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# 1 Mile to You

By Jeremy Jackson

1

Run.

Run.

Hold you here

inside my heart

In walls of steel and stone

I, and I alone must bear

the relics of your love

In the shadow of the mountain,

a lonely hero stands

Memories flood the land

Oi!

Gap-Tooth, Fatso,

knock it off!

I am falling,

I am overcome

I remember days of glory

Silver at your feet

The people lined the streets

to see your victory parade

In this age

of toil and reason

Hearts are crying out

Do you hear the sound

above the static in your head?

I am breathless

Hey!

Oi! Knock it off, you two.

Oh, my God! Oh, my God.

- You never answered.

- Ooh.

Boston. Yeah,

I like the Red Sox.

- You hate baseball.

- I love baseball.

- You should pick Montana.

- Montana?

Yeah, they got mountains there.

All right, I'll think about it.

So, Bledsoe is in the 800.

Let's have him.

- Yes, sir.

- Let me run it.

- And you are?

- Gap-Tooth, sir.
- And who am I?
- Coach Jared, sir.
- Huh.
- There they are.
- Hey, Mom. Hey, Dad.
- Hey, Dad.

Hey, Bobby.

You guys want some coffee?

No, no, Coach said chemicals  
are no good for runners.

Oh, okay.

Pass it over.

It's the boys in blue.

You smoke that like a bitch.

- You do, actually...
- Shut up, homo.

Exceptional vocabulary, Bledsoe.

I want this moron  
to repeat what he just said.

- What did you say?
- Whoa, whoa, whoa, "Moron."

Let's everyone relax  
with the language.

The correct term is homosexual.

Sickle is a homosexual.

Schuler is also a homosexual.

- And proud of it.
- Very proud.

Come on, babe.

Oi.

Coach.

You can forget about that, mister.

Come on. Come on,  
let me run the 800.

Whoa. That's...

That's my race.

I'll sprint out and hold them.

Bledsoe won't know what hit him.

Bledsoe is a tool,

but you can't beat him.

**He ran a 4:**

last year, man...

A half is too short for him.  
Got it from the guy over there.  
It's yours if you let me run.  
- Take it, take it...  
- Okay. Deal.  
You may not want to be  
waving a joint around, man.  
Your spikes. Come on, switch out. Come  
on, we're the same size. Come on.  
Coach is going to be  
pissed if you don't win.  
Shut up!  
I am going to win!  
- Kevin, stop.  
- I'll be watching you.  
I hate Bledsoe. I'm gonna win. I am  
going to kick his ass. I am going to.  
All right.  
Runners, take your mark.  
Set.  
Hit it!  
- Go, Kevin!  
- Come on, Kevin!  
Who is the coach  
of this team, damn it?  
You are, sir.  
Bobby's about  
to take the lead, sir.  
He can't run that fast.  
Look at him go.  
- Go, Kevin!  
- Go, Kevin!  
Come on, boy, run!  
We have a new record.  
Kevin Schuler, Cotton High.  
- Ride with me.  
- I promised my mom.  
Come on, sweetheart,  
let's get you home.  
Hey, leave your phone on.  
- Leave your phone on.  
- Yes, ma'am.  
Here's your hat. Bye.  
Did you tell my daughter

you love her yet?

Hey!

Montana!

So, how do you guys feel about having  
your son as a new record holder?

- Best run you've ever had.

- Thank you.

Bet you can't pass them  
before the bridge.

All right.

- Uh-oh.

- It's supposed to hurt.

Come on. Come

on, let me run the 800.

Run.

Ride with me.

My daughter likes you.

What do you want with her?

Well, make a choice.

Hello. Bobby has

a message for you.

Aw! That's what

you're missing, you jerk!

I wish you were with me. I wish you  
didn't drive with your parents.

Montana.

Mountains. I'll find  
the perfect home for us.

You'll see.

There's no rest

For the wicked heart

When the wicked lie

Unfolds

And bitterness

of a lover's art

Turning silver lies

To gold

Let fall the rain,

let fall the rain down on you

Let fall the rain,

let fall the rain down on you

Oh, what a test

for the tender heart

In the many nights

Of love  
Oh, what a mess  
when it falls apart  
Where another lie  
Will grow  
Let fall the rain,  
let fall the rain down on you  
Let fall the rain,  
let fall the rain down on you  
There are three students left from  
your grade. They're closing Carton.  
A number of schools have offered  
to accept you as a transfer.  
You think you ate enough  
for breakfast today?  
I'll make you something nice  
when you get home.  
That's fine, Mom.  
I'll give you the full report.  
Tight.  
Kevin Schuler.  
So, your transcript tells me  
that you're real bright.  
But let's face it.  
Carton is better known for its  
4-H program than for academics.  
Well, we are very proud  
of our sheep.  
See, normally, I'd have to charge \$2,000  
for an out-of-district placement.  
But don't worry, I have an idea.  
Hey, send Coach K in.  
Coach.  
Thanks. Hydrate.  
So, Coach K tells me  
you're a runner.  
Oh, yeah. Kevin holds the Carton  
County record in the 800.  
- I didn't set any records.  
- Kevin.  
We can find scholarship money  
for a gifted athlete.  
I didn't set any records.  
And I'm too old.

