

# NASTY

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A / INDICATES AN INTERRUPTION BY THE FOLLOWING LINE.

**INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY**

A LITTLE GIRL (5) DIVES into a FOAM PIT and disappears below the surface.

We wait for her to emerge...and wait...and WAIT...

At the very moment we start to suspect the worst...SHE SURFACES.

Proud. Beaming. HOISTED out by a loving, attentive COACH...and we start to MOVE.

We're on one end a CROWDED GYMNASIUM -- with the little kids. Mommy and Me. Games. Simple stuff...

As we move down the mat, we now see girls who are slightly OLDER...flipping and turning, starting to perform the feats us laymen deem IMPOSSIBLE...

...all the way to the far end of the gym, the oldest girls -- future NCAA athletes, regional and national champions, maybe even *Olympians*...

This is the *LIFE CYCLE OF A GYMNAST*: as fragile, beautiful, and abbreviated as a butterfly's...

We've reached the end of the mat and pan up...and from below, we see in the PARENTAL VIEWING BOX: **HER**.

Attractive. Poised. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to tell this woman is *SOMEBODY*.

Her name is HEATHER BARRETT (late 20s)...

SUPER: 2006  
THE HOUSTON SCHOOL OF GYMNASTICS

...and she is TRANSMUTED, watching a LITTLE GIRL (4) on the FAR END OF THE GYM...

This girl tumbles and twirls with ease, the rhinestones on her leotard catching the light. She literally SHINES. The girl, the PRODIGY, is a SHOOTING STAR.

**INT. PARENTAL VIEWING BOX - DAY**

Heather abruptly turns around.

HEATHER  
Whose child is that?

We realize the parents, frozen in slack-jawed amazement, have not been watching their own children...no, they've been watching *Heather*.

SOCKER MOM  
That's Dylan. My daughter.

HEATHER  
I'm Heather.

SOCKER MOM  
(laughing)  
I know who you are.

Parents behind them scoff. Their child is not the chosen one after all...

Soccer Mom joins Heather at the glass.

HEATHER  
Does she want this?

SOCKER MOM  
Are you *kidding*? It's all she frickin' talks about, *you*, your Olympics routine, I try to get her to watch Sesame Street or anythin' else, but she's literally *obsessed* with you --

Heather humbly holds up hand. Soccer Mom is instantly HUSHED.

HEATHER  
I'd like to meet her.  
I think she has something.

And Heather returns her gaze to young Dylan...the breath from her nose fogging up the glass, until we can't make her out anymore.

**EXT. COUNTY ROAD - DAY**

SUPER: 2024  
50 MILES OUTSIDE HOUSTON

We follow a car as it drives down a single-lane road, flanked by dense forest. We're NOWHERE.

Our driver is DYLAN GRAVES (now 22).

Dylan pulls up to a HUGE METAL GATE. On it is hung a ginormous sign, FRESHLY PAINTED:

WELCOME TO CAMP BARRETT  
OFFICIAL TRAINING CAMP FOR USA GYMNASTICS  
"LEGENDS ARE MADE HERE"

Dylan presses a button on ancient speaker system.

DYLAN  
Hi, it's Dylan.

And with a BUZZ, the gate SWINGS OPEN and the sign SPLITS IN TWO...

**EXT. CAMP BARRETT MAIN ROAD - DAY**

Dylan clutches the wheel. The unpaved road jolts the car, as though Dylan is at sea during a storm.

In the distance, we see a speck of teal WAVING...

**EXT. CAMP BARRETT DIRT PARKING LOT - DAY**

Dylan parks and gets out of the car. She's wearing a MEDICAL BOOT on her right foot. She walks towards the trunk, and sees:

DYLAN  
Heather.

Heather Barrett (now mid/late 40s).

Heather holds Dylan's face between her hands and kisses Dylan on the forehead.

HEATHER  
Welcome home, baby.

**EXT. CAMPGROUNDS - EVENING**

A GLORIOUS TEXAS SUNSET illuminates the long dirt path through camp...

Dylan follows Heather, lugging her suitcase past the CAMPERS' SHODDY CABINS...past a dirt track that's seen *much* better days...past a banner hung on a giant, white building:

WELCOME, OLYMPIC COMMITTEE

Heather catches Dylan eyeing it, and slings an arm around Dylan's shoulder.

They continue walking to a HOUSE at the far end of camp...SMOKE rising from behind it...

**INT. HEATHER'S HOUSE - DAY**

We're watching the front door.

HEATHER (O.S.)  
Just please don't judge me, it's  
been, I mean, utter / chaos --

DYLAN (O.S.)  
I'm the last person to judge you --

-- the key jiggles in the lock --

HEATHER (O.S.)  
Just avert your eyes --

The door SWINGS OPEN...and now we see what DYLAN sees --

A box. A single, unopened moving box. Otherwise, the house is SPIC and SPAN...like something out of Town & Country.

DYLAN  
Oh, Heather. It's beautiful.

HEATHER  
It's not done. So don't -- we've  
still got to do the curtain  
install, and the carpet, I mean, I  
think people pissed on that thing,  
it's *beyond* disgusting...

Heather continues as Dylan looks at photos on the wall: most are of Heather. 15-YEAR-OLD HEATHER. Heather wearing a gold medal. Heather showered in confetti. Heather on Letterman.

Dylan zeroes in on an OLD FAMILY PHOTO -- baby Heather and a YOUNG BOY.

DYLAN  
Is that Bill?

HEATHER  
Most hair he's ever had.

Dylan smiles affectionately...then her eyes move over to the single unopened box. We can see now, from this angle, that it says **DYLAN**.

Dylan goes over to it, and Heather follows.

There's leotards, regional medals, trophies, and PICTURES, tons and tons of pictures, from 2006 all the way to now.

But Dylan digs deeper, and there's MORE...Dylan's class photos from school. A pamphlet from Dylan's holy communion. A well-worn teddy bear.

DYLAN

I've been looking for some of this.

HEATHER

(defensive)

Well, it's --

DYLAN

No, I'm. I'm just, it's a neutral statement.

HEATHER

Well, let's go through it at some point. Ok? Just let me keep some of it. Please.

Dylan smiles at Heather, warmly.

**EXT. HEATHER'S PATIO - EVENING**

Dark smoke is rising from below the patio, like they've descended into hell.

Then, Dylan sees it.

Chickens. A sea of chickens. A HUNDRED CHICKENS.

HEATHER

(re: chickens)

I'm totally obsessed.

DYLAN

And she just...left them?

HEATHER

S'not like she can bring them through customs.

(indiscriminately)

Dustin!

We now see the source of the smoke: Heather's husband, DUSTIN (40s) taking burgers off the grill.

Heather sits down at a patio table and pulls a wandering chicken up on her lap. She gestures for Dylan to sit.

Dustin brings over hamburgers to Heather and Dylan.

DYLAN  
Thank you.

HEATHER  
(at chicken pecking at  
burger)  
Get down. Go. Bad.

Dylan digs into her burger. Heather cuts the burger into very small pieces, watching Dylan eat.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Dusty?

Dustin turns right back around.

DUSTIN  
Yes, honey?

HEATHER  
Can I have -- ?

She points to a leftover patty on Dustin's serving tray. He obliges.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
(to Dylan)  
They love this.

Heather throws PATTY BITS toward the chickens, and they flock toward each incoming bit of meat. It's barbaric, medieval. Heather and Dustin laugh together.

Dylan smiles, closed mouth. It's not as funny to her.

Heather frowns. Gets up and grabs Dylan's shoulders -- Heather handles Dylan's body very familiarly.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Oh, RELAX. Relaaaaax! You're not  
nervous, are you?

DYLAN  
I'm just bummed. Like, I don't  
train ten hours a day to be a  
coach. No offense.

HEATHER  
(sing-song)  
You're gonna be so happy...

DYLAN

Why?

HEATHER

With everything *happening*, we can't have you in press photos training on an injury. But Mike and Oliver agreed to come this session to watch you. After hours. You know. *Hush-hush*.

We can see Dylan's heart sink.

DYLAN

What?

HEATHER

Mike and Oliver. The other members of the Olympic committee --

DYLAN

*I know. I-I just. I can't do that.*

HEATHER

*It's okay, no one will find out.*

DYLAN

No. It's. Heather, it's broken.

Heather's smile falters.

HEATHER

Hm. Well. I. I guess I'm confused.

Heather looks Dylan in the eye.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

*That's just not what Bill said.*

Dylan looks like she's been SMACKED.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

He told me it's an old sprain. He's trained you / through it --

DYLAN

He -- what? It's. You saw it happen, you saw the ultrasounds, it's. I'm --

HEATHER

You're too humble. You don't know your own strength.

Silence.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Yulia pushed us. I'm not saying she didn't have other issues, ok, but she pushed us. That's the only reason I won gold.

DYLAN

I, ok? You do push me? I push me. I push me a lot.

Heather hits her vape. Scanning Dylan.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Heather, I, it sucks, more than sucks, I want to train, obviously, but, if I don't, uh, take care of it, it could be...bad.

HEATHER

The press is on my butt right now, Dylan. On this program. Because people don't get it. They only watch us once every four years, so they don't know how HARD we have to work to do these super-human, Herculean feats. And the only way we can even get CLOSE is by giving up our entire lives, starting from when we're, what. Three? Four? I'm not Yulia. You know I'm not. That woman was not capable of love, Dylan, I am. And so, I say this with love: I need you locked in, Dyl. I need you locked in.

DYLAN

Heather, listen. I'm just worried that, it's --

HEATHER

You don't trust me?

Silence from Dylan.

Wrong answer.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

(a beat, and then)

Go get some sleep.

**INT. DYLAN'S CABIN - NIGHT**

The cicadas' buzzing sounds like a warning siren.

Dylan wiggles the toes on her right foot. She winces. She stops. Then, she wiggles again.

**INT. DYLAN'S CABIN - MORNING****SUPER: DAY ONE**

From Dylan's window, we see a horde of girls, coaches, and parents descending on the camp, emerging from the thick forest.

Dylan struggles to put on sweatpants over her boot.

**EXT. DYLAN'S CABIN - MORNING**

Dylan muscles through the crowd, until she sees --

DYLAN

MADI!

MADI (early 20s) shrieks and rushes towards Dylan. They hug.

MADI

Ohhhh, I missed you!

DYLAN

It's only been a month.

MADI

But that's, like, a decade in dog-years.

DYLAN

You're not a dog.

Madi scoops up Dylan with ease. Dylan's belly laughing.

MADI

No, I'm a BITCH.

Madi, cradling a giggling Dylan, skips down the dirt path to the cabins, deeper into camp.

**INT. MADI'S CABIN - MORNING**

Dylan helps Madi unpack: leotard after leotard after leotard.

MADI

Yulia's definitely gone, right?  
She's not, like, lurking in the  
shadows?

DYLAN

Not that I know of.

Dylan's folding is precise. Madi doesn't care as much.

MADI

What do I need to know about the  
Barretts?

DYLAN

(a beat, and then)

They're nice.

MADI

No way.

Madi stops folding and lies on her bed. Dylan keeps folding.

MADI (CONT'D)

They're gymnastics coaches. They're  
not nice.

DYLAN

Well. They're not *Yulia*.

MADI

Stop folding. You're stressing me  
out --

DYLAN

Well you can't just scatter them /  
all over the floor.

MADI

They're not going to be, just, oh  
my god, relax.

Dylan reluctantly sits across from Madi.

MADI (CONT'D)

Like are they gonna yell at me for  
having pubes?

DYLAN

Ew. / Madi --

MADI

Because Yulia called me Pubey to  
the Olympic committee. Like it was  
my name.

Madi sees something out her window.

DYLAN

You should be shaving either way --

MADI

Shhh. Shhhhh.

A MUFFLED GIRL'S VOICE comes from outside the cabin...we can only see the back of her.

GIRL

(on the phone)

Ok, I love you. I'll be good.

MADI

Oh shit.

THE GIRL (mid/late teens) turns towards the window and starts typing.

MADI (CONT'D)

Oh shit. I didn't know she was  
going elite.

DYLAN

Who?

MADI

Itzel? Aguilar? She's good.

DYLAN

Oh. I don't know her.

MADI

Dude, she's unbelievable. I didn't  
think she -- she's been saying she  
just wanted to do NCAA, but I guess  
she changed her mind.

Dylan turns back to look at the window...but Itzel is gone.

**INT. MAIN GYMNASIUM - MORNING**

Madi and Dylan enter together.

A group of TWENTY GYMNASTS, all teens and young adults,  
stretch in the middle of the floor. Madi joins them.

There's a steady hum from reporters' clicking cameras. An entire press fleet is here.

Dylan's eyes flick to a DOOR on the far end of the room. It is apparent that ALL EYES -- coaches, girls, press -- are on THAT DOOR...everyone holds their breath, anticipating its opening...

Until finally...it opens.

Out comes Heather. She is all sharp lines -- shoulders, arms, mouth. Rigid. Cold.

As we track Heather's long walk to the mat, the girls silently line up in height order, tallest to shortest.

Heather stops at the edge of the mat. Her hands SHAKE ever so slightly...

GYMNASTS  
(in complete unison)  
Good morning, Ms. Heather.

HEATHER  
Welcome everyone. Thank you for joining us.  
My brother Bill and I are so thrilled to begin our tenure as co-directors of this program. National and international champions alike have cut their teeth here, and we are so excited to continue that legacy.

Light applause. The press hangs on to her EVERY WORD.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
To the press, thank you for taking the time to join us. I hope it wasn't too much of a hassle to get out here. But, let's face it, it prob'ly was.

A smattering of laughter. Heather's turned on the Southern charm. She doesn't seem so scary anymore.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
(to the girls)  
Over the next five days, you will be training with amazing coaches. Lead by, and I promise I'm not biased here, the greatest coach in the entire world, my brother, Bill.

