

Born To Walk

Written by

Zach Fleming

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAYS - WESTFIELD, MA - DAY

CHYRON - 2005

Not a soul in sight down the long quaint halls of Westfield High. It's a humble school, but seems like a pleasant place home to good memories.

A BELL RINGS.

Classroom doors fly open as students funnel out in a manic but organized fashion.

It's the end of last period. The kids are free.

Students of all shapes, sizes, and stages of puberty flow through the halls, some stopping by their lockers before taking off.

A shrill, boyish voice cuts through the crowd.

BOYISH VOICE (O.C.)
It's bullshit dude.

Through the collage of youth, a scrawny and sickly looking boy named HERB WINTERS (13) grabs his backpack and slams his locker shut in frustration. He wears track shorts and cradles his track shoes in anticipation of practice.

HERB
It's just because no one wants to
take that event.

DALE DANIELS (13), an awkward boy riddled with baby fat stands skittishly with his head hanging low. He's also wearing track shorts.

DALE
I don't know. Maybe we would be
good at it. She really seems to
think so.

HERB
Coach tells everyone that Dale!
Also, you really want to racewalk?
Have you seen what it looks like?

Dale gives a grave look.

HERB (CONT'D)
Yeah. I didn't think so.

Herb motions to follow as the two make their way through the sea of students to squeeze out the big front door of the school.

EXT. WESTFIELD HIGH COURTYARD - DAY

They finally step out of the madness, and walk towards the track field adjacent to the school grounds.

HERB

Coach talks about our potential,
but if she really believed in us,
we would be running the 100 or 200.

DALE

I don't know... That's Jace and
Tony's-

HERB

(cutting him off)
Man, if those two jerk offs didn't
make us late all the time-

All of a sudden, a strong set of hands grabs Dale by the shoulders and pulls him out of sight and into a secluded wooded area.

HERB

Hey!

Herb immediately chases to help his friend, spotting -

JASON "Jace" GRONGLE (15), a pretty boy bully with a manufactured deep voice pinning a terrified Dale to the side of a tree, eyeing him maliciously.

JACE

Hey big boy, I love the new
haircut.

Jace runs a finger through Dale's hair, who recoils helplessly.

HERB

Stop it, you asshole!

Herb tries to break up the situation, but a tall boy sporting a terrible mullet and wispy mustache subdues him easily. This is TONY DONGS (15).

JACE
What were you just saying?
Something about jerking off making
you late to practice all the time?

TONY
Better make more time for it then!

HERB
Leave us alone you idiots!

Jace toys with his prey, smiling while Dale shakes in terror.

JACE
Let's get you warmed up for
practice.

DALE
Please. Not again.

HERB
LET HIM GO JACE!

Herb fights futilely. It's no use.

TONY
You're cute when you struggle.

Jace laughs and loosens his grip on Dale's shoulders. He runs his hands down Dale's arms slowly. Dale shudders.

Jace takes his time, then digs his fingers into Dale's sides hard, tickling him relentlessly.

JACE
COOCHIE COO BIG BOY.

Dale writhes in agony, stifling unwanted laughter.

DALE
Stop! Please!

HERB
Stop you asshole!

Jace continues, transfixed on a result.

JACE
Come on! let it go!

Dale tears up through the laughter, Jace ups the intensity.

Finally, Dale lets out a horrendous wet fart, as a stream of brown trails down his leg.

The tickle mayhem stops. Jace backs away with a weird sense of gratification.

Dale defeatedly shuffles to contain the mess.

Enraged, Herb fights back with all his power, but it's still no use. Tony is twice his size.

HERB

You guys are so weird and gross!
What is your deal?! Stop doing this
shit!

Jace turns his attention to Herb with a wicked smile.

JACE

You're the ones doing the shitting.
(tilts head)
The easy way, or the hard way?

Herb spits on him. Jace calmly takes a breath, and punches Herb in the arm. Hard.

Herb tears up. Jace tilts his head again, expecting a different answer.

HERB

I don't have to go right now man.

Jace punches him in the arm again.

Frustrated and in pain, Herb strains himself within Tony's grasp to let out a meager but thick fart.

Tony pushes Herb away, and the bullies inspect his shorts. Yep. Soiled.

Jace and Tony laugh.

JACE

See ya at practice, boys.

TONY

Don't be late!

Jace and Tony high five. Tony holds it a bit longer than Jace expects. After an awkward beat, they take off.

Miserable, but still out of public sight, Herb and Dale reel from the situation. Herb steels his resolve, as Dale recedes into his shell to cope.

HERB

Hey. It's okay dude. Just gotta get to my house. We'll be back in 10 minutes... nobody will see us this time.

Dale nods, trying to be strong.

With resolve, the two take off in a dash. Except, in their dirtied shorts, it's more akin to a fast and sassy strut.

The two not-so-subtly sneak their way off of school grounds, but on the way, they run into their friends RACHEL KERNS (13) and AUSTIN FRANKS (13), who are also on their way to track practice.

RACHEL

Hey guys!

AUSTIN

Yo dudes, where you goin'?

Herb and Dale do not stop.

HERB

Forgot my backpack!

DALE

I forgot mine too!

The two dart past, exposing that they both have their backpacks... and poopy pants.

Rachel and Austin understand immediately.

RACHEL

Jace and Tony can't keep doing this.

AUSTIN

I'm not standing up to those two freaks.

They sigh sadly as they watch Herb and Dale strut away.

They aren't the only witnesses. Freshly parked in a RED BRONCO, A WOMAN wearing a tracksuit with the word COACH embroidered into it watches the two boys with intrigue.

EXT. WESTFIELD TOWN STREETS - DAY

Herb and Dale make their way through the neighborhood as fast and they cleanly can.

They dart eyes around, hoping nobody notices their predicament...

We watch their legs strut down the streets.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTFIELD TOWN STREETS - DAY

CHYRON - PRESENT DAY

The same streets, but following older legs.

Two sets of feet tear up the street in a sprinter's pace at the tale end of a marathon, in a league of their own.

A boyish, but good looking guy trades paces with a masculine, stone cold hunk.

BOYISH ONE

That all you got, Dale?

Next to him, the hunk smiles in response. It's DALE DANIELS, far past his ugly duckling phase. He uses the comment as fuel, and powers ahead.

They race towards the finish line banner that reads WESTFIELD MARATHON, with Dale narrowly in the lead.

Herb catches up, but in the final moments Dale turns it up again and takes the victory cleanly.

They glide into the finishing area gracefully. An exhausted Herb approaches a winded but satisfied Dale.

HERB

I had you, you bitch.

DALE

Hey, the marathon committee called.

HERB

Oh yeah, what did they say?

DALE

Stick to walking.

Herb laughs unironically, then high fives and hugs Dale.

HERB

Good one dude.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
What a riveting spectacle!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Fastest year yet!

The voices belong to their friends AUSTIN and RACHEL, now an older couple that's more apt to tailgate a marathon than participate. Which is absolutely the case for this one.

They both sport custom printed t-shirts showcasing their group in a tradition of yearly victory selfies at The Westfield Marathon, cascading over what seems like generations.

They make their way to Herb and Dale cradling beers.

AUSTIN
Now for the best part.

They hand off the beers, and cheers them.

AUSTIN
To another shirt worthy
performance!

RACHEL
May there be many more!

The four chug the beers happily, and roar triumphantly after.

AUSTIN
Alright! Picture time.

Austin and Rachel hand Herb and Dale two commemorative "I trounced the Westfield Marathon" T-shirts.

HERB
Hell yeah!

Herb proudly changes into his new shirt, exposing ripped abs.

Dale on the other hand, grips the shirt anxiously and looks around for privacy to change. He steps behind a lamp post to awkwardly shield his partial nudity.

It's poor cover. Despite his insecurity, Dale is absolutely shredded. The body of a greek god.

Herb, Rachel, and Austin don't call attention or rush him while he slips the new shirt on. When he's done -

DALE
Alright, let's take it!

Austin pulls everyone together for a big, happy, victory selfie. They check the photo after.

AUSTIN
That's going to make a hell of a
shirt next year.

Rachel tears up.

RACHEL
Don't talk about next year yet,
that's so far away.

Rachel and Austin get very sentimental.

HERB
Hey, we're just getting started.
Where we drinkin'? O'Conns?

RACHEL
Yes! O'Connor's!

AUSTIN
Down!

DALE
I need my post-marathon tendies!

INT. O'CONNOR'S BAR - DUSK

The group slams a pickle back shot, then chugs another beer.

Rachel and Austin goof around, while Dale returns to devouring a giant plate of chicken tenders in a gluttonous fashion.

Meanwhile, Herb meets eyes with a pair of cute girls on the other side of the bar and waves to them. They smile and wave back.

Herb nudges Dale to look, and he does. One of the girls exaggerates a big wink.

DALE
Poor woman has something in her
eye. Does she need help?

HERB
No you dumb dumb! They're totally
into us. let's go talk to them!

Dale looks back over to them questioningly, they are biting their lips and twirling their hair looking at him.

DALE

I don't know man, I think they'd prefer to be left alone.

Herb groans loud, and pulls Dale in their direction. Dale relents with a chicken finger in one hand and a handful of fries in the other.

Rachel and Austin watch the attempt. Herb tries way too hard to make a cool introduction to one, and Dale can't shake the other girl's hand because he has food in his.

Austin shakes his head and laughs, while Rachel pokes him and points to the TV above.

On ESPN, a big headline reads - RACEWALKING LEGEND RANDY LA'PEW WITHDRAWS FROM OLYMPICS!

On screen, a lithe man named RANDY LA'PEW (30-40) struggles in the middle of a competition, where everyone seems to be powerwalking.

Randy grimaces through his bold steps driven from the hips. He's in pure pain, falling behind.

A reporter delivers information over footage.

REPORTER

Tragedy strikes the Men's Olympic Racewalking team once again, as its final eligible member is forced to withdraw from the Olympic Games, mere months before the event.

AUSTIN

Damn, poor dude.

RACHEL

No, look at how they are walking.

Austin narrows his gaze. On screen, Randy's form reminds him of something he can't place.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Who does that remind you of?

Randy moves past camera, exposing the backside of his track shorts. They're rapidly turning brown.

AUSTIN

Oh.

Austin's eyes naturally follow to Herb and Dale, still striking out.

Back up on screen, Randy can't take it anymore. He darts off course to a nearby trash can, pulls down his shorts, and sits on it like a toilet. All his pain washes to brutal relief.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Ohhh...

The reporter graces the screen.

REPORTER

Now faced with a total exit from the Men's Olympic event, the National Racewalking Association has called for a nation-wide competition to find two able-bodied competitors to compete for Team USA.

Rachel and Austin's eyes light up, both thinking the same thing.

AUSTIN

They can totally do that.

RACHEL

That could get them to The Village.

Just then, Herb and Dale return from their failed attempt.

HERB

What's with the faces?

The two point up to the TV, just as coverage shifts back to footage of Randy's dirty butt on the screen.

HERB (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Herb just finds it gross, but for Dale, the footage causes him to slip into a panic attack.

He breathes heavily and starts to lose his grip. Herb catches wind immediately.

HERB (CONT'D)

Oh no. Dale, you okay?

DALE

We gotta get to your house and change. I have to change.

Herb grabs him by the face and shouts into it.

HERB

Hey! Look at me! Your pants are clean. That's not you! You're clean!

DALE

Am I?

HERB

Yes! You're the cleanest hunk in the bar. Those days are behind us.

DALE

Are they?

HERB

Yes. Breathe my friend.

Dale's breathing is slowing, but still labored.

HERB (CONT'D)

(to Rachel and Austin)

What the hell guys?

RACHEL

I'm so sorry Dale, that wasn't what we wanted you to see.

AUSTIN

That wasn't the important part.
(points to the tv)
See, look!

A short and intense man speaks to the press. A title reveals his name and position - DUSTIN SMALLFOOT (40's-50's) former Olympian, and NRA Spokesperson.

The news ticker reads - The NRA's Search For Olympians.

DUSTIN

Listen, this is a disaster scenario for the National Racewalking Association...

(clarifying)

The REAL NRA. THE GOOD ONE. GUNS SUCK!

(back to it)

We're thanking our lucky stars that the Women's team remains in good health. I won't lie to you. Randy's withdrawal hurts. We were already scrambling to fill our other slot on the Men's team. Things are dire, so we'll have to get resourceful.

REPORTER (O.S.)

We've heard reports that you may even suit up for the event-

DUSTIN

Ha. I've heard the rumors, but these feet can't compete. Not anymore.

(beat)

We need new blood in the arena. We're holding a national competition to find Team USA's next Olympic champions. If you think you have what it takes, I implore you to consider. We need you. America needs you.

Dustin steps away from the podium angrily and kicks a chair.

Back to the group -

HERB

What?! You want us to do that?

Rachel and Austin effusively nod their heads and affirm.

RACHEL

You HAVE to!

AUSTIN

Yes. This is fate.

HERB

What makes you think that?

Rachel and Austin skittishly avoid saying the wrong thing.

RACHEL

Uh..

AUSTIN

You're both...

RACHEL

(finishing the thought)

Fit! This could be your chance to go to the Olympic Village!

HERB

The Village? Who cares about that?

RACHEL

Excuse me? Do you not know what goes down at The Village?

Herb looks at Dale who is back to devouring chicken tenders.
He shrugs.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
It's only the best and most
exclusive orgy on the planet.

Dale chokes a bit on a chicken finger.

HERB
What?

AUSTIN
I'm shocked you haven't heard.
Apparently it's sexual paradise.
Room after room of gangbangs
featuring the fittest and most
beautiful people on the planet.

Herb's gears turn, while Dale looks legitimately confused.

HERB
At work, we are preparing for a
huge shipment from Trojan to the
Olympics... I did find that odd.

RACHEL
Yeah. Because every country that
hosts the games runs into a condom
shortage.

HERB
The whole country?

DALE
That can't be true. Olympians are
solitary, regimented athletes with
one goal in mind. Achieving
greatness.

AUSTIN
That's the point. What do you think
happens when their event is over?

Dale goes to respond, but starts to understand.

DALE
Oh my god.

RACHEL
I dated an Olympian once, he was an
archer. The sex he had there was so
good, he went celibate after.
(clarifying)
(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Of course, this was before Austin and I got serious.

Austin gives a weird look but moves past it.

AUSTIN

I once dated a girl whose sole fantasy was to roleplay being at the Olympic Village. She wouldn't shut up about it, kept trying to host shit at my apartment. She eventually got arrested trying to sneak in the 2016 games.

(clarifying)

Of course, this was before Rachel and I were a thing.

Rachel gives him a weird look.

HERB

You're kidding.

AUSTIN

No. And honestly, I'd give Rachel a hall pass in a second if she had the chance to go. I'd want that for her.

RACHEL

Aww.. So sweet. I'd want the same for you baby.

The two kiss weirdly while Herb and Dale take all that in.

HERB

Then why don't you two try?

The duo laughs.

AUSTIN

Us? Olympians? The only sports we partake in are drinking ones.

RACHEL

No shot. But you two... You guys do marathons for fun. You could do this.

Herb and Dale look at each other.

HERB

We don't know anything about racewalkin-

GRUFF FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

You fools.

The group perks up to the voice. It's familiar, one they haven't heard in a long time.

Sitting close by and wallowing in drink is a washed up woman wearing a dirty tracksuit. An embroidered label that's on the verge of falling off reads COACH.

The group inspects her, and all come to the realization -

HERB

Coach A'niss? Is that you?

COACH EDITH A'NISS (40's-50's) nods slowly.

COACH

It's in your bones. Always has been. Yet you waste your god given talent.

She shakes her head, the group takes that in.

COACH (CONT'D)

I'll never forget the sight. The finest walking form I've ever seen, exhibited by two dirty young boys. The form of a future olympic medalist. Simply divine. I tried to tell you, but you two wanted to run, not walk. Just like the rest of this god damn town.

Herb and Dale rapidly put the conversation together.

HERB

Wait, you were always into this shit! I remember!

COACH

It's not shit! It's a sport.

Dale takes this in with an epiphany.

DALE

You wanted us to try it.

COACH

I did. You could have been great.

HERB

You were serious about all that? I thought you were just trying to get us to quit track.

Coach scoffs.

