

iCARLY SPEC SCRIPT -- iWANNA GOLD MEDAL

by

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iCarly is created by  
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TEASER

FADE IN

INT. SHAY LIVING ROOM - DAY

SPENCER SHAY is sitting in his pajamas in front of a television that's blaring. CARLY comes out rubbing her eyes, also in her pajamas.

CARLY

Since when has 3am become prime time?

SPENCER

Since they moved the time slot of midget wrestling.

(to the screen)

Go! Go little buddy!

Carly plunks down beside him, interested.

CARLY

Midget wrestling? Don't they prefer to be called little people?

SPENCER

(still to the screen)

No! You can't do that!

CARLY

Oh! That's gotta hurt. So, is this even a sport?

Spencer stuffs his face with popcorn.

SPENCER

Not officially. The Olympics won't register it. But it's just as much a sport as cardboard box racing.

CARLY

Officially that's not a sport either.

Spencer's face drops even further. He mopes.

SPENCER

Fruit pops!

He sits and pops popcorn into his mouth a minute longer looking at the screen then suddenly jumps and grabs Carly's shoulders, facing her.

(CONTINUED)

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2.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

We don't need the Olympics or any of those games. We can do our own Olympics where cardboard box racing and midget wrestling can be recognized as official sports!

CARLY

(with mock enthusiasm)

Exactly how they deserve to be.

SPENCER

And you could put the entire thing on iCarly!

CARLY

The entire thing?

SPENCER

You could even compete! We all could!

CARLY

In midget wrestling?

SPENCER

I've got a lot of sports to choose from. Orange frappachino throwing, blind samurai sword fighting, pig catching...

CARLY

You know what I think?

SPENCER

It's an awesome idea?

CARLY

I think I'm going back to bed.

ACT ONE

FADE IN

INT. SHAY LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Spencer is sitting in front of the TV, wide awake and writing with a marker on scattered paper on the coffee table. Carly walks in, looking tired.

(CONTINUED)

CARLY

What's that?

SPENCER

The posters for our super awesome  
sporting competition.

CARLY

You were serious about that?

SPENCER

Why wouldn't I be serious?

CARLY

Um, maybe because it was 3am.

SPENCER

But you know what we should do?

CARLY

What now?

SPENCER

Brown cow.

CARLY

Could you just tell me about the  
sports event already!!!

SPENCER

Boy, someone woke up on the wrong  
side of the couch this morning.  
Anyway what I was thinking of is  
how I've never won a medal... not  
once. Why should the winners  
get the medals?

Spencer stops what he is doing and curls up in the fetal position on the couch. He starts to rant, tears coming.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

And it's not fair!!! Why can't I  
win anything?!!! Why?!!

CARLY

If it would make you feel better,  
I'll buy you a medal.

SPENCER

Yes that would make me feel  
better. But what would make me  
feel super is that if for this  
sports event we give medals only to  
the losers.

(CONTINUED)

CARLY

You know, I'd hate to say this, but  
I wouldn't mind competing for  
something like that.

SPENCER

So we're on?

CARLY

Yeah, we're on. Just pull yourself  
together.

Spencer gets up wiping away his tears.

SPENCER

OK. So who wants breakfast?

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Carly yawns, and her head hits her locker. She hears a BLARING which makes her jump suddenly and turns to see SAM with a blaring horn in her hand.

SAM

What's shakin'?

CARLY

Not bacon.

SAM

Let me guess, Spencer was working  
last night on another  
sculpture? Was was it of this  
time?

Sam closes her eyes and pretends to be in deep thought.

SAM (CONT'D)

Honey covered shoe boxes?

CARLY

Wrestling midgets actually.

SAM

Wow. Spencer's gettin' really  
creative.

CARLY

It's was on TV. Spencer's bummed  
because midget wrestling isn't an  
official sport.

(CONTINUED)

FREDDIE ducks the TWO WRESTLERS arguing by his locker and scurries over to them.

SAM

Here comes our midget wrestler now.

FREDDIE

Hey! I'm not a midget!

Sam pushes him onto the floor. He struggles to get up as she keeps a foot on him.

SAM

And not much of a wrestler either.

CARLY

Anyways, Spencer has this crazy idea about doing our own Olympics, because the committee has rejected all his favorite sports.

Sam takes her foot off Freddie and he gets up, brushing himself off.

FREDDIE

What are his favorite sports?

CARLY

Oh, you know. Mostly made-up ones.

SAM

Sounds promising.

FREDDIE

So is this going to be a segment or something?

CARLY

I don't know. Spencer's really excited about it. He's getting posters made up today.

SAM

Hey! Whose show is this anyway? Spencer's? Isn't it supposed to be our say what the content is?

CARLY

He said we can make up our own sports to be in his 'Special Games'.

SAM  
Sweeeeet.

FREDDIE  
Can't he think of a better title?

CARLY  
Well, Spencer's a pretty special guy. Plus he found it hard to settle on anything where an actual dictionarified word was in the title.

SAM  
Dictionarified?

CARLY  
Guess he's rubbed off on me.

FREDDIE  
We can't hold it in the loft.

CARLY  
I know. Spencer's going to ask if we can use the schools sporting grounds.

Freddie snorts.

FREDDIE  
Yeah, good luck.

CARLY  
He says he's got blackmail material on Miss Briggs.

SAM  
Blackmail material? Why didn't anyone tell me about this development sooner?

CARLY  
Guess he forgot about it.

SAM  
How could you forget a thing like that?

Freddie's face is pale.

FREDDIE  
So what now? We're going to recruit jocks to be in our 'Special  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FREDDIE (cont'd)  
Games'? How am I supposed to reach  
out to jocks?

SAM  
Like this.

Sam takes him by the collar and throws him into a crowd of  
PASSING JOCKS.

SAM  
(to Carly)  
He'll be making friends in no time.

PASSING JOCK  
Hey! Cool! We're playing pass the  
geek!

The jocks take his collar and hurl him towards a group of  
GIRLS where he lands instead, directly into a locker.

CARLY  
Looks like Spencer is not the only  
one making up new sports.

INT. MISS BRIGGS OFFICE - DAY

Spencer is pacing by the door of the office where MISS  
BRIGGS stares him down, sitting at her desk.

SPENCER  
Well, well, well... it seems that  
the tables have turned.

MISS BRIGGS  
Spencer Shay, why are you in my  
office?

SPENCER  
I'll have you know I know your  
little secret. I have proof. And  
I can keep it quiet... but you have  
to do something for me first.

MISS BRIGGS  
What on earth are you talking  
about?

Spencer throws a paper down on her desk. It's a printed  
picture of Miss Briggs altered as a man.

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER  
You used to be a man!

Miss Briggs looks at the picture, then to Spencer.

MISS BRIGGS  
Where did you get this?

SPENCER  
MissBriggsusedtobeaman.com, which  
has absolutely no affiliation  
whatsoever with iCarly.com.

MISS BRIGGS  
Well, if you excuse me I have some  
expelling to do.

Miss Briggs gets up calmly but her mouth is noticeably twitching.

SPENCER  
No!

Spencer blocks the door.

MISS BRIGGS  
No?

SPENCER  
I came here to do something today  
and I'm going to do it.

Miss Briggs gets a baton out of her desk draw and slaps it on her palm threateningly.

Spencer recoils and shields himself, then starts speaking really fast.

SPENCER (CONT'D)  
We needed to borrow the sports field for a big sporting event that we're going to be filming live to spite all the other official sporting games that reject the coolest sports ever invented... mostly by me.

He heaves trying to catch his breath. She puts her baton by her side, raising an eyebrow.

MISS BRIGGS  
You can do it.

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER  
We can do what?

MISS BRIGGS  
Use the sport field. But it's the school's event. We need something like this to qualify for a school grant.

SPENCER  
You mean it?

She nods, he wraps his arms around her.

SPENCER  
Thank you! Thank you!

He goes to the door, then turns back around.

SPENCER  
Oh, and your secret is safe with me.

He leaves. Miss Briggs shakes her head.

MISS BRIGGS  
Idiot.

INT. SHAY LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Sam slumps in front of the TV. Carly sits next to her.

SAM  
I can't believe Spencer would reject all my sporting ideas!

CARLY  
Well, 'Freddie Tossing' isn't a sport that has a chance of being world recognized.

SAM  
Then what about 'Spitball Freddie' or 'See How Long You Can Hold Freddie Under Water'?

CARLY  
How about you leave the sports to me and you can be a trainer?

Sam rubs her chin.

(CONTINUED)

SAM  
I do like training.

CARLY  
And bossing other people around.

SAM  
And there's that.

CARLY  
So it's settled then.

Freddie comes down the stairs.

FREDDIE  
Everything's set up. You guys  
ready to do the announcement?

SAM  
There's my midget wrestler. Get  
down and give me 40!

FREDDIE  
What?

Sam trips him to the floor. He catches himself with his hands and goes to lift himself up.

SAM  
That's one. I said 40.

CARLY  
Sam's being our trainer for the  
games.

FREDDIE  
Great.

SAM  
You're our iCarly official midget  
wrestler. So I want to see 39  
more!

Freddie half-heartedly does a few more push-ups and gets up.

SAM  
Did I say stop?

FREDDIE  
We have to do the webcast!

SAM  
Then that's double after we finish.

Freddie GROANS. The three of them go upstairs.

INT. ICARLY LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

Freddie counts down with his fingers, his camera pointed at Carly and Sam.

CARLY  
I'm Carly.

SAM  
And I'm Sam.

CARLY  
And we have a very special iCarly  
for you today.

SAM  
Not only do we have footage of a  
cat eating it's own vomit...

CARLY  
But we're announcing the first  
iCarly games - right here on  
iCarly.

SAM  
That's right, the school that we  
painfully have to waste most of our  
time at...

Sam clicks a sound effect that 'BOOS'.

CARLY  
Has generously agreed to host a  
sporting event that...

SAM  
Only has the coolest sports ever!

CARLY  
To give you more information we  
have a live feed of Spencer at the  
sporting grounds where we plan to  
host it in two weeks time.

They cut to the live feed.

EXT. SPORTING GROUND/INT. ICARLY LOFT - CONTINUOUS

It's raining outside and Spencer is covering himself with a yellow raincoat. He tries to speak through THE HOWLING WIND.

CARLY

Spencer? What's the plans for our sporting event?

SPENCER

Well, I'm hoping the weather picks up here. But we're standing right where the 'Egg Salad Toss' will be held.

SAM

Egg Salad Toss? Sounds exciting!

SPENCER

There's just not...

The wind blows up his raincoat.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

There's just not enough...

Spencer struggles to keep his raincoat down, but it keeps blowing in his face.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

There's just not enough egg salad tossing going on in the world.

SAM

Neither is there enough Freddie tossing!

She presses the CHEERING sound effect.

SPENCER

Anyway, there's going to be a ton of events going on here when the rain stops blowing my raincoat in my face.

CARLY

Oh yeah? Tell me what.

Spencer points to various places around the sporting grounds.

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER

Well, German Shepherd hurdles over there and Tickle Wars over there and Midget Wrestling for the grand event in the center.

SAM

And we have our very own midget wrestler in our presence right now. Say hello to the people Freddie.

CARLY

OK Spencer. You can come home and dry off now.

SPENCER

Cool.

SAM

So if you're as excited as I am...

CARLY

...Head straight on over to iCarly.com and put your name on the sign up sheets specifying your event. And the best thing is that all the losers get gold medals!

SAM

That's good news for Freddie.

CARLY

Sure is.

FREDDIE

Hey!

SAM

Now who's ready to see that cat?

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

ACT TWO

FADE IN

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

A whistle is BLOWN. Freddie comes in doing lifts with a cardboard box, sweatbands and all. Sam follows after him BLOWING into the whistle shrilly again.