Heather gestures across the room to BILL (40s).

Cheers and applause BOUNCE off the walls. Bill holds a hand to his heart...humble acceptance of their adoration.

And then he looks at Dylan. Smiles. Waves.

Dylan sucks in a bit of air, as though a weight has fallen on her chest. She waves back without smiling.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Now, these are long, hard days, but we assure you, you will always be treated with the utmost care, compassion, and respect.

This is a rare privilege. Hundreds, thousands of girls want to be standing here today, but they're not. Y'all are. And, this summer, a few of you of you will become Olympians. Prove to me that it's you.

The room BUZZES, like someone's just turned on the electricity. Madi turns to Dylan and winks. Dylan smiles back.

**INT. MAIN GYMNASIUM - LATER THAT MORNING**

The girls have been split up into stations. The gym is a dizzying kaleidoscope of flips, twists, and thuds.

A small group of reporters remains, interviewing Heather and Bill. Dylan is watching them, and misses a YOUNGER GIRL (teens) dismount from the balance beam.

DYLAN

Sorry. Uh. Can you go again?

HEATHER (O.S.)

Let's get her music ready, please?

Dylan looks at Heather.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

(nudging a reporter)

Watch this.

Dylan follows Heather's eye-line and sees ITZEL standing on the edge of the mat.

YOUNGER GIRL  
It's Itzel. Can I watch her?  
Please?

Dylan nods, not taking her eyes off of Itzel...

Itzel shakes out and steps into place. An instrumental version of Christina Aguilera's "FIGHTER" blasts over the crackling gym speakers.

She begins.

Itzel is spectacular in the truest sense of the word -- a GRAND SPECTACLE.

She lands every complicated move PERFECTLY. Not a hair out of place.

And to top it all off -- she is a PERFORMER. There is nothing inhibited about her.

Every facial expression, every muscle, every *CELL IN HER BODY IS FIGHTING.*

Press cameras have SWUNG in Itzel's direction. Heather was right -- *this is unmissable.*

Dylan is GOBSMACKED. Dylan's gaze drifts over to Heather. And her heart sinks.

Because Heather is ENCHANTED.

Itzel finishes. Dylan watches as Itzel locks eyes with Heather...

Heather and Itzel share a moment -- AN ELECTRIC MOMENT.

Dylan's eyes go BACK and FORTH...BACK and FORTH...

Dylan has been replaced. Off her dejected expression --

**INT. CAMP MESS HALL - AFTERNOON**

PLOP. Dylan piles hamburger helper on her paper plate from the "COACHES" buffet table. It looks like literal shit.

She walks past Heather having an intense, hushed conversation with Itzel, and slides into the seat across from Madi.

MADI  
What did I tell you.

DYLAN

She's good.

MADI

None of us have a chance.

Dylan's eyes shoot up, offended.

MADI (CONT'D)

I mean, you still do. Maybe.

DYLAN

She just crushed floor. That's *my* event.

MADI

Yeah but last floor she cracked.

DYLAN

What?

MADI

You weren't at Visa. She got the twisties. Bad.

DYLAN

She did?

MADI

It's, like, a problem for her.  
She ended up not placing. Maybe she can't handle elite.

Dylan looks at Itzel. Itzel is alone now, swirling the peas on her plate.

**EXT. CAMPGROUNDS - EVENING**

Dylan is wearing street-clothes: a nice blouse, makeup. She walks towards Heather's house on the outskirts of camp.

ITZEL (O.S.)

Excuse me?

Dylan turns around. Itzel looks nervous. Awestruck.

ITZEL (CONT'D)

You're Dylan Graves, right?

Dylan nods.

ITZEL (CONT'D)

I'm Itzel. I'm such a huge fan. You  
crushed at Championships, I / mean,  
your Yurchenko was --

DYLAN

You mean when I broke my foot?

ITZEL

Um. Well. Before that.

DYLAN

(a beat, and then)

Thanks.

Dylan starts to turn back around --

ITZEL

Wait. Uh. That's Heather's house,  
right?

Itzel points in the correct direction.

DYLAN

Yeah.

ITZEL

Do you want to walk over together?

DYLAN

Uh, it's for coaches only. Students  
aren't allowed.

ITZEL

Ohhhh. Sorry. Um. I'll see you  
around.

Itzel races back towards the cabins. Dylan watches her go,  
suspicious.

**INT. HEATHER'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

Heather leads a RAUCOUS coaches' poker game. We PAN to Dylan  
in the corner, gingerly nursing a drink.

BILL (O.S.)

She let you in the door?

Dylan looks up, startled.

DYLAN

Bill.

I'm not training this session. I'm coaching.

BILL

Oh, believe me, I heard.  
You shouldn't be drinking, lady. It makes you mean.

DYLAN

It's not. It's water.

BILL

Mmmmm. I used to say that when *I* was underage.

DYLAN

I'm not *underage*. I'm allowed --

Bill swipes Dylan's drink, and Dylan watches as he takes a big gulp, his lips touching the same portion where she's left a lipstick stain.

He swigs it around in his mouth.

BILL

Hm.

He eyes the lipstick stain on the cup, and then gestures to Dylan's -- now smudged -- lips.

BILL (CONT'D)

Y'know, you've got a Courtney Love thing going on right now.

Dylan blinks -- she doesn't know who that is.

BILL (CONT'D)

Fuck, I'm old. Just, your lipstick...here --

Bill licks his thumb and attempts to wipe away the lipstick stained around Dylan's mouth, grazing her bottom lip.

Heather sees this.

A TENSE moment when Bill finishes, more embarrassing and awkward for Dylan than for him.

BILL (CONT'D)

Heather's P-O-ed, y'know.

DYLAN

Well you told her I could train  
through my injury, which is a lie.

BILL

You can.

DYLAN

I'm not sure where you got the idea  
that / it's an old sprain.

BILL

It's an old sprain.  
Jinx.

DYLAN

If I could be training right now, I  
would be.

BILL

It's not like you have shackles on,  
Dyl. Listen...

He gets a bit too close.

BILL (CONT'D)

Heather's under a lot of pressure.  
I have it easy, just being out on  
the floor. She's the one who has  
to, y'know, face the world. Yulia  
left her an effing mess.

DYLAN

Right, it's impossible to tell  
reporters that Yulia's not here to  
bitchslap us anymore.

BILL

Careful with the language.  
(pointing to a cross above  
them)  
The Lord is watching.

Dylan looks above at the cross, then back down at Bill. They  
hold eye contact for a beat too long...

HEATHER

You two.

Dylan and Bill both look to Heather. Heather's eyes flit to  
Dylan -- a cold, brief glare -- until returning her gaze to  
Bill.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Why aren't you playing?

Bill clamps a hand on Dylan's shoulder. Dylan flinches.

BILL  
Just looking out for our girl.

Bill turns his back to Heather for a moment. He reaches into his pocket, and holds out a single Jolly Rancher candy. Dylan snatches it and pops it into her mouth in a single, smooth motion.

Once Bill moves out of the way, Heather glares at Dylan, taking a BIG sip of bourbon...

**EXT. HEATHER'S PATIO - NIGHT**

...that she's still sipping on hours later, it seems, from the darkened sky. The stars are out -- big and bright.

There's a knock on the glass sliding door. It's Dylan. Heather nods at her.

Dylan exits the house and sits down across from Heather. Heather offers Dylan a cigarette. Dylan hesitates, then accepts.

Heather lights Dylan's cigarette, cupping the lighter's flame to protect it from the wind.

They both lean back, indulging in the smoke.

HEATHER  
I'm so sick of that vape. It's not like it's better for you. At least I know exactly how cigarettes will kill me.

Dylan laughs. Coughs.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Whatever. I deserve it.  
(a beat, and then)  
You were anti-social.

Dylan takes a hit of her cigarette.

DYLAN  
I don't know how to play poker.

HEATHER

That's not the response I was  
looking for.

DYLAN

Bill / cornered me --

HEATHER

Bill.

Heather takes a thoughtful drag of her cigarette.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

What about the last hour? Hm? Were  
you hiding in the bathroom?

Dylan's silence answers Heather's question.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I was so close to sending you home  
last night. I mean, it's the  
*Olympics* we're training for, Dylan,  
you can't just sit in bed and rot.  
But Bill said, no, Heather, have  
her come to the house, let me talk  
to her. I'll convince her to train.

Heather laughs as she takes another drag.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

You're not the only person we have  
to account for now, y'know. There's  
an entire ecosystem. Such a waste  
of our time and energy.  
If I had spoke to Yulia with half  
of the lip you've been giving me,  
she would've whooped me. Whooped me  
until I bled.

DYLAN

Please don't kick me out --

HEATHER

I had to call Mike and Oliver, and  
they were *not* happy. Already booked  
their flights. Just to see you,  
what? Stand in the corner? Bat your  
eyes at my brother?  
You know it makes me look bad,  
right? It makes me look like a  
fraud.

Heather takes another drag.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I am not your mother. This isn't unconditional, Dylan.

DYLAN

It's, I thought, y'know, I'm  
(like it's a dirty word)  
22, this is my absolute last  
fucking chance to make it to the  
Olympics, to have a *career*, so I  
have to be healed by the summer,  
and after the, uh, the New York  
Times, Yulia / thing --

HEATHER

(staring at Dylan's mouth)  
What's that?

Dylan clamps her mouth shut.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Let me see your tongue.

DYLAN

My -- ?

Heather grabs Dylan's chin.

HEATHER

Open.

Dylan reluctantly does so -- and Heather sees Dylan's BLUE TONGUE.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Really.

DYLAN

I...

HEATHER

No, that's on me. I should've  
known. You've gotten big.

Heather slides the pack of cigarettes over to Dylan.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I'm weighing you at the end of the  
week. I better like what I see.

Heather walks inside and slams the door closed -- leaving Dylan outside, alone.

**EXT. HEATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Dylan sits on the side of Heather's house: obscured, hiding. She's smoking the last cigarette, a few butts on the ground beside her.

A sweet-looking chick approaches Dylan. Dylan smiles at it.

From behind Dylan, we hear a door close.

HEATHER (O.S.)  
-- to show you.

Dylan peers out from the side of the house.

It's Heather...with her arm around ITZEL.

We watch from Dylan's vantage point as Heather and Itzel approach a glowing INCUBATION TANK. The eggs: shining, flawless, like pearls.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
The babies.

Even from far away, we see Itzel's face LIGHT UP with the tank's warm glow...a *hopeful, golden glow*.

Dylan ducks to avoid being seen, then begins down the long path toward her cabin, hobbling in her boot.

**INT. DYLAN'S CABIN - NIGHT**

Dylan's right foot. NO BOOT. She moves it back and forth. Back. And forth.

There's a cough outside her window. She looks. It's Itzel, smoking a cigarette.

**EXT. DYLAN'S CABIN - NIGHT**

Dylan exits her cabin.

Itzel looks startled. Quickly putting out her cigarette --

ITZEL  
I, I'm --

DYLAN  
What are you doing?

ITZEL  
...Uh.

DYLAN  
(re: cigarettes)  
Are they from Heather?

A beat. Itzel has no idea what to say.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Can I have one?

Itzel nods, wordlessly handing over the pack.

Dylan lights one and takes a deep drag. She sits on the stoop.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Sit.

Itzel sits. Uneasily, she takes out another cigarette. Dylan hands her the lighter. Itzel lights it.

Itzel hacks up a lung.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Shhhhh. Shhh. Lift your -- like  
"ahh."  
(she demonstrates)  
But with your mouth closed.

Itzel does as she's told. She doesn't cough.

ITZEL  
Thanks.

DYLAN  
She makes me smoke too.  
(takes drag)  
She's anorexic. And thinks everyone  
else should be too.  
I assumed you were skinny enough  
for her. Hm.

ITZEL  
It's to ease my nerves. Apparently.

DYLAN  
Ahh. That makes sense. Because you  
get --

ITZEL  
Yes.

Another moment of silent smoking.

ITZEL (CONT'D)  
I think it's bothering my stomach.

DYLAN  
You'll get used to it.

ITZEL  
(a beat, and then)  
She mentioned you to me.

DYLAN  
Really?

ITZEL  
She said, um, I could learn things  
from you.

DYLAN  
Like what?

ITZEL  
She didn't say.

DYLAN  
She loves being mysterious.

Itzel seems more relaxed.

ITZEL  
I think...she likes me a lot.

Dylan betrays no emotion. She puts out her cigarette.

DYLAN  
(re: cigarette)  
Don't let anyone else see you doing  
that. It's a bad look.

Dylan enters her cabin and shuts the door.

Itzel stays outside, alone, still smoking.

**INT. MAIN GYMNASIUM - MORNING**

SUPER: DAY TWO

Madi is attempting a full-twisting double pike on floor. She ends up landing flat on her butt. Madi stands up and shakes it off, clenching her jaw.

We now see Dylan, standing off to the side. Arms crossed. A little bored.

DYLAN  
Just cut the full.

MADI  
I can do it. I've done it before.

DYLAN  
There's barely a difference.

MADI  
Cap.

They both watch as Itzel joins the other side of the floor with Bill. Madi rolls her eyes and runs to the other end.

Itzel begins a bit before Madi -- turns out, they're both attempting the full-twisting double pike.

Itzel's is perfect. Of course.

Madi's is not. Of course. She lands flat on her butt again.

BILL (O.S.)  
(to Itzel)  
Have you trained a triple-double?

This catches both Dylan and Madi's attention.

MADI  
No fucking way.  
I thought only men could do that.

Dylan scowls. Angry.

MADI (CONT'D)  
Maybe she *is* a man.

DYLAN  
Don't say that.  
We could do a triple-double.

MADI  
Maybe *you* could.

Dylan doesn't respond, too focused on Itzel.