COACH

It's a sad world when its people question your sincerity. I remember trying to convince you like it was yesterday. You looked at me like I offered you a poison pill.

(beat)

I don't blame you though. I blame the school... the community... this country. You were children that didn't know what they had. I could have made Olympians out of you. But nobody cares about the sport. Nobody.

Something underneath her shirt causes her pain. She tugs at a ribbon around her neck, and pulls out an OLYMPIC SILVER MEDAL, staring at it sadly.

The group is taken back.

HERB

Is that an Olympic medal?

She doesn't respond.

DALE

Coach, you... were an Olympian?

She gives one subtle nod.

HERB

What? How did we not know?

She tucks the medal back under her shirt painfully, and laughs spitefully.

COACH

Why am I even talking? Is this Groundhogs day? Keep celebrating your pointless marathons. You idiots. Let some other assholes steal your birth-rite. I don't care.

With that, the conversation sours, spurring the group to leave.

HERB

Good to see you're doing well
Coach.

Herb takes off, followed by Rachel and Austin. Dale wants to say something, but can't find the words, he takes off too.

EXT. O'CONNOR'S BAR - NIGHT

The four drunkenly escape outside, laughing off the encounter awkwardly.

AUSTIN

Well that was intense.

RACHEL

I can't believe that just happened.

HERB

What the hell, she was an Olympian?
Now just drinking her ass off at
O'Connor's? Man.

DALE

Poor woman, I could feel her
sadness.

HERB

Yeah. Not trying to make fun,
just... tragic.

RACHEL

She wasn't wrong you know. You two
should do it.

HERB

Oh come on.

AUSTIN

Hell, maybe she could train you.

Herb laughs.

HERB

Ya know, if what you say about The
Village is true, I'd try out for
it. What do you think, Dale?

DALE

I don't know. Something about it...

HERB

What else do we have goin' on?

Dale stays quiet.

HERB (CONT'D)

Eh. it's a dumb idea, I'm drunk.
I'm going home and goin' to bed.
Work tomorrow is going suck.

The group agrees, gives a round of drunken hugs, and takes off for the night.

INT. SHIPPING WAREHOUSE - DAY

Two BIG DUDES offload box after giant box off a truck into an already packed warehouse, as a runty supervisor named BILL (40-50's) stresses out.

BILL

No no no, this is way too many
boxes, it's not reflected on the
ledger!

Bill slams his finger on a clipboard to a complete lack of reaction from the Big Dudes.

BIG DUDE 1

We ain't taking this back. Blame
Trojan, not us.

BILL

There's no way this is correct.

BIG DUDE 2

A man of your libido wouldn't
understand.

Bill gets visibly upset, as an incredibly hungover Herb arrives and notices the fiasco going on.

BILL

Herb! Get over here!

Herb approaches miserably.

HERB

What's up Bill?

BILL

Get Trojan on the phone, there's
been a mistake.

One of the big guys slams another clipboard into Bill's chest.

BIG DUDE 1

Sign.

The big dude towers over Bill, physically intimidating him into signing. Bill finally signs it.

BILL

(to the big dudes)

Listen, I'm Bill and I keep it chill. We'll figure it out. Who knows, I might skim a couple off the top for myself, eh?

Bill nudges The Big Dude, who shakes his head.

BIG DUDE 1

Not for you. You can buy the small ones at Walmart.

Bill deflates as they take off, the resumes stressing out.

BILL

Call Trojan, now!

HERB

Woah, tell me the problem first.

BILL

This is double the shipment from the last Olympics, what a waste of latex!

Herb

This is all for them?

BILL

Yeah, that horny ass village!

Herb stares at the giant shipment in front of him.

CUT TO:

INT. WESTFIELD TOWN STREETS - DAY

Back in the neighborhood, kids play in the street and enjoy the nice day out.

Dale is hard at work, walking his daily USPS route as a courier delivering mail.

Dale spots MR. MAY (50-60's) a nice man in the neighborhood.

MR. MAY
(calling out)
What's up Dale!

DALE
Hey Mr. May! I'm well!

Mr. May looks confused. Dale kicks himself for the wrong response.

DALE
I mean nothing much! NOTHING MUCH!

By now, Mr. May has already moved on from the conversation. Dale speed walks past his house.

He drops off mail at a the next house, as a very attractive older woman named MISS MEADOWS (40-50's) steps outside.

She wears a loose kimono and eyes Dale seductively as he does his job. Dale doesn't notice.

MISS MEADOWS
Well if it isn't Dale Daniels.

DALE
Oh, hello Miss Meadows!

Dale awkwardly waves as she toys with the strap on her kimono, smiling flirtatiously.

MISS MEADOWS
I was just thinking about you Dale.

DALE
Oh were you?

MISS MEADOWS
Yes. I saw the news about the Men's Racewalking team.

Dale stresses at the mention of it.

DALE
What a tragedy, right?

MISS MEADOWS
More like, what an opportunity... for you.

DALE
Me? Oh, I don't think so.

MISS MEADOWS

Honey, I've seen you do that walk a thousand times. It's something special. The way your hips move... You should do it. You were born to walk like that.

DALE

Wow. I appreciate the kind words. I'll think about it.

MISS MEADOWS

I can see it now, your tight little butt in those sexy shorts... the sound of nylon rubbing between your thighs...

Dale jams the rest of her mail into her mailbox.

DALE

Mail's in the box!

Dale starts speedwalking away with powerful hip movement.

MISS MEADOWS

(calling out)

There it is! You were meant for it Dale!

Dale tries to calm his hips while walking into the distance.

INT. DALE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Exhausted after his shift, Dale comes home to his apartment.

It's a small but cozy place, meticulously clean.

Shortly after walking in, he gets three texts in succession from Herb - "Watch. This. Now."

A YouTube link follows - "WALK INTO A NEW LIFE" - uploaded by the National Racewalking Association.

The thumbnail is a picture of Racewalkers mid-race, but weirdly zoomed in on their faces unphotogenically emitting excruciating effort.

Dale gets uneasy as he follows the link. It leads to a video with a meager view count, uploaded less than a year ago.

The description reads - WALKING IS A CHOICE, THE RIGHT ONE.

Dale's thumb anxiously hovers over the video, then hits play.

A low budget, yet surprisingly modern VFX title sequence plays, as the logo for The National Racewalking Association spins into existence. A subtitle swoops in under - THE REAL NRA.

The video cuts to expose a SHITTY GREENSCREEN SETUP for a few frames, then triggers the color key into a black void.

A familiar intensity graces the screen confidently, as Dustin Smallfoot steps center frame.

DUSTIN

Hello internet, this is Dustin
Smallfoot, proud Olympic bronze
medalist and Grand Ambassador of
the NRA.

(points towards the
camera)

The REAL NRA. Not those gun toting,
Russian kissing assholes. They can
keep get honey potted by their
Maria Butinas for all I care, but
give us back our acronym!

The black void behind him cuts jarringly to the still of
Racewalkers mid-race. He paces back and forth in front of it.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

Anyways. I'm here to drive home one
simple fact. Running is for
cowards.

The still image turns into full video, as a bevy of poorly
cut racewalking footage plays behind Dustin. It looks
horrible. Dustin continues his rant.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

Let me ask you something, when was
the last time you were impressed by
someone running?

Tiny beat.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

That's right, never. I'm not here
to impress ya, I'm here to blow
your mind.

(points behind)

These specimen can average seven
minute miles without ever losing
contact with the ground. They don't
need that hop step bullshit you
call running to move fast. Seems
like magic right?

The music and the footage behind him get more intense, the cuts are furious and uncomfortable.

DUSTIN

I know what you're thinkin', that
can't be true! These goofballs
can't be moving that quick, I mean
look at their form! They look like
they have doo-doo in their pants,
don't they!? A BIG STEAMIE POO?

Something about the delivery causes Dale to start panicking. This time, he's alone with nobody to help. Despite this, he can't look away.

DUSTIN

Grow up you child! This form you so
crudely mock is actually the divine
response to the single, major
constraint the sport of Racewalking
places on these fine athletes.

The editing tone shifts, as it lands peacefully on a shitty PowerPoint slide highlighting -

RULE 230.2 - Racewalking is a progression of steps with no visible (to the human eye) loss of contact with the ground, with the athlete's advancing leg straightened from first contact with the ground until the vertical upright position.

DUSTIN

Would you make fun of a swimmer's
breaststroke? No. Those idiots have
to swim like that, it's the rules!
All sports have rules. Racewalking
has just one. Rule 230.2.

A physics simulation plays in the back, showing a Racewalker's form keeping their contact to the ground, juxtaposed against someone running. The runner loses contact every step, a big X falls over that model.

DUSTIN

As you can see, running is
unacceptable cheating bullshit.
Racewalking, on the other hand, is
the product of generations of
competitions and refinement,
pushing one's body to the
boundaries of physics, all while
staying true to the one rule of the
sport. Keep your feet on the
ground.

Something about this defense is oddly soothing to Dale.

Footage of Racewalking plays behind Dustin again, this time, it's a pleasant tone.

DUSTIN

So the next time you see someone walking like this, remember that they should be revered and respected. In the face of fast foes, no matter the trouble, a Racewalker must keep walking. That is Racewalker creed, and it changed my life.

A still picture of a fat little boy slowly takes the screen, followed by a title DUSTIN (Circa 1980), he gives two big thumbs up over a birthday cake, wearing a tight white t-shirt with his belly exposed.

DUSTIN

I was lost before Racewalking. A man with no purpose. I was a loser drowning in debt and anxiety. At my lowest, I even sold my body. Now, I'm an Olympic Bronze Medalist, imploring you to PAY ATTENTION to Racewalking! And if you ever hear it calling out to you - don't run away, walk towards it.

An American Flag billows behind him via bad graphic.

DUSTIN

You never know, you might walk yourself into a new life like I did.

Dustin winks at the camera, and the video freezes abruptly.

Dale takes a moment, then calls Herb.

INT. HERB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Herb is racewalking around his dirty apartment when he gets the call.

Without breaking a stride, he picks up.

INTERCUT - HERB AND DALE'S APARTMENTS

HERB

Did you watch it?

DALE

I did. It felt like he was speaking directly to me.

HERB

I KNOW DUDE! SAME HERE.

DALE

But I don't know. This whole thing makes me feel sick to my stomach, like... my body is telling me something.

Herb's pace increases.

HERB

I get it Dale, I really do. I have that same feeling. It makes me think about high school. The bad memories. But this video got me thinking... What if all of that was for a reason?

DALE

All what?

HERB

All those walks, all that bullying... What if all of it was to prepare us for this moment?

DALE

I think that's what scares me.

HERB

It scares me too, but maybe that feeling we have is our bodies telling us that we have to do it. Maybe we were meant for this. Maybe this is the start of an epic adventure, where we turn all of that bad shit into Olympic sex and success!

DALE

I don't know.

HERB

Come on dude!

Dale sighs, and laughs.

DALE

How do we try out?

Dale claps his hands in excitement and drops his phone, shattering it in the process.

DALE

Herb! Are you okay!? Are you being robbed?!

Herb picks up his shattered phone.

HERB

I'm okay! They gotta make these phones less slippery.

DALE

Be careful dude!

HERB

It's fine, I'm going to buy a million phones after the Olympics.
(switching gears)
Alright, so I already looked into it, we just have to pass a racewalking aptitude test in order to compete, I booked us for after work tomorrow night.

DALE

What?! Dude!

HERB

Don't stress! It's going to be easy. Listen to this. It's only a 10 kilometer walk on a treadmill with an official judging us.

Dale is surprised.

DALE

Oh that's not so bad. But how fast?

HERB

Something like eight minutes per kilometer. I did the math, that's like a twelve minute mile. We just crushed that marathon, it'll be easy. We just gotta finish with less than 50 foot fouls.

DALE

Oh no. What even is a foot foul?

HERB

That video showed us! Just don't run.

DALE

I don't know man, I don't think it's that easy. We don't know how to Racewalk.

HERB

Yes we do! Coach said it was in our bones, and she's right. I'm doing it around my apartment right now. I feel like a god. We learned this years ago. I'm already nasty at it. Go on, try it.

Dale takes a deep breath, and obliges. He strolls around the apartment. It's goofy, but very much like a kid coming off training wheels, he's got it down.

DALE

This does feel right.

HERB

I'm sure your form is perfect. We got this. Just practice on your routes at work tomorrow and I'll do the same around the warehouse.

DALE

Okay. I can do that.

HERB

Hell yes. We're going to the olympics baby. Get a good night sleep tonight and I'll pick you up for the test tomorrow night.

DALE

Cool man.

HERB

Remember, it was all for a reason. Have a good night bud.

DALE

Yeah. Love you too.
(didn't mean to say that)
Uh I mean you too.

Herb laughs.

HERB

Love ya too Dale.

They hang up. A nervous smile creeps across Dale's face.

He racewalks to his bed and jumps in excitedly.

INT. SHIPPING WAREHOUSE - DAY

The next day at work, Herb sets up a makeshift track between boxes in the warehouse, and he practices his racewalking on the job.

Bill comes by and almost catches him, but Herb feigns reading labels and fools him. Bill leaves, and the minute he does, Herb resumes practicing.

CUT TO:

INT. WESTFIELD TOWN STREETS - DAY

Meanwhile, Dale is racewalking through his route at work. He's driven, with purpose. The sassiest walking mail-man alive.

It's noticed by everyone, people cheer him on. He drops mail off at Miss Meadow's place, where she nods in approval.

Dale gives a thumbs up, and keeps walking. Miss Meadows fans herself off, hot and bothered.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - OLYMPIC TESTING CENTER - BOSTON - NIGHT

Herb and Dale get out of a car and onto the parking lot of a big sporting facility in the city.

HERB
It's time baby.

DALE
Hey can you check my form real quick? Just to be sure.

HERB
Oh good idea, let's check each other before we go in.

Dale enthusiastically obliges, storming around the lot.

HERB
Oh, you're golden. Like a goose.

DALE
Yeah?! Sick.

HERB
But damn, now I'm self conscious,
how does mine look?

Herb starts storming around the parking lot.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING SECURITY - OLYMPIC TESTING CENTER - NIGHT

A SECURITY GUARD watches Dale cheer on Herb's excellent form.
The two bro out and high five, hyping each other up
excessively.

The SECURITY GUARD shakes his head in disbelief.

CUT BACK:

INT. OLYMPIC TESTING CENTER - BOSTON, MA - NIGHT

It's a very bland facility, almost purgatorial.

Herb and Dale racewalk into the premises excitedly, and up to
a TEST CLERK who isn't nearly as enthused.

HERB
Herb Winters and Dale Daniels are
here to CRUSH this aptitude test.

DALE
Yeah!

TEST CLERK
Great. Here's the verbal portion.
(beat)
What is the one rule of
Racewalking?

HERB
Rule 230.2!

DALE
Rule 230.2!

TEST CLERK
Correct. You passed.

Herb and Dale explode.

TEST CLERK
You must have studied. Please take
a seat, and the official will call
you in for your physical exam
shortly.

Herb and Dale nod, and head to the waiting room.

INT. WAITING ROOM - OLYMPIC TESTING CENTER - NIGHT

There's only one person in the waiting room. It's an OLD MAN hooked up to an oxygen machine.

Herb and Dale sit across from him.

OLD MAN
You guys here for the Racewalking
test?

HERB
Yeah!

DALE
Yes sir!

The Old Man laughs.

OLD MAN
Stay the fuck out of my way. The
Village is mine.

The Old Man hisses. Herb and Dale recoil.

Then a guttural sound of a man crying echoes from the testing room. The door opens, and a GROWN MAN collapses outside in misery.

A drill sergeant of a TEST OFFICIAL steps over his body.

TEST OFFICIAL
Mr. Leonard?

The Old Man rises to his feet in the slowest, most labored way, as the grown man crawls out of the room, still crying.

The Old Man slowly walks to the official until he's swallowed by the blinding white light from within the room.

The door closes, and the room is still.

DALE
What the hell was that?

Herb shrugs.

HERB
Old guys are super horny dude.

A LOUD CRASH SOUNDS FROM WITHIN THE TEST ROOM.

TEST OFFICIAL (O.S.)
(muffled)
Get me an ambulance!

Within seconds, medical personnel push a stretcher into the testing room, then disappear.

Another still moment.

