

MAXIMUM POTENTIAL

Written by

Marcus D. Russell

Based on, the events of my miserable life

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One chance is all you need

- Jessie Owens

FADE IN:

EXT. COLLEGE TRACK & FIELD STADIUM PARKING LOT, DAY

The parking lot is populated with a few cars. People walk by as a tall, somewhat athletic black guy with the beginnings of a gut exits a Mercedes coupe. He is MAXWELL JONES, 46 head track coach for USC's men's team and perennial womanizer.

Cleaning his super-reflective sunglasses he notices a very beautiful and curvy woman walking past him.

MAXWELL

Uh. Excuse me? Do you know which way the track is?

SEXY WOMAN

Aren't you the track coach?

MAXWELL

Depends who you ask.

The two exchange a more than friendly glance.

INT. MERCEDES COUPE

Maxwell is reclined in the driver's seat. His mouth is open and he moans slightly as the voluptuous woman's head bobs up and down in his lap.

MAXWELL

Yeah. That's it. (beat) There you go. Do it for USC. Do it for USC.

A cell phone alarm suddenly BLARES. Maxwell sits up, ripping his manhood from the woman's mouth as he jumps out of the car.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Shit! I am going to be late.

With an erect penis protruding against his sweatpants and his hat and T-shirt a wry, Maxwell runs across the parking lot. The woman staggers out of the coupe with lipstick and makeup a mess.

SEXY WOMAN

(Yelling)

You're just going to get up and leave? Like, that's it...

Maxwell stops and turns around. He feels bad.

MAXWELL

Look. I'm sorry baby. I gotta go...here.

Maxwell reaches in his pocket and throws a \$50 bill at the woman before continuing to run.

SEXY WOMAN

Hey! I'm not a fucking prostitute you asshole!

Maxwell continues into the service entrance of the stadium and is on the track in a matters of seconds.

INT. TRACK & FIELD STADIUM

The stadium is busy, a collegiate track meet is in progress. As Maxwell approaches a phalanx of security guards and track officials, they part like the red sea as several say "here he is".

Maxwell walks to the start finish line. His team is lined up at the start of the 4x400 meter relay. He removes his stopwatch and tests it quickly. The starting gun goes off.

MAXWELL

You got to get out. You got to get out!

The race is competitive. USC is in a three way tie for third and then moves into a strong second and begins to hunt down the race leader.

Coming into the first exchange the lead team bobbles the baton and USC moves into the lead

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Yes. Yes. Buy the numbers!

INT. TRACK & FIELD STADIUM, LATER

It's the anchor-leg. The entire stadium is on its feet yelling as USC and some other college run stride for stride.

Rounding the last turn USC starts to fade. They are passed by school after school. Maxwell is screaming like crazy. He snatches a clipboard from one of his assistants and throws it.

INT. NCAA SANCTION HEARING

A Youtube video with 5 million views plays on a flat screen. Maxwell sits across from people who are wearing suits and shaking their heads in disbelief.

A very beautiful, 6ft blond woman wearing a \$5K custom skirt suit and fresh manicure flanks him. She is JAMIE HOGUE, 38, sports agents and attorney.

ON SCREEN:

Maxwell is in the locker room screaming at his team and throwing equipment around as he yells

MAXWELL (O.S.)

Do you think I need this shit? Do you think I need to drag my ass all the way down here to watch you motherfuckers give up the ghost in the homestretch? Do I? Do I? Hey! I'm fucking talking to you! This race was shit....shit, You hear me?

The team is unresponsive. Maxwell storms into the bathroom and returns with a hand-full of shit. The athletes begin to shield themselves as Maxwell hurls the shit.

INT. NCAA SANCTION HEARING

The sanctioning committee looks on, disgusted.

NCAA COMMISSIONER

Ok. I've had enough. (Beat) Do you understand that you work with young people and that you are supposed to be setting an example?

MAXWELL

You have to motivate your team. Even when they disappoint you. That is the art of coaching.

Commissioners shake their heads in disapproval. Jamie grabs Maxwell's thigh. He winces in pain.

NCAA COMMISSIONER
 Maxwell Jones. Due to this disgusting and abusive display of unsportsmanlike conduct and a lack of self control and an abuse of your position as head coach, this committee has no choice but to ban you indefinitely...

MAXWELL
 What! Are you fucking crazy?

NCAA COMMISSIONER
 You have embarrassed the University of Southern California, the image of the sport of Track & Field and done irreparably damage to the reputation of the NCAA.

MAXWELL
 I'm sorry have you seen what goes on in the football programs and the tournament?

JAMIE
 Max stop.

MAXWELL
 You bitches are getting sued for running a plantation and I'm...

JAMIE
 Stop!

NCAA COMMISSIONER
 Your indefinite, lifetime ban is effective immediately. This hearing is adjourned.

INT. MERCEDES COUPE

Maxwell drives down a busy surface street. He ignores the other cars and traffic in general as he fumbles with his cell phone.

MAXWELL
 Goddamn Bluetooth technology is horseshit.

The call begins to ring over the cars speakers and then connects.

JAMIE (FILTERED)

This is Jamie.

MAXWELL

So I've been thinking. We were done with all this NCAA bullshit. That's why we started talking to Nike - and that meeting went really well. I think we should just forget about all this collegiate bullshit and get onboard with branded training. Nike is the future.

JAMIE

Look. The Nike thing is not going to happen.

MAXWELL

What?

JAMIE

The word "radioactive" was used when describing you.

MAXWELL

Are you fucking kidding me? Pete Carroll was running a pay for play scam and ruining lives and they are going to make an example out of me?

JAMIE

Have you even watched the video?

MAXWELL

I don't need to watch the video, I was there - remember?

JAMIE

At one point you said and I quote "...this is the largest collection of cocksuckers ever assembled outside of San Francisco"

MAXWELL

That's a great line. C'mon.

JAMIE

You are really unbelievable.

MAXWELL

That's why you love me. So, what's the plan?

(MORE)

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

How we getting back on top? I know you have a plan to get the Nike job back.

JAMIE

Oh, did you` want to talk about your career? I thought I was financing an unlimited data plan to hear about your great coaching exploits.

MAXWELL

You know you're really sexy when you're mildly perturbed.

Silence.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Don't get quiet on me. It's love that makes me do this.

JAMIE

(labored exhale)

So I spoke to Nike and they are not impressed. I tried to explain that your - passion - sometimes surfaces in strange ways but they weren't buying it.

MAXWELL

Now when you say not buying, you mean...

JAMIE

The one thing that came out of the disastrous meeting with Nike was that they do like you. But it's way too hot to bring you in the fold. So they suggested something to change the narrative.

MAXWELL

What the fuck does that mean?

JAMIE

Two words my friend. Community service.

Maxwell punches the steering wheel as he drives.

MAXWELL

No, no, no, NO! I am not working in a soup kitchen.

JAMIE

As if anyone would let you serve food.

MAXWELL

What?

JAMIE

I found a private school track team that needs a coach and they've been having a little trouble winning track meets.

MAXWELL

I am not coaching in D3 with a bunch of illiterate man-babies that can't tie their own spikes.

JAMIE

Ha. This is primary education so I don't think that's going to be a problem.

MAXWELL

You have lost your mind! I am not coaching high school.

JAMIE

Now, Sisters of the Immaculate Heart is in dire need of a track coach and it just so happens that they were willing to overlook you past - indiscretions.

MAXWELL

I am not coaching high school!

JAMIE

I sent the directions to your phone. You are meeting the A.D. in an hour. Try to look presentable.

MAXWELL

Wait! This sound like a girls school.

