

ASIA A

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FADE IN:

INT. UNIVERSITY TRACK STADIUM - TRACK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Almost empty on a Friday night, save for two people.

MATTHEW CARTER (20) trots at a steady pace, eyes dead-set on an invisible finish line in the distance. He has the tight, lean muscles of an athlete and the ego that goes with them. A boy finding his way to manhood.

RUNNING STEPS catch up on his left- THUD-THUD-THUD-

CAMILLA BROWN (19), just as athletic and fiercely independent. She's had to earn her way through life and is on a warpath to making something of herself.

CAMILLA
(between breaths)
Loser... pays for dinner.

Competition sparks in his eye and they break into a sprint-

EXT. TACO TRUCK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Matt pays for tacos. He and Camilla sit on the curb, eating in comfortable silence. She nudges him and he lets her dip her taco in his plate's sauce. A couple's habit.

DRUNK CHATTER erupts from PARTY GIRLS ordering at the taco truck, but nothing can ruin the Zen of this moment. Mouths full, Matt and Camilla peck and she lays her head on his shoulder. This is contentment.

DR. KOWALSKI (PRE-LAP)
This is the ASIA test.

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

A SILVER LINE. Out-of-focus. As the image sharpens...

DR. KOWALSKI (O.S.)
We're going to begin with the sharp-
dull component of the assessment.

...to an open safety pin, held by DR. KOWALSKI (50s).
Professional, matter-of-fact.

DR. KOWALSKI

I'm going to touch you with either
the sharp or the dull end as we
move down your body and I need you
to tell me which of the two
sensations you feel.

Matt, now 21, lies nude on a hospital bed, a folded sheet
over his privates. He has the frail gaze of recent trauma,
but still tries to look brave. She pokes his face, neck, and
arms, notating his responses

MATT

Sharp. Dull. Dull. Sharp.

Moving to his chest-

MATT (cont'd)

Sharp. Dull-

DR. KOWALSKI

Dull?

MATT

Yeah.

She makes a note of it. Matt's throat tightens. Continuing
down his chest-

MATT (cont'd)

Dull. Dull. Dull.

He falls silent.

DR. KOWALSKI

Was that sharp or dull?

MATT

Nothing. I felt nothing.

She prods his abs, legs, and feet, as Matt drones on-

MATT (cont'd)

Nothing. Nothing. Nothing.

But it's mechanical repetition. He already knows the result.
And it's taking everything he's got not to fall apart.

TITLE CARD: ASIA A

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Matt lies in bed in stunned silence, reality sinking in.
Someone takes his hand-

Camilla, now 20, standing beside. They interlace fingers...

A NURSE sticks his head in.

NURSE

Your teammates are in the waiting
room. Should I let them through?

Matt can't respond. Camilla shakes her head "no". The Nurse
leaves and Matt hangs his head. She whispers in his ear.

CAMILLA

You are so strong. And so brave...

Their lips find each other. Tender. Scared-

LEONARD CARTER (60s) bursts in. Matt's father. Proud and
controlling and always in a suit.

LEONARD

Coach called. How- What happened?

They hug and Matt clings to his father. He still can't talk.

CAMILLA

He was playing fine and then...

Leonard, noticing her for the first time.

LEONARD

I'm sorry, you are-

CAMILLA

Camilla. Matt's girlfriend. I've
heard so much about you.

She offers her hand, but he doesn't take it.

LEONARD

I'm going to get the doctor.

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

A BROCHURE of smiling people in wheelchairs under blue skies.
The ASIA logo reads "American Spinal Injury Association".

LEONARD (O.S.)

I don't understand.

Leonard holds the brochure as Dr. Kowalski sits with the three of them. Matt just looks down, completely detached.

DR. KOWALSKI

May I?

Tactfully, she opens the brochure to a chart of letter grades going from "A = Complete" to "E = Normal".

DR. KOWALSKI (cont'd)

On the ASIA scale, "E" is normal spinal cord function. That would be you and me. Your son is an "A". A T3 complete paraplegic with no sensation or movement below the chest.

LEONARD

He's playing the tourney, right now. He's going to get drafted.

She offers no solace... and the truth hits him.

LEONARD (cont'd)

Do you know how hard he's worked for this? What he's sacrificed-

MATT

Stop, just stop!

Leonard bites his tongue. Dr. Kowalski stands to leave.

DR. KOWALSKI

It will take about a month for the surgery to heal. During that time, Matthew will work with an occupational therapist to help him adjust.

(then)

You should all be ready to adjust.

The words hang over them as Dr. Kowalski exits.

INT. HOSPITAL - WOMEN'S BATHROOM - STALL - NIGHT

Camilla pees. In this quiet moment, the immensity of the day sneaks up on her. Waves of grief, anger, and shock wash over her and it's all she can do not to drown.

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Dim. Matt sleeps in bed, while Leonard lies on the couch watching a muted video on his phone. The glow illuminates two scars crossing his right forearm, three inches apart.

ON THE PHONE plays a home video of Matt (18) shooting hoops in front of a fancy house. He sinks shot after shot.

Leonard is lost in the past when Camilla comes in. An awkward beat. She collects her things, Leonard eyeing her.

Camilla strokes Matt's hair, then kisses his forehead.

CAMILLA

Babe? I got practice tomorrow.

He doesn't stir. She hesitates trying again-

LEONARD

What kind of practice?

Leonard sits up. His full attention making her nervous.

CAMILLA

Track. Short-distance.

LEONARD

Tough sport... So how long have you been dating?

CAMILLA

A little over two years.

LEONARD

Two years? Wow. That's a long time. That's a long... So Thanksgiving, said he was visiting some friends?

CAMILLA

(beat)

With my family.

Leonard takes it with a smile. Always a smile.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

I wanted him to tell you-

LEONARD

I'm sure he had his reasons.

(then)

I'll tell him you had practice.

Uncomfortable, she makes her way out. Leonard drops the veil of pleasantness, his ego wounded. He sees the video still running and goes to stop it, but hangs on seeing-

ON THE PHONE, Matt trying to keep a straight face as the cameraman moves in. Leonard raises the volume.

LEONARD (ON PHONE, O.S.)
Nineteen! That's Nineteen in a row!
Can he do- Twenty! Y'all see that?

Matt beams at the camera... as melancholy shrouds Leonard.

THREE FEET AWAY, Matt still sleeps... or does he? As the video plays on-

LEONARD (O.S.)
And where are you going?

MATT (O.S.)
Mountainview.

LEONARD (O.S.)
That's right, the Mayhem! Future
number one draft pick, right here.

INT. HOSPITAL - MRI ROOM - DAY

Headphones blasting hip-hop, Matt slides into an MRI machine. Like a coffin of hard plastic. He lies perfectly still as the WHIRRING surges over the music.

DISPLAY CONSOLE - "Time Left: 1hr 39min".

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - SERIES OF SHOTS

Matt treated almost like a child as the Nurse gives him a sponge-bath... changes his diaper... inserts a catheter and urine flows into a bag. He has no agency.

INT. HOSPITAL - TILT-TABLE EXAM ROOM - DAY

Matt lies strapped to a TILT-TABLE. Like a gurney until it tilts him upright. He sweats as the blood rushes to his feet for the first time in days. The TECHNICIAN stops the tilt at sixty degrees.

TECHNICIAN
Alright, we'll start you off with
twenty minutes. Let me know if you
need to stop.

Matt's head swoons, dizzy, fighting through.

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

A BLOODY INCISION on Matt's back. Six inches long. Someone cleans the area.

Face pinched, Matt hugs the railing. Leonard helps hold him on his side as the Nurse changes the dressing.

NURSE

Okay, you can set him down.

LEONARD

Easy, easy...

Leonard helps Matt lie back down.

NURSE

Looks good. Should be fully healed in a few weeks.

The Nurse exits and a woman comes in pushing a wheelchair. She has the harsh pragmatism of someone who's spent their life in the trenches: TERESA ESPARZA (43).

Matt's eyes jump to the wheelchair.

TERESA

Hello. Matthew, my name is Teresa and I will be your occupational therapist or OT. My job-

MATT

What's the wheelchair for?

TERESA

Unless you're planning on rolling around on your bed...

LEONARD

This is funny to you?

MATT

Pops-

TERESA

No, he's right. I apologize, Mr. Carter. That was insensitive.

Without missing a beat, she checks Matt's chart and rummages through his clothes drawer.

TERESA (cont'd)

As I was saying, my job is to help you relearn everyday tasks. Things like showering, going to the bathroom and yes, moving around on your own. But for now, why don't we start with the basics and get you back into your clothes?

She tosses him a t-shirt and shorts. Matt doesn't touch them.

MATT

I'm not feeling so hot today.

TERESA

Neither am I, yet here we are.

LEONARD

Will you please leave?

TERESA

Mr. Carter, if your son doesn't show progress in his therapy, he could lose his coverage-

LEONARD

I'll deal with the insurance bastards.

TERESA

Bastards or not, this is about Matthew learning to fend for himself or giving up his bed to someone who will. In that case, it would fall to you to care for him. I'm talking bathing him, feeding him, changing his clothes-

LEONARD

That's fine-

TERESA

Draining his bladder, driving him around-

LEONARD

He's my son!

Behind him, Matt slips off his hospital gown, terrified at the thought of being dependent on his father.

A tiny smirk from Teresa tells us she's a smooth operator.

LEONARD (cont'd)
Matt, you don't have to.

Matt ignores him, continuing to disrobe.

TERESA
For this first session, I think
it's best if Matthew and I had some
privacy.

One last indignity. Leonard stalks out without response.
Once alone, she peels back the bedsheet.

TERESA (cont'd)
Can you sit up for me? How are you
feeling?

MATT
I'm not. Thought that's why you're
here.

TERESA
Good, humor helps. More if you're
funny.

He snorts, warming up to her.

TERESA (cont'd)
I know it sucks to be stuck in bed
but, believe me, once you can use
the wheelchair it gets-

MATT
I'm not using the wheelchair.

TERESA
Hmm, and why is that?

He can't bring himself to say it. Instead-

MATT
Do people like me get better?

TERESA
It's not unheard of for some
patients to show a degree of
recovery. But with your diagnosis,
I would focus on improving your
quality of life.

Matt looks at the clothes still on his lap... and away.

TERESA (cont'd)
Matt, you're ASIA A. I can't tell
you that you'll walk again. But I
can promise you that if you don't
do the therapy, you never will.

Off Matt, making the biggest decision of his life...

INT. LEONARD'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

Basketball trophies and photos of Matt on the court line a
wall. They glint in the soft light of Leonard's desk lamp.

Leonard scrolls through several ASIA websites with intense
focus. Poring through, taking notes, diving in...

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Wearing his own clothes, Matt practices sitting up from a
prone position with Teresa. It's grueling. Drenched in
sweat, he falls back into bed.

TERESA
Feels good to work up a sweat, huh?

He could die. Teresa pauses at the door.

TERESA (cont'd)
Looks like you got a visitor.

She exits. Matt raises the bed to a sitting position when a
basketball flies at his head-

DANIEL (O.S.)
Heads up!

Matt starts as DANIEL (21) feints throwing the ball, then
cracks up at his reaction. He's tall and athletic.

DANIEL
Look on your fucking face.

Daniel gives him a bro hug and hands him the basketball.

DANIEL (cont'd)
Ball from yesterday's game. Coach
had everyone sign it.

Matt rolls the ball over, thumbing the signatures.

MATT
Heard we beat Stanford.

DANIEL
Yeah, man. We're in the final four!

MATT
That's dope.

Matt tries to be excited but Daniel can see the hurt.

DANIEL
Shit, I didn't mean... Hell, Coach put Malik in and you know his ass can't shoot. We needed you, man.

MATT
Someone's gotta carry your sorry ass.

Daniel plops down on the wheelchair and rolls around absentmindedly as he tries to cheer Matt up. But all Matt can see is Daniel treating the chair like a damn toy-

DANIEL
Game was a fucking joke. Malik was all over the place. Motherfucker was breaking the laws of mathematics missing more shots than he took. Coach was ready to-

MATT
Get out the chair, man! Just... get out the chair, all right?

DANIEL
Of course. Shit. My bad.

Daniel stands. Awkward silence.

DANIEL (cont'd)
Hey, so you're not letting Coach come see you? I mean, I get-

MATT
Yo, listen, thanks for coming, man.

DANIEL
Is it because of the chair? 'Cause I can sit on the floor.

MATT
Nah, just tired is all.

They hug goodbye. As Daniel backs to the door-

DANIEL

You know I'm coming back, though,
right?

Matt forces a smile until he's gone. Still holding the ball, he takes in the signatures. From far away, we hear the ROAR OF A CROWD, growing stronger and stronger until we're in-

INT. UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL STADIUM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The air is electric with the crowd on its feet as Matt leads the MOUNTAINVIEW MAYHEM in a fast break and dunks. The jumbotron flashes wildly as the MADMAN MASCOT flips out and the CHEERLEADERS kick off a chant. Welcome to Division I.

Daniel high-fives Matt. They look the same so this is recent.

SERIES OF SHOTS: Matt tears up the court, racking up the points. The sheer passion of someone doing what they love and being damn good at it.

INT. UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL STADIUM - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT
(FLASHBACK)

The team celebrates a win as they change and shower. A REPORTER interviews Matt-

REPORTER

-giving the Mayhem their best performance in years. With half the season to go, what would it mean to you to play in March Madness?

MATT

Everything. It's what I've been working for my whole life. But it's not just about playing for something. It's about playing for someone-

Daniel jumps in.

DANIEL

Number two in the conference! Woo!
I love this man. I wanna have his babies.

Daniel kisses Matt on the cheek and gets shoved away. Matt's cell RINGS. Leonard. He's not thrilled.

MATT

Sorry, I gotta take this.

He leaves Daniel to continue the interview and answers.

MATT (cont'd)
 Hey, Pops... Yeah, halfway there...
 What? My pump fakes are fine. What
 are y- No, I'm not putting Coach on-

As he listens, the fight goes out of him.

MATT (cont'd)
 I know. She'd be proud... Pops, I
 gotta go... Yeah, talk later.

He hangs up and tries to push down his frustration when the entire team jumps him in celebration and the camera's shoved in his face again. He shakes it off and joins the party-

INT. MALIK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Matt upside-down in a keg stand as his teammates egg him on. He lands and chest bumps with Daniel. To everyone-

MATT
 This is our conference. And it's
 gonna be our tourney. And our
 draft. 'Cause this is our time!

They roar in agreement. Then Matt sees the actual time.

MATT (cont'd)
 Yo, gotta go. Got some shit to take
 care of.

DANIEL
 Oh, yeah? What kinda shit?
 (calling after)
 What kinda shit?!

EXT. TACO TRUCK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Matt tucks in a dress shirt as he hurries to the taco truck. Opposite him, Camilla runs late too, just as overdressed, putting on earrings. She beats him by a second. Playful-

CAMILLA
 You're late.

MATT
 Guess I don't respect your time.