MADI (CONT'D)  
And if Bill's training it? Woo.  
She'll have that shit down *quick*.

They watch as Itzel takes a running leap -- moving across the floor FLAWLESSLY, her body TWISTING and TURNING in the air...A NEAR-PERFECT TRIPLE-DOUBLE --

-- Itzel doesn't stick the landing. She stumbles onto her knees.

DYLAN  
I'll be worried when she sticks it.

Bill hi-fives Itzel, and then holds Itzel's hand a micro-second too long. Dylan notices.

**INT. MAIN GYMNASIUM - LATER THAT MORNING**

We watch as five girls flawlessly execute dance drills --

DYLAN (O.S.)  
A-one two, a-one two, a-one two  
three four...

Dylan is leading the routine.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Evie, point your feet!

Dylan demonstrates with her purple-y right foot -- now out of its boot, still bandaged.

This is our first glimpse of Dylan's talent. Dylan is precise, more polished than the other girls. Even on a broken foot.

They finish.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Ok, water. Five minutes.

The girls scatter to the sidelines to take long gulps.

Dylan scans the room and locks focus on Heather, who is in deep discussion with Bill.

Dylan looks down at her foot. It doesn't look good.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Dylan pours out two Advil. Then four. Then six. Cups water from the sink, and throws it all back like it's a shot.

Just as Dylan turns the water off, a sob comes from a closed bathroom stall.

Just a single sob.

Then everything is silent again.

DYLAN  
Hello?

Nothing.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Who's there?

Meekly, from behind the stall door --

ITZEL (O.S.)  
Can you help me.

Dylan jumps into action -- opening the stall door:

**CRAMPED STALL**

The first thing we see is Itzel's face -- tear-stained, eyes bloodshot.

The second thing we see is the toilet water. It's red.

DYLAN  
Oh my god --

ITZEL  
It's -- it can't be / my period,  
right --

DYLAN  
Ok, ok. Just breathe.

ITZEL  
I can't have gotten it I'm too  
young and I'm not fucking fat / am  
I fucking fat?

DYLAN  
Stop. Stop stop / stop --

ITZEL  
But I'm not right? I'm not fat?  
Because the only gymnasts I know  
who got it early are not, they're --

DYLAN  
You're not fat.

ITZEL  
When did you get it?

DYLAN  
(can't hide her pride)  
Last year.

Itzel starts having a PANIC ATTACK. She's gripping her chest.

ITZEL

But maybe it's, you know, when I,  
when I have been touching, up,  
myself / around there --

DYLAN

STOP. Stop.  
You need a tampon.

**MAIN BATHROOM**

We follow Dylan as she exits the stall and pushes the tampon receptacle.

ITZEL (O.S.)

I don't think, I mean, it can't,  
why would it be now --

A tampon pops out.

Dylan re-enters --

**CRAMPED STALL**

We're right on the girls' faces and can see nothing of what is happening below.

DYLAN

I'm going to help you, ok? It's  
gonna be a little uncomfortable.  
Just squeeze my shoulder.

Itzel lays a hand on Dylan's shoulder. We can hear Dylan unwrap the tampon.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Can you widen your legs a little?

Itzel does.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

When you put it in, you're going to  
want to go in at an angle, like --

Dylan demonstrates to Itzel below their waists. Itzel watches and nods.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

On the count of three, take a deep  
breath in.  
One. Two. Three.

Itzel sucks in a big breath, squeezing Dylan's shoulder and closing her eyes.

Dylan focuses on what she's doing. Itzel's face betrays slight pain, but not for long.

ITZEL

It's in?

DYLAN

Mmhm.

ITZEL

Oh. It doesn't...

Her sentence ends there.

**MAIN BATHROOM**

Dylan throws out the paper-wrapped tampon holder and washes her hands.

Itzel shrugs up the straps on her leotard.

ITZEL (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Dylan makes eye contact with Itzel in the mirror.

DYLAN

You're welcome.

**EXT. MAIN GYMNASIUM - EVENING**

All of the girls leave the gymnasium for the day, their gym bags slung around their shoulders. Sipping their USAG Stanley cups.

Dylan takes up the rear, looking towards the group of coaches mass-migrating to Heather's house. She spots Bill walking alone and runs up to him.

DYLAN

Is she still mad at me?

BILL

Jeez, Dyl.

DYLAN

Did she see I'm -- that I took my boot off?

BILL

Ask her. After she has her drinks.

DYLAN

But *you* saw, right?

Bill smiles. Flirtatious. Coy.

BILL

I saw.

Bill looks like he's about to say more, and Dylan waits: patient, desperate, like a dog waiting for her owner to come home...

But he doesn't say anything. He walks away, and Dylan watches him go.

**EXT. CAMPGROUNDS - EVENING**

Dylan is dressed up again. She's hobbling a bit as she walks towards Heather's house, black smoke rising from underneath...

We begin to hear the twangy guitar of an UPBEAT COUNTRY SONG, and from a distance...

HEATHER (O.S.)

Heel, step...heel, step, don't  
phone it in, Paul --

Dylan walks closer still until she's in --

**EXT. HEATHER'S BACKYARD - EVENING**

The patio door is WIDE OPEN, and looking in, Dylan can see Heather and Bill teaching the coaches a LINE DANCE. Their backs are to the patio.

All of the coaches are laughing along, trying their best...

...and Heather and Bill are leading it all, laughing together. Smiling. Family. True family.

BILL

It's heel-step, then a double-  
pike...

Everyone laughs.

Dylan begins to sneak her way up to the patio...

BILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Maybe Heather can demonstrate...

**EXT. PATIO - EVENING**

HEATHER (O.S.)  
Hell no.

The coaches boo.

HEATHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Oh, stop! I'm the reason y'all have  
jobs.

The coaches laugh. The din of extraneous conversation makes Heather hard to hear.

HEATHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And liquor, for that matter.

BILL  
Where's the keg at? Rick, let's get  
the other one --

Dylan now peeks her head in, and sees, standing in the corner, by herself...

Itzel.

Dylan SNAPS back around, making sure she wasn't seen...then peeks back in one more time...

The group has resumed the line-dance lesson. Everyone is SLOPPY DRUNK, except for Itzel...the perfect student, like a wind-up toy...

...Dylan turns back around, a look of defeat on her face. She narrows her eyes. Calculating.

**INT. HEATHER'S ENTRANCEWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Dylan hesitantly knocks on the front door. Dustin answers.

DYLAN  
Hi. Is Heather awake?

Dustin looks over Dylan, then opens the door a little wider.

**INT. HEATHER'S BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Dylan pulls the lamp cord, shedding a dim light over the unfinished basement walls.

The only thing hung here is a FRAMED GOLD MEDAL...1992 emblazoned on the cords.

Dylan positions her reflection in the frame as though SHE is wearing the medal...she likes how it looks.

The stairs CREAK as Dylan descends further and further into darkness...

...until another LIGHT beckons Dylan towards it; the glow of the television.

DYLAN

Heather?

The television pauses. We can see the fuzzy image of a very young girl on screen -- *Heather*.

Dylan turns the corner and sees Heather sitting in an armchair. Heather is nursing a bourbon, another empty glass beside her.

HEATHER

This is embarrassing.

DYLAN

No! Uh, no.

Can I...

Heather gestures: "go ahead." Dylan traverses the darkness to sit in the seat next to Heather. The bright, white television illuminates Dylan, like an INTERROGATION LAMP.

Heather presses play again.

We see a chyron announcing the 1992 Olympics. Young Heather is EFFERVESCENT -- softer, not world-worn. Not yet.

Young Heather begins her floor routine -- set to the BRASH, CLATTERING, CACOPHONOUS finale of the ballet THE RITE OF SPRING.

Heather's routine isn't the most complex -- gymnastics has changed over the last few decades, demanded more of its athletes -- but Heather FLOATS in the air. She is angelic, pure -- especially when contrasted with the BOLD, almost SCARY music. It feels brave, REBELLIOUS somehow...

Heather finishes. The crowd ERUPTS...

...as we cut to the beaming face of A FEMALE COACH -- this is the infamous YULIA. She doesn't seem so scary, or intense...*nothing* like the stories we've heard.

The tape runs out, freezing on Yulia cradling Heather's face, in the same way Heather cradles Dylan's...

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I used to watch that on loop as a kid. We all did.  
It's the most incredible routine I've ever seen.

HEATHER

Do you know that song?

Dylan shakes her head.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

It's from a Russian ballet. About a girl who dances herself to death. As a sacrifice for her elders.

A heavy beat.

DYLAN

Did Yulia know that?

HEATHER

The irony was lost on her.

DYLAN

Heather. I just wanted to tell you...that I'm serious. About this. I always have been.

HEATHER

Ok. Show me.

Dylan gets up, ready to go --

HEATHER (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Not. Right now. Please.

Dylan stands for a moment, awkwardly.

DYLAN

Well. I'll. I guess I'll get some rest --

HEATHER

You met Zel?

Dylan processes for a moment -- who is Zel?

DYLAN  
Itzel?

HEATHER  
She's good, isn't she.

Dylan nods. Tight-lipped.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Does she scare you?

DYLAN  
What? No.

HEATHER  
Oh.  
Maybe she should.

These are the words Dylan never wanted to hear.

We can see Dylan thinking. Eyes darting. Processing.

Then she looks back up at Heather. Nods. Smiles, like she's been trained.

**EXT. DYLAN'S CABIN - NIGHT**

Dylan and Itzel are both smoking. Itzel is better at it now.

ITZEL  
I. Uh. Just wanted to thank you.  
For earlier.

Dylan nods.

DYLAN  
You're a good camper. Better than I  
used to be.

ITZEL  
Really??

DYLAN  
(nods, and then)  
There was this one night where,  
back when Yulia was in charge, I  
was really craving those little  
fruity hard candy / things --

ITZEL  
Omigosh, that sounds sooo good.

DYLAN

And me and Madi Gantcher walked,  
like, two miles to this convenience  
store to get them --

ITZEL

Did Yulia find out?!

DYLAN

No, but, uh, Bill -- Heather's  
brother / Bill.

ITZEL

Yeah, Bill. He told me you were  
close.

This startles Dylan.

DYLAN

Um...well, he saw my tongue was  
blue, so he started getting candy  
for his office. And I'd get one  
every time I learned a new skill.

They finish their cigarettes.

ITZEL

You can't un-get your period,  
right?

DYLAN

Uh.

ITZEL

Because I hate this.

DYLAN

Would candy make you feel better?

Itzel lights up.

**EXT. EDGE OF CAMP - NIGHT**

Dylan slips through an opening in the metal fence. Itzel follows suit.

**EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT**

There's not a soul on the road tonight...except for Itzel and Dylan.

Dylan is illuminating a very narrow path with her phone flashlight.

ITZEL

So, Heather and Bill always came with you to camp? Even when they weren't in charge?

DYLAN

Yeah, always. Your coach isn't here?

ITZEL

He didn't want to pay the airfare.

DYLAN

That's insane.

ITZEL

Yeah. Y'know my Mom, she, we're looking for a new one. You like them?

DYLAN

They get results. Bill's the technician, and Heather's more big picture. But she's...she's complicated. You have to adhere to her system or she gets. I dunno. Triggered.

ITZEL

Like Yulia?

DYLAN

No. No. Yulia was...it was different.

**INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT**

Dylan and Itzel look at the chocolate choices.

DYLAN

Oh, I love Junior Mints!

ITZEL

Are you kidding me. They're, the insides are like --  
(reluctantly)  
Cum.

DYLAN

Ewww!!

They giggle. The convenience store employee glares at them from over his magazine.

ITZEL

My friend says they're the elite movie date snack. Because your breath is fresh.

DYLAN

I wouldn't know.

Itzel grabs a generic chocolate bar.

ITZEL

I'll pay you back?

DYLAN

No. No. My treat.  
(a beat, and then)  
Get two.

**EXT. DYLAN'S CABIN - NIGHT**

A perfectly, carefully unwrapped chocolate bar.

ITZEL

(almost asking)

It's okay if I eat a tiny piece.

DYLAN

You can eat the whole thing. You'll live.

Itzel smiles and breaks off a small portion. She eats it.

ITZEL

Ohhhh my godddd.

Itzel offers it to Dylan. Dylan shakes her head.

Itzel stares at the remaining chocolate. It's already begun to melt in the oppressive heat. Itzel licks the chocolate off her fingers.

ITZEL (CONT'D)

You know, I avoided coming here for so long. Because I heard all these horror stories about Yulia.  
But it's not so bad now that she's gone.  
And now that, you know. I have a friend.

Itzel looks up at Dylan, smiling. Wiping her dirty fingers on her bare legs.

DYLAN  
You know...  
Uh. As your friend.

Something within Itzel GLOWS -- Dylan Graves, *THE Dylan Graves* -- just agreed that they are friends.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
You should know that. Uh. Bill's nice, I guess. But Heather's...she's not a saint.

ITZEL  
Oh. Uh, I mean, no one is. Right?

DYLAN  
No. I mean. She's.  
She seems maybe innocent, I guess, because we all saw her win gold when she was fourteen, or whatever, and she's two feet tall, and she'll act like your best friend, but she's not your friend.  
I'm just warning you.

ITZEL  
Ok. If you don't mind me asking.  
Why do you still work with her?

DYLAN  
(improvising)  
Because I have to. She runs this program now, it'd be a whole scandal. Y'know, why'd I leave or whatever.

ITZEL  
Um, no offense, but would people actually notice?

This *is* offensive.

DYLAN  
Yes. Have you never seen people call us Heathen? For Heather and Dylan? On the forums and subreddits / and whatever --

ITZEL  
People want you guys to fuck?

DYLAN

God. No. Just, we're a package deal.

I guess you're new to the elite world so you don't know how political it is.

They sit in silence. Cicadas hum: louder, louder.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Aren't you tired? I'm tired.