JAMIE

That's because it is a girls school.

MAXWELL

No way. Too much crying. Not doing it.

JAMIE

Listen Maxwell. You have a problem with women.

MAXWELL

That is a rumor perpetrated by a cabal of angry ex's. Fucking TMZ is ruining lives I tell you!

JAMIE

Speaking of women you need to steer clear of, this school is rather - conservative so you need to keep your skeezer/jump-off/stripper girlfriend far from the campus.

MAXWELL

Cherry Consequences is an artist.

JAMIE

Sure she is. And she constantly wears lingerie cause she has a Victoria's Secret sponsorship. Listen, Pardner. If you win a championship you get the Nike job. If you lose you might as well start working on your sales pitch, cause the only place you'll be dealing with Nike is at footlocker.

Jamie hangs up.

MAXWELL

(punches the steering wheel)

Fuck!

EXT. PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Maxwell's Mercedes pulls into a busy driveway behind dozens of Porsches, Audis and other luxury cars. Maxwell approaches the guard. The guard takes one look at Maxwell and stops his vehicle.

GUARD

Where's your parking pass?

MAXWELL

I don't have a parking pass. Today is my first day.

GUARD

Can I see you credentials, please?

MAXWELL

I don't have any credentials because today is my first day. I'm here to fill out my paperwork. I have a meeting with the A.D. Margaret O'Donnell.

GUARD

Sir this entrance is for employees and faculty only. The visitors entrance is--

MAXWELL

I am not a visitor. I am the new head coach!

The guard removes a clipboard from his booth.

GUARD

What's your name?

MAXWELL

Maxwell Jones. Track & Field.

The guard looks through several pages on his clipboard while shaking his head.

GUARD

You're not on my list.

MAXWELL

Well your list is wrong.

The guard gives Maxwell a hard stare and then grabs his walkie-talkie from his hip

GUARD

Control. This is Martinez over at gate 2. Do you know anything about a new coach starting today? Over.

Drivers in the luxury cars honk their horns.

CONTROL (FILTERED)

Uh. That's a negative.

Maxwell begins to shake his head no.

GUARD

Pull your vehicle over there.

MAXWELL

I have a meeting with the athletic director in ten minutes!

GUARD

Sir! Pull your vehicle out of line
and park it over there on the
right!

Full of piss and vinegar Maxwell slams his Mercedes into gear
and lurches it over to the spot. The surrounding guards jump
out of the way. Maxwell exits and slams his door.

INT. ATHLETIC DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

The spacious office is modest and religious. Seated is a
rotund, homely woman that looks as if she'd be more
comfortable pulling an apple cart. She is MARY MARGARET
O'DONNELL, 62 athletic director and former nun.

O'DONNELL

Mr. Jones. I trust you found your
way on campus ok?

MAXWELL

Yeah. You could say that.

O'DONNELL

Look. I'm not one for niceties so
I'll just cut to the chase. I am
unimpressed by your profanity, your
coveting of wealth and your
fraternization with women of low
moral stature and if it was up to
me you wouldn't sully the air and
the reputation of this prestigious
institution with your flim-flamery.

MAXWELL

Flim-flamery?

O'DONNELL

I'm not finished! (beat) Now as
much as I think you are a blight on
humanity - I need to get tenure and
I can't get that if I don't win a
championship and our teams are...a
bit challenged.

MAXWELL

So you need a W.

O'DONNELL

What?

MAXWELL

A double u. A win.

O'DONNELL
I need a championship Mr. Jones.

MAXWELL
That's a capital double u by the way.

O'Donnell sits back in her chair and give out a large exhale.

O'DONNELL
As I understand it, thanks to your feces throwing escapade and the wonders of high definition video you need to win a championship as well so you can get your precious Nike job and get back to your coveting of the root of all evil.

MAXWELL
Have you worn a pair of Adidas lately?

O'DONNELL
Is everything a joke to you Mr. Jones? Is there anything that is sacred and precious to you? Because these girls and their education are very sacred and very precious to me and I will destroy anything that gets in their way. Are we clear?

MAXWELL
Crystal.

O'DONNELL
The sooner you win a champion, the sooner we can be free of each other. I know that there is nothing that would make me happier. (beat) Your assistant coach has your credentials and will show you around the campus. Good day Mr. Jones.

EXT. PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Maxwell is walking across campus with a scowl on his face. He passes a pack of girls comparing test scores.

GIRL#1
(showing off her grade)
A+ bitches!

GIRL#2

How did you get an A? I studied
for days and barely got a C.

Maxwell is approached by a group of giggling girls.

GIRL#3

Excuse me? Are you Maxwell Jones?

MAXWELL

Uh. As a matter of fact I am.

GIRL#4

(to others)

See. Told you. So. Are you
interviewing to coach here, cause
that would be - OMG that would be
awesome!

MAXWELL

Well. It turns out today is your
lucky day ladies.

(donning a Sister's of
Immaculate baseball cap)

I'm the new head track coach.

The girls burst out in giggles and begin to jump.

GIRL#3

So I run track. I run the 200.

GIRL#4

I run the 400 and the 4 by 1.

Maxwell is looking too longingly at these high school girls
who look like women. He bats his eyes and flirts.

MAXWELL

What about you, what do you run?

GIRL#5

(blushing)

I don't run.

MAXWELL

Really? You look like you run.
Maybe you just need a good coach.

A tall Chicano woman with curves for days approaches Maxwell
from behind. She is SAVANNAH CASTRO, 34 assistant track
coach and active Alumnus.

SAVANNAH

Coach Jones. I'm Savannah Castro
your assistant coach.

MAXWELL

(still oogling the high
school girls)
Nice to meet you.

SAVANNAH

Come with me. I'll take you to
meet the team.

MAXWELL

I believe I just met the team.

SAVANNAH

These are high school students. We
coach at the lower school.

MAXWELL

Lower school? What is there two
high schools stacked on top of each
other?

SAVANNAH

(laughing)
No. We coach the Jr. High team.

INT. ALL-STAR SPORTS MANAGEMENT, JAMIE'S OFFICE

The office is full of posters of NBA stars and Olympians
winning gold medals all of which sport signatures.

JAMIE

This is Jamie

INTERCUT

MAXWELL

Junior high. Junior fucking high!

Jamie mutes her phone and continues to work at her desk.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Has the entire world lost their
goddamn minds! I am a fucking
Division 1 track coach. I have
coached Olympians, all Americans,
members of congress.

(MORE)

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

I don't go to continuing education,
I don't fly coach and I sure as
shit don't coach fucking junior
high! (beat) Hello?....hello?

Jamie un-mutes her phone

JAMIE

Hey. You still there?

MAXWELL

Am I still here? What the fuck are
you doing? Did you not hear what I
said?

JAMIE

No. I muted you I don't have time
for your bullshit every time you
call.

MAXWELL

I'm not fucking doing this!

JAMIE

Listen to me Maxwell. You're 46.
You spend every holiday alone. You
don't own anything and you don't
belong anywhere. This is it! This
is your life. Now you can keep
hiding behind strippers and leased
German cars, or you can actually
try and help these girls - and be
part of something. Your future is
in real jeopardy and you are the
only one who can't see it. This is
a genuine opportunity to do good
and to have a place to belong. I
suggest you take it.

Maxwell looks dazed. Jamie ends the call. Maxwell stares at
his phone while tapping on the screen and then dials a
number.

CHERRY (FILTERED)

Mmm. Maxwell. Well isn't this a
pleasant surprise.

MAXWELL

You busy? Got time for a drink?

CHERRY (FILTERED)

I always have time for you Max.