Ah, you're eligible  
until next summer.  
Yeah, I just want my credits and  
I want to graduate, that's it.  
You're gonna love this program.  
And you're gonna be so surprised  
by the quality of our equipment.  
And for right now, we're just  
gonna forget about the tuition.  
Welcome aboard, son.  
Hey. You don't know  
anything about me.  
First practice

**is Monday at 3:**

Yeah, my man.  
- You run?  
- That's their plan.  
Distance runners are crazy.  
- Senior?  
- No, I'm 32.  
Oh, so you flunk what?  
14 years?  
They won't flunk me  
no matter how hard I try.  
They wanna win on Friday.  
Jol Brule.  
I'm up.  
Here we go.  
Everybody, let me see it.  
Let me see, let me see that frog.  
Ribbit!  
Ribbit! Ribbit!  
All right, here we go, guys.  
Get those hands up!  
Reaching high. Whoo!  
Feel what it's like to be alive.  
Reaching high.  
You are not even breathing.  
Freeze, freeze, freeze.  
- I'm Henny.  
- Kevin.  
Yeah, I know. I know, Coach K told  
us about the new runners coming in.

What's the matter with that guy?  
Oh, allegedly, he abandoned  
his family in Africa.  
You know, the secret police  
chased him out.  
Honestly, I just think  
he's from Kansas.  
Down to the ground. Let out  
a primal scream.  
All right, here we go.  
Weird.  
All right, on your feet  
there, homo sapiens. Gather around,  
gather round, my varsity team.  
How are you guys doing?  
Good.  
All right, listen, I am  
going to wake you up here.  
We're gonna do, uh,  
seven three-plus-ones.  
That's 300 meters, about five  
seconds above race pace.  
And then,  
100 meters cool-downs.  
Cool? Ready?  
On the line, let's go!  
Set.  
Let's go!  
Remember what fun is?  
Hey, Schuler, come here.  
Tough guy.  
Hold on, tough guy.  
Stick out your tongue.  
Out, out, so I can see it.  
Good.  
What are you...  
So you run a couple of miles,  
now your heartbeat's about 50,  
so, you've got the heart of a runner,  
but you're last in everything,  
so you're not even trying, huh?  
Well, maybe I suck.  
Nope. Nope. You're, you're a gazelle, man.  
You're a cheetah.



You know, some of my  
students, they come out here  
because it's gonna look good  
on their resume, which is fine.  
Then I've got some students who should  
really take up golf or... bowling.  
Something they can drink beer  
while they're doing it  
'cause they are not going  
to amount to much as a runner.  
And then, every now and then...  
Nice pace.  
I get a runner who wants  
to dedicate themselves  
to the purest  
and most natural sport there is.  
No bats, no balls, no pads.  
All you need for running  
is your heart... and your soul.  
The Greeks ran in the nude.  
Did you know that?  
- This is getting weird.  
- Children play tag.  
Horses race. Dogs run for fun.  
Everybody runs, man.  
They like it.  
But not you, huh?  
Maybe I hate running.  
No.  
Uh-uh.  
All right, warm down  
at your own pace, okay?  
And stay away from  
the rest of my runners.  
And the first race is on Friday, so  
you got that to look forward to.  
Good. Smiles are good.  
Ready? Set. Hut!  
You know distance  
runners are crazy, right?  
All right, let's go.  
Hey.  
What's in your head?  
Uh, commotion.

That's cool. You got voices in your head.

That's perfectly fine.

Let me hear.

No, I can't understand  
them either.

As long as  
they're saying, "Win."

'Cause that's what  
you're gonna do.

Five-two-three!

Five-two-three!

- Relax. -One-two-three!

- Fight!

- Here comes the...

- Boom!

When the railroad tracks  
run out

Where will you  
be goin', boy?

Will you reach  
the edge of the woods?

When the sheriff is around,  
you're nowhere to be found

The fire in your legs,  
the wind in your face

The echo in the trees,  
the whisper through the leaves

The dark horse is coming

A lonely mother grieves

- Her name's...

- Get closer.

Bock! Bock!

You never stand and face  
all the time you waste

Run.

Combing through  
the mountainside

To find the edge of grace

Just then a calm comes over,  
your heart feels sober

You need a place to rest

Run.

Stop.

Still hate running?

**Son, that's 14:**

three seconds below the track record.  
I knew you could do that.  
You are a phenom, you know that.  
You are the game gorilla.  
- You're up early.  
- Gotta run.  
- You need to eat more than that.  
- Don't want to barf.  
Kevin, it's ten miles.  
Fields on fire,  
Marker 73  
- Hey, Mr. Sickle.  
- Hey, Kevin.  
Twinkling lights, Iowa city  
I used to let the road  
get the best of me  
Something's changed  
inside of me  
That's it.  
Relax those hip flexors.  
Can tuck and feel it.  
Nice and loose.  
Whoo.  
Hey!  
Can I run with you?  
Knock yourself out.  
It looks like it's going to rain.  
Is it gonna rain?  
I don't know.  
Oh, I love thunderstorms.  
I'm reading "King Lear" right now,  
and, God, that scene when he's  
when he is walking through that  
thunderstorm, it's just incredible.  
He should have listened  
to Cordelia.  
Oh, my God.  
Why did you leave me out there?  
Because you couldn't keep up.  
I've never run that fast before.  
I'd race so much better  
if I trained with you.