Moments later, the doors open, and The Old Man is carried out on the stretcher. Herb and Dale look on, in horror.

HERB
Is he dead?

The Old Man's head turns to them. The boys shriek.

He gives Herb and Dale the finger while being pushed away.

OFFICIAL
HERB WINTERS?

Herb snaps out of the trance.

HERB
It's go time.

DALE
You got this dude. Remember, one
foot on the ground. Always.

HERB
These feet love the floor.

Herb takes a deep breath and heads to the testing room.

The Test Official eyes him up and down as he steps in, and closes the door behind him.

INT. TESTING ROOM - OLYMPIC TESTING CENTER - DAY

The testing room is equally bland. Beige walls surround a treadmill and accompanied work desk by its side.

The Testing Official snaps his fingers at the treadmill, then takes a seat at the desk.

Herb steps onto the treadmill awkwardly.

HERB
That guy going to be alright?

TEST OFFICIAL

Who knows.

Herb laughs a bit.

TEST OFFICIAL

Lotta poser Olympic wannabes
attempting this test, thinking it's
a walk in the park.

INTERCUT - Dale in the exact same circumstance / his test.

TEST OFFICIAL

Let me guess, you run marathons...
You think that will translate here?

They tense up, weathering the same abuse, barely holding it
together.

DALE / HERB

I'm meant for this!

The Test Clerk laughs.

TEST OFFICIAL

We'll see about that.

The treadmill powers on, the test begins.

The pace is easy at first, but The Test Official is quick to
throw early foot fouls that break Herb and Dale's
concentration.

The boys tighten up, with the Test Official meticulously
inspecting their steps.

More foot fouls break their confidence.

Sweat starts to accumulate on Herb and Dale, as worry starts
to spread on their face. This should be easier.

More foot fouls.

TEST OFFICIAL

Are you wasting my time?!

More foot fouls.

Then, a decent period without foot fouls, the Test Official
watches like a hawk.

On the screen, they are nearing the end of the 10km.

Sweat pours off them, they struggle to maintain their form.

More foot fouls, how many do they have left?

TEST OFFICIAL
You're cutting it close boy!

They power on, the end in sight.

Another foot foul.

Another.

The machine powers down, the boys' legs wobble to a stop.

The Test Official takes his sweet time delivering the results.

TEST OFFICIAL
You completed the 10km Racewalk
with -

Herb and Dale shake in waiting.

To Herb -

TEST OFFICIAL
48 foot fouls. You passed.

Herb screams.

CUT TO:

Dale's turn.

TEST OFFICIAL
49 foot fouls. You passed.

Dale shrieks like a little boy.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLYMPIC TESTING CENTER - NIGHT

Herb and Dale celebrate and jump for joy outside the facility.

HERB
We did it!

DALE
Olympics here we come!

HERB
 Yes sir, but I gotta admit, we need
 help.

Dale nods. The two share a look.

CUT TO:

INT. O'CONNOR'S BAR - NIGHT

Another night, another drink with Coach.

She pounds a dark whiskey and crams a handful of peanuts into
 her mouth.

DALE (O.S.)
 Did you really mean what you said?

Herb and Dale take a seat next to Coach. She doesn't turn.

COACH
 Yes. Marathons are trash.

HERB
 Not that. Us. About our potential.

Coach takes a huge inhale from a vape rig.

COACH
 (exhaling)
 Every word.

DALE
 Then help us. We're competing in
 the regionals.

HERB
 We just passed the aptitude test.

Coach's ears perk up.

COACH
 How many foot fouls?

DALE
 49!

HERB
 48!

Coach laughs.

COACH (CONT'D)
 You almost blew your chance
 already. You have raw talent. Not
 ability, you fools.

DALE
We know!

HERB
That's why we need you.

COACH (CONT'D)
Tell me, why should I help you?

That thought hadn't dawned on Herb and Dale.

HERB
Uh, because we can win?

DALE
Yeah, we're worth it we promise.

Coach takes a big swig of her drink.

COACH
No. No chance in hell.

HERB
Then why did you say that stuff the other night?!

Coach finishes her drink, and gathers her belongings.

COACH
I was drunk. You could have convinced me then. Not now. It's a bad idea. Too many memories.
(tips her head)
Night fellas.

Coach stumbles her way out. Herb and Dale panic, this didn't go according to plan.

DALE
Coach, wait.

She pauses, but doesn't turn.

DALE (CONT'D)
I don't know if you remember, but there was a reason why we walked like that. It wasn't a good experience for us. High school was hard. I don't remember much from those days. But I do remember you saw potential in me. In us. I couldn't see it then, it was too painful. but I see it now. I think it was all for a reason, for this moment.

Herb is genuinely surprised he's talking about this so openly without stumbling.

HERB

This is our chance to turn bad
times into good times.

Coach takes that in with her back turned.

COACH

If I help you... It's for the gold.
Not for The Village.

DALE

Deal.

HERB

Done.

With a tear in her eye, Coach takes a long sigh.

COACH

The high school parking lot.
Tomorrow. Five AM.

Coach walks right out of the bar. Herb and Dale cheer happily.

EXT. WESTFIELD HIGH - PARKING LOT - MORNING

The parking lot overlooks the track and football field and provides the general route to it, so it's a good meeting spot.

Herb and Dale wait by the gate down to the field, antsy.

Herb checks his watch.

HERB

6:05... At this point, she ain't
coming. We've got work soon. let's
just start without her.

DALE

But we don't know what we're doing.
We need her.

HERB

She was probably drunk and doesn't
remember.

DALE

No. She's committed. I know it.

Herb exaggerates a groan, and in the process, spots a car.

HERB

Wait. Isn't that the Bronco Coach
used to drive?

In the parking lot, a beat up RED BRONCO takes up two spaces.

DALE

It does look like it.

Herb walks over, condensation clouds the windows but he
notices something inside. He takes a closer look.

HERB

(quietly)

Oh.

Herb takes a deep breath, then softly waves Dale over.

Dale comes over, peeks inside, and deflates at the sight.

DALE

Oh.

It's Coach, sleeping in her shitty car, using her track
jacket as a blanket. Next to her, a half empty bottle of
Jack.

The boys sadly take it in.

HERB

Do we leave her be?

Beat.

DALE

She's here for a reason.

Dale softly knocks on the window and Coach jolts awake. She
composes herself and jumps out of the car as fast as she can.

COACH

You're here. Okay.

HERB

How long have you been here Coach?

COACH

A little bit, not too long. Figured
I'd get some shut eye before
practice at 7.

DALE

You said 5, Coach.

Coach stews on that.

COACH

No matter. Let's get to it.

Coach heads towards the track. Herb and Dale share a sad and concerned look before following.

EXT. WESTFIELD HIGH TRACK - MORNING

Coach is a ways ahead of Herb and Dale, who speak quietly while approaching the track.

HERB

I don't know about this man, maybe pulling Coach in was a bad idea.

DALE

Let's give her a chance. Maybe she needs this as much as we do.

HERB

The sex?

At this point, they're stepping onto the track.

Coach stretches, but watches something like a hawk.

Dale catches on, and freezes.

DALE

Oh no.

HERB

What?

(notices)

Oh.

It's JACE and TONY, now older, fiercely racewalking down the track, right towards Herb and Dale.

They're fast, and their form is equally aggressive as impressive. They duke it out over steps, sweating up a storm.

They're physical, literally pushing each other in their overtakes. It's rough but seems weirdly consensual.

Jace overtakes Tony, then Tony overtakes Jace, then Jace powers past in their last bout of effort.

They power down their speed triumphantly, getting closer and closer to Herb and Dale.

They don't notice them, yet. Instead, Tony catches up to Jace, slaps him on the ass then gives one last push that turns into a hug.

Jace finds his footing, then pushes Tony back, then feigns hitting him in the balls. They laugh, high five, then kiss.

It starts with a peck, then turns into an intense make out. Herb and Dale watch, stunned.

Jace and Tony wrap up, and spot the voyeurs. They smile, and immediately racewalk their way over.

Dale tries to speak, but can only utter a weird low noise.

HERB (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Just be cool. We'll get through
this.

JACE
(yelling out)
If it isn't Herb and Dale!

Jace's voice is notably higher than in his youth.

JACE (CONT'D)
You two look great, wow. Don't they
Tony?

TONY
Hot as hell.

JACE
Oh yeah. I always knew you two were
going to be late bloomers.

HERB
I thought you both moved to New
York?

JACE
We did! But we missed it here, so
Tony and I just bought our second
home, right down the street.

TONY
It's so cute, you have to come by.

Beat.

DALE
(stuttering)
Did I see you guys were,
racewalking?

Jace and Tony laugh.

JACE
You did!

TONY
Bet your tight little ass.

JACE
We're practicing for the Olympics.
Well, to try out for them.

Herb and Dale shift weirdly. Jace notices.

JACE (CONT'D)
Wait. Let me guess. You guys are
too? For the Village?

Herb and Dale squirm. Jace laughs hard. Too hard.

JACE (CONT'D)
Oh boy, looks like we've got some
competition Tony.

TONY
Nothing is getting between us and
ass.

Jace's evil eye returns.

JACE
Sounds like they should stay out of
our way.

COACH (O.S.)
Hey. They've got training to do.

Jace and Tony look to see Coach standing next to them,
defiantly.

JACE
Coach A'niss? Is that you? Jesus,
you look... Great.
(beat)
No worries, we're wrapping up here
anyway. I need my post-walk
protein.

TONY
I already have it prepped for you.

JACE

Oh. I was counting on it.

Jace squeezes Tony's ass, then directs his attention back to the group.

JACE (CONT'D)

Lovely seeing you two, can't wait to share the track again. You too Coach. It'll be like old times. Good luck training!

Jace winks and pulls Tony to leave. Tony winks and takes off.

When they're out of sight, Herb and Dale finally let out their stress all at once.

HERB

You've got to be kidding me, that just killed my entire desire to do this-

DALE

Yeah. Not good. I'm out. Can't do it. Not for me. I can't-

Coach takes a deep breath, and slaps Herb and Dale to snap them out of it.

COACH

Hey. Get it together.

(shakes her head)

Something tells me I should have had a closer eye on those two, huh. I never liked 'em.

Herb and Dale shrink.

COACH (CONT'D)

You want a chance to conquer your past? This is it. I watched them, they don't stand a chance without formal training, and those assholes have no self-awareness to see it. Train with me, and you'll walk all over them.

The words are the right ones. Herb and Dale are reinvigorated.

HERB

Let's do it.

DALE

Okay. I'm in.

A MONTAGE BEGINS OF THEM TRAINING -

- Coach walks Herb and Dale through proper form, correcting their posture.

- They racewalk around the track, then around town. Getting faster.
- Coach ties ankle weights around them, training gets tougher.
- Herb and Dale racewalk through their daily lives.
- Coach dumps rocks into their shorts, if a rock falls out, they do pushups.
- Jace and Tony watch the training from afar, getting nervous.
- Coach has Herb and Dale train in high heels. They fall often, until they don't.
- Herb and Dale pass Jace and Tony on their way to the track, more confident.
- Herb and Dale racewalk like beasts on the track, pushing each other to the limit. Coach watches, subtly nodding.

END MONTAGE -

EXT. BOSTON REGIONAL QUALIFIERS - BOSTON - DAY

It's a beautiful and fateful day in Boston, and a portion of Allston is sectioned off for the regional qualifiers.

Despite being a major city qualifier, the event feels pretty amateur.

A kilometer loop is sectioned by cones on a street, with a makeshift barricade narrowly separating spectator and competitor.

There are few spectators, but Rachel and Austin are of course tailgating even though there are more officials than fans.

There are many competitors though. It's a diverse crew around a hundred men deep, skewing a bit older (35-50) despite the tough physical assessment in the aptitude test.

Even then, there is still a healthy contingent of fuck-boys looking for notoriety and a chance at sexual bliss.

In the midst of prepping competitors, Coach gives Herb and Dale a pep talk.

COACH

Remember. Find the pocket, ride the
slipstream, keep the pace, burn the
finish. Do that, and you're gold.
I know it's been an intense couple
of weeks, but it'll be worth it.
You're ready.

Herb and Dale listen, but are fixated on their nemeses Jace
and Tony roughly pumping each other up nearby.

COACH (CONT'D)

They may play dirty, because
they'll need to. Keep the focus,
trust the training-

MALE VOICE

(over loudspeaker)

Helloooo my little Racewalkers and
fervent fanatics!

Coach freezes.

COACH

That voice.

In the distance on a cheap, makeshift stage, DUSTIN SMALLFOOT
greet the crowd, dressed lavishly.

DUSTIN

Welcome to the Boston Regional
Qualifiers for USA's Men's Olympic
Racewalking team, brought to you by
the NRA.

(snaps)

THE GOOD ONE. THE REAL ONE!

On the side -

HERB

Isn't that the dude from the video?

DALE

Yeah, what was his name?

COACH

Dustin Smallfoot.

DALE

He looks taller in person.

COACH

HUSH.

Back to Dustin -

DUSTIN

I bet you're all wondering why a busy international legend like myself is wasting his time here in Boston. Well, I just met with the Make A Wish Foundation about why the kids stopped asking for me. Turns out, someone routed all my requests to Bradley Cooper.

(snaps)

I WILL FIND THE CULPRIT! I KNOW YOU'RE OUT THERE, YOU JERK. HOW DARE YOU.

(back to calm)

Anyways, The Association said the turnout here wasn't looking great, so they sent me. Boy, they were right. The future of this sport isn't in Boston. But who knows? Maybe there's a diamond buried out there in this landfill.

Back to our group -

Coach shakes her head slowly.

COACH

He hasn't aged a day.

Herb and Dale catch that.

HERB

You know him?

COACH

SHHHH!

Back to Dustin -

DUSTIN

Alright, let's get down to it. This will be an uninterrupted twenty kilometer race. Top two finishers will earn a spot at the National Qualifiers in LA. All foot fouls will be tallied. Every three accrued will add a minute and a half penalty to your final time. If you run, you will be disqualified. I'm seeing a lot of fresh faces out there so let me remind you -

(snaps)

(MORE)

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
THIS IS raceWALKING not race
RUNNING. NONE OF THAT SHIT HERE.
(relaxed)
Okay! Competitors, assemble at the
start line. The race will commence
in five minutes.

Dustin hops off stage and into a terrible broadcast booth,
streaming to YouTube.

Back to our group -

Something about that whole thing has Coach in a weird place.

DALE
Coach, how do you know that guy?

COACH
Same Olympic Games. I figured he'd
be at Nationals, but not here. He
hates Boston.

HERB
Wait, you were both Team USA the
same year?

COACH
Yeah. He was the bad boy of
racewalking back then. It may not
look the case, but his strides were
that of three men. His shorts were
known to catch fire from the heat
of his hip movement.

Herb and Dale take that in.

HERB
He was that good?

Coach nods softly.

OFFICIAL
(over loudspeaker)
Competitors, to the starting line.

COACH
Go kick the past's ass.

Herb and Dale pump up in affirmation.

EXT. STARTING LINE - BOSTON REGIONAL QUALIFIERS - DAY

Herb and Dale take their places next to the melting pot of questionable competitors.

Not too far away, Jace and Tony smile maliciously at Herb and Dale. The two do their best to ignore it.

They take in the crowd, and spot RACHEL and AUSTIN double fisting beers, raising them as a salute. They wave back.

HERB
You ready bud?

DALE
My mind is telling me no.

HERB
But my body.

DALE
My body.

DALE (CONT'D)
Is telling me yes.

Herb fist bumps Dale.

DUSTIN (O.S.)
The race is about to begin!

An official raises an air horn, and blares it loudly.

INTERCUT - THE RACE / THE SPECTATOR AREA / THE COMMENTATOR BOOTH

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
And they're off!

The race begins, as a stampede of ferociously walking men flood past the starting line and down the kilometer loop of Boston streets.

Herb and Dale fold into the sea of competitors, vying for a good space to block the wind and conserve their energy.

It's a tight squeeze, and Herb and Dale definitely aren't accustomed to the live dynamics of the actual event.

Stationary officials littered throughout monitor foot traffic ruthlessly, foot fouls start flying.

They're assisted by officials following the action on vespas, they also divvy out foot fouls like candy.

Cameras on the ground and drones in the air broadcast the event, as Dustin provides commentary from a booth.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
Oh boy, this is a mess!

