

OPENING CREDITS: AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY AND INDEPENDENT FILM
PREPRODUCTION LOOKBOOK, AS ENVISIONED THROUGH THE LENS OF
CREATIVE WRITING, FILM AND ENTREPRENEURIAL BUSINESS

by

ALEXI PAPPAS

A THESIS

Presented to the Interdisciplinary Studies Program:
Individualized Program
and the Graduate School of the University of Oregon
in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of
Master of Arts

December 2013

THESIS APPROVAL PAGE

Student: Alexi Pappas

Title: Opening Credits: An Original Screenplay and Independent Film Preproduction Lookbook, as Envisioned Through the Lens of Creative Writing, Film and Entrepreneurial Business

This thesis has been accepted and approved in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Arts degree in the Interdisciplinary Studies Program: Individualized Program by:

Mark Aronson	Chairperson
Jason Brown	Core Member
Randy Swangard	Core Member
Sandra Morgen	Core Member

and

Kimberly Andrews Espy	Vice President for Research & Innovation/Dean of the Graduate School
-----------------------	--

Original approval signatures are on file with the University of Oregon Graduate School.

Degree awarded December 2013

© 2013 Alexi Pappas

THESIS ABSTRACT

Alexi Pappas

Master of the Arts

Interdisciplinary Studies Program: Individualized Program

December 2013

Title: Opening Credits: An Original Screenplay and Independent Film Preproduction Lookbook, as Envisioned Through the Lens of Creative Writing, Film and Entrepreneurial Business

This thesis includes a script and general description of the development of *Stick & Chub*, a feature film about running to and running from. The screenplay and Lookbook are presented as they would be to investors, producers, cast, and crew associated with the actual production of the film. The Lookbook includes a plot synopsis, an artistic statement, biographies of the production team, a basic financial overview, and information about the plan to incorporate branded sponsorship, appearances from well-known track and field athletes, and social media marketing to connect with the core fan base. The Lookbook was created as a preproduction information resource in order to familiarize investors and other collaborators with the *Stick & Chub* project. A supplemental file contains the visual sample component of the Lookbook.

CURRICULUM VITAE

NAME OF AUTHOR: Alexi Pappas

GRADUATE AND UNDERGRADUATE SCHOOLS ATTENDED:

University of Oregon, Eugene
Dartmouth College, Hanover, NH

DEGREES AWARDED:

Master of the Arts, 2013, University of Oregon
Bachelor of Arts, 2012, Dartmouth College

AREAS OF SPECIAL INTEREST:

Creative Writing
Film
English
Theater
Running

PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE:

Independent Feature Length Narrative Film Co-Writer,
TALL AS THE BAOBAB TREE, 2011-2012
GRAND COMME LE BAOBAB (TALL AS THE BAOBAB TREE),
directed by Jeremy Teicher. Official Selection:
Rotterdam Int'l Film Festival, Göteborg Int'l Film
Festival, Doha-Tribeca Film Festival, BFI London
Film Festival, Montreal World Film Festival, San
Francisco International Film Festival

Writer and Director, Displaced Theater Company, 2012
Writer and director of one full length and one
short play

Professor Teaching Assistantship, Advanced Creative
Writing Poetry Course, Dartmouth College, 2012

Research Assistant, Film Department, Dartmouth College,
2010-2012

Professional Runner, Nike Oregon Track Club Elite,
2012-Present
2012 USA Olympic Track Team Trials Competitor

GRANTS, AWARDS, AND HONORS:

National Top 9 National NCAA Woman of the Year Award,
NCAA, 2012

Grogan-Hardy Prize in Literature for "Extraordinary
Promise in Creative Writing," Dartmouth College, 2012

Dartmouth Sydney Cox Memorial Prize, Most Outstanding
English Senior Honors Thesis, Dartmouth College, 2012

Dartmouth Stanley Prize in English, Awarded to the
Graduating English Student Showing Most Promise in her
Continued Pursuit of Education, Dartmouth College, 2012

Certificate of Completion of Professional Improvised
Theater Program, 2012, Upright Citizen's Brigade
Theater Company, NYC

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I wish to express sincere appreciation to Dean Sandra Morgen, Dr. Mark Aronson, Professor Jason Brown, and Professor Randy Swangard for supporting me to the fullest through my graduate studies.

Thank you to my running coach at Oregon, Maurica Powell, for believing in me.

Thank you to Rebecca Friday, Anne Kesselring, and Travis Stevens for supporting me like family.

Thank you to my dad John, my stepmom Kristina, my brothers Louis, Alan and Alexi, the Teicher family, and Jeremy Teicher.

To Jeremy, my lion & my muse.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter	Page
I. INTRODUCTION	1
II. ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY: <i>STICK & CHUB</i>	3
APPENDIX: LOOKBOOK	148
SUPPLEMENTAL FILE: LOOKBOOK VIDEO COMPONENT	

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

"Opening Credits" is an Original Screenplay and Independent Film Production Lookbook as Envisioned Through the Lens of Creative Writing, Film, and Entrepreneurial Business. Contained in the following pages is a script, and general presentation regarding the development of *Stick & Chub*, a feature film about running to and running from.

"Opening Credits" is presented as it would be to the investors, producers, cast and crew associated with the actual production of the independent feature film, STICK & CHUB. The Lookbook includes a plot synopsis, artistic statement from the writer, bios on our production team, a basic financial overview, and information about our exciting plan to incorporate branded sponsorship, appearances from well-known track and field athletes, and social media marketing to connect with our core fan base. The Lookbook is created as a preproduction information resource in order to help aggregate and familiarize investors and other collaborators with the *Stick & Chub* project.

Plumb, a champion long-distance runner training for the Olympics, is concerned that her muscles make her ugly. Every time Plumb takes her shirt off before sex, her face burns red when her shoulders ripple with muscles. From behind, her strong back makes her look more like an athletic teenage boy than a 20-year-old woman. But her boyfriend would never tell her this detail. It's his little secret.

Stick & Chub is an American coming-of age story about running to and running from. It will explore identity, confidence, conformity, and the meaning of happiness. In the era of preschool entrance examinations, how has our cultural fixation on high achievement and *finding your passion* impacted the way we come of age?

Within the subculture of Olympic running, where people regularly push themselves to their outer limits, I want to create an ensemble cast of characters that will put this question to the test.

Stick & Chub will combine reality with fiction: the main character, Plumb, will be played by myself, an actress who (at age 23) is a multiple-time D1 NCAA champion and a 2016 Olympic contender. My experience as an elite athlete will give the story a living authenticity.

My first feature-length fiction film, *Tall As The Baobab Tree* (Rotterdam '13, SFIFF '13, Human Rights Watch '13), also combined reality with fiction -- in a rural African village. The film's plot was based on true stories from a documentary that director Jeremy Teicher made in the same village a few years earlier, nominated for a Student Academy Award. I came on as a co-writer, and helped adapt the real stories into a narrative fiction. The "stars" were all non-actors from the village playing roles that mirrored their actual lives.

After making *Tall As The Baobab Tree*, I've become even more interested in my own culture -- in the modern American voice. By looking at my native culture from afar, I've gained a unique vantage point from which to ask: what type of film can only be made by a young American today?

With this perspective, I've begun enlisting supporters of the project and connecting with accomplished producers and mentors from both the New York City filmmaking community and the Track and Field world. The "Opening Credits" project brings to paper the two most crucial resources necessary in bringing fundamental collaborators on board: the film screenplay and Lookbook.

I look forward to diving deeper into exploring the modern American voice through the *Stick & Chub* film project-- "Opening Credits" represents not only the culminating of my interdisciplinary graduate work combining Creative Writing, Film-English, and Entrepreneurial Business, but also the first step in transforming my film from idea into reality.

CHAPTER II

ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY:

STICK & CHUB

EXT. BACKYARD COOKOUT - DAY

A huge hand-painted banner unfurls: "GO TRACKTOWN HIGH SCHOOL CHAMPIONS!"

BURT, 40, in his high school track coach uniform, flips wieners on a grill and hands one to GAIL, 35, who takes a big bite and leaves lipstick marks on the bun.

GAIL
Delicious!

Winding through the suburban backyard, dozens of HIGH SCHOOL RUNNER BOYS wearing ultra short cross-country shorts part to reveal PLUMB MARIGOLD, 8, sitting in a circle of LITTLE KIDS playing spin the bottle. It's Plumb's turn to spin. She gives the bottle a push.

Wide-eyed, Plumb looks up at a LITTLE BOY, 10, sitting across the circle. She leans in, but is suddenly swooped up by Burt, who carries her across the yard and places her in the center of a group of high school runner boys.

Their pale muscular thighs are at Plumb's eye level, creating a jungle-like backdrop of overlapping legs behind her. Burt holds up a camera and mimes a "making muscles" pose. Gail glares at Burt.

Plumb watches from afar as the Little Boy kisses a different girl in the circle.

BURT
Plumb, show us your muscles!

Plumb balls her hands into fists and flexes her muscles. Burt snaps a photo.

TITLE CARD appears on screen.

INT. PLUMB'S BEDROOM - DAY

Thirteen years later. Plumb, 21, springs awake at 5:30am.

Camera travels through the bedroom, packed with decorations, posters, and trophies accumulated through a childhood and adolescence steeped in competitive running.

Plumb does a stretching routine in front of her vanity mirror. Her body is incredibly strong. Old photos are taped across the edges of the mirror: mostly they're of Plumb and Burt at races. There's one photo of Plumb with Gail and two BABIES.

An ant farm sits on Plumb's window ledge. Plumb sprinkles in a bit of food and watches the ants scurry about.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Plumb weaves her way through piles of shoes, trophies, and old newspaper and magazine clippings. The house is packed to the brim with running memorabilia and athletic equipment.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Plumb prepares her breakfast of oatmeal, protein powder, cottage cheese, peanut butter, and iron pills as if she is carrying out a science experiment.

We hear COACH, 34, a fit mother of three with a hoarse voice, in conversation with Burt, now 53.

COACH (V.O.)
I've observed early on that Plumb is very good at a very limited set of things.

BURT (V.O.)
Uh-huh.

Plumb methodically measures each component of her athlete feed, dropping the individual elements into a bowl before vigorously stirring it all together.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Plumb sits in one of two chairs at a dining room table. Her chair is slightly smaller. The other chair has a large track jacket hanging off the back.

COACH (V.O.)
Things a coach can't just teach
you. Things you learn by
experience.

Plumb browses a teen fashion magazine while she eats. A huge Olympic flag is draped on the wall behind her.

COACH (V.O.)
For instance, Plumb has a mastery
over her animal fears.

Burt walks into the living room, buttoning his shirt, hair still dripping wet from a shower. He is visibly less fit than he was 13 years ago, sporting a small but notable belly.

He pats Plumb on the shoulder, grabs his track jacket from his chair, and rushes out the front door.

BURT (V.O.)
Oh yeah. Been like that since she
was a little kid.

A big glop of Plumb's breakfast plops onto one of the bikini-clad girls in the magazine. Plumb scoops up the food with her finger. Her eating method is Flinstonian at best.

COACH (V.O.)
She's her own breed of person.

EXT. TRACK STADIUM PARKING LOT - DAY

Plumb locks up her bike by the track entrance. A crowd of ADORING TRACK FANS eagerly await Plumb's arrival.

PLUMB

Hi everyone! Good morning!

A YOUNG MOM, 30, hands her phone to a FRIEND in the crowd, and then drags her DAUGHTER, 4, out next to Plumb.

Holding her daughter with one hand, the Young Mom does a "making muscles" pose with her free hand. Plumb stands next to her and smiles.

YOUNG MOM

Oh - would you mind...?

PLUMB

Oh!

Plumb flexes her muscles. Next to the Young Mom's regular-person arms Plumb's strong arms seem like an alien creature.

The Daughter looks up at Plumb's arms and bursts into tears.

EXT. TRACK BUILDING BALCONY - DAY

Coach and Burt stand side-by-side, sipping their coffees. Coach wears a "USA TRACK" jacket. Burt's track jacket reads "TRACKTOWN HIGH SCHOOL XC." FIN, 3, and LUCY, 4, hang on to Coach's legs.

Coach and Burt have a bird's-eye view of Plumb in the parking lot interacting with her fans.

COACH

But, you know, Plumb is growing up. Becoming a woman.

BURT
Mm-hm.

COACH
She's more developed in some ways,
and a bit behind in others.

Coach and Burt observe as the Young Mom soothes her daughter
and apologizes to Plumb.

EXT. TRACK BUILDING BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Below, Young Mom and her daughter step back into the crowd.
They are quickly replaced by a TRACK FAN and his PRETEEN
SON.

The Preteen Son sticks out his arm to offer Plumb a cross-
country shoe. Plumb signs it. The Preteen Son's hand
retreats
back like a turtle head into its shell.

COACH
But now my concern is that the
Olympic Trials will bring on a set
of pressures that Plumb has never
had to encounter. She is not like
other girls her age.

Plumb walks up to the track building entrance. MILTON, 70,
the loyal track attendant, swings open the door. He wears a
name badge on his "TRACKTOWN, USA" polo shirt.

PLUMB
Thanks everyone! See you next time!
Go USA!

Plumb waves goodbye to her fans and steps inside.

Coach turns to Burt and slurps her coffee. Fin and Lucy roll
a shot-put ball around the balcony floor.

Lucy rolls the shot-put over Coach's foot.

COACH
Hey! Enough.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Plumb enters to find her teammate WHITNEY, 21, rolling up her already short running shorts.

The locker room is quite large and fully decked out with seats, benches, tables, mirrors, bathrooms, and showers.

PLUMB
Hey.

Plumb stands in front of the mirror and ties her hair in a bun. Whitney reaches out and tucks away a stray strand of Plumb's hair.

WHITNEY
Pretty, pretty.

Whitney applies tinted chapstick.

EXT. TRACK BUILDING BALCONY - DAY

Coach and Burt watch as Plumb and Whitney jog out onto the track. Coach waves down at them.

COACH
(yells)
Go to the sink, not the well! Easy
twenty minute tempo, Don't be a hero!

Plumb and Whitney wave back as they jog across the track and out a side door.

Coach and Burt turn to face each other.

COACH

There are several other mental and physical skills that most women acquire in the course of growing up. Some more painfully than others. When can Plumb acquire these other life skills, and how? These are questions for after the Olympics.

EXT. RUNNING TRAILS - DAY

Plumb and Whitney are intensely running on a trail in the middle of the woods. Whitney is having more trouble than Plumb.

OTHER JOGGERS stare at Plumb and Whitney as they work out.

RANDOM JOGGER

Go Plumb!

PLUMB

(quietly, to Whitney)
Come on.

Come and Whitney continue chugging up the hill. Whitney's face is in pain and she slows a half step behind Plumb.

Plumb reaches over and puts her hand on Whitney's back, giving her a little push up the hill as they run.

Plumb checks her watch.

PLUMB

15 more seconds.

Plumb and Whitney slow to a stop. Whitney pants heavily. Plumb smiles. Whitney smiles and shakes her head.

EXT. RUNNING TRAILS - DAY

Whitney and Plumb jog side by side. They each take in the scenery in their own way.

Whitney catches the eye of a MALE JOGGER running in the opposite direction; Plumb makes eye contact with a squirrel.

WHITNEY
(breathing hard)
My cousin says she does it the night before every show. She's a dancer. So ever since then -

PLUMB
Just see a guy?

WHITNEY
I can't remember the last race that I didn't see a guy the night before. It relaxes you. Best advice I ever got. And you really can't expect to get anything useful from your cousin. They're like cats. Sometimes you get good ones, sometimes not. I gotta pee.

Plumb and Whitney click their watches to indicate the end of warm-up. Whitney pulls down her pants to pee along the side of the trail.

WHITNEY
Ugh. I need a wax.

Plumb finds a tree off to the other side of the trail and squats behind it.

PLUMB
Yeah.

WHITNEY
It is such a nice day.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

Whitney and OTHER RUNNERS lift weights while Plumb performs her special hurdle drills and dynamic stretching exercises on the opposite side of the room.

Coach faces Plumb.

COACH

Keep the knees disciplined. It's muscle memory. Lead with your hips. You know this. Good.

Plumb has a view of Whitney and the other runners, who flirt and goof off with the medicine balls, chalk dust, and barbells.

Fin and Lucy roll around with a medicine ball.

COACH

(yells to Whitney and other runners)
Are you running in the Olympic Trials this week? Either get your lift in or get out. This week is about Plumb.

Coach turns to Plumb.

COACH

I have big news, P. Sports Illustrated has reached out about doing a special on you this month. This is huge, Plumb.

Plumb is distracted watching Whitney. Coach pulls out her cell phone to read directly from an e-mail.

COACH

Listen to this. "In our upcoming Sweethearts column, we would like to feature your Plumb Marigold, America's Running Sweetheart. We

see her as the perfect role model
for happy young runners," yada
yada.

PLUMB
Sweetheart?

COACH
Plumb this is the kind of attention
that will make you famous. Once you
become a professional runner,
people need to want to see you
race. People need to desire you.
It's not just about speed. It's
about attraction.

Coach is interrupted by a phone call. Plumb continues
stretching as Coach speaks on the phone.

COACH
Hello? Hi Mrs. Chrysanthemum. How
are you? Tucker did what? Christ.
No, I don't think he's lactose
intolerant. Mashed potatoes. I'm so
sorry about this. I'm coming over
now. I'll bring a change of
clothes. Thank you.

Coach hangs up.

COACH
Jesus Christ.

Coach stands and gathers her things, and scoops up Fin and
Lucy.

COACH
Here's the thing, Plumb. This is a
special time. It's you time.
Cherish it.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Plumb stands alone outside of the shower, wrapped in her towel. She waits as Whitney and all the other girls from the team walk out, wringing out their hair as they laugh and joke around.

Once all the girls have left, Plumb walks into the large, empty shower and turns on the water.

EXT. TRACK PARKING LOT - DAY

Plumb is the last to leave the building. Milton locks the door behind her.

MILTON
Big plans tonight?

PLUMB
(laughs)
Not sure.

MILTON
My granddaughter Milly's got a birthday tonight. She's going to be three.

Milton holds up three fingers.

MILTON
You know what I bought her?

Milton holds out a tiny pair of cloth wings.

MILTON
So she can fly!

Plumb waves goodbye to Milton and is quickly surrounded by a group of spectators who had been waiting by their cars. Many of them hold Olympic-themed "GO PLUMB!" Signs.

STEVE, 30, rushes ahead of the crowd and approaches Plumb with a camcorder. He sports a faux-hawk.

Plumb nervously glances at the crowd of spectators, then smiles for the camera.

STEVE
Plumb! Prelims are only two days away - what is going through Plumb Marigold's mind right now?

Plumb has done this sort of interview many times before.

