

SPIKED_ EPISODES 1 AND 2

Written by

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EXT. UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO HOSPITAL - COURTYARD - DAY

Blue skies. Crisp air. No Clouds. No jackets. WHITE COATS everywhere. CHILDREN *laugh and play* with excess excitement.

SICK PATIENTS in wheel chairs and using walkers enjoy the fresh air. Bald heads. IV stands. Hospital bracelets. All smiles. Any ailments take a back seat to this perfect day.

HANNAH ROADS (25) Depressed. Somber. Sad. It looks like she's wearing a diaper, she's in a child's swing. PARENTS eye her as they walk by. She takes a hit from a blunt.

Hanging upside down from the swing-set PETER FREEWAY (30) cocky and flashy flips down. Perfect landing. He bows. Grabs the blunt and takes a hit. Sits in the adult swing next to Hannah.

PETER

I coulda been a gymnast.

HANNAH

Probably not.

PETER

Like you would know.

HANNAH

I'm on the Chicago Sky, remember
Being an athlete requires work
ethic.

PETER

That's weird, I remember you
bitching about not being able to
play basketball anymore.

HANNAH

I'll put that uniform back on in no
time and be someone again....We
should get back up there.

PETER

But I don't want too. Especially
cause the elevators are broken. Ok.
Probs couldn't have been a gymnast.

HANNAH

Let's just get it over with.

PETER

But like, is the WNBA real?

HANNAH

Shut up.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bright. White. Medical posters on walls make for sad decorations. A doctor, JOEL SEAWAY (45) calming but looney cuts off an aggressively rambling TINA TRAIN (29).

Patient ALAN LANES (26) listens to the argument. His head bobs back-n-forth like it's a tennis match. Patient BROCK CANAL (30) *snores* with his head buried in his arms.

TINA

I can't afford this medication--

JOEL

This is **NOT** my fault--

TINA

We were guaranteed a year supply, it's only been 6 months.

JOEL

It's been 8 months, so HA!

TINA

That's not a year!

Hannah and Peter enter. It's evident they all have a similar condition. Tall, lanky, thin with little to no muscle mass.

HANNAH

Oh, good right where we left off.

PETER

Here Tina, these are chill-pills.

Peter hands her a pack of tic-tacks. She **THROWS** them at wall. Tic-tacs explode. Brock is scared awake.

JOEL

I don't understand why you're so upset. University of Chicago is always reappropriating money.

TINA

I can't afford this stuff without this study. That's why I'm upset!

JOEL

Yeah, Marfan's is just not a priority right now.

(MORE)

JOEL (CONT'D)

You already got a decent life expectancy compared to other stuff.

ALAN

That feels like an inappropriate way to measure how studies are funded?

HANNAH

So were we done can we actually go?

DR. JOEL

For sure. You're dead to me. No you'll be fine. Just sign these, terminating the study, and you're all free to go.

Joel's beeper goes off to the tune of Space Jam.

JOEL

(Singing)

"Welcome to the Space Jam." Sorry guys. If you have Q's I can try to A, but right now I G.T.G.

(Beat)

Almost forgot -- you guys can have these drink tickets on me. Pow pow! I'm such a nice guy.

Joel exits. The room accepts the gesture as *good enough*.

TINA

Stop. Some of us actually need this! We don't all have our Daddies paying for our healthcare.

*

ALAN

But if we're being honest... My dad is paying for mine.

*

BROCK

Me too.

PETER

Whelp. It's been a pleasure knowing you all. Hope you have nice lives.

ALAN

Wait what? We can still be friends, can't we?

PETER

Aw, hun. No. We are from different social classes.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

That's not just in high school,
it's in real world too.

BROCK

Hey, don't be mean?

PETER

I'm not mean, I'm right.

BROCK

Forget it.

TINA

Can everyone shut up a minute!?

HANNAH

God, you're annoying. You aren't
the only one that struggles with
this shit you know.

