

(Name of Project)

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The lights flicker on. The emptiness of the gym only adds to the size of it. Large, blue gymnastic mats are set up in the center of the gym. A lone figure enters.

Close-up of this figure kicking off her shoes before she steps onto the mat. She feels the mat softly give under her weight.

She unzips her windbreaker and tosses it aside.

She steps out of her warm-up pants and tosses them aside.

She pulls off her socks.

She steps onto the mat.

A smile spreads across her face.

She is a gymnast. Her name is CARRIE.

She walks across the mat and sits in the very center of it. She begins to stretch.

As she stretches, her COACH walks in and sits down on the bleachers. He unzips his matching windbreaker and waits.

COACH

Whenever you're ready.

Carrie nods as she continues to stretch.

The coach takes a slug of water out of his Nalgene.

Carrie stands up and walks to her corner of the mat.

COACH (CONT'D)

Music?

Carrie stands in her corner, going over the routine in her head.

CARRIE

Not yet.

COACH

Remember . . .

CARRIE

(interrupting)

Ssshhh.

The coach silences himself and sits back knowingly. He watches her with the patience that comes from experience.

Carrie takes a breath and then a running dash across the mat. She begins her routine and it is obvious that gymnastics is her life. All of this is second nature to her, much like walking is for the rest of us.

Her coach watches proudly.

Carrie lands a hand spring and quickly about-faces, a look of determination on her face. Something big is about to happen.

But then it doesn't. Instead of landing what would be the climax of her routine, she falls flat on her butt.

Her coach shakes his head.

Carrie stands up and goes back to her last position. She tries again and falls again.

COACH

Carrie, you need to . . .

CARRIE

(interrupting)

I can do this!

But she falls again.

And again.

And again.

Carrie growls with frustration and stomps her way over to the corner of the mat where she began her routine.

Her coach picks up his Nalgene and walks over to her.

He hands her the bottle.

COACH

You know what you're doing wrong?

She takes sip of water.

CARRIE

It's so stupid. I can do this! I know I can.

COACH

Come here. Let me help.

CARRIE  
No. Lemme do this.

COACH  
Let me show you what you're doing  
wrong then.

CARRIE  
No. Thank-you but I have to do  
this on my own.

COACH  
Why?

CARRIE  
I wouldn't be here if it weren't  
for you. I have to prove to myself  
that there's something in me that's  
not because of you. I can do this.

COACH  
You're going to hurt yourself.

CARRIE  
No I'm not.

COACH  
It's a miracle you haven't broken  
something already. Come on. I've  
been here before. Let me . . .

CARRIE  
(interrupting)  
No.

She turns away from her coach and runs across the mat, trying  
again. And failing.

Her coach shakes his head, walks back over to the bench and  
sits down. He sighs and shakes his head.