Itzel says nothing, looking into the distance. She points towards a lake, on the far end of the property, towards the camp exit.

ITZEL

Hey. Uh. I saw Bill swimming there this morning.

She looks at Dylan, a sinister grin on her face.

ITZEL (CONT'D)

He was huge.

(miming a huge dick)

Huge.

Dylan shoots Itzel a look, a warning. Then, Dylan starts to smile. Laugh. An inside joke with herself...

Itzel laughs too.

ITZEL (CONT'D)

Have you ever gone in?

DYLAN

Campers aren't allowed.

ITZEL

But you're not a camper.

DYLAN

You are.

Suddenly, Itzel stands up and walks down the cabin stairs. The baby hairs on the nape of her neck stick to her skin.

Dylan watches Itzel from behind as Itzel takes off her shoes and socks.

Itzel turns around, facing Dylan. Smiling when she realizes Dylan is still watching...

Itzel stands and takes off her shirt and shorts...revealing only her bra and panties. Dylan looks away.

ITZEL  
We should try it.

DYLAN  
It's late.

A beat. Itzel scans Dylan's face.

ITZEL  
Come or I'll tell on you.

Itzel tears off into the night, towards the lake.

Dylan stands still. Not really believing her.

Itzel stops, a little bit in the distance. And then, LOUDLY:

ITZEL (CONT'D)  
If you don't come, I'll tell  
Heather everything.

*Everything.*

What is *everything*? That Dylan was talking shit? That Dylan's been feeding Itzel candy -- contraband? Bill? Does Itzel know about Bill?

Itzel starts to run again, and Dylan chases after her.

**EXT. CAMPGROUND FOREST - NIGHT**

Dylan's chasing after Itzel, weaving through trees. Itzel moves through the shadows -- emerging in and out of the moonlight.

DYLAN  
(loud whisper)  
Stop!

Itzel looks back and smiles, her white teeth reflecting the moon's glow.

**EXT. THE LAKE - NIGHT**

Itzel locks eyes with Dylan -- then SWAN DIVES into the lake.

Dylan watches from the water's edge.

The black water is placid. Itzel is gone.

A moment of panic sets in for Dylan.

And just when we begin to truly fear the worst, Itzel emerges. Laughing.

DYLAN  
Itzel, it's not funny.

ITZEL  
Oh, that's weird, cuz I'm laughing.

DYLAN  
Get out. There's, like, bacteria in there.

ITZEL  
Come in.

DYLAN  
No.

ITZEL  
Ok. I'm telling.

Itzel goes under the water again.

Reluctantly, Dylan UNDRESSES, down to her bra and underwear...

And she DIVES IN...

**EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT**

Dylan opens her eyes. Blackness.

The faintest hint of moonlight guides Dylan back toward the surface.

**EXT. THE LAKE - NIGHT**

Dylan emerges to find Itzel beaming at her.

DYLAN  
Don't threaten me.

ITZEL  
You wouldn't have come in otherwise.

DYLAN  
It's very untrustworthy behavior.

ITZEL  
I just wanna keep hanging out.

Silence. Dylan is reminded that Itzel is just a kid, a kid who looks up to her.

Itzel floats on her back, her body bobbing in the water.

Dylan hesitates a moment, then does the same.

DYLAN  
Don't you have anxiety or  
something? This doesn't freak you  
out? Like I could tell on you.

ITZEL  
You won't though.  
Would you?

DYLAN  
No. You have collateral.

They stare up into the moon, into the expanse of willow tree branches hanging over the lake.

You can see all the stars. It's peaceful here. Who knew it could be peaceful here?

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
(conceding)  
It feels really nice.

ITZEL  
Yeah.  
(a beat)  
Is it only sharks that are drawn to blood? Because I can't have, like, a herd of koi fish coming to eat me. That's not how I'm gonna go.

DYLAN  
No. Definitely not. You'll die in a much cooler way. Like a motorcycle accident.

ITZEL  
Or a beam accident.

Dylan shoots Itzel a look. Too real.

ITZEL (CONT'D)  
(a little nervous)  
Do you masturbate?

DYLAN

N-no?

ITZEL

No, I'm not, um, hitting on you --

DYLAN

I-I know? It's just, I don't know, it's a weird question.

ITZEL

Sorry, your fingers were in my bloody vagina / so I thought we were --

DYLAN

I don't masturbate.

ITZEL

Well, get on that shit. I did it for the first time last week and I'm telling you. It goes crazy.

DYLAN

It kinda. Freaks me out.

ITZEL

It shouldn't. I mean, it's even less weird than a guy doing it. This is dumb. But uh. Does sex hurt?

Silence, as Dylan searches for an answer. She gives up.

DYLAN

I wouldn't know.

ITZEL

You're a virgin?

They're quiet again. Dylan hates this conversation more than anything.

ITZEL (CONT'D)

I just thought, that you --

They share a glance, a panicked glance...

ITZEL (CONT'D)

Hasn't? He...?

DYLAN

How do you...? -- that's not. Not.

Dylan REFUSES to look at Itzel...but Itzel can't tear her eyes away.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Not. That.

ITZEL  
(a beat, and then)  
Ok, no offense. But you're old.

DYLAN  
When was I gonna do it, Itzel? I  
don't know a single boy my age. Not  
one.

ITZEL  
Older guys are hot.

A beat. Dylan swallows.

ITZEL (CONT'D)  
So, should I expect to be a virgin  
forever?

DYLAN  
No.  
Maybe for like five more years.

They're both processing something. We can see it on their faces.

ITZEL  
Is this shit even worth it?

This piques Dylan's interest. She stops floating on her back to face Itzel.

DYLAN  
What shit?

ITZEL  
*This shit. I'm in constant pain, I  
have no friends, and apparently I'm  
going to die a virgin in a  
motorcycle accident --*

DYLAN  
Well there are people who really  
want to be here, you know.

This startles Itzel. She stops floating and faces Dylan.

ITZEL  
I want to be here.

DYLAN

Well, if you're having doubts.

ITZEL

You don't have doubts?

DYLAN

Never. Not once.

ITZEL

Really? I mean, uh, giving up a normal life, being 22 and a *virgin*, you're / ok with that?

DYLAN

You're acting like it's the biggest deal in the world, Itzel. There's more to life than *sex*.

I love what I do. I love what I do more than anything.

ITZEL

So do I. I mean, I like gymnastics. I like winning.

(beat)

I love winning.

(beat)

It's even better than an orgasm.  
Not that you would know.

Itzel disappears under the water. Dylan stares at the surface. Itzel doesn't emerge.

**EXT. THE LAKE - EARLY MORNING**

The lake looks untouched, reflecting the dawn. We can hear footsteps approaching.

SUPER: DAY THREE

It's Dylan. She jogs past the lake, wincing, though not as much as yesterday.

We follow Dylan down dirt roads and fields...we probably spot at least a few chickens...

**EXT. HEATHER'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING**

Dylan spots Heather, tending to the flock.

DYLAN

Good morning!

We can't discern Heather's facial expression, but she waves before turning back to the chickens.

Dylan continues on her run. A slight smile. A mini triumph.

**INT. MAIN GYMNASIUM - MORNING**

Bill is up front, leading the girls in a stretch. Dylan is stretching alongside Madi.

BILL  
Switch!

As Dylan switches, she spots Itzel between her legs. Itzel sticks her tongue out playfully. Dylan smiles. Reluctantly. Madi notices.

Whispering -- they're NOT SUPPOSED TO TALK during stretching:

MADI  
She was talking about you in the showers.

DYLAN  
Yeah?

MADI  
She said y'all were close.

BILL (O.S.)  
Lunges!

They start lunging.

MADI  
Am I being replaced?

DYLAN  
Of course not.  
You were right. She's scary.

MADI  
I was *ri-right*.

DYLAN  
(accidentally getting louder)  
There's something wrong with her.  
She reminds me of, you know that story about the girl who pretended to be young to get adopted but it turns out she was / old --

BILL  
Dylan!

All of the other gymnasts look towards Dylan, who has now turned bright red.

BILL (CONT'D)  
If you're gonna train again, take it serious.

This hurts Dylan more than she'd like to let on, and we see it on her face for just a moment.

DYLAN  
Yes, Bill.

BILL  
Yes, Coach.

Another blow.

DYLAN  
Yes, Coach.

Quiet for a moment.

BILL  
Switch legs.

They do.

MADI  
(hushed)  
Look.

Madie juts her chin over to Heather, who is across the room talking with TWO MEN (50s) we haven't seen before. They wear badges with the Olympics logo.

Heather looks over at Dylan and smiles approvingly.

#### **EXT. CAMPGROUNDS - MORNING**

The same path Dylan ran earlier, except now the rest of the campers are running too.

Heather follows the girls on her MASSIVE TRACTOR.

HEATHER  
GIRLS! Faster faster faster faster.

Most of the girls look exhausted, dripping in sweat -- all except Itzel, who jogs up to Dylan at the front of the pack.

ITZEL  
Hey. You look tired.

DYLAN  
I am tired. Someone kept me up.

ITZEL  
It was fun though.

Itzel waits for Dylan to respond. Dylan doesn't.

ITZEL (CONT'D)  
Do you wanna / do --

DYLAN  
I need to focus.

They both round the bend, taking up the lead. They pass Bill, and both look to him.

Dylan smiles at him, but realizes he's smiling at Itzel -- gives her a big thumbs up.

Time slows a bit for Dylan in this moment. She loses some momentum.

Dylan watches as Itzel smiles back at Bill. Blushing.

Bill whispers to the coach next to him. Both Bill and the other coach smile, watching Itzel.

Dylan breaks out into a SPRINT.

We watch from above as Dylan WEAVES through the rest of the girls...widening the gap between her and Itzel, passing her...

Itzel pushes ahead...

They weave IN AND OUT of FIRST PLACE...

HEATHER  
(on tractor loudspeaker)  
How is Foot Sprain outrunning y'all  
right now? MOVE MOVE MOVE!

And finally, Dylan BREAKS ahead...cutting through the air...and allows herself a small smile -- as her SPRINT transitions into...

**INT. MAIN GYMNASIUM - MORNING**

...a fast, controlled run into the vault. As Dylan's fingertips touch the vault, we --

CUT TO:

-- a fast, controlled run on the floor. Music underscores Dylan's triumphs --

CUT TO:

Dylan lands a perfect double-twisting double-tuck on floor.

CUT TO:

Dylan launches off the vault and soars into the air...

Time slows. We watch as she twists and tugs her arms and legs together.

Her form is perfect. Everyone watching knows it. She knows it.

Dylan lands perfectly on her feet...

Normal time resumes. Dylan smiles and throws her arms into the air.

Bill rushes in and envelops Dylan in a bear hug. He grabs Dylan's face, emphatically praising her.

The music continues to blare. We can't hear what Bill is saying.

We don't have to. Everything we'd need to know is apparent on Dylan's face --

Beaming. Confident. *SO MOTHERFUCKING BACK.*

**EXT. CAMPGROUNDS - EVENING**

Dylan jogs the same path she did earlier. She's not limping anymore.

HEATHER (O.S.)  
Graves.

Dylan whips around. Heather's on a jog too.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Bill told me you crushed it today.  
Coaches left early. If you wanna  
come by.

Dylan beams.

**EXT. HEATHER'S PATIO - EVENING**

Another gorgeous sunset. Heather pours herself a bourbon.

HEATHER  
So. Your foot's better.

DYLAN  
Yes.

HEATHER  
It's been the same drama for almost  
twenty years, Dyl.  
I know your rhythm by now.

DYLAN  
I just --  
(gathering herself)  
You're right. I think, I-I guess  
when I fell off beam at Nationals,  
it f- uh, messed with my  
confidence. But that won't happen  
again.

HEATHER  
Good girl.  
Mike and Oliver are excited to see  
you back on beam. Friday, after the  
other girls leave. Ok?

Dylan BEAMS from ear to ear.

DYLAN  
That sounds amazing.

Heather offers Dylan the vape. This is an olive branch. A key-lime-pie-flavored olive branch.

Dylan accepts it like it's the Eucharist. Takes a hit. Then passes it back.

HEATHER  
I saw you and Itzel talking.

Brief panic, until Dylan realizes she's not in trouble.

DYLAN

Yeah. She's nice.  
She's young.

HEATHER

I was young.

DYLAN

You didn't seem young.

HEATHER

I was though.  
Life was hard. I'll tell you  
someday. It...  
I get the sense she hasn't had much  
struggle.

The sun disappears below the horizon.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

It comes easy to her. I've never  
seen it come so easily to someone.  
But that's not all it takes.  
(a beat, and then)  
You're done with the B.S. now,  
right?

DYLAN

I'm done.

HEATHER

Ok. I believe you.

**EXT. HEATHER'S BACKYARD - NIGHT**

Heather and Dylan walk down the patio stairs towards the chickens. Heather is drunk.

Dylan turns around abruptly.

DYLAN

Thanks for pushing me, Heather. I  
needed it.

Something small heals inside of Heather.

HEATHER

I'd do anything for you, Dyl.

Dylan nods, and waves goodbye. Heather watches as Dylan walks back towards the glow of the main campground.

Heather turns to her chickens for a moment. All scattered around their gated area, doing their own thing. She walks into --

**INT. CHICKEN COOP - NIGHT**

Heather grabs a fistful of feed, and suddenly all chickens turn towards her.

She tosses it towards the far end of coop, and they all go running. She grabs another fistful and throws it on the other end. They chase it again.

She laughs. Moves her fist around with more feed in it, and watches dozens of heads move in unison.

She drops the feed back in the container and sits on the ground, leaning her head against the patio fence.

She shuts her eyes.

PRE-LAP: The sound of HEAVY CLAPPING. Heather's eyes remain closed...

