

INT. DUMPY APARTMENT- MID-AFTERNOON

A FLOPPY HAired YOUNG MAN sits in mid-day darkness, strumming out chords on his guitar as the TV blares nonsense.

FLOPPY HAired YOUNG MAN
(Singing)
*Oh, girl... I say girl, you are on
my...*

He sighs angrily and hits his head with his free hand.

FLOPPY HAired YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
Come on, man...

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
We now return to the U.S. Figure
Skating World Championships.

He looks up to see a montage of figure skaters moving gracefully on-screen.

CLOSE UP ON HIS FACE as his EYES WIDEN.

FLOPPY HAired YOUNG MAN
Joanna...

As he starts to strum, we PAN to the Figure Skating Footage.

JOANNA (V.O.)
In 1961, a plane carrying sixteen members of the US Figure Skating Team crashed while flying over Brussels. Actually, it exploded. The only survivor on board was a dog. It is, to this day, one of the worst disasters in US Sports history.

Slow-Mo Footage of a Skater nailing a TRIPLE AXEL.

JOANNA (V.O.)
I try to tell myself that my situation is in no way as bad as this... But that doesn't stop it from sucking total shit.

INT. CANTON HOCKEY RINK- TWENTY YEARS AGO

Families skate happily in an average town hockey rink. A FATHER holds the hands of his two daughters.

CLOSE on one of the daughters, YOUNG JOANNA OKUN, tiny, all smiles and boundless energy.

JOANNA (V.O.)

That's me, Joanna Okun. Well that was twenty years ago. I'm not that cute anymore.

Her Father spins her as she GIGGLES.

JOANNA (V.O.)

My Dad died when I was pretty young, but what I do remember was him taking me and my sister ice skating every Sunday. For some reason, Keely never quite took to it.

YOUNG KEELY, her older sister, wobbles down the ice while clutching onto the boards for dear life.

YOUNG KEELY

This is freaking dumb!

JOANNA (V.O.)

But I was a natural.

Young Joanna lets go of her Father's hand and glides effortlessly down the ice.

INT. OKUN HOUSEHOLD- TWENTY YEARS AGO

ANGIE OKUN, dignified but overbearing, tucks her daughters into bed.

JOANNA (V.O.)

Once Dad was gone, my Mom lost the whole facade of "not playing favorites."

ANGIE

Do you know who you were named after, Keely? Your father and I heard a record by Louis Prima and Keely Smith on our first date. It played the moment we knew we fell in love. Your name will always remind me of that love.

YOUNG JOANNA

What about my name, Mommy?

ANGIE
 (Cheerful but Firm)
 Oh, we got that out of a baby book!

INT. DRESSING ROOM- EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO

Angie fits Young Joanna into an ELABORATE feathered figure skating outfit.

JOANNA (V.O.)
 But as my skating got better, she swooped in. She was my coach, choreographer, and took her high school theater costuming background to new heights.

SERIES OF SHOTS- YOUNG JOANNA FIGURE SKATING

Young Joanna skates at various skating classes, competitions, solo practices, etc.

JOANNA (V.O.)
 From age Ten on, my entire life was figure skating. Lessons, competitions, Weekend Conferences in Buffalo with three of Tara Lapinski's trainers. I never stopped.

INT. TEENAGE JOANNA'S ROOM- TEN YEARS AGO

TEENAGE JOANNA, small and prim, watches skating on TV.

JOANNA (V.O.)
 When most girls my age were off drinking in the woods or getting fingered on ferris wheels, I was at home studying as many competitions as I could. But I didn't care. The only thing that ever made sense to me was being on the ice.

INT. FIGURE SKATING COMPETITION- FIVE YEARS AGO

COLLEGE JOANNA takes the ice in front of a PACKED AUDIENCE. The Audience goes silent as she skates with purpose...

She NAILS A TRIPLE AXEL and the CROWD GOES WILD.

SHOT OF Joanna with a GOLD MEDAL.

JOANNA (V.O.)
 By the time I was twenty one, I was
 finally ready for Nationals. And
 then came February 15th.

EXT. SKATING RINK- THREE YEARS AGO

Joanna walks toward the rink with Headphones on.

JOANNA (V.O.)
 I was heading to conditioning while
 listening to music for a routine. I
 didn't see the car...

A CAR heads towards Joanna and BEEPS at her.

JOANNA (V.O.)
 ...Which would have been fine if I
 hadn't stepped on that fucking
 black ice.

Joanna steps out of the way. CLOSE UP on her foot SLIPPING ON
 BLACK ICE.

As the care passes, Joanna FALLS TO THE GROUND HARD. The car
 screeches to a halt as the DRIVER gets out, panicked.

DRIVER
 Oh my God! Are you okay?! I thought
 I... Wait, I'm pretty sure I didn't
 hit you! Can you please confirm if
 I hit you?!

Joanna's head tilts up for a moment before things GO TO
 BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM- LATER THAT DAY

Joanna lies in a cast, BAWLING her eyes out.

JOANNA (V.O.)
 My hip had a severe stress
 fracture. The doctor said it would
 be a couple years before I could
 compete again. What that stupid
 fucking idiot didn't realize is
 that a competitive skater's career
 is all but over by then.

The lights go out in the room.

JOANNA (V.O.)

And just like that, my figure skating days were over. I know a plane exploding in Brussels is worse, but... It never seems to help.

INT. KEELY'S GUEST ROOM- PRESENT DAY- 6:00 AM

As an ALARM goes off, JOANNA, 25, hits the alarm and gets up. She's heavier and much more sour-looking than before.

She SIGHS HARD, and gets out of bed.

EXT. KEELY'S KITCHEN- MORNING

KEELY, 32, a confident loudmouth, eats breakfast with her husband STUART, 34, a well meaning dweeb.

Joanna walks past, zombie-like.

KEELY

Morning, Joey. Care for some breakfast?

Joanna grips her stomach.

JOANNA

No thanks. I'm going to try and run before work.

KEELY

Don't forget, we're having dinner with Mom tonight.

JOANNA

Great, nothing like capping off a day with three hours of guilt.

KEELY

It'll be fine. Stuart will be there to dazzle us with conversation.

STUART

I hope your Mom has finished Netflixing "Frasier" because I'm ready to rank the seasons!

Keely and Joanna both look at each other. "What a dweeb."

KEELY

Why did I marry you?

STUART

I have intense levels of charisma!

Joanna shakes her head as she sneaks out the door.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD- LATER THAT MORNING

Joanna hobbles down the school track. She attempts a speedier jog, but gives up as she winces in pain.

SWARMS of healthy students lap her and barely even notice.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY- LATER THAT MORNING

Joanna sips a coffee as she passes a hallway of Trophies. She looks at a worn old photo of her winning a competition.

JOANNA

Fuck off.

She turns a corner to see a handful of students waiting outside the GUIDANCE COUNSELOR OFFICES. She attempts her best FAKE SMILE.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Can I help you guys with anything?

The Students all look away.

STUDENT 1

No, we're waiting for Mr. Fitzgerald.

MR. FITZGERALD, a goofy and gangly middle aged man, comes up from behind Joanna.

MR. FITZGERALD

You rang, gang?!

All the students cheer as he high fives a few of them.

STUDENT 2

Mr. Fitzgerald! I got the job at Applebees!

MR. FITZGERALD

Well, now I know who to go to for a discount on Mozzarella sticks!

The Student smiles as Mr. Fitzgerald tousles his hair.