

VICTORY LAP

an original screenplay by

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based on the short story by
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INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight shines in through a window illuminating a wall poster of Mother Teresa.

ALISON POPE, 15, shoots up in bed screaming (I'll introduce her later).

She pants looking around discerning where she is.

A light from the hallway illuminates her face.

ALISON'S MOTHER and ALISON'S FATHER rush into the room. We stay on Alison.

ALISON

He-- he just--

ALISON'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Hey, Allie, shh shh shh. That's not how it was. Remember? How did it happen? Say it. Say it out loud. Allie, Can you tell Mommy and Daddy how it really happened?

ALISON

I ran outside!

ALISON'S FATHER (O.S.)

That's right. You shouted. Shouted like a champ.

ALISON'S MOTHER (O.S.)

And what did Kyle do?

Alison remembers.

INT. ALISON'S HOME - DAY

The stairwell of a suburban home. Everything is still.

SUPER: VICTORY LAP.

Jumping into view at the top of the stairs is Alison Pope, 14 years old, a free spirit, and confident from years of admiration from classmates and adults alike.

She stands before the empty stairwell with perfect posture. She lightly embraces the handrail, and takes a first delicate step downward.

INT. GRAND FOYER - NIGHT

Now, atop a marble stair case in a beautiful dress, Alison makes her way down.

A PRINCE in wonderful clothing attempts to woo her.

PRINCE

How can so much grace be contained
in one small package.

Alison is put off by his comment.

Further down the stair case, a SECOND PRINCE steps towards her and whispers in her ear.

SECOND PRINCE

Dreadfully sorry you had to endure
that bit about the small package
just now. Let us go stand on the
moon.

ALISON

Uh, I am not exactly dressed for
standing on the moon, which as I
understand it, is super-cold?

BUZZ!!!

INT. ALISON'S HOME - DAY

The dryer buzzes as it's cycle completes.

Alison stands at the top of the stairs. She turns around and jumps down with both feet one step at a time.

She ballets through the living room and curtsies to herself in the mirror.

She turns to her MOTHER standing in the living room.

ALISON

C'mon Mom. You need to get home.
Ms. Callow will throw a fit.

MOTHER

I'm sorry dear, I am moving as fast
as I can.

MS. CALLOW stands on the other side of the living room.

MS. CALLOW

She is quite right, Mom. Ballet is
a lifestyle.

Alison hops into the laundry room. She pulls her ballet tights out of the dryer.

She hops from the laundry room and back into the empty living room.

Does a roll, hops to her feet and kisses a picture of her mom and dad.

A young girl dressed up as a BABY DEER shakes fearfully in her living room.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Alison walks over to the shaking deer.

ALISON
Where's your mama, little guy?

BABY DEER
I don't know.

ALISON
Are you afraid? Are you hungry? Do you want me to hold you?

BABY DEER
Okay.

A Hunter with a gun over his shoulder approaches. He holds the head of a dead adult deer.

Alison cover's the baby deer's eyes.

ALISON
Don't you have anything better to do, dank hunter, than kill this baby's mom?

BABY DEER
Is my mom killed?

ALISON
No, no. This gentleman was just leaving.

The hunter suddenly sees his error, removes his cap, and drops to one knee.

HUNTER
If I could will life back into this fawn I would do so, in hopes you might defer one tender kiss upon our elderly forehead.

INT. ALISON'S HOME - DAY

Alison, the Hunter, and the Baby Deer all stand in the living room.

ALISON

Go. Only, for your task of penance,
do not eat her. Lay her out in a
field of clover, with roses stern
about her. And bestow a choir, to
softly sing of her fowl end.

BABY DEER

Lay out who?

ALISON

No one. Nevermind.

With that Alison hops into her kitchen and grabs a banana.

She dances back into the living room, peeling apart the fruit.

She spots something out her living room window and approaches
to get a closer look.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Across the street, KYLE BOOT, pale and scrawny jogs down the
sidewalk. He sports short running shorts, no shirt, and a
backpack.

He perfectly times the opening of a garage door, runs up his
driveway and enters the garage just as the door reaches
optimum height. Never breaking stride.

INT. ALISON'S HOME - DAY

Alison offers a smug look, and twirls back into the kitchen.
She pulls a bag of Cheez Doodles from the pantry and sets it
on the island.

She turns to her mom and dad standing in the kitchen.

ALISON

Thanks, mom and dad!

Her dad gives her the thumbs up.

She grabs a plastic container from the cupboard, opens the
snack and pours.

Alison shakes the container offering it to two homeless men
and a HOMELESS WOMAN.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Please enjoy. Is there anything
else I can do for you folks?

HOMELESS WOMAN

You have already done enough, Alison,
by even deigning to speak to us.

ALISON

That is so not true! Don't you
understand, all people deserve
respect? Each of us a rainbow.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Uh, really? Look at this big open
sore on my poor shriveled flank.

ALISON

Allow me to fetch you some Vaseline.