**INT. MAIN GYMNASIUM - MORNING**

...because it's Dylan, making sure chalk gets on both of her hands. A puff of white smoke obscures her face.

SUPER: DAY FOUR

Madi comes up behind Dylan.

MADI  
Hey baddie.

They're both waiting in line to use the uneven bars, currently occupied by Bill coaching another girl.

MADI (CONT'D)  
You put on a great show yesterday.

DYLAN  
Thanks.

MADI  
What made you change your mind? Did Heather threaten to hunger strike?

DYLAN  
She's always on a hunger strike.

BILL (O.S.)  
Itzel, you're up.

Dylan turns to watch as Itzel goes up to Bill. She looks small, very small, next to him. There's warmth in his eyes as he looks at her.

He then gestures to Itzel's core -- holding her stomach and the small of her back. This is an intimate gesture.

MADI (O.S.)  
What a creep.

Dylan quickly turns to Madi.

DYLAN  
What?

MADI  
Bill. He's a freak.

Dylan turns back to Bill, who is looking over Itzel's body as she hangs from the top bar.

DYLAN  
No, he's not.

MADI  
Sorry, my bad. He's just turned on by all the gold medals she's gonna win.

DYLAN  
That's a really disgusting thing to say.

MADI  
Jesus. I'm kidding, Dylan.

Dylan looks back over to Bill. She watches as Bill observes Itzel's smooth, slick moves. Entranced.

Dylan puts more chalk on her hands. CLAP. PUFF.

As Itzel begins her uneven bars routine, she proves she's not only a floor performer. She is a SIMONE BILES-LEVEL GENERATIONAL TALENT.

Every move seamlessly weaves into the other...she FLIES as though she is weightless.

And Dylan watches as Heather saunters into view -- the TWO MEN from the Olympic committee...MIKE and OLIVER (both 50s). Bill...all watching Itzel. Hypnotized.

Itzel's doing her final pass...

And she loses herself. We can see it in her form. We can see it on her face.

*The twisties.*

Itzel lands on her foot -- HARD.

Everyone stops for a moment, then bursts into action -- everyone other than DYLAN...

And Itzel, the PROFESSIONAL, the WIND-UP DOLL, the PERFECT GYMNAST, gets *right back up...*

ITZEL  
I'm fine, thanks. I'm fine. Sorry.  
Sorry.

Heather's mouth twists with disdain.

HEATHER  
Dylan?

Dylan's head shoots up.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Show them your bars.

Dylan nods, and readies herself to reach for the lower bar --

ITZEL (O.S.)  
Can I do it again?

Dylan shoots Itzel a glance.

ITZEL (CONT'D)  
I just, I know I can do it.

Dylan looks at Heather, dumbfounded.

Heather waves her hand.

HEATHER  
Be my guest.

Heather nods approvingly towards Mike and Oliver. Dylan scowls, watching blur of a tiny body -- black hair, pink leotard -- spin around and around and around...

**INT. DYLAN'S CABIN - EVENING**

...and we see through Dylan's window that same blur of tiny body and black hair, glowing in front of the pink sky -- approaching Dylan's cabin.

Dylan ducks below her window to avoid being seen. The quick motion sends pain through her foot. She moans and unwraps her foot...

It looks bad. Really bad. It's dark purple, almost black. Dylan massages her ankle, and every small motion is *incredibly painful*.

TAP-TAP-TAP. A demure knock on her door.

ITZEL (O.S.)

Dyl?

This is the last thing Dylan wants right now.

ITZEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I know you're in there.

Dylan closes her eyes, as though it'll prevent her from being seen.

ITZEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I have your location, dummy.

*Fuck.* Dylan stands up.

**EXT. WALKWAY CONNECTING CABINS - EVENING**

ITZEL

Can you promise not to tell anyone?

DYLAN

I don't know what I'm promising.

ITZEL

Please please please. Dylan. Swear.

They land outside Itzel's cabin door. Itzel holds out her pinky.

Dylan looks over Itzel. Then interlocks their pinkies together. Itzel grins.

## INT. ITZEL'S CABIN - EVENING

Itzel digs under her bed, and pulls out a bottle of EXPENSIVE VODKA. She beams at Dylan.

Dylan stares at it, mouth agape.

ITZEL

What?

DYLAN

Did the convenience store guy give that to you? Because it's so dangerous to walk there / by yourself --

ITZEL

No. No, Dylan. It was Bill.

We watch Dylan's heart sink.

DYLAN

Bill?

ITZEL

Well, you told me about the candy thing, and, I dunno, he and I were just talking about how I've never had a drink before.

DYLAN

That's -- Itzel, that's bad.

ITZEL

Well, no, I mean, I wasn't, I don't want a whole lot, you know, and you're kind of, you've been a... sister to me here, and I thought it'd be fun to have a little celebration. Before we all leave tomorrow.

DYLAN

Why would Bill think it's appropriate to buy alcohol for a 17 year old?

ITZEL

He didn't buy it for me. It's, he had it. In his cabin.

DYLAN

And you were in his cabin.

This is not how Itzel expected this interaction to go.

ITZEL  
Are you mad at me?

DYLAN  
I -- no?  
(a beat, and then)  
I just think this is really bad.  
Like. *Bad.*

Itzel starts to breathe heavily -- the beginnings of a panic attack.

ITZEL  
You can't tell anyone, Dylan.  
Please. You swore.

DYLAN  
It's not -- when I said that I  
didn't think that Bill got you  
vodka --

ITZEL  
It's not, it's not in a weird way.  
You're / really --

DYLAN  
*Of course* it's in a fucking weird  
way.

Silence.

ITZEL  
Are you mad because you're in love  
with him?

The air drops out of the room.

DYLAN  
I'm not in love with him.

ITZEL  
He told me.

Now Dylan can't breathe.

DYLAN  
He told you.

ITZEL  
Well, he --

DYLAN  
What did he say.

ITZEL  
I-I don't remember.

DYLAN  
Yes you do.

ITZEL  
Dylan, I swear. Look, uh, I'm  
really sorry for bringing it up, I  
don't, I just --

DYLAN  
Did he tell you that he -- that  
we...

Dylan's head is spinning.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Look. Uh.

ITZEL  
I just need new coaches, y'know.  
And they're nice.

DYLAN  
Why do you need *my* two coaches?  
There's a million fucking coaches  
here. Just find any other one.  
Jesus Christ.

ITZEL  
(a beat, and then)  
That was mean.

DYLAN  
You're obviously good and we are in  
direct competition, and it doesn't,  
it bothers me how you're just  
copying me? Every coach in the  
fucking country would work for you.  
I don't know why you need the two  
that are *mine*.

ITZEL  
...I just want to be like you.  
Since I was a kid --

DYLAN  
You can't be like me. You aren't  
even close.

Itzel's mouth scrunches with betrayal, someone she thought was her friend...

ITZEL  
You're right.  
I'm better.

Dylan's breathing quickens. She stares at Itzel, trying to come up with a response. But there isn't one. *Because Itzel is right.*

Dylan storms out, slamming the door behind her.

**EXT. CAMPGROUNDS - NIGHT**

Dylan speed-walks. Tears running down her cheeks. She moves towards Heather's house.

**INT. HEATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Dylan bursts in to the living room. There are a few drunken stragglers left -- including Bill.

BILL  
Hey, it's coaches only.

DYLAN  
Where's Heather.

BILL  
Woaaah, woah. Hey.

Bill jumps up and pulls Dylan to the side. Dylan aggressively shrugs his touch off.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Hey, relax.

DYLAN  
Where is she.

BILL  
Outside.

We follow Dylan as she storms out the back door --

**EXT. HEATHER'S PATIO - NIGHT**

Dylan looks around. No sign of Heather.

Until she spots in the chicken corral -- Heather's silhouette, back-lit in front of the golden incubator.

**EXT. HEATHER'S CHICKEN CORRAL - NIGHT**

DYLAN  
(aggressive)  
Heather.

Heather doesn't turn around. She's staring at the eggs in the incubator.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
(softer)  
Heather.

HEATHER  
Shhhhh.

Dylan gets closer.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
They're going to hatch soon.  
I like them. They're good. Stupid.  
They do what you want, y'know?

This is the drunkest Dylan's ever seen Heather.

Heather plops on her butt and hugs her legs close. She looks so young. We see a glimpse of the fourteen-year old who captivated the world...

Dylan sits in the dirt next to her.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
What do you want, Dylan?

DYLAN  
I'm. Look. Uh.

Dylan looks at Heather's glazed-over expression.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
We can talk about it tomorrow --

HEATHER  
No.

Heather grabs Dylan's arm. Hard. Leaving white fingerprints.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Tell me now.  
I don't like secrets.

DYLAN  
(a beat, and then)  
Look. Uh. It's Itzel.

Heather lets Dylan's arm go.

HEATHER  
What about her.

DYLAN  
She's...she's not taking this  
seriously.

Heather is silent, which Dylan takes as an invitation to continue.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Well...you know...we hang out, a  
little, I guess. And she.  
She's distracted, first and  
foremost, she told me she's not  
even sure she likes gymnastics /  
which is --

HEATHER  
I hate gymnastics.

Dylan stops.

DYLAN  
What?

HEATHER  
I hate gymnastics.

DYLAN  
Heather.

HEATHER  
If you don't hate this, you don't  
love it. That's what I think.

Heather takes another sip.

DYLAN  
Well. It's not just that she said  
that, well, she's not sticking  
landings, for one. And I heard a  
rumor that she's...sneaking candy.  
And she's, she got her period here,  
so I don't know if she's gaining  
too much weight? I mean. I know you  
didn't get yours until later. I  
definitely didn't.

HEATHER

That isn't your concern, Dylan. She doesn't understand this world yet. We're taking care of it.

Dylan reassesses Heather.

DYLAN

She talks about you. You know. Says things.

A heavy beat.

HEATHER

What kind of things.

DYLAN

She gets. You know, she's, uh, she's looking for a new coach, and she was telling me she's so over everything here, that she, she heard about Yulia, and how Yulia makes champions, and that you and Bill, well you're so worried about how you're perceived, and it's not the same.

Heather stares at the incubator.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

And I told her that you two, the two of you combined, you're legends, and, y'know, if you weren't qualified to be here, Yulia would never / have put you in charge --

HEATHER

Enough about Yulia.

DYLAN

I just. I love you. I LOVE you. And it's. I know she's good, ok, and I know that Trials are in a few months, and maybe she's the next, I dunno, gold medal Olympian but I don't --  
I don't want you to lose what you have. Because she's a loose cannon, Heather. She's not loyal. I'm just worried she's going to say or do something, and eyes are already on you because of Yulia.

Heather looks down at her lap.

HEATHER

I know.

DYLAN

And you can't go under because of  
one fucking random teenager. Ok,  
Heather. You can't. I wouldn't. I  
would be...

Heather grabs Dylan in a big hug.

They both hold each other. Mother, sister, coach, friend,  
every complicated dynamic, every memory crashes together as  
they hold each other...

HEATHER

You're my girl.

DYLAN

I am. I am.

They hold each other once more. We watch Dylan's eyes filled  
with unease. Regret.

**INT. DYLAN'S CABIN - EARLY MORNING**

Those same eyes, but as Dylan lies in bed. She is wide awake.

SUPER: DAY FIVE

Dylan stands up and looks out her window. Double takes.

It's HEATHER, walking towards the cabins.

Dylan gets back on the bed, cracking one eye open. Fearing  
the worst.

Then Heather crosses in front of Dylan's window. Dylan  
anticipates a knock that doesn't come.

Dylan furrows her brows. Slips on her sneakers. And walks  
out.

**EXT. DYLAN'S CABIN - EARLY MORNING**

Interrupting Heather's walk down to a farther cabin --

DYLAN

Heather! Hi. Uh, what's up?

Heather looks hungover. And plagued with something.

HEATHER

No, just.  
Enjoy your run.

Dylan smiles and jogs towards the forest -- turning back just in time to spot Heather knocking on Itzel's door.

**INT. MESS HALL - MORNING**

Dylan picks at the fruit on her plate. We don't see her take a bite.

MADI

And the Trials outfits last time  
were so ugly, just like, the shade  
of blue was too --

Dylan scans the room. Itzel and Heather aren't there.

MADI (CONT'D)

-- vibrant, and like, I'm a true  
spring, so my undertones are more --

**INT. MAIN GYMNASIUM - MORNING**

Dylan lands PERFECTLY after a set on the uneven bars.

She smiles and looks around for validation...

No Heather.

BILL (O.S.)

Hey kid.

Dylan turns around. Startled.

DYLAN

Hi. Do you know, uh, where's  
Heather?

BILL

Doing her job.  
Let me see your beam.

DYLAN

I'm. Um.

Bill cocks his eyebrow.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Yeah. Sure.

They approach a nearby beam and all the girls KNOW TO STEP ASIDE -- Bill's presence, and Dylan's, carries weight. You make way.

Dylan starts to hop on the beam --

BILL

No no.

Bill extends a hand to Dylan. She looks at him, looks at his hand...and takes it, stepping up onto the beam.

Much like with Itzel, Bill's hand lingers...and Dylan lets it, for just a moment too long...

Then she lets go of his hand, and begins her routine.

Dylan does a full wolf turn. Bill nods in approval.

Dylan leaps in the air -- her form is PERFECT; legs at 180°, feet pointed, hips square, arms straight.

She lands back on the beam. Wobbles.

BILL (CONT'D)

Wobble.

DYLAN

(quietly)

I know.

Dylan tries it again -- this time, she messes up further. Her legs aren't perfectly straight. Her arms are crooked at the elbow. Her feet aren't pointed.

She looks around. Still no Heather or Itzel.

BILL

Form, Dyl. Feet. Mind the feet.

Dylan tries again. Her feet are pointed but her legs still aren't at the perfect 180°.

Heather and Itzel still not there.