CAMILLA
 Careful. I'm always looking for
 seconds to cut.
 (then)
 Ready?

He hesitates and she gives him a look. *What?*

MATT
 The taco truck?

CAMILLA
 You mean our taco truck?

MATT
 It's still a taco truck.

CAMILLA
 The one where we had our first date?

MATT
 Taco. Truck.

CAMILLA
 And makes the most mind-blowing
 tacos that are the closest
 approximation of Nirvana on Earth
 that I won't get to eat during peak
 season? That taco truck?

He gives up.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
 I'm starving.

She pecks him and goes to the window to order.

LATER

Their ritual eating of tacos on the curb. She stuffs her
 mouth with gusto, a carefree glow about her. Matt gawks. She
 flashes him the chewed-up tacos, but he doesn't flinch.

MATT
 Let me get some of that.

CAMILLA
 Gross.

They kiss.

MATT
 Love you, babe.

CAMILLA
Love you more.

MATT
Happy anniversary.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

After dinner, they stroll through the park.

MATT
So?

CAMILLA
So we're spending Thanksgiving with
my family, but your dad still
doesn't know I exist?

Annoyed, Matt doesn't answer.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
It's been two years. I want to meet
him.

MATT
You don't know what he's like.

CAMILLA
No duh, that's my point.

He takes her by the waist.

MATT
Listen, forget my pops. Next year,
after I graduate, I'll get drafted,
get my own money, my own place. You
could move in... I can play ball
and you can focus on running. No
waiting tables, no jumping through
hoops for a scholarship. Just that
Olympic gold.

CAMILLA
You're giving me a full-ride?

MATT
Mm-hmm.

CAMILLA
For being your girlfriend?

MATT
What if you were more?

CAMILLA
Who says I would be?

MATT
Really? So if I proposed to you
right now...?

CAMILLA
I'd have to think about it.

MATT
Seriously?

She can't tell if it's just teasing anymore. She pulls away.

CAMILLA
Babe, I don't know. I just don't
want to feel like I owe you
anything. Like I'm...

MATT
What, trapped?

CAMILLA
No... but, yeah. I'm not looking
for a sugar daddy.

Matt doesn't laugh and a horrible thought hits her.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
Wait, you weren't asking-asking,
were you?

MATT
(beat)
Nah, I was just- Nah...

She covers her face and exhales the sudden tension. Shit
just got way too real.

CAMILLA
We should start heading back.

She heads off. He watches her go, kicking himself, and pulls
a box from his pocket that he opens to an engagement ring...

Suddenly, all the streetlights shut off, save for the one
above him. The darkness around is absolute as if nothing
existed beyond the pool of light. Memory becoming nightmare-

MATT
Babe?

A LOW GROWL behind him. He spins and a massive, oversized ROTTWEILER edges into the light. Teeth bared. Drooling.

Matt runs but it SEIZES HIS ANKLE and drags him back. He claws at the asphalt as the beast TEARS OFF HIS LOWER LEG.

Matt crawls away, screaming, crying, trailing a river of blood as the dog CLAMPS DOWN on his other leg- LOUD BEEPING-

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

In the dark, Matt's monitor FLASHES RED, alarm BEEPING. Camilla wakes up on the couch-

CAMILLA

Matt? Matt!

The light comes on as the NIGHT NURSE rushes in. Matt twists in his sleep, soaked in sweat. The Nurse takes his vitals.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

What's wrong with him? What's happening?

NIGHT NURSE

(into phone)

Page Dr. Kowalski for room four-oh-five.

CAMILLA

Babe? I'm right here-

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Morning finds Camilla passed out on the chair. Matt still in fevered sleep. A haggard Leonard takes a business call.

LEONARD

Because you are held to the laws of the state where you operate... Even if you incorporated in Wyoming...

A knock and Teresa enters. Leonard locks on.

LEONARD (cont'd)

Let me call you back.

TERESA

(pre-empting him)

I'm just here to check on him.

LEONARD

He has a hundred plus fever from the infection you people gave him.

TERESA

Actually, UTIs are pretty common for SCI patients.

LEONARD

Is that supposed to make me feel better?

TERESA

Mr. Carter, I sympathize with you, but the only way this gets easier is to accept that-

LEONARD

Accept? You want me to- You know what? You're right. I've actually been doing some reading and from all the patients diagnosed as ASIA A, only five percent recover enough to walk again. Five percent. To hope that my son is one of those would be... Except, do you know how many high school ball players make the jump to Division I? One percent.

(then)

My son is going to walk again.

TERESA

(beat)

What if he can't?

He gives her an icy stare of denial. She checks on Matt, leaving Leonard to consider the unthinkable.

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY - DAYS LATER

The WHEELCHAIR sits in the corner. Ever-present. From his bed, Matt fixates on it, shivering from the fever.

CAMILLA (O.S.)

Open.

He accepts a spoonful of soup from Camilla. She dutifully refills it, her caring digging at Matt.

MATT

You don't have to...

CAMILLA
You haven't eaten in three days.

MATT
...stay. You don't have to stay
with me, if you don't want to.

She goes very quiet and sets down the bowl. Matt, heart in his throat, waiting for her answer...

She PUNCHES his arm. Hard.

CAMILLA
What the fuck, Matt?

MATT
I was just-

She keeps punching him when Teresa swoops in between them.

TERESA
Hey, hey-
(to Camilla)
I need you outside. Now.

CAMILLA
Whatever.

She leaves, SLAMMING the door behind her.

TERESA
What was that?

Matt looks away, anger and shame burning his face.

TERESA (cont'd)
As hard as this is for you,
remember, this is also happening to
her.

MATT
Then why am I the only one in this
bed?

TERESA
You're not. And unless you realize
that, you will be.

That lands for him.

MATT
What if I don't wanna be in this
bed? What if I want my life back?

TERESA

Then we better restart your
therapy. Which means...

Teresa brings the wheelchair from its corner.

MATT

Nuh-uh.

TERESA

It's just a wheelchair. It can't
make this any more real.

(then)

But it can help you go after her.

Matt stares at the vacancy in the chair. It scares him, but there's something that scares him more...

INT. HOSPITAL - SKYWAY - DAY

Encased in glass, connecting two buildings. Bathed in golden light, Camilla watches the afternoon rush below.

Matt rolls up in the wheelchair. The rawness of the sight rocks her. He waits for her to be repelled, disgusted-

Instead, she embraces him- a simple act of acceptance- and they cling fiercely to each other.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Matt waits as Camilla and Leonard pack the last of his things. He's going home.

LEONARD

I had some work done around the
house to make it more accessible.

Matt and Camilla share a look.

LEONARD (cont'd)

I also found a place for your
therapy and I hired a nurse to-

MATT

Actually, Pops... I thought it
would be better if I stayed with
Camilla on campus this summer.

CAMILLA

We already spoke to housing and they moved me to an accessible room.

MATT

That way I can keep doing my PT and OT here, then finish my last semester in the fall.

Leonard's gaze shifts between the two of them.

LEONARD

Sounds like you got it all figured out. You move in with your secret girlfriend, domestic bliss-

MATT

Why you gotta be like this?

LEONARD

Because you just told me how it's gonna be, so I assume from that you know better. Tell me, what happens if you need help or you have an accident?

CAMILLA

We'll make it work.

LEONARD

That's not good enough. At home he has a full-time nurse, a house I paid a fortune to adapt-

MATT

I'm not going home!

Matt brooks no argument.

LEONARD

You wanna know what I see? I see a couple of kids who are way in over their heads and are too dumb to know it.

He leaves them to finish packing.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Matt and Camilla leave the room to find a line of MEDICAL STAFF waiting to see them off- everyone who cared for Matt.

Matt shakes their hands, thanking them. Coming to Teresa-

TERESA

Remember, routine. Set a wake up time and stick to it. Every day.

CAMILLA

Oh, he will.

TERESA

See you next week.

Matt shakes Teresa's hand and feels something. He finds a folded paper in his palm: "T & TH. HAILEY PARK @ 11AM".

MATT

What's at Hailey Park?

TERESA

Guess you'll have to go to find out.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Leonard loads the suitcases in the trunk and comes around the passenger side where Matt opens the door to find: a shiny lever attached to the steering wheel.

LEONARD

I also had the hand controls installed.

Matt ignores the gibe and pulls out a transfer board- a curved board that acts as a bridge between surfaces- and covers the gap between his chair and the car.

He grabs the passenger handle and pulls himself across when the board SLIPS, leaving him dangling-

LEONARD (cont'd)

I got you.

Leonard deposits him into the seat. Matt, pissed Leonard's proving his point. Camilla stores the wheelchair in the trunk, giving them privacy.

LEONARD (cont'd)

I'll send someone tomorrow with the rest of your things.

(then)

I wish your mother were here. She always had a way with you.

Matt glares at him and shuts the door.

Camilla opens the driver's side door and catches Leonard's look across the roof of the car. Resentment growing on his face. He walks away and Camilla ducks into-

MATT'S CAR

MATT

What's up?

She shakes her head. *Nothing*. Leonard's Jaguar drives away.

INT. MATT'S CAR - MOVING - SERIES OF SHOTS

Matt looks out the window at the urban sprawl. People living their able-bodied lives: CYCLISTS, a COUPLE strolling hand-in-hand, TEENAGE SKATEBOARDERS. He locks eyes with a DISABLED VET in a wheelchair asking for money at a light.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - DAY

Matt and Camilla enter their new room. It's not big, but open enough for a wheelchair to maneuver, with a low bed and a low desk. Camilla's stuff is already here.

Matt gives everything the once-over. Specially designed for someone like him. Camilla awaiting his judgment.

MATT

It's aight.

CAMILLA

"It's aight"?

He pulls her onto his chair.

MATT

For our first place together. Told you you would move in.

CAMILLA

Bullshit. You moved in with me.

They kiss... then Matt spins the chair as Camilla shrieks, holding on for dear life.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - DAY

Clock hits 6:45 AM and BLARES to life. Matt's hand reaches out from a mountain of blankets and slaps it off.

Peace reigns again until someone YANKS the covers off.

CAMILLA (O.S.)

Wake up!

MATT

What the hell?

In running gear, Camilla scarfs down a banana as she collects her backpack and gym bag.

CAMILLA

Your days now start at six forty-five. Get up. Go out. Do stuff.

MATT

Why six forty-five?

CAMILLA

Because I like my bathroom time at six. Have fun. Love you.

She disappears out the door.

MATT

Love you, too.

He dozes off again... when the banana peel SMACKS his face.

CAMILLA

Get up!

MATT

I'm up, I'm up. Damn.

And she's gone again. He tosses the banana peel out of bed, then just rests there, basking in the morning calm. First day of the rest of his life.

SERIES OF SHOTS - MORNING ROUTINE

Matt sits on the toilet, inserting the catheter into his urethra ("cathing" himself). We don't see his penis, but urine runs along the clear tube and SPLASHES into the toilet... Matt showers using the installed shower chair... Lies on the bed, slipping on jeans and socks.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - DAY

Matt watches Sportscenter.

SPORTSCENTER HOST

Moving on to our draft predictions but, first, after nearly two months in the hospital, former Mayhem point guard, Matt Carter, has finally been discharged. From all of us here at-

Matt shuts off the TV. He checks his social media on his laptop. Nothing but well-wishing messages. Bored, he closes it. Remembering, he pulls from his bag the paper Teresa gave him: "T & TH. HAILEY PARK @ 11AM".

EXT. UNIVERSITY TRACK STADIUM - TRACK - DAY

Camilla jogs with the TRACK TEAM under the blistering sun. COACH LYNN (45) watches from the sidelines, all lean muscle, sun-weathered skin and a perma-squint.

LATER

Practice over, Coach Lynn addresses the team.

COACH LYNN

Next month we're hosting the NCAA champs and, right now, canceling would be less humiliating. Starting tomorrow we are in peak season. That means we run mornings and afternoons. It means you switch to a competition diet. It's time to commit or eat shit.

TRACK TEAM

Yes, Coach.

INT. UNIVERSITY TRACK STADIUM - WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Three track team members chat by the lockers: a girl with GLASSES, one with a SCRUNCHIE and one in a TANK-TOP.

GLASSES

Honestly, I'd probably kill myself-

Scrunchie elbows her to be quiet as Camilla goes to her locker. They share looks to see who talks first.

GLASSES (cont'd)

Camilla? We just wanted to say how sorry we are about Matt.

SCRUNCHIE

When I found out I literally
started crying. Like, literally.

CAMILLA

(beat)

Thanks.

SCRUNCHIE

It's just so sad, you know? You
guys were like the athlete power
couple and now...

GLASSES

It's just you.

Camilla almost punches through their faces.

TANK-TOP

My best friend's uncle is in a
wheelchair.

Tank-Top offers nothing more. Camilla's in Hell.

EXT. HAILEY PARK - DAY

Sunny. PEOPLE jog, picnic and work out. Annoyed, Matt moves
past them, trying to figure out why he's here. He rolls into
a rut and, trying to push out, his phone DINGS with a text.

CAMILLA (TEXT)

Don't forget we have your thing
tonight!

He forgot. And he's not looking forward to it. Even more
annoyed, Matt PUSHES free of the rut... and that's when he
sees them.

MATT

Oh, hell, no.

EXT. HAILEY PARK - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

SIX PARAPLEGICS play three-on-three in a heated game.

AKARI FUKUDA (22) drives the ball and shoots when BRETT (25)
RAMS into her, sending her sprawling. He rights her chair
and helps her up. No hard feelings here.

Akari sees Matt and calls for a time-out. She rolls over.

AKARI

You Matt?

MATT

You expecting another black dude in a wheelchair?

AKARI

Teresa said you think you're funny.

She throws him the ball.

AKARI (cont'd)

Heard you got game.

Matt looks at the ball, something stirring from a lifetime ago... The rest of the team joins Akari and his moment vanishes. He throws the ball back.

MATT

I play real ball.

AKARI

Shit, guys, you hear that? We're playing fake ball!

They scoff. Akari throws the ball back harder.

AKARI (cont'd)

One on one, then. Unless you're scared of a fake ass-whooping.

Six faces judge Matt. His temper rises and we see a familiar spark in his eye.

LATER

Matt dribbles, facing off against Akari. Her friends SHOUTING ENCOURAGEMENT from the sidelines.

AKARI (cont'd)

Show me your moves, Semi-Pro.

MATT

I call this one "bow to the king" 'cause I'm about to hold court on your ass-

He accidentally bounces the ball off the chair and Akari recovers and scores.

AKARI

I call that one "suck on deez nuts."

SERIES OF SHOTS: Play after play, Akari wipes the floor with Matt. He quickly learns this is a very different basketball.

Akari dribbles, staring down a livid Matt. This is blood feud levels of hate. Then she smiles and just shoots over him.

Matt LUNGES, reaching- as the ball sails clear over and in- then face-plants on the court. Can't block if you can't jump.

Her team howls with laughter.

AKARI (cont'd)
Man, you're like Quasi-Pro.

