

GOON

by
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Producers:
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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 screen bright white to dark red.

DOUG (V.O.)
I fucking 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, an unpleasant amount of vacant shops with "FOR RENT" signs up, and of course dozens of bars. We focus on a bar called Donovan's.

INT. DONOVAN'S - CONTINUOUS

The small bar, decorated with neon Coor's signs, video poker machines, and bikini posters from the early 90s, plays hockey on the TV over the bar. The regulars nurse beers as they watch the Montreal Canadiens beat the shit out of the Boston Bruins 5:1. The game devolves and we see one of the Bruins, a player with the name REARDON stitched across his back swing his stick like a baseball bat at a Montreal Player's face. The Hab drops to the ice. Other Habs skate to his aide, angry. Reardon starts crosschecking them all. It's ugly.

DOUG GLATT, late 20s, a big, tough brick shithouse of a Jew stands by the door, bouncing. He watches the game intently.

DOUG
Fucking Bruins.

The owner DONOVAN, 50s, sits at the back reading the paper while the BARTENDER, 40s, converses with one of the customers who seems upset.

REGULAR
Faggot!

Doug, Donovan, and a few of the other regulars look to the commotion.

DOUG
Hey....

REGULAR

I'm not payin' eight-fifty for that fuckin' beer. You should have told me it was foreign!

BARTENDER

That's not really my problem, buddy. Now pay me eight-fifty or get out.

REGULAR

What are you fucking threatening me? Fuck you bitch!

BARTENDER

Watch your mouth there bud.

REGULAR

Yeah? Steal my money with your lotto machines, eight bucks for a beer? Try it bitch! I'll smash your dumb fucking face in, man!

The Regular grasps a beer bottle aggressively. In response, Donovan taps Doug on the shoulder and nods.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND DONOVAN'S - MOMENTS LATER

Doug has the Regular pinned against a wall. The Regular's nose is gushing blood, broken.

REGULAR

(in pain)

Jesus.....fucking...

BOOM! BOOM! Doug punches him in the kidneys. The Regular cries out. Doug turns to Donovan, looking at him as if to say "are you satisfied?". Donovan sticks out his fist and extends his thumb, like a Roman Emperor.

DOUG

(trying to convince
Donovan)

He's all limp and bleeding...

But Donovan wants more blood. Stoically, he drops his thumb downward. Doug hangs his head in shame...then lands a crushing right hook into the Regular's face. As the Regular writhes around moaning in a pile of garbage, Donovan pats Doug on the shoulder and heads back inside.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Doug comes home. His apartment is small and cluttered. Empty beer bottles, pizza boxes and Chunky Soup cans strewn about. He looks down at his right knuckles, a tad bruised from this evening's work. On the wall is a framed photo of him at 17, victorious at the end of some kind of low end boxing/street fighting event. A poorly made banner hangs in the background "SO YOU THINK YOU CAN FIGHT". The "REF", a fat guy in his 50s wearing a polo shirt, holds Doug's right hand triumphantly in the air. He frowns a bit and sighs.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

Doug sits on his couch, eating his Chunky soup flipping channels. He stops on a sports highlights show. A hockey fight. They show a clip of ROSS REARDON, 40s, beating the shit out of some young PUNK. After the infernal beating, Reardon hypes up the home crowd by "dusting off his hands". The crowd eats it up. Doug smiles, a tad envious...and dusts off his hands as well.

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

Doug plays NHL-2009 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, also a doctor, IRA'S BOYFRIEND RICHARD, 30s and GRANDFATHER GLATT, 90s, a retired doctor. 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.

IRA

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

GRANDFATHER

That man is a card-carrying communist. And a blow hard. Any 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 tries to as well, although he has no idea what they're talking about.

MRS. GLATT

(giggling)

I-ra!

GRANDFATHER

Very funny, good reference.

RICHARD

(to Dr. Glatt)

You should use that somewhere in your honours speech.

DR. GLATT

Good idea.

Doug nods.

MRS. GLATT

How's the speech coming by the way?
A month and counting my dear...

DR. GLATT

Yes. I'm aware of how much time I have, thank you very much. I'm making some progress and when I say some progress I mean I have one sentence.

They all laugh.

DR. GLATT CONT'D)

But it's a good sentence.

RICHARD

"I'm a doctor godamn it! Not a speech writer!"

They all laugh harder.

IRA

Well, have at it. Tell us what you have so far.

DR. GLATT

Fine. Here goes: "The human brain and the study and service thereof are what I have given my life to, and I believe so far that it has been a life worthwhile indeed".

MRS. GLATT

Awww, that's lovely honey.

GRANDFATHER

Good work, son.

IRA

Yeah nice work, Dad.

DOUG

Yeah Dad nice work. That was beautiful.

(chuckling)

Heh...brains....I'm not supposed to say this at all, but since we're talking about it, my buddy Pat once ate fucking raw cow brains at a Chinese restaurant. And then for the rest of the night, he couldn't stop puking and he kept saying he had mad cow disease.

Doug starts laughing, expecting the family to join in. His brother Ira forces out a polite chuckle.

DOUG (CONT'D)
And every time he said it I would
go "what's sad cow disease?" And it
would make him so fucking angry cuz
he was puking his guts out and I
was like mooing sadly.

His family all start eating, quite used to Doug's inane stories.

DOUG (CONT'D)
You could also use that story
somewhere in your honours speech if
you want to, Dad.

DR. GLATT
Thanks Doug. So...uh...what're we
going to talk about next? Any
talking points?

EXT. ORANGE 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 adorned with hockey posters and jerseys, most from the local team "The Orangetown Assassins". There are dvds and tapes strewn about everywhere. He's a real fanatic. Beside his computer is his video camera, connected by a USB cable. 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, have I got the fucking
best fight ever to show ya! Fucking
Reardon again. He beats the living
piss outta this one poor bastard.
It's fucking wicked awesome.
(MORE)

PAT (CONT'D)

The guy literally pisses himself while Reardon beats him. I'm gonna show it on next weeks 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 have fallen for it 6 fucking times! I try to screen his calls, I tell Brian and Gus in the booth don't let this fucking prick on the air but he keeps getting on. Son of a bitch. I'm gonna murder that motherfucker. I really want to kill him. I would like to kill him. Mark my words. Sully from Worcester is getting his. Anywhoo...what was I doing?

DOUG

You were gonna show me a fight.

PAT

Oh yeah! You're always so on top of your shit.

Pat plays the hockey fight on his computer. Once again we see Reardon, with his dukes up, skating in circles with a bigger, much younger OPPONENT.

DOUG

Watched it last night. Crazy!

PAT

What against the fucking Habs? Crazy?! They gave that monster his like one last shot at playing in the NHL, the Bruins call him up on injury reserve and he ends up putting half of the Montreal Canadiens in the hospital. Fucking shitty ass Bruins still lose 10-1. The Bruins set the most embarrassing records. "Most goals against in a home game", "Most goals against in an away game" "Most Fans Who Are Pedophiles" Fucking Reardon's a beast, though! Watch this shit.

On screen we see Reardon finally attack. He leaps up at his tall Opponent and POW!!! Punches him square in the face. And again. And again. His Opponent is in a daze and POW!!! Reardon knocks the kid's helmet clean off, and he topples to the ice unconscious. Reardon dusts off his hands.

PAT (CONT'D)
OOOHHHH!!! Motherfucker got Powned!

Pat dances in circles. Doug smiles again a bit envious of Reardon. Pat notices.

PAT (CONT'D)
What? What's wrong bud? You seem down as fuck. Yeast infection?

DOUG
Jesus Pat. No...you're disgusting, man. I...I just...I dunno.

Beat. Pat waits patiently as he knows Doug isn't the quickest of men.

DOUG (CONT'D)
I'm just kinda...down, ya know? I don't do anything cool. Like, you have your show and my brothers got his doctor stuff and 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 sex organ where my poo comes out.

Pat bursts out laughing. Doug cheers up a bit.

PAT (CONT'D)
Hey, fuck all this feeling sad shit. I'm no good for advice anyway. Let's just go watch the Assassins beat the fuck out of Oshawa for 60 minutes. What do you say there shitty tits? Huh? They got hot dogs...

INT. CONOR RINK - LATER THAT NIGHT

The small scale 1500 seat arena 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 is a cheap, dirty, bloody example of a fight league at it's best. At present, both benches are cleared and every player is engaged in a sloppy bone crushing Donnybrooke at centre 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 hot dogs like it's his job.

PAT

Holy fuck this is sweet! Fuck you
Oshawa! Fuck you Oshawa!
(turns to Doug)
This is hilarious!

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

PAT (CONT'D)

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

Blanko smashes his skate down onto an Assassin's foot sending him screaming and limping off the ice.

PAT (CONT'D)

What was that?! Blanko you pussy!

The REFS and LINESMEN finally decide to step in and break up the brawl. They have to send one player from each team to the box. One of 'em is Blanko. The Orangetown crowd goes wild. Pat bursts out laughing really loudly pointing his finger and camera at Blanko as he skates to the box.

PAT (CONT'D)

HA-HA! Blankoooo! Bye bye monkey!
You fucking red neck moron!!!
(to Doug)
You feeling better buddy?

Doug smiles.

DOUG

Yeah man. Thanks. These hot dogs
are an awesome treat.

INT. CONOR RINK - LAST 5 MINTUES OF THE GAME

The scoreboard reads: ORANGETOWN 10 OSHAWA 1.

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

PAT

Oh my GOD!!! Ladies and Gentlemen
this is an absolute ass raping the
likes of which only Ned Beatty or
the cast of OZ can comprehend! 10-
1!!!! Fucking 10-1!!!! Doug? Any
thoughts?!

Pat angles the camera at Doug. Doug smiles a little.

DOUG

Yeah, it's awesome.

PAT

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. Then a whistle blows. Ref calls a penalty. He points at Blanko. Makes the slashing gesture. Pat loves it. Blanko is incredulous. He can't believe it.

BLANKO

WHAT!?! Are you kidding me!?! Fuck
that!!!

Pat erupts in uproarious laughter.

PAT

Holy fuck!!! 6 times!!! That's the
6th fucking time this game that
this goofy motherfucker got sent to
the box! Stupid idiot...THANK YOU
BLANKO! BLANKOOOO!!!

The remaining crowd joins in.

CROWD

BLANKOOOO!!!! BLANKOOO!!!!

On the ice, Blanko smashes his stick against the boards, breaking it in two.

REF

In the box! Now!

BLANKO

Fuck you!

The crowd goes even crazier. Pat is laughing and videotaping all of it.

BLANKO (CONT'D)

And fuck you!!!

Blanko throws off his glove and gives the crowd the finger. They start to throw garbage. Blanko skates over to the box and then slams the door shut. Two fans near the box bang on the glass.

CROWD

BLANKOOO!!!

PAT

You pussy!!! Fuck you Blankooo!!
 (show-tune 'Goodnight
 Lady')
 'Goodnight Blanko, Goodnight
 Blanko, Fuck you Blanko, You stupid
 fucking douche' AND AGAIN!

Pat continues singing. Blanko's had enough. He stands up in the box and turns around to face the crowd. He scans the stands until he locates Pat's booming voice.

BLANKO

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. He's still singing but he's now incorporated a vaudevillian dance. Suddenly, Blanko hoists himself up out of the box and leaps into the stands, gunning for Pat. Doug instinctively stands up, ready.

BLANKO

You filming me?!! You fucking
 filming me motherfucker?!

Blanko makes his way through the crowd as the players from both teams yell at him to turn around. College kids quickly move out of his way. Two SECURITY GUARDS rush towards Blanko 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 is coming straight at Pat and Doug.

BLANKO (CONT'D)

You want a piece of me faggot?!!!

Doug snaps.

DOUG

HEY! MY BROTHER IS GAY!!!

And with that, Doug leaps into the air at Blanko, who up until now was only looking at Pat.

BLANKO

What the fuck?

Doug tackles Blanko down onto the empty seats.

BLANKO (CONT'D)

You motherfucker! You think you can-

Blanko realizes Doug is no chump as they start exchanging blows. Doug quickly gains the upper hand.

DOUG

My! Brother! Is! GAAAAY!!!!

Doug punches Blanko's helmet so hard it cracks. Blanko staggers to his feet and the fight continues. All of Blanko's punches bounce off Doug's head, seemingly harmless 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. 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 enthusiastically cheers Doug on, taping the whole thing.

PAT

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!

Blanko is in a daze now but still swinging wildly. BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!! Doug punches Blanko in the face three times then grabs him by the shoulders.

DOUG

Okay bud...

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

BDRSSSHHHH!!! Doug headbutts Blanko right in the face as hard as he can. 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!
Dougie! Dougie!

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

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 smokes a joint.

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

DOUG
It was pretty cool, like my 48
seconds of fame.

PAT
Nah, Doug. Look at you, you're
fucking huge. 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 dented
that guy's fucking head in without
even breaking a goddamn sweat. You
broke his helmet.

DOUG
(kind of proud)
I gotta say, I've never even heard
of that before. 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
Doug this could be something.
There's gotta be something cool you
can get out of this. At least some
free beers or something.

INT. DONOVAN'S - LATER THAT NIGHT

Doug excitedly tells his story to a group of regulars.

REGULARS
Dougie!! You fucked him up good,
huh? That's our boy!

Doug is genuinely happy. Just then, Donovan walks over and
kills the mood.

DONOVAN
You know, I sure would appreciate
it if you stood by the door and did
your job like you're supposed to.

REGULAR 1
Oh come on Donny, kid was just
tellin' a story.

DONOVAN
Oh yeah? Well I got a story. It's
set in a bar.
(MORE)

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

And the main protagonist is a
bouncer named Doug, who actually
did what he was paid to do, and his
boss didn't have to remind him
every so often to do the job that
he was paid to do. You got me, kid?

DOUG

Yeah. Sorry.

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 stands off to the side eating granola bars.

DARREN

We're back in 30. Please Pat-

PAT

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

DARREN

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

PAT

And all I'm asking you to do is
shove that repressive Maoist
attitude up your fuckin' ass.

DARREN

Jesus Christ man. We're on in 5, 4,
3...

We hear the "Hot Ice" theme music which is a terrible
synthesizerish thing with Pat doing some kind of horrible Bob
Seger style vocals saying the words: "talkin' 'bout hot ice".