PLUMB
Well, we've been training hard you know, like Coach says, just stay focused. Rely on my training, and... this is what I've been working for, you know?

Just need to stay focused and follow that dream. Thank you!

STEVE
Cool, awesome.
(turns the camera on

himself)
Plumb Marigold, looking strong and confident as ever before the Trials!

Plumb stands smiling pristinely at Steve's side as he talks to the camera in his outstretched arm.

STEVE
Be sure to like, comment, and subscribe for the latest Tracktown updates!

INT. PLUMB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Plumb stands in her room and stares at her ant farm. She reaches in and removes one ant. She watches it crawl around on her finger.

Downstairs, the doorbell rings. Plumb lets the ant crawl back into the farm where it rejoins its ant brethren.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Burt pauses an old race video of Plumb. He answers the door.

JUSTIN, 17, a good-looking and confident high school senior, stands at the doorway holding a tray of pasta.

JUSTIN
Hey, Coach.

JUMP CUT: FRITZ, 16, stands at the door holding a bowl of fruit salad.

FRITZ
Yo Coach!

JUMP CUT: DENNIS, 14, stands at the door holding a loaf of store-bought garlic bread under his arm.

DENNIS
Good evening, Coach!

JUMP CUT: HARRY, 17, stands at the door holding a casserole. He shuffles inside, followed by several other HIGH SCHOOL CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNERS, each holding a tinfoil-covered bowl.

BURT
Boys, boys! Come on in.

INT. PLUMB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Plumb stands by her doorway and listens to the boys enter the house.

BURT (O.S.)
Hope you're all hungry.

Plumb takes out her phone and calls Whitney.

WHITNEY (V.O.)
Hey.

PLUMB
Hey. You want to come over for dinner?

WHITNEY (V.O.)
Can't.

PLUMB
My dad invited his entire team over to our house again.

WHITNEY (V.O.)
I told that guy, Guy, that I'd try the new sliders place with him. Sorry.

PLUMB
You met a guy named Guy?

WHITNEY (V.O.)
Yeah. He's 30.

PLUMB
Oh.

WHITNEY (V.O.)
High school boys and your dad's pasta? Lot of little noodles

running around your house tonight.

PLUMB
What?

WHITNEY (V.O.)
Hah, nevermind.

PLUMB
Oh. Ha-ha.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Plumb opens her door and spots Justin bounding upstairs two steps at a time. She quickly retreats back to her room and closes the door.

INT. PLUMB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Plumb leans against the door.

JUSTIN (O.S.)
Plumb?

Plumb opens her door just a little.

PLUMB
Yes?

JUSTIN
Hey, sorry. There's a bathroom here, right?

Plumb nods and points down the hall.

JUSTIN
Are you joining team dimmer?

Plumb awkwardly steps out of her door.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

PLUMB
Yes.

JUSTIN
Rad.

Plumb watches Justin walk into the bathroom. Justin closes the door and Plumb can hear him begin to pee. She listens.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Plumb sits opposite Burt at the table, with a sea of cross-country boys between them. A gigantic steaming bowl of pasta with meat sauce sits in the middle of the table.

BURT
This week's team dinner is special.
It's not every day a dad gets to
feed his daughter before the United
States Olympic Team Trials!

Everyone applauds. Plumb is embarrassed by the attention and catches Justin's eye.

BURT
Now before we eat, I have something
special I want to give you, Plumb.
For good luck before your prelim
tomorrow.

PLUMB
Here?

BURT
Be right back.

Burt leaps up and walks out of the room. All the boys stare at Plumb. She looks back at all of them.

Burt returns with an old windbreaker jacket and a three framed photographs. He's pinned a rose to the windbreaker for a girly touch.

Burt wraps the windbreaker around Plumb's back and then sets up the framed photographs on the table.

Hands folded behind his back, Burt paces back and forth as if giving a business presentation.

BURT
This. This is my lucky windbreaker.

PLUMB
Thank you, dad.

BURT
It was given to me by Chuck
Halloway, legendary Tracktown High
cross-country coach.

Burt gestures at one of the photos.

BURT
This is Chuck. The great Mark
Ingramson gave it to him, and
Leonard Hill was the original
windbreaker wearer. I've worn this
thing to all my best races, before
all my PR's. The ladies love it.

Burt winks and the boys all murmur with laughter.

BURT
And now, it's yours. It's for good
luck at the trials. Well, put it
on!

Plumb puts the jacket on and all the boys applaud.

BURT
You look just like me.

The boys finish applauding and reach for the serving spoons.

BURT
Now I'm not religious

The boys put down the spoons and put their hands in their laps.

BURT
But I am superstitious. Dear pasta,
we thank you for our legs. We thank
you for the track. May you fill our
lungs with air, our legs with
glycogen. Relieve the lactic acid
from our hearts... and lead Plumb
to bring glory to our great nation
in the Olympic Games ahead. Amen.

ALL BOYS
Amen.

BURT
A photo.

PLUMB
Dad, no.

BURT
Oh come on, Plumb. Just one picture
with your new windbreaker on. Come
on, it'll be fun. Get the whole
team in it.

All the boys rise and gather around Plumb, who stays seated.
Justin grabs the back of Plumb's chair.

JUSTIN
Should we hoist her up?

FRITZ
Yeah, like at a bar mitzvah!

BURT
Sure, sure!

The boys all grab onto Plumb's chair legs, hands all around.

JUSTIN
One, two three!

They lift Plumb's chair up in the air.

BURT
Here, you boys hold these photos.

Burt hands Dennis and Harry the framed photos.

All the boys carefully arrange themselves around Plumb, making sure she is the centerpiece. Justin and Fritz strain while they hold the chair. Plumb's hand catches Justin's hand along her chair handle.

Burt looks through the camera and then back at the grinning runners. The boys all cheer. Just as Burt is about to snap the picture, one of Plumb's chair legs snaps!

Justin catches Plumb and helps her step down.

FRITZ
Oh my god.

JUSTIN
I'm so sorry!

PLUMB
I'm fine! Really, I'm good.

BURT
Damn chair. These are the damn

chairs your mother bought 20 years ago - cheap chairs from the Home Goods. Damnit. Plumby are you alright? Let me take a look.

PLUMB
Dad, I'm good.

BURT
P. Go upstairs and stretch out.
Now. No negotiations.

PLUMB
But dad.

BURT
N-O-W.

Plumb is embarrassed. She grabs her plate of pasta and walks upstairs, like a little kid.

INT. PLUMB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Plumb lies in bed with her dad's windbreaker. She rubs down her leg muscles with a cylindrical roller.

An untouched plate of pasta sits on Plumb's bedside table.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

All the boys stare at Burt in deep admiration, as if they all wish he was their dad.

BURT
And the guy turns to me and says
well you know what -

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Plumb spies on the meal from the top of the stairwell,

holding her plate of pasta in her lap.

BURT
Tracks are some of the only
features you can always spot from
an airplane!

Dad takes a heaping bite of pasta. Plumb stares at Justin as
he slurps up a long strand of spaghetti.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Plumb sits at the dining room table eats a bowl of popcorn
while Burt cleans up piles of pasta sauce-soaked paper
plates.

Plumb takes a kernel of popcorn out of the bowl and smashes
it against the table.

BURT
Nobody's going to hand it to you
tomorrow, kid.

PLUMB
I know.

Burt grabs a handful of popcorn. He eats from his handful
stash.

Plumb tips the popcorn bowl to the side and takes out a few
unpopped kernels. She eats one, crushing it painfully
between
her teeth.

BURT
You know what the kernels are?
Untapped potential.

Plumb eats another kernel.

BURT
You know what the burnt ones are?
Burn outs.

Burt takes the last perfectly popped kernel from his hand
stash. His eyes widen.

BURT
This one right here... this is you,
Plumb. Perfect. Prime kernel.

INT. PLUMB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Plumb takes out her uniform and tries it on: a sports bra-
like singlet and tight race underwear. She looks at herself
in the mirror. She dry shaves her bikini line and armpits.

EXT. TRACK PARKING LOT - DAY

Plumb bikes to the stadium and is relieved to find the loyal
Milton waiting at the entrance, as always. He doesn't wear
his usual welcoming smile.

MILTON
What is your business at my gate?

PLUMB
Milton, it's me, Plumb Marigold.

MILTON
Plumb who?

PLUMB
Marigold.

MILTON
I don't know it. It sounds made up.

PLUMB
But I'm here to race!

MILTON

Impossible. You must be a runner to pass through these gates.

Plumb pushes past Milton and opens the door.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Plumb walks into her kitchen - Steve immediately snaps a Polaroid of her, grabs the freshly-printed picture, and eats it.

Burt and Justin sit at the kitchen table. Burt holds a magazine filled with photos of Plumb.

BURT

(to Justin)

Wow, doesn't she look amazing?

Dad rips out a page and eats it. He hands the magazine to Justin.

BURT

Here, try this. Delicious.

Justin rips out a page and eats it. While chewing, he rips out another page and offers it to Plumb.

JUSTIN

Wanna taste?

INT. PLUMB'S BEDROOM - DAY

Plumb snaps awake in a sweat. She sits and stretches her legs. She carefully steps out of bed, testing her ankle. She lays out her racing uniform.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Plumb methodically prepares her breakfast: oatmeal, protein

powder, cottage cheese, peanut butter.

She lines up her vitamins and is about to swallow them when the doorbell rings.

PLUMB
(yells)
Dad, doorbell!

BURT (O.S.)
One minute!

Plumb sweeps up her vitamins and swallows them all at once. The doorbell rings again. Burt rushes down the stairs, buttoning his shirt as he walks. His hair is still dripping wet.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Plumb stands with her bowl of food and watches from the kitchen as Burt opens the door to reveal Gail, now 48. She wears Lily Pulitzer-style brightly colored, feminine clothes and carries a very large purse.

GAIL
Burt, good morning.

BURT
Gail.

Gail kisses Burt on the cheek. Out from behind Gail peek two little heads: LLOYD, 8, and MADISON, 8. Lloyd is a skinny little boy who reads almanacs for fun. Madison, his fraternal twin, is slightly plump with a bossy streak.

Madison holds a large paper bag and Lloyd wears a backpack.

Gail notices Plumb.

GAIL
Plumby!! Hi, good morning!

PLUMB
(surprised)
Mom!

Gail steps past Burt and rushes over to Plumb.

Plumb realizes that Gail is going in for a hug - Gail waits until Plumb thinks to put down her breakfast bowl, and then smothers her in an embrace.

Lloyd and Madison stay by the door, staring up at Dad.

GAIL
You've gotten even thinner, wow.
Any more and you'll disappear!
Lloyd, Madison. You remember Plumb?
Say hi to your sister.

LLOYD
Half sister.

GAIL
Lloyd.

LLOYD
Hi Plumb.

MADISON
Hi Plumb. What are you eating?

PLUMB
Pre-race meal. Mom, what are you
guys doing here?

GAIL
We came to watch you run today.
Sort of last minute.

Gail shoots a glance at Burt.

GAIL

We are just so excited. Aren't we?
These two are your biggest fans.
Madison! Show Plumb what we made
her.

Madison removes a chocolate bran muffin from the paper bag
and thrusts it towards Plumb.

MADISON

It's a healthy muffin, see?

PLUMB

Oh, very nice.

LLOYD

It's got chia seeds.

MADISON

Here you go.

Madison offers the muffin to Plumb. Burt steps over and
takes
the muffin from Madison.

BURT

Plumb will try this later, okay?

GAIL

Burt, let her try it! Madison was
so excited.

(to Madison)

You and daddy stayed up late last
night baking these, didn't you?

(to Plumb)

Jeff had to go in late to work this
morning, he was so exhausted. He
wishes he could be here.

BURT

Gail. Plumb is very careful about
what she eats on race days.

Plumb takes the muffin from Burt and finds a small corner to bite off.

PLUMB
Mm, yummy.

GAIL
It smells like a locker room in here!

Gail ushers Lloyd and Madison inside, setting them up at the table. Lloyd takes an arts-and-crafts kit out of his backpack.

Gail swoops around the living room and neatens up piles of newspapers.

PLUMB
Mom, it's fine.

GAIL
What? Don't worry about me. Oh! Plumb.

Gail pulls out a small Victoria's Secret bag from her gigantic purse.

GAIL
Just something small.

Gail hands Plumb the bag. Plumb puts the muffin down on the table and pulls out a padded bra wrapped in pink tissue paper.

PLUMB
Thank you.

GAIL
Do you like it?

Madison grabs the muffin and takes a bite. Gail notices.

GAIL

Madison! That was very rude. Do you think Plumb eats other peoples' food?

Gail looks at Plumb, but is clearly speaking to Madison. Plumb puts the bra back into the bag.

Lloyd and Madison have opened one of Plumb's teen magazines and are gluing googly eyes onto the models.

BURT

It's the morning of the Trials, Gail. Plumb needs to focus. You should have called first, at least.

GAIL

Well you knew I'd be in town to watch her race, what's the big deal? Plumb, oh, what if you let Lloyd and Madison shadow you in your locker room today! They can be your hydration assistants, wouldn't that be fun?

PLUMB

Mom, I have a routine... I can't wait to see you guys after the race.

MADISON

Can we go to dinner after?

LLOYD

To a restaurant.

Plumb looks to Burt for help.

BURT

Gail.

Lloyd holds up his pointer finger.

LLOYD
Italian food!

Madison tugs on Plumb's arm.

MADISON
Will you promise?

PLUMB
Uh, sure! Yes. Hey, I'm going to go
up to the bathroom. See you guys!

Plumb grabs her magazine from the table and walks upstairs.
Lloyd and Madison watch her go.

BURT
Great. Okay.
(quietly to Gail)
Why don't you check into your hotel
and see Plumb later? Let's make
this day about Plumb, Gail.

EXT. TRACK PARKING LOT - DAY

Plumb, followed closely by Coach, walks into the track
athletes' entrance. Tons of fans are packed in behind
portable barriers, like a concert or political rally.

Milton swings open the door and nods. He wears dark
sunglasses. Steve, with his handycam, leans out to get a
good shot of Plumb walking through the door.

EXT. TRACK STADIUM BLEACHERS - DAY

Gail, Lloyd, and Madison shuffle to their seats high up in
the bleachers.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
(blares over loudspeakers)
Don't forget to pick up your
Tracktown Pizza down at the
concession stand! Half off whole
pies until 2pm!

Gail, Lloyd, and Madison are wedged between an ELDERLY MAN
AND WOMAN using binoculars and a FAT MAN, 40, eating
popcorn. The Elderly Woman looks at Lloyd and smiles.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Plumb puts on her uniform. Whitney sits on a bench in the
background, ready to warm up with Plumb.

Plumb ties her hair in a bun.

EXT. TRACK STADIUM BLEACHERS - DAY

Burt, Justin, and the rest of Burt's high school track team
pile in a row of seats close to the track. They all wear
matching uniforms for the occasion. They all hold matching
hot dogs.

Burt looks up and sees Gail. He gives her a small wave.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
It's a great day for us
Tracktownies to be here together
with our nation's best athletes,
all running for those precious few
spots on the Olympic Team!

EXT. RUNNING TRAILS - DAY

Plumb and Whitney run side by side. The trail is calm and
quiet - until Steve pops out from behind a tree and snaps a
photo.

STEVE
Looking good, girls! Make 'em weep

out there!

EXT. TRACK ATHLETES' ENTRANCE - DAY

Plumb and Whitney return from their run. Whitney hugs Plumb.

WHITNEY

Remember, they're already afraid of you. You just gotta be the craziest bitch out there. You are a badass. See you after.

PLUMB

Thanks.

Plumb hugs Whitney again. Whitney fixes Plumb's hair.

WHITNEY

So pretty.

Plumb turns around and walks out onto the track.

EXT. TRACK STADIUM BLEACHERS - DAY

A gasp ripples through the crowd as Plumb emerges.

GAIL

There she is!

The Elderly Lady swings her binoculars around to get a good look.

ELDERLY LADY

Howie! It's her!

ELDERLY MAN

Huh?

MADISON
She's our sister.

LLOYD
Half-sister.

EXT. TRACK - DAY

Coach massages Plumb's shoulders as she walks, whispering last-minute advice into her ear.

A CAMERAMAN runs up to Plumb, his lens only one foot away from her face. The camera feeds directly to the stadium's gigantic jumbotron screen. Plumb looks into the camera, smiles, and waves to the bleachers. The crowd roars.

Coach steps back and smacks Plumb's butt.

COACH
Go time.

Plumb walks to the starting line, trailed by the cameraman. She is in her element, working the crowd.

The other RACERS stare at Plumb - Plumb is the young hotshot.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
And in lane number one for our women's 3k steeplechase preliminary race, seven time all-American, NCAA champ, Tracktown's own... Plumb Marigold!

Plumb waves and the crowd cheers. The cameraman moves on to the next racer.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
Running in lane two...

The noise of the track stadium washes away as Plumb focuses

on the track ahead.

The starting gun goes off and the horizontal line of runners bolt ahead, eventually forming a loose pack.

Plumb tucks into the third spot on the outside of lane one. The front pack of racers approach the first hurdle, leaping over in unison.

The pack approaches the first water pit.

EXT. TRACK STADIUM BLEACHERS - DAY

The crowd roars. The race is projected on the jumbotron.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

And the favorite in this race is our own Plumb Marigold, strategically in third. Top three go to the finals today, folks.

EXT. TRACK - DAY

Plumb and five other racers leap over the water pit hurdle. The rest of the pack has begun to fall behind.

Plumb's eye catches the screaming crowd and she smiles. She loves this.

EXT. TRACK - DAY

Most of the pack has fallen behind, and Plumb is now next to only two other girls. They leap over another water pit.

EXT. TRACK STADIUM BLEACHERS - DAY

The Fat Man takes a bite of a hot dog. It slithers out of the bun and lands on the floor next to Lloyd.

EXT. TRACK - DAY

The pack of three, Plumb in second, leap over their sixth out of seven water barriers. Plumb lands hard and emerges out of the water pit visibly in pain. She continues to push.

Plumb looks back to see how close the rest of the pack is.

EXT. TRACK STADIUM BLEACHERS - DAY

Burt looks very concerned. His teammates cling to each other as they watch.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

And it looks like Marigold landed hard on that water jump. She'll have to hold third to make it to the finals.

EXT. TRACK - DAY

Plumb pushes through the last 400 meters of the race and just barely keeps her third place finish.

Immediately after crossing the finish line, Plumb keels over and grabs her ankle. From the ground, she looks up at the jumbotron to see her final place and time.

EXT. TRACK STADIUM MEDIA TENT - DAY

Next to the finish line stands a tent packed with cameras, lights, and journalists. Several athlete-journalist pairs engage in interviews on video or audio recorder. All interviewers are male and all runners are female. The runners smile and flirt with the cameras.

