

THE CUTTING EDGE

by

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A WHITE SCREEN

Just a pale, milk white. A moment. And then MUSIC:
Haydn's "Toy Symphony" -- a scratched, vintage recording.

TWO PAIRS OF SKATES glide into frame. And now we realize,
the white is ice.

START CREDITS AND PULL BACK TO FIND

TWO SIX-YEAR-OLD CHILDREN -- A BOY and GIRL. Hand in hand.
He wears a dinner jacket and gloves. She is pure confection,
white chiffon and lace. They are at once proud and nervous.
They begin to skate.

There is nothing around them. No point of reference.
Just the two of them, the music, and the ice. They are in
a world of their own. Perfect. Tentative. Pure. The joy
of beginnings. For this next minute and a half they are the
most innocent, lovely creatures in the world.

END CREDITS AND DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EST. SHOT OLYMPIC VILLAGE -- DAY

Flags crack in the wind. Crowds choke the streets.

WINTER OLYMPICS -- CALGARY -- 1988

CUT TO:

INT. CALGARY DORMITORY ROOM -- SAME TIME

DOUGLAS DORSEY is 22, a young man in the dead-bang prime of
life. DOUG is tough, solid and good-looking in a coarse,
unkempt way. He is an athlete -- a great one -- and he knows
it. He is also, at this very moment, in a complete frenzy,
pulling on socks, pants, and shirt like a wild man --

DOUG

It's one o'clock in the goddamned
afternoon! One o'clock! What the
hell happened to the goddamned alarm?

ACROSS THE ROOM -- in bed, a GIRL peers sleepily from a
chaos of sheets.

GIRL

(a German accent)

You say nein.

DOUG

Yes! Nine!

GIRL

Yah! Nein! You say nein alarm.
Is mistake?

DOUG snags a large equipment bag -- hurdles effortlessly over a half-dozen pairs of CROSS-COUNTRY SKIS -- blitzing for the door --

GIRL

-- Sher dich zum teufel!

Forget about it. DOUG is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. A SKATING RINK -- SAME TIME

A practice facility beside the Saddledome. OFFICIALS and COACHES watch PAIRS FIGURE SKATERS, men and women, in warm-up suits whipping around the ice.

KATHERINE MOSELEY

skating alone, picks up speed, rounding the far end of the ice. KATE is 19. She is petite, but with the strength of a thoroughbred. She is gorgeous, but it is a defiant beauty. KATE heaves into the grasp of her partner, BRIAN NEUMAN, a lanky, gay man of 21. THEY join hands, accelerate, and begin to weave past SEVERAL OTHER PAIRS.

ON THE SIDELINES

RICK TUTTLE, Kate's coach, a tanned, square-jawed man of forty, stares coldly as his skaters pass.

KATE AND BRIAN

expressions tightening, as they accelerate. Something is bothering KATE. She jostles her hands, trying quickly to adjust BRIAN's grip as they head for center ice.

KATE

(whispering urgently)

Left hand under! -- Left!

They grapple -- their grip still uncertain as BRIAN starts to lift her from the ice, and then --

KATE

-- Stop!

BRIAN hesitates -- KATE slips from his hands -- off balance -- falling -- just recovering -- landing awkwardly -- stumbling across the ice and nearly into the boards.

TUTTLE

(from the sidelines)

Thirty million people just called the rest of their families in from the kitchen to watch the replay.

KATE wheels around, furious. TUTTLE stares, disgusted.

TUTTLE

What do you think this is, Kate,
Junior Pairs, 1981?

KATE

Me? You're standing there, you
just saw what happened, and you're
blaming me?

OTHER COACHES and SKATERS turn. BRIAN, in the BG, stares
over. TUTTLE, in no mood for backtalk, wags a reproving
finger, beckoning her toward him.

CUT TO:

INT. DORMITORY STAIRWELL -- DAY

DOUG hurtling down the stairs, taking them three at a time,
flying blindly past other ATHLETES arriving and departing
from their events. DOUG charging through when --

WOMAN'S VOICE

-- You!

DOUG stops, turns --

A young, dark, attractive, ITALIAN GIRL, dressed in a high-
fashion snowsuit, stands on the landing. She steps forward,
glaring. This is an angry woman.

ITALIAN GIRL

(thick Italian accent)

Where you are? -- Where you are last
night? Where you are while I am
waiting?

DOUG hesitates, afraid to turn his back on this woman.

ITALIAN GIRL

You know how long I am waiting?

DOUG

(easing away)

Tina, please, I --

ITALIAN GIRL

-- Tina?

(she's ready to kill)

My name is Gina!

CUT TO:

INT. PRACTICE RINK SIDELINES -- DAY

KATE and TUTTLE face to face in a quiet, tense conversation:

KATE

Rick, I'm telling you, he can't do it.

TUTTLE

I'm saying this for the last time:
You start fighting for your landings
and let me worry about Brian.

KATE

I'm out there trying to launch a
triple toe loop off a grip that's
like a wet sponge!

TUTTLE

The move stays in.

KATE

He's giving me nothing to work with!

TUTTLE

You're the one who's not committing!

KATE

I'm the one who takes the fall!

TUTTLE

You can't fall if you don't get your
butt in the air!

CUT TO:

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE -- DAY

DOUG sprinting down the street -- turning a corner -- into
the path of --

AN ONCOMING PASSENGER VAN -- SCREECHES TO A STOP -- inches
from flattening DOUG -- he stands there, stunned as --

DOUG'S POV -- THE VAN

THE SWEDISH WOMEN'S BOBSLED TEAM -- FOUR SMILING BLONDES
fight for an open window --

SWEDISH GIRLS

(as one)

-- DOOGIE!

CUT TO:

INT. PRACTICE RINK RUNWAY -- DAY

KATE throws her skates into a bag. JACK MOSELEY, her father,
a prosperous man of 50 in a business suit, stands there.

KATE

I'm just asking you to talk to him,
Dad! Just get him to listen.

If KATE's looking for sympathy, she's picked the wrong guy.

JACK

Honey, we've been through all this before -- Rick knows what's best.

KATE stands, muscles up her skate bag, starts away.

JACK

Where do you think you're going?

KATE

(as she goes)
I'll be in my cell.

CUT TO

EXT. THE SADDLEDOME BACK ENTRANCE -- DAY

THE SWEDISH VAN skids to a stop. THE GIRLS waving as DOUG dives out, racing for the building, pulling credentials as he goes. A CALGARY POLICE OFFICER stands guard.

DOUG

(breathlessly)
Doug Dorsey... U.S. Hockey team...

COP

(checking his tags)
Hell, son, they're just about to start --

DOUG blows past the COP -- through the door and --

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOWELS OF THE SADDLEDOME

An empty passageway. DOUG is lost. Sweating. Cursing. Charging blindly ahead. From above, the MUFFLED ROAR OF THE CROWD. If he could claw his way up to the ice he'd do it.

CUT TO:

A DIFFERENT PASSAGEWAY

KATE striding ahead -- rounding a corner and -- SMACK! -- right into DOUG -- a head-on collision and it's no contest -- KATE sent flying on her ass --.

DOUG

(barely stopping)
-- Does this go up to the ice?

KATE stares at him, incredulous. "THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER" begins to play in the distance.

DOUG

Is this the way to the ice?

KATE
 (still sitting there)
 Why you barbarian jerk -- is that
 all you have to say?

Screw this, DOUG is already several steps away and moving.

KATE
 Where were you raised, in a barnyard?

DOUG stops mid-stride. This kind of shit demands at least
 a moment of his time.

DOUG
 Honey, where I'm from we stand for
 the National Anthem.

Now he's gone.

CUT TO:

INT. SADDLEDOME NETWORK BOOTH

TWO ANNOUNCERS, BUD and GORDON, talk to the camera:

BUD
 If you're just joining us from
 the Men's downhill, you're in for
 a big surprise. The Hungarian
 Hockey team was supposed to be an
 easy first round mark for the U.S.

GORDON
 We're in the third period and
 Hungary is up by a goal...

CUT TO:

THE PENALTY BOX -- LIVE ACTION

DOUG, flushed and focused, is impatiently counting down the
 final seconds of his incarceration. Five...four...three...

GORDON (OVER)
 Here comes Dorsey out of the penalty
 box. The power play is over.

DOUG explodes ONTO THE ICE -- as A WHISTLE BLOWS.

BUD (OVER)
 -- And that'll be icing.

A pause in the action. The REFEREE grabs the puck.

BUD (OVER)
 Doug Dorsey, of course, the phenom
 from Mahorn, Minnesota.

GORDON (OVER)

Just a super story, Bud. Here's a Junior from the University of Minnesota we'll definitely be seeing in the NHL before the year is out.

Substitutions are being made. The U.S. COACH motions for DOUG who waves him off. He's staying on the ice.

BUD (OVER)

Incredible young athlete. Handles the puck well. Sees everything --

GORDON

And what a skater -- as graceful as anyone you'll ever see on the ice.

THE HUNGARIAN COACH paces behind the PLAYERS BENCH. He stops, leans down and whispers something to a huge, hulking GOON. The GOON smiles toothlessly and jumps out onto the ice.

BUD (OVER)

This is a very intense, competitive young man.

GORDON (OVER)

He learns to control that temper and he could be one of the true greats of the game.

ON THE ICE -- DOUG clustered with the OTHER PLAYERS for a face-off. The GOON nudges in beside him. DOUG jostles back -- THEY'RE starting to get rough as --

THE REFEREE drops the puck -- and they're off --

The puck trailing to the far side of the ice -- action there, as DOUG circles, waiting for a breakaway --

The puck skitters behind the U.S. net -- a pass to -- DOUG who takes it on the move and --

TWO HUNGARIAN FORWARDS charging as DOUG drops his shoulder -- fakes a pass -- does an amazing full-turn spin that sends the TWO HUNGARIAN FORWARDS crashing into each other.

BUD (OVER)

There goes Dorsey! -- What a move!

DOUG, all alone, flying across center ice as an HUNGARIAN DEFENSEMAN rushes to cut the angle -- DOUG stops cold -- the DEFENSEMAN falls past him, into the boards --

DOUG takes off -- blitzing for the goal --

The HUNGARIAN GOALIE braces as --

One of the HUNGARIAN FORWARDS lunges -- his stick flying free and into DOUG's skates and --

DOUG begins to fall -- off balance -- going down -- still managing somehow to shoot and --

THE PUCK lifts -- just above the GOALIE'S GLOVE and --

DOUG into the boards -- hard -- THE CROWD CHEERING and --

Out of nowhere -- THE GOON lumbering at full speed -- this is a man with a mission and --

DOUG, starts to his feet when -- WHAM! -- THE GOON, stick held high -- ploughs into him -- a wicked, crushing blow and --

FINALLY TO -- DOUG'S HELMET

skittering across the ice, past other PLAYERS and REFEREES, in whose horrified expressions, we measure the seriousness of the blow.

CUT TO:

EXT. CALGARY -- NIGHT

Lights dancing over busy streets outside the Saddledome.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SADDLEDOME

Packed house. Figure skating competition. Aaron Copeland's "RODEO" blasting through the house.

ON THE ICE -- KATE AND BRIAN in the midst of their program. Coming out of a death spiral and striding together the length of the ice -- arm movement, filler stuff, catching their breath as they race toward their finale --

SKATE-CAM CLOSE-UP

We're really tight here -- Just the two of them, smiles plastered on their faces, sweat bleeding through make-up -- the elegance of the sport revealed as the hard work it really is. MUSIC PEAKING -- faster and --

KATE

(under her breath)

Pick it up! -- Pick it up!

BRIAN's expression tightening -- KATE's hands searching for a better grip but there's not time -- THEY'RE INTO THE LIFT -- BRIAN clenches -- KATE is up -- BRIAN falters -- too late -- she's launched -- into the air -- spinning -- around and around but -- trouble -- she's underrotated -- off balance --

coming down -- her toe snags -- and BRIAN watches in horror -- KATE is falling as THE MUSIC CRASHES ITS FINAL CRESCENDO and she goes sprawling across the ice --

CUT TO:

NETWORK FEED -- FULL FRAME

BRIAN alone at center ice. KATE, on her ass, yards away. The CROWD silent, as she rises slowly. TWO ANNOUNCERS -- DICK and PEGGY -- solemnly break in over the picture:

DICK (OVER)

Oh dear...

PEGGY (OVER)

...Such a difficult move...

DICK (OVER)

...Just a heartbreaking moment, and to have it happen here...

KATE stands to SYMPATHETIC APPLAUSE. She looks ashen.

PEGGY (OVER)

It takes so much extraordinary work, and time and effort to get this far and to have it end like this...

BRIAN rushes to KATE's side, reaches for her hand. She yanks it away and starts skating off the ice, leaving him behind.

DICK (OVER)

Kate Moseley -- My God, this just isn't done -- She's...she's leaving the ice...

BACK TO:

LIVE ACTION -- THE RUNWAY

CHOKED WITH PEOPLE -- the crowd parting -- ALL EYES ON --

KATE fleeing the ice -- striding as fast as she can on skate guards, through the crowd and --

TUTTLE in the BG, disgusted watching her go, as BRIAN skates in alone from the ice and --

JACK, off to one side, shaking his head, making no move to comfort his daughter as she passes and --

KATE still coming -- FACES EVERYWHERE -- and WE'RE TRACKING WITH HER -- HAND-HELD TENSION as she stares straight ahead, a stoic mask of an expression frozen on her face barely disguising the pain and fear and humiliation in her eyes -- the crowd, the moment, the cameras, nothing but a blur as she ploughs ahead and --

INTO THE CORRIDOR -- KATE still coming -- OTHER SKATERS turning as she passes -- and WE'RE IN REAL TIGHT HERE as she starts to run and her expression begins to fall apart -- tears welling as she flees and --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHICAGO'S MT. SINAI EYE AND EAR -- DAY

EST. SHOT -- Doctors, patients, nurses hustling in and out.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

A private room. Dead flowers and stacks of magazines evidence a long stay. DOUG, in jeans and T-shirt, stands at the mirror examining a shaved SCAR above his right ear. He takes a deep breath, steels himself, and exits the room.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

DOUG sits nervously as his DOCTOR flips through a chart on his desk. The DOCTOR looks up, finds a smile.

DOCTOR

I hear you've made quite an impression on our nursing staff.

A moment. DOUG says nothing, far too tense for small talk. The DOCTOR shifts, summons his best professional resolve.

DOCTOR

I wish I had better news. It could be worse. Luckily, we got in fast enough to limit some of the damage.

The DOCTOR glances at the chart.

DOCTOR

For the record, you've lost close to eighteen degrees of peripheral vision in your right eye.

(he hesitates)

In most cases, something like this would be an inconvenience, but for a hockey player, well --

DOUG

So how long before it comes back?

DOCTOR

Different states have different driving regulations. Here in Illinois, your car would have to be equipped with a full-view mirror --

DOUG

-- How long before it comes back?

DOCTOR

Doug, I'm sorry, but you've got a blindside. It's a permanent condition.

DOUG

So there's an operation, right?

DOCTOR

I'm afraid not.

DOUG

There is an operation! It's just you hate to mention it because it's so outrageously overpriced.

DOCTOR

It's not a question of money.

DOUG

It's dangerous, right? You open the brain -- some micro-laser thing -- you mess around, who knows what could happen --

DOCTOR

Doug, I've specialized in ophthalmic surgery for for over thirty years --

DOUG

Okay! So you don't do it here! But somebody does it -- someplace, there's a clinic, you've got to go to Mexico City and they inject shark piss up your nose and you've got to sit absolutely still for eight months and there's a two percent survival rate and you hate to even mention it because it's the kind of quack medicine you've spent your life fighting, but right now, because you see just how absolutely desperate I am you're gonna break your solemn oath and tell me, right?
(pleading)

Say it!

DOCTOR

I'm very sorry, Doug...

DOUG sags. Blinking back tears. Just sitting there.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE DULUTH LOCKS -- MINNESOTA -- AUTUMN -- DAY

Gray skies. Cold air. Frigid spray blows off Lake Superior. DOUG, workclothes covered with grease, winches down a miter gate. SUPERIMPOSE:

TWO YEARS LATER

DOUG stands and stares grimly out over the canal as a barge passes in the BG.

CUT TO:

EXT. A ROADSIDE BAR -- MAHORN MINNESOTA -- DAY

A cinderblock gin mill in the middle of nowhere. A few cars parked out front. A rusted double-wide trailer sits out back. A tin sign advertises:

"DORSEY'S PENALTY BOX -- TAP AND GRILL"

A pitted '68 Chevy pulls up. DOUG gets out, heads for the door, as his ride pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. DORSEY'S TAP AND GRILL -- DAY

A warm bar in a cold place. Hockey stuff everywhere: posters, sticks, pennants up all over. A COUPLE DRUNKS hunched over shots at the end of the rail.

WALTER DORSEY, Doug's older brother, a big, beefy guy in his thirties stands behind the bar, lost in a newspaper.

DOUG'S VOICE

Any mail?

WALT looks up to see DOUG heading his way.

WALT

Hey... You're early.

DOUG

(arriving at the bar)

Ate in the car. Any mail?

WALT

(ignoring the question)

Propane stopped by. I had him leave three tanks for the trailer.

DOUG

Something came, didn't it?

(Walt hesitates)

You opened it, right? -- How many times do I have to tell you --

WALT
 -- Hesh opened it.
 (down the bar)
 Tell him, Hesh!

DOUG turns, angrily. HESH, a skinny, old drunk hunches down.

DOUG
 It's bad enough my brother thinks
 he can go through my goddamned --

WALT
 -- Hey, Doug.
 (Doug turns)
 We were all just hoping for good news.

DOUG
 (instantly deflated)
 Read it.

WALT
 Dougie, come on...

DOUG
 Read it, Walter.

WALT reluctantly pulls the letter from his pocket, reads:

WALT
 "We regret to inform you that
 at this time, our hockey program
 is not offering try-outs to
 unrecruited players."

DOUG takes the blow. Looks around.

WALT
 You want a beer? Have a beer.

DOUG
 No. I'll catch you later.
 (starting away)
 Sorry, Hesh.

Silence. Long faces listening, as DOUG SLAMS OUT THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

EXT. A POND -- TWILIGHT

A pick-up HOCKEY GAME in progress. DOUG the oldest player
 by far. These KIDS may be young, but they're good. DOUG
 moving the puck up the ice, looking like a giant out there
 -- blowing past EVERYONE -- slowing to shoot when --

PEE WEE -- the smallest kid on the ice -- slips in on his
 blindside -- stripping the puck off DOUG'S stick --

DOUG turns -- too late -- PEE WEE stoking away with the puck. DOUG left standing there, looking whipped.

CUT TO:

INT. AN INDOOR TRAINING RINK -- NIGHT

Domed roof. Regulation ice. State of the art. Dramatic contrast to the pond. A BRAHMS CONCERTO fills the space.

ON THE ICE -- KATE and a NEW PARTNER skating -- an arabesque -- into a side-by-side sit spin -- KATE looking perfect, her NEW PARTNER, however, loses his edge and falls --

KATE
(stopping cold)
Oh come on...!

The MUSIC STOPS. PARTNER stares over like a beaten dog.

PARTNER
Sorry, Kate, I'll get it.
(to someone off ice)
Can we try it again?

ANTON PAMCHENKO -- Kate's current coach, starts out onto the ice. ANTON is a man who has come a long way through difficult times. A quiet reserve. Eyes always probing. An abrasive exterior belies a warm, knowing soul.

ANTON
(a thick Russian accent)
We are in one piece?

KATE
This guy is taking us nowhere.

ANTON
Katya, please...

PARTNER
I can't concentrate like this!
(pleading)
Every move -- every day -- she's
turning me into a nervous wreck!

KATE, unmoved, is already on her way off the ice.

KATE
I've got laundry that can skate
better than that.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DOME -- NIGHT

OFF THE ICE -- ANTON and JACK MOSELEY in conversation.
In the BG, KATE on the ice. Skating alone. Working hard.

ANTON

You should've been making her
singles skater.

JACK

You're sure it's too late?

ANTON shoots him a look that says it's much too late.

JACK

So where do we go from here?

ANTON

Two years, eight partners. This
one is too small. That one too big.
Too loud. Too much sweat. Not
enough sweat --

JACK

So dig a little deeper.

ANTON

We hit bottom rock, Mr. Moseley.
Let me tell you how is: I go to
rink. I see skater. If I like
-- if I see even spark of hope,
I talk. Of course, skater says
to me finally, "Who is partner?"
(he shakes his head)

Reputation is like plague.

(Jack stiffens)

Please...she is tremendous skater.
Everyone is saying this. Petite.
Powerful. But then always is
coming the big "B"...

(an American accent)

"Whatta bitch."

JACK

(bristling)

What about Spindler? Kate said you
spoke to him, that he was on the
fence.

ANTON

I spare feelings. Spindler says
before he skates with her he wears
garlic from neck and sleeps with cross.

JACK

(stone cold)

There's a month left on your
contract. Find someone who can
cut it or get off the payroll.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTON'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Spartan. The room of a refugee. A PHOTOGRAPH of ANTON as a much younger man on skates. A SILENT TV plays in the BG.

ANTON (OVER)

...but difficulties are in past.
Is mature young woman now --

THE CAMERA FINDS ANTON -- on the phone, a week-long growth of beard evidences some busy days. As he listens to what is apparently unpleasant news, he reaches down to pour himself a SHOT OF VODKA from a bottle on the nightstand.

ANTON

(into the phone)

...Of course...Yes, I understand,
thank you, anyway.

He hangs up. Downs the shot. He glances at the TV, before picking up the remote control and CLICKING THE VOLUME UP --

INSERT -- THE TV -- A HOCKEY GAME IN PROGRESS

ANTON watches -- expressionless for a moment. And then his eyes come alive. He leans in. Thinking.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOUG'S POND -- NIGHT

Cheap floodlights strung from makeshift plywood posts cast an uneven glare on a small section of the ice. Steel drums are spaced every few yards -- an obstacle course. DOUG, hockey stick in hand, speeds across the ice -- in the midst of a grueling kamikaze drill -- slaloming in and out of the barrels -- backward -- forward -- an amazing display of skating ability. Pouring sweat, heaving for breath, he stops. He wipes his brow, then suddenly turns, hearing something -- ANTON at the edge of the pond applauding. He stops.

ANTON

Ice is safe? Sign has warning.

DOUG

So don't skate.

ANTON shrugs, starts walking out.

ANTON

You skate very strong. Beautiful line. Much power. Weight transfer is perfection.

(he smiles)

I see many tapes.

DOUG, winded, watches him approach suspiciously.

DOUG

Look, pal, if you're a reporter,
you're a little late. The story's
been done.

ANTON

I am wondering if you are this
strong in upper body?

DOUG

What're you, some kind of twinkie?

ANTON.

I am coach.

DOUG

You're kidding...

(an instant, total
transformation)

Look, hey, I'm sorry -- Are you the
guy from B.U.? -- You are, right?
The Swedish guy, right?

(before he can answer)

I knew it!

(standing tall)

Upper body? -- I'm a rock. I'm in
the best shape of my life -- I'm
benching three-hundred. Weight
training, roadwork, speed drills --
(shifting gears)

-- Hey, I know I had a rep -- I mean,
who're we fooling right? The girls,
the partying, the goofing off -- it
was a problem, no question --

ANTON

-- I am not hockey coach.

DOUG

Huh...?

ANTON opens a gym bag hanging off his shoulder, begins
fishing out something that WE CAN'T SEE.

ANTON

You wear size eleven, yes?

DOUG

What the hell is this?

ANTON

Maybe nothing. You try.

DOUG

(looking down)

Those are figure skates, pal.

On that -- a SUDDEN HUGE SNAPPING SOUND -- DOUG looks down.
 BETWEEN HIS LEGS -- a jagged faultline -- the ice has cracked.

CUT TO:

EXT. A HIGHWAY EXIT SIGN -- DAY

GREENWICH CONNECTICUT

PULL BACK TO FIND -- A STRETCH LIMOUSINE turning off.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE LIMOUSINE -- DAY

Easing up a country lane. Stopping at a large iron gate, bordered by a daunting, high stone wall. THE GATE swings open and THE LIMO pulls up a winding estate driveway.

INSIDE THE LIMO

DOUG, lost in the expanse of this huge backseat lounge, stares out the window at the incredible passing scenery.

DOUG

Holy shit...

Up ahead, a sprawling, two-story, TUDOR STONE COTTAGE.

DRIVER

(veddy British)

That sir, is the pool house.

DOUG sits back. Blown away.

THE MOSELEY ESTATE

is world class. THE LIMO PASSES -- tennis courts, olympic pool, a fifteen car garage and finally around a circular driveway, stopping in front of -- A huge STONE MANSION.

DOUG exits the limo, looking around, dumbfounded.

ON THE MANSION STEPS -- ANTON stares down, watching DOUG's reaction.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED PATHWAY -- DAY

ANTON and DOUG walking along when DOUG suddenly stops --

DOUG

You gotta be kidding...

UP AHEAD -- A DOMED PRIVATE INDOOR RINK.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DOME -- DAY

ANTON and DOUG enter. A TCHAIKOVSKY SYMPHONY blaring.

ON THE ICE -- KATE, in white tights and skirt, skates alone to the MUSIC. She makes no sign of recognition, but knows full-well she's being watched. Twirling and preening -- she's putting on a real show.

DOUG takes a good look. He smiles. He likes what he sees.

ANTON moves to the sound system -- KILLS THE MUSIC.

ANTON

Come...

ANTON and DOUG head down the RUNWAY and start walking toward center ice. The closer they get, the bigger DOUG's smile.

KATE turns, feigns surprise -- and then her expression sours.

KATE

That's not Spindler!

ANTON shrugs. Guilty as charged.

KATE

Where the hell is Spindler?
You said --

ANTON

-- You said Spindler. This is Dorsey.
Douglas Dorsey.

She examines DOUG as if he were an insect.

KATE

Dorsey? Never head of him.

ANTON

Douglas is beautiful skater.

KATE steps back, a look of mounting horror forming --

KATE

You're...you're that hockey player.

DOUG's smile fades.

ANTON

Is try-out.

DOUG

Nice to meet you.

He offers his hand. She stares at it with epic distaste.

ANTON

I said, is try-out.

Reluctantly, KATE moves to shake -- one touch and --

KATE

(recoiling instantly)
-- my God!

DOUG

-- What? -- My hands?

KATE

What do you do, soak them in
battery acid?

DOUG

Look, I'm sorry...I guess they're
a little rough, but hey...
(he tries a smile)
I've never had any complaints before.

KATE

(stone cold)
I'm terribly impressed.
(turning on Anton)
What is this, the final stages of
Ukranian alcohol psychosis?

DOUG

(to Anton)
Wait a minute -- who's checking
out who here?

KATE

(wheeling on Doug)
I don't know how many slapshots
you've taken to the brain, but this
was your audition, and let me assure
you, it's over.

They're off and running. ANTON can only stare back and forth.

DOUG

Yo! -- Snow White, put a clamp on it.
I'm here scoping you out. I told
this guy from minute-one that the
idea of strapping on pink skates and
throwing some teeny-bopper rink-rat
around the ice was not my idea of a
happening experience!

KATE

(to Anton)
Get him out of my building.

DOUG

(to Anton)

Temperamental? Lemme tell you,
I got another word for it.

KATE

(to Anton)

Is that what you told him?

DOUG

What -- like it's a secret?

KATE

Who the hell do you think you are?

DOUG

I know exactly who I am -- I'm a
guy who came a long way for lunch.

KATE

Well, don't let me keep you from
the trough.

DOUG

(to Anton)

Sorry, buddy, I wouldn't wish this
on a snake. I'm outta here.

DOUG starts away. KATE heading the opposite direction --

ANTON

ENOUGH!!!

KATE and DOUG stop in their tracks.

ANTON

Introduction is over! Conversation
is over!

(to Kate)

Attitude is over!

(to Doug)

Insecurity is over!

(to them both)

Mouth closed! Ears open!

KATE about to speak --

ANTON

(cutting her off)

Is end of line! Pairs means two!
You have no partner, you are skating
nowhere! All bridges are burning.
Name is mud. Yes, is crazy choice.
But only crazy choices are being left!

KATE stares at him, shocked, chastened.

DOUG

Look, man --

ANTON

(cutting him off)

And what is for you? Back to Siberia? Skating on pond is big excitement? Hockey for you is over. Kaput. Who else but me is being so insane to take chance on you?

DOUG looks small all of a sudden. Silence.

ANTON

Good. We skate.

CUT TO:

BLACK SKATES across the ice to...WHITE SKATES.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL -- DOUG, wearing a Chicago Blackhawks T-shirt and hockey sweats, standing behind KATE. Both of them stone-faced. ANTON, on skates, circles DOUG, inspecting.

ANTON

Chest high...

As he directs, they respond and adjust.

ANTON

More...Arms to side, loose...they hang, but there is life -- Now, left hand around her waist.

DOUG hesitates. KATE braces. ANTON slides in -- pulls DOUG's hand into position. This is suddenly very intimate.

ANTON

Katya, shoulders relax...relax.

KATE, teeth clenched, lets her shoulders fall. ANTON places DOUG's right hand in hers. She flinches. ANTON skates back a few yards, admiring the two of them.

ANTON

Good. Line is beautiful.

(as he circles)

I am counting a beat. On four you will push off. Katya, you will lead. Slowly -- a large eight. Douglas you will push left with her left -- right with right. She will show the way. All will be smooth and easy...

(a slow rythmn)

One two one -- one two two -- one two three -- one two four --

(continuing as--)

THEY'RE OFF -- a jerky, false start -- but DOUG hangs in and -- stroke -- and stroke and -- AROUND THE ICE -- and KATE's not helping him any, but she doesn't have to because he's picking this up fast -- and by the time they make the second turn he's starting to synch --

ANTON

Good! -- Heads up! -- Long strokes!

SKATE CAM CLOSE UP

DOUG AND KATE as they glide. She knows what she's doing. He has to concentrate. Close quarters.

KATE

What do you do, shower once a week?

DOUG

That an invitation?

KATE accelerates. DOUG almost slips.

ANTON

(calling over)

Enough! Center ice, please.
First position.

They stop. Skate back beside ANTON, who quickly arranges them as they were in the beginning -- DOUG behind KATE.

ANTON

Katya, lock arms please.

KATE complies, elbows angled at her sides.

ANTON

Douglas, please to pick her up.

DOUG looks at him. He's serious. DOUG puts his hands beneath KATE's elbows and lifts her effortlessly.

ANTON

Enough. We are finished.

KATE

I told you this was ridiculous.
(still up there)
Will you please put me down!

DOUG lets go -- KATE drops like a stone, flat on her ass.

DOUG

Guess that move needs some work.

KATE

You psychopath!

DOUG pushes off, skating for the runway.

DOUG
It's been a gas working with you.
Good luck with the next victim.

ANTON
We start tomorrow morning at eight.

DOUG AND KATE
(simultaneously)
What?

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS -- A COTTAGE -- EVENING

A two-story outbuilding down the lawn from the Mansion.
Two apartments, one on either floor.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TOP FLOOR APARTMENT -- SAME TIME

Pleasant. Comfortably furnished. Currently vacant.
DOUG looking around. ANTON behind him.

ANTON
Free room and board. Expenses.
Allowance. We are working seven
days a week without break. You eat,
breathe, and sleep pairs skating.

DOUG
Look, it was great getting out of
town, but I got work tomorrow.

ANTON
You train with me, I promise you
are making wonderful living on
skates the rest of your life.

DOUG
Let's not screw around. I can't
do this and you know it.

ANTON
I don't play games. Is too late.

DOUG
You know what I do when I see
figure skating? It's a three
choice situation: either I leave
the rink, change the channel, or
laugh my ass off.

ANTON opens a closet beside a television and VCR, inside
are hundreds of SKATING VIDEOS.

ANTON

Then you will have much to amuse you.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS -- NIGHT

A CORPORATE HELICOPTER HEAVES INTO FRAME, touching down on a landing pad. JACK MOSELEY, business suit, briefcase in hand, exits the chopper and jogs toward the mansion.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MANSION FRONT HALLWAY -- NIGHT

JACK hands his coat to an OLD BUTLER as KATE rips into him.

KATE

-- I'd like to know how much you had to do with this!

JACK

Honey, the bottom line is: Can he skate?

KATE

You knew he was coming and you never said a word!

JACK

(dismissing the Butler)
Thank you, Martin.

KATE and JACK stand there a moment as the BUTLER departs.

JACK

(all business now)
If you're telling me this guy can't skate, if you're saying that Anton's gone round the bend and that you're sure -- absolutely sure -- this is a waste of time, then that's one thing. But if you're quitting on me, Kate, if this is your way of telling me you've lost your stomach for it, then we better sit down and talk.

KATE stands there, looking lost. Very much undecided.

JACK

Good. You had me worried there.

JACK brushes a strand of hair from her shoulder.

JACK

I'll take a look at him.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION STUDY -- NIGHT

The room is oak-panelled, but it's hard to notice because every square inch is covered with TROPHIES, MEDALS, and PHOTOS OF KATE SKATING SINCE SHE WAS FOUR. JACK sits behind his desk. DOUG, across from him, is slouched in an armchair.

JACK

Let me tell you how I run my business: I hire the very best people I can get my hands on and I leave them alone until they disappoint me or I can find somebody better. You've heard of the Moscow Central Army Sports Club?

(Doug nods)

Anton was their pride and joy. When it comes to skating I don't think there's anybody who knows more. So I trust him. I have to. He says you're something special. He tells me he can work around your eye problem.

(beat)

What do you think?

DOUG

I think you must be in pretty sad shape to come after me.

JACK sits back. Off balance and not used to it.

DOUG

So who else is in on this?

JACK

What do you mean by that?

DOUG

When you're done, do I have to go talk to mom and the rest of the family?

JACK

(flatly)

Kate is an only child. Her mother died when she was six.

JACK lets him hang there a moment.

DOUG

Sorry. It's been a long day.

JACK

You stay with us and you'll have a lot of long days.

A beat. JACK measures DOUG.

JACK

I understand you and I have one thing in common.

DOUG

What's that?

JACK

I don't like to lose either.

JACK points to AN EMPTY GLASS DISPLAY CASE on his desk.

JACK

You see this? -- There's an Olympic Gold medal belongs in there. We're winners in this house. We've always been winners. Kate is a winner.

(his eyes linger on
the empty case)

And this damn thing...this is our reminder of what happens when you hitch your wagon to a dud.

(he looks up)

See, Doug, pairs skating, more than anything else, is about trust. You trust that I'm gonna throw you high enough in the air, and I trust that when you come down, you're not gonna put a blade in my back. I can never skate any better than you let me.

DOUG stares back, stone-faced. A cipher.

JACK

Now Brian Newman could skate. And unlike you, he wasn't a reclamation project. But you couldn't trust him. He wasn't what I'd call a pressure player. When the whip came down, Brian folded and Kate ended up looking like a fool.

JACK lifts a stack of papers on his desk for DOUG to see.

JACK

These are scouting reports. Male skaters. Thirty-five wash-outs.

(pulling the one
on top)

Wagner...no stamina.

JACK balls the paper in his hand -- tosses it across his desk toward a garbage can -- missing.

JACK
 (taking the next)
 Myersohn...no rhythm.

JACK crumples this one -- tosses it -- missing again.

JACK
 (in quick succession)
 Leone...Parnes...Hudler...
 (he misses all three,
 focuses on Doug)
 Are you a pressure player, Doug?
 Or is everyone wasting their time?

Without a word, DOUG, leans forward, takes the next page on the stack, crushes it quickly in his hand and flips it effortlessly toward the garbage can --

THE PAPER arcs far across the room -- BING! Dead perfect.

JACK
 Lucky shot.

DOUG
 I say I make it again.
 (he grins)
 Double or nothing my allowance.

JACK smiles, pushes the stack toward him.

JACK
 You're on.

CUT TO:

INT. DOORS OUTSIDE THE STUDY

KATE at the keyhole -- a baffling silence. Suddenly, THE DOORS FLY OPEN -- JACK and DOUG exit the study, all smiles.

JACK
 (putting an arm over
 Doug's shoulder)
 Great to have you aboard, son!
 (looking up)
 Kate, there you are...

KATE stares in horror at this tableau of fraternity.

DOUG
 Great meeting you, Jack...
 (he glances at Kate,
 smiles broadly)
 ...and I'll catch your act tomorrow.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BUTLER'S BEDROOM

Dark. Proper. MARTIN, the elderly butler, reading in bed, hears something -- looks up over bifocals.

MARTIN

Well...

KATE, wearing a nightgown, steps into the room, closing the door furtively behind her. Silence. She stands there.

MARTIN

It's been a while, hasn't it?

KATE nods. Something needy in her expression.

MARTIN

That bad?

(she nods again)

I'm an old man, Kate.

(she shrugs)

We'll be very tired in the morning.

KATE

I won't tell if you won't.

MARTIN cuts the thinnest of smiles. KATE brightens.

WIPE TO:

MARTIN'S ROOM -- TWO HOURS LATER

KATE and MARTIN sprawled on a couch, chastely bundled in nightclothes and blankets -- watching TV -- popcorn, cookies, potato chips, strewn everywhere. KATE is weeping. MARTIN, huddled in robe and nightcap, looks pretty choked-up himself.

ACROSS THE ROOM -- ON TV -- A VIDEOTAPE runs the final, tear-stained moments of "Dark Victory."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE DOME -- EARLY MORNING

DOUG at center ice, staring straight ahead. ANTON, carrying a dozen plastic cones, stands with KATE off to one side. As this scene plays, ANTON, testing the perimeters of DOUG's visual problem, moves KATE around the ice.

ANTON

We start here -- you are seeing her?

DOUG

Nope.

ANTON drops a cone, pulls KATE forward to the next position.

DOUG
 (calling over)
 If you're so good, why didn't you
 just skate solo?
 (silence, he turns--)

ANTON
 Eyes forward!
 (Doug turns back)
 You are seeing here?

DOUG shakes his head no. ANTON drops a cone. They move on.

DOUG
 It's a reasonable question.

ANTON
 Tell him.

KATE
 (grudgingly)
 I wouldn't do the compulsories.

DOUG
 You mean, those figure eights and
 stuff? Wouldn't or couldn't?

KATE
 I detested the entire procedure.

ANTON
 (stopping)
 Compulsories require patience.
 (Kate shoots him
 a look)
 What about here?

DOUG
 Got it.

ANTON drops two cones, checking the angles. KATE breaks free.

KATE
 Talk about hiring the handicapped.

DOUG
 Hey, if we're gonna work together,
 you might try and be polite.

KATE
 You're not going to be here long
 enough to make it worth the effort.

DOUG
 Don't think I'll be able to put up
 with your shit?

KATE
 (as she passes)
 I don't think you can skate.

DOUG
 There's only two things I do really
 well and skating's one of them.

KATE
 Grunting around the ice with a
 stick in your hand is not skating.

DOUG
 Honey, when it comes to hockey,
 you haven't got a clue.
 (beat)
 Aren't you going to ask me what
 the second thing is?

KATE
 God, you really are a neanderthal.

DOUG
 Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm
 from Minnesota.

KATE stares over, incredulous. DOUG smiles -- he's joking.

DOUG
 What do you do for fun? Polish
 your knife collection?

KATE
 I'm sure there's nothing I do that
 you'd find exciting. I don't open
 beer bottles with my toes. I don't
 sit around and count what's left
 of my teeth. I don't even enjoy
 watching a good tractor-pull. It's
 a very limited existence, but I've
 gotten used to it.

DOUG
 Life of the party, huh?
 (he starts to stretch)
 Place must be crawling with guys.

KATE
 (biting at this)
 For your information, I do have a
 boyfriend.

DOUG
 There's a rough gig. What do you
 do, keep him chained in the basement?

KATE

Hale, at the moment, is working in my father's London office. He's an MBA. Harvard? Maybe you've heard of it, they have a hockey team.

DOUG

Must be a very sharp guy.
(she looks at him,
suspicious)
I'll bet you look all right from a couple thousand miles away.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DOME -- LATER

Center ice. ANTON facing DOUG and KATE.

ANTON

In hockey, everything is low. Center of gravity is low. Weight transfer is low. Shoulders are low.

KATE

You forgot intelligence.

ANTON

(shooting her a look)
Here, for us, everything is line. Everything is grace. For pairs skating, is one thing means entire game: Man and woman together make flower. You, Douglas, are stem. Man is support, strength, fiber. Katya is petal. She is beauty, radiance, delicacy. Is flower, you understand?

(language drifting)

Tsvyeetoch'niy.

DOUG

So what's Russian for poison ivy?

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG'S BEDROOM -- BEFORE DAWN

ANTON enters the dark room, hits the lights. DOUG, dead asleep pulls the blankets over his head and -- CUE MUSIC -- our TRAINING THEME -- we're into a MONTAGE.

WIPE TO:

INT. THE DOME -- MORNING

KATE, lacing up, watching ANTON work DOUG on the ice.

WIPE TO:

EXT. FOREST TRAIL -- DAWN

DOUG and ANTON running through the woods. The CAMERA PULLS AHEAD -- KATE, way out front, looking fresh.

WIPE TO:

INT. WEIGHT ROOM -- NIGHT

State-of-the-art. DOUG toiling at a Nautilus machine, glancing between reps at -- KATE, across the room, every hair in place, as she muscles a rowing machine.

WIPE TO:

INT. TRAINING ROOM -- DAY

A padded floor. KATE in mid-air, hanging by a LEATHER HARNESS as ANTON demonstrates a lift for DOUG.

WIPE TO:

INT. ANTON'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The mirror image of DOUG'S upstairs studio. ANTON eats. DOUG, head down on the table, is dead asleep.

WIPE TO:

INT. THE DOME -- DAY

Center ice. KATE standing stoically. DOUG staring at ANTON.

DOUG
You want my hands where?

ANTON points. KATE braces. DOUG exhales, shakes his head, and slips his hand gingerly between KATE's legs.

WIPE TO:

INT. THE DOME

A QUICK SERIES OF FALLS -- changes of clothing evidence that these are happening over a period of weeks.

KATE falls... DOUG slips... KATE trips up DOUG...
DOUG trips over KATE... KATE and DOUG collide...

WIPE TO:

INT. THE DOME

DOUG pulls off a WORN-OUT, BEATEN SKATE and hands it to ANTON for his inspection. ANTON shakes his head.

WIPE TO:

TIGHT CLOSE-UP

A STREAM OF SPARKS pouring from a GRINDING WHEEL as a SKATE BLADE, being sharpened, strains against the stone.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

INT. A CUSTOM SKATE AND BOOTWORKS -- DAY

KATE and ANTON stand back as an OLD CRAFTSMAN works the wheel. This place is clearly a landmark -- a century's worth of dust and grime coats the entire cluttered space.

DOUG, off to one side, stares at the WALL -- covered with hundreds of yellowing, autographed PHOTOGRAPHS of skaters who've journeyed here over the years.

DOUG
(reading the names)
Lutz...Axel...Sal-chow...

He looks up to see ANTON watching him.

DOUG
You mean these moves are named
after actual people?

Before ANTON can answer, the CRAFTSMAN, turns sharply --

CRAFTSMAN
It's Sal-kow. Ulrich Salchow.
(eyes boring on Doug)
The world didn't start last week,
young man.

DOUG swallows. The CRAFTSMAN shakes his head with disgust, turns back to the wheel. ANTON gestures for KATE and DOUG to leave --

ANTON
Why don't I meet you across the
street?

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK RESTAURANT -- DAY

KATE and DOUG seated in this elegant little bistro, silently examining menus. A WAITER sides to the table.

WAITER
You're waiting for a third party?

KATE
Yes, but we'll go ahead.

DOUG
I'll have --

WAITER
Madam --

KATE stares at DOUG, then turns to the WAITER.

KATE
I'd like the aparagus and the
Calamari Salad. Four wedges of
lemon. No dressing. No oil.

The WAITER scribbles, turns to DOUG --

DOUG
Is there a burger on here?
(Kate groans)
You have a problem?

KATE
No. You have the problem.

The WAITER stands-by uncomfortably.

DOUG
(to the Waiter)
Blind date.
(staring at Kate as
he orders)
I'd like a cheeseburger, a well-
done, friendly, all-American,
missionary-position, cheeseburger
please.

WAITER
I'm afraid, sir, that we don't have
any ground beef in the house this
afternoon.

KATE
(to the Waiter)
Food frightens him. He talks
tough but he's actually a very
timid young man.

DOUG glares. THE WAITER looks back and forth nervously.

DOUG
Just bring me what she's having.

WAITER
The Calamari, sir?

DOUG
Sure. Just make mine well done.

WAITER
Well done isn't really --

KATE
I'd love to see your expression,
but it's not worth wasting the meal.
You just ordered squid salad.

DOUG
 (challenged now)
 You think I won't eat squid?

KATE
 I don't think you can spell squid.

DOUG
 (to the Waiter)
 Bring it on.

WAITER
 Yes sir. Anything to drink?

DOUG
 I'll have a draft beer. Whatever
 goes best with squid. And bring my
 date here a glass of diet cyanide.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DOME -- DAY

MONTAGE THEME AGAIN -- ANTON at a VIDEO CAMERA, filming --
 DOUG and KATE as they skate. This is getting more complex.
 DOUG lifting her on the move -- his hands all over her body.
 turning -- landing her awkwardly and --

WIPE TO:

INT. ANTON'S APARTMENT -- DAY

DOUG at the table, staring as MARTIN sets a huge Thanksgiving
 feast before him. ANTON enters from the kitchen, places an
 iced bottle of vodka and three shot glasses on the table.

DOUG
 What have we here?

ANTON
 We break training today.
 (to the Butler as
 he pours the shots)
 You are joining us, Martin?

MARTIN looks up, interested. DOUG a little surprised.

ANTON
 (expansive)
 Of course you are. Thanksgiving
 is most special holiday for me.

DOUG
 Thanksgiving? In Russia?

ANTON
 No, I defect on Thanksgiving.
 Paris, November 27, 1974.

ANTON hands them shots. Raises his glass.

ANTON
Let us drink to Pilgrims.

The three men touch glasses and drink.

WIPE TO:

EXT. THE MANSION GROUNDS -- SUNSET

DOUG and ANTON staring out over Long Island Sound, passing a bottle of champagne, as the sun drops over the horizon.

ANTON
...I was very imaginative thinker.
Big ideas. Dreams like cowboy
western. America, I am sure, will
be falling at my feet like drunk on
sidewalk.

(laughing at the memory)
Here I am! -- I am coaching nine
European Champions. I am coaching
seven World Champions. Four gold
Olympics. I am Burt Lancaster!

(a wistful pause)
So I come. I wait. Where is
Cadillac? Where is red carpet?
Big ideas need much feeding. Soon
is no more Burt Lancaster in mirror.

DOUG reaches in his pocket, pulls a LARGE TURKEY DRUMSTICK,
takes a bite and hands it to ANTON.

DOUG
C'mon, you're telling me nobody
was interested?

ANTON
I speak no English. I have no
money. American coaches, powerful
coaches, are not helping. I drink
too much...

(drifting into Russian)
...Beda ni prikhodit odna.

DOUG
What's that mean?

ANTON
Bad shit never comes alone.
(a bite of turkey)
So I drive cab. I write letters.
I master language of English.
(he grins)
I come here.

DOUG

What's he pay you to coach her?

ANTON flashes a cagey smile. It's too good to talk about.

DOUG

So what do you do with it all?

ANTON

I have daughter. In Leningrad.
I send dollars through Hungary.

DOUG

She's a skater?

ANTON

No. My daughter is nurse.

DOUG nods. A pause. ANTON watches him, suddenly serious.

ANTON

You wonder how I leave family
behind, yes?

DOUG

It's none of my business.

ANTON

Was very difficult time for me.
Selfish time. Much unpopularity
for me in Russia. Much unhappiness.
Is no excuse. Is explanation.

(he's choking up)

I am sorry...Thanksgiving, my
heart is close to the skin.

DOUG nods, takes back the drumstick. They stare out over
the water as the MONTAGE THEME COMES UP and --

CUT TO:

INT. THE DOME -- DAY

In the BG, A JANITOR drives a ZAMBONI around the ice. KATE
and DOUG are seated on the sidelines. She's reading. He's
impatiently taping up a hockey stick. KATE looks over.

KATE

If you're so bored, why don't you
read?

DOUG

What? You mean a book?

KATE

That is a traditionally accepted
format, yes.

DOUG grunts. Continues with the stick.

KATE

Don't you ever read?

DOUG

Like what?

KATE

I don't know, TV Guide?

DOUG

Hey, look, I can read.

KATE

So what's the last book you read?

(he shrugs)

You were in college.

DOUG

The last thing I read in college was the letter cancelling my scholarship when I couldn't play anymore.

KATE

You must've had to read a book in high school.

DOUG

I was a hockey player. I've been a hockey player since I was nine. The only thing a hockey player has to be able to read is the penalty clock.

KATE

And they graduated you?

DOUG

Graduated me? They revered me. I was a God.

KATE

What a tragic commentary on our times.

DOUG

State championships, my last game, grown men wept like children. Two hundred people carried me on their shoulders around the ice until the Minnesota State Police came to break it up.

The ZAMBONI heads off the ice.

KATE

So what were you planning on doing when your gladiating days were over?

DOUG

You can bet your tights I never thought I'd be working in a freakshow like this.

ANTON

(entering behind them)

Children! On the ice please.

KATE stands, pulls her skate guards, turns to DOUG.

KATE

I'm surprised you don't just chuck it all and start your own think tank.

DOUG

You're pretty sure I don't know what that means, aren't you?

KATE smiles. Skates away. DOUG stands there, hating her.

DOUG

(under his breath)

Bitch.

KATE

(she heard him)

Boob.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION -- DAY

Snow on the ground. Christmas lights on evergreens.

CUT TO:

INT. KATE'S LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

KATE, half-dressed, is startled by a KNOCK AT THE DOOR --

KATE

-- You want to hang on please!

DOUG comes through the door. KATE grabs frantically for a towel -- barely covering up as --

KATE

-- What the hell do you think you're -- Did I say come in?

DOUG, holding a CRUDELY WRAPPED PACKAGE in his hands, stands his ground, enjoying KATE's discomfort as she quickly knots the towel above her chest.

KATE
-- Get out! Out this second!

DOUG smiles, eyes all over her.

DOUG
Kate, I handle the stuff all the time, it's not that big a mystery.

KATE stands there stiffly. Something challenged in her expression. A moment as she recovers her poise.

DOUG
Merry Christmas.
(offering the package)
Think fast.

He tosses the package -- she catches it, almost losing her towel. She stares at him, and then opens her locker, pulls out a DESIGNER-WRAPPED BOX.

KATE
(hurling it at him)
Happy holiday.

DOUG snags it before it takes off his head. KATE starts to open hers, DOUG watching.

DOUG
Pretty tough, shopping for the girl who has everything.

KATE
(looking down)
Oh...

DOUG
Actually, I didn't have much time to shop.

KATE holds a worn, vintage CHICAGO BLACKHAWKS JERSEY at arm's length.

KATE
An old shirt...

DOUG
Old shirt? -- Bobby Hull wore that!
Bobby Hull for chrissake -- I've had that shirt for fifteen years!
(Kate stares)
Forget it -- you don't want it, I'll take it back.

KATE
No, no -- I like it. Really.

KATE finds a smile. DOUG cools.

KATE
So open yours.

DOUG starts on his gift -- pulling off the ribbon and then his expression sours -- A BOOK.

DOUG
..."Great Expectations?"

KATE
(smiling)
It was that or "Curious George
Plays Hockey." I took a chance.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION -- NIGHT

DOUG, dressed in an ill-fitting, brown polyester suit and black tie, stands with ANTON at the front door. THE DOOR swings open -- the FULL RUSH OF A LARGE PARTY. JACK MOSELY stands there smiling in a tuxedo.

JACK
Happy New Year! C'mon in!

CUT TO:

INT. THE MANSION

DOUG and ANTON enter a big party, in the grand, upper crust tradition. Prosperous MEN AND WOMEN, in tuxedos and evening gowns. BUTLERS and WAITERS circle with champagne and trays of food. A DANCE BAND plays from THE BALLROOM.

DOUG stares around, amazed. This is exactly how the other half lives. And then his gaze settles on --

THE MARBLE STAIRCASE

KATE gathered with a GROUP OF PEOPLE. She is resplendent; devastating in a tight, drop-dead, strapless gown. We knew she looked good, but we have never seen her like this. A tall, sandy-haired, TUXEDOED MAN in his late twenties, puts his arm around her waist, as the GROUP breaks into laughter. DOUG stands there, gaping. A passing BUTLER proffers a tray of champagne glasses. DOUG grabs one, drains it fast.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION BATHROOM

PARTY SOUNDS (OS). DOUG at the mirror. Pulling at his hair. Brushing his cheap suit. Tugging his tie. No improvement. He's never felt more like a hick in his life.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S STUDY/ TROPHY ROOM

PARTY SOUNDS (OS). DOUG alone, in a corner, staring at a COLLECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS distanced slightly from the rest.

INSERT THE PHOTOS -- Black and whites, with a texture and atmosphere that dates them from the fifties. Featured in each picture is a young woman skater, KATE'S MOTHER, in various poses on the ice: Dancing -- Alone -- Surrounded by an Ice Capades-type chorus line. She is beautiful, glamorous; the glow of a powerfully unique personality shines through.

DOUG steps away from this shrine, starts for the door, when --

KATE

(entering)

-- Hale?

(seeing Doug)

Oh...

DOUG

I was just looking --

KATE

Weren't these doors closed?

DOUG

Sort of, but...

KATE moves aside; she wants him out. DOUG passes into --

THE HALLWAY

as KATE closes the doors tightly behind them.

KATE

It's not a museum.

DOUG, about to apologize, realizes KATE is staring at his outfit.

DOUG

(self-conscious)

Black tie, I thought --

KATE

Yes, your tie is black.

DOUG stiffens, vulnerable, ready for her to lay him out.

KATE

(softening)

Don't worry about it.

DOUG

Anton should've told me.

KATE

It's not that big a deal.

A WAITER passes with champagne. DOUG grabs two glasses, desperate to change the subject.

DOUG

I was gonna tell you, that book you gave me, it's something else.

KATE

(with a smile)

Really? Are you using it as a door stop or a coaster?

DOUG

(handing her a glass)

Very funny.

KATE

I don't drink.

DOUG

It's only champagne.

KATE

I've never had a drink in my life.

DOUG

You're kidding, right?
(she stares back,
definitely not
kidding)

What is it, the calories?

KATE

(bristling)

Considering your knowledge of self control is about as extensive as your wardrobe, I'd hardly expect you to understand.

DOUG

C'mon Kate, everybody's got to cut loose sometime. It's New Years Eve for chrissake -- one glass...

KATE

As thrilling as this moment may be for you, it's hardly what I would describe as transformational.

THE MAN we saw with Kate on the stairs steps INTO FRAME.

MAN

Kate, there you are....

THE MAN leans in -- suddenly aware of DOUG's presence.

KATE

Hale, this is Doug. Doug Dorsey,
Hale Forrestal.

HALE is instantly focused. A quick patrician smile.

HALE

Well, finally...The Secret Weapon.
I've heard so much about you.

HALE offers his hand, DOUG stuck with the two glasses, nods.

HALE

May I?
(plucking one)
This calls for a toast.

DOUG chafes under HALE's inspection.

DOUG

Let's drink to the little people.

HALE blinks as DOUG drains his glass. KATE watches them.

HALE

I understand you were at the
University of Minnesota.

DOUG

For a while.

HALE

I played a little hockey myself.
For fun.

DOUG

(flatly)
Yeah? Let me know sometime, we'll
slap it around.

KATE

If you two will excuse me, naked
male insecurity really leaves me
cold.

KATE walks. HALE and DOUG left staring after her. HALE,
recovering his swagger, turns back to DOUG.

DOUG

So, dude, back for long?

A pause. HALE regards DOUG unpleasantly.

HALE

Just several days. We've been very busy in the London office. But then I gather you've been on quite a schedule as well.

DOUG

Jack likes to get his money's worth.

HALE

I understand you've been giving Kate a rough time of it.

DOUG

You know Kate.

HALE

Yes, I do. For quite a while. And I don't like to see her upset.

DOUG

I was you, I'd invest in blindfolds.

Before HALE can find his tongue, DOUG is walking away.

CUT TO:

THE PARTY -- LATER

THE BALLROOM. THE BAND really playing. On the dance floor, ANTON tearing it up with a very spry DOWAGER.

CUT TO:

THE PARTY -- LATER

KATE stands near a buffet table with several SOCIALITES. As THEY BANTER, KATE'S eyes drift across the room -- her expression souring as she watches --

DOUG -- ACROSS THE ROOM -- standing with TWO 18-YEAR-OLD DEBUTANTES. We can't hear what he's saying from this far away, but whatever it is, the DEBS are loving it; giggling and flirting like crazy.

CUT TO:

THE PARTY -- LATER

THE CROWD gathered in the BALLROOM. THE BANDLEADER counting down the final seconds of 1991 --

BANDLEADER

...ten...nine...

(the crowd joining in)

...eight...seven...

IN THE BACK OF THE ROOM -- DOUG alone in the doorway.

THE CROWD

...six...five...

A FEW YARDS AWAY -- KATE reaches down to manuever HALE's hand off her ass.

THE CROWD

...four...three...two...one...

HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!!

HORNS -- CONFETTI -- "AULD LANG SYNE" -- COUPLES embrace --

DOUG is grabbed by ONE OF THE DEBUTANTES for a big kiss, and then he's passed to THE SECOND DEBUTANTE, another kiss, and then he's handed over to AN OLDER WOMAN and --

SEVERAL YARDS OFF -- KATE pulled from HALE's embrace into the arms of AN OLDER MAN and then passed to ANOTHER MAN and the MUSIC'S GOING and COUPLES all over the room are doing the same thing and KATE is surrendering to the moment when suddenly --

DOUG AND KATE

thrust into each other's arms, instinctively moving toward a kiss -- when suddenly THEY FREEZE. A dead stop. KATE recoils. DOUG stiffens. And then, pretending it never happened, they turn away into the crowd.

CUT TO:

THE BUFFET ROOM -- MINUTES LATER

MUSIC echoing from the ballroom. DOUG enters, grabs a BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE from an ice bucket and keeps on going.

CUT TO:

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM -- LATER

Dark. Kate's gown crumpled in a mess on the floor. Hale's tuxedo folded carefully over a chair.

IN BED -- HALE asleep and snoring. KATE, beside him, is wide awake, looking tense and unsatisfied. She stands, pulling a sheet around her, moving across the room to THE WINDOW.

She listens, then THROWS THE WINDOW OPEN and stares out. The FAINT SOUND OF ROCK AND ROLL playing from somewhere.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DOME -- NIGHT

POUNDING ROCK AND ROLL ECHOES THROUGH THE BUILDING. DOUG, alone, on the ice. Hockey stick in hand. Dozens of pucks littered around the ice. A private moment of total free-form mania. DOUG skating, blitzing -- firing pucks against the wall like a man possessed; like a man who has no choice but to burn off his reckless energy before it kills him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE MANSION -- EARLY MORNING

ANTON stands at the front door, talking with KATE.

KATE

What do you mean, we're taking
the weekend off?

ANTON

Just till Monday. Is three days.
He works very hard. We make much
progress.

(she's waiting for
details)

Steam is needing to be blown off.
You know...outside contact....

KATE

When you say outside contact what
exactly are we talking about?

ANTON

Katya, please, is not boy. Is man.
Young vigorous man.

(he tries a smile)

Too much...solitude is not good.

KATE

We work seven days a week. We work
Thanksgiving. We work Christmas.
I have the flu, and we work. I have
a boyfriend in London, and we work.
I show up every day of the week and
skate a remedial pairs clinic so you
can play Dr. Frankenstein with this
goon! I show up ready to work every
day for nineteen weeks and now you
give him two days off so he can go
whoring around New York?

ANTON

Is not entirely correct.

(Kate stares)

He went to Boston.

As THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT in his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

WHITE SCREEN

TWO PAIRS OF SKATES -- both in mid-air, SLICE INTO FRAME.
SUPER-SLOW MOTION as they turn, glistening above the ice.
Touching down, the SLOW MOTION ACCELERATES -- MUSIC FADES
IN -- THE CAMERA BEGINS TO PULL AWAY -- SUPERIMPOSE:

NINE MONTHS LATER

KATE AND DOUG IN THE DOME -- skating the hell out of a real routine. They've gotten very good -- arabesque into a double toe loop throw -- KATE in the air -- landing in DOUG's arms -- and into the big finish as THE MUSIC PEAKS -- a side-by-side blur spin at center ice as THE NUMBER ENDS.

OFF THE ICE -- JACK, ANTON, HALE, MARTIN, SEVERAL MAIDS and HOUSEKEEPERS all applauding.

KATE AND DOUG -- rise from their finishing positions. The nuclear winter of their past relationship has warmed over time into a grudging respect.

KATE

You're still rushing the Lutz.

DOUG

Maybe you just ought to go with it.

(Kate looks over,

Doug smiles)

Do what I do -- just close your eyes and commit.

KATE is about to rebut, as JACK and ANTON bound onto the ice

JACK

Just tremendous! Tremendous!

HALE, in loafers, slips and slides awkwardly toward them

HALE

Honey, you were terrific!

Just su --

THEY ALL turn as HALE falls on his ass onto the ice.

CUT TO:

INT. A FANCY GREENWICH RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

THE CAMERA CIRCLES THE TABLE -- JACK, ANTON, HALE, KATE
A WAITER standing-by and FINALLY TO --

DOUG transformed -- at least partially: A well-tailored ...
Tanned and fit. Long hair pulled back stylishly. Hardly
the oafish rube we remember from New Year's Eve party.

DOUG

I'll have the terrine of seafood,
followed by the steak au poivre,
and I'd like that rare please.

The WAITER nods, backs away. JACK leans into the table

JACK

Let's get down to business. It's
Labor Day weekend, where do we stand?

ANTON

First is to get Douglas eligible.

DOUG

What's that going to be like?

ANTON

For you is like test pilot taking
driver's exam.

JACK

And then into the sectionals?

ANTON

We skip sectionals.

They turn -- this is news -- ANTON pulls a book from his
bag, places it on the table.

ANTON

USFSA rule number eight-hundred
and twenty-three...

(he opens the book
begins to read--)

"Former World Team Pairs members
competing with eligible partners
may receive, upon application to
the Executive Council, a bye into
the National Championships."

DOUG

Straight to the nationals?

JACK

I love it.

KATE

You're kidding.

ANTON

Rule is rule. Who expects former
champion to skate with unknown.

(he closes the book)

January five. New Orleans.

JACK

And then the Olympics in February.

(he grins)

I smell gold...

The table brims with confidence. Only ANTON dissents.

ANTON

Hopes perhaps must be scaled back.

DOUG

What're you talking about?

ANTON

Figure skating is not like hockey. Team scoring most goals does not always win. This is very small world. People will not be rushing to welcome us.

(looking around)

I am outsider. Douglas is freak. Katya...well...

(he lets this go)

Let's just say we are having three strikes against us. To be winning place on team we will have to be best by very much.

JACK

So we'll be the best.

HALE

(raising his glass)

To success.

DOUG

Hell, we can do better than that.

(Hale stops--)

I say we kick some butt.

JACK

That's the ticket! -- Let's drink to kicking butt.

THEY clink glasses and sip -- KATE drinking soda.

HALE

I have another announcement to make.

(he looks at Kate)

Jack's seen fit to transfer me back to the home office in New York, and Kate and I...

(he hesitates)

...well, we're going to be married this winter.

KATE

(correcting him)

I told you -- the Spring. After competition.

HALE

Spring, winter, whatever.

JACK and ANTON break huge grins. HALE, beaming, puts his arm around KATE's shoulder.

CLOSE-UP -- DOUG -- as this news registers. He's stunned, and more than that, he's stunned that he's stunned. WE HOLD ON HIM for this next:

JACK (OVER)

Oh Katie...it's about time! I was wondering how long I'd have to wait!

ANTON (OVER)

This becomes quite the night, Katya, please, my kiss.

DOUG rallies, summons a hearty smile.

DOUG

Congratulations. That's great.

HALE (OVER)

Show them the ring, Kate.

JACK (OVER)

My God...Now that's a piece of ice.

STILL ON DOUG -- as the conversation DRIFTS AWAY away and --

CUT TO:

INT. A PUBLIC RINK

Brightly lit and practically deserted. On the ice, a ten-year-old GIRL skates to the final chorus of "TOMORROW." She almost falls, recovers, and it's over.

OFF THE ICE -- THREE TEST JUDGES sit at a desk marked:

USFSA TESTING.

The JUDGES check off their scores and nod approvingly at the GIRL, who nervously exits the ice.

WOMAN JUDGE

(calling around the rink)

Male senior pairs test. Skaters twelve and thirteen, please.

IN THE RUNWAY

KATE AND DOUG wearing plain, elegant warm-up suits, emerge. ANTON in the shadows behind them.

ON THE SIDELINES

The JUDGES and a SMALL GROUP of YOUNG SKATERS, PARENTS, and COACHES gathered behind them, react with amazement:

GROUP

--Mommy, that's Kate Moseley!
 --It's Kate Moseley!
 --Couldn't be...
 --My God, it is...

KATE AND DOUG skate to center ice, as the GROUP falls silent.

WOMAN JUDGE

(very surprised)

Kate, well... Nice to see you back.

KATE

It's nice to be here.

MALE JUDGE

Whenever you're ready.

A beat. AND THEN MUSIC -- something simple and orchestral -- begins to PLAY -- and KATE AND DOUG begin to skate.

THE JUDGES look blown away.

THE GROUP OF SKATERS AND PARENTS watch in awe. This is something special and they know it.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The place is a mess, but a mess with a new slant -- BOOKS littered all over -- SKATING TAPES stacked by the VCR. DOUG is sprawled on the couch, reading. A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

DOUG

Who is it?

KATE (O.S.)

(through the door)

It's me. Kate.

DOUG reacts, this is very unusual. He jumps off the couch, glancing around the room, gauging the epic proportion of the mess, but before he can jump into action --

KATE, dressed to go out, pushes her way in.

DOUG

Kate...

She stands there a moment, looking around curiously, as if this were the first time she'd been here.

KATE

I came to say have a good trip.
 You're leaving in the morning.

DOUG

Yeah.

KATE

I brought the tape. Last practice.

She lays the tape on the table, eyes moving around the room.

KATE

I haven't been up here in a long time. Not since Brian.

DOUG watches her as she gives the place a real inspection.

DOUG

It's a little different.

KATE

Brian had mirrors up all over.

DOUG

Yeah, I took 'em down.

(off balance)

It's kind of a mess, I wasn't --

KATE

(surprised)

Books...

DOUG

Gotta pass the time, right?

KATE stops at a Playboy centerfold pinned to the wall.

KATE

I guess when you're not reading...

(still snooping

she stops at--)

INSERT -- A DOZEN FRAMED PHOTOS OF THE 1988 OLYMPIC HOCKEY TEAM -- featured prominently on the wall.

KATE

(staring at the collection)

Ahhh...The Wall Of Shame.

DOUG

Laugh if you want. I look at it, it keeps me going.

KATE

Is that what keeps you going?

DOUG

Everybody's got something behind them.

KATE glances back.

DOUG

It's not like I'm the only one
who's got memories on the wall.

KATE digests this. Turns back to the pictures.

DOUG

Bet you can't pick out the best
looking guy on the team.

KATE

The one with the mask.

DOUG laughs.

DOUG

What keeps you going, Kate?
(she turns)
Do you really like to skate?

She stares as if she'd never considered this question before.

DOUG

It's just, sometimes -- well a lot
of the time, actually, it doesn't
seem like you're getting off on the
stuff -- I mean, you're great. You
work like crazy. You skate the
shit out of everything, but --

HALE (OS)

(calling from below)
Kate? -- You coming?

KATE

(calling down)
Be right there!
(back to Doug)
I've been skating for a very long
time. People expect me to skate
well. It's what I do, it's --

DOUG

That's not what I mean.

KATE

(she laughs)
What is this? -- I stop up to say
have a nice weekend and you're going
to start giving me training tips?

DOUG

I only asked if you liked to skate.

KATE
Everybody can't just "close their eyes," and throw themselves off the cliff.

DOUG
Open or closed, doesn't make any difference, just as long as you jump.

A pause, before --

HALE (OS)
Honey, we're running late!

KATE
(answering sharply)
I'll get there when I get there!

She turns back to DOUG, shaking her head. A beat.

DOUG
Going out?

KATE
Just a movie.

They stand there a moment, KATE lingering.

KATE
You might want to check out the tape, your release into that twist Axel looks a little hesitant.
(ribbing him)
Wouldn't want to look uptight out there, would we?

DOUG catches her eye, they stand there for a moment, but it's enough of a moment to scare her. She starts to back away --

KATE
Well...see you Monday, I guess.

DOUG
You're gonna miss me...

KATE smiles, eyes sparkling for just an instant.

KATE
I'll struggle through.

And she's gone. DOUG stands there a moment. He moves to the window, pulls the shade, stares down.

DOUG'S POV -- THROUGH THE WINDOW

as KATE and HALE get into a chauffeured car and pull away.

EXT. DORSEY'S PENALTY BOX -- NIGHT

CUT TO:

The parking lot is jammed. MUSIC BLASTING from inside.

CLOSE UP -- A HUGE BANNER

CUT TO:

"WELCOME HOME DOUG"

PULL BACK TO REVEAL -- THE BAR. The place is rocking. This is clearly the place to be in Mahorn, Minnesota tonight. No sign of DOUG or WALTER however.

BLONDIE, 25, cute, in a ripe, blowzy way, wearing a halter top that does little to hide her ample charms, moves through the crowd, balancing a pitcher of beer and two glasses --

GIRL

(over the music)

Anybody seen Doug?

(heads shake no,
she moves on)

Mikey -- You see him around?

(Mikey shrugs, she's
getting pissed)

Where is that sonofabitch?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BACK ENTRANCE -- SAME TIME

DOUG and WALTER outside, alone, standing amidst empty kegs and garbage. The TRAILER in the BG.

WALTER

(incredulous)

-- Figure skating? Are you kidding me, or what? -- Figure skating?

DOUG cringes, motions for WALTER to be quiet --

WALTER

Don't shush me! -- Jesus Christ, Dougie, I just spent the last eleven months telling everybody and their brother that you were off in the goddamned Merchant Marines!

DOUG

I just didn't know how to tell you.

WALTER stares at him as if he were a total stranger.

WALTER

...Figure skating. Jesus...

DOUG

You know how we always talked about the new bar, the place in town -- I'm serious, this time next year, you could be picking out chandeliers --

WALTER

-- Gimme a break already! Forget about the new goddamned bar. I have.

DOUG

Walter, I swear -- I could go all the way.

WALTER

All the way to where? I mean, come on Doug -- you're a hockey player for crying out loud. If you're lucky -- if you're very lucky -- this time next year, you'll be inside a Snoopy costume, skating in the frigging Ice Capades.

DOUG

I'm telling you, I'm good.

WALTER

This is figure skating. You been gone a year. How good could you be?

DOUG

You know me better than that! I'm telling you I'm good and you better believe me. And you better believe I'm not working fifteen hours a day every day of the week to win some consolation prize. Christ, Walt, do you know what an Olympic gold medal is worth? -- We're talking everything from Wheaties boxes to snow tires!

WALTER

What about the girl? She as crazy as you are?

DOUG

In her own way.

WALTER looks at his little brother. Shrugs. Smiles.

WALTER

(gesturing the bar)

Let me break it to 'em slowly.

On that -- THE BACK DOOR OPENS -- BLONDIE stands there beaming a big lascivious grin at DOUG.

BLONDIE

You can run, but you can't hide.

DOUG swallows. He'd like to do both.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK -- DAY

EST. SHOT -- SEVENTH AVENUE. The garment district.

CUT TO:

INT. A FASHION SHOWROOM -- SAME TIME

TWO MANNEQUINS -- dressed in a matching pair of wildly-cut, sequined skating outfits. DOUG, ANTON, KATE and a CLOTHING DESIGNER, a woman of 40, stare at these creations --

DOUG

Hey, if this is a joke, I'm ready to laugh...

The DESIGNER pales. KATE stares at him. ANTON braces.

DOUG

Look, if anybody here thinks I'm getting inside one of those things they better guess again.

KATE

Marcia and I, quite honestly, we thought it would look good on you.

- DESIGNER

Something sheer and well...

(admiring DOUG's physique)

You don't want to hide your light under a basket.

DOUG

Oh great. So now we're hawking my ass out there?

DESIGNER

Do you know how long we've worked on this?

DOUG

Do I care?

KATE

Marsha designs for all the top pairs. She's always done my outfits.

DOUG
 (sarcastically)
 Oh well, that changes everything.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP -- A STEREO RACK SYSTEM

Two CD PLAYERS side by side -- WE HEAR (OVER) A CHAOTIC MIX OF MUSIC: a lush SYMPHONY of romantic strings competing with the hard crunching beat of some serious ROCK AND ROLL.

THE CAMERA TRACKS ALONG THE TWO SETS OF HEADPHONE WIRES -- WIDENING TO REVEAL --

KATE'S BEDROOM -- THE MANSION

Large and luxurious. A pink, feminine, almost saccharine decor. Everything in it's place, except for the floor that is covered with CDs -- hundreds of them scattered everywhere.

FINALLY TO -- KATE AND DOUG

both wearing headphones, sprawled on the floor, listening. It looks as though this has been a long session, DOUG is grimly sucking on a beer. KATE, turned away, does not look happy about what she's listening to either. KATE rips off her headphones -- the ROCK AND ROLL DISAPPEARS INSTANTLY FROM THE TRACK.

KATE
 (turning to Doug)
 You've got to be kidding.

He can't hear her. KATE leans to the stereo, shuts the power. THE CLASSICAL MUSIC STOPS -- silence.

DOUG
 (pulling off his phones)
 -- What?

KATE
 I said: You've got to be kidding.

DOUG
 You didn't like it? -- That's one of my favorite tunes.

KATE
 (reprising his earlier costume complaint)
 "Oh, well, that changes everything."

DOUG
 Come on... You got off on it and you're afraid to tell me.

KATE

Dream on. But what about the Chopin?
I should never have interrupted you,
you looked mesmerized.

DOUG

I was falling asleep.

KATE stands. Starts gathering her CDs in a huff.

DOUG

Kate, look, ten thousand other
skaters are gonna be cueing up the
same boring crap.

KATE

Chopin, for your information, is
hardly easy-listening.

DOUG

C'mon, it's like the costumes, I
mean, let's break a little ground.
Let's kick a little ass.

KATE

I keep telling you -- judges don't
like to be shocked. They don't even
like music with vocals. You throw on
a pair of jeans and try skating to
this stuff and the only asses in line
to be kicked will be ours!

DOUG

You really think we can win any other
way? Because I think Anton's right
-- I think we're a freakshow. I think
we've gotta blow them away because
they're never gonna let us brown-nose
our way into a medal.

KATE

You want to win, you play it straight.

DOUG

(with a smile)

Didn't work for you before.

She stares as DOUG pulls one last CD from his pocket.

KATE

What's that?

DOUG

(moving for the stereo)

I been saving this for last.

KATE

I think I've had enough. Let's just call it a night.

DOUG pops in the CD, punches it up. A DRUM BEAT FILLS THE ROOM -- IT'S LOUD -- A SYNTH BASS THUMPS IN --

KATE

Doug!

DOUG

(offering his beer)
Have a sip. We're gonna dance.

KATE

We are not.

DOUG puts down the beer and kicks away the other CDs as THE MUSIC COMES ALIVE. There's a lot of music in this film, but this is The Song -- our hit single, and whatever else it may be it's definitely contemporary, urgent, and sexually romantic. As THE MUSIC BUILDS, DOUG reaches for KATE's hand. She pulls away. DOUG decides to go it alone --

DOUG

(moving through it)

Okay...into the layback...one, two three, four...and out -- a little serpentine bullshit across the ice and then double axel twist lift... and whoaa...looking good, check her out...what an arch...and this guy's not too shabby either, letting her down soooooo easy --

THE CAMERA FEATURES -- KATE, starting to smile, swaying slightly to the music, as DOUG "skates" around the room. She's can't help getting caught up in his enthusiastic vision.

DOUG

-- rounding the far turn, picking up a little speed here -- she's smiling, she knows this is happening -- this guy isn't just good, he's incredible -- outside edges, and she picks and -- gimme a break, nobody nails a camel spin like this -- Talk about poetry in motion --

Suddenly THE MUSIC STOPS -- DOUG caught in mid-move --

HALE, standing there, in robe and pajamas, half asleep.

HALE

Guys, it's midnight. I've got a six-thirty appointment.

KATE
We were just wrapping up.

HALE stares at KATE as DOUG grabs his coat and beer.

DOUG
(to Kate as he goes)
Think about it.

CUT TO

INT. THE DOME -- DAY

KATE alone on the ice, practices a spin. She comes out of it and something catches her eye -- she stares.

OFF THE ICE -- RICK TUTTLE stands there watching her.

TUTTLE
You're still dropping your shoulder on the exit.

KATE, shocked, skates closer for a better look.

TUTTLE
We had an exhibition up in Hartford. I was driving past.
(looking around)
They remembered me at the gate.

KATE
What are you doing here?

TUTTLE
I thought you'd retired.

KATE
I changed my mind.

TUTTLE
I heard. You know what I think is the saddest thing about sports: people who stay too long at the party.
(he smiles)
You were a great champion, Kate. We had a nice run. Maybe it ended badly, but I blame myself for that.

KATE
What are you doing here, Rick?

TUTTLE
I'm saying I'd like to see you go out a champion.

KATE
That's the plan.

TUTTLE

If you'd wanted to skate that badly, why didn't you come to me? I know we made some mistakes but --

KATE

Mistakes? You spent ten years tying me into knots!

TUTTLE

You were always difficult.

KATE

Is that how you tell it, Rick? Because I remember it differently. I remember a nine-year-old girl who was willing to do anything to keep people happy. And for Rick Tuttle, my God...

(she laughs)

I skated through fire for you. I turned myself inside out trying to please you, and it was never, ever enough, was it?

TUTTLE

I'm sorry you feel that way. You meant a lot to this sport. You still do.

(he pauses, shrugs)

I'd just hate to see you humiliated.

KATE stands there, defiance instantly replaced by doubt.

KATE

Humiliated?

TUTTLE

(sensing blood)

Come on, Kate, this guy, a hockey player...

(he smiles)

I mean, let's face it, trusting partners has never been your strong suit.

KATE takes a deep breath, willing herself calm.

KATE

Just so you know, before you get the hell out of my building -- this guy, this hockey player, is the best skater I've ever been on the ice with. He's going to make you cry he's so good.

TUTTLE says nothing. A moment.

KATE

You know your way out.

TUTTLE nods, turns, and walks back and out the way he came.

KATE stands there, flushed. She skates to the runway, lifts a bottle of water to her lips and stops cold --

THERE'S DOUG -- slouched in the shadows. He's heard the whole thing. He stands, starts slowly for the ice.

KATE

(she means it)

You let me down, I swear to God,
I'll knock out what's left of your
teeth.

DOUG

(as he nears)

Don't sweat it, Kate.
(pointing to his
ring finger)

Do me one favor, willya? Take off
the rock while we work. It's
cutting the hell out of my hand.

She can only stare as he pulls his guards and hits the ice.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION ENTERTAINMENT ROOM -- NIGHT

KATE and HALE eating dinner, as she studies a videotape of practice. A pause before --

HALE

I looked at that apartment today.

KATE

(rewinding the tape)

I keep telling him he's got to
get more extension on that Lutz.

HALE

Did you hear me?

(Kate turns)

The place in New York. East seventy
sixth. I went with the broker.

KATE

You went without me?

HALE

It's not going to stay on the market
forever.

HALE leans closer, takes her hands.

HALE
Why don't you take off tomorrow?
Come in, we'll have lunch, we can
look at it together.

KATE
Tomorrow? It's just that...

HALE shakes his head, looks down -- pales --

HALE
Kate...the ring -- Where's the ring?

KATE
(fumbling)
I, I took it off -- for practice
-- it's in my bag, my skate bag...

HALE nods, swallowing his displeasure. KATE tries to smile.
In the BG, the PRACTICE TAPE finishes rewinding and STARTS
TO PLAY AGAIN.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MANSION LIBRARY -- NIGHT

Transformed into competition headquarters. VIDEO and
COMPUTER EQUIPMENT strewn all over. DOUG, ANTON, and a
COMPUTER TECHNICIAN move aside, ushering KATE to the seat
directly in front of the monitor.

ANTON
(to the Technician)
Please to show her...

INSERT -- THE MONITOR -- FULL FRAME -- A sports imaging
program -- The TECHNICIAN TAPS on the KEYBOARD -- and the
screen comes alive -- green pixel silhouettes of KATE and
DOUG begin moving across the ice -- and then explosion as
KATE's silhouette leaves the ice in slow-motion high into
the air -- around...and around...and around and into the
arms of DOUG's silhouette --

KATE sits back from the computer. Stares at them all.

DOUG
I thought we'd call it a Pamchenko,
but Anton's not into it, so it's a
slingshot triple.

ANTON
Key is centrifugal explosion of
body from outside pick -- Is very
exciting, yes? Cutting edge of
man and machine?

KATE looks pale. She stares at them. They're not kidding.

KATE

(betrayed)

This is what you've been doing?

(the men stare)

No one does a three and half!

Nobody even thinks about it!

DOUG

That's the whole point. Kate, this could be unreal -- Your outside edge, my strength --

KATE

-- and I'm the one who falls!

DOUG

I'll be right there.

KATE

Oh, does that sound familiar!

(to Anton)

My God, the Nationals are two weeks away!

ANTON

(a sly smile)

Maybe is not for Nationals.

KATE

Maybe is not for me!

CUT TO:

INT. THE PRIVATE RINK -- DAY

MUSIC PLAYING THROUGH THE DOME. ANTON choreographing, skating beside KATE and DOUG, urging them on, as they practice a balletic move in the program.

WIPE TO:

THE ICE -- DIFFERENT DAY

MUSIC AGAIN. KATE and DOUG skating. ANTON trailing them, barking out corrections as they go. There's an impatience to this -- time is running out.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

A suitcase on the bed. DOUG, alone, packing. He folds in a pair of pants. Stops. Moves to the window. Stands there.

DOUG'S POV -- The mansion in the distance. A light shining from Kate's bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM -- SAME TIME

Four suitcases on the bed. KATE at her window.

KATE'S POV -- Doug's cottage in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLORADO SPRINGS -- NIGHT

EST. SHOT -- a building. Snow falling. Lights on inside.

UNITED STATES FIGURE SKATING ASSOCIATION HEADQUARTERS

CUT TO:

INT. AN OFFICE -- SAME TIME

START ON -- A DESK NAMEPLATE: GERALD THUMAN -- EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR USFSA as WE HEAR:

VOICE (OVER)

...Unorthodox isn't the word! It's an outrage! An affront to every hardworking amateur skater in this organization!

GERALD THUMAN, 50, distinguished, stares across his desk at RICK TUTTLE. TWO OTHER SKATING OFFICIALS look on.

THUMAN

But, Rick....Kate's a former Olympian, the rule may not be --

TUTTLE

-- When the Jack Moseley's of this world are able to bring in Russian, mercenary coaches, put skaters on payroll, and twist the language of our bylaws to sneak a team into national competition, then I say maybe the system needs some looking into!

OFFICIAL #1, a bearded man glances at TUTTLE before --

OFFICIAL #1

Rick may have a point here, Gerald.

THUMAN looks nervously around the table.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MANSION -- DAY

A LIMOUSINE is parked out front. KATE, DOUG, and HALE are standing by the front door, BAGS stacked all around them.

KATE

Where's the make-up case?

HALE

Isn't it here?

KATE

No, Hale -- it's not here!

HALE

I...I don't know --

KATE

Fine! I'll do everything myself!

She storms back into the house. HALE stares after her. DOUG watches all this with an air of detached amusement.

HALE

She's very tense.

(Doug nods)

It's understandable. The pressure is enormous.

(Doug nods again)

Her drive for perfection, it's something I've come to admire.

(he hesitates,
measuring Doug
before--)

You seem to have mastered a sort of, I don't know, a technique for handling her, I wondered if...

(this is difficult)

...It's just that, if this were a business situation, for example, and I knew that my dividends were shrinking and my assets were, let's say, undervalued, and my market strategy was cratering despite my best efforts, I'd probably think about bringing on a consultant of some kind. You know, shake up my thinking. New perspective.

DOUG

I'd suggest a more aggressive, take-charge approach.

HALE

You mean, standing up to her?

DOUG

I'd try making it to my knees first, but that's the right idea.

KATE (OS)

Hale! I'm in no mood to search this house!

HALE
Maybe I should start small and --

KATE (OS)
Hale? Did you hear me?

DOUG
Small may not cut it.

HALE
Timing is so important.

DOUG
Yeah, timing's a bitch.

KATE (OS)
HALE!!!!

HALE
Coming!

HALE shoots DOUG a sheepish look as he rushes inside.

EXT. SUPERDOME -- NEW ORLEANS -- DAY CUT TO:

A BANNER READS: U.S. NATIONAL SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS

INT. SUPERDOME HALLWAY -- DAY CUT TO:

KATE and ANTON walking a corridor. The arena is open for practice. SKATERS, COACHES, OFFICIALS milling around, as KATE and ANTON arrive at the USFSA RECEPTION DESK. A WOMAN behind the desk, looks up, sees them and pales.

WOMAN
(very nervous)
Kate Moseley?

KATE
Yes.

WOMAN
Didn't? -- Hasn't? -- Haven't you
been to the hotel?

ANTON
We come straight here.

DOWN THE HALL

DOUG stopped at the RUNWAY, staring into THE ARENA. Thirty thousand empty seats. DOUG swallows. The enormity of the situation dawning on him as he looks out onto the ice he'll be skating on. He turns to see --

KATE, as mad as we've ever seen her, storming back up the hall toward him.

DOUG

What's going on?
(no answer)
Kate, what's the matter?

KATE

They won't let us skate!

CUT TO:

INT. A HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM -- NIGHT

JACK and SIX NEW YORK LAWYERS are seated across from THUMAN, TUTTLE, and SEVERAL USFSA OFFICIALS. The mood is tense.

THUMAN

...Rick's raised some serious allegations about Dorsey's amateur status. I know you've flown your people down, Jack, but I'm doubtful we can clarify this in the next ten hours.

The HEAD LAWYER is about speak, when JACK waves him off --

JACK

There isn't a skater in this hotel who doesn't have a blind trust, club sponsor, or --

TUTTLE

-- That's absurd!

JACK

Since Mr. Tuttle seems incredulous, I think we owe him the courtesy of enlightenment, and to make it easy, I suggest we start by exploring the unique "scholarship" arrangement his skaters receive at the University where he so nobly acts as a tenured professor of...

(drawing a blank)

What is it exactly, Rick that you're a professor of?

TUTTLE

This is outrageous!

JACK

My feelings exactly.

THUMAN

-- Gentlemen, please!

JACK

Let's cut to the cherry, Gerald.
You cheat my kids out of their
chance to skate and I'll bury your
butts so deep in legal compost it'll
take a fucking millenium to dig your
way out. Is that clear enough?

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERDOME -- DAY

No crowd. On the ice, FOUR PAIRS, in warm ups, practicing.
COACHES, JUDGES, and OTHER SKATERS clustered in groups.

TUTTLE is huddled with his two skaters: BRIAN NEWMAN, Kate's
old partner, and LORIE PAULSEN, young, dark, and very cute.

ANTON (OVER)

Ice is good?

TUTTLE stiffens, turns, his eyes narrowing on --

ANTON smiling, as KATE and DOUG pass through the runway.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERDOME -- LATER

Practice. KATE AND DOUG on the ice. She's leading him
slowly. SKATERS all around them. DOUG looks tentative.

KATE

Nervous?

- DOUG

Me? -- Are you kidding?

A PAIR skates past -- DOUG, having trouble seeing, picks
them up almost too late. KATE pulls him back.

KATE

Don't worry, it's a head game.

TWO SKATERS COME SPEEDING PAST -- DOUG flinches.

KATE

Yumez and Weaver. They cry on
command.

ANOTHER PAIR -- TWINS -- almost identical, come twirling
by; huge idiotic smiles plastered across their faces.

KATE

The Weiderman twins. Don't get too
close, you'll go into sugar shock.

A THIRD PAIR stops with a flourish nearby.

KATE
Spindler and Nyman. He's good,
but she has one more doughnut
and he'll never get her off the ice.

SPINDLER, the male partner, looks over.

SPINDLER
(very gay)
Well, Kate, surprise surprise...

KATE
Hello, Gary.

SPINDLER
(eyeing Doug)
No wonder you've been keeping him
to yourself.

DOUG stares, very uncomfortable. SPINDLER winks before
NYMAN, his hefty female partner pulls him away.

DOUG
Jesus...

KATE
You'll get used to it.

DOUG looks unsure. They pick up the pace a little, still
just getting loose. DOUG's eye drawn away toward --

BRIAN AND LORIE PAULSEN on the ice, nearby. BRIAN lifting
her and out into a finishing move.

DOUG (OVER)
Who's that?

KATE bristles, nudging him away.

KATE
Brian Newman, my old partner.

DOUG
(still looking)
And Paulsen, right? -- Lorie Paulsen.

KATE looks at him, surprised. DOUG smiles.

DOUG
Hey, just trying to keep up.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM

A tight space. A DOZEN MALE SKATERS changing, showering.
SPINDLER and BRIAN in the midst of a catty conversation:

SPINDLER

I said, honey, if you think this is
a workout, you've got a lot to learn.

BRIAN

He can be such a Queen.

DOUG, stripped to his underwear, stands nearby listening,
tearing through his locker as fast as he can.

SPINDLER

Give me a set of eyelashes like that
and I'd get away with murder too.

DOUG, in his haste, pulls too hard and the contents of his
locker come suddenly spilling out onto the floor.

BRIAN and SPINDLER turn. DOUG, looking very uncomfortable,
grabs his jeans, and then stands to see them both eyeing him.

DOUG

What?

(Spindler and Brian
exchange a coy glance)

What're you looking at?

SPINDLER

Relax, honey. No one's gonna steal
your socks.

DOUG, undone, turns away, yanking on his jeans.

CUT TO:

INT. ARENA ENTRANCE -- DAY

ANTON seated, making notes, looks up to see DOUG rushing off.

ANTON

Douglas!

(Doug stops, Anton
walks over)

Katya is ready?

DOUG

I'm going ahead.

ANTON

(sensing trouble)

Something is wrong?

DOUG

Look, I'll see you back at the
hotel, okay?

ANTON

Competition is so frightening?

DOUG

Hey, it's not the skating.

(Anton waits)

Look, man, I've got a reputation to preserve. I've gotta live with myself.

(he shakes his head)

I should've known this was gonna be the story.

ANTON

What story? What is problem?

DOUG

I've been in a lot of locker rooms in my life and I've never, I mean, never, seen anything like that.

(a beat)

Half those guys are wearing make-up for chissake!

ANTON stares. The message coming through loud and clear.

ANTON

Is this a problem?

DOUG

Is this a problem? You think I want everyone going around saying I'm some kind of faggot?

DOUG is angry. ANTON's eyes narrow.

DOUG

I should've known this would happen! You should've known. Christ, you've been in this racket for years, how the hell can you stand it?

ANTON

Is simple. I am faggot.

DOUG stares, ashen. ANTON's expression unyielding.

ANTON

Is true. Anton is homosexual.

DOUG

...but your daughter?

ANTON

She is not gay.

DOUG

That's not what I mean! And what about Judy? Judy who's calling all the time?

ANTON

A friend. Her brother and I were once lovers.

DOUG

C'mon -- You were married! You had kids! -- No way!

(backing away)

Oh man...we've been sharing that house for over a year! You...you should've told me -- I had every right to know!

ANTON

Why? You are gay too?

DOUG

No!

ANTON

Then where is problem?

DOUG

You could be trying to convert me!

ANTON

Are you trying to be sleeping with with every woman you meet?

(a beat)

Is bad question. Not everyone is so hungry.

DOUG stands there, rocked. ANTON's expression darkens.

ANTON

I'm sorry for disappointment. We catch up later. You will excuse me.

ANTON turns sharply and strides away.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG'S HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

DOUG, alone in bed, staring at the ceiling. Fitful, thinking. Finally, he stands.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

DOUG heading away from his room, rounding a corner to --

AN ELEVATOR BANK -- LORIE PAULSEN standing there. She looks over. Just the two of them. She smiles. Very friendly.

LORIE

Going down?

DOUG
 You talked me into it.
 (he pauses)
 So, what'd you think of the ice?

LORIE
 Cold, flat and hard -- just like
 always.

She smiles, watching him. DOUG a little off stride, as the
 EMPTY ELEVATOR opens. He holds the door.

LORIE
 (as she steps in)
 Just making small talk, or are
 you one of these monomaniacal
 skate-junkies?

She's got his attention. DOUG shakes his head, following
 her into the ELEVATOR as the DOOR CLOSES

WIPE TO:

THE ELEVATOR DOOR

Opening. Inside, DOUG and LORIE laughing so hard they fail
 to notice they've arrived at the lobby. DOUG looks up --

KATE AND HALE standing there. KATE venomously notes the
 scene. LORIE slips past, flashing a smile at KATE.

LORIE
 (to Doug)
 See you around.

DOUG
 Yeah.

LORIE disappears into the lobby. HALE holds the door.

KATE
 (icily)
 I thought you were napping.

DOUG
 I couldn't sleep.

KATE
 Anton went for the draw.

DOUG
 I'll wait down here.

HALE ushers KATE onto the elevator. She glares at DOUG as
 the DOORS CLOSE.

CUT TO:

INT. KATE'S HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

KATE tearing furiously around the room. HALE watching.

KATE

Flirting around with that little slut! My God, he has the self control of a rabbit!

HALE

Kate, c'mon, it's no big deal.

KATE

No big deal? Have you lost your mind?

(Hale winces)

God knows what he's telling that little little tramp!

HALE comes closer, begins massaging her shoulders. KATE so tensed-up that his overture doesn't register at first.

KATE

I bet Brian put her up to it!

HALE works his arms around her more amorously.

KATE

He's an animal! Two minutes with that tart and he's in heat!

(noting Hale's advances)

What are you doing?

HALE

Taking your mind off it.

KATE

(pulling away)

Is that all you can think about?

HALE

Kate --

KATE

(wildly)

-- He's supposed to be in his room!
He's supposed to be sleeping! --

HALE

-- Kate --

KATE

(right over him)

-- He's supposed to be alone and resting and instead he's downstairs, or God knows where, groping around with the biggest slut on the circuit!

HALE

-- Kate!

(she stops)

It's a hotel for crying out loud!
They were two people getting off
an elevator! It's hardly what
I'd call a crisis.

A beat. She's gone too far. And she knows it. HALE stares
at her, looking for something and not finding it.

HALE

This doesn't have anything to do
with skating, does it?

KATE

What do you mean?

HALE

You're falling for him.

KATE

What?

HALE

You are.

(as if it just
hit him)

You're falling for him.

KATE

That's crazy.

HALE

How far has it gone?

KATE

You're nