

Tonya & Nancy

TONYA'S MOM
NANCY'S MOM

TONYA'S MOM
TONYA? Tonya, where the hell are you? TONYA, you hear me?

#1

(Both girls freeze at this, exchanging glances, not answering)

TONYA'S MOM
TONYA, you in there?

SFX: Door rattles; loud knocks on door.

(NANCY turns to 'the door' and LOCKS IT—SFX: a BOLT LOCK)

TONYA's MOM (enraged)

TONYA—Tonya, Dammit, did you just LOCK this door?

TONYA
No Ma, I didn't!

(She shoots a grateful look at Nancy who does not return it—

Another voice: Nancy's MOM, calling softly, also unseen)

NANCY'S MOM
NANCY? Nancy dear, are YOU IN THERE? Out of my way, please, Mrs. Harding, my daughter—

(TONYA and NANCY exchange frozen glances again)

TONYA's MOM
Your daughter might be in there with MY daughter? Ha, you better hope not.

NANCY's MOM
Why, I never. Nancy? NANCY? Nancy, did that TONYA lock you in there?

NANCY
No Mom, she didn't! I just need a minute...

NANCY'S MOM
Come out here with Mom, dear! Nancy, NANCY?

TONYA's MOM
Yeah, get your BUTT out here too, Tonya. TONYA?

NANCY'S MOM
Why I never—

TONYA'S MOM
Why you never WHAT? Who the Hell do you think you are?

Tony & Nancy

Tonya's MOM
Nancy's MOM
#2

TONYA'S MOM (to Fan Reporter)

YOU?? You still trying' to get me to rat out Tonya? We- we- we Hardings stick together when the shits-hit-the-fans. Come to Mama, pretty boy-

(She pulls him close- and GRABS his mini TAPE RECORDER)

TONYA's MOM

GOTCHA!

(waving the mini-tape player)

Got your little tape THINGY, BOY. \

(speaking into the recorder)

Hell, that Tonya WHINES about her Dad; I'M THE ONE who made Tonya what she is. I'M the reason she might just shock you all an' WIN the Olympic GOLD to-night.

(to the audience)

Yeah, the odds are big against her— but that's when you can win the most 'BIG-LY'— Hell, if Tonya wins Gold tonight, I'M gonna run for Prez-dent-

NANCY MOM

Nancy? Do you need help getting ready for bed? Or brushing your HAIR?

(a pause- a darker tone to Mom-)

Oh Nancy, way back in France you won that Bronze medal. But no matter how much I polish it, Bronze still looks DIRTY, don't you think dear?

(waving her hand with contempt)

And Silver— why, Silver's SECOND BEST. Only GOLD is good enough for my Princess Nancy-- here in Lillehammer, with the whole world watching us. Watching- YOU, dear.

Tonya and Nancy

TONYA'S Mom with
Fan Reporter

FAN REPORTER

Mrs. Harding, Mrs. Harding: in the weeks before the ALLEGED attack, did you have any INKLING what desperate plan Jeff Gillooly and possibly-maybe your daughter were ALLEGEDLY hatching?

TONYA'S MOM (belching INTO RECORDER)

Any Ink-what? If I'd a known 'bout that plan, I woulda made it less HALF-ASS! If we was gonna WHACK NANCY, then WHACK her-- know what I mean?

FAN REPORTER (taken aback)

Um, no I surely do not--

TONYA'S MOM

Hell, if they'd let me in on it, let me hold that stick-thingy, that that--

FAN REPORTER (filling in, with 'finger quotes')

'Collapsible Baton.' It was a 'collapsible metal baton'—

TONYA'S MOM

I woulda swung that thing right! ~~Hey you, beat, YOU-- Gimme that!~~

See? I coulda done WAY better than those two clowns Gil-loser hired. Like you could hire any LEGIT.'hit men' in frigg'in' Portland! HA...I've tried!

FAN REPORTER (to audience, incredulous)

Did she just SAY all that?

TONYA'S MOM (to audience)

To ANY OF YOUs! Whatever HAPPENED IN PORTLAND before that damn whack STAYS IN PORTLAND!

(MOM shakes her stick threateningly, EXITing)

Tonya + Nancy

Gillooly + TONYA

TONYA

(Laughing, drunk)

I don't know which is a bigger kick-- marrying you or pissing my Mom off by marrying you--

GILLOOLY

(pulling her close)

Don't worry 'bout your Mom no more. She knows I'll hit back.

TONYA

You're the one guy besides my Dad who's ever watched out for me...

GILLOOLY

(caressing her)

Y'know I always did like watching you, babe... Ever since Clackamas; I spotted you, girl, the way you move. Wanted to make everyone else there--Hell, everything else in my life--get gone. So you could just be skating for me...

TONYA

Damn, Jeff. No one ever has looked at me like you do...

GILLOOLY

(stroking her hair)

You the one lucky thing ever happened to me. And now you're on Team USA, we are, babe--we're heading to the Olympics-- in goddamn France. You gonna be my good-luck golden girl...

TONYA *(swigging from bottle)*

Yeah, but everyone else thinks Nancy Kerrigan's the 'golden girl.' Can't believe she got it together and made Team USA too. I'm way better 'n her, you know?

GILLOOLY

Oh whoa, you're way more bad-ass than any damn Nancy...

Tonya + Nancy

TONYA
(breathless, coughing)

TONYA + MOM

You got-- a-- smoke?

(Snatching cigarette from Mom's pack)

MOM
(Snatching back the cigarette)
You GET THE FUCK UP! Harding girls ain't quitters.

(MOM pulls TONYA to her feet; TONYA is still coughing)

MOM (cont'd)
Don't be a wimp like that damn Nancy. You're gonna get outa this, get to that goddamn Olympics in Lille-whatevuh. And you're gonna WIN THAT GOLD.

TONYA
(gasping for breath)
How am I gonna do that from jail, Ma?
(Coughs more)

Gimme that!

MOM
(snatching it back)
Jesus Christ, with your damn asthma so bad, this'll KILL you--

TONYA
Ya THINK? How FAST?

MOM
(taking a double drag)
Hell, I'm already a goner, girl. Not worth nothing. But you--

You gotta tell YOUR SIDE to the story! You DO got a side, don't ya?

Tonya + Nancy

NANCY + MOM

NANCY

Mom, I can't fall again—but I just can't jump like that nasty Tonya girl! Oh Mom, I need more lipstick; the judges like me better that way.

(NANCY takes the lipstick and applies it)

NANCY'S MOM

Now Nancy, not too much for you!

NANCY

(sullen, teenage)

Why-YY!?

(Nancy's MOTHER takes some tissue out, blots Nancy's lips)

MOM

YOU'RE PERFECT AS YOU ARE, YOU'RE MY SHINING STAR. REMEMBER YOU'RE PERFECT, JUST AS YOU ARE! OH NANCY.

NANCY

(turning away)

Not perfect enough...

Oh Mommy, I really can't do this! I really want to—QUIT!

NANCY'S MOM (shocked)

Now Nancy, that's not whining I hear? We'll hire you a new coach, dear!

(MOM smiles at a watching Reporter and shoots Nancy a 'Look;' Nancy stiffly SMILES TOO; Mom takes Nancy's arm and leads her offstage)

NANCY'S MOM (gently coaxing)

Remember, Nancy, you want to be-ee-

NANCY and MOM (in unison)

A Winner, not a Whiner...

Nancy, OMG, are you OK?

FAN REPORTER

In what sense? Need more pain-killer is all...

NANCY (dazedly)

(NANCY pulls out the PILL BOTTLE; she 'pops a pill')

Perco-cet! Keeps Nancy nice and PERKY! Want some?

NANCY (woozy)

(FAN REPORTER takes the bottle, concerned; NANCY keeps exercising)

Nancy, can't you take a break?

FAN REPORTER

A break? Know what my MOM would say?

NANCY

(SQ: MUSIC; Nancy strikes a MOM POSE, shaking her finger)

WHY DO YOU THINK YOUR DAD WORKS OVER-TIME?
WHY DID WE DOUBLE-MORTGAGE THIS HOUSE?

NANCY (singing, imitating MOM)

Y'know my handsome new Manager, he some-times touches my KNEE—

(Nancy lowers FAN's hand so FAN touches her bandaged knee)

I can't be-lieve I'M touching it!

FAN REPORTER (awestruck)

(Nancy pulls away abruptly so FAN falls backwards-)

Hey, I don't want guys getting off on my knee! Not ONE WORD about touching the knee! OR about HIM touching it. Or else: No more 'Nancy the Nice!'

NANCY (suddenly fierce)

Wow, girl— show that fire on the ice and you WILL win!

FAN REPORTER

Tony + Nancy

FAN REPORTER #1
with NANCY

FAN REPORTER

I'm reporting FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME for Skate Fans USA (yay!) from the 1991 US Skating Championships in Minneapolis! Rumor has it a scrappy young skater from PORTLAND OREGON may attempt to become the first AMERICAN WOMAN to land a TRIPLE AXEL IN COMPETITION— Triples are usually the territory of male skating superstars like my personal fave, Brian Boitano. (Yay, Brian!) But wait! TEENAGE NANCY KERRIGAN is about to take the ice.

(NANCY enters, nervously smoothing her ponytail)

FAN REPORTER (approaching her)

Nancy! Miss Kerrigan? May I say you have the BEST HAIR in skating since Dorothy Hammill!? I'd award you Best Performance by a Ponytail!

(NANCY smiles and flips her ponytail)

NANCY

Why thanks. I loved Dorothy Hammill's hair! I got mine cut like hers in 8th grade.

FAN REPORTER

Me too! It was, for me, a mega-mistake. But hey, it was the 80s...

Tonya + NANCY
—
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FAN REPORTER #2

FAN REPORTER (into MIC)

All eyes fix tonight on two girls who want to win—bigly. Was Tonya Harding connected to the infamous whack on Nancy Kerrigan's now-famous knee?

(He mimes a 'whack' with his Mic)

As we await this long-awaited skate-off, I have the Inside Scoop on these two girls-- born 'Polar Opposites'-- and 'why why why' things went so wrong!

Let's spin 'back in ti-li-ime...

(He begins 'spinning' with arms raised, awkwardly--)

Back to a time of Big Dreams—and Big Hair! And bitchin' MTV beats—

(He 'boogies' a few steps to the Boom Box beat-)

I'm talkin' late-80's, babe! When Two Girls, on opposite sides of the USA were skate-skating away for two Moms, who were kinda 'Polar Opposites' too—

Tommy & Nancy

SHAWN

SHAWN

It really was just Gillooly and ME! Whenever we'd make plans and stuff, we'd drive out to the middle o' nowhere, to ESTACADA! Jeff told me that Estacada's the best place in Oregon to, like, HIDE a DEAD BODY-- We'd be out there like on some crazy Star Trek planet, like Kirk and Spock-- And Jeff was one cold Mother-- Like Kahn, man, like KAHHN--