence.

TINGLOFF

You're just not thinking, are you?

THEY MOVE AMONG THE TABLES

past athletes like Penny and Tanya, Yelovitch and Zenk, past Fern Wadkins, past Pooch with her boyfriend - most of them wave or kid.

ZENK

Hey Chris - lookin' for a seat?  
(he tilts Yelovitch's  
head upward)  
- here, I'll brush one off.

He makes a brushing motion over Yelovitch's face. Chris smiles, is urged on by Tingloff.

THEY SIT AT AN EMPTY TABLE

Tingloff whips out a ditto sheet.

TINGLOFF

- okay there's two heats for the hurdles, you're in with Fern and Tory. First heat, first event - go ahead, eat. You have to own the hurdles - it's your event. You know it. They know it. If you go say a 13.35 or better you'll have an edge - if not, it'll all be uphill - I said eat.

(CONTINUED)



169 CONTINUED:

169

Chris is looking at Tory who is coming down the aisle with Willie Lee. Tingloff sees the two about to meet. He grabs Chris by the arm.

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

Look at me.

Chris doesn't. He viciously twists her towards him.

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

I said look at me.

Tory passes by Chris' shoulder. It looks as though she's being slighted. Willie Lee raises his eyebrows - they walk on by.

CHRIS

(icy)

Let go of my arm.

TINGLOFF

You're not going to say a word to her.

She starts to rise. He holds her at the table.

CHRIS

I said let go.

He lets go. She starts up, then stops and turns to him.

CHRIS

(continuing)

- there's nothing you won't do is there? There is something you can't do and that's go over the hurdles for me tomorrow - the day you can run my race, you can run my life - did anyone ever tell you you're a manipulating sadistic creep?

TINGLOFF

Not in so many words, no.

She starts to rise.

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

- do I get my turn?

She waits.

(CONTINUED)

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

- look around you. Look at everybody. Now imagine how many bodies you all buried to get here. The games - javelin, discus, shot - weapons, war, hate. You're here because you want to kick asses and kill anybody who gets in your way. Don't kidd yourself. All the rest is bullshit.

Chris looks at him for a long moment, then over to Tory. Tingloff is trembling with suppressed rage, fear.

TINGLOFF

(continuing)

Get up from this table and you're on your own.

Chris slowly, shakily rises to her feet. Tingloff watches her - then stares at his plate. Without looking back Chris walks over to Tory. She and Willie Lee look up in surprise. Chris is very shakey, Tory awkward.

CHRIS

- hi, Willie Lee.

WILLIE LEE

- hey babe.

CHRIS

(to Tory)

- I just wanted to say - good luck tomorrow.

TORY

..thanks..feel good?

CHRIS

Oh yeah. You?

TORY

Sure -

A moment. Nobody knows quite what to do. Chris shrugs and tries to smile.

CHRIS

- well -

TORY

(acknowledging there's not much else to say)

- yeah -

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: (3)

169

CHRIS

- see you on the track.

Tory nods, watches Chris walk away.

170 INT. UNIVERSITY CAFETERIA (EUGENE) - NIGHT

170

AT THE CAFETERIA DOOR

Chris bumps into Denny with Spicer and another member of the polo team.

DENNY

Hi.

CHRIS

Hi -

DENNY

Good luck tomorrow.

CHRIS

- thanks -

A moment where it seems as though both will say more. Then she heads on out.

171 INT. CHRIS' DORMITORY ROOM (EUGENE) - NIGHT

171

CHRIS

completes the cutting out of her number. She places it on her jersey as Tory once did for her. She places the jersey carefully on the adjacent bed in the tiny room - beside all the other equipment she'll use tomorrow. She lingers, looking at the neatly laid out longjump shoes, highjump shoes, hurdle shoes, shotput shoes, markers, spare spikes, sweats, blankets, thermos, oranges and a banana in a plastic baggie - four years of her life. Her gaze shifts to the phone.

172 INT. CHRIS' DORMITORY ROOM (EUGENE) - NIGHT

172

IN THE DARK CAHILL'S VOICE

can be heard on the phone, Chris' eyes are open and wide as she listens.

CAHILL V.O.

- honey - no matter what happens we love you and we're proud of you - and you did it all on your own.

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED:

172

CHRIS

- oh Daddy.

CAHILL

You're a big girl now, sweetie -  
a big girl -

FADE:

173 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY

173

THE TARTAN TRACK

its speckled yellow surface shimmering as in the very beginning.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

- in lane one, her first Olympic trials, Debbie Floyd, lane two, ranked number one in the U.S., three in the world, holds the American record and the National collegiate record, Fern Wadkins -

THE LANES WITH FERN WADKINS

stepping forward at the introduction.

ANNOUNCER

- in lane three, the third ranked pentathlete in America, and trying for her second Olympic berth, Tory Skinner -

Tory steps forward.

ANNOUNCER

(continuing)  
- in lane four, the current collegiate champion, Pamela Burnside -

Pam steps forward.

ANNOUNCER

(continuing)  
- and in lane five, competing in her first Olympic trials as a pentathlete - she's had a dramatic rise to a number four U.S. ranking in '79, missed the Pan Am Games due to knee injury, Chris Cahill -

Chris steps forward, shakes her legs lightly.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED: 173

THE CAMERAS ON THE FIELD

train on the athletes as they move to their blocks.

174 INT. EUGENE STADIUM PRESS BOX - DAY 174

IN THE PRESS BOX KATE SCHMIDT

along with an older NBC male commentator lean forward to watch the race.

175 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 175

THE GUN

is up.

THE STARTER

Runners to your marks -

the gun FIRES.

WIDE ANGLE ON THE RACE CHRIS

gets off with the shot, moving quickly.

ANNOUNCER

- and it's Chris Cahill over the first hurdle -

Chris continues to lead the field, moving quickly and with authority over the first six hurdles, running with great speed, so much so that she HITS the top of the seventh hurdle with her lead leg, knocking the hurdle down. The announcer notes it.

CLOSER ANGLE CHRIS

trying to stay on her feet and regain her stride. Runners are passing her by. She recovers and clears the eighth hurdle.

OVER THE LAST HURDLE CHRIS

has regained her stride and begun to make up lost ground. She finishes with what appears to be a dead heat for third - Fern Wadkins is first, followed by Tory.

CHRIS

runs down a few steps, stops - quietly dejected. She looks up.

176 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM STANDS - DAY

176

TINGLOFF

in the crowd just a few rows up. He starts to say something.

CHRIS

turns away from him, walks slowly down the chute.

DENNY

is in the stands above Tingloff, sees Chris ignore Tingloff's attempt to talk to her.

177 EXT. SCORE GRID - DAY

177

THE SCORE GRID FOR THE PENTATHLON

Wadkins is first with a 13.29 and 960 points, Tory Skinner is second with 13.58 and 920 points, Pamela Burnside is third with a 13.65 and 911 points, Chris is fourth with a 13.72 and 902 points, Debbie is fifth in 14.22 and 839 points.

178 INT. EUGENE STADIUM PRESS BOX - DAY

178

IN THE PRESS BOX THE RACE IS ON REPLAY KATE SCHMIDT

is commenting, up to and thru Chris hitting the hurdle in slow motion.

KATE

- with a track this hard and fast sometimes the quickest hurdlers lose control of their stride - see she's hitting with her lead leg which tells you she's going faster than she realizes - it's the sort of thing a coach needs to warn you about.

OTHER COMMENTATOR

- since this was her event will it give the others a psychological edge over her?

KATE

At the very least.

179 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY

179

THE MEN'S HUNDRED METER HEATS

are being run. After a heat:

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

## THE ANNOUNCER

- they're beginning the third and final round of the shot put in the women's pentathlon:

180 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY

180

FERN WADKINS

settles into the circle. She THROWS. It's an excellent toss. Other athletes nod.

TORY SKINNER

moves across the circle and THROWS. Her throw is short of Fern's, but clearly out there. It pleases Tory.

CHRIS

huddled in her sweats watches, stares down at her feet.

CHARLENE BENVENISTE

settles in and THROWS. She's only so-so happy with it.

KIM STONE

a chunky girl from the second heat, jiggles, moves, and THROWS. It's out there. She's buoyantly happy.

CHRIS

steps into the circle.

## ANNOUNCER

Chris Cahill's up - she's fouled and has yet to produce a legal throw.

Chris shuts her eyes, concentrates - and THROWS. The white flag goes up - but the throw is poor for her - 12.50 meters. Tory and she make eye contact. Tory shrugs as if to say 'I'm sorry.' Chris nods, walks off by herself.

181 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM STANDS - DAY

181

DENNY

jostles someone as he works his way next to Tingloff, bumping into Tingloff as well.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

181

DENNY

(to Tingloff)

Hi.

(no response)

You're her coach, Chris Cahill's,  
aren't you?

Tingloff looks his surliest.

TINGLOFF

So what?

DENNY

Can't you help her?

TINGLOFF

She won't talk to me - and if you  
ask me why I'm gonna punch your  
fuckin' lights out.

Denny nods matter of factly.

DENNY

She might talk to me.

Tingloff suddenly looks at Denny with interest.

182 INT. EUGENE STADIUM PRESS BOX - DAY

182

IN THE PRESS BOX KATE AND NBC COMMENTATOR

The score grid for the pentathlon is on the screen.

NBC COMMENTATOR

- well we've got more results on  
the women's pentathlon. At the end  
of the shot the leaders are Fern  
Wadkins, Tory Skinner a strong  
second over a hundred points ahead  
of Charlene Benveniste, in third  
with 1748 points, then Kim Stone,  
and fifth Pam Burnside with 1697  
points. Going pretty much according  
to form, Kate?

KATE SCHMIDT

- pretty much. I'm a little  
surprised at Tory Skinner's strong  
showing - it hasn't been her best  
year. And Kimmie - Kimmie's a  
shotputter mainly and I don't know  
that she'll hold that position. I  
did think Chris Cahill would be  
stronger, but the hurdles hurt her,  
and the shot pretty much takes her  
out of it.



183 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY

183

ON THE FIELD CHRIS

sits by herself propped up against her bag. An AAU OFFICIAL taps Chris on the shoulder.

AAU OFFICIAL

- sorry to do this to you Chris.  
But apparently there's some family  
emergency - your brother's in the  
stands -

CHRIS

- my brother?

AAU OFFICIAL

- I can't bring him on the field.  
He says it's an urgent message...  
up to you.

Chris nods - a suggestion of 'why not' in it and rises  
and follows the official.

184 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY

184

AT THE END OF THE FIELD CHRIS AND THE OFFICIAL

He points out her brother across the track.

185 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM STANDS - DAY

185

DENNY STITES

in the first row gives a tentative wave back.

186 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY

186

CHRIS

can't believe it. She starts to cross the track. She  
nearly runs into a field of the women's 800. The of-  
ficial grabs her. When they pass she races across the  
track.

187 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - FIELD AND STANDS - DAY

187

WHEN SHE REACHES DENNY

she stops cold, staring, waiting for him to say some-  
thing.

DENNY

kneels down so his head is just about the railing - even  
with Chris'. He reaches over the railing and pulls her  
to him.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

187

He wraps his arms around her and they kiss, fully and with utter disregard for the crowd.

THE AAU OFFICIAL

is scandalized. He walks over, taps Denny on the shoulder.

AAU OFFICIAL

(furious)

- is that the message for your sister?

DENNY

- not all of it.

AAU OFFICIAL

In that case how would you like me to disqualify her?

Another SENIOR OFFICIAL wanders over.

SR. OFFICIAL

What's the trouble, Les? Hey, Denny Stites - you don't remember me do you?

DENNY

Nick Perry - at the pool after the medley relay in Montreal.

SR. OFFICIAL

(beaming, to Stites)

All right -

(to other official,  
you asshole)

- it's Denny Stites.

He leads his ignorant friend off. Denny takes Chris' hand.

DENNY

- so?

CHRIS

Hit a hurdle, fouled up in the shot - I've blown it.

DENNY

You don't know that.

CHRIS

Oh yeah - had a fight with my coach and he's - whatever he is - maybe he's right.

(CONTINUED)

DENNY

About what?

CHRIS

Killer instinct - whatever you need.

Denny smiles.

DENNY

What you need right now is to remember to look back over your right shoulder - should give you at least 3 more inches in your arch - and in the longjump really drive your right knee and left arm thru your take off - don't be afraid of it.

CHRIS

Have you been talking to that bastard? Him and his 'whip everybody's ass'.

Chris turns away.

DENNY

(lightly)

Hey - could you beat Bruce Jenner in the shot? Could you?

CHRIS

(smiling despite herself)

- c'mon.

DENNY

- so - you're not responsible for how good he is, or how much better you are than somebody else, or the color of your eyes, or how tall you are..all you're responsible for is being better today than yesterday or the day before - all you're trying to do is whip your own ass. That's all you can do - you're it. There's nobody else out there but you.

Chris shakes her head, deeply affected by what he's said.

DENNY

(continuing)

- give it a try.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED: (3)

187

DENNY (CONT'D)

Hey, the day I won the 1500, I missed two walls. But then - you know me and walls.

She looks at him, give him a quick squeeze, and bounds back across the track.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

188 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - HIGHJUMP - DAY

188

CHRIS SUSPENDED IN AIR

seemingly forever as she glides up to, then slowly over the bar in the highjump, her back barely brushing it, every fiber of her body arching away from it. She slowly drops down into the pit - her concentration fierce.

AND SOMERSAULTS TO A SITTING POSITION TO SEE

THE BAR STILL BOUNCING

jiggling inexorably to the point where it will fall.

CHRIS AND THE OFFICIALS AND THE OTHER ATHLETES

all watch the bouncing bar.

AT THE STANDARD

the bar is nearly half way off when it finally, delicately - trembles to a HALT.

AN OFFICIAL

signals it's a good jump. The crowd goes wild.

CHRIS

can't believe it. She bounds out of the pit. The bar is at least three inches over her head. The little standard with her name on it reads 1.83. With the crowd's noise ringing in her ears she moves blissfully back to her sweats. She passes Charlene Benveniste who stares uneasily at her.

189 INT. EUGENE STADIUM PRESS BOX - DAY

189

KATE AND NBC COMMENTATOR

both relaxed and watching.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED:

189

KATE

Well - somebody must've stuck a  
burr up her ass.

A technician motions frantically - they're on camera.

COMMENTATOR

(he catches it)

Uhh - you were saying, Kate?

KATE

Chris Cahill. She went three inches  
over her personal best. It's got to  
have everybody else down there  
talking to themselves.

COMMENTATOR

- so - what do we look for in the  
longjump?

The Grid for the Pentathlon is on the monitor. Fern  
Wadkins is still in first place 2908 points, Chris Ca-  
hill second with 2733 points, Tory Skinner third, 2724,  
fourth Charlene Benveniste with 2702, Pam Burnside is  
fifth with 2651 points.

190 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - LONGJUMP - DAY

190

AT THE LONGJUMP PIT FERN WADKINS

runs and jumps. It's a very good leap.

KATE'S VOICE

- it won't affect Fern Wadkins.  
But now Chris is second, Tory  
Skinner third, and Charlene  
Benveniste fourth, and they're only  
separated by 31 points. That's a  
difference of only 15 centimeters -  
like 7 inches of a jump.

As she's saying this Tory has stripped and concentrated  
- is now moving down the runway. She hits the board and  
LEAPS.

THE OFFICIALS MEASURE

as Tory watches. The sign reads 6.12. Tory's not  
thrilled.

KATE'S VOICE

(continuing)

-- that's a respectable jump for  
Tory -- but she needs more here -

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

190

## KATE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

- she can't let either Benveniste  
or Cahill get too far away from  
her before the 800.

CHRIS is now on the runway. She touches her toes -  
picks up some grass and drops it to check the wind.  
Then with very little hesitation she races down the run-  
way, hits the board and FLIES. She LANDS in the pit.  
SAND FLIES. She leaps out of the pit. The white flag  
goes up.

## THE OFFICIALS MEASURE

It's 6.52 meters. The announcer on the field:

## ANNOUNCER

- that last jump by Cahill was 6.52  
meters, twenty one feet six inches  
- an American record in pentathlon  
longjump - a tremendous leap.

The crowd again goes wild. Tory rushes over, picks up  
Chris and hugs her.

191 INT. EUGENE STADIUM PRESS BOX - DAY

191

IN THE PRESS BOX KATE AND COMMENTATOR

This time Kate just shakes her head.

192 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - HIGHJUMP PIT - DAY

192

AT THE HIGHJUMP - BENVENISTE AND TORY AND A FEW OTHER  
PENTATHLETES

lie with their feet in the air - lost in their own  
thoughts, keeping a respectable distance from each other  
- quiet anxiety and exhaustion on their faces.

WADKINS AND CHRIS

are jogging very slowly by the pit.

## KATE'S VOICE

- Fern Wadkins is untouchable  
unless she falls down in the 800,  
and Chris Cahill with 3708 points  
is 52 points ahead of Skinner so  
she should be all right if she runs  
any kind of race - the real question  
is -

(CONTINUED)

WADKINS AND CHRIS

approaching the pit where Tory is lying.

KATE'S VOICE

(continuing)

- Tory Skinner and Charlene Benveniste. Tory's got about 15 points on her but she's never run closer than 6 seconds to Benveniste - and she can't give her much over a second.

COMMENTATOR

- which means?

KATE'S VOICE

- if Benveniste is much more than five yards ahead of Tory at the finish, she'll take the third spot.

Chris walks up to Tory who is staring at the sky.

CHRIS

- how much time?

Tory's a little surprised by the question. She checks her watch.

TORY

Five minutes.

CHRIS

- I'm going out fast.

TORY

Why?

CHRIS

Charlene'll go with me. She's that way.

Tory sits up.

TORY

Don't do it. She'll die the last fifty - but so will you.

Chris shakes her head.

CHRIS AND TORY

Tory gets up.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED: (2)

192

TORY

- you've got it made...I've been  
there before.

The official comes over.

OFFICIAL

- athletes to the starting line.

CHRIS

- relax - we're in the second  
flight.

193 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY

193

LONG SHOT FIELD

FIELD ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

- Ladies and gentlemen this is it.  
The biggie. The second and final  
flight of the 800 meters will decide  
all three places in the women's  
pentathlon.

AT THE STARTING LINE CHRIS, TORY, CHARLENE BENVENISTE,  
FERN WADKINS AND PAM BURNSIDE

jog back down the stretch to the start.

CHRIS AND TORY

TORY

- don't do it.

They reach the start.

CHRIS

You forgot something.

Tory looks questioningly. Chris holds out her finger.  
She shakes her head, then tugs and gets the reply.

CHRIS

(continuing)

- thank you.

194 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY

194

THE GUN IS UP

and FIRES

(CONTINUED)



194 CONTINUED:

194

## WIDE ANGLE

as the five take off in the first lap of the 800. Chris immediately shoots to the front. After a moment of hesitation Charlene Benveniste takes off after her.

During the commentary by Kate and the NBC sportscaster, the race will be seen from the field, field cameras monitors, stands, etc.

Kate remarks that Chris has gone out very fast - perhaps too fast. Explains that it's likely to catch up with her about the 500 meter mark if she maintains this pace.

195 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - BACKSTRETCH - DAY

195

## IN THE BACKSTRETCH OF THE FIRST LAP CHRIS LEADS

Benveniste by only the width of her shoulder. Benveniste, with her short crisp strides remains right at her heels - stride for stride.

## TORY

is about twenty yards behind, running with longer slower strides. Behind her are Wadkins, Burnside.

196 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - FAR TURN - DAY

196

## ON THE FAR TURN CHRIS AND CHARLENE BENVENISTE

comes out of it side by side, race down the stretch to the end of the first 400. They pass the stands. The lap BELL sounds for the final 400.

197 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY

197

## CHRIS

eases up slightly. Benveniste takes her on the first curve.