SAM  
240. 241. 242.

Freddie looks like he's about to cry.

FREDDIE  
Isn't that enough for today?

SAM  
You want to be a quitter? Did Carly quit when she had to make up stupid sports for everyone to compete in? Did I quit when I loaded that box with everything I wanted to put into my locker?

Freddie stops and takes out of the box a couple of trophies.

FREDDIE  
You really need these in your locker?

SAM  
If you had junior hot dog eating trophies you'd put them up in your locker too. Plus, it made the box heavier.

She opens her locker and takes out some books that were taking up space, throwing them in the trash bin nearby and placing her trophies delicately into position.

(CONTINUED)

FREDDIE

I think I'd like to get actual achievements to be proud of instead of eating.

SAM

And you'll have one when you beat all those other midgets into submission.

FREDDIE

Actually it's if they beat me.  
What makes you think that I even want to do midget wrestling?

Sam puts her hand on his shoulder.

SAM

Freddie, I don't say this often enough but I believe in your shortness.

Freddie scowls and pushes her away as Carly comes running up to them.

CARLY

Guys, can you believe this? We've had almost three-hundred sign-ups!

FREDDIE

That's awesome. Spencer is going to be so happy.

CARLY

Yeah, I know. I'm really glad we're doing this for him.

SAM

And everyone's putting in, right? For the loser medals?

CARLY

Yes, everyone's contributing \$5 to the day.

SAM

Except for us, cause it was our idea and we rock... except Freddie.

CARLY

This is going to be the biggest iCarly yet.

FREDDIE

Yeah, I can't wait... for the times  
I'm going to be behind the camera  
watching everybody else have fun.

CARLY

You have to compete! Everybody's  
competing.

FREDDIE

Well if you want me too.

SAM

Then back to work weakling! Lift!

Freddie GROANS again, but complies casting a furtive look to Carly as he exits. She smiles.

EXT. SPORTING GROUND - DAY

The turnout is huge. It's like a giant fair. Carly and Freddie stand and survey the grounds from the center wrestling ring.

CARLY

Even Miss Briggs is competing?

Freddie glances at Miss Briggs who is stretching in tights.

FREDDIE

That's not a sight I wanted to be  
seeing again any time soon.

Spencer comes running up to them, pulling at his hair.

SPENCER

Argh!

CARLY

What? It's great! You've done an  
awesome job!

SPENCER

No midgets have arrived.

Freddie looks annoyed.

FREDDIE

Little people, Spencer, LITTLE  
people.

Spencer ruffles his hair.

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER  
Hey! I'm sensitive.

He catches sight of Miss Briggs in her tights.

SPENCER (CONT'D)  
Yah! Put that away!

CARLY  
(snorts)  
Yeah, real sensitive.

Spencer hands Carly a mega-phone and Freddie gets his camera ready.

SPENCER  
You ready to do this?

CARLY  
Everyone if I could have your attention. I'm Carly.

SPENCER  
And I'm Spencer, Carly's brother.

CARLY  
And we're the ones hosting today's event.

SPENCER  
So make sure you check in with the staff taking care of the event rosters so you don't miss your event.

CARLY  
But most of all have fun!

SPENCER  
And win lots of medals!

CARLY  
Or should I say lose lots of medals?

SPENCER  
Now first up the Egg Salad Toss!

**MONTAGE. Running through the events:**

- A) Egg Salad Toss. KIDS throwing egg salad at each other. Carly joins in, laughing as she gets covered in egg salad. Spencer eats some off her head. As she turns around he looks away and WHISTLES idly as if he hadn't done anything.
- B) German Shepherd hurdles. COMPETITORS jump over them but when the dogs move, many end up falling on their faces.
- C) Spencer SHOOTS a gun to start a Pie Running Race. He jumps at the loudness of the gun. The COMPETITORS jump too and their pies fall to the ground.
- D) Sam goes toe to toe cramming hot dogs down her throat with a FAT KID who crams one more hot dog in than her. She punches his gut and the hot dogs come out of his mouth.
- E) Blindfolded with sticks in their hands, TWO COMPETITORS compete in the blind "sword" fighting. Spencer in the middle of them with a whistle to start the event. He BLOWS it and ends up becoming a piñata when he can't get away fast enough.
- F) Freddie is up close filming Carly as she smiles at him while trying to spin plates on her hands. He makes her lose her concentration and the plates SMASH.