Steve and PHIL, 25, his cameraman, do a report with the track in the background.

STEVE

What an epic steeplechase prelim this afternoon, with Plumb Marigold just clinching that final round advancement with a third place finish. What do you think, will she go on to make the Olympic team? We did notice she landed hard off the second to last water jump.

Plumb limps off the finish line and walks through the media tent. Her presence is noticed by the reporters, and they all rush to her.

STEVE

She kept herself together and finished looking strong, but she was - hold on, here she comes, let's see if we can grab her. Plumb!

Steve and Phil block Plumb's path and dozens of other reporters join them in surrounding her. Plumb's back is against a sponsor board and she has nowhere else to go.

STEVE

So Plumb, third place finish, advancing to the finals, you've got to be happy about that.

Plumb avoids eye contact with the camera and is visibly holding back tears.

PLUMB

Yeah, umm, it went. Not exactly as expected. Hardest I've ever had to fight for third place. I got passed at the line. But it's just the prelims, so...

STEVE

Well, You were grabbing your ankle at the finish, can you tell us what's going on?

PLUMB
I landed hard.

Plumb wipes her eyes.

PLUMB
I'm sorry.

STEVE
No, no, Plumb, it's okay.

PLUMB
But I have so much support, I'm so grateful for my coach. So, so...

Coach swoops in and puts her arm around Plumb.

COACH
You'll be seeing plenty of Plumb Marigold at the finals in three days, everyone. And it won't be third place.

Coach ushers Plumb away.

INT. SPORTS DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Plumb sits on an examination table next to a DOCTOR, 45, who slides Plumb's legs out of the Normatec, a full-legged inflatable compression sleeve. The Doctor is very beautiful

Plumb stares at a poster of a bisected naked man on the wall, chin resting in her hand.

The Doctor reads through a report. Plumb shifts her attention to the Doctor's breasts. Coach sits on a plastic chair in the corner, anxiously crossing and uncrossing her legs.

DOCTOR
It's just a bone bruise, so it'll

be fine, but I strongly recommend letting it rest. Take the day off tomorrow.

PLUMB
Completely off?

COACH
(to Doctor)
The finals are in two days. We just want to make sure she stays loose.

DOCTOR
She won't lose fitness in two days.

COACH
(to herself)
Recovery is just as important as training.

Coach claps once and stands.

COACH
Wonderful. Plumb, you ready?

DOCTOR
I did also want to speak with you both about Plumb's bone density, which is likely low.

PLUMB
What?

COACH
Not now.

DOCTOR
(to Plumb)
When was the last time you had your period?

PLUMB
Um...

DOCTOR

Running ten, twelve, fifteen miles a day does have an impact on the way your body functions. Do you want to have children one day?

Coach rolls her eyes.

COACH

Look, I've been running my whole life, and I've got three too many kids as far as I'm concerned. Plumb will fine. We have her on all the right supplements. We know what we're doing.

DOCTOR

I have yet to see one female distance runner who had what I'd call a healthy body. You have to think of the long-term, Plumb.

COACH

All that Plumb needs to think about is the Trials. The Olympics. She's got plenty on her mind.

INT. SPORTS DOCTOR WAITING ROOM - DAY

Whitney, Gail, Burt, Lloyd, Madison, Fin, Lucy, and Tucker wait for Plumb and Coach.

Whitney is "rolling out" - stretching her legs by rolling them back and forth over a large foam tube. Lloyd, Madison, Fin, Lucy, and Tucker try to imitate her with other rollers nearby.

Whitney lets Madison play with her hair. Gail holds a magazine with a glistening woman runner in a sports bra on the cover. She flips through the pages loudly and dog-ears pages she intends on reading later on. Burt sits staring at Gail.

BURT
Gail. Plumb should eat at home.

GAIL
Plumb should do whatever she wants.

BURT
Normally we don't eat in public.

GAIL
I promise I'll pick a comfortable
restaurant.

Gail continues to read her magazine.

BURT
Make sure you don't bring her to a
place without meat. She eats lots
of meat.

Gail laughs to herself.

GAIL
She can tell me what she likes. If
she doesn't want to come, she
doesn't have to come.

Madison peeks up from her hair activity.

MADISON
She promised!

I/E. GAIL'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Gail drives while Plumb sits in the passenger seat and
stares
out the window.

In the backseat, Lloyd and Madison sing along to Kidz Bop
music while playing "jell-o," a game where your body leans

naturally with the turning of the car.

INT. TRACKTOWN "LEVEL UP" ARCADE AND RESTAURANT - EVENING

Gail and Plumb sit in a booth. Along the wall of the restaurant are rows of arcade games. The restaurant is like an extremely loud zoo of families.

Plumb leans out of the booth and spots Lloyd and Madison, who are teamed up at a pinball machine. A crowd of YOUNG BOYS surrounds them, watching them play.

WAITERS arrive and place several plates of food on the table:
a large salad for mom, a club sandwich for Lloyd, a bowl of macaroni and cheese with a side of pickles for Madison, and for Plumb, a chicken sandwich, a large salad, a cup of soup, and a side of green beans.

Gail's eyes widen as she sees Plumb's large amount of food.

GAIL
Where does all that food go?

Plumb doesn't respond.

GAIL
I'm just kidding, Plumby. I know you're in no mood.

Gail leans out of the booth and spots Lloyd and Madison.

GAIL
(shouts across the room)
Lloyd! Madison! It's getting cold!

Lloyd holds up a "one minute" hand. Gail turns her attention back to Plumb.

GAIL
Crowded. You would have loved this
when you were little.

PLUMB
Really?

GAIL
Oh yeah. You loved being wherever
all the people were. You loved loud
noises. Fireworks. Burt and I would
take you to concerts in the
Tracktown Bowl, sometimes. That was
a fun stretch of time.

Madison and Lloyd run up to the table and slide into the
booth, interrupting this moment between Gail and Plumb.

LLOYD
Is everyone in this town your
friend?

MADISON
Those boys know you.

PLUMB
Which boys?

Madison points to the crowd of young boys who had been
watching them play pinball. They all stare back.

MADISON
Those boys.

PLUMB
Oo-oh.

GAIL
I'm sure they admire your sister.

MADISON
I have lots of friends, too.

LLOYD
She's popular.

Gail looks at Madison, and then leans in to Plumb.

GAIL
She's already starting to text with
boys.

MADISON
They're group texts.

Gail rolls her eyes. Everyone digs in.

LLOYD
Madison and I are in serious
training, we decided.

MADISON
(mouth full of mac and

cheese)
We want to run in the Aspiring Olympian-
Junior-All-Comers Race!

PLUMB
Really?

LLOYD
Yes. It's the morning of the
finals. Anyone can sign up, we saw
an advertisement in our hotel.

MADISON
It had your face on it!

PLUMB
Ooh.

INT. ARCADE BATHROOM - DAY

A game-themed bathroom. Plumb's feet poke out from beneath one of the stalls. A pair of old lady slippers belonging to BETH, 75, poke out from the other stall. SALLY, 70, shuffles in.

SALLY
Beth? Are you in here, Beth? BETH?

BETH (O.S.)
(from the stall)
I'm a Beth, but I don't think I'm
the Beth you're looking for.

SALLY
Beth?

BETH (O.S.)
I said, I'm not your Beth.

SALLY
Two Beths at the same restaurant!

Plumb flushes and exits her stall.

SALLY
You're not a Beth too, are you?

Beth giggles from her stall.

PLUMB
Me? I'm Plumb.

Plumb washes her hands. Sally rubs ketchup-red lipstick off her teeth.

BETH
What an unusual name!

SALLY
Plumb Marigold. I know you!

Beth flushes and exits the stall. She moseys over to the sink and puts her arm around Plumb.

BETH
Our Olympian!

SALLY
You never know when you're going to be peeing next to someone as special as this.

INT. TRACKTOWN "LEVEL UP" ARCADE AND RESTAURANT - DAY

Plumb steps onto the main floor of the restaurant and looks around for her family.

She spots Gail watching Lloyd and Madison play a pinball game together. Gail claps and cheers, jumping up and down with excitement when Lloyd and Madison score points.

Plumb observes this happy moment from afar.

INT. PLUMB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Plumb stands in front of her ant farm and traces their path with her fingers. After a moment, she takes out her phone and calls Whitney.

WHITNEY (V.O.)
Hey.

PLUMB
Hey.

WHITNEY (V.O.)
Hey.

PLUMB
Do you think we're going to be able
to have babies?

WHITNEY (V.O.)
This is what you're worried about
right now?

PLUMB
Yes.

WHITNEY (V.O.)
Let's worry about not having
babies.

PLUMB
Kay.

WHITNEY (V.O.)
Okay.

PLUMB
Night.

WHITNEY (V.O.)
Sleep well.

Plumb hangs up the phone. She chugs a gigantic glass of
water.

Plumb hears a knock at the front door below. She looks out
the window and sees that it's Justin.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Plumb walks to the front door, past Burt who is asleep on
the couch in front of ESPN. Plumb runs her hand through her
hair and opens the door.

I/E. ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Justin stands on the stoop alone holding a small box.

JUSTIN
Hey.

PLUMB
Oh, hi, my dad's asleep.

JUSTIN
Yeah, actually... I came to see
you. My mom made you this cake. For
good luck.

Justin hands Plumb the box.

PLUMB
Ooh.

JUSTIN
I told her to make something else.
Something like, healthy-

PLUMB
No, no. I love cake. This is great.

JUSTIN
Hope your ankle's okay.

Justin waits. Plumb realizes that he isn't leaving.

PLUMB
It'll be fine. Um, here.

Plumb steps outside and closes the door, joining Justin on
the stoop.

EXT. STOOP - NIGHT

Plumb and Justin stand outside Plumb's door, leaning against opposite stairway banisters. Plumb holds the cake box.

JUSTIN

So if you make it, it's off to the Olympics like a month later, right?

PLUMB

Yeah. We'd to and train at altitude for pretty much that whole time in between.

JUSTIN

Cool. Hey, so these could be your last nights in Tracktown for a while. Hopefully they are, right?

PLUMB

Right. Yeah.

Silence.

JUSTIN

I should let you sleep.

PLUMB

Thanks for the cake!

Justin steps down from the stoop, then turns back.

JUSTIN

If you run out of cake, or you decide you want something else, you should come to Studio One Café sometime. I'm working there. I know the guys in the kitchen, we can hook you up with something up to Plumb Marigold standards.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Plumb places the cake box on the couch next to sleeping Burt.

INT. PLUMB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Plumb sprinkles some food into her ant farm. Then she flops onto her bed and picks up her teen magazine.

She opens to one of the pages that Lloyd and Madison have covered in drawings and googly eyes. Plumb tries to pry off one of the googly eyes but ends up tearing the page.

EXT. TRACK - NIGHT

Plumb soars over the steeplechase water pit wearing nothing but a long, flowing dress. The stadium is completely empty but all of the lights are on.

Plumb becomes terrified as she slowly falls towards the water.

INT. PLUMB'S BEDROOM - DAY

Plum snaps awake and catches her breath. She swings her legs out of bed, testing her weight on one foot at a time.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Plumb tiptoes out of her room and peeks inside Dad's bedroom.

INT. BURT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dad snores loudly in bed. He sleeps over the covers, wearing sweatpants and a t-shirt. A running magazine rests on his chest.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Plumb stirs her breakfast creation while dialing on her phone.

PLUMB
Hello? Hey, it's me.

Plumb takes her food bowl and walks outside, holding the phone with her shoulder.

EXT. STOOP - DAY

Plumb quietly closes the front door.

PLUMB
Yes I'm sure. It'll be fine, just don't tell anyone okay? Okay. See you soon.

Plumb hangs up, then takes a huge spoonful of her breakfast.

EXT. WHITNEY'S FRONT YARD - DAY

Plumb bikes onto Whitney's front lawn, wearing running shorts and Dad's special windbreaker. Whitney's house is dingy, a classic off-campus college.

Plumb steps off her bike and knocks on Whitney's front door.

Whitney opens the door a moment later, wearing short running shorts and a sports bra.

PLUMB
Hey.

WHITNEY
Hey girl. You sure about this?

PLUMB
Yeah.

INT. WHITNEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Plumb rolls her bike inside. A SHIRTLESS DUDE, 22, walks out of the bathroom.

DUDE
Oh. Hey.

WHITNEY
Don't worry about him. He's nobody.

The dude laughs.

WHITNEY
(to Dude)
Don't steal anything on your way out.
(to Plumb, holds up car keys)
Let's roll.

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

Plumb and Whitney jog side by side.

PLUMB
So I met a guy.

WHITNEY
Oh yeah? Where at?

PLUMB
Out.

WHITNEY
You little slut! What's his name?

Whitney notices that Plumb is in pain.

WHITNEY
You're limping.

PLUMB
No I'm not.

WHITNEY
Yes you are.

Plumb attempts to pick up the pace. Whitney stops in her tracks. Plumb can no longer stand the pain and stops.

Plumb kneels down and begins to tear up. Whitney approaches Plumb.

WHITNEY
Come on, let's go home.

PLUMB
It's fine.

WHITNEY
You need to get ice on that.

PLUMB
Stop yelling at me.

WHITNEY
I'm not yelling at you. I'm trying
to be a good teammate.

PLUMB
It's not helping.

INT. CAR - DAY

Whitney and Plumb drive in silence.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Plumb lies on the couch with ice on her ankle. She is wrapped in a homemade Tracktown fleece blanket. There is jug of chocolate milk and a water bottle on the coffee table. Dad comes over and wraps his lucky windbreaker around her shoulders.

BURT
There we go.

Dad makes his way around the couch and clicks on the television. He cues up more old race tapes.

PLUMB
Dad, I don't wanna watch this stuff.

BURT
Oh. Oh, I can see why that might...
uh. Okay.

Dad mutes the television and then sprouts a brilliant idea. He darts to the bookshelf and pulls out an encyclopedia-sized binder. It is filled of newspaper and magazine clippings about Plumb. The cover reads "Plumb's Press, 2008-2010."

PLUMB
Dad...

BURT
No, listen. Listen! This will be great.

Dad flips open to a page. There's a full-page photo of Plumb in a small race uniform.

BURT
This will be in the Tracktown museum one day. If I let them have it!

PLUMB
I feel kind of sick.

BURT
Of course you do. You haven't run today!

PLUMB
What if I don't make it?

BURT
Well. You'll still be here four years from now.

PLUMB
So...

BURT
So what?

PLUMB
I don't like what the doctor said.

BURT
What did she tell you?

PLUMB
She said my bones are crumbling because I run too much.

BURT
Better that than withering from disuse.

Burt checks his watch.

BURT
Oh!

Burt jumps up from the couch.

BURT

I have to run to meet with the team. I won't be long. Hey, you'll always have a job as a coach at Tracktown High if you want some extra money.

Burt walks out, then remembers something and turns back.

BURT

There's turkey in the fridge, got you some of those whole wheat pita things you like, and... guac-a-molee!

Burt does a little guacamole dance and starts walking out.

He turns back before leaving.

BURT

You know, Plumb. A man may go through his life without using his legs for anything more than getting out of bed, driving his car, or going to and from the bathroom. That's a shame, you know?

Burt exits.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Plumb flips through the binder, realizing that all the photos are made to look "sexy" in some way.

Plumb pulls out her cell phone and calls Whitney.

WHITNEY (O.S.)

Hey, how you doing?

PLUMB
Good. Better.

WHITNEY (O.S.)
Good.

Pause.

PLUMB
Do people only know me because I'm
fast?

WHITNEY (O.S.)
What? Well, you're a runner. So...
how fast you are matters, but it
also helps that there is a whole
generation of runner boys jerking
off to your interviews and races.

PLUMB
What?

WHITNEY (O.S.)
And probably old men, too.
Coaches...

Pause.

WHITNEY (O.S.)
Plumb? Come on. I'm kidding.

Plumb stares at her photographs with a new understanding.

WHITNEY (O.S.)
Don't worry about all this. You're
going to be fine. You're gonna make
the team.

PLUMB
Okay.

Plumb hangs up the phone. She puts the binder of clippings back in the shelf next to all the others.

Hidden between two binders, Plumb finds an old photo of Burt and Gail. They sit at a picnic bench together. She also finds a photo of her 8-year-old self at the barbecue from the opening scene - she is the only girl in a herd of teenage male runners.

INT. PLUMB'S BEDROOM - DAY

Plumb tucks the two photos into her vanity mirror's frame. She sits down and examines her girly magazine decorated with googly eyes.

She takes a close look at the model on the cover and then looks at herself in her mirror.

She folds the magazine in half and tosses it in the trash.

EXT. STUDIO ONE CAFÉ SIDEWALK - DAY

Through the café window, Plumb spots Justin taking an order from a table full of dressed-up SOCCER MOMS. Plumb observes Justin for a while.

He turns in her direction and she quickly ducks.

Crouching below the window ledge, Plumb pulls her hood over her head to hide her identity. She applies Smuckers strawberry flavored lip gloss.

A group of four OLD LADIES scuttle up to Plumb.

LADY ONE
Plumb!

LADY TWO
Don't let us bother you -

LADY THREE
We're so glad we ran into you!

Plumb remains crouching.

PLUMB
Oh, I, um...

LADY ONE
We do a bit of singing, nothing
professional -

LADY THREE
We're just so excited!

LADY TWO
We've been rehearsing!

LADY ONE
And a one, two, three

Lady One hums. The other three ladies hum in tune. They then
burst into song:

LADY QUARTET
Go Plumb! Go Plumb! Run for the U-SA!
God bless you Plumb, we know
you'll run for gold. On a sunny day
in Tracktown, as it has been
foretold! Oh march march Plumb, our
dear Plumb Marigold!

PLUMB
Oh wow, thank you, that's so nice.

Plumb scurries to her bike and unlocks it.

LADY ONE
And the next verse!

PLUMB
Sorry, I've got to go! Thank you so
much!

Plumb hurries around the corner with her bike.

LADY QUARTET
Go for gold, gold, gold! Only go
for gold, Plumb Marigold!

EXT. HIPPIE HEADSHOP - DAY

Plumb pulls her bike into the parking lot of a crusty hippie
glass store. She takes out her phone and calls Whitney.

PLUMB
Want to meet me at Studio One?

WHITNEY (O.S.)
Sorry girl, can't. I gotta cat sit
for the Parkers.

PLUMB
Oh.

Plumb observes as a DREADLOCKED COUPLE walks out of the
store; she watches them stroll away down the street. They
are walking their pet cat.

WHITNEY (O.S.)
This cat is like the devil. I gotta
go feed it Fancy Feast or it'll
wreck the house.

PLUMB
I was hoping you'd come to help me
talk to this guy.

WHITNEY (O.S.)
Oh, shit! He's there now?