BILL (CONT'D)

Need those legs at 180°, Dyl.

She tries again. Closer. Still not right.

Dylan looks at Heather's door at the far end of the gym. It's shut tight. The small window in the door shows the lights are off.

BILL (CONT'D)

Again.

DYLAN

Bill, I'm sorry. I.

Dylan clutches her head.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I need five minutes. Please. Just. For water. I think I'm getting a migraine.

Bill's jaw clenches. About to speak.

Then he looks around. The girls. The other coaches. Mike and Oliver.

BILL

Fast.

Dylan runs out of the gym and into the --

**EXT. CAMPGROUNDS - MORNING**

Dylan DUCKS out of the main building. Her limp is back in full force. She calls Heather.

Straight to voicemail.

She calls Heather AGAIN. Straight to voicemail.

**EXT. DYLAN'S CABIN - MORNING**

Dylan runs to the outside of her cabin -- and STOPS IN HER TRACKS.

On the ground in front of her door is a VODKA BOTTLE. ITZEL's vodka bottle.

And just as Dylan processes this --

HEATHER (O.S.)

Dylan.

Dylan spins around. No time to hide the alcohol.

Heather looks at the bottle. Looks up.

Gestures inside Dylan's room. They enter.

**INT. DYLAN'S SHODDY CABIN - MORNING**

Heather makes sure the door is securely shut behind her.

HEATHER

I found contraband in Itzel's room.  
Chocolate. Hard candy. Alcohol.

DYLAN

O-oh. That's terrible.

HEATHER

She told me what you two were  
doing.

DYLAN

I...I don't know / what you could  
mean --

HEATHER

Dylan -- stop it.

DYLAN

What are you talking / about --

HEATHER

You bought her candy, snuck out,  
bought her vodka, told / her that --

DYLAN

I didn't give her the vodka?! She,  
that bitch / she's a fucking liar --

HEATHER

I can't, I -- You're so, what the  
heck is wrong with you?! What is  
wrong with / you lately?!

DYLAN

You're accusing me of -- what's  
wrong with YOU LATELY?!?! They put  
you in charge of this fucking  
training center, you're busy with  
logistics and business s-stuff,  
fine, I get it, but then you tell  
me you want me to work through my  
injury, and, which, by the way,  
hurts like a FUCKSHIT and you-you!

(MORE)

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Become obsessed with this fucking TEENAGER, and she's all you ever want to talk about, and she loses her fucking shit --

HEATHER

Stop swearing.

DYLAN

-- every time she's more than 3 inches in the air, and she can't stick a landing, and what happened to "I'm your girl," and NO I DIDN'T GIVE HER ALCOHOL, that was your fucking PERVERT of a brother.

On "PERVERT" a hush goes over the room...something that has laid dormant has just been unearthed.

HEATHER

T-that's not, that's not what she told me. I -- he.

(something real is  
breaking here)

You're. How dare you. How dare you.  
After all that man has done for  
you.

DYLAN

Heather -- I, I'm not lying, I  
didn't give it to her, and maybe  
she stole it and l-lied / to me but  
--

HEATHER

After what Yulia, after, with.  
They're watching us. They're  
watching ME. ME. Because Bill, all  
the girls love him, he's on the  
floor, he gets y'all's skills down,  
but me, I'm the face, I'm Yulia's  
*protégé*. There's no Yulia without  
me, and there's no me without  
Yulia, so it all has to be so above-  
board and, you know this better  
than anyone, Yulia worked all of  
our asses off, and it made us  
great, and I just, I don't think  
it's possible to do without...I  
don't think it's possible.  
I've tried to make a nicer world  
for you, Dylan, nicer than the one  
I grew up in. And you thank me by  
acting like a *spoiled fucking brat*.

Heather never curses. This lands like a lead balloon.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
I need you out, Dylan.

DYLAN  
O-out? Of w-what --

HEATHER  
Here.

DYLAN  
B-but Mike and Oliver, tonight --

HEATHER  
I'm sure they'll be thrilled to see  
Itzel.

DYLAN  
Itzel.  
Sure. Right. Let her go out there  
with her twisties, and her sloppy  
landings, that's your star now.  
Good call, Heather --

Heather SMACKS Dylan across the face. Hard.

Dylan grabs her face, eyes welling with tears. We can tell --  
*Heather has never gone this far before.*

Dylan stares at Heather, blinking away tears. Then, she  
returns to her natural state -- totally blank, complete  
composure. The quintessential gymnast.

HEATHER  
Say sorry, Heather.

Dylan is silent.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Say sorry, Heather.

Dylan is silent. Defiant.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Great. Good.

Heather starts laughing.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
It's probably for the best you'll  
never go. I don't think you could  
handle it. Psychologically.  
(MORE)

**HEATHER (CONT'D)**

And they'd only end up comparing  
you to me. It just wouldn't be  
fair.

Heather leaves.

When Dylan is totally alone, she lets her utter resignation  
and despair WASH OVER HER.

**EXT. CAMPGROUNDS - DAY**

Dylan throws her duffel bag into her trunk. Slams it shut.  
And sees a bunch of girls watching.

Dylan averts their gaze, until she sees ITZEL.

They lock eyes. Itzel waves.

Dylan hops into her car and pulls out of the dirt parking  
lot.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - EVENING**

There are barely any lights on the road. All Dylan can see is  
the road in front of her, illuminated by her two weak  
headlights.

Dylan white-knuckles the wheel, as though she's bracing for  
impact.

**EXT. HOUSE IN THE HOUSTON SUBURBS - EVENING**

We watch from a distance as Dylan unloads the duffel bag from  
her car.

**INT. DYLAN'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - EVENING**

Pink walls. Fluffy pink carpet. Plaques and medals and photo-  
ops and trophies -- a shrine to Dylan's accomplishments as a  
gymnast.

Dylan lies on the bed and checks her phone.

She tries to call Madi -- we've seen she's tried thirty  
times. Madi doesn't answer.

Dylan ponders for a moment. Unzips her duffel bag and pulls  
out the vodka Itzel left on her doorstep.

She drinks. And drinks.

**LATER**

It's just after 3 A.M. Dylan is still awake.

She runs to the bathroom. She throws up.

**INT. DYLAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Dylan stares at herself in the mirror. This is disembodying. Like a bad trip or a bad dream.

Dylan takes another swig of the liquor bottle. There's nothing left.

**INT. DYLAN'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Dylan holds a worn stuffy. She looks at it. Hugs it to her chest. Hard. Like she's strangling it.

We watch her make a decision.

**INT. DYLAN'S CAR - NIGHT**

Dylan SPEEDS down an county road...SWERVING like a madwoman...

Her eyes lowering as she goes FASTER and FASTER...

**EXT. CAMP BARRETT - NIGHT**

Dylan pulls her car onto a patch of grass outside the gate.

Heather has put wire over the openings in the gate. No shimmying through anymore.

Good thing Dylan is superhuman...and drunk.

Dylan takes a RUNNING JUMP and grabs the TOP BAR of the gate...HOISTS herself up and SWINGS OVER...

THUD. Dylan lands right on her bad foot.

Without Heather's prying eyes, Dylan can clutch her foot and take in the pain...UTTERLY SILENTLY...

Dylan gets up and limps through the --

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**

Cicadas and crickets HUM, underscoring the POUNDING of Dylan's feet...she's running through her pain; she's used to it by now.

The sounds of CLUCKING get LOUDER and LOUDER...

**EXT. HEATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Dylan reaches Heather's front door. There's a LOCKBOX with KEYS INSIDE.

A four digit code. Dylan tries: 1-9-9-2.

Click. Unlocked. Dylan scoffs -- *figures*.

Dylan slowly opens the FRONT DOOR...

**INT. HEATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The clucking gets quieter as Dylan CLOSES the door.

Dylan uses her phone flashlight to make her way to the still not-unpacked DYLAN BOX...

She opens it again. Eyes her old teddy bear. Her pictures. Her accomplishments -- that *Heather* has claimed.

And she takes it.

**EXT. HEATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Dylan waddles out the back door, DYLAN box in tow, when we watch her clock...

**THE INCUBATION TANK.**

Dylan walks over, as though hypnotized...

The GOLDEN LIGHT illuminates her face...we see her WARPED and DISTORTED from inside the circular glass...

They hatched. The chicks are ADORABLE. Fluffy, canary-yellow babies.

Dylan opens the tank. She takes a chick.

Then, she takes the second chick. And she places them inside the open box.

They chirp at her. Trusting.

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**

Dylan AWKWARDLY SPEED-WALKS back the way she came, stumbling the whole way...

She reaches the gate. She can't jump over, obviously, with the box in hand. Fuck.

She elbows the button to open the gate.

But before the gate swings open, THE FLOODLIGHTS GO ON.

Dylan briefly sobers up -- she's an idiot. A fucking idiot. She ducks her head and darts into the shadows...

Then, as the GATE CREAKS CLOSED, and the LIGHTS go off --

Dylan DARTS out of the slim opening in the gate, *JUST MAKING IT* --

She gets to her car. She can finally breathe. And stares at the chicks. They're CHEEPING INCESSANTLY...they sound like SIRENS...

**INT. DYLAN'S BEDROOM - LATE MORNING**

...the chirping continues. It hasn't stopped.

Dylan is FAST ASLEEP on the floor, lying on her stomach. One of the chicks pecks at her arm.

All of Dylan's stuff has fallen out of the tipped over box...

Chicken shit has scattered all over the room...one of the chicks has pecked out DYLAN'S EYES from a yearbook photo...the chicks are RUNNING THE PLACE.

A chick CHIRPS by Dylan's ear and she wakes up. A moment of peace, until she REMEMBERS WHAT SHE DID...

Aaaaand the hangover hits. HARD. Dylan clutches her head as her PHONE goes off from across the room...

Dylan stumbles over to answer the phone.

DYLAN

H-hello?

HEATHER (V.O.)  
Where the fuck are they.

PANIC SETS IN.

DYLAN  
Oh. I. Uh. I.

HEATHER (V.O.)  
If you hurt them --

DYLAN  
No, uh, I. I wouldn't -- I have  
them.

The other line is silent.

**EXT. CAMP BARRETT - AFTERNOON**

Dylan parks her car and immediately RUNS out with the DYLAN BOX, now only containing the chirping chicks...Heather stands outside the gate.

Heather RIPS the box out of Dylan's hands. Sees the chicks -- happy, totally unfazed.

Relief crosses over Heather's face...the most GRATITUDE and RAW EMOTION we've seen from her...

And then -- BETRAYAL.

HEATHER  
Something is  *fucking*  wrong with  
you.

DYLAN  
I'm so so sorry, I don't know, I  
was, I don't know / what came over  
me.

HEATHER  
You are never allowed back here.  
Never.

Silence. Except for the birds' cheeping.

Dylan is CRESTFALLEN...this is like the worst breakup,  
friendship fall-out, loss of a parent...COMBINED.

DYLAN  
Heather, no. Please...

HEATHER  
Dustin has a shotgun.  
Leave. Quickly.

Heather opens the gate...it swings open WIDE and Dylan eyes the inside of the Barrett Camp for the LAST TIME...

She watches Heather begin the hike down that LONG, DIRT ROAD...

And the gate CLOSES BEHIND HER...Dylan stands dumbfounded.

Dylan's never known a world without gymnastics -- without medals, trophies, competition. A world without Bill. A world without *Heather*.

Because every joyous moment, triumphant moment, moment of real love, attention, care -- is because of *them*.

And they're gone now.

**INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY**

CHICKEN BREASTS. Rows and rows of pre-packaged, raw, pink chicken breasts...

SUPER: TWO MONTHS LATER

Dylan stares at the selection. Her expression: blank. Her eyes: bloodshot, like she hasn't had a good night sleep in months.

She takes one.

**INT. DYLAN'S KITCHEN - EVENING**

A kitchen in that Tuscan, mid-2000s style. Pictures of Dylan on the wall with her mother. It's been easy to forget Dylan *has* a mother.

Dylan stares at the wall, then down at her plate. Unseasoned chicken breast and raw broccoli.

She chews. And chews. And chews.

**INT. DYLAN'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - EVENING**

First, we see THE PILE OF MEMORIES -- Dylan still hasn't gone through the memorabilia she took back from Heather.

Dylan lies on the bed, staring at the ceiling fan.

The ceiling fan rotates around and around...

**INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY**

...and so does a LITTLE GIRL (7). Three perfect CARTWHEELS, then she falls out of form. Dylan observes, unsmiling.

We recognize this gymnasium...it's the *same* gymnasium where Heather scouted Dylan almost twenty years ago...

DYLAN  
That was good.

The little girl blinks at Dylan, expectantly.

We take in Dylan, NEW DYLAN...stained clothes, hair up in a sloppy bun. Way past keeping up appearances. Way past caring.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Uh. Go again.

The little girl starts again...

**INT. GYMNASIUM BREAK ROOM - LATER**

A vintage-looking poster of Heather is peeling off the wall behind Dylan.

Dylan sucks in on a vape. Shuts her eyes. And lets the vapor pour out of her nose.

The door opens and Dylan waves away the vapor. But it's just **GRACE** (19, UCLA hoodie). Dylan relaxes and hits the vape again.

GRACE  
(re: Dylan's vape)  
Can I?

DYLAN  
(lying)  
I think I'm getting sick.

Grace shrugs and grabs a Gatorade out of the fridge.

GRACE  
Janet's excited to meet you.

DYLAN  
Cool. Uh. Would I have to, like,  
try out --

GRACE

No! No. I think she'd just want  
your transcript from high school  
and stuff. And your SATs. Or maybe  
you don't need that anymore. I  
dunno.

Dylan receives this information unenthusiastically. Grace  
notices.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Ohh. Are you nervous for Friday?

DYLAN

What?