It's up to you.

It's my birthday on Saturday.

Congratulations.

Well... I'm having a party.

You're invited.

Well, I can't come.

I'm busy.

The trainers here are crap.

All they know is ice and tape.

Can't you see someone?

Some guys use a doctor down  
in Hibernia. That's insurance.

My dad will find out.

Let's go.

I saw Phil Sickle at the  
hardware store the other day.

He was talking about that crazy go-kart  
you and... Bobby built freshman year.

Bobby was a great kid.

Never had to worry  
about you two.

You never talk about him.

Or Ellie.

- Why?

- I don't know.

"I don't know" is not an answer.

Come on. We got  
three more stops to make.

- Mrs. Schuler?

- Have we met?

No. Hi, I'm Henny Finch. I am here to  
interview Kevin for the school paper.

- About what?

- His... his running.

I'm not gonna ask him anything about the  
accident, I mean, unless he wants to discuss it.

He's... kind of a quiet guy.

Well, he never used to be.

Huh. Gary High  
is kind of a big place.

It's gonna take some time.

- How old are you?

- 18.

18 going on what?

- Come on in, honey.

- Okay. Thank you.

This lovely young woman  
is here to interview you.

Hi.

Well, I'll let you young people talk.

I have to can preserves.

Your mom's so cute.

She buys these huge cans  
of Walmart blackberry jam,  
adds lemon juice and then puts them  
in bottled jars with her name on 'em.

Well, that just makes me  
like her even more.

I texted you the other day,  
and you didn't answer.

The article. You know "Kevin  
Schuler, Champion Runner."

And not, "Whose Friends Died."

Oh, no, I wouldn't write that.

- Are you any good?

- Oh, yeah, I'm the best.

- How much do I get paid?

- It's a school paper.

I should get something.

You need a photo too?

- Do you have a blog?

- What?

Maybe you could write  
a whole series.

Now you're just teasing me.

Henny, would you like some  
crackers and blackberry jam?

- Would you?

- No! No, I'm okay.

Thank you though.

Um...

Actually, I have to get home.

I'm sorry.

Thank you for coming out  
to the farm.

What was that about?

It's nothing.

- Dad?

- Coach

I already ordered for you.

How long has this  
been sitting here?

- Well, she said...

- Excuse me.

I think it's a little cold.

Kevin Schuler is a talent.

I mean, the kind of talent that  
comes by once in a lifetime.

A high school state champion.

A college national champion.

I want you to come on by  
and see him run.

I want you to recruit him.

I saw his time.

Let's see if he can do it again.

Relax the arms, Kevin. Relax the arms.

No, Kevin!

Oh, come back.

Come on. Whoo! Come back!

- Hey, where's your sister?

- In the barn.

It's your birthday.

- Yeah. It's my birthday.

- Happy birthday.

What are you reading?

I was reading Shakespeare.

- I have to stop though.

- Why's that?

Because Cordelia

just breaks my heart.

Run.

Stop.

One in a million.

Well... Okay.

Consider it a down payment.

We got to protect him.

I'm getting a

lot of calls already.

Yeah, well, you know what?

Tell them that because of the accident,

he needs to stay close to home

to be near his parents. Okay?

They're not gonna question that.

All right.

Come here, come here.

Listen, what's this? What's this? I need  
in here. Right there. Feel that groove?

- Yeah.

- Yeah, yeah, feel it.

- That's it.

- Hey, you're right.

Look, another one  
for the homosexuals.

Get out there.

Down! Ten hut!

Come on, Jol. Stay in bounds!

Stay on your feet.

You gotta run behind your pass.

Show me what you got on defense.

Use your stiff arm! Get the  
ball and take it down field.

Come on, get up off the ground, son!

You can't play on the ground!

Come on, now step up  
and be a man!

- Yes, sir.

- Keep it up!

Look at these scouts over here.

They come out and don't see you?

This is Kevin. He runs.

My father.

- You walking home.

- Yes, sir.

What does State want exactly?

Ah, they're gonna take a look  
at that body of yours.

They'll pay you.

That sounded wrong.

- Yeah, that sounds illegal.

- No. No, no.

- Isn't it illegal?

- It's medical research.

Don't worry, Rosie

is a good coach.

Coach... Head Coach,

Karen Rowan. It's Umber's daughter.