PAT

(to camera)

Hi there gang, and welcome back to
a very special episode of Hot Ice.

(MORE)

PAT (CONT'D)

For those of you just tuning in, we are dedicating this week's entire half hour to an event which can only be described as fucking wicked badass.

Behind the camera Darren puts his face in his hands.

PAT (CONT'D)

Last weekend when the Assassins hosted those pussies from northern lands, the Oshawa Iroquois, they were faced with a competitor...whom...whom...they beat fucking shit senseless!!!

DARREN (O.C.)

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

PAT

Jesus Christ, Darren please leave me alone? I know my viewers and they know how I talk.

DARREN

Yes 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. So you want dirty? Ain't nothing dirtier than a fucking pervert. In the fucking registry and everything. No offense Ralphie, but you know what you get up to... weird orgies and....fisting

DARREN (O.C.)

Fuck it.

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

PAT

Darren. What the fuck?

We hear a door open and close.

PAT (CONT'D)

Well I guess we lost Darren. Great, this is great. Really fucking professional Darren. Okay where was I, oh yeah so we beat the fucking shit out of Oshawa. Metaphorically and really fucking literally. And the worst of said beatings, which is the inspiration for this week's sexy special episode, came not at the hands of Assassins sluggers O'Reilly, Sanderklyn or Petrone but an Orangetown fan sitting right in the fucking stands! And he's friends with me! I'm friends with him! We're friends! Anywhoo let's roll that clip, Darren. Oh right. Fuck me. Okay, uh two secs.

Pat runs off camera.

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

Hey Gus? Where's the fucking...controller...thing. You know the fucking thing, the remote.

We hear Gus mumble back something inarticulate.

PAT (CONT'D)

Oh, for fuck's sake, Gus I'm on air right now.

(beat)

What the hell is that? Coffee yogurt? Jesus.

(beat)

Eww...

The screen switches to Pat's shaky video camera work from the game.

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

There's fucking Blanko.

Doug is punching Blanko in the face.

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

And there's my boy Doug. Yeah Doug!

Doug head-butts him. Blanko rocks to the ground.

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

OHHHHHH!!! Let's see that again shall we?

The footage rewinds and the head-butt plays again.

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

And again.

PAT (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Back and to the left.

And again.

PAT (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Back and to the left. Oh my god
that's amazing. Okay.

Screen switches back to Pat in studio. He's trying to wipe yogurt off a remote.

PAT (CONT'D)
Absolutely incredible. Well, shall
we bring the man of the hour out
here?
(looks off screen)
You ready bud? Okay. Ladies and
gentleman. Without further ado let
me introduce the hero from last
weekend's game, the man who
silenced Blanko, my friend, my best
friend Doug...the Thug...Glatt!!!

Pat pushes a button on his controller thing, and terrible
canned applause starts playing. Pat claps feverishly. Doug
awkwardly ambles on stage and waves at Pat. Pat points to the
camera. Doug waves at the camera, terrified.

DOUG
(inaudible)
Hi there.

PAT
Doug, welcome to Hot Ice.

Doug is unsure of 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
So Doug. Doug the Thug. Where do we
begin? Why don't you tell us a bit
about what happened last Saturday.

DOUG

Well that guy Blanco he was running at you and it looked like he was going to hurt you, and you are my friend, my best friend....and he said FAGGOT...which I don't like when people say because my brother is gay.

PAT

Yeah, fucking A. Shout out to Ira Glatt. He's gay and he's Doug's brother.

DOUG

Yeah. So...

PAT

So, uh...yeah...awesome. You really beat his ass. What do you remember from the fight?

DOUG

What? Uhh...I don't know...I think he broke his hand on my face. And I cracked his helmet.

PAT

Wicked. Cracked a grown man's helmet with his bare fucking hands. Dougie can we take a gander at those tender paws?

DOUG

Uh yes...sure..

Doug holds out his big fists sheepishly.

PAT

Holy fucking shit ass! Look at those things! Your knuckles are like the size of my balls! Now let's go to the phones...

Pat fucks around with his remote.

PAT (CONT'D)

Okay...that should be the one...Hi caller, you're on the Ice.

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

DOUG
(still unsure where to
look)
Uh yes. Yes, I do like hot dogs.

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

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

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!!!

And the line goes dead.

PAT
Goddamn it! He got me again!!!
Fuck! Brian, Gus! What the fuck,
guys?!

Pat stands up and kicks his chair. Doug stares at camera
unsure what to do.

DOUG
Uhh...

Pat breathes in and out deeply and few times and counts
quietly. He rights his chair and sits back down.

PAT
Why do I do this? Why do I let this
happen to myself? This call in
segment was a really bad idea. I
think I'm gonna cancel it. Alright
there gang, so this will be our
farewell call segment as I will
never do it again.
(MORE)

PAT (CONT'D)
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.)
Hello. This is Rollie Hortense. I'm
the coach of the Orangetown
Assassins.

PAT
Go fuck yourself.

ROLLIE HORTENSE (O.C.)
(laughing)
Right, I figured you'd say that.
Pat, listen, actually listen to my
voice, I'm Rollie Hortense, and I'm
calling because, well, Doug, you
really impressed the hell out of me
and a lot of other people last
night.

DOUG
Uh, thank you, thank you very much.

PAT
I don't know, Doug. What if it's
some motherfucker from Worcester?

ROLLIE HORTENSE
Why don't you boys come down to my
office?

PAT
No fuckin' way. That's just what
Sully would say. He'd tell us to
come on down to his office, and
then say that his office is a gay
bar, and we'd fit right in. Fucking
Sully! Motherfucker! You come here.
You come here.

Beat.

ROLLIE HORTENSE
Alright, I have a better idea.
Doug, come down to the arena at
2:30 tomorrow if you're interested
in a tryout.

Rollie hangs up.

DOUG
Was that real?

BRIAN (O.S.)
No way!

PAT
Fuck off, Brian! Guess we'll find
out tomorrow on... a very special
episode of Hot Ice.

EXT. CONOR RINK - AFTERNOON

Doug, carrying a duffel bag filled with shit, arrives at the Assassins' arena. 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 dude, you fucking
ready for this?

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

PAT (CONT'D)
What's wrong? Jitters? Butterflies?
I have little tricks. Breathe
really deeply and count to 30.
It'll just kinda clear your head.
Either that, or go jerk off in the
ladies' bathroom.

DOUG
No, it's not that, I mean, yeah I'm
kinda nervous, but well it's mostly
because of this:

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?

DOUG

They were my brother's.

PAT

Yeah but...these are girls skates.
Really huge girl's skates.

DOUG

He preferred them. He says they
mince better.

PAT

What the hell does that mean?

DOUG

I don't know. Aw, man. I'm gonna
get fuckin yelled at, aren't I?

PAT

Look, Doug, who gives a fuck?
Really, who gives a fuck? You, my
friend, YOU are about to become the
next great enforcer. You are going
to go in there and show them that
last weekend wasn't a fluke. You
are going to go in there and show
them that this is what you were
born to do. And who knows maybe
they need someone who can mince.

DOUG

I don't know man.

PAT

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. And it seems like the entire starting roster of the Orangetown Assassins have come down specifically to witness this auspicious event.

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.

Pat films Doug awkwardly hit the ice and skate towards center, but holding onto the boards for support. With each step we hear a metallic scrape.

PAT (CONT'D)

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

Doug looks up smiles at Pat, a bit embarrassed. Then he braces himself and lets go of the boards to skate to centre ice but slips and falls right on his ass.

The Assassins all start giggling and scoffing. Doug gets red in the face. He digs his fist into the ice and forces himself up to his feet. He briefly skates forward when:

Doug

Whoa!

Doug eats it again. His legs shoot out in front of him like someone stepping on a banana peel in a cartoon. This time his face smashes down on the ice.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Pat watches from the stands, mortified as the jeering gets louder.

ASSASSINS

What the fuck?/Goddamn train wreck!/What the fuck am I looking at?/Those girl skates?

Even the head coach can't help but laugh a little. 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,
come on.

Doug stays on his feet and slowly, but surely makes his way over to centre ice.

ROLLIE HORTENSE
Congratulations, son. You made it
to center ice.

The Assassins burst into sarcastic applause and laughter. Pat cringes a little.

ROLLIE HORTENSE (CONT'D)
(re: team's laughter)
Alright! Shut up and settle down!

The guys stop snickering. Until -

ASSASSIN # 1
But, he's just so graceful...

The Assassins burst out laughing. Doug is fuming. The embarrassment all but completely gone from his face, he clenches his fists.

ROLLIE HORTENSE
That's enough!

ASSASSIN # 1
Coach, is this guy actually joining
our team? He's wearing figure
skates for fuck's sake.
(concerned)
That's queer bait, coach.

The head coach picks up Assassin #1 by the arm and tells him to apologize. He skates over to Doug, with a shit-eating grin on his face. Doug is seething, his eyes red with rage. He's at his breaking point.

ASSASSIN # 1 (CONT'D)
I'm sorry man.

Doug sighs.

DOUG
It's okay man. I look like a
fucking idiot.

ASSASSIN # 1
It's not your fault. I guess no one
told you we play hockey on ice
nowadays.

DOUG
Fuck it.

And with that Doug rams his right fist into Assassin #1,
knocking him clean off his feet. Doug slips to the ice.

PAT
OH!!!!

The other Assassins quickly get up and drop their gloves.

ASSASSINS
What the fuck?!/You motherfucker!

Rollie blows his whistle but it's no use. It's a melee.

ROLLIE HORTENSE
(to himself)
Jesus.

The 14 Assassins skaters all engage Doug, who struggles to
his feet. Doug handles them deftly:

- CRRRNCHH!!! Doug uppercuts an Assassin.
- Doug jerseys an Assassin and 1-2-3s him in the face.
- CRRSSH!!! Doug repeatedly head-butts an Assassin, leaving
a bloody mist.
- Assassin skates full-speed at Doug, who strong-arms him,
flooring the guy.
- Doug takes on 3 Assassins at once, hurling them against the
boards. Doug falls on his ass. He stumbles to his feet and
chases after another Assassin. They all skate away. Doug
manages to grab one of their shirts.

TERRIFIED ASSASSIN
Aww man...awww man....

BAM! Doug punches him, the Terrified Assassin falls into the
boards and onto the ice. Doug sloppily falls down on top of
him.

TERRIFIED ASSASSIN (CONT'D)
(muffled)
I CAN'T BREATHE!!! DEAR GOD!!!

Doug rolls off the guy and then slowly rises up, panting heavily. The fight's over. From the stands, Pat whistles.

PAT
(laughing)
Yeah!

ROLLIE HORTENSE
Jesus, Doug! That was quite an impressive display. Unfortunately, those are your teammates that you just beat up.

Doug looks at the beaten up team members still hobbling away.

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

ROLLIE HORTENSE
But on the bright side, those are your teammates you just beat up. You're on the team, see? You wanna be an Orangetown Assassin?

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

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

DOUG
Well...uh...yes...of course..but like...I can't skate for shit...

ROLLIE HORTENSE
Doesn't matter. Welcome, Doug. Just one more thing, though.

DOUG
I'll learn to skate, sir. I promise.

ROLLIE HORTENSE
I'm sure you will but that's not what I was going to ask. This is a fun one - what number do you want?

Doug thinks. He clearly has no idea and is overwhelmed. Pat chimes in.

PAT
DUDE! TAKE 69! DOUGIE!!! 69!!! CAN YOU HEAR MY VOICE? 69!

Pat's voice is well beyond loud enough for everyone to hear. Annoyed, the whole team looks up at him.

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

ROLLIE HORTENSE
Bit childish, but if that's what you want, it's yours. Alright Doug, welcome to the minors. Let's get you some gear.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Doug puts on his shoulder pads. Gloves. Helmet. Grabs his stick.

MUSIC UP: WORKING MAN by RUSH

MONTAGE: Doug's First Two Months Playing Hockey

- We see Doug, in home and away jerseys, in fight after fight. Each result is the same, Doug punches or head butts someone unconscious.

- We see Pat on "Hot Ice" taking audiences through a blow by blow analysis of one of Doug's fights. Grainy video camera footage of Doug punching the hell out of some POOR BUGGER plays on screen behind him. Pat constantly refers to him as "Doug the Thug" and points him out to fans who mostly don't care.

- Doug does some skating drill in the empty arena with Rollie. He's already showing signs of improvement.

- We see a real Donnybrooke at centre ice, both benches clear. As Doug skates into the melee, several OPPOSITION PLAYERS, skate back to the bench or just away from Doug. Doug chases a guy into the locker room.

- Pat and Doug are drinking beers in Doug's apartment, watching and re-watching footage of Reardon dummieing a guy and dusting off his hands.

- Rollie demonstrates how to stop. Doug tries and falls on his face.

- Doug walks into Donovan's and quits his job.

- We see Conor Rink has way more fans than usual. It appears Doug's presence has brought people out of the woodwork. There are even a few signs in the crowd that read "Go Thug Go" and "Dougie 3:16" and "Glatt is Kosher". Amongst the clutter a group of boys can be heard chanting, "Thug! Thug! Thug!"

- Skating hard and unable to stop, Doug slams into an OPPOSING PLAYER and sends him crashing through the glass. The crowd is loving it. He skates back to the bench and gets some fist pumps from his teammates who he's won over.

EXT. USED CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

Crappy BETACAM footage. 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.

INT. CONOR RINK - ROLLIE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

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

DOUG
You wanted to see me, coach?

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

DOUG
Wow, thank you sir. So, thank you...in kind.

ROLLIE HORTENSE
(beat)
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. Maybe even the big show. What I'm saying is, your talent is wasted here.

DOUG

...talent? I wouldn't say-

ROLLIE HORTENSE

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

(takes a breath)

My old coot-of-a-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

Yes. I told him who you are, what you're capable of. What you can do for his team...they need you Doug.

CUT TO:

INT. ICE RINK - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

The Highlanders engage in a raucous celebration at center ice. They take turns hoisting the Calder Cup.

ROLLIE HORTENSE (V.O.)
 3 years ago the Highlanders won the
 Calder cup, the most coveted trophy
 in minor league hockey, due in no
 small part to this hot shit 17 year
 old French Canadian kid Xavier
 Laflamme. Kid really was something
 else.

XAVIER LAFLAMME, 20, takes off full-throttle down ice,
 leaving defensemen tripping over themselves. He dekes the
 goalie and roofs it. Red light goes off.

ROLLIE HORTENSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He just fucking danced with the
 puck and he could put the fucker
 away too. Everybody who's opinion
 matters tapped Laflamme as the next
 big thing, Quebec's own answer to
 Crosby and Ovechkin. He gets ranked
 first over all for the draft. The
 entire National Hockey League was
 salivating over him.

Laflamme scores goal after goal.

ROLLIE HORTENSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 That season the kid scores 110
 points. 110. My God. The future's
 so bright he's gotta wear shades.
 Then everything goes pear shaped.
 It all starts with this one hit.

CRUNNCH!!! Laflamme is absolutely laid out from behind. His
 face slams into the post. With a smirk on his face, Reardon
 stands over Laflamme's dazed body, and dusts off his hands.

ROLLIE HORTENSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Laflamme got fucking rocked into
 the net by Ross the Boss Reardon.
 It was fucking brutal. Check from
 behind, elbows up. Laflamme is out
 cold. Reardon gets a 5 game
 suspension. Laflamme ends up
 missing 40 games. And when he
 finally gets back...

Laflamme touches down on the ice for the first time. The hit
 has made him tentative and withdrawn; far different than the
 lively sparkplug from 40 games prior. He avoids taking passes
 to avoid getting hit.

ROLLIE HORTENSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...he's scared senseless. He's a completely different player. Shell shocked. He just switched off. And then his point drought started and well it's all been downhill ever since. The NHL stopped dialing Xavier Laflamme's number a long time ago. Cut to today, the Highlanders are dead fucking last.

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

CUT TO:

INT. CONOR RINK - ROLLIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

ROLLIE HORTENSE
 Then I meet you, Doug. 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 an NHL farm team. We're in a league with a team named after a radio station. Your talent is wasted here. Go up there Doug, go up there and watch Frenchie's back. See if you can't wake him up out of his slump. See if you can't wake up the whole fucking team. Inject some positivity and work ethic up there. Lord knows they need it. Just go make a dent. Up there...everyone will be watching.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

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

PAT
 Motherfucker. I'm gonna miss you.

DOUG
 I'm gonna miss you too, Pat.

PAT

I'll be up there soon enough, my cousin Sherilyn is a stripper 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 anywhoo I'll be there soon enough. Plus I'm doing a whole Thugisode on you next month sort of a catching up with Orangetown's favorite son kinda deal. 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.

DOUG

(laughing)

Thanks Pat, you're funny.

Doug picks up his bag and makes for the train.

PAT

Take care, buddy. Beat the shit out of some jagoff for me.

DOUG

You got it.

Doug gets on train and takes his seat. He waves at Pat through the window.

CONDUCTOR

ALL ABOARD!

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 bass music blares. He enters and warily shuts the door behind him.

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. Heavy bass music blares in the background. The speakers are broken and scratchy.

Doug sees two bedrooms. One is completely empty except for a mattress. The other's door is shut. The source of the loud music. Doug drops his duffle bag in the empty room, and walks to the bathroom.

INT. APARTMENT - WASHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Open pill bottles and condom wrappers decorate the floor. Doug puts the toilet seat up gingerly with his foot. He sees a used condom lying in the toilet bowl.

DOUG

Oh shit!

He recoils back into the wall and loses his balance. He grasps at a towel trying to keep on his feet. It doesn't work. Doug goes sprawling into the bathtub.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Goddamn it!!!

He finally gets back up to his feet, disoriented and grossed out, and finishes.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Doug flushes and exits the washroom. The music has changed to some kind of Eurotrash classical music remix. We can hear muffled talking and laughter permeated by the odd grunt or moan coming from inside the room. Doug thinks to himself a moment and then nods. He walks over to the closed door and knocks. Nothing. He knocks again. Still nothing. Doug slowly opens the door and sees:

XAVIER LAFLAMME, 20, a cigarette dangling from his lips doing lines of cocaine off a giggly POOR MAN'S PARIS HILTON's, 18, crotch. They are both naked and wearing sunglasses. Doug instantly gets weird and looks down.

DOUG

Oh Jesus....Sorry. Doug. Doug
Glatt. I'm Doug Glatt, nice to meet
you. I'm your roommate. I'm sorry.

Poor Man's Paris Hilton bursts out laughing. Laflamme jumps to his feet.

Xavier

(furious)

HEY FUCK YOU!!! WHAT THE FUCK DO
YOU DO?!!!CLOSE MY FUCKING ROOM
TABARNAK!!!

DOUG

(nodding nervously)

Yeahrightofcoursesorrybye.

Doug backs out of the room.

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. In the corner the Russians, OLEG and EVGENI stand around making fun of everyone else in their native tongue. A really small Korean guy PARK KIM, 20s, eats a Cup O' Noodles by himself.

DOUG

Hi there, I'm Doug Glatt.

PARK KIM

(mouth full)

Park Kim. Nice to meeting you.

Park Kim starts gesturing to his mouth.

PARK KIM(CONT'D)
Cup O' Noodles?

DOUG
Yeah, no thank you. I'm full of
Chunky Soup.

Doug bows at him weirdly. Park Kim is clearly confused and insulted. The goalie MARCO BELCHIOR, stomps in. Silent but always angry. He goes to his locker which has a photo-shopped picture of him letting a beach ball sail past him into the net stuck on it.

MARCO BELCHIOR
Oh GODFUCKINGDAMNIT! What the
fuck?! You think this is funny?!!!

Quiet laughter fills the room.

MARCO BELCHIOR (CONT'D)
You think this shit is fucking
funny?! You lazy cocksuckers!!! Who
was it?! I bet it was you commie
motherfuckers, wasn't it?!

The Russians laugh and chat amongst themselves.

MARCO BELCHIOR (CONT'D)
Speak English you sons of Russian
bitches! Maybe if you did your
fucking jobs and actually stopped
people up at the blue line once in
awhile I might not 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 fucking bodychecked!
I hate you guys!

As Doug moves in to introduce himself to Belchior, he looks at Kim. Kim shakes his head "no". Doug agrees. The captain, GORD OGILVEY, 40s, enters drinking from a Gatorade bottle. He goes to his locker on other side of Doug's.

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

GORD OGILVEY
Gord Ogilvey. Captain Gord, they
call me.
(beat)
Well, not really. But you can.
(MORE)

GORD OGILVEY (CONT'D)

(beat)

It would mean a lot to me if you did.

DOUG

(warily)

Okay...Captain Gord.

GORD OGILVEY

The tough kid that beats the shit out of everyone, right?

DOUG

Uh yeah, pretty much.

GORD OGILVEY

Glad you're here. This place...this place is a love letter to apathy.

He takes a sip from his bottle.

GORD OGILVEY (CONT'D)

Where are my manners...you want some? Homemade rye. Gotta nice burn to it.

DOUG

(slightly taken aback)

Uhh, no thank you.

Ogilvey shrugs and takes another sip.

GORD OGILVEY

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...

DOUG

(shocked)

I'm sorry to hear that.

Ogilvey shrugs, nods and unscrews the bottle cap.

GORD OGILVEY

Yeah it's pretty much the shitter.

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

GORD OGILVEY (CONT'D)

Glad to have you here, bud.

In the background, Belchior tries to put on his gear. He awkwardly trips and falls backwards into a garbage can the Russians have placed there.

MARCO BELCHIOR
Motherfucker! SON OF A BITCH!!!

They stare as Belchior kicks his locker repeatedly. The Russians snicker.

GORD OGILVEY
That's our starting goalie, Marco Belchior. Bit of a temper. He's Portugese. And he's from Montreal. So basically he just fucking screams a lot.

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

Ogilvey smirks at that.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Where is he at? He usually late to practice?

GORD OGILVEY
Late? Xavier Laflamme hasn't been to a practice in 2 fucking seasons. He'd rather be getting some stripper pregnant in a hot tub.

DOUG
Huh...is that even possible? Cuz my friend Pat always tells me-

GORD OGILVEY
Me and the wife were trying to get pregnant and have another baby. You know in hindsight I really think it was just a last ditch effort to save the marriage. Which of course all ended up in bright blue flames. Ahh Jesus.

Ogilvey empties the bottle into his mouth. Doug stares at him, not sure what to say. Tears in his eyes, Ogilvey pats Doug on the shoulder.

GORD OGILVEY (CONT'D)
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. A few HIGHLANDERS actually apply themselves, including Doug. RONNIE HORTENSE, 60s, coach and GM of the Highlanders runs drills. He 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

What the fuck?!

They aim for his head and keep hitting it.

MARCO BELCHIOR (CONT'D)

You motherfuckers!

Belchior goes sprawling, his stick makes a resounding CLACK-ACK!!! as it drops to the ice.

MARCO BELCHIOR (CONT'D)

Goddamn it!

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 blows his whistle and stops the insanity.

COACH

Alright boys...that'll do for today.

Everyone starts moseying into the locker room. Ronnie stops Doug.

COACH (CONT'D)

I'm sure you've met a lot of people and had a lot of excitement and just want a good nights sleep. Don't blame you. I just wanted to say I like your spirit. Not like all these apathetic buggers. Keep it up.

Ronnie pats Doug on the back and walks away. Doug seems very confused.

INT. APARTMENT - DOUG'S ROOM - NIGHT

Doug sits at his computer on "Wikipedia". In the background Drum and Bass music blares. A Girl moans. He tries to type in the word "apathetic", but keeps spelling it wrong. Finally he types it correctly and the definition appears on the screen: Feeling or showing a lack of interest or concern; indifferent.

DOUG
(nodding attentively)
Yes, yes, of course.

EXT. SPRING GARDEN STREET - NIGHT

Doug walks through downtown Halifax alone, the snow really coming down. The popular strip is crowded with 20-something DRUNK UNI KIDS. Doug sees a GIRL, 23, trying to make a cell phone call. Behind her stands a group of drunk students smoking cigarettes and laughing loudly. The Girl walks around in a weird serpentine pattern trying to get reception. But in doing so, she slips awkwardly on a patch of ice. Her legs kick out and she fucking eats it hard. Her phone goes flying into the slushy gutter.

GIRL
FUCK!

The Drunk Uni Kids all burst out laughing and applauding. Doug runs up to her, and helps her up.

DOUG
Are you okay?

GIRL
Uh, yeah...thank you.

Doug sticks his hand into slush and fishes out her cellphone.

DOUG
There you go. I don't know if she'll work anymore. Slushed up pretty good, I'm afraid.

GIRL
Thanks a lot.

The Drunk Uni Kids all giggle at Doug's display. One of them is really losing it, just laughing his ass off.

DRUNKEST GUY
AWWWW!!!

DOUG
 Uh, stop laughing. Slipping on ice
 isn't funny.

DRUNKEST GUY
 (laughing even harder)
 HAHAHAHA!!! The bitch fell ice!
 Slipping on ice is hilarious!
 HAHAHAHA!!!

DOUG
 Uh, don't make fun of her. Or me.

DRUNKEST GUY
 (mimicking)
 Uh, don't make-

CRACK!!! Doug pops the Drunk Guy square in the jaw. He
 careens backward.

GIRL
 JESUS!

DRUNK UNI KIDS
 (shocked and frightened)
 Holy shit! What the fuck?! Reg just
 got fucking cold-cocked!

They all stare at Doug, most of them terrified. The Girl
 stares at the guy lying on the ground. She puts her hands to
 her mouth.

GIRL
 Oh my God...

She turns back to Doug. Doug's eyes dart around sheepishly,
 like a kid who knows he's in trouble. He starts blushing.

DOUG
 Uhh...uhhhh...

INT. CROWDED BAR - SOON AFTER

Doug sits with the Girl. 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. Doug
 keeps looking at him apologetic, embarrassed. The rest of the
 Drunk Uni Kids all sit with them.

GIRL
 Really, it's okay. You were being
 nice.

DOUG
Well, no friend of mine would laugh
at me like that. I mean, Pat just
doesn't do that.

GIRL
Who's Pat?

Doug doesn't hear her, concerned for the guy he hit.

DOUG
Listen, I'm really sorry I hit you.

REG
(terrified of Doug)
No...I...I shouldn't have laughed
at her or made fun of you or
anything. It was a jerk thing to do
and I won't again.

DOUG
Well, okay.

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

DOUG (CONT'D)
So, uh, what was your name?

GIRL
Eva.

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

REGGIE
Yeah sure man. You got it.

DOUG
And you guys down there too.
Tonight drinks on me. Doug. I am
Doug. Drinks are on me.

Doug motions for the bartender.

INT. CROWDED BAR - LATER

Doug and the Girl are sloshed and leaning in to each other.

DOUG
Eva's a great name.

EVA

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

DOUG

Sexy kinda mustard, Eva, that's the best kind.

EVA

I tend to think so.

DOUG

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. Eat 'em all the time.

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. Pretty name like your face which is pretty.

Clearly, these people are drunk as shit.

EVA

Awww...you're very nice to me.

DOUG
I'm just being honest. I'll stop.
I'm sorry.

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 magazines they give
you at the movie theatre that he
wants to be taken seriously as an
actor and not just because he's
good looking.

EVA
I don't think Charlie Sheen's good
looking.

DOUG
What, are you fucking crazy?

EVA
(giggling)
What?

DOUG
Charlie Sheen is very handsome. My
brother's got a real thing for him.
And frankly...I can't blame him.

She bursts out laughing.

EVA
Sorry. Can't do it. Can't agree
with you on this one. Doug we saw
eye to eye on everything up to
here. It had to end sooner or
later.

DOUG
You're crazy, Charlie
Sheen...that's a fucking punnum,
right there.

EVA
Alright, we'll agree to
disagree...so why are you here?
What brings you to Halifax?

DOUG
I play hockey. Just started playing
for the Halifax Highlanders.

EVA
Oh God...

DOUG
What? What's wrong?

EVA
Nothing....it's just....I grew up
in a hockey town in rural
Ontario....both my brothers
played...it's all my family ever
talks about.

DOUG
Oh. Well, I can't even skate so...

EVA
What kinda hockey player can't
skate?