PLUMB
Yeah.

WHITNEY (O.S.)
Go in there and talk to him!

PLUMB
I can't go alone.

WHITNEY (O.S.)
Just go! You're a big girl. Are you wearing a real bra?

PLUMB
No, just regular.

WHITNEY (O.S.)
You gotta stop wearing sports bras all the time. It'll make your tits smaller. All right. I gotta go. The cats call. Bye. Remember to use a condom! Bye.

A DREADLOCKED CASHIER pokes his head out of the shop door.

DREADLOCK CASHIER
Hey, you need help?

Plumb shakes her head "no" as she hangs up the phone. Then, she gets an idea and dials a new number.

INT. STUDIO ONE CAFÉ - DAY

Plumb, Lloyd and Madison share a booth. All around them, young couples sit together and flirt-eat.

Plumb nervously looks around for Justin while Lloyd and Madison sit, hands in their laps, thrilled to be taken out in public with their superstar half-sister. The trio close their menus.

Justin approaches equipped with waiter notepad and good looks.

JUSTIN
Well, hello!

Lloyd and Madison give full waves.

MADISON
Hi!

LLOYD
Good afternoon.

JUSTIN
I didn't know you had siblings. I'm Justin.

PLUMB
Yeah. Babysitting.

Lloyd and Madison shoot each other a look.

MADISON
No! She invited us to come.

LLOYD
Yeah. We were gonna go swimming with our mom, but then Plumb begged us to go to lunch with her.

MADISON
Yeah, and mom was not invited!

JUSTIN
Oh really?

MADISON
We were going to go to spaghetti, but Plumb made us come here.

JUSTIN
Well, I don't blame her. Let me go
get you guys some water.

LLOYD
I'll have an Arnold Palmer.

JUSTIN
You got it.

Justin leaves.

LLOYD
Is he your boyfriend?

PLUMB
No.

MADISON
Who's your boyfriend, then?

PLUMB
I don't have one right now.

LLOYD
Madison had a boyfriend once.

MADISON
Yeah, but he was mean.

Plumb nods.

LLOYD
How come you never come and visit
us?

PLUMB
You guys live too far away.

MADISON
How come you don't come on
Christmas?

PLUMB
Well, because I have practice then.

MADISON
How about Saturdays, then?

LLOYD
Mom takes us to the farmer's market
on Saturdays.

MADISON
You could come on Saturdays when
people go to the farmer's market.
Then we could go to the park
afterwards. And then we could go out to
Slurpees at the 7/11. Do you have a
7/11 here?

PLUMB
I think so.

Justin returns with two waters, an Arnold Palmer, and a
surprise basket of tater tots. Justin puts his hand on
Plumb's shoulder for a moment.

JUSTIN
Here's something to get you
started. On the house. And some
special dipping sauce.

Plumb looks down, avoiding eye contact.

PLUMB
Thanks.

Justin waits for a moment - Plumb quickly grabs a tot, dunks
it in the sauce, and eats it in one bite.

PLUMB
Mmm.

JUSTIN
Cool, alright. Awesome. I'll come
take your order in just a minute.

Justin leaves.

Once he is out of sight, Plumb pulls a small sandwich baggie
of white whey protein powder out of a drawstring track bag
and dumps some into her water. She stirs it in.

MADISON
What's that?

PLUMB
Protein powder. Runners need lots
of protein.

Plumb stirs in all the chunks until they dissolve.

Lloyd meticulously halves a tater tot between his tiny teeth
and gives one half to Madison. Plumb observes their little
ritual.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Plumb, Lloyd and Madison wait outside Mom's hotel room.
Plumb knocks on the door.

GAIL
Come back later for service,
please!

LLOYD
It's your children!

GAIL
Oh!

Mom opens the door. She holds a large jar filled with colored beads.

GAIL
I'm sorry sweethearts! I thought you were the maid. Come in.

(to Madison)
Oh, honey, you got ketchup all over yourself. It must have been fun then, ya?

INT. GAIL'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Plumb, Lloyd, and Madison step into the room.

PLUMB
We had a good time.

GAIL
That's wonderful.

Lloyd and Madison scurry over to the corner of the room and immediately fire up an iPad. They begin playing a videogame.

GAIL
Thank you so much for taking them to lunch. It meant the world to them.

PLUMB
It was fun.

GAIL
I'm sure you have a busy afternoon planned, I'll let you go.

PLUMB
No, I can stay a bit.

Gail steps back into the room, inviting Plumb in. She walks over to the hotel room desk, which is covered in small satchels, tubes of beads, and spools of colored string.

GAIL

Okay, well I was just sitting here assembling my Kitsies.

Madison looks up from the iPad and pipes in.

MADISON

Every month, subscribers get a new Kitsy Kit. Mom picks the crafts, puts them in the bag, and sends them to her clients. Anyone can sign up! It's cheap, easy, and a fun surprise every month.

LLOYD

We're the craft testers!

PLUMB

(to Gail)

Do you need help?

GAIL

Oh, you don't have to...

PLUMB

I don't mind, mom.

Gail sits down at the desk. Plumb pulls up a chair and sits next to her.

GAIL

Okay. So if you just gather all the beads by color into these little vessels. The tubes.

They each get their own tube. Mom shows Plumb how to organize the beads. Plumb adjusts her leg, as not to hurt her hurt ankle.

GAIL
Oh, don't hurt yourself more! Your
father will kill me-

PLUMB
I'm fine. I'm good, mom.

Mom's worried face melts back into caring-instruction-mom
mode.

GAIL
And then, yes, just like that.

PLUMB
Okay, I see.

Plumb holds up one of the little satchels and sees that it's
embroidered with a "Kit-sy" logo. She continues organizing
beads.

GAIL
Okay. Okay! Very good. We could
have these done by dinner! I've
learned my lesson. Clay beads -
never again.

Plumb is very focused on sorting the beads.

GAIL
You're saving my life. I was so
behind on this one - can't be late
sending out the kits! We're up to
77 subscribers now.

PLUMB
That's awesome, mom.

GAIL
Lots of craft doing happening, yes.

LLOYD (O.S.)
Yes!

Gail. and Plumb look over at Lloyd and Madison, who seem to have just beaten a level on their videogame. Gail turns at watches Plumb watching Lloyd and Madison.

GAIL
I admire you so much, you know that? You're really special.

PLUMB
Please don't call me that.

INT. PLUMB'S LIVING ROOM- EVENING

Plumb sneaks past Burt, who is asleep on the couch. A tape from his old running days plays on the TV.

Plumb takes Burt's high school cross-country team "Coach's Binder" from the coffee table.

INT. PLUMB'S DINING ROOM- EVENING

Plumb opens the binder and turns to the team roster and contact list page. She finds Justin's number.

INT. PLUMB'S BEDROOM- EVENING

Plumb falls into her bed. The lights are dim except for her glowing cell phone, where a blank text to Justin flashes on the screen.

Plumb types "Dear Justin," She replaces this line with "Hey. It's Plumb." She presses send and stares at the phone.

Moments later, Justin's reply comes in. The conversation continues:

JUSTIN
Plumb who...?

JUSTIN
;) I only know one Plumb.

PLUMB
Haha.

JUSTIN
What are you up to?

PLUMB
Watching a movie with Whitney.

JUSTIN
Which?

Plumb thinks for a moment.

PLUMB
Free Willy.

JUSTIN
!!!!

Plumb cannot decipher this.

JUSTIN
Best movie ever.

PLUMB
It is so good.

JUSTIN
You and Whitney going to have a
pillow fight next?

Plumb stares at her phone for a while, stumped.

JUSTIN
;))

JUSTIN
Have a fun sleepover.

Plumb's nervous bird fingers pause for a moment.

PLUMB
;(

PLUMB
oops I mean ;)

JUSTIN
nite

PLUMB
:)

Plumb puts her phone on her bedside. She gets under the covers. She places her hands on her chest and assesses her breasts.

She looks up at the glowing stick-stars on her ceiling. Her hands make their curious way down below her covers. She finds an old stuffed animal and begrudgingly throws it aside. It knocks into one of her dozens of trophies.

INT. INDOOR TRACK TRAINING FACILITY - DAY

With Coach standing by, Plumb runs on the "alter-g" - a special treadmill designed for injured athletes, with a special "anti gravity" airtight plastic seal around the conveyor belt and leg area.

Coach looks at her stopwatch... and then pushes the off button on the alter-g.

COACH
Good. Very good.

Plumb breathes with her arms above her head as the alter-g seal de-flates.

COACH
A cool down in the water should do it.

INT. INDOOR TRACK TRAINING FACILITY - DAY

Plumb's lower body is submerged in a large underwater treadmill. She is like a duck, legs pushing determinedly underneath the water, calm-faced above water.

Moments later, Whitney climbs up and joins Plumb in the water.

WHITNEY
Ooh, don't be a little bitch, me...

Whitney slowly submerges.

WHITNEY
Ah.

PLUMB
Cold today.

WHITNEY
It's just bad when my vag hits the water, man. That's always the worst part.

PLUMB
Yeah. Same.

Plumb increases the speed of the treadmill. She and Whitney breathe hard as they converse.

WHITNEY
How's the ankle doing?

PLUMB
Good, better. Much better.

WHITNEY
S'good.

Whitney grabs her chest.

WHITNEY
I swear, my boobs are shrinking!

PLUMB
It's just the cold water.

WHITNEY
No, no. My cousin says you only
have boobs if you can pick them up
and drop them.

Whitney tries to pick her boobs up and drop them.

WHITNEY
I used to be able to do it! Same
goes for your butt. Damn.

Plumb stares at Whitney, wide-eyed like Madison.

WHITNEY
I'm gonna go out tonight, I think.
Not hard. Just a little.

Plumb laughs and looks away.

WHITNEY
It is possible to go out just a
little. You know, have some fun?

Whitney playfully elbows Plumb.

EXT. TRACK PARKING LOT - DAY

Milton swings open the door and Coach, Plumb, and Whitney walk out. Mom and Whitney's Dude are parked next to each other. Lloyd and Madison stare at the Dude. He stares back and makes a funny face.

Mom waves out the window at Plumb.

GAIL
Plumby!

Whitney and Plumb walk over to their respective cars.

WHITNEY
See ya!

PLUMB
Bye.

The cars back out of the parking lot.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Plumb sit on a grassy field while Lloyd and Madison run in place. Gail is lying down on the grass with her eyes closed, enjoying the sun.

LLOYD
And... down!

Lloyd and Madison drop to the ground and do pushups.

PLUMB
Very good. Now, one lap around the hill. Medium pace! Go!

Lloyd quickly stands. Madison slips, and Lloyd grabs her hand and helps her stand.

LLOYD
Come on!

GAIL
You can do it!

Lloyd and Madison take off running.

PLUMB
Mom?

GAIL
Mm-hm?

Gail opens her eyes and shields her face from the sun. She watches Plumb watching Lloyd and Madison.

GAIL
What's wrong?

PLUMB
Nothing.

GAIL
It's okay to be nervous. We can talk, or not talk.

Lloyd runs back to Plumb.

LLOYD
Hey, Plumb! What next?

Madison huffs and puffs up to Lloyd, a few seconds behind.

PLUMB
Lloyd. You always have to stick together with your teammate. Don't

let her fall behind. And Madison.
You have to expect that it's going
to hurt so that when the pain
comes, you already knew it was
coming.

Mom hands Madison a bottle of water.

PLUMB
Good. Now, I want you to do two
slow laps - and stick together! Be
brave. Have fun. Ready? Go!

Lloyd runs off. Madison closes the bottle of water and drops
it on the ground.

MADISON
(yells to Lloyd)
Hey! Plumb said not to leave me!

Madison chases Lloyd. Gail focuses intently on Plumb.

PLUMB
They look so happy.

GAIL
They do. They're happy kids.

PLUMB
I feel old.

GAIL
Please.

PLUMB
In four years, I'll be 25. Women
peak at 26. I'll just get slower
and slower.

GAIL
Yes, your life will end when you
turn 26.

PLUMB

This is serious.

GAIL

You know, there's a world outside of Tracktown. People are out there designing clothes, building spaceships, going fishing.

The world is bigger than the circle of a track.

PLUMB

Not for me it's not.

A pause.

GAIL

You know, I do feel badly, Plumb.

PLUMB

For what?

GAIL

For not being here for you more. I feel guilty sometimes.

PLUMB

It's not your fault. You just don't like running.

GAIL

It's not about liking running or not. When I met and married your father in college, we were both runners. We actually met at the Tracktown track if you can believe it. But when we finished school, he was determined to keep running.

PLUMB
He went pro.

GAIL
And I was really supportive and proud of him, I want you to know that. I was. But it was hard! It was hard to support ourselves that way, living race to race.

PLUMB
I get it.

GAIL
And then we had you, Plumby. And it was hard for me to imagine you growing up depending on a dream that might... I just wasn't sure how it would all work out. I wanted something stable.

PLUMB
Like your husband, Bob the dentist.

GAIL
So, I offered to bring you with me - or, I tried to give you the option of a different kind of life! But you wanted to stay in Tracktown.

PLUMB
Right.

GAIL
You know, and I'm not a real high maintenance person. I'm not. I wasn't looking for some heavy-duty CEO or anything like that. But it's nice knowing Bob is going to come home everyday at 5:30 and the kids are already home before 3 and we eat dinner at 6:15.

PLUMB
And people will always need their
teeth cleaned.

Lloyd and Madison are now running back towards Plumb and
Gail.

GAIL
You know what. Let's get breakfast
tomorrow, okay? Nothing serious.
But let's make more time to talk.

Plumb nods yes.

PLUMB
Yeah. For sure.

BURT (O.S.)
Afternoon, ladies.

Plumb and Mom turn around and see Burt approaching. Burt
looks at Lloyd and Madison running in the distance.

BURT
Well, this is cute.

PLUMB
They're in training for the all-
comer's race.

BURT
Plumby, they're going to get
absolutely creamed out there.
Gail, you're aware they'll be
running against kids who do this
every day?

PLUMB
Dad. Mind your own business.

Lloyd and Madison run back towards Mom, Plumb, and Burt.

Madison plops to the ground. Plumb gives Burt angry look.

PLUMB
Good job, guys!

LLOYD
What's next?

I/E. BURT'S CAR - DAY

Plumb angrily stares out the window as Burt drives.

BURT
I'm just saying, either you have the body or you don't. You know that. Now Lloyd, he could be something if his mother gave him the opportunity. But god knows what she and Bob are feeding him. He's a stick. And Madison's just chubby. Can't imagine what activities they're having them do. Arts and crafts, or who knows. Videogames.

PLUMB
I would have liked to do arts and crafts.

Burt laughs.

BURT
Oh! Come on, Plumby. We take you off the track, and you wouldn't know how to put one foot in front of the other. You're exactly where you need to be. I'm so proud of you.

INT. PLUMB'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Back in her room, Plumb stares at her ant farm. She is wearing a sports bra and undies.

She then turns her attention to herself in the mirror. She tries to pick up her boobs and drop them.

She flexes. She is not attracted to the sight of her muscular body.

Plumb looks in the mirror and puts the lipstick on her lips, as a proper girl would. She makes a kissy face.

Plumb grabs her phone and calls Whitney.

WHITNEY (O.S.)
Hello?

PLUMB
Hey.

WHITNEY (O.S.)
Ooh, it's almost past your bedtime.

PLUMB
Hey so tonight... you said you were going out just a little, right?

EXT. TRACKTOWN BAR & CLUB ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Plumb waits outside anxiously. She is dressed in a pepto bismol pink dress reminiscent of a bygone era. She is also wearing her running shoes. Whitney appears out from the haze of the nightclub.

WHITNEY
Hey, hey!

PLUMB
Hey!

Whitney takes a sideways look at Plumb's outfit.

WHITNEY
You're dressed for a bar miztvah
themed running race.

PLUMB
What?

WHITNEY
Here.

Whitney grabs Plumb's hand and drags her to an alley on the
side of the building.

EXT. TRACKTOWN BAR & CLUB ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

WHITNEY
Are you gonna be mad if we fix this
outfit a little bit?

Plumb looks down at herself.

PLUMB
Go ahead.

Whitney rips the sleeves off the dress. She also tears the
bottom layer of fabric off, making the dress shorter.

WHITNEY
Ok!

INT. TRACKTOWN BAR & CLUB - NIGHT

Whitney and Plumb dance together. Whitney and Plumb shout to
each other over the top-hits dance music.

PLUMB
How late are we going to be out?

WHITNEY
Not too late.

PLUMB
How late?

WHITNEY
Later than your bedtime. But! My
cousin says this.

PLUMB
I wanna meet this cousin.

WHITNEY
Listen. When you go out, you always
stay up past your normal bedtime,
right? Right.

PLUMB
Okay.

WHITNEY
But! You're having so much fun that
even though your body normally
wants to go to sleep, you stay
totally awake.

PLUMB
Oh. Yeah!

WHITNEY
So you keep dancing until 2 AM
because you want to. Because you
like it! It's like smiling during
the last 400 meters, mind over
body.

Whitney winks.

WHITNEY
My cousin, man. She is the best.

Whitney spins Plumb and then grinds on her leg.

PLUMB

Are you going to have sex tonight?

WHITNEY

I don't know. Not if I'm with you!

PLUMB

I don't know anyone here!

WHITNEY

And no one knows you. Isn't it the best?

PLUMB

Yeah!

WHITNEY

We're out with the owls! Eya!

Plumb and Whitney continue to dance.

INT. TRACKTOWN BAR & CLUB - LATER

Whitney and Plumb sit at the bar. Plumb looks around, in awe that she isn't the center of attention.

Whitney nudges Plumb and nods towards a group of college-aged guys.

WHITNEY

I bet you make out with one of them tonight.

PLUMB

(Shocked, laughs)

Noo!

Whitney grabs the attention of the BARTENDER, 28, who has a fake tan, crop top, and highlights.

WHITNEY
(to Bartender)
I'll have a vodka tonic and

PLUMB
Water is fine, thanks.

WHITNEY
Two vodka tonics. With lime.

Whitney winks at Plumb.

Plumb hoists herself up onto a barstool. She discovers a jar of free maraschino cherries. She eats one.

WHITNEY
Come on girl, at least look like you're having fun.

PLUMB
I am!

Whitney chugs her drink. She looks at Plumb, then laughs and takes Plumb's drink.

WHITNEY
Don't worry. I ordered them both for myself.

Whitney takes a big gulp of Plumb's drink.

WHITNEY
The night is still young.

Whitney checks her phone.

WHITNEY
Oh!

Whitney's Dude walks up to the bar and hugs her from behind.

DUDE
Hey.

WHITNEY
You remember Plumb?

DUDE
Oh, yeah.

WHITNEY
(to Plumb)
Come find us when you're feeling
ready to stand.