And I'm pretty sure  
he wanted a son, so...  
But yeah, she's... she's good.  
She's got a good heart.  
You'll be...  
You'll run on a treadmill.  
Come on, that'll be fun.  
Damn it.  
Have you been wearing those  
all season?  
- Since spring.  
- What?  
Since spring.  
Doesn't Sam know enough  
to get you decent shoes?  
Take better care of my runner.  
Ah, well, he's not  
your runner yet.  
Don't try to wind me up like that.  
It doesn't even work anymore.  
Obviously, he is physically talented,  
but his running is all nerves.  
He runs every race  
like his life depends on it.  
You can't coach that.  
Well, did you read the printout?  
His VO2 is Olympic-caliber.  
His muscle response makes him  
ideal for the mile to 5K.  
Nobody can screw that up.  
Understood, Coach.  
You have to tell me  
if you're hurt.  
How am I going to know  
if you don't tell me?  
What were you two arguing about?  
Nothing.  
We just go back...  
Oh, come on, man!  
Oh.  
- I got you some new shoes.  
- No, no, no, I have shoes.  
- And now you have new shoes.  
- I don't want new shoes.



Well, you're gonna get 'em. Homo sapiens  
were not meant to run on concrete.  
Look at the Kenyans. They run on dirt  
and grass every chance they get.  
You have to take care  
of your feet!  
You have to take care  
of yourself.  
I can't even put these on you.  
Let me get something else.  
Last year, you ran over 17  
minutes on that course.  
How do you drop off  
a minute and a half, huh?  
What are you doing?  
You blood doping?  
Hit me.  
Come on, hit me!  
You'll feel better.  
Oh, is that all you got?  
I think you could do  
better than that.  
Do you know why?  
Why should I hit you?  
Your dad got you into running  
when you were what? Eight?  
He held you back a year in high school just  
so you'd be the best runner in the state.  
You spent years eating,  
breathing and sleeping running.  
And they just kicked my ass  
back to high school.  
And here I am, just a nobody,  
ruining your daddy's plans.  
So, come on, hit me,  
chicken-shit!  
Hit me!  
You're crazy.  
Come on.  
Hit me...  
Hey.  
You hungry?  
Will you... let me follow  
you around for the article?

Your running. Your life.  
You know?  
You're kind of inconsistent.  
Well, consistency is the  
hobgoblin of little minds.  
"Foolish consistency is the  
hobgoblin of little minds."  
You know, I just read Emerson in AP English  
and now you're quoting him back to me.  
Why do you take  
those jock classes, huh?  
Well, that's where Umber put me.  
"That's where Umber put you."  
Okay.  
God, sometimes, I just wanna...  
strangle you.  
We're reading  
"The Great Gatsby" this week.  
You know how he has his...  
I guess, schedule?  
His improvement exercises?  
You know, I think of  
you when I read that.  
You act so aloof,  
but you try harder than anyone.  
Why?  
There used to be  
an elm over there.  
You know, Bobby and I, we built a tree  
fort, but somebody, somebody cut it down.  
Bobby Sickle?  
B-S, you wrote...  
his initials on your shoes.  
They're his shoes.  
I'm sorry, I don't mean to...  
bring up bad memories.  
You know, when I read  
about the crash in the papers,  
I thought it was the most  
awful thing I'd ever...  
I wanna be good for you.  
- Where were you?  
- I was out.  
I found the check from the university.

\$3,000 is a lot of money.  
I'm doing physiological testing  
for them.  
Are you allowed to do that?  
The coaches say that it's fine.  
Are they testing  
what you're thinking?  
No. 'Cause I'm not  
doing psychological testing.  
I am doing  
physiological testing...  
I know what the word means.  
Look. You're getting  
straight As in school.  
Your running is amazing.  
You just... You never bring  
any friends over anymore.  
Mom.  
I'm not going  
to dress in all black  
and bring dad's shotgun to school,  
if that's you're thinking...  
That's not what I meant.  
I just don't know  
what's going on anymore.  
That's because I don't  
want to talk to you.  
Or Dad. I don't want  
to talk to anyone.  
You know, the polite  
thing to do would be to write  
the university a thank-you note.  
I wrote the address and I  
put a stamp on it for you.  
Yeah.  
Come on.  
Come on.  
Come on.  
My old man's gotten worse  
since they fired him.  
Nothing to do,  
but bitch on my ass.  
- Ah, sorry.  
- It's all good.

Come on.  
One more.  
Picture your dad.  
Read that to me.  
"Kevin Schuler reads scientific  
journals as well as Emerson  
and is a model of fitness  
and good looks."  
You could keep going, please.  
"He also admits  
to having shin splints...  
Tendinitis and  
gastrointestinal disturbances."  
This is stupid.  
Why do I have to read this here?  
Are you hurt?  
Well, it's supposed to hurt.  
Running is the highlight  
of my day.  
If I have a bad day,  
a good run saves it for me.  
What are you doing?  
There's good pain...  
and there's hurting yourself.  
Go home. Stay there.  
No running for two days.  
I don't wanna see you  
until Friday.  
Key on Kevin. And stay ready.  
This is a hilly course.  
All right, everybody else  
is gonna be gassed.  
And that last long hill,  
that's where we attack.  
That's where we win it.  
So, let's go on out there and  
get us a state championship!  
Give me a Gary on three.  
One, two, three!  
Gary!  
Five-two-three!  
Five-two-three!  
- One-two-three!  
- Fight!

- Here comes the...  
- Boom!  
You see the creek?  
I hear you are no good  
with rivers and such.  
Keep the team together.  
All right?  
Hey, help each other out.  
Get in here. Get in here.  
We can win this thing, okay?  
On three, give me a woo-hoo!  
- One, two, three!  
- Woo-hoo!  
Yeah.  
Ready? Set!  
Stay right here  
with the devil in you  
I can't let you loose  
Stare me down,  
let the devil in me tame you  
You will find  
what's lost in me  
No one has to know  
Lead me down,  
let the devil in me show  
Ellie!  
Ellie! Ellie...  
Kevin, you're four minutes late.  
We had to leave without you.  
Oh, no, I'm here now.  
I'm here. I'm here.  
You can't come with us, Kevin?  
Let's get you home, sweetheart.  
- What was that?  
- I don't think anyone saw.  
Lead me down,  
let the devil in me show  
Ellie!  
Ellie...  
Run.  
Stop.  
Ellie.  
You're a state champion!  
- You nailed that sucker!

- You're a state champion!  
- Your runner ran into our boy.  
- I'm sorry, it was accidental.  
The Athletic Association recommends disqualifying  
both runners for poor sportsmanship.  
Official Bledsoe,  
this is a big pack.  
You know, there's  
going to be some bumping.  
Come on, you can't make that call.  
It's a state championship.  
Run the race ten times.  
Nobody would beat him.  
Do you have anything  
to say for yourself?  
I'm guilty.  
Halt, just a gosh damn minute!  
He doesn't know what he's saying.  
He can hardly breathe.  
Oh, shit.  
Come on. He's got no oxygen.  
Come on. Coach.  
Good job, son. Congratulations.  
- Why did you run him down?  
- 'Cause he deserved it.  
That's the stupidest thing  
I've ever heard.  
Oh, I'm sorry. Did I mess up  
our package deal to State?  
What are you talking about?  
If I run for Rowan at State,  
you're hired, right?  
You think I don't figure  
this shit out?  
I don't really care about that, man. I just  
want you to be able to see what you have.  
There is a 100 runners out there who  
would kill for an ounce of your talent.  
Oh, that's great.  
That's great they're out there.  
Why don't you go find them, why  
don't you work it out with them?  
Okay, tell me what they decide.  
Here, take this.

Take it.  
It's 20 miles.  
Get in the car.  
It's an easy 18.  
Oh...  
First, you ran the boy down.  
Then you bragged about it.  
That state championship was yours and you  
threw it away. What were you thinking?  
You don't want  
to explain yourself, huh?  
Oh, ho! You don't have to explain  
yourself to your teammates,  
why you lost them  
the state championship, huh?  
You don't have to explain yourself to Coach  
Rowan why her star recruit was disqualified?  
You are not a wild animal  
in the woods!  
Do you care about anybody?  
Do you care about anything?  
This silent treatment  
is not real original, Kevin.  
I've decided that Coach K  
can't handle you.  
I'm gonna be your coach  
from now on.  
- You can't fire Coach K.  
- I am principal of this school.  
I'm the head coach.  
I can do what I gosh damn want.  
I won't run for anyone else.  
I'll quit the team.  
You leave a spot on that,  
I will come back to haunt you.  
So why are you here, man?  
'Cause I blew it.  
Umber wanted to fire you  
because of me.  
Ooh. Really?  
All he told me was that...  
you were stubborn.  
And I was like,  
"A stubborn Kevin Schuler, that's not

somebody I know, Principal Umber."

Yeah.

You want to tell me  
what happened out there?

Uh... I let you down.

Well, young man.

It was an impressive screw up.

Next time, why don't you just tell me about  
it before you do something like that?

Coach, I want to run faster.

I want to beat everyone.

And I'm not running  
for anybody else.

Okay.

- Who is she?

- Okay.

That is the, ah, only woman  
who was nuts enough  
to almost... marry me.

And she was a runner.

Together, we went up to Boundary  
Waters, pitched a tent on an island.

Spent the summer running around  
like a bunch of naked hippies.

So, what happened to her?

You know...

We spent all our time together. We were  
training together. We were living on love.  
I didn't need anymore than that.

All the stuff I could fit into  
a backpack was good for me.

And, two weeks  
before our wedding,  
she ran off with a rich guy  
and called me a loser.

Which I was!

Her marriage only lasted a year.

I kind of count that  
as a consolation prize.

And then she got  
a job coaching at Gary.

I'm gonna make us  
some more burgers.

At Gary?



That's Coach Rowan.

What?

And by the time I got back, she had moved on to State and she got me the job at Gary.

What do all those counselors tell you?

That's a nice segue, Coach.

I read the file.

What did they tell you?

They said that I'm fine, that I'm normal and I'm average.

- They were full of shit.

- Pretty much.

So, I run. Because like you said, running saves a bad day.

You get a lot of bad days?

Hey.

This great man, he once said that most people die with their music still in them.

And you got a whole orchestra inside you.

If you really want to run...

Tim Danielson and Marty Liquori, 3:59.

**Jim Ryun, 3:**

That's your competition.

And they didn't spike somebody because they were mad.

They were focused.