Herb and Dale have a hard time finding space for their steps, struggling to fit in the pack. They each get a foot foul.

Coach watches from the side, analyzing their performance.

COACH
Come on boys. Find the pocket.

Herb and Dale continue to struggle.

Meanwhile, Jace and Tony seem to be thriving in the pocket. They sneak in some dirty jabs and pushes in the mix, and find a comfy area to excel in.

The movement and push generated from Jace and Tony ripples to Herb and Dale, knocking them aloof. They pick up two more foot fouls each. Coach grimaces.

COACH (CONT'D)
Too early for penalties.

DUSTIN
Dear GOD! You all passed the
aptitude test? This is ATROCIOUS!

The stress of the competitors is palpable, and they start dropping like flies. Many fall, many give up.

The only two that seem to be on their game are Jace and Tony, powering up to the the front intimidatingly.

Tony blows Jace a competitive kiss, and moves ahead to an impressive speed. Jace follows behind showing good conditioning.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
FINALLY, Some good feet!

Meanwhile, Herb and Dale continue to struggle finding their way through the crowd.

On the side, Coach's stress finally breaks the veneer.

COACH
Find the pocket, find the pocket!

Herb and Dale manage to recoup their focus and step wide of a chunk of competitors to overtake them. They find themselves in a good spot behind Jace and few others.

Time elapses, and the pack begins to thin dramatically.

Herb and Dale's training starts to pay off, their stamina and efficiency shift the tide in their favor as they close the distance to first.

Tony is still in the lead, but his gas tank is starting run empty. He picks up a foot foul, and his focus suffers. He feels Jace, Herb, and Dale on his heels, and gets rattled.

He blows another step, earning another foot foul. Frustrated, he puts in more effort but overcompensates. He earns another.

DUSTIN

Oof, I knew it. Too good to be true, this guy sucks. Here come the penalties.

The words sting Tony, he loses speed. Jace overtakes him, then Herb, then Dale.

This enrages Tony, he can't tolerate being left behind. He picks up the speed, regardless of his form.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

Oh we've got a RUNNER!

Foot fouls and penalties are flying, but Tony "catches up", and wedges himself between Herb and Dale.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

QUIT RUNNING ASSHOLE!

But it's no use, even ignoring the rules, he can't keep up with Herb and Dale. In a last ditch effort, he PUSHES DALE, who falls hard.

Coach, Rachel, and Austin all gasp, worried.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

WOAH! GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

A security guy jumps off a vespa and tackles Tony, immediately disqualified.

The race continues, Jace and Herb keep moving forward.

Miraculously, Dale manages to bounce up from the fall barely losing a step. He's bruised and bloody, but keeps going.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
Damn, okay, that's some heart!

Jace is in the lead, followed by Herb, then Dale.

Roadrashed and in pain, Dale's tears fuel him to a new speed. He manages to catch up to Herb while they both close the distance to Jace, the finish line approaching.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
We've got some intrigue here! Only
two of these three will pass!

Herb and Dale ride in Jace's slipstream, gaining on him. Jace's composure starts to crack.

COACH
Burn it up.

With the finish line in sight, Herb and Dale kick it into overdrive, catching up to Jace and by his sides.

In this formation, Jace seems small and worried. He earns a foot foul trying to keep up, then another. He redoubts his footwork, but starts to slip behind.

DUSTIN
LOOK AT THIS!

With the end in reach, Jace catches a familiar sight, Herb and Dale's backside. Feeling the grips of defeat, he breaks out into a full sprint.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
ANOTHER RUNNER! LUDICROUS!

It doesn't matter to Jace. He keeps sprinting. He finally catches Herb and Dale just before the finish line, and charges in triumphantly.

Herb and Dale cross the line cleanly.

Dale collapses from pain and exhaustion, crying on the ground. Herb immediately tends to his friend.

Meanwhile, Jace argues with a stern and disapproving official.

JACE
Disqualified? Horsecock, I want to
see the video evidence, I finished
without a single foot foul!

DUSTIN
(over loudspeaker)
Oh did you?

Dustin points to a video replay highlighting many moments where Jace has both feet off the ground, exposing his fraud.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
(loudspeaker)
How's that for proof, asshole?
You're Disqualified. Stop being a
nuisance, and lose with dignity...
like the Canadians.

Dustin's words hit Jace like bullets, he goes quiet.

Shortly after, final times and scores are displayed, underneath, Herb and Dale's pictures display in first and second with the word - ADVANCING.

Herb goes ballistic and helps Dale gets to his feet triumphantly.

HERB
We did it dude! We did it!

Dale nods stoically. His posture changes, he looks taller. More confident.

DUSTIN
(loudspeaker)
Congratulations to Dale Daniels and
Herb Winters for their fine display
of racewalking ability, and FOR
ADHERING TO THE RULES! Once again
congratulations for advancing to
our national qualifiers. I'll see
you in LA.

Abruptly, Dustin racks the microphone and takes off like he can't stand another moment in this town. Coach watches every step of his departure.

Rachel and Austin drunkenly storm over to Herb and Dale cheering.

RACHEL
That was the best thing I've ever
gotten drunk to!

AUSTIN
Yeah, Marathon Monday can eat my
ass. This was the tits!

Finally Coach approaches, smiling for the first time in a long while.

COACH

That was quite the race. I never had a doubt. I'm proud of ya-

JACE (O.S.)

Hey.

The celebrations halt, as Coach is interrupted by Jace and Tony. A security guard keeps Tony in line. The group tenses.

JACE (CONT'D)

We want to apologize.

Jace looks like a wounded dog. Tony hangs his head, wearing a hat, hiding from his shameful behavior.

TONY

I'm so sorry. For everything.

Tony breaks down crying, it's ugly.

Coach recognizes the moment unfolding, and pulls a confused Rachel and Austin away.

JACE

We're not here for forgiveness, we don't deserve it. You should hate us.

TONY

I hate me too.

Jace gives Tony a sad look.

JACE

We know we're assholes. We're trying to change that. We thought we were doing better, but you both brought out the side of us we hate. You've come up a lot in therapy the past couple weeks.

TONY

She says I harbor a deep, repressed sexual desire for you both and it manifests into physical and mental abuse that I inflict on you to notice me!

JACE

I feel the need to assert my dominance on you and others because my penis is small. It's true. It's tiny. I can show you if you'd like.

Herb and Dale gesture an enthusiastic no.

TONY

Therapy can't fix me!

JACE

(harsh to Tony)

DON'T SAY THAT TONY. YOU'VE GROWN SO MUCH.

(to Herb and Dale)

We did terrible things to you. We inflicted our own pain and insecurities onto you.

TONY

I'm ashamed of myself, and the behavior I so easily slip into.

JACE

Me too. This competition was a reminder. Tony and I thought this would be a good way to feel young again. But all we did was regress into our old ways.

TONY

We need to break the cycle! Not perpetuate it! DAMNIT!

Tony kicks over a trash can, then immediately picks up the trash and puts it back in by hand.

JACE

We've taken a lot from you. We tried again today. I'm sorry. From the bottom of my heart, I'm sorry.

TONY

I am too. I really am. For all the pain that never should have been.

Tony breaks down crying. Jace holds him.

Herb and Dale take that in and share a look.

Dale limps over to Jace, and extends a hand.

It's met. A good handshake. Jace tears up.

Herb walks over and also extends the olive branch, it's warmly accepted.

Dale shakes hands with Tony, who bows and kisses his feet, then shuffles to do the same with Herb.

JACE

Thank you for being better men than we are. By the way, you guys are really good at this. Keep going.

TONY

You both have an Olympic aura around you. It's beautiful.

Herb and Dale nod a thank you, then Jace and Tony take off.

Delighted, Rachel and Austin return.

RACHEL

What a masculine catharsis!

AUSTIN

Yeah, that was some Greek tragedy shit if I've seen it.

Herb and Dale breathe deep and laugh at the situation. Coach steps up.

COACH

There you go. Conquered your past. But this was the easy part of your story. We've got a lot of work to do until Nationals. You guys ready to grind?

HERB

GRIND ME UP FAM.

JACE

YES SIR... MA'AM!

They cheer as we slip into ANOTHER TRAINING MONTAGE -

- Coach cranks up the rigor. She triggers an electric shock on any foot fouls that Herb and Dale commit while training.

- Meanwhile, Herb and Dale's daily lives seem to improve. Herb ships out all the condoms in the warehouse. Dale has more fun, socially successful mail routes.

- Coach subjects the boys to laxative training and a long walk through town and around the high school.

- Herb gets a promotion at work. Dale gets USPS Courier of the Month.

- Coach points out a heatwave on the California forecast, and wheels two treadmills into a sauna for Herb and Dale to practice on.

- Herb, Dale, Rachel and Austin have a nice dinner at O'Connors. They see Jace and Tony sitting by themselves, and invite them over to join. It's happily accepted.

- Herb and Dale battle with Jace and Tony on the track, now helping them train. Herb and Dale learn to contend with the physicality like pros. Coach watches, nodding her approval.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Herb, Coach, and Dale sit in that order in the economy section of an airplane, going over strategy on an iPad.

COACH

Ok, this is Charlie Charles Jr. out of Texas.

On the iPad, Coach pulls up a video of a SIXTEEN YEAR OLD BOY expertly cruising past competitors in his regional competition.

HERB

What the hell?

DALE

That's a boy!

COACH

Yep. Some say he's the reincarnated spirit of the dead Olympic legend Tony Antonio.

(pointing to his form)

That's where you would have been, if I had my way with you in high school.

Tony's face pops in between the seats from behind.

TONY

Coach, we had our way with them, and it lead to a life of regret. I do not recommend.

JACE

Preach!

COACH

Not like that you weirdos. Anyways.
Don't underestimate Charlie Charles
Jr.

Coach flicks to a different video replay. This time, a WIRY
MAN (40's) crushes his competition, then without breaking a
sweat, joins into a marathon nearby.

HERB

Who is this guy?

COACH

This is Gregory Dips, ten time
Ironman champion. He won this
marathon too. Then ran to the next
town and won a triathlon.

From the seats next to the trio - Austin pipes up, sitting
next to Rachel.

AUSTIN

Wait, isn't that the guy who hates
cars?

RACHEL

I thought it was planes?

COACH

He hates anything powered by an
engine. He refused to fly, so he's
biking across the country to get to
the competition as we speak.

HERB

What a beast.

COACH

Yeah. He's going to be tough.

JACE

Seems like a dickhead.

TONY

Yeah. I got my eye on him.

Coach flips to the next video. TWO HYPEBEASTS wearing baggy
clothes somehow float their way ahead of the NYC regional
competition.

COACH

The Lewis Brothers... Two dancers
shaking up the underground
racewalking scene.

(MORE)

COACH (CONT'D)

Their form is unorthodox and
intoxicating to watch. I quite look
forward to seeing it in person.

DALE

How are they doing that?

Coach shrugs and flicks to the next one. In the Miami regional qualifier, a GIANT practically steps over his meager competition with monstrous strides. His hands flop around weirdly at the wrist.

HERB

Wait, is that Kyle Jones?

COACH

Yes.

HERB

Like, Pro Basketball player Kyle
Jones.

COACH

Yep. After that horrific fall
destroyed both his wrists, he found
a second calling in Racewalking.
He's the fan favorite. Top odds in
Vegas.

DALE

What are our odds Coach?

COACH

Nonexistent. Neither of you.

Herb and Dale deflate, Coach shuts off the iPad.

COACH

There are a couple others to watch
for out there, but those are the
standouts for now. I'm tired as
hell. Leave me alone.

Coach pulls down an unsightly eye-cover to go to sleep.

Herb and Dale start to feel the pressure of the event.

DALE

Coach, if we DID have odds-

HERB

Would you bet on us?

COACH

No. Because I don't believe in gambling. But I do think you're going to win.

Herb and Dale beam.

EXT. NATIONAL QUALIFIERS - LOS ANGELES STREETS - DAY

The group arrives at the event grounds via multiple ubers.

It's a far bigger and more legitimate looking event than the Boston qualifiers.

They've closed off a decent portion of busy Wilshire to create a 1 kilometer loop, causing traffic to grind to a halt everywhere else in the city. Locals don't seem to be happy about it.

JACE

Lotta cars around here.

TONY

Yeah. a lot of engines...

Jace and Tony share a look, while the group moves closer to the event check-in.

Herb and Dale feel a mixture of nerves and excitement brewing within, as they spot a big sign labeled COMPETITOR CHECK-IN.

COACH

Alright, I think this is where we have to split up.

RACHEL

(to the rest of the group)
Let's find a bar to pregame?

Austin, Jace, and Tony support that idea enthusiastically.

AUSTIN

Good luck! We'll be watchin'!

The group bids Herb and Dale good-luck, as they part ways with Coach to get signed in.

EXT. COMPETITOR'S AREA - DOWNTOWN LA - DAY

Herb, Dale, and Coach wrap up checking in and step into a large, roped off competitor's area.

It's quite fancy, with many designated areas for competitors to prepare. They are escorted to theirs.

They spot everyone Coach warned them about - Charlie Charles Jr, Gregory Dips, The Lewis Brothers, Kyle Jones, all training nearby. They're more intimidating in person, this no longer feels like amateur hour.

DALE

There's that Dustin guy!

Dale spots him first. Dustin makes his rounds shmoozing with the athletes with a STERN OLDER WOMAN at his side. Next to him, she seems like an Amazonian.

Coach goes dark at her sight.

Dustin wraps up talking to Kyle Jones, and makes his way over with the woman in tow.

DUSTIN

Well, if it isn't Dan Diners and
Hank Wagner!

Herb and Dale have their correct names on their jerseys.

Coach recedes as Dustin and the woman step up boldly.

DALE

You know who we are?

DUSTIN

How could I forget that god awful
Boston qualifier eh? Worst time of
my life thus far.

HERB

It's an honor to meet you sir, and
ma'am.

DUSTIN

Oh. Where are my manners?
(gestures to the woman)
This is my fellow Olympian and NRA
Ambassador Nancy. Nancy Muncher.
You might remember her securing the
gold medal for the Women's
Racewalking team.

Coach shivers. Nancy coldly accepts the introduction, as she shakes Herb and Dale's hands.

HERB

Woah! A gold medalist! That's so cool!

DALE

You must know our Coach!
(turns to her)
Right Coa-

NANCY

Hello Edith.

Nancy stares bullets at Coach, awkwardly standing nearby looking to escape conversation.

COACH

Hello Nance.

Dustin's jovial demeanor changes when he spots Coach.

DUSTIN

Edith... Oh my god. What a surprise!

COACH

Good to see you Dustin.

DUSTIN

It's been so long! Where have you-

NANCY

(interrupting)
Still wearin' the medal?

Coach instinctually reaches for it.

NANCY

Of course you are. Tucked away too, eh. I wonder why.

Coach tenses. Everyone else is shocked from the tonal shift.

Nancy walks right up to Coach, staring her down.

NANCY

After all these years, I gotta know. Was I wrong?

Coach avoids eye contact, and doesn't answer.

Nancy exhales her disapproval.

NANCY

You boys must really be somethin'.

Nancy walks off callously and starts a conversation with another competitor.

Coach looks wounded. Herb and Dale are stunned. Dustin lingers, searching for the right thing to say.

DUSTIN

Edith, I'm sorry. You know Nancy-

NANCY (O.C.)

Dustin!

Nancy impatiently waves Dustin into the next conversation. Dustin grimaces.

DUSTIN

I gotta go. NRA stuff, ya know. But you look great E. It's really good to see you. Let's catch up later.

Dustin takes off and hops into the next conversation.

DALE

What a mean woman!

HERB

Yeah, what the hell was that Coach?

Coach grips her silver medal through the shirt.

COACH

I don't want to talk about it.

OFFICIAL

(over loudspeaker)

The race will commence in thirty minutes.

Coach rips her hand away from the medal, and steels herself.

COACH

Come on. Let's get you warmed up.

Herb and Dale hate moving past it, but they oblige.

EXT. STARTING LINE - LOS ANGELES STREETS - DAY

The race is about to begin, as everyone takes their places.

It's a HOT day. All of the athletes do their best to stay cool. There's water stations everywhere, including all down the competition path for the athletes to indulge mid-race.