MAXWELL
Ninety minutes. Carbon bar?

CHERRY (FILTERED)
I'll be the slut in the tight skirt.

EXT. ATHLETIC BUILDING

Savannah and Maxwell walk past hordes of students as Savannah debriefs him.

SAVANNAH
This school is one hundred and fifty years old and is founded on teaching young women to be leaders.

MAXWELL
Yeah well at least they wear skirts.

SAVANNAH
(ignoring the sexism)
We are founded on the principles of community, service and courage. Nearly 70% of our upper school graduates get accepted to top universities.

They round the turn and approach a bunch of outdoor seating and students eating lunch.

MAXWELL
Would it kill you to recruit some better looking students?

They pass a table of girls that are comparing test scores. One of the girl's produces a test with an A- on it and amazes the other girls at the table.

GIRL AT TABLE #1
No way. There's not way you got an A!

GIRL AT TABLE #2
Don't be such a hater. I'm smart.

GIRL AT TABLE #1
You gotta help me study. I have to bring my grades up.

The two approach a table and Maxwell takes a seat as he pulls out his cell phone to check his messages.

SAVANNAH

Classes are still in session so we won't be able to meet the team for about another hour so I thought we could grab a bite to eat.

MAXWELL

Sounds good.
 (removing a \$50 from his pocket)
 How's about you get me a burger and whatever you want, but let's not get crazy the stipend hasn't kicked in yet.

Savannah kicks the chair out from under Maxwell and he lands flat on his ass with a thud.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

Savannah steps forward and places her foot squarely on Maxwells balls and leans forward.

SAVANNAH

Listen to me Maxwell. I graduated from this school. As did my mother. This school and it's reputation is very dear to me and you will not make light of it. You will treat these girls with respect or so God help me I'll cut your balls off and hang them from the mirror of your precious C430!

EXT. 400 METER TRACK

Maxwell and Savannah walk towards the twenty girls that are running around and screaming and chasing each other.

SAVANNAH

So this is our track. It is scheduled to be resurfaced next year so there's a good chance we won't be able to train on it next season.

MAXWELL

It doesn't take an entire year to resurface a track.

SAVANNAH

Capital investment project. They are going to rebuild the entire stadium, put in a turf field, concession stands - the whole gambit.

MAXWELL

Yeah, because turf is exactly what kids need to be playing on.

Maxwell notices the girls running around and acting crazy.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

And what is with this...slumber party over here. Where the hell is the team.

SAVANNAH

That is your team.

MAXWELL

You're joking.

SAVANNAH

Hey. They're 11-13 year olds. This is what they do. But don't kid yourself. They are pretty quick. You should let me do the introduction.

MAXWELL

I think I can handle a bunch of little girls.

EXT. 400 METER TRACK - INFIELD

Maxwell and Savannah stand in front of the entire team.

SAVANNAH

Ladies. It is my pleasure to introduce you to your new head Coach, Coach Jones.

MAXWELL

Hello girls. My name is Maxwell Jones and I am your new head coach. You can call me Coach Jones, Coach Merc, Merc or just plain old coach.

The girls stare at him as he speaks.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
Track and field is predicated upon
three things. Biomechanics,
conditioning and heart. And I can
tell you that without a doubt heart
is the single most important...

One of the girls raises her hand.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
...aspect of competing in track and
field. (beat) You have a
question.

SAVANNAH
Go ahead Phoebe.

PHOEBE
Is it true that you got banned from
the NCAA?

Maxwell stares in disbelief.

MAXWELL
Next question.

Another girl raises her hand.

SAVANNAH
Yes Kelly?

KELLY
Are you married?

MAXWELL
No.

KELLY
Why not?

MAXWELL
Let's just say I haven't found the
right woman.

GIRL#1
That's a lie.

MAXWELL
It's not a lie

GIRL#2
It sounds like a lie.

MAXWELL
It sounds like we are getting off track. Any other questions?

Another girl raises her hand.

SAVANNAH
Yes, Penelope.

PENELOPE
Do you have a good relationship with your mother?

MAXWELL
Uh. Yes.

KELLY
That's definitely a lie.

MAXWELL
What does any of this have to do with track and field?

PENELOPE
If you don't have a good relationship with your mother how can you coach a team full of girls.

Maxwell blows his whistle hard to silence the dissent.

MAXWELL
Two laps warm up. No walking!

The girls reluctantly rise to their feet and begin to warm up.

SAVANNAH
I told you.

MAXWELL
Whatever.

EXT. 400 METER TRACK - MONTAGE

Edited to the beat of hard core hip hop we watch as:

-- A pack of uncoordinated girls attempts to line up to begin running an interval. Maxwell shouts and points and then blows his whistle.

-- Girls run with horrible form. Maxwell shakes his head in disbelief. Savannah smiles and makes notes on the clipboard.

-- A girl grabs her legs and points with pain in her eyes. Maxwell blows his whistle hard and points at the turn.

-- Maxwell starts an interval and the girls stumble over each other and begin to laugh. Savannah laughs. Maxwell does not laugh.

END music. END montage.

EXT. 400 METER TRACK

Maxwell and Savannah follow the girls off the track.

SAVANNAH

That wasn't a bad practice.

MAXWELL

If you don't count the fake injuries, the stopping to tie their laces and the refusal to sweat. No, it was great.

SAVANNAH

They are going to be better with practice.

MAXWELL

I doubt it. 80 percent of coaching is recruiting. We need some athletes.

Savannah shakes her head.

SAVANNAH

Are you ready for the league meeting tomorrow?

MAXWELL

League Meeting?

SAVANNAH

I see you don't read your email. There is a meeting for the Hellenic league tomorrow afternoon. We should get there early.

MAXWELL

We? You mean an assistant coach is actually going to do some work around here?

SAVANNAH

It's ok to ask for help Maxwell. No one will think less of you.

Maxwell leaves with a huff. Savannah smiles to herself and shakes her head.

INT. CLASSROOM, HARVARD WESTLAKE PREPARATORY SCHOOL

The room is packed with coaches and assistant coaches from the entire league. Several desks have been pushed together to for a make-shift table.

Maxwell and Savannah sit in the back watching the spectacle.

SAVANNAH

See the guy in the cowboy hat?

MAXWELL

Yeah. What is he a rancher?

SAVANNAH

That's Tex Macrawford. Head coach for Campbell Hall. He might sound like a cowboy but he's had the best high jumpers for the last five years straight.

A beautiful woman walks in wearing tight fitting track pants and a long blonde ponytail.

MAXWELL

Who's that?

SAVANNAH

That's Ginny Anderson. She's the middle distance coach for Oaks Christian and a former Olympian in the 5000 herself. And she's a lesbian, so put a leash on it.

MAXWELL

Just cause you compete in the Olympics doesn't mean you can coach.

SAVANNAH

She sweeps the 800 and the 1600 every year.

Maxwell wipes his face. As a tall black man enters the room and shakes a lot of hands.

MAXWELL

Who's that?

SAVANNAH

Jason Sturgis. Silver medalist 200 meters in the early 2000's, he coaches for Sierra Canyon.

MAXWELL

How many fucking former Olympians are there in this league?

SAVANNAH

Uh, about six.

MAXWELL

Six?

SAVANNAH

Look. You may think this is little girls and stickers but the Hellenic league is the real deal. Anyone who isn't a former Olympian is a D-1 coach that was recruited.

MAXWELL

So that's why I'm here.

SAVANNAH

Yeah. We need a real coach. These guys aren't fucking around.

MAXWELL

Speaking of, why are nearly all these coaches male? I mean there are - what? Five schools that are all girls? Shouldn't there be more female coaches?

