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Hobby Horse

Kaitlyn Liu

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Hobby Horse

by

Kaitlyn Liu

A thesis presented to the

Faculty of the Department of
Writing for the Screen
Loyola Marymount University

In partial fulfillment of the
Requirements for the Degree
Master of Fine Arts in Writing for the Screen

April 30, 2024

FINAL THESIS
FEATURE SCREENPLAY PROJECT DESCRIPTION

Student Name: Kaitlyn Liu

Thesis Logline: Against the wishes of her domineering mother, a teen equestrian rides into the Finnish sport of hobby horsing in order to win enough money to buy her real horse back.

Hobby Horse

Title

A screenplay written and produced and presented to the faculty
of the Writing for the Screen MFA Program in the School of Film &

Television at Loyola Marymount University of

Los Angeles, California

In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree

Master of Fine Arts

Writing for the Screen

By

Kaitlyn Liu

Student Name

APPROVAL TO ADVANCE TO CANDIDACY

The following student has met all the criteria to advance to candidacy for an M.F.A. in Fine Arts with an emphasis in Writing for the Screen:

Kaitlyn Liu

Student Name

4/30/24

Date

David Clawson

SCWR 690 Instructor Name

Beth Serlin

SCWR 691 Instructor Name

HOBBY HORSE

Written by

Kaitlyn Liu

FADE IN:

EXT. WILSON, WY - DAY

Picturesque. Sky-high mountains nestle around the town. Snow melts on a sign: Wilson, WY. Gateway to the Wild West.

Flowers try and peak out of the falling snow. Buds break out on multiple trees, which line the busy sidewalks of TOWNSFOLK and TOURISTS.

The snow turns into rain.

EXT. STABLES COMPLEX - DAY

Rain hits the state-of-the-art building.

INT. STABLES COMPLEX - HORSE LOCKERS - DAY

Filled with HORSES and their RIDERS milling around.

MORGAN CLYDE, 16, (an emotional mess of a teenager) paces next to her horse, RUDY. A WATER TROUGH sits behind her.

MORGAN

Alright. Today's the day.

She faces and points at Rudy.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

We're gonna jump the one meter.

He neigh-laughs at her. She's taken aback.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Why are you laughing at me? I'm not the one who's hesitated for the past week!

Rudy glares at her.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay. You're right, that was a bit harsh.

She takes a SADDLE from the wall and places it on Rudy.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Can you just try a little today? Both Mom and Dad are here. You know how rare that is.

He sighs.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
I'll give you a nice, fresh carrot.

He neighs and clomps his hooves.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Good boy.

Morgan tries tightening the saddle. It won't budge.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Did you sneak into the kitchen or something?

He whinnies.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
I'm trying. I'm trying.

She applies more pressure to the saddle, but loses her balance and falls into the water trough.

Rudy neigh-laughes again.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Yeah. I know I'm wet. Think you wanna help?

A TOWEL flings onto her face.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Thanks.

INT. STABLES COMPLEX - HORSE TRACK - DAY

An oval-shaped, dirt filled enclosed area sits in the middle of crowded bleachers full of SPECTATORS.

Hurdles are dotted around in the dirt. One particular hurdle, sitting at one meter, stands in the center.

Morgan trots Rudy around the outskirts of the track, eyeing the one meter jump.

GIA CLYDE, 42, (uptight and conventional) and PERCY CLYDE, 43, (human golden retriever) sit in the middle of the Spectators. Percy cheers for his daughter.

PERCY
C'mon G. Try to look like you're enjoying yourself.

GIA
I was before you got here.

PERCY
This about Morgan.

GIA
Whatever

She cheers for Morgan, who sets up in front of the meter hurdle.

MORGAN
(to self)
Alright. It's just like any other jump. C'mon boy!

She pulls on the reins and they take off to the one meter jump. WOOSH! Rudy jumps and soars through the air.

Gia and Percy keep their eyes on Morgan.

Rudy gracefully lands on the other side of the hurdle. Morgan pulls back on the reins, stopping Rudy to a halt.

The Crowd erupts in applause. Gia and Percy celebrate.

Morgan beams and caresses Rudy's neck. Her sudden movement causes a tear in her JACKET.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
I knew you could do it, boy.

INT. STABLES COMPLEX - AWARDS AREA - DAY

Morgan sports a GOLD MEDAL. Percy rushes up to her and pulls her in for a hug. Gia holds back.

PERCY
That's my little jumper!

MORGAN
It was Rudy, Dad. There's no way I could jump that myself.

PERCY
Well someone needed to pull the reins. What's this your tenth win?

MORGAN
Thirty-fifth. But, who's counting?

Gia scoffs and approaches her daughter.

GIA
Good job, sweetie.

Morgan stiffens.

MORGAN
Thanks, Mom.

GIA
C'mon, we should go. You've got homework.

MORGAN
But I thought Dad was gonna take me out to eat?

PERCY
(to Morgan)
I still am. I made reservations at this barbecue place-

GIA
No.

MORGAN
No? But, we made a deal. If I won-

GIA
That was before you got algebra homework. C'mon.

MORGAN
Mom!

Percy takes Gia aside.

PERCY
G. I know it's not my week, but let me take her out. I'll have her back by seven.

GIA
Percy, if I let things slide now-

PERCY
I know, I know. If it helps, I'll bring it up to her.

Gia studies Percy.

GIA
Seven. On the dot. Any later-

PERCY

And you'll call the police. Good to see somethings never change.

He ambles over to Morgan and scoops her into his arms. Gia watches, yearning for that connection.

INT./EXT. PERCY'S CAR - WILSON ROADS - NIGHT

Percy drives in the rich neighborhood. Morgan sits shotgun.

MORGAN

Why does Mom get to boss you around?

Percy chuckles.

PERCY

She doesn't boss me around. Things are just... complicated.

The car drives into a more run-down, but generally nice area, full of TRAILERS. He pulls into a worn, but homey restaurant lot.

MORGAN

I hate her.

PERCY

Don't say that.

MORGAN

I do.

PERCY

You don't hate her. If anything, you should hate me.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Percy and Morgan sit a table by a WINDOW and chow down on BBQ.

MORGAN

But, I could never hate you.

PERCY

Thanks, kid.

MORGAN

Mom's always telling me to do this and that and it's driving me nuts.

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I wanna live with you. She's the problem.

PERCY

I'm apart of the problem, too.

MORGAN

No.

PERCY

Morgan, when your Mother and I decided to divorce, we didn't take the decision lightly. We wanted to give you the best chance to succeed in life.

MORGAN

So I have to live with the monster?

PERCY

Don't call you mother that!

Morgan jumps from the outburst.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Sorry. You think she's all these horrible things, but she's not.

MORGAN

Then why did you leave?

PERCY

What?

MORGAN

If you don't think she's horrible?

PERCY

It's-

MORGAN

Complicated.

She smiles. He returns it.

PERCY

Just try to be nicer to her? For me?

MORGAN

I guess.

PERCY
 Honey, while we're on this subject,
 I need to tell you-

A WAITER, 30s, stops at the table.

WAITER
 Cash or card?

Percy pulls out his CREDIT CARD and hands it to the Waiter.
 They place it in the handheld POS system.

WAITER (CONT'D)
 It failed.

PERCY
 What? Can you try again?

Sweat collects at Percy's hairline. The Waiter re-inserts the card.

Morgan looks outside the WINDOW into the backyard of a group of TRAILERS and spots a ASTRID VIRTANEN, 16, galloping on a hobby horse. BRITTA VIRTANEN, 50, yells instructions at her.

Morgan stares at the Girl cantering and jumping with the hobby horse in-between her legs. She's transfixed; the gracefulness, the preciseness.

DING! Morgan turns back to her father and the Waiter, who hands the check and card back to Percy. He looks at his watch.

PERCY (CONT'D)
 Damn.

He hastily signs the check.

PERCY (CONT'D)
 We'll talk more later.

He jumps up from his seat and Morgan follows. She looks back at the Girl through the WINDOW, watching her every move.

INT. GIA'S HOUSE - MORGAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Exactly how you think a teenage girl would decorate it, plus more horse merch.

Morgan sits at her desk, attempting algebra homework.

Gia knocks at her door with laundry and enters.

GIA
How you doing, sweetie?

MORGAN
Fine.

GIA
You need any help?

MORGAN
No.

GIA
Are you sure? I saw your last test score and it was less than-

MORGAN
Mom! I'm fine.

GIA
If you say so. You know, if you did that summer course you would be flying through this.

MORGAN
Mom.

GIA
Morgan the mathematician. Has a nice ring, right?

MORGAN
What are you talking about?

Gia places the laundry on Morgan's bed and starts folding a particularly hideous horse sweater.

GIA
I'm just saying, if you chose something like math Olympiad, you wouldn't have this problem. But no, you chose horseback riding.

MORGAN
It's equestrianism.

GIA
Does equestrianism help you get into college?

MORGAN
Cornell University offers a full ride scholarship.

GIA
 You think you're good enough to get
 into Cornell? You can't even do
 your algebra homework.

MORGAN
 Excuse me?!

GIA
 Sorry, sweetie.

Gia inspects the horse sweater.

GIA (CONT'D)
 They got the stitching all wrong on
 this.
 (to Morgan)
 Why don't you ever wear the clothes
 I bought you? I hear they're all
 the rage at school.

MORGAN
 The others are more comfortable.

GIA
 It's not about comfort. It's about
 being presentable. You should wear
 them more.

She looks at a picture of Morgan in her riding attire.

GIA (CONT'D)
 Why can't you look like you do in
 your competitions? You look so cute
 in your riding outfit. God knows
 you should the amount I paid for
 it.

MORGAN
 Speaking of... I need to get my
 jacket fixed.

GIA
 Again? Morgan that's the fourth
 time this month.

MORGAN
 Then maybe I should get a new one?

GIA
 No. We're spending enough money as
 it is on this hobby.

MORGAN
It's not like we're suffering.

Gia stops her folding.

GIA
You mean he didn't tell you?

MORGAN
Tell me what?

EXT. PERCY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

KNOCK! KNOCK! A sleepy Percy opens the door and finds a scowling Gia and Morgan waiting in the rain.

PERCY
Oops.

INT. PERCY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Percy and Gia sit apart on a worn couch. Morgan paces in front of them.

MORGAN
Laid off? Like forever?

PERCY
No. Just this one job.

MORGAN
When we you gonna tell me?

PERCY
I was planning on telling you at dinner, but the waiter-

GIA
Excuses.

PERCY
Don't start, G.

GIA
Then why didn't you tell her?

PERCY
It wasn't the right time-

MORGAN

Then when was the right time? When were you gonna tell me that we're broke?!

GIA

We're not broke.

PERCY

Your mother's still working, honey. But...

Morgan stops pacing.

MORGAN

What?

Percy looks to Gia, an unsaid understanding between them.

PERCY

You can't ride Rudy anymore.

Morgan's eyes go wide.

MORGAN

What.

PERCY

Without my income we can't afford to support this hobby anymore.

Morgan takes a deep breath, then finds a pillow and screams BLOODY MURDER into it. Percy and Gia watch, unfazed.

GIA

I think she took that well.

INT. STABLES COMPLEX - HORSE LOCKERS - DAY

A depressed Morgan brushes out Rudy.

MORGAN

They wouldn't even listen to me, Rudy. I've been with you for ten years and do they care? No.

Tears fall down Morgan's face. Rudy carefully licks them away.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Thanks, bud.

She looks him in the eyes.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I don't care what they say. They'll never break us up. I'll break them down eventually.

Rudy neighs and kisses her cheek.

RON KELLERMAN, 60s, (literal cowboy) approaches Morgan and Rudy.

RON

Sorry about what happened, Morgan.

MORGAN

Thanks, but she can't stop me from seeing him.

RON

Actually, since she's already cancelled your contract, I'm afraid I'll have to put Rudy up for sale.

MORGAN

What? You can't. Ron, you can't do this.

RON

You were his only rider Morgan. You know how much money it takes to keep this place afloat. I'm already struggling, as is.

MORGAN

But you can't sell him.

RON

I'm sorry Morgan.

MORGAN

What if I bought him.

RON

You have an extra \$5000?

Shock fills Morgan's face.

MORGAN

\$5000?

RON

Minimum.

MORGAN

But if I find it?

RON
He's all yours.

Rudy neigh-celebrates and knocks over some SUPPLIES. Morgan laughs.

RON (CONT'D)
I'll throw in his locker for free.

EXT. STABLES COMPLEX - FIELD TRACK - DAY

The last of the snow melts away in the sun. Morgan walks toward the parking lot and spots Astrid practicing with her hobby horse. Britta carefully watches her.

Curious, Morgan ambles toward them and leans against the WOODEN FENCE, closing off the track.

Astrid jumps a meter hurdle with grace. Morgan's amazed.

BRITTA
Watch your landing!

Astrid breaks into a cantering pattern.

BRITTA (CONT'D)
It's left then right!

Morgan leans harder and a piece of the fence breaks off.
CRACK!

Astrid turns to the sudden noise and trips on her footing, falling over into the track.

Britta whips her head around and spots Morgan.

BRITTA (CONT'D)
Hey! This is a closed practice! You broke my daughter's concentration. Get lost!

MORGAN
I-I...

Ron appears next to Morgan and marches over to Britta.

RON
Britta, how many times do I have to tell you? You're trespassing.

BRITTA

My daughter is training for competition. What do you want me to do?

RON

Not trespass.

Astrid brushes the dirt off of her. Morgan rushes over to her, passing Britta and Ron, and offers a hand

ASTRID

Thanks.

She takes it and pulls herself up.

MORGAN

Sorry about that.

ASTRID

That's okay. To be honest, I needed a break anyways.

She chuckles.

ASTRID (CONT'D)

I'm Astrid.

MORGAN

Morgan.

Astrid leans toward Morgan's cheek. Morgan pulls back.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Whoa. Whoa. What-

ASTRID

Sorry. That's how we introduce ourselves where I'm from.

MORGAN

Where are you from? Love Island?

ASTRID

Finland.

MORGAN

Oh.

ASTRID

Which is basically Love Island.

Morgan giggles.

INT./EXT. GIA'S CAR - TOWN ROADS - DAY

Gia drives. Morgan sits shotgun.

GIA
I was planning on telling you
today.

MORGAN
Planning? You sound like Dad.

Gia rolls her eyes.

GIA
Think of this as a sign. This
wasn't going to last forever. Now,
you can put your interests somewhere
else, somewhere that could benefit
you.

MORGAN
Do you have an extra \$5000?

GIA
What? Morgan, were you listening to
me? You have a chance to really do
something worthwhile.

MORGAN
Yeah, sure. Do you have \$5000?

GIA
No. If you want that kind of money,
you should get a job. That's it!
College admissions love seeing
balancing a job while in school. I
can talk to Mary, I know her place
is hiring...

Morgan stares out the window and watches a RIDER ride their
HORSE in an open field. Morgan frowns.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAYS - DAY

Morgan shuts her locker. She's surrounded by a gaggle of
GIRLS.

MORGAN
That math test killed me.

GIRL #1
Who needs math?

GIRL #2
Don't you want to go to college?

GIRL #1
But my Dad already donated another building so, like, I'm already in.

She laughs, Morgan joins in.

TROY (O.S.)
Horse bitch!

The Girls turn and see TROY WEAVERS, 17, (rich asshole) confronting Astrid, who sports a long braid.

TROY (CONT'D)
Didn't you hear me, horse bitch?

Astrid ignores him. Troy knocks the books out of her hands. The group of Girls laugh. Concern flashes on Morgan's face.

GIRL #1
What a weirdo.

MORGAN
Her?

GIRL #3
Yeah. She just moved here from Finland. She's such a freak; she actually thinks she's a horse.

MORGAN
Really? I thought she just uses a stick thing-

Astrid scrambles to pick up her books, but Troy stomps on them, defiling them with mud.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Why doesn't anyone help her?

GIRL #2
Are you crazy? Their reputation will be destroyed if they associate themselves with her.

Troy pulls Astrid's long braid. She lets out a YELP.

TROY
What are you going to do now, horse bitch?

She looks to Morgan. They make eye contact, but Morgan breaks it; joining the group of Girls and walking away.

Troy lets go and Astrid falls onto her books and the mud. He lets out a guttural laugh.

INT. GIFT SHOP - DAY

Full of kitschy tourist stuff.

A MANAGER, 30s, (hippie type) shows Morgan around the store.

MANAGER

You'll greet fellow humans, man, when they meander in. Ask them about their life energy and chakras. You dig?

MORGAN

Yeah.

They guide Morgan over to Troy and Astrid, timid of getting too close to Troy.

MANAGER

Your fellow work-humans. I'll leave you to exchange energies.

They leave.

MORGAN

Troy? You work here?

TROY

I'm pissed, too, okay? My dumb parents make me. They say I have to "carry out the legacy" or whatever bullshit that means.

MORGAN

I'm just surprised you know how to work.

Morgan spots Astrid and strolls over to her. Astrid ignores her presence.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I wanted to help you-

ASTRID

But?

MORGAN

But I-

ASTRID

You didn't want to be seen with the
freak?

MORGAN

I never called you that.

A CUSTOMER, 70s, (old money) ambles into the store.

ASTRID

Whatever.

She rushes over to the Customer.

ASTRID (CONT'D)

Hi! Can I help you?

The Customer's taken aback by her cheeriness.

CUSTOMER

I need a present for my daughter.

ASTRID

A present? Sure! We have soaps,
candies, jewels, blankets, mini
figs; my favorite is the horse. We
also have-

CUSTOMER

Stop just stop talking.

ASTRID

But what about-

CUSTOMER

No.

The Customer leaves, leaving Astrid dejected. Troy slow claps
and saunters over to her.

TROY

Way to go, horse bitch. You scared
off another. Have you thought
you're actually the problem?

MORGAN

Shut up, Troy.

Morgan joins them.

TROY
Excuse me?

MORGAN
Lay off.

TROY
Why? It's fun.

MORGAN
She doesn't deserve it.

TROY
I think she does, because, if you don't know, Astrid's poor. Poor as shit. She doesn't even deserve to work or live as far as I'm concerned. I'll fire her.

ASTRID
No, please. I need this job.

TROY
Did I say you could talk to me? You aren't good enough to be near me. You're worthless.

Tears fill Astrid's eyes and she pushes herself away from the two, running toward the back.

MORGAN
Astrid!

TROY
Give it a break. Who cares-

Morgan punches Troy in his nose, drawing blood.

TROY (CONT'D)
Owwwww!

A girly shriek. The Manager appears.

MANAGER
That doesn't sound like good energy.

Morgan crosses her arms and glares at Troy, who rocks back and forth in the fetal position.

EXT. GIFT SHOP - ALLEY WAY - DAY

Astrid cries next to the DUMPSTER. Morgan opens the back door and joins her.

MORGAN

You okay?

Astrid sniffles.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I get it you probably don't want to talk to me.

Astrid notices her BLOODIED HAND.

ASTRID

What happened?

MORGAN

Oh. I, uh, punched Troy.

ASTRID

What?!

MORGAN

He deserved it.

ASTRID

You shouldn't have.

MORGAN

Huh?

ASTRID

Now he'll fire me for sure.

MORGAN

He couldn't fire you.

ASTRID

Why?

MORGAN

Because I got fired.

ASTRID

You did?

MORGAN

Apparently the manager said I was giving off "bad vibes".

She chuckles.

ASTRID

Thanks.

She gives Morgan a warm smile.

MORGAN

You're welcome.

ASTRID

But I'm sorry. Now you're gonna get harassed.

MORGAN

I'm not popular anyways, I'm also kinda a horse girl.

ASTRID

You hobby horse?!

MORGAN

No, equestrian. At least I was. What's this hobby horse thing?

ASTRID

It's just the greatest sport ever created in my home country of Finland. You ride a hobby horse and pretend to be a horse; canter and trot and even jump hurdles. You can even win money from it.

Morgan's interest piques.

EXT. GIFT SHOP - STORE FRONT - DAY

They stand together near the curb. TOURISTS weave in and out of them.

MORGAN

Really? Like, how much?

ASTRID

Well, you'd have to win nationals to win the big stuff, but you have to qualify for that. Last year's winner won \$5000.

MORGAN

You think I could... do that? The hobby horsing?

ASTRID

Really?!

MORGAN

Sure.

Astrid pulls her into a tight hug, then breaks.

ASTRID

This is incredible! I'll have a teammate, a practicing buddy, a friend!

Britta pulls up to the curb in her car and gets out.

BRITTA

Get in Astrid, you're already behind in training.

ASTRID

Mom! Morgan want to hobby horse!

She opens the door to the car and gets in.

BRITTA

She's not cut out.

MORGAN

Excuse me? I've won thirty-five equestrian competitions.

BRITTA

You think you can survive my training?

MORGAN

How hard can it be?

Britta rolls her eyes and walks to the driver's side of the car and gets in. She rolls down the window.

BRITTA

Practice starts at dawn.

She drives off. Morgan smiles to herself. She turns around and sees Troy nursing his broken nose. Morgan waves to him and he flips her off.

INT./EXT. GIA'S CAR - TOWN ROADS - DAY

Gia drives. Morgan sits next to her.