INT. TRACKTOWN BAR & CLUB - LATER

Sitting alone at the bar, Plumb eats her seventh maraschino cherry. Whitney catches her eye from across the room and waves, then turns back to flirt-dancing with her Dude.

The Bartender stops in front of Plumb's stool.

BARTENDER
Hey, honey, can I get you
something?

PLUMB
Oh. No. Or maybe just some water?

BARTENDER
Sure. You eat all these cherries?
Relax, it's fine. They're free.

The Bartender winks at Plumb. Plumb sweeps up her cherry stems. The Bartender puts a water down on the bar.

BARTENDER
Still hungry?

PLUMB
Excuse me?

BARTENDER
Relax! Damn, girl.

The Bartender dumps a handful of fresh cherries in the
cherry
bowl.

PLUMB
Oh.

BARTENDER
Have fun.

Plumb feels a tap on her shoulder - it's Steve, the
reporter.

STEVE
Plumb?

Plumb turns around in surprise.

PLUMB
Oh!

STEVE
Plumb Marigold!

PLUMB
Yes...!

STEVE
It's Steve! I interview you like,
all the time.

PLUMB
Yeah, of course. Yes.

STEVE
Is this the secret life of Plumb
Marigold, or what? Are you alone?
Mind if I sit?

Steve pulls up a barstool next to Plumb. He tries to get the
attention of the bartender.

PLUMB
Oh, I'm waiting for my friend to
come back.

STEVE
Sorry, this is just... seeing you
here is like going scuba diving in
the middle of the ocean and seeing
my pet goldfish! You know?

PLUMB
Yeah...

STEVE
So wait, are you like super amped
about the Sports Illustrated
article coming out? I'm gonna be
interviewing you for it.
(to the bartender)
I'll have a Coors Light. Plumb?

PLUMB
No, no thanks.

STEVE
Yeah, so, we could even do a quick
interview sesh right now. That
would be hilarious.
(gestures a newspaper
headline with his hand)
Track Star Parties Just Nights
Before Olympic Trials Finals! We

can use my phone -

PLUMB

I think I have to find my friend.

STEVE

Oh come on, I just sat down! I'm not gonna tell on you. We can do the interview later, or outside, or something. Or never! Let's just take a selfie real quick for Twitter.

PLUMB

I, uh, sorry I have to find her. I promised.

STEVE

Who, Whitney VanBeuren?

Steve and Plumb both look at Whitney, who is gloriously and sluttily dancing with her Dude.

STEVE

She looks pretty busy.

Plumb gets up from her barstool.

PLUMB

It was nice to see you.

Plumb disappears into the crowd.

Plumb walks up to Whitney. Whitney tries to get Plumb to dance with her, but Plumb just stands there immobile for a good portion of the song.

Plumb watches for a moment as the Dude feels Whitney's butt.

EXT. TRACKTOWN BAR & CLUB ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Bar patrons stand around and smoke cigarettes, loudly laughing and joking. Plumb steps away from the smoke, breathing into her arm. She takes out her phone and starts dialing Dad - but then has another idea. She calls Justin.

JUSTIN (V.O.)
Hello?

PLUMB
Hey, Justin? It's Plumb.

JUSTIN (V.O.)
I know, hey!

PLUMB
Hey.

JUSTIN (V.O.)
So what are you up to?

PLUMB
I...

JUSTIN (V.O.)
You called because you want to go on a run, I know.

PLUMB
No! It's like midnight, I

JUSTIN (V.O.)
I'm kidding! Where are you? You wanna hang out?

PLUMB
Yeah! Okay.

JUSTIN (V.O.)
The guys and I were about to sneak

on the track to do a little beer
mile, actually.

PLUMB
Ohh.

JUSTIN (V.O.)
So. I probably shouldn't leave
them. But I'd be lying if I didn't
tell you I'd like to see you alone.

PLUMB
Don't leave your friends.

JUSTIN (V.O.)
You're right. They might cry if I
do.

I/E. SUBARU STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Justin drives his mom's Subaru with Plumb sitting in the
front seat. Fritz, Dennis, and Harry fill the backseat. They
stare at Plumb, grinning, eyes wide like goldfish.

Plumb looks at Justin and smiles nervously.

Justin pulls into the parking lot of a convenience store.

JUSTIN
Hey, so since you're 21 and all...

PLUMB
Hm?

JUSTIN
We can give you money.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Plumb walks in and scans for customers - luckily, it's empty. Olympic Trial-themed decorations adorn the walls. Plumb walks up to the counter. A CLERK, 65, reads a tabloid.

PLUMB
Hi! Um, excuse me. Sir. Could you point me to the beer?

The clerk gestures towards the back.

PLUMB
Thanks.

Plumb walks to the beer and stares at the selection. She looks up and the clerk - he quickly looks away. Plumb realizes she might have been recognized. Plumb grabs a case of cheap beer and walks up to the counter.

CLERK
You have ID?

PLUMB
Uh, sure.

Plumb fishes out her license and gives it to the clerk. He stares at it, then looks up at Plumb inquisitively.

CLERK
Does your coach know you're here?

PLUMB
Same name. Happens all the time.

The clerk laughs and hands Plumb her ID.

CLERK
Unlucky girl!

EXT. STADIUM FENCE - NIGHT

The cross country boys hop over the stadium fence one by one, like ducklings. Justin and Plumb climb over last.

Justin helps Plumb over the fence - she slips a bit and his hand catches her leg below her skirt.

EXT. STADIUM TRACK - NIGHT

Fritz, Dennis, and Harry line up on the starting line. They each hold a beer. Justin and Plumb sit in the bleachers.

FRITZ
Three, two, one, go!

The boys chug their beers, taking off running as they finish.

JUSTIN
(yells)
Come on Dennis, don't be a pussy!

The boys yell and laugh as they run.

JUSTIN
(to Plumb)
Watch this, Harry will catch him... right... now. Fritz won't make it past 800 without puking. He's a little bitch.

PLUMB
And what about you? Have you ever done this?

JUSTIN
Who do you think wins every time? This is the consolation race. I already crushed these guys.

Plumb and Justin make eye contact. The boys scream in the background.

DENNIS (O.S.)
You're such a pussy, Fritz! Ah,
Fritz!

HARRY (O.S.)
Fritz is a pussy!

JUSTIN
You look nice.

DENNIS (O.S.)
Pussy!

JUSTIN
Yeah. I didn't realize your hair is
straight.

PLUMB
It's not. It's straightened.

JUSTIN
Pulling out all the stops tonight,
aren't you?

PLUMB
Whitney's idea.

JUSTIN
Ah, I see. Wild Whitney. Fritz
would do anything to get at that.
Too bad he's got no balls.

PLUMB
Oh.

JUSTIN
They're keepers though, good guys.
Here.

Justin takes Plumb's leg and drapes it over his.

JUSTIN
Hardworking leg.

PLUMB
How old are you?

JUSTIN
Old enough to have a tattoo.

PLUMB
No you're not.

Justin lifts up his shirt and shows off his tattoo: the silhouette of a male runner.

JUSTIN
Look, it's you.

PLUMB
That scare people on the starting line?

JUSTIN
Does it scare you?

PLUMB
No.

Justin runs his hand down Plumb's leg.

JUSTIN
It's cool to have the track all to ourselves.

More screaming from the track below.

PLUMB
Tracktown is different in the
middle of the night. All the legs
are asleep.

JUSTIN
Most, yes. Justin leans in.

Several bright lights suddenly shine into the stadium.

FRITZ
Fuck, the cops!

JUSTIN
Ah, shit.

FRITZ
Let's go!

HARRY
Shit!

Justin quickly stands up.

JUSTIN
We gotta go.

Justin grabs Plumb's hand and scrambles down the bleachers
as a group of COPS burst into the stadium. Against her
better judgement, Plumb ignores her ankle pain and keeps up
with Justin.

Justin spots a hiding place in a corner underneath the
grandstand. He pulls her down.

JUSTIN
In here!

I/E. UNDERNEATH GRANDSTAND - NIGHT

Justin and Plumb crawl inside moments before the cops run by. They look at each other once the coast is clear. Plumb smiles. Justin grabs Plumb's face - they make out.

Things quickly become hot and heavy. Justin works his hand underneath Plumb's shirt.

JUSTIN
Is this...

PLUMB
It's fine.

This is all very new for Plumb, but she lets it happen. After a moment, Justin takes Plumb's hand and guides it down to his crotch. She lets him... but then pulls back and shakes her head.

PLUMB
I'm not...

JUSTIN
It's okay.

Justin doesn't miss a beat. He slips his hand in her skirt.

PLUMB
You do this with a lot of girls...

JUSTIN
Yeah, but you're better.

PLUMB
I am...?

JUSTIN
You're better than a normal girl.

PLUMB
You...

JUSTIN
You're sexy, Plumb.

PLUMB
Sexy...

Justin starts fingering her.

She reaches her hand back to grab something, anything, and finds an abandoned dirty sock.

I/E. SUBARU STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Justin and Plumb sit in the car. They're giddy and giggly from their adventure.

PLUMB
What?

JUSTIN
I'm just smiling.

PLUMB
What!

JUSTIN
What! Am I not allowed to smile?

Justin grabs Plumb's thigh and slides his hand up between her legs. Plumb laughs.

EXT. PLUMB'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Justin's car pulls in to the driveway - Plumb is shocked to see Burt standing in front of the garage.

JUSTIN
Uh, Plumb?

Burt walks directly up to the car window.

BURT
What are you two doing?

PLUMB
Dad, it's fine.

BURT
Justin? What the hell is going on?
Is that alcohol?

Burt tries to forcefully open the car door.

PLUMB
Dad!

JUSTIN
Get out of the car, Plumb!

Justin frantically pushes Plumb towards the door, then speeds away the moment Plumb is out of the car.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Plumb sits in a chair in the middle of the room, flanked by Burt's old track memorabilia on the wall. Burt paces back and forth.

BURT
What the hell are you trying to pull, Plumb? Justin is not only one of my high school athletes, but he's 17 years old. If you get caught playing shenanigans and drinking underage - and driving!

PLUMB
Justin wasn't drinking!

BURT
Not to mention your ankle injury.

PLUMB
It's fine.

Burt grabs Plumb's ankle.

PLUMB
Dad, stop.

BURT
God damnit. You know what? Forget
about me. What about this entire
town? Tracktown has given you their
everything, Plumb.

PLUMB
That's insane. That's an insane
thing to say.

BURT
We've worked too hard to give this
up.

PLUMB
We?

BURT
Yes, we.

Burt goes into the kitchen and brings out a gallon of water
and protein powder. He pours the powder into the water.

BURT
Drink this.

PLUMB
No.

BURT
Look at the ribbons on the wall. Do you think they got there by exchanging saliva with high school boys?

Plumb stands up.

BURT
Your mother waltzes into town for a week and confuses you, makes you think that this whole thing we've built together - is nothing.

PLUMB
It isn't nothing.

BURT
No, your mother thinks it's nothing. If it were nothing then this whole town is nothing and that isn't right. That just isn't right, Plumb.

Burt sits next to Plumb on the couch and opens a nearby photo book. He flips through old pictures of Plumb at various races. He quickly becomes calm, absorbed in the pictures.

PLUMB
Dad, stop.

Burt points to a specific photo.

BURT
Oh, here. You won this race, yep. You beat Bethany Williams. But you were all upset because she had to drop out of the race on account of her allergies. So that's why you're not smiling in this picture.

Burt delicately straightens a page that has been crinkled.

BURT

Just understand that it's a privilege and a responsibility to have the kind of attention that you have.

Plumb stares at the photo of her victorious past self.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Plumb showers in the locker room with Whitney.

WHITNEY

Oops, Plumb! I forgot a towel!
Haha! Can you go grab one for me?

Plumb steps out of the shower.

EXT. TRACK PARKING LOT - DAY

Plumb is suddenly outside the track, dripping wet and wearing nothing but a towel. She's locked out.

A crowd of reporters, Tracktown citizens, and Burt's high school track team shout and take pictures of her.

Across the street from the stadium, Justin, Lloyd, and Madison sit in lawn chairs and read a newspaper. Plumb runs towards them.

INT. PLUMB'S BEDROOM - DAY

Plumb wakes up covered in sweat. She turns over and is surprised to see that Coach is sitting by the bed, drinking coffee.

COACH
Long night?

Plumb sits up.

COACH
It's fine. Just listen.

Coach hands Plumb a glass of water.

COACH
Plumb. You don't have to worry.

PLUMB
Coach.

COACH
Just drink. I took care of it. When the press asks, it was only Whitney who was out. Just don't worry about it. It was out of character. I get it. It happens.

Plumb chugs the water.

COACH
I was your age once, too. I did my fair share of twiddling my thumbs. And then I stopped. And I watched all the girls around me twiddle their thumbs into a big knot.

Coach makes a knot with her fingers and puts it right in front of Plumb's face.

COACH
A knot, see? No knots allowed. No room for that. Too many eyes on you for that.

Plumb puts down the empty water glass and checks her watch.

PLUMB
Oh, no.

Plumb jumps out of bed and starts dressing herself.

COACH
What are you doing?

PLUMB
I'm late for breakfast with my mom.

COACH
Forget about that. Don't worry
about it.

PLUMB
She's waiting for me.

COACH
Listen, your mom will understand.

PLUMB
Please just let me go, it'll be
quick, I'll go straight to the gym
after or wherever you want.

COACH
Sit down and listen to me Plumb. I
did you a big favor by getting you
out of this... knot.

Plumb sits down. Coach grabs Plumb's wrist and maintains eye
contact through her upcoming speech.

COACH
Now, I know better than you that
moms understand these things.
I'm a mom, remember. We understand
that there's only a limited amount
of time in life when we can just
focus on ourselves. Right now, you
only have to worry about your own

body and not the bodies of three monster kids, and a husband, and a dog, and a hamster with a broken leg. I know, just like your mom knows, that this is your time to focus on you.

Coach grabs Plumb's shoulder.

COACH
You've earned it.

Plumb is silenced.

COACH
We've got half of Sports Illustrated up here talking about shoe deals, swimsuit deals, the whole nine yards. This is a once in a lifetime launchpad, Plumb. So why don't you get dressed and come with me? Huh? I'll go make you a protein shake.

Coach beams a coffee-stained smile.

INT. INDOOR TRACK GYM - DAY

In the gym, Plumb gets strapped into the alter-g like a prisoner. She starts running while Coach looks on.

Coach presses the "increase speed" button several times.

INT. STUDIO ONE CAFÉ - DAY

Gail, Lloyd, and Madison sit in a booth waiting for Plumb. Lloyd and Madison both wear hand-made "GO PLUMB!" t-shirts and draw with crayons on their paper placemats. Gail checks her watch and stirs her coffee.

Burt walks in, scans the room, and finds Gail's table.

BURT
There you are.

Burt walks up to the table but does not take a seat.

GAIL
Where's Plumb?

BURT
Plumb is with her coach right now,
where she needs to be. She had a
late night last. Did some things
she shouldn't have. Took risks.

Justin walks towards the table balancing three plates of
Belgian waffles and eggs. He sees Burt and stops in his
tracks - but not before Lloyd notices.

LLOYD
Waffles are here! Mom, look!

GAIL
Oh, that's nice.

Justin takes a deep breath and walks to the table, avoiding
eye contact with Burt.

JUSTIN
(puts down plates)
Excuse me, here you go. Thank you.
Bye.

Burt watches Justin scurry away.

GAIL
What's this about, Burt?

BURT
I don't know what's gotten into
Plumb's mind the past few days, but
I do know that ever since you came

to visit, she's become distracted.

GAIL
So she can't visit her family?

BURT
Look, she's worked her whole life
for this, and she deserves our full
support.

GAIL
I've done nothing but show support
to Plumb.

BURT
That fact is debatable.

MADISON
Is Plumb coming?

GAIL
Plumb is busy, sweetie.
(to Burt)
This is insane, Burt.

Gail scoots out of the bench and grabs Lloyd and Madison.

GAIL
Come on. Kids, get up. Get up. One,
two, three.

MADISON
But our waffles!

GAIL
We'll get pancakes at the hotel.

LLOYD
We want waffles!

Gail, Lloyd, and Madison storm away. Madison still holds onto her crayons and placemat.

Burt stands alone, looking down at the three plates of waffles.

EXT. TRACK - DAY

Plumb is surrounded by a team of MAKEUP ARTISTS who blow out her hair and touch up her face. Coach smiles from the sidelines, standing with her arms crossed.

Plumb wears a small racing uniform: essentially a speedo and sports bra. She poses on the starting line.

Steve walks around Plumb, snapping pictures. A Sports Illustrated camera crew follows Steve's every move, recording him and Plumb.

STEVE
Looking great! Let's see Plumb's
"on the start line" face!

Plumb looks at the camera, confused.

STEVE
Okay great!

Steve continues snapping photos.

STEVE
Arch your back a little bit! Show
us those hips! All those hurdle
drills - I bet you're so flexible!

Plumb tries to strike a pose. Steve snaps more photos.

STEVE
So tell us. What's on Plumb's mind
right... now?

Plumb takes a breath and pauses.

PLUMB

Well... the finals. Making the team. Of course.

STEVE

That's it? Plumb, I've been watching you run since you were in high school. So now I want to dive into who Plumb Marigold really is. What about Plumb Marigold's love life? Everyone's dying to know.

Coach's smile gets even wider, a hint of desperation creeping in. The camera crew hangs on every moment.

PLUMB

Oh. Well, I'm not currently dating... staying focused -

Steve interrupts and steps in front of the camera.

STEVE

There you have it! Plumb Marigold, single and ready to mingle.

Steve turns back to Plumb.

STEVE

Okay, so let's talk about your uniform for tomorrow's race.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Plumb washes off the layers of makeup that have been caked to her face. Some tears mix in with the water and makeup.

Whitney walks in and notices that Plumb is upset.

WHITNEY

Hey. Hey... come on, hey, hey hey.

Whitney hugs Plumb's shoulders.

PLUMB

I missed breakfast with my mom
because of the magazine photo
shoot.

Whitney laughs and shakes her head.

WHITNEY

Tough morning.

Plumb doesn't detect Whitney's sarcasm. She unearths words
she has held for a long time.

PLUMB

I wish people didn't call me
special all the time. I wish they
would stop looking at me like I'm a
creature. You know?

Whitney steps back.

WHITNEY

No.

PLUMB

What?

WHITNEY

Most people would kill to be you. I
don't feel sorry for you.

PLUMB

I have so many more things to worry
about than most people. There are
so many people counting on me, who
want something from me, and I'm
trying really hard to make them all

happy.

WHITNEY

Yeah. People care about what you're doing. After I graduate, I'm just gonna have to get some job somewhere and be like everybody else.