GRACE

With Heather?

Dylan's entire demeanor changes...

DYLAN

What?

GRACE

Uh --

DYLAN

I'm not scheduled for Friday. Is  
she coming on Friday?

GRACE

Uh, I think, maybe --  
(floodgates opening)  
I heard that she's looking for new  
girls. Because someone left.

We can almost feel the goosebumps rising on Dylan's arms...

DYLAN

Who left?

GRACE

I'm really not supposed to say.  
Paula told me and she made me swear  
/ not to --

DYLAN

Grace...

Dylan smiles: a wide, warm smile. Dylan can turn on her  
warmth and charisma INSTANTANEOUSLY...just like HEATHER.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
C'mon. Who am I gonna tell?

GRACE  
Ok.  
It was Itzel. Aguilar.

Dylan can't hide the shock on her face.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
You know her, right?

DYLAN  
I -- do you know *why*?

GRACE  
I mean, she had a mental breakdown  
or something. Quit the entire  
program. Just one morning, in the  
middle of camp, gone.

Dylan puffs on her vape again, calculating. A long, strained  
breath in, like she's sucking for oxygen.

Vapor comes out of her nose again. Like a dragon.

DYLAN  
Are you scheduled for Friday?

GRACE  
(clearly lying)  
I need to check --

DYLAN  
I'll take your shift.

GRACE  
Dyl, I need the money --

DYLAN  
I'll give you the money. Pre-taxes.

Grace hesitates, a bit unnerved by Dylan's fervor.

Dylan slides over her vape.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
And this.

Grace eyes the vape, hungrily.

**INT. GYMNASIUM LOBBY - EARLY MORNING**

Dylan swings the front door open.

Dylan looks COMPETITION-READY...slicked back hair, false eyelashes. Totally overdressed.

She GLIDES past the receptionist, and into --

**INT. GYMNASIUM - EARLY MORNING**

A couple of the older gymnasts are already training. There's a HUSH over the room...

And Dylan looks up...

Heather.

Standing in that same parental viewing box we first saw her in...this time, with sunglasses and a venti iced coffee. Ice queen.

She turns her head slightly...*towards Dylan.*

Heather doesn't react. It's not even clear if she *sees* Dylan.

*Then, with an ever-so-slight adjustment, Heather returns her gaze to the rest of the room. Away from Dylan. A rebuff.*

**INT. GYMNASIUM - LATER THAT DAY**

Dylan takes a running leap onto the beam...

...gets on, wobbles...

...and falls off.

COACH (O.S.)  
Dylan.

Dylan, startled, turns around to see a FEMALE COACH (40s) and a GIRL (17).

DYLAN  
I'm off the clock --

COACH  
Julia's been waiting.

Dylan watches the girl, JULIA, turn her gaze to the viewing box, and Dylan follows suit.

Heather is shrugging on her bag and EXITING...

DYLAN  
(quickly)  
Yeah. Go ahead.

Dylan hops off the beam, jogging across the gymnasium floor, and can just catch Heather letting the front door SLAM BEHIND HER.

Dylan exits the building --

**EXT. GYMNASIUM - EVENING**

Heather speed-walks to her car, and Dylan RACES to catch up with her --

DYLAN  
Heather!

Heather doesn't turn around.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Heather, I want --

Dylan's out of shape. We can hear it in her GASPS FOR AIR...

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
I want to apologize --

Heather WHIPS AROUND. Sunglasses off. No makeup on. A new FRENZIED, MANIC quality to her...

HEATHER  
(acidic)  
Janet Meyer?

This stops Dylan in her tracks.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
You're talking to Janet Meyer?  
When were you going to tell me?

When Dylan says nothing, Heather starts off toward her car again, a long, BLISTERING walk in the Houston summer heat. Steam coming off the pavement.

Dylan struggles to keep up.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
You know, she called me, asked what happened. You're damn lucky I didn't tell her.  
(MORE)

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Even after *EVERYTHING*, Dylan,  
that's the courtesy I've extended  
to you.

(guffawing)

UCLA. As if you have the grades.  
Did you even take the SATs? Did you  
even graduate?

DYLAN

Yes.

HEATHER

Yes *what*?

DYLAN

Yes, m-ma'am.

Heather stops walking.

A bemused smile creeps on Heather's face...and she starts LAUGHING.

Dylan doesn't know what to do. Can't tell if this is laughter with or laughter at.

Heather turns to face Dylan, as Dylan IMPLODES:

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Heather, I'm so sorry, I was so, I thought it was over, and I heard that. I know you're looking, and I'd kiss your feet or kiss your ring or do anything, just.

Heather tilts her head. Looks Dylan up and down.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I miss you so much. Gymnastics, I need it too. But I'm doing gymnastics now and it's not. I'm not happy.

It's you, Heather. I miss you.

Heather CRACKS OPEN. She tries to hide it. But she can't.

And after a long, TENSE beat...

**EXT. CAMPGROUNDS - EARLY MORNING**

Dawn.

Dylan rounds the corner from off-screen -- she's JOGGING on the LONG ROAD AT CAMP...nothing but dirt and trees...

She's breathing harder than she was before; she's been out of it for a minute...

The mechanical purr of a TRACTOR announces HEATHER...who EMERGES from the trees, following Dylan's jog down the long road...Heather is like the DEVIL over Dylan's shoulder...

**INT. MAIN GYMNASIUM - DAY**

HEATHER (V.O.)  
I'm going to work you like you haven't been worked before.

Dylan does SIT UPS alone on the floor...it feels different here without the other girls.

Heather watches her. No smile. No grimace. Nothing at all.

HEATHER (V.O.)  
You lost focus. Lost control.

CUT TO:

Dylan speeds down the runway towards the VAULT --

HEATHER (V.O.)  
So you need to do everything I say.  
Exactly as I say it. When I say it.

CUT TO:

Crushes a FLIP on the FLOOR --

HEATHER (V.O.)  
I need my girl back.

CUT TO:

Sticks a perfect landing from the UNEVEN BARS --

CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN GYMNASIUM - EVENING**

The inside of the gym is turning PINK from the Texas sunset bleeding through the windows...

And Dylan is standing in front of the balance beam.

Dylan looks at Heather, who is partially concealed in DARKNESS...

HEATHER

I need to see your Nationals  
routine.

Dylan nods. She looks down at her foot. It's healed now.

There is no sound other than Dylan's breathing.

Dylan THROWS her arms up and FLASHES a performance-ready smile.

She HOPS up on the beam in a seated position. Dylan does a few DANCE elements -- hand flick, leg flick. Flick flick flick.

Dylan stands at the edge of the beam now facing OUT. A MOMENT to herself...

THEN -- a BACK-HANDSPRING into ANOTHER and ANOTHER, LAUNCHING her from one end of the balance beam to the other.

PERFECT. Dylan smiles and flicks her arms, preparing for another move --

HEATHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Again.

Dylan nods. She does it again. Good as before.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Again.

Dylan does it again. The only thing we hear is the gentle PATTING of her feet on the beam...she's LIGHT AS AIR...

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Move on.

Dylan does her dance elements then executes a perfect HAND-FREE AERIAL --

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Each move needs to happen three times.

Dylan does it twice more in quick succession.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Move on.

Dylan does a wolf turn sequence -- three turns per sequence...meaning Dylan is spinning NINE times in a row...

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Move on.

Dylan gets back up. Slightly shaky. A little DIZZY...

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Dismount.

Dylan nods. She takes a breath. Tries to re-center herself after her DIZZINESS --

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Too slow -- NOW.

Dylan doesn't have time to THINK -- doesn't have time to BREATHE...

Dylan is about to attempt her DISMOUNT: a FULL-TWISTING DOUBLE TUCK.

*CONTEXT: each Elite gymnastics move is rated on a letter-scale. Many of the hardest moves are a D or an E -- we've seen Dylan execute some of these moves already.*

*A full-twisting double tuck dismount is a straight-up fucking G.*

Dylan is CATAPULTING down the beam, and INTO THE AIR --

*And Dylan loses herself.*

**SMACK.** SHE'S ON THE GROUND, FACE DOWN.

*She doesn't know what happened. Neither do we.*

*She stands up, feels the moistness on her FACE...BLOOD.*

*She's broken her nose.*

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Three perfect. I need three. Again.

Dylan gets back on the beam. Her nose is GUSHING. It's falling on her WHITE T-SHIRT...

Dylan does the dismount. Perfect.

She runs back up to the beam. The blood is TRAILING on the ground now...

She does the dismount again...the beam has DROPS of blood lining the middle...

And just as Dylan is about to mount for her THIRD --

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Stop.  
That's enough.

Dylan stands at attention. Heather approaches...getting CLOSER...the BEAM in between them...

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Clean yourself up.

As Heather walks away --

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I'll take you to the ER.

**INT. HEATHER'S CAR - NIGHT**

Dylan has a FRESH CAST on her nose. Bruising around her eyes.

HEATHER

I got a nose job before Trials too.  
It's gonna look great on TV.

Confirmation. Heather looks expectantly over at Dylan. Dylan smiles back.

Heather squirms a bit.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

You were right about. Um.

Heather doesn't need to say her name.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

She couldn't handle it. The, um.  
She doesn't understand. I should have listened to you, Dyl.

Dylan is silent. More squirming from Heather.

It's silent. Heather hits her vape with her free hand.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

And. Bill's taking a break. For a bit.

Dylan's eyes widen.

DYLAN

Oh.

HEATHER

So I'm overseeing Trials on my own.  
I mean with Oliver and Mike. But,  
uh. No Bill.

DYLAN

Why?

Heather opens her mouth, starts to answer...but ultimately waves Dylan's question away.

HEATHER

It's good, yeah. You know, I know the sport, I've done it. So I have my. Perspective.  
And this way, it's my voice. You know. Women's voices, woman empowerment, and everything.  
Right?

Dylan thinks about this.

DYLAN

Yeah.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING**

Dylan and Heather each lie on top of a twin bed. Heather's fast asleep. Deep calm. Almost seems dead.

Dylan, on the other hand, is wide awake. Practically twitching.

SUPER: ONE DAY BEFORE OLYMPIC TRIALS

Dylan watches Heather closely. Dead asleep.

She slowly lifts herself off the bed, and creeps, ever so quietly, out the door.

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - EVENING**

Dylan shuts the door quietly and stares down at the end of a hallway.

A vending machine. Glowing with a golden light.

Dylan goes towards it.

Dylan still looks unwell, but in a different way now -- too thin, eyes sunken in, like she hasn't slept. Heather has run her ragged.

Dylan's phone buzzes. She looks at it -- unknown number.

DYLAN

Hello?

WOMAN

Hi, is this Dylan Graves?

DYLAN

Um, may I ask who's calling?

MONA

This is Mona Qureshi. I'm a reporter with the New York Times.

DYLAN

Oh, all of my press goes through Heather Barnett.

MONA

I actually wanted to speak to you.

Dylan stops short.

DYLAN

Okay.

MONA

I'm looking into a story about abuse within USA Gymnastics, specifically allegations against Bill and Heather Barnett.

Dylan starts to shake.

DYLAN

Uh -- w-why, I mean. Um.

MONA

I just wanted to make myself available to you. In case there's anything you need.

DYLAN

Wh. Why would I -- um. Uh.

Dylan can't find the words and she hangs up.

Mona calls back. Dylan lets it ring.

**INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Dylan is sitting on the toilet. She is on Mona Qureshi's Twitter page. She's legit. Dylan scrolls. And scrolls.

The door knocks. Dylan jumps.

HEATHER

Dyl.

DYLAN

I'm sorry.

Heather jiggles the doorknob.

HEATHER

Why did you lock the door?

DYLAN

I-I.

HEATHER

Look, finish up, because I wanna talk about tomorrow.

DYLAN

Yeah.

Dylan gets up. Turns on the faucet. Lets the water run.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Dylan emerges and finds Heather painting her toenails white.

HEATHER

Hi -- sweetie, are you ok?

Dylan nods.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Are you nervous? Don't be. You're going to be amazing.

DYLAN

Heather, you didn't. Uh. Bill's just taking a break, right?

Dylan knows the answer to this. But she's asking anyway.

Heather stops painting.

HEATHER

Yes, honey. Why?

DYLAN

No, I.

HEATHER

Are there rumors going around?

DYLAN

No, I was just. Um. Asking.

HEATHER

Did Itzel call you?

DYLAN

(a beat, and then)

No.

HEATHER

Where is this coming from?

Dylan starts to hyperventilate.

DYLAN

Just, can you. I didn't, um, I  
don't know what's.

The New York Times called me.

Dylan and Heather sit on the bed. Heather's starting to look sick.

HEATHER

Okay.

DYLAN

And. They asked me. About Bill.  
And about you.

HEATHER

About me?

Heather looks really, truly ill.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Well, what did you say?

DYLAN

I hung up. I just hung up, and the  
lady called me and I hung up again.

HEATHER

Ok. Good. Good.

Did you block her number?

DYLAN

Well, that's, like, excessive,  
right? Isn't it?

HEATHER

Yeah. Sure. Yeah.

Heather gets up. She can't sit still.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Ok. Sure. Wait, tell me exactly  
what she said.

DYLAN

She said she was looking into a  
story about you and Bill.

HEATHER

And that's it?

DYLAN

And I should call her if I need to.

HEATHER

Shit.

They're such losers. Calling the  
day before Trials. Totally messing  
you up. It's disgusting.

I mean they couldn't have waited  
two days --

But they care about their clicks,  
and they know everyone's.

Everyone's watching gymnastics  
right now, so they'll see it, so.

Um.

Heather kneels at Dylan's feet. Dylan's starting to cry.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Ok. Look. I want you to call her  
back.

DYLAN

It's late in New York --

HEATHER

That's why there's a fucking  
voicemail box.

Heather feels herself spiraling out of control -- *her least favorite feeling*.