Herb and Dale step to the starting line, as all the familiar faces fold in around them.

They spot Rachel, Austin, Jace, and Tony all already drunk and in the stands. A large screen in front of them shows a live feed, broadcasted from the NRA YouTube channel.

Herb and Dale spot Coach, darkly watching from the sidelines. Something about her is off.

Nearby, Dustin and Nancy begin the broadcast from a commentator booth.

DUSTIN

Allllllright, welcome to the official National Qualifiers for the Men's Olympic Racewalking team brought to you by The NRA.

(snaps)

THE GOOD NRA. NOT THOSE RUSSIAN MONEY LAUNDERING TRAITORS. WE HAD THE NAME FIRST, THOSE DICKS!

(moving on)

Anyways, I'm with a very special guest today, My fellow NRA ambassador and Olympic Gold Medalist NANCY MUNCHER, hello Nancy!

Nancy puts on a pleasant face, hiding her true self.

NANCY

Hello Dustin, great to be here today and so excited to see some Racewalking!

DUSTIN

That's right! We're here on the dirty streets of Los Angeles to find Team USA's next two Olympians. Ready to get this shindig started Nancy?

NANCY

Yes. I can't wait!

DUSTIN

Any bold predictions to make before this all unfolds?

NANCY

I'm confident Gregory Dips, and Kyle Jones will be representing us in the Olympic Games!

Dustin laughs.

DUSTIN

How did I know you'd go with those two? Great choices. I'm inclined to agree, but I've got my eyes on The Lewis Bros. Something about them... has my attention.

(moving on)

Okay, so this will be an uninterrupted, 20 kilometer race-

Dustin continues ranting, as Herb and Dale wait anxiously at the starting line.

HERB

It's been a journey my friend.

DALE

You could say that again.

HERB

No one I'd rather be here with.

Herb fist bumps Dale.

DALE

Damn right.

DUSTIN

Okay! Let's get this going!

The competitors get into their stances.

ANNOUNCER

(loudspeaker)

Attention, the race will start in - five, four, three, two, one.

The airhorn blasts, kicking off the event.

INTERCUT - THE RACE / THE STANDS / COMMENTATOR BOOTH.

The race begins in a similar fashion to the Boston Qualifier, but this time, much cleaner. Officials still intensely monitor for foot fouls, but the higher level of competition is keeping them to a minimum.

The pace is already markedly faster, like jumping from high school to pro level sports.

DUSTIN

FINALLY some proper racewalking.
What a sight for sore eyes.

(MORE)

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

I wanted to chop my feet off after
my time in Boston.

Right out of the gates, Kyle Jones' giant strides send him to the front of the pack, as many fight to stay in his slipstream.

Herb and Dale manage to find a good spot, getting into a rhythm much faster this time around.

Charlie Charles Jr. manages to catch up to Kyle and match his pace with a flurry of foot movement. The small boy's feet blur with speed next to the giant's lunges.

Gregory Dips weaves through the crowd like a villain, putting him in easy contention for the lead. His form and conditioning are impeccable.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

It seems you were right Nancy, both
Kyle and Gregory starting strong.

NANCY

Yes. No disappointments there.

DUSTIN

You know who I'm disappointed in?
The Lewis Bros. This is the so-
called next generation of
Racewalking?

Towards the end of the pack, The Lewis Brothers are practically moonwalking their way down the street with more style than substance.

Back towards the front, Herb and Dale begin successfully overtaking competitors on their way to the best position behind Kyle, everything's going according to plan.

Until they invade Gregory Dips' space. Gregory defends his pocket of slipstream, aggressively blocking Herb and Dale out.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

We've got a tussle over here!

Herb and Dale struggle repeatedly, trying to secure the spot from Gregory. Each attempt they make, Gregory steps in strategically to thwart them.

Herb and Dale each get a foot foul, expending precious energy.

NANCY

These two are no match for Gregory.

Back in the crowd, the friend group stirs -

RACHEL

What the hell!

AUSTIN

Can you do that? Is that legal?

Jace stews.

JACE

I knew that Dips guy was a piece of
shit like us.

TONY

You thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?

Jace and Tony stare at each other, a mix of passion and
anger.

Jace goes to google maps, and points at an intersection.

JACE

I'll text you when.

Tony nods, then they passionately kiss before Tony runs off.

Confused and sort of scared, Rachel and Austin stare
questioningly. Jace smiles slyly.

Rachel and Austin shake it off and go back to watching the
event.

Coach on the other hand, is by herself shouting advice.

COACH

ATTACK HIS SIDES! SPLIT UP!

The race continues, and the heat starts to become a factor.
The competitors wastefully douse themselves in water from the
nearby tables along the path.

Many competitors fall off, or overheat trying to keep up.

Herb and Dale continue to struggle with Gregory, so they
separate and overtake him on both sides.

DUSTIN

There it is, the two Bostonites
with an impressive overtake.

NANCY

Questionable use of stamina.
Especially if they intend on
overtaking Kyle.

In front of them, Kyle continues to set the pace, with Charlie Charles Jr. in overdrive trying to keep up, looking like he's about to explode.

Miraculously, The Lewis Brothers are gaining speed, sliding across the ground, magically never losing contact. Dustin watches with skepticism.

Gregory stealthily decides to play dirty. He steps on the back of Herb's shoe. Herb recovers, but earns a foot foul as he fixes it. He recoups himself, and catches back up.

DUSTIN

Hmm. Not sure how I feel about
that.

NANCY

Unfortunately, these things happen
in tight races. All part of the
sport.

Their friends catch the transgression and call out for justice, but it goes unanswered. Gregory gets away with it.

With a strong poker face, Gregory does it again, but this time to Dale. Now Dale gets a foot foul.

Back to the friends -

Jace fumes, squinting at the corner of the big screen. A map of the course shows the race's live progress, traced from a map of the street it's held on. He eyes the intersections.

Jace darts glances between that and google maps on his phone, clearly doing some mental math.

He texts Tony.

CUT TO:

EXT. ADJACENT STREETS - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Traffic is abysmal on the streets adjacent to the race, anyone in a car is rightfully miserable.

Tony stands nearby on the sidewalk, when he gets the text -
"Do it now."

Tony breathes deep with his head held up high.

TONY
Time to repent.

Tony walks directly in front of a tiny FIAT, causing it to stop and stall all traffic. A SMALL MAN driving the car honks the horn but Tony plays dumb, refusing to move.

TONY
(repeating to himself)
Bad can be good. Bad can be good.
Bad can be good.

The Small Man rolls down the window.

SMALL MAN
Hey! Get out of the street!

He doesn't get a response from Tony, so he honks again. This time, Tony flips out.

TONY
Quit honkin' at me man! I'm not
going to show you my dick!

SMALL MAN
What?!

The Small Man is genuinely confused and frightened. More cars join in on the honking.

BACK TO:

EXT. THE COMPETITION - LOS ANGELES STREETS - DAY

Back in the mix, the competition rages on.

Gregory continues to mess with Herb and Dale, but a certain noise starts to distract him.

The sound of car horns gets louder and louder with each step.

DUSTIN
God, I hate LA.
(yelling at traffic)
QUIT HONKING ASSHOLES!

NANCY
What could be causing that much
ruckus?

What's merely annoying for most competitors is agony for Gregory, and it quickly affects his steps.

A hop, then a bound. Two foot fouls. Then another, and another.

Soon, he's disqualified. He falls to his knees, covers his ears, and screams in agony.

NANCY (CONT'D)

What a shame.

Back in the crowd, Jace smiles with gratification as Rachel and Austin stare at him stunned.

JACE

Sometimes the bad guys can be good guys.

DUSTIN

Somebody better check on that guy-
(changes topic)
OH NO! CHARLIE CHARLES JR!

Charlie Charles Jr steals the attention when he burns out hard and trips over himself. He does an excessive amount of tumbles.

Herb and Dale dodge his tumbling body, as do The Lewis Brothers who are catching up rapidly, sliding across the ground like ice.

They pass Herb and Dale, gliding their way hypnotically to first place past Kyle.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

I can't believe my eyes!

One of the Lewis Brothers does an inhuman spin move, flourishing in front, but a BALL BEARING breaks from under his shoes, shooting away and breaking a window.

He trips and falls, exposing hidden ball bearings coating the bottom of his shoes.

Dustin jumps up out of his seat.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

I KNEW IT. GET THE OTHER ONE!

NANCY

Pathetic worms.

Officials swarm the downed Lewis Brother, and head for the other one.

Panicked, the other Lewis Brother slides his way out of competition, and into the Los Angeles streets.

Until, he's hit by a familiar FIAT. The SMALL MAN from before goes insane at the wheel.

Then, there were three. All other competitors have either given up or too far behind to win.

Kyle continues his domination, but Herb and Dale cling to his shadow, biding their time.

Kyle's conditioning is superb, showing no signs of slowing as they reach the final leg of the race.

COACH

Do it. You've got it. Burn him.

Herb and Dale split from Kyle's shadow as they power up to maximum speed to overtake him.

DUSTIN

Oh, don't sleep on these two. Fans,
we recently found out that they are
coached by former Olympian, EDITH
A'NISS!

Coach winces at the mention, and Nancy rolls her eyes as Herb and Dale catch up rapidly.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

It's gonna be close!

Herb and Dale close the gap entirely to Kyle, who feels true pressure for the first time this race.

With the end in sight, Kyle puts the pedal to the metal.

But it comes at a cost, Kyle gets a foot foul. Coach gets a jolt of hope.

COACH

He's bloodied.

DUSTIN

Oh that's not good for Kyle!

NANCY

Not at all.

Kyle refocuses on his form, still moving with an insane speed, but Herb and Dale keep up at his side.

Kyle catches sight of them in his peripherals, and gets another foot foul.

DUSTIN

Oh! They all have two foot fouls!
One more would be disastrous!

The three push themselves to the limit, as they battle to the finish line.

Everyone tenses up for the finish, as the three cross the finish line in a virtual tie.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

A true photo finish!

NANCY

Wow.

Dustin is ecstatic, Nancy is not.

DUSTIN

Which two will be our Olympians?!

Herb, Dale, and Kyle power down after crossing the line, exhausted. Kyle immediately comes over.

KYLE

Hell of a race boys.

Kyle gives a limp and weird fist bump to Herb and Dale as they all look up to the big screen for the official results.

A video replay shows the finish from multiple angles. Kyle's leg crosses the finish line first, then Herb's, then Dale's.

Dale breathes out a long sigh.

DUSTIN

What a valiant effort from Dale
Daniels, but it looks like Kyle
Jones and Herb Winters are our new
Olympians!

The boys take that in.

HERB

I... That can't be right.

DALE

It's okay dude. You did it. That's all that matters.

Dale gives Herb a painful hug.

DUSTIN

Hold on!

The video replays on the screen, back and forth back and forth over multiple angles, at one point Kyle's feet lose contact with the ground.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

It seems we have a foot foul!

Dustin is strangely excited, but Nancy seems annoyed, checking out of her announcing duties.

Herb and Dale react with hope, as an official confirms it near Dustin.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

MY oh MY, WHAT A TWIST! Kyle Jones indeed committed a foot foul before crossing the line, thus earning a minute and a half penalty. Which means -

(points down to Dale)

Herb Winters and Dale Daniels, the Boston boys, are our Olympians!

Everyone explodes. Herb and Dale jump and shout as Rachel, Austin, Jace and Tony jump the barrier and rush over to celebrate.

Coach takes a moment to breathe out all the stress before heading over.

AUSTIN

You guys did it!

RACHEL

You're Olympians, you're Olympians!

JACE

You're going to the village!

TONY

I'm turning jealousy into happiness!

Coach finally finds her smile.

From her side, Dustin and Nancy approach.

DUSTIN

What did you do to those kids? They were terrible in Boston.

COACH

They just needed the right motivation.

The whole group is bouncing and chanting -

THE GROUP

Olympic Village! Olympic Village!
Sex! Sex! Sex!

Coach's face changes.

NANCY

Hm. Some motivation. Looks like these apples don't fall from the tree.

Coach becomes enraged, storming over to the group.

COACH

(to the group)

Hey, what are you doing? You're making fools out of yourselves.

The group stops suddenly, confused.

COACH (CONT'D)

You've come all this way, and that's how you act?

HERB

Sorry, we we're just being dumb.

DALE

Yeah sorry, that was stupid.

COACH

Well you're embarrassing yourself!

JACE

Coach, relax.

That doesn't help.

COACH

Relax?! You swore you were in it for the gold, not for the village.

(MORE)

COACH (CONT'D)

You SWORE! And the minute you win
you're chanting "Sex, sex, sex?!"

DALE

Coach. Please. We didn't mean
anything by it.

HERB

Yeah, it was just a joke.

That particularly sets her off.

COACH

There it is! I knew it. This whole
thing was just a joke to you, you
just want to get laid. I shoulda
known better. You used me.

HERB

Woah, Coach!

DALE

Don't say that!

COACH (CONT'D)

I'm done. Good luck, you're going
to need it, assholes.

Coach storms off. The group calls out for her to stop, but
she doesn't.

DALE

What just happened?

HERB

I don't know.

DALE

Should we go after her?

RACHEL

I think we need to give her space.

AUSTIN

Yeah. She'll be back.

The group tries to rally the energy back up, but Herb and
Dale can't shake it off.

ANOTHER MONTAGE ENSUES -

- The group has a fancy dinner to celebrate. They save a seat
for Coach, but it stays vacant.

- The group flies back, no Coach to be found.

- They arrive at home, expecting to be greeted like champions, in reality, nothing changes.
- Herb and Dale train in the mornings, Coach isn't around.
- Their daily lives feel mundane again, something's missing.
- They check O'Connors to see if she's there, and she's not. They hang their heads, wondering where she could be.
- Coach drinks heavily by the track at night in contemplation.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

Austin and Rachel drop Herb and Dale off at the airport, Jace and Tony tag along too.

AUSTIN

I can't believe the day is here.

RACHEL

Yeah, it feels like yesterday we were trying to convince you to try out.

JACE

And now you're flying to the Olympics!

TONY

You guys are Olympians, that's so hot.

HERB

Well, not yet.

DALE

We have to get there first!

They finish grabbing their bags, and hug their friends goodbye.

AUSTIN

I can't wait for your stories.

RACHEL

Remember to wrap it up!

TONY

I'm so sad we can't go.

JACE

Gotta lay low after LA. Anyways,
someone's gotta throw a watch party
here, right?

Herb and Dale wrap up their hugs, and head into the terminal.

HERB

Thanks for everything guys.

DALE

Hope we make you proud.

Despite the fond send-off, the steps towards the plane feel hollow.

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRPLANE - DAY

Herb and Dale get on the plane, and it's packed with Team USA's Olympic Athletes and their coaches.

Compared to them, Herb and Dale feel small and out of place.

They get to their seats and put their bags in the overhead compartment when a giant finger taps on their shoulders.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Oh my god, it's you two. You're on
my flight!

Herb and Dale turn to see LEBRON JAMES, and recoil from his sheer size and excitement.

LEBRON JAMES

I watched the race on the NRA
YouTube, you guys were INCREDIBLE!
I'm a big supporter of Kyle Jones,
but you're my new favorites. I
don't think I've ever seen such
finesse in footwork in my life. I
was going to reach out and see if
you'd train with me, but I got all
anxious and sweaty. But now you're
on my flight! I can't believe it.
You guys are way bigger in person.
Intimidating, but so warm! You
know, I think Racewalking is going
to be the sport of the future -

Herb and Dale let him keep ranting, but Dale catches something down the aisle past him.

A CUTE GIRL tries to stuff her big bag in the overhead compartment.

Time goes slow for Dale, he can't help but stare. She eventually notices, and they lock eyes. She smiles and waves.

This causes her bag to come falling down, onto the head of an OLD COACH who screams in pain.

Dale goes to help, but LeBron's big body blocks him as he continues ranting.

Herb caught the whole interaction, in fact, he's not even listening to LeBron.

LEBRON JAMES (CONT'D)

I swear my feet used to be about
three sizes smaller, I don't know
what happened. Basketball, I guess.

DALE

Excuse me Mr. LeBron!

Dale tries to get past him. LeBron scoots over, but the girl has already disappeared into her seat, with many other people in the way. Dale looks disappointed.