GIA

Why were you talking to those freaks?

MORGAN

What?

GIA

Those people from Finland. I've heard they're really strange. I think the older one walks around nude.

MORGAN

Mom, it was nothing. Besides, I found a way to get the money for Rudy.

GIA

Morgan, you've only worked a day.

MORGAN

Not that. I'm going to hobby horse.

GIA

Hobby what? Is this a new math term?

MORGAN

No, it's a sport. You ride a hobby horse and pretend that you're a horse. You can win a ton of money from it.

GIA

Morgan, no. I've already told you, you need to do things that are worth something. This "hobby horse" seems like a big waste of time.

MORGAN

But-

GIA

Morgan, that's final. How was work?

MORGAN

Oh, um, it was fine. Um, I need to get up early tomorrow.

GIA

They scheduled the early shift for you?

MORGAN

Yeah.

EXT. BRITTA'S TRAILER - YARD - DAY

Morgan stands before a shoddy practice field of hurdles and markers. She watches Astrid jump with grace. Britta blows on a whistle.

BRITTA
That jump was too low! Try it
again!

Astrid rounds the hurdle.

MORGAN
I thought it was fine.

Britta laughs.

BRITTA
You know nothing.

Astrid jumps again, higher this time.

BRITTA (CONT'D)
Better.

Astrid finishes and runs to Morgan and Britta.

BRITTA (CONT'D)
(to Morgan)
And that's what you can expect. A
full routine of cantering and
jumping.

MORGAN
Cantering?

BRITTA
Like a horse.

Morgan chortles.

MORGAN
Seriously?

BRITTA
That's the point of the sport.
Unless, of course, you're wasting
our time-

MORGAN
No... it's... doesn't this seem
strange?

ASTRID
It's only as strange as being
normal.

Britta hands Morgan a hobby horse (a wooden stick with a plush horse head on top), it strangely resembles Rudy.

BRITTA
Here.

Morgan takes it, not sure what to do with it and drops it.

BRITTA (CONT'D)
Watch it! You're supposed to treat
it like a real horse.

MORGAN
I thought I was supposed to be the
horse?

BRITTA
You are one with the horse. The
hobby horse is an extension of your
horse. If you do not treat it with
respect, your horse will not
respect you.

MORGAN
Ok?

BRITTA
Mount it.

MORGAN
Come again?

ASTRID
Get ready.

MORGAN
Oh.

Morgan takes the hobby horse and puts it between her legs. A giggle escapes, which turns into laughter.

BRITTA
(to Astrid)
Americans. They have no respect.

INT. GIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Morgan and Gia eat dinner. It's quiet. Clink and clanks of silverware.

GIA

Good news! I'm signing you up for track and field at your school.

MORGAN

Track and field? You know how clumsy I am.

GIA

I thought this would be a good thing to put on college apps.

MORGAN

Can we not bring that up?

GIA

It's best to be prepared, sweetie. You're gonna need-

MORGAN

I'm already doing something.

GIA

I'm not talking about your job.

MORGAN

It's not that. I'm hobby horsing.

GIA

Hobby what?

MORGAN

You run around pretending to be a horse and you can win a ton of money from it. I think I'll try and buy Rudy from it.

GIA

Morgan, this is ridiculous.

MORGAN

So what I want is ridiculous?

GIA

No, well yes, but the way you're going about it ridiculous.

MORGAN

Mom, I want to try this.

GIA

No. I won't let you. This is a stupid idea.

MORGAN
You can't tell me what to do.

GIA
As long as you live under my roof,
I can. No hobby horsing.

Morgan picks at her food.

GIA (CONT'D)
Morgan?

MORGAN
When does track practices start?

EXT. BRITTA'S TRAILER - YARD - DAY

Morgan trots like a horse who's having a seizure at the beginning of the track.

BRITTA (O.S.)
What is the matter with you?

Morgan watches Britta berate Astrid.

ASTRID
I'm tired.

BRITTA
You want to be the best, right?

ASTRID
Yeah.

BRITTA
What?

ASTRID
Yes!

BRITTA
The best don't rest. Now do it
again.

Astrid jogs over to Morgan.

MORGAN
Your mom's like, really intense.

ASTRID
I want to be the best. She's
helping me.

MORGAN
If you say so.

ASTRID
What about your mom? She's okay
with you practicing?

MORGAN
Yeah, I told her I was practicing,
but I never said where.

She chuckles.

BRITTA
Morgan! Follow Astrid this time.

Nearby, Percy jogs and spots the three of them.

PERCY
Morgan?

Morgan turns and runs away, hiding behind a marker.

Percy shakes it off and continues jogging.

ASTRID
What was that about?

MORGAN
Nothing.

ASTRID
I knew it. You're embarrassed.

MORGAN
I'm not.

ASTRID
Then why hide?

MORGAN
I-I... it was supposed to be a
surprise.

ASTRID
What?

MORGAN
I was going to invite you over for
a sleepover.

ASTRID
Really?

She jumps into Morgan's arms.

 ASTRID (CONT'D)
Of course, it'll be after the
competition? Right?

 MORGAN
Competition?

EXT. WILSON - FIELD - DAY

An open area. There's literally one SPECTATOR.

Morgan tags along with Britta and Astrid.

 MORGAN
Where is everyone?

 ASTRID
This is everyone.

COLT COBB, 17, (boy next-door), moseys up to Astrid.

 COLT
Hey Astrid.

Astrid's flustered Morgan notices.

 ASTRID
Colt-hi-um. Hey.

 COLT
Good luck, today.

 ASTRID
Same to you.

He walks away.

 MORGAN
Nice.

 ASTRID
I'm an idiot.

 MORGAN
I don't think so, he seemed to like
it.

 ASTRID
I'll get you competition bibs.

She leaves.

HALLSTON (O.S.)
You must be my new competition.

Morgan turns around and sees HALLSTON ARABIAN, 16 (flamboyant poppycock) decked in a flashy, dandy uniform, being carried by two BUTLERS.

MORGAN
I didn't know there'd be clowns here.

He grimaces at her.

HALLSTON
(to Butlers)
Put me down.

They lower him to the ground. He skips up to Morgan and takes out a pre-signed PHOTO of himself and his hobby horse. He looks up and down.

HALLSTON (CONT'D)
Should I make this out to broke and fashionably challenged?

MORGAN
And can you sign it: test tube baby gone wrong?

HALLSTON
You better watch your mouth! I am Prince Hallston Arabian, world hobby horsing number 2. If you're not careful I can get you blacklisted from this sport.

MORGAN
Arabian... King Arabian Plumbing!
You're King Arabian's son!

HALLSTON
Nonsense! My family is descended from English royalty. We buy and sell horses! And you will not insult me like-

Butler #1 stands next to Hallston, with a large wooden box.

BUTLER #1
Hallston-

HALLSTON
What!?

BUTLER #1
It's time for your race.

HALLSTON
Very well. And I told you to call
me Prince Hallston.
(to Morgan)
This isn't over.

Hallston and Butler #1 walk off.

HALLSTON (CONT'D)
Horse me.

Butler #1 opens the wooden box: bright lights illuminate a fresh and clean hobby horse. With gloves, Butler #1 gives the hobby horse to Hallston.

Hallston smells and kisses the horse. Morgan watches.

HALLSTON (CONT'D)
(to hobby horse)
Let's make some magic.

Morgan stands by herself.

MORGAN
What have I gotten into?

EXT. WILSON - FIELDS - DAY

Astrid readies her hobby horse next to Britta. Morgan holds hers and watches Colt compete. He's incredible.

BRITTA
Alright, remember, only the top
four move on to sectionals.

MORGAN
Top four? But there's only four of
us?

BRITTA
So? If you'r representing me, I
expect you to give a good
performance.

MORGAN
But won't we all move on anyways?
What's the point?

BRITTA
Just stretch.

LATER

Hallston trots along and jumps the hurdle.

Astrid canters along the track. Morgan watches and claps for her.

Morgan enters the track and takes her beginning pose. She trots along the side, prancing about. Britta and Astrid watch from the side.

BRITTA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

Morgan takes Rudy 2 and dances with him; twerking and doing the stanky leg.

BRITTA (CONT'D)

Morgan!

Morgan rolls around on the track, doing the worm. She ends and bows to the JUDGES. They all hold up 0's.

LATER

Morgan dusts off Rudy 2 and Britta rushes up to her.

BRITTA (CONT'D)

What the hell was that? You humiliated me out there.

MORGAN

I was just having some fun.

BRITTA

How dare you deviate from your program. You should be lucky the judges didn't disqualify you.

MORGAN

What's the big deal? I'm going to sectionals anyway.

BRITTA

Not if I have anything to do about it. Until you respect this sport, you will not be going to sectionals.

MORGAN

What? But, I-

BRITTA

This conversation is over.

She leaves. Morgan stews.

INT. GIA'S HOUSE - MORGAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Gia barges in on Morgan and Astrid with a box of pizza.

GIA
Get it while it's hot.

She hands the pie to Morgan.

MORGAN
Thanks, Mom.

GIA
(to Astrid)
Hi, I'm Gia. Morgan's mom.

ASTRID
Greetings.

Gia raises and eyebrow at her.

GIA
(to Morgan)
When did you become friends with
her exactly?

MORGAN
Mom, be nice.

GIA
I am nice. Mostly.
(to Astrid)
It was nice meeting you.

She leaves. Morgan places the pizza in between the two sleeping bags and sprawls out on the floor. She devours a piece; Astrid gives her with a quizzical look.

MORGAN
What? Are you gonna have some?

Astrid stares at her piece of a heart attack on bread.

ASTRID
The pizza in Finland wasn't this-

A ball of grease falls onto her pants.

ASTRID (CONT'D)
Greasy.

MORGAN
Astrid, pizza is an American
institution.

ASTRID
I thought pizza was Italian?

MORGAN
Just take a bite.

Nervous, Astrid takes a small bite. Her eyes go wide.

ASTRID
Oh. My. God.

She scarfs down the entire piece.

MORGAN
I told you.

ASTRID
Morgan, you have such a good life.

MORGAN
Good? My parents are divorced and
my Mom's breathing down my neck
about college apps.

ASTRID
Yeah, but you get to eat things
like this.

Morgan studies her.

MORGAN
You mean you can't? Does your Mom-

ASTRID
She says eating bad food causes bad
performances.

MORGAN
She controls what you eat? Astrid,
that's crazy.

ASTRID
Tell me about it. Sometimes I wish
I never picked up a hobby horse.
That way I could be normal for
once. Have a life. Eat greasy
pizza. So people don't think I'm
strange.

MORGAN

It's only as strange as being normal.