HOMELESS WOMAN

That would be much appreciated.
This thing kills.

Alison looks up.

ALISON

You're awesome Mrs. Dees!

Mrs. Dees, Alison's teacher sits at her desk at the other
side of the kitchen.

The typical things you would expect on a teacher's desk.
Stacks of paper. Pencils, pens in a coffee mug. Even the
apple.

MRS. DEES

Thank you, Alison.

ALISON

I hope your divorce is going okay.

MRS. DEES

Thank you, Alison.

ALISON

I really enjoy your ethics class.

MRS. DEES

Thank you, Alison. Have you decided
on your stance for our straw poll?

ALISON

Yes, I have. I think people are
good, and life is fun.

MRS. DEES

Oh, you poor child.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Alison quickly turns towards the front door.

The door is almost looming.

She skips over to it.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Alison opens the front door.

She stares up at J.R., 29 years old wearing a DayGlo vest.

Alison is curious and scared.

ALISON
May I help you?

INT. KYLE'S GARAGE - DAY

Kyle Boot runs into the garage. Short shorts, no shirt, and backpack. He clicks his fob to close the garage door.

He checks his watch mentally judging his time.

He enters...

INT. KYLE'S HOME - DAY

The home is spotless. Sterile.

Kyle slides a magnetic marker on a board indicating that he is home. "Kyle In"

Other choices included: Mom & Dad Out; Mom Out; Dad Out; Kyle Out; Mom & Kyle Out; Dad & Kyle Out; and All In.

The home reflects this attention to order and detail.

Kyle walks to the island, backpack still strapped on.

He picks up a note. It reads: WORK NOTICE.

Across the kitchen KYLE'S DAD sits at the kitchen table.

KYLE'S DAD
Scout: New geode on deck. Place in yard per included drawing. No goofing. Rake area first, put down plastic as I have shown you. Then lay in white rock. THIS GEODE IS EXPENSIVE. Please take seriously. No reason this should not be done by time I get home. This equals five Work Points.

Kyle sets the note down and begins walking into the living room.

KYLE

Do you honestly feel it fair that I should have to slave in the yard until dark, after a rigorous cross-country practice?

Kyle plops down on the couch.

His dad is seated at the lounge chair across from him.

KYLE'S DAD

Shoes off mister.

Kyle looks down surprised to see he has forgotten to remove his shoes.

He looks at the carpet. It has incriminating clods of dirt.

He pulls off his shoes and stands from the couch.

His parents stand before him.

KYLE

It's a funny story dad! I came in thoughtlessly! Then realized what I'd done! I guess, when I think about it, what I'm happy about? Is how quickly I self-corrected! The reason I came in so thoughtlessly was, I wanted to get right to work, Dad, per your note.

Kyle races to the garage in his socks. His parents have disappeared.

He places his shoes on the shoe rack.

As he walks back in his father stands at the island.

KYLE'S DAD

Scout, has anyone ever told you that even the most neatly maintained garage is going to have some oil on its floor, which is now on your socks, being tracked all over the floor?

KYLE

Shit.

KYLE'S DAD

Swearing? Why don't you ever swear in front of me?

KYLE

Because I don't want to.

KYLE'S DAD

If you wouldn't do it before my face,
don't do it behind my back.

KYLE

Whatever, Dad.

KYLE'S DAD

'Whatever'? Will it be 'whatever'
when I take away all of your Treat
Points and make you drop cross
country?

KYLE

Please don't. I'm good at it. Even
Matt Drey said so.

MATT DREY stands in his football uniform next to Kyle.

MATT DREY

Little shit can run.

KYLE'S DAD

Nice talk, for an ape. Your ego
seems to be overflowing its banks,
Kyle. And why? Because you can jog?
Anyone can jog. Beasts of the field
can jog.

KYLE

I'm not quitting! Please, I'm begging
you it's the only thing I'm good at.
Mom, if he makes me quit, I swear to
God I'll--

Kyle's mom sits at the kitchen table.

KYLE'S MOM

Drama doesn't suit you, darling.

Kyle notices something from out the front window. He
approaches the window. His parents have disappeared.

KYLE'S POV:

A van pull up before Alison's home.

J.R. hops out, looks left and right and slips on a neon vest.

INT. KYLE'S HOME - DAY

Kyle watches out the window. His father sits at the dining room table.

KYLE'S DAD
Remember, Kyle. No leaving the house
when strangers are present.

Kyle continues watching curiously.

EXT. STREET - DAY

JR approaches Alison's front door.

Alison opens the door.

INT. KYLE'S HOME - DAY

Kyle's heart leaps, it SINGS and BEATS. Alison.

KYLE'S POV:

J.R. points to the side of Alison's home. She steps out to look.

He walks away indicating to look closer.

Alison closes the door behind her and walks over.

J.R. violently grabs her wrist and begins pulling her towards his van.

INT. KYLE'S HOME - DAY

Kyle stares on, confused, but not especially concerned.

He walks to his front door and steps out onto...

EXT. STREET - DAY

...his front porch.

He stares forward.

Alison and J.R. freeze.

Alison's eyes in fear.

Kyle's eyes, confused.

J.R.'s eyes, sinister.

J.R. slips his knife open, and shakes his head at Kyle.

Suddenly J.R. is standing directly before Kyle.

J.R.

Here's what your doing. Standing right there until we leave. Move a muscle, I knife her in the heart. Swear to God. Got it?

Kyle hardly mouths the word: "Okay"

Alison throws herself to the ground. J.R. grabs her and pulls her up.

J.R. (CONT'D)

Get up!

MELVIN, late forties, beer in hand with the gut to match it, sits in a lawn chair.

MELVIN

I know I'm your step-dad so you might not care, and I know I've been dead 12 years, so you might not listen, but dammit if you screw this up, I'll beat your ass you little shit.

J.R. reaches down and yanks Alison to her feet.

Kyle's socks on the porch.

His father stands behind him.

KYLE'S DAD

You shouldn't be on the deck without shoes on, Kyle.

Kyle is still in a trance.

KYLE'S DAD (CONT'D)

Have you engaged with that stranger?

He is sitting at a dinner table on the front porch. His mother and father sit on either side of him.

KYLE'S MOM

Well, if Sean Ball wants to goof off in school, so be it. I think you're decision not to intervene was judicious.

KYLE'S DAD

Exactly. That was none of your business. You could have been badly hurt.

Kyle stares at Alison's eyes. So much fear. J.R. continues to drag her in slow-motion towards the van.

KYLE'S MOM

Think of all the resources we've invested in you, darling.

KYLE'S DAD

I know we sometimes strike you as strict, but you are literally all we have.

Alison is crying. She begs Kyle with her eyes.

Kyle remains motionless, lost in his mind. He looks down. At his feet lies the Geode.

His eyes remain focused on the rock.

The geode installed in the rock garden. Kyle's dad walks up to the home with his briefcase in hand.

He takes note of the Geode.

KYLE'S DAD (CONT'D)

Great job, scout. The installation looks great. I'm so proud of you.

Kyle's mom stands behind him. Her hand on his shoulder.

KYLE'S MOM

She'll recover in time, darling.

KYLE'S DAD

None of our affair.

KYLE'S MOM

We're amazed by your good judgment, our beloved only.

The geode before Kyle's feet.

Kyle looks up from the geode and sees Alison struggling to get away from J.R. as he slides open the van's door.

KYLE'S MOM (CONT'D)

Let's go, dear. You can tell everyone that you were inside the whole time. You had no idea.

J.R. punches her in the stomach.

ALISON

Oof!

Kyle's brow drops. He lifts the rock and begins across the yard.

He runs past his dad.

KYLE'S DAD
Running in the yard is bad for the
sod, scout!

Kyle crosses the street.

KYLE'S MOM
You should not be in the street
without shoes on, dear.

Kyle lifts the geode and lets it fly into J.R.'s skull.

J.R. falls to the ground. Alison escapes and begins to run off to her house.

J.R. struggles to lift himself from the ground.

KYLE
What are you trying to do?! Ruin
her life? Ruin my life? I'm the
boss of me!

The blood flows from J.R.'s head. J.R. vomits on the pavement.

INT. ALISON'S HOME - DAY

Alison sprints inside. She grabs the phone. 9-1-1. She rushes to the window to see the showdown.

ALISON'S POV:

Through the window, Kyle lifts the geode over his head, ready to strike. J.R. has propped himself up against the van.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The rock above his head, Kyle breaths in heavy puffs of air.

Kyle's parents are behind him.

KYLE'S DAD
Easy, Scout, you're out of control.

J.R. is helpless on the asphalt. His ears are RINGING.

Melvin sits in his lawn chair just next to him.

MELVIN
Figures you'd blow the simplest thing.

J.R.
Melvin, God, can't you see my head
is bleeding!

MELVIN
A kids did it to you. You're a joke.
You got fucked by a kid.

J.R. looks up at Kyle.

Kyle's figure blocks out the sun, rock held overhead in both
hands.

ALISON (O.S.)
Don't!

Kyle turns and sees Alison at the door. SIRENS fade in from
the distance.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Don't do it, Kyle.

Kyle looks at her, his rage turns to a confused fear.

ALISON'S MOTHER (V.O.)
And what did Kyle do?

Kyle drops the rock to the asphalt.

ALISON'S FATHER (V.O.)
A bad thing happened to you kids.
But it could have been worse.

Alison breaks down in tears.

ALISON'S MOTHER (V.O.)
So much worse.

ALISON'S FATHER (V.O.)
But because you kids, it wasn't.

We see the whole scene from afar. Alison's yard, Kyle's
yard, J.R. against the van, Alison on the ground in tears.
Kyle drops to the curb.

ALISON'S MOTHER (V.O.)
You did so good.

ALISON'S FATHER (V.O.)
Did beautiful.