The day comes to a close. Everyone flocks to the wrestling ring where Spencer sits disappointed in the center.

Sam comes up to the wrestling ring, holding hands with TWO LITTLE PEOPLE. Spencer SQUEALS upon seeing them. Sam lets go of their hands and stands beside her friends who are standing beside Freddie's technical equipment.

SPENCER

You came!

LITTLE PERSON 1

Of course we came. We want the gold medal you're offering.

SPENCER

Actually that's only for losers.

The little people look confused.

LITTLE PERSON 2

So where's our competition?

Sam pushes Freddie forward.

SAM  
You'd better not let Carly and I down.

She pounds her fist in her hand. Freddie gulps.

FREDDIE  
(to the little people)  
You know... I'm really much more of a lover than a fighter after all.

Spencer gets out of the ring and throws Freddie in there. We can hear the sounds of Freddie SCREAMING as the little people jump on him taking him down.

One hand reaches out to grab the side of the ring but Freddie is pulled back in there.

The crowd CHEERS.

SPENCER/CARLY  
Ow. That's gotta hurt.

INT. SHAY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Freddie sits on the couch with countless bruises and his arm in a sling. Sam sits beside him solemnly. Carly joins them.

SAM  
Today Freddie, you became a man.

Sam looks at his gold medal with pride.

CARLY  
A very little man.

FREDDIE  
And I thought becoming a man was supposed to be a good thing.

Carly holds up her medals.

CARLY  
Hey look, I got 5 medals.

SAM  
I didn't get any.

FREDDIE  
Kept winning huh?

SAM  
Yeah, that sucks.

FREDDIE  
(to Sam)  
Sore winner!

SAM  
(to Freddie)  
Losers says what.

FREDDIE  
What?

Spencer is standing up scrolling through a computer screen.

SPENCER  
Hey guys, have you seen these  
comments? They're awesome!  
(to Freddie)  
Oh, and Freddie lots of people are  
asking if you're going to be OK  
after being dragged around like  
that.

Freddie smiles grimly.

FREDDIE  
I'll survive.

SAM  
So the whole idea was a success  
after all.

CARLY  
Who knew? You should organize  
sporting events more often,  
Spencer.

SPENCER  
Nah. Wouldn't want to quit my day  
job or anything.

SAM  
So how many medals did Miss Briggs  
end up winning anyway?

FREDDIE  
She ended up winning the Pie Relay  
because she got the most pies in  
her face after the shock of the  
starting gun.

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER

That thing was really loud.

CARLY

Figures.

SPENCER

Listen to this one! '*Spencer is a genius. Who would have thought tossing egg salad could be a sport?*'

CARLY

You do have a lot of zany ideas.

SAM

I would have gone for the word 'wacky'.

SPENCER

And this one! '*For the first time the losers could feel like winners, great idea!*'

SAM

Feel good Freddie?

FREDDIE

(to Sam)

Shut up.

CARLY

Whatever. So what are you going to do now Spencer?

SPENCER

I'm thinking of sending the Olympic committee our webcast. Show them who *really* knows a thing or two about sports.

Sam raises her hand in a sign of support.

SAM

That's right! You show them how to do their job!

Spencer suddenly slaps his face with his palm.

SPENCER

Oh man!

CARLY  
What's the matter?

SPENCER  
We forgot one event!

CARLY  
Oh no! What was it? The pig toss?

SAM  
(hopeful)  
The Freddie toss?

Spencer comes over to the three of them with a wicked grin on his face.

SPENCER  
No! The tickle war!!!

He jumps on them and begins tickling. The rest of them join in LAUGHING, tickling and hitting each other with cushions.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO