

THE RINGER

By

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A mass of non descript cubicles. In the distance, we hear a VOICE. Someone chanting to himself, nervous.

VOICE

I've been with this company two years... I've been with this company two and a half years...

The CAMERA pushes through the maze of tiny cubicles trying to find the disembodied voice, past WORKERS routinely going through their daily grind. We finally find the man behind the voice.

STEVE BARKER

A pleasant looking guy in his early 30's, who's been overlooked his entire life. But not anymore. Not today. Steve drums his fingers nervously, takes a deep breath, then gets up from his cubicle.

He walks down a series of hallways leading to a large, formidable looking office. He knocks on the door and walks inside.

INT. MR. HENDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

MR. HENDERSON, a distinguished looking man in his 50's, is sitting at his desk. He glances coldly up at Steve when he finally notices him.

MR. HENDERSON

Can I help you?

STEVE

Sir, I've been with this company for two and a half years, and all I've really done is some clerical crap and... well, I think I'm ready for more responsibility.

MR. HENDERSON

I see. What exactly are you basing that on?

STEVE

I'm basing it on the fact I know I can perform. I just need a chance.

Mr. Henderson looks at him, a bit impressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. HENDERSON

Okay, Barker... What kind of responsibility are you looking for?

STEVE

(surprised)

I don't know. A better job than I have now. Something in management.

MR. HENDERSON

We don't just hand out managerial promotions, Barker. This isn't Coca Cola.

Mr. Henderson laughs pretentiously. Steve laughs along, though he has absolutely no idea what that means.

MR. HENDERSON (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what. Today's your lucky day. I'm gonna give you a chance to prove your chops.

STEVE

Thank you, Mr. Henderson.

MR. HENDERSON

I want you to fire Pedro.

Steve looks at him, not understanding.

STEVE

The janitor?

MR. HENDERSON

I caught him using my personal bathroom.

STEVE

Uh... maybe it was an emergency.

MR. HENDERSON

He knows better, Barker. He should have shown some restraint.

STEVE

I'm sure he tried as hard as he could, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. HENDERSON

It's not just that. Look! I came in this morning and my basket was full of trash. No, I'm sorry, he's out of here.

Mr. Henderson presses his intercom.

MR. HENDERSON (CONT'D)

Peggy, tell Pedro Mr. Barker would like to see him.

Steve looks at Mr. Henderson a little uncertainly.

STEVE

Uh, Jesus... I don't know.

MR. HENDERSON

Do you want to be a manager or not?

Mr. Henderson stares at Steve. Steve sighs.

INT. TRASH ROOM - DAY

Steve walks into a small trash room in the back of the office. PEDRO, a diminutive, sad looking, middle aged Hispanic man is emptying a few trash baskets.

STEVE

Hey, Pedro...

PEDRO

(looks up, thick accent)

Oh. You want to see me, Mr. Steve?

STEVE

That's right, I, uh... Pedro, you don't really like your job, do you?

PEDRO

Oh, yes. I like very much! I get to clean things. Work with my hands.

STEVE

Yeah, but you'd be happier doing something else, right? I mean, you're a pretty bright guy.

PEDRO

No... not really.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE

Of course you are, Pedro! You just have a bit of a language problem.

PEDRO

No, no, senor, in my country, Pedro not too bright either.

STEVE

Look, trust me. You're wasting your time here...

PEDRO

(eyes wide, getting it)
Oh, no. Oh, no. Pedro can't be fired, Pedro can't be fired. Pedro has eight kids. Pedro's wife just died.

STEVE

Your wife...? Oh god, I'm sorry.

PEDRO

I miss so much. Pedro wants to give Maria nice funeral, not just put her in box. I love so --

Pedro leans forward and starts to sob uncontrollably.

STEVE

(closes his eyes)
Look, uh... Pedro, I'm not firing you.

PEDRO

(looking up)
No?

STEVE

I'm offering you something else. A better job.

PEDRO

Pedro listening.

STEVE

(trying to think)
How would you like to... mow the lawn at my apartment complex?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PEDRO

Lawn. Pedro do lawns. How much I get?

STEVE

Uh, what do you get here?

PEDRO

Three hundred fifty. A week!

STEVE

Uh, I'll give you... four hundred.

PEDRO

Wow. And health benefits?

STEVE

I don't think --

PEDRO

Please, Mr. Steve. Pedro needs health benefits. Pedro has many kids.

STEVE

Yeah, yeah. You got health benefits.

Pedro shakes Steve's hand enthusiastically.

INT. MR. HENDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Henderson looks out his office door and sees Steve walking by. He runs over to him.

MR. HENDERSON

How did it go? Did you sack the guy?

STEVE

Uh, yes I did, sir.

MR. HENDERSON

Welcome to management, Barker!
From now on, you get that cubicle over there.

Mr. Henderson points to a slightly bigger cubicle a few feet away. Steve stares at it, eyes glazed.

EXT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

Steve is standing on the lawn outside of his huge apartment complex with Pedro. A sexy neighbor, SARAH, walks by, carrying her mail. Steve smiles at her.

STEVE

Hi, Sarah.

SARAH

Hey...

She smiles weakly. She obviously doesn't know his name.

STEVE

So, you got your mail there?

SARAH

Uh... yeah.

STEVE

Anything good?

SARAH

(looks at him, beat)

I don't know. I haven't opened it yet.

STEVE

Right...

(way too abruptly)

Wanna go out?

SARAH

(quickly)

I have to feed my cat.

She walks quickly away. Steve winces. Pedro walks over to Steve, impatient.

PEDRO

Pedro get to use a lawnmower now?

STEVE

Yeah, I think there's one in back.

Steve walks to a little shed in the back of the Rental Office. He grabs the first lawnmower he can find and hands it to Pedro.

STEVE (CONT'D)

There you go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pedro takes the lawnmower, happily makes his way back to the lawn, and starts to mow.

NEIL GOLDMAN, the apartment manager, stares out the window of the rental office. He walks quickly out to the lawn.

NEIL
(to Steve)
What's going on here?

STEVE
I hired him to do the lawn.

NEIL
What are you talking about? You're a tenant. You don't have the authority to hire someone.

STEVE
Well, the lawn was getting pretty sloppy...

NEIL
You're a tenant! You can't hire anyone!

Steve pulls Neil aside.

STEVE
Look, take it easy, will you. I'm paying him out of my own pocket.

NEIL
What?

STEVE
I'm paying him out of my pocket. It's my dime.

NEIL
(confused)
Okay... whatever.

Neil walks away, still a little puzzled. Pedro whistles and continues to mow the lawn.

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Steve is sitting in front of his miniscule TV, sloppily eating some fries. He's watching an episode of "Family Guy," laughing away in a high pitched, idiotic cackle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Even though it's evening now, we can still hear the sound of the lawnmower going outside. Steve gets up and looks out his window.

STEVE
(calling out)
Pedro, you can go home!

PEDRO (O.S.)
No done yet!

Steve shakes his head with admiration and sits back down. Suddenly, he hears a loud SCREAM outside. Drops of blood splatter on his window as a FINGER flies by. Steve is concerned.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Pedro runs through the emergency doors of a hospital, holding his hand, in agony. Steve runs in right behind him, holding three of Pedro's fingers in a bag packed with ice.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Steve is sitting in a chair, hunched over, nervous. A DOCTOR walks urgently into the waiting room.

DOCTOR
Who's Mr. Rodriguez's employer?

STEVE
(jumps up)
Me.

DOCTOR
Good news. We can save his fingers.

STEVE
Great --

DOCTOR
Now, what health plan is he on?

STEVE
Uh, well, he's... not quite on one, yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR

I'm sorry, sir. I'm afraid we're going to need the cash up front.

STEVE

How much is it?

DOCTOR

Twenty eight thousand dollars.

STEVE

I don't have that kind of money!

DOCTOR

Well, I'm sorry... We can't do the surgery.

STEVE

What? That's ridiculous!

DOCTOR

Sir, this is the real world, not "E.R." You don't have insurance and you don't have any funds.

Steve looks at him, frantic.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

We can keep his fingers on ice for two weeks. Not a day longer. After that... I'm afraid there's nothing we can do.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Steve is sitting in front of Mr. Henderson.

MR. HENDERSON

The answer is no.

STEVE

But... Pedro was an employee yesterday! Can't our medical insurance still cover him?

MR. HENDERSON

I said no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE

But... why not? It's just one day.

MR. HENDERSON

(isn't it obvious)

Well, see, I'd be knowingly breaking the rules.

Steve looks at him, incredulous.

STEVE

Please, sir, he's in the hospital right now. He's in agony. He has three fingers on ice. They're not gonna last long! I'm begging you. Please. Have a heart.

MR. HENDERSON

Hey, hey! I give six hundred dollars every year to help fight M.S. Don't talk to me about heart.

Steve thinks for a second.

STEVE

How about this? If you cover him for the fingers, you could dock it out of my pay.

MR. HENDERSON

(thinks about this)

What's the bill?

STEVE

Twenty eight grand.

MR. HENDERSON

What? Jesus, if I took every one of your checks, I wouldn't get back my money for like nine months... and who knows if you're even gonna be here that long?

STEVE

What's that supposed to mean?

MR. HENDERSON

I'm just spitballing. Relax.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. HENDERSON (CONT'D)
The answer is no.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Steve is on his couch. He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, and picks up the phone.

INT. BIG TONY'S NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - NIGHT

GARY BARKER, (late 40's, early 50's) a hyper, unkempt guy, who's always slid by on his looks and charm, but now both are starting to fade. He's watching several games on big screen TVs mounted high up against the wall.

GARY
C'mon, Garciaparra. Hit it out!
(clasps his hands in
prayer)
Please God, if he hits a homer, I
promise I won't jerk my sausage for
a month...

We see Nomar Garciaparra strike out.

GARY (CONT'D)
Shit!
(looks at another TV)
Come on Jaromir, shoot the puck...
(clasps his hands in
prayer)
Please God, if Pittsburgh scores
another goal, I promise I won't go
down on a woman for a year... A
year, God! That's a promise, from
one of your flock. So give me a
break, okay? I'm talking to you
here, Lord...
(sarcastic)
Oh, thanks a lot, God!

Gary's cell phone rings. He clicks it on.

GARY (CONT'D)
Yeah...

INTERCUT TO:

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

STEVE

Uncle Gary... it's Steve.

GARY

Hey, shitbird. How's it going?

STEVE

Great, great. Listen, I hate to bother you... but remember that 1500 I lent you a couple of years ago? I was kinda wondering if I could have it back.

GARY

What do you need 1500 for?

STEVE

Actually, I need 28 grand. I'm just chipping away.

GARY

28 grand?... What did you do, knock up a cheerleading squad?

STEVE

No, no, it's just a personal thing. My friend lost his fingers and...

DISSOLVE TO:

Gary listening, eyes wide.

GARY

Boy, you really screwed that guy over.

STEVE

(defensive)

Well, I didn't intentionally screw him over.

GARY

What are you talking about? You said he had insurance and he didn't. You screwed him over!

STEVE

Yeah... I guess I did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY

Look, Steve, I'd love to give you the 1500, but you got me at a bad time here. I'm on a real losing streak. There's nothing I can --

Gary looks up suddenly.

GARY (CONT'D)

Shit, I gotta go.

BIG TONY, a large thuggish looking guy in his 40's, walks over to Gary, followed by a FEW TOUGH MOBSTER TYPES.

BIG TONY

We gotta talk.

GARY

Big Tony, listen. I swear. I'll pay you back soon.

Big Tony sits down and gets right in his face.

BIG TONY

I want you to listen to me good, you sonofabitch. You owe me forty thousand. If I don't get it back soon, and I mean soon, I'll break your legs so you can't walk no more.

GARY

I'm gonna win my next bet, Tony. I can feel it.

BIG TONY

You know something? You talk too much.

Big Tony leans forward and punches Gary hard in the throat. Gary keels over, gagging, in agony. FRANKIE, a mobster a few tables away, looks up at a TV, excited.

FRANKIE

Tony, that guy you like's on TV!

Big Tony looks up at the TV. He smiles, then grabs the remote and raises the volume.

INSERT ON TV:

INT. "DATELINE" SET - NIGHT (ON TV)

STONE PHILLIPS stands facing the camera.

STONE PHILLIPS

A lot of people say one thing we
don't have today is heroes. Well,
our next story may just change your
mind.

EXT. OLYMPIC FIELD - DAY

A mentally handicapped man in his 20's, JIMMY, is running
down a field, a look of fierce determination in his eyes.

STONE PHILLIPS (V.O.)

His name is Jimmy Washington. But
to those who follow the Special
Olympics, he's known by one simple
word. "Champion." You see, Jimmy
has won the last nine Special
Olympic pentathlons. And to hear
him talk, he has no plans of
stopping anytime soon.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jimmy is sitting in a chair across from Stone Phillips.

JIMMY

I like to run. And jump. And
throw things. I'm good at that.
It makes me feel good. It makes me
very happy.

CUT BACK to Stone Phillips, nodding.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Jimmy is running down a beach in a tank top and shorts.

JIMMY (CONT'D, V.O.)

When I do that, and I win, and I
get medals, I feel big and good and
strong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A seagull starts to fly above Jimmy. The CAMERA follows the seagull's flight and we hear the first few lines of "I Believe I Can Fly."

As the song continues, we see a slow motion montage of Jimmy expertly completing all five events of the Special Olympics pentathlon (shotput, high jump, long jump, hurdles, and 400 meter dash).

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Jimmy and Stone Phillips are walking together through a lush, empty field.

JIMMY

When people tell me I'm good... I
feel good. I feel... like a happy
person. I feel...

(looks right at camera)
just like all of you.

INT. TONY'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

Big Tony stares up at the TV, extremely moved.

BIG TONY

Incredible... That sonofabitch is
the Deion Sanders of retards.

ANGLE ON Gary. He's staring up at the TV too. Suddenly, he starts to smile.

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Steve is in bed, eyes wide open, when he hears a knock on his door. He looks at his alarm clock and sees it's 3 AM. He picks up a baseball bat and walks to the door.

STEVE

Who is it?

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Al Sharpton.

Steve rolls his eyes and opens the door. It's Gary.

STEVE

What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY

(excited)

Steve, listen. You said you had some money problems? Well, so do I. But they're both about to go away.

STEVE

(cynical)

Uh huh.

GARY

Wanna know how?

STEVE

(a bit impatient)

How?

GARY

We're gonna fix the Special Olympics.

Steve stares at him.

STEVE

Excuse me?

GARY

The Special Olympics. Me and you are gonna rig it.

STEVE

Let me get you some coffee.

GARY

I'm not drunk. There's this retarded kid, Jimmy. Wins all the time. No one can beat him, right?... Wrong! You can.

STEVE

What are you talking about?!

GARY

I'm talking about you. You ran track in high school and you were the best kid every year in your drama class. I was so proud of you. Did you know that? I kept a scrapbook.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVE

No you didn't.

GARY

In my heart I did. Look, you were a great actor. You could imitate anybody!

STEVE

That was a long time ago.

GARY

(dramatic)

Hey... remember what you wrote in your yearbook? You said you were gonna be the next Andrew McCarthy.

STEVE

Well, I am. I haven't acted in years.

GARY

Steve, come here. Sit. Listen to your Uncle. There's a regional competition being held in six days. All you gotta do is act like... one of them and get into the games. You'll win. I'll bet a bundle on you, and we'll clean up.

STEVE

Oh, right. And who's gonna take the bet? Vegas?

GARY

(coyly)

I have someone in mind.

STEVE

You're nuts...

GARY

C'mon, a normal guy against a bunch of them? You'll look like Carl freakin' Lewis out there.

Steve thinks about it.

STEVE

No, no, I can't do it. It's wrong!

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Steve is sitting at his new cubicle, shuffling through a few forms. His phone rings. Steve answers it.

STEVE

Hell --

GARY (V.O.)

I'll tell you what's wrong! That Pedro friend of yours had no insurance. That's what's wrong! And you said he has kids. He probably has relatives in El Salvador he's supporting too.

STEVE

Look, I want to help, but...

GARY (V.O.)

But what? C'mon, what kind of scumbag are you? You give the poor guy a defective lawnmower... Then you promise him insurance when you lure him away from that other job.

Steve thinks about this for a few seconds.

STEVE

I'm sorry, I'm not fixing the Special Olympics --

Mr. Henderson walks by. Steve smiles nervously and lowers his voice.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Uncle Gary.

INT. PEDRO'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Steve is visiting Pedro in his hospital room. Pedro is surrounded by his EIGHT CHILDREN.

STEVE

How you feeling, Pedro?

PEDRO

Not bad, Mr. Steve. Did you straighten out insurance glitch?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE

(nervous)

Yeah... it's under control.

Steve sits down, his face turning pale. Pedro notices.

PEDRO

Is okay if you don't get insurance.
Pedro doesn't need all his fingers.

STEVE

No, no. I'm working on it. It's
just... a bureaucratic snafu.

Steve gets up, pats him on the arm, and walks out.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The second he leaves Pedro's room, he collides into Gary.

GARY

Pedro, poor Pedro. He trusted you.
He believed you. He literally gave
you his hand in friendship --

STEVE

Okay, okay! I'll rig the Special
Olympics.

Gary sits down, relieved.

GARY

Thank you. Finally, a little
humanity.

CUT TO:

INT. "24 HOUR VIDEO" - NIGHT

Gary and Steve are standing at the counter of a local video
store.

GARY

I want to rent "Forrest Gump,"
"Rain Man," and "The Other Sister."

VIDEO STORE CLERK

Whoa. Party...

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Steve and Gary are watching "The Other Sister." It's one of those cloying, nauseating scenes between Juliette Lewis and Giovanni Ribisi. Gary hits the "PAUSE" button.

GARY
Okay, you try.

STEVE
Try what?

GARY
Acting like that. Come on, man.
Start taking this seriously.

Gary nudges Steve hard in the ribs. Steve gets up and tries to get "into character." He puffs his cheeks up and makes his eyes as big as saucers.

STEVE
(exaggerated voice)
"Who invented sex? I think it was
Madonna!"

Gary claps his hands, ecstatic.

GARY
That's perfect, Steve. I love
that!

STEVE
That was terrible. That's not how
mentally handicapped people are.

GARY
Shit, right, you forgot to drool.

STEVE
Goodnight, Uncle Gary.

Steve leads Gary towards the door.

GARY
It's exciting, isn't it? You're
acting again, Steve.

Gary starts to leave, then turns back.

GARY (CONT'D)
Oh, hey, know what would be good?
Try and come up with a slogan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE

What?

GARY

You know, like "Life is like a box of chocolates." Or "Take my hands, boss" like that monster retard in "The Green Mile."

STEVE

(repeating it)

"Monster retard in the Green Mile..." What the hell is wrong with you? Forget it. This is wrong. I can't do this --

Suddenly, the phone rings. Steve answers it.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Hello... Pedro? How ya holding up... What? How can they do that? I thought they had to give you 30 days notice... Shit, that's not fair... Of course you can stay here... All nine of you?

(beat)

Sure, see you Sunday.

Steve hangs up. He looks slowly up at Gary and sighs.

GARY

We'll get started first thing in the morning.

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A bunch of clothes are scattered across Steve's living room. Gary is pacing back and forth. Suddenly, Steve walks into the room, wearing a long happy face t-shirt and a pair of loose brown corduroys. Gary circles around him and nods approvingly.

GARY

Not bad. Not bad. Okay, say something.

Steve walks to the mirror. He widens his eyes and talks slowly.

STEVE

Hi, my name is Mitchell. Where can I get a bus?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gary looks at him: "not bad." Steve shakes his head and tries again.

STEVE (CONT'D)
My name is Arthel! Can I please be
in Special Olympics?

GARY
Better...

STEVE
No, no, still too over the top.

Steve looks in the mirror and tries a subtler, more dignified face and voice.

STEVE (CONT'D)
My name is Jeffy. I like to eat
apples.

GARY
(elated)
"Jeffy!" That's... perfect!

Steve smiles at the mirror, gaining a little confidence.

INT. MCDONALDS - DAY

Steve is standing in front of the counter. Gary is a foot behind him, observing. A CASHIER leans over.

CASHIER
(to Steve)
Can I help you?

STEVE
Jeffy want a Mcapple!

CASHIER
Sorry, honey. We don't serve that.

STEVE
(looks up at menu)
Mcfrenchfries! Mcfrenchfries!

INT. MCDONALDS - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Steve is sitting at a table, eating his fries the same messy way we saw him eating earlier in his apartment. A COUPLE OF ATTRACTIVE WOMEN at the table next to him look over, sympathetic. They get up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN #1

Need any help?

"Jeffy" looks at her. He nods shyly. The Two Women sit across from Steve and start to feed him his fries. Gary smiles at Steve from the other side of the restaurant, and gives him a "thumbs up."

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Steve and Gary are walking down the street. Steve is smiling a little, despite himself.

STEVE

I have to admit... that wasn't bad.

GARY

Yeah. You did good, but...

(looks at him)

Something's still missing.

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

Steve is sitting in a barber's chair. Gary is standing next to the BARBER.

BARBER

How would you like me to cut it?

GARY

Really bad.

BARBER

What?

GARY

Try and make him look like he's mentally handicapped.

The Barber thinks.

BARBER

How about something like Ted Koppel?

GARY

Not so absurd. Make it believable.

CUT TO:

INT. GARY'S CAR - DAY

Gary is driving. Steve's hair now looks exactly like Ted Koppel's. Gary looks out his window...

Around a hundred MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY HANDICAPPED ATHLETES are doing limbering up exercises on a field. Gary turns to Steve.

GARY

Okay, man. Start the drooling.

Gary drives into a parking space right beside the field.

STEVE

Uncle Gary, you can't park here.

GARY

Sure I can. You're handicapped.

STEVE

No, I think these spots are for people who are physically handicapped.

GARY

Nah, I don't think so...

Gary opens his window and calls out to one of the SPECIAL OLYMPIC VOLUNTEERS.

GARY (CONT'D)

Excuse me. My friend here has an IQ of 50. Can we park here?

The Volunteer stares at him, incredulous.

GARY (CONT'D)

(to Steve)

Yeah, it's cool.

EXT. SPECIAL OLYMPICS QUALIFYING SITE - SECONDS LATER

Gary and Steve are walking towards a sign-up booth. Steve looks around at all the athletes on the field. He starts to breathe heavily. After a few seconds, he's practically hyperventilating.

GARY

(sotto)

What the hell's wrong with you?
Calm down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Steve stops walking.

STEVE

This is wrong. I'm not doing it...
I can't.

GARY

What are you talking about? You
have to. Come on!

STEVE

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'm out of
here.

Steve turns around and bumps into someone.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Is something wrong?

Gary and Steve look up. Standing in front of them is LYNN
SHERIDAN, a beautiful Volunteer in her early 30's who
radiates goodness.

GARY

Uh, Jeffy's just nervous...

Steve looks up at her and, for a moment, is speechless.
She's the most beautiful woman he's ever seen. If there's
such a thing as love at first sight, this is it.

LYNN

There's no need to be nervous,
Jeffy.

Lynn moves closer to him, smiling.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Lynn. Nice to meet you.

Steve just stares at her, smitten.

LYNN (CONT'D)

What's the matter? Cat got your
tongue?

GARY

He's a little shy...

"Jeffy" lowers his head.

STEVE

Cat got my tongue!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lynn smiles warmly. Gary looks on, pleased.

LYNN
Kind of a silly expression, isn't it?

STEVE
Cat got my tongue.

Lynn smiles again. She turns to Gary.

LYNN
Are you his sponsor?

GARY
Yeah. It's a thankless job, but --

LYNN
Do you have his medical records?

GARY
Huh?

LYNN
His records. We require medical records for all the athletes.

GARY
Oh, his medical records. You know what? I left them in my other car.
(lame laugh)
I swear, sometimes I think I'm retarded.

Lynn gives him a bit of a dirty look.

GARY (CONT'D)
Look, it'll take me hours to get them. And just look at this little guy. He has his heart set on competing. Don't you, Jeffy?

STEVE
Go for gold!

Lynn looks at Jeffy for a beat. She sighs.

LYNN
Jeffy, do you want to grab some water over there, or a Power Bar? I've gotta talk to your sponsor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STEVE
Del Monte juice?

LYNN
(smiles)
I don't know if we have that.

Steve walks a few yards away to a table with Power Bars, beverages, etc. He grabs an Evian, and watches Lynn and Gary talk, a little nervous.

LYNN (CONT'D)
(pen in hand)
What specifically is his condition?

GARY
His condition?
(thinks)
He's... real slow. And he wets himself. You should see him try to eat a watermelon.

Lynn just looks at him. A few feet away, Steve winces, eavesdropping on their conversation. AN ATHLETE and his SPONSOR stand beside Steve in front of the beverage cooler. Steve smiles nervously at them.

LYNN
Look, for his own well being, I'm going to need to accurately know what his handicap is.

Steve turns quickly to the Sponsor beside him.

STEVE
Jeffy want a V-8!

The Sponsor smiles at him, puts down the folder he's holding and reaches behind him into the beverage cooler. As he does, Steve opens the Sponsor's folder and quickly sneaks a peek at the medical record inside.

GARY
Look, Lynn, I'm trying to be helpful here but I'm not technically a doctor and I don't --

Suddenly, Steve appears out of nowhere, standing right between Gary and Lynn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

STEVE

Jeffy "highly functioning
autistic!"

Lynn turns and looks at him.

LYNN

Good for you, Jeffy.

"Jeffy" hangs his head shyly. Lynn smiles warmly at him. Gary looks beside him and notices A FEMALE VOLUNTEER hugging an ATHLETE.

GARY

I bet Jeffy could use a hug.

LYNN

Jeffy... would you like a hug?

"Jeffy" nods. She gives him an affectionate hug. Steve closes his eyes and enjoys it.

STEVE

Jeffy like.

Lynn chuckles. Gary checks Lynn out as her back is turned: "Not bad." Lynn starts to lead Steve away. Gary moves closer to her.

GARY

Let me help you walk him. He can
be a real handful --

LYNN

Could you go there, please, and
fill out his registration forms.

Lynn starts to walk away with "Jeffy". Steve sneaks a look back at Gary.

STEVE

(gloating)

Bye, Gary!

Gary glares at him, a little pissed.

EXT. QUALIFYING FIELD - SECONDS LATER

Lynn is walking Steve towards the middle of the field. Steve is still staring at her, love struck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYNN

There are five different events in the Special Olympics pentathlon. You'll try out in each of them now so we can assess your level - and see which athletes to put you with at the games.

STEVE

Can I be with Jimmy?

LYNN

Pardon?

STEVE

Jimmy. From Dateline! Jeffy big fan.

LYNN

Sure... You can be with Jimmy. If you do really, really well. But if not, hey, that's okay, too.

She smiles at him. He smiles back.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Okay, Jeffy. First up is the 100 meter hurdles. Good luck.

STEVE

Thank you!

LYNN

You're welcome.

"Jeffy" continues to smile at her, smitten.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Jeffy... the race?

STEVE

Oh... Jeffy forgot.

The two of them share another laugh. Then Steve walks up to the starting line and hunches forward next to the other athletes. He looks to his right.

Hunched over beside him is RUDY, a guy with Down Syndrome. Steve winces, then smiles good naturedly at Rudy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVE (CONT'D)

(in his own voice)

Don't worry, I'll take it easy on you.

RUDY

Fuck you, ugly. Rudy beat your ass.

Steve looks at him in total shock. The STARTING GUN goes off. ONE OF THE ATHLETES runs in the other direction and starts to scream.

Steve starts running at a leisurely pace, not wanting to embarrass his "handicapped" competitors. But to his amazement, all of them, led by Rudy, are blowing past him with ease.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUALIFYING FIELD - DAY

Steve is lined up for the high jump. AN ATHLETE beside him sprints towards a high bar and leaps expertly over it. Steve takes a running start, then manages to lift himself only a couple of feet in the air, landing well in front of the bar. A FEW OF THE ATHLETES nod their heads and give him a sarcastic "thumbs up".

CUT TO:

EXT. QUALIFYING FIELD - DAY

CLOSE on Steve, now running the 400 meter dash. He has a look of pure determination in his eyes. There's no one within 10 yards of him.

PAN SLOWLY to REVEAL Steve is actually way behind everybody else. Suddenly, ONE OF THE COMPETITORS trips and falls.

A bunch of the other athletes turn their heads, then run over and help him up, as has become tradition in the Special Olympics.

Steve, oblivious, just keeps on running towards the finish line. He pumps his fist a little, proud of himself, when he crosses the finish line.

EXT. QUALIFYING FIELD - DAY

Steve has just finished the pentathlon trials and he looks absolutely exhausted, much more so than his handicapped opponents. Lynn runs over to him.

LYNN

Way to go, Jeffy! You finished sixteenth! You get to be in the pentathlon with Jimmy!

Lynn hugs Steve. Steve savors the hug a little too much once again. Lynn walks over to congratulate the next qualifier. Gary pounds Steve on the back.

GARY

Good thinking, pal.

STEVE

(leaning over, trying to catch his breath)

Huh?

GARY

To hold back. And let fifteen of them beat you. Nice touch.

INT. BIG TONY'S BAR - NIGHT

Gary is sitting at the bar, drinking a beer when another news report on Jimmy comes on.

INSERT ON TV:

EXT. OLYMPIC FIELD - DAY (ON TV)

Jimmy leaps far over a mat, then raises his arms victoriously as a crowd cheers "Yes, you can!" The footage comes to an end and a well coiffed news anchor, LYLE DAVIS, shakes his head and looks at the camera.