LEBRON JAMES

I'm sorry if I'm annoying, I'll let
you fine athletes relax. But if you
wanna chat, I'm just behind you!

HERB

Cool bro!

DALE

Sounds good!

Herb and Dale take their seats.

HERB

What the hell was that?

DALE

I think LeBron is a fan of ours?

HERB

No, that chick! I've never seen you
look at anyone like that.

DALE

Oh. That was the most beautiful
girl I've ever seen.

HERB

What?! Where is this coming from?
She was definitely pretty, but come
on, we're about to be at THE
OLYMPIC VILLAGE. Don't reach for
those superlatives yet.

Dale shakes his head, and looks back to see if he can see her again. Instead, he sees LeBron staring at him intensely.

LEBRON JAMES

I JUST CANT BELIEVE YOU'RE HERE!

This scares Dale into turning around.

LeBron pokes his head in between the seats weirdly.

LEBRON JAMES (CONT'D)

Can we be friends?

EXT. AIRPLANE RUNWAY - SPAIN - DAY

The plane lands, and the athletes disembark onto the runway, greeted by a big, lavish welcome parade of locals.

To Herb and Dale, this whole adventure starts to feel very real.

Dale spots the GIRL FROM THE PLANE, walking ahead towards a shuttle. He steps to chase after her, until Herb stops him.

HERB

Woah dude, where are you going?

DALE

There she is! I have to find out
her name!

HERB

Are you horny? What the hell has
gotten into you?

Dale grimaces as she gets onto the shuttle.

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - DAY

Herb and Dale exit the shuttle and step onto The Olympic Village grounds.

It's like an ideal college campus, but flooded with a mix of the most diverse, fit, and beautiful people they've ever seen. They can't help but people-watch as they stumble their way towards check-in.

INT. COMPETITOR CHECK-IN - OLYMPIC VILLAGE - DAY

Herb and Dale wait in a long line to check in.

Dale is antsy as the GIRL FROM THE PLANE finishes checking in a ways ahead of them, and takes off into the village.

Herb rolls his eyes, starting to get annoyed.

Soon, it's their turn.

VILLAGE CLERK

Next!

Herb and Dale go to the table.

HERB

Herb Winters and Dale Daniels
checking in.

(smug)

Team USA.

The Village Clerk flips through a database and finds them.

VILLAGE CLERK

Got it. Is Coach Edith A'niss with
you?

The boys look at each other sadly.

COACH (O.S.)

Yep. Right here.

Herb and Dale turn, and there she is.

HERB

DALE

COACH!

YOU'RE HERE!

Herb and Dale pounce on her affectionately.

DALE

HERB

WE MISSED YOU!

WE WERE SO WORRIED!

COACH

Yeah, yeah. I did a lot of
thinkin'. Wouldn't miss this for
the wor-

VILLAGE CLERK
Please save reunions for after
check-in.

The Village Clerk points behind, the line is long and restless.

They finish check in, and skirt off to the side to chat.

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - DAY

Herb, Dale, and Coach catch up on a bench while the village teems around them.

DALE
We're so sorry about LA.

HERB
We were so dumb.

COACH
No. I'm the one who should be
apologizing. I've been unfair to
both of you.

DALE	HERB
What? No chance!	Coach, please.

COACH (CONT'D)
No. It's true. LA brought up a lot
of bad, buried memories. I thought
I was past them, but I wasn't. I
did a lot of thinkin'. It's time I
came clean about something.

Coach tugs on the cloth of her shirt around her medal.

COACH (CONT'D)
I was never supposed to be an
Olympian. The same situation that
has you here, happened to me way
back when. They needed Olympians,
but those days, it was for the
Women's team. I ran marathons, but
was never anything special. Some
friends told me to do it. I thought
it was stupid idea, but I let them
talk me into it.
(gestures around her)
Everyone was raving about The
Village halls covered in bodily
fluids, I thought hey.

(MORE)

COACH (CONT'D)
Could be fun. So I tried out.
Somehow got on the team.

Coach sighs.

COACH (CONT'D)
That woman in LA. Nancy. I looked
up to her like an older sister, but
she never accepted me. She knew why
I was there.
(imitates)
"You're just here for the cock!"
she would scream. I felt like an
outcast.

Coach deflates.

COACH (CONT'D)
But she was right. That was the
reason I went, and boy. It was
good. Too good.

Herb and Dale are both engrossed and grossed out.

COACH (CONT'D)
I went wild. Partied for days. Then
came the event. I was all beat up
and sore. I still gave it all that
I had. It just wasn't enough. I was
deeply unremarkable. Finished in
twelfth place.

HERB
What?

DALE
But you have the silver!

COACH
That year, countries were getting
busted for doping left and right.
Everyone who finished before me...
Disqualified. Except Nancy. She was
incredible. Cleanly finished
second. Her silver was upgraded to
gold. Mine to silver.

A tear streaks down her cheek.

COACH (CONT'D)
I couldn't believe it. I won a
medal, and I stood next to my hero
on the podium. I was so happy. But
I'll never forget what she said.
(MORE)

COACH (CONT'D)

(imitating)

"You don't deserve it, you charlatan. Just like I don't deserve this gold. None of this matters. Nobody cares. You'll see."

Coach hangs her head.

COACH (CONT'D)

She was right. At least, I thought so for a long while. It took a miserable trip to LA to make me see it all differently. Those were good times. No matter the motive. It made me realize, it's the journey that matters. And I had a wild and great one. I have both of you to thank for that epiphany. Thank you, for pulling me out of hell.

The group embraces.

HERB

Right back at you Coach.

DALE

I love you Coach.

The group enjoys the moment, and stares at The Village around them in a new light.

COACH

Alrighty. Enough sentimental BS. The games commence tomorrow, and your event is scheduled for the day after. Not much time to waste. Let's ditch our stuff in our rooms and get you ready.

Herb and Dale enthusiastically agree.

INT. LOBBY - OLYMPIC VILLAGE SUITES - DAY

They arrive at the lobby of their housing complex.

It's a bit more basic than expected, very much feeling like a college dorm.

Coach breathes in deep.

COACH

There's the stink.

Herb spots a GIANT TRASHCAN filled with CONDOMS.

HERB

Look, look! My condoms!

Herb takes handfuls and starts lining his pockets.

INT. HALLWAYS - OLYMPIC VILLAGE SUITES - DAY

Herb, Dale, and Coach get to a fork in the hallways.

COACH

Well, Coaches and Staff are down
this way, you're down that way.
Meet back here in 10?

Herb and Dale nod, and the group splits up.

Herb and Dale find their room, and excitedly open it.

INT. OLYMPIC SUITE - DAY

This Olympic "Suite" is more like a jail cell.

One tiny window gives off dusty shafts of light, illuminating
a small room with two tiny beds practically on top of each
other.

HERB

This is where all the orgies
happen?

Dale puts his stuff down, then sits on the bed. It's terrible
and creaky. Dale checks the foundation, it's made out of
actual cardboard.

DALE

Not too shabby!

HERB

What are you talking about dude,
how are we supposed to have sex on
these?

DALE

The same way you have sex on any
bed man!

Herb tunes that out.

HERB

I guess Olympians don't need beds to bang. If anything, that's limiting. Yeah. That makes sense. Just need four walls and passion baby.

Dale bounces on the bed happily.

INT. COACH'S ROOM - OLYMPIC SUITES - DAY

Coach opens the door and walks in. Same setup. She sighs.

COACH

Just like I remembered.

Coach sets down her stuff.

WOMAN'S VOICE

HELLO ROOMIE!

Coach turns around to see a large woman named GEORGINA (40-50's) piling into the room with a ton of bags.

GEORGINA

We're gonna have some FUN! Name's Georgina! I coach the Women's Table Tennis team, pleasure to meet ya. What's your event?

COACH

Racewalking.

GEORGINA

Well ain't that somethin'? I've always greatly admired Racewalkers, something about the movement seems so REGAL, it's almost lik-

Coach walks out of the room, and closes the door.

GEORGINA (CONT'D)

Okay, catch ya later!

INT. HALLWAYS - OLYMPIC SUITES - DAY

Coach takes a deep breath behind the closed door and shakes off the roommate pairing.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Let me guess, you got saddled with those Table Tennis loonies too?

Coach freezes at the familiar voice, and turns to see DUSTIN SMALLFOOT with his shoulder against the wall, smiling wide.

COACH

Yep. Hello Dustin. What brings you here?

DUSTIN

Come on, I never miss The Games.
I'm an honorary guest commentator!
(gets closer)
Listen, why don't we stick these
two whackos together and shack up
like the old times, eh?

Coach hides her blushing.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

I mean. If the time comes, and I
get so lucky.

COACH

Why don't you shack up with Nancy?

DUSTIN

Nancy? E, Please. I wouldn't touch
that miserable woman. Plus, she
would rather die than come to
another Olympics. Too painful.
(shifts)
Listen. I'm sorry about LA. I
should have said something. She was
out of line-

COACH

(interrupts)
I'm a grown woman. I can handle it
myself.

DUSTIN

Oh I know. That's what I always dug
about you. But I still should have
said something. I was just so taken
back, I never thought I'd see you
again. You brought back a lot of
fond memories. Ones I'll never
forget.

After a beat, Coach smiles.

COACH

See ya around, Dusty.

Dustin's heart flutters as Coach takes off.

EXT. OLYMPIC TRACK - DAY

Herb, Dale, and Coach arrive at the track, ready to practice.

They're not the only ones there. Track athletes of all shapes, sizes, and nationalities prepare themselves.

A clique of ELITE RACEWALKERS goofs off nearby, pointing at Herb and Dale and laughing. The two ignore it.

COACH

Alright, let's shake off the rust
you took on in my absence.

With that, Herb and Dale stretch and get into it.

Before they know it, the sun goes down.

EXT. OLYMPIC CAFETERIA - NIGHT

The Olympic Cafeteria is teeming with athletes taking advantage of its grand buffet.

Herb and Dale are no different, they pile food onto multiple plates with very hungry eyes. Coach makes a humble plate as they shuffle through the line.

COACH

The Opening Ceremony kicks off at 7
AM tomorrow, so after dinner let's
get back and get a good night
sleep. We'll grab breakfast in the
morning before things get started,
watch the ceremony, then get one
last good training session in.

HERB

Sounds like a plan.

DALE

Yep!

They take a seat at a small table in the middle of everyone. Coach seems unfazed by her surroundings, but Herb and Dale can't help but act like the new kids at school.

HERB

This is crazy. Absolutely crazy.

COACH

Your plate?

HERB

No, all of this. I feel like I'm in college again.

DALE

Yeah, this reminds me of freshman yea-

Dale spots THE GIRL FROM THE PLANE, making her plate in line. They make eye contact again, and Dale waves happily.

She smiles and waves back, but in the process knocks over her entire tray onto the ground and causes a commotion.

Dale gets up to help but she escapes from the room and out of sight in an instant. He recedes into his chair with a frown.

Herb and Coach catch the whole interaction. Herb is fully annoyed now, while Coach smiles subtly as she picks at her food.

HERB

Dude, what is with you?

DALE

What? I just wanted to say hi, and instead I knocked over her food.

HERB

Bro, you're getting distracted, keep your focus until after our event.

COACH

Leave him be. All part of the experience.

HERB

What? I thought we were here for the gold, not sex?

COACH

We are. It's fine. Just a little-

FRENCH VOICE (O.S.)

Well well well, it seems that the replacements have quite the appetite.

The co-ed and cliquey group of ELITE RACEWALKERS approach the table, led by LANCE VICTARY (20-30's, French), STEFAN SWEAT (20-30's, Spanish), and an absolutely jacked woman named YULIYA GORELIK (20-30's, Russian).

STEFAN SWEAT

You Americans really know how to
eat... and lose.

They all laugh. Herb and Dale tense up, Coach remains stoic.

HERB

Who are you guys?

LANCE VICTARY

We are your competitors!

STEFAN SWEAT

We've heard a lot about you, two
nobodies who managed to climb their
way from the bottom of the barrel.

YULIYA GORELIK

Lead by Edith A'niss, false
medalist, stolen from my people.

Herb and Dale both jump to their feet to defend Coach, the
clique laughs off the aggression.

Coach, calmly eating, pulls the medal from under her shirt,
takes it off, and hands it to Yuliya.

COACH

You want it?

The action causes a moment of tense silence.

After a moment, Yuliya shakes her head.

YULIYA

Keep your false silver. I plan on
taking the real gold from your
country soon enough.

COACH

Good luck.

Herb and Dale shake with anger, as Coach puts the medal back
out of sight and under her jacket.

LANCE VICTARY

Such tension from you Americans!

STEFAN SWEAT

Yes, yes. I read it's because the
average penis size of Americans is
small!

The clique laughs, as Herb and Dale eye Coach for guidance. She continues to eat in silence, so they take her cue.

LANCE VICTARY

See you out there, you big American boys.

The group takes off laughing. Herb and Dale hold their composure until they leave.

HERB

Holy shit, I think I just became a nationalist.

DALE

They can make fun of my penis, but Coach's honor? That's crossing the line.

HERB

We gotta crush them.

Dale nods. The two look ready to fight.

DALE

You alright Coach?

COACH

Totally fine.

HERB

How did you keep your cool there?

Coach shrugs.

COACH

It's about the journey. Not the medal.

Herb and Dale think about that, in awe of her strength. Coach picks at the remainder of the food on her plate.

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - NIGHT

It's a beautiful and quiet night, as most athletes are already in bed for the early ceremony tomorrow.

Herb, Dale, and Coach stroll back to their rooms, breathing in the Olympic air.

A sound breaks the silence, coming from another nearby housing complex. The sound is unmistakeable, a loud moan of pleasure.

HERB

Oh shit! Someone's having sex!

DALE

Sounds passionate!

HERB

Isn't it a bit early for that? What if they have to compete tomorrow?

COACH

Who knows. Might be one of the misfit events that competed today, like archery.

HERB

So, they're already done? Do they just bone for the rest of the time here?

Coach nods.

Herb rubs his hands together excitedly.

HERB (CONT'D)

I'm so glad we are day two.

They get to their housing complex and walk in, as the moon quickly goes down to make way for the morning sun.

CUT TO:

INT. OLYMPIC CAFETERIA - MORNING

Opening day arrives, and the air is electric.

Herb, Dale, and Coach eat breakfast before the ceremony.

The Racewalking clique sits at a table nearby, pompously sucking the air out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - MORNING

Everyone funnels into the Olympic Stadium for the kick-off ceremony.

Herb, Dale, and Coach get to their spot in the crowd, and watch the international spectacle with wonder as the Olympic torch is lit.

Herb and Dale fist bump, proud of how far they've come. Coach nods to herself.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLYMPIC TRACK - MORNING

After the event, the trio practice on the nearby Olympic track again.

It's a lighter practice, more focused on form and technique.

COACH

Well boys. I've done all I can do.
You're ready.

Herb and Dale nod, feeling confident and pumped up.

HERB

Thanks Coach. This is all because
of you.

COACH

Nahh... I mean... maybe a little,
but come on.

DALE

We're going to make you so proud!

They group hug her.

COACH

You already have.

Herb and Dale get teary eyed from the comment.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, fellow Americans!

Herb, Dale, and Coach turn to see TWO BADASS WOMEN walking over, wearing TEAM USA tracksuits. Their names are JILLIAN ANDREWS (25-30's) and ASHLEN HOLMES (25-30's).

Coach smiles warmly.

JILLIAN ANDREWS

So sorry to interrupt your
training, we just wanted to say hi.

ASHLEN HOLMES

We've been following ya'll and
couldn't wait to meet you. We're-

COACH
 (One step ahead)
 Jillian Andrews and Ashlen Holmes,
 I was wondering when we'd run into
 you.

JILLIAN ANDREWS
 Miss A'niss... You know who we are?

Coach nods.

COACH
 Been following you both for years.

Ashlen shakes with pride.

ASHLEN HOLMES
 I'm freaking out. I had your poster
 on my wall growing up.

JILLIAN ANDREWS
 I did too, god. You were such a
 badass. So beautiful and strong, I
 wanted to be you.

ASHLEN HOLMES
 You were the reason I got into
 Racewalking!

JILLIAN ANDREWS
 Mine too!

Coach blushes.

COACH
 Well, I'm flattered, but you both
 are far more special than I ever
 was.