She smiles and flicks pizza grease at her.

ASTRID

Hey!

They giggle.

EXT. GIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gia's cleaning, keeping the tidy room spotless. Morgan approaches her, still half asleep.

GIA

Your friend leave already? I wanted to get to know her better.

MORGAN

She had um, early morning practice.

GIA

Speaking of practice, I saw that your first track meet is this Friday.

MORGAN

It is? I mean it is.

GIA

I'm going to take some time off of work to watch you.

MORGAN

Mom, you don't have to do that.

GIA

Morgan, I want to.

MORGAN

Wait. Did you say the meet was this Friday?

GIA

Yeah.

EXT. BRITTA'S TRAILER - YARD - DAY

Morgan and Astrid stretch with their hobby horses.

ASTRID
Are you sure?

MORGAN
That's what she said.

ASTRID
What're you going to do?

Morgan thinks to herself. Britta jogs over to the girls.

BRITTA
Astrid, you know the drill.

Astrid heads over to the track.

BRITTA (CONT'D)
Morgan, if you want to continue training I need to be sure that you respect your horse.

MORGAN
I-

BRITTA
What's its name?

MORGAN
Name? Uh... Rudy-Rudy Two?

BRITTA
Very well. Now take Rudy Two and stare deep into his eyes.

MORGAN
Wha-

BRITTA
We need to build trust and communication between you and your hobby horse.

Morgan takes Rudy Two and stares into his eyes.

BRITTA (CONT'D)
Repeat after me, Rudy Two, my name is Morgan.

MORGAN
Rudy Two, my name is Morgan.

Britta lets out a loud neigh. She nods for Morgan. Morgan neighs.

BRITTA
Louder. He can't hear you.

She neighs again, louder.

BRITTA.
Good. Now stroke his mane.

Morgan lets out a small chortle, but gets serious again. She strokes Rudy Two's mane.

BRITTA
That makes him feel good. Good.
Sectionals only takes the top
three, you know.

MORGAN
So I can go?

BRITTA
Depends, let's see how you jump.

LATER

Morgan follows behind Astrid on the course and picks up on her mannerisms. Her clunky trot becomes smoother and smoother. Britta watches her, intrigued.

Astrid jumps a hurdle. Morgan hesitates.

BRITTA.
Trust Rudy Two!

Morgan nods and runs to the hurdle. She jumps and clears the hurdle, stumbling on her feet. Britta watches, stunned.

Percy jogs by and spots Morgan. He stops.

PERCY
Morgan?!

Morgan turns around and sees him. She sighs.

INT. PERCY'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Morgan sits on the couch. Percy paces in front of her.

PERCY
Why didn't you tell me about this
hobby...

MORGAN

Hobby horsing. You know Mom, I thought you'd-

PERCY

Me? The guy who carves out wooden animals for a living? Morgan, you know I'd support you in whatever you pursue. Except for drugs, I have to give that a hard no.

Morgan laughs. Percy sits down next to her.

PERCY (CONT'D)

So Gia knows?

MORGAN

Not exactly.

He raises an eyebrow.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I was going to tell her but she said that hobby horsing was stupid.

PERCY

Morgan, you can't lie to your Mother.

MORGAN

That's not the only thing I'm lying about.

PERCY

Morgan-

MORGAN

She signed me up for track and I don't even want to do track! There's a meet this Friday and it's the same day as hobby horsing sectionals-

PERCY

Whoa. Slow down.

MORGAN

I need your help. I have to go to sectionals.

Percy thinks to himself.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Please, Dad.

PERCY
Fine. But, you have to tell your
Mother the truth.

Morgan hugs Percy.

MORGAN
Thanks, Dad!

She sniffs.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
You smell like a hot dog.

PERCY
It's all I had in the fridge.

They laugh together.

EXT. SCHOOL - TRACK - DAY

STUDENT ATHLETES from different schools stretch and warm-up.
In the

STANDS

PARENTS, including Percy and Gia, take their seats. They wave
to Morgan on the

TRACK

who waves back.

GIRLS stretch and warm-up.

TRACK GIRL
Why are you here?

MORGAN
I don't know.

In the

STANDS

Percy and Gia clap for Morgan.

GIA
C'mon baby!

PERCY
You got this!

On the

TRACK

the OFFICIAL blows their whistle.

OFFICIAL

Take your marks!

Morgan and the Girls listen. Morgan listens to her strong heartbeat. She takes a deep breath.

The Official blows their whistle, again. The Girls sprint off. Morgan's at the back of the pack, but quickly gains on them after the first few hurdles.

In the

STANDS

Gia and Percy jump from their seats, cheering.

On the

TRACK

Morgan flies through the hurdles and after the last one, she takes first place. She holds and passes the finish line.

GIA

celebrates and Percy claps for her.

MORGAN

tries catching her breath. She beckons Percy. He stands up.

GIA

Where are you going?

PERCY

Uh. Bathroom.

He descends the stairs and meets Morgan. They rush away together. Gia stands up and follows them.

INT./EXT. PERCY'S CAR - ROADS - DAY

Percy drives. Morgan sits shotgun. He's driving the speed limit.

MORGAN

Can't you go any faster?

PERCY
I'm going as fast as I legally can.

MORGAN
Dad! This is important! Just speed
up!

PERCY
Fine, but don't tell the
government.

He speeds up one mph.

INT./EXT. GIA'S CAR - ROADS - DAY

Gia drives and catches up to Percy's car, who makes a left turn. Gia drives on. She thinks to herself and makes a u-turn, taking the same turn that Percy made.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

Not really busy. More SPECTATORS than the previous competition. Percy helps Morgan adjust her number to her shirt.

PERCY
How is that?

MORGAN
It's good.

PERCY
Good. I'll go find a place to
watch. Good luck.

He hugs her, then leaves.

HALLSTON (O.S.)
My dearest Morgan.

Morgan rolls her eyes and turns around. Hallston stands before her dressed like a British dandy going to war. Two Butlers carry his coattails.

MORGAN
What do you want, Hallston?

HALLSTON
It has come to my attention by
thine father that I shall ask for
your hand in the future.

MORGAN

Excuse me?

HALLSTON

You are the finest flower that has ever bloomed and I am the bird that shall pollenate you.

MORGAN

Hallston, stop talking in riddles! What are you saying?!

HALLSTON

Where is your manor? My men will come around with instructions.

MORGAN

My manor? Like where I live? Ask my Dad.

Hallston turns to his Butlers.

HALLSTON

Onwards!

They rush off. Astrid and Britta come up to Morgan.

ASTRID

You nervous?

MORGAN

A little.

BRITTA

Trust your training.

Morgan nods.

LATER

Astrid and Colt perform. They do well. Morgan watches from the

SIDE

with Rudy 2.

RUDY 2

You ready, Morgan?

Morgan jumps back.

MORGAN

You can talk to me?

RUDY 2
What do you think?

LATER

Morgan takes the

TRACK

and begins her routine. She walks, trots, and canters well. Percy claps from the side.

She lines up to the jump and takes a running start. Getting closer and closer, she hesitates and stops. Spectators GASP.

Morgan takes a deep breath, rounds the jump and starts again. She runs and soars over the jump, landing soundly on her feet. Percy claps with the Spectators.

EXT. RANCH - TROPHY AREA - DAY

Colt is awarded 1st place. Astrid drools over him as she's given 2nd. Morgan stands with her 3rd place trophy. Percy runs up to her.

PERCY
Congrats! I don't get it, when did you find the time to practice?

MORGAN
You know how I said I'm on the track team? Well, I was at Astrid's practicing the whole time.

GIA (O.S.)
Really?

Gia stands nearby, arms crossed. She trudges over to Percy and Morgan.

GIA (CONT'D)
What the hell is this?

She spots Morgan's hobby horse.

GIA (CONT'D)
You were lying to me? You were over there the whole time? Are you even on the track team?

MORGAN
I-

GIA
Shut it! I don't want to hear you!

PERCY
Gia, calm down.

GIA
No. I will not calm down. When did you start this?

MORGAN
I... a while ago.

GIA
You're grounded.

MORGAN
But-

PERCY
G, that's a bit harsh.

GIA
Really? You're ok with your daughter lying?

MORGAN
Just because you gave up on your dreams doesn't mean I will!

GIA
Dreams? With this?

She takes the hobby horse from Morgan and breaks it over her knee.

GIA (CONT'D)
They seem pretty fragile.

Tears fall down Morgan's face.

GIA (CONT'D)
I forbid you from ever doing this again or going over to that house and speaking to those insane people. Am I clear?

Tears continue streaming down Morgan's red face.

INT. PERCY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Rudy 2 sits in a mangled mess on a table under Percy's lamp. Percy wears a monocle and dives into the patient with his tools a la Toy Story 2. Morgan paces frantically behind him.

PERCY

You'll wear in the floors.

MORGAN

Is he okay?! How is he? Does he need water?

She rushes up next to him and knocks Percy's elbow off the table.

PERCY

The patient requires my upmost attention. Is there anything you can do?

MORGAN

No. I just need to know if he'll be okay.

PERCY

I can't promise anything. This is the worst case I've seen.

Tears fall from Morgan's eyes.

PERCY (CONT'D)

I'll try my best.

He meets her eyes.

PERCY (CONT'D)

You want to help?

Morgan springs up to the table.

MORGAN

Okay, what do I do?

She grabs a piece of wood.

PERCY

No, take this.

He hands her a small tool.

MORGAN

Take what?

PERCY

That.

Morgan picks up another piece of wood. Percy grabs it from her.

PERCY (CONT'D)

No, that!

MORGAN

What?

Beat. She grabs her thumb and howls.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

OWWWWWWWWWW!

INT. ER WAITING ROOM - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Morgan sits cradling her thumb. Percy sits next to her. Next to them is a MAN literally bleeding to death. Percy reaches over to him.

PERCY

Do you mind if I...

He rips off a piece of the Man's ripped clothing and wraps it around Morgan's thumb.

PERCY (CONT'D)

My daughter got a splinter.

MAN

I got shot.

He slowly turns back to Morgan.

MORGAN

Am I going to lose my thumb?

PERCY

No.

MORGAN

It hurts so much.

Percy takes her thumb to his lips and kisses it.

PERCY

Feel better?

MORGAN

A little.

The Man waves his thumb in front of Percy.

MAN
Mine hurts, too.

PERCY
Is that clean?

MAN
Maybe.

Gia bolts through the front door, spots Morgan and Percy, and beelines toward them.

GIA
(to Percy)
You.

PERCY
G, calm down.

GIA
My daughter is in the ER! I will
not calm down!

PERCY
It's just a splinter! How did you
find out, anyway?

She points to the Man.

GIA
The lawn guy texted me.