## INTO THE BACKSTRETCH FOR THE SECOND TIME, BENVENISTE

is leading Chris by about three yards. Tory is now about fifteen yards behind.

198 INT. EUGENE STADIUM PRESS BOX - DAY

198

Kate and the NBC Commentator remark that neither Benveniste nor Cahill should be able to maintain this pace - but - who knows?

- 199 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 199  
 INTO THE CURVE  
 Chris and Benveniste are beginning to feel it. Benveniste is beginning to lose her rhythm.
- TORY'S LOPING STRIDE  
 is bringing her to within ten yards of the leaders. The commentary points out her changing position - and the tiring leaders.
- 200 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 200  
 OUT OF THE CURVE TOWARD THE FINISH CHRIS AND BENVENISTE  
 Both are now dying. They hit the straightaway and pure agony shows on both their faces. Tory is now less than ten meters behind and closing.
- 201 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 201  
 IN THE FINAL STRAIGHTAWAY IT'S BENVENISTE  
 with Chris just behind her, and Tory less than seven yards behind the two of them - with Burnside and Wadkins considerably behind Tory. The crowd's roar builds, grows deafening, consuming.
- 202 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 202  
 AT THE LAST FIFTY METERS TORY  
 has pulled to within three meters. Benveniste is desperately trying to hold her off. Chris is tying up. Tory draws even with them - then passes them. The crowd goes wild.
- Benveniste sees Tory pass her and begins to fade badly. Chris tries desperately to hang on as Benveniste slips behind her and Wadkins and Burnside move ever closer to her.
- 203 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 203  
 FOR CHRIS THE LAST TWENTY METERS  
 are sheer, slow-motion agony, a nightmare of limbs turning to stone, breath impossible to catch, and the terrible roar of the crowd.
- 204 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - FINISH LINE - DAY 204  
 TORY HAS CROSSED THE FINISH  
 turns immediately, yelling at Chris, urging her on.

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED: 204

AT THE FINISH CHRIS

holds on, crosses in second place and collapses. Tory catches her. Sets her down on the field.

205 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 205

THE CROWD

continues to roar - reactions of Penny, Yelovitch and Zenk, Pooch, others.

206 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 206

TORY WITH CHRIS

who is still on the ground.

TORY

C'mon, c'mon -

CHRIS

...I can't...

Wadkins is there.

WADKINS

- yes you can.

She and Tory reach down, and help Chris to her feet. Another roar from the crowd. Chris sees Tingloff at the edge of the stands. It makes her steadier on her feet. She makes it over to the fence - looks at Tingloff a long moment.

CHRIS

You're a son-of-a-bitch.

TINGLOFF

And you're a winner.

Tory and Fern take Chris' hands and pull her away. Holding hands the three girls begin a victory lap. The crowd's roar continues unabated. As they move together:

DISSOLVE:

207 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - VICTORY STAND - DAY 207

EMPHASIZING FIRST TORY THEN CHRIS

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

207

## ANNOUNCER

- Tory Skinner with 4542 points and  
in second place a first time  
Olympian doing it with a personal  
best of 4576 points, Chris Cahill.

The crowd applauds and cheers again. Chris' cheeks are  
tear stained but she's beaming.

## TORY

(quietly, to Chris)  
- so what do you think?

Chris, deliriously happy - shrugs.

## CHRIS

- what do you think?

Tory tries to say something everything - then nods to  
the stands where Denny is.

## TORY

- well - he's awful cute...

## CHRIS

(delighted, manages  
a nod)  
...I know!...

As THE END comes up DISSOLVE THRU THE CREDITS TO:

208 INT. EQUIPMENT LINE - DAY

208

ATHLETES STANDING IN LINE TO GET THEIR SWEATS

Someone is telling them to straighten out their lines,  
be sure they're in the right one.

A PAIR OF SWEATS

is tossed in the air.

CHRIS CATCHES THEM

She takes the top and unfolds it across her breast,  
smoothing the material, carefully revealing - the emblem  
with its FIVE OLYMPIC RINGS. She bows her head, looking  
down at them on her breast.