Whitney grabs her bag.

WHITNEY

You know Plumb, my parents have never seen a single one of my races.

Whitney leaves, slamming the locker room door.

EXT. PLUMB'S HOUSE - DAY

Plumb approaches her house on bike. She slows as if coming to a stop. Suddenly, she speeds up and bikes away.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY

Plumb pulls up in front of Gail's hotel. She locks her bike and pulls her hood over her head.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

The whole lobby is dripping with Olympic decorations. Plumb keeps her head down as she heads towards the elevator.

INT. JUST OUTSIDE GAIL'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Plumb knocks Gail's hotel door. There is no answer but she can hear Lloyd and Madison shuffling to look through the peephole.

MADISON (O.S.)
(to Lloyd)
Move!

LLOYD (O.S.)
No service, please!

PLUMB
It's Plumb.

MADISON (O.S.)
We're busy!

Plumb knocks again. Lloyd opens the hotel room door.

PLUMB
I need to speak with mom.

INT. GAIL'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Lloyd and Madison sit next to each other on the hotel bed. Their arms are crossed. Room service trays of half-eaten hamburgers are perched on the pillows.

Plumb sits on the bed adjacent to them.

PLUMB
Look...

LLOYD
We're leaving.

PLUMB
What? Is this because of breakfast?

MADISON
Mom says being here is a bad
influence on us.

MADISON
Mom doesn't want us to be unhappy
like you.

PLUMB
I'm not unhappy.

LLOYD
You're under extreme pressure.

MADISON
Extreme.

PLUMB
It's more complicated than that.

MADISON
Running is supposed to be fun. You
said so.

PLUMB
It is fun! It's just also hard.

PLUMB
Don't you want to run in the all
comers race? You trained so hard.

Madison eats one of her french fries.

MADISON
Yeah.

Plumb puts her hands on her hips.

PLUMB
Where's mom?

Lloyd dips both ends of a fry in ketchup.

LLOYD
She's in the spa.

Plumb snatches a french fry and eats it in one bite.

INT. HOTEL GYM - DAY

Plumb walks past rows of people grunting on ellipticals and treadmills en route to the spa. They look like sad hamsters. Plumb walks past two MOMS in conversation.

MOM 1
And I don't want to be a nosey mom or anything, but it's just hard to imagine that my Christine would...

MOM 2
Trust me, when Clarisse brought Matthew home, I knew they were meant to be. It's called a mom radar...

Plumb walks past another conversation between two OLDER WOMEN. Their soft voices and darting eyes indicate that they are clearly talking about something enticing and secret.

WOMAN 1
Four times?

WOMAN 2
Four times, Linda.

WOMAN 1
I didn't think that was possible.

Woman 2 nods.

Plumb storms past and finds the entrance to the spa.

INT. HOTEL LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Plumb passes by rows of lockers, but Gail is nowhere to be found. Ahead, Plumb spots the ladies' spa entrance.

A guard woman, WENDY, 40, stops Plumb.

WENDY

Excuse me. You can't wear clothes beyond this door.

PLUMB

Oh, I'm just going in to find my mom. Not staying long.

WENDY

I'm very sorry. It's the rules.

Wendy points to the wall. Sure enough, rule number one: no clothing in women's spa - towels only. Rule number two: no cell phones. Rule number three: no food. Handwritten in is: not even eye cucumbers!

PLUMB

Oh.

Wendy hands Plumb a towel.

Plumb goes to one of the locker room corners and quickly takes off her clothing.

Two college-age girls, BECKY and CLARISSA, change next to her. There is also an OLD LADY wearing a bathing suit who adjusts her goggles. The Old Lady approaches Plumb.

OLD LADY

Will you untwist my straps?

Up close, the Old Lady resembles a frog.

PLUMB
Oh. Sure.

The Old Lady turns around to reveal her back. Plumb untangles soft layers of elderly skin squeezed between bathing suit straps.

Becky and Clarissa talk amongst themselves as they change.

CLARISSA
So what will be the next kale?

BECKY
Oh... I was thinking like... maybe dandelion greens?

CLARISSA
Aren't those weeds?

The Old Lady picks up Plumb's clothes.

OLD LADY
These look like doll's clothes.

BECKY
Yeah. But you have to blanch those before eating them...

CLARISSA
Ooh... game changer.

Plumb finishes untangling.

OLD LADY
Thank you.

Plumb goes back to the spa door where Wendy stands guard.

WENDY
I recognize you! You're Plumb

Marigold!

Plumb tries to squeeze past without conversing.

PLUMB
That's what they call me.

WENDY
Oh! My daughter, Alana, she looks up to you! She just started cross country with the middle school team!

PLUMB
Ohhh.

WENDY
Let me ask you something - how do you know that you're getting enough protein?

PLUMB
I eat a lot of meat.

WENDY
Red meat, too? Good girl. I will tell Alana. I'm afraid she's going to become one of those pescatarians. And are you doing the gluten free? I know that's very popular...

PLUMB
I'm not gluten free, no. Excuse me.

Plumb forces a smile and walks past Wendy into the spa.

WENDY
Oh, of course! Excuse me.

INT. HOTEL SPA - DAY

Plumb enters the spa and instantly a thick layer of steam rises and wraps around her toweled body.

As she adjusts to the new climate, Plumb sees that the walls are lined with seated women of all ages and sizes.

PLUMB
Mom?

No answer.

PLUMB
Mom?

Plumb tries to make out the details of the women around her, all the while trying to keep tight hold on her towel. One of the steamy women stands to leave the spa and bumps Plumb with her chest.

WOMAN
Excuse me.

PLUMB
Sorry.

WOMAN
Plumb? Plumb Marigold?

Suddenly, a murmur of female voices bursts open like a knife into an overripe tomato. The steam room bodies begin to shuffle to get a look at the specimen before them.

LADY 1
Plumb Marigold!

LADY 2
Plumb Marigold!

LADY 3
Running queen!

LADY 4
She's so... small!

The ladies rise and shuffle over towards Plumb. Plumb turns to leave the spa but is already surrounded by the shimmying toweled bodies.

Several hands reach in and begin curiously poking and prodding Plumb's body. Plumb tries to avoid their contact but is entirely surrounded by female hands.

LADY 5
Oh!

LADY 6
Small!

PLUMB
Mom?

LADY 4
Whose mom?

LADY 2you
Look at her muscles!

LADY 3
She's even stronger in real life!

LADY 6
What I would do for a body like that!

LADY 1
So tiny!

Plumb holds her towel tight and begins to spin around in her

living nightmare. The women poke her more forcefully.
Plumb's body is completely enveloped by the entanglement of
hands.

LADY 2
Strong!

LADY 3
Yes, strong!

LADY 4
STRONG!

LADY 5
Strong!

LADY 6
Strong!

Plumb becomes disoriented and passes out.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Plumb blinks awake, finding herself lying in bed in Gail's
hotel room. The first thing she sees is Madison's serious
face, who fans her with a piece of crayoned-paper.

MADISON
Mom! She's up!

Lloyd appears, hovering over Plumb with a glass of water.
Plumb sits up and drinks.

Gail rushes to the bedside. She sits next to Plumb and
strokes her hair. Plumb realizes she's now wearing Gail's
matching pajama top and bottom.

Plumb notices that all of Gail, Lloyd, and Madison's things
are packed up in suitcases.

GAIL

It's okay, sweetheart. It's okay.

Madison appears with a picture she drew for Plumb. It's Plumb lounging in an inner tube floating in a steeplechase water pit.

MADISON

Here.

PLUMB

Thank you.

Lloyd appears with another glass of water. He hands it to Plumb. Now she is holding two glasses of water.

LLOYD

Dehydration can be catastrophic for a runner.

PLUMB

Thank you.

Plumb chugs one of the glasses and then stares straight ahead. Madison takes the empty glass. There is a long silence.

GAIL

Plumb? As you've heard, we're leaving.

PLUMB

I know.

Another pause allows Plumb to sip her two waters.

GAIL

I just think that for Lloyd and Madison, this might not be the best thing for them.

PLUMB
Do they want to leave, too?

GAIL
Plumby, it's not their decision.

PLUMB
So it's yours.

Plumb traces the pattern on her pajama pant leg.

GAIL
I don't think that it's best for
Lloyd and Madison right now to be
here in Tracktown this week. Not
every kid can grow up to be special
like you, no matter what they tell
you in elementary school.
(pause)
Having children is a funny thing.
It's like watching a bunch of miniyou's
run around but then... right
before your eyes, eventually, they
grow to become a different species
entirely.

PLUMB
Fine.

GAIL
Really, I want you to feel like you
can call me. I'm still your mother.

Plumb stands up and heads for the door.

GAIL
Plumb.

PLUMB
I'll see you at Thanksgiving or
something.
(to Lloyd and Madison)
Bye guys.

Plumb leaves, shutting the door behind her.

EXT. STUDIO ONE CAFÉ SIDEWALK - DAY

Plumb locks her bike in front of the cafe. She peeks through the window to see if Justin is working. He is.

INT. STUDIO ONE CAFÉ - DAY

Plumb sits alone in a booth. Justin walks up and hands her a menu.

PLUMB
Hey!

Justin looks around to see if she's with anyone else.

JUSTIN
Hey. Are you waiting on anyone?

PLUMB
No.

JUSTIN
Are those pajamas?

PLUMB
(voice wavers)
Justin.

Justin realizes all is not well.

JUSTIN
What's up?

PLUMB
I'd be lying if I said I didn't
want to see you alone.

JUSTIN

Oh, shit, well I'm working now - I shouldn't even be having a conversation unless you're ordering something. Were you gonna-

PLUMB

Can't we hang out for a little?

JUSTIN

Plumb. Your dad also said I need to stay away from you until after the Trials. So.

(smiles)

Not trying to get fired and kicked off the team all at once.

PLUMB

Oh.

(becomes more upset)

Everyone's mad at me.

JUSTIN

Nobody's mad at you. Everyone just wants you to do well tomorrow.

Justin scans the restaurant.

JUSTIN

Shit, my other table wants something. I'll be back in a minute to take your order.

Justin rushes over to one of the other tables. Plumb watches him leave, then stands up and rushes out of the café.

INT. PLUMB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alone in her room, Plumb prepares her body for the race the next day. She takes off her clothes and wraps a towel around herself.

INT. PLUMB'S SHOWER - NIGHT

She shaves her bikini line and armpits.

INT. PLUMB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Plumb puts on her race uniform, stands in front of her mirror and inspects herself. She practices her "starting line" pose.

I/E. UNDERNEATH GRANDSTAND - DAY

Plumb stands in the same nook where she and Justin hooked up- except now, hundreds of spectators sit in the seats above. They cheer and yell very loudly.

Plumb kicks the old sock across the dusty ground with her foot. She wears bright racing shoes.

Bright light shines through the slots in the bleachers. Plumb tries to peek through the bleachers and look past seated peoples' legs to get a view of the track.

INT. PLUMB'S BEDROOM - DAY

Plumb wakes up to the sound of a radio being turned on outside her window. It is extremely loud.

BURT (O.S.)
Yeah! There we go!

Static-y classic rock blares. Plumb wraps herself in her blankets and looks through her window.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

Burt, Coach, Steve, and several other Tracktown residents socialize in the front yard. There is a decorated parade

float parked out front supporting a huge paper maché Plumb effigy.

Steve directs photographers to one corner of the yard. He holds a "MariGOLD" banner in his hand, ready to be mounted.

Burt flips burgers on a sizzling grill. More people walk up to the yard from around the street - cars are parked down the block. Children run around, many of them wearing miniature track uniforms.

The quartet of four singing Old Ladies string up a "PLUMB MARIGOLD TRACKTOWN CHAMPION" banner.

Burt's high school track team is there - all the boys are wearing short cross-country shorts. Justin is missing.

Steve points at Plumb's bedroom window and waves. Everyone at the party stops what they're doing and looks up. Steve snaps a photo. The partygoers clap and cheer.

INT. PLUMB'S BEDROOM - DAY

Plumb quickly steps away from the window and rubs her eyes.

Burt knocks on the door. He enters.

BURT
Morning, champ!

PLUMB
Dad, what is all this?

BURT
Isn't it amazing?

PLUMB
Dad, this isn't

BURT

All these people came out to wish you luck! This sport, you know, there's something special about it. It's a small sport, but there are those who love it!

It's a really special little universe we've got here.

Burt holds out two sparkley, sequined sports bras.

BURT

Oh, almost forgot! The Sports Illustrated guy wanted you to wear these for a quick photo shoot this morning.

Plumb takes the bras from dad.

PLUMB

These are part of our universe?

Burt shrugs.

BURT

Back in my day, runners were lucky to get a free pair of socks. You're doing great Plumb. I'm so proud of you.

Burt leaves Plumb's room.

She puts on one of the sportbras. She resembles a magician's assistant.

Plumb looks out the window again. She sees a small CIRCLE OF CHILDREN playing spin the bottle in a corner of the yard.

Plumb steps back from the window and closes the curtains. She takes out her phone, dialing a number. Plumb waits while the phone rings.

JUSTIN (V.O.)
Hello?

PLUMB
Your whole team's at my house.

JUSTIN (V.O.)
I know.

PLUMB
Where are you?

JUSTIN (V.O.)
Home.

Plumb speaks timidly at first, then grows more sure of herself.

PLUMB
Oh.

Plumb glances at herself in the mirror. The sequined bra sparkles in the light.

PLUMB
Um, I do this thing before every race. Usually the night before, but... I need to do it now.

JUSTIN (V.O.)
Plumb

PLUMB
Don't you have a car? I need to see you.

JUSTIN (V.O.)
Like, no.

PLUMB
Don't you want me to run well
today?

JUSTIN (V.O.)
Plumb, don't put this -

PLUMB
Do you want me to make the Team?

JUSTIN (V.O.)
Yes, but -

PLUMB
Just come over. Park down the
block. It's fine.

Plumb quickly hangs up and holds the phone in her lap. She goes to her dresser to find an outfit to wear. She hears a knock on the door.

PLUMB
One second!

Plumb quickly throws on her dad's lucky windbreaker and a pair of sweatpants over the sequined bra.

PLUMB
Come back later!

A knock again.

PLUMB
I need a few minutes, I said later!

MADISON (O.S.)
Plumb, open up! It's us!

Plumb opens the door. Much to her surprise, it is Lloyd and Madison. They slip into her room then quickly pull the door shut. They're wearing their "GO PLUMB" t-shirts.

MADISON

Mom doesn't know we're here. We left while she was on the elliptical.

LLOYD

Don't worry, I left a note. We borrowed her credit card and took one of the taxis outside.

PLUMB

You what?

LLOYD

We're running in our race.

MADISON

We don't want to go home. We trained hard. We're ready.

LLOYD

We want to race. Can you take us there?

Plumb stares at Lloyd and Madison in shock.

LLOYD

You said you would.

Plumb's shocked silence is interrupted by her phone ringing. It's Justin. Plumb answers.

PLUMB

Hey. Yeah, just stay parked at the corner. I'll be there in one minute.

Plumb hangs up. She looks at Lloyd and Madison, who have begun their pre-race arm stretches in her room.

PLUMB
Okay, you guys...

LLOYD
Madison, come here.

Madison and Lloyd support each other while they do the "flamingo" stretch.

Plumb looks out the window and spots Steve directing a bunch of his staff as they erect the large banner. Dad snaps a photo of the banner on his phone.

Plumb turns back to Lloyd and Madison.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Plumb cracks open the back door and looks around. The small yard is empty - but the sounds of the party are just around the corner.

PLUMB
Coast is clear. Go!

Plumb, Lloyd, and Madison scamper across the backyard. They all hold hands.

EXT. SIDEWALK DOWN THE BLOCK - DAY

Plumb, Lloyd, and Madison run towards Justin's car. They're all half-crouched, like secret agents.

Plumb pulls open Justin's car door and jumps into the passenger seat.

I/E. JUSTIN'S CAR - DAY

Justin is completely surprised to see Lloyd and Madison with Plumb.

PLUMB
Hey.
(to Lloyd and Madison)
Get in, quick!
(to Justin)
Can you unlock the back?

JUSTIN
Woah, what's the deal?

Plumb puts her hand on Justin's leg.

PLUMB
Just trust me.

Justin unlocks the car. Lloyd and Madison get in and slam the door shut, giggling with excitement.

JUSTIN
Where are we going?

PLUMB
To the park!

EXT. GRAVEL PARKING LOT - DAY

The park is full of families getting ready for the all-comer's race.

PLUMB
Wait here. Don't move an inch.

Plumb gets out of the car.

PLUMB
(to Lloyd and Madison)
Come on!

EXT. PARK - DAY

Plumb, Lloyd, and Madison run up to a fold-out table - the registration booth. Two ATTENDANTS sit with a cash box and clipboard. They are both high-school aged girls.

ATTENDANT ONE
Oh. My. God.

MADISON
We need to register.

LLOYD
Two, please.

PLUMB
Madison and Lloyd. Eight years old.

MADISON
We're twins.

LLOYD
Fraternal twins.

ATTENDANT TWO
Plumb Marigold?

Attendant One takes a cell phone photo of Plumb.

PLUMB
How long until start time?

Attendant two holds up her phone to take a picture.

ATTENDANT TWO
Five minutes.

EXT. PLUMB'S FRONT YARD - DAY

Gail pulls up in front of Plumb's house in her rental car. The party is still roaring. She gets out of the car and rushes straight to Burt.

GAIL
Where are they?

BURT
What?

GAIL
Where are Lloyd and Madison?

BURT
They're not here. I thought you were leaving...

GAIL
They left this.

Gail hands Burt Lloyd's crayon-written note.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Plumb takes Lloyd and Madison by their hands and walks them to the start line.

Plumb kneels and talks directly to Lloyd and Madison, ignoring the crowd that's beginning to gather around her.

PLUMB
Listen to me. Keep your knees loose and elbows in. Lead with your chest. Always lock your eyes on the person ahead of you. Expect that the race will hurt, but try to smile when it gets painful. And have fun, okay?

LLOYD
Yes.

PLUMB
Smile at least once in the race.
Promise? It'll give you new legs.
Don't worry about anything else. I
love you.

MADISON
Love you, too.

Plumb pulls Lloyd and Madison in for a group hug.

PLUMB
I'll be waiting for you at the
finish. Go!

Lloyd and Madison run off to the start line with the other
racers.

Plumb stands and looks over at Justin's car.

INT. PLUMB'S BEDROOM - DAY

Gail and Burt open Plumb's door.

BURT
Plumb?

GAIL
She must have gone with them.

BURT
God damnit.

I/E. JUSTIN'S CAR - DAY

Plumb gets in the passenger's seat and closes the door.

PLUMB

There's an empty parking lot on the other side of the park.