The Man holds up a bloody phone.

PERCY
Of course.

GIA
She should be home with me. This
would've never happened-

PERCY
You left her at the competition-

Morgan watches her parents bicker. Nothing new.

GIA
Don't mention that stupidity.

A Doctor emerges.

DOCTOR
Morgan?

GIA
(to Percy)
We'll continue this later.

She grabs Morgan's hand, with the injured thumb, and drags her over to the Doctor.

GIA (CONT'D)
Morgan's here.

DOCTOR
Morgan, would you like your mother to come with you?

Morgan studies her mother.

MORGAN
No.

Gia's taken aback.

GIA
But, honey.

The Doctor ushers Morgan into the ER WING. Gia tries barging in.

DOCTOR
I'm sorry, M'am. You'll have to wait outside.

The Doctor disappears into the ER WING.

Gia looks back and sees the empty seat next to Percy, who's kissing the lawn guy's thumb.

INT. ER ROOM - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The Doctor removes a one-inch sliver of wood from Morgan's thumb, who can't contain the pain.

MORGAN
Jesus Criminey!

DOCTOR
The show's not over, yet.

He sews one stitch onto Morgan's thumb.

MORGAN
Just one?

DOCTOR
Yup.

MORGAN
But did you see the size of that
thing? It's twenty stitches
minimum.

The Doctor laughs.

DOCTOR
What were you doing to get that in
there anyways? Woodworking?

MORGAN
Kind of. My Dad was fixing my hobby
horse.

DOCTOR
Hobby horse?

MORGAN
It's a wooden stick with a fake
horse head. I use it for
competition.

DOCTOR
Interesting.

He gives Morgan pain medication.

MORGAN
You don't think it's weird?

DOCTOR
Morgan, I cut people open for a
job. The whole world is weird.

He also hands her a large lollipop.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Keep the wound clean. The stitch
will dissolve in a week. And in the
mean time, sand down the wood
before you handle it.

Morgan takes the candy and smiles.

INT. ER - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Gia sits next to Percy, but leans away from him. The Lawn Guy and Percy play go fish.

GIA

You shouldn't keep that wood out. It was an accident waiting to happen.

PERCY

You're not a saint either.
(to Lawn Guy)
You got any two's?

The Lawn Guy shakes his head "no".

GIA

Excuse me?

PERCY

Last time I was over, your room was littered with needles.

The Lawn Guy perks up.

GIA

I told you I spilled my sewing supplies!

The Lawn Guy deflates.

PERCY

That's not what Morgan said.

GIA

Ugh.

Morgan emerges from the ER WING with the Doctor. Gia rushes to them.

GIA (CONT'D)

(to Morgan)

Baby, did it hurt? How bad is it Doctor? Give it to me straight, I can handle it.

DOCTOR

I gave her one stitch.

GIA

That's it?

DOCTOR

Are you her legal guardian?

GIA

Yes.

DOCTOR

Next time, keep the wood out of her reach.

He leaves and Gia's mouth is agape. Percy walks over and chuckles.

GIA

But I-I...

PERCY

Yeah, G.

She composes herself.

GIA

C'mon, Morgan. Let's go home.

MORGAN

No.

GIA

Morgan, now's not the time.

MORGAN

I want to live with Dad.

GIA

You can't.

MORGAN

I want to!

Gia grabs her wrist.

GIA

I don't care what you want!

MORGAN

Mom, you're hurting me!

GIA

You're coming with me and that's final!

Morgan breaks free of Gia and cuddles up to Percy. Gia looks around and a small crowd has gathered around her.

GIA (CONT'D)

Fine. If that's what you want.

She huffs and struts out. Morgan caresses her wrist.

PERCY

Well, we're already at the ER.

Morgan laughs. The Doctor emerges.

DOCTOR

David?

Percy looks back to the Lawn Guy, barely conscious.

PERCY

Good luck!

INT. PERCY'S TRAILER - PERCY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Percy tucks Morgan into his bed.

MORGAN

Are you sure this is okay?

PERCY

I can manage on the couch.

MORGAN

No, I mean, being here instead
of...

PERCY

Morgan, I want you to be happy. If
you're happy here, then that's all
I need.

MORGAN

What about Mom?

PERCY

I'll worry about her later. Get
some rest. It's been a long day.

Beat.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Oh, wait! How could I forget.

He presents a slightly mangled, homemade-looking Rudy 2.

PERCY (CONT'D)

I tried my best.

Morgan's eyes light up as she embraces Rudy 2.

MORGAN
He's perfect!

She embraces Percy.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Thanks, Dad!

PERCY
Alright, now it's really time to go
to bed.

He tucks her in with Rudy 2 and walks toward the door.

MORGAN
I love you.

PERCY
I love you, too sweetie.

He turns the lights off and leaves.

EXT. PERCY'S TRAILER - DAY

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

MORGAN (O.S.)
Hold on!

She opens the door. A TRUMPETER in 1600's clothing blows a
tune. Her eyes go wide.

A TOWN CRIER, also in similar renaissance garb, opens a
scroll.

TOWN CRIER
Here ye! Here ye! It is my distinct
pleasure to invite the shiniest of
diamonds, Miss Morgan Clyde, out
for a night of unforgettable fodder
and fun, which will end in lust and
passion when I put my little man
into her sweet chamber. Signed
yours, Hallston Arabian.

MORGAN
Is this a joke?

TOWN CRIER
Tis not a joke, my lady. Hallston
requires your presence this Friday
for a, how you kids say, a date.

MORGAN

A date? Hallston? Is he cracked?

TOWN CRIER

He also requires your hobby horse
to keep his noble steed company.

MORGAN

This is insane.

The Town Crier hands her the scroll.

TOWN CRIER

I'm getting paid minimum so just
take it.

She looks over the scroll. The Trumpeter blows again.

TOWN CRIER (CONT'D)

By accepting the scroll, Miss Clyde
has accepted the invitation by our
Prince-

MORGAN

Hold it, I did not-

TOWN CRIER

I shall ride back on my noble steed
and give out grace the good news!
Come along, Trumpeter!

The two enter a beat-up Ford pick-up truck and roll out.
Morgan's at a loss for words.

INT. PERCY'S TRAILER - DAY

Percy tinkers with a wood carving of Fred Flintstone. Morgan
eats a grilled cheese next to him.

MORGAN

You gave him your address?

PERCY

He was a very convincing guy. What
happened?

MORGAN

He gave me this scroll which
apparently means I'm going on a
date with him.

PERCY

Well, do you like him?

Morgan fake-barfs.

MORGAN

Ew. He's disgusting. He's such a little shi-

Percy turns to her.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Annoying person. I can't stand him.

PERCY

You never know. It might be fun.

MORGAN

Fun? I'd rather take a screwdriver and gauge my eyes out than go out with him.

PERCY

Colorful. You ever think of writing if hobby horse doesn't take off?

MORGAN

You can't make money writing, Dad. Everyone knows that.

PERCY

What's his name?

MORGAN

Hallston. Hallston Arabian.

PERCY

Of Arabian Plumbing?

MORGAN

Apparently they also buy and sell horses.

PERCY

His father's loaded. I'm just saying he'll probably take you out for some good food.

MORGAN

I like my grilled cheese.

PERCY

You never know what might happen if you give the weird kid a chance.

Morgan rolls her eyes.

EXT. PERCY'S TRAILER - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Morgan's dolled up; she's not too excited. Percy stands with an arm around her.

PERCY

Be nice.

MORGAN

I swear to god if he tries something I will kill him.

PERCY

If he does try something you have my permission to kill him.

They laugh.

Just then, Hallston, in a full-on suit, emerges from the darkness; he's sits on a throne that's being carried by four FOOTMEN. They place him on the ground and he saunters up to Morgan and bows.

HALLSTON

My lady.

MORGAN

Sure, whatever.

He takes her hand and kisses it, more like makes out with it.

HALLSTON

Here's to a night of splendor,
love, and passion.

He emphasizes the last one. Percy clears his throat.

HALLSTON (CONT'D)

And Sire Clyde. I assure you your daughter will be taken care of this evening. You have my word.

PERCY

And you have my word that if you try anything I have a hacksaw that can slice through any body. Dead or alive.

Hallston takes a deep gulp. Then claps his hands.

HALLSTON

Here, here! Prepare the transportation.

He awkwardly latches onto Morgan's hand and leads her toward his throne. His Footmen spring into action.

MORGAN

Hallston, what exactly are we doing tonight?

HALLSTON

I'm glad you asked. First we shall cruise along in karts that go. Then we will fight for our love and tag each other with lasers. Then, we will consummate the night with a moving picture.

Before Morgan can speak, the Footmen grab Hallston and strap him into the throne. Morgan follows, but he stops her.

HALLSTON (CONT'D)

Oh no, dear. This only fits one. Riding on top is for later in the night.

MORGAN

How the hell am I supposed to get to go-karting?

The Footmen carry Hallston away. A lone SERVANT claps coconuts together to resemble the clomp of horses' hooves and trots behind the Footmen and Hallston.

Morgan follows them.

EXT. GO-KART TRACK - NIGHT

Busy. Full of TEENS on actual dates and eagle-eyed PARENTS watching their every moves.

Morgan huffs and puffs and sees Hallston with the go-karts.

HALLSTON

Ah! You made it! I've picked out our merry steeds-

MORGAN

You made me walk two miles with coconut guy!

HALLSTON

Baby, I'm sorry, but my car seat-throne was only made for one.

MORGAN
You son of a bit-

HALLSTON
Here, your ride for the night.

He points to a banged up, pink go-kart.

MORGAN
What a gentleman.

An ANNOUNCER booms above.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
The race will begin in five
minutes!

MORGAN
Whatever.

She gets into her go-kart and sees Hallston's still waiting
near his.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
You coming?

HALLSTON
Oh no, mine must be deep cleaned
first.

His Footmen arrive in hazmat suits and spray down his kart.

HALLSTON (CONT'D)
You never know what creeps are
crawling in these sort of things.

MORGAN
That's for sure.

LATER

Morgan zooms on the course and passes the other DRIVERS.
She's in first place and is genuinely having a good time.

She passes by Hallston as his Footmen are giving his kart a
fresh paint job.

HALLSTON
Faster! I have to win this to
impress my fair maiden!

FOOTMAN #1
We're trying out best, my lord.

HALLSTON

Oh phooey. There's no time left.
It's up to me now.

He looks ahead and breaks into a sprint, or rather a fast walk.

Morgan's in the zone and sees Hallston on the track, barely dodging the other Drivers.

MORGAN

Are you insane?!

HALLSTON

Only in my love!

She drives up to him.

MORGAN

Get off the track!

HALLSTON

No! I shall win!