You go easy... this week.

And then, we will talk.

I can't believe that you actually asked me out.

Well, I wanted to show you the beautiful downtown Carton.

Mm.

Here we have the...

We have the post office.

There's a hardware store and... And this is just the best ice cream in town.

Actually,

it's the only ice cream in town.

I'm starved all the time.

Oh, here, take mine.

- No, that's okay.  
- You can have it, really.  
I don't want it.  
Wow.  
Your singing, it's, uh...  
Your, uh...  
It's good.  
What is that? Is that like  
some kind of jock thing?  
I always see basketball players  
do it and stuff.  
And track stars.  
Right, yes, and track stars.  
No, it's like, uh...  
it's like it's from the heart.  
Or... "I have heart."  
"I have heart."  
So what, you don't have to be  
a jock or anything to do it?  
No. Rich, white girls  
could do it too.  
Oh, really? Okay.  
So you give me permission?  
Oh, yeah.  
You knock yourself out.  
Okay... All right.  
Yo!  
Scored with Henny.  
Been there, done that. Don't phone  
or nothin', just call me a rat.  
Look, I...  
I'm sorry.  
Yeah.  
You should be.  
And that's actually  
why I asked you out.  
Oh, so this is an apology date?  
Look, I'm sorry.  
I really love your singing.  
Oh, so now compliments? Wow!  
- You mean it?  
- Really.  
Really, really.  
You know, I forget everything

when I am singing.

You're probably the same way  
with your running, right?

- It's my own world.

- Yeah, you're so disciplined.

- I'm not disciplined.

- Oh yeah, you're always running.

It's not...

It's not discipline.

I run because... I have to.

I feel something when I run.

It's like breathing.

So I have to run,

every single day.

That's kind of nuts.

Yeah. Maybe.

Um, do you want

to see the hair salon?

Full ride.

My old man's so happy he's already

bought a bunch of bulldog hats.

How do you feel?

Weird.

You know,

I should feel great, right?

Play some ball.

Job. It's all real now.

My knee's worse.

If they find out about it...

Like if they find out about the

shit that goes on in my head...

Praise Jesus, you're

more screwed up than I am.

- About frickin' time.

- Seriously. Okay.

Hi.

- Coach.

- Coach.

- Where do you wanna...

- Yeah, here.

Okay. Come.

I'll bring this.

- Do you want a coffee?

- Uh... No.

Well, here is Kevin's  
spring training schedule.  
Okay.  
Huh. Two race days, one tempo.  
This is a... state workout.  
Well, the consistency  
is going to be good for him.  
Well, I need to see  
how he feels each day.  
You let him do  
whatever he wants.  
I don't coach like this.  
All right, well, you were never  
one for long-term plans.  
Coach, I am getting a lot of  
calls from other schools.  
You've seen the offers.  
He can go anywhere he wants.  
Are you serious?  
What, are you going  
to drive him to the airport too?  
How long have we waited  
for an athlete like this?  
He's not going anywhere.  
Coach.  
He'll listen to you.  
Hmm...  
Wow!  
- Hey.  
- Hey.  
Hi! How are you,  
Mrs. Schuler?  
Hi. Good. How are you?  
It's beautiful.  
It's a bribe.  
Well...  
Okay. You know, uh...  
- Is this even legal?  
- Uh, apparently, it is.  
Because of the... stuff you're  
doing at the university, I guess.  
So, I know, you know, you can get it  
to use it to go to and from school.  
Probably make things

a little bit easier.  
Yeah, you run everywhere if I don't drive you. It's not safe.  
I've been  
telling you to get a car.  
So... you're the delivery boy?  
- Don't talk like that, Kevin.  
- No. No, no, it's okay.  
Yes. Yes, I am.  
That's my job tonight.  
Delivery boy.  
Well, do you agree with this?  
Do you?  
Nope.  
Have a good night.  
I'll see you at practice, okay?  
Yeah.  
- Good night, Mrs. Schuler.  
- Good night.  
Gosh.  
I want to take  
this thing racing.  
Here, could you take this up to the door?  
It's for the church.  
Thank you.  
Whoo!  
- Hi!  
- Hi.  
Where's your cute mom?  
Uh... She left.  
Oh, bummer.  
Come in, come in.  
- Oh, you know, I'm...  
- No, no, no.  
- You know, I gotta...  
- Hey. Kevin. Come in. Seriously.  
- Okay  
- Thank you.  
So, this is the kitchen. You can place  
your stuff right here if you want.  
Just put it right here. Green punch.  
Hey, what's up?  
All right. Rye.  
Um, drinks. Do you want any?

You know?  
Oh, cool, cool.  
Make up some concoctions,  
whatever. Hey. How are you?  
Um...  
So, pool.  
- Wow.  
- It's heated. Yeah.  
Hey, guys.  
What's up?  
Jol's somewhere, I think.  
Oh, yeah?  
Hey!  
Now the party's started!  
Kevin!  
- I... I don't... I don't drink.  
- Oh. You pregnant?  
"I don't drink."  
Man, shut up and come on.  
Come on.  
Kevin Schuler.  
Rye Bledsoe.  
You know, I'm... screwing  
two girls from your school.  
Oh, congratulations.  
That's... Wow.  
You seeing anybody?  
No?  
I'm just asking.  
Hey, look, you know...  
Dennis is a real asshole  
for spiking you.  
And... my dad never should  
have disqualified you.  
- He's a real asshole.  
- Yeah, it runs in the family.  
You know you didn't beat me  
that night in Briceville, right?  
- In Briceville?  
- That wasn't you.  
Oh, yeah, I know that.  
But everyone thinks it was me.  
Isn't that funny?  
- Everyone thought I beat you...

- That's funny.

Yeah.

You know, I've got  
the country mile record.

I got the 1500.

I got the 3000.

I beat you in 800 easy.

Yeah.

Probably.

Kevin. I am going  
to kick your ass in track.

- Okay.

- Okay.

Well, I think you're slow.

- Okay. Okay.

- I think I am faster than you.

I think you're drunk too. I also think  
you need a little bit more hair gel.

- It's water.

- Hey, that's a nice shirt.

Maybe you should unbutton it one more.

I think it'll look good.

- Think so?

- I like the look.

- It's good Hasselhoff.

- Yeah?

Real good. All right, good talk.

See you out there.

Can I feel that?

Does that hurt?

That's a...

That's a good question.

I wonder about Ellie.

Yeah, I don't really  
remember her.

If you... don't remember  
her, maybe that...

means you didn't love her.

She... She's dead.

Kevin, I'm...

I'm here.

Do you want to know about Ellie?

- Yes.

- She was... She was perfect.

Everything about her  
was perfect.

Okay.

You throw a good party.

Thanks.

- What did you say to her?

- None of your business.

You don't think anyone cares,  
do you, asshole?

- What did you just call me?

- You heard me.

What's up with him?

I can hold my breath  
longer than you.

You're crazy.

That's what I like about you.

All right. Three, two, one.

Best two out of three?

What?

Ellie!

Did you tell my  
daughter you love her yet?

Help me run faster.

Hey, man. Come, sit down.

Okay. Look, look. A four-minute  
mile at the spring invitational.

That would mean something.

You don't think about  
running right now, okay?

Look, I have to remember.

You have to remember what?

It's Jared and Bobby  
and Trolley and Ellie...

Look, I can't...

I can't breathe without 'em.

Okay, and when I run fast enough, I  
could see them, I could find them.

So, I'm just asking you  
to help me run faster.

- You dream about them?

- Yeah.

Yeah. So are you gonna help me?

Listen, okay? There aren't many people who  
could deal with what you have been through.



You're really strong, and  
that does not make it easier.  
You don't know  
how to ask for help.  
I am asking for help right now.  
So if you don't think I could do  
it, why don't you just tell me?  
No, it's not that. All right,  
why a four-minute mile?  
Well, isn't that what everybody wants?  
It'll make a splash.  
It'll be a win-win.  
Then we'll both go to State.  
Hey, don't you dare pin this  
on me, you little prick.  
You promised. You promised me that  
you would teach me what you know.  
I said that I would teach you running.  
I don't...  
That's what I want!  
I don't think  
that's what you need.  
And, by the way, you've never  
run a mile in competition.  
You're setting yourself up for failure.  
It's... It's not healthy.  
You don't have enough of a base.  
I ran a 120 miles this week.  
I averaged a 100 miles through the fall.  
I have a base.  
Whoa! I thought  
you were joking.  
Why?  
Because this is what I do.  
This is me.  
You haven't done any speed work.  
We have four weeks.  
I could do it. I could do it.  
If just help me.  
This is a maybe.  
What are we doing here?  
Old track will be easier  
on your legs.  
This is weird.

Come on.  
Okay.  
We're gonna run... ten 400s.  
Two to four seconds  
above race pace. Okay?  
With 400 cool in between. Let's go.  
Come on. What are you waiting for?  
Let's get warmed up.  
Go, go. Go! Go!  
63. That's good.  
But you let an old man beat you.  
I was taking it easy. I didn't  
want you to pull a testicle.  
Hey, hey, hey. There is running around  
in circles, and there is smart training.  
Let's focus.  
Focus. Let's focus.  
How do you feel?  
My quads burned on that one.  
Oh, yeah? What's in your head?  
What are you thinking?  
Nothing.  
That's good.  
What do you want?  
I wanna run faster.  
Your heart. Look up at me.  
Your heart.  
Most important muscle  
you got in your body.  
It never rests,  
but it remembers everything.  
You run with your heart.  
You run with your heart.  
Okay?  
Ten more quarters now.  
Ten more?  
That's crazy. That's like  
two and a half miles.  
Hey, you got endurance, but  
endurance doesn't mean anything.  
And you got speed,  
but speed is a fart in the wind.  
I need your body to know  
that you can run at this pace.

You could do it in your sleep, I need your  
mind to know it, I need your heart to know it.  
We're training for one race,  
four weeks away.  
I don't care what you feel like tomorrow.  
This, right now, is the test!  
So, let's see  
what you got, hotshot!  
Finish strong,  
yeah, finish strong!  
Let's go. Finish strong!  
Yes!  
- 63. -That's harder than  
any mile you will ever do.  
Ten more.  
No, no, you're done.  
You passed the test.  
I want extra credit.  
You rest, old man.  
You can stop if you want!  
Stop! Stop, stop, stop!  
Wait, wait, wait!  
Wait, wait!  
Come on, open the door!  
Open the door!  
I'm here! Get this open!  
Come on, let me in.  
That's good. That's great vomiting.  
Here. Drink.  
- No, when I am done.  
- You're done.  
Here.  
Hey, hey, hey.  
I said, "You're done."  
Give me your hand.  
Uh, leave it. My dad sees  
that, it'll kill him.  
Hey, come here.  
I want to show you something.  
What?  
Come on, speedy.  
Need a wheelchair?  
Coming. I'm coming.  
Whoo! How fast is it?

I don't know.

I feel like corporate meat.

I want one.

It's yours.

What?

- Take it.

- Stop playing.

Drive up to Hibernia,

see that doctor.

Send me the bill.

- Your sugar daddy.

- All right, Mr. Moneybags.

Start hanging out

with you more often.

- Hey, Mr. Sickle.

- Hey, Kevin.

Caught on a stick there.

How's that big school

treating you?

I get by.

I've been reading about you.

I am happy to see something good

is coming out of Carton.

When the pond freezes over,

we're gonna put the hockey nets back

out like you and Bobby used to.

- What do you think about that?

- Sure.

- What are you doing right now?

- I'm on a run.

Do you want to take just a little break?

I want to show you something.

- Yeah. Yeah.

- Okay. Let's go.

I really wanted you to see this.

I like coming out here when

the wind howls a little bit.

You remember

that go-kart he built?

It burned alcohol. It went

like 500 miles an hour.

That kid could build anything.

It'd have been better

if he had been here to help me.

Go ahead. You can go in.  
It's all Bobby's stuff.  
You see that blue glass?  
It keeps bad stuff away.  
You'll always be safe in here.  
You beat them at the invitational now!  
Bobby would like that!  
I promise!  
I remember in the winter  
When you told me  
I was bitter  
That the fallen  
weren't coming home  
I remember when the splinter  
Only dug itself much deeper  
We had fallen on hard times  
When my bones  
are cold as stone  
Hey.  
What are you doing here?  
I...  
I'm going to go to State.  
I decided that.  
You came all the way over here  
to tell me that?  
Have you ever thought about  
going someplace else?  
Montana. Maybe, yeah.  
Yeah, we also talked  
about Boston.  
Okay. Right.  
Are you even going  
to call me next year?  
- God, you're such an asshole.  
- I am an asshole.  
No, but that's the thing.  
You're... you're not.  
- I should go.  
- Let me just drive you home.  
No, no, hey. I'm good.  
You sold this place out.  
How do you feel?  
They'll get  
their six bucks' worth.

Go win this race, boy.  
Men's 1600.  
Runners on the track.  
Sponsored by  
Watson Quality Ford!  
What's in your head?  
I can see it.  
Focus on pace first half.  
My race begins third lap.  
Your... race.  
They're not your competition.  
Run your own race.  
You'll do something marvelous.  
Runners to your lines!  
Hi.  
Runners, when your left shoulder is  
clear, you are free to break to the inside.  
Come on, Kev!  
Go, Kevin, go!  
He's two seconds ahead, lap one.  
You're on it right there.  
Stay relaxed.  
Whoo!  
Oh, my God.  
Yeah, go, Kev!  
Go on!  
One lap!  
Pick it up!  
Just open the door! Open the door!  
I'm here! Please!  
I thought we'd lost you.  
Hey.  
Sit with me.  
Ellie...  
Run.  
Yeah!  
Hey...  
Marvelous.  
Run.  
Run...  
I love you.  
Kevin.  
Kevin.  
Oh, my God.

Oh, my God.

Oh my... Kevin!

I love you too.

Stop.

Are you okay?

Are you okay?

Are you okay?

- You just jumped?

- Yeah.

Yeah.

Are you okay?

I'm so tired.

- I'm tired.

- Then stop. Just stop.

You're crazy. You're crazy.

Oh, my God.

The dead live on

When you close your eyes

All your lovers say, yeah

And when you open them,

you never ask

You tell yourself

you're moving on

But you're driving

in reverse

You turn around

your tongue and toes

You tell everyone

where you're gonna go

You never know

who you think you are

You're always meant

to be doing something else

Even when you're up

you're down

Even when you're out

you're in

And when you say

you're done

You've probably just begun

Can't go through hell

and not remember it well

If only you knew

what you didn't know then

You change your name  
like you change your clothes  
But everyone knows  
playing pretend  
You had handshakes  
and heartaches  
And smoked a little pot  
Tried lots of things  
that you are not  
Tired of what was  
good and plain  
But everyone was  
doing the same  
Even when you're up  
you're down  
Even when you're out  
you're in  
When you say you're done,  
you've probably just begun  
The dead live on  
When you close your eyes  
All your lovers say, yeah  
When you open them  
You never ask