TINA

Yeah, I get it. You can't play
basketball anymore. Boo-hoo.

ALAN

You guys are my only friends.

BROCK

I literally only get out of the
house because of these meetings.

PETER

God, you are pathetic. I'm outie.

Hannah exits SLAMS door. Eventually Peter finds his way out.

BROCK

Man those two are cool.

ALAN

They probably boat and blow
together.

Silence. Then, Tina rips her paperwork, snatches her bag.
Stuff falls out. She leaves it. Exits. Brock and Alan are
left. Have they never been alone together?

ALAN (CONT'D)

Think we're the same social class?

Both men sign the paperwork. And grab their drink tickets.

BROCK

It's the end of an era. Beer?

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Hannah bursts out of the hospital doors Peter follows, struggling to keep up.

PETER

Umm, why are we walking quickly?

Hannah eyes contact with a DUDE holding and empty water bottle. He shoots for the trash bin. Hannah MUTOMBO'S it to the ground. Then wags her finger. The Dude is confused.

PETER (CONT'D)

Girl, what the what. That was rude.

Hannah violently removes a Divvy Bike from the rack. Peter follows, struggling to keep up. They ride.

PETER (CONT'D)

Woah, it's hard to ride a bike high.

(Beat)

Sometimes my own voice annoys me, please answer.

They pass tons of open beer gardens. Happy hour in full swing on a perfect Chicago afternoon. Sunglasses, hats, t-shirts.

EXT. CITY THRIFT STORE - DAY

Racks of clothes are outside the entrance. Tina aggressively sifts through.

THRIFT STORE EMPLOYEE

Oh, hunny. I don't think we have anything for your shape.

TINA

Really! Oh really!

Tina knocks over the clothing racks leaving the EMPLOYEE stunned. She storms off.

INT. BEACH BOD PUB - DAY

Alan and Brock sip a drink, volleyball plays on the TV behind them. CHAD DODGE (32) cross-fit king and 'the dumb one' approaches their table with two more beers.

ALAN

So 8 months isn't really an era. That's all.

BROCK
Can we now talk about, literally,
anything else?

CHAD
Oh I guess I already brought you
your beers.

BROCK
Is this your capitalist approach to
getting me to raise my tab? Cause
it worked.

ALAN
Actually capitalism -- never mind --
I'm supposed to only have one. My
mom can tell when I have more than
one. I don't wanna get in trouble.

BROCK
Live a little, dude!

CHAD
You guys sure you don't want to
move outside. It's so nice!

ALAN
Thank you, but it's safer inside.

EXT. BEACH BOD PUB - NIGHT

Hannah SLAMS her bike into the Divvy slot. Peter follows more
gently. Tina watches them from across the street. Crosses.

HANNAH
Let's get drunk. I don't have
practice in the morning. So who the
F cares.

PETER
Baby girl, speaks. Hallelujah!

HANNAH
Just stop! Okay. Happy? You got
what you wanted. God, Pete. Do you
ever worry about anyone but
yourself?

PETER
Oh (looking around) is there more
than just me?

Hannah rolls her eyes. And walks past Peter. Tina arrives sweaty, disgruntled, angry.

PETER (CONT'D)
Come from a rodeo?

TINA
Leave me alone.

Tina follows Hannah in and doesn't hold the door for Peter.

INT. BEACH BOB PUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Hannah immediately notices the ONLY others in the bar are those she cannot escape.

HANNAH
Why are you here!? You're a bunch
of freaks! I just want to be alone.

CHAD
Woah -- so many Gumbies in my bar!

ALAN
I guess drink tickets know no
social class.

Alan raises his glass to cheers. Everyone smiles even, Peter.

BROCK
One more round for Doctor Joel.

TINA
For me. Fuck that dude.

CHAD
What's the beef?

BROCK
Same ole man... Reappropriation.

ALAN
But not. We were part of a medical
study that just got de-funded.