SAVANNAH

(beat) I guess some of the programs consistently overlook inhouse talent.

Savannah and Maxwell exchange a look.

MAXWELL

Look. I had no idea that they were...

SAVANNAH

I don't need you to apologize for something that you didn't do.

(MORE)

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

And I do not need your patronizing gaze.

MAXWELL

I wasn't patronizing, I was just...

SAVANNAH

How about we just do what we came here to do, ok?

Two white men with stature enter the room. The first man is tall and stout with the girth of a well fed Grandfather. He is BOB DEARMENT, 59, co-commissioner of the Hellenic league.

MAXWELL

Who is that?

SAVANNAH

Bob Dearment and Stanley Hulse. Head Coaches for Harvard Westlake and Chaminade, respectively. They are also the commissioners of the league and best friends.

MAXWELL

Wait. The commissioners are friends and also coaches of two teams in the league?

SAVANNAH

Two of the largest teams in the league.

MAXWELL

No matter how far you go, there you are.

Dearment moves to the front of the class room and gathers everyone's attention before he speaks.

DEARMENT

Welcome coaches to the 2016 track & field season for the Hellenic league. I see that there are some new faces here.

The assembled coaches take seats.

DEARMENT (CONT'D)

Let me first say welcome and tell you that this is a rather competitive league as far as a junior high goes.

Stan Hulse passes out schedules to the coaches.

DEARMENT (CONT'D)

We use both spikes and blocks in the sprint events. It might seem a little overwhelming but if you peruse the rule book and ask pertinent questions I'm sure you'll have an excellent season.

Maxwell removes a copy of the rule book from his clipboard. It is already dog-eared and has several things highlighted in it.

DEARMENT (CONT'D)

So if no one has initial questions I'll jump right into the sched...

Maxwell raises his hand.

MAXWELL

I have a few questions about the qualifying procedure for finals.

DEARMENT

I'm sorry you are...

MAXWELL

Maxwell Jones. Head coach, Sisters of the Immaculate heart.

DEARMENT

Oh yeah. You're the NCAA flunkie.

MAXWELL

Ha. That's cute. (beat) It says here that a school can qualify as many athletes as there are open spots for that event in the final.

DEARMENT

Yes. It's highly unlikely that a team will qualify more than three athletes per event, though.

MAXWELL

But they could?

DEARMENT

It's possible.

MAXWELL

Doesn't that favor the schools with larger teams?

DEARMENT

I'm not sure I get your point?

MAXWELL

My point is there appears to be some bias in this league. Like how you fill up the empty slots for the heats.

DEARMENT

What about it?

MAXWELL

Well it goes alphabetically and the largest, strongest teams are also first in the alphabet so they get a chance to fill up the heats before the smaller teams.

DEARMENT

Was there a question in there?

MAXWELL

Well. Shouldn't the smaller teams go first in selection?

The assembled coaches begin to shake their heads in agreement. Bob Dearment and Stan Hulse exchange a look.

DEARMENT

(beat) I'll take that under advisement.

Dearment shoots and icy gaze at Maxwell.

SAVANNAH

What the hell was all that?

MAXWELL

I'm just lettin' him know, that I know.

EXT. 400 METER TRACK

Maxwell and Savannah address the team that is seated on the ground in a semi circle.

MAXWELL

Ok. We are one week away from our first track meet and I need to get a feel for what events you would like to run.

(MORE)

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
 So when I call your name yell out
 what event you want to run.

The girls wiggle with anticipation.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
 Phoebe.

PHOEBE
 100 meters.

Maxwell nods to Savannah who writes it on the clipboard.

MAXWELL
 Kelly.

KELLY
 100 meters.

Maxwell rolls his eyes.

MAXWELL
 How many of you want to run the
 100?

Nearly the entire team raises their hands.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
 That's not going to happen.

GIRL#1
 Why not?

MAXWELL
 Because I can only send three
 athletes per event.

GIRL#2
 Why can't we take turns?

MAXWELL
 Because this isn't kickball.

GIRL#1
 What does that mean?

Maxwell blows his whistle loud.

MAXWELL
 Warm up. Two laps. No walking.

SAVANNAH
 You're really getting through to
 them.

MAXWELL
 Don't you have stopwatches to
 organize or something?

EXT. 400 METER TRACK

Maxwell shakes his head as a pack of girls runs past him on
 the track as he looks at his stop watch.

MAXWELL
 Slow!

EXT. 400 METER TRACK

A pack of girls runs by spread across three lanes.

MAXWELL
 Why are you running in lane two, do
 you like the view better?

EXT. 400 METER TRACK - 100 METER CHUTE

Maxwell is in the chute with several girls. Phoebe is
 standing in front of starting blocks. Other girls watch.

PHOEBE
 What if I don't want to use blocks?

MAXWELL
 Then you will lose.

PHOEBE
 You don't know that.

MAXWELL
 Actually I do.

PHOEBE
 You know, you say a lot of unproven
 stuff. I think we should vote on
 it.

MAXWELL
 Listen, this is not a democracy.
 It's a brutal dictatorship and I'm
 not above making an example out of
 you.

PHOEBE
 What does that even mean?

Maxwell throws his hands up and looks to the sky.

MAXWELL
Please God. Kill me now.

GIRL#3 (O.S.)
That's blasphemey!

Maxwell looks right at the camera.

EXT. 400 METER TRACK - FIRST TRACK MEET

Teams are assembled in base camps on the infield. Maxwell walks towards the homestretch and approaches Savannah.

MAXWELL
Who do we have in this?

SAVANNAH
Denise and Emily. Denise is in the first heat.

As the sprinters pass, Denise is in fifth place getting beat badly. Maxwell shakes his head.

MAXWELL
Yeah. Saw that coming.

EXT. 400 METER TRACK - START/FINISH LINE

Several girls are lined up about to start the 800 meters. Savannah talks to one of the girls in the infield.

SAVANNAH
If you don't want to run the 800 that's ok.

MAXWELL
No. It's not ok. You wanted to run this event, I entered you into this event. You are running.

The girl looks like she is going to cry as she staggers onto the track.

SAVANNAH
That was not helpful.

MAXWELL
If you want to make omelets you have to break some eggs.

EXT. 400 METER TRACK

Savannah cheers. Maxwell shakes his head in disapproval and makes notes on his clipboard.

Suddenly, there is a commotion in the stands. Parents turns and look, student athletes stare, mouths agape. Maxwell looks over at the stands and sees...

EXT. 400 METER TRACK - STANDS

A leggy brunette with ass-for-days and a chest that is diverting air-traffic is dressed like a slut. She politely moves through the crowd.

She spots Maxwell and waves a sexy "Hi" as she cracks her gum while chewing with her mouth open. She is CHERRY CONSEQUENCES, 32, stripper, party girl and all around good time.

EXT. 400 METER TRACK

Savannah shoots a look at Maxwell that is so cold that it could freeze an eagle in mid-flight.

MAXWELL

(beat) Uh. Yeah. That's my bad.

EXT. 400 METER TRACK

The 4x400 meter relay is underway. From the gun Immaculate heart is falling behind. Maxwell screams. The girls fall further behind eventually finishing sixth.

Maxwell drops his clipboard and wanders off into the middle of the infield mumbling to himself.

INT. RECITAL ROOM

The room is packed with parents dressed professionally. Savannah is seated next to the podium. Maxwell enters.

MAXWELL

I apologize for my tardiness. Meet ran late. (beat) Unless anyone has an immediate question, I'll begin by talking about the Track & Field program and what my goals are for this season.

A well-heeled man wearing a suit that never had a price tag stands to his feet.

IRATE PARENT #1
Do you think it's appropriate to shake your head and show disapproval on the field?

Maxwell adjusts his baseball cap before answering.

MAXWELL
The role of a coach is to motivate and sometimes that motivation takes the form of the not-happy-face. I can tell you are part of the cheer everything crowd, but that's not how we make champions.

The comment rankles the crowd of parents.

IRATE PARENT #1
Champions?

MAXWELL
Next question.

IRATE PARENT #2
Is there a reason that you didn't run Phoebe and Michelle in the relay?

MAXWELL
Which relay are you referring to?

IRATE PARENT #2
The big one at the end.

MAXWELL
That would be the 4X400.

IRATE PARENT #2
Whatever.

Maxwell looks over to Savannah who uses hand motions to describe them.

MAXWELL
Uh. Yeah. I know the athletes you are referring to.

IRATE PARENT #2
Well?

MAXWELL

Because Phoebe is slow as molasses
and Michelle just - sucks! That's
why.

The meeting erupts into shouting and finger pointing.

IRATE PARENT #3

Who do you think you are?

MAXWELL

I'm the best God-damn coach this
place has ever seen.

IRATE PARENT #2

If you're such a God-damn good
coach how come you got thrown out
of the NCAA?

MAXWELL

That's a mis-characterization of
what--

IRATE PARENT #1

Please, you're a hack! You only
got the job at USC is because the
A.D. was a friend of yours. (beat)
You resigned from Colorado State
days before the university launched
an investigation into your
recruiting tactics. So why don't
you get off your high horse and
admit that you are here because
you've got no place else to go!

MAXWELL

Fuck you! Do you think I need this
shit! You think I have nothing
better to do than to come down
here, to this --ridiculous league
of sycophants and washed up
Olympians and deal with your --
crying little girls who can't make
up their --tiny fucking minds about
if they want to run track or paint
with glitter?

The parents are transfixed in a mix of anger and amazement.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Do you really think the
performances of 11-13 year olds has
any bearing on anything in life?
(beat) Cause it doesn't buddy.

(MORE)

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

You're not building Division 1 athletes, you're building fantasies and illusions that this, that all of this is creating some kind of -- an advantage. Well guess what? It ain't...so put that in your Tesla and charge it!

Maxwell storms out of the room amid the stares of the parents.

INT. ATHLETIC DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

O'Donnell sits behind her desk facing Savannah and Maxwell. Her brow is furrowed as she stares at the pair.

O'DONNELL

(beat) Who do you think you are?

SAVANNAH

Miss O'Donnell, in Maxwell defense, it was a rough meet and the parents were a bit...

O'DONNELL

Shut up, Savannah!

SAVANNAH

It's just that--

O'DONNELL

Savannah! (beat) Go in the other room.

Savannah rises to her feet and leaves with a huff.

MAXWELL

You're being kind of hard on her don't you think?

O'Donnell removes her glasses and cleans them before she speaks.

O'DONNELL

Do you know how much it costs a family to send their daughter to Sisters of the Immaculate Heart?

MAXWELL

What is it -- like ten grand?

O'DONNELL

It costs forty thousand dollars a year for a child to attend this school.

MAXWELL

Forty grand? These parents are of their damn minds.

O'DONNELL

(beat) Never at a loss for a flippant remark I see.

O'Donnell moves several small religious statues so that she can extend her forearms and leans closer to Maxwell.

O'DONNELL (CONT'D)

I know that you don't think much of our traditions, but we are charged with turning these girls into women. And those women into leaders. And you are part of this, like it or not.

O'Donnell and Maxwell exchange a hard stare as O'Donnell removes a single pice of folder paper from her desk.

O'DONNELL (CONT'D)

I sent a questionnaire to the girls about you. ..."Ms. O'Donnell, though Coach Merc. can be mean, he knows a lot about track and he cares that we learn it the right way. Please don't fire him. He's the best coach we've ever had."

Maxwell is taken by the admission of one of his athletes.

O'DONNELL (CONT'D)

You see Mr. Jones you are having an affect. You are part of their education and part of their lives.

MAXWELL

I don't know what to say...

O'DONNELL

Then just listen. (beat) I don't care if you let me down, or the school down. But if you let these girls down...they'll never get over it. You have an opportunity to do something that matters in their lives.

(MORE)

O'DONNELL (CONT'D)

Is it possible you could put your -
schtick aside and do good, just
this once?

An uncomfortable silence manifests in the room.

O'DONNELL (CONT'D)

(beat) You are dismissed. Send
Savannah in here on your way out.

Maxwell nods and exits quietly. Seconds later Savannah
enter's O'Donnell's office.

SAVANNAH

You wanted to see me.

O'DONNELL

Close the door. (beat) This is
the precise reason I opposed your
becoming head coach when your
mother died mid season. You lack
foresight. When you lobbied for me
to hire this -- hooligan, I said no
and you browbeat me and told me he
was perfect for the job. And he's
done nothing but bring shame on
this institution and for that I
will not forgive you. (beat) It's
lapses of judgement like these that
have prevented you from becoming
the head coach.

Savannah sits motionless as a tear escapes her eye.

O'DONNELL (CONT'D)

We're all in bed together now, so
guess what? If I go down you best
believe I am taking you with me.
(beat) You better find a way to
rectify this or I promise you,
you'll go right out the door with
him when I call an end to this
sordid affair. You are dismissed.

EXT. PREPARATORY SCHOOL - BINOCULAR P.O.V.

School has just let out and girls in uniforms fill the
vestibule. Savannah walks among them, reaches into her
pocket and answers her cell phone.

SAVANNAH

This is Savannah.

MAXWELL (FILTERED)
I'm across the street.

SAVANNAH
Where?

MAXWELL (FILTERED)
Look next to the tree in the
center, in the shadow.

EXT. PREPARATORY SCHOOL - NORTH PARKING LOT

Maxwell's C430 peeks out from under a large shadow being cast
by an oak tree. Savannah makes eye contact with Maxwell.

SAVANNAH
What are you in witness protection?

MAXWELL (FILTERED)
Shut up and get over here.

INT. MAXWELL'S MERCEDES C430 (FROM THE HOOD LOOKING IN)

Maxwell is in the driver's seat looking through a pair of
binoculars that must be 1000 x 700 because they touch the
windshield.

Savannah gets in.

SAVANNAH
Where's my pair?

MAXWELL
Look in the glove compartment.

Savannah opens the glove compartment and removes a small
metal case.

SAVANNAH
What the hell are these?

MAXWELL
Opera glasses.

SAVANNAH
You go to the opera?

MAXWELL
Don't start.

SAVANNAH

How come you get C.I.A. Binoculars
and I get opera glasses.

MAXWELL

Assistant coaches. Always
complaining about shit, never doing
shit.

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT - FACING MAXWELL'S C430

Maxwell and Savannah look through the windshield with their
spy gear.

MAXWELL

Who's the chick with the blue back
pack with the faded Jansport logo?

SAVANNAH

The skinny one?

MAXWELL

No, the big chick on the right.
I'm thinking she'd be good in the
high jump.

SAVANNAH

Asshole. That Ja'nae Schwartz.

MAXWELL

Let's recruit her.

SAVANNAH

Can't. She's already playing
soccer.

MAXWELL

Fuck! (beat) What about the
Indian chick with the braids
playing two dots on the Iphone 6
with the tempered glass?

SAVANNAH

That's Reagan Williamson. Soccer
player.

MAXWELL

Damn it! (beat) Ok, ok. What
about the chocolate sister with the
B- on her Latin test.

SAVANNAH

What the hell is a chocolate sister?

