A scrap book opens. It’s frayed and tattered. The contents recount the ultimate frisbee exploits of our hero, MARCUS MELILLO (20). Pictures of championships, ribbons, trophies, newspaper clippings, etc. tell the story.

EXT. - MORNING - STREET

LUCY (12), a precocious little girl is walking down the street. She is holding a book bag and a frisbee. She is wearing a stern expression, eyes fixed ahead. She is worried about something. After a moment she darts off.

WOODED AREA

LUCY dives to the ground. Like a mad woman she rolls around in the brush, smearing dirt on her clothes and face.

INT. - NOON - MARCUS’S BEDROOM

An ALARM sounds. MARCUS opens his eyes, quickly hits the snooze button and pulls Star Wars sheets over his head.

LATER

Scratching, yawning, lumbering through the house, MARCUS finds his way to the stereo.

He presses play on a casette. A loud and boisterous man’s voice begins a self-help narration. Up beat generic back music accompanies. AWESOME CHARLIE’s picture is seen: a large, shaggy man in dated suit, leaning against a wall. He looks far from inspirational.

AWESOME CHARLIE (V.O.)
Welcome back, [Marcus]! This is day nine of your three week program to get back the power! In the last session we talked about fitness and how our minds crave the salutary effect of oxygen pumping through the veins. Yeah! So today we’re going to continue with this technique...

Marcus opens the refrigerator, pulls out a container of milk.

AWESOME CHARLIE (V.O.)
Let’s get pumped, [MARCUS]! Okay, eyes closed and big breath. In through your nose, hold it...and out through the mouth. (MORE)
AWESOME CHARLIE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Your mouth is like a little O --
imagine it's a little Cheerio.

Marcus is doing breathing exercise with milk jug in his hand.
Refrigerator door is still open behind him.

He is sitting at the table, staring vacantly while shoveling Cheerios into his mouth. The man drones on.

AWESOME CHARLIE (V.O.)
Excellent! You are making some changes [Marcus]. “Something’s different about you. Have you been working out?”

Marcus is slumped on couch, picking his ear and examining with tired amusement. A cigarette trail rises from his other hand.

AWESOME CHARLIE (V.O.)
Thirty-three...thirty-four...thirty-five...thirty-six

The PHONE RINGS. MARCUS picks up phone, looks at caller ID, then puts it down.

AWESOME CHARLIE (V.O.)
Alright [Marcus]! You’ve got to be the change to see the change.

The cassette tape reaches the end of the spool.

ANOTHER VOICE
For more of Awesome Charlie’s inspiration, please flip tape.

MARCUS is asleep on the couch.

FADE TO

Back of LUCY’s head. She is watching Marcus, who is waking up.

MARCUS
(startled)
Jesus, Lucy! You really know how to freak someone out.

LUCY
My dad dropped me off twenty minutes ago. You were sleeping, so I waited.
MARCUS lights a cigarette and inspects LUCY, his niece. She is more sophisticatedly dressed than her age warrants. She holds a frisbee in her hand.

MARCUS
So...what are you doing here today?
I thought you were doing something with Joe.

MARCUS spies the frisbee and looks back to her face, noticing that her face is soiled and hair is in disarray.

LUCY
My dad is working today. I figured I’d hang with you. Wanna make some crank phone calls again?

MARCUS
I don’t know about today.

LUCY
Did you call his friend at the agency he set you up with?

MARCUS
Zipped the resume over yesterday... Maybe now your dad and Granny will get off my back.

MARCUS again inspects her face.

MARCUS
What the hell happened to you?

LUCY
Forget it.

MARCUS
Lucy, what happened?

LUCY
I got in a fight.

MARCUS
A fight? With who?

LUCY
Bobby, that stupid boy with the skull rings and 80s hair-band T-shirts.
MARCUS
Bobby? Bobby? Is he the one with the skull rings and the 80s hair-band T-shirts

LUCY
It’s not funny! He was making fun of me ‘cause I couldn’t throw this stupid thing at recess.

LUCY flings the frisbee. It wobbles and crashes into a lamp.

MARCUS
Well, no wonder you couldn’t throw it... That thing’s a dog toy, not a real friz.

MARCUS exits the room.

INT. - BEDROOM

MARCUS pulls a gigantic cardboard box into view. LUCY is sitting side-by-side with him on the bed. They dig through the box, which is packed with frisbees.

MARCUS
(playfully)
Now these are frisbees. The kind of frisbees that, with the proper schooling, could take off the head of a mongoose at fifty yards.

LUCY giggles.

LUCY
Where did you get all these? What are they from?

MARCUS picks up one and inspects it.

MARCUS
This one: All-State Friz Championship.

LUCY
Wow.

Marcus hands it to Lucy and reaches in the box again.

MARCUS
This friz is a commemorative addition Henley Flyer. Big bucks!
(MORE)
They only made sixty of these. See, on the back it says my number. (reading) Number twenty-six out of sixty. It was a prize at The Regions.

LUCY
And this one?

LUCY is holding another that is in a ziplock bag. The frisbee is muddy and there is a hunk of grass turf stuck to it.

MARCUS stares at it for a moment.

MARCUS
That’s the last game I ever played.

This last comment has an effect on MARCUS, who stares vacantly, lost in a memory. LUCY continues to dig through the box.

LUCY
You must have been good. Why did you quit anyway?

MARCUS
Quit? By quit to you mean graduate from high school? Not may options for the ultimate friz star after that.

LUCY
Oh.

INT. - BATHROOM DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

LUCY knocks on the door.

LUCY
Marcus? Are you okay?

INT. - BATHROOM

MARCUS is staring into the mirror with a look of despair.

MARCUS
Yeah, why?

LUCY
You’ve been in there since Judge Judy. That crazy carpet man commercial we like has been on four times since then.
MARCUS fumbles for his razor and shaving cream.

MARCUS
I’m just shaving. Be right out.

SILENCE

LUCY
What’s wrong? ... Didn’t you say you could help me throw a frisbee?

MARCUS
It’ll have to be later this week... I’m waiting for the agency to call about a meeting later today.

PHONE RINGS

LUCY reads the caller ID.

LUCY
(yelling)
It’s the agency!

MARCUS rushes out of bathroom with shaving cream on his face. The answering machine has already picked up.

MARCUS
I’ll get it. Don’t answer it.

AGENCY MAN (O.S.)
This message is for Marcus Melillo. Hi, Mr. Melillo. Sorry we haven’t gotten back to you sooner. It’s just that... we don’t think we’ll be able to work with you. The skills you listed...

CROSS CUT TO:

FRAYED NOTEBOOK PAPER WITH MARCUS’S LIST OF SKILLS:

The list includes: Paper airplane construction, frisbee enthusiast, once ate 60 hot wings at one sitting, ESP, can recite product description on bottle of budweiser

AGENCY MAN (CONT’D)
...are just not transferable to the business world and the clients that we usually deal with. Sorry... Tell your brother, Joe, that we’re sorry.
MARCUS cracks a smile and shakes it off when LUCY, meets eyes with him.

AWESOME CHARLIE (V.O.)
Now that we feel better about ourself, we need to start reaching out to those around us. They’re waiting for us to take the first step.

I/E. CAR - DRIVING - DAY

MARCUS is driving his car. He looks over to LUCY who is riding shotgun.

AWESOME CHARLIE (V.O.)
‘Cause relationships [Marcus], relationships are the only things that truly matter in this world. It might be a little awkward at first, but you just got to make the plunge. Ask someone about their day: “How’s your day going, Bob?” Compliment their clothing: “Nice slacks your wearing today, Sarah.” Comment about the weather: “Boy, it’s a great day, isn’t Ted?”

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

MARCUS
If we’re going to do this, we’re going to do it right.

MARCUS opens his trunk of his car. It is filled with odd paraphernalia: hula hoops, rope, beach balls, parking cones, garbage can covers, construction helmets, a pogo stick, etc.

MARCUS, empty handed, walks ahead of LUCY who is struggling to carry the odd array of items.

MARCUS (CONT’D)
When I’m done with you, you’re going to be an animal. The kids at school won’t even recognize you. Little Bobby Skull Ring will be shaking in his oversized work boots.

MARCUS stands as LUCY struggles to do push-ups.
MARCUS (CONT’D)
Upper body strength is vital in the push-n-shove world of ultimate friz...Come on! You have to go all the way down on those. You can’t cheat it...That one was worse than the first!

LOW ANGLE of football field. After a long moment, MARCUS appears from below. His face is red and screaming with pain. He holds for a split second and collapses to the ground.

MARCUS
(panting)
You get the point.

MARCUS is slumped against the fence. He’s squirting water on his face as LUCY passes on the track in the foreground. She stops and does jumping jacks in front of him.

MARCUS
Alright, Lucy, bring it on in.

LUCY
That’s it?

MARCUS
(annoyed)
You want to learn how to throw that friz or don’t you?

LUCY
Of course

MARCUS
Jeez. Don’t question your coach then. I’ve been doing this a little longer than you have.

LUCY
Sorry.

MARCUS
Go run to the car and get my briefcase...

Lucy’s eyes light up and she darts off.

MARCUS (CONT’D)
...and my cigarettes!

MARCUS clicks open his briefcase and produces two frisbees, tossing one to LUCY.
He then opens his pack of cigarettes, places two cigarettes between his lips, and lights them simultaneously. Gazing contemplatively off camera, he puffs on the cigarettes until the ashes are long and grey.

MARCUS
Here.

MARCUS passes a cigarette to LUCY.

LUCY
I don’t smoke.

MARCUS
I don’t think this is going to work out.

LUCY
Alright, give it to me. Do I have to inhale?

MARCUS
No... I can fix your throw. You’re throwing from the body. I noticed it at the house -- very bad. Place the cigarette between your lips. Allow that ash to get nice and long.

As LUCY follows the instructions, MARCUS hands her a frisbee.

MARCUS (CONT’D)
Now, I want you to gently bend your elbow, curling the friz like so...

MARCUS models next to her. LUCY mimics his posture.

MARCUS (CONT’D)
When you want to let it go, just snap the wrist. If your ash breaks then you are using your body again.

LUCY focuses on the end of her cigarette. The smoke trails into her vision.

MARCUS (CONT’D)
Ready? Now snap the wrist!

The frisbee floats forward a few feet and crashes.
AWESOME CHARLIE (V.O.)
Never, ever, ever give up. No
matter how discouraged you get,
[Marcus], you’ve got to keep on
battling.

Frisbee skips across grass like a wheel.

AWESOME CHARLIE (V.O.)
Don’t give in to those demons.
Those demons will poison your life:
drinking, drugs, over-eating,
excessive masturbation: I’ve been
there, man. It’s a lonely place.

MARCUS dives out of the way as frisbee nearly hits him in the head.

AWESOME CHARLIE (V.O.)
But when you commit to Awesome
Charlie, you’re committing yourself
to success. Now let’s get out there
and show that determination.

LUCY reads a frisbee manual.

AWESOME CHARLIE (V.O.)
That, my friend, is what getting
back the power is all about.

MARCUS opens the pack of cigarettes. It is empty.

MARCUS stands in front of LUCY.

LUCY
Maybe if you’d throw it I’d get the
idea.

LUCY tosses it to him.

MARCUS snatches it from mid-air. He examines the frisbee as
if he’d been unaware of its presence until this moment.

MARCUS
Yeah...I’ll give it a toss for ya.

Readying to throw, MARCUS corkscrews himself into a position
like a Greek statue. He holds the pose for a moment and then
launches the frisbee.

The frisbee sails through the uprights at the far end of the
football field.
MARCUS and LUCY stand mesmerized, watching the frisbee. Lucy smiles and looks to Marcus.

Frisbee continues to soar through the air.

EXT. NEXT DAY - LUCY’S SCHOOL PLAYGROUND

The frisbee lands, scraping across the blacktop. LUCY picks it up. A group of kids surround her.

LUCY
Okay, he’s here. Everyone remember the plan?

BOBBY
Yeah, but what’s this thing all about anyway?

LUCY
Bobby, you want the Whitesnake reunion tickets, or what?

BOBBY
Alright! I was just asking.

BOBBY jogs away.

LUCY
My turn!

LUCY parts from the others, getting ready to throw the frisbee.

In the distance MARCUS stands behind the chain-link fence, watching LUCY intently.

LUCY lets the frisbee go. It soars out of the playing area. BOBBY races for it and falls on his face in the dirt.

The crowd of kids celebrate LUCY like a hero. They mob her and a few lift her over their heads.

MARCUS smiles. After watching for a moment he makes his way to his car.

INT./EXT. - CAR

MARCUS starts up his car. He reaches for his tape player. His AWESOME CHARLIE TAPE is shredded. MARCUS pulls the tape from the player.
EXT. - STREET

CAR backs up.

MARCUS pulls on a pair of sunglasses, checks himself in driver-side mirror.

The car pulls away. MARCUS tosses the broken tape and case out the window.

Tape sits on pavement. It reads: GETTING BACK THE POWER WITH AWESOME CHARLIE.