



GOON

By Jay Baruchel and Evan Goldberg

The screen is white. An ECU of bright white ice.

In slow motion a jagged, bloody tooth dances across the frame. Soon, thick blood oozes in from every angle turning the bright white screen to dark red.

DOUG (V.O.)
I fuckin' nailed him.

TITLE CARD: 6 Months Earlier

EXT. ORANGETOWN - NIGHT

We drift through downtown Orangetown, Mass. A small, shitty, dying city. We pass mom and pop restaurants, liquor stores, donut shops, too many stores with "FOR RENT" signs up, and dozens of bars. We focus on a bar called Donovan's.

INT. DONOVAN'S - CONTINUOUS

The small bar is decorated with neon Coor's signs, video poker machines, and bikini posters from the early 90s. Hockey plays on TV. The regulars nurse beers as they watch the Montreal Canadiens beat the shit out of the Boston Bruins -- 5:1.

DOUG GLATT, late 20s, a tough-ass, husky brick shithouse of a Jew stands by the door, bouncing, in a black t-shirt that says "SECURITY" in white caps. He watches the game intently.

On TV: a skirmish breaks out at center ice between a Bruins player with the name REARDON stitched across his back, and a CANADIEN. The Canadien spears Reardon and skates off towards the play. Furious, Reardon gives chase and TOMAHAWK CHOPS the Canadien in the back of the head with his hockey stick.

Doug and the bar patrons let out a collective gasp, as the Canadien falls unconscious and begins convulsing on the ice.

The owner DONOVAN, 50, Napoleonic, sits at the back briefly looking up from his paper. He notices the BARTENDER conversing with an upset customer.

CUSTOMER
Cocksucker!

Donovan and a few of the other regulars look to the commotion. Doug remains entranced by the game.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)
I'm not payin' eight-fifty for that. You should have told me it was foreign!

BARTENDER

Are you kidding me? Come on, man.
Eight-fifty.

CUSTOMER

I ain't paying you, motherfucker.

The guy shoves the bartender hard. Donovan claps loudly right by Doug's ear, jolting him out of his daze.

DONOVAN

Doug! What the hell am I paying you
for?!

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND DONOVAN'S - MOMENTS LATER

Doug has the customer pinned against a wall. The customer's nose gushes blood, broken.

CUSTOMER

(in pain)
Jesus.....fucking...

Doug turns to Donovan, who thrusts his fist forward and gives a thumbs down. Doug looks at the customer apologetically, then lands a crushing right hook into his face. As the guy writhes around moaning in a pile of garbage, Donovan pats Doug on the shoulder and heads back inside. Doug stares sadly at the customer on the ground.

DOUG

I'm sorry bud.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Doug comes home. His apartment is small and cluttered. Empty beer bottles and Chunky Soup cans strewn about. Doug takes off his "SECURITY" t-shirt. He sighs.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Doug pours 3 Chunky soup cans into a pot on the stove. He cracks a beer.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SOON AFTER

Doug plays a hockey game on his XBOX. He scores a goal. The videogame crowd go wild. Doug leaps to his feet and thrusts his arms into the air in triumph.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Doug is passed out on the couch. On TV, two videogame players beat the piss out of each other. Doug snores loudly.

INT. GLATT HOUSE - NIGHT

Doug sits at the dinner table with his family: his father DR. GLATT, 60s, his mother MRS. GLATT, 50s, his brother IRA, 30s, and IRA'S BOYFRIEND RICHARD, 30s. Doug is way huger than any member of his family.

DR. GLATT

And of course the only man in the room to cry out in opposition is everyone's favorite bleeding heart wet blanket, the scourge of the Johns Hopkins Neurological Centre-

IRA

Dr. Albee Cohen.

DR. GLATT

Dr. Albee Cohen. He did it again.

MRS. GLATT

That man is a incubus. He sucks the life right out of you.

DR. GLATT

That man is a card-carrying communist. And a blow hard. Any brain surgeon who has performed more two-bit conference speeches than actual operations isn't worth a damn.

IRA

Says the man who opened a practice with Galenus of Pergamon.

They all laugh out loud. Doug laughs along, although he has no idea what they're talking about.

Ira smiles and pats Richard's hand lovingly. Mrs. Glatt watches this and smiles disapprovingly. Dr. Glatt isn't too psyched either. Ira notices, removes his hand. Doug sees this moment of awkwardness and attempts to diffuse it.

DOUG

One time Pat bet me 50 bucks he could eat a pound of raw cow brains.

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)
And then he tried and he started
throwing up all over the place and
kept saying he had mad cow disease.

Doug's parents don't laugh; they start eating in the hopes he
will stop talking.

DOUG (CONT'D)
And every time he said it I would
go "what's **sad** cow disease?" And it
would make him so angry because he
was real sick and I was mooing
sadly.

Doug starts mooing sadly, his parents remain unimpressed. Ira
forces out a chuckle to cut the tension.

MRS. GLATT
Doug. Please.

DR. GLATT
You do realize we're eating brisket
for God's sake.

Doug's parents share a glance then continue eating,
disappointed. Doug looks at them and it's painfully obvious
he wants them to like him more than they do. Doug slinks down
into his dinner again.

EXT. ORANGETOWN RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Doug walks down the street, a little downtrodden. He walks up
to a rundown townhouse and rings the bell. The door opens to
reveal Doug's best friend PAT, 20s, small and skinny.

PAT
Yes!

Pat gives Doug the best bear hug he can.

PAT (CONT'D)
How ya doin, you gigantic bastard?!

INT. PAT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Pat's small townhouse is full of hockey posters and jerseys,
most of the local team "The Orangetown Assassins". There are
dvds and tapes everywhere. He's a real fanatic. In choppy
frames on the computer screen we see he is uploading footage
of a hockey fight to his web site "HOT ICE" written in weird
neon blue cursive. Pat sparks up a king-size spliff.

PAT

Oh shit, tell me you saw what fuckin Reardon did last night!

DOUG

Yeah, I saw it. Pretty brutal chop.

PAT

Crazy brutal. I've never seen Reardon lose his shit like that. He got suspended for 20 fucking games. The Bruins sent him down to St. John's and just bought out the rest of his fucking contract. 40 year's old. That's it. He's fucking done son. Did you see his apology?

DOUG

Nope.

PAT

Alright, I'll cue it up. He's on the verge of tears the whole time. I'm gonna feature it on the call-in segment of this week's show. Unless that motherfucker Sully from Worcester calls in again. Everytime, everytime he calls, he fucks me off like he says something like "hey you like salty discharge?" And I'll be like "what?" And he'll say "You love huge balls in your mouth!" And then he'll hang up. And I've fallen for it like 6 fucking times! I try to screen his calls, I tell them don't let this fucking prick on the air. Anywhoo...what was I doing?

DOUG

The Reardon thing.

PAT

Oh yeah. Watch this shit.

Pat opens the PRESS CONFERENCE on his computer: Reardon, dressed in a suit, sits in front of 15 microphones, flashbulbs going off. He looks dazed, stunned. He has trouble getting the words out.

REARDON

To Darryl and his family... my teammates and the fans I don't I'm deeply sorry for what happened out there.

(MORE)

REARDON (CONT'D)
For what I did. I have no excuse. I
broke and disgraced a code
that I truly believe in ... with
every drop of blood in my body

Various angles of the Tomahawk Chop are featured on a SPLIT-SCREEN. Pat covers up the press conference portion of the split-screen with his hand.

PAT
I can't stomach this shit anymore.
It kills me to see him like this.

Pat notices Doug looking upset.

PAT (CONT'D)
Sorry to bring you down man.

DOUG
No Pat. It's not that. It's
just...I just...I dunno.

Beat. Pat waits patiently. He knows Doug isn't the quickest.

DOUG (CONT'D)
I don't have a thing. Like, you
have your show, my Dad and my
brother have their doctor stuff,
and it's...everyone's got something
but me.

They both sit there in solemn silence for a moment. Pat puts his hand on Doug's shoulder.

PAT
Would it help you to hear that I
want you inside me? I want your pee
pee where my poo comes out.

Pat bursts out laughing. Doug cheers up a bit.

PAT (CONT'D)
Hey bud, fuck this sad shit. Let's
just go watch the Assassins beat
the fuck out of Oshawa for 60
minutes. What do you say there
shitty tits? Huh? We'll stuff you
full of fucking corn dogs.

INT. CONOR RINK - LATER THAT NIGHT

The small scale 1500 seat rink is nowhere near capacity as roughly 75 FANS, mostly high-school and college kids, have come to see The Orangetown Assassins VS. The Oshawa Iroquois. It's a cheap, dirty, and bloody - fight league at it's best.

At present, every player on the ice is engaged in a sloppy, bone crushing Donnybrooke at centre ice -- all except the two GOALIES, one of whom is leaning on his post while the other sits on the ice inside his net. The REF and LINESMEN lean against the boards, stretching and chit chatting, paying little attention to the melee on the ice. The clock reads 18:40 left in the 1st period.

The fans all scream and cheer as they pantomime the brawl amongst themselves. In the middle of the stands are Pat and Doug. Pat videotapes everything frantically like a combat photographer. He is easily the loudest and most enthusiastic fan there. Doug wolfs down 3 corn dogs like it's his job.

PAT

Holy fuck this is sweet! Fuck you
Oshawa! Fuck you Oshawa!
(turns to Doug)
This is hilarious! You feeling
better, buddy?

DOUG

(chewing on corn dog)
Yeah man, thanks. These are a tasty
treat.

On ice, one Iroquois player, BLANKO, late 20s, punches an Assassin square in the jaw sending him reeling.

PAT

Blankoooo! You big fucking retard!
Your mother sucks cocks in hell!

The REFS and LINESMEN finally decide to step in and break up the brawl. They give Blanko a 5 minute Fighting Major and on his way to the penalty box, Blanko slashes an Assassin on the back of the leg. The Assassin falls to the ice in pain. The Orangetown crowd boos wildly.

PAT (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that?!

REF

In the box! Now!

BLANKO

Fuck you!

Blanko skates into the penalty box and slams the door. The Refs call an additional 2 minute penalty for slashing. The crowd cheers.

PAT
HA-HA! Blankooooo! Bye bye bitch!
Ya fuckin goof!

Pat is on his feet as he angles the video camera onto his face. He can barely contain his laughter and excitement.

PAT (CONT'D)
Oh my GOD!!! Ladies and Gentlemen
if this is only the first shift,
I'm predicting this game becomes an
absolute ass raping the likes of
which only Ned Beatty or the cast
of OZ can comprehend! Doug? Any
thoughts?!

Pat angles the camera at Doug. Doug smiles at the camera with a mouthful of corn dog.

DOUG
This is fun.

PAT
Ha! A few succinct words from a man
who brushes his teeth with steel
wool and turpentine.

Doug laughs not sure what that means but the image is funny to him. Pat angles the camera back on Blanko.

PAT (CONT'D)
Where was i? Oh yeah. BLANKO!
BLANKOOOO!!!

The crowd joins in.

CROWD
BLANKOOOO!!!! BLANKOOO!!!!

Blanko throws off his glove and gives the crowd the finger. They start to throw garbage. Pat throws a beer and it splashes into the penalty box, soaking Blanko.

BLANKO
What the fuck?!!

He darts up and turns to face the crowd, scans them looking for the culprit. He sees Pat dancing and videotaping him.

BLANKO (CONT'D)
(pointing at Pat)
What?! You fucking want some?!!
Huh? You want a piece of me
faggot?!!

Doug gets pissed.

DOUG
Hey my brother's gay!

Pat starts miming a jerk-off motion as he videotapes Blanko screaming. Pat then starts to do the Charleston.

BLANKO
That's it!

Suddenly, Blanko hoists himself up out of the box and leaps into the stands, gunning for Pat. Doug instinctively stands up, ready.

BLANKO (CONT'D)
You filming me?!! You fucking
filming me motherfucker?!

Blanko makes his way through the crowd as players from both teams yell at him to turn around. College kids quickly get out of his way. Two SECURITY GUARDS rush towards him from the exits but are clearly not going to get there in time. Some TEAMMATES try to leap over the glass but are held back by their COACH. All the while Blanko's coming straight at Pat.

BLANKO (CONT'D)
You want a piece of me faggot?!!!

Blanko winds up for a punch.

DOUG (O.S.)
HEY! MY BROTHER IS GAY!!!

Doug comes flying into frame, hurling himself in front of Pat like a secret service agent.

BLANKO
What the fuck?!

Doug lunges forward at Blanko, who up until now, was only focusing on Pat.

BLANKO (CONT'D)
You motherfucker! You think you can-

Doug lunges forward and tackles Blanko down onto the empty seats.

Blanko winds up and swings at Doug, who tenses his neck and drops his chin as Blanko's fist slams into Doug's iron forehead.

ECU in 72 fps: We see Blanko's fist get crushed and broken as it smashes into Doug's forehead. Blanko's knuckles shatter and fly backwards underneath his rippling skin. It's like the front of a car during a crash test.

Doug grabs Blanko by the jersey and starts wailing on him.

DOUG
My! Brother! Is! GAAAAY!!!!

Blanko switches to his weaker hand but the punches harmlessly bounce off Doug's skull, while each of Doug's blows knock Blanko's head back and mash up his face.

The PLAYERS are standing on the bench, watching in disbelief. No one is more captivated than the Orangetown Coach, ROLLIE HORTENSE.

The college kids are going ape-shit. The Security guards finally reach the scene but are apprehensive to get in the middle of these behemoths. Pat is flipping his shit, jumping up and down, taping the whole thing.

PAT
Holy shit! Attaboy Dougie! Kick his
fucking ass!!!

CRASH!!! Doug jams his right fist into Blanko's eyebrow, splitting it wide open. Blood spills out all over the place.

BLANKO
Ahh fuck!

DOUG
Okay bud...

Doug loosens his grip, about to let go.

BLANKO
.....fucking....faggot...

BDRSSSHHHH!!! Doug headbutts Blanko as hard as he can, smashing the helmet into pieces, sending shards of plastic flying. Blanko drops like a rag doll and flops onto the filthy arena floor, unconscious. The Assassins players are all banging their sticks against the boards.

PAT
Holy fuck!!! Holy fuck!!! Dougie!
You beat the shit out of him! Doug!
DOUG!!!!

Pat grabs Doug's arm and raises it in the air triumphantly. The college kids misunderstand Pat and start chanting 'Thug'. Doug is taken aback; it's as if he just had an out-of-body experience. He catches his breath and looks at the crowd.

DOUG
(bashfully smiling)
Thank you...thank you very much.

EXT. ORANGETOWN OVERLOOK - LATER

Doug and Pat sit on the hood of Doug's car looking at their city, drinking beers.

PAT
Dougie, I'm just gonna say it:
you're my fucking hero. Fucking
cool as balls man. That shit was
insane.

Doug giggles, a bit bashful.

PAT (CONT'D)
Look at you, you're a beast. You're
like the fucking Hebrew Dolph
Lundgren. In a league of tough guys
Blanko is the fucking toughest.
Was, WAS the fucking toughest.
Dougie, you're a spectator, and you
just mopped the fucking floor with
him.

DOUG
(kind of proud)
I gotta say it's pretty awesome.

PAT
It's fucking wicked awesome! You
really don't get it. Doug, watching
you tonight was like watching a
bunch of fucking birds flying in a
V or like a cat stalking a mouse
and burying its shit. It was
like...instinct. Purpose. Like
doing what you were born to do.

DOUG
Yeah?

PAT
Fuck yeah! I mean holy fucking shit
ass. Look at those knuckles.
They're like the size of my balls.

INT. DONOVAN'S - LATER THAT NIGHT

Doug excitedly tells his story to a group of regulars.

DOUG
I kept yelling "my brother is gay"
because my brother Ira is a gay.

REGULAR 1
Get to the helmet part!

DOUG
Oh right! So I grab him by the-

DONOVAN (O.S.)
What the fuck are you doin standing
at the bar?

DOUG
Mr. Donovan. They were just asking
about the fight I got into on the
weekend so-

DONOVAN
Jesus Christ. Doug, go to your
fuckin' door.

DOUG
But...there's no one at the door.

DONOVAN
Well if there's no one at the door,
go mop the bathroom. You already
mop the bathroom? Take out the
garbage. Do you see where I'm going
with this shit? You work for me. So
fucking WORK for me.

Doug walks over to the door and dies a little inside.

INT. PUBLIC ACCESS TV STUDIO - NIGHT

Pat is on the "set" of Hot Ice. The set consists of two chairs and a shitty early 90s poster of Brett Hull with the words "Hot Ice" drawn over it in yellow Highlighter. Behind the camera stands DARREN, 40s, the station manager. He holds a clipboard. In the back there is a meagre control booth with two really old guys GUS and BRIAN, 80s, working the switch board. Doug is sitting beside Pat, eating a granola bar.

DARREN
Pat, all I'm asking you to do is
not swear for 30 fucking minutes of
television.

PAT

Darren! I don't wanna fucking hear it. I've had enough of your fucking police state big brother censorship.

DARREN

Jesus Christ. Please Pat. Please.
We're back in 5, 4, 3...

Awful cheap ass graphics hit the screen as we see the opening of "Hot Ice". We hear the theme music; a terrible synthesizer melody with Pat, doing a horrible attempt at Bob Seger, singing "Talkin' 'Bout Hot Ice" over-top of it. As the show begins, Doug looks like a deer in the headlights.

PAT

(to camera)

Welcome back to Hot Ice. Tonight, we have a very special fucking guest joining us-

Behind the camera Darren puts his face in his hands.

DARREN (O.C.)

Come on! This is a volunteer position, Pat! I can just walk out.

PAT

Darren, I know my viewers and they know how I talk.

Doug uncomfortable sits as they argue.

DARREN (O.C.)

But there's no reason you can't-

PAT

No, I mean I literally know all of my viewers. Shiner, Morgan and Ralphie. They're all my friends and they're a lot fucking dirtier than I am. Fucking Ralphie's a registered sex offender. No offense Ralphie, but you know what you get up to... fucking weird orgies and glory holes.

DARREN (O.C.)

Fuck this.

Off camera we hear the sound of Darren's clipboard and headphones dropping to the floor. We hear a door slam.

PAT

Real fucking professional Darren!
 Alright, where was I? Right. Last
 night, the Assassins beat the
 fucking shit out of Oshawa. And the
 worst of said beatings came not at
 the hands of an Assassin player,
 but an Orangetown fan. So let's
 roll that clip, Darren. Oh right.
 Fuck me.

Pat runs off camera, leaving Doug stranded and helpless. We
 stay on his terrified face as we hear the following:

PAT (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Hey Gus? Where's the fucking
 controller thing. You know the
 fucking thing, the remote. Eww
 Jesus Christ what the fuck is this?
 It's covered in what is that?
 Coffee yogurt? Jesus, Mary and....

The screen switches to Pat's shaky video from the game and we
 see the last few seconds of footage from Doug beating the
 shit out of Blanko. Doug's finishing headbutt, the helmet
 shattering, and Blanko dropping to the ground.

PAT (O.C.) (CONT'D)

OH!!! That's my fucking boy!!!

The screen switches back to Pat in studio.

PAT (CONT'D)

Absolutely incredible. Now
 introducing the man of the hour.
 The man who knocked Blanko the fuck
 out. My friend, my best friend
 Doug...the Thug...Glatt!!!

Pat pushes a button on his controller thing, and terrible
 canned applause starts playing. Doug stands up awkwardly.
 Like a stage mother, Pat gets Doug to smile and wave at the
 camera. They sit back down. Doug is unsure whether to look at
 Pat or the camera. He awkwardly switches back and forth.

DOUG

Thank you. It's good to be here.
 Big fan.

PAT

Speaking of fans, let's go to the
 phones. Hi caller, you're on the
 Ice.

CALLER # 1 (O.C.)
 Yes. Hi there. I was wondering if
 Doug, or even you Pat, if either of
 you like hot dogs?

DOUG
 Uh yes. Yes, I do like hot dogs,
 and corn dogs. I like corn dogs as
 well.

CALLER # 1 (O.C.)
 GREAT! Pat?

PAT
 Yeah, what are you crazy? Of course
 I like hot dogs--wait a second. Who
 is this?

CALLER # 1 (O.C.)
 You like hot dogs cause you like
 big COCKS IN YOUR MOUTH, SON!

PAT
 Oh you MOTHERF--

CALLER # 1 (O.C.)
 SULLY FROM WORCESTER BITCHES! BOOP
 BOOP SUCK DEEZ NUTS!!! YEEAH!

And the line goes dead.

PAT
 Goddamn it! I don't believe this!
 Brian, Gus! What the fuck?

Pat stands up and kicks his chair. Doug stares at the camera.
 Pat breathes in and out and counts quietly.

PAT (CONT'D)
 Why do I let this happen to myself?
 This call in segment was a really
 bad idea. That's it. I'm gonna
 cancel it. Alright there gang, so
 this will be our farewell call
 segment as I will never do it
 again. You have Sully from
 Worcester to thank for that. Oh, I
 see we have a call, fuck it.

He presses a button on the remote.

PAT (CONT'D)
 Hi there, you're the final caller
 ever on Hot Ice.

CALLER # 2 (O.C.)
 Hi. This is Rollie Hortense. I'm
 the head coach of the Orangetown
 Assassins.

PAT
 Yeah? Go fuck yourself.

ROLLIE HORTENSE (O.C.)
 Charming. So there are actual
 taxpayer dollars being spent on you
 and this... program?

PAT
 Well... like...

ROLLIE HORTENSE (O.C.)
 Ahh, another fine product of the
 American public school system.
 Well, I suppose it's still better
 than bombing camel jockeys. Say
 there Paddy would you mind keeping
 your jawing to a minimum for two
 secs while I say my piece to your
 friend there? Doug.

Pat is silenced. Doug looks surprised.

ROLLIE HORTENSE (CONT'D)
 Doug, I'm calling because you
 really impressed the hell out of me
 and a lot of other people last
 night.

DOUG
 Uh, thank you, thank you very much.

ROLLIE HORTENSE
 I'll be blunt. We'd like you to
 come down to the rink tomorrow for
 a tryout.

DOUG
 Uhhh...

PAT
 That's just what Sully would say.
 (yelling at the camera)
 Fool me once, Sully! You goddamned-

ROLLIE HORTENSE
 Doug, your friend is an idiot.
 Think on it. Tomorrow at 2:30. I
 hope to see you there.

Rollie hangs up. Pat and Doug sit in a weird state of shock. Pat presses the remote and the THEME SONG once again plays.

EXT. CONOR RINK - AFTERNOON

Doug, carrying a duffel bag filled with shit, arrives at the Assassins' rink. Pat is already there waiting for him, with his video camera. He's bobbing back and forth, uncontrollably excited about his friend's opportunity.

PAT
(singing)
"Y'all ready for this?!? Duh, nuh,
nuh, nah, nah, nah, nah-nah-nah-
nah, nah, nah, nah, nah-nah-nah-
nah!" Seriously kiddo, you fucking
ready for this shit?

Doug drops his bag on the ground. He frowns a little.

PAT (CONT'D)
What's wrong? Jitters? Butterflies?
Just breathe deeply and count to 7.
It'll clear your head. Either that
or go jerk off in their sink.

DOUG
No, it's not that. I mean, yeah,
I'm kinda nervous but...

Doug unzips his duffel bag and pulls out a pair of really worn out, really big white 80s, CCM female FIGURE skates.

DOUG (CONT'D)
You think they're gonna yell at me?

PAT
Jesus Christ. What, did you mug
Peggy Flemming's grandmother? Those
are girl skates.

DOUG
They were my brother's. He
preferred them. He says they...
mince better. Aw, man. I'm gonna
get yelled at, aren't I?

PAT
Look, Doug, who gives a fuck? You,
my friend, YOU are going to go in
there and show them that last
weekend wasn't a fluke. You are
going to show them that this is
what you are supposed to do.

(MORE)

PAT (CONT'D)
And who knows? Maybe they need
someone who can mince.

DOUG
I don't know man.

PAT
Well I *do* know! You're gonna be
fuckin' awesome.

DOUG
What if they all laugh and make fun
of me?

PAT
Then you beat the fucking shit out
of every single one of them.

INT. CONOR RINK - SOON AFTER

The Orangetown Assassins are in mid-practice, doing 2 on 1
drills, as Doug makes his way through the entrance tunnel.
Pat stands in the seats filming.

PAT
Okay, folks, we're moments away
from Doug the Thug Glatt's first
hockey milestone...

Rollie blows his whistle twice and the players make their way
to center ice and take a knee. The coach waves Doug over and
the players all turn to watch him.

ROLLIE HORTENSE
Doug! Come on over!

Pat films Doug clumsily hit the ice and skate to the centre.
There is an awkward gait to his skating, all his weight
resting on his ankles.

PAT
WOOOO!!!! YEAH!!!! DOUGIE!!!!

Doug looks up and smiles at Pat, a bit embarrassed. He can't
stop. The Assassins all start giggling and scoffing.

Doug gets red in the face. He skates on his ankles towards
center, when:

Doug
Whoa!

Doug's ankles buckle and he eats it.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Pat watches from the stands, mortified. The Assassins laugh their asses off, jeering. Rollie tries not to laugh, but even he can't help it. It's a cacophony of laughter and whispers. Doug's face is red as hell. He's embarrassed, but he's also getting mad. His resolve strengthens. He jams his fist into the ice and gets back up to his feet.

PAT

Come on Dougie, come on Dougie.

Doug clumsily skates over to centre ice. When he finally makes it, he is unable to stop and falls again.

ROLLIE HORTENSE

Congratulations, son. You made it to centre ice.

The Assassins laugh and sarcastically bang their sticks on the ice. Pat cringes a little. Doug picks himself up.

ROLLIE HORTENSE (CONT'D)

Alright. That's enough, let's settle down.

The guys stop snickering. Doug is fuming. The embarrassment all but completely gone from his face, replaced by something else altogether. He clenches his fists.

ROLLIE HORTENSE (CONT'D)

(feeling a bit guilty)

Hey, you assholes aren't much better. Last time I checked you were 1 and 9 so far. Let's just have some fun and give the lad his chance okay?

ASSASSIN # 1

Wait. Coach, you're actually considering letting this guy join the team? He's wearing figure skates for fuck's sake.

Doug is seething, his eyes red with rage. He's at a breaking point. One of the players smirks and locks eyes with Doug.

ASSASSIN # 1 (CONT'D)

You know you're not trying out for the fucking Mousecapades right?

DOUG

Yes... Did you know that you're...not...

Doug panics angry, embarrassed. His eyes dart around at all the players and staff giggling and smirking at him.

ASSASSINS #1

Y-y-you can do it boy...s-s-s-spit it...

DOUG

Fuck it.

Doug snaps, throws all his weight behind a thunderous punch on Assassin #1. He connects and falls forward as Assassin #1 falls backwards. Doug lands another blow before landing on top of him.

PAT

OH!!!!

ASSASSINS

What the fuck?! You motherfucker!

And with that a brawl erupts as most of the Assassins on the ice skate at Doug. Doug gets to his feet to face the coming onslaught. We see something in his face: he likes this shit.

It's a sloppy battle on ice. Doug continuously loses his footing as he fights, but for every punch he absorbs, he retaliates with numerous blows of devastating power. Slowly, clumsily, and violently, Doug eventually prevails. One after the other, he knocks them down. The remaining Assassins back up to the boards, to safety.

Like a man possessed, Doug gets to his feet and tries to lift the net off its moorings, but finds the net is extremely heavy. He tries again and actually starts lifting it.

PAT

Oh fuck! Stop him! Stop him!

Rollie manically blows his whistle. Doug snaps out of it and lets go of the net, unknowingly dropping it on an Assassin's leg. There is silence, save for the moans of all the wounded Assassins.

ROLLIE HORTENSE

Holy lick boy. You really beat the piss out of them. Too bad those are your teammates you just fucked up there, Doug.

Rollie and Doug look at the beat up Assassins.

DOUG

Wow...I'm sorry...I don't know what to-

ROLLIE HORTENSE
 But, on the bright-side, those are
 your **teammates** you just fucked up.
 What do you think son? You want to
 be an Orangetown Assassin?

PAT (O.S.)
 YES!!!! SAY YES!!!!

Pat's voice carries extremely well in the empty rink.

DOUG
 (extremely excited yet
 bashful)
 Well...uh...yes...of course...but
 like...I can't skate for shit...

ROLLIE HORTENSE
 Son, that clearly doesn't matter.

Rollie extends his hand and Doug shakes it.

ROLLIE HORTENSE (CONT'D)
 Just one more thing, though. What
 number do you want?

PAT (O.S.)
 DUDE! TAKE 69! DOUGIE!!! 69!!! CAN
 YOU HEAR MY VOICE? 69!!!

Annoyed, the whole team looks up at Pat.

DOUG
 (to coach)
 Uhh, is that number taken?

ROLLIE HORTENSE
 No. No it isn't. But...if you want
 it, it's yours. Alright kid welcome
 to the ass end of hockey.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Doug proudly beams at his jersey, #69, as he puts on his
 shoulder pads. Gloves. Helmet. Grabs his stick.

MUSIC UP: WORKING MAN by RUSH

MONTAGE: Doug's First Two Months Playing Hockey

- In his first game, Doug steps onto the ice, excitedly. He
 takes some strides, looking at the crowd, and then falls.

- Doug is primed to fight an opponent. They latch onto each others' jerseys. But before a punch is thrown, they simply teeter over onto the ice. TIMMMMBERRRR!!

- Doug does skating drills in the empty arena with Rollie. He's already showing signs of improvement. But when he skates to the bench, he can't stop and crashes into the boards.

- Doug skates full speed towards the bench. He's going too fast and his teammates move aside and brace themselves for impact. Doug sees a nearby opponent and slams into him to stop himself. The crowd cheers. Doug smiles, then casually skates to his bench. Rollie pats him on the back.

- Pat and Doug drink in Pat's apartment, VINTAGE REARDON FIGHTS playing on the TV. Pat points out Reardon's footwork.

- In a fight, Doug looks down, concentrating on his footwork, while the opposing player lands punches on his head. Doug's finally getting it. He nods and 1-2-3's the guy in the face.

- Pat continues the lecture, while demonstrating on Doug. In the vintage footage, Reardon holds his punches, locking out his opponent's arm, while his opponent throws quick shots that don't land.

PAT

He's just waiting for the opening.
He's locking him out with one arm,
loading up the other one.

They watch as Reardon delivers the knockout punch and DUSTS OFF HIS HANDS. Doug is confused but trying to understand.

- In a fight, Doug employs the lock out strategy. He throws several rabbit punches with the 'lockout' hand and then delivers a big crossover. Rollie watches approvingly.

- Doug is leaving the rink when, much to his astonishment, a young fan asks him for an autograph. Doug signs a piece of paper for the kid. He walks away, leaving Doug giddy, a huge smile on his face.

- Doug walks into Donovan's and hands Donovan his black "SECURITY" t-shirt, quitting his job.

- Crappy BETACAM footage of a Car Dealership. Doug stands with a GUY IN A LEATHER JACKET, 50s, doing a commercial. They stand beside a 1992 Pontiac Sunfire. Doug gawks awkwardly at the camera.

CRASHINKS!!!! Doug punches the windshield of the car and then looks back at the camera.

GUY IN A LEATHER JACKET
The Thug hates crappy cars.

- Close up, 72 fps Doug lands an absolutely perfect uppercut right on the button. We don't even see his opponents face just a shaking mass collapse to the ice.

INT. CONOR RINK - ROLLIE'S OFFICE - SOON AFTER

Doug knocks on the door and walks into the cluttered office.

DOUG
You wanted to see me, coach?

ROLLIE HORTENSE
Doug. Have a seat. There's something we need to talk about, but before we do, you should know that I'm truly fucking proud of you.

DOUG
Wow, thank you sir. I'm proud of you.

ROLLIE HORTENSE
Doug, I want you to leave the team.

The blood drains out of Doug's face. He does his best to keep a stiff upper lip.

DOUG
Uh..wasn't I doing pretty good?

ROLLIE HORTENSE
In the 2 months that you've been here, you've made one hell of an impact, son. You are one of the best enforcers I've ever seen. Maybe the best... But we have to be realistic. This is the NAHL. You're the toughest guy in a league of nowhere tough guys. Imagine what you could do in a league where people actually play hockey, Doug. You have an honest to God shot at doing something, I sincerely believe that. What I'm saying is, your talent is wasted here.

DOUG
...talent? I don't know if-

ROLLIE HORTENSE

It is a talent Doug. You have been touched by the fist of God. Know that. Know it hard. As hard as you've ever known anything in your life.

(takes a breath)

My brother Ronnie is the GM and coach of the Halifax Highlanders up in the AHL. I've been talking to him about you.

DOUG

Really?

ROLLIE HORTENSE

I told him who you are, what you're capable of. I think you can help him out.

INT. ICE RINK - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

XAVIER LAFLAMME, 19, wearing a World Juniors Team Canada jersey, flies end-to-end, leaving defensemen tripping over themselves. He dekes the goalie and roofs it. The red light goes off.

ROLLIE HORTENSE (V.O.)

It all starts with this kid-- Xavier Laflamme -- hot shit 19 year old out of Quebec. His first year in the Q he bags 110 points. Everyone taps him to be the next "One". At first, the kid really was something.

- Laflamme scores goal after goal. After each goal, Laflamme rubs it in with a lengthy unsportsmanlike celebration.

ROLLIE HORTENSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Danced with the puck and put the cocksucker away too. 100 % pure natural talent. Laflamme goes 2nd overall....

-Laflamme, at the draft, wearing a suit and tie, walks on stage and shakes hands with the Montreal GM, 50s and a bunch of GUYS IN SUITS, 30s-50s. He nods and dons a Habs jersey and matching ball cap, smiling and squinting against the tapestry of flash bulbs going off.

ROLLIE HORTENSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Coaching staff don't even feign trying to foster him as a prospect.

(MORE)

ROLLIE HORTENSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 So they called him up to the big
 show. Right away. Fourth game in,
 home opener, lights out...

- Skating around with his head down, Laflamme (in a Montreal Canadiens jersey) streaks down the wing passing one Boston Bruin. Then another. Then- CRRRUNCH!!! Laflamme is absolutely laid out in a shoulder-to-head open ice hit. The back of his head hits the ice, and he lays motionless, stiff-armed. REARDON stands over Laflamme's dazed body.

ROLLIE HORTENSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He suffers a grade 3 concussion at
 the hands of Ross "The Boss"
 Reardon. He's honestly lucky he
 wasn't killed. He's out for half
 the fucking season. Comes back and
 he's scared shitless. Shell
 shocked. He just switched off.

Laflamme, 20, touches down on the ice for the first time since getting demolished. The hit has made him tentative and withdrawn. He avoids taking passes to avoid getting hit.

ROLLIE HORTENSE (CONT'D)
 See Montreal has a way of eating
 it's own. The French press smell
 blood. The pressure builds he can't
 hack it. Starts missing practice
 and partying with questionable
 folks.

-Laflamme, wearing shades, parties in a VIP room. He's drinking hard and doing rails off a stripper's back while fucking her from behind. In the background, numerous HELLS ANGELS watch and film the action on their cell phones.

ROLLIE HORTENSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Soon the rumours, conjecture and
 fucktapes pile up and yesterday's
 hero becomes today's pariah.

"BYE BYE LAFLAMME? Hot shot forward feeling the heat, demands trade". A photo features Laflamme on the Montreal bench, giving the middle finger to the hometown crowd as they boo him.

ROLLIE HORTENSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Next season demands a trade, gets
 sent down to the minors in Halifax.
 Ole Xavier brings all his bad luck
 and worse habits out there with
 him.

The Halifax Highlanders pathetically coast around the ice as their Opponents score on them in rapid fire succession.

ROLLIE HORTENSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Cut to today, the Highlanders are
dead fucking last.

INT. CONOR RINK - ROLLIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rollie becomes more focused. His intensity makes Doug feel uncomfortable.

ROLLIE HORTENSE
Like I said, I told my brother
Ronnie all about you. I showed him
tapes. I said "this kid is the
toughest I've ever seen in my
entire career". They want to offer
you a contract Doug. And I want you
to take it. They're a farm team.
We're in a league with a team named
after a radio station. Your talent
is wasted here. Go up there Doug,
watch Frenchie's back. See if you
can wake him out of his slump. See
if you can't wake up the whole god
damned team.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Pat drops off Doug at the train station, carrying his big
crappy duffle bag.

PAT
I'll be up there soon, my cousin
Sherilyn works at this titty bar in
Dartmouth, and she's been yelling
at me to come up and see her dance
for ages which I keep telling her
is gross but I realize I don't
actually find it gross and I would
really like to see it so... Plus
I'm doing a whole Thugisode on you
next month. It's gonna be a nice
piece, very character driven. I
just got this program, AFTER
EFFECTS, I'm gonna make your face
all yellow and shit.
(beat)
Fuck, I'm gonna miss you. Beat the
shit out of some jagoffs for me,
will yah?

DOUG

I will.

Doug gets on the train and gets to his seat. He waves at Pat through the window. As the train starts CHUG, CHUG, CHUGGING along, Doug watches as Pat runs alongside, chanting to the rhythm of the pistons:

PAT

THUG! THUG! THUG!

The train starts moving. Pat chases it, still chanting.

PAT (CONT'D)

THUG! THUG! THUG!

He waves at Doug and then starts making obscene gestures.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, HALIFAX NOVA SCOTIA - LATER

A taxi pulls up in front of a modest tenement building. A DRUNK GUY, 30s, wobbles around on the front steps. Doug, crappy duffle bag in hand, gets out of cab and makes his way inside the building. The Drunk Guy pukes all over himself.

Title card: Halifax, Nova Scotia.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Doug consults a balled up piece of paper, looking for his apartment. From inside one of the flats, really loud drum and bass music blares. This is his apartment. He enters.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

It's pretty fucking gross. Huge bags of garbage and empty cans of beer everywhere. On the fridge a newspaper page full of escort ads is held in place by a Halifax Highlanders magnet. The page is covered in French writing and red marker exes and circles highlighting the different ads.

There's two bedrooms. One is empty except for a mattress. The other's door is shut; loud music blaring from within. Doug drops his duffle in the empty room, walks to the other door. Muffled talking and laughter are audible from inside the room.

Doug thinks to himself and knocks. Nothing. He knocks again. Still nothing. Doug slowly opens the door and sees:

XAVIER LAFLAMME, 22, is blowing rails off the crotch of a POOR MAN'S PARIS HILTON's, 18. They both wear sunglasses. Xavier's head whips up.

XAVIER
What the fuck?!! Close the fucking room!!

DOUG
Sorry nicetomeetyou I'm Doug.

Poor man's Paris Hilton cackles. Doug backs away quickly and closes the door.

INT. HALIFAX HIGHLANDERS LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Doug shows up at his first practice as a Halifax Highlander. The locker room is tense and cliquey. Doug goes to his locker. He sees that his is right next to Xavier Laflamme's. Laflamme is, of course, nowhere to be seen.

The captain, GORD OGILVEY, 40s, weathered, sits at his locker. Next to him is the rookie, JOHN STEVENSON (20), Ogilvey's fresh faced protege. He hands Ogilvey a bottle.

DOUG
Uhh, hi there. I'm Doug Glatt.

GORD OGILVEY
Jesus, it's early... Gord Ogilvey.
Team captain.

DOUG
Nice to meet you.

GORD OGILVEY
So Dougie, you're the tough guy
that beats the shit out of
everyone?

DOUG
Uh yeah, I think so.

GORD OGILVEY
Glad to have you here, bud.

Ogilvey takes a swig from his water bottle. It's clearly alcohol. He offers Doug a swig.

DOUG
Uhh, no thank you.

GORD OGILVEY

This here's Stevesy. Anything you need, you tell me and he'll do it.

JOHN STEVENSON

(shakes Doug's hand)

Don't hesitate. Good to meet ya.

Ogilvey nods and takes another sip.

GORD OGILVEY

Yeah, the wife left me 7 months ago and took the kid down south. California. Said she was sick of the grey and sick of the rain and sick of my whole entire being and sick of hockey...sick of hockey...crazy fucked-up love-of-my-life...

John Stevenson nods knowingly, staring at Doug.

JOHN STEVENSON

She's a terrific lady.

DOUG

I'm sorry to hear that.

Ogilvey unscrews the bottle cap.

GORD OGILVEY

Yeah it's pretty much the shitter.

Ogilvey takes a big gulp. Winces. Silence. Horrible silence.

Doug notices a small Korean guy PARK KIM, 20s, drinks a latte and reads from a medical textbook.

GORD OGILVEY (CONT'D)

Parky, left winger. Paying for his med school. Asians are an industrious people. I guess hockey is like math to him. The ice and pucks are like equations. Eh Parky?

PARK KIM

Fuck you, you old drunk bastard.

Park Kim doesn't even look up from his book. Then, the goalie MARCO BELCHIOR, stomps in, opens his locker. A piece of paper is taped to his locker: A picture of Belchior sprawling awkwardly in front of the net as a Photoshopped beach ball sails past him.

MARCO BELCHIOR
You cocksuckers!

OLEG AND EVGENI, the Russian defencemen, wearing only jock-
straps, burst into laughter.

EVGENI
Is beach ball because you no stop
even beach ball.

OLEG
Beach ball is bigger than puck. Is
why joke is.

MARCO BELCHIOR
Where's my fucking helmet?!

He starts searching his locker for this helmet.

GORD OGILVEY
(to Doug)
Starting goalie, Marco Belchior,
Belchy. He's Portugese, from
Montreal. So basically, he screams
a lot. Usually at the brothers,
Legs and Geno.

Oleg and Evgeni throw Marco's helmet back and forth, humping
it. The helmet has an AIR-BRUSHED photo of MARCO'S MOTHER on
it.

OLEG
We skull fuck your mother.

Geno tosses the helmet back at Belchior

MARCO BELCHIOR
You, green blooded maybe if
you did your fucking jobs I
wouldn't have the worst fucking
goals against in the league! I'm a
goalie for fuck's sake! I shouldn't
have to worry about getting
bodychecked!

The Russians laugh, high five each other and walk away. As
Doug moves in to introduce himself to Belchior, he looks at
Stevenson. Stevenson shakes his head "no". Doug agrees.

DOUG
How about Laflamme...Xavier
Laflamme?...he's my roommate...

Ogilvey smirks at that.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Where is he at? He usually come late to practice?

GORD OGILVEY

Late? Xavier Laflamme hasn't been to a practice in 2 fucking seasons. He's probably getting some stripper pregnant in a hot tub.

DOUG

Oh.

Ogilvey polishes off his bottle and pats Doug on the shoulder.

GORD OGILVEY

Welcome to the Highlanders, kid.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - LATER

We are mid way into Doug's first practice as a Highlander. The practice is predictably bad. Only a few HIGHLANDERS -- Ogilvey, Stevenson, Park -- actually apply themselves. RONNIE HORTENSE, 60s, Coach and GM of the Highlanders, runs drills. Doug tries skating a puck through pylons but keeps losing it. Ronnie watches Doug intently.

Ogilvey takes shots on Belchior. Belchior keeps making big, exaggerated displays; flailing himself awkwardly in front of the net. He makes very few saves. Then Oleg and Evgeni start firing pucks at Belchior at the same time.

MARCO BELCHIOR

You motherfuckers!

EVGENI

Yes, yes, we fuck your mother.

Belchior goes sprawling, his stick makes a resounding CLACK-ACK!!! as it drops to the ice. Belchior gets to his feet and chases after the Russians, who just giggle and mumble to each other. They literally skate circles around him.

RONNIE HORTENSE

Jesus Murphy.

Ronnie blows his whistle and stops the depressing display.

RONNIE HORTENSE (CONT'D)

Okay boys. That'll do.

Everyone funnels into the locker room. Ronnie stops Doug.

RONNIE HORTENSE (CONT'D)
Glatt. How you feeling?

DOUG
(nervous)
Uhh, I wasn't too good on some of those drills. I can't raise the puck yet.

RONNIE HORTENSE
And you probably never will. Doug I don't really care if you can shoot, pass or even skate. You have one job on this team kid: protect the boys who can. Specifically Laflamme. You go out there and you bang, create room for him to breathe and do his thing. Maybe Frenchie stops playing like a pussy and more like the first rounder he's supposed to be. You're his guardian, you understand me?

DOUG
Uhh, yes sir. I believe so.

RONNIE HORTENSE
Good on you. Rollie sent me tapes of you doing your thing. You're a god damned one man army. You've got balls in spades kid.
(looks at his team)
Not like the rest of these apathetic buggers.

Ronnie pats a confused Doug on the back and walks away.

INT. APARTMENT - DOUG'S ROOM - NIGHT

Doug sits at his computer on "Wikipedia". He tries to type in the word "apathetic", but keeps spelling it wrong. Finally he gets it right. The definition appears on the screen: Feeling or showing a lack of interest or concern; indifferent.

DOUG
(nodding attentively)
Yes. Yes of course.

In the background we hear House music blaring. The door to Doug's room swings open revealing Xavier wearing nothing but sunglasses and tighty whiteys. Xavier burps up a little something, wipes his mouth and laughs.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Hi Xavier.

Xavier walks away. Doug types in Xavier Laflamme on Google.

"TWINKLE TWINKLE FALLEN STAR: Will Xavier Laflamme ever bounce back?" Paparazzi photos of Laflamme at parties, looking hungover at the airport and Laflamme walking down the tunnel in a Highlanders sweater dejected.

I/E. HALIFAX HIGHLANDERS LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

We're behind Laflamme, hood up, wearing headphones blaring Euro Trance as we follow him through the tunnel and into the room. He goes straight to his locker, without acknowledging anyone. He gets dirty looks from some of his teammates. He takes off his clothes.

Everyone is suiting up for the game. Doug is nervous and excited, constantly nodding his head and looking around.

Ogilvey sits, leaning against the wall with his eyes closed. He takes a swig from his plastic bottle. John Stevenson sits beside him, staring at him in contented awe.

Doug notices that Xavier is staring daggers at him as he gets undressed. Doug looks away, embarrassed.

INT. HALIFAX HIGHLANDERS LOCKER ROOM - SOON AFTER

From overhead, we see the team exit the room. On the way out, they carelessly walk over the TEAM CREST painted on the floor. Someone hocks a loogie which lands smack dab in the middle of it. Doug notices.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - SOON AFTER

The Hamilton Steelers @ The Halifax Highlanders. The modest 10000 seat arena is about half filled with callous fans.

With music blaring, the Highlanders make their way to the ice. Ogilvey and Stevenson lead the pack, attempting to give high-fives to players as they take the ice. They're left hanging from every player, except Doug.

Doug skates around nervously, taking in the crowd.

The players line up for the National Anthem. A slightly overweight TEENAGE SINGER, 17, butchers the end of "O Canada" on the red carpet.

TEENAGE SINGER

"...I stand, on, guard, WITH,
YOUUUUUUU!!!"

She finishes by pointing her finger at the audience, turning a full 360. The crowd is put off by the display, but clap half-heartedly. Coach Ronnie is the only one cheering loudly. The players line up for the opening face-off.

INT. HALIFAX COLLISEUM PRESS BOOTH/SAME

We see RED McCAULEY, 80s, the Highlanders play by play man, sitting by his microphone. He is old, confused and angry.

RED McCAULEY

Well that was borderline treasonous
and a disgrace to our nation and
it's proud storied history. I'm
tired. My father didn't kick the
Nazis out of Holland just so-and
the puck drops! Face-off win for
Hamilton. Shaffir chips it back to
Hunter. Hunter carries it up the
wing.

The action starts.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - LATER

Ogilvey is on a line with Laflamme and Park. Oleg and Evgeni patrol the blue line. Belchior in goal. Laflamme skates around lazily, avoiding confrontation and effort. He quickly passes the puck away anytime a HAMILTON STEELER approaches him. Ogilvey keeps trying to make something happen.

GORD OGILVEY

Come on boys! Work those corners!
Keep her together!

JOHN STEVENSON

(from bench)
Yeah, keep her together boys!

Doug rides the end of the bench, filled with nervous energy, watching the game. He turns to the bored BACKUP GOALIE, who's blowing huge gum bubbles.

DOUG

Oh man, I'm so nervous.

BACKUP GOALIE

(condescendingly)
Why?

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - 2ND PERIOD

Doug still rides the bench, poised to jump in the play. He looks at Ronnie, who's concentrating on the game.

The Russians fail to back-check, leaving Belchior to face a 2 on 0 breakaway. The Hamilton Steeler #1 dishes it off for Hamilton Steeler #2 to one-time it, scoring five-hole.

The red light flashes and the Steelers skate behind the net to celebrate.

HAMILTON STEELER #1
(taunting)
Five-hole!!! Five-hole!!!

Belchior is livid. He takes off his mask and sips water. The Russians lazily skate by him, amused by Belchior's anger.

OLEG
Five-hole.

EVGENI
Yes. Five-hole.

MARCO BELCHIOR
GOD DAMN IT!!! You fucking slavic
mongoloid bastards! Fuck you both!

Marco hurls his stick at the boards. The Russians laugh as they skate back to the bench.

OLEG (IN RUSSIAN)
I am hungry.

EVGENI (IN RUSSIAN)
I could eat.

The score reads: 1-0.

INT. HALIFAX HIGHLANDERS LOCKER ROOM - 2ND INTERMISSION

In between periods, the boys are downtrodden. Ogilvey tries to rally the troops, Stevenson standing eagerly behind him. Nobody is in the mood to listen except Doug.

GORD OGILVEY
Alright boys, we're still in this
thing. We just need a quick one. We
go out there and give 110 per cent,
they work hard, we'll work hard,
everybody will work hard.
(claps)
(MORE)

GORD OGILVEY (CONT'D)
 Alright boys, let's get our legs
 under us and go to work!

JOHN STEVENSON
 Alright boys, you heard the man:
 legs and Work....

The uninspired players mope through the tunnel.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - 3RD PERIOD

Doug sits on the bench, slightly disheartened. He keeps
 looking up at the clock. The Backup Goalie leans over.

BACKUP GOALIE
 (smirking)
 Still nervous?

Doug shrugs at him and looks back to the action.

Evgeni sends a stretch pass to Laflamme, who has a breakaway.
 An enormous HAMILTON DEFENCEMAN back checks, just gaining on
 Laflamme. Laflamme looks over his shoulder.

HAMILTON DEFENSEMAN
 What's up bitch?

Laflamme is startled and loses the handle. The puck slides
 into the corner. Park skates to retrieve it, when...
 CRNCCH!!!! Park is elbowed in the face by the Hamilton
 Defenseman. All his equipment gets scattered across the ice.
 Park's body lands on the ice with a THUD, knocking the wind
 out of his lungs. The play stops and Park Kim is helped back
 to the bench by Ogilvey. Upon arrival we see Kim immediately
 start tending to himself.

RONNIE
 Where's the fucking call?!

Ronnie points to his elbow. When he knows he's not getting
 the call, he throws down his clipboard and looks at Doug. He
 leans over Doug and gives him "the tap".

RONNIE (CONT'D)
 (in Doug's ear)
 Number 23. Light him up.

Doug grabs his stick and hops over the boards. After the face-
 off, we track Doug, honed in on the Hamilton Defenseman, who
 is shit-talking and agitating Laflamme. Even skating
 forwards, Doug isn't fast enough to reach the backward
 skating Hamilton Defenseman. Doug eventually gets in between
 them and the Hamilton Defenseman ignores Laflamme and starts
 chirping at Doug.

HAMILTON DEFENSEMAN

Who the fuck are you? What's up
fish? You want some?

They both drop the gloves. The refs quickly whistle the play dead. The tired crowd is jostled out of their malaise, as the fighters circle each other. We see this fact register on Xavier LaFlamme's face.

RED MCCAULEY (V.O.)

Looks like Ronnie Hortense is
looking for a little spark to
ignite his team.

The Hamilton Defenseman tries to get Doug to flinch,
repeatedly stepping in as if he's about to punch.

HAMILTON DEFENSEMAN

Bring it motherfucker.

CRNCCHH! -- Doug one-punches the Defenceman, knocking him out!

The hometown fans erupt into a genuine applause, much to the shock of Laflamme, who takes notice. The Linesmen skate over and escort Doug to the penalty box. At the Halifax bench, all the Highlanders hit the boards with their sticks, applauding Doug. Park smiles in awe and mouths the words "thank you" to Doug. Doug sits in the box and awkwardly mouths the words "you are welcome" back to him.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - SOON AFTER

The clock reads 1:52 in the 3rd period.

Doug gets out of the penalty box, the puck deep in Hamilton's zone. Ronnie motions for Doug to return to the bench. But as he skates past center, 2 HAMILTON FORWARDS suddenly break out of their zone with only 1 Halifax Defenceman back.

MARCO BELCHIOR

Oh for fuck's- IT'S HAPPENING
AGAIN!!!

Marco Belchior tries to ready himself for the impending disaster. With Doug at center ice Stevenson hops over the boards to replace him.

2 enormous Hamilton Forwards, their eyes obscured by Ovechkin style tinted visors, carve the ice into shimmering mist. They rocket towards Doug at center ice.

72 fps:

- A decision washes across Doug's face as he stays on the ice and starts skating backwards, with the two forwards barreling down on him.

- Confusion on the Halifax bench as Stevenson hears his teammates shouting at him that Doug is in the play. Coach Ronnie is livid. Stevenson races to get back over the boards before a ref notices.

- Too late. A ref's hand shoots up, signifying a delayed penalty. The Hamilton goalie leaves the ice, and another Steeler forward joins the rush off the bench.

- The 2 Forwards enter the Halifax zone, passing back and forth.

- Marco Belchior moves side to side, guessing which of the forwards will shoot. He sets himself on the right side.

- With adrenaline coursing through his veins, Doug closes in on one of the Forwards. The Forward dangles the puck, Doug commits to a stick check and is completely undressed by him. He doesn't even come close, falls and smacks his chin on the ice, biting his tongue.

- The Hamilton Forward sends a pass under the other sprawled out Halifax D-man, towards the middle.

- Belchior's eyes widen. He desperately slides across to the left side.

- The other Hamilton Forward is poised for a one-timer. He leans into the shot, his stick bending on the ice. Takes it.

- The puck flies towards the left corner. It sails past Belchior's extended glove hand and PING! The puck ricochets off the crossbar back out to the slot. The trailing sixth Steeler, winds up and slaps the rebound into the net.

The red goal light flashes on. They score.

Back to 24 f/ps. The crowd boos.

RED MCCAULEY (V.O.)

He scores! A Hamilton goal late in the 3rd on a delayed penalty. It looks like Halifax will choke out yet another loss. I've heard this song before folks, on my wedding night and it's been stuck on repeat ever since... Our bashful bride Glatt can't wear white no more.

Doug, humiliated, skates over to the bench spitting blood out of his mouth. Doug looks at his coach and teammates. He hangs his head.

EXT. HALIFAX HIGHLANDERS TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

The players walk single-file down the tunnel to a chorus of muffled boos from the crowd.

INT. HALIFAX HIGHLANDERS LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Doug stares at the Team Crest on the floor, avoiding eye contact with his teammates. Ronnie enters, spitting angry.

RONNIE HORTENSE

Glatt! That was the closest we've come to winning a game all month, and you just fucked us. When I tell you to get off the ice, get off the fucking ice! It's one thing to lose, it's a whole other thing to get your ass handed to you because of sheer fucking stupidity. You are here to fight Glatt.

Xavier lets a laugh out.

RONNIE HORTENSE (CONT'D)

(to Xavier)

Hey pretty boy, you think that's funny? Funny ha ha, like flushing a five million dollar contract up your nose? Or funny peculiar, like Doug here. Get your shit together.

Ronnie storms out and we hear a crash from outside. Doug feels awful. Ogilvey pats him on the back.

Xavier watches from his locker fuming. He spits on the floor as everybody resumes taking off their equipment. After a few beats Doug grabs his towel, gets down on his knee and wipes the spit off the logo.

INT. BAR - LATER

The Highlanders drown their sorrows at a crowded bar. The team is spread out in cliques. Doug sits at a table with Ogilvey and Stevenson. Ogilvey is shit drunk.

DOUG
I'm so sorry boys.

GORD OGILVEY
(Slurring)
Nonsense. You made a go of it bud.
Be proud. You tried. You didn't
just... walk away and... divorce me
as soon as the going got a bit
tough... Yes I like being drunk.
Does that mean I'm an alcoholic?
(to Stevenson)
Go gather the troops. It's time for
that thing we talked about earlier.

Stevenson sets off on his mission. He approaches Laflamme, wearing sunglasses, who ignores him and continues flirting with skankyish girls, KELLY and RACHEL, 20s. Laflamme motions for them to follow him into the washroom. They giggle and oblige.

Stevenson rounds up the Russians, Belchior, the Backup Goalie Park Kim and the others. They surround Doug.

GORD OGILVEY (CONT'D)
Time to welcome Doug to the team,
officially...

JOHN STEVENSON
Through coercive initiation
tactics.

DOUG
Oh. Okay. What do you want me to
do?

Ogilvey raises a finger in the air like he's about to say something, then passes out, his head hits the table. John Stevenson pets him gently.

JOHN STEVENSON
(whispers in his ear)
Sleep peaceful old wanderer.

EVGENI
We should sign his dick. Everyone
sign his dick. Like with Oleg and
Dynamo!

Oleg pulls out a magic marker.

DOUG
I'll be honest. I'm not gonna let
that happen.

OLEG
Why not?! Why make big deal?!

BELCHOIR.
It's a little gay.

OLEG
(defensive)
Is not gay if you're brothers.

INT. BAR - LATER

Doug sits at a booth with Kelly and Rachel, who are making
out obnoxiously with Legs and Geno. Doug, feeling awkward,
grabs his jacket and starts to leave.

The door to the bar swings open, and Eva (23) emerges on her
cell phone.

EVA (ON THE PHONE)
Yeah no, you're breaking up. I
can't hear, I said ... no... NO.
Still shit. You still sound like a
fucking robot.

Eva sits down at the booth across from Doug. Doug just
stares at her.

EVA (CONT'D)
Okay. We'll yeah.... we'll talk
tomorrow. I said WE'LL. TALK.
TOMORROW. Okay, you too ... Me too.

She hangs up.

EVA (CONT'D)
Jesus that sucked.

KELLY
(still making out)
You want some fucking Jameson?

EVA
I think we both know the answer to
that question.

Eva downs a shot like a champ.

A really drunk guy, REG, 23, stumbles up to the booth with a pint that he keeps spilling.

REG
Hey ladies! Get. FUNKY!

He goes to kiss Eva, she pushes him and he falls accidentally dousing Eva in shitty beer.

EVA
What the fuck?!!

Reg gets to his feet, giggling. When he sees what he did to Eva he bursts out laughing.

REG
Holy shit, you smell like a hobo.

EVA
Moron.

Doug hands his jacket to Eva.

DOUG
Here. You can use this like a towel to dry off.

EVA
Uhhh...

DOUG
It's okay. It's made of the same stuff they make snow suits out of.

EVA
.... Thank you.

Eva starts trying to dry herself off with Doug's jacket. It's awkward looking. Everything about the situation makes Reg laugh even harder. Doug turns to him.

DOUG
Please apologize to her. You soiled her with ale.

REG
Fuck that! She should apologize to me for being a-

And with that KABOOM!!! Doug throws a mean right hook right into Reg's drunken yapping jaw. Reg hits the ground like a bag of garbage.

INT. CROWDED BAR - SOON AFTER

Doug sits with Eva. It's a bit awkward because beside him sits Reg, the guy he punched, a horrible shell shocked glare in his eyes. His face is all bruised and swollen.

EVA

Really, it's okay. You were being nice when you hit my friend.

DOUG

Ahh Jesus. I really didn't know he was your friend.

(concerned for Reg)

Listen, I'm really sorry I hit you.

Reg gives a terrified thumbs up and shakes his head a lot.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Aww Jesus.

Doug turns back to Eva, who is giggling a little at how frightened Reg is.

DOUG (CONT'D)

So, uh, what was your name?

EVA

Eva.

DOUG

Well, it's a pleasure to meet you Eva. And Reg was it?

REG

Yeah sure man. Whatever you want.

DOUG

Tonight drinks on me. Doug. I am Doug. Drinks are on me.

INT. BAR - CLOSING TIME

The bar has cleared out a bit. The energy at the table is sloppy. Kelly and Rachel are passed out on Legs and Geno, Reg takes terrified squirrel like sips as he stares at Doug and Eva who drunkenly hit it off. They lean into each other.

DOUG

Eva's a great name.

EVA

Yes sir. Like the bible, just with
a bit more...sexy...kinda mustard
on it...

Eva takes a big sip of her drink.

DOUG

Sexy mustard, that's the best kind.
I got Doug so I guess all I have is
like some shitty ole relish or
something.

EVA

No, you're more...potatoes. "Doug"
is definitely potatoes.

DOUG

Eva, I like potatoes.

EVA

...french fries.

DOUG

Eva, french fries are delicious.

EVA

Yeah, french fries are the fucking
best. You keep saying my name a
lot.

DOUG

Aw, shit, sorry.

EVA

No, it's cute.

DOUG

I can't help it. It's a very pretty
name, Eva, I really like your name,
It's a pretty name like your face
which is also pretty.

Clearly, these people are drunk as shit.

EVA

Aww...you're very nice to me.
(takes a swig)

Doug, I dig hockey players. This
shit, all of it, I won't lie.

The LIGHTS go on. Doug and Eva squint their eyes.

EXT. PIZZA CORNERS - SOON AFTER

Doug and Eva are sloshed, arm in arm, walking down the street. They're eating big slices of pizza.

DOUG
You're so beautiful. I'm sorry.
I'll stop.

EVA
No, it's fine. I told you it's
cute. Who doesn't like being told
they're beautiful?

Doug thinks about this.

DOUG
Charlie Sheen.

EVA
What?

DOUG
I remember reading something in one
of those little free magazines they
give you at the movie theatre and
it said Charlie wants to be taken
seriously as an actor...not just
because he's good looking.

EVA
Ew. Charlie Sheen's not good
looking.

DOUG
You're crazy! Charlie Sheen is very
handsome. Ira always had a crush on
him ever since NAVY SEALS. Charlie
Sheen that's a punnum.

Eva laughs. Doug stares at her, doe-eyed.

DOUG (CONT'D)
I like Eva.

EVA
(smiling)
You do eh?

DOUG
Yes ma'am.

EVA
Well okay fine I like Doug too. Eva
likes Doug. Eva likes you.

DOUG
Really?!

She finds his ignorance of that obvious fact adorable. They stop in front of a town house.

EVA
This is me.

DOUG
(taking a stab)
How does Eva feel about
kissing?

EVA
Which type?

DOUG
French.

Eva smiles. She leans forward and kisses him while he still has pizza in his mouth.

DOUG (CONT'D)
So...uh...could I like call you, or
something? Would you kindly do
me...no...I would like to see you
again.

Suddenly Eva has a change of conscience, as if she remembers something. She opens her door.

Eva
Uhh...I don't...know if that's the
best idea...shit...

DOUG
I'll make you a deal. If you give
me your number I promise you I will
never ever call it.

EVA
(giggling)
Yeah?

Eva stares at Doug. She writes her number on his hand.

DOUG
Sweet, Now can I give you my
number?

EVA
...yes.

She puts Doug into her phone.

EVA (CONT'D)

Here, let's take a pic for your number.

Doug puts his arm around Eva as she stretches the phone out in front of her to take a picture. She presses the button. The phone squawks "SAY CHEESE" and snaps the photo. They look at the pic: it's blurry and dark and Doug is smiling like a fool, his eyes half shut. Eva is yawning.

DOUG

Perfect.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

On TV, we see footage of Reardon stepping off a TEAM BUS in St. John's Newfoundland. He's clearly the veteran amongst a group of younger players.

SPORTSCASTER

After serving his 20 game suspension, Ross "the Boss" Reardon was assigned to the St. John's Shamrocks -- the AHL farm club where he began his storied career. A career that, many suspect, is drawing to a close.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - NIGHT

The Windsor Wheelers @ The Halifax Highlanders. The score reads 6-1 for the visitors. We see the opening face-off for the 3rd period.

GORD OGILVEY

Let's go boys! Fresh sheet of ice!

JOHN STEVENSON

That's right boys! Really, really fresh!

The Highlanders on the bench groan, quite used to Ogilvey's hollow words of encouragement.

GORD OGILVEY

Only a 5 goal deficit boys. We just need a goal every 4 minutes...keep wheeling...play your game..You smell that air boys? That ventilation system? This arena has probably the best ventilation in the Atlantic division.

JOHN STEVENSON

That's right boys! Breathe it in!

A WINDSOR FORWARD easily enters the zone and lets off a weak wrist shot from the hash marks. It sails past Belchior's glove hand into the net. 7-1. Belchior stares at his glove. Shakes his head.

On the bench, the players hang their heads. Except Doug, who keeps looking at Ronnie. Ronnie switches back and forth between Doug and the ice.

RONNIE HORTENSE

For fuck's sake would you stop staring at me kid, you're really weirding me out.

DOUG

Sorry sir.

RONNIE HORTENSE

Look you showed a lot of fucking hustle. Nobody's mad at ya for that. You just did a really stupid thing and cost us the whole game.

DOUG

Yes, yes sir I know. I-

RONNIE HORTENSE

Just next time I tell you to do something you fucking do it. You do exactly what I say.

DOUG

Yes sir. Of course sir.

RONNIE HORTENSE

Jesus stop saying that you sound like a fucking militia nut.

We see a huge Wheeler called OLDFIELD, late 20s, barrel into Laflamme crosschecking him backwards into the boards. Oldfield gets sent to the box. On the way, he laughs and flexes his arms at Doug.

OLDFIELD

Hey dickweed, you try any of that pussy ass shit you did against Hamilton on me I'll fucking light your ass up!

Ronnie looks at the 2:00 penalty time on the jumbotron.

RONNIE HORTENSE

Okay, Glatt. Time to make it up to us.

Doug immediately shoots up and Ronnie pulls him back down to the bench.

RONNIE HORTENSE (CONT'D)

This time, when you get out of the box, I don't care if you have a fucking breakaway on an empty god damned net, you skate right fuckin back here. Got it? Now when I say so, go wait outside the box for that ugly bugger.

DOUG

Yes sir.

INT. HALIFAX COLLISEUM - MOMENTS LATER

Park Kim has th puck. Doug watches the penalty clock anxiously, but can't help himself. He leaps onto the ice with 0:16 seconds left in Oldfield's penalty. Ronnie grabs Park Kim and pulls him onto the bench awkwardly.

RONNIE HORTENSE

Doug! What the fuck?!

DOUG

Ahh! Sorry! I know! Should I come back?

RONNIE HORTENSE

No god damn it! Just go for fuck's sake!

Doug skates over to the penalty box and waits for the final 0:08 seconds to expire. Oldfield stares at Doug, confused. The door opens and as soon as he steps onto the ice, Oldfield throws up his gloves and lunges at Doug, raining a barrage of punches down on him.

OLDFIELD

You fucking take it you motherfucker! Eat it! Fucking eat it! Light your ass up!

Doug holds up his hands and looks at Ronnie, hesitant to do anything without express permission.

RONNIE HORTENSE

What are you doing?! FUCKING HIT HIM!!!

And with that, Doug throws a flurry of rapid punches. Oldfield is overwhelmed and turns his head away to protect his face throwing blind punches as the fighters glide towards the boards.

Fed up, Doug punches Oldfield in the back of the head. Oldfield's face smashes into glass, leaving a bloody streak as he slides down the boards onto the ice.

A YOUNG GIRL in the first row sees the blood. She takes a bite of her hot dog and smiles.

The Halifax Crowd cheers. Doug looks up at the jumbotron and sees his face. The crowd cheers louder. Doug nods and smiles humbly. Xavier watches.

INT. BAR-THAT NIGHT

It's a few hours into drinking and at present the team are all engaged in their sad drunken routine of calling their girls. Doug watches, makes a decision. He exits the bar.

EXT. BAR-CONTINUOUS

Doug takes out his cell phone. Dials a number.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. EVA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eva is drinking beer and flipping channels alongside some GUY, 20s. Her phone rings. She looks at it and sees "DOUG CALLING" as the horrible drunk picture they took pops up.

EVA
Oh, fuck me.

GUY
Done and done.

She fake laughs and stares at the phone, not sure what to do. She shakes her head "no", but then answers the phone anyway.

EVA
(wary)
...hello?

DOUG
Yeah hi Eva...is this Eva...is Eva there please?

EVA
....yeah. Speaking.

DOUG
Hi there Eva it's Doug. I know I said I promised I'd never call and I'm not breaking my promise, it's just your number looks like my friends number and so like I wasn't sure which was which and I didn't want to, like, try to call my friend and then bother you when I meant to call my friend so I just needed to check. I'm simply checking. I'm sorry. So how's it going?

EVA
sigh...fine. I'm fine. How are you?

DOUG
I'm good thank you, yourself?

EVA
Yeah, yeah, like I said...fine.

A bit of an awkward silence. Eva glances at the Guy who is laughing at a cell phone commercial. She shudders a bit.

DOUG
Ah...so, what are you up to? I'm with the team at the bar, I think your friends are coming. You wanna join us?

Eva gets a little flustered. Looks at the empty bottles around her.

EVA
I...uhhh... well I've been trying to cut my drinking down. You know trying to be a good girl. Trying. The other night, was kind of I don't know nostalgia. It was a one off.

DOUG
Oh. Okay, well we don't have to hang out with the whole team. It could just be, you know, you and me.

EVA
Look, it's really late Doug.

DOUG
Oh yeah. You're probably right.
That's cool. But maybe...we can
uhhh.... have coffee or...
sometime.

She really just wants this conversation to be over.

EVA
Um...sure. I guess we can do that.

Doug smiles, nods and pumps his fist in the air.

DOUG
Great! I don't drink coffee. I
could just have, like, a Gatorade.

EVA
Awesome. Okay, see you then.

DOUG
Not if I see you....uhh then. Bye
Eva.

They hang up. Eva sighs then turns to look at her company for the evening.

EVA
Wanna bang?

GUY
Yup!

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Doug walks out of the shower to see Xavier lying spread eagle on the couch listening to "Bounce Avec Le 83" by Taktika. He's buck naked. A joint hangs from his mouth. Doug, soaking wet, tries to avert his gaze.

XAVIER
You getting water all on the place
fuck!

DOUG
Shit, you're right...I'll just go
to the-

Xavier sighs and starts waving his hand and shaking his head.

XAVIER
...no...you don't...ahh...who gives
the fuck?

Xavier feels around under the couch and pulls out a yellowed dirty old pair of tighty whities. He puts them on.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Xavier picks up the joint.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Pot?

Doug stares at it. Doug cracks a beer and a Chunky Soup.

DOUG

Oh, no thanks...beer. Beer and soup. So you didn't feel like going out with the boys tonight?

XAVIER

(scoffs)

Bah. They are not my boys.

Xavier takes a huge toke. There's an awkward silence.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Eh, Doug...you tell me something...I want to know...please...in the match...in the last game...fuck...you're a crazy motherfucker ostie!!! Bam! You fucking beat him!

DOUG

Thanks. Yeah, I beat him alright.

XAVIER

Yeah...

(long beat)

...why you do that?

DOUG

Huh?

XAVIER

Why you go fight like that? Why? Why you go help and protect these guys? You don't even know these guys...you don't know me. Why you fucking fight for guys you don't know? Where's that come from?

Doug thinks really hard about it. He shrugs.

DOUG

I don't know. Coach puts me out there to fight. It's my job. Plus, you know, I wanna stand up for my teammates.

Xavier scoffs and shakes his head.

XAVIER

Wait...wait...you...you just got here okay? You wait...you wait some time and then you tell me you feel the same...okay? D'accord?

DOUG

Okay. D'accord.

XAVIER

Okay...

Xavier gets up and goes to the kitchen. He opens one of the drawers and pulls out a pill bottle half filled with blue tablets. He takes one. Doug watches.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

What?

DOUG

What are those?

Xavier tosses Doug the pill bottle and heads for his room.

XAVIER

Ecstasy. I always take ecstasy before I sleep. Bonne nuit.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - NIGHT

Moncton Lords @ Halifax Highlanders. Late in a game, tied 2-2. Halifax is on the power play. Laflamme stands up, expecting to take the ice. Ronnie sits him back down and turns to Doug.

DOUG

Who am I supposed to fight?

RONNIE HORTENSE

No one. All I need you to do is park your ass in front of the net and screen the goalie.

Doug nods and hops over the boards. In the opposing team's zone, Ogilvey wins the face-off and throws it back to the point. Doug parks himself in front of the net, the goalie can't see around him. An opposing Defenceman cross-checks Doug in the back but he holds his ground. Park Kim fires a shot from the point and scores! Doug throws up his hands. The crowd goes ballistic. Pandemonium at the Halifax bench, except Xavier who is stewing in his own juices.

INT. HALIFAX COLLISEUM/LATER

Halifax is up 3-2 with :34 to go. Oleg pinches in the offensive zone but the puck squirts out behind him. LAFLAMME'S CHECK pounces on it; Laflamme passively watches him blow by. A 2 on 1 shapes up with Evgeni playing sound defence, taking away the passing lane. Belchior skates to the top of his crease as Laflamme's Check slaps it top corner. Belchior makes a miraculous glove save! Belchior stares up at the clock as it ticks down to zero, and then throws his equipment in the air. The Highlanders skate over, unsure of how to celebrate (it's been so long since a win). They awkwardly congratulate each other. Belchior kisses Doug on the cheek.

MARCO BELCHIOR
This guy! This fucking guy!

EXT. HALIFAX STREET - GREY MORNING

Doug, hair-gelled, wearing a new paisley dress shirt and khakis, cradles a bag with flowers poking out as he scans the cafes. He spots it: "The Other Coffee Shop". Doug smiles. He breathes in deep and enters.

INT. THE OTHER COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The place is dimly lit and packed with HIPSTERS, 20s-30s, and piles of old books. All the Hipsters look up at Doug when he walks in. Doug smiles and nods politely. He scans the cafe and spots Eva. He waves hi and walks over.

DOUG
HEY!!!

Eva's face goes white and she crouches down a little as all the Hipsters watch the big lug make his way over.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Hi Eva! You look pretty.

Instantly Eva's puts her hands to her face and darts up from the table.

EVA

Ijusthavetogotothewashroomonesec.

Eva walks away briskly before Doug has a chance to say anything. Doug sits down and puts the bag of stuff on the table. He rethinks it and hides it by his feet. Doug looks around at the staring uppity Hipsters. Eva comes back and sits down. She takes a deep breath.

EVA CONT'D)

Look, I liked making out with you. It was fun but what happened between us the other night was, again, like I said it was a one off. I'm sorry, I'm not trying to be mean. I don't want you to think I'm a bad person.

DOUG

I don't think of you that way.

EVA

Okay good. Cause I'm trying. It's just time, to fucking be responsible and do the right thing and fuck I'm a terrible person. Just, awful. I'm a fuck up. You should just...

DOUG

Jesus Eva, don't say that.

EVA

I just, I'm a very bad girlfriend.

DOUG

Don't say- girlfriend?

EVA

Oh...yeah...I have a boyfriend. Which is awesome. Fuck. He's nice enough, never did anything wrong to me but he's away... a lot. And you know, my friends, we used to... we still get in a lot of trouble and I gotta stop. At a certain point you gotta just make a go of it you know. When we made out, Jesus all we did was make out, anyway, it was a mistake. I'm sorry, really sorry, you're actually nice and I'm being a huge bitch.

The blood drains out of Doug's face.

Doug
...Jesus. So...I guess it would be
kinda weird if I gave you these
chocolates, this flower and this
stuffed animal I brought you.

Doug picks up the bag and puts it on the table.

EVA
Aw man.

DOUG
It's not really a stuffed
animal...it's a stuffed Angus, the
Halifax Highlander. He's the mascot
of the team I play for. It's just a
little toy. It's official so...

EVA
Aw man...Doug...I'm sorry...

DOUG
What? Hey, no, no, don't worry
about it. Please, it's fine, your
boyfriend's a lucky guy.

EVA
No. Trust me, he really isn't.

DOUG
I think he is. I should probably
go, I'll leave you be. It was
really nice to see you again. Good
luck. With your.... endeavors.

Doug gets up, he picks up the bag.

DOUG (CONT'D)
You should probably still take this
bag, I got it for you. If your
boyfriend likes hockey, he might
like the Angus toy. It's official
so, okay bye Eva.

EVA
Bye Doug.

Doug heads to the front door. Out of nowhere outside it
starts to rain buckets of horrible freezing rain.

DOUG
Ahh, Jesus.

For a moment Doug just stands there trying to get his bearings. His shoulders slump a little. Then he starts walking into the pouring rain.

Eva watches Doug get soaked. She looks down at the pile of gifts on the table. It's all very pathetic. She looks back at him as a gust of wind blows a pile of garbage into his face.

EVA
Fuck me, Angus.

Eva quickly gathers up her stuff; throwing down a fiver.

INT. EVA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Awkward. Doug cleans his face with tiny wet naps as rain pours down on the car.

DOUG
...so, yeah that Angus toy is official so it's like a collector's item. It could be worth something someday. What I'm saying is that you can do a lot worse.

EVA
Yeah, yeah I know. You keep saying.

DOUG
You're right, I do. I'm sorry.

EVA
No...I'm sorry.

DOUG
That was so gross how that garbage blew in my face. I think there was blue cheese in there. At least I think it was blue cheese.

Eva is thoroughly disgusted. She hands him another wet nap.

EVA
That's really gross.

DOUG
Yeah it's disgusting...it's not the first time it's happened either.

EVA
What?

DOUG

Yeah, it's not the first time wind blew garbage into my face.

EVA

What the hell are you talking about?

DOUG

One time, my friends built this bike ramp behind the medical centre, and one day it was my turn and it was really windy and there was this big pile of medical waste and like I started peddling really fast and just as I got to the top of the ramp the wind like blew really hard and all these bloody rags blew into my face. And like I crashed into the dumpster and started rolling around in the medical waste cause I was like so disoriented. Broke my ankle in 3 places. Plus I fell on this big bag of pee and it opened up all over me. My friends laughed their asses off. And I had to get all these tests done after to make sure I didn't get diseases. I didn't. Don't worry.

Eva can't help but laugh.

DOUG (CONT'D)

You think it's funny too?

EVA

(laughing)

Yes, very much so.

DOUG

Yeah, it was horrible. This is me up here.

Eva stops the car in front of Doug's apartment building.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Um, okay, so...thanks for the lift.

EVA

Yeah, you're welcome. It was nice seeing you.

DOUG

Nice seeing you too. Bye, Eva.

EVA

Doug...

Eva leans over and kisses him on the lips again. He pulls back.

DOUG

.... boyfriend.

EVA

Right my boyfriend.

Doug gets out of the car and walks up to his door. He turns to look at her once more. And with that, Eva finally drives off into the day.

INT. PUBLIC ACCESS TV STUDIO - NIGHT

Another episode of everyone's favorite crappy sports show "Hot Ice". Pat is now experimenting with AFTER EFFECTS program to up the production value. It still looks like shit. He stands beside a chart labeled "Top 10 Enforcers In the AHL". It has 10 pictures of hockey PLAYERS, 20s-30s, with their names above their photos.

PAT

Alright gang, welcome back to Hot Ice. Ralphie...Ralph Jacobs, I know you're watching...get your hand out of your pants and listen up. Now as some of you may know, after a somewhat -shall we say- bumpy start, local hero and best personal friend of mine, Dougie the Thuggie Glatt has been fucking tearing it up in the AHL. Sure, it was all a bit bittersweet to see Dougie leave the Orangetown Assassins-

A bad 747 airplane graphic flies across the screen.

PAT (CONT'D)

-but, ladies and gentlemen, when fate comes calling, you answer the motherfucker. But before he reaches glory, the likes of Ross the Boss Reardon...

A picture of the Boss appears over Pat and then fades away.

PAT (CONT'D)
 ...he'll have to sharpen his teeth
 on tough guys like Kenjeev,
 Huntington, Simard, Saunders, to
 name a few. I put together this
 chart so we can track his progress.

A surprisingly good CG image of a graph that charts Doug's ascent appears directly behind Pat.

PAT (CONT'D)
 My prediction is that Doug will
 beat the fuck out of each of these
 bastards one by one. And what do
 you know, my prediction is already
 coming true since Doug fuckin
 dummied toothless Saunders last
 night and we have tape of the fight
 and well...fuck...you don't have to
 take my word for it!

Pat makes the Levar Burton "Reading Rainbow" gesture to the camera and:

Music Up: "Shut 'Em Down" by Onyx

- We see BETACAM footage of Doug, gloves off fists up, facing off against SAUNDERS, 27. Saunders taunts Doug over and over as he skates in circles around him. Doug just stands there waiting for his opportunity.

SAUNDERS
 (lisp due to no teeth)
 Come on bith! Come on bith! Do
 thumthing bith! Come on bi-

Doug starts throwing, but Saunders ties up his right arm.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)
 I got your right. Whatchu gonna do?

Doug quickly switches to his left and lands three huge bombs. His left is almost as strong as his right! He knocks out Saunders' last remaining tooth. Saunders legs fly out from under him and he crashes backwards onto the ice, unconscious.

-We see Pat making a gun with his hand. He aims it at a picture of Saunders, he "fires" and the photo explodes in an absurd graphical effect.

Reardon lines up against Saunders. They square off, grappling.

REARDON

What the fuck happened to your face?

SAUNDERS

Fuck you old man.

Reardon one punches him and dusts off his hands. He skates to the box, perplexed.

- In an away game, Doug is mid-fight with the gigantic Ukrainian enforcer, KENJEEV, 20s. Doug absorbs a few punches before jerseying him, and driving two uppercuts into KENJEEV's eyebrow. KENJEEV collapses to the ice. Doug skates into the penalty box. The crowd boos.

- We see Pat "blow up" KENJEEV's smiling head shot.

- Reardon attempts to bait Kenjeev into a fight. But the badly swollen Kenjeev doesn't want any piece of him. Reardon is pissed.

- Disregarding the play, Doug skates full speed out of the penalty box to the bench. Ronnie slaps Doug on the ass as he careens over the boards.

- We see the guys riding on the team bus watching footage of their most recent win. There is a newfound camaraderie in the air, with the exception of Xavier, who sits alone listening to his music. Oleg and Evgeni piss down a large, basketball-sized hole on the floor of the back of the bus. Belchior creeps up behind them and 5-stars their backs, causing them to piss on each others' legs. Everyone laughs.

- A LARGE FORWARD is bearing down on Laflamme who carries the puck. Doug steps in, violently hip-checking the LARGE FORWARD, opening up the ice for Laflamme to make a break. Though he has the space, Laflamme mishandles the puck and doesn't get a shot away. Laflamme is extremely frustrated.

- Before a face-off, Doug lines up on the wing next to Ogilvey and Laflamme. He looks at his match: a black player named HUNTINGTON, 26. They nod to each other. Civil.

HUNTINGTON

Hey man, so you wanna go?

DOUG

Yeah okay.

HUNTINGTON

Good luck.

DOUG
You too bud.

The puck is dropped and they immediately drop the gloves.

- We see Pat "blow up" Huntington's picture.
- We see Eva lying in bed with a DIFFERENT GUY, late 20s. He snores while she flips channels. She flips past a hockey game where Doug is beating up a scrappy fighter, O'MALLEY, 20s.

EVA
Whoa.

She flips back to the game. On TV Doug wins the fight, smiles as he skates to the box. We see Eva smile despite herself.

- Pat "blows up" a photo of O'Malley while doing an exaggerated pelvic thrust.
- We see the guys riding on the team bus watching footage of their most recent win. There is a newfound camaraderie in the air, with the exception of Xavier, who sits alone listening to his music.
- More and more fans are attending Halifax games.
- As Doug sits in the penalty box, rabid fans bang on the glass. There are several signs in that section which read: 'GLATT HOUSE' or 'GLATT IS HEBREW FOR FUCK YOU'.
- Quick shots of on-ice, post-game celebrations. Tapping helmets, congratulating Belchior, etc.
- The Highlanders exit their locker room. Everyone is careful to avoid stepping on the Team Logo on the floor. Xavier walks right over it.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - NIGHT

Sherbrooke Patriotes @ Halifax Highlanders. Doug skates out onto the ice with his teammates when he is suddenly struck in the head by a half-eaten pretzel! He looks up at the stands and sees PAT pointing and laughing at him.

PAT
PRETZEL BITCHES!

DOUG
PAT! What the hell?!

PAT
Fuckin' right, what the hell!
Recognize!

DOUG
'Course I recognize you!

PAT
Oh yeah? You recognize this
beautiful family o' yours?

Doug sees that Pat is sitting with Dr. and Mrs. Glatt, as well as Ira. They all wave to Doug, who is overjoyed to see them in the stands.

DOUG
Oh my god! This is the best! I am
so happy!

RONNIE HORTENSE
Glatt! What are you doing? For
Christ's sake! Get on the bench!

Doug's parents are a bit taken aback, but still excited for their son.

DOUG
I love you guys!

We see quick cuts of:

- Doug beats the shit out of a Sherbrooke player
- Doug gets punched in the face again and again
- The Glatts watch with increasing horror
- Pat cheers like a maniac

Doug looks up to his parents, smiles a bloody smile, and gives them the thumbs up. The crowd loves it.

INT. HALIFAX COLLISEUM - LATER

1:20 left in the game. All level at 1-1. We see Ogilvey and Doug on a 2 on 1 breakaway. Laflamme doesn't skate hard enough to join the rush. The hapless Sherbrooke DEFENCEMAN looks back and forth trying to out-guess his opponents. Doug's family watches, concerned for Doug's safety.

The Sherbrooke Defenceman settles on Ogilvey and skates towards him. At the last second Ogilvey passes to Doug who is so surprised he loses control of the puck, and in trying to regain it, performs an improbable and rather sloppy spin-o-rama move. The puck bounces off the goalie's face and into the net! The red light flashes! Doug has somehow scored. He is flabbergasted. The whole team is ecstatic...except for Xavier. Ira and Pat jump up and hug.

The stadium chants "THUG! THUG! THUG!". Ogilvey excitedly skates to the net and retrieves the puck. Doug's parents watch, out of place.

RED MCCAULEY (V.O.)

Ohhh Sally!!! There was a stewardess on that laser! The young son from Orangetown they call the Thug has improbably done it! And the Highlanders look like they might actually have a shot of making a run for the playoffs.

INT. HALIFAX HIGHLANDERS LOCKER ROOM - LATER

The team is in great spirits after a big win. Everyone cheers "HIGH-LAN-DERS!" except Xavier. Ronnie enters the room.

RONNIE HORTENSE

(over the cheering)

We're not there yet! Get some rest! Glatt, Laflamme, my office.

INT. RONNIE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Doug and Xavier walk into the office and stand in front of Ronnie's desk. Ronnie leans back in his chair, feet up.

RONNIE HORTENSE

Well, one of you has been impressing me with your play. And the other one hasn't. Either of you want to venture a guess as to who is who?

Doug and Xavier look at each other as Ronnie pops a peanut into his mouth.

RONNIE HORTENSE (CONT'D)

No? Alright. Laflamme, I'm ripping the A off your jersey. You don't deserve it, unless the A stands for asshole, which is how you've been playing out there. Glatt, you've just been promoted. Keep doing what you're doing.

Ronnie tosses Doug the GAME-WINNING PUCK, branded with a #1. Doug is incredibly honoured yet uncomfortable at the same time. Laflamme is seething angry and storms to the door.

RONNIE HORTENSE (CONT'D)
Laflamme, you can take this the
right way or the wrong way. Lady's
choice.

Laflamme slams the door. Doug shakes Ronnie's hand.

INT. TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

Doug rushes out after Laflamme.

DOUG
Xavier-

PAT (O.S.)
Dougie! You scored! You fuckin'
scored!

Doug turns to see Pat approaching with his family. Laflamme gets away.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Doug leads Pat and his parents down the cold, wet street. Mrs. Glatt looks at a bruise on Doug's face, concerned.

DOUG
Don't worry, Mom. This is nothing.
I get way worse. The guy on the
other team wasn't even that tough.
He was a real...Albee Cohen?

DR. GLATT
(shamefully shaking his
head)
No. He wasn't.

Doug is disappointed, but still buzzin' from the game.

DOUG
Anyways, this place is delicious.
The guy who runs it is really nice
and I think you'll love it. I know
how much you like middle eastern
food.

Mrs. Glatt is intrigued. Moments later, Doug stops them in front of a small, hole-in-the-wall restaurant adorned with numerous Lebanese flags called "UNCLE STEVIE'S FALAFEL HOUSE". Mrs. Glatt is instantly disappointed.

INT. UNCLE STEVIE'S FALAFEL HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Doug, Pat, and his parents sit around the only table in the restaurant. Some unsavory Lebanese gentlemen loiter in and out of the restaurant -- it's unclear who works there. A SIGNED PICTURE of Doug hangs on the wall next to the table, inscribed "This Thug's for you. And this falafel's for me". His parents gawk at it. Doug hands Pat the 'goal' puck.

PAT

Oh my god! I can't believe you
fucking scored man! Fucking raped
that guy's life!

Pat realizes he's sitting with Doug's parents.

PAT (CONT'D)

Aww shit...sorry...ahh I'm really
fucking sorry.

Pat hands the puck to Ira.

IRA

Thanks Pat. Good to see you. You're
a real breath of fresh air.

PAT

(sincere)
Thanks.

IRA

So...how much you think we can get
for this thing on E-bay?

Doug, Pat, and Ira laugh. Doug notices his parents aren't laughing.

DOUG

Well actually, I want to, uh...give
it to mom and dad.

Doug takes it from Ira and puts it in front of his parents. His parents look at it, but don't reach for it. There's an awkward silence. Luckily UNCLE STEVIE, 55, the exuberant Lebanese owner, comes to break it up.

UNCLE STEVIE

Ahh, Dougie! Glad to see you as
always, my friend...And this must
be your family.

(to parents)

He is my top customer. I see him
five times a week! How do you think
he keeps this beautiful body?

Uncle Stevie grabs Doug's gut and shakes it. Doug giggles.

UNCLE STEVIE (CONT'D)

You must be so proud. Any mother of Thug, is a mother of mine. This boy. This boy is a god of violence. I watch a game where he fight 3 guys and he knock out all their teeth. 3 guys. 4 teeth. One game! Amazing.

Uncle Stevie lunges towards Dr. Glatt, pretending he's about to shake his gut, then laughs and walks off. Doug beams, thinking he's impressed his parents. He hasn't. Mrs. Glatt looks at Doug's bloody knuckles.

MRS. GLATT

Douglas, it's good to see you're having fun with this...this...hobby.

DOUG

Uh, it's not really a hobby. It's my job. I'm a hockey player, mom.

MRS. GLATT

No. It's just a hobby. Honestly, I mean how long can you do this? We want so much for you. When you said you were quitting your job at the bar we got so excited because we thought it meant you were going to go to school or, at the very least take some sort of retail job.

Doug looks like he got punched in the stomach.

DOUG

Uhhh...

IRA

Mom-

DR. GLATT

Not to mention the physical repercussions that come with playing such a violent sport. Head injuries alone. I see retired athletes come in and out of my office all the time. They're barely able to string together a sentence.

MRS. GLATT

Look, Dougie.... we didn't come here to ruin your time.

(MORE)

MRS. GLATT (CONT'D)
We're here to spend time with you
and see how you're doing. But-

IRA
Well he seems to be doing pretty
well for himself, so-

MRS. GLATT
How can we sleep at night knowing
our baby is getting his face mashed
in for some rube's entertainment?

IRA
Come on, mom-

MRS. GLATT
It's an infantile way for a man to
spend his adult years.

Doug puts down his fork and stands.

DOUG
No it isn't.

MRS. GLATT
Yes! It is! You could go to school,
we'd pay for you, you could make an
honest living, you could-

DOUG
NOOO! I COULDN'T!!!

Everyone is startled by Doug's sudden outburst.

DOUG (CONT'D)
I couldn't do any of that, and you
know why? I'm stupid! I'm stupid,
but for some reason, you guys like
to pretend I'm not.

IRA
Doug you're not-

DOUG
Yes I am! And you're gay!
(pointing to himself)
Stupid!
(pointing to Ira)
And gay! You have one stupid son,
and one gay son. Mazel Tov. If you
can't accept that, maybe you
should...should go and adopt Albee
Cohen!

Dr. Glatt shakes his head again. It's terribly uncomfortable. Ira looks to Doug, clearly grateful and proud. Doug takes a breath and collects himself.

DOUG (CONT'D)

For the first time in my life, I'm actually part of something. I get to put on a uniform and it doesn't say security on it. It says my name. Our name. And kids wear it...IT HAS OUR NAME ON IT AND KIDS WEAR IT!

Uncle Stevie peaks into the room, perturbed.

DOUG (CONT'D)

We all know I'm not smart like you guys but I....I got...fist smarts. I can fight. It's what I can do. If I could be a doctor, maybe I would - but I can't. I am what I am and you should be proud of me.

Silent beat. Dr. Glatt stands firm.

DR. GLATT

We should be "proud of you"? They call you "Thug" for Christ's sake. It might as well say security on the back of your sweater.

Dr. Glatt throws down his napkin and leaves. Mrs. Glatt follows, leaving Doug, Ira and Pat at the table. Doug looks down at the puck, still on the table.

PAT

Fuck.

Ira puts his arm around Doug, who looks up to see Ira is almost in tears from how proud he is of Doug. Doug smiles at him, but it's clear his parents' words affected him.

INT. DINER - ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND - NIGHT

A few DOCKWORKERS and TRUCKERS eat breakfast as an ELDERLY WAITRESS, 70s, walks throughout the diner with a pot of coffee. She approaches a MAN sitting alone at a booth. He is reading "THE HOCKEY NEWS", a pack of green Export A's on the table. He puts one to his mouth.

ELDERLY WAITRESS

You want another refill there, Ross?

We see the Man is ROSS "THE BOSS" REARDON, 42.

ROSS REARDON
Yes, please. Thank you Dorothy.

ELDERLY WAITRESS
Whatcha reading there?

ROSS REARDON
The Hockey News.

ELDERLY WAITRESS
Ahh...interesting...

ROSS REARDON
Hey Dorothy, can you still smoke in here?

ELDERLY WAITRESS
Well, you can, Boss.

ROSS REARDON
Cheers, my love.

Reardon lights his smoke. Dorothy leaves him. Reardon goes back to his magazine. We see he is reading the "MINORS SECTION". We see a photo of Doug punching some Poor Bugger in the face. He spews blood out of his mouth. The headline reads: "DOUG GLATT: THE NEXT GREAT ENFORCER".

Reardon sips his coffee, takes a drag and keeps scanning the paper. He sees an editorial with a black and white photo of him jerseying a GOALIE with one hand and decking a DEFENSEMAN, with the other. The headline for this article reads: "REARDON'S SWAN SONG: WHY ROSS REARDON HAS TO FIGHT DOUG GLATT BEFORE HE RETIRES"

Reardon takes a drag off his cigarette and blows the smoke out of his nose.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - LATER

Doug and Pat enter the apartment. Doug is still bummed from the dinner with his parents.

PAT
So, you don't mind if I stay for awhile? That would have been a really fucking awkward ride back with your parents. Poor fuckin' Ira.

DOUG
Yeah...it's cool.

PAT

Dude, fuck them if they don't appreciate you, let's drink til we see each other's falafel platters.

DOUG

Yeah. I feel like getting really hammered.

Doug opens the fridge and sees it's virtually empty.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Shit. Xavier must have drank all my beers. I'll go grab us some.

PAT

Okay, man. You want me to-

Doug slams the door. Pat plunks down on the couch, flicks a booger, then picks up an X-BOX controller.

EXT. CORNER STORE - SOON AFTER

Doug exits the store with two 12-packs under each arm. He checks his phone, scrolls through numbers, finds EVA. Thinks on it. Puts his phone away, a wee bit sad.

I/E. DOUG'S APARTMENT - SOON AFTER

Doug, holding the case of beer, walks up to his door. He hears muffled commotion.

Doug enters to see Pat and Xavier running around trying to spit on one another.

DOUG

What the hell?!

PAT

He started it, man!

Xavier spits from across the room and it lands on the couch.

DOUG

You're getting spit everywhere!
What are you doing!?!

XAVIER

Your friend is sick.

PAT

Says the fucking Frenchman! You people live like animals!

Rather than spitting repeatedly like Xavier, Pat is saving his up for a big loogie. Doug gets in between them just as Pat fires a scud loogie missile at Xavier. It hits Doug square in the face and splatters.

DOUG
(disgusted)
Stop it! I hate spit! I hate it!

And with that warning, they stop. Xavier goes to his room.

XAVIER
Fuck. You.

Xavier lets out a string of French swear words and slams the door shut.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - XAVIER'S ROOM - SAME

Fuming, Doug barrels in after him.

DOUG
Hey bud what's your problem?

Xavier starts laughing loudly, mean. He stands up.

XAVIER
I'll tell you my fucking problem,
ostie! YOU!!! You are my fucking
problem! You steal my 'A'! You
steal my power play! How much
minutes you play tonight?!! How
much fucking minutes?!!

DOUG
I don't know...11. So?

Xavier laughs again. He punches the wall.

XAVIER
YES!!! 11?!!! You skate like shit!
But you can play 11 minutes! Who
the fuck are you?! You're nothing!
Just a thug! A goon! You're fucking
nothing!!! Me, I'm a fucking hockey
player!!!

Xavier attempts to push Doug, but he doesn't even budge. Doug's eyes narrow. His fists clench. He steps toward Xavier. We see the blood drain from Xavier's face, he's terrified.

DOUG

You're not a hockey player! And the only reason I don't knock your teeth out right now, is because you're on my team. You know what that word means?! You have any idea what would happen if I stopped watching your back?

XAVIER

It would be like before you came. I like that better. Much much better.

Doug stares at Xavier, incredulous, angry and now kinda hurt. Doug grits his teeth.

DOUG

Yeah?

Doug storms out, slamming the door.

EXT. HIGHWAY - QUEBEC - DAY

The Highlanders coach bus zooms through the Quebec countryside. It passes a big sign saying "BIENVENUE A QUEBEC". Ominous grey thunder clouds swallow up the sky.

INT. HALIFAX HIGHLANDERS BUS - CONTINUOUS

Xavier looks out the window, apprehensive. Coach Ronnie rallies the boys.

RONNIE HORTENSE

Lads, we're in the shit now. This is Quebec get your fucking game faces on because it's about to get ugly. Don't get caught up in some backwoods head chopping contest. Do not get pulled into that crap. You understand me? 4 games left boys and we only need 2 of them. We can do this. Get ready we're going to war.

INT. QUEBEC COLLISEUM - NIGHT

Music up: "Roots Bloody Roots" by Sepultura

A sell-out crowd. It is fucking insanity. 15000 zealot-like Fans screaming their asses off for the only show in town. They are all chanting, blowing those stupid horns, banging drums.

An enormous 50-foot Quebec flag hangs prominently from the rafters, dwarfing the significantly smaller Canada and U.S.A. flags hung underneath.

The sound of the crowd is already deafening as the Highlanders walk down the tunnel. Doug reaches the opening and looks at the sellout crowd. Suddenly he is hit with handfuls of pennies.

QUEBEC FANS
Hey! Juif! Jewboy!

Laflamme is last to step on the ice for the pre-game skate. The taunting begins.

QUEBEC FANS (CONT'D)
BOOOO!!!! TRAITRE!!! TRAITRE!!!
XAVY! XAVY!

The tabloid photo of Xavier giving the Quebec crowd the finger is prominently displayed on the jumbotron.

GORD OGILVEY
(to himself)
Fuck, I hate Quebec.

Ogilvey skates up to Doug.

GORD OGILVEY (CONT'D)
You're gonna have your work cut out
for you tonight. They'll be gunning
for him.

The Highlanders and their opponents, the QUEBEC VICTOIRE skate around in circles on opposite sides of the ice.

A bunch of the Victoire stare and make fun of Xavier in French. Xavier's face is white, for the first time we see him feeling something other than boredom or envy. This is genuine fear. Most of it due to one Victoire in particular: a gigantic 6'5", 260lbs behemoth called SIMARD, 25. He grins wide.

SIMARD
(in French)
Xavier, Welcome home bitch. We're
gonna have some fun tonight boy.

Simard makes the slitting throat motion with his right hand. Doug watches; Xavier looks determined to assert himself this game.

INT. QUEBEC COLISEUM - A BIT LATER

Before the opening face-off...

RONNIE HORTENSE

...alright Glatt, you shadow
Laflamme all game. Gordo, Glatt and
Laflamme you're up!
(he motions them to come
close)
Boys, we're back in it. Play like
we're supposed to be here and beat
the piss out of these fucks.

Doug, Ogilvey and Laflamme take their places at center ice. Quebec sends out Simard, on a line with 2 HUGE FORWARDS. Simard lines up in front of Doug. They struggle for position. Simard's ready for a fight. The Ref hovers the puck over the 2 centermen.

SIMARD

(to the Ref; in French)
Come on, come on, DROP THE FUCKING-

The Ref drops the puck, Quebec wins it, Ogilvey quickly steals it and rockets off to the Quebec zone. Xavier and Doug take off after him, the 3 Victoire Forwards in pursuit. Ogilvey passes to Xavier, who snakes through the Victoire Forwards and shoots it into the net. The buzzer goes off and boos erupt from the crowd. Xavier flicks them the finger and spins in a circle, managing to shoot Doug a nasty look as he does. The crowd react. They're not happy.

Another face off, Ogilvey takes it again and heads into the Quebec zone. He stops short and drops the puck back to Xavier who puts on the speed and starts wheeling his ass off towards the Quebec net. Doug is tracking Simard, but is only coasting. Simard easily gets away from him and picks up the pace towards Xavier. Xavier slips Simard's crushing check by the boards, and zings a shot that hits crossbar, in a dazzling display of skill.

The puck ricochets to the side boards and Xavier skates to it, determined to score. Simard is mere centimeters from Xavier's back. He tightens his grip on his stick, and is about to cross check the fuck out of Xavier.

A short distance away, Doug instinctively jolts into action to crush Simard...but then forcibly stops himself. The whole arena sees it.

BRNCCHH!!! Simard cross-checks Xavier from behind. Xavier flies head-first into the boards. The Halifax bench stands up, yelling at the Ref. Simard feeds him another shot for good measure.

A flood of guilt washes over Doug. He suddenly lunges at Simard and rams his right elbow into his jaw. Simard careens into the boards. CRIISHH!!! Doug needlessly head-butts Simard in the right eyebrow, opening it up. Blood pours out of it. BOOM!!! Doug throws his right fist. BANG!!! Doug throws his left fist. He keeps unloading. Overkill. It's ugly.

The Refs blow their whistles madly as they rush in to break up the beating. They struggle to pull Doug from Simard and eject him from the game. As he's carted off the ice, Doug turns to his team for approval. But they're almost as disgusted as the home-town crowd, who are furiously screaming, on the verge of a riot. They hurl garbage and more loose change down at Doug on the ice booing their lungs out.

INT. HIGHLANDERS COACH BUS - NIGHT

The mood is somber as they drive through the night back to Halifax. It's clear they've lost. Xavier is noticeably absent. Ronnie is furious.

RONNIE HORTENSE

GODDAMN IT! Are you fucking kidding me?! No pride! No fucking pride whatsoever! Whatever it is that is making you fucking ovulate, figure it out quick and get your shit together. And ANY OF YOU who thought you'd have the day off tomorrow, fucking think again! Bag skate pussies. 6 am. I wanna see every single one of you work your fucking asses off till you puke your fucking guts out tomorrow. You understand me? This isn't fucking baseball. Do you actually wanna get to the fucking playoffs or not? Goddamn it....and Glatt!

Doug hesitantly puts up his hand.

RONNIE HORTENSE (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that shit?! I don't know what the deal is between you and Xavier, and I don't give a shit! May as well have laid him out yourself!

DOUG

(deeply ashamed)

I-I don't know what happened, Is-
Is he going to be okay-

RONNIE HORTENSE

Well, depending on the level of concussion, we don't know whether he'll be back at all.

(beat)

And as for what you did to Simard, you got fucking suspended! So thank you. We're lucky it's only one game. This team counts on you, and we're in a position to make a run. So to have you go and fuck it up now after we've worked so goddamn hard, well...

Ronnie takes a deep breath and clutches his heart.

RONNIE HORTENSE (CONT'D)

I think you get what I'm saying. If not, you'll have the next three days to think about it. You ride piss hole.

INT. HIGHLANDERS COACH BUS - A BIT LATER

Doug sits by himself, an outcast. Between his feet is the gaping "piss hole", through it we see the highway rolling by in an endless blur. Doug stares into the piss hole.

EXT. HIGHLANDERS COACH BUS - LATER

The team bus arrives in St. John's, Newfoundland. Everyone gets off the bus. Doug is last, keeping to himself.

INT. ST. JOHN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

As Doug sits on the couch flipping channels, his cell phone rings. It's a text from Eva. "nice headbutt".

INT. EVA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Eva sits on the couch, bored. She constantly glances at her phone. She gets a text -- "Rttrrrrhghhrrrq".

EVA

What the fuck?

Then the phone rings. She sees it's Doug. She becomes tense, and looks to the adjacent room. There sits yet another guy BRANDON, late 20s her boyfriend, doing paperwork. Eva quietly gets up and goes to the bathroom. We cut back and forth between Doug and Eva:

EVA (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Doug?

DOUG
Hi there Eva. I'm sorry for calling you. I know I promised I wouldn't, but my fingers are all huge and I can't ever seem to text.

EVA
(whispering)
I can't really talk right now.
That's why I was texting you.

DOUG
Aww shit. Sorry. I'm a moron. I can't fucking do anything right. You saw the head butt huh?

EVA
Yeah. You fucked him up.

DOUG
Yeah and I got suspended. If they lose it's on me. It's my stupid fault.

EVA
Well maybe they'll win without you. And even if they don't, there's still two more at home that you'll be playing in, so you'll just win those.

DOUG
Oh my god. I was just having the worst night ever and you've just made it so much less worse.

Eva giggles. Then she quickly checks her volume.

EVA
Good. But seriously, I can't talk right now.

DOUG
Oh you're at the library?

EVA
What? No. Uh, my.... My boyfriend got home a few days ago, he's here.

DOUG

Oh. Right....why did you text me then?

Eva closes her eyes and clenches the phone. Silence.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Eva? Hello?

EVA

Fuck. I'm a bad girlfriend Doug. I was trying to be responsible and you know it's time to fucking make a go of it. So I try to make a go of it with him but there's nothing. No obligation. No butterflies. There's just familiarity and I just don't care. And so everytime he leaves I find myself doing what? Getting wasted and sleeping with a bunch of guys. And for the first time in my life that's killing me.

DOUG

Well, but all we did was make out.

EVA

Yeah. I know.

DOUG

So then by my calculations-

EVA

I'm a slut Doug. I'm horny a lot. I sleep around. A lot. With lots of different guys.

DOUG

Oh, right. Fair enough.

EVA

Yeah so... this doesn't bother you.

DOUG

Well I mean I like you a lot so I'm not super psyched about it but no, not really. It's none of my business. Plus, I have a crush on you.

EVA

Jesus! I knew it! See that's kinda fucking my head up too: you. All we did was make out.

(MORE)

EVA (CONT'D)

Like I was fucking 17 or some shit.
And you weren't really trying to
take me home and I wasn't really
trying to do that either. And that
wasn't a fucking effort. It's like
how it was supposed to be. And like
I dig talking to you and now I'm
thinking about you and sometimes I
sleep with that Angus the
Highlander doll. What the fuck am
I doing?

DOUG

There's nothing to be ashamed
of...it's a collector's item.

EVA

Yeah, Doug, I know.

Eva cringes, puts her head in her hands.

EVA (CONT'D)

Fuck...I'm going to hell.

More silence. It seems like an eternity.

DOUG

Eva...I'm just some big ole idiot
that plays hockey but... Sometimes
no matter how hard you try to be
something, it's just not meant to
happen. I tried to be something my
family wanted me to be and it was
always hard and I could never keep
it up. But I found hockey and
everything kind of got easier. Like
that's how it was supposed to be.

Eva holds the phone to her face. Her eyes well up ever so
slightly. She flushes the toilet.

EVA

I gotta go, Doug.

INT. ST. JOHN'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Doug lies in bed, trying to sleep. He can't. He gets up.

EXT. ST. JOHN'S STREETS - 3AM

Doug, lost in his thoughts, wanders around St. John's. Up
ahead of him, a restaurant is open for business. Its warm
light floods the street. Doug approaches.

He looks inside, sees something that makes his face go white. His mouth hangs agape. He's looking at Ross Reardon sitting by himself, finishing some steak and eggs. Doug steels himself and enters.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Slowly, Doug walks through the diner approaching Reardon's table. Reardon looks up. Doug stops in his tracks. A moment of staring between them before recognition sets in on Reardon's face. He smiles. Doug smiles back. Reardon points to the chair opposite his. Doug nods and sits down.

DOUG

Hi there sir. I'm Doug Glatt.

Doug extends his hand, Reardon shakes it.

ROSS REARDON

Ross Reardon. Good to meet you kid.
(takes a bite)
So you're the new me?

Doug blushes and laughs awkwardly.

DOUG

Oh, I don't know about that. I
don't think so.

ROSS REARDON

Everyone else seems to. It's good.
Good for you kid.

This clearly stings a bit for Reardon.

ROSS REARDON (CONT'D)

So what the hell are you doing
wandering around St. John's at 3
o'clock in the fucking morning?
Aren't you guys playing us tonight?

DOUG

Yeah...we are. Not me. Got
suspended a game.

Reardon looks up for a quick second, hiding his relief.

ROSS REARDON

Too bad. I ain't much for waiting
around.

DOUG

Me either. Maybe that's why I can't
sleep.

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)
I'm thinking about a lot of shit.
Why are you awake? Just hungry?

ROSS REARDON
Nah, I've got what you got.
Thinking about a lot of shit. It's
a new thing this insomnia. You?

DOUG
Yeah it's a new thing. Pretty much
just tonight.

ROSS REARDON
Jesus. Well, welcome.

DOUG
Thanks.

Reardon squirts ketchup onto his plate and shakes his head.

ROSS REARDON
It's fucked up.

DOUG
What is?

ROSS REARDON
This. What you and me do....
bleeding for the fucking frozen
jungle. You're a tough little
bastard. You can bang boy, you can
fucking bang.

DOUG
Thanks a lot sir.

ROSS REARDON
And you're just coming up so I want
to, impart some of the wisdom of my
years on you.

DOUG
Thank you. I could really use some
of that.

ROSS REARDON
People love the soldiers until they
come home and stop fighting. You
understand?

DOUG
I don't know...no.

ROSS REARDON

Just listen to me. You're like me, you got this thing. The stuff, the shit. The fucking grit. You got it. Like me. But like me that's it. That's all you fucking got. And like me, you're no good to anyone doing anything else. All I'm saying is don't go trying to be a hockey player, okay. You'll get your heart broken.

DOUG

But I am a hockey player sir.

ROSS REARDON

No you're not, you're a fucking goon.

DOUG

(Proud)

I'm a goon...that plays hockey.

ROSS REARDON

You know they just want you to bleed right? You know that's what you're here for?

DOUG

I'm here to do whatever the team needs me to do. If they need me to bleed....then I bleed. For my team. For my team mates.

Reardon nods, smiles.

ROSS REARDON

Good on ya kid.

DOUG

Thank you.

Reardon stares at Doug for what seems like an eternity. Finally:

ROSS REARDON

You know I'm gonna retire the end of the season. I've been at this since I was 17. That's a lot of swollen knuckles and fucked up other guys. That's a lot of stitches and broken everything. That's a lot of blood.

DOUG

Yes sir.

ROSS REARDON

But I'll be damned if I'm gonna go out like some nancy boy middle-age punk bitch, without my legacy intact. You understand?

DOUG

Uhh...I...

ROSS REARDON

Kid...Doug. You've got my respect. Whatever that means to you. You've got it. And you've got many years ahead of you, you're gonna get to kick the shit out of a lot of poor buggers and you're gonna get to bleed for a very long time. Like I said you have my respect. But know this shit hard: if ever there comes a time when it gets down to the marrow and all of a sudden it's you or me.... Kid, I will lay you the fuck out.

Reardon stands up and throws a bill on the table.

ROSS REARDON (CONT'D)

Keep your head up and watch the corners.

He shakes Doug's hand and walks out, leaving Doug sitting there alone.

FADE UP:

INT. NEWFOUNDLAND ARENA - NIGHT

Halifax Highlanders @ St. John's Shamrocks

St. John's last home game of the regular season. Ross Reardon stands on a red carpet at centre ice. On the jumbotron we see a montage of the greatest moments from Reardon's storied career. Throughout it, the entire crowd cheers "Boss! Boss!"

Doug is dressed in a shitty gray suit, watching this monumental event from the Tunnel. The reflection of the jumbotron illuminating him, we see Reardon's fights dance across Doug's face.

The montage ends. The crowd roars. Reardon watches as his jersey is hoisted into the rafters to commemorate the retirement of his number "24". It reaches its final resting place. The crowd rises for an extended standing-O.

Reardon pulls a folded up piece of paper from his pocket.

ROSS REARDON

Thank you, everyone. Thanks very much.

(beat)

Everyone knows what I'm here for. What I've always been here for. I fight. But I don't fight for nothin'. I fight for my team. If they need me to bleed...then I bleed.

Doug feels a mixture of pride and guilt. Pride, in that Reardon was moved by his words. Guilt, in not following his own principles.

ROSS REARDON (CONT'D)

Now I've always tried to live by a code, all of us tough guys do. All of us Goons. The code means honour, duty, and respect. These three words have guided my fists for 20 years. For my team.

I started my career here in St. John's and I think it's fitting that I'm ending it here. That being said, I still got some fight left in me yet.

(turns to his team)

Boys let's get to the playoffs. I'm not finished. What'd ya say? Give the ole man one last shot at a ring.

The St. John's SHAMROCKS bang their sticks on the ice. The crowd goes crazy. Reardon smiles at the home crowd. Sees Doug staring at him. Nods.

INT. NEWFOUNDLAND ARENA - LATER

1st period. 2 - 0 for Newfoundland. Evgeni has the puck behind the Highlanders' net. Ogilvey picks up speed as he takes the puck to lead the rush. Stevenson streaks down the left wing. Ogilvey delivers a two-line pass and just as it hits Stevenson's stick, Reardon levels him, causing a turnover.

The puck goes the other way to a NEWFOUNDLAND FORWARD who dekes passed the Russians and roofs one on Belchior, knocking his water bottle onto the ice. The Newfoundland crowd goes ape shit. Stevenson struggles to get off the ice as Ogilvey stares down Reardon, who smirks at him, then turns to celebrate with his line mates.

Doug stands helplessly in the Tunnel, looking up at the clock.

INT. NEWFOUNDLAND ARENA - LATER

2nd period. 4 - 0 for Newfoundland. From the bench, Ogilvey attempts to rally the troops. Everyone has their heads down, defeated.

GORD OGILVEY
C'mon, boys! Energy up!

He's met with silence. Ogilvey then looks to Reardon on the ice. His gaze sharpens, and he takes a swig from his water bottle. Ogilvey hops over the boards and lines up opposite Reardon, and starts loosening his glove. Reardon notices.

ROSS REARDON
What are you doing there Gord?
Don't be stupid. It's not in your nature.

GORD OGILVEY
I know.

As soon as the puck drops, Ogilvey's gloves are off and he has Reardon by the jersey.

ROSS REARDON
Fine.

Doug stands up and watches, horrified as Reardon beats the shit out of Ogilvey.

When it's over, Ogilvey pathetically hobbles towards the bench, a big gash over his eye, demoralized and humiliated. The Ref sees the gash, and sends Ogilvey to the dressing room. The Newfoundland crowd goes crazy. Reardon applauds Ogilvey.

Reardon skates by the depleted Halifax bench on his way to the penalty box. He stares daggers at them.

ROSS REARDON (CONT'D)
I can do this shit all night.

Reardon looks at Doug as he enters the box.

RED MCCAULEY (V.O.)
 Gord Ogilvey getting into only the
 3rd fight of his entire career. A
 for effort Captain, D for Doug
 Glatt, where are you? Are you
 there Doug, it's me Margaret.

Doug looks over to his teammates, and hangs his head.

INT. HIGHLANDERS COACH BUS - LATER

Again, the boys are disheartened after another loss. Ronnie is disgusted. Nobody is talking. It's gonna be a long trip back to Halifax.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Doug walks through the door, exhausted from the trip. He notices that Xavier's bedroom door is closed, Eurotrash music blaring. He hesitates whether he should knock. He doesn't.

INT. APARTMENT - DOUG'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Doug lies down on his bed, looking quite sad. After a moment, he bangs on the wall connecting his and Xavier's room.

DOUG
 Xavier...you up?

INT. APARTMENT - XAVIER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wide awake, Xavier lies stone-faced with an ice pack on his head, staring at the wall.

DOUG (O.S.)
 (muffled through the wall)
 I'm an idiot. I'm so sorry. All I'm
 supposed to do is protect you guys
 and..I failed at my job..I didn't
 defend my team. I didn't watch your
 back. I'm sorry man.

XAVIER
 Fuck you!

DOUG (O.S.)
 (muffled through the wall)
 Xavier, you're really amazing when
 you want to be.

(MORE)

DOUG (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I've never seen anything like it.
 And I want you to know from now on,
 no matter what happens, no matter
 if you push me or punch me in the
 face or spit in my mouth when I'm
 asleep, I will always protect you.
 From the bottom of my heart, you
 have my word. I will always watch
 your back. Because that's my job.
 But also because I want you to be
 what you're supposed to be. So yeah
 I understand if you hate me, it's
 okay. I'm gonna be there watching
 over you no matter what. No matter
 what.

Xavier rolls over, clearly affected by Doug's words.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - THAT AFTERNOON

The Concorde Minutemen @ The Halifax Highlanders. House
 lights down. Every seat filled. The mood is electric for this
 must-win game.

INT. HALIFAX HIGHLANDERS LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The dressing room is unusually quiet as the team finishes
 suiting up. Doug is lost in his own thoughts, staring at his
 knuckles.

Suddenly, to everyone's surprise, Laflamme walks in, not
 wearing his usual headphones/hoodie. He goes to his locker.

Doug looks at him. Xavier looks back.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - SOON AFTER

The Concorde Minutemen skate out onto the ice and are met by
 a chorus of 10000 jeering Haligonians. The Highlanders take
 to the ice and the stadium explodes into applause.

RED MCCAULEY (V.O.)
 Two home games left in the season,
 both must-wins, time for the
 Highlanders to dig deep. If they
 lose this game, they start golfing
 early. Which sounds quite lovely to
 me. 18 holes and a reuben. I'm
 hungry, I'm old.. Here come the
 Highlanders!!

Doug skates onto the ice and the crowd chants "Thug! Thug!
 Thug!" Doug skates with his head down, all business.

Doug takes his position. The puck is about to drop, when he notices Eva and her boyfriend Brandon sitting right in the front row behind the Halifax bench, in conversation with a couple they came with. Eva glances over at Doug, a guilty look on her face, but is immediately pulled back into the conversation by Brandon. The puck drops and the game begins. In shock, Doug just stares at Eva.

RONNIE HORTENSE
Glatt!!! For fucks sake!

Doug snaps out of it and gets into the game.

INT. HALIFAX COLLISEUM - LATER

17:49 left in the 1st period. Xavier takes the ice for his first shift since the concussion. Doug cheers him on, and the rest of the team looks sheepish.

Ogilvey comes off the ice, and Doug bounds over the boards and into the play. He sees a menacing opposing player FINNERTY, 20s, hook Xavier from behind. Doug's gaze sharpens. As Xavier is bumped off the puck, Doug comes barreling at Finnerty's head. BOOM!!! Doug body-checks Finnerty hard into the boards. Immediately, they drop the gloves, and circle one another.

In the crowd, we see Eva dart up from her seat. She watches the fight begin, a look of intensity in her eyes.

Finnerty connects on the first shot, but is then met with a non-stop barrage of knuckles to the face. Doug doesn't even have to look at what he's doing; he simply stares at Xavier the entire time he's pummelling Finnerty. Finally, the linesmen stop the shit-kicking. The crowd erupts.

Xavier watches Doug get in the box. He looks over at Finnerty, who's having trouble getting up. It resonates with him. The Highlanders are also inspired, as they bang their sticks on the ice.

INT. HALIFAX COLLISEUM - PENALTY BOX - CONTINUOUS

In the box, Doug stands up and looks around for Eva. Fans surround the box and bang on it, chanting "thug". Doug tries to see over them but clearly can't, so he sits back down and anxiously watches the penalty clock.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - LATER

Late in the 2nd period. Halifax lead Concorde 1-1. Doug's on a line with Laflamme and Stevenson.

Stevenson wins the face off and passes the puck to Laflamme who rockets off toward the Concorde net. Laflamme sees Doug joining the rush and drops a pass to him. He's wide open.

Not expecting the pass, Doug sloppily handles the puck and skates backwards a little. The Crowd cheers in appreciation.

At the Concorde blue line, Doug looks at Stevenson, tied up to the left of the net. Laflamme dangles around to the right. Doug passes the puck to Laflamme who fires it as hard as he can at the top corner.

It goes in, bending the mesh back, sending the Goalie's Gatorade bottle spinning into the air! The red light flashes. The Crowd and Halifax bench erupt in a frenzy.

EVA

YES!!!

Eva cheers enthusiastically. Brandon notices her unusual enthusiasm, is unsure what to make of it, then decides to go with it and joins in on the cheering. He taps his buddy and motions for him to join in too.

On the ice, Doug skates up to Xavier, unsure what to do.

XAVIER

Nice pass ostie.

They fist bump and head off the ice together.

INT. HALIFAX COLLISEUM/LATER

35 seconds left in the 3rd period. Halifax leads 2-1. Xavier is in the penalty box.

RED MCCAULEY (V.O.)

...well it has come down to this folks, the Highlanders' post-season lives are literally hanging in the balance. Laflamme serving a high sticking major. With a tenuous one goal lead. Can. They. Hold. On?

The 3 CONCORDE FORWARDS skate down for a face off in the Highlanders zone. Ronnie sends out Ogilvey, Park and Doug. The Crowd roars. The Ref drops the puck. A Concorde Forward wins the face off. Doug, Ogilvey and Park instantly lock sticks with their Opponents.

GORD OGILVEY

Clear the puck, clear it.

But alas, the Minutemen get the puck to the point and set up their power play. The CONCORDE HEAD COACH motions for the GOALIE to come back to the bench. The Goalie races to the bench, another CONCORDE FORWARD jumps down to the ice and rushes to the Halifax zone. The Highlanders are now outnumbered 6-4

The Concorde Forwards pass the puck back and forth. Doug tries his best to clear the crease but the Extra Forward races to the net and starts screening Belchior. Belchior shoves him in the back with his blocker but the Minuteman holds his ground.

MARCO BELCHIOR
Move you motherfucker!

15 seconds left.

GORD OGILVEY
Thug!! Clear the fucking crease!!!

Doug buries his shoulder deep into the Concorde Extra Forward, knocking him onto his knees, creating room for Belchior to see the play. Xavier stands looking at the penalty clock click down, dieing to get on the ice.

The Concorde defenceman starts ripping point shots. Belchior makes one save, then saves the rebound, but the puck is cleared back to the point all the Highlanders are clearly jello legged. The defenceman curls back his stick, loading up a Hail Mary slap shot and:

Everything in 72 fps:

- The Defenseman shoots. KA-BOOOOM!!! spewing chunks of ice everywhere.
- The puck takes off from the ice like a cruise missile.
- Doug's eyes go wide. So do Belchior's. Belchior moves to the right but is blocked by a Minuteman crashing the crease.
- Ogilvey and Park are each tied up with a Concorde Forward. All the players watch the puck fly through the air.
- The Extra Forward picks himself up from the ice and makes for the net.
- Doug drops his stick. Cupping his hands together in front of him he throws himself down in front of the net. His body hits the ice like a ton of bricks.
- Eva's eyes go wide, frightened for Doug.
- Brandon eyes stay on Eva, a little confused.

- POV of the puck as it races through the air and CRRSSH!!! nails Doug in the mouth. His lip bursts wide open spewing blood all over the place.

- Doug sprawls backwards, his head bounces as he hits the ice. He knocks Belchior over. Doug spits out a mound of blood, phlegm and chunks of tooth.

Back to 24 fps.

The puck is still in play. 5 seconds left.

Absolute fucking mayhem as every player on the ice scrambles for the puck. Belchior twirls around madly, flailing his arms everywhere looking for the puck. Ogilvey and Park each tie up their men, trying to pull them away from the net. Doug lies on the ice, a river of blood flowing from his lips.

He sees: the puck, leaving a trail of blood as it spins around in the crease. The 2 other Concorde Forwards see it. They throw themselves toward the net, their sticks fully extended, trying to hit the thing. Their sticks carve up the ice around the puck, mere centimeters from it.

Doug buries his fist into the ice trying to hoist himself up to his feet when CRACK-SSTH!!! In the melee, one of the Concorde Forwards' accidentally swings his stick into Doug's face. He falls forward.

The buzzer sounds.

EVA

What the fuck was that?! CALL IT!!!

Brandon looks at her, suspicious.

A Concorde Forward intentionally steps on Doug's LEFT ANKLE with his skate.

DOUG

AHHH!!!

XAVIER

C'est quoi ca?!!! Tabarnak!!!

His penalty runs outs and Laflamme leaps onto the ice and skates to the net. The game clocks runs downs and with that, both benches clear out and join the melee. Laflamme is first on the scene, lunging at the Concorde Forward who stomped on Doug. Doug lays on the ice, clutching his ankle. Ogilvey, Stevenson, Park and the Russians pull the Concorde players away from Doug, giving him room.

After taking some shots themselves, the Refs realize they have no chance at containing the madness.

It's a free for all. Absolutely everyone is pairing off and dropping the gloves. Belchior skates the length of the ice to the lone goaltender at the other end, and blockers him in the throat.

The fighting starts to die down. With all the players beaten, the Highlanders finally celebrate. The Fans are overjoyed.

Laflamme is absolutely ecstatic. He helps a bruised and bloodied Doug to his feet. He hugs him. Doug strains to look up at the scoreboard.

DOUG
Is it over? We, did we win?

XAVIER
WE DID IT OSTIE!!!!

Doug, still clearly in a daze and bleeding a lot out of many different places on his head, cheers like crazy. The entire Halifax Highlanders roster celebrates.

CROWD
Thug! Thug! Thug!

Doug is helped towards the locker room by Laflamme and Ogilvey, gliding with all his weight on his right skate. He looks around for Eva amongst all the excitement and finds her. They make eye contact. Doug smiles a big wide smile, a fresh new gaping hole in the front of his mouth. Eva smiles back, relieved. Brandon watches in disbelief.

RED MCCAULEY (V.O.)
Big win here tonight for Halifax
but they'll still need one more to
make the playoffs. But they'll have
to get passed the St. John's
Shamrocks as the two teams battle
for the 8th and final playoff spot
in the east. And if the hockey gods
indeed exist and aren't just a
figment of my ageing imagination,
we may finally get to see the long-
awaited showdown between Ross
Reardon and Doug Glatt.

INT. ST. JOHN'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Reardon drinks a beer while he watches the celebration on TV.

REARDON
(nodding stoically)
Okay.

INT. BAR - AFTER THE GAME

The Highlanders sit around a table, celebrating a big win.

GORD OGILVEY

Drive her into ya boys. We earned it. Solid fucking game tonight.

XAVIER

This is fucking nice boys...I'm fucking...horny...is nice...but we should drink to Doug. He saved the puck with his face! To Doug!

Doug's lip is stitched up and swollen, his face covered in gaping cuts from the sticks to the face. He is really high off pain killers, barely able to follow the conversation.

HIGHLANDERS

To Doug!

DOUG

Did somebody say my name? I'm really high right now....they gave me pain killers....or were they raindrillers...

He smiles big and dumb as Ronnie approaches.

RONNIE HORTENSE

(very drunk)

Dougie! Come here.

Ronnie pulls Doug close.

RONNIE HORTENSE (CONT'D)

Don't ever tell the boys I said this, we're a fucking team and there's no I in team and all that, but...thank you.

DOUG

You're welcome.

Ronnie drunkenly stumbles off. Doug's phone vibrates. It's a text from Eva: "WHERE ARE YOU". Doug cheerfully texts back "HALIFAX!!!" and chuckles to himself. His phone immediately rings. It's Eva.

EVA (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Doug, seriously where are you?

Doug looks around and sees a Tim Horton's.

DOUG
I'm at the bar. Come down and I'll
buy you donuts.

EVA (O.S.)
(over the phone)
Okay. I'm coming.

Eva hangs up. Doug's smile widens. He turns to Laflamme.

DOUG
Eva's coming!

PAT (O.S.)
OH YEAH!!! Dougie's gonna be
ballssssss deep!

Doug turns around to see Pat, a bunch of hickies on his neck,
and a trashy yet attractive girl SHERILYNN, 20s.

DOUG
Oh my god! Pat! This is the best!

PAT
YES! Fucking shitballs! Dougie I
want you to meet somebody, this is
Sherilynn.

DOUG
Nice to meet you. Sherilynn?

PAT
My cousin. Sherilynn. I'd love to
say she didn't give me all these
hickies and bite marks.
(to Doug)
Holy-mother-fuckin-shit-ass, buddy!
Look at your face!

DOUG
My face? Oh...right. I can't feel
what it looks like.

PAT
Fuck me. I got here second period.
Got some bleeders. Those dirty
Concorde fucks. Look what they did
to my Dougie.

INT. BAR-CONTINUOUS

Doug waits outside the bar clutching his cell phone. He
spots Eva walking down the street.

DOUG
EVA!!! It's really you!

He smiles wide. Then he notices she's been crying.

DOUG (CONT'D)
No...

Doug grabs Eva, she sinks into his arms bawling.

DOUG (CONT'D)
What happened?!? Have you been
beaten?!?

She pulls her head up, her hand over her mouth.

EVA
No. I...I did it...I broke up with
him.

DOUG
Holy shit.

EVA
We, he had tickets to go the game
and like I wanted to see you and I
thought I could balance it or hide
it or something and then he saw you
and he saw me see you and we got
into a huge fucking fight in the
car. I hurt him....I hurt him so
bad...I could see it. I'm going to
hell...what the fuck am I...he was
crying and saying "Why Eva? I love
you!" and...fuck...it's so
awful...I've known him so long and
he really is nice enough....

DOUG
Sure, sure, he seems cool-

EVA
...I'm just not...in...love with
him.

Doug looks deeply into her eyes.

DOUG
You're not?

EVA
Are you fucking kid- No....you
idiot. You. You....make me want to
stop sleeping with a bunch of guys.

DOUG
Well that's good.

Eva buries her face in his chest.

DOUG (CONT'D)
You wanna get out of here?

Her head still buried in Doug's chest, Eva nods. Doug takes Eva by the hand and they walk off.

INT. APARTMENT - DOUG'S ROOM - LATER

Eva and Doug, fully clothed, lie side by side on Doug's bed holding hands. They are both wide awake.

EVA
I don't know What this is yet
but I think I feel like I'm
supposed to be here.

DOUG
I think, I feel that too.

MUSIC UP: "Good Morning" by The Dandy Warhols

INT. APARTMENT - DOUG'S ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Doug and Eva are both still fully clothed, in the same positions we last saw them. Eva is asleep. Doug is wide awake, guilt-ridden. He gently eases himself out of bed without waking Eva.

EXT. BRANDON'S CONDO - LATER

Doug knocks. Within moments Brandon opens the door, bleary eyed and shocked.

INT. APARTMENT - DOUG'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eva wakes up, hears the TV on. She notices Doug isn't there.

EXT. BRANDON'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

Brandon is beating the shit out of Doug, who is on his knees, refusing to fight back. Brandon bawls as he punches Doug.

DOUG
(bawling as well)
I know, man. I know. I'm sorry.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SOON AFTER

Eva, Xavier, and some RANDOM GIRL are sitting on the couch watching SportsCentre. The front door opens and Doug walks in, wincing in pain.

EVA
There you are. Where the hell were you?

Then everyone sees Doug's face.

EVA (CONT'D)
Oh my GOD!

XAVIER
What?!! Tabarnak! What the fuck happened to you ostie?!

In addition to the injuries he sustained the previous game, Doug now sports some freshies; a deep cut over his right eyebrow, a cheek laceration, and the makings of a black eye.

DOUG
Huh? Oh, this? Nothing, it's nothing.

Eva walks over to him. She gently touches his face. He recoils.

EVA
Jesus Doug. What the fuck happened?

Doug smiles for her. Relieved.

DOUG
It's nothing. I'm fine. When you deserve a beating, you take it.

Eva gets it instantly.

EVA
Oh no...you...Brandon...aww jesus Doug...

DOUG
It was the right thing to do.

On TV, highlights from this AHL season:

SPORTSCASTER

(on TV)

...St. John's versus Halifax. There is already a lot of bad blood between these two sides. This will mark the first time Ross Reardon and Xavier Laflamme will share the same ice since the brutal hit that Reardon landed on Laflamme 3 seasons ago in the NHL.

On TV we see footage of Reardon's vicious open ice hit on Laflamme. Laflamme's head bounces off the ice like a rag doll. Xavier cringes. Reardon dusts his hands off and stares at the camera.

XAVIER

Fuck.

He shoots a look at the Girl.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

I made a dive.

EXT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - TWILIGHT

MUSIC UP: THE HOCKEY SONG by Stompin Tom Connors

- The Shamrocks bus pulls up to the arena. The players get out, determined.

- A herd of rowdy Highlanders fans pile through the turn-styles.

- The Shamrocks tape up their sticks, while the SHAMROCK'S COACH draws up 'x's and 'o's on a blackboard.

- A huge group of Shamrocks fans in face paint walk down the concession hall, rowdy as hell, carrying a fake Cup.

- The Highlanders dress for the game. Ogilvey and Stevenson talk strategy. The Russians and Park Kim kick around a soccer ball outside the dressing room. Belchior obsessively spit polishes his equipment.

- Red McCauley sprays some cologne on his neck and looks over his notes.

- The seats are filling up. The vast majority of fans are wearing Halifax blue and white but there's a strong section supporting St. John's, wearing green.

- We reveal: Stompin Tom is singing his classic song in front of a sellout crowd who stomps along, singing the chorus.

- Park tapes up Doug's INJURED LEFT ANKLE, while Ronnie looks on nervously.

DOUG
So? How's it looking?

PARK KIM (DIRE)
Doug. Your ankle's really fucked.

Doug looks to Ronnie.

RONNIE
Just favor the other one. We need you out there. If it comes down to it, you plant with your good ankle and swing with your left. You got it?

- The SHAMROCK'S COACH takes Reardon aside.

SHAMROCK'S COACH
You take care of him tonight. Lay that fucker out.

Reardon nods and grits his teeth.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - SHAMROCK'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Ross Reardon stands in a corner, facing the wall. He takes turns punching the concrete wall with each of his fists, slowing picking up speed until his arms are a blur. Finally he lets out a piercing, guttural battle cry and throws one final massive left hook into the wall. A few small shards of paint and concrete fall to the ground. Reardon's fists are bright red, swollen. He pants heavy.

The Shamrocks are all watching. The Captain, O'SULLIVAN, early 30s, walks forward.

ROSS REARDON
...old habit...haven't done that...in a long fucking time...

O'SULLIVAN
What the fuck? Not...not the fucking Thug....He's a kid, Ross.

Reardon looks at O'Sullivan and wants to say something, but doesn't.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - HIGHLANDER'S LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Highlanders ready themselves in preparation for one of the most important games of their lives. Everyone is tense, and the locker room quieter than we've seen it. Laflamme is down on one knee, his hands clasped together, mumbling. He makes the sign of the cross.

Doug stands, watching all of them. He grabs his cell and shuffles through all his text messages. He finds one from Eva: "I'm here. I'm proud of you. I'm thinking of you". He smiles, quickly caresses the screen then puts the phone away.

Ogilvey takes a big swallow of rye and stands. He clears his throat trying to get everyone's attention. Stevenson stands behind him.

GORD OGILVEY

Okay...so...here she is boys. We're here. This is it. And...well we're not here because I'm a good fucking captain, because I'm not. I'm not much of a father either. Or a husband...I've fucked up a lot of things in my life.

Ogilvey instinctively grabs his bottle to take a swig, but stops himself.

GORD OGILVEY (CONT'D)

But you, you guys, what you're doing here, what got you here—that's something I can be proud of even if it's got shit-all to do with me. I've lost my woman and I don't see my kid enough. What I'm saying is I feel like I've gained a family. Another family. With you boys.

Ogilvey pauses, a bit choked up.

GORD OGILVEY (CONT'D)

We're here. YOU'RE here, because you're supposed to be. You boys earned it. Through balls and determination and sheer fucking willpower. You've skated and fought and fucking bled and you've earned your destiny. You've got that shit. That shit that makes you keep going long after you got no fucking reason to. That Doug shit.

Everyone looks at Doug, they nod. Doug blushes.

GORD OGILVEY (CONT'D)
 It's what got you here and it's
 what's gonna take you home. Your-
 our destiny is waiting for us out
 there on that ice. No matter what
 happens they will know the
 Highlanders were here. THE
 HIGHLANDERS WERE HERE! Come on!
 HIGH! LAND! ERS!

The team are all on their feet.

HIGHLANDERS
 HIGH! LAND! ERS!

Xavier steps forward. The team is sort of taken aback.

XAVIER
 Uhh...you... I was away for long
 time. I'm sorry for that. No more.
 I am here. Always here. With you.
 You are my family. You are my
 brothers. HIGH! LAND! ERS!

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - SOON AFTER

The St. John's Shamrocks @ The Halifax Highlanders. Both teams walk through the tunnels and take the ice. The crowd is on its feet, waving green towels and cheering loudly.

The starting lineups are assembled on the ice for the Canadian national anthem. Red and white spotlights flow across the crowd and ice.

Doug's eyes scan the crowd. He looks at a particular section and sees Ira, Ira's boyfriend, Pat and Eva all sitting together. They all wave excitedly at Doug. Doug can't help but beam. He waves quickly and then checks to see if anyone noticed. Ira and Pat look over at Eva, they see her and Doug staring at each other. Ira and Pat high five and give Doug thumbs ups. Doug blushes.

The anthem draws to a close and the crowd erupts in a frenzy. Eva stares at Ira and Pat. Pat leans forward.

PAT
 Holy shit! You are Eva. It's really
 fucking nice to meet you. I'm Pat
 Hoolihan. I'm like...Doug's my best
 friend in the whole world.

EVA
 Oh...wow...Pat...cow brains Pat...

PAT
(embarrassed)
Aw fuck...

EVA
I'm Eva, it's so nice to meet you.
I've heard a shitload about you.

PAT
This is Doug's gay brother Ira.

Irritated, Ira leans across Pat and shakes Eva's hand.

IRA
A pleasure Eva.

Ira's armpit is in Pat's face.

PAT
Ewww...fuck me...

IRA
Don't flatter yourself Pat, you're
not my type.

PAT
Go fuck yourself! You shoved your
armpit right in my face!

The rabid Shamrock's fans start chanting "ROCKS! ROCKS! ROCKS!", "BOSSMAN! BOSSMAN! BOSSMAN!" or "FUCK YOU HIGHLANDERS!". The Highlander's fans chime in, "THUG! THUG! THUG!"

The teams skate back to their respective benches. Doug looks over at Reardon. Reardon nods. Doug nods back. They each shrug. Laflamme sees this and skates up to Doug, he stares daggers into Reardon.

XAVIER
(to Reardon)
Fuck you!

Reardon winks at Laflamme. Xavier turns to Doug.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Fuck him man! Fuck him! He's
nothing! You...you're the fucking
best, ostie! You! You watch, I'm
gonna score a goal for you right
now, ostie...you watch...

RONNIE HORTENSE

(nervous)

Alright, Ogilvey, Park, Laflamme
you're up!

(beat)

No, wait! Glatt, you're on whenever
Laflamme's on...so that means now.

Ogilvey, Doug and Laflamme skate out to centre ice for the first puck drop. Laflamme looks back at Doug.

XAVIER

You watch Dougie! Is all for you!

O'Sullivan skates out with 2 other Forwards. The Crowd screams. The Ref drops the puck. Ogilvey wins it, and there's a mad scramble for the puck. Everyone's digging deep and throwing huge hits. Playoff intensity. Ogilvey gets control and passes it to Laflamme who enters the Shamrocks zone.

Laflamme dekes out one of the Forwards, takes off down the wing. He cuts in towards the net, dekes out both Defenseemen, spins and backhands the puck between the Goalie's legs. The red light flashes!

The Halifax fans stand up and roar. The St. John's section boos. Xavier jumps into Doug's arms.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

You see?! You see that? For you
baby!

From the Shamrocks bench Reardon stares at Doug, like a cornered animal. Scared and unpredictable. Doug looks back at him. Reardon's eyes narrow. So do Doug's.

The Second Line skate out to centre ice for the next face off. The Ref drops the puck, O'Sullivan wins it and takes off into the Highlanders zone. He is only a few inches past the blue line when BAM! He shoots the puck. It sails past Belchior, into the net. The red light flashes.

MARCO BELCHIOR

FUCK!!!

The Shamrocks have won one back. The Shamrocks fans erupt in applause, their green towels swinging. Reardon keeps looking back at Doug, staring daggers at him. Doug reciprocates. These men smell blood.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - LATER

Music Up: "Mars, Bringer Of War" from Holst's "The Planets".

Montage of the duration of the game:

- Ronnie plays conservative, never putting Doug and Laflamme on the ice when Reardon's on.

- We see Reardon bouncing around the ice checking the fuck out of every Highlander he sees. He skates by the Halifax bench, taunting Doug and Laflamme.

- Reardon comes off the ice, and Ronnie immediately sends Doug and Laflamme out. Five seconds later, the Shamrocks Coach, sends Reardon back out, and laughs at Ronnie. Ronnie yells for them to come back, but they're too deep in the zone.

Reardon heads straight for Laflamme, but just before he makes contact, Doug steps in the way. The two beasts collide, but neither falls over. Doug sees Reardon start to loosen his glove, and immediately throws his down...but Reardon skates away. Doug gets a 2 minute penalty. Ogilvey argues the call to no avail, while Ronnie looks to the rafters in frustration.

- The Shamrocks work their #1 power-play. Ogilvey blocks two shots, but it's not enough. The Shamrocks score. Doug skates out of the penalty box, guilt-ridden.

- Laflamme has an incredible game. He dances, handles the puck and scores a hat trick. We see Laflamme score one of the goals on his back, sailing past the net like Ovechkin against Phoenix.

- But for every goal the Highlanders get the Shamrocks answer back.

- Doug and Laflamme are on the ice, and Reardon hops over the boards. As Doug tracks Reardon, he gets slashed in back of the leg by O'Sullivan. No call. Doug drops to one knee and sees Reardon baring down on Laflamme. At the last second, Laflamme slips the check, and sends Reardon crashing into the boards. We see a spark in Laflamme's eye.

- Laflamme takes a run at Reardon and bumps him off the puck. Reardon is livid. He catches up with Laflamme and brutally cross-checks him to the ice. He gets called for cross-checking. 2:00.

On the way to the box, Doug retaliates, cross-checking Reardon in the chest, twice. He also gets 2:00. The two men enter their boxes and the doors close.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - CONTINUOUS

Doug and Reardon sit in the box. They each look up at the jumbotron. 3rd period. 6:59 left on the clock. The score is tied at 6-6.

The puck is dropped and 4-on-4 action ensues. Laflamme gets really creative in the open ice, causing the St. John's fans to boo.

Then the image switches to BETACAM, we're seeing the game on a TV broadcast. The camera puts up a SPLIT SCREEN of Doug and Reardon in their respective boxes. They each lean forward to stare at each other.

The St. John's fans start chanting:

SHAMROCKS FANS
BOSSMAN! BOSSMAN! BOSSMAN!

The Highlanders fans all start chanting their reply:

HALIFAX FANS
THUG! THUG! THUG! THUG!

It spreads through the audience like wild fire. The 2 sets of Fans are screaming at each other, the volume escalating in an attempt to drown each other out.

ROSS REARDON
So kid, you ready?

DOUG
Yup.

ROSS REARDON
Okay.

Reardon smiles at Doug.

As the time runs down on the penalties, Ronnie looks over at the Shamrocks Coach. The Shamrocks Coach raises his eyebrows. Ronnie sighs. They realize that the impending fight could very well break the deadlock, and be the turning point in the series.

With 8 seconds left in the penalties, the BOX ATTENDANTS stand up, primed to open the gates. Doug and Reardon stand, their eyes still locked on each other. Everyone in the crowd gets to their feet, in anticipation. It's gonna happen.

3, 2, 1, the doors swing open. Doug and Reardon glide to center ice, gingerly dropping their sticks and gloves along the way. Doug extends his hand. Reardon shakes it.

The ref quickly whistles the play dead, focusing all the attention on the impending fight.

As Doug and Reardon circle each other, Reardon unclips his own helmet and slides it across the ice. Doug reciprocates. With their eyes locked in, both players remove their elbow pads and roll up their sleeves.

In the stands, Pat films the action, setting the stage.

PAT
(freaking)
Holy shit! Here it comes! Dougie's about to fight fucking Reardon! Holy fuck....This is actually fucking happening. This has all the elements of a sports masterpiece. Here's our two "fighters" sizing each other up, the "worried girlfriend" watches, frozen with concern...

Pat angles the camera on Eva. She looks sick with worry.

PAT (CONT'D)
"The Gay Brother"...

Pat angles the camera on Ira. Ira gives him the finger, without even looking at him.

PAT (CONT'D)
And "the loveable wise cracking Mick best friend."

Pat angles the camera on himself. He holds up a gang sign.

PAT (CONT'D)
WHAT?! Alright, back to the ice:

Back on the ice, both players are hesitant to throw the first punch and just jockey for position. Finally, Reardon makes a quick move by grabbing Doug's jersey and throwing a quick bomb to the side of his head! Doug absorbs the blow and digs in his RIGHT SKATE, reaching for a handful of Reardon's jersey.

The two of them stand toe-to-toe raining quick, heavy lefts on each other. Neither one bothers dodging a single punch.

Red McCauley watches in stunned silence. The entire crowd, on the other hand, including both benches, is on its feet hollering. It's fucking loud. Both of them are bleeding bad. Especially Doug, whose facial injuries from the Brandon beating are opening up.

Doug slips a little on his own blood, and falls to one knee. The Ref wearily moves in anticipating the fight's end.

ROSS REARDON
(to the ref)
Don't you fucking dare.

Reardon graciously helps Doug back to his feet. The Ref slinks away, scared for his life. Both players' benches bang their sticks against the boards in appreciation.

Panting, Doug reaches over Reardon's head for the jersey but receives an uppercut for his effort, busting open his stitches. Doug backs off and wipes the blood off with his jersey. He skates forward and BA-DOOM! Doug throws a left to Reardon's nose. Blood streams from his nostrils like water.

Dazed, Reardon tries to shake it off. The two fighters are pretty evenly matched and the crowd knows it.

Doug and Reardon now skate around in front of each other with their fists up, clawing at each other's jerseys trying to position themselves properly. Doug's LEFT SKATE chomps into the ice awkwardly. As it digs into a divet, Doug loses his footing and Reardon takes his shot.

72 fps: With all the strength inside him, Reardon volleys a heavy, powerful right hook into the side of Doug's head just as:

CRACK!!! Doug's LEFT ANKLE fractures. Doug falls backwards, twisting clumsily trying to keep himself up. His legs buckle and KRRSSHH!!!! Doug's meniscus rips.

Doug squeals and his whole body falls to the ice. His face bounces on the ice as it hits. Little droplets of blood splatter the ice around his face.

Back to 24 fps. The St. John's fans go crazy, the Halifax fans are deafeningly silent. The Shamrocks bench bangs their sticks on the boards. Reardon thrusts his bloody fists in the air, basking in the glory of his swan song. The entire Highlanders bench are silent. Speechless.

Eva is pale as a ghost, terrified. Tears well in her eyes. Pat and Ira look like they got the wind knocked out of them.

Reardon looks down at Doug, and brings his hands up to dust them off. Bloodied and battered, Doug looks up at him and shakes his head.

DOUG
(to Reardon)
Not yet.

The Ref skates over, once again figuring the fight is done.

DOUG (CONT'D)

BACK UP.

The Ref skates away in cowardice. The Halifax fans cheer, while the Highlanders on the bench bang their sticks against the boards so hard that they practically splinter.

MUSIC UP: "Diecimile anni al nostro Imperatore" the final movement from Puccini's "Turandot"

Doug takes a few deep breathes, clenches his teeth, and drives his RIGHT FIST into the ice. With the other he grabs his stick. He takes another deep breath and lets out a horrible yelp as with all his might he hoists himself up to his feet. Doug is sweating, shaking. He is in more pain than he has ever known. He drops the stick.

The Crowd erupts into applause, even the Shamrocks fans cheering the heart of this warrior. The Halifax Fans go particularly wild. Eva applauds madly as she sobs. Pat nods.

PAT

That's right motherfucker.

IN SLOW MOTION: Hobbling on one leg, Doug steadies himself on his right skate and lunges for Reardon's jersey with his RIGHT HAND. Reardon and Doug start throwing more lefts, though Doug's aren't landing as hard as Reardon's. Doug seems dazed, his face a bloody pulp. Sensing weakness, Reardon moves in unguarded and winds back for the knockout blow.

We see Doug's RIGHT HAND release Reardon's jersey. He digs his BROKEN LEFT ANKLE into the ice. Doug puts all his weight into a vicious right haymaker that - CRRRSHHHH! - tags Reardon on the chin. SNPPPPP!! Doug's LEFT ANKLE fully breaks off, literally hanging on by a thread.

Doug falls to one knee, exhausted and holding back the excruciating agony.

Reardon is unconscious before he even hits the ice for the first time in his career. Doug looks up at the shocked crowd and then back down at Reardon.

Awestruck, the Shamrocks contingent is silenced. The Halifax fans go crazy cheering like cheering was going to be banned tomorrow. Park and Laflamme quickly skate over to Doug to help him get off the ice. Park sees Doug's ankle and gives him a telling look. Doug knows. Laflamme is so pumped up he can't even speak.

Laflamme and Park help Doug off the ice. Doug's broken ankle leaves a trail of blood on the ice. Doug looks up at Eva.

Eva stands up and starts pushing through the crowd trying to get to him. As she gets to the glass barrier, Ushers and Security Guards approach her.

DOUG

Hey, no...she's with me...she's my girl...

The Security Guards nod and help her over the barrier, into Doug's arms. He puts her down. Eva touches all the wounds on Doug's face. She sobs.

EVA

Aww, Jesus Doug...

DOUG

It's okay...I'm okay....

SHAMROCK TRAINERS tend to Reardon, trying to revive him. A crack has opened up in his forehead, blood gushes from it. Reardon rolls over, squints at his deflated teammates on the bench, and spits out a bloody tooth.

ECU of the tooth dancing across the ice. Soon blood from Reardon's head wound starts to flow onto the ice, staining it. Changing it from bright white to dark red.

Doug looks at Reardon's blood on his fists, then takes one last meaningful look at his team: Ogilvey, Stevenson, Belchior, the Russians...everyone. They look back at him with the utmost respect, in awe of their goon. The whistle sounds and deafening cheers fill the stadium as the Highlander's head to centre ice, pumped up like never before.

Eva puts one of Doug's arms around her shoulder, holds his hand, and walks with him through the tunnel into the dressing room.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I fuckin' nailed him.

In the background, the scoreboard shows: 3rd Period. 4:58. 6-6.

The End.