MAXWELL

Dark skinned African American girl.

Savannah shakes her head in disapproval.

SAVANNAH

That's Kimmy Cantrel and those binoculars cannot be legal for consumer use.

MAXWELL

Here we go. Blondie, twelve O'clock drinking the expired milk.

SAVANNAH

Samantha Douglass. Also known as Sam the man. She's a three sport athlete and she plays soccer.

MAXWELL

Ugh. What is the fascination with kicking a ball? Ok. How do we get them to quit?

SAVANNAH

Short of the team shutting down, nothing. None of those girls would ever quit playing soccer.

MAXWELL

Well then I guess we have to shut down the team.

SAVANNAH

What are you talking about?

MAXWELL

Follow my lead.

Maxwell hops out of the car and sprints across the parking lot to the front of the school. Savannah gives chase.

EXT. PREPARATORY SCHOOL - VESTIBULE

The soccer players surround a thin, white male, 32 wearing soccer team sweats. He is RICK SNYDER, Immaculate Heart Head soccer coach and slimy guy.

Maxwell enters the circle with Savannah in tow.

MAXWELL
(extending his hand)
Hello coach...?

COACH SNYDER
Rick Snyder. Head Coach and three
time defending league champion.

MAXWELL
Hey. I'm Maxwell Jones. Head
coach Track & Field.

COACH SNYDER
Never heard of you.

MAXWELL
(laughs)
That's cause I'm new. So I was
wondering if I could talk to you
about how you build a winning team.

COACH SNYDER
(handing him a card)
I'm a little busy right now. Give
my assistant a call and she'll set
something up.

MAXWELL
Sure. Have a good practice.

COACH SNYDER
Whatever.

Coach Snyder leads his team away.

MAXWELL
He's a modest bastard.

Savannah shoots Maxwell a look.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
What?

SAVANNAH
So now what?

MAXWELL
Now we shut down the team.

Savannah looks perplexed. Maxwell pulls out his cell phone
and dials a number.

INT. COOCHIE COO BAR, EL MONTE

As far as dive bars go, this one is 20,000 leagues below Sunset. Coach Snyder sits at the bar drinking a beer and playing on his phone.

Cherry Consequences enters the bar wearing a short skirt, cracking her gum with her tits hanging out.

CHERRY

Hey Barkeep. How about putting on the soccer game. I got money on the Galaxy.

Cherry is walking down the line of sorry-ass bar stools when she stops next to Coach Snyder to order a drink. He gives her the once over.

COACH SNYDER

You an MLS fan?

CHERRY

There's two things I'm really into. Soccer and dance.

COACH SNYDER

Oh? And what kind of dancing do you do?

Bartender nods at Cherry.

CHERRY

(to bartender)
Vodka RedBull and keep it open.
(to Rick)
I'm a stripper, baby.

COACH SNYDER

Really?

CHERRY

It's ok. I won't hit you up for a lapdance.

A tall, voluptuous redhead walks into the bar.

COACH SNYDER

What if I wanted a lapdance?

CHERRY

(laughs)
Well you are my type, and you obviously play. But I'm waiting for someone.

Rick looks surprised till the Redhead wraps her arms around Cherry and kisses her on the neck. And then he looks really surprised.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
 (kissing her back and
 handing her the drink)
 Here. Drink this. Room won't be
 ready for twenty minutes.
 (turning to Rick)
 We've got a big night planned.
 (beat) Unless you think you can
 handle the both of us.

REDHEAD
 Hey. Who's your friend?

COACH SNYDER
 Check!

INT. COULD'VE SHOULD'VE MOTEL

The room is seedy, bedspread stained, air conditioner noisy. The redhead is on all fours, naked and tied to the bed, she is gagged. Coach Snyder is in boxers with a dick that is so hard it's telling time.

Cherry pours a line of coke on the Redhead's ass, snorts it and smacks her so hard that it leaves a hand print. Cherry lets out a cackling laugh as she looks at Coach Snyder.

CHERRY
 You know that's some good pussy.

Cherry lays out another line. The Redhead struggles. Coach Snyder gets ready to snort the line when the door is KICKED in and a group of people wearing black jackets and holding video cameras rush in. Chaos ensues.

TMZ BROADCAST - BREAKING NEWS!

The chyron says private school coach busted. The B-roll show's stiff-dicked Coach Snyder trying to take cover as the cameras catch him finishing a line off the redhead's ass. Cherry sucker punches a "producer" and a brawl ensues.

TMZ HOST
 Breaking news on the TMZ desk.
 Coach Snyder, three time defending
 league champion caught in a hooker
 coke scandal.
 (MORE)

TMZ HOST (CONT'D)
No comment from Sisters of the
Immaculate heart preparatory
school. We'll keep you posted.

INT. ATHLETIC DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

O'Donnell is drumming her fingers as she stares at Savannah and Maxwell. Maxwell leans forward and makes the Jesus statue dance in time with O'Donnell's drumming. Savannah instantly grabs Maxwell's hand to make him stop.

O'Donnell shoots a look at Maxwell and then slowly opens her drawer, reaches forward and grabs the Jesus statue.

O'DONNELL
I know you had something to do with
this?

MAXWELL
I don't know what you are talking
about? I was roller skating with
friends when this went down.

O'DONNELL
Mmm Hmm.

MAXWELL
Look. The guy did you a favor.
Could you imagine the fallout if
this would have happened during the
playoffs?

O'DONNELL
This isn't college. We don't have
scandals and we don't get bum-
rushed by TMZ seeking comment.

MAXWELL
Bum rushed? I never took you for a
Public Enemy fan.

O'Donnell just stares at Maxwell.

O'DONNELL
There was an inappropriate contact
investigation going on with Coach
Snyder so we're not really sorry to
see him go.

MAXWELL
So what happens to the soccer
program?

O'DONNELL
The team is suspended from
competition till further notice.

MAXWELL
So his athletes are free to play
other sports, like say Track &
Field?

O'Donnell stares at Maxwell.

O'DONNELL
Yes. But we don't need this kind
of publicity Maxwell. (beat)
You're running up a large tab my
friend. It better get paid.

MAXWELL
You got it O.D.

O'DONNELL
O.D.?

O.D. That's my nickname for you.
You're an A.D. The first letters
of your --

O'DONNELL
Get out of my office.

EXT. ATHLETIC BUILDING

Savannah and Maxwell face each other.

SAVANNAH
You're a real piece of work, you
know that?

MAXWELL
This is how you win a championship
Savannah. Coaching is recruiting,
never forget that.

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM

A man wearing a short sleeve collared shirt addresses the
soccer team as Maxwell and Savannah walk in.

ADMINISTRATOR
 ...so as a result of the situation
 the soccer program has been
 suspended and you as athletes...

MAXWELL
 I'll take it, from here Scottie.

ADMINISTRATOR
 My name is Paul.

MAXWELL
 Whatever. Ok ladies. I was really
 sorry to hear about your coach, you
 had a promising season ahead of
 you. But all is not lost. As it
 turns out we are looking for
 athletes on the track team.

All the girls begin to smile and perk up.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
 So if you have any interest in
 running track please raise your
 hand.

The entire room of girls raises their hands.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
 Ok. We'll take
 (pointing at a few girls)
 ...you, you, you...and you. Ok.
 Thanks girls. I hear the chess
 team is also looking for athletes.

Maxwell corrals the four girls he's chosen amid the hard
 stares of the other girls. One of the overlooked girls has a
 mean look on her face. She removes her cell phone and begins
 to type furiously while giving Maxwell the deathstare.

EXT. 400 METER TRACK

Maxwell walks across the field to Savannah. It's just the
 normal team, none of the new recruits are there.

MAXWELL
 Where the hell are my recruits?

SAVANNAH

Yeah, so when you only picked four - the other girls got pissed and one of them wrote O'Donnell an email and confessed that there was a massive cheating ring on the soccer team.

MAXWELL

She did what?

SAVANNAH

And as a result all former soccer athletes have been ruled academically ineligible pending the investigation into cheating and grade inflation.

Maxwell squints hard and holds his fingers over his eyes and rubs them for several seconds.

MAXWELL

This is impossible.

SAVANNAH

Maybe it would have been a better allocation of our time to train the athletes we have instead of wasting time on these....stunts.

Maxwell lets out a massive exhale and walks away.

EXT. RIDICULOUSLY EXPENSIVE MANSION - HOLLYWOOD HILLS

A lavish outdoor party -- jazz band, shrimp, fondue fountains and more uptight people than an accounting convention.

Savannah and Maxwell are well dressed holding it down in the corner.

MAXWELL

I fucking hate wearing a suit.

SAVANNAH

Yeah well. See those people over there near the band.

MAXWELL

The Tux and Ball gown crowd?

SAVANNAH

Yeah. Those are the trustees. Trust me, you don't want to be under-dressed when you talk to them.

MAXWELL

Is it really necessary for me to be here?

SAVANNAH

We -- are required as coaches to attend as representatives of the athletic department. It's a yearly dinner, you'll get through it.

An seriously rich family arrives led by an elegant woman who sports more jewels than a museum. She is GUINEVERE HOLT, 42. She is followed by her bratty daughter. ALEXIS HOLT, 12, and is none to happy to be wearing a dress.

MAXWELL

Who the hell is that?

SAVANNAH

That's Guinevere Holt, president of Immaculate Heart and her husband Frank. And the frownie face in tow is the infamous Alexis...terror of the Hellanic division. Been thrown out of two schools just this year.

Suddenly there is some commotion. Guinevere speaks sternly to Alexis.

GUINEVERE

(under her breath)

Now you listen to me. If you embarass me at this event I'll burn every piece of fashion you have and make you go to school in a burlap sack. Got that.

ALEXIS

You're not even my real Mother so why don't you shut up.

Alexis takes off running across the courtyard to the amazement of her mother and hushed comments of the crowd.

MAXWELL

Hold my drink.

Maxwell moseys after her.

EXT. RIDICULOUS MANSION - VALET PARKING

Alexis is seated on top of a rock retaining wall swinging her feet and pouting.

MAXWELL
Mind if I join you?

ALEXIS
It's a free wall.

MAXWELL
So. How's it going?

Alexis shoots Maxwell a look of death.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
...That's good. (beat) So how's
tricks?

ALEXIS
Tricks? Your crisis management
needs work.

MAXWELL
Yeah. I'm not a counselor.

ALEXIS
That's obvious. (beat) You're .
that new track coach, right?

MAXWELL
Guilty as charged.

ALEXIS
Did you really get banned from the
NCAA for life for throwing shit at
your own team?

MAXWELL
Did you really get thrown out of
two schools in just this year due
to your poor attitude? (beat)
Doesn't feel good to be exposed,
does it?

ALEXIS
What do you want?

MAXWELL
Do you play any sports?

ALEXIS

I played soccer and basketball
before...well, you know.

MAXWELL

Well. What if I could get you on
the track team? Would you want to
run?

ALEXIS

And why would you want to do that?

MAXWELL

Because you got some fight in you.
And that's what I need to anchor my
relay team.

ALEXIS

What about my bitch of a mother?
I'm on academic probation.

MAXWELL

I can take care of all of that.
...and you shouldn't call your
mother a bitch.

ALEXIS

Why don't you mind your business.

MAXWELL

Well aren't you full of sugar and
spice.

ALEXIS

(Beat) Why you doing this? What's
in it for you?

MAXWELL

Let's just say I been there.

Maxwell and Alexis share a moment.

ALEXIS

Ok Maxwell. I'm in.

MAXWELL

It's coach Merc. to you!

Alexis smiles as her and Maxwell walk back to the party.

EXT. MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - COURTYARD

As Maxwell and Alexis rejoin the party, Alexis runs over to her mother and apologizes to the amazement of her mother and the crowd.

SAVANNAH

What did you say to her?

MAXWELL

I told you. I'm a hell of a coach.
Don't ever forget that.

EXT. 400 METER TRACK - MONTAGE

The girls run in a pack with good form. Maxwell coaches, Savannah coaches.

Edited to the beat of hard core hip hop we watch as:

-- A pack of girls lines up perfectly and begins an interval. Maxwell nods in approval as she shouts times, Savannah records them on the clipboard.

-- Girls practice relay hand-offs. Form is flawless. Savannah smiles and makes notes on the clip board.

-- Maxwell puts the girls in single-file and then illustrates how to overtake and pass. The girls nod in agreement.

-- Maxwell is timing their splits as they pass.

MAXWELL

Yes. Nice. Perfect!

END music. END montage.

EXT. 400 METER TRACK - INTERVALS

The girls look HAGGARD. Phoebe staggers away from the pack. Her cheeks are FLUSH, she pants quickly. Maxwell shakes his head in disapproval.

MAXWELL

Slow! I'm not counting that one

PHOEBE

I can't do another.

MAXWELL

You can and you will. Fifteen seconds.

Maxwell sends them on another interval. The finish is ugly. Girls fall. Two cross the finish and immediately vomit. Phoebe staggers into the infield.

PHOEBE

I can't breathe. I can't breathe.

Maxwell keys in on Phoebe who begins to stagger and stumble.

MAXWELL

Phobe. Look at me. (beat) Grab my wrist and squeeze.

Phoebe's eyes fill with fear as they begin to tear up.

PHOEBE

I can't. I can't.

Maxwell makes Phoebe walk with him.

MAXWELL

I know. I know. Out the bad in with the good. C'mon. Try for me.

Phoebe collapses on the track. Other girls scream. Maxwell holds her arms as she begins to kick and tries to scream.

EXT. 400 METER TRACK

An ambulance is parked in the infield. Paramedics load Phoebe and the gurney into the back of the ambulance. She wears an oxygen mask.

As the ambulance leaves Savannah stares at it and then turns her gaze to Maxwell.

SAVANNAH

Are you satisfied?

Maxwell looks at Savannah before staring off into space.

INT. FANCY PANTS RESTAURANT - BEVERLY HILLS

Jamie looks gorgeous in a pencil skirt. Maxwell wears a suit jacket and jeans, he keeps playing with his collar.

MAXWELL

This thing itches

JAMIE

That uncomfortable feeling is called responsibility.

MAXWELL

Oh, you got jokes?

Jamie laughs.

JAMIE

So I've got to hand it to you.
I've got spies all over the place
and everybody tells me you've
changed your tune and stepped up to
the plate.

MAXWELL

What can I tell you. The sun
shines on a dog's ass every now and
again.

JAMIE

The appropriate response to a
compliment is thank you.

MAXWELL

(beat) Thank you.

JAMIE

So what are you going to do if you
pull all this off?

MAXWELL

Buy a Porsche and leave you sorry-
ass motherfuckers in the dust.

JAMIE

How you gonna make money without
me?

MAXWELL

I'll have Nike. I won't need you.

JAMIE.

See how you are. (beat) Seriously
though. Congratulations Maxwell.
I only did this because I knew you
could do it.

Maxwell and Jamie exchange a moment.

EXT. FANCY PANTS RESTAURANT - VALET

Jamie and Maxwell wait for their cars.

JAMIE

We haven't had dinner in a long time. This was nice.

MAXWELL

Yes it was.

Jamie leans in to give Maxwell a hug. He hugs her back and gives her ass a nice grab. Jamie pushes Maxwell away.

JAMIE

Why do you always have to fuck it up?

MAXWELL

What? I'm sorry. You have a great ass.

Jamie punches Maxwell in the jaw.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

JAMIE

This is me. This is Jamie. I'm your friend and I'm your agent, you owe me more than just trying to fuck me.

MAXWELL

Look. It was an accident. My hand slipped.

JAMIE

Save it!

Jamie storms off.

MAXWELL

Jamie. Jamie. (beat) Jamie!
(beat) Fuck!

The valets stare at Maxwell.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

What? Fuck you! Get my car!

EXT. 400 METER TRACK - LEAGUE FINALS

All the teams are present. There is a feeling a seriousness about the place.

SAVANNAH
You ready for this?

MAXWELL
We're about to find out.

EXT. 400 METER TRACK - FINISH LINE

The 100M dash is finishing. Immaculate heart takes 2nd and third

MAXWELL
That works.

EXT. 400 METER TRACK - START OF THE 800M

Athletes are lined up. Savannah speaks to the Immaculate heart runners, Maxwell hovers in the background.

SAVANNAH
Just get out there and run your race. That's all you go to do.

MAXWELL
And stop on some necks while you're at it.

The girls smile at Maxwell's comment.

EXT. 400 METER TRACK - MONTAGE

The meet is competitive as Immaculate Heart holds it own. We watch as

-- Immaculate Heart takes 1st, 2nd and 3rd in the 200 meter dash. Maxwell screams his head off in approval.

-- The 400M dash is finishing. It's neck and neck but Immaculate Heart gets out leaned at the finish. Places 2nd and 4th.

-- The 4 X 100 is underway. Immaculate Heart takes an early lead and doesn't look back. Dominate win. Maxwell dances and Savannah tries to stop his unsportsmanlike display.

END MUSIC. END MONTAGE.

EXT. 400 METER TRACK - 4X400 METER RELAY

FINAL EVENT. Tension rides high. Savannah runs over to Maxwell as he is preparing to give the pre-race talk.

SAVANNAH

It's a three way tie between us, Chaminade and Harvard Westlake. If we win this, we win the meet.

MAXWELL

And they say there's no drama in Track & Field.

SAVANNAH

What are you going to say to them?

MAXWELL

I don't know. Something about if you lose you'll be a disappointment to the school, your parents and the entire United States of America.

Maxwell waves off Savannah and approaches the team.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Ok...bring it in. (beat) Look. I know it's scary. But this is what it is. You are the fastest team on this track. All you have to do is prove it. OK?

The relay team look tepid.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Who's the big dog?

RELAY TEAM

(barely audible)

We are.

MAXWELL

Who's the big dog?

RELAY TEAM

(slightly louder)

We are.

Maxwell takes a deep breath.

MAXWELL

(beat) Look. You can do this. I promise you. (beat) Ok. Hands in. Panda's on three.

EXT. 400 METER TRACK

The relay team walks over to the staging area as Savannah approaches.

SAVANNAH
Are they ready to do it?

MAXWELL
We got this. Trust me.

The race starts -- Harvard Westlake, Chaminade and Immaculate are vying for first as the lead legs comes in. Maxwell screams.

Chaminade begins to take a lead, Immaculate runs with them. Harvard Westlake falls behind. Maxwell screams louder.

EXT. 400 METER TRACK - ANCHOR LEG

THREE-WAY TIE. Harvard Westlake bobbles the baton and loses a step.

MAXWELL
Yes. This is it! This is it!

It's now a two team race. Alexis is the anchor.

FINAL TURN - lots of PUSHING, SHOVING. crowd is on their feet, yelling. HOMESTRETCH -- more pushing. Alexis falls. The crowd lets out a tremendous sigh as Chaminade wins.

Maxwell runs over to Alexis who is crying uncontrollably. He picks her up and hugs her. The crowd give her a standing ovation.

EXT. 400 METER TRACK

Maxwell walks out of the stands picks up the second place trophy to a few muffled cheers. The meet ends.

SAVANNAH
For what it's worth. I think you did a hell of a job with this team. I'm sorry we couldn't--

MAXWELL
Stop it. We competed together, we lost together. I wouldn't change a thing if I had to do it again.

Jamie approaches.

SAVANNAH
Here comes your agent.

Savannah walks away.

JAMIE
What's up coach.

MAXWELL
Hello Jamie.

JAMIE
I've never seen you that involved
in a race in my life. Even Nike
was impressed.

MAXWELL
Really? Are they still going to
consider me.

JAMIE
C'mon now. Second place is the
first loser. You know that.

Maxwell frowns.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
(with a sly look in her
eye)
If only that chick could have
stayed upright.

MAXWELL
They are little girls. Sometimes
they fall down.

JAMIE
(beat) Nike's willing to extend
the deal another year, if you think
you can win next season. Anyways,
I'm meeting Jerimah and the rest of
their team for drinks at B.J.'s.
You should swing by. I'll text you
the addy.

MAXWELL
Ok.

Jamie walks off the field. Maxwell takes one final look at
the track.

O'DONNELL O.S.
Where's my double u?

Maxwell turns around to see O'Donnell standing in front of him.

MAXWELL
I believe Chaminade has it.

O'DONNELL
That's a tough way to lose.

MAXWELL
Yeah well. That's the rub.

O'DONNELL
Look. I know you got big plans with Nike and a bunch of other stuff. But I think you are really good for the girls. I mean, I hate the way you talk to people and your management skills definitely need some work. But there is a real person inside there. (beat) I want you to be our--

MAXWELL
Yes.

O'DONNELL
Really. (beat) I mean. Ok. Yes. Very good.

O'Donnell grabs Maxwell and hugs him. Maxwell looks perplexed as O'Donnell walks away. Maxwell looks right at the camera.

MAXWELL
Now ain't that some shit.

INT. BLACK SUV

Alexis sits in the back seat. She is unimpressed as her parents babble on about philanthropy or what-ever-the-fuck rich parents discuss.

ALEXIS
Hey. Can you stop at the 7-Eleven?
I really have to go.

The SUV pulls into the 7-Eleven parking lot and Alexis hops out.

GUINEVERE(O.S.)
Don't dilly, dally. We have dinner reservations!

Alexis hops out of the SUV and waltzs into the store.

INT. 7-ELEVEN

ALEXIS
Bathrooms back here?

Register dude nods a yes, and she continues up the aisle. Walks past the bathrooms and exits the door at the back of the 7-Eleven.

EXT. 7-ELEVEN, BACK PARKING LOT

Maxwell is leaning up against the wall playing with his phone when Alexis pops out of the door.

MAXWELL
You're late.

ALEXIS
I had trouble getting my car started. You got the money?

Maxwell reaches into his pocket and removes an envelope and hands it to Alexis. Alexis opens it and immediately starts counting the stack of 20's.

MAXWELL
And I think you put it on a little thick at the end.

ALEXIS
You said you wanted it to be convincing so I convinced them. Now everybody thinks you're a nice guy now and you have a place to belong.

The SUV horn sounds in the front parking lot.

MAXWELL
You better go.

ALEXIS
...and I want to pick my events next year.

MAXWELL
Fat chance.

ALEXIS

Really? I'd hate to have to tell
this crying story to Ms. O'Donnell.
Especially since she really likes
you now.

Alexis smiles and walks back into the 7-Eleven. Maxwell
stares right at the camera.

THE END