Then suddenly -- *blink and you'll miss it* -- Heather has a thought.

She sits down next to Dylan again. Grabs her hands.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
I don't know what they know, Dylan.  
But no matter what, I'm going to  
defend you.

Dylan pulls back on instinct -- what the fuck is she talking about?

DYLAN  
For what?

HEATHER  
For killing my chicks.

Dylan gasps. She can't help herself. Heather grabs Dylan's hands again, EVER SO SUBTLY holding her down --

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Baby, I'm not mad. It wasn't your  
fault --

DYLAN  
I didn't kill them -- !

HEATHER  
I didn't want to tell you. I knew  
you didn't mean to.  
But they died a few hours after you  
returned. Vet said it was stress.  
I'm not -- you're more important to  
me than they are, Dylan. And I know  
you're sorry.

Dylan looks at Heather with total disgust, fear.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
And I know how reporters spin  
things, and I'll protect you. But I  
need you -- I need you to return  
the favor.

DYLAN  
Is that even true?

Now Heather is horrified.

HEATHER  
Excuse me?

DYLAN  
You -- I saw your chickens, you  
would've --

Dylan is conflicted -- so conflicted -- she doesn't believe an OUNCE of what Heather is saying, and at the same time, can't bring herself to believe that Heather would lie about something SO SERIOUS...

HEATHER

I never wanted to tell you,  
especially not like this. Just  
breathe. And focus on tomorrow. Ok?  
You're going to be great.  
Listen, you can call that woman  
back in the morning, and then just  
get in the zone.

Heather grabs Dylan's shoulder. Solemn. Serious.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Mike and Oliver are on the  
committee, but you know I make the  
final call.  
So just. You know. All you have to  
do is show up.  
I know what you can do. So I'll  
vouch for you. I'll *always* vouch  
for you, Dylan.  
Can you promise me the same?

It's clear to Dylan who Heather is. If there was any denying it before, Dylan can't anymore.

But she's still Heather. Dylan's closest friend and confidante. A mother figure. An older sister. A role model. Her *idol*. The KEY to all of Dylan's hopes and dreams...

There is no Olympics without Heather. There is no gold medal without Heather. *There is no Dylan Graves without Heather.*

And so Dylan hugs her.

This isn't a happy hug. It's desperate. Dylan clings to Heather like she's a life preserver.

And she closes her eyes --

**INT. CONVENTION HALL -- DAY**

-- and opens them again.

To a full room. A crowd -- pin-drop silent.

Welcome to Trials.

Dylan stands on the beam. She looks beautiful. The picture of gymnastic perfection.

She begins.

This is the beginning of the Nationals routine -- the same one we saw Dylan DRILL with Heather...

Dylan lands on the bar PERFECTLY. The crowd goes ape-shit. Dylan gains a bit of confidence.

Dylan continues with a SWITCH RING LEAP -- an E-level move. Nailed it.

ANNOUNCER

Ok, she's preparing her dismount.  
Only a handful of people in HISTORY  
have been able to execute this  
skill...

All sounds BLUR together for Dylan...the newscasters' ECHO, the DIN of the crowd...and Dylan LAUNCHES INTO THE AIR --

-- her form is PERFECT. Arms, feet, shoulders. Everything in place.

But then her feet graze the ground. And we watch her toe slip.

AND SHE FALLS.

The crowd "oohs."

Dylan immediately turns red. Totally embarrassed.

The dream is **over**. No Olympics. No medal. No more chances. Everything for naught...

...but she stands and smiles anyway.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

That's going to affect her overall  
score --

Dylan walks off, a plastered smile on her face, straight to Heather.

HEATHER

It's ok. It's ok.

Dylan nods, not believing her.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
And now, Itzel Aguilar takes the  
floor.

Dylan and Heather lock eyes, then turn to watch, waiting for  
the pulsing beginning of FIGHTER --

But instead, it is the BRASH, CLANGING BEGINNING OF THE RITE  
OF SPRING FINALE...

HEATHER'S SONG.

Heather quietly gasps. Dylan turns around to look at her.  
Heather won't make eye contact.

Dylan turns to watch the routine...

It's Itzel as we've NEVER SEEN HER BEFORE. It's GYMNASTICS as  
we've never seen it before...

Itzel is not hitting every beat; her moves are not  
coordinated to the rhythm...it is MESSY, DISJOINTED,  
ANGRY...and STUNNINGLY, HEARTBREAKINGLY BEAUTIFUL.

It is PURE CATHARSIS.

The GRAND FINALE...

Itzel executes her final TUMBLING PASS...

The POWER of Simone Biles...the GRACE of Nadia Comaneci...the  
PRECISION of Shawn Johnson...all wrapped into one beautiful  
final moment.

Itzel poses at the edge of the floor. The crowd ERUPTS into  
THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE and JUMPS TO THEIR FEET...because this  
wasn't JUST a brilliant routine...

It was the beginning of a new era.

Dylan looks behind her. But Heather is already gone.

**LATER**

Dylan looks up at the scoreboard.

Itzel's is in first place. Dylan is in sixth.

As a TEAR leaves Dylan eye, she reaches up to quickly wipe it  
away -- swiping at her makeup.

Dylan looks at her hand -- now stamped with eyeliner and  
glittery eyeshadow.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Dylan takes a shaky hand to her under-eye -- where her eye makeup has smudged.

She wipes away the smudging and redraws the line...messes up, tries again...messes up, tries AGAIN...

She can't do it. Her hand is too shaky.

DYLAN  
(sotto voce)  
Fuck.

A stall opens.

*It's Itzel.*

They lock eyes in the mirror.

ITZEL  
Hi.

DYLAN  
Hi.

Itzel washes her hands. Dylan keeps trying to apply her makeup. Every attempt worse than the last.

ITZEL  
Do you need help?

DYLAN  
No.

She does.

ITZEL  
Dylan.

DYLAN  
*Fuck.*

ITZEL  
Stop, stop. Look, you put a tampon inside me. We'll be even after this. Ok?

Dylan is reluctant -- untrusting. Itzel taps the sink counter.

ITZEL (CONT'D)  
Up.

Dylan gives in. Itzel holds Dylan's face in her hands.

ITZEL (CONT'D)  
Girl. This is a mess.

Dylan can't help but smile a little. Itzel wipes away the makeup.

Itzel begins reapplying Dylan's sparkly eyeshadow.

ITZEL (CONT'D)  
I like this color.

DYLAN  
Heather said it was patriotic.

Itzel doesn't respond. She continues Dylan's makeup in silence.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Are you excited?

ITZEL  
For what?

Dylan blinks at her.

DYLAN  
For the Olympics.

ITZEL  
Who says I'm going?

DYLAN  
You're first place. That's automatic.

ITZEL  
(a beat, and then)  
I withdrew.

DYLAN  
You what?

Dylan's shaking her head in disbelief.

ITZEL  
Stop shaking your head.

DYLAN  
Why the fuck would you withdraw?

ITZEL  
I don't want to go.

DYLAN  
But then why come to Trials?

ITZEL  
I like winning.

Dylan lets herself smile. *Kindred spirits.*

Then Dylan gathers herself. Starts to speak. Stops. Then starts again.

DYLAN  
Itzel. Um.

With tears welling in her eyes --

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
That was amazing. Better than  
Heather's.  
The best thing I've ever seen.

ITZEL  
Dylan, don't -- I mean thank you,  
but your makeup.

DYLAN  
Right. Sorry.

Itzel wipes Dylan's tears away. They share a smile.

A beat. Itzel finishes the makeup.

ITZEL  
(showing Dylan to herself  
in the mirror)  
There.

Itzel did a great job. Better than Dylan did.

DYLAN  
You're good at everything.

They both laugh.

ITZEL  
Dylan. Um. If I'm out of line, stop  
me, ok? But. You can do gymnastics  
without. Them. You know.

Dylan shakes her head.

DYLAN  
Not the Olympics. They're, she  
picks the whole fucking thing --

ITZEL

They're a sinking ship, Dylan.  
 Heather's a nutcase, and Bill's...  
 (a wound here)  
 ...there's something wrong with  
 Bill, and the Olympics is one  
 thing, but there's a million other  
 ways to be a gymnast / and --

DYLAN

There's not.

ITZEL

There is.

DYLAN

Not for *me*. Itzel, it's --  
 I don't know what happened, ok,  
 with, um. Why you.  
 But Heather is, and Bill, I spend  
 every day with them, you know?  
 Holidays. Fucking birthdays. She's  
 the first person I call when I'm  
 sad. And he's, he's. I can look in  
 the mirror and think that I'm  
 lovable, because of him, you know?  
 I know it looks weird, or it *is*  
 weird, maybe, but it's what it is,  
 and now, I'm here, and you, y-  
 you're better than me, Itzel. My  
 entire life, I've tried to make  
 them proud, and the Olympics is the  
 only, uh, *language* they speak and  
 I'm.  
 I'm not gonna get it.

ITZEL

Dylan, she's gonna make sure you  
 get it.

DYLAN

I'm in sixth fucking place.

ITZEL

But that's how she works. She's  
 going to make sure you / go --

DYLAN

Only because *you* withdrew --

ITZEL

She wouldn't have taken me. She  
 would've found some violation, or  
*infraction*, and disqualified me.

(MORE)

ITZEL (CONT'D)  
She's probably mad I took myself  
out before she could.

Dylan knows. But she clenches her jaw, not saying anything.

ITZEL (CONT'D)  
This may mean nothing to you, I  
dunno. But you're the reason I  
started. Nasticsgirl92--

DYLAN  
Oh, god --

ITZEL  
I watched all your videos and  
begged my mom to put me in the gym.  
And that was *long* before I knew who  
Heather was.

A crackle, and then, piped through a wall speaker --

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Gymnasts, please report back to the  
convention hall. Gymnasts, please  
report back.

ITZEL  
You should go.

DYLAN  
B-but --

ITZEL  
You're gonna make the team, Dylan.  
You're in sixth place even with a  
 *fucking fall*. Because you're great.

Dylan is OVERWHELMED by Itzel's kindness...compassion without  
any ulterior motive. She's not used to it.

Dylan grabs her for a WARM HUG. A REAL hug...NOTHING like the  
one Dylan gave Heather...

Itzel holds Dylan's face in her hands -- and KISSES DYLAN'S  
FOREHEAD.

ITZEL (CONT'D)  
I'm happy for you.

DYLAN  
Yeah. You too.

She means it.

**INT. CONVENTION HALL - DAY**

We're in slo-motion.

CONFETTI is falling all around Dylan, and she's BEAMING...wearing a FULL OLYMPIC TRACKSUIT.

Smiling at the FOUR GIRLS next to her, wearing identical tracksuits...

Dylan looks around...takes in the ROARING CROWD...the cameras, the lights, the pomp and circumstance, this *historic* moment --

All of *this*, the dream she's been chasing since before she could read, could write, could drive a car or vote...

...giving up boyfriends, prom, sleepovers, college, love and fun and friendship, REAL friendship...

For THIS. For THIS MOMENT.

But really...she gave it up for Heather.

Dylan looks at Heather, who is standing on the sidelines.

And Heather smiles. A wide smile. A PROUD smile...

HEATHER  
(barely a whisper above  
the deafening crowd)  
I got you.

HEATHER DOES HAVE HER.

Dylan stops smiling.

All the years of resentment, anger, and fear is coming through on Dylan's face.

And Heather sees it.

**INT. DYLAN'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - EVENING**

Dylan sheds her Olympic tracksuit -- leaving it in a crumpled mess on the floor.

The pink sunset sheds a warm glow all over the room...

Dylan takes it all in for a moment, the pile from Heather's house still on the floor, unsorted.

The medals. The trophies. The plaques. The pictures...

The pictures of her and Heather. The pictures of her and Bill -- also going back to when Dylan was six years old.

And she plops on her bed, watching the ceiling fan go around and around...a perpetual CYCLE, rotating over and over and over again, until someone finally --

-- STOPS IT. Dylan pulls the cord. It creaks to a stop, like it hasn't stopped turning in years.

And Dylan unlocks her phone and OPENS HER CONTACTS...

To the name MONA QURESHI. Company: NY Times.

Dylan stares at her phone. The sun finally DISAPPEARS behind the horizon...

And she hits CALL.

**INT. PAVILION - DAY**

SUPER: TWO MONTHS LATER

We see DYLAN from behind -- her unmistakable high ponytail. Glittering, blue leotard, light BOUNCING off the rhinestones on her shoulders...

The SHOOTING STAR, returned to orbit.

We take in the attentive crowd, waiting on the edge of their seat...

And can now see Dylan from the front.

She is FRESH-FACED. Happy. Not as gaunt. Not as tired.

And as she steps to the edge of the mat, we see her GAZE into the crowd...

...AT ITZEL, wearing a Stanford hoodie. BEAMING.

And we see now, Dylan's blue leotard is emblazoned with glittering stones spelling out UCLA.

And the music BEGINS...

We've only ever seen Dylan on BEAM, her greatest hurdle, and the pain she was forced to work through, utter agony...

But we're about to see her on FLOOR -- HER event.

She begins her first pass -- a pass of UNBELIEVABLE DIFFICULTY, a fucking H, maybe even an I --

AND SHE STICKS IT.

The crowd goes NUTS -- ITZEL INCLUDED.

Dylan's routine isn't perfect -- an overshoot here, a skip there -- but what we notice, now, above everything else, is how HAPPY she looks.

She INDULGES in every dance move, hair flick. A PERFORMER, REVELING in the SPOTLIGHT.

She sticks her FINAL PASS.

All of Dylan's teammates SCREAM on the sidelines --

-- and DYLAN BEAMS. A *REAL SMILE*.

And she THROWS HER ARMS IN THE AIR -- as though embracing the future HURLING TOWARDS HER.

**END**