DOUG
The kind that is me.

Eva bursts out laughing.

EVA
Fair enough.

DOUG
And what do you do?

EVA
I'm in my second semester of law
school and really have absolutely
no clue what I'm doing with my
life.

DOUG
Well, what do you like to do, then?

EVA
I dunno, I like reading, I like
dancing, I like sudoku, and little
brain teasers.

DOUG

There you go. Brain stuff. Brain stuff. Like my family. They're all into brains, they're all actually real brain surgeons, Eva. My dad, my brother, my grandad, they're all brain surgeons. I'm the fucking stupid one. And like the only thing I know about brains is this stupid story...I told them....they didn't like it.

EVA

Let's see if I like it.

Beat.

DOUG

I like Eva.

EVA

(smiling)

Yeah?

DOUG

Yes ma'am.

EVA

I like Doug. Eva likes Doug. Eva like you.

DOUG

(totally surprised)

Holy horseshit. Really?

She finds his ignorance of that obvious fact adorable.

DOUG (CONT'D)

(taking a stab)

Well, how do you feel about kissing?

EVA

Which type?

DOUG

Oh god. I don't know. I hadn't thought it through that far.

Eva smiles as she leans forward and starts making out with him.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - 4AM

Stinking drunk, Doug walks hand in hand with Eva. They stumble left and right, giggling all the way. They finally approach a small townhouse.

EVA
This is me.

DOUG
Okay.

They get to her door. He kisses her one more time. He doesn't want to let go but does. She opens her door.

DOUG (CONT'D)
So...uh...could I like call you, or something? You got a number?...You know, digits? Shit, I don't know how this works.

Suddenly Eva has a change of conscience, as if she remembers something.

Eva
Uhh...I don't...know if that's the best idea, I don't think I really can...shit, I shouldn't...

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

She giggles.

EVA
Yeah? I mean, it's just my number, right?

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.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - NIGHT

The Hamilton Steelers VS The Halifax Highlanders. Doug's first game as a Highlander. The modest 10000 seat arena is about half filled with callous fans who cheer halfheartedly.

Doug rides the bench for the most part and watches the dynamics of this thoroughly damaged team. Ogilvey 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!

Ogilvey passes the puck to Laflamme who instantly parries it across to Park. Park takes off down the left wing. CRRNCHH!!! Park is brutally hipchecked by a Hamilton Steeler, upending him back onto the ice. His helmet and gloves fly off and scatter across the ice. The Hamilton Steeler, an enormous power forward, grabs the puck and takes off back toward the Halifax net. The Steeler dekes out Ogilvey. Laflamme backskates giving the Steeler a wide berth.

Belchior cracks his neck and steels himself. He barks orders at the Russians.

MARCO BELCHIOR

Okay, get back! Tighten up, he's cutting through the middle! Tighten up! Tighten up! FOR FUCK'S SAKE
TIGHTEN THE SHIT UP!!!!

Oleg and Evgeni just shrug at him and mumble shit to each other in Russian. Evgeni lazily skates towards the Steeler who deftly cuts in between the two defenseman and bares down on goal.

MARCO BELCHIOR (CONT'D)
 Oh fuck! You COMMIE TURN-COAT
 MOTHERFUCKERS!!!!

CRACK!!! The Hamilton Steeler rockets the puck right through Belchior's five hole. The goal light flashes red. The Halifax fans boo, albeit with limited emotional involvement.

MARCO BELCHIOR (CONT'D)
 GOD DAMN IT!!! You stupid lazy
 fucking Russians!!! SHLUHA
 VOKZAL'NAHA!!!

The Russians do a double take as they've just been called "Train Station Whores" by their goalie.

OLEG
 (thick accent)
 Did he just call us *Train Station Whores*?

EVGENI
 (thicker accent at
 Belchior)
 Your mother. Stupid Pork-in-cheese.

The Russians laugh as they skate back to the bench, leaving Marco fuming. Ogilvey sighs and shakes his head. He's been here for a very long time.

GORD OGILVEY
 Come on boys, no biggie! We're
 still in this!

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - LATER

Late in the 2nd. The score is still 1-0 Hamilton.

COACH
 Okay...Park, Laflamme and Glatt.
 You're up!

Doug's face lights up in a mixture of excitement and terror. Laflamme, Park and Doug jump onto the ice. Laflamme does more of his usual skating in circles routine to eat up time. Park steals the puck and starts down the ice. A mild roar goes through the Halifax crowd. Doug tries his best to follow Park but of course he slips and fucking eats it, bouncing his chin on the ice. Echoes of laughter.

Park, wheeling like hell, cuts in down the middle and...CRNCCH!!!! Park is sandwiched between 2 enormous HAMILTON DEFENSEMEN.

Again, 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. Doug sees this and hears the laughing. His eyes go wide, he grits his teeth, and jams his gloved fists into the ice, pushing himself back up to his feet.

DOUG
Hey!!! You!!!

The Hamilton Defensemen, smirking, turn to look at him. Doug clearly wants to say something but has no idea what it should be, so he just starts skating towards them as fast as he can. The Hamilton Defensemen smile and take the bait. They drop their sticks and their gloves and skate towards Doug.

HAMILTON DEFENSEMEN # 1
You want some?! A little Hamilton
thunder?!

And SMRSSHH!!! Doug jams his right fist into the defenseman's face. The defenseman ambles awkwardly into the boards.

HAMILTON DEFENSEMAN # 2
Try that on me, bitch! I'll fuckin-

CRNCCHH!!! Doug sticks out his arm and clotheslines the other defender, knocking him off his feet. His face hits the ice hard, Doug grabs the first defender by the collar and starts punching his head. The hometown fans erupt into a genuine applause, much to the shock of Laflamme, who takes notice.

The Linesmen skate over and pull Doug off the Steeler. They escort him over to the penalty box. At the Halifax bench, all the Highlanders hit the boards with their sticks, applauding Doug. Park smiles in awe. He looks at Doug and mouths the word "THANK YOU" as he bows. Doug smiles, mouthing the words "YOU'RE WELCOME" and awkwardly tries to bow.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - SOON AFTER

As Doug gets out of the penalty box and his skates touch the ice, 3 HAMILTON FORWARDS skate right through the Russians and bare down on Belchior.

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

SLOW MOTION:

-The Halifax Head Coach screams and motions at Doug to return to the bench.

- Marco Belchior tries desperately to ready himself for the impending disaster.
- 3 enormous Hamilton Forwards, their eyes obscured by Ovechkin style tinted visors, carve the ice into shimmering mist, they rocket toward the net.
- A decision washes across Doug's face. He looks away from the bench. Grits his teeth. Narrows his eyes. Clenches his stick.
- Doug takes off after the Forwards, falling spectacularly onto the ice, face first. His nose breaks, blood rushes out of it. He digs his fists into the ice and hoists himself back up. He takes off once again.
- The 3 Forwards pass the puck back and forth amongst each other.
- Doug clumsily carves up ice, skating/running faster than he ever has before.
- The 3 Forwards are now barely 2 metres away from the net. The wingers pass the puck between them once more before dropping it back to the centreman.
- Belchior's eyes widen.
- Doug inhales deeply and flings himself into the air at the centreman. Doug's huge arms crash down onto the Forward's shoulders and head. Doug claws at the Forward's face as he hauls him down onto the ice. The Forward's stick and the puck go flying.
- Half the crowd are on their feet.

We hear the Ref's whistle and

Back to 24 f/ps. The Ref points at the spot where Doug and the Hamilton centre wrestle around weirdly on the ice.

PENALTY SHOT.

CROWD

For fuck's sake!/Come on!/Jesus
F'in Christ!

On the Highlanders bench a groan sweeps through the team. They cringe and punch the boards. Laflamme smirks. Ogilvey looks down, shakes his head.

COACH

Fuck! Glatt godamn it!!!

Doug looks up at his team, embarrassed.

DOUG
I...sorry...

The Hamilton wingers skate towards Doug as he gets to his feet. The Ref and Linesmen skate in to stop a potential row.

REF (TO DOUG)
You! 5 minute major! You get back
in that fucking box before I kick
your goon ass the fuck out of here!

The Ref gestures towards the penalty box. Doug cringes and skates away just as one of the Hamilton Forwards gives Doug a quick sucker punch. The crowd boos. Doug was caught off guard and is a bit dazed.

Doug sits down in the box. He slumps. He can't bare to watch what happens. In the foreground we see the ice clear and the Hamilton centreman skate to centre ice as the stadium prepares for a penalty shot. We hear the Ref blow his whistle. We see the centreman rocket away towards Belchior's net offscreen.

The Crowd boo loudly.

BELCHIOR (O.S.)
Motherfucker!

The Hamilton centreman scored.

INT. BAR - LATER

The Highlanders party at a crowded bar. The bulk of the team, including Doug, sit around a table doing shots. Doug has a black eye. Belchior leans over.

MARCO BELCHIOR
You really fucked me tonight.

Doug nods.

DOUG
Yup. Yes, yes I did. I'm really,
really sorry.

Belchior pats Doug on the back.

MARCO BELCHIOR
I appreciate what you were trying
to do though. You had my back. So
thanks.
(MORE)

MARCO BELCHIOR (CONT'D)
 Just don't go fucking Bertuzzi-ing
 anyone else anytime in the near
 future okay?

DOUG
 Cheers.

Belchior and Doug each down another shot.

Laflamme, wearing sunglasses, flirts with SKANKY GIRLS, 20s.
 He motions for them to follow him into the washroom. They
 giggle and oblige. At the table, Belchior's cell rings. He
 answers it.

MARCO BELCHIOR
 This is Marco...baby? Oh baby...I
 love you...

And the rest is in Portugese. It starts to get heated.
 Ogilvey watches Belchior, and is inspired to take out his
 cell.

GORD OGILVEY
 Okay...so I know you told me not to
 leave you guys any voicemails
 but...I just miss you...I really
 miss you...when this season is
 over...I swear to God...I'm going
 to come be with you....it'll be
 like it used to be I swear...

Soon everyone has their phone out, calling their significant
 other. Doug scrolls through the numbers on his phone. He sees
 "EVA". He stares at the number. Finally, he does a shot and
 decides to call her. He cringes in anticipation.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. EVA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eva, sober as a nun, sits on her bed studying. Her phone
 rings. She looks at it and sees "DOUG CALLING" as the
 horrible drunk picture they took continuously pops up.

EVA
 Oh, fuck me.

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

EVA (CONT'D)
 (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, like, I just needed to check. I'm simply checking. I'm sorry. So how's it going?

EVA

(still wary)

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

DOUG

I'm good thank you, yourself?

EVA

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

DOUG

Good....and you've been good?

EVA

Yeah.

A bit of an awkward silence.

DOUG

Ah...so, what are you up to? You want to come down for a cocktail? I mean, a drink? I'm here with the team.

EVA

Yeah, uh, no, I'm good thanks. I have to study.

DOUG

Oh shit...that's right, I'm sorry...law school.

EVA
Yeah...that's right.
So...uh...you...

DOUG
Okay, sorry to bother you Eva, I
promise I won't call again...you
can call me though...or, like, we
should have coffee sometime soon.

EVA
I...uh...

DOUG
One cup o' joe. For Eva and Doug.

She can't help but crack a smile.

EVA
Um...sure. Let's just do it.

Doug jumps up from the table and pumps his fist in the air.

DOUG
Though I gotta tell you something,
I don't actually drink coffee, so
if we could, like, go to a place
that has Gatorade or like Coca-Cola
or something also, that would be
cool.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM/NIGHT

The Windsor Wheelers @ The Halifax Highlanders.

We see a huge Wheeler called OLDFIELD, late 20s, barrel into
Ogilvey crosschecking backwards into the boards. Oldfield
gets sent to the box. He laughs and flexes his arms.

Doug rides the bench. He keeps on looking at Ronnie Hortense
who keeps looking back and forth between Doug and the ice.
Finally he leans down and whispers to Doug.

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

DOUG
Sorry sir.

COACH

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-

COACH

Just next time I tell you to do something you fucking do it?

DOUG

Yes sir. Of course sir.

COACH

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

In the box Oldfield stares at Doug while flexing his arms. Doug is a bit weirded out. He tries looking away and then looks back. Oldfield still smiles and flexes.

COACH (CONT'D)

Okay Glatt go on then. Get out there. Just please don't fuck up.

DOUG

Yessssssss! Yes!

Doug leaps onto the ice.

Finally Oldfield finishes serving his penalty and skates back to his bench. As he skates past he smiles 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!

DOUG

What the hell does that mean?

For some reason Oldfield gets really angry at that.

OLDFIELD

You motherfucker!

He throws a punch at Doug, The Linesmen skate over to break it up. Oldfield wheels around and decks them both.

DOUG

Jesus.

Doug puts his hands up and looks at his coach. Oldfield starts punching Doug in the head again.

OLDFIELD

You like that? Huh you like that!
Light your ass up motherfucker!

DOUG (TO COACH)

I'm not...I didn't!

COACH

For fuck's sake Glatt hit him back!

DOUG

Oh okay.

OLDFIELD

You fucking take it you
motherfucker eat my knuckle-
muscles!

Doug turns back to Oldfield and

OLDFIELD (CONT'D)

You like that? Huh you fucking like
that shit?! You fucking like tha-

BOOM!!!! Doug jams his right fist straight into Oldfield's face at point blank range. Oldfield's neck whiplashes backwards. His legs fly out from him. He topples down to the ice and pukes a bit as he lands. Doug looks grossed out.

DOUG

Eww...

The Linesemen get to their feet, Security Guards rush out onto the ice. They pick Oldfield up and escort him off. The Halifax crowd cheer. Doug looks up at jumbotron and sees his face. The crowd cheer louder.

Doug nods and smiles humbly.

INT. APARTMENT-DOUG'S ROOM/NIGHT

Doug lies on his bed on the phone with Pat.

Intercut with

INT. PAT'S HOUSE/NIGHT

DOUG

....and so I just punched him. All these guys talk a lot. How come they all talk so much?

PAT

It's 'cause they all got jock itch, small dicks and shitty haircuts.

DOUG

They always say shit and I always feel like a fucking retard cause I never know what to say back. So I just punch 'em.

PAT

Well there's nothing wrong with that. That's what Ross Reardon does. He's like fucking Clint Eastwood on blades. But if you want I'll teach you some shit to say.

(beat)

Yo, did you know fucking Reardon was from fucking Halifax?

DOUG

Whoa. No.

PAT

That's where his ex-wife and kids are. Like once a year he ends up getting wasted and rocking some drunk prick at a bar out there...

A 65 year old Korean TRANNIE wearing only a Bruins jersey enters Pat's room and lingers seductively in the doorway. Pat applauds and makes the "bellissimo" gesture with his hands.

PAT (CONT'D)

Well..... Gotta run bud. Hey Doug....

DOUG

Yeah?

Pat puts the phone to his ass and farts loudly.

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)
What's goin' on, Eva? You look great.

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

EVA
Ijusthavetogotothewashroomonesec.

And 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)
So I'm usually really good and up front about this kind of stuff and I really don't know why I wasn't this time and I'm so sorry I just should have told you before and I don't know why I didn't but...I have a boyfriend.

Doug slumps down in his chair a bit.

EVA

He's been in China for the past 2 months on a business trip and...well...he's been gone for awhile...it's not...I should have...but I just froze up when you called and I didn't want to be one of those girls and...really shouldn't even be here with you right now probably. I'm sorry.

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

That's nice of you to say.

DOUG

Hey...it's true...uh...I just have one question....

(thinking long and hard)

I'm sorry, it's none of my business and you don't have to answer it obviously but, uh...your boyfriend...is he nice to you? 'Cause he better be.

EVA

We've been together for 2 years.

DOUG

Right. Well, I should probably go,
I'll leave you be. It was really
nice to see you again. Good luck
with things.

Doug gets up, he picks up the bag.

DOUG (CONT'D)

You should probably still take
this, I got it for you. If that's
not weird. Your boyfriend 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

(to himself)

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 Doug's
face.

EVA

Fuck me, Angus.

Eva quickly gathers up all her stuff, leaves some cash on the
table.

INT. EVA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Awkward.

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
cheese in there. At least I think
it was cheese. Also band-aids.

Eva is thoroughly fucking disgusted. She inches away.

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 fucking 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
syringes and 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, and then
when I finally got to my feet there
was like 2 syringes in my neck and
one in my gums and, oh yeah, I fell
on this big bag of pee and it
opened up all over me. It was a
real shit-show. My friends laughed
their asses off.

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)
And I had to get all these tests
done after to make sure I didn't
get, like, a dozen diseases. I
didn't. Don't worry.

Eva can't help but laugh.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Oh. You think it's funny too?
Fantastic.

EVA
(laughing)
It's undeniably funny. Really
funny.

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.

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. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Doug enters the flat. Xavier lies spread eagle on the couch
listening to "Bounce Avec Le 83" by Taktika. He's buck naked
except for sunglasses. 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)
The pot?

Doug stares at it.

DOUG
Uhh...where...did it touch...which
hand are you using? It's ok, I'm
fine.

Xavier bursts out laughing.

XAVIER
You don't worry, man....don't
worry...take it.

Doug grabs the joint, takes a few tokes and hands it back.

DOUG
Thanks a lot, bud.

XAVIER
Welcome. It's good, non?

DOUG
Yeah...it's good, thanks.

XAVIER
Welcome, welcome.

DOUG
Hey, so...uh..my bad interrupting
you...love making your girlfriend
the other day.

XAVIER
(smirking)
She was not my girlfriend.

DOUG
(nodding)
She seemed really nice.

XAVIER
Yes...she was. Very nice....pussy
tighter than leopard's asshole...

Doug is thoroughly confused, as Xavier passes him the joint.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Eh, Doug...you tell something...I
want to know...please...in the
match...in the last
game...fuck...you a crazy
motherfucker ostie!!! Bam! You
fucking beat them!

DOUG
Thanks, thanks a lot.

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 same don't even know
these guys...it's fucking bit of
craziness...why you fucking fight
for guys you don't know? Where's
that come from?

Doug thinks as he pulls on the joint. He shrugs.

DOUG
I don't know. They're on my team.

Xavier scoffs and shakes his head.

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

DOUG
Okay. Dacord.

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

Nothing....hey, what are those?

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

XAVIER

Ecstasy. I always take ecstasy when
I go sleep. Bonne nuit.

Xavier goes into his room and closes the door behind him. Doug stares at the pill bottle then puts it down and ambles over to the kitchen table and sits down at his laptop. He clicks on an e-mail from Pat which has a link to the latest episode of 'Hot Ice' and an attachment that reads: Verbal Jabs. Doug clicks it.

DOUG

(reading screen)
'Quit chirping...ya bird'

INT. PUBLIC ACCESS TV STUDIO - NIGHT

Another episode of everyone's favorite crappy sports show "Hot Ice". Pat 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 there kids, welcome back to Hot Ice, Ralphie...Ralph Finnerty I know your watching...get your hand out of your pants and listen up. And watch. Seeing how television is a visual medium and all...anyway..focus. Cause this shit is awesome. So, as those of you who watch Hot Ice on a semi-regular to regular basis know, a little while back I cancelled our call-in portion of the show due to...a fucking retard from Worcester. Surprised? No, retards grow on fucking trees in Worcester. Now I'm gonna get a whole shitload of pissed off Worcester hate mail. Great.

(MORE)

PAT (CONT'D)

Listen, you know...a man has his limits and if I have to fuck off the whole town of Worcester cause of one little bastard, then fuck it. I can deal with that. I won't miss it. Last time I went to Worcester I got tetanus. And then I got chased by fucking jenkem heads. Anyways, so I've cancelled the call-in segment and I'll admit...there was a lot of dead air. I don't really think any of you want to sit through another "This Week in the Slovak: 2nd Division" segment do you? I know I don't. But ladies and gentlemen our prayers have been answered. Thanks to local hero and personal friend...best personal friend of mine Dougie The Thuggie Glatt...we have something to fill the last 10 minutes of our show with. Now as some of you may know, after a somewhat bumpy...shall we say start, Doug Glatt has been fucking tearing it up in the AHL. Givin 'em a real hymen-rippin' up there. 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. Now, Doug finds himself in a league of NHL farm teams, doing what he does best. Kicking ass and watching his team mates. The AHL has its fair shares of half decent Enforcers already, including of course the legend that is Ross the Boss Reardon.

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

PAT (CONT'D)

I mean there are plenty of others, Cabelli, Huntington, Marquette, Saunders...hehehe...fucking toothless Saunders...but Ross Reardon is of course in a class of his fucking own.

(MORE)

PAT (CONT'D)

So, over the course of the remainder of the AHL season the Thug will face off against each of these the Top 10 Enforcers in the AHL. 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 looks off-screen clearly being told to move by someone.

PAT (CONT'D)

Alright Brian. You could've just asked nicely.

Pat steps out of the way and then points to the graph.

PAT (CONT'D)

My prediction is that Doug will beat the fuck out of each of these bastards one by one. Anywhoo ladies and gentlemen Doug and Saunders actually went toe-to-toe last night and we have tape of the fight and well...fuck...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

Come on bitch! Come one bitch! Do something bitch! Come on bi-

Doug throws a right hook into Saunders face. Saunders legs fly out from under him and he crashes backwards onto the ice, unconscious.

DOUG

Quit chirpin on my bird...or...

Doug looks down at Saunders, 100% unconscious.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Right....right...so...

Doug starts nodding as he realizes verbal jabs are only relevant when your opponent can hear them.

INT. PUBLIC ACCESS TV STUDIO - NIGHT

We return to Pat in the studio and the CG graph.

PAT
Pretty fuckin' awesome, eh? And
whenever Doug eliminates someone...

Pat cocks his thumb like his hand is a gun and aims his "gun" at the picture of Saunders. He pulls the imaginary trigger.

PAT (CONT'D)
BLAMO!

The picture of Saunders explodes in an absurd graphical effect.

- We see Doug going toe to toe with a gigantic Ukrainian enforcer, CABELLI, 20s. The two giants just stand in front of one another raining punches down on each other's faces. Doug uppercuts Cabelli square in the jaw and his whole body goes limp and he collapses to the ice. Doug thrusts his fists in the air. The crowd cheer. They adore him.

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

- We see Doug with Ogilvey and Park at centre ice, right before a face off. He skates up to a JAMAICAN player HUNTINGTON, 26.

- We see Pat "blow up" Huntington's picture.

- Late in that game, we see Park score and the Highlanders win. The Halifax crowd go ballistic. Pandemonium at the Halifax bench. All the Highlanders pat Doug on the head. Xavier watches, stewing in his own juices.

- We see Doug skating towards the puck which gets scooped up by the OPPOSING GOALIE. He stops perfectly and sprays the goalie in the face. Then he's face-washed by an OPPOSING DEFENCEMAN and a big fight breaks out.

- We see Doug walking through downtown Halifax. A bunch of kids recognize him and ask for a photo. Doug gladly goes along and doesn't even realize one of the kids was wearing a Doug shirt.

- We see Marco Belchior start to play a tighter, more confident game. At the end of one we see the clock tick down to zero and Belchior throws his equipment in the air and runs into Doug's arms. He kisses Doug on the cheeks.

MARCO BELCHIOR

This guy! This fucking guy!

- We see Doug fighting 3 PLAYERS, 20s, at once and reveal Eva, sitting alone in her house, watching Doug on TV.

- We see Doug jersey and fill a huge guy O'MALLEY, 20s. O'Malley spits out an arcing stream of blood as he rocks backwards. The refs send Doug to the box.

- 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 an old game in which there was a bench clearing brawl. There is a newfound camaraderie in the air, with the exception of Xavier, who sits alone listening to his music.

- We see Doug sitting with Ronnie Hortense in the empty stands of Halifax coliseum. Hortense hands Doug a Highlanders jersey with a big white ALTERNATE CAPTAIN A sewn into the shoulder.

COACH

Try her on ya for awhile. See how she feels.

Doug is speechless.

INT. DINER - ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND - 3:00 AM

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.

She refills his cup.

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 paper. 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. GLATT HOUSE - EVENING

Doug eats a brisket with his family. Disinterested faces on all of them as they listen to Doug tell a story.

DOUG

...and it's so much fun. People seem to like me. And I'm actually happy. It was miserable working at that bar...just dark and dingy and depressing. Now I'm actually part of something...the guys need me...I'm on TV all the time...the last fight was really crazy, this guy was a real...Albee Cohen...am I right?

Doug looks at his family, seeing what they think of his reference. They don't seem impressed.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I mean from what I've heard...from you guys.

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

He sounds like he sucks...and this last guy...he really sucked...like, he kept saying all sorts of horrible stuff and the whole time he's just fucking raining punches down on my face BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! So finally I jersey the bast...guy...I jersey the guy with my left hand and then I just jam my right into his face and he just hits the ice like a sack of potato latkes, and he's swearing and yelling the whole time, and when he finally pulls his jersey off his face he spits out a bunch of bloody teeth all over the ice. It was gross. I knocked his teeth out.

IRA

(trying to be sympathetic)
Nice, Doug...that's an uplifting story.

DR. GLATT

Douglas, how much are they paying you to do this again? I mean...this is not an actual career for you right? This is a hobby. I mean honestly, how can you do this? We want so much for you. When you said you were quitting your job at the bar we got very excited because we thought it meant you were going to go to school or at the very least take some sort of retail job. You're our son, you're a Glatt. This is...beneath you.

Doug looks like he got punched in the stomach.

DOUG

Uhhh...

Doug's cell phone vibrates. Subtly, he checks it under the table. It's a text from Eva: "i saw u on tv".

GRANDFATHER

Douglas, we all need to get out our enthusiasms, it's part in parcel with being young and full of piss and vinegar. But you're a man now. And to make a living at this, to be an adult...to be a grown man and do this...they're barbarians....it's barbarism....it's just barbarism.

MRS. GLATT

Yeah Dougie....sweetie...think about it from our point of view: how can I sleep at night knowing my baby is getting his face mashed in for some rubes' entertainment value?

Doug stares at his family. He puts down his fork and stands.

DOUG

Okay....you want to know how this is better, Ma? I'll tell ya...I'll tell ya what the difference is...because instead of just beating the piss out of drunk guys every weekend....which slowly chipped away my dignity...I get to put on this uniform...this beautiful uniform that has my name, our name on it...and kids wear it...IT HAS OUR NAME ON IT AND KIDS WEAR IT. And I get to skate out there and be their hero for three 20 minute periods...60 minutes...I mean, I usually get like 8 minutes a game which isn't good...I don't know, you do the math...but I do something with it...they need me...they like me...they're proud of me. You guys should be proud of me too, just for one time in my life. Please. We all know I'm not smart like you guys but I....I got...fist smarts. I can fight. This is what I'm good at and you should be proud of that.

This seems to resonate only with Doug's brother, Ira.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM/NIGHT

Sherbrooke Patriotes @ Halifax Highlander

1:20 left in the game. All level at 1-1.

We see Ogilvey and Doug on a 2 on 1 breakaway. The hapless Sherbrooke DEFENCEMAN looks back and forth trying to out-guess his opponents. He 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 spin-o-rama move. The puck nails the GOALIE in the face and bounces into the net.

The red light flashes! Doug has somehow scored. He is flabbergasted. The whole team is ecstatic...all except for Xavier. The stadium chants "THUG! THUG! THUG!".

INT. HALIFAX HIGHLANDERS LOCKER ROOM - LATER

The team is in great spirits after a big win as Ronnie enters.

COACH

Great game tonight boys. We're in control of our destiny now and that's all you can ask for this close to the postseason. We take the next 3 of 5 and we're in the big show for the first time in 3 seasons.

Everyone cheers "HIGH-LAN-DERS!", except Xavier.

COACH (CONT'D)

(over the cheering)

We're not there yet! Get some rest!

EXT. HALIFAX HIGHLANDERS LOCKER ROOM - SOON AFTER

Doug exits the locker room and is struck in the head by a half-eaten pretzel. He looks up at the stands and sees PAT pointing and laughing at him.

DOUG

PAT! You're here!

PAT

Fuckin' right I'm here! Recognize!

DOUG

'Course I recognize you. Come meet the guys!

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Doug and Pat are chilling, drinking. Pat's checking stats on his computer.

PAT

Dude, you're fucking ripping it. I told you you'd be the shit.

DOUG

Yeah, you did.

Just then, Xavier bursts into the room and slams the door hard.

XAVIER
Stay de fuck away from me alone!

He goes straight to his room and slams the door.

PAT
(incredulous)
What the fuck was that?

Doug goes to Xavier's door. Knocks, enters.

DOUG
Hey X.....this is my friend... my
best friend Pat.

XAVIER
Coach tell me I don't play de next
game if I miss de practice.

DOUG
Oh.
(beat)
Well why don't you just come to
practice?

XAVIER
Ostie, I don't need de practice. I
just need you leave me de fuck
alone, ok?

DOUG
Yeah, fine. Be nice to my friend
Pat. He's staying with us for
awhile.

Doug shuts the door and shakes his head.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Yo, Pat. I'm gonna pick up some
more beer. You good?

Pat throws up a 'thumbs up' and with that, Doug heads out.

EXT. APARTMENT - SOON AFTER

Doug, holding a case of beer, walks closer to his door, he
hears commotion.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

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 is this!?!

XAVIER
Your friend is species of garbage-
shit!

PAT
Says the dirty 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 Ostie's friend!

Xavier slams his door shut and blasts his music.

INT. APARTMENT - XAVIER'S ROOM - SAME

Fuming, Doug barrels in after him.

DOUG
Yo man.....what's your problem?

Xavier starts laughing loudly, mean. He stands up.

XAVIER

I tell you my fucking problem,
ostie! YOU!!! You my fucking
problem! 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 know what I play
last game?!!! 4 minutes!!! 4
minutes fuck!!! But you can play 11
minutes! You same can't even skate!
Who the fuck are you?!

DOUG

I'm Doug Glatt. You know me.

XAVIER

You're nothing! 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

Hockey player, my ass! You're a
lazy cokehead, pussy ass fucking
party boy bitch, and the only
reason I don't knock your fucking
teeth out right fucking here, is
because you're on my team. TEAM!
You know what that means? You have
any idea what the fuck that word
means? Selfish prick.

Doug storms out, and slams the door so hard a poster unravels
from the wall.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Doug walks out to find Pat pacing the living room,
embarrassed and enraged.

PAT

My pants are ruined....fucking
prick....

DOUG
What did he do?

PAT
Motherfucker spat on my leg. I don't know, he came out and started laughing and then just stared at me for awhile. So I was all like "Dougie just made a beer run he'll be back in a sec" I figured we were all gonna fucking xbox or watch 2 girls one cup or some shit. Then he says something to me about needing the sofa cause the nice girl with the nice hair is in the process of arriving. I just ignored him and then he fucking spat on my leg, what is this fucking Lebanon? What does he want to have a belt fight with me? Are you friends with that jagoff?

DOUG
Kind of. He's my teammate.

PAT
Fuck that prick. He's in it for himself.

DOUG
Really?

PAT
Yeah man! He's a fucking has-been. He spat on me! He doesn't even bother showing up for practice!

DOUG
I guess you're right.

PAT
It sucks that you're even on the same team with that prick. Wait. You know what you should do next game?

DOUG
What?

PAT

Take a walk with me to the
laundromat, so I can clean the
herpes off my pants, and I'll tell
ya.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - QUEBEC - DAY

The Highlanders coach bus zooms through the Quebec countryside. It passes a big sign saying "BIENVENUE A QUEBEC".

INT. QUEBEC COLISEUM - AFTERNOON

The Highlanders and their opponents, the QUEBEC VICTOIRE skate around in circles on opposite sides of the ice. Pre-game warm up.

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. This is genuine fear. Most of it due to one Victoire in particular: a gigantic 6'5", 260lbs behemoth called MARQUETTE, 25. He grins wide.

MARQUETTE

(in Quebecois French)

XAVIER!!! You remember what
happened last time?! You remember?!
I'm going to break your fucking
neck tonight my little faggot!!!

Marquette makes the slitting throat motion with his right hand. Xavier looks like he just shit his pants.

INT. QUEBEC COLISEUM - 25 MINUTES LATER

Music up: "Kicked in the Teeth" by AC/DC

The game is about to begin. 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, or all 3 of said activities simultaneously.

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

The house lights are down, white and blue spotlights dance across the screaming crowd. The Highlanders take to the ice and are instantly greeted by an oppressive wall of 15000 Quebecois booing at them. Ogilvey looks up.

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

Ogilvey takes a quick pre-game hit from his flask. When Doug hits the ice a palpable murmur goes through the audience, they really don't like him. They amp up the jeering.

QUEBEC FANS
Hey! Juif! Jewboy!

Doug hears it right away. He gets that look in his eyes.

QUEBEC FANS (CONT'D)
Go back to Israel!!! This not dreidel!!! It ice hockey!!!

Xavier looks at Doug. Xavier looks embarrassed by the crowd, feeling somewhat responsible that his own people are propagating this bigotry.

The Quebec Victoire take to the ice and the already volatile crowd explode into insane applause. Marquette skates past Xavier, smiling.

MARQUETTE
(in Quebecois French)
Going to put you back in the fucking hospital.

Doug watches, he can't understand but he knows what he means.

INT. QUEBEC COLISEUM - A BIT LATER

Marquette skates by the Highlanders bench, and Laflamme avoids his gaze. Marquette looks at Doug and smirks.

INT. QUEBEC COLISEUM - A BIT LATER

COACH
...alright Gordo, Glatt and Laflamme you're up...and for Christ's sakes Zavee just try and hold onto the fucking puck for 10 fucking seconds please!

Doug, Ogilvey and Laflamme take their places for a face off in their zone. Quebec send out Marquette, on a line with 2 HUGE FORWARDS.

MARQUETTE

Hi Xavier.

The Ref hovers the puck over the 2 centermen.

MARQUETTE (CONT'D)

(to the Ref)

Enough foreplay...let's fuck!

Marquette blows a kiss to Xavier. 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 gets into the Quebec zone, he stops short. Drops the puck back to Xavier who puts on the speed and starts wheeling his ass off towards the Quebec net. Marquette smiles. He picks up the pace and skates at Xavier.

Xavier is fast but Marquette gains on him. Marquette 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 Marquette...but then forcibly stops himself. The whole arena sees it.

BRNCCHH!!! Marquette crushes Xavier in a brutal open-ice hit. He slides into the boards and knocks his head but-good.

As Xavier lies there dazed, a flood of guilt washes over Doug.

In an effort to make the guilt go away, Doug suddenly lunges at Marquette and rams his right elbow into his jaw. Marquette careens into the boards. CRIISHH!!! Doug needlessly head-butts Marquette in the right eyebrow, opening it up. Blood pours out of it. BOOM!!! Doug throws his right fist.

The Refs blow their whistles madly as they rush in to break up the fight. They grab Doug 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 change down at Doug on the ice. They boo their Quebecois 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 Hortense is seething.

COACH

(over bus intercom)

Well, I guarantee if we keep playing like that, we'll lose the rest of the season. There's only four games left and we need three of them to make the playoffs. So whatever's making you boys play like a bunch of Marys, figure it out quick and make the adjustment. We got a day off tomorrow once we get to St. John's. I expect all of you to skate fucking hard during practice and then get up to sweet fuck all and spend the day trying to figure out if you want to be in the fucking playoffs or not.

(beat)

Doug, come up here.

Doug makes his way to the front of the bus.

COACH (CONT'D)

(quietly)

What was that all about? I don't know what the deal is between you and Xavier, and I don't care. May as well have laid him out yourself.

DOUG

(deeply ashamed)

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

COACH

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 Marquette, you just gotta be smarter than that. This team counts on you...big time. You've done a great thing here, and to have you go and fuck it up now after we've worked so goddamn hard, well...

The coach puts his hand on Doug's shoulder.

COACH (CONT'D)

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

Doug beats himself up inside.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

As Doug sits on the couch flipping channels, his cell phone rings. It's a text from Eva. "hi doug". Doug immediately starts to blush. He giggles like a baby.

Doug

Uhh...

He starts to type a reply. First "hi eva", then he shakes his head and erases that. Then he types "well hellooo there eva" then deletes that. He types "ching chang chong", erases it and gets up and goes to his room. He shuts the door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Doug, shaking his head, paces around, holding the phone in his hand. Doug dials Eva's number, takes a breath and brings the phone up to his face.

INT. EVA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eva sits on her bed reading a book, constantly glancing at her phone. It rings. She answers right away.

We cut back and forth between Doug and Eva.

EVA

Hello?

DOUG

Hi there Eva.

EVA

Hey Doug.

DOUG

I'm sorry for calling you. I know I promised I wouldn't, and I really wasn't planning on it but you texted me and, like, I tried to write something but I'm kind of fucking slow like that so I couldn't, so I thought I'd call and say something...but now I'm only sounding stupider...so, hmmm, yeah...

EVA

Heey..noo..please...it's all good...I'm glad you called...I was kind of hoping you would...so how are you? How have you been?

DOUG

Fuck it. Eva, I'm fucking retarded. I really let the team down. I head-butted this guy and got a suspension and we have this huge game tomorrow and if we lose it'll be all my fault.

EVA

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

DOUG

Yeah... Hey! How'd you know that? You've been following the games, haven't you?

Eva giggles a bit.

DOUG (CONT'D)

You have! That's awesome! I was just having the worst night and you've already made it like a million times better.

(beat)

Eva, you should know something...like I'm so sorry but...I can't stop thinking about you. Like, I think about you all the time. I know I shouldn't...you can't...but I really like. I like you.

Eva's eyes are closed. She clenches the phone. Silence.

DOUG (CONT'D)

...uhhh...hello? Shit, I'm sorry I shouldn't have said that. I'm really sorry, it was weird. I'm weird, right? Awkward? I won't call again. You can text me if you want. Have a good night.

EVA

No, Doug...just...I've been thinking about you a lot too. I'm not entirely sure...yeah, I just, I like you a lot too Doug. I haven't been sleeping all that well since Brandon came home.

Doug's face fills with that pre-vomit glare.

DOUG

Uhhh...that's...okay...great. I'm happy for your...lovemaking.

EVA

What? No! Not like...ewww...no believe me, not like that...I haven't been sleeping because of you. I'm thinking about you. I keep looking over at this person beside me and I love him...he means so much to me...but...it's you. You have so much more...I don't know...life. I like you more than him.

Eva cringes, puts her head in her hands.

EVA (CONT'D)

Fuck...I'm going to hell.

Doug doesn't hear that as he is too busy jumping on his bed and pumping his fist in the air. But of course, he is gigantic and so he puts his fist right through the ceiling spilling plaster all over him. Some of it goes in his mouth. His bed collapses in two from Doug's weight, he crashes to the floor in a pile of wood, plaster and mattress.

DOUG

Ahh!! Eww!!! Fuck!!!

EVA

What?

He spits out pieces of plaster.

DOUG

I meant fuck like "FUCK".... that's intense that you're not sleeping...

Eva looks at herself in her mirror.

EVA

I'm really going to hell...but...honestly, it's just not the same with him anymore. It seems like we lost of the fun and freshness, you know? He's just so work-obsessed. And he's...and now he wants me to come to England with him because he got a job there and I don't know...I don't know...I just...for the first time in my life...I find myself giving a shit about hockey. I keep watching it.

DOUG

Yeah, I'm with you there. Hockey's the shit.

EVA

No, you fucking moron...I keep watching hockey because of you. You make me like it...I dunno...I sleep with the Angus toy you gave me. What am I doing? I shouldn't be having this conversation.

DOUG

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

EVA

Yeah Doug. I know...

More silence. It seems like an eternity.

DOUG

Look Eva...I'm just some fucking retard that plays hockey but...Eva I got really good stuff inside me. I'm a good guy and I have a lot of nice stuff and I really want to share it with you. I really wanna be with you Eva. I would treat you like a princess. I would be so nice to you. Whatever I have to do to win you over, tell me.

Eva holds the phone to her face, shivering. A tear runs down her cheek.

EVA
I gotta go, Doug.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY-ST. JOHN'S/DAY

The team arrive in St. John's.

COACH
Alright boys drop your shit off and
get right back down here, bus
leaves for practice in 10 minutes.
Glatt, you can sit this one out.

INT. HOTEL ROOM/LATER

Doug lies on the bed flipping channels.

INT. HOTEL ROOM/LATER

Doug looks out the window. The sun is setting.

INT. HOTEL ROOM/NIGHT

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

EXT. ST. JOHN'S STREETS/ 3AM

Doug, dejected and 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. He's hungry. Then he sees something that makes his face go white. He breathes deeply, his mouth gaping open. He's looking at Ross Reardon sitting by himself, finishing some steak and eggs. Doug steels himself and enters.

INT. DINER-ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND/SAME

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.

Awkward beats.

ROSS REARDON (CONT'D)
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
Yes...we are. I can't sleep. 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.

More awkward beats.

ROSS REARDON
It's fucked up.

DOUG

What is?

ROSS REARDON

This. What you and me do. You're just coming up and you can fucking bang, let me tell ya. You can really bang.

DOUG

Thanks a lot sir.

ROSS REARDON

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

DOUG

Yeah, okay. Sweet.

ROSS REARDON

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

DOUG

I don't know.

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.

DOUG

Jesus. Uhh...welll...yeah...

ROSS REARDON

All I'm saying is don't go trying to be a hockey player, okay. You'll get your heart broken.

DOUG

Uhh...but I am a hockey player.

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 there for?

DOUG
I'm there 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.

ROSS REARDON
And why do you think it is that we
do this?

DOUG
.....somebody has to.

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
opponents. That's a lot of stitches
and broken noses. That's a lotta
blood-

DOUG
Yeah, sir I respect that.

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 many years ahead of you, you're gonna get to kick a lot of guy's asses and you're gonna get to bleed for a very long time. But I gotta tell ya...when it comes time, when it's you or me....whatever Code there might be goes out the window. Kid, I will lay you the fuck out.

DOUG

Well, I guess we'll see what happens.

Doug gets up from the table. Reardon extends his hand. Doug shakes it.

FADE UP:

INT. NEWFOUNDLAND ARENA - NUMBER RETIREMENT CEREMONY

The last home game of the regular season. Ross Reardon stands on a red carpet at center ice. He 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. Ross dusts off his hands in acknowledgement. Frat kids in the stands punch each other in the face and mimic the "dust off". Ross tries not to get emotional, but this tribute clearly touches him.

INT. NEWFOUNDLAND ARENA - LATER

The score is Newfoundland 3, Halifax 0. Doug sits on the bench, watching his team get destroyed. A NEWFOUNDLAND FORWARD dekes passed the Russians and roofs one on Belchior, knocking his water bottle onto the ice. It's embarrassing.

The players take center ice. Ogilvey is facing off against Reardon.

ROSS REARDON

Hey Ogilvey, how's your wife and my kids?

Ogilvey doesn't look him in the eye. Off the face-off, Reardon trips Ogilvey and gets sent to the box. He sits down and looks over at Doug.

ROSS REARDON (CONT'D)
(from the box)
Hey Glatt! See you in Halifax, kid.

Reardon dusts off his hands, like he's just finished fighting someone. Doug ignores him as best as he can. He looks up at the scoreboard. The game can't end soon enough.

INT. HIGHLANDERS COACH BUS - LATER

Again, the boys are disheartened after another loss. 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. He hesitates whether he should knock. He doesn't.

INT. APARTMENT - DOUG'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Doug lies down on his bed. 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.

DOUG
(muffled through the wall)
Listen...I'm sorry, okay? You
sleeping?
(beat)
Okay...I get it.

Xavier rolls over.

EXT. APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY

Doug walks outside to face a new day. He breathes it in.

PAT (O.S.)
What you smell is the smell of
sweet pussy. I got some last night.

DOUG
Your cousin?

PAT
I'd love to say "no". What's up, my
man!?!

Pat goes to give Doug a high-five, but is met with minimal
love.

PAT (CONT'D)
What's the deal, Dougie?

DOUG
(crestfallen)
You really fucked up my shit,
Patrick. I'm not in a good place
right now. Your advice really-

PAT
What, the Xavier thing? Fuck that
guy-

DOUG
No! It's not just that. Now the
whole team has fuckin'
ostriched...ostri-

PAT
Ostracized?

DOUG
Thank you- OSTRACIZED me! They look
at me like I raped their father.
Fathers. Like I raped all their
fathers.

PAT
Man, I know that look.
(extremely genuine)
Dude, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to
fuck your shit up, you gotta know
that. I only want the best for you,
man. You're my dawg. You're my
Doug. You're my Doug the thug.

Doug cracks a smile. Pat's banter is too infectious.

PAT (CONT'D)
See, there you go. Things aren't so
bad.

DOUG
Well, what am I supposed to do?

PAT

All you gotta do is use your true
grit and win the next three fuckin
games. That'll show 'em.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - NIGHT

The Ottawa St. Pats VS The Halifax Highlanders.

House lights down. Every seat filled. The mood is electric for this must-win game. The Ottawa St. Pats skate out onto the ice and are meant by a chorus of 10000 jeering Haligonians. The Highlanders take to the ice and the stadium explodes into applause. When Doug skates out, the crowd goes apeshit.

CROWD

THUG! THUG! THUG!

Doug can't help but beam. He waves and tips his helmet.

ANGLE ON: Pat covertly filming the warm-up. He zeroes in on Doug.

PAT

Douglas Thuglas Glatt. Such stride,
such determination. What goddamn
motherfucking moxy.

Doug skates a whole lap around the ice without falling that is until the house lights come on and he sees:

ANGLE ON: Eva and her boyfriend BRANDON, early 30s slick, sitting right in the front row behind the Halifax bench. Doug falls flat on his ass. He quickly gets back up and makes his way to the bench, not sure what to do.

PAT (CONT'D)

What's this, Doug infatuated with a
girl in the 22nd row. Could this be
the infamous Eva?

Finally Doug looks up and sees Eva staring at him. Doug smiles. Eva smiles back and mouths "I'm sorry". Doug shakes his head and mouths "It's okay." He takes his place on the bench. Eva stares at him longingly until Brandon nudges her. He grins wide.

BRANDON

You're looking great tonight, babe.

EVA

Aww...thanks.

She blushes for many reasons. Brandon leans in and kisses her. She obliges.

PAT (O.S.)
(From many rows back)
You son of a bitch! You get your
godamn hands off of her! Your horny
fucking hands! Horny hands like the
devil!

BRANDON
Mmmm, tastes like sweetness.

Suddenly, Brandon's cell rings. In one fluid motion, he stops kissing and switches gears into business mode.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Ping, my man. Ni hao?

PAT (O.S.)
Nice blackberry douche bag!

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - LATER

It's the first period, and 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 that a menacing opposing player FINNERTY, 20s, is roughing up Xavier in the corner, and his gaze sharpens. As Xavier is thrown to the ground and kneed in the back, Doug comes barreling at Finnerty's head. BOOM!!! Doug body-checks him hard into the boards.

Immediately, they drop the gloves, and circle one another. 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 getting sent off to the box. He looks over at Finnerty, lying motionless on the ice. It resonates with him...emotionally. The Highlanders are also inspired, as they bang their sticks on the ice. From the box, Doug looks to the excited crowd and Doug spots Eva, who is jumping in the air, giddier than we've ever seen her. She smiles at him, in awe of him and his fighting prowess. He smiles back, proud as hell.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - LATER

Late in the 2nd period. Halifax lead Ottawa 3-0.

Doug's on a line with Laflamme and Park. They line up for a face off in the Halifax zone. Doug looks into the audience and sees Eva, on the edge of her seat, watching, glued to the game.

Park wins the face off and passes the puck to Laflamme who rockets off toward the Ottawa net. Doug body checks one of the OTTAWA DEFENSEMEN, and races off to help his line mates. Laflamme sees Doug has joined the rush. He grins and passes the puck to Doug.

Doug's favorite person in the world is watching so he tries stuff we've never seen him do: he sloppily handles the puck and skates backwards a little. The Crowd cheer in appreciation.

At the Ottawa blue line, Doug looks at Park, 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 erupt in adoration. Eva goes ballistic, jumping up and down, laughing and clapping.

EVA

Yes!!!! Fucking Yes!!! WOOOOO!!!!

Brandon looks at his girlfriend, pleasantly taken aback.

BRANDON

Damn baby, I had no idea you liked this hockey shit so much...it's fucking sexy.

With his arm around Eva, Brandon celebrates right along with her. On the ice, Doug makes eye contact with Eva. She looks a bit uncomfortable considering she's in an embrace with something she's not sure she wants to be with. But Brandon couldn't be more oblivious.

INT. BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Doug sits at a table with the rest of The Highlanders. Laflamme sits with them, his arms around Doug and Belchior. They all do shots.

Doug's cell rings. He looks and sees "EVA CALLING". He jumps up from the table and makes for the front door. He fumbles with the phone trying to answer.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Doug puts the phone to his ear.

DOUG
Hello? Hello? EVA?!?

INT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eva lies on the bed, the covers pulled all the way up over head. We hear the shower on in the background. She clenches the phone to her mouth and speaks just barely above a whisper.

EVA
Hi. Hi.

We cut back and forth between Eva and Doug.

DOUG
Hey Eva! You came!

EVA
I'm sorry Doug, I'm so fucking sorry. I really had no idea, well I mean, it was a spur of the moment thing...honestly I wouldn't have...someone at his office had tickets and he asked me if I wanted to go and of course I wanted to see you but I had to pretend I didn't give a shit and...Doug it was so weird...I'm sorry...he's in the shower...fuck...I don't know why I'm calling you Doug...I'm sorry I'll just leave you alone.

Doug grins from ear to ear.

DOUG
I know why you're calling me...because you like me. I think you like me....And you know we're meant to be together...or not.

Eva closes her eyes.

EVA
...good night Doug.

DOUG
Good night Eva.

Doug walks back into the bar, a mixture of guilty and giddy.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - NIGHT

The Concorde Minutemen VS The Halifax Highlanders. 35 seconds left in the 3rd period. Halifax leads 2-1.

ANNOUNCER
...well it has come down to this folks, the Highlanders 2nd to last home game of the regular season. A must win situation as Halifax must clinch their two remaining decisions to gain a playoff berth...which would mark their first appearance in 3 long years. Their post season lives are literally hanging in the balance here. With a tenuous one goal lead. Can. They. Hold. On?

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

GORD OGILVEY
Hold 'em boys!!! Hold the friggin' line!!!

But alas, the Minutemen all break free. 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.

The Concorde Forwards pass the puck back and forth, circling the zone. The CONCORDE DEFENSEMEN join the rush. Doug tries his best to cover his man. The Extra Forward races to the net and starts screening Belchior.

MARCO BELCHIOR
Move you motherfucker! Get this cocksucker out of my way!!!

15 seconds left.

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

Doug skates to the net and BOOM!!! he buries his shoulder deep into the Concorde Extra Forward sending him reeling to the boards.

The other Forwards just keep passing the puck back and forth waiting for their opportunity. The Defensemen sniffing around at the Halifax blue line. Finally, one of the Forwards drop the puck back to a Defensemen, he 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.

- Ogilvey and Laflamme 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 corner and makes for the net.

- Doug drops his stick. Cupping his hand together in front of him he throws himself down in front of the net. His body hits the ice like a ton of bricks.

- POV of the puck as it races through the air and 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 scramble for the puck. Belchior twirls around madly, flailing his arms everywhere looking for the puck. Ogilvey and Laflamme each tie up with their men, trying to pull them away from the net. Doug 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.

With all his might Doug jams one fist into the ice and hoists himself up as he leans forward and punches the puck out of the blue paint. CRACK-SSTTH!!! Both of the Concorde Forwards' stick smash into Doug's face. He falls forward. Laflamme sees this, and his eyes widen.

XAVIER
What the fuck?!!!

Without hesitation, Xavier drops his stick and starts punching the Forwards. They fight back. Ogilvey joins in.

The puck slides away harmlessly down to the other end of the ice. The clock runs out. The horn blares. The Highlanders have prevailed. The crowd go ballistic, crazier than we've seen them before.

The Refs break up the fight. All the Concorde Minutemen on the ice shrink and solemnly skate off the ice. Conversely, all the Highlanders on the ice are going crazy in celebration. Laflamme is absolutely ecstatic. He helps a bruised and bloodied Doug to his feet. He hugs him.

DOUG
We did it? We won?

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 gets to his feet. He smiles a big wide smile, a fresh new gaping hole in the front of his mouth. Behind Doug we see Belchior skating up to Doug excited. He turns left, disappearing from screen. Doug thrusts his fist into the air. The Crowd roars.

MARCO BELCHIOR
ILOVEYOUFUCK!!!!!!

Belchior comes flying in from the left of Doug and jump-hugs him knocking him clean off his feet.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HALIFAX - AFTER THE GAME

The city is going crazy: people on the streets, drunk off their asses, dancing and cheering and screaming in celebration. Cars honk their horns in unison. Uni Kids sing and drink and pass around joints and flasks. With the Highlanders so close to the playoffs, the whole town's looking for an excuse to party. Doug, Belchior, Gord Ogilvey, Park and Laflamme make their way up Spring Garden street. Ogilvey passes around a bottle of vodka.

GORD OGILVEY

Drive her into ya boys, tonight is ours! Tomorrow, is up to the Gods.

MARCO BELCHIOR

I can't believe this shit! We're doing it boys! We're actually going to turn this fucker around!

XAVIER

This is fucking nice boys....I'm fucking...horny...is nice.....

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.

DOUG

I'm really high right now....they gave me painkillers....or were they raindrillers?!!

He smiles big and dumb. The Highlanders are treated like rock stars, people constantly running up and shaking their hands, taking pictures with them.

DRUNK GUYS

HIGH!LAND!ERS! HIGH!LAND!ERS!

Doug's cell phone rings, he answers.

DOUG

...hello?

IRA (O.S.)

Doug?

DOUG

Yeah, who this?

IRA (O.S.)
Jesus Christ brother, fucking mazel
tov!!!

DOUG
(shocked)
...Ira?

IRA (O.S.)
Yes, Ira! Congratulations, I'm so
proud of you, I watched the whole
game and everything...only one more
to go. My God Douglas...you're a
hero...a true local hero!

Behind Doug, Laflamme makes out with 3 SKANKY GIRLS. Belchior
laughs loudly as he jumps around filming the action with his
cell phone.

XAVIER
MY PENIS LOVE GIRLS!!!!

IRA (O.S.)
Interesting...well Dougie...I'll
let you go celebrate...I just
wanted to let you know how proud I
am of you...and yeah I love you
brother.

DOUG
I love you too Ira.

As soon as Doug hangs up his phone, a completely trashed Pat
wanders passed and puts his drunken arm around him.

PAT
HOLYMOTHERFUCKINGSHITASS!!!
You remember what I told you I saw?

DOUG
Uhh...the donkey show...in
Amsterdam?

PAT
What the hell? No, motherfucker,
YOU. What I saw when I watched you.
I told you that this is what you
were born to do, didn't I?

DOUG
You did, bud. Thanks man.

PAT
Donkey show was fucking wicked
awesome, though.

DOUG
Ha, ha, you degenerate fuck!

A crowd has now gathered around the 5 Highlanders, everyone cheering and videotaping, mainly because of Laflamme's make out session which has evolved into some kind of conveyor belt of Drunk Girls. Girls are lined up to make out with him. It's all quite gross. Doug is overwhelmed by the whole scene. But Pat takes this opportunity to get more Hot Ice footage.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Alright, buddy, I gotta go!

PAT
(filming)
Right On! Love you man! One love!

Doug looks at the crowd of drunk, cheering Haligonians surrounding them. Then from the crowd emerges Eva.

DOUG
EVA!!! Oh my God!

He smiles wide. Then he notices she's been crying.

DOUG (CONT'D)
...fuck...

Doug runs up to her. A bunch of people stare invasively.

DRUNK GUYS
Hey thug!!! Hey, weeping girl!!!

Doug grabs Eva, she sinks into his arms bawling.

DOUG
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

Oh God...it was so horrible...he was so...I hurt him....I hurt him so bad...I could see it. I'm going to hell...what the fuck am I...he just collapsed onto the floor and he was crying and screaming "Why Eva? I love you!" and...fuck...it's so awful...I do love him...I swear to God I love him, but-

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 fucking moron...I'm in love with you....

DOUG

...Eva...

Eva buries her face into his chest. Unable to conceal his unabashed ecstasy, Doug fist pumps the air.

DOUG (CONT'D)

(elated)

Everything's coming up Doug!!!

(to Eva)

Sorry 'bout your painful break-up.

The crowd cheers him on.

DOUG (CONT'D)

You wanna get out of here?

Her head still buried in Doug's chest, Eva nods. And with that, Doug takes Eva by the hand and they walk off, fading into the night.

Music Up: "Good Morning" by The Dandy Warhols

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.

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. He goes to her purse and fishes around for something. He finds it.

INT. APARTMENT - DOUG'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eva wakes up, hears the TV on. She gets up, and slowly makes her way into-

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Xavier is sitting on the couch with the GIRL he brought home last night. They are watching SportsCenter.

XAVIER
Hello...

GIRL
Hi...

Eva smiles politely.

EVA
Hi. Good morning.

XAVIER
Good morning to you...

GIRL
Good morning.

EVA
....Eva. I'm Eva.

XAVIER
Xavier....pleasure.

EVA
Yeah, you too.

GIRL
Nice to meet you. I'm Eunacius
Tomalty.

XAVIER
(to himself)
What the fuck?

EVA
Nice to meet you.

The front door opens and Doug walks in, wincing in pain.

EVA (CONT'D)
Thank Christ. Where you been?

Then everyone sees Doug's face.

EVA (CONT'D)
Oh my GOD!

XAVIER
What?!! Tabarnak! What the fuck
happened at you ostie?!

Doug's face looks freshly bruised and swollen.

DOUG
Huh? Oh, this? Nothing...it's
nothing.

Doug sees the Girl.

DOUG (CONT'D)
...hi there...I'm Doug. Doug Glatt.

GIRL
Eunacius. Tomalty. Nice to meet
you.

DOUG
Likewise.
(She shakes his broken
hand)
Ahhhhh.

Eva walks over to him, concerned. She gently touches his
face.

EVA
Jesus Doug...what the hell? What
the fuck happened?

Doug smiles for her. Relieved.

DOUG
It's nothing...I'm fine...this is
what I do.

She stares at him.

DOUG (CONT'D)
When you deserve a beating...you
take it.

Eva gets it instantly.

EVA
Oh no...you....Brandon...aww jesus
Doug...

DOUG
It's okay. It's the right thing.

On TV highlights from this AHL season:

ANNOUNCER
And it seems minor league fans will
get their wish as phenom slugger
Doug the Thug Glatt and his dark
horse Halifax Highlanders will face
reigning king of AHL enforcers Ross
the Boss Reardon and his St. John's
Shamrocks in their last game of the
regular season...both teams vying
for the 8th and final playoff
berth. Now there is already a lot
of bad blood between these two
sides. Few people can forget the
brutal cross check that Reardon
landed on Xavier Laflamme 3 seasons
ago.

On TV we see footage of Reardon viciously cross checking
Laflamme into the net. Laflamme's body bounces around like a
rag doll. Xavier cringes.

XAVIER
Fuck.

He shoots a look at the Girl.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
I make dive.

Doug watches his competition on the screen.

ANNOUNCER

Ouch. I'm surprised Laflamme isn't making snow angels in heaven after that collision. Talk about getting your bell rung. But here he is 3 seasons later and finally getting back to form. Fans can expect a knock down, dragout war between these two rivals. Gonna be a cracker.

On TV we see Reardon leap up and viciously right hook a PLAYER, who is at least a foot taller than him. The Player collapses to the ground holding his face. In slow motion, we see Reardon pull his patented "dust-off" move. It's more ominous than ever. Like he's staring right through Doug through the TV.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - SHAMROCK'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The Shamrocks get ready for Game 1. 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 right hook into the wall. He squeals a bit. 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'MALLEY, early 30s, walks forward.

O'MALLEY

Jesus Ross...

ROSS REARDON

...old habit...haven't done that...in a long fucking time...

O'MALLEY

What the fuck? Not...not the fucking Thug kid...

ROSS REARDON

...he's a gigantic motherfucker isn't he?

O'MALLEY

They don't breed 'em like you anymore Ross. You're gonna thrash the kid. No question.

Reardon looks at O'Malley. He wants to say something...but doesn't.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - HIGHLANDER'S DRESSING 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. Ogilvey sits by himself, quietly sipping his rye. Belchior obsessively spit polishes his helmet. Park sits cross legged on the floor, his eyes closed. 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. Shuffles through all his text messages. 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 downs his last gulp, swallows and stands. He clears his throat trying to get everyone's attention.

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 a fucking drunk. So I'm not gonna make some kind of bullshit speech and pretend I'm something I'm not, something I haven't been, just because we're in this position. I just want to say this: boys, we're here. YOU'RE here, because you're supposed to be. You boys fucking earned it. You've got that shit. That shit that makes you keep going long after you got no reason to. That Doug shit.

Everyone looks at Doug, they nod. Doug blushes.

GORD OGILVEY (CONT'D)

So be proud, boys, and just keep giving her like you been doing. Because every one of ya have stepped up and done everything that was expected of you. You did your fucking job, boys. And anything that happens from here on out is gravy...so just fucking enjoy it.

(MORE)

GORD OGILVEY (CONT'D)

And Doug, don't you listen to any of those cocksuckers saying you gotta fight Reardon. All you got to do is keep watching our backs like you always do. Fuck the rest of it. You'll fucking hospitalize all of them anyway. Come on! Bring her in boys! 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...you are my family. You are my brothers. You are all of you my lovers. HIGH! LAND! ERS!

The team all cheer back, even more stirred. A comically gay USHER, 60s, enters.

USHER

Alright boys...show time.

Everyone grabs their shit. Xavier puts his arm on Doug's shoulder.

XAVIER

Doug...I'm sorry.

DOUG

Hey...what? What's to be sorry about?

XAVIER

...I'm a fucking hole of ass.

DOUG

Well...it kind of went both ways-

XAVIER

I love you Doug. I love you.

DOUG

...I...I love you too...

Xavier hugs Doug and kisses Doug on both cheeks. Doug is a bit taken aback.

XAVIER

It's not gay because I'm French.

DOUG
(nodding)
Oh, right. Yeah. Cool.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - SOON AFTER

The Halifax Highlanders @ The St. John's Shamrocks. Both teams are assembled on the ice for the Canadian national anthem.

And the Crowd erupt into crazy applause as STOMPIN TOM CONNORS, 70s, makes his way out onto the ice. He takes the mic and launches into the anthem. The entire stadium sings along with him. Red and white spotlights flow across the Crowd and ice.

Doug's eyes scan the audience. He looks at a particular section and sees Ira, Ira's boyfriend, Pat and Eva all sitting together. Eva and the boys have no idea who each other are. 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 into each other. Ira and Pat high five each other and give Doug thumbs ups. Doug blushes.

As the anthem draws to a close, the Crowd of course start cheering very loud. Then, over the speakers, we hear the opening strains of Stompin Tom's immortal classic "The Hockey Song". The Crowd go crazy in recognition. Stompin Tom, launches into the song, the whole arena singing along with him.

Eva stares at Ira and Pat. Pat leans forward.

PAT
Holy shit! It's really fucking nice to meet you...I'm Pat Donovan...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 brother Ira. He's
gay.

Irritated, Ira leans across Pat and shakes Eva's hand.

IRA
A pleasure Eva, I'm Ira.

Pat's face gets stuck in Ira's armpit.

PAT
Ewww...fuck me...

IRA
Don't flatter yourself Pat, you're
not my type.

PAT
Go fuck yourself, my face was stuck
in your fucking armpit!

The song finishes. Stompin Tom bows and walks off the ice.
The Halifax Crowd are fucking roaring. While all of the
visiting St. John's fans are chanting either "ROCKS! ROCKS!
ROCKS!" , "BOSSMAN! BOSSMAN! BOSSMAN!" or "FUCK YOU
HIGHLANDERS!".

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
Fuck you Reardon!

Reardon winks at Laflamme, blows him a kiss. Xavier turns to
Doug.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
(totally jacked up)
Fuck him man! Fuck him! He's
nothing! You...you're the fucking
best, ostie! You! Fuck him...you
watch, I'm going to go score a goal
for you right now, ostie...you
watch...

COACH
Alright, Ogilvey, Park, Laflamme
you're up!

Ogilvey, Park and Laflamme skate out to centre ice for the
first puck drop. Laflamme looks back at Doug.

XAVIER

You watch Dougie! It's all for you!

O'Malley skates out with 2 other Forwards. The Crowd scream. The Ref drops the puck. Ogilvey wins it, passes it to Laflamme who takes off into the Shamrocks zone.

The Haligonians are cheering and on their feet. 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 Crowd roars. The St. John's Crowd boos. Xavier skates back to the bench pointing at Doug.

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'Malley 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 right past Belchior's left shoulder, into the net. The red light flashes.

MARCO BELCHIOR

FUCK!!!

The Shamrocks have won one back. The Visiting Crowd erupt in applause. 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:

- The 2 Coaches play conservative, never putting Doug and Reardon on the ice at the same time.
- We see Reardon bouncing around the ice checking the fuck out of every Highlander he sees. He keeps looking over at Doug, obsessed.
- Laflamme has an incredible game. He dances, handles the puck and keeps scoring.

He gets a hat trick and bunch of assists. 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.

- We see Laflamme baring down on goal. Reardon skates in from the side and elbows Laflamme in the jaw. Laflamme goes flailing into the boards. The Crowd starts booing. Reardon quickly looks at Doug. Doug is on his feet, trying to get onto the ice, the Coach holds him back. Doug stands, fist clenched staring at Reardon. Reardon nods.

INT. HALIFAX COLISEUM - LATER

The 3rd period. 5:00 left on the clock. The score is tied at 6-6. The entire Crowd are on their feet, screaming for their teams.

Then the image switches to BETACAM, we're seeing the game on a TV broadcast. The camera keeps cutting back and forth between close ups of Doug and Reardon.

ANNOUNCER

It's just a matter of time until these 2 gladiators go head-to-head. Everyone waits with baited breath. The coaches have been playing it safe, keeping the 2 of them away from each other, saving it, and now with just 5 minutes to go in the 3rd one can't help but wonder if a slugfest between Reardon and Glatt might break the deadlock.

The Highlanders fans all start chanting:

HALIFAX FANS

THUG! THUG! THUG! THUG!

It spreads through the audience like wild fire. The St. John's contingent in the audience start chanting their reply:

SHAMROCKS FANS

BOSSMAN! BOSSMAN! BOSSMAN!

The 2 sets of Fans are screaming at each other, the volume escalating in an attempt to drown each other out. It's a deafening din.

Reardon and the SHAMROCKS HEAD COACH, 50s, look over Doug and the Highlanders Head Coach.

The Shamrocks Head Coach raises his eyebrows. The Highlanders Head Coach Ronnie Hortense sighs and turns to Doug.

COACH

What do you say, Dougie? You...feel like...going out there and getting all this bullshit over with so we can get going and win this fucking game?

DOUG

Got it, coach.

The Highlanders Head Coach nods at his counterpart.

The Shamrocks send out O'Malley, Reardon and another Forward. The Highlanders send out Ogilvey, Laflamme and Doug. Instantly the Crowd go fucking crazy, seeing Doug and Reardon on the ice at the same time.

Everyone lines up for a face off in the neutral zone. Doug looks at Reardon. Reardon looks up at Doug, scared, proud. Doug takes off his right glove and extends his hand. Reardon shakes it.

ROSS REARDON

So I guess we're doing this...

Doug looks back at Reardon who is now in war mode, his eyes narrowed, his brow furrowed. Doug nods, leans forward for the face off.

The Ref drops the puck, Ogilvey wins it, and at that:

Ignoring the play, Doug and Reardon skate over to center ice, gingerly dropping their gloves on the way. A ref quickly whistles the play dead, focusing all the attention on the impending fight. As Doug and Reardon circle each other, Reardon knocks off his own helmet. Doug reciprocates. With their eyes locked in, both players remove their elbow pads and roll up their sleeves.

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 reaches for a handful of Reardon's jersey.

The two of them stand toe-to-toe raining quick, heavy punches on each other. Neither one even bothers dodging a single punch.

The entire crowd, including both benches, is on its feet hollering. It's fucking loud.

Both of them are bleeding bad as the punches start slowing down. The ref wearily moves in anticipating the fight's end.

ROSS REARDON (CONT'D)
(to the ref)
Don't you fucking dare.

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 his left into 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 skates chomp into the ice awkwardly. They dig 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 ankle snaps. Doug falls backwards, twisting clumsily trying to keep himself up. His legs buckle and KRRSSH!!!! 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, as the Halifax fans are deafeningly silent. 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 start to well in her eyes. Pat looks like he got the wind knocked out of him.

Reardon looks down at Doug, and is bringing his hands up to dust them off. Doug looks up at him and shakes his head.

DOUG
(to Reardon)
Not yet.

The ref skates to center, figuring the fight is over.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Back the fuck up!

The ref skates away in cowardice. The 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" from Puccini's "Turandot"

Doug takes a few deep breathes, clenches his teeth, and drives one 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.

The Crowd erupt 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 claps and nods.

PAT
That's right motherfucker.

IN SLOW MOTION: Hobbling on one leg, Doug steadies himself and waits for Reardon to make a move. Sensing weakness, Reardon moves in unguarded and as he swings a vicious haymaker, Doug lands a quick one right on his chin. 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. Mimicking Reardon's patented move, Doug dusts off his hands.

Awestruck, the hometown crowd goes crazy cheering like cheering was going to be banned tomorrow. Ogilvey and Laflamme quickly skate over to Doug to help him get off the ice. As he's being escorted, 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 sees this.

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...that's
hockey, baby.

A trainer runs over to Reardon who rolls around, writhing. 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 takes one last meaningful look at his team: Ogilvey, Belchior, Park, and, lastly, Xavier. In awe, they look to him as an inspirational warrior.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I fucking nailed him.

They all nod. You can see them getting pumped up. And with that, Eva puts one of Doug's arms around her shoulder and helps him walk through the tunnel off into the dressing room.

In the background, the scoreboard shows 4:58 to go in a 6-6 tie game.

The End.