He jumps onto the front the kart. Morgan loses her line of sight and swerves in and out.

MORGAN

Hallston get off of me!

HALLSTON

I'll never let go, Jack!

MORGAN

Did you just quote Titanic?!

The other Drivers pass Morgan. Hallston finally moves his ass, but it's too late. They drive straight into a bushel of hay.

Hallston rolls onto the track.

HALLSTON

We won! Give me a victory kiss!

He leans into Morgan, who douses him with water. He recoils.

MORGAN

We didn't win you dumbass.

She starts up the go-kart.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I'm going home.

She rolls away.

HALLSTON
Wait! I'll buy you the go-kart!

She rolls back. Hallston licks his lips and is appalled.

HALLSTON (CONT'D)
Is this off-brand water?

Morgan rolls away, again.

EXT. LASER TAG COURSE - NIGHT

Bland building. Morgan's go-kart sits next to Hallston's throne.

INT. LASER TAG COURSE - NIGHT

It's just Hallston and Morgan, who's really into it. She surprises him by jumping out from a dark corner and shoots him. He might as well have been shot with ten rounds the way he reacts as he falls to the ground, dead?

Morgan rushes over to him.

MORGAN
Hallston, you okay?

She rips off his helmet and stares at him. He's not that bad looking.

HALLSTON
M-m-m...

Morgan snaps herself out of it.

MORGAN
Were you having like a seizure or something?

HALLSTON
My darling. My time has come.

MORGAN
Hallston-

HALLSTON
As I lay dying with my final breaths-

MORGAN
Hallston, you're not dying-

HALLSTON
I was not quick enough. I need you
to go on for me.

MORGAN
Hallston, get a grip!

HALLSTON
For my final wish, I wish to taste
your lips, your love, your soul.

Morgan drops him, letting him rag-doll onto the ground.

HALLSTON (CONT'D)
OWWWW! I need a bandaid!

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Fifty Shades of Gray plays in an empty theatre, save for Morgan, Hallston, and the Footmen who are fully into it. Hallston and Morgan's hobby horses entangle with each other.

Hallston yawns and puts his arm around Morgan, who slaps it away. He gets uncomfortably close to her and whispers into her ear.

HALLSTON
I picked this out for us.

MORGAN
Huh?

HALLSTON
This particular moving picture. I
find that it... stirs the loins.

MORGAN
Can you like talk normal for once?

HALLSTON
What tis normal? Normal is but a
curse for the everyman, but I am
not everyman.

MORGAN
Stop talking like Shakespeare!

HALLSTON
So you are getting stirred. Can't
say I'm not surprised.

He claps twice and disco-mood lights turn on. Marvin Gaye's "Let's Get it On" sings out. The Footmen rip off Hallston's clothes to reveal a puffy shirt and ass-less chaps.

Morgan's horrified and impressed at the same time.

MORGAN

Were you wearing that the entire time?

HALLSTON

Are you in the mood, baby?

MORGAN

Oh, I'm in a mood.

HALLSTON

Wonderful, darling.

He snaps his hands and a Footman brings out a case. Like a tea selection at a restaurant, it opens and reveals every type of condom imaginable: flavored, lubed, ribbed.

Morgan's shocked.

HALLSTON (CONT'D)

I must tell you, I've only practiced by myself. This will be the first time I've had a partner.

He saddles up to her.

HALLSTON (CONT'D)

What do you think, darling? Let's make love.

Morgan slaps him, hard.

MORGAN

You fucking asshole! I would never "make love" to you even if we were the last two people on earth!

Hallston's eyes tear up.

HALLSTON

But darling-

MORGAN

And I'm not your darling! I'm not your anything! I don't even like you!

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

My Dad had to convince me to go on this date because there's no way in hell I'd every be seen in public with you if I chose to.

She storms out. Hallston's genuinely sad.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Morgan rushes out toward her go-kart.

HALLSTON (O.S.)

Morgan, wait!

He's dropped his Shakespeare-esque accent.

HALLSTON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

MORGAN

Thanks, but I'm still not having sex with you.

HALLSTON

I don't expect you to.

MORGAN

What?

HALLSTON

I just wanted to impress you.

MORGAN

Why? I thought you didn't even like you. Back at sectionals-

HALLSTON

Don't believe everything you hear. I really am sorry. I didn't mean for all of *that* to... I just thought you were supposed to do this. I haven't been on a date before.

MORGAN

Yeah, that's clear.

HALLSTON

I don't suppose I'll ever go on one again.

Morgan sighs.

MORGAN

You never know. Someone might give you a second chance.

She smiles at him. He returns it.

HALLSTON

Do you want to ride me?

EXT. ROADS - NIGHT

Morgan sits on Hallston's lap on the throne, still being carried by his Footmen. CARS honk at them as they pass.

HALLSTON

What condom did you like from my case?

MORGAN

Don't ruin the nice moment.

The Servant follows in Morgan's kart, clapping the coconuts along.

EXT. PERCY'S TRAILER - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Hallston and Morgan stand together. Both not sure what to do next.

HALLSTON

Oh, I almost forgot.

He hands her Rudy 2.

MORGAN

Thanks.

HALLSTON

Well. Um.

MORGAN

So.

HALLSTON

Can I get a goodnight kiss? I mean I understand if you don't want to-

MORGAN

Shut up.

Morgan dips him and full-on frenches him. Hallston stumbles, then regains his balance. His eyes go wide and looks down to his little Hallston; he's grown.

HALLSTON
What was that?

MORGAN
That was a French kiss, Hallston.

HALLSTON
I thought you were from Michigan?

MORGAN
Good night, Hallston.

Hallston waddles away back and forth, but pauses and turns to her.

HALLSTON
I bid you adieu for now my fair
maiden. Just know my love grows
each day we are apart.

The Shakespeare is back. Morgan rolls her eyes and goes inside Percy's trailer.

Hallston turns to one of his Footmen as he's being strapped into his throne.

HALLSTON (CONT'D)
Just when I thought she couldn't
turn me on more. Make haste! I need
to um... use the sock.

INT. PERCY'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan walks in and finds Percy sharpening his hacksaw.

MORGAN
Dad.

PERCY
You still need me to kill him?

MORGAN
Not now.

PERCY
So you had a good time?

MORGAN
No.

PERCY
So you had a bad time?

Morgan smiles.

MORGAN
No.

She goes into Percy's room and shuts the door.

PERCY
Women.

INT./EXT PERCY'S CAR - ROADS - DAY

Percy drives. Morgan picks at Rudy 2, trying to perfect the imperfections.

PERCY
You excited?

MORGAN
Yeah.

PERCY
Nervous?

MORGAN
A little.

PERCY
Morgan, I don't know how to say
this, but I got a job.

MORGAN
That's great, Dad! Where is it?

PERCY
That's the thing. It's in England.

Morgan stares at him.

MORGAN
England?

PERCY
And they want me to come out and
get acclimated as soon as possible.

MORGAN
So you're not watching me?

PERCY
I asked, but they've booked me on
the next flight.

Morgan turns from Percy and looks outside the car window.

MORGAN
But where am I supposed to go?

PERCY
Britta. I got it all worked out.
You'll stay with her and Astrid and
I'll pick you up when I get back.

Morgan won't look at him.

PERCY (CONT'D)
Morgan?

She finally turns.

MORGAN
Alright.

EXT. STABLES COMPLEX - DAY

Not busy. A few cars litter the area.

Morgan stands next to Percy, still in his car.

PERCY
You gonna be okay?

MORGAN
I guess.

PERCY
I'll be back as soon as I can.

He kisses her on the head.

PERCY (CONT'D)
And I'll get you a souvenir.

MORGAN
Remember, I'm a size small.

PERCY
Aye, aye captain.

He salutes her and drives off. Morgan watches his car
disappear into the horizon, then turns to the nearby fields.

Percy drops her off and wishes her luck and leaves. It's not too busy. She goes to the

EXT. STABLES COMPLEX - FIELD - DAY

Sparsely populated with SPECTATORS and COMPETITORS.

Morgan weaves through them and spots Astrid and Britta. She runs to them.

 ASTRID
You made it!

 BRITTA
You missed warm-up. Did you get
your competition bib?

 MORGAN
No-

 BRITTA
Stay here.

She leaves.

 ASTRID
I'm so excited!

 MORGAN
Yeah, this is gonna-

 ASTRID
No, I mean you're gonna be staying
with us.

 MORGAN
Oh, yeah. That.

 ASTRID
I've never had anyone over before,
let alone anyone sleeping over. Do
you snore?

 MORGAN
I don't think so.

 ASTRID
I'll take that as a yes.

Britta returns with a competition BIB and hands it to Morgan.

BRITTA

Here. Pin this on. First program starts in ten minutes. At least stretch. You know only the top two will advance to state.

Morgan starts stretching and takes in her surroundings.

LATER

The different Competitors perform. They're talented. Morgan watches them nearby.

Colt is insanely good.

Astrid performs and does exceptionally well.

Morgan prances around the field; trotting and cantering well. She shakes a bit, but holds on.

She runs for a jump and launches herself over; she soars, but trips on her feet during the landing. She tumbles over and onto Rudy 2, cracking it in half.

She stands and sees the remains of her noble steed.

LATER

A JUDGE brings over a score sheet and posts it on a tree. Competitors crowd around, some cheer and others walk away despondent.

Britta, Astrid, and Morgan see the results.

ASTRID

Second!

She hugs Britta, who is far from being satisfied.

MORGAN

Third.

ASTRID

That's great!

MORGAN

Yeah, but third doesn't go to state.

ASTRID

Who knows? If you get in a good second program, you could bump me out.

She runs to an ecstatic Colt.

BRITTA
I'm sorry about your horse, but
your back up should be fine.

MORGAN
I don't have a back up.

Britta gets a twinkle in her eye.

BRITTA
Really? Come with me.

EXT. STABLES COMPLEX - PARKING LOT - DAY

Britta and Morgan stand at a Toyota van, with a tricked-out hobby horse store in the van's trunk.

Morgan holds a brand-new hobby horse.

MORGAN
I can't accept this.

BRITTA
Just show me you deserve it.

She hands cash to the SELLER.

BRITTA (CONT'D)
And we'll need him fluffed up for
competition.

EXT. STABLES COMPLEX - FIELD - DAY

Competitors perform again. Colt and Astrid both do well.

Morgan takes the field and grips her new horse.

MORGAN
(to hobby horse)
You got a name?

Crickets.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Rudy 3 it is.

She looks around at the Spectators and Judges, then at Britta. Focusing, she takes a step forward into her canter, then into a prance.

She lines up for a jump and soars over, but loses her grip on Rudy 3, falling and dropping him. She gets up, grabs him, and continues. She trots and canters into her final pose.

EXT. STABLES COMPLEX - DAY

Morgan sits on a bench and lays Rudy 3 down. She looks at her hands; they're all torn and bloodied up.

COLT (O.S.)
Is that a new horse?

She looks over and sees Colt, with his 1st place trophy.

MORGAN
Yeah.

COLT
I haven't seen you around before,
so you might not know this, but it
takes a minimum of two weeks to
break in a new horse. You got you
that?

MORGAN
Britta.

COLT
Astrid's Mom?

MORGAN
Yeah.

Colt chuckles.

COLT
There's the problem.

MORGAN
But she-

COLT
Astrid almost didn't advance
because of you.

MORGAN
No. She'd never-

COLT
You really don't know anything, do
you?

He starts walking away.

COLT (CONT'D)

Do yourself a favor and stay far
away from Britta.

He leaves.

Morgan looks at her hands and her anger boils over.

EXT. STABLES COMPLEX - PARKING LOT - DAY

Britta celebrates with Astrid. Morgan rushes toward them.

MORGAN

So, is this what you wanted?

She shows them her hands.

ASTRID

Morgan, what happened-

MORGAN

Don't act innocent, you probably
asked your Mom to get that new
horse.

ASTRID

(to Britta)

New horse? What did you do?

BRITTA

(to Morgan)

I had to get you a new hobby horse,
Morgan. Your old one broke.

Astrid looks betrayed.

MORGAN

His name was Rudy 2!

ASTRID

(to Britta)

You bought her a new hobby horse?

MORGAN

Is this how you want to win? By
sabotage?

BRITTA

I didn't sabotage-

MORGAN

Save it.

Astrid steps toward Morgan.

 ASTRID
Morgan, I didn't know.

 MORGAN
Please. You're as bad as she is.
Who are you people?

Tears fill her eyes.

EXT. STABLES COMPLEX - DAY

Morgan cries into her PHONE.

 MORGAN
Mom, can you pick me up? I'm at the
stables.

EXT. STABLES COMPLEX - PARKING LOT - DAY

Gia's car flies over to Morgan and screeches to a stop. She gets out of the car and slams the door shut.

 GIA
 (to Morgan)
Get in the car.

Morgan obeys. Gia rushes over to Britta as Astrid gets into their car.

 GIA (CONT'D)
How dare you!

Britta turns around.

 BRITTA
Excuse me?

 GIA
You injured my daughter! I'm going
to sure your ass!

 BRITTA
It's Gia, right? Look, your
daughter needed a new horse so I
got her one. Case closed.

 GIA
Oh what an example you set for her
and your daughter. To lie and
cheat.

Britta gets into Gia's face.

BRITTA

I've never lied or cheated.

GIA

You told Morgan that she was good at this nonsense.

BRITTA

And I was telling the truth. She's good, but she'll never be great. She doesn't have that spark or passion. She should just go back to the track field and her books. You should be thanking me.

Britta starts walking away.

GIA

Well what an example you set for your daughter. To do whatever it takes and to cheat.

Britta whips back around and gets back into Gia's face.

BRITTA

My daughter is strong. Morgan has been coddled her whole life.

GIA

My daughter is smart. She will succeed in whatever she wants to do, but she'll do it the right way and far away from people like you.

She whooshes away. Britta still simmers from the encounter.

INT. GIA'S HOUSE - MORGAN'S ROOM - DAY

Morgan packs a BAG and places her shoes and track uniform inside. She looks at her hobby horse, thinking about her next move. She reaches for a pair of socks and puts it in her bag.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAYS - DAY

Morgan walks with her book and Astrid runs behind her.

ASTRID

Morgan!

Morgan ignores her.

ASTRID (CONT'D)
Morgan, please!

Morgan turns around.

MORGAN
What.

ASTRID
I swear, I didn't know!

MORGAN
Do you think I'm stupid?

ASTRID
Morgan, no-

MORGAN
Don't talk to me.

She rushes away. Annoyed, Astrid opens her locker and places books inside.

Britta enters from a nearby door and ambles over to her daughter.

BRITTA
C'mon. Let's go.

ASTRID
What?

BRITTA
It's time for practice.

ASTRID
I-um can't.

BRITTA
Astrid, don't be ridiculous. Let's go.

ASTRID
No!

BRITTA
Honey?

ASTRID
Did you know I'm failing my classes?

BRITTA
This is-

ASTRID

Listen! Mom, I like school. I like learning. But you make me miss it for something I don't even like!

BRITTA

Morgan was right. You're throwing away your future.

ASTRID

Mom, no! You just don't care what I think. You never cared!

Astrid looks and sees a crowd of STUDENTS watching her and Britta. Britta turns to them.

BRITTA

Scatter, now!

They do as she says. The bell rings. Other Students start filling the area.

BRITTA (CONT'D)

We'll talk later.

She leaves. Astrid slides down the lockers into a puddle of tears. Morgan offers a hand.

ASTRID

How much of that did you hear?

MORGAN

Enough.

Astrid accepts Morgan's hand as she rises.

ASTRID

Morgan. It's your spot. You're going to state.

MORGAN

I can't. I'm doing track now, that's my future.

ASTRID

You sure?

Morgan nods "yes" and walks away.

EXT. SCHOOL - TRACK - DAY

Busy. HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETES pack the area.

Morgan stretches in her track uniform, uninterested in her surroundings.

BANG!

A gunshot rings and a 100m hurdles race starts. Morgan sees her TEAMMATES run off. She watches their strides, their power, their confidence.

MORGAN'S IMAGINATION - EXT. SCHOOL - TRACK - DAY

Her Teammates hold onto hobby horses and gallop away; jumping over each hurdles. Morgan focuses on their cantering and the hobby horses.

Her eyes go wide.

END IMAGINATION.

EXT. SCHOOL - TRACK - DAY

COACH (O.S.)

Morgan?

He taps her on the shoulder. Morgan turns suddenly.

MORGAN

What?!

A COACH, 60s, (beer gut), stands before her.

COACH

Your heat's up next.

MORGAN

My what?

COACH

Your group. For hurdles.

MORGAN

Oh. I-um...

She thinks to herself.

COACH

Don't tell me you're chickening out now. We need you.

MORGAN

I know, bit I need to do something.

COACH

Excuse me?

MORGAN

I can't believe I'm saying this,
but I quit.

COACH

What? You can't just quit.

MORGAN

I think I just did.

She starts walking away.

COACH

Morgan?

She continues, not looking behind her.

MORGAN

Morgan! Come back here.

She breaks into a run, a smile grows on her face.

INT./EXT. GIA'S CAR - DAY

Gia gets into the driver's seat and slams the door shut.
Morgan sits next to her.

GIA

You can't do this, Morgan. This is
our dream.

MORGAN

No, Mom. This is your dream. I'm
going after mine.

Gia's mouth goes wide, shocked at her daughter.

EXT. FIELDS - DAY

Dusty and unkempt.

Morgan holds onto Rudy 3 and canters around, losing her
footing and tripping over weeds.

She sets up for a jump over a shoddy hurdle. Running towards
it, she takes off, but hits the top of the hurdle, tumbling
over and onto the ground.

She tries again. Sam result. Again. The same. Again, and again, and again.

She lies on the field, sore and tired. She doesn't want to get up.

Trot, trot, trot! She hears the clicking of a horse's hooves. Getting to her knees she watches Hallston galloping on Rudy toward her.

She smiles and rushes to them.

MORGAN

Rudy!

She nuzzles up to him and he NEIGHS back.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

(to Hallston)

How did you-

HALLSTON

I told you. My family buys and sells horses.

A frown grows on her lips.

MORGAN

Oh. So he's your's now?

HALLSTON

Morgan-

He kicks his leg over to get down from Rudy, but his other leg gets stuck in the stirrups. He's now a bit of a pretzel on the side of Rudy.

HALLSTON (CONT'D)

Morgan? Can you?

MORGAN

Yeah.

She untangles him as he finds his footing.

HALLSTON

Right. Where was I? Oh yeah. Technically he's not ours.

MORGAN

What?

HALLSTON

The stables wanted him to be a training horse, but didn't have the money, so we-

MORGAN

You gave them the money so they didn't have to sell him?

HALLSTON

Yeah, pretty much

MORGAN

Oh, Hallston.

She gives him a big, tight hug. He blushes. She pulls away.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

How did you know I would be here?

HALLSTON

This is where I used to practice. So it's true? You're going to compete?

MORGAN

Yeah, but look at this-

She gestures to the field.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I'll never get it in shape to train in time.

HALLSTON

Never say never.

He whistles.

A giant U-haul honks its horn and drives toward them. It's trailer opens and reveals a team of BUTLERS dressed in cowboy wear, holding various hobby horse track items.

An industrial mower powers through the field. Butlers primp and pream the area.

Morgan smiles and laughs. Hallston looks at her like he's head over heels.

The Butlers dress the field and mark it up.

In no time, it's a perfectly clean hobby horse track.

Hallston whistles; the Butlers pack up and leave in the U-haul.

Morgan dashes off and canters in the plush grass. She soars over a new hurdle and trots over to Hallston.

MORGAN

Thank you. I don't know how to repay you.

HALLSTON

Just be your best. Do you have a coach? Cause I could, you know, for extra points-

MORGAN

No. I've got someone in mind.

EXT. BRITTA'S TRAILER - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Small, but well-kept.

Morgan knocks on the door. Britta opens it and sees Morgan; a scowl appears.

BRITTA

Astrid's not home.

She closes the door, but Morgan sticks her arms out.

MORGAN

I came to see you.

BRITTA

Me? How does your Mom feel about that?

MORGAN

She doesn't know I'm here. Please, I need to talk to you.

BRITTA

How do I know this isn't a trick?

MORGAN

Why would I trick you?

She studies Morgan, then opens the door.

INT. BRITTA'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Similar to Percy's, but more woman-ly.

BRITTA
Please, sit down.

She motions to a couch.

MORGAN
Why did you buy me a new horse?

BRITTA
Morgan-

MORGAN
Please, just answer the question.

BRITTA
Sit down.

Morgan sits on the couch.

BRITTA (CONT'D)
I told you, your old one was
broken.

MORGAN
But you knew what the new one would
do to my hands. I still have sores
from that.

BRITTA
Morgan, this is ridiculous. You
should just go home.

MORGAN
Britta, you knew. Why did you do
it?

BRITTA
You want the truth? Fine. You're
good, Morgan. I thought Astrid
wouldn't make it to the finals.

MORGAN
Do you regret it?

BRITTA
Helping you? No. Hurting you? Not a
day goes by that I don't think
about it.

MORGAN
Britta, I want you to coach me for
regionals.

Britta stops in her tracks.

BRITTA

Excuse me? What makes you think I'd coach you?

MORGAN

Because. You don't have a student and I don't have a coach.

BRITTA

You don't have what it takes.

MORGAN

Britta, I want this more than I've wanted anything. I quit track. I-I want to see what I can do and I'll do it with or without your help. But without it will take much longer.

Britta paces and goes to her kitchen.

BRITTA

Tomorrow. 6am. My field. Don't be late.

Morgan grins.

INT. GIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Morgan stands before Gia, who sits on the couch.

GIA

You're really letting her back into your life? Are you insane?!

MORGAN

Mom, she could help me win.

GIA

Yeah, by cheating.

MORGAN

Mom, it's not like that. She really wanted to help me with a new horse-

GIA

It's not even a real horse! Stop with this crap! Hobby horse isn't real.

MORGAN

It is real! I like it, love it, and I'm good at it.

GIA

God, she's already getting to your brain. Pretty soon you're gonna start talking like her, dressing like her...

Gia gets to her feet, towering over Morgan.

MORGAN

Mom?

GIA

Are you lashing out because of your father? Is this why?

MORGAN

Dad? What does he have to do with this?

GIA

He's gone away to England and you think it's my fault that you're stuck with me?

MORGAN

Mom, no-

GIA

After everything I do for you. I set you up for success and this is the thanks I get?

MORGAN

Mom, please, just listen to me. Britta just wants what's best for me in this sport-

GIA

So that's it? You want her to replace me?

MORGAN

Replace? Mom, no one could ever replace you.

She gets closer to her.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

You'll always be my Mom.

GIA

It's getting crowded.

MORGAN

You know I love you, but if you
just came-

GIA

I don't even want to hear it
anymore!

MORGAN

Please! If you just saw me-

GIA

No. I will never see you hobby
horse ever again.

She stomps away. Morgan falls onto the couch, tears fall from
her face.

EXT. STABLES COMPLEX - PARKING LOT - DAY

A sign displays hobby horse regionals, but the "r" and "s" in
horse don't light up.

INT. STABLES COMPLEX - TRACK - DAY

Regionals. A sizable group of SPECTATORS sit in the stands.
The ten COMPETITORS prepare; they stretch, canter, and jump
on the hurdles. Colt sands down his hobby horse.

Morgan trots and completes a jump.

In the

STANDS

Astrid sits with Hallston.

HALLSTON

Whoooo! Morgan! I love you!

ASTRID

You already told her you love her?
You've been together for, like, a
month?

HALLSTON

So? What about you and Colt?

ASTRID

What do you mean?

On the track, Colt waves toward Astrid.

ASTRID (CONT'D)

Yes daddy!

Astrid quickly covers her mouth.

HALLSTON

Sure, my relationship has problems.

ASTRID

Shut up.

Back on the

TRACK

Morgan stretches on the side. A Competitor rushes up to her and side swipes her. Britta appears next to Morgan.

BRITTA

Forget her. She's just trying to break your focus. You ready?

MORGAN

As I'll ever be.

LATER

The Competitor takes the track and goes into her program. She makes mistakes, but recovers well. Morgan tries not to watch.

Colt begins his program and he's a wizard. Astrid can't contain her excitement in the

STANDS

ASTRID

Yes daddy! Give it to me!

Hallston laughs at her.

On the

TRACK

Morgan takes her starting position and looks into the stands. She spots Astrid and Hallston and waves to them. Her eyes keep scanning.

She starts and goes into a textbook trot, then goes perfectly into a canter. She lines up for a jump and soars high above it, landing on her feet with Rudy 3. The Crowd claps.

INT. STABLES COMPLEX - HALLWAY - DAY

Morgan, giddy, walks with Britta.

MORGAN

Did you see that? Second! Even one judge gave me first!

BRITTA

But another gave you fourth. Morgan, relax.

She stops her and motions for her to sit on a bench.

BRITTA (CONT'D)

Remember once-

MORGAN

You think you've won, you've lost.

BRITTA

And-

MORGAN

You're only as strong as your last performance.

BRITTA

Get some rest.

She walks off. Astrid approaches Morgan and sits next to her.

ASTRID

Great job! Second place!

MORGAN

Yeah, but Colt's in first. There's no way I can win.

ASTRID

You totally can.

Morgan looks at her like she's cracked.

ASTRID (CONT'D)

Look, I may be in love with him, but I know greatness when I see it. You can do it, Morgan. Hey, did you make up with your Mom?

MORGAN

No. We haven't spoken in months.
And my Dad hasn't been back since
sectionals. I think I tore my
family apart.

INT. GIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Gia types at a computer and watches the clock. She types
again, then looks at the clock.

LATER

She washes dishes and turns to the clock, worried.

INT. STABLES COMPLEX - TRACK - DAY

At the side, Morgan watches Colt coming off. The Crowd's
going wild. Britta comes to her side.

BRITTA

Focus. You've got this.

MORGAN

I know.

BRITTA

But if you need it.

She opens a box of EAR-PLUGS.

MORGAN

Why-

BRITTA

It drowns everyone out. They clap,
you'll get arrogant. They worry,
you'll get tense.

MORGAN

No. I can do it.

Britta smiles at her.

BRITTA

Good luck.

Morgan takes the track and soaks up her surroundings. She
takes her beginning pose and starts. She starts to a trot and
canters, even better than last time. In the

STANDS

Astrid and Hallston cheer her on.

ASTRID/HALLSTON

Whooo!

Britta watches next to them. Morgan lines up for a jump on the

TRACK

Running, she takes off and clears it, but loses her grip when she lands and falls over. The Crowd gasps. In the

STANDS

Hallston and Astrid watch, worried. Astrid sees her mother, tense and offers a hand.

ASTRID

Couldn't hurt.

Britta accepts. Morgan gets up and resumes on the

TRACK

She goes into a gallop around the track. Her eyes search the stands. She pauses and sees Gia, looking on, proud.

A burst of energy hits Morgan. She jumps twice, galloping out of it. The Crowd loves it. In the

STANDS

Hallston screams for her.

HALLSTON

That's my girl!

ASTRID

(to Britta)

How did she-

She turns to Britta.

ASTRID (CONT'D)

You?

BRITTA

She is talented.

Gia watches, completely awestruck

Back on the

TRACK

Morgan jumps agains and goes straight into a canter. She races around the complex, with a huge smile on her face.

She winds down and hits her ending pose. The Crowd erupts in cheers. Hallston, Astrid, and Britta join them. Gia stands up.

GIA
That's my daughter. That's my
daughter!

Morgan looks on, soaking up the image before her.

INT. STABLES COMPLEX - TROPHY AREA - DAY

Morgan sits with Britta and watch the JUDGES put up their scores: 1, 1, 1.

Colt watches, with his mouth open.

The scores continue: 1, 2, 2, 2.

BRITTA
Come on.

The final score is put up: 2.

Colt lets out a sigh of relief.

Morgan lets out a huff. An OFFICIAL hands her a 2nd place trophy and medal.

BRITTA (CONT'D)
(to Morgan)
You were robbed.

MORGAN
Second place isn't bad. I'm still
going to state.

BRITTA
You were a million times better
than that Colt guy.

MORGAN
Well that just means I have a good
shot to beat him in a couple of
months.

Beat.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Britta offers a warm smile and hug.

GIA (O.S.)

Morgan

Britta breaks the hug and spots Gia. She discreetly leaves. Morgan walks up to her Mother.

GIA (CONT'D)

Morgan I-

MORGAN

Mom, don't. You don't have to.

GIA

But I'm sorry. I'm sorry I didn't listen to you. I should've come and seen you.

MORGAN

But you already did.

GIA

I'm not talking about earlier. I wish I would've really seen you, really see you shine out there.

MORGAN

Thanks, Mom.

GIA

I want you to know how proud I am of you, even if I don't say it that often.

MORGAN

I know.

GIA

You seem to know everything.

Morgan giggles.

GIA (CONT'D)

But you might not know about this.

PERCY (O.S.)

Morgan?

Percy appears and beelines for Morgan. He pulls her into a tight hug.

MORGAN

Dad?! What are you doing here? I thought...

PERCY

Your Mom told me about regionals and how much it meant to you.

MORGAN

She did?

Gia beams.

PERCY

When I heard about it, I booked the first flight I could find. Sorry I'm a bit late.

MORGAN

That's okay. But when are you leaving?

PERCY

I'm not.

MORGAN

What?

PERCY

Turns out they're developing a branch not too far from here.

MORGAN

So you won't leave?

PERCY

Never again.

Hallston walks up to Morgan and awkwardly coughs. Morgan pulls out of Percy's hug and goes up to Hallston.

MORGAN

Hallston.

HALLSTON

You were great.

MORGAN

Thanks.

HALLSTON

Can I give you something? Something French.

MORGAN

Ok?

She holds out her hand, but Hallston pulls her in for a french-kiss. She laughs, but continues kissing him.

Gia stands next to Britta.

GIA

I suppose you'll continue coaching my daughter.

BRITTA

Only if it's okay with her mother.

They shake hands.

Percy runs up to Morgan and she and Hallston pull out of the kiss before Percy gets to them.

PERCY

Almost forgot. There's this sport from England that's getting started here. I think you'd like it.

He hands her a flyer for: cheese rolling.

MORGAN

Thanks, Dad.

He runs off. Hallston looks at the flyer.

HALLSTON

Cheese rolling?

She shrugs and they continue kissing.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Morgan looks up from her flyer and sees a large CROWD standing at the top of a hill. She walks up to a BYSTANDER.

MORGAN

Is this cheese rolling?

BYSTANDER

Duh.

MORGAN

What is it?

BYSTANDER

It's a sport from England. It's getting really popular.

MORGAN

What's the point of it?

BYSTANDER

What's the point of anything? Just watch.

CONTESTANTS line up on the hill. An OFFICIAL hangs onto a WHEEL OF CHEESE.

MORGAN

What're-

BYSTANDER

Shush! They're about to start.

The Official blows his whistle and drops the cheese. As it rolls down the hill, the Contestants follow it, rolling down themselves.

MORGAN

Is that cheese?

BYSTANDER

No. Do you know anything? They replaced it with a fake.

The Contestants claw at each other for the cheese. It's utter chaos tumbling down a hill.

MORGAN

What do they win?

BYSTANDER

The cheese, duh.

They continue down.

MORGAN

That's it.

BYSTANDER

Nope, the winner is then sacrificed the the cheese god.

MORGAN

What-

A CLIPBOARD LADY appears next to Morgan.

CLIPBOARD LADY
Would you like to sign up for
cheese rolling?

MORGAN
No! No. No.

She rushes away from the crowd and runs far, far away.