CHAD
Totes a bummer. You know what you
guys should do. Form a volleyball
team.

BROCK
Sports emphasizes toxic
masculinity. Not. About. That.

CHAD

But you guys are supes tall. Check
this --

Chad points to a flyer on the fall wall. They all look then
go over to the bar.

Flyer: "Chicago Sport and Social Club, Volleyball Leagues.
Grand Prize (2018): \$15,000.

They walk back over. Peter SMACKS his head on a hanging
light. Everyone laughs in their understanding of these
happenings. They all help Peter to his feet.

CHAD (CONT'D)

See. Tall.

They all look into one another, will they play?

SMASH TO BLACK

TITLE: SPIKED

EPISODE 2 --

EXT. NORTH AVE BEACH - VOLLEYBALL COURTS - DAY

Runners jog on the lake front trail. Life guards set their
stands. The morning fog has yet to fade. It's chilly again.

Alan and Peter collide on one side of the net Brock smacks
the ball the wrong direction. Tina chases it. They are
terrible. This was a **BAD IDEA**.

MRS LANES (55) Alan's mother nervously watches and panics at
Allen's every moment.

BROCK

Can we quit now?

TINA

No. You have to use your
fingertips! Let's go!

ALAN

(waving to his mom)
Let's just take it easy I told my
mom this wasn't a contact sport.

PETER

Can we pleaseeee do my plan?

ALAN I really don't want to cheat. TINA We're not cheaters. We do this the right way or we don't do it!

BROCK I'm not doing this unless we get 2 more players. It's too much ground to cover with just us 4.

ALAN There's 5.

Hannah SLAMS the door of a cab. The DRIVER *howls* at her.

TINA
(To peter)
Told you she'd come.

PETER
(Imitating)
Told you she'd come.

HANNAH
Why the hell we practicing so early?

PETER
I thought you had Sky Practice?

HANNAH
I'm not on the team anymore.
Remember.

Chad running without a shirt and blue tooth headphones in approaches the group.

CHAD
Alright my people! You decided to do it!

Chad picks up the volley ball and serves a perfect ace to the other side. Jaws drop. No one stood a chance.

TINA
See fingertips! It's the only way!

CHAD
I'll catch ya later. Come by for another drink.

Chad starts running away. They all watch his perfect body in the rising sun. Peter speeds off. Jaws drop again.

He catches Chad. Then eyes him up and down biting his lip and removing Chad's earbuds.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Hey what's up?

PETER
Hey yourself, big boy.

CHAD
Oh, dude dude dude. I'm not gay.

PETER
I like straight dudes.
(Beat)
Will you play with us? I need a reason for us not to cheat. That's you.

CHAD
I don't play anymore. Just bartend.

PETER
But pleaseeeee. We need a 6th and
(Fake coughs)
Think of us as charity. Help bring us the victory we need before we die.

CHAD
I don't play anymore. It hurts too much to lose. Too emotionally taxing.

PETER
Ya dead to me.

Peter runs back over to the group. Mrs. Lanes is looking at Alan's arms in disbelief. Gasping.

MRS. LANES
No. That's final! Look at your arms. My boys arms!

ALAN
Mom it's fine.

MRS. LANES
This is too dangerous!

Mrs. Lanes grabs Alan and drags him off the court. Alan looks apologetic and waves a sad goodbye to his friends. Peter returns.

HANNAH
Hello! Are we gonna practice!

PETER
He'll coach us. Just got to get him
to say yes.

Peter grabs his things, and heads to the parking lot in a hurry. Hannah *groans* and follows him leaving Brock and Tina.

TINA
Let's see if we can volley back and
forth? Fingertips, fingertips!

They continue to try and volley successfully as the conversation unfolds.

BROCK
I'd really like to go.

TINA
I need this, Brock.

BROCK
Our whole team is gone.

Three volley's. Not bad. Not good enough.

TINA
Fingertips!

BROCK
Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

TINA
It's the correct form!

BROCK
What do you know about form!?
There's more than one way to do
something, Tina.

TINA
Says the guy who literally doesn't
do ANYTHING!

BROCK
I could do shit if I wanted!

TINA
Then do it. Then get yourself in
shape. Work toward something. Work
toward this!

BROCK

Fine!

Brock takes off running onto The Lakefront Trail.

INT. BEACH BOD PUB - NIGHT

Hannah and Peter sit at the bar. Chad fills up their pints.

PETER

Because this bitch won't play without a coach and 6th. And we actually need her to win.

CHAD

The answer is still sadly, N-O-

HANNAH

No, really? No? You can physically play, you just won't cause of your ego got hurt along time again.

PETER

She got cut from her team, and is a little upset still.

HANNAH

Shut up! I was a pro! You know that! And now I can't play because I'M NOT ALLOWED BECAUSE I'M A FREAK! BECAUSE I'M DISABLED. You're gonna sideline yourself, because of an ego. That's some horse shit!

Hannah slams back her shot, Peter does the same. They both exit the bar.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mrs. Lanes is at the sink. Very domestic. Alan enters the kitchen. Ice packs are held onto his body by ace bandages. He takes them off throwing them to the ground.

ALAN

I'm going to play, mom. You can't come and you can't stop me.

MRS. LANES

Sweetie. It's dark out.

ALAN

Not right now mom. But tomorrow.
And then the next day. And the next
day. And the day after that.

MRS. LANES

Put those ice packs back in the
freezer.

Alan stares at them. Stares at his mother. Then leaves.

EXT. NORTH AVE BEACH - VOLLEYBALL COURTS - DAY

Hannah and Peter volley successfully back and forth. Alan arrives and joins lessening their successes. Eventually another successful volley begins.

PETER

We should call ourselves Peter's
Posse

Brock and Tina arrive jogging up from the Lakefront Trail. Brock looks like death. Tina peppy as ever.

ALAN

Hey Tina, this fingertip thing does
work!

TINA

But there is more than one way to
cook a pig. I'm feeling good let's
go.

BROCK

Getting in shape is impossible!

Brock takes a breather on the sand. The others continue volleying. It's pathetic. Then Chad emerges. The team is aware he's watching and they are choking. Hard.

ALAN

Sorry, Chad. I bet you thought we'd
be better.

CHAD

Yes. Yes I did think that.

PETER

Ooooooo. What about The Joel's
after Joel?

HANNAH

No I hate that guy.

TINA

Thank you, fuck that guy!

TINA (CONT'D)
Team Marfan's?

HANNAH
How original.

TINA
You suggest something, Captain
Negative.

HANNAH
It's Captain Awesome.

PETER
The Fab Five?

CHAD
What about me?

PETER
You don't got Marfan's, ding dong.

CHAD
Is it rude for me to ask what that
even is?

ALAN
It's basically a connective tissue
disease that affects muscles,
specifically the heart and eyes.

PETER
I know. I know. I know! Alan, is
this what you feel like all the
time?

ALAN
I'm not sure. That would require
empathy. That's the one I struggle
with the most.

PETER
So yes...

BROCK
I'm getting tired waiting for you.

PETER
We should call ourselves The
Lincolns cause Abe had Marfan's.

EVERYONE
Yes.

CHAD

For real? Is that how Lincoln died?

Everyone stops and pauses at Chad in disbelief.

BROCK

He was assassinated in a failed kidnapping plot to negotiate his release as a hostage in exchange for the return of thousands of confederate prisoners to the battlefield.

(Beat)

To continue the civil war.

(Beat)

Because our country is resistant towards the freedom of black people.

CHAD

Yeah. Yeah. I knew that.

The Lincolns laugh in disbelief. Smiles. Alan serves a perfect ball, Peter plays a perfect bump, Hannah with the perfect set ... Chad spikes the ball. The erupt in *cheers*.

SMASH TO BLACK

TITLE: SPIKED