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)
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

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.
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 bumbed
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’.

(CONTINUED)
SAM
Sweeeeeeet.

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)
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

(continues)
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.
CONTINUED:

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 FIELD - 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 flock:s 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)
Losersayswhat.

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!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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