She offers him a hand, but he slaps it away. The laughter stops. Exhausted, Matt struggles to get back in the chair. Brett moves to help but Akari stops him.

Back in his seat, Matt trades glares with Akari.

AKARI (cont'd)
See you around, Semi-Pro.

Pissed, he pushes away.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

In a dress shirt, Matt struggles to cath himself, ego still wounded from the thrashing. From the bedroom-

CAMILLA (O.S.)
It's not like they even give a shit. But they still went on and on about how "sorry" they were. I just wanted to punch a hole through their faces. "Like, literally."

Matt gives up and pulls out the catheter, seeing blood on the end. He looks away. He can't feel pain but, Jesus Christ, blood just came out of his dick.

CAMILLA (O.S.) (cont'd)
Are you done? I need to use the-

MATT
Don't come in!

Dressed to the nines, she freezes opening the door. Matt covering himself-

MATT (cont'd)
Get out!

Gently, she pushes in and kneels before him.

CAMILLA
What's wrong?

He can't tell her. Finding his modesty almost cute, she nudges his hands aside for a peek and-

CAMILLA (cont'd)
Oh, fuck, your dick is bleeding.
Blood is coming out of your fucking
dick-

MATT
I know!

CAMILLA
Why didn't you say something?!

MATT
I told you to get out!

CAMILLA
Okay, okay. I'm good-
(looks again)
Nope. Uh-uh.

MATT
Leave!... Please.

Seeing Matt this vulnerable sobers her up. She tears off some toilet paper and, coaxing his hands aside, cleans his penis off-screen. The bloodied tissue drops into the trash.

His hand shakes holding the catheter. Camilla closes her hand on his, steadying it... and takes the catheter.

CAMILLA
Tell me what to do.

She's way out of her comfort zone and he can see it. But he can also see the love. Leaving his own safe space-

MATT
You gotta hold my penis out-

CAMILLA
Penis?

MATT
Dick, whatever. Just hold it out.
And now you... slide that in.

To her credit, she only makes a few faces.

MATT (cont'd)
 Slow... slow... You'll know you're
 there when-

Urine STREAMS into the bowl. They wait in silence as his bladder empties, seconds becoming hours. The urine stops.

MATT (cont'd)
 You can take it out.

She does and their relief is palpable. Then one look at each other's faces and they can't help laughing, the tension dissipating until it's just the two of them again.

Breathing easier, she engages him, earnest now.

CAMILLA
 We can do this.

And we see it on his face. He believes her.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT - MOVING

Matt's car ACCELERATES almost rear-ending the car in front.

INT. MATT'S CAR - MOVING

CAMILLA
 No-no-no-no-no!

Camilla death-grips the handle as Matt drives, getting used to steering with one hand and gas/braking with the other.

INTERCUT INT./EXT.

Matt's car weaves through traffic as Camilla points with a half-eaten power bar.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
 Car! Light! People!

The car ZOOMS into a parking lot and into a space, stopping an inch from the nose of car in front.

Matt puts it in park. Camilla, still in shock.

MATT
 Told you I got it.

She murder-glares.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Matt still smiles as he transfers to the chair, then sees-
The lit-up basketball stadium. He struggles to control the
surge of emotions... and sets off for it.

INT. UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL STADIUM - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Matt's team changes into their uniforms when Matt and
Camilla enter. Daniel is the first to see them.

DANIEL

Hell, yeah! That's what I'm talking
about.

Daniel bro-hugs him to scattered applause. A string of his
teammates follow, some less comfortable with the wheelchair.

DANIEL (cont'd)

Hey, you going to Malik's after
this?

MATT

Nah, man. I got some-

MATT

-shit to take care of.

DANIEL

-shit to take care of.

DANIEL (cont'd)

Yeah, well I wasn't talking to you.

Daniel looks at Camilla who plays along.

CAMILLA

Maybe.

MATT

Maybe? Is that how it's gonna be?

CAMILLA

Some of us already took care of our
shit and now we need a drink.

DANIEL

Oh, damn.

(then)

Hey, before I forget. Coach wants
to see you.

Matt's been waiting for this. And dreading it.

INT. UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL STADIUM - COACH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Matt knocks on the open door when he sees COACH MCCARTHY (large and ruddy-faced, 60s) in conversation with Leonard.

COACH MCCARTHY

Matt, come in. How you feeling, son?

MATT

Good.

LEONARD

Coach, here, was just telling me how worried he's been for you. Especially with you not accepting his visits or his calls.

COACH MCCARTHY

It's okay-

LEONARD

No, it's not. Matt?

MATT

(beat)

I just needed some time.

LEONARD

To speak to the man who's looked out for you the last four years?

Matt bites back a reply.

COACH MCCARTHY

It's fine, son. And I can't tell you how sorry I am- we all are- that this happened to you. It's a goddamn travesty, is what it is.

(then)

Your father mentioned you're staying in town over the summer so if there's anything you need... You're family. I hope you know that. Both of you.

LEONARD

We appreciate that.

Leonard shakes Coach's hand as Matt glares at his father, unable to escape his influence.

INT. UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

Cheerleaders RILE UP the crowd as the team BURSTS through a paper screen, pumping their fists and playing to their FANS and the PRESS. This isn't a game, it's a celebration.

Mic in hand, Coach comes onto the court to his own round of applause. The music dies down.

COACH MCCARTHY

Let's hear it again for the Final
Four finishers!

The response is deafening.

TUNNEL

Matt claps halfheartedly, watching with Camilla.

COURT

COACH MCCARTHY (cont'd)

Thank you all for coming out to celebrate our boys. They may not have won March Madness, but they blazed one hell of a trail and it is all thanks to your enthusiasm and your love. Because that's what it takes: Love.

(beat)

But it also takes sacrifice. And there is one person who gave it all so the rest of us could be standing here tonight. Someone whose bravery inspires us and will continue to inspire his teammates well into their professional careers. Please join me in welcoming our very own Matt Carter.

TUNNEL

Matt knew this was coming, but still finds himself unable to move as the entire stadium gives him a standing ovation.

Camilla squeezes his shoulder and he rallies, pushing out onto the

COURT

where Coach waits with a plaque.

COACH MCCARTHY (cont'd)
 On behalf of all of us, please
 accept this token of our
 appreciation for your bravery, your
 sacrifice, and all the love you've
 given us.

Coach hands him the plaque... and the mic. Silence falls.
 Matt like a bug under a microscope. He spots Leonard in the
 front row watching him like a hawk.

MATT
 Thanks.

Leonard, disappointed. Realizing Matt's done, Coach claps
 loudly, encouraging the crowd to follow suit. Matt half-
 lifts the plaque, being gracious, but Coach grabs his hand
 and lifts it all the way up.

COACH MCCARTHY
 A hero! This man is a hero!

Matt grits his teeth as FLASHES pop and the ROAR of the
 crowd grows to become-

INT. MALIK'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bass POUNDING. Place is packed. Matt hangs with his
 teammates, including Daniel and MALIK (21), fuck-up
 extraordinaire. Daniel telling a story-

DANIEL
 Whole game was like, "Malik, don't
 foul him. Don't foul him, Malik".
 Then he got to four and it was like,
 "Get him, Malik! Bite his eyeball
 then sit yo ass out so we can win!"

They crack up. Giving Malik shit is the other team sport.

MALIK
 Fucking pussies kept diving on me.

DANIEL
 Ain't no pussies diving on yo ugly
 ass.

MALIK
 Fuck y'all. My stats are the shit.
 Just wait for the draft, I'ma get
 picked before you, you, you and you-

Finishing on Matt. The laughter stops cold, Malik realizing his fuck-up. Daniel GRABS him by the shirt.

DANIEL
Fuck is wrong with you?

MALIK
My bad-

DANIEL
Fuck is wrong with you, huh?

MATT
It's fine, man. Let it go-

MALIK
Get off me. Get the fuck-

Others try to pull them apart and Malik's beer DUMPS on Matt.

INT. MALIK'S PLACE - BATHROOM - SERIES OF SHOTS

Cramped. Matt tries to face the counter but keeps running into things... On a diagonal, Matt rinses his dress shirt in the sink... Dressed again, he pulls down his pants to reveal a catheter bag strapped to his thigh. He checks the urine level- only half-full- and pulls his pants back up.

INT. MALIK'S PLACE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Matt and Daniel hang by the keg. Nearby, Camilla chats with other people.

DANIEL
So how's she taking it?

MATT
Better than I am.

DANIEL
That's love, man. My ass was in a chair, it'd just be my momma giving me shit for sitting around all day.
(then)
It's good to have you back.

Something in Matt's face says he doesn't feel back.

MATT
Yeah.
(then)
Fill me up, man.

Daniel takes his cup. As he refills, he gets an idea and whispers to two teammates. He offers Matt the full cup-

MATT (cont'd)

Thanks-

Then pulls it back as the teammates lift Matt off the chair.

MATT (cont'd)

What the f-

DANIEL

Keg stand! Yo, keg stand!

Daniel raises his legs as PARTYGOERS cheer the spectacle.

MATT

Stop! Motherfuckers, stop!

CAMILLA

Put him down!

DANIEL

Grab the keg- Oh, shit-

Daniel jumps back as urine SPLASHES on the floor. The crowd quiets in confusion, more than one filming on their phone.

MATT

Put me down... Put me down!

They set him back in the chair, exposing the giant urine stain on the front of his pants. Gasps and giggles ripple around him. Humiliated, Matt rolls away-

DANIEL

We was just clowning-

MATT

'Cause this shit's funny to you?

"Hey, let's make the cripple do a
keg stand!"

(then)

You wanna know what the real joke
is? Your chances of getting drafted.

Matt pushes away, Daniel feeling like shit. Malik pops in.

MALIK

Why does it smell like piss?!

Someone slaps his head.

EXT. MALIK'S PLACE - NIGHT

Matt hurries down the sidewalk, Camilla catching up when she TWISTS her ankle.

CAMILLA

Matt, slow down- Fuck- Stop!

MATT

I thought this is what you wanted.

CAMILLA

I wanted you to spend some time with your friends.

MATT

So I could, what? Hear them jerk off about the careers that I gave them, while I'm the one covered in my own piss?

CAMILLA

You hadn't seen them in a month. I thought it would help.

MATT

How? How are they gonna help? Are they gonna give me another plaque? Or maybe next time they can throw me off the roof into the pool?

CAMILLA

What the fuck do you want, Matt?

MATT

I want my life back!

CAMILLA

(beat)

Then do something about it.

They stare down and she limps away past him. Matt knows he fucked up. He sees her stop... and come back.

MATT

Babe, I-

CAMILLA

I'm driving.

She snatches the keys from him and hobbles off again.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Camilla ices her ankle on the bed while watching TV.

At the desk, Matt runs a Google search: "Spinal Cord Injury Recovery". He clicks on "Nerve transfer surgery".

INT. OUTPATIENT REHAB FACILITY - DAY

Almost like a gym, with THERAPISTS assisting PATIENTS on yoga balls, treadmills and gym equipment.

In an open area, Matt balances on the back wheels, slowly turning in place. Teresa shadows him, holding a strap attached to the back of the chair.

TERESA

Almost there. Take your time.

A wheel nudges one of the cones set around him in a circle.

TERESA (cont'd)

Try again. One full rotation.

She resets the cone. Frustrated, he lifts up again.

MATT

What do you know about, like, using nerve transfers for SCIs?

TERESA

Focus.

(then)

That there are some highly experimental programs that sometimes get a headline or two.

MATT

So they work-

He twists to look at her and falls back- Teresa pulls the safety strap taut, catching his chair, and sets him down.

TERESA

If you think the lottery works, then sure. Again.

Matt leaves the circle and pulls some forms from his bag.

MATT

I found a place here in the States. I was hoping you could help me apply.

He hands her the forms and she looks them over.

TERESA

Let me ask you this: what will you be doing until you hear back?

MATT

Coming here, doing PT, OT-

TERESA

I mean aside from recovery.
(off his confusion)

These programs usually look for a very specific profile. And even if you match, there's no guarantee-

MATT

I get it. But you can't win the lottery if you don't play, right?

TERESA

Playing the lottery is not what worries me. It's what happens to you if you don't win.

Thinking she's declining, he tries to take the forms back-

TERESA (cont'd)

What happened with Hailey Park?

MATT

(incredulous)

I was going pro and you want me to-

TERESA

She kicked your ass, didn't she?

He doesn't dignify that with a response.

TERESA (cont'd)

Tell you what, give it an honest shot, I'll help you fill these out.

EXT. HAILEY PARK - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Akari supervises as the rest of the team drills passes: Brett, NINA (waifish, 18), JOSIE (pierced everything, 24), JAVIER (bookish, 16), and SILAS (thinks he's a playa, 20).

Javier throws it wide and Akari rolls her eyes. Brett points her to Matt arriving.

MATT
Hey, can we talk?

AKARI
(to Brett)
You hear something?

Javier fetches the ball and tosses it back... wide again.

AKARI (cont'd)
Are your arms fucked up, too,
Javier?

MATT
I get it. You don't want me here. I
don't wanna be here, either. So how
about you tell Teresa I gave this
bullshit a try and we never have to
see each other again?

Akari flashes a dangerous smile. *This motherfucker.*

AKARI
Or how about this time I give you a
real ass-whooping and you can tell
me how bullshit that feels?

She rolls up alongside, face to face. The team gathers.

MATT
Hell is your problem?

AKARI
You, motherfucker.

The others hold their collective breath. Matt, game-face on,
trying to figure out if she's for real. The tension peaking-

She head-fakes and Matt flinches. It's over.

AKARI (cont'd)
You're right about one thing. No
one wants you here.

She returns to the team as they share looks. *That was harsh.*

AKARI (cont'd)
Back to drills. I want perfect
passes this time... Move!

Reluctantly, they get back to it. Brett hangs back with Matt.

BRETT

We just like playing ball, man.
Last time, did it feel fake?

Matt tries to lie, but can't. Brett rejoins the team and Matt finally sees them: wheelchairs or not, they bust their asses for love of the game. Matt longs for that like air...

Brett watches Matt leaving, then gives Akari a look.

AKARI

What?
(then)
No, fuck you.

But the others also eye her with reproach. *Goddammit...*

AKARI (cont'd)

Ah, fuck.

LATER

Matt faces Akari and the team.

AKARI (cont'd)

Don't think any of us were
impressed with your shit-show. Last
chance to show me what you got.

She throws him the ball.

Akari watches from the sidelines as they play three-on-three. The team is actually... pretty bad. They can't shoot, can't pass, can't dribble. And Javier cringes at every contact.

But Matt shows flashes of brilliance as he gets his bearings. He goes for a shot but Josie fouls him.

Matt at the free throw line. The first shot bounces off the headboard. The second off the rim and out of bounds.

AKARI (cont'd)

Still not impressed.

BRETT

I think he's pretty good.

Matt still studies the basket, like figuring out a puzzle. Brett recovers the ball.

MATT

Yo, can I get the ball again?

Brett passes to him in spite of being on the other team. Matt lines up the shot and sinks it.

AKARI

You just gave them two points.

MATT

Ball.

Brett passes it again. Matt sinks another one. The team gathers. He keeps going, making shot after shot like his home video. Even Akari's brows rise. He finally misses the eighth shot. He comes out of the zone and sees everyone gaping.

MATT (cont'd)

I think I got the hang of it.

JOSIE

Can he play with us?

Face unreadable, Akari comes forward, staring down Matt. They hang on her verdict. She shrugs.

AKARI

Maybe you're not half-shit.

They break into CHEERS, crowding Matt... and he likes it. Almost like recapturing some of what he's lost.

INT. AKARI'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Backyard keg party. About half the GUESTS have a spinal cord injury. Matt arrives with Camilla, their fight still fresh.

MATT

Thanks for coming.

CAMILLA

I thought you were done with parties.

MATT

I was- I am. This is just-

AKARI (O.S.)

Hey, Semi-Pro!

Completely smashed, Akari crosses to them.

CAMILLA

(sotto)

Semi-Pro?

MATT

Akari, this is my girl, Camilla.

AKARI

Is the Pope around? Do we have the Pope? Cause we need to make this woman a saint. You mean you put up with his shit and you still love him?

CAMILLA

Most days.

AKARI

Hah. Come on, let's get you wasted.

Akari leads the way.

CAMILLA

(sotto)

I like her.

Matt scowls. They come across the rest of the team.

AKARI

Brett, Nina, Josie, Javier, Silas.
This is Camilla-
(to Silas)
Semi-Pro's girl.

SILAS

Why is she telling me?

TEAM

Hi, Camilla.

CAMILLA

So are you guys like a team?

JAVIER

We prefer "a band of misfits".

NINA

A drove of deviants.

JOSIE

A whirl of wheels.

SILAS

A Christopher of Reeves.

Josie SMACKS him. *Too far.*

JOSIE
What the fuck?

AKARI
Ignore them. Drinks. Now.

Akari takes them away.

TEAM
Bye, Camilla.

SILAS
(re: Camilla)
Did she just wink at me?

Josie rolls her eyes.

DRINKS TABLE

AKARI
What are you having?

MATT
Beer.

CAMILLA
I'm good, thanks.

Akari hands him one and holds out another for Camilla.

AKARI
You sure?

CAMILLA
I'm prepping for a race.

AKARI
(looking around)
I don't see no starting line.

TATIANA (dolloed up, 25) snatches the beer from Akari.

TATIANA
Ay, Aki. Stop.

Akari wraps her arms around her.

AKARI
I was just showing her a good time.

TATIANA
By giving her a hard time?

AKARI

I'll show you a good, hard time.

Akari stretches for a kiss and Tatiana indulges her.

TATIANA

Maybe later.

(to them)

I'm Tatiana.

AKARI

She's my Baby Mouse.

Tatiana blushes.

TATIANA

(sotto)

Don't call me that.

CAMILLA

Why is she your-

TATIANA

So how long have you been dating?

MATT

Uh, two and half years. You?

TATIANA

Three.

AKARI

Ran into her at the club and she
fell right into my lap.

She playfully bumps Tatiana to get her to hop on.

TATIANA

Stop.

MATT

Wait, you guys met after you...

AKARI

Hell, yeah. I don't know about you
but I let my tongue do the walking.
Right, Baby Mouse?

She grabs Tatiana's ass-

TATIANA

Okay! I'm gonna go check the ice.
It was nice meeting you.

She escapes Akari's roaming hand. Paving over the awkwardness-

CAMILLA

So how did you get hurt? If it's okay to ask.

AKARI

Fell off a horse. Bet Mom is really regretting those riding lessons now.

CAMILLA

Right... Where's the bathroom?

AKARI

End of the hall.

Camilla disappears into the house.

AKARI (cont'd)

Your girl is fucking weird.

INT. AKARI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Camilla enters and Tatiana quickly wipes her eyes.

CAMILLA

Oh, sorry-

TATIANA

Wait. Can you help me with the ice?

CAMILLA

(beat)

Sure.

Tatiana opens the freezer and grabs a large bag of ice.

TATIANA

Grab the other end... And go.

They move it to the kitchen island. Tatiana takes out a meat tenderizer mallet and pauses, something on her mind.

TATIANA (cont'd)

So... you knew Matt before his injury? You're lucky, you know?

CAMILLA

If you look at it that way, I guess...

(then)

Is everything okay between you two?

TATIANA

Yeah, just Akari being Akari. But sometimes I wonder who she was before.

(beat)

Matt seems nice, though. Just don't let him blame everything on the chair, okay?

Feeling better, Tatiana takes a cleansing breath... then attacks the ice with the mallet- SMASH-SMASH-SMASH-SMASH. Holy shit, this girl's got some issues.

EXT. AKARI'S HOUSE - BACKYARD

Akari presses Matt.

AKARI

All I'm saying is, she walked in here with some bad juju.

MATT

We had a fight, is all.

AKARI

And whose fault was that?

Matt says nothing. Camilla and Tatiana carry the ice from the house and dump it into the cooler.

AKARI (cont'd)

You're not a chooser anymore.

Camilla gives Matt a smile that hides what Tatiana just told her. Matt returns one that hides what he just heard.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Matt sleeps fitfully. He opens his eyes and freezes-

The enormous ROTTWEILER from his nightmare sits on his chest. GROWLING, baring its teeth...

Matt blinks and it's gone. Just his imagination. Beside him, Camilla sleeps with her back to him.

He scoots closer and lays a hand on her shoulder. Camilla lifts it off... and wraps it around her waist. They spoon.

MATT

I don't want to push you away.

She turns around to face him.

CAMILLA

Then don't.

And just like that, they fall into each other as if it had been years. Things heat up and Matt pulls a bottle of Viagra from the night table. He fumbles getting it open.

Before he can take the pill, Camilla grabs it and puts it on her tongue. She kisses him long and deep, pushing it into his mouth, and they pick up where they left off...

LATER

They lie side by side, neither looking like they got off.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

They did say it could be a while
before you can...

She lifts a finger to full erection. Matt's mood darkens. She gives a little shrug and goes back to sleep.

INT. REC CENTER BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Near-empty bleachers. The finish peeling from the court. Matt sighs. It's a far cry from what he's used to.

AKARI (O.S.)

Semi-pro!

A jersey hits his face. He opens it to the team name, "The Misfits". The rest of the team joins in uniform.

AKARI

You ready?

MATT

So how does this work?

BRETT

Standard league. Round-robin
season, then play-offs.

AKARI

Fuck the season. We win today.

SILAS

Can I sit out?

JAVIER

I have a bad feeling.

MATT
About what? What's today?

NINA
They're here.

And Matt sees them rolling onto the court in SLOW-MOTION: The PINK ROLLERS. They sport pink wheelchairs, pink uniforms, pink hair ties. They even brought their own damn pink ball.

NINA (cont'd)
The Pink Rollers.

AKARI
God, I hate them.

The PINK ROLLERS CAPTAIN (plastic, 25) comes over with TWO LACKEYS.

PINK ROLLERS CAPTAIN
(re: Matt)
Look, Akari picked up another stray. I thought you didn't do charity work?

AKARI
I just don't do it with my mouth.

PINK ROLLERS CAPTAIN
Eww. Eat a dick, Akari.

They roll away.

AKARI
I would, but you already ate them all!
(to the team)
On three. One, two, three.

TEAM
Make Pink bleed!

Off Matt, *what the hell did I get into?*

CENTER COURT - LATER

The back of Matt's jersey reads "Semi-Pro". He's in place as Akari and Pink Rollers Captain face off. REFEREE tosses up-

The Captain swats to a teammate and they charge, CRASHING into Matt and toppling him over. They score.

Strapped to his chair, Matt tries to right himself when the Pink Rollers Captain bumps him back to the floor.

PINK ROLLER CAPTAIN
 Oops. Sorry, I'm loser-blind.

Seething, Matt pushes himself upright.

MATT
 (to Akari)
 Let's make Pink bleed.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Matt and Akari play off each other, passing circles around the Rollers and scoring... The Rollers start playing rough and tempers flare... A SPECTATOR recognizes Matt and films him... The Captain bowls over Josie to sink a three-pointer.

SCOREBOARD - "Misfits 42 - Pink Rollers 43". 10 seconds left.

AKARI
 Time out!

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

The Misfits huddle.

AKARI (cont'd)
 We have ten seconds left. Just get the ball to me or Semi-Pro.

MATT
 Nah, they're gonna be crawling up our asses.

AKARI
 You got a better idea?

He frowns and then his face lights up with one.

LATER

Javier throws in to Silas as Matt and Akari race down the sidelines dragging two defenders each. The Captain goes for Silas... who lobs the ball over her to Nina, waiting alone by the three-point line.

Nina catches the pass and turns to shoot as the Captain realizes their mistake and bee-lines for her.

AKARI (cont'd)
 Shoot!

The pressure crushes Nina, the Captain almost on her-

Javier hesitates, then pushes into the Captain's path and she SLAMS into him, sending them both crashing. Nina shoots with the BUZZER and scores! The Misfits go crazy.

The Captain tries to get up but Silas bumps her back down.

SILAS
Totally didn't see you.

She tries again and Josie gets her.

JOSIE
I did.

The Captain finally rights herself and leaves the court with her team, Akari laughing maniacally after her.

AKARI
Now there are two things you suck,
dick and balls!

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Seven glasses CLINK together.

Silas hits on a SORORITY GIRL at the bar. At the Misfits' table, Matt talks on the phone.

CAMILLA (V.O.)
How was the game?

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dressed as a server, Camilla sneaks a call in the back.

INTERCUT MATT/CAMILLA

MATT
Actually, it was pretty dope. We
were up against this team-

SERVER
Table seven wants dessert.

The SERVER flies by and Camilla sighs.

MATT
Hey, do your thing.

CAMILLA
Wish I could've been there. I'm
proud of you.

END INTERCUT.

Matt barely hangs up when a FLIRTY GIRL ambushes him.

FLIRTY GIRL
Oh, my God, you're like my favorite
Mayhem player. Can we take a selfie?

Before he can answer, she crouches beside in a pose almost kissing his ear. A pitcher of beer EMPTIES on her head.

Drenched, the Flirt stares in shock at a very drunk, self-satisfied Akari holding the empty vessel. She flees.

MATT
Thanks.

AKARI
(re: phone call)
So what's up with Camilla?

MATT
She's got the championships coming up, plus her work schedule.

AKARI
Good for her. Got her shit together.

MATT
It's all part of our plan.

AKARI
No, it's part of her plan 'cause your plan went to shit.

MATT
It ain't like that.

AKARI
You think she was planning on cath bags and shower chairs? Plus, she's a runner, man. That's, like, if a bird was fucking a fish.

MATT
Hey-

AKARI
I'm kidding. I'm kid- Relax. Relax...
(then)
Serious talk, though. Serious talk... Does the "bird" still work?

She flicks hers eyes down to his groin.

MATT
 Fuck you. I told you, I
 fucking-

AKARI
 I'm fucki- I'm fucking with
 you. It's a joke. It's a
 fucking joke. Jesus.

AKARI (cont'd)
 I need a refill.

She heads for the bar, leaving Matt to chew on her words.

SORORITY GIRL (O.S.)
 We were just talking, Steve.

Matt turns to see TWO FRAT BROS jostling Silas by the pool
 tables as he spins for a way out.

At the bar-

AKARI
 Motherfuckers.

Matt pushes for them, but Brett grabs his chair.

BRETT
 Shit. Don't. Javier, door. Nina,
 Josie, make a path.

MATT
 We gotta help him.

Brett points out Akari heading straight for the Bros.

BRETT
 He's gonna be fine, trust me. Let's
 go.

Josie clears stools out of the way and Nina blocks a
 WAITRESS from the path.

NINA
 My chair's stuck. Gimme a sec.

A MEEK MANAGER can't make the Bros stop and gets shoved back.

FRAT BRO STEVE
 (to Silas)
 You really thought she liked you?
 My girl just has a soft spot for
 pity cases.

SILAS
 Is that what she calls your dick?

Steve SMACKS him in the face. None of them see-

Akari grab a pool cue and SWING at Steve's head. He drops.

AKARI

Go!

Silas scrams as she keeps swinging, forcing the other Frat Bro back. She throws the cue at him and bolts down the narrow path Josie cleared, both Bros close behind.

BRETT

Now!

Brett and Matt shove stools in their way and the Bros fall in a crashing heap. Brett and Matt fly out the door Javier holds open.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The seven of them BARREL down the street. As they make a clean getaway, Matt's fear becomes a fierce grin.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

They run out of steam, coming to a stop at a playground. Laughing now, exhilarated. Adrenaline still pumping, Akari HOWLS to the sky and they all join, including Matt. He's found his people.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Matt comes home drunk and turns on the light. Asleep, Camilla groans.

MATT

Sorry.

He turns it off again. He takes off his shirt and digs into a drawer for his pajamas, but instead finds... a small box. He opens it to the engagement ring he never gave Camilla. A relic from another life.

Sobered up, he stashes it under another pile of clothes.

He crawls into bed next to a sleeping Camilla when he gets an idea. He slips under the covers...

CAMILLA

Babe- What are you doing? I gotta
be up by- Oh. Oh...

She's awake now.

BEGIN MONTAGE

- ALARM CLOCK blares at 6:45 AM and Matt jumps out of bed. Every day.

- At the PARK, Matt helps coach the team through shooting and passing drills. Akari shows him a clipboard with their strategy and he wipes it clean, then draws a new one.

- At the TRACK STADIUM, Camilla trains with her team, crushing the drills. She leads the run across the finish and Coach Lynn checks her stopwatch. *Not bad.*

- At the OUTPATIENT REHAB FACILITY, Matt completes a full rotation on his back wheels, then pretends to fall back making Teresa flinch. He has great control.

- At the REC CENTER BASKETBALL COURT, the Misfits play better than ever, their training paying off. On the scoreboard, their team name climbs the ranks.

- At the TRACK STADIUM, Camilla runs alone... except she's actually gaining on Matt who pushes in his chair. Like old times.

As Matt and Camilla exit the track, she stays behind, taking in the quiet immensity of the stadium. Above her flies a pennant for the NCAA champs.

- In his STUDY, Leonard types a brief when an e-mail pops up: *Isn't this Matt??* He clicks and a viral video plays of Matt's game against the Pink Rollers. Leonard, stone-faced.

END MONTAGE.

INT. UNIVERSITY TRACK STADIUM - WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Bustling with activity. In running gear, Camilla sits with her eyes closed, impervious to the chaos around.

Her phone vibrates, breaking her focus.

MATT (TEXT)

Good luck.

She smirks. *Cute, but I don't need luck.*

INT. UNIVERSITY TRACK STADIUM - DAY

Matt watches from the stands as FIVE RUNNERS line up.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

The stage is set for the women's
four-hundred meter finals. The-

Camilla takes her spot beside them.

MATT

Yeah, come on, babe!

She finds Coach Lynn watching her on the side. Coach gives
her a nod. *Go get 'em, Brown.*

The RACE OFFICIAL gets the go-ahead.

RACE OFFICIAL

On your marks.

Camilla crouches, laser-focused-

BANG! And they're off, quickly clumping together, Camilla in
third. The group keeps pace rounding the lap and the Race
Official rings a bell as they cross the starting line.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

They're making great time going
into the final lap. We're about to
start seeing some moves here.

Coming out of the turn, Camilla fans out and guns it-

COMMENTATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

It's Camilla Brown on the outside,
breaking into second-

Coach Lynn sees the danger.

COACH LYNN

Too wide, too wide-

Camilla tries to regain the inside track before the curve-

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

But she's blocked out! And that is
going to cost her as she falls back
to third. It's Ocampo and Hart on
the final stretch.

Frustrated, Camilla explodes forward with raw, physical
power. We've seen her run before, but never like this. Never
for gold.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

But Brown isn't done. She closes on
Ocampo, blowing past her-

MATT

Go. Go. Put the burners on!

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Now she's gunning for Hart. It's going to be close-

They cross the finish line, Camilla edging her out.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

She did it! What just happened here?

MATT

Yes! Hell, yes!

Camilla crumples in exhaustion and shock. Coach Lynn appears beside and Camilla hugs her, making sure this is real.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Camilla Brown has won it all in spectacular fashion. Mark my words, her star has just taken off and it is leaving the planet, the galaxy, and all of us behind.

Matt's pride gives way to worry.

EXT. HAILEY PARK - FIELD - DAY

Matt blows out his birthday candles to a chorus of cheers. It's a small crowd: Camilla, the Misfits, Tatiana... and Leonard, trying to put his best face forward.

They pass around cake, drinking and having fun. Even Tatiana sits on Akari's lap.

Leonard grabs a beer and Akari sees the scars on his arm.

AKARI

Sick scars, how'd you get them?

LEONARD

No one ever tell you it's impolite to ask?

AKARI

Man, all the fucking time.

Leonard judges Matt's new friends and moves on. Akari thinks it's funny, but Tatiana doesn't and gets off her lap.

AKARI (cont'd)

I was just playing- Baby Mouse-

Tatiana speeds away. Akari grabs another beer as Teresa comes up.

TERESA
(re: Matt)
So how's he doing?

AKARI
He's stopped pissing and moaning,
but he's still a pain in the ass.

TERESA
Sounds like you deserve each other.

Akari shoots her a look... then smirks. They go way back.

TERESA (cont'd)
And how are you doing?

AKARI
(beat)
Never better.

She takes a long swig of beer to emphasize the point.

MATT
Hey, yo! Quiet down. I got
something to say.

They give him the stage. Suddenly he doesn't feel so brave.

MATT (cont'd)
The last three months have been...
something. Most of you know what
that means.
(to Camilla)
But you more than anyone. There's
something I've been meaning to give
you.

He pulls out the little box and reveals the engagement ring.
The color drains from Camilla's face. Speechless.

JOSIE
Oh, shit.

MATT
At our anniversary, you said that-

Camilla walks off and it's Matt's turn to be speechless.
Akari gives him a knowing look...

Matt goes after Camilla, catching up away from the party.

MATT (cont'd)
Babe- What the hell?

CAMILLA
"What the hell?" You just ambushed me in front of everyone.

MATT
Ambush? I ambushed you? If you want out just say so-

CAMILLA
You think I'm looking for a way out?

MATT
You just turned me down.

CAMILLA
I didn't turn you down!

Matt, confused.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
Matt, I love you even though sometimes I want to kill you, but I'm twenty-one. I don't know what my life is going to look like three, five, ten years from now and you're asking me to make a decision that...

The words escape her... but Matt begins to see.

MATT
You know, three months ago, I felt the other way. I had my whole life planned out, I was living the dream, and now... You don't know what ten years are gonna look like? I don't even know what tomorrow's got waiting for me. But a day or a decade, all I know is that I want you there with me.

(then)
And I also know that running's important to you and I swear that as long as we're together, I'll never let anything get in the way of that. I love you too much.

CAMILLA
I know, I just...

MATT
Don't want to feel trapped?
(MORE)

MATT (cont'd)
 (beat)
 Then you ask me.

He offers her the ring box. Her heart stops.

MATT (cont'd)
 I'm serious. Take it. It's your
 choice. You can ask me now or in a
 year... or never.

Freely given without expectation, she takes the box. Opening it, she gets her first real look at the ring... and it's perfect. Overwhelmed, she pulls him into a passionate kiss, all their emotions pouring out.

CAMILLA
 Okay... okay.

MATT
 Yeah?

Feeling silly, she takes a knee.

CAMILLA
 Matthew Carter, will you marry me?

MATT
 (long beat)
 Aight.

CAMILLA
 "Aight"?

JOSIE (O.S.)
 So it's a party or what?

The entire birthday party witnesses the exchange.

CAMILLA
 He said "aight".

And the party begins in earnest. Leonard claps with everyone else, his smile a little stiff.

EXT. HAILEY PARK - FIELD - LATER

Matt sits alone, watching his friends gawk at Camilla's ring. Surrounded by so much love, he seems... at peace.

Leonard stops before him. The silence becomes charged.

MATT
 Look, if you're gonna tell me-

LEONARD

Beer?

Leonard holds one out. A beat and Matt takes it and Leonard settles in beside his son. Big day for the both of them.

LEONARD (cont'd)

I was also twenty-two when I proposed to your mother. Six months later we were married and living in this tiny one-bedroom apartment, working three jobs between us just to put me through law school. There were times... we were tested.

MATT

So you're saying don't get married?

LEONARD

No. I wouldn't change a thing.

Silence falls. The Misfits laugh at one of Akari's jokes.

LEONARD (cont'd)

Can I ask you something? Are you happy?

MATT

With Camilla? Yeah.

LEONARD

No, all of it. The chair, your friends. Playing some amateur league at a broke-down rec center. Are you happy?

MATT

Pops, I told you-

LEONARD

It's a simple question. Are you happy?

MATT

You know, I'm getting real sick of-

LEONARD

Answer and I'll stop. Are you happy? Are you happy, right now-

MATT

Yes.

LEONARD

You're happy staying in that chair
for the rest of your life?

Matt could choke on the word.

MATT

Yes.

Leonard pretends to believe him and rises to leave.

LEONARD

Then I'm happy for you.

MATT

You think I don't want to recover?
It's not up to me.

LEONARD

You think it was up to your mother?
But she still fought, she did drug
trials, she did chemo- Twenty-eight
rounds! She went down swinging and
you are settling for less.

Matt THROWS his drink at Leonard. Everyone watching, Leonard
wipes himself down and stalks away. Camilla catches up-

CAMILLA

Why can't you just let him be?

LEONARD

Be what? An invalid who peaked at
twenty-two? He deserves better.

CAMILLA

(beat)

You're right. He does.

She heads back and Leonard looks past her to

MATT

Watching his father get in the car and leave.

EXT. LEONARD'S HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A ball rebounds and YOUNG MATT (9) trots after it. Leonard
overseeing. It's the same house from the home video.

LEONARD

Come on, hustle.

YOUNG MATT

I'm hungry.

LEONARD

So am I, but you still owe me five
in a row.

Leonard's cell rings.

LEONARD (cont'd)

(into phone)

Yeah?... It's on my desk. Hold on.

(to Matt)

Show me five when I get back and
we'll go to that barbecue place you
like. Look where you want to shoot.

Leonard goes into the house. Matt tries to really focus on
the basket...

A GROWL behind him.

Matt comes face to face with the same damn ROTTWEILER...
except it's not oversized. That's because the dreams are the
memory of a nine-year-old and this is the real fucking deal.

Terrified, urine runs down his leg. He trembles, dropping
the ball. It HITS the pavement- The dog LEAPS-

Leonard jumps in, catching the dog's jaws on his right
forearm-

LEONARD (cont'd)

Get in the house! Matt, get in the
house!

Matt, frozen in terror...

MATT (V.O.)

I tried to, but it was like someone
had taken my body away. My bones, my
muscles, even my heartbeat was gone.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Matt and Camilla lie in bed.

MATT

I just stood there, watching him
getting mauled.

CAMILLA

What happened?

MATT

People started screaming. The owner came out and pulled it off. Left Pops with some nerve damage. Two years after that, I beat him one-on-one for the first time.

(beat)

Sometimes I feel like I'm still that little kid scared of a big dog.

CAMILLA

Is that how you feel or is that how your dad makes you feel?

He doesn't know. Their hands find each other, his fingers tracing the ring. They come together, quickly warming up.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

Someone's making a comeback.

MATT

Hmm?

CAMILLA

Pill's working.

MATT

I haven't taken the-

They stop, looking at each other, then down at Matt's crotch-

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

An OPEN SAFETY PIN held by Dr. Kowalski. She speaks, but it's muted.

Matt lies under a sheet, waiting for the ASIA test to begin. Trying to keep calm, but also daring to hope...

INT. HOSPITAL - DR. KOWALSKI'S OFFICE - DAY

Matt and Camilla sit in stupefied silence.

MATT

But my dick got hard.

CAMILLA

It did. I could feel it-

DR. KOWALSKI

I'm not saying it didn't happen,
simply that it could have been a
reflex or perhaps your bladder was
full. You did say you had been
drinking.

(off Matt's annoyance)

I am not being contrarian, just
honest. The test showed no
improvement in your condition.

Matt, crushed.

INT. MATT'S CAR - DAY

In the driver's seat, Matt debates calling his dad, thumb
hovering over "call". Camilla gets in and he locks the phone.

She lays her head on his shoulder.

CAMILLA

I'm sorry.
(then)

You wanna grab tacos later tonight?

MATT

(beat)
Sure.

He STARTS the car.

INT. OUTPATIENT REHAB FACILITY - DAY

Matt does sitting bench presses on the lowest weight under
the watchful eye of his PHYSICAL THERAPIST (rigid, 40s).

PHYSICAL THERAPIST

That's ten. Rest for thirty.

The PT fills his notes, keeping track of the seconds.

MATT

Working out more can help me
recover, right?

PHYSICAL THERAPIST

If there's any recovery to be had.

MATT

So shouldn't we be pushing harder?

The PT ignores Matt. Without him noticing, Matt shifts the pin from ten to thirty.

PHYSICAL THERAPIST
And start the next set-

He sees the pin and switches it back.

MATT
Come on, I can do thirty. I'm already playing ball.

PHYSICAL THERAPIST
Who authorized that? I haven't cleared you for any sports.

Matt shuts it.

INT. OUTPATIENT REHAB FACILITY - MOCK KITCHEN - DAY

A functional kitchen to teach life skills. Matt vents to Teresa as he tries to open the fridge, but keeps pulling himself into the door.

MATT
He doesn't give a shit. It's like I'm some fucking dog he's training.

TERESA
Brace the pull. What did you tell him?

MATT
I'm no snitch, if that's what you're asking.
(then)
So. What do you think?

TERESA
What's there to think about?
Nothing came up on the test.

MATT
But what if my dick getting hard is like a sign? Can't you give me a workout or something?

TERESA
That's up to your PT.

MATT

I already told you he doesn't give a shit. You want me to just pretend like nothing happened?

TERESA

If you mean keep living your life, then yes.

MATT

What life? Last three months I've felt like I'm stuck on the wrong side of the mirror in some fucked up reality and you people keep trying to convince me that everything's fine when I know it's not. And I was actually starting to believe your bullshit.

Teresa takes his measure

TERESA

Okay, let's say your erection wasn't a fluke. Six months from now, you get some bladder function back- not all of it- but just enough to know you have to go. Is that going to be enough for you? What if you get some feeling back, but just in your right leg? Or maybe you don't regain bladder control, but you can get around with a walker? Is anything going to be enough short of turning back time?

(beat)

There is no other side of the mirror. And the reason we keep pushing you forward is because you don't know how dangerous it can be.

MATT

What?

TERESA

Hope.

Teresa lets it sink in, then scribbles on a sheet of paper.

TERESA (cont'd)

Just between us, you can do these exercises three times a week, for one hour. Where you set your expectations is up to you.

She offers the sheet. Matt hesitates, then takes it.

EXT. HAILEY PARK - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Matt and Akari chat while the Misfits drill shots.

AKARI

My calf used to twitch all the time.

MATT

And?

AKARI

Come on, Nina! Just one basket. One.

(to Matt)

You think I'm sitting here, resting my legs?

Josie wheels up to them.

JOSIE

(to Matt)

Is there a way to make the bounce less crazy?

MATT

Yeah, add more backspin-

AKARI

What are you asking him for? Is he the captain, now?

JOSIE

No, I-

AKARI

Add more backspin, now fuck off.

Josie returns to shooting.

MATT

What about, like, working out to help the PT?

AKARI

Man, just do what you gotta do to ride out the first year.

MATT

Why? What happens after the first year?

AKARI

You get used to the noise.

Something in the way she says it unsettles Matt.

AKARI (cont'd)

Stop hogging the ball, Silas! It's not gonna fuck you!

INT. UNIVERSITY TRACK STADIUM - COACH LYNN'S OFFICE - DAY

A hanging display box with a newspaper clipping: "BETTY LYNN TAKES GOLD AT THE OLYMPICS". Beside it, the actual medal.

Camilla's starstruck. Coach Lynn enters, pausing at seeing her gape at the medal.

COACH LYNN

Thanks for waiting.

CAMILLA

I was just... Can I ask? How did it feel?

COACH LYNN

Like I earned it. Question is, how did you feel?

CAMILLA

(beat)

Free.

Coach Lynn arches an eyebrow.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

Growing up, my parents were always working so I was expected to help around the house. Between chores, homework, and looking after my little brothers, running was the only time I could just be me.

COACH LYNN

You can get that from running at the park.

CAMILLA

Yes, but the park doesn't give gold medals, does it?

Coach Lynn cracks a rare smile.

COACH LYNN

All right. You turned a lot of heads last week. Reason I called you in is you got some sponsors sniffing around- Don't get too excited. They still think you're too much of a dark horse.

CAMILLA

So how do I prove myself?

COACH LYNN

(beat)

You win the USA champs in July.

Camilla's eyes light up.

CAMILLA

You think I can?

COACH LYNN

You don't? Because I'm behind on my soaps and thirty days ain't much to go up against life-long pros. But if you want to start earning it...

Camilla's eyes flick to the gold Olympic medal.

COACH LYNN (cont'd)

Then we got some seconds to cut.

EXT. TACO TRUCK - NIGHT

Matt on the phone with an overwhelmed Camilla.

CAMILLA (V.O.)

And then the Olympic trials are next year and if I have a sponsor, then- Oh, God. By the way, is it okay if we cancel dinner? I know it's last minute, but Coach wanted to start training so I had to take the late shift.

Matt's literally by the TACO TRUCK with the food on his lap.

MATT

No prob.

CAMILLA (V.O.)

I still can't believe it. It's like everything I ever dreamed of actually has a chance of happening.

Like a punch to the gut. The call ends. A storm growing inside, Matt rolls to the trash and SLAMS the food in-

INT. UNIVERSITY BASKETBALL STADIUM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Matt SLAM DUNKS over a UCLA PLAYER and pumps a fist. He's on fire and living the dream.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

And the Mayhem are unstoppable,
only minutes away from winning the
conference and punching their
ticket to March Madness.

UCLA rushes but Matt steals the ball. He bounces a one-two pass off Daniel and drives past a DEFENDER when he falls. The REF calls a foul.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.) (cont'd)

The Bruins aren't liking that and I
don't blame them. I didn't see any
contact.

The Bruins crowd the Ref as Matt tries to rise, but can't. Daniel pulls him up, but he sinks back down on lifeless legs. Matt's growing terror MUTES the world around...

The Ref checks on him with indistinct babble. Confused, Matt still tries to rise when the MEDICAL STAFF forces him onto a stretcher. They bear him away, his world falling apart.

DR. KOWALSKI (PRE-LAP)

It's what we call a spinal AVM.

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

That first night, pre-Leonard's arrival. Dr. Kowalski breaks it down for Matt and Camilla using a diagram of the spine.

DR. KOWALSKI

Or arteriovenous malformation.
Essentially, it's a bundle of blood
vessels that forms near your spinal
cord and can grow to compress it.

(then)

We've removed the AVM, but there's
no way to undo the damage.

Matt gives no sign of having heard her. Still in shock.

DR. KOWALSKI (cont'd)
 Spinal AVMs are very rare. Some
 people go their entire lives without
 even knowing they have one. Others-

MATT
 Are just lucky?

His denial slowly giving way to anger...

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY (BACK TO
 PRESENT DAY)

Post-shower, Matt does wheelchair push-ups in front of the
 mirror, Teresa's exercise sheet on the counter.

INT. REC CENTER BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

The Misfits play another game, bowling over their OPPONENTS.
 Matt pulls up to Brett.

MATT
 Didn't we play them two weeks ago?

BRETT
 Only four teams in the league, dude.

The sheen begins to wear off for Matt.

EXT. AKARI'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Matt and a drunk Akari share a blunt. The rest of the
 Misfits and a few GUESTS hang out with some drinks. Matt's
 phone BUZZES.

CAMILLA (TEXT)
 I just got stiffed on a \$90 bill.
 [three angry emojis].

He sets the phone back down.

MATT
 What was your plan? The one that
 went to shit.

AKARI
 Not break my back.

MATT
 All right, what's your plan now,
 then?

She gives a noncommittal shrug, annoying Matt.

AKARI
Jesus, I'm fucking with you.
Lighten up.

MATT
So?

AKARI
(beat)
You're looking at it.

MATT
This?

AKARI
Why? You got something better going
on?

MATT
I just thought there'd be more.

She fixes him with a gaze, trying to figure out how much
insult to take. Finally, she shakes her head.

AKARI
You're gonna learn, Semi-Pro. Some
people live the life they plan.
Others fall off a fucking ladder.

MATT
I thought you fell off a horse-

AKARI
Hey! Baby Mouse!

Arriving, Tatiana ignores Akari and makes a beeline for the
house. Something's up.

AKARI (cont'd)
Ah, shit.

She hands him the joint and follows her inside. Matt joins
the team, offering the blunt to Brett.

MATT
So how did Akari end up in a chair?

BRETT
Why? What did she say?

MATT
She fell off a horse, she fell off
a ladder- What's so funny?

BRETT
Hey, Silas! How did Akari hurt
herself?

SILAS
Street fight.

JOSIE
Jet ski accident.

JAVIER
Fell off a cliff.

NINA
Horrible sex injury.

BRETT
Mosh pit.

MATT
So which is it?

Brett shrugs.

JOSIE
We got a pool going, if you wanna-

The front door SLAMS shut as Tatiana escapes with a
suitcase, Akari behind.

AKARI
Where you going, huh? Where you
going, Baby Mouse?

TATIANA
Stop calling me that!

AKARI
Then come back and I'll stop. I'll
stop. Swear to God.

TATIANA
It's not just that. It's-

AKARI
Then what? What is it? What do you
want? What does the princess want?

Tatiana looks at her with the last bit of love she bears for
her... and turns to leave-

AKARI (cont'd)
 (to everyone)
 You wanna know why I call her Baby
 Mouse? It's 'cause when she cums,
 she makes these little squeaky
 noises, like-

Akari IMITATES them. Mortified, Tatiana scurries away.

AKARI (cont'd)
 Baby Mo- Tati, I'm sorry. Tati!
 (then)
 Fuck you! I hope you fucking die!

She crosses looks with a GREEN-HAIRED GIRL.

AKARI (cont'd)
 Your hair looks stupid.

Everyone averts their eyes. Akari reaches for another beer
 when Matt grabs her wrist.

MATT
 Maybe you should take a break.

AKARI
 Fucking let go of me.

MATT
 I'm serious-

AKARI
 Let go. Let me- Motherfucker!

Akari SWINGS at him and falls off the chair. From the floor,
 she strikes his legs as the team rushes to intervene-

AKARI (cont'd)
 Fuck you, pussy-ass bitch. Fuck
 you- Don't touch me, don't-

Akari THROWS UP and everyone backs away.

INT. AKARI'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Matt leads the way as the Green-Haired Girl pushes Akari,
 who's completely out of it. They come to a door.

MATT
 This one?

INT. AKARI'S HOUSE - AKARI'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter to a mess of clothes and empty liquor bottles. The Girl parks Akari next to the unmade bed.

GREEN-HAIRED GIRL

All right, bitch, let's get you to bed.

She lifts her when Akari HEADBUTTS her nose in an explosion of blood. The Girl SHRIEKS, covering her nose-

GREEN-HAIRED GIRL (cont'd)

Oh fuck, I think you broke it.

AKARI

Good.

Crying, she runs from the room.

AKARI (cont'd)

You wanna help too?

MATT

I'm good.

Akari clutches the sheets to haul herself across into bed... and keels to the floor.

AKARI

Don't-

She flails an arm to keep him away, but he hasn't moved. Just watches her try to pull herself up until she finally gives him a defeated look. He doesn't trust it.

MATT

You touch me, I'm knocking you the fuck out.

The two of them struggle to lift her onto the bed.

AKARI

How are you gonna knock me out with those scrawny-ass arms?

A final push gets her half onto the bed, where she drifts off. He swings her legs up, then goes to cover her when he sees something stuck between the bed and the wall.

He pulls out a SHATTERED PICTURE FRAME showing-

A teenage Akari posing in a handstand with her dance crew, all wearing mock school uniforms. Another life.

AKARI (cont'd)

The plan...

Eyes closed, she babbles in drunken stupor.

AKARI (cont'd)

...is there is no plan. No plan.
This is it, Semi-Pro. Welcome to
the big leagues...

She drifts off again, Matt still holding her picture,
surrounded by the train wreck she's made of her life.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Matt lies awake, Camilla sleeping soundly beside. Unable to
bear it any longer, he tears off his covers-

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Light blooms. Matt calls someone, the line RINGING.

MATT

Pops?

(beat)

I want to walk again.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - DAY

Matt opens the door and a DELIVERYMAN dollies in a host of
boxes. He unpacks dumbbells, resistance bands, a yoga ball,
then begins assembling a machine.

LATER

Everything organized like a home gym. Matt beholds the
finished machine: a low seat behind standing handlebars.
We're still not sure what it does.

He transfers to the seat and straps himself in, then pulls a
lever and the chair raises slightly.

Slowly but surely, Matt pumps the pneumatic lever, the chair
rising and straightening until it supports him in a full
standing position, the handlebars within reach. This is an
ACTIVE STANDING FRAME, a hand-operated elliptical.

On his feet for the first time since the injury, it's a
taste of what he's fighting for. He gets emotional... then
his face hardens and he grips the handlebars-

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - DAY

Matt and Leonard prepare a battle-plan over Zoom.

LEONARD

I found a great PT back home.

MATT

I'm not going home.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - EARLY MORNING

The alarm goes off and Matt springs awake.

LEONARD (V.O.)

You made that clear, that's why I'm sending you her routine.

Matt opens his dad's e-mail with the routine and a batch of exercise sheets attached.

LEONARD (V.O.) (cont'd)

A strength and cardio workout. Four hours a day. Rest on Thursdays and Sundays.

THE PRINTER

spits out blank copies of the ASIA Test sheet. Matt adds them to a three ring-binder.

LEONARD (V.O.) (cont'd)

We're looking for any change in your condition.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Matt uses a pin to prick himself from the toes up, administering his own ASIA Test and recording the results.

LEONARD (V.O.)

Even the slightest improvement we need to seize on immediately.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - SERIES OF SHOTS

Following the exercise sheets, Matt works out with the dumbbells and resistance bands. He sits on the yoga ball, trying to keep his balance-

LEONARD (V.O.)

Right now, you don't have school,
you don't have a job. Your job is
to fight for yourself.

He works the elliptical, feet SWISHING back and forth, his
face a mask of determination.

LEONARD (V.O.) (cont'd)

Improbable is not impossible. Don't
be afraid of the odds, they just
tell you how much harder you gotta
work to beat them. If the chance
exists, if you can recover, we are
going to hit it.

BEGIN WORKING OUT MONTAGE

- Matt consistently rises at 5:45 AM, Camilla still asleep.

- In the BATHROOM, he performs the ASIA Test on himself,
filling out sheet after sheet in the binder.

- Camilla wakes at 6:00 AM. Tries to enter the bathroom, then
realizes Matt's taking up her time. INSIDE, Matt showers.

- He works out with heavier dumbbells and has better balance
on the yoga ball. He pumps away on the elliptical, watching-

ON TV, Daniel gets drafted by the Heat. Overexcited, he
drops bleeped f-bombs and bear-hugs the COMMISSIONER.

Matt ups the pace.

- The LEAGUE BRACKET sets up the semi-finals: The Misfits vs
The Pink Rollers.

- At the PARK, Matt CALLS OUT every mistake during practice,
while Akari hangs in the back, sneaking sips from a flask.

- Camilla wakes at 5:30 AM. Matt follows later to find she's
beaten him to the bathroom. They wake up earlier and
earlier, beating each other by turns.

- At the OUTPATIENT REHAB FACILITY, Teresa oversees Matt
using a standing frame- a vertical wooden rack.

Shins braced against a padded bar, Matt flexes his newly
muscled arms to pull himself up until standing. He hasn't
recovered, he's just propping himself up on locked knees.

- The CLASSROOM bell RINGS and Camilla rushes out...

...and blazes down the TRACK STADIUM, Coach Lynn clocking her. Camilla doesn't stop moving as...

...she hurries from the kitchen to a table, delivering a dinner order at the TRENDY RESTAURANT.

- Exhausted, Camilla comes home and trips over a dumbbell. She sees Matt asleep, TV still on, and replaces the weight.

She comes home over and over, tripping on the same damn dumbbell, until she walks in absorbed in her phone and steps over without having to look at it... nor at Matt, always asleep, always with the TV on.

END MONTAGE.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - DAY

4:30 AM. Matt fumbles to shut the alarm before it wakes Camilla. He seems to drift back to sleep, then sluggishly gets up.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Matt pokes his leg with a needle. He looks drawn, frail. A body pushed to its limits- and beyond.

He fills in the test sheet with zeroes. Flips back through the pages- so many pages- all zeroes. Nothing has changed.

INT. OUTPATIENT REHAB FACILITY - MOCK KITCHEN - DAY

A pot of water and raw pasta sits on the mock stove.

TERESA

Pasta's done. Drain it.

Teresa watches Matt brace his knees against the counter and try to push onto his feet, but his arms keep giving out.

TERESA (cont'd)

Stop, we're done.

MATT

No, I can-

TERESA

Whatever you're doing, it's not the exercises I gave you. Go home and get some rest.

Matt tries harder, refusing to accept another failure.

TERESA (cont'd)

Matt, stop. You're gonna hurt
yourself-

He ROARS with effort as he rises and locks his knees.
Triumphant, he sneers at her and lifts the pot, when-

The world SWOONS and he faints, spilling water and pasta.

INT. UNIVERSITY GYM - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Ready for practice, Camilla pushes her bag into a locker
when her cell RINGS. She answers... and her eyes go wide.

CAMILLA

When?

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Matt comes to in a hospital bed. Teresa at his side with DR.
KOSTAS (60s).

TERESA

Matt? You've been admitted. I want
you to meet Dr. Kostas.

MATT

No...

DR. KOSTAS

Matthew, I'm a psychologist
specializing in-

Matt draws out the IV and blood spurts.

MATT

Where's my chair?

He reaches for it but Teresa holds it firm. He matches her
gaze until she lets go. He transfers.

DR. KOSTAS

Matthew, you're not the first SCI
patient to struggle with their
injury. There are resources you can-

And wheels out. Teresa, hurting for him.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - DAY

Out of it, Matt grinds away on the elliptical, his cell BUZZING on the bed. Camilla bursts in, phone to her ear. She sees him ignoring his phone and hangs up.

CAMILLA

Why aren't you answering your phone?

(then)

Babe?

She touches his cheek and it's like he finally sees her. He slows to a stop.

MATT

Hey.

CAMILLA

Hey. What's going on?

MATT

Don't you have a practice to be at?

CAMILLA

Yeah, I skipped it because I got a call saying you were at the hospital, but when I got there they said you left?

None of that registers with him.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

Babe, you look like shit. I know I should've said something, but-

MATT

You've been busy. Getting everything you ever wanted.

CAMILLA

I won the college champs, that's it. You want to know what I actually do with my time? I study to keep my scholarship, I work to pay my way, I eat so I can run and I run to make it all worth it.

MATT

What about me?

CAMILLA

You get everything else.

MATT

No. You won the college champs.
What do I have?

She can see the bitterness.

CAMILLA

You know, just because you're in a
wheelchair doesn't mean good things
can't happen to other people.

She leaves him to his misery. Matt restarts his work-out,
driven purely by spite.

INT. TRACK STADIUM - TRACK - NIGHT

Camilla runs angry, making up for her missed practice.

SPLIT SCREEN MATT/CAMILLA

Training side-by-side, like the opening image. Their steps-
and lives- growing out of sync.

INT. UPSCALE STEAK RESTAURANT - DAY

Matt eats like he's famished, speaking as he chews. Across
from him, Leonard leafs through the binder of ASIA Tests.

MATT

I was thinking we could take it to
the next level, you know? More
weights, more time on the glider.

Matt takes a gulp of beer and Leonard doesn't fail to notice
how his hand shakes holding the glass.

MATT (cont'd)

Maybe I could start hitting the gym
part-time-

LEONARD

I got a call from your OT saying
you passed out.

MATT

Yeah, but I had my knees locked-

Leonard raises a hand.

LEONARD

She said you were overdoing it and I told her you were doing exactly what you needed to be doing. Then she asked me when was the last time I saw you.

(beat)

I sent you a four-hour routine prepared by a licensed PT. How many hours a day are you working out?

Matt's silence tells him all he needs to know.

LEONARD (cont'd)

I'm taking you home.

MATT

I'm not going-

LEONARD

Yes, you are because you're incapable of taking care of yourself.

MATT

Like I've done the last four years? Didn't need you telling me when to eat, when to shit-

LEONARD

And look where it got you.

Matt, stunned. Leonard looks sick, but it must be said.

LEONARD (cont'd)

I've read there are warning signs for a spinal AVM. If you hadn't shut me out, maybe-

MATT

You would've saved me? You'd still have a son you could be proud of?

LEONARD

I only ever wanted what was best for you...

Leonard rolls up his sleeve to bare the scars on his arm.

LEONARD (cont'd)

No matter the cost.

MATT
I'd rather have taken my chances
with the dog.

Leonard SLAPS him hard across the face. Keeping a stiff upper lip, Matt looks him dead in the eye... and rolls away.

EXT. UPSCALE STEAK RESTAURANT - DAY

Matt exits the restaurant when his cell rings. He looks at the caller ID and curses.

MATT
(into phone)
Yo, I forgot-

AKARI (V.O.)
The fucking semi-finals?!

INT. REC CENTER BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

The Misfits play the Pink Rollers, but Matt's an erratic mess as his shots and passes keep going wide. His teammates share confused shrugs. Nina CALLS for the ball and he mistakenly lobs it to one of the Rollers who promptly scores.

SCOREBOARD reads Misfits 38 - Pink Rollers 49.

AKARI
Time! Silas, you're in. Semi-Pro,
out.

MATT
You're benching me?

He gets in her face.

MATT (cont'd)
I made this team. You need me.

AKARI
You didn't make shit. Now sit out.

Ref BLOWS a tech.

MATT
(to Ref)
Shut the fuck up!

The Ref EJECTS him.

MATT (cont'd)
 (to Akari)
 You think you're hot shit? Why,
 'cause you got your little gang to
 suck your dick?

He snatches the flask from her waistband-

MATT (cont'd)
This is what you are. And everyone
 knows your ass is full-time now.

He tosses it back and she tries to hide it in shame. The Ref
 EJECTS her too.

AKARI
 You motherfucker. You think you're
 gonna be the chosen asshole who
 walks again? Look around. Everyone
 here thought the same thing.

MATT
 I think you're jealous 'cause I
 still have a chance. Fact: most
 recoveries happen in the first
 year. You're on what, your sixth?
 (to everyone)
 All y'all, jealous. Keep your
 stupid fake-ball bullshit.

He leaves the court, Akari staring a hole in his back.

REFEREE
 (to Akari)
 You too.

AKARI
 Oh, fuck off!

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Still sweaty from practice, Camilla slumps on the bed,
 twirling her engagement ring...

Matt comes home. Sees something is up.

CAMILLA
 Babe-

MATT
 Not now.

He heads for the elliptical, but she grabs his armrests-

CAMILLA
We can't keep this up.

MATT
Move.

CAMILLA
Not until we talk.

MATT
I said-

He WRENCHES her hands off and she YELPS. Cradling a wrist-

CAMILLA
What is wrong with you?

MATT
What's wrong with me? What's- I'm
fucked... I'm. Fucked.
(beat)
Nothing's coming back. All I got
left is the nerve transfer program,
that's it. If that doesn't work...

CAMILLA
(beat)
Maybe it's time to start accepting
things.

Matt, blindsided. *Not her.* She retrieves a letter from her
backpack and hands it to him.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
This came for you.

He reads: "THANK YOU FOR APPLYING... NERVE TRANSFER
RESEARCH... UNFORTUNATELY, YOU DO NOT MEET THE CRITERIA..."

He struggles to keep it together. Then-

MATT
June twelfth? They sent this two
weeks ago?

CAMILLA
You've been trying so hard, I
didn't want you to...

And she can see it. The hope dying inside of him.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
Babe-

He escapes the room.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - NIGHT

Matt pushes hard- He can't breathe- A panic attack-

A figure prowls out from the shadows. The Rottweiler, stalking him. Then he sees-

The university gym lit up like a beacon in the night.

INT. UNIVERSITY GYM - NIGHT

Matt does pulldowns with a desperate intensity. Then his legs slip free and he's HAULED off the seat to slam on the floor.

He lies there in defeat. The world won.

GYM RAT (O.S.)

You okay, bro?

(then)

Oh, shit, you're Matt Carter! I watched all your games, bro-

The GYM RAT tries to lift him, but Matt swats him away. Matt tries to pull himself back into the seat, but doesn't feel his foot catching on a bench.

GYM-RAT

Hey, your foot's stuck. Just chill-

Matt pulls HARDER and jerks forward with a LOUD SNAP.

GYM-RAT (cont'd)

Holy shit- Holy shit, dude.

All around, PEOPLE gasp and turn away in horror. Confused, Matt looks down and sees-

-his bloody, broken shinbone sticking out. And he SCREAMS, purely out of shock.

SMASH TO WHITE.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - DAY - THREE WEEKS LATER

Beard overgrown, Matt stares out the window at life passing him by. His leg's in a cast.

BUYER (O.S.)

How much for the dumbbells?

A BUYER has the elliptical on a dolly.

BUYER

Hey.

Matt doesn't react. The Buyer shrugs, loads up the dumbbells and dollies everything out.

CAMILLA (V.O.)

It's like living with a black hole.

BEGIN MONTAGE

- Late night, Camilla clocks out at the TRENDY RESTAURANT.

- She comes home to a pig sty... She helps Matt with the basics: bringing him food, changing him, cathing him...

CAMILLA (V.O.) (cont'd)

Draining all your emotions and all your strength. But no matter how much it takes, nothing ever comes back out. And I can feel myself slowly being pulled into it.

- At the TRACK STADIUM, Camilla completes a lap and Coach Lynn frowns at her time. She's not cutting it.

CAMILLA (V.O.) (cont'd)

Away from the rest of the world. To a place that shouldn't feel normal.

- Camilla crawls into bed next to a sleeping Matt when she smells something foul. She lifts the covers and gags... Camilla scrubs an excrement stain from the bare mattress...

- In the shower, Matt sits listless under the running water.

CAMILLA (V.O.) (cont'd)

And the deeper I go, the more I realize that he's not there...

END MONTAGE.

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT - DAY

CAMILLA

Sorry, I'm rambling-

On break, a tired Camilla sits across from a glowing Daniel.

DANIEL

Hey, I wanted to know how you guys were doing. Sorry it's rough.

(then)

I still feel like crap over the way things went down. Reason I called is I wanted to know if it was a good time to reach out. But I guess not.

CAMILLA

Actually, this might be the only time he doesn't argue with an apology.

They share a sad laugh.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - DAY

Matt watches TV, Camilla standing bedside.

CAMILLA

I'm leaving for the nationals tonight. I'll be back in a few days.

(beat)

I got you dinner.

She places a take-out bag beside him. He doesn't acknowledge it and she doesn't wait before starting to pack. She goes into the bathroom and shuts the door.

Once alone, Matt stirs. He takes the bag and pulls out... tacos. Their tacos.

BATHROOM

Camilla finishes packing her toiletries and returns to the

DORM ROOM

to find the take-out bag empty. Thinking he's coming around, she goes over... and discovers the tacos in the trash.

She closes her bags and leaves. Matt broods darker.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - NIGHT

Nervous, Camilla grips the armrest as the plane takes off. Seated beside, Coach Lynn squeezes her arm. *This is it.*

EXT. AKARI'S HOUSE - DAY

Akari returns from practice and fumbles drunkenly with the latch on her front gate. Someone else gets it. Matt.

A tense beat. Seeing his cast-

AKARI

What happened? You walk too hard?

She opens the gate-

MATT

I know apologies don't mean shit to you so just say what you gotta say to me.

AKARI

I don't have a damn thing to say to you.

MATT

How do you do it? How do you live like this?

This stops her.

AKARI

Like what? Like a cripple? Is that what you mean? I do whatever the fuck I wanna do and then I do that shit every day. Yeah, I drink. Hell, I'm drunk right now. But at least I don't think I'm a cripple.

(then)

You thought you were better than me because your dick got hard?

A beat... and her legs twitch. With spastic, jerky motions, she plants her feet on the ground and, leaning heavily on the fence, she rises from her chair. It takes tremendous effort as she stands shaky and unsteady, but on her own two feet.

Matt gapes.

AKARI (cont'd)

ASIA C, bitch. This is what recovery looks like. And it would be wasted on your pussy ass.

(then)

Go break your other leg.

INT. DES MOINES TRACK STADIUM - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Camilla in her pre-race ritual. Eyes closed, blocking everything out... Her phone vibrates: MATT.

She hesitates and sends it to voicemail. Closes her eyes- Cell buzzes again. Voicemail. Buzzes again and she answers.

CAMILLA

What?

MATT (V.O.)

Babe...

His voice is low. Shaky. She reins in her emotions.

CAMILLA

What's wrong?

MATT (V.O.)

(slurring)

I'm scared. I'm scared.

CAMILLA

Are you drunk?

MATT (V.O.)

I don't wanna be alone tonight.

CAMILLA

I'm not coming back for a few days.

MATT (V.O.)

I don't know if I can do this.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Women's four-hundred meters. Heat five.

CAMILLA

Babe, I gotta go-

MATT (V.O.)

I can't live like this.

CAMILLA

(beat)

Don't say that.

MATT (V.O.)

Then come home. I'll pay for the ticket, I'll-

CAMILLA

I can't!

MATT (V.O.)

I need you, I need you. I don't
want to be alone. I can't do this,
I can't do this. I'm scared-

Camilla tries to resist, but it's killing her.

CAMILLA

Okay, okay.

MATT (V.O.)

Yeah?

CAMILLA

Yes, I'll come home.

MATT (V.O.)

Thank you. Thank you. I'm sorry.

CAMILLA

Wait for me, okay? I'm heading to
the airport now. Just wait for me.

She hangs up. *What did she just do?*

EXT. DES MOINES TRACK STADIUM - TRACK - DAY

All RUNNERS at the start, except for-

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Camilla Brown to the starting line.

Coach Lynn doesn't see her. Knows something is wrong.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (cont'd)

Final call for Camilla Brown.

A STERN OFFICIAL shakes her head. Camilla's a no-show.

CAMILLA (O.S.)

Wait! I'm here. I'm here.

Camilla runs up to her. One look at her pleading face and
the Official nods her in. Camilla takes her spot.

RACE OFFICIAL

On your marks.

She crouches, still a mess, the guilt crushing her- And then, from one moment to the next, she snuffs it out. Her features harden with a cool focus as she faces her future.

The SHOT rings out and she's off.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Matt in bed with a Lakers game on, but he isn't watching. On his laptop, he pulls up DAY 1 RESULTS and under QUALIFIED FOR SEMI-FINALS he finds Camilla in fifth.

Realizing she isn't coming, he curls into a ball, seeking the comfort of years past. ON TV, the Lakers charge and-

FLASHBACK - HOSPICE

Kobe sinks a three-pointer against the Pistons in the finals.

LITTLE MATT (6) curls up with his head on the lap of his ailing MOTHER, both wearing Lakers jerseys. They watch the game to the soft WHOOSH of her respirator as she runs a skeletal hand through his hair...

INT. LEONARD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

Remodeled to be accessible. Leonard comes in from working out when his phone rings. He answers-

LEONARD

Yeah?

-and sets down his juice an inch above the newly lowered bar, spilling it. He curses and mops it up when the caller says something that chills him. Forgetting the spill, he sinks into a chair, suddenly finding it hard to breathe.

INT. AKARI'S HOUSE - AKARI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Akari reminisces over the SMASHED PHOTO of her dance crew. The one with her handstand and the mock school uniforms.

She opens a box in her closet and, sitting on top, her old uniform...

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Wearing the uniform, Akari dances to the POUNDING BEAT, driven by an almost primal need.

DJ (O.S.)
Is everybody having a good time?

She cheers with the CROWD.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Akari moves with abandon, bumping into people... She does the latest dance craze, others egging her on... She hits on a PARTY GIRL who scoffs at her chair. Akari YANKS her hair...

Blind drunk, Akari sways with eyes closed. A familiar song plays and her arms retrace a routine from muscle memory. As she gets swept up in the beat, a passion seems to re-ignite. The beer slips from her hand, all but forgotten, and when her eyes open, they are lucid and brilliant and, finally, alive.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - DAY

Red-eyed, Matt watches daytime TV. The door CLICKS open and he perks up.

LEONARD (O.S.)
Thank you.

The RA goes on his way. Matt realizes it's his dad and turns back to the TV. Leonard enters and takes in the messy room, his son's appearance.

LEONARD
Turn it off.

MATT
(beat)
Or what? You'll slap me again?

Leonard picks up the remote... then thinks better of it and sits to watch the show with his son. Long beat.

LEONARD
Your mother always wanted a big family. Four, five kids in a noisy house, weekend barbecues, the minivan. And I... I wanted to give it to her. That was our plan.

Hearing the familiar sentiment, Matt finally regards him.

LEONARD (cont'd)
But your mother died and I found myself alone with my six-year-old son.

(MORE)

LEONARD (cont'd)

My boy who was all I had left in the world. All I had left from us and I...

(beat)

Your mother believed there are two kinds of people in this world. Those who are driven by love and those who are driven by fear. Your mother was driven by love. Your girlfriend, Lord knows I haven't been kind, but she still called me because she didn't know what to do. She is driven by love. You and me? We're driven by fear. We do things because we're afraid of what will happen if we don't. And when your girlfriend told me what you said... Ever since your mother passed, I've done nothing but fear for you. And now my son's too scared to live.

Leonard takes his hand. Matt tries to pull away but Leonard clasps it with both of his, his scars on full display.

LEONARD (cont'd)

I love you, son, and I always will, but I'm done fighting your battles. I will be here, I will support you. Lead and I'll follow, but you gotta lead. This is your dog to fight.

Matt, visibly affected. It's his choice now. For a second, we think he might hug his father... but then he slips his hand from Leonard's and buries himself under the covers.

Leonard doesn't press and begins tidying up.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - DAY - A FEW DAYS LATER

Matt watches a comedy as Leonard works on his laptop. Nearby, a small suitcase lies open with Leonard's clothes. He's been staying here. The door opens and Camilla freezes on seeing Leonard.

Leonard crosses to meet her. A tense beat before he squeezes her arm. *Thank you.* He exits to give them privacy.

Camilla waits for Matt to acknowledge her. His phone BUZZES on the night stand.

CAMILLA

I'm home.
 (beat)
 Matt?

Nothing from him. His phone begins BUZZING again.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

At least answer your damn phone.
 (answering)
 Yeah?... He's not available.

She listens, growing sober.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

Thanks. I'll let him know.

She hangs up, digesting the news.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

That was Brett from your basketball team. Akari's dead. They're having a wake tomorrow if you want to go.

She looks as if she might say something else, but then just goes into the bathroom. Matt's facade trembles.

EXT. DANCE STUDIO - DAY

Matt and Camilla pull up to what looks to be a warehouse. They share a puzzled look.

INT. DANCE STUDIO - DAY

Matt and Camilla enter and he's struck by the sheer amount of MOURNERS present, if you could call them that. They chat, drink, and show-off moves to the DJ's beat, all while celebrating Akari's life.

As they squeeze through, Matt catches bits of conversation-

B-BOY

Yo, my jaw was on the floor. And when she reversed-

GREEN-HAIRED GIRL

(with nose splints)
 I think it was her way of saying,
 "thanks, but I need to be alone-"

Matt spots the Misfits and hesitates.

MATT
 (to Camilla)
 Gimme a sec.

He approaches and the team quiets down. They size him up from his cast to his unkempt beard.

MATT (cont'd)
 Thanks for the call.
 (then)
 What happened?

BRETT
 She passed out drunk. Sometime during the night she threw up and couldn't turn herself over.

It hurts to hear, but he takes it in.

MATT
 About what I said at the game-

BRETT
 Like she said. We've all been there, one way or another.

Nods from the others.

SILAS
 Yeah, but even she wasn't that much of a dick.

It gets some snorts and the tension breaks. They hug it out.

MATT
 So what is this place?

JOSIE
 Her old crew's dance studio.

MC (O.S.)
 Are we ready to get this party started?

An MC takes center floor with a mic and a dance space naturally clears around him. The Misfits join.

MC
 Akari, we love you, girl. We miss you. I hope your watching our little celebration and know how much we appreciated your crazy ass.
 (MORE)

MC (cont'd)
 (then)
 Alright, first up, is my homegirl
 K-Pops. Lay it down.

K-POPS comes in, popping and locking to everyone's delight.
 Even Matt gets into it.

MC (cont'd)
 Okay, next we got someone from
 outside the crew, but he looks to
 be just as crazy as our girl.
 Please welcome Professor J!

And fucking Javier rolls in! Strapped to his chair, he
 turns, twirls and handstands, balancing his chair in the
 air. The crowd loves it.

More breakdancers follow and Matt's attention wanders finding
 a back wall with framed pictures and one other person. He
 goes over and sees they're photos of the crew throughout the
 years. He travels down the wall until he spots the same one
 from the shattered frame with Akari doing a handstand.

AKARI'S MOTHER (O.S.)
 That was one of the last times she
 danced.

AKARI'S MOTHER (54) beside him, leaning heavily on a cane.
 He rolled all the way to her.

MATT
 I didn't mean to-

AKARI'S MOTHER
 Please, if I didn't want company I
 wouldn't have organized this.
 (re: photo)
 That was right after she had won
 the tiebreaker, sending her crew to
 the nationals.

MATT
 Why didn't she keep dancing? After,
 I mean...

AKARI'S MOTHER
 She said it didn't feel the same.
 Like it was-

MATT
 Fake-dancing.

AKARI'S MOTHER
 Yes.

Matt smirks at Akari's hypocrisy.

AKARI'S MOTHER (cont'd)
Did you know my daughter well?

MATT
Yeah- No- I mean, we fought the last time we spoke. It was my bad.

AKARI'S MOTHER
You're either too kind to blame her or a bigger handful than she was.

The levity brings them closer.

MATT
(beat)
I'm sorry for your loss. We all knew she had a problem, but-

AKARI'S MOTHER
Her father and I tried to get her to go to rehab for years.
(then)
Alcohol took our daughter away, but it didn't happen two days ago. It happened when she was sixteen and thought I was ruining her life because I wouldn't let her travel alone to the nationals. It happened when we were coming back from dinner and a woman who was drunk lost control of her car and hit us. After that, Akari never accused me again of ruining her life.

Matt's eyes are drawn to her cane, the aftermath of the accident. She takes notice.

AKARI'S MOTHER (cont'd)
She used to say I was the lucky one. There's nothing lucky about watching your daughter slowly give up. Excuse me.

Unable to hold it together, she leaves. Matt takes in the studio, jam-packed with all the lives Akari touched, including Tatiana, Teresa and the Pink Rollers... with pink hair ties. He clenches his jaw tightly.

INT. MATT'S CAR - DAY

Matt waits in the passenger seat as Camilla stores the wheelchair. Slowly, his mask cracks and his grief comes pouring out as he starts ugly-crying.

Camilla gets in and he buries his face in her shoulder. Caught off-guard, she doesn't comfort him. A strange detachment about her. She snaps out of it and embraces him.

CAMILLA

It's okay. You're okay.

But she's disturbed by her reaction...

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - DAY

In his underwear, Matt looks at himself in the mirror. Still some definition in his upper body but his abs have begun to paunch and his leg without a cast is notably thinner.

He runs a hand over his scraggly beard.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Matt clips the beard... shaves... showers... dresses in fresh clothes... drags a trash bag around, cleaning his room... finds the signed basketball Daniel gave him at the hospital. He puts it away in the closet.

INT. OUTPATIENT REHAB FACILITY - RECEPTION

Looking like a new man, Matt wheels up to the RECEPTIONIST.

MATT

Is Teresa available?

RECEPTIONIST

Do you have an appointment?

MATT

No, I was hoping to talk. I'm a patient of hers.

The Receptionist checks his computer... and frowns.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, it looks like she's been placed on administrative leave. Would you like to leave a message?

Off Matt, stunned.

INT. OUTPATIENT REHAB FACILITY - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Teresa and Matt's physical therapist face off across a large meeting table headed by a SUIT and an HR REP.

PHYSICAL THERAPIST

She not only gave him an exercise routine, but had him join a basketball team. A basket-

TERESA

And I accept my responsibility, but my patient was being failed by his physical therapist-

PHYSICAL THERAPIST

Are you questioning my treatment?

TERESA

And your competence.

SUIT

Enough!

They shut up.

SUIT (cont'd)

Ms. Esparza, Mr. Flynn has a point. As an occupational therapist, you grossly overstepped your boundaries resulting in your patient being severely injured. You give me no choice but to-

ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Sir, you can't go in there-

Leonard barges in, briefcase in hand.

SUIT

This is a private hearing.

LEONARD

And I am here to ensure my client has adequate representation.

Nervous, the Suit and HR Rep confer. Leonard sits beside Teresa who tries to hide her surprise.

LEONARD (cont'd)

(sotto)

Matt filled me in.

TERESA

(sotto)

I thought you were a tax attorney.

LEONARD

(sotto)

I won't tell if you won't.

(to everyone)

Now, where were we?

They regard him, unsure.

INT. OUTPATIENT REHAB FACILITY - HALLWAY - DAY

Matt waits when Teresa and Leonard exit the hearing.

MATT

How'd it go?

TERESA

Two week suspension. And your dad doesn't sue for malpractice.

Matt can't help a grin. *That's his old man.*

LEONARD

I have some calls to attend to.

Leaving, Leonard grips Matt's shoulder and Matt squeezes his hand, grateful. Teresa clocks their new dynamic. Once alone-

MATT

I just wanted to say I'm sorry and thank you for giving a shit. And for hooking me up with Akari. She was...

Hard to put into words, but his melancholia says it all.

TERESA

Yeah, she was.

MATT

And if you still got that shrink's number, maybe I can give him a call.

Hearing these words is the reason she's an OT.

TERESA

I might have it somewhere...

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM - KITCHEN - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

Using everything Teresa taught him, Matt moves comfortably around the kitchen as he makes a pasta dinner.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Still in work clothes, Camilla rides the elevator up. The doors open to a completely dark floor, save for-

A candle-lit table for two. She steps off into the

LOUNGE

Matt rolls into the candlelight.

MATT

I would've done it on the roof, but you would've had to carry me up the stairs.

(beat)

Please.

Accepting his olive branch, she takes a seat and he pushes in her chair. He takes his place across from her and serves them both from the pasta bowl. She doesn't touch her fork.

MATT (cont'd)

Uh, RA only gave me an hour with the lights out.

CAMILLA

Matt-

MATT

No... I know. I know I messed up. I should've never called you and I want you to know that staying was the right choice. It was the right choice and I don't begrudge you anything.

The words hit her hard, showing how much guilt she's been carrying. But he still carries his...

MATT (cont'd)

Did you win?

She shakes her head.

MATT (cont'd)

Was it because...

CAMILLA

No. Actually, I didn't stand a chance. Coach just wanted to push me and... it worked. Apparently, I didn't need to win to prove myself. I just needed to make the qualifying time for the Olympic trials next year. I'm going to be signing with Adidas.

MATT

That's great. That's amazing.
You're amazing-

He comes around to kiss her but she pulls away.

MATT (cont'd)

What's wrong?

(then)

I said I was sorry, I cooked dinner, everything worked out-

CAMILLA

Did it?

He opens his mouth, but nothing comes out.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

I had this whole speech prepared about how running was my life and how I couldn't let anything get in the way... But the truth is, when you called me, I was so close, so close to coming home and throwing it all away. And now I can't stop asking myself if the only reason I cared so much about running was that for so long it was all I had. And I don't know. I just don't know...

The turmoil is tearing her apart and in that maelstrom he suddenly sees her- them- in stunning clarity.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

I guess what I'm trying to say is... I'm willing to try.

MATT

I'm not.

It surprises them both.

MATT (cont'd)

I'm not... okay. And I don't know how long it's gonna take me or if I'll ever be.

CAMILLA

Then let me help you.

MATT

You can't. Not with this. If I called you again, if I asked you to come, would you?

CAMILLA

(long beat)

Don't make me into the bad guy.

MATT

We both need the other person to be someone they're not. Maybe if we were different people at different times... but not us, not right now.

CAMILLA

We can still try.

MATT

We did try. We gave it one hell of a shot and it almost tore us apart. At least this way, we'll always have us...

CAMILLA

You're so full of shit.

She rises to leave but he takes her hand.

MATT

I've been so scared of losing you.

CAMILLA

Don't you dare- Don't- You said it was my choice. My choice!

MATT

I also said that I'd never let anything get in the way of your dreams...

The ring on her finger glints in the light... and it finally clicks for her.

CAMILLA

Because you love me too much.

She lets him guide her onto the wheelchair and she curls up on his lap in mutual comfort. He sways them from side to side, echoing the moment when they first moved in.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
It's not fair...

A beat and she frowns, feeling something. Tries to rise-

MATT
Don't go yet-

CAMILLA
Your toe.

Frozen, she stares at it. Matt looks down and sees it sticking out from the cast. Twitching...

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

For the third time, Matt lies back, waiting for the ASIA test to begin. But he's not nervous. He's already accepted the result, whatever it may be.

DR. KOWALSKI (O.S.)
Ready?

Dr. Kowalski, holding the open safety pin. He nods.

AN ASIA TEST SHEET

Circled at the bottom: ASIA B.

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Camilla reads the test sheet before Matt.

CAMILLA
So what does this mean?

MATT
I got some movement back in my left toe. Beyond that...

He shrugs. She returns the sheet and he takes her hand, thumbing the engagement ring.

CAMILLA
Are you sure?

He nods. She slips it off and hands it over.

MATT

Maybe sometime down the road, I can be the one who asks.

CAMILLA

We'd have to still be on the same road...

She hugs him goodbye and kisses his cheek.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

Take care of yourself. And say hi to your dad for me.

She leaves. Matt looks at his ASIA B again... and crumples it up. He lobs it into the trash. Nothing but net.

Camilla enters the elevator and the doors shut on her.

INT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Matt eats pizza in bed, watching a game when there's a KNOCK at the door. His heart skips a beat. Hopeful, he hurries into his chair and opens the door to-

Daniel. Matt, disappointed.

DANIEL

Heard you could use a clown.

He lifts a twelve-pack. Peace offering... Matt lets him in.

MATT

Heard you could use one, too. You got fined 5k?

DANIEL

Man, fuck the FCC. You know who they should really be fining? The guy who fucked up bleeping me out, that's who.

Matt catches a beer. This feels like old times... He cracks it open and toasts.

MATT

Fuck the FCC.

EXT. HAILEY PARK - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

The Misfits in the middle of an argument.

NINA

I hate to say it, but Silas has a point.

BRETT

Akari would murder us.

SILAS

Yeah, but she's not here, is she?

Matt arrives, his leg still in a cast.

MATT

What's up?

BRETT

Even though we still have a full team without you or Akari, apparently we're not signing up for next season.

SILAS

At least with you guys we were The Misfits. Now we're just...

TEAM

Misfits.

Matt takes in the sorry lot.

MATT

You're right. You guys couldn't win a game even if you could walk.

JOSIE

Goddamn, dude.

MATT

That's why I brought some friends.

Matt turns to five figures in wheelchairs coming towards the court. But they're not paraplegics, they're the former players of the Mountainview Mayhem.

MATT (cont'd)

You guys wanna learn? Figured you could learn from the pros.

Eyebrows rise and mouths drop. Matt and Daniel bro-shake.

DANIEL

So this is your new team? Alright.

NINA
Why are they in wheelchairs?

MATT
Because you're gonna show them how
we play ball. Then they're gonna
show you a few things. Pair up.

Daniel looks them over, a little too cocky.

JOSIE
What are you looking at?

DANIEL
You, hot stuff.

JOSIE
(beat)
I'll take him.

Matt snorts.

LATER

Matt and Daniel chat as the rest run drills.

DANIEL
So what's the plan?

MATT
Go home. Spend the rest of the
summer with my pops. Finish my
degree in the fall and then...

He shrugs.

DANIEL
These guys aren't half bad. You
been working with them?

MATT
Not just me, but yeah.

DANIEL
You know, the Mayhem's getting a
new coach in the fall. He's gonna
need a new assistant coach.

He gives Matt a pointed look.

MATT
Let me worry about these guys
first. If we don't end up at the
bottom... we'll see.

Josie rolls up to them.

JOSIE

So are you gonna blab all day or
are you gonna teach me something?

DANIEL

I can teach you anything you want,
baby.

JOSIE

Shoot. Can you teach me to shoot?

DANIEL

Oh, uh, yeah. I can do that.

Daniel follows her back onto the court.

JOSIE

You can teach me the rest later.

She flicks her tongue. Daniel, thrown off... and he likes it.

EXT. MATT'S ACCESSIBLE DORM - DAY

Leonard grabs a box from Matt's lap and shoves it into the
packed trunk of his luxury car. Matt's moving back home.

LEONARD

Is that it?

MATT

We're done.

LEONARD

I'm done. You didn't do shit.

Matt laughs. Their rapport is different, more friends than
father and son. Matt transfers into

LEONARD'S CAR

Leonard stores the chair and gets behind the wheel. Matt
looks up at the dorm one last time... and closes his door.

MATT

Let's go home.

And as they drive off, we...

FADE OUT.