Crowds of people make their way towards Justin's car, snapping photos.

PLUMB

We should leave before we get surrounded. Come on.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A starting gun goes off. Madison, Lloyd and a herd of youth runners charge ahead.

EXT. PLUMB'S HOUSE - DAY

Burt and Gail run outside. Gail jumps into her car. Burt's car is blocked in by the party.

BURT

Damnit.

Burt jumps in the car with Gail. Steve notices that Burt is leaving and catches the door before it closes.

STEVE

Burt! Where are you going?

BURT

Need to get Plumb!

STEVE

She's not here?

GAIL

Come on, Burt.

Burt slams the door shut. Gail pulls out of the driveway.
Steve turns to his posse.

STEVE
Follow them!

EXT. PARK CLEARING - DAY

Justin re-parks the car in a secluded clearing. Justin sits, waiting for Plumb to make the first move. They begin making out.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Madison and Lloyd fall farther and farther behind the pack.

LLOYD
Come on, Madison!

Madison struggles to continue running.

EXT. TRACKTOWN STREETS - DAY

Gail drives like a madwoman, weaving in and out of traffic.

BURT
Come on.

GAIL
I'm going as fast as I can!

Burt cracks a half-smile.

BURT
We haven't sped like this since
Plumby was born.

Gail shoots Burt a smile and then steps on the gas.

GAIL
We barely made it to the hospital.

EXT. PLUMB'S HOUSE - DAY

Steve, his camera crew, and several party guests pile onto the Plumb-themed float.

STEVE
Step on it!

The float pulls out and speeds down the road.

I/E. JUSTIN'S CAR - DAY

Justin and Plumb continue to make out. Plumb reaches down and grabs Justin's pant button.

JUSTIN
Actually - we should go to the backseat. There's more room.

PLUMB
Right, yeah.

EXT. PARK CLEARING - DAY

Justin and Plumb quickly get out of the car. Justin looks around to make sure the coast is clear, then gets into the backseat. Plumb is already sitting there, waiting.

I/E. JUSTIN'S CAR - DAY

They close the doors. Plumb watches Justin take off his pants. He stops and looks at her.

JUSTIN
You do this before every race?

PLUMB
Yeah.

Plumb unzips the windbreaker to reveal the sequined sports bra below. She begins pulling it off.

PLUMB
(trying to be hot)
Is this sexy?

Justin leans over and starts pulling Plumb's pants down. She kicks her legs out of the pants. Justin pulls her on top of him.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Madison and Lloyd are now completely alone on the course.

MADISON
Go on without me, Lloyd.

LLOYD
No! Plumb said we're supposed to stick together.

Lloyd pushes on Madison's back to help her up a small incline.

EXT. TRACKTOWN STREETS - DAY

The float flies down the street.

I/E. JUSTIN'S CAR - DAY

Justin and Plumb's faces are close.

JUSTIN
Shh.

PLUMB
Justin! Slow.

JUSTIN
Are you...?

PLUMB
It's fine...

Plumb and Justin continue to make out and attempt sex.
Justin pulls his hand out from underneath her and sees that
it's covered in blood.

JUSTIN
Whoa.

PLUMB
Keep going.

JUSTIN
(grossed out)
Dude, there is blood on my mom's
car. It's everywhere.

Plumb closes her eyes and goes in for another kiss.

JUSTIN
Have you actually done this before?

Plumb tries to kiss Justin's neck. She grabs his face and
tries to push him into her.

JUSTIN
Plumb. Wait. Are you a virgin?

PLUMB
Shh.

Plumb keeps her eyes closed and tries to push her body down.
Justin stops his motion.

JUSTIN
Dude.

Justin stops completely and begins to pull his pants back on.

PLUMB
What are you doing?

JUSTIN
This is a mess.

Justin gets out of the backseat of the car and gets into the front seat. Plumb is left sitting in the car seat, pants still down.

JUSTIN
I can't deal with this. You should go, Plumb.

Justin stares straight ahead in his car, ready to turn the ignition on. Plumb re-dresses, in near tears, grabs her race bag, and practically falls out of the car.

She sprints away into the woods back towards the all-comers race.

EXT. PARK PARKING LOT - DAY

Burt and Gail turn off the car and slam their doors shut.

BURT
Let's go.

Burt grabs Gail's handbag as they run over towards the course.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Lloyd and Madison can see the finish line in the distance.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Crowds of youth runners finish the race. Their parents cheer.

Burt and Gail run up to the finish line and scan the crowd.

Moments later, Plumb arrives. She looks disheveled and has the windbreaker wrapped around her waist. Burt spots her.

BURT
Plumb!

Gail and Burt run up to Plumb. Plumb runs straight to Gail and hugs her. Gail, concerned, holds Plumb close.

GAIL
(comforting)
Hey, hey.

PLUMB
Where are Lloyd and Madison?

Dad grabs Plumb and spins her to face him. He grips her shoulders tightly at arm's length.

BURT
Jesus, Plumb.

PLUMB
Dad, I'm fine -

BURT
Are you fine?

PLUMB
Stop looking at me.

GAIL
Hey!

Gail points to the finish line, where slowly but surely the last two finishers, Madison and Lloyd, chug their way across.

Plumb looks towards the finish line.

Steve and all the Tracktownies rush in, gathering around Gail, Burt, and Plumb at the finish line.

STEVE
Such excitement!

Steve snaps a photo of Plumb.

Plumb turns away from all of this madness and focuses her attention on Lloyd and Madison, now hugging at the finish line.

BURT
(to Plumb)
Are you out of your mind? Your coach almost had the police on the phone.

Lloyd and Madison run up to Plumb.

MADISON
We did it!

LLOYD
I'm not even tired!

MADISON
I'm tired.

Plumb begins to cry but she is smiling. Gail watches Plumb, concerned.

LLOYD
Why are you crying, Plumb?

MADISON
We had fun, just like you said!

PLUMB
Good, good. No, I'm fine. I'm really happy.

Gail swoops in and hugs Lloyd and Madison. Plumb watches as Lloyd and Madison hug their mom.

Burt puts a firm hand on Plumb's shoulder again, steering her away from Gail, Lloyd, and Madison. Plumb wipes her face.

BURT
Plumby.

Plumb watches Gail hug Lloyd and Madison. Then, she turns away and looks at Burt.

PLUMB
Yeah. Let's go.

Plumb and Burt walk back towards the parking lot. Burt looks at Plumb, concerned. His fatherly instincts are unable to decipher her face.

Steve snaps a photo of Plumb and Burt. The Tracktownies quietly follow as Plumb and Burt walk away.

LLOYD (O.S.)
Hey!

Plumb is shocked to see that Lloyd has run up and grabbed her hand. Madison joins him seconds later.

EXT. TRACK ATHLETE'S ENTRANCE - DAY

Milton holds the door open for Plumb as she enters. Plumb is flanked by Lloyd and Madison, with Coach, Burt, and Gail in tow.

Cameras flash on either side of the pathway.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Lloyd and Burt stop outside of the door while Plumb, Gail, and Madison enter. Coach calls out to Plumb.

COACH
(calls to Plumb)
Ten minutes, then warm up with Whitney.

MADISON
(to Lloyd)
Ladies only.

Lloyd and Burt are left standing alone in the hallway. Burt nods at Lloyd.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Whitney sits on the bench, waiting.

WHITNEY
Hey crazy -
(notices Gail and Madison)
Hi there.
(to Gail)
I'm Whitney.

Gail shakes Whitney's hand.

GAIL
Gail. And this is Madison.

WHITNEY
(to Madison)
Hi, cutie!

Plumb unwraps the windbreaker from around her waist and lets it fall to the floor. She is still wearing the sequined sports bra. The inside of her legs are covered in dry blood.

MADISON
You must have hurt yourself!

Whitney's eyes go wide as she realizes what the blood means. She makes eye contact with Gail and then takes Madison by the hand.

WHITNEY
Hey Madison, want to see where we get ready?

GAIL
Go with her, sweet pea.

Madison grabs Whitney's hand and they walk off to another section of the locker room.

Gail grabs a paper towel and wets it in the sink. Without saying a word, she helps Plumb clean herself off and change out of the adorned sports bra and into her race uniform.

Plumb lets Gail help her.

Plumb stands in front of the mirror. Gail looks closely at Plumb looking at herself.

Whitney returns with Madison.

MADISON
Wow.

WHITNEY
Doesn't your sister look so
amazing?

MADISON
(very earnest)
Don't be nervous, Plumb. Just be
brave.

Plumb nods and makes herself smile. All the women stand in
front of the mirror. Coach pops her head in the room.

COACH
It's go time, P.

EXT. TRACK STADIUM - DAY

Race ready, Plumb steps out onto the track. She takes in the
crowd. Steve approaches and thrusts an audio recorder in
front of her face. A Cameraman also runs up to her,
practically on top of Steve.

Plumb's face is huge on the jumbotron. She stands alone. The
sun beats down on her.

Plumb puts on a smile because if she didn't, she'd be
crying.

The crowd becomes silent.

PLUMB
I just want to thank everyone for
all the support. I feel so...
lucky.

The crowd roars.

THE END.

APPENDIX
LOOKBOOK

Stick & Chub

A FILM ABOUT RUNNING TO
AND RUNNING FROM

A narrative feature film set in Tracketown, USA.

Plumb, an elite runner training for the Olympic Trials, learns that growing up is hard... no matter how old you are. Even if you're an Olympian.

Contact:

Lexi.pappas@gmail.com

1-510-910-4680

Welcome!

Contained in the following pages is a general presentation regarding the development of STICK & CHUB, a feature film about running to and running from.

Included is a plot synopsis and artistic statement from the director, bios on our production team, a basic financial overview, and information about our exciting plan to incorporate branded sponsorship, appearances from well-known track and field athletes, and social media marketing to connect with our core fan base.

This is not an official private placement memorandum (ppm). A detailed ppm will be created by our production attorney for interested parties who would like to move forward with an investment.

Thank you, and welcome to STICK & CHUB.



Alexi Pappas, writer and lead actress

Introduction

Plumb, a champion long-distance runner training for the Olympics, is concerned that her muscles make her ugly. Every time Plumb takes her shirt off before sex, her face burns red when her shoulders ripple with muscles. From behind, her strong back makes her look more like an athletic teenage boy than a 20-year-old woman. But her boyfriend would never tell her this detail. It's his little secret.

STICK & CHUB is an American coming-of age story about running to and running from. It will explore identity, confidence, conformity, and the meaning of happiness. In the era of preschool entrance examinations, how has our cultural fixation on high achievement and *finding your passion* impacted the way we come of age?

Within the subculture of Olympic running, where people regularly push themselves to their outer limits, I want to create an ensemble cast of characters that will put this question to the test.

STICK & CHUB will combine reality with fiction: the main character, Plumb, will be played by myself, an actress who (at age 23) is a multiple-time D1 NCAA champion and a 2016 Olympic contender. My experience as an elite athlete will give the story a living authenticity.

My first feature-length fiction film, TALL AS THE BAOBAB TREE (Rotterdam '13, SFIFF '13, Human Rights Watch '13), also combined reality with fiction -- in a rural African village. The film's plot was based on true stories from a documentary that director Jeremy Teicher made in the same village a few years earlier, nominated for a Student Academy Award. I came on as a co-writer, and helped adapt the real stories into a narrative fiction. The "stars" were all non-actors from the village playing roles that mirrored their actual lives.

After making TALL AS THE BAOBAB TREE, I've become even more interested in my own culture -- in the modern American voice. By looking at my native culture from afar, I've gained a unique vantage point from which to ask: what type of film can only be made by a young American today?

With this perspective, I've begun enlisting supporters of the project and connecting with accomplished producers and mentors from both the New York City filmmaking community and the Track and Field world. I look forward to diving deeper into exploring the modern American voice as I refine the script for STICK & CHUB.

Synopsis

In a small Oregon town adorned with hand-painted murals of track and field legends -- appropriately nicknamed "Tracktown, USA" -- 21 year-old Plumb Marigold has lived her entire life surrounded by fans, coaches, teammates, nutritionists, and journalists, all grooming her to one day earn a spot on the US Olympic running team. Plumb has always felt like an outsider: when normal girls were growing boobs and discovering boys, Plumb was in the gym growing muscles and leaping over hurdles.

But when Plumb unexpectedly loses a race and twists her ankle only a few weeks before the Olympic Trials, her identity as Tracktown's champion is suddenly at risk. As Plumb signs autographs she can't help but wonder, "when people look at me, do they think *girl* or *athlete*?" Left alone on the track after all her adoring fans have cleared, Plumb decides to make up for lost time and experience all the *girl* that *athlete* has denied her.

Taking advantage of her injury, she sneaks outside of the athletic bubble and behaves how she imagines normal 21-year-old girls are supposed to be. In an adventure across Tracktown rife with first experiences, Plumb desperately searches for a way to exist as both *girl* and *athlete* -- with the Olympic Trials and her own happiness at stake.



STICK & CHUB will combine reality with fiction: The lead role of Plumb will be played by Alexi Pappas, an actress and athlete who (at age 22) is one of America's top long-distance runners and a 2016 Olympic contender. Alexi's real experiences as an elite athlete will inform the script, adding a unique twist to the coming-of-age genre.

Artistic Statement: the emotional core.

Olympic runners are solitary creatures. I never would have guessed it until I began running.

I learned that runners often feel like perpetual outsiders: objects to be observed, measured, and mercilessly critiqued. I haven't grown into woman as my childhood self might have imagined – I have grown into a *runner*.

The feelings of solitude and vulnerability I have observed in myself and in my teammates reminded me exactly of what it felt like to be an introverted little girl in elementary school.

Growing up, I was a shy kid. Insecure. Trying to fit in. I didn't always want to be me—I wanted to be a *normal girl*. I wanted to be like everyone else. What's funny is that even as an adult woman and professional runner, part of me still feels this way.

The emotional core of STICK & CHUB is about the intense desire people have to fit in and be accepted by others, and yet still long to stand out... whether that person's a middle school outcast, or an Olympic athlete who doesn't feel quite feminine enough.

The result.

I want to bring people back to their awkward childhood memories of trying to fit in -- and then show that their current, grown-up insecurities may not be so different. "Coming of age" happens throughout our entire lives.

With an ensemble cast of characters set in and around the world of elite athletics, STICK & CHUB will reveal the funny, sad, awkward, and sometimes dirty search for self-identity that continues through childhood, early 20s, and beyond.

Why now?

The aspiration to conform and be accepted is timeless -- but what's special and unique about this social phenomenon in 2010's America?

Growing up in the '90s, I was put through one of those intense private schools. My whole childhood and adolescence was a pressure cooker of *prestige* and *motivation*. "Finding your passion" was the golden ticket to success.

This trend has only gotten more intense. At least when I was a kid, parents weren't putting their 4-year-olds through testing for high-end preschools, as is the current trend amongst many young New York families.

How has the universal human experience of conformity adapted to our success-driven culture? Surely it affects the way we see ourselves and the way we grow up. By delving into a specific sub-culture - elite running - I want to reveal a larger truth about American culture as a whole.

Where we stand - the production process.

I've partnered with two awesome producers in my hometown of NYC: Laura Wagner (IT FELT LIKE LOVE, Sundance '13) and Jessica Caldwell (ELECTRICK CHILDREN, Berlin '12). I will be working with award-winning director Jeremy Teicher, who was named one of Filmmaker Magazine's 25 New Faces of Independent Film.

Additionally, we will have the informal mentorship of more senior producers: David Cress (PORTLANDIA); Jay Van Hoy (AIN'T THEM BODIES SAINTS, Sundance '13; KEEP THE LIGHTS ON, Sundance '12); Gill Holland (IT FELT LIKE LOVE, Sundance '13; BASS ACKWARDS, Sundance '10), and others.

I will not only be on board as a writer and actress, but I also provide a gateway to the world of elite running. As of America's top long-distance runners, currently in training for the 2016 Olympics, I've been able to meet several key players in the US Track and Field world, mostly based out of the greater Portland, OR area. Through them we'll have access to Olympic-level locations, as well as invaluable support from their local networks (we plan to shoot in Oregon, as well).

Since we will be shooting in Oregon, I've been in touch with the Oregon Film Office to talk about tax credits and other support. They are thrilled to support the film however they can.

We are aiming for an initial production budget around \$200k. My team and I have proven experience working at this budget level and maximizing resources to achieve a high level of artistic integrity. Although the budget will be scalable for growth, we are committed to making this film at any level.

Connecting with our audience.

My running teammates and I (including current NCAA champions and 2012 Olympic medalists) already have an active fan base in the tens of thousands. My teammates' involvement in the film will help us engage with the running community, creating a strong core audience and immediate grassroots support for the project. The elite running aspect of the story will also appeal to anyone with even a causal interest in athletics... how many of us watch the Olympics or own a pair of running shoes?

But my aim as a writer is to tell a story that reaches beyond our core group and touches a deeper chord that will resonate with the indie film community and beyond, to a broad audience of people who have ever experienced what it feels like to want to fit in.

Tone and style.

STICK & CHUB will combine reality with fiction, mixing authentic locations and real Olympic athletes with a fictional plot and professional actors. My personal experiences will inform the story, opening up the world of Olympic running as the stage for our coming-of-age story.

Some comparable films in terms of tone and style are ME AND YOU AND EVERYONE WE KNOW, LITTLE MISS SUNSHINE, THE ROYAL TENENBAUMS, and EAGLE VS SHARK. Stylized, introspective humor. Slightly melancholic, but doesn't take itself too seriously. Romance, coming-of-age conflict, adventure, wholesome yet dirty in a funny way-- risqué but not salacious or sensationalist.

Following in the path of my first film, the visual style will be designed to convey the texture of the story's unique setting. The camera will be subjective, focusing on small details that the characters might not want to share, but that speak volumes about their hidden feelings. STICK & CHUB is all about surface appearance versus inner turmoil -- the camera coverage will reflect this theme.

The Filmmakers

Alexi Pappas – Co-writer, Actress

Alexi is a writer, athlete, and actress who has written two plays, a manuscript of poems, competed in the 2012 Olympic Trials, performed with the UCB Theater and Second City in New York and LA, and recently co-wrote the award-winning narrative feature film *Tall as the Baobab Tree*.

Alexi was a Top 9 Nominee for the 2012 NCAA Woman of the Year Award and received both the Grogan-Hardy Prize and Sidney Cox Memorial Prize from Dartmouth College for authoring the best creative English thesis in her graduating class and showing "extraordinary promise" in creative writing. While Alexi led the University of Oregon's track team to two NCAA championships this past fall and winter, her first feature film was touring the international circuit at festivals like Rotterdam, San Francisco, and London.