They both beam, as the focus turns towards Herb and Dale.

HERB	DALE
Hi! I'm Herb!	And I'm Dale!

JILLIAN ANDREWS
 Oh we know! Nice to meet you both!
 (to Coach)
 You've done such a great job with
 these two.

ASHLEN HOLMES
 The leap from Boston to LA...
 incredible.

(MORE)

ASHLEN HOLMES (CONT'D)
Just when the Men's team needed it
most. Where the hell did you find
these two?

Herb and Dale grow shy from the heaping praise.

COACH
A shitty bar, if you'd believe it.

HERB
Hey, O'Connor's is a staple!

DALE
Best chicken fingers in America!

Jillian and Ashlen laugh.

JILLIAN ANDREWS
I haven't been to a bar in over a
year. I can't wait to live a little
after all this.

ASHLEN HOLMES
You're telling me! The minute our
race is done, I'm chugging a beer.
Hopefully it'll be for a good
reason.

They laugh.

COACH
I have no doubt it will be.

JILLIAN ANDREWS
I hope we all can celebrate
together.

ASHLEN HOLMES
Me too.

HERB
Hell yeah, we definitely will.

DALE
For sure!

ASHLEN HOLMES
Awesome. Well. We'll stop bothering
you. Good luck training!

COACH
I was actually about to cut them
loose, they're ready. You guys need
anything?

Ashlen and Jillian light up at the prospect.

JILLIAN ANDREWS
I was afraid to ask... Any chance
you'd look over our form?

ASHLEN HOLMES
I'd kill for that.

COACH
I'm all yours.

Jillian and Ashlen get stoked. Herb and Dale happily watch
their mentor spread her wisdom to others.

HERB
We're gonna go check out some of
the events, we'll see ya later!

DALE
Yeah! Have a good sesh!

Coach, Jillian, and Ashlen get into it, while Herb and Dale
take off.

A MONTAGE BEGINS - Herb and Dale explore the ongoing Olympic
events.

- Herb and Dale check out some intense handball action.
- Next up, they cheer on the cycling event.
- Then, Table Tennis. Georgina's protege dominates, she
screams with excitement.
- They check out the swimming events, cheering from poolside.
- Lastly, they watch the rowers compete on the lake next to
The Village. A Swedish team triumphs.

END OF MONTAGE.

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Herb and Dale check the event schedule.

HERB
Alright, we got time for one more.
What do you wanna check out,
Soccer, Basketball, or Fencing?

DALE
FENCING!

HERB

Hell yeah. I was going to say, we shouldn't distract LeBron.

INT. OLYMPIC GYMNASIUM - FENCING COMPETITION - DUSK

Herb and Dale enter the gymnasium and take a seat in the stands.

Dale spots something, and taps Herb.

DALE

There she is!

Dale's crush from the plane is preparing to compete, in full fencing regalia, cradling a saber and helmet.

HERB

She fences?!

DALE

That's so cool!

Dale notices he can get close to her, and in an instant, bounds down the stands and over to the court where she's getting ready. Herb can't believe his eyes.

DALE (CONT'D)

Hi!

She turns, and does seem happy to see him.

GIRL FROM THE PLANE

Well hello.

DALE

I just wanted to wish you good luck.

GIRL FROM THE PLANE

Thank you. I'm a bit nervous.

DALE

You're gonna win. I know it.

GIRL FROM THE PLANE

I don't know, I've been mighty clumsy lately, especially when you're around.

Dale recoils.

DALE
Oh, I'm sorry I can leave-

GIRL FROM THE PLANE
No. I'm happy your here. What's
your name.

DALE
Dale. Dale Daniels.

JANE
Wow! Sounds like a famous writer!

DALE
Oh I'm just a Racewalker.

Jane laughs.

JANE
Just an Olympic Racewalker?

Dale laughs.

DALE
These days, I guess so. Hey. What's
yours?

OFFICIAL
(over loudspeaker)
Jane Linx and Rebecca Coats, please
make your way to the arena.

Jane points up and takes a deep breath.

JANE
I'm Jane.

Dale nods.

DALE
Jane Linx the Warrior Woman.

Jane laughs.

JANE
I prefer Shieldmaiden.

Dale likes that. Jane smiles at Dale and puts on her helmet.

DALE
Good luck, Jane Linx the
Shieldmaiden.

JANE

Thank you Dale Daniels the Olympic
Racewalker.

She heads to the center of the arena. Dale jumps back up into the stands. Herb eyes him like a crazy person as he sits back down.

A MONTAGE BEGINS -

- First match - She decimates her opponent, landing strike after strike without receiving a single blow. A perfect victory. Dale's eyes go wide.

- Second match - She beats her next opponent in a landslide. All of her clumsiness from the plane and village washes away to perfect agility. Dale goes wild.

- Quarterfinals - The competition heats up. Jane concedes two early points at the start, which worries Dale, but she turns it around and goes on a spree until she wins. At this point, even Herb is riveted.

- Semifinals - it's a battle. Jane has a good start, but her competitor shifts ground to secure a late and strong lead. Jane shifts her stance, rebounds, and turns things around until she wins narrowly.

END OF MONTAGE

The Finals begin.

It's a masterclass of art in combat. Total silence falls over the arena, except for the collision of sabers.

Dale grips Herb, watching anxiously as the two competitors parry each other endlessly. Any point that squeaks by is immediately reciprocated by the other, all the way to match point.

Match point is reached, and the two have a seemingly endless altercation. Jane's opponent presses her aggressively with a flurry of attacks. Jane keeps up expertly, until one thrust makes her lose balance.

Off-footed, Jane becomes aloof. Her opponent tries to seize the opportunity, and charges. When all looks lost, Jane manages to twist her body into an impossible position to dodge and riposte successfully. She sticks her foil into her opponent, and she wins the gold.

Dale goes apeshit, Herb does too. Jane takes her helmet off, spinning around the arena happily to the applause, and spots Dale clapping in the stands. She waves at him, and he gives her a giant thumbs up.

CUT TO:

INT. OLYMPIC CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Herb, Dale, and Coach eat dinner at the cafeteria.

DALE

(imitating Jane)

Then she was like, whooosh, and dipped underneath, and she jabbed her while on one foot, it was the coolest thing I've ever seen.

HERB

I gotta admit, it was pretty dope.

Coach smiles as Dale recounts the story.

COACH

Seems like a hell of a woman.

JANE (O.S.)

Dale Daniels!

Jane walks up to the table with a new gold medal around her neck. Dale jumps up to congratulate her.

DALE

Jane! I was just saying, you were amazing. Congratulations!

JANE

Thanks! I heard you cheering the whole time. I didn't want to disappoint.

DALE

I don't think that's possible.

Herb gives Coach a look, who just smiles back to him.

DALE (CONT'D)

Oh I'm sorry, this is Coach, and this is Herb.

They both wave.

JANE

Hi guys, nice to meet you both!
I, uh, actually was wondering if
Dale could go for a walk with me? I
mean if it's okay with you all.

Dale's eyes go wide, as he looks to Coach and Herb for approval. Herb gives a questioning stare, while Coach gives a supportive nod.

DALE

Yeah! We just finished dinner. Of course, let's go!

Dale and Jane take off.

HERB

You sure that's a good idea? We compete tomorrow.

COACH

You want to hold that back?

Herb stews on that.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - NIGHT

The Olympic Village campus is quickly becoming a more social place.

Dale and Jane walk and talk through the area, as Dale continues to reenact her victory.

DALE

When you were on your back foot,
and you did that move... Did you
plan for that the whole time?

Jane laughs.

JANE

No! She actually caught me off
balance, I totally thought I was
going to lose there.

DALE

It was insane. Like, I can't
believe I'm walking next to you
right now. A gold medalist. How
does it feel?

Jane sighs.

JANE

Weird? Good? Amazing? I don't know... Oh, you're just going to laugh.

DALE

Come on, what?

Jane touches her medal.

JANE

I feel... cool, for once. When I was a kid, my dad used to read Lord of The Rings to me. I was obsessed.

DALE

Ah, so you're a Shieldmaiden like Eowyn.

Jane tilts her head.

JANE

I'm impressed!

DALE

I've been wondering since you mentioned it.

JANE

Ok, you earn a few points. But yes. Eowyn was my favorite character. All I wanted to do was go on adventures and play with swords like her, but the kids in school weren't into it. I didn't have a lot of friends. Then one day in college, I found a fencing club, and it was the only place I ever felt at peace. Now I'm here, with a gold medal around my neck, and for the first time. I feel cool. Proud. I wish the young me could see this.

Dale smiles softly, and takes a deep breath.

JANE (CONT'D)

God, what am I doing, I just met you. I'm sorry for unloading. Now I feel lame again-

DALE

No! No no, It's just... I get it. That's exactly how I feel. I used to get picked on a lot. I never knew how much it stuck with me until recently. I've always had this... anxiety. I thought it was a normal thing for me. I used to run. That was the one thing that helped. But outside of that, that feeling would always come back. Then one day, it felt like the world threw Racewalking at Herb and me. It scared me so much back then. But now I'm here, and that anxiety is gone. I'm an Olympian, sitting next to the coolest chick I've ever met, and things feel different. I think I feel cool for once too-

Jane kisses Dale. After a moment, they break off gently and laugh.

DALE (CONT'D)

Is this a good time to say I have a replica of Gimli's battle axe on my wall back home?

JANE

Why didn't you lead with that?

They full blown make out.

SWEDISH MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Oooo look at these lovebirds,
that's so hot.

ITALIAN FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

Oh so hot, so hot! I want in!

Dale and Jane pause and spot a group of very attractive and scantily clad ROWERS, fresh off of their events and now fully committed to partying. Each one could be a model, and they all seem hot and bothered, teasing each other flirtatiously.

Two ringleaders stand in front, the source of the comments. ERIK (20-30's) and GIOVANNA (20-30's).

ERIK

Hello! I'm Erik!

GIOVANNA

And I'm Giovanna!

Dale and Jane cant help but be taken back by how beautiful and absurd this situation is. They wave back.

ERIK

The rowing community would like to
protrude an invite for you to...
COME to a party in our suites.

GIOVANNA

We would LOVE for you to COME. I
want you both to COME, for my
personal enjoyment.

Dale and Jane both stare at each other.

ERIK

We're in that big phallic building.
Room 2069. We hope to see you
there.

GIOVANNA

Please come.

Erik and Giovanna make out and make their way towards the
residential tower in a single fluid motion. The gorgeous
ROWING GROUP follows along sexily.

Dale and Jane watch them leave, shocked at what just occurred
in front of them.

DALE

Did we-

JANE

Yeah. I think we just got invited
to the Rower's orgy.

Dale looks at her shocked, they both have an awkward moment.

JANE (CONT'D)

Do you want to go?

DALE

With you?

JANE

I... meant in gener-

DALE

Oh shit, I'm sorry I didn't mean to
insinuate-

JANE
No! I'm not even opposed, that was
just...

JANE	DALE
The sexiest thing I've ever seen.	The sexiest thing I've ever seen.

JANE	DALE
Besides you.	Besides you.

Jane and Dale laugh.

JANE
If you want to go, you can.

DALE
Same to you.

Beat.

DALE
Look, I'd go for a chance at you.
Sorry if that's forward.

JANE
Mutual. I'd go for you.

Dale kisses her but she realizes something.

JANE
But your event is tomorrow!

Dale checks the time.

JANE
We can totally wait until after.

DALE
It's not that late yet. I need more
time with you.

Jane smiles.

JANE
Screw it, let's check it out. Once
in a lifetime right?

She pulls Dale by the arm.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - DIFFERENT AREA - NIGHT

Herb and Coach walk back to their rooms.

Shenanigans ensue around them. Herb looks perturbed.

HERB

Where the hell is Dale? That's a long ass walk.

COACH

He'll be fine. Relax.

HERB

Our event is tomorrow, he should wait until after it to be out and about flirting.

COACH

Herb, anyone ever tell ya that "shoulds make you feel shitty?"

HERB

No, but there's a reason-

COACH

(interrupting)

You SHOULD be enjoying yourself more.

That hits Herb, he sits down on a bench. Coach notices.

COACH (CONT'D)

When we first started out, I saw two boys looking for a second chance. One was trying to find himself, the other had something to prove. I think you'd agree that Dale found himself in this sport, right?

Herb nods solemnly.

COACH (CONT'D)

You on the other hand, still have work to do. You're still looking at others, still comparing yourself to everyone, still thinking about what you should be doing rather than enjoying the moment. Look around you. You're an Olympian Herb.

Herb looks up, teary eyed.

HERB

I know. I'm just scared this is it
for me, and I'm going to blow it.

Coach sits down on the bench.

COACH

I was there too kid. You saw the
aftermath. That's just life. I wish
I saw it as clearly as I do now.
Stop thinking about others and what
they think. Don't rob yourself of
enjoyment.

Herb hugs Coach.

COACH (CONT'D)

Dale will be alright. He found his
Olympic crush. You will too. Just
enjoy the ride.

Herb nods into her shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT. PHALLIC RESIDENTIAL BUILDING - HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Dale and Jane step out of an elevator to an insane floor-wide
party.

Athletes hang and mingle in the hallways, and pull each other
into rooms while echoes of sex reverberate through closed
doors.

Dale and Jane are shy, but nobody pays any mind.

Erik and Giovanna are still making out down the hallway,
surrounded by other beautiful rowers all doing the same.
Giovanna pulls Erik into a room, they all follow.

JANE

Well, there they go.

DALE

Looks like they are about to get
down.

JANE

You sure you want to do this?

DALE

If you do, I do.

Jane breathes deep, nods, and the two of them make their way down the hall.

Every doorway they pass emits a chorus of pleasure in a doppler effect. Nearby athletes stare them both down hungrily as they pass, hardly containing their horniness.

Finally they get to the room.

DALE (CONT'D)
Do we knock?

Jane shrugs. Dale does so.

ERIK (O.S.)
COME in!

The room erupts laughing from behind closed doors.

Dale gives Jane one final look, who nods. He opens the door.

It's a menagerie of naked bodies so tightly packed, it's hard to see any actual nudity in any meaningful way. Everyone is thrust into insanely acrobatic sexual positions, the most athletically enhanced orgy anyone has ever seen.

Giovanna is upside down.

GIOVANNA
You CAME!

Erik's head pops up from a tangle of legs.

ERIK
WelCOME!

The image frightens Dale and Jane. Jane slams the door shut.

JANE
I can't do it. I'm sorry. Thought I could.

DALE
Totally okay, I swear. That was too much.

JANE
I know the Olympics is all about crazy sex but I'm actually pretty vanilla.

DALE
I am too!

JANE
I just wanted an excuse to be with
you tonight.

DALE
SAME HERE!

Dale and Jane make out again passionately, a NEARBY COUPLE
gravitates towards them.

NEARBY COUPLE (O.C.)
Want to party?

DALE JANE
No thanks. We're good!
Jane laughs.

JANE
My roommate is out with the
handball team, want to go to my
place?

Dale nods profusely.

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dale and Jane bust through the doors while hooking up, and
straight to the beds.

Despite their vanilla and innocent nature, they are very
compatible and it shows. Most importantly, They're having
fun. You can tell they are having the best sex of their
lives.

JANE
God, you're so hot.

DALE
No, you are.

The tiny bed is barely holding up from the action, a screw
comes loose.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DOOR - ONGOING

We hear the action from outside the door.

JANE (O.S.)
Yes. Oh God. Yes. Move your leg.

Dale grunts, and you can hear the bed creak loudly. Too loudly.

Then - crack.

Dale screams in pain.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE COMPLEX - ONGOING

A pair of RANDOM OLYMPIANS walk by when Dale's scream echoes through the village.

RANDOM OLYMPIAN 1
Damn, that must have been quite the orgasm.

RANDOM OLYMPIAN 2
That was totally fake. Nobody moans that loud, except in porn.

INT. OLYMPIC INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Dale's leg is already in a cast, with a PHYSICIAN checking on him. Jane holds his hand bedside, miserable. Dale on the other hand, isn't feeling as bad.

DALE
Jane, it's okay.

Herb and Coach come rushing in.

HERB
Dude.

Dale sighs and looks at them shamefully.

DALE
Hey guys.

HERB
What happened?

Dale stifles an embarrassed smile, while Jane starts crying profusely.