LYLE DAVIS

What an amazing, inspiring young man. The Special Olympics are being held in one week right here, with over 500 athletes from across America gathering to compete. And you can catch the action right here on Channel 7!

Gary grabs a mug off the counter and saunters over to Big Tony and a few guys sitting at a table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY

(casually)

You know, I don't think Jimmy's gonna win this year.

BIG TONY

What are you talking about?

GARY

Jimmy. I'm just saying. I think he's had his day.

BIG TONY

So have you, you deadbeat. Where's my money?

GARY

You'll get it. I swear. But I'm serious. Why don't we put some money on it?

Big Tony looks at him, confused.

GARY (CONT'D)

Look, I owe you 40 grand, right? Well... 100 grand says Jimmy's gonna lose the next Special Olympics.

Big Tony stares at him.

BIG TONY

What the hell did you just say?

GARY

100 g's says Jimmy goes down in one week.

BIG TONY

One second. One freakin' second here. Am I hearing right? You want to bet on the Special Olympics?

GARY

Why not? It's a sport.

Big Tony looks at him for a beat.

BIG TONY

Get the hell out of my bar, you piece of shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GARY

I'll give you two to one odds.

BIG TONY

Who the hell are you, Jimmy the Greek?

(looks away, chuckles)

"Two to one odds..."

GARY

I'll put up my house. C'mon.
That's gotta be worth at least two
hundred grand. You've seen it.

BIG TONY

(looks at him)

You want to bet against Jimmy, that
sweet freakin' little saint Jimmy
and you're willing to put up your
house, the only thing you own.

GARY

That's right.

BIG TONY

Listen to me, Gary. You have a
problem. You're sick. You need
help. But I'll tell you what.
Before you get help, I'll take your
house.

Big Tony shakes Gary's hand, almost crushing it.

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Pedro and his EIGHT CHILDREN are in the process of moving
into Steve's apartment. Three of Pedro's kids are playing
baseball with a hardball and a wooden bat. Pedro's oldest
son, PEDRO JR., is kicking a soccer ball hard against his TV.

Steve walks in, carrying a bunch of boxes. Pedro walks over
to Steve. He has a splint over his three missing fingers.

PEDRO

Please, Mr. Steve. Let me help.

STEVE

No way. That's okay, I got it.
So, how ya feeling? Still in a lot
of pain?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEDRO

Is like anything, Mr. Steve. You
get used to it.

Steve looks at him, amazed.

STEVE

You have a great attitude, you know
that.

PEDRO

Pedro has kids. One day, you have
kids... they make you proud, then
you be happy like Pedro.

Steve smiles at him, moved. Pedro Jr. kicks a soccer ball
hard to his father. The ball ricochets hard off Pedro's
splint. Pedro laughs good naturedly.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

Papa can't play goalie now.

(to Steve, proud)

Pedro Jr. Pele of South Mexico.

One day gonna be pro.

Pedro Jr. nods politely, then looks up at his father.

PEDRO JR.

When can you play again, Papa?

PEDRO

Soon...

(looks at Steve)

Right?

Steve nods. Pedro smiles.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

You're a good man, Mr. Steve.

INT. GARY'S CAR - DAY

Gary is driving. Steve is sitting beside him, looking
nervous.

STEVE

Promise you'll visit me every day.

GARY

You're not going to prison. You're
going to an Olympic village.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY (CONT'D)

Where the hell do you live now,
Buckingham Palace?

EXT. SPECIAL OLYMPIC VILLAGE - DAY

Gary drives up to a large series of athletic fields with lots of practice areas and gymnasiums.

There are a bunch of dormitory style buildings lined up in a campus type setting. It looks just like the regular Olympics.

DOZENS OF ATHLETES are walking around the grounds, sunning themselves, excitedly getting to know each other, having a good time.

Steve and Gary get out of the car. The second they get out, GLEN, a well built Special Olympics athlete, walks over to them and extends his hand.

GLEN

I'm Glen! Gueth how many fingerth
I have?

Steve winces, thinking of Pedro.

GARY

(to Glen, bored)

Ten.

Glen laughs hysterically.

GLEN

No, no! I have eight fingerth. I
have two thumbth!!

GARY

Hey, that's great!

Gary smiles, then turns to Steve and gives him a look. Glen walks over to Steve.

GLEN

Gueth what! Gueth what! I oneth
had a lap danth.

Steve just looks at him. Glen smiles back.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Whatth your name?

STEVE

I'm Ste --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gary elbows him. Steve sighs, then gets into character.

STEVE (CONT'D)

My name Jeffy.

Glen looks at him for a beat.

GLEN

You talk funny.

GARY

Uh, he's Canadian.

GLEN

Know who else is Canadian? Bill
Shatner.

Gary looks at him, then leads Steve quickly away.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

Gary and Steve are at a desk marked "Registration." Steve looks up at the woman behind the desk. It's Lynn. He quickly turns around and takes a hit of breath spray.

LYNN

Jeffy, is that you?

STEVE

Cat got my tongue. Cat got my
tongue.

Lynn throws her head back and laughs. Steve just gazes at her, trying to memorize her smile.

LYNN

I see your sponsor came with you.

GARY

(sotto, to Lynn)

Yeah. Hey, listen, he won't give
you any trouble. I trained him
myself.

LYNN

Trained him?

GARY

Yeah. Listen, I was thinking...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY (CONT'D)
when you put Jeffy and the kids to
bed, maybe me and you could go grab
a bite. I think I saw an "Olive
Garden" not too far from here --

LYNN
No thanks.

She turns quickly to "Jeffy."

LYNN (CONT'D)
Jeffy, wanna see your room?

"Jeffy" nods. Gary starts to leave.

GARY
Be a good boy, okay?

STEVE
Don't call Jeffy "boy."

Lynn stifles a giggle and shoots Steve a look: "Good for
you!" Gary glares at Steve. He turns to Lynn.

GARY
By the way, don't forget to give
him plastic sheets.

Steve looks at him. Lynn smiles at Steve, then takes Gary
aside, speaking quietly to protect Jeffy's feelings.

LYNN
Does Jeffy wet his bed?

GARY
Uh, just a couple times a night.

Steve glares at Gary.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - DAY

Lynn is walking Steve towards his dorm. Steve is just
staring at her, mesmerized.

STEVE
Lynn have nice dress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYNN

(smiles)

Actually, this is a blouse, but
thank you, Jeffy. Thank you very
much.

STEVE

(beat)

Lynn have nice hair too.

She smiles. Steve smiles back. Suddenly, her cell phone
rings. Lynn answers it.

LYNN

Hello... Hi, honey!

Steve winces when he hears Lynn say "honey."

LYNN (CONT'D)

No, of course we're still on for
tonight. Don't worry, David. I'll
have plenty of time to ditch you
after we're married. Gotta run,
sweetie.

Lynn hangs up the phone, still smiling. Steve looks at her
with a faraway look.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Is everything okay, Jeffy?

STEVE

Uh, yeah. Everything good. Jeffy
just miss Gary.

LYNN

(smiles, sympathetic)

Well, I know I'm not Gary, but I'll
try and keep you company.

Lynn smiles at Steve and takes his arm. Steve looks down at
her hand.

INT. SPECIAL OLYMPIC DORM ROOM - DAY

Lynn walks Steve down a hallway. Glen, the athlete Steve met
outside, follows an inch behind them the entire way.

Lynn leads Steve into a comfortable looking room with two
beds, a couch, and a bathroom. Sitting on one of the beds is
BILLY, a small, wiry guy. He's staring straight down at the
floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYNN

Hey, Billy. You got a roommate.

Billy continues to stare down at the floor. Lynn elbows Steve and gestures for him to say "Hi."

STEVE

Hi! My name's Jeffy.

Billy just keeps staring down at the floor. Steve looks around the room. There's a CD on Billy's dresser. Steve picks it up and looks at it.

STEVE (CONT'D)

"Kids of Widney High"... Jeffy never heard. What are they, like "In Sync?"

Billy starts to shriek at the top of his lungs.

BILLY

That's Billy's! That's definitely Billy's!

Steve quickly puts down the CD. Billy continues to shriek at the top of his lungs.

LYNN

It's okay, Billy. Jeffy put it down.

Billy looks down at the CD.

BILLY

Definitely a scratch!

Billy starts to scream even louder now. A lot of the athletes start to mill around in the hallway, checking out what the commotion is. Lynn turns to everyone.

LYNN

It's okay, everyone. Just a little misunderstanding. You can go back to your rooms now.

Lynn exits down the hall.

BILLY

Jeffy scratched my CD. Definitely scratched my CD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A muscular Special Olympic athlete, MARK, walks crookedly over to Steve. He gets right in Steve's face. He speaks out of the side of his mouth.

MARK

Why did you scratch his CD?!

STEVE

Jeffy just... admiring it.

MARK

Well, do it again and you'll be admiring my ass from the pavement with a straw.

STEVE

(looks at him)

What?

MARK

You heard me.

Mark storms off. Steve turns and looks at Billy. Billy starts to rock back and forth in his bed.

STEVE

Listen, sorry about that whole CD incident.

BILLY

You touched Billy's CD.

STEVE

Yeah, I know. I'm really sorry.

BILLY

You touched Billy's CD. Definitely touched Billy's CD.

STEVE

Billy, if you listen to me, you'll see I'm not disputing that. I'm just trying to apolo --

BILLY

(hand up in the air:

"this discussion is over")

Uh, ta-ta-ta...

Billy throws his head down hard on his pillow. Steve sighs.

EXT. SPECIAL OLYMPICS TRAINING FIELD - DAY

Steve is practicing on a large field with Glen, Billy, Mark, and a bunch of the other pentathletes.

Suddenly, they all turn their heads at the same time and look to their right, a little awestruck.

We PAN ACROSS and see Jimmy, walking towards them. Everything about him says "superstar." He's followed by AGENTS, P.R. PEOPLE, and a FEW FARRAKHAN TYPE BODYGUARDS with bowties.

STEVE

Wow. That really Jimmy?

Glen nods, then chases quickly after Jimmy with a pen and paper.

GLEN

Can I have your autograph, pleath?

JIMMY

(curtly)

Get it on E-Bay.

Glen walks sadly back to Steve and the other guys. He looks at them for a beat.

GLEN

(confused)

What'th E-Bay?

Steve looks at him. Suddenly, a large medicine ball is thrown across the field, careening hard off Steve's groin. Mark walks over and picks it up.

MARK

Oops. Silly me.

Steve glares at Mark as he walks away.

GLEN

(to Steve, sotto)

Ignore. He hath issueth.

Steve looks at him. Suddenly, MATT, a muscular looking Volunteer in his 30's, blows a whistle.

MATT

(a bit effeminate)

C'mon, people. Let's go, let's go!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The athletes start to run. Steve starts to breathe heavily after a few strides, once again, finding it difficult to keep up with the rest of the Special Olympic athletes.

INT. SPECIAL OLYMPIC CAFETERIA - DAY

Steve is sitting at a table in the middle of a large cafeteria. He's the only one in the room who looks exhausted. In fact, none of the other athletes look even remotely tired. Steve turns to Billy.

STEVE

Wow, are those workouts always that brutal?

Billy picks up his plate and walks to the next table.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Great. High school all over again.
Getting snubbed by the cool kids.

Steve turns to Glen.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Could you pass the turkey, please?

GLEN

Uh huh.

Glen just continues eating, staring straight ahead.

STEVE

Uh, listen, Glen, could you please pass the turkey?

GLEN

Uh huh.

Glen just continues eating. Steve gets up, and tries to move around Glen to get to the turkey. Glen puts his hand up, stopping him.

GLEN (CONT'D)

(mouth full of corn)

You athked if I could path turkey.
Didn't athk if I would! Didn't
athk if I would!!

Glen starts to laugh hysterically, spraying his food all around the room. He leans closer to Steve.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLEN (CONT'D)

Do you know I oneth had a lap
danth?

MARK

(calling out)

You never had a lap dance!

The athlete beside Mark yells out too.

ATHLETE #1

Never had a lap dance!

A few athletes start to chant.

A FEW ATHLETES

Glen's a liar! Glen's a liar!

Glen looks at Steve, a little hurt.

GLEN

(softly)

I oneth had a lap danth.

STEVE

Hey, man, I believe you. But
seriously, if you would pass the
turkey, I'd really appreciate it --

GLEN

Youth talk different.

STEVE

(a bit nervous)

What?... What do you mean?

GLEN

Youth talk different than you did
before. Why do youth talk
different than before?

BILLY

(from his table)

Yeah, definitely talks different.
Cadence. Pitch --

STEVE

(more nervous)

No, no, Jeffy's talking the same.

GLEN

Youth talk different than you did --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lynn walks over from a table nearby.

LYNN
Is there a problem?

GLEN
Jeffy talk different than he did
before!

STEVE
(quickly)
Jeffy hungry. Wants some turkey.

LYNN
(smiles)
Sounds the same to me.

Lynn musses up Glen's hair affectionately.

LYNN (CONT'D)
Watch this wisenheimer, Jeffy.
He's full of mischief.

Lynn smiles at the two of them and walks away. Glen glares at Steve and joins Billy at his table.

Steve looks down and sighs. He reaches over for the turkey. Mark walks over and snatches it away.

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE SIDEWALK - DAY

Steve is walking back to his room by himself. All the other athletes are walking ahead of him, paired up, chuckling, having a good time.

Steve looks to his right and sees THOMAS, a heavysset Special Olympic athlete with a bad case of A.D.D., walking by himself. Steve walks over to him.

STEVE
Hi, I'm Jeffy! What's your name?

THOMAS
Thomas. Tomorrow I'm gonna talk to Karen. She's a great swimmer. She can jump high too.

(beat)
Did I tell you I got a watch? My aunt sent it to me. Not aunt Helen, Aunt Ruth.

(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS (CONT'D)

When I talk to Karen, how should I wear my shirt? Like this, pulled up, down?

STEVE

Huh? I don't know. Like you're wearing it.

THOMAS

Wearing what?

STEVE

Your shirt.

THOMAS

What about my shirt?

STEVE

(exasperated)

You just asked how you should wear it.

THOMAS

I'm sorry. Have we met?

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - DAY

Steve is walking toward his dorm. Suddenly, he looks up and sees...

Lynn, standing off in the distance, in front of a BMW, kissing DAVID, her handsome fiancée. Steve continues to watch, unable to look away.

LYNN

Hey, Jeffy.

STEVE

Uh, oh. Jeffy wasn't looking.

LYNN

That's okay.

David steps forward and extends his hand.

DAVID

Hey, buddy. David Patrick.

STEVE

Jeffy...

(beat, thinks)

Del Monte.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID
Excited for the games?

Steve shrugs, still reeling from their kiss.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(friendly smile)
Come on, champ. You must be more
excited than that.

LYNN
Jeffy's a little lonely. He misses
his friend Gary.

DAVID
Oh, I'm sorry. That can be rough.
Tell you what? Why don't you have
dinner with us tonight? My treat.

STEVE
I don't think so --

DAVID
Okay, your treat.