A native of Alameda, from age four Alexi grew up as the only girl in the house with her dad and older brother after her mother passed away. Consequently, Alexi has always been fascinated by the image of womanhood -- existing as an adult woman seems as alien to her as the concept of water is to a goldfish. Alexi graduated magna cum laude from Dartmouth College where she studied Creative Writing and is currently in her final semester at University of Oregon earning a Master's Degree in Creative Writing, Film, and Entrepreneurial Business.

Jeremy Teicher – Director

Jeremy is a Student Academy Award-nominated director whose first narrative feature film (*Tall as the Baobab Tree*) is garnering acclaim from festivals around the world.

Tall as the Baobab Tree, shot on location in a rural Senegalese village, won the "Best Feature Narrative" award from the Doha-Giffoni jury at Doha-Tribeca Film Festival and was voted in the top 20 out of over 170 feature films by audience choice at International Film Festival Rotterdam. Filmmaker Magazine wrote that Jeremy, at age 24, is "a director to watch." American festival screenings include a US premiere at SFIFF '13 and an upcoming NYC premiere as the closing night film of the Human Rights Watch Film Festival.

Jeremy's feature film is inspired by his student documentary film *This Is Us*, which was supported by Dartmouth College's Lombard Public Service Fellowship, sponsored by Kodak, and nominated for a 2011 Student Academy Award. Jeremy comes to filmmaking by way of a childhood rife with fantasy novels and social anxiety, cementing in him a curiosity for hidden cultures and a fascination with how people grow up and fit in with society. Jeremy graduated cum laude from Dartmouth College where he studied Film, Theater, and English.

Laura Wagner – Producer

Laura Wagner founded Bay Bridge Productions, which produces independent films, theatre projects, videos, and social media strategies for films, artists, and theatrical productions.

She produced the critically acclaimed feature film *It Felt Like Love*, which premiered at the 2013 Sundance Film Festival and International Film Festival Rotterdam. The film is earning awards on the festival circuit, airing on the Sundance International Channel in 30 countries, and scheduled to premiere theatrically in France in July 2013. She produced the feature film *Memorial Day* by Josh Fox (*Gasland*), which premiered the CineVegas Film Festival and at the IFC Center; she was Associate Producer of the documentary *John Leguizamo: Tales from a Ghetto Klown*, which premiered on PBS; and she was Associate Producer of *Pulse: A Stomp Odyssey*, the award-winning and critically acclaimed Imax film that has played in theaters and museums around the globe.

Laura was a theatre producer for several years on Broadway and Off-Broadway before transitioning into film. She studied theatre at Fordham University and the University of Maryland.

Jessica Caldwell – Producer

Jessica Caldwell is an independent film producer who has produced eleven short films and three feature films domestically and internationally.

Her films have premiered at festivals such as Sundance, SXSW, Berlin, Telluride and Tribeca, and have been distributed theatrically and non-theatrically in the US and abroad. Her first feature film *Electric Children* opened up the Generation Section of the Berlin Film Festival in 2012, and sold for theatrical distribution to Phase 4 films at SXSW 2012. Her first short film AWOL premiered at Sundance 2011 and is currently being developed into a feature film.

Jessica transitioned into film producing during her time at Columbia University's Graduate Film Program, where she was accepted as a screenwriter. Originally from an island of 500 people in Maine, Jessica graduated high school at 16, Manhattanville College at 19, and received her MFA from Columbia at 23.



Director Jeremy Teicher and Writer/Actress Alexi Pappas

Production timeline

- May 2013 – January 2014: Development (Creative and Fundraising)
- February – March 2014: Pre-Production
- April 2014 – Production/Principle Photography (24 shoot days)
- May – August 2014: Post-Production
- September 2014: Festival Submissions
- January 2015: Festival circuit begins (Sundance 2015)

Budget: \$200,000

STICK & CHUB will be funded through a combination of private equity investment and corporate sponsorship. This ultra low budget minimizes the risk for investors and greatly increases the chance of making a return and profit.

We are confident that the film can be made with a high production value on an ultra low budget. The filmmakers have proven experience working on this budget level and maximizing their resources to achieve a high level of artistic integrity.

Corporate Branded Sponsorship

Given that STICK & CHUB will heavily focus on the world of Olympic running, we plan to approach well-known athletic apparel companies and other running brands (magazines, websites, etc) for sponsorship of the film.

Their support could range from product placement to financial support to assistance with marketing and promotion. Brands like Nike, Runner's World Magazine, and many others have extremely large fan bases, with millions of followers on Twitter. Support from groups like this will help us access an entirely new audience and give the film a much wider reach.

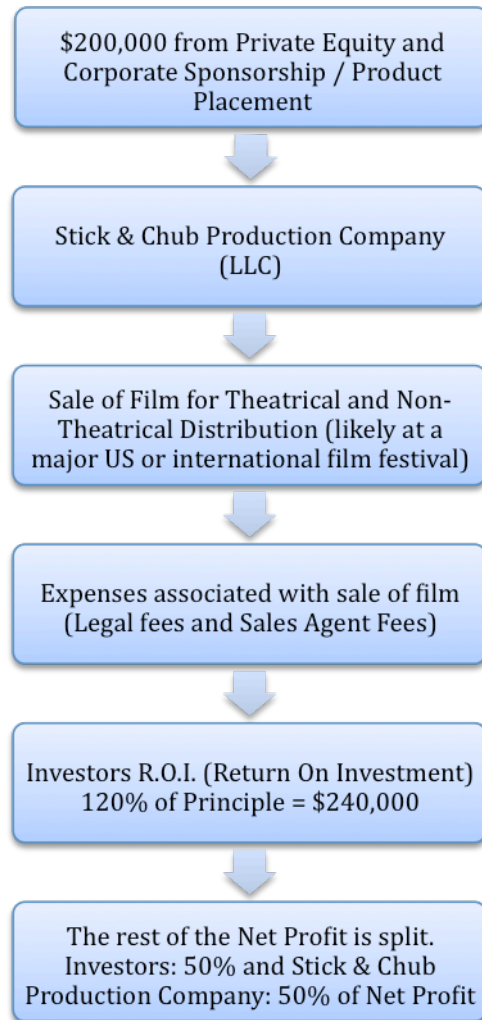
How does a STICK & CHUB investor make money?

Once STICK & CHUB is accepted to a festival, we will acquire a sales agent to market the film to potential distributors for both North America and International territories. The first potential source of revenue is an advance from the distributor. The sales agent and lawyer get a percentage of this advance.

The second and more lucrative form of revenue happens when distributors sell the film to exhibitors including: theater chains, iTunes, Netflix, paid TV, digital downloads, and airlines. The exhibitor & distributor split exhibition revenue. The distributor pays a portion of proceeds to Stick & Chub's production company, which is net of any contractual payments due to the lawyer and sales agent. The income received from the distributor follows the repayment of any advance, as well as fees for Prints & Advertising (aka marketing). All revenues received by the production company (the advance and revenue from distributor) will likely be distributed in the following order:

- 100% to investors until they have received 120% of investment amount; thereafter,
- Initial Screen Actors Guild residuals, if applicable
- Thereafter, 50% of all remaining revenue will go to investors in perpetuity & 50% will be retained by Stick & Chub's production company in perpetuity.

Flow of Funds



Premieres/Festivals/Distribution

The filmmakers' previous work has premiered at top festivals in the US and abroad such as Sundance, SXSW, The Berlin Film Festival, Rotterdam, Telluride, Tribeca, San Francisco International Film Festival, and BFI London Film Festival. These festivals have a prestigious reputation within the industry and have a proven marketplace for sales to distributors.

These top festivals are known for supporting the work of their alumni, and our team has established relationships with the festival directors and programmers. We would engage the help of a production attorney, sales agent, and publicist to maximize our festival premiere and secure the best distribution deal possible.

Production in Tracktown, USA

There really is no other place in the world quite like Tracktown, USA (Eugene, OR). With huge billboards dedicated to running, spectacular training facilities, and the historic Hayward Field, Tracktown is the ideal location for STICK & CHUB.

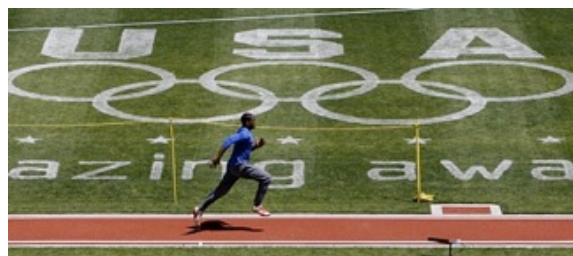
Setting the film in Tracktown will not only strengthen STICK & CHUB's appeal to the running community -- it will also be a huge addition to culturally establishing Tracktown as the center of the running universe.



Financially, The Oregon Film Commission has a strong incentives program, including 20% rebates of the film's Oregon-based spending on goods and services, and an additional cash payment of up to 16.2% of wages paid to production personnel. Unlike other states' programs, these incentives are cash rebates (as opposed to tax credits). In addition, all purchases in Oregon are immediately discounted 7 to 8 percent over other states due to the fact that Oregon has no sales tax.

The filmmakers will complete post-production in their home base of New York City. The NY State Post Production credit is a fully refundable 30% tax credit on qualified post-production costs.

The filmmakers will participate in state incentives program in both Oregon and New York, which will guarantee that a portion of the budget is returned, therefore further minimizing risk to investors.



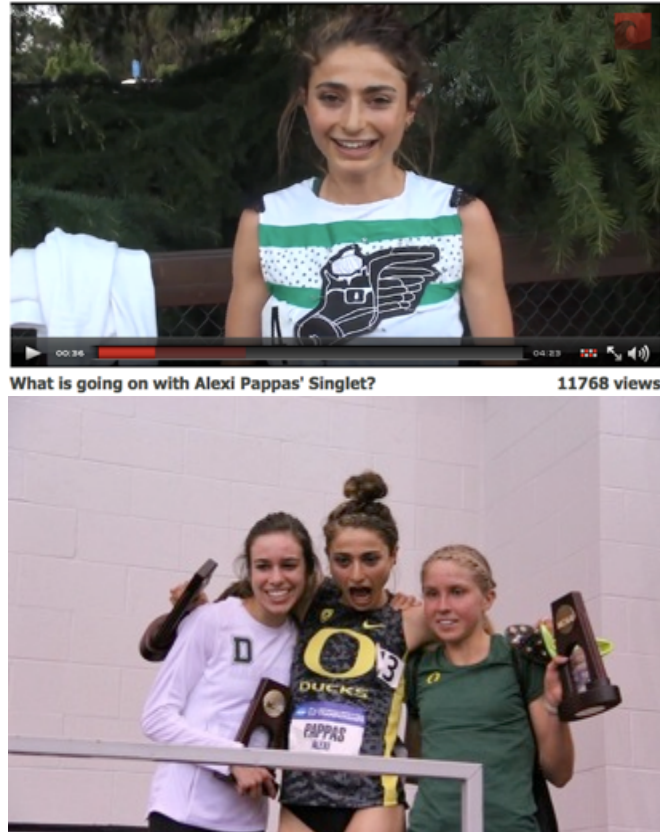
Powerful Grassroots Marketing

Because of its quirky humor and emotional depth, STICK & CHUB will appeal primarily to women between the ages of 18-45 as well as independent film buffs of all ages. The film's unique window into the world of elite running also ensures an engaged and supportive core audience of track and field enthusiasts.

The filmmakers already have a group of followers from their previous film work that they maintain relationships with through social media (Facebook, Twitter, Instagram). Alexi Pappas and her fellow running teammates already have an active fan base and tremendous support within the running community, with tens of thousands of twitter followers and countless "views" on Flotrack, Runnerspace, and other key track and field websites.

We plan to reach this audience first through the festival circuit followed by theatrical and non-theatrical distribution. We plan to allocate a significant amount of our budget to P&A (prints and advertisements) in order to execute a thorough marketing and publicity campaign that targets the independent film community and athletic community. Our festival run and corporate sponsorship will help our marketing effort significantly.

We will invite Alexi's running partners (including current NCAA stars and 2012 Olympic runners) to make appearances in the film, and we will enlist their support in engaging with the running community through social media, creating strong grassroots support and momentum for STICK & CHUB.



Thematically Similar Films

 <p>The poster for 'Little Miss Sunshine' features a bright yellow background. At the top, it lists several film festivals: Sundance, Toronto, Chicago, and Seattle. Below this is a row of headshots for the main cast: Greg Kinnear, Steve Carell, Tom Collette, Paul Dano, Amy Poehler, and Alan Arkin. The title 'LITTLE MISS SUNSHINE' is prominently displayed in the center, with the tagline 'everyone pretend to be normal' underneath. The bottom half of the poster shows a yellow school bus with several people running towards it on a yellow surface.</p>	<p>Little Miss Sunshine 2006</p> <p>Comedy/Family Drama</p> <p>Dir: Jonathan Dayton & Valerie Faris USA</p>
 <p>The poster for 'Me and You and Everyone We Know' has a vibrant pink background. It features a collage of various people's faces and upper bodies, some looking directly at the camera. In the center, a man in a suit and a woman in a striped shirt stand together. The title 'ME AND YOU AND EVERYONE WE KNOW' is written in large, bold, black letters at the bottom. A quote from Roger Ebert of the Chicago Sun Times is visible in the middle: 'DELICATE, TENDER, POETIC, AND YET SO DARING. IT IS ABOUT THE MYSTERIES OF SEX AND THE ENCHANTMENTS OF THE HEART.'</p>	<p>Me and You and Everyone We Know 2005</p> <p>Offbeat Drama/Comedy</p> <p>Dir: Miranda July USA</p>



Eagle vs Shark
2007

Quirky Romantic Comedy

Dir: Taika Waititi
New Zealand



Script Sample

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

PLUMB, 20, wearing only a towel, carefully applies mascara. She is very, very fit - her muscles ripple as she moves her arms.

She clenches and unclenches her butt, testing her dress. Adjusts her boobs. Frowns as she looks over her muscular shoulders.

The bathroom is classic "off-campus house in a college town" style: nice enough, but fundamentally dirty.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

HENRICK, 22, combs his hair in front of a full-length mirror. He wears a button-down shirt, tie, and baggy slacks. Henrick has a wiry frame with a boyish face that was not designed for an adult.

Henrick reaches in a dresser drawer and grabs a wrinkled IMMIGRATION BUREAU LETTER. He puts the letter in his pocket.

INT. NARROW HALLWAY - EVENING

Henrick and Plumb squeeze past each other in the hallway, briefly nodding as their paths cross.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Plumb puts on a pair of heels and stands, a bit wobbly. She takes one last look at herself in the full-length mirror.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

Henrick applies deodorant, reaching underneath his shirt. He takes one last look at himself in the bathroom mirror.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - EVENING

A HOSTESS, 30, in a tight dress, leads Plumb and Henrick to a table that has been decorated with roses and candles.

The Hostess winks at Henrick and squeezes Plumb's shoulder.

HOSTESS
Best table in the house. Enjoy.

The Hostess leaves. Henrick seems nervous.

HENRICK
You look nice. Really great.

PLUMB
Thanks. Really?

HENRICK
Yeah, yes. It looks like you're wearing lipstick.

Plumb notices that the restaurant is full of hip couples.

PLUMB
(opens menu)
I should have eaten before we left.

A WAITRESS, 28, very large-breasted, approaches the table. Her breasts are at eye level with Plumb.

WAITRESS
(smiles at Plumb)
Ready to order?

PLUMB
Yes, I'll have the fillet steak, medium rare – more on the rare side – and can you substitute the pasta with vegetables? And also, would it be possible to add an extra side of veggies, too? And I'll have a soup. And we'll start with the mussels.

The Waitress's breasts jiggle as she writes down the order.

WAITRESS

Is that for both of you?

HENRICK

I'll have the chicken and a coke, please.

WAITRESS

Oh! Big eaters tonight!

PLUMB

And... with the steak, which is bigger? The sirloin or the fillet?

CLOSE-UP of Waitress's full, red lips.

WAITRESS

The sirloin.

PLUMB

Can I have that instead of the fillet? And can we please have some bread when you get a chance? And water?

WAITRESS

Of course.

The Waitress squeezes Henrick's shoulder and walks away. Plumb watches her leave.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - EVENING, 15 MIN LATER

Henrick's chicken and Plumb's massive order of food has arrived. Plumb instantly salts her food and digs in.

The other couples in the restaurant eat delicately and engage in what appears to be refined conversation.

The men all have their hair parted to one side, in exactly the same hip style. The women all eat salads.

CUT TO Plumb's feet under the table. She has removed her high heels. We see her plate – she has just finished devouring her entire meal. Henrick has barely touched his food.

PLUMB
Are you gonna eat that?

Henrick pushes his food onto Plumb's plate.

HENRICK
So I got this in the mail.

Henrick pulls out the IMMIGRATION BUREAU LETTER.

PLUMB
What is it?

HENRICK
It's from the Immigration Bureau.

PLUMB
Oh.

HENRICK
I guess it's been a year since I graduated, and Canadians can't stay in the US unless they have a full-time job... or they get married.

PLUMB
Oh. So you're hoping they'll hire you full time at the financial company?

HENRICK
I had this idea, actually, that might be a good one.

PLUMB
Something you can tell the Immigration Bureau.

HENRICK

Yeah... yeah. I would eventually tell them...

PLUMB

It makes me so upset they're bothering you.

HENRICK

But first I need to tell you... not tell you. I need to ask you...

The Waitress swoops down on the table and clears dishes.

WAITRESS

Can I get these out of your way?

(to Plumb)

You look beautiful, sweetie.

The Waitress leaves.

Henrick is awkwardly silent.

PLUMB

They're thinking of trying me out in a steeple this season. It's like a 3k, but with hurdles and a big water pit you have to jump over.

HENRICK

And I'll be there, I hope, when you do jump.

PLUMB

No one else will have their boyfriend there.

HENRICK

Boy-friend.

PLUMB

What?

HENRICK

Boyfriends, *eventually*, they become *not* a boyfriend.

PLUMB
How?

HENRICK
They become... not a boyfriend. They...

PLUMB
They...?

HENRICK
Change into something else. They need to grow. They decide they need a change in their relationship.

PLUMB
(Voice wavers; tearing up)
What kind of change?

HENRICK
A big change.

Tears form in Plumb's eyes.

PLUMB
Like, they want to break up?

HENRICK
No! No, no. I thought that because I have been the, the boyfriend for two years, and you my girlfriend, and because I love you -

PLUMB
I love you too.

HENRICK
So I thought it might be a good idea and an okay idea to want to ask you something.

PLUMB
So you're wanting to ask me a question...

HENRICK
Yes, you could say that.

Henrick stares at Plumb for a while, expecting a response.

PLUMB
So... you could say that...

HENRICK
That's it. That's what I was hoping to do. Yeah. And you don't have to tell me right now. Soon, I hope.

THE END.