JANE
It's all my fault. I'm so sorry.
I'll leave you all alone. I'll be
in the waiting room.

Jane runs out of the room sobbing.

DALE
Jane!

It's no use, she sits in the waiting room crying.

Herb and Coach share a look. Coach sighs.

DALE (CONT'D)
Herb. Coach. I ruined everything. I
got selfish. I should have stayed
in.

Herb sighs.

HERB
Shoulds make you feel shitty Dale.
You didn't ruin anything. It's
okay.

DALE
But this wasn't the plan. I was
supposed to be out there with you
tomorrow.

HERB
No. The plan was to get here. We
did that. And hey. If Coach and I
weren't here right now, would you
feel nearly as guilty?

Dale pauses on that, then looks towards Coach.

DALE
I came here for the gold, Coach. I
swear.

COACH
I know you did. I think you found
it.

Coach nods towards Jane, looking miserable over Dale in the
waiting room.

Dale tears up, Herb gives him a hug.

HERB
(whispering)
I can tell it was worth it.

Dale nods into his shoulder.

DALE
(whispering back)
You were right about the beds. Be
careful.

EXT. OLYMPIC RACEWALKING TRACK - THE NEXT DAY

A new dawn rises. Another day of games rocks the Olympic campus.

In the heart of town, a long loop is set for the Olympic Racewalking event, with the Men competing first.

This is truly the pinnacle of the sport, and it shows. Everything around the event is of the highest quality and magnitude.

All the competitors prepare in their stables. Herb stretches while Coach gives him one final pep talk.

Dale stands nearby on crutches with Jane at his side. At peace.

COACH
Same game plan as always. Find the
pocket. Keep the pace. Ride the
slipstream. Burn the finish.

Herb nods, uneasy but focused.

COACH (CONT'D)
Good luck kid. I believe in you.

Coach gives him a hug, then steps back.

Now it's Dale's turn. He crutch walks up to Herb.

HERB
I gotta admit, I'm freakin' out a
bit.

Dale places a hand on his shoulder.

DALE
Why? This is the easy part.

HERB

I don't know man, what if I suck?
What if I can't do this without
you?

Dale grips his shoulder.

DALE

You can. You don't need me. You
never have. I've thought about this
a lot lately. I never chose to walk
like this. It was forced on me. You
coulda ran from it, but you didn't.
You walked towards it. And when I
was frozen with fear and shame, you
taught me how to walk through it.
Even on those gross trips to get
cleaned up, I remember struggling
to keep up with you. All these
years later, nothing's changed. Let
me remind you, you won both
Regionals and Nationals, not me. I
was still trying to keep up with
you. You're a champion, Herb. This
always have been you. You got this.

OFFICIAL (O.S.)

(over loudspeaker)

Competitors, please make your way
to the starting line.

Teary eyed, Herb pulls him in for a big hug.

HERB

(into his shoulder)

I gotta shit.

DALE

Nerves. That's all.

CUT TO:

EXT. STARTING LINE - OLYMPIC RACEWALKING EVENT - DAY

Herb gets to the starting line with his fellow competitors.

He finds his spot, close to Lance Victary and Stefan Sweat.

LANCE VICTARY

Herbert! We heard about your
friend.

STEFAN SWEAT
Loses virginity and breaks his
dick? What a tragedy.

Herb tunes them out, and takes everything else in.

The scale of this event feels bigger than anything Herb has experienced. An energy in the air that he's never felt.

Excitement flows through the crowd, and the television coverage all around him makes him wonder how many screens he's on, and if his friends are watching.

He spots Coach, Dale, and Jane supporting from the sidelines.

It eases him, but still, something gnaws at his stomach.

DUSTIN (O.S.)
Hello world!

EXT. COMMENTATOR AREA - DAY

Dustin is finally on the stage he deserves. Official Olympic coverage.

His partner this time, an incredibly German man named KRISTOFF KRISTONN SONN (50's-60's).

DUSTIN
It's me, Dustin Smallfoot, here
live at the Men's Olympic twenty
kilometer Racewalking competition.
I'm here to give you the commentary
you deserve, the way only a bronze
medalist can provide.

Kristoff submissively fumes, annoyed that he is being steamrolled.

KRISTOFF
And I'm Kristoff Kristonnnsonn, gold
medalist, also here to-

DUSTIN
Kristoff! Who the hell do you think
is going to win?

Dustin's energy is really throwing Kristoff off.

KRISTOFF
Well, Lance Victory is-

DUSTIN

HOT TAKE! I got my eyes on a certain American, Herb Winters. He's looking to avenge his fallen mate, and he has a hell of a coach, Olympic Medalist and fireball Edith A'niss!

Dustin spots her from his seat, points at her and winks.

CUT BACK:

EXT. STARTING LINE - OLYMPIC RACEWALKING EVENT - DAY

Herb remains focused, as Lance and Stefan laugh mockingly at the commentary.

LANCE VICTARY

Silly, loud Americans.

DUSTIN (O.S.)

Enough chatting, let's get this started!

KRISTOFF (O.S.)

Count-

DUSTIN (O.S.)

COUNTDOWN, 10, 9, 8-

Time slows for Herb, as the countdown continues. All the moments that brought him here flash before his eyes.

The calm moment of silence ends when an official raises the starting horn, and blares it.

In response, Herb takes a strong and focused first step, as time returns to normal.

INTERCUT - THE RACE / SPECTATORS / COMMENTARY BOOTH

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

IT HAS BEGUN!

The race is on. A wall of men marches down the course, with Herb in the thick of it.

The margin of separation is so slim, if anyone missteps, it could lead to a full blown trampling stampede. Herb hones his steps.

Stefan Sweat swings wide, and moves to the front. He turns a narrow lead into a sizable one almost immediately.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
There's the Spaniard Stefan Sweat
taking the early lead with
exceptional form.

KRISTOFF
Textbook form.

Stefan barely breaks a sweat as he continues his clinic. A few competitors max themselves out to keep up, while he uses a fraction of the energy.

Behind him, the playing field starts to widen. Herb maintains a good pace in the middle of a pack and rides in the slipstream, all according to plan.

Except, Lance Victary has that same plan. He strides right next to Herb with a big, effortless smile on his face.

Lance antagonistically mirrors Herb's steps, trying to break his focus. Herb blocks it out.

DUSTIN
Looks like we've a little rivalry
on our hands!

KRISTOFF
I question why he wastes his energy
with an inferior athlete.

DUSTIN
Woah Kristoff, keep that kinda
supremecy out of the commentary.

Time elapses, the race continues.

An INDIAN RACEWALKER manages to overtake Stefan, but earns a foot foul in the process. He stumbles, and Stefan steps on the back of his shoe, dislodging it from his heel.

The Racewalker stumbles to fix his shoe, but can't without falling far behind. He has a total meltdown. He takes off the shoe and spikes it.

A CHINESE RACEWALKER spots an opportunity, and steps on the gas, showing great speed, only to trip and fall hard.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
Oh no! Man down!

Stefan manages to dodge the tumbling competitor, but others aren't so lucky. It causes a mass-tripping event. A GERMAN RACEWALKER goes down.

KRISTOFF

Not good!

DUSTIN

Oh the horror!

Herb manages to dodge the pileup without losing time, Lance and a few other competitors do as well.

At this point, there's only a handful of walkers in lead contention. Herb is one of them, but Lance keeps the pressure on.

KRISTOFF

The herd has been thinned.

DUSTIN

I don't like those words coming from you, sir.

A speedy BRAZILIAN RACEWALKER gets a cramp, and falls behind, just as a BRITISH RACEWALKER kicks it into high gear to take the lead.

Stefan allows it, for the moment. He rides in his slipstream. Herb and Lance trade steps behind them, next to a GREEK RACEWALKER struggling to keep up.

It's getting late in the race, and foot fouls start flying at the front. The British Racewalker gets one, then another, then another. He becomes enraged and pushes an official, leading to a disqualification.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

No! None of that behavior will be tolerated!

KRISTOFF

Indeed. Nein!

Stefan takes the lead again. The Greek Racewalker falls off pace, leaving just three in contention.

Lance continues to toy with Herb, now zig-zagging in-front and preventing any overtakes.

Herb earns a pair of foot fouls in his wake. Coach and Dale worry on the sidelines.

DALE

Somethin's off.

COACH

I was just thinking the same.

As the end of the race inches closer, Lance grows bored and shifts gears from playful to intense. He makes his move forward with lightning speed.

With a grimace, Herb also kicks it into overdrive.

DUSTIN

Here it comes, the last leg!

Lance jets in front of Stefan, whose conditioning is starting to wear thin. A look of defeat and acceptance crosses Stefan's face, until Herb catches up.

In desperation, Stefan puts everything into beating Herb while Lance moves like a demon possessed ahead.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

Wow. I am shaken.

KRISTOFF

Can it be? Lance is on track for the wor-

DUSTIN

A WORLD RECORD, HE'S ON PACE FOR A
WORLD RECORD!

Herb continues to give it his all, but something holds him back.

Coach and Dale grit their teeth watching, Dale analyzes his friend's form.

As Herb passes by, Dale catches a familiar look in his friend's face.

DALE

Oh my god.

COACH

What?

Dale secures his crutches and lunges to the barrier. He steals a MEGAPHONE from an official, and screams into it.

DALE

LET IT GO! LET IT GO HERB!

Herb hears. In slow motion, Herb's face shifts from agony to understanding. From pain, to pure zen. He exhales deeply, relaxing himself.

A loud, wet fart squeaks from between his active thighs.

Stefan recoils next to him, tripping over his steps and earning multiple foot fouls.

Herb's shorts shift color to brown, then like a rocket, He takes off.

Coach, Dale, and Jane watch, stunned.

COACH

HO-

DALE

LY-

DUSTIN

SH-

KRISTOFF

eisse!

DUSTIN

LOOK AT THAT FORM!

Dustin jumps on top of the commentary desk to get the best view he can, as Herb blasts himself forward with god-like form, quickly gaining on Lance.

Lance feels the insane pressure from behind. The confidence washes from his face.

Despite this, Lance is still frighteningly quick. With the finish line in sight, he exerts all of his energy.

This performance would typically be unmatched, but even he knows something is different.

In slow-motion - Herb overtakes him healthily before the finish line.

Lance deflates as he watches Herb's dirty bottom cross the finish line before him.

Time speeds back up, and the whole world erupts.

Dustin goes looney, Kristoff looks like he's seen god.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

A WORLD RECORD! FROM A NOBODY TO AN
OLYMPIC RECORD HOLDER! LET'S GO,
AMERICA!

KRISTOFF

That form... Like a purebred
racehorse. I can die happily now.
That man's feet must be studied.

DUSTIN

I COULD KISS THOSE FEET!
CONGRATULATIONS TO HERB WINTERS!

Coach, Dale, and Jane explode with excitement, and charge
over to him.

CUT TO:

INT. O'CONNOR'S - ONGOING

The bar is in total pandemonium as Rachel, Austin, Jace, and
Tony drunkenly celebrate.

The whole town is there, even Miss Meadows and Bill, who are
making out sloppily.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPECTATOR AREA - OLYMPIC RACEWALKING TRACK - ONGOING

LeBron goes wild, wearing the custom Herb and Dale cascading
Westfield Marathon victory T-shirt, screaming Herb's name.

Nearby, Herb's female counterparts Jillian and Ashlen cheer
as if they won, with new motivation for their event.

CUT BACK:

EXT. FINISH LINE - OLYMPIC RACEWALKING TRACK - ONGOING

Herb stands alone, exhausted, and dirty at the finish line.
He spins around, taking in all of the cheer.

He spots Dale racing over on crutches, and runs to meet him.

Dale throws down his crutches, and raises Herb into the air.

It's dirty, but Dale doesn't care, he spins his friend
around. The crowd collectively groans.

DALE

HERB, YOU DID IT!

HERB

I DID IT DUDE!

DALE
YOU'RE A CHAMPION!

They scream, as photographers snap pictures of them celebrating.

Dale lowers him, and lets Coach have her moment. She swiftly steps in with a towel and wraps it around Herb's waist. After, she hugs him tight.

COACH
I'm so proud of you, kid. Enjoy
this moment.

Dale nods. Coach steps away and lets him have his moment.

Nearby, Dale limps over to Jane to give her a big hug, but she stops him with a grimace. She points at his shirt, which has poop on it.

Dale laughs, rips off his shirt, and they embrace while photographers snap the questionably cute moment.

Back with Herb, he cries while still taking it all in. He spots Lance and Stefan still recovering nearby. They make eye contact, and the two solemnly nod and clap.

REPORTER
Herb Winters! What a disgustingly
impressive performance. How does it
feel to have broken the Olympic
Record?

Herb laughs and weighs a response.

HERB
Dirty. I need a shower.

Herb continues to field questions from reporters at as much of a distance as the situation will allow.

Coach steps back and watches from beside the finish line post with a mix of happiness, nostalgia, and understanding.

DUSTIN (O.S.)
Hey you.

Dustin Smallfoot steps to her side, smiling mischievously.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
This was were we met, all those
years ago. Right under the finish
line.

COACH

I know.

Coach turns to him with a smile, slaps him on the ass, and motions that they should get out of there.

She steps away. Dustin follows excitedly.

All seems well in the world, as we fade down -

FADE DOWN:

FADE UP -

EXT. WESTFIELD HIGH - DAY

It's a peaceful day outside of Westfield High.

Until a mob of teenagers racewalks through campus. They march excitedly towards a makeshift stage in the middle of the track.

EXT. WESTFIELD HIGH TRACK - DAY

The stage is decked out, and a large banner reads -
RACEWARRIORS - PRESENTED BY THE NRA (THE REAL ONE!)

Herb and Dale take the stage and all the kids go wild.

HERB

WHATUP WESTFIELD!

DALE

Y'ALL READY TO WALK LIKE CHAMPIONS?

The crowd enthusiastically roars.

HERB

Welcome to the first stop of the
Racewarriors summer camp tour!

DALE

Where better to start it, then our
hometown, right?

The crowd cheers again. Nearby, Rachel and Austin crack a beer, tailgating supportively.

HERB

Not only are we going to teach you how to walk today, but we have a very special guest seminar about the pitfalls of bullying... and JACE GRONGLE and TONY DONGS are here to get you through it on either end!

Jace and Tony take the stage aggressively and masculinely.

JACE

BULLYING IS FOR REPRESSED IDIOTS!

TONY

TURN YOUR DEPRESSION AND ANGER INTO LOVE!

Jace and Tony high five.

DALE

Perhaps most importantly. Please welcome, the Olympic and NRA legends, our very own, Edith A'niss and Dustin Smallfoot! Take it away guys!

Holding hands, they take the stage waving. They both look young and happy together.

Herb and Dale hand the microphones off to Coach and Dustin.

DUSTIN

Alright alright, I need to know one thing. Do ya'll like marathons?

THE CROWD

Boo!

DUSTIN

How do we feel about running?

THE CROWD

It's cheating bullshit!

Dustin smiles, satisfied.

DUSTIN

Good! The NRA is pleased with that response!

(last time)

THE GOOD NRA! NOT THOSE SEDITIOUS LUNATICS TRYING TO BURN DOWN THE COUNTRY!

COACH

Enough of that. Let's get walkin'!

The kids all cheer and rush to the track. From the side, Herb and Dale watch happily.

From behind Dale, a very pregnant Jane wraps her arms around him lovingly, together they seem truly happy.

From behind Herb, GAL GADOT copies the gesture, infatuated with Herb. Herb smiles, but some inner panic escapes right before -

We freeze on this image, for one final update.

DALE -

Dale Daniels became an overnight heartthrob sensation after his poopy shirtless pictures at the Olympics went viral. After turning down countless offers at every major model agency, he found his calling writing, and released the best selling novel BORN TO WALK, chronicling his and Herb's journey.

He still considers Jane his gold.

HERB -

Herb Winters' performance became the talk of the Olympics, and he went on to secure many partnerships with brands including Nike, Pepto-Bismol, and Imodium. Along the way, he met GAL GADOT.

Becoming a household name, he worked with the NRA, the good one, to launch RACEWARRIORS in an effort to raise awareness and give back to the sport.

He currently trains for the next Olympic Games, and is looking for the right moment to break up with Gal... because not even she could compete with the sex he had after the event.

THE END.