David smiles good naturedly. Lynn smiles at David.

STEVE
(looks at Lynn)
Jeffy just be in way.

Lynn turns to "Jeffy" and pats him on the arm.

LYNN
No, no. I want you to come.

Steve looks down at her hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - NIGHT

Steve is dressed in a red bowtie and sports jacket, waiting outside for Lynn and David. David's BMW pulls up. Steve looks in and sees David behind the wheel, Lynn beside him. Then he looks in the back seat and sees...

YOLIE, a female Special Olympic athlete sitting there, all dressed up. Steve turns to Lynn, confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYNN

(smiles, sotto)

I hope you don't mind, Jeffy. I
fixed you up.

Steve looks at Lynn, a look of pure panic in his eyes. Lynn
winks reassuringly at him and whispers.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Just be yourself.

INT. "CHIANTI" RESTAURANT - NIGHT

David and Lynn are sitting next to each other, holding hands.
Steve is sitting across from them with Yolie. He couldn't
possibly look more uncomfortable.

LYNN

What are you gonna have, Yolie?

YOLIE

Salad.

LYNN

That's it?

YOLIE

Okay, Lynn. Dressing too.

David and Lynn laugh. Steve joins in with a high pitched,
idiotic cackle - his real laugh. (The laugh we saw earlier
when he was watching "Family Guy") Yolie just looks at him.
There's a bit of a silence.

LYNN

(to Jeffy)

Yolie's from Seattle.

Steve just nods, reluctant to do his Jeffy voice around her.

YOLIE

Where you from?

STEVE

(quickly)

New York.

YOLIE

I've seen that on TV.

STEVE

Uh huh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Yolie looks away, a little embarrassed. Lynn shoots Jeffy a little look. Steve sighs. He can't get away with this for the rest of the night.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I hear Seattle rains.

YOLIE

Sometimes.

STEVE

Uh, how often would you say?

YOLIE

(looks at him)

I don't know. It varies.

STEVE

From season to season? Or day to day?

YOLIE

Uh, I don't know. Both I guess.

There's a bit of a silence. Finally, the Waiter walks over.

WAITER

Are you ready?

STEVE

Yeah! Okay, the lady will have salad and I'll have the fettuccine alfredo and --

They all look at him for a beat.

STEVE (CONT'D)

And Jello. Lots of Yellow Jello!

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

All of them except Yolie are leaning back in their chairs, looking a little stuffed. Steve is talking up a storm now, feeling more relaxed.

STEVE

Then Jeffy was working at Burger King one summer, and he found twenty dollar bill, and he was happy, really happy, but then he realized he had a hole in pocket. It was his twenty dollar bill!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Steve smiles, still amused by that real life anecdote. David and Lynn chuckle. Yolie smiles at Steve politely.

YOLIE

Excuse me. Have to go to bathroom.

LYNN

Yeah, me too.

(to David and Steve)

You know what they say about us
gals. We always go in pairs.

David and Steve stand up, and the two of them head off.
David turns to "Jeffy."

DAVID

Quite a gal, isn't she?

STEVE

Lynn fantastic.

DAVID

(laughs)

I was talking about Yolie. But
thanks, Jeffy. And you know what?
I think you're pretty great too.
I admire the hell out of what you
guys do, the challenges you
overcome...

(genuinely moved)

I'm sorry, I just think you guys
are so great.

INT. "CHIANTI" BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lynn and Yolie are standing in front of the mirror, adjusting
their makeup.

LYNN

So... what do you think of him?

YOLIE

He's an idiot.

LYNN

No, no, he's nice. He's just
nervous.

YOLIE

No. You know...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOLIE (CONT'D)
(trying to find the words)
It's like... you look at him, and
nobody's home.

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - NIGHT

Steve, David, Lynn, and Yolie have just returned and are getting out of David's BMW. Yolie practically leaps out of the car.

YOLIE
Bye.

Yolie walks away as fast as she can, which is pretty damn fast. Lynn kisses David goodnight. Steve looks away, in agony. Lynn looks at Steve, then takes his arm and starts to walk him back towards the camp.

LYNN
Sorry it didn't work out. Dating's hard. You don't know how many bad ones I had to go on before I found David.
(beat)
Isn't David wonderful?

Steve shrugs. Lynn looks at him.

LYNN (CONT'D)
What's wrong? Don't you like David?

STEVE
Jeffy like very much. David nice when Lynn around!

LYNN
What... do you mean?

STEVE
David really nice when Lynn around!
Lets him order fettuccine.

LYNN
(trying to sound casual)
What... What does he do when Lynn's not around?

STEVE
David poke Jeffy in the chest, call him stupid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYNN

What?! Why did he poke you in the chest?

STEVE

Jeffy drank Coke wrong. Spill on David.

Lynn looks down, very troubled by this.

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - NIGHT

Steve is walking back to his dorm. Suddenly, he looks up and sees...

Billy, Mark, Glen and a few of the other athletes walking towards him, a menacing look in their eyes. Steve looks from one to another, afraid. He turns to Thomas.

STEVE

What's going on?

THOMAS

The guys are really angry and there's talk of killing you. Either with a gun, a rock or manure...

(beat, suddenly)

You know who I think is overrated?
Ben Affleck.

Mark steps forward and starts to drag Steve inside their dorm building. Steve resists, but Billy, Glen, and a bunch of the other athletes help drag Steve off.

INT. STEVE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The guys carry Steve into his room and lock the door. Steve scans their faces, trying to figure out what's up.

MARK

You're a faker.

STEVE

Pardon me? Uh... Jeffy doesn't understand.

GLEN

Shut up with that, you thtupid!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK

Yeah! We know you're not
(makes finger quotes)
"technically" special.

BILLY

You're definitely a lame actor,
definitely a lame actor.

MARK

You think you can fool us?
(mocking him)
"My name is Jeffy. My name is
Jeffy. Can I have a hug?"

THOMAS

You lay it on too thick. Like in
those Hollywood movies. We do that
too when we want things.

GLEN

Show him what you do when Pamela
Anderthon came to thee uth last
year.

Mark staggers forward, exaggerating his spastic hand motions
and walk. Then he falls forward and grabs Steve by the
nipples. Steve jerks away.

MARK

It took Pamela longer to catch on.

Steve looks at all of them, embarrassed.

STEVE

(in his real voice)
I'm sorry, guys. I don't know what
to say...
(looks down, beat)
I'll just be going.

They all watch silently as he reaches for his suitcase.

GLEN

What are you doing?

STEVE

I'm packing.

MARK

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVE

Because you're right. I'm a faker.
I've made a mockery of your games.
I'm... I'm the worst person in the
world.

GLEN

We want you to thtay!

STEVE

(confused)

You do?

GLEN

Yeah. We're thick of Jimmy winning
all the time.

BILLY

Jimmy's a prick!

STEVE

What...?

THOMAS

It's true, it's true. We're tired
of seeing his face on TV!
Dateline, Wheaties ads, he even
does Hollywood Squares...

STEVE

Wait a sec. Hold on. You think I
can beat him?

MARK

Yeah, but you gotta start trying!

STEVE

Hey guys, believe me, I am trying!!
I'm doing my best. You have no
idea what kind of pressure I'm
under here.

THOMAS

What do you mean, Jeffy?

STEVE

It's a long story...

DISSOLVE TO:

The guys are all sitting around Steve, wide eyed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARK

Wow.

GLEN

I don't get it...

MARK

Pedro lost his fingers, so Jeffy
wants to cheat on the Special
Olympics. What language were you
listening in, Glen?

GLEN

Ith that right, Jeffy?

STEVE

Yeah. And you can call me Steve.

GLEN

Okay. Boy, Thteve...
(shakes his head)
You really thcrewed that guy over.

Steve just looks at him. Suddenly, there's a knock on the
door.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Who ith it, pleath?

LYNN (O.S.)

Lynn. Can I come in?

They all look at each other for a beat. Glen opens the door.
Lynn looks at all of them.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Listen, I hate to break this up,
but I need to have a little talk
with Jeffy.

(looks at him)

Now. Please. It's important.

The guys exchange a worried look.

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - NIGHT

Lynn is walking Steve towards the parking lot. Steve is
looking at her, confused.

STEVE

What this about --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks up and sees David, in front of his BMW.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Hi David.

LYNN

Jeffy, I was a little troubled
after our talk so I called David --

DAVID

Lynn, this isn't necessary.

LYNN

It is, honey. He should learn not
to say hurtful things like that.

(to Steve)

Jeffy, did David really poke you
hard in the chest?

STEVE

(head down)

No.

LYNN

(sternly)

Why did you say that, then?

STEVE

(softly)

Jeffy a small person.

LYNN

What?

STEVE

Jeffy miss Gary. Jeffy don't know
why he said it.

LYNN

(smiles warmly)

Do you want to apologize to David,
now?

DAVID

Honey, he really doesn't have to.

LYNN

Only if you want to, Jeffy.

Steve looks up at Lynn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVE
Jeffy want to.

LYNN
Great. That's very mature.

Steve walks a few steps closer to David and extends his hand. When David reaches out to shake, Steve FLINCHES and jumps back, cowering.

On Lynn, as she takes notice of this.

INT. OLYMPIC DORMITORY - NIGHT

Steve is in bed, sleeping. Billy opens the door and walks in with Glen, Mark, and Thomas. Glen nudges Steve awake.

GLEN
Get up, Thteve.

Steve looks up, groggy.

STEVE
What the...
(checks his clock radio)
It's three a.m.!

MARK
Time to practice, assface.

BILLY
Yeah, got to beat Jimmy.
Definitely got to beat Jimmy.

Steve looks at them for a beat, then rolls over and goes back to sleep. Mark kicks Steve's bed. Steve sits up. He puts his hand on Mark's shoulder.

STEVE
Please, ten more minutes.

Mark looks down at Steve's hand.

MARK
Hey, Greg Louganis. Hands to yourself.

Steve quickly withdraws his hand.

GLEN
(sotto, to Steve)
Issueth.

EXT. OLYMPIC TRAINING FIELD - NIGHT

Mark, Glen, and Thomas are on the practice field with whistles and clipboards. Steve is hunched over at the starting line. Billy does a perfect imitation of a starting gun with his mouth. Steve looks up at him, impressed.

STEVE

That was pretty good.

MARK

(proud of Billy)

He can also do an Asian guy farting.

Mark nudges Billy. Billy closes his eyes, and makes an incredibly loud farting noise. Mark winces.

MARK (CONT'D)

I meant with your mouth, Billy.

BILLY

Billy misunderstood. Billy definitely misunderstood.

GLEN

C'mon, Thteve. Thtart running!

Steve takes off, doing a little bit better than the last time we saw him. The guys applaud. Billy shakes his head.

BILLY

Sucked. Two point three seconds slower than Jimmy.

GLEN

(a little condescending)

But that wath much better!

Suddenly, the guys look up and see Matt walking over.

MATT

What's going on here?

MARK

Jeffy wanted to practice.

MATT

Jeffy, moderation. The pentathlon's in three days! You're gonna burn yourself out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE

(breathing hard)

Yeah, I know, but I just want to
really push myself --

Matt looks at him for a beat. Glen elbows Steve hard in the ribs. Steve gulps, and shifts back into his persona.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Jeffy go for gold! Jeffy go for
gold!

Matt looks at Jeffy for a beat, then starts to walk away. After a beat, he turns and looks at him again. The guys look at each other, nervous.

INT. CAFETERIA - MORNING

The guys are sitting at a table in the cafeteria, eating breakfast. They're all glaring at Steve.

STEVE

Guys... I told you. I was tired.
Look, I was just out of character
for a second.

MARK

It's not just that. Did you hear
you talk? "Jeffy go for gold,
Jeffy go for gold!" I seen better
acting on pornos.

BILLY

They're on to us. They're on to
us. I'm gonna have a massive
coronary.

THOMAS

(small, sad eyes)

Is that how you think we talk?

STEVE

No, no. God no. I'm sorry, I
didn't mean to--

THOMAS

(laughs)

See what I just did? Act like that
from now on.

SALLY, a Volunteer "lunch lady" in her 80's walks by. They lower their voices. Billy stands up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY

You're looking very lovely today,
Sally. Is that a new hairnet?

Sally smiles at him, blushing a little.

Glen hands Steve a blender with something lumpy and very
nasty looking inside.

GLEN

Here. Drink thith.

STEVE

What's that?

GLEN

A protein shake.

STEVE

I don't know...

THOMAS

Drink it, Steve. If you're gonna
beat Jimmy on Saturday, you're
gonna need to bulk up.

Steve gulps it down, then makes a face.

STEVE

Jesus, what's in that?

GLEN

Milk, eggth, meat.

EXT. OLYMPIC TRAINING FIELD -- DAY

All the Special Olympic athletes are standing in their
practice T-shirts and shorts. Steve is standing in the
middle, his face slightly green.

MATT

First up today is the long jump.
Volunteers!

Thomas raises Steve's hand.

MATT (CONT'D)

Jeffy! I admire your spirit!

STEVE

Uh, Jeffy's not feeling too well...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thomas, Billy, Mark, and Glen push Steve towards Jimmy. As Jimmy is about to jump, Steve keels over and vomits for a good ten seconds all over Jimmy's shoes. Jimmy looks at him, horrified.

JIMMY

Hey! Those are my good shoes, you penis!

(glares up at Steve,
frantically wiping shoes)
I'd make you buy me other shoes,
but Addidas gives me free!

Jimmy storms off like a prima donna. Glen walks over to Steve and pats him on the arm.

GLEN

Way to get inthide hith head.

INT. BIG TONY'S BAR - NIGHT

Big Tony is looking down, deep in thought.

FRANKIE

What's wrong, Tony?

BIG TONY

I've been thinking about this bet.
You know, with Gary. Something
doesn't smell right.

VINNY

You think he knows something?

BIG TONY

I don't know. Maybe Jimmy pulled a
groin or something.

Big Tony looks at the two of them.

BIG TONY (CONT'D)

I want you two to go to one of
their practices and see what you
can find out.

EXT. SPECIAL OLYMPIC ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

Vinny and Frankie are walking around the Village, looking for Jimmy. Glen is watching them from a few feet away, curious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE

How the hell are we gonna find Jimmy?

VINNY

(points to building)
Let's go in there. They probably have a directory or something.

FRANKIE

What'll we say?

VINNY

We'll tell them we're from Nike.

FRANKIE

No, Addidas.

VINNY

What the hell's the difference?

FRANKIE

It's more believable.

Frankie looks up finally and notices Glen eavesdropping.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Do you mind, Goofy? Private conversation.

GLEN

My nameth Glen.

FRANKIE

That's what I called you. Now amscray, tardo.

VINNY

Jesus, Frankie, don't call him tardo.

FRANKIE

(confused)

What? When did tardo become politically incorrect?

GLEN

Glen no amthcray. No like you. You thtupid!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANKIE
(turns around)
Oh, I'm stupid?

Vinny thinks for a beat, then shoots Frankie a look.

VINNY
Frankie... Glen's our friend.
(arm around Glen)
Hey, buddy, how would you like to
earn ten bucks?

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE DORMITORY - DAY

Glen, Vinny, and Frankie are outside a window of the dorm.
Vinny hands Glen ten dollars, then motions him away. Frankie
knocks on the window. Jimmy opens it.

FRANKIE & VINNY'S P.O.V

Jimmy's room is much nicer than the other ones we've seen.
There's a big screen TV and a velvet couch.

A lot of plaques and press clippings adorn the walls.
Frankie looks at Jimmy and gulps.

FRANKIE
Shit. Wow. It's an honor to meet
you, Jimmy. Look, Vinny. It's
Jimmy, from the TV!

Vinny reaches out and extends his hand. Jimmy looks at the
two of them, confused.

JIMMY
Who are you?

FRANKIE
Uh... we're from Addidas.

Vinny looks at him and rolls his eyes.

VINNY
We're gonna offer you a contract if
you're healthy. So why don't you
jump up and down a few times and I
don't know, run from here to there.

JIMMY
(puzzled)
Jimmy already has contract with
Addidas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vinny glares at Frankie. Frankie thinks for a second, then reaches into his pocket.

FRANKIE

Here, Jimmy. I'll give you my comb. That's got to be worth at least a thousand bucks!

JIMMY

Hey, don't shit a crapper! What else you got?

FRANKIE

"What else?" Jesus, Vinny, we got "Jerry Maguire" sitting across from us here. Okay, okay. Let's see.

(rifles through his pocket)

I've got some stamps, a dime --

JIMMY

Gimme Rolex!

FRANKIE

Huh? No, I'm sorry, Jimmy. My mother gave me that...

JIMMY

Gimme Rolex!

Vinny gets in Frankie's face.

VINNY

Give him the freakin' Rolex!

Frankie sighs, then takes off his Rolex, heartbroken, and hands it to Jimmy. Jimmy smiles.

VINNY (CONT'D)

Okay, now, do some pushups.

Jimmy expertly does a few pushups.

VINNY (CONT'D)

Good. Now a squat thrust.

Jimmy looks at him.

JIMMY

What am I, a puppet? Jimmy tired. Not gonna do squat thrust.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANKIE

Look, you little sonofabitch. You took my watch, now you're gonna do what we --

JIMMY

(at the top of his lungs)

Rape!

Frankie and Vinny exchange a worried look, a crowd starting to gather inside in the hallway. They glare at Jimmy, then sprint away from the window, back to their car. Jimmy smiles and puts on the Rolex.

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Steve, Thomas, Billy, Mark, Glen and a bunch of the other athletes are sitting by the pool in their bathing suits. Thomas looks up suddenly.

THOMAS' P.O.V.

A Special Olympic athlete, KAREN, runs towards the pool. CLOSE ON her as she splashes into the water, a beauty shot, in slow motion, her hair bouncing up and down, illuminated by the sun. Thomas lowers his head and looks away. Steve looks at Thomas. He smiles.

STEVE

Is that Karen?

THOMAS

Don't say her name!! What if she heard you? I don't want her to know I like her. Then she'd... Did you know Christ was a Jew?

STEVE

What...?

Karen jumps out of the pool and sits beside Jimmy, who's busy sunning himself on a reclining chair and drinking a pink lemonade.

THOMAS

She could never like me. I'm a loser.

STEVE

Hey. Don't talk like that. You have a lot going for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

Like what?

STEVE

Huh? Lots of things.

THOMAS

Name five.

Steve just looks at him. Then he notices Lynn, sitting nearby. He stares at her. Mark chuckles.

MARK

You love Lynn.

STEVE

(looks up, defensive)
No I don't...

MARK

Wanna do the nasty with her? Okay, follow Mark's rules. First, call her ugly. Second, insult her mother--

STEVE

Look, I don't wanna do the nasty with her, and if I did, I wouldn't need your help.

MARK

I'm an expert. I've slept with three hundred and twelve women. And not all of them were mental.

Steve just looks at him. Suddenly, Lynn walks over. She smiles at Steve.

LYNN

Are you free tonight, Jeffy?

Steve nods enthusiastically.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Great. I'll pick you up at eight.

Lynn smiles at him again and walks away. The guys all gulp. Mark looks at Steve, amazed.

MARK

Wow. And you didn't even call her ugly.

INT. STEVE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Steve is in front of his mirror, getting dressed. The guys are all watching him.

STEVE

I don't get it... Why did she ask me to go out?

MARK

Are you sure you didn't call her ugly?

STEVE

(rolls his eyes)

Yes, Mark. I'm positive.

Steve finishes getting dressed. He takes a deep breath.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Any advice, guys?

GLEN

Take thith. My uncle Frank gave me on my twelfth birthday.

Glen hands Steve a box of condoms. Steve coughs a little from the dust.

CUT TO:

EXT. LYNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Steve and Lynn have just gotten out of her car and are walking up the front steps of Lynn's house. Steve looks at her, very confused.

Lynn looks at him for a beat, then throws open her front door. A bunch of people in party hats leap out at Steve and start to sing.

EVERYONE

(in unison)

"Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you..."

Steve turns to Lynn, very confused.

STEVE

Jeffy want to know what's going on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVERYONE
(in unison)
"Happy Birthday, dear Jeffy..."

STEVE
Jeffy really want to know what's
going on.

LYNN
It's your birthday! My family
wanted to throw you a party.

Lynn gestures towards her family.

Standing around a long table are Lynn's MOM and DAD, her
three brothers, and beside them, assorted uncles, cousins,
and aunts. Steve turns to Lynn, frantic.

STEVE
Not Jeffy's birthday...

LYNN
Sure it is.

Lynn grabs Steve's registration form out of her pocket.

LYNN (CONT'D)
Your sponsor Gary filled this out
when you signed up. See?
(shows him the paper)
"Birthday: June 23."

Steve looks down at the paper.

STEVE
(clenched teeth)
Yeah, Jeffy forgot.

Lynn's DAD walks over to Steve.

DAD
How old are you now, Jeffy?

STEVE
Thirty two.

DAD
Thirty two! Wow. What a big age.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LYNN

(glances down at paper)
Actually, Jeffy, you're thirty
eight.

STEVE

Jeffy thirty two!

LYNN

Sorry.
(winks, warmly)
If anyone asks, I'm twenty five,
okay?

MOM

(to "Jeffy," supportive)
Jeffy, you're not getting older.
You're getting better.

DAD

Lynn tells us you're in the
pentathlon... That's the biggest
event in the games. Good for you.

Everyone at the table turns to him and smiles.

EVERYONE

Good for you, Jeffy!

Steve looks at all of them, a little overwhelmed.

INT. LYNN'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeffy's birthday dinner has been served and everyone is
eating. Steve is chowing down the exact same way he always
does. Lynn's Aunt turns to one of the cousins.

AUNT

(sotto)
Doesn't it just break your heart
the way they eat?

Lynn's Dad reaches into his pocket and pulls out a cigar. He
looks at "Jeffy."

DAD

This is a cigar, Jeffy. I'm going
to light it.

LYNN

Dad, are you going to narrate the
whole meal?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAD

I'm sorry, honey. I just didn't want the fire to scare him. Remember how it used to frighten Jeremy.

STEVE

Who Jeremy?

DAD

Jeremy was our gift from God...

MOM

He was Lynn's older brother, Jeffy. And he was special... like you.

Lynn's Mom gestures to the wall, where a portrait of Lynn's dead, mentally handicapped brother proudly hangs. Steve looks at the picture, then at Lynn.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Steve is kneeling in a confessional.

STEVE

Father, I've been doing something bad. Really bad. I... I'm a terrible person.

We see the silhouette of the PRIEST in the confessional.

PRIEST (O.S.)

There are no terrible people, my son. Only poor, misguided souls. Now please, son. Unburden yourself.

STEVE

See, my Uncle's house was gonna be taken away and another guy, a buddy from work needed some fingers and I... I...

PRIEST (O.S.)

Please, son. Continue.

STEVE

Look, you know what, Father, just give me a prayer for the worst sin there is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRIEST (O.S.)

Son, please. What is it? You can tell me.

STEVE

I... can't say the words.

PRIEST (O.S.)

My son, I've heard it all. I've had rapists and murderers kneel before me. There's no sin unforgivable in God's house.

Steve takes a deep breath.

STEVE

Okay... the thing is, Father, I've been pretending to be mentally handicapped. So I can win the Special Olympics. And make money off it --

PRIEST (O.S.)

Pardon. I'm sorry, son. Could you repeat that please?

STEVE

Yes, Father. I've been pretending to be retarded so I can win the Special Olympics... and make some dough --

A beat.

PRIEST (O.S.)

You sick fuck.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The Priest is tossing Steve out on his ass in front of the church. Steve looks up at the church from down on the ground. He slowly closes his eyes.

INT. STEVE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Steve is packing up quietly while Billy sleeps. He walks to the door and looks back at Billy. He chokes up a little, emotional, then walks out the door.

EXT. STEVE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Steve is walking up the front steps of his apartment, suitcase in hand. Suddenly, he hears the sound of a lawnmower. Very slowly, he turns around.

Sitting on a lawn chair, in the middle of the grass is Pedro. Behind him, mowing the lawn, is Pedro Jr.

STEVE

Pedro...

PEDRO

(getting up)

Hi, Mr. Steve!

STEVE

What are you doing?

PEDRO

My hand still hurting, so I ask Pedro Jr. to help. Is that okay?

STEVE

Pedro, listen. You don't have to do the lawn anymore.

PEDRO

But you pay me --

STEVE

Pedro, please. Forget about it. It's not necessa --

Suddenly, behind them, Pedro Jr. lets out a blood curdling scream.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Pedro runs through the emergency doors of a hospital, carrying Pedro Jr. Steve runs in right behind him, holding two of Pedro Jr.'s toes in a bag packed with ice.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

The same Doctor as before is sitting across from Steve, Pedro, and Pedro Jr. Steve is staring at the Doctor, eyes wide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE

It's just a couple of toes. How
can it possibly cost 52 thousand?
I mean, the fingers were only 28!

DOCTOR

There's not as much circulation in
a toe. C'mon, sir, use your head.

Steve just looks at him. Pedro puts his hand gently on
Steve's shoulder.

PEDRO

Please. Pedro Jr. need all his
toes. He wants to be next Pele.
It's all he dreams...

Steve looks first at Pedro, then at Pedro Jr.

INT. REC ROOM - NIGHT

Glen, Mark, Billy, Thomas and a bunch of the guys are
hanging around the rec room, playing ping pong, air hockey,
etc. Suddenly, David bursts in.

DAVID

Hey, guys!

The guys all turn and shyly acknowledge David, like children
greeting a teacher.

ALL OF THEM

Hi David...

DAVID

You must be excited, huh, guys?
Games are only a couple days away.

A few of them smile politely at David. The rest of the guys
just continue to watch TV.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I know I am.

(smiling ear to ear)

In fact, I just went out and did a
little bit of shopping.

David reaches behind his back, and magically produces a box.
He takes out a bunch of T-shirts that say: "Gold Medal Winner
in Courage."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A couple of the guys stick their fingers down their throat, unseen by David. The rest of the guys smile politely at David.

ALL OF THEM
Thank you, David.

DAVID
Where's Jeffy? I want to give him his.

THOMAS
He's practicing.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLYMPIC TRAINING FIELD - NIGHT

Steve is outside, by himself, practicing, looking more determined than he ever has in his life.

All the training he's been doing in the last week is starting to pay off. He's actually starting to look pretty damn good in all five of the events.

Suddenly, a light comes on in one of the dorms.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Jimmy, staring out his window, watching Steve work out, a bit of a concerned look on his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OLYMPIC TRAINING FIELD - MORNING

The next morning. Jimmy is working out a little more vigorously. He's surrounded by his agent, ELLIOT, and a couple of GUYS IN SUITS.

Elliot leans over and hands Jimmy a piece of paper while Jimmy runs. Jimmy shakes his head, then tosses the paper away.

JIMMY
Sorry. Jimmy wouldn't say this.

ELLIOT
Jim, it's pretty standard. "I'm going to Disneyworld!" All the athletes say it after they win. Michael Jordan said it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

Michael Jordan can kiss my balls.

Suddenly, Jimmy looks up and sees Steve walking onto the field. He turns to Elliot.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Sorry. Write me some new. Please.
Jimmy has to work.

Elliot sighs, and walks off with the men in suits. Matt walks onto the field and blows his whistle.

Steve walks towards the starting line. Jimmy walks over and lines up right beside him.

STEVE

Hey...

JIMMY

Hey is for horses.

Matt fires his starting pistol and the two of them take off. The two of them run neck in neck for a few yards. Then Jimmy digs down and grabs the lead. As he does, he half turns to Steve, taunting him, waving his hand forward.

Steve runs faster but ends up losing by a good ten yards to Jimmy. Steve hunches over after the race, having pushed himself harder than he ever has.

GARY

What the hell was that?

Steve looks up, startled to see Gary standing there.

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - DAY

Steve and Gary are sitting on a bench outside of Steve's dorm. Gary's face is a ghostly white.

STEVE

I'm sorry. These guys are amazing.
And Jimmy, man. He could be in the
regular Olympics. A lot of them
could be.

GARY

Maybe on the Jamaican team. Steve,
c'mon, these guys are retarded.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE

Mentally. Not physically. A lot of these guys are world class athletes.

GARY

Yeah, whatever.

STEVE

Listen. There's this guy. Melges Scott. A few years ago, he ran a 26 mile marathon. In 2 hours and fifty eight minutes! A year later he competed in the L.A. marathon, against so-called "normal" athletes. Twenty thousand of them. He finished 137th!

GARY

(getting nervous)

Bullshit...

STEVE

On top of that, these guys are in great shape. They don't drink, they don't smoke, they don't stay up all night chasing women.

GARY

Well, shit, that's not fair.

Gary looks down. He shakes his head.

GARY (CONT'D)

I don't care. You just got to push yourself a little harder. If you do, you'll beat him.

STEVE

I am pushing -

GARY

Well push harder! C'mon, you owe it to Pedro. That poor bastard's fingers are thawing as we speak.

INT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE REC ROOM - NIGHT

The guys are sitting in the rec room watching "Judging Amy." Steve is sitting beside Billy. Billy gets up suddenly and salutes the TV.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY

Good verdict, Judge Amy!

MARK

You know, I once touched Amy
Brenneman's hooters, if you get my
drift.

STEVE

Yeah, right.

MARK

Okay. not technically Amy
Brenneman. But somebody who coulda
been her sister.

Glen gets up.

GLEN

(stretching)

Well, Glen'th gonna turn in.

MARK

What are you, a wussie? Let's do
something.

(turns to Steve)

Drive us somewhere.

STEVE

What?

MARK

Drive us somewhere. We've been
cooped up for like a week.

BILLY

Definitely cooped up for like a
week.

STEVE

I'm not driving you anywhere. I
don't even have a car.

MARK

Drive us somewhere!!

STEVE

Mark, listen. I'm not driving --

MARK

Where do you want to go, guys?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FREDDY, a severely mentally handicapped athlete pops his head up suddenly from the other side of the couch.

FREDDY

Super Bowl!

MARK

(condescending)

Freddy, the Super Bowl isn't for two years. Let's see a movie.

THOMAS

(emphatic)

Nothing with Ben Affleck!

STEVE

Guys, guys, listen to me! We're not going anywhere.

Mark sits right beside Steve. He calmly takes a sip of his lemonade and looks Steve in the eyes.

MARK

Drive us somewhere or we'll tell Lynn you're a faker.

Steve looks at him.

INT. GARY'S CAR - NIGHT

Gary is at the wheel. Steve, Billy and Thomas are squeezed into the front seat beside him. Crammed together in the back seat are Glen, Mark, and Freddy. Gary is staring daggers at Steve.

STEVE

Okay, where to, guys?

FREDDY

Super Bowl?

STEVE

Any other suggestions?

THOMAS

Can we go to Nashville and/or Detroit?

Glen smiles suddenly.

GLEN

I oneth had a lap danth!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK

Strip club!

STEVE

Wait a minute. We're not going to a strip club.

GARY

Why not?

STEVE

What do you mean, why not? These guys are... special. I'm not taking them to a sleazy strip club.

The guys all cheer and chant "Sleazy strip club, Sleazy strip club" in unison. Gary chuckles.

GARY

I don't think we'd exactly be subjecting them to it. Hey, it was their idea.

STEVE

Uncle Gary! Promise me you're not gonna take them to a strip club.

GARY

Okay, okay, relax. Jesus.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEAZY STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Steve, Thomas, Glen, Mark, Billy, Freddy, and Gary are sitting at a table in the middle of the club. A NAKED WOMAN is dancing in the background on the main stage. A scantily clad WAITRESS walks over.

WAITRESS

What can I get you?

GLEN

Pop Tartth.

STEVE

I'll have a Bud. And they'll each have a Coke.

BILLY

Heineken. Heineken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE

You're having Coke. I don't want
you spewing all over me in bed
tonight.

The Waitress gives him a look, then walks away. Thomas hangs
his head.

THOMAS

I shouldn't have come.

STEVE

Why not?

THOMAS

I'm cheating on Karen.

STEVE

Karen?

(beat, delicate)

Thomas, I hate to break it to you,
but you kind of have to talk to a
girl before you can cheat on her.

MARK

Wrong!

THOMAS

See, I have a plan. I'm gonna
publish my book. It'll make lots
of money and Karen will marry me...

(proud)

It's about a cop with one leg who
marries a waitress with just a
head.

STEVE

Uh, that's great... What's it
called?

THOMAS

You're right, Steve. I should
probably call it something.

Steve thinks for a beat. He smiles.

STEVE

I got it. Why don't you call it
"What Are You Staring At?"

THOMAS

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Steve looks at him.

STEVE
No, I mean that's the title.

THOMAS
What's the title?

STEVE
"What Are You Staring At?"

THOMAS
Nothing.

Steve looks at him again. Billy shakes his head.

BILLY
Why do they play "In Sync?" Kids
in Widney High much better.
(turns to Steve)
Touched my CD. Now it skips.

STEVE
You're never gonna get forget that,
are you? Look, I'll buy you a new
one.

BILLY
Touched my CD. Now it skips.

Suddenly, A PRETTY STRIPPER in her 20's walks over.

STRIPPER
Anyone want a lap dance?

GLEN
(points at Steve)
Not him, he's gay!

STEVE
What?! What are you talking about?

GLEN
(surprised)
You mean you're not?

STEVE
No, no. I'm not!

BILLY
(confused)
Then why do you talk like that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Steve looks at him: "what the hell?" Gary and the Stripper laugh. Glen laughs too. The Stripper looks at Glen for a second, noticing he's "special." She pats him gently on the head.

STRIPPER

Do you want a dance?

Glen looks down and smiles. Gary looks at the two of them. He smiles at Glen for a beat, then turns to the Stripper.

GARY

How much?

STRIPPER

Twenty.

Gary takes out his wallet and hands a twenty to the Stripper.

GARY

Give my buddy here a thrill.

Glen looks nervous suddenly. He glances at Steve, unsure. Steve smiles at him.

STEVE

Go for it.

GLEN

Really?

STEVE

Yeah.

GLEN

(moved)

Thank you, Thteve.

The Stripper takes Glen by the hand and starts to lead him away. Glen looks down shyly. He gulps.

GLEN (CONT'D)

You have exthellent titth.

STRIPPER

(moved)

Thank you.

The Stripper walks Glen over to a chair in the back. She sits him down and starts to dance seductively. Glen smiles for a beat, then looks away. She smiles at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

STRIPPER (CONT'D)

It's okay, honey. You're allowed
to look.

GLEN

(surprised)

I am?

STRIPPER

You are too cute.

GLEN

Thankth.

She looks at him for a second, then hands him back the twenty
dollar bill.

STRIPPER

Here's your money back, dear. I'll
give you a ride for free.

GLEN

"Ride?"

(confused)

Ith that a hand job?

She looks at him for a beat then smiles, a little
mischievously.

INT. STRIP CLUB - A LITTLE LATER

The guys are at their table. Gary is drinking a beer and
staring intensely up at the stage. At the next table, Mark,
Billy, Thomas, and Freddy are staring at Steve.

MARK

So... you've been working at that
job for two years, but you hate it?

STEVE

What else am I gonna do?

MARK

I don't know. Be an interior
decorator. You people are good at
that.

THOMAS

You must like something, Steve...

Steve thinks about this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE

Actually, I wanted to be an actor when I was younger, but that didn't pan out.

MARK

Oh, you went to Hollywood?

STEVE

No.

MARK

Huh?

THOMAS

He went to Broadway.

They all look at him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Right, Steve?

STEVE

Uh, actually, I never got around to that...

FREDDY

Summer stock?

STEVE

(softly)

No.

Mark burps.

MARK

You're stupid.

THOMAS

Yeah, how do you know acting didn't pan if you never got around to it?

Steve looks at him for a beat.

STEVE

Good question...

Billy looks across the room and points.

BILLY

David has his hand on that woman's bum. On her curvy bum.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Steve looks to where Billy's pointing. Standing in front of a "theme room" curtain, his hands all over a BLONDE STRIPPER, is David. Lynn's David.

DAVID
(to the Stripper)
How much do I owe you?

BLONDE STRIPPER
Two hundred dollars.

DAVID
Not bad. Listen... how much would it cost if I brought you home? You know, anything goes.

Steve looks on from his table, horrified.

STEVE
(to Gary)
That's Lynn's boyfriend. Let's get out of here!

Gary sprints outside to get the car. Freddy sits up suddenly.

FREDDY
(to Steve)
Is that Lynn's boyfriend?

Steve puts a finger to his mouth, panicked.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
(louder)
Hi Lynn's boyfriend! Hi Lynn's boyfriend!

David turns quickly around, startled. He looks over and sees "Jeffy" and the rest of the guys. He gulps, looking very guilty.

DAVID
Excuse me for a second, Destiny.

David gets up and walks over to "Jeffy."

DAVID (CONT'D)
What... are you doing here?

STEVE
Jeffy's birthday. Wanted to go bowling --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Suddenly, Glen returns, in a total daze.

GLEN

Glen got an amathing lap danth. I
hope she doethn't get with child --

Glen turns and sees David. He turns white.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Oh, no. Oh, no. Oh, no.

DAVID

It's okay, champ.

(sits down with them)

Listen. Let's make a little deal.
I didn't see you here, and you
didn't see me. Okay?

They all nod. David looks at them.

DAVID (CONT'D)

By the way, how did you get here?!

They all look at each other.

STEVE

Uh... we run.

DAVID

Wow, you guys are good athletes.
That's got to be twelve miles.

David looks down at his watch.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Listen, I better get you back
before you get into trouble.

STEVE

That's okay, David.

DAVID

No, I insist.

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - NIGHT

Steve and the guys are squeezing out of David's BMW with
tremendous difficulty. Steve puts a finger to his mouth and
starts to walk towards their dorm. The guys all put a finger
to their mouths and follow his lead.

INT. OLYMPIC DORMITORY - NIGHT

The guys follow David back to their dorm. They're all tiptoeing. Thomas and Billy are a few feet behind the other guys, chatting away loudly, oblivious.

THOMAS

Billy, if you could be any pair of pants in the world, what would you be?

David turns quickly around and "sshes" him. Suddenly, the lights come on in the hallway. They turn around and see... Lynn. She rushes over.

LYNN

David! What the hell is going on here? I was worried sick.

DAVID

It's okay, honey. I... just took them to a movie, that's all.

GLEN

Glen got a lap danth!

MARK

Mark got a boner!

LYNN

David... where did you go?

STEVE

David didn't take us to strip club. Took us to movie!

Lynn looks at David, horrified.

LYNN

David. I don't believe you!

DAVID

Honey, they're making stuff up.

Lynn looks at David, then turns to "Jeffy."

LYNN

Jeffy, I won't be mad this time. Just tell me the truth. Where did you go tonight?

Steve lowers his head, and feigns being scared.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE

(beat, small voice)
David tell Jeffy not talk.

LYNN

David... how could you?

DAVID

Lynn, I didn't --

Lynn rolls her eyes and storms off. Steve walks back to his room. David stares after him, pissed.

INT. STEVE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Steve is sitting up in bed, talking to Billy.

STEVE

Billy, do you believe in Hell?

BILLY

Billy's father once read him a book about hell. "Dante's Inferno." Dante Bichette used to play for the Brewers.

STEVE

Yeah, right, but... do you think there are good people and bad people, Billy? Or do you think sometimes life gets so hard, you just have to do really bad things --

WIDEN to reveal David is standing outside their window, peeking in.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I mean, in high school, we had to read this book "Crime and Punishment." I never really understood it, I mean, not even the Cliff notes, but I --

Suddenly, Steve looks up and sees David, who's been staring in their window for the last fifteen seconds. David climbs in and walks slowly towards Steve.

DAVID

I don't believe it... You faker!

David pokes Steve hard in the chest. Billy screams. Steve just looks at him, startled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID (CONT'D)

How dare you dishonor the courage
and bravery of these fine people!

David pokes Steve harder in the chest. Billy screams louder.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What kind of sick creep are you?

STEVE

(defensive)

Not so nice yourself. Jeffy saw
what you did with dancer.

David pokes Steve really hard this time. Matt runs in,
followed by Lynn.

DAVID

(pokes him again)

Stop talking like that, you stupid
bastard!

Lynn covers her mouth, horrified.

LYNN

David, what are you doing?!

DAVID

(looks up)

Lynn, Lynn! He's not retarded.

(to Steve)

Go ahead. Talk.

STEVE

Jeffy scared. Jeffy scared! Why
David want to hurt Jeffy?

DAVID

Oh, c'mon, stop that! Tell her,
Billy.

Billy looks at all of them for a beat.

BILLY

Jeffy mentally ill. Jeffy
definitely mentally ill.

David looks at him, confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID

He's faking, Lynn. He's faking. I just heard him talk... like a real person.

Matt gets right in David's face.

MATT

He is a real person, you sonofabitch. What the hell's wrong with you?

DAVID

(ignoring him)

Lynn, Lynn. Listen to me. He's not retarded.

LYNN

That's right, David. He's exceptional. Which is a hell of a lot more than I can say about you. Now get the hell out of here.

STEVE

(giggles)

Lynn said "hell."

Lynn looks at "Jeffy" and smiles. David stares daggers at him.

DAVID

Lynn, he's a liar.

LYNN

(losing it)

Get out, you asshole!

David glares at Steve, and storms out. Steve looks down, a little shaken. Lynn looks at him.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Want a hug?

Steve nods. Lynn puts her arms around him. He starts to sniff her hair and caress her back. After a second, Lynn pulls away, embarrassed.

STEVE

(sheepish)

Jeffy doesn't understand what's happening to his body.

INT. REC ROOM - NIGHT

Steve is playing cards with Thomas, Billy, Glen, and a few of the other guys. Karen is sitting on a couch, by herself. Steve nudges Thomas.

STEVE

Talk to her.

THOMAS

What should I say?

STEVE

I don't care. Anything. Please.
Just go over there.

Thomas takes a deep breath, gets up, and walks over to the couch where Karen is sitting. Karen smiles at him. Thomas smiles back. There's a second of silence.

THOMAS

When I was six, my uncle used to
give me long, awkward hugs.

KAREN

What?

Thomas looks away, panicked. He gets up and walks quickly back to Steve. Steve looks at him.

STEVE

See, I wouldn't have opened with
that.

Steve looks back at Karen. She has her head down, sad that Thomas walked away.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Look at her, man. She's sad. She
thinks you don't like her.

THOMAS

No, we're gonna have children.
Three boys, a girl, and a... Do you
know the British prefer tea?

STEVE

Thomas, focus! Look at her. She's
crazy about you. Now, c'mon, ask
her to the dance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thomas looks at Karen again. She looks away, hurt. Thomas gulps, then finally summons the courage to walk back over to her. But before he can get there, Jimmy walks over to Karen.

JIMMY

Up, we go to dance tonight,
remember?

Karen looks at Thomas for a beat, then turns to Jimmy and nods obediently. Karen and Jimmy walk out together. Thomas hangs his head.

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - NIGHT

Steve is walking back to his dorm, his arm around Thomas, comforting him.

STEVE

Why is it always like that, huh?
How come guys like us never get the
girl?

THOMAS

What are you talking about? I get
the girl sometime! Don't lump me
with you.

STEVE

Hey, I was trying to cheer you up.

THOMAS

How? By calling us both losers?
How is that gonna get me Karen?

Thomas rolls his eyes and walks away, upset. Steve watches him go, sympathetic.

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

David is sitting in a shitty little office, across from a PRIVATE DETECTIVE. David shows him a picture he took earlier of "Jeffy." He points at it.

DAVID

I want you to prove this guy isn't
retarded.

DETECTIVE

(without missing a beat)
It's gonna cost you three thousand
bucks.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

The dance is in mid-swing. Streamers and banners heralding the start of tomorrow's Games are everywhere in sight.

Twenty or so athletes are already on the dance floor, dancing with wild, uninhibited abandon, even though at present, the only music we hear is a band tuning up from the next room.

WE PAN to the entrance and see some of our group starting to arrive.

First up, is Billy and his date, Sally, the eighty-year-old cafeteria lady.

Right behind them is Mark and his date, Yolie (the girl who rejected "Jeffy" earlier).

Glen walks in with the Stripper who gave him his lap dance.

Jimmy walks in with Karen. Jimmy immediately walks away from her and makes a beeline to the refreshment table.

Steve and Thomas walk in a few seconds later.

Thomas scans the room for Karen. He sees her, walking towards Jimmy at the refreshment table. Thomas hangs his head, depressed.

Steve looks around and spots Lynn. He walks over to her.

STEVE

Hi Lynn.

LYNN

Hi Jeffy. Where's your date?

STEVE

Uh, Jeffy went stag.

LYNN

Oh. That's okay. Hey, wanna get something to eat? I haven't eaten in ten minutes.

STEVE

(idiotic high pitched
laugh)

Ten minutes!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYNN

(stuffing an hors d'oeuvre
down her mouth)

You'll have to excuse me. I become
a total pig when I'm depressed.

STEVE

(looks at her)

Why Lynn depressed?

LYNN

Oh... I, Jeffy, this is your night.
I don't want to burden you --

STEVE

Burden Jeffy! Please.

Lynn laughs. After a second, she shrugs.

LYNN

Okay, Jeffy. That's very nice of
you. But... let me know if I bore
you.

STEVE

(drops his persona a bit)

You could never bore me, Lynn.

LYNN

That's sweet. Well, you know, I've
been a little upset. Cause of
David.

She looks at him.

LYNN (CONT'D)

It's funny... You tried to warn me
about him from the beginning.

(beat, warmly)

Thank you, Jeffy.

STEVE

Ah, you don't have to thank Jeffy.

LYNN

I want to. It took courage.

STEVE

Not really.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LYNN

It did, Jeffy. It really did.
Victims too often remain silent.

STEVE

Yeah, I guess Jeffy was a little
brave... No, no, what is Jeffy
saying? Jeffy need... I need --

LYNN

You need to have fun. God, look at
you. You're so tense.

STEVE

Yeah, but --

LYNN

Jeffy, you've trained hard. Now,
c'mon, have fun! That's an order.

She smiles at him. Steve sighs. A band starts to walk
towards the stage. Suddenly, we hear a SHRIEK from the
middle of the dance floor. It's Billy.

BILLY

Kids from Widney High, Kids from
Widney High!

**NOTE: The Kids of Widney High are an actual band made up of
mentally handicapped musicians.**

Steve looks at Billy for a few seconds and smiles. He walks
over to him.

STEVE

Why don't you go up and introduce
them?

Billy walks onto the stage and grabs a microphone, without
missing a beat.

BILLY

Ladies and gentlemen, put your
hands together for our musical
guests, yeah, they're marvelous
performers, and close personal
friends... The Kids of Widney High!

The crowd bursts into wild applause. The Kids of Widney High
leap onto the stage and start to sing one of their soon to be
hit songs: "I See Pretty Girls."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KIDS OF WIDNEY HIGH
"I SEE PRETTY GIRLS EVERYWHERE I
GO/ EVERYWHERE I GO/ EVERYWHERE I
GO/ AT THE BEACH/ AT THE BEACH!/ AT
THE MALL/ AT THE MALL!...

Lynn walks over to Steve.

LYNN
What was that all about?

STEVE
Jeffy touched Billy's CD.
(still smiling)
Jeffy called number on back and
asked them to bring new one... in
person.

LYNN
That was very nice of you. You're
a really good person, Jeffy. You
know that?

Steve looks down. The "Kids" continue to play, the crowd by
now really whipped into a frenzy. The athletes on the dance
floor are really busting loose now.

In the middle of the floor, Mark and Yolie are dancing away,
having a ball.

A few feet away from them, Glen and The Stripper are doing a
bizarre version of the lambada.

Behind them are Billy and Sally. They're the only couple
slow dancing. She has her head nuzzled on his shoulder,
looking happier than she has in 60 years. Billy looks both
ways, then slowly moves one of his hands up towards her
breasts.

Standing against the wall, alone, is Thomas. He's watching
Jimmy and Karen dance, his heart breaking in two. Jimmy
spots Thomas watching him, then leans over and starts to
tongue Karen's ear. Thomas shudders.

Lynn turns to Steve and holds out her hand.

LYNN (CONT'D)
Wanna dance?

STEVE
Jeffy bad dancer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LYNN
I'll teach you.

Lynn reaches her hand out towards Steve.

DISSOLVE TO:

Lynn and Steve are dancing. Lynn is moving pretty well, Steve is dancing more spastically than even the severely handicapped dancers on the floor. SHELLY, one of the singers in the band, steps to the mike.

SHELLY
Now it's time to bring it down a moment. Keep it real...

The Kids From Widney High start to play a ballad. All the couples look at each other and start to dance slow. Steve and Lynn look at each other for a beat.

STEVE
Uh... could you teach, Jeffy?
(looks at her)
One day he may wanna ask out girl.

Lynn looks at him for a beat. She smiles.

LYNN
Sure, Jeffy. Here. Okay. Put your arm over there... Like this. No, no, no... not on my stomach, around my no, no... like this.

Steve is trying his best, but he's pretty clumsy at it.

LYNN (CONT'D)
And I'll put my arms around you... like this. Now let's just move to the music.

Lynn moves a little closer and the two of them start to dance. Steve drops his head on her shoulder. The two of them stay like this for several seconds. Steve sniffs her hair and sighs, happier than he's ever been in his life.

LYNN (CONT'D)
Having fun?

Steve takes a deep breath. He nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

STEVE

(totally sincere)

Lynn perfect. So nice. So pretty.
Treats everybody well, no matter
what. Makes everyone feel better.
All the time. Makes Jeffy wanna
wake up in morning.

LYNN

(very moved)

That's the nicest thing anyone's
ever said to me.

Lynn moves a tiny bit closer to him.

LYNN (CONT'D)

I think you're pretty perfect too,
Jeffy. I mean it. I think you're
funny, and sweet, and brave...

Steve looks at her, moved, the first time he's heard these
things from a woman in a long time. Then, overcome by the
moment, he leans in to kiss her. Lynn looks at him, shocked,
and quickly pulls her head away.

LYNN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Jeffy. I didn't mean to
give you any ideas.

STEVE

You didn't --

LYNN

No, no. I did and I'm very sorry.

STEVE

Don't be sorry. Jeffy's fault.

LYNN

No, it wasn't. Listen, you did
nothing wrong. Absolutely...

Lynn looks away, about to lose it.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Excuse me for a second, Jeffy.

Lynn makes her way quickly to the exit, badly shaken. Steve
looks down and closes his eyes, shaken too.

INT. OLYMPIC DORMITORY - MORNING

It's early morning. The Olympic theme (the same up tempo instrumental we hear at the traditional Olympics) is being blared on the sound system throughout the Olympic Village.

One by one, Billy, Thomas, Glen, Mark, and all the rest of the athletes, jump from their beds, a look of excitement and determination in their eyes.

Steve wakes up and looks in the mirror. He takes a deep breath.

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - DAY

All the athletes are filing into buses. As Steve is about to get into his bus, he sees Lynn a few yards away, talking to another Volunteer, KRISTIN. Steve hides behind a tree and listens.

KRISTIN

Lynn, there's no way it was your fault. Come on. Calm down.

LYNN

Kristin, you weren't there. I danced close with him, I held his hand, I... let him think we were on a real date.

KRISTIN

I'm sure you're exaggerating.

LYNN

I'm not. Kristin, I... I don't know if I deserve to be here anymore.

Steve looks down, feeling absolutely horrible.

INT. OLYMPIC BUS - MORNING

Steve, Thomas, Billy, Glen, and Mark are sitting on the bus, on their way to the stadium, their game faces on. A limousine pulls up beside the bus. The window in the back opens and Jimmy sticks his ass out, mooning the guys. They all glare at him.

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY

The guys file out of the bus and walk towards the stadium. LYLE DAVIS, the local anchor we saw earlier, is interviewing the athletes as they walk in. Right now, he's interviewing Glen.

LYLE
You gonna win today?

GLEN
No way.
(into camera)
Hi Uncle Frank! I got a lap danth.

Glen keeps walking. Lyle walks quickly over to the next athlete. It's Steve. Before Steve can react, Lyle sticks a microphone in his face.

LYLE
What's your name?

STEVE
(looks down)
Jeffy.

LYLE
Are you gonna win today, Jeffy?

Steve turns his head away.

STEVE
(quickly)
Uh, Jeffy don't know if he's gonna win, just gonna try and stay within himself.

Steve sprints away from Lyle, into the stadium.

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY

A large crowd is assembled in a huge, impressive, pro football sized stadium. There is a palpable sense of excitement in the air. Everyone looks happy and inspired, except for Gary, in the first row, who's nervously sucking away on a cigarette and drinking a beer.

Hundreds of athletes are gathered around the field. Steve is lined up next to Thomas, Glen, Mark, and Billy.

Jimmy is lined up across from Steve, no other athlete within ten yards of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An OLYMPIC OFFICIAL walks to the center of the field.

OLYMPIC OFFICIAL

Welcome to the 2002 Summer Games.
Over the next two days, you will
witness a non stop tribute to
excellence, courage, and inner
strength.

The crowd applauds wildly. The athletes on the field beam
with pride.

OLYMPIC OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

To light the torch and officially
launch our games, please welcome
our first ever Gold Medal winner in
the Pentathlon, Arthur Graham!

ARTHUR GRAHAM, a mentally handicapped athlete now in his
70's, slowly and unsteadily makes his way onto the field,
holding the Olympic flame.

He looks around at all the people in the stands, and
suddenly, stirred on by all the excitement around him,
summons back something within him and starts to sprint
quickly and gracefully around the field.

The crowd goes wild. Arthur pumps his fist high in the air,
then runs a couple more laps around the field. Finally, on
the verge of collapsing, he staggers towards the Olympic
Torch and lights the flame. The crowd claps even harder.

OLYMPIC OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

And now, I would like to ask all
our athletes to put their hands
over their hearts and recite the
Olympic Oath.

All the athletes put their hands over their hearts. One by
one, the athletes step forward in their places and recite the
Olympic Oath.

Steve looks around the field, blocking out all the noise
around him, the enormity of what he's gotten himself involved
in hitting him squarely between the eyes.

Then he looks across the field and sees Lynn. Standing by
herself, looking preoccupied. Steve stares at her and sighs.

Suddenly, Glen pokes Steve in the ribs, knocking him out of
his reverie. A Special Olympic VOLUNTEER is standing in
front of Steve. He looks at Steve's nametag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VOLUNTEER

Hi Jeffy. It's your turn to say
the oath.

STEVE

(blankly)

Oath?...

The Volunteer gestures for "Jeffy" to put his hand over his
heart.

VOLUNTEER.

"Let me win, but if I can't win,
let me be brave in the attempt."

STEVE

Uh, let me win, but... Uh, sorry.
Could you give Jeffy that again?

VOLUNTEER

Sure. "Let me win, but if I can't
win, let me be brave in the
attempt."

STEVE

Let me win, but if I can't win,
then...

Steve is clearly not doing this on purpose. The Volunteer
smiles at him patiently.

VOLUNTEER

"Let me win, but if I can't win,
let me be brave in the attempt."

STEVE

Let me win, but if I can't win, uh,
let me... be... uh...

GLEN

(losing it)

Brave in the attempt! Oh, for god
thaketh, get a tutor!

Glen takes a deep breath, then pats Steve on the arm
apologetically. Steve looks down, embarrassed.

INT. BIG TONY'S BAR - DAY

All the TVs in the bar are tuned to the Special Olympics.
The bar is packed, hopping with the activity of a Las Vegas
sports book.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A lot of the mobsters are looking up at the Special Olympics "odds board" posted on the wall. Frankie is holding his wallet, deep in thought. He turns to Vinny.

FRANKIE

Who do you like in the four yard dash?

VINNY

Four hundred yard dash, dipshit.

Frankie looks at him, surprised. A MAN walks up to the betting counter in the back.

MAN (O.C.)

I'd like to put a thousand dollars on "Jeffy."

PAN TO REVEAL that it's the Priest who heard Steve's confession.

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY

Steve is watching a few of the preliminary events, in awe of all the athletes' skill, joy, and determination.

He looks across the field and sees Mark, lifting a huge set of weights, ARNOLD SWARZENEGGER beside him. Mark lifts the weights high above his head, and jumps in the air, elated.

MARK

Yes! Yes! Who's the daddy!

Arnold gives him a big hug.

ARNOLD

(proud of him)

That was absolutely fantastic.

Down the field from Arnold and Mark, we see Freddy, tossing a medicine ball next to BEN AFFLECK.

PULL BACK to REVEAL Thomas, standing right behind Steve, watching Freddy and Ben Affleck as well.

Thomas gets a bit of a wild look in his eyes, then sprints across the field towards Ben Affleck.

Ben looks up suddenly, noticing Thomas running towards him. He raises his arms a little defensively.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thomas stops a few inches away from Ben, then looks him straight in the eye.

THOMAS
(beat, starts to squeal)
Ben Affleck, Ben Affleck!

Thomas starts to jump up and down, then throws his hands around him and gives him a big hug.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You're my favorite actor!

INT. OLYMPIC FIELD - DAY

LYLE
Well fans, this is truly exciting.
The pentathlon is about to begin.
We begin now with the first event.
The long jump.

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY

The guys are lined up for the long jump. Glen lines up and does a good jump, clearing the mat. Our guys applaud. Thomas goes next, doing even better. Next up is Steve.

He looks at our guys, then up at the crowd. He takes a deep breath, then starts running. He leaps as far as he ever has in his life. The crowd applauds.

Jimmy walks to the mat, and flies through the air like a bird in flight. He lands around an inch or two past Steve's mark on the ground. Jimmy pumps his fist, then smiles cockily at Steve. Steve hangs his head. Thomas and Billy pat him on the shoulder.

CUT TO:

Thomas is tossing a shotput. He throws it pretty far. Then Jimmy lines up, and tosses it way down the field. The crowd goes nuts. Steve lines up and tosses the shotput an inch further. Jimmy looks at him, surprised.

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM STANDS - DAY

Gary leaps out of his seat.

GARY
That's it, baby! That's it! Kick
Jimmy's ass, you hear me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A bunch of people in Gary's section turn and glare at him.

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY

The guys are lined up for the 100 meter hurdle. Jimmy and Steve are lined up beside each other. Jimmy leans over, trying to trash talk him.

JIMMY

Your mother sleeps with gypsies.

Steve looks at him, a little thrown by that. The starting pistol goes off and Jimmy jumps out into an early lead.

Steve tries to run a little faster than he can, trying to make up for his slow start, but he's too far behind.

Thomas runs hard the whole way, finishing second to Jimmy.

CUT TO:

Jimmy is doing the high jump. He expertly leaps over a very high bar. Steve walks slowly over to it, bracing himself for his jump.

He looks behind him, suddenly.

In the first row, Gary is yelling at him and waving three tiny foam fingers in the air. Steve glares at him, then looks back at the high bar.

He takes a deep breath and jumps a tiny bit higher than Jimmy. Jimmy looks shocked.

INT. OLYMPIC FIELD - DAY

LYLE

This is truly amazing. After four of the five events, Jimmy Washington is only 20 points ahead of another remarkable newcomer named Jeffy Del Monte!

A couple of still shots from today's competition appear on the screen.

First, a PHOTO of Jimmy leaping over the high bar.

Then, a PHOTO of Steve, raising his arms after tossing the shotput.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVE'S NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

An attractive woman, JILL, is standing in front of the TV, looking at the PHOTO of Steve as she irons. She calls out to her roommate.

JILL

Sarah, you know that guy next door?
The one who keeps hitting on you?
He's in the Special Olympics!

Sarah, the woman who blew Steve off much earlier, walks in from the hallway, drying her hair. She looks at the TV for a beat.

SARAH

(nods)

I always thought he was retarded.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. OLYMPIC FIELD - DAY

LYLE

It all comes down to the final event tomorrow. The 400 meter dash. The Cadillac of the Special Olympics. It's worth 100 points. And it will decide which of these two brave men will go home with the gold.

Jimmy and Steve's pictures appear on screen once again, this time, side by side.

INT. OLYMPIC BUS - NIGHT

The guys are riding back to the Village after today's competition. Steve is looking down, deep in thought. Thomas, Billy, Mark, and Glen are all sitting a healthy distance away from him, not wanting to intrude on his space.

INT. STEVE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Steve is lying in bed, tossing and turning, unable to sleep. Suddenly, he hears a pebble against his window.

He looks outside and sees...

Gary, standing outside his window with Pedro. Gary keeps tossing a frisbee at Pedro, but the frisbee keeps bouncing off his stumps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Steve shoots Gary a vicious glare.

EXT. VILLAGE TRAINING FIELD - NIGHT

Jimmy is running hard outside, sweating profusely. We see someone walking towards him. It's Lynn.

LYNN

Jimmy... Please. Come in, okay?
Get some rest.

JIMMY

(keeps running)
Can't rest. Have to win.

LYNN

You don't have to win. You just
have to do your best. Now, please.
Come in. You must be freezing out
here.

She smiles at him, then puts her hand on his arm. Jimmy
jerks his hand away.

JIMMY

Lynn don't understand. Jimmy have
to win.

LYNN

Jimmy, you don't have --

JIMMY

Yes, I have. Jimmy no get
commercials if he no win. Jimmy no
get friends. Jimmy no get
groupies. Jimmy have to give
Addidas back. Jimmy no have
nothing.

LYNN

No... Jimmy, there's a lot more to
you than your talent on the field.

JIMMY

Like what? Jimmy wins things.
That's why people like. Jimmy have
to win! Jimmy have to --

Lynn looks at him, sympathetic. She puts her arms around him
and gives him a little hug.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jimmy resists at first, but soon lets Lynn hug him. They hug for a few seconds. He looks at her for a beat, then sighs.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You have no idea know how hard it
is to be America's sweetheart.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Steve, Billy, Glen, Mark, and Thomas are sitting in front of their lockers, getting dressed.

Across from them, Jimmy is getting dressed in front of his locker. Steve stares across at Jimmy. Jimmy looks back at him. They both look very nervous. Suddenly, Gary walks in. Steve looks up.

STEVE

What the hell are you doing? This
is our locker room. You're not
supposed to be in here!

GARY

Relax. I've seen naked guys
before.

MARK

I bet you have, Greg Louganis.

Gary looks at him for a beat, then turns back to Steve. He takes him aside.

GARY

How ya feeling, Steve? Lean and
mean?

Steve just rolls his eyes.

GARY (CONT'D)

Hey, c'mon, get psyched here. Eye
of the tiger! You gotta get worked
up, you gotta get angry, you gotta
crush that half wit today!

STEVE

Hey, lower your voice.

GARY

What? I'm just trying to give you
a pep talk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE

I don't care. Don't say crap like that anymore. These guys are my friends. Okay?!

GARY

Okay, okay. Shit, Steve. Save some of that for the field.

Gary shoots Steve an intense look and walks out the door. A moment later, Billy walks slowly over from his locker.

BILLY

We like you too, Steve. You're our friend. You don't talk down to us like in that piece of crap "The Other Sister."

Steve smiles, surprised. Billy walks over to Steve and shyly puts his hand on Steve's face.

BILLY (CONT'D)

We think you're one of us, Steve.
We think you're
(finger quotes)
"special" too.

Steve looks at him for a beat, then smiles, moved.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

David is sitting at a booth, checking his watch, impatient. The detective walks in. David gestures him over. The Detective drops an envelope onto the table.

DETECTIVE

I got good news and bad news. The guy's name is Steve Barker. I have his birth certificate right here.

DAVID

Great --

DETECTIVE

Now the bad news. I also have some of his old high school transcripts. And a letter he once wrote to a girlfriend.

(beat)

I think the guy may actually be retarded.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

David rolls his eyes, then grabs the envelope and runs urgently out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. OLYMPIC FIELD - DAY

LYLE

Well... it all comes down to this.
Will Jimmy win his tenth straight
gold medal? Or is there a new
champion on the horizon? If you're
not enjoying this, ladies and
gentlemen, check your pulse!

INT. DAVID'S BMW - DAY

David's car is stuck in traffic. He looks down at his watch, then honks his horn several times. The traffic starts to move, but David's car doesn't. He looks at the needle and notices it's on "Empty." As his car stops and sputters, the guitar from "Mrs. Robinson" does the same. David gets out of the car and runs, holding the envelope.

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY

All the athletes are starting to line up for the 400 meter dash. Jimmy lines up between Steve and Billy. Billy leans over.

BILLY

You're going down. You're
definitely going down.

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY

The gun goes off and the athletes begin to race. Steve and Jimmy move ahead, Thomas right behind them. Jimmy pulls ahead, then Steve grits his teeth and pulls even.

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY

David runs into the parking lot, out of breath, holding the envelope.

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY

The race is further along. Jimmy and Steve are running NECK IN NECK. A few feet behind them, urging Steve on, is Thomas.

THOMAS

C'mon, Steve. You can do it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Steve starts to run a little faster. Jimmy picks up his pace a little too. So does Thomas. The three of them are quickly separating themselves from the rest of the pack. The only one within shouting distance is Billy.

The crowd is going wild. Steve reaches down for a little extra and pulls ahead of Jimmy for a few yards. Jimmy bears down and starts to quickly gain some ground.

Steve looks off in the distance, and sees the FINISH LINE looming just a little closer. He grits his teeth and pulls even further ahead of Jimmy.

Suddenly, one of the athletes trips and falls hard to the ground behind Steve. Steve quickly turns his head. It's Billy. He's in pain.

Steve looks at him and instinctively turns around. He quickly helps Billy up. As he does, Jimmy passes Steve, stepping over Billy as he does.

JIMMY

Looks like you went down.

Thomas glares at Jimmy, then closes his eyes, and musters up all his strength and runs as hard as he can.

Mark and Glen help get Billy on his feet, then push Steve on, urging him to keep on running.

Billy gets up, hobbling, a look of fierce determination in his eyes. He starts to run again too.

Thomas catches up to Jimmy. Then blows by him with one final surge of energy.

And crosses the FINISH LINE.

The crowd goes absolutely bonkers. Jimmy curses softly and crosses the FINISH LINE too. About a second later, so does Steve. Right behind Steve is a limping Billy.

INT. OLYMPIC FIELD - DAY

Lyle looks up, a little confused.

LYLE

Ladies and gentlemen, the gold medal goes to...

(calculating it in his head)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYLE (CONT'D)

Let's see, 100 points for the 400 meter, three third places, one second...

Lyle stands up, very excited now.

LYLE (CONT'D)

The gold medal goes to a remarkable young underdog... Thomas Chervin!

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

Lynn and Matt run over and congratulate all of them. Billy hangs his head.

BILLY

Billy wanted a medal. Definitely wanted a medal...

MATT

It's okay, Billy. There's always next year.

Billy walks away from him, depressed. Thomas runs over.

THOMAS

Sorry I beat you.

STEVE

What are you sorry about? Thomas, you're a star!

THOMAS

But... but now Pedro can't get fingers.

STEVE

No, sure he can. Jimmy just had to lose. And he did.
(smiles at him)
Because of you.

THOMAS

Really? Wow. If I had known that, you know, I wouldn't have stayed behind you so long --

Steve looks at him. Thomas looks past Steve suddenly and smiles. Walking quickly towards him is... Karen.

KAREN

You were great!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

So were you!

KAREN

I finished last.

THOMAS

Oh...

(stuck for something to
say)

You complete me.

Karen puts her arm around Thomas and walks off with him. Steve smiles as he watches Thomas and Karen walk off together. Then suddenly, he turns around.

Walking towards Steve, tears of joy in her eyes, is Lynn. Steve looks away, unable to look her in the eyes.

An OLYMPIC OFFICIAL takes Steve's hand and leads him towards the "bronze medal podium."

CUT TO:

Thomas is standing on the GOLD MEDAL podium, a gold medal glittering brightly around his neck.

Beside him, on a much lower podium, a SILVER MEDAL hanging around his neck, is Jimmy. His eyes are glazed, still not sure what hit him. Next to Jimmy, on the BRONZE MEDAL podium, is Steve. The Olympic Official places the bronze medal around his neck and speaks into a microphone.

OFFICIAL

And now, the winner of this year's
Olympic pentathlon bronze medal...
Jeffy Del Monte!

Steve grabs the microphone on the podium and speaks in his real voice.

STEVE

I'm sorry, everyone. Uh... I have
something to say. I uh... I can't
accept this.

A hush falls over the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVE (CONT'D)

I can't accept this, cause... I'm a fraud. I'm... I'm not really mentally disabled.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVE'S NEIGHBOURS' APARTMENT - DAY

Sarah looks at the TV and rolls her eyes.

SARAH

Yeah, right.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY

STEVE

I'm not worthy to be on the same field with these people. They're the best friends I've ever had. I'd like to give this medal to the person, to the champion, who really deserves this.

Steve looks down.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Billy, you finished right behind me. This is yours.

Billy steps up to the podium without missing a beat.

BILLY

Thank you. Billy definitely wants to do commercials! Definitely lots of commercials. Billy has an idea for a sitcom too --

Steve places the bronze medal around Billy's neck. The crowd "oohs" and "aahs." Steve gets off the podium and walks dramatically off the field.

He spots Lynn, standing near the fence. Lynn walks over to Steve. And slaps him as hard as she can across the face. Steve tries to say something, but she just walks away. A second later, David finally makes his way onto the field. He tosses his envelope at her, out of breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

Here. This proves he's not retarded...

Lynn just ignores him. She lets the envelope drop to the ground and walks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

EXT. "NEARY SCHOOL FOR EXCEPTIONAL PEOPLE" - DAY

INT. SCHOOL THEATER - DAY

Steve is standing in front of a bunch of young, mentally handicapped students behind a curtain.

STEVE

Okay, gang. When I took over as your drama teacher, what did I do?

SAMMY, a pudgy fifteen year old student, raises his hand.

SAMMY

You made us a promise!

STEVE

Yeah. I said I was gonna give you guys the chance to act in the classics.

(beaming at them with pride)

And that's exactly what you're going to do tonight.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

A large billboard in the hall outside the theater says: "The Neary Center Presents: 'Welcome Back Kotter'". About 100 people are lined up in front of a small makeshift ticket counter out front. Sitting behind the counter, working as a cashier, is Glen.

INT. THEATER BACKSTAGE AREA - DAY

Steve walks over to a booth to check on the lighting. Inside the lighting booth is Mark. He gives Steve a "thumbs up." Steve turns to another booth behind him.

STEVE

Sound effects cool?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Billy nods, then leans over a microphone and does a series of sound effects with his mouth. Steve nods.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Glen looks up from behind his "cashier table" and smiles.

GLEN

Hi! Hi!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Lynn. She gives Glen a hug.

LYNN

Glen! I got your message. What are you doing here?

GLEN

Thteve gave Glen jobth. Thteve gave uth all jobth!

Lynn smiles at him and walks into the theater. Ushers Thomas and Karen show her to her seat, in the front row.

INT. SCHOOL THEATER - DAY

The play is in midswing. Sammy is strutting around the stage as "Vinny Barbarino."

SAMMY

Up your nose with a rubber hose,
Mr. Woodman!

The audience laughs. Steve opens the curtain and scans the sea of laughing faces in the crowd, getting high off their laughter and the effect it's having on his actors. Suddenly, he looks into the audience and spots Lynn.

Lynn sees him too. The two look at each other for a long time. The curtain goes down and everyone applauds. After a few seconds, Lynn and Steve walk slowly towards each other. There's a few seconds of silence.

STEVE

Hey...

LYNN

Hey...

STEVE

You... you look great.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYNN

Thanks...

STEVE

So... what brings you down here?

LYNN

I wanted to see Pedro play the guitar.

STEVE

What? How did you know about --

LYNN

Steve, the whole thing was on "60 Minutes." And "20-20."

STEVE

Oh, yeah. Right.

(long pause, looks at her)

I... tried to call you.

LYNN

I know. Over twenty times.

(off his look)

I have caller ID.

Lynn manages a small smile. Steve looks like he's going to cry.

STEVE

Oh God, Lynn. I am so sorry...

Steve moves a little closer to her. She moves away.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Don't hate me. C'mon, Lynn... please. You once told me I was a really nice person.

LYNN

I believe I said that to Jeffy.

STEVE

Well, we're the same guy. More or less. I mean, maybe I'm not as good a dancer. And I don't dress as well. And...I'm a hell of a lot more incoherent.

Lynn smiles a bit, then looks away. Steve looks down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVE (CONT'D)

Lynn. I need you to forgive me.
You, more than anybody.

LYNN

What? Why am I --

STEVE

I meant all those things I said
about you. You are perfect. You
do treat everybody well. You do
make everyone feel better around
you. I mean, maybe not me, right
now, but everybody else.

Lynn smiles a little, despite herself. Steve smiles back at
her. He reaches forward to give her a little hug. She pulls
away.

GLEN

Come on, Lynn! He'th thorry!

Lynn turns around. She sees Glen, Mark, Billy, and Thomas,
standing right behind them.

BILLY

Steve sorry. Definitely sorry.

THOMAS

Yeah. To err is human, to forgive
is... Did I tell you my father grew
a moustache?

MARK

Cut him a break, okay? Some guys
are a little slow when it comes to
women of the opposite sex... if you
get my drift.

Lynn looks at him. She smiles. Then she turns to Steve and
moves slowly towards him. Steve holds out his arms again to
hug her. She extends her hand instead.

STEVE

Well, it's a start.

They shake hands warmly. They look at each other for a beat

' PEDRO

Mr. Steve... my cue?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STEVE

Oh, shit. I'm sorry. Now, Pedro!

Pedro reaches down and picks up a flamenco guitar. He plays beautifully for about ten seconds. Then, suddenly, one of his fingers keeps bumping up against the strings, interfering with his otherwise perfect performance.

We CLOSE IN on his hand and see that one of his three fingers obviously didn't "take" - it's still a useless stump. As the Special Olympians continue to sway to the music, we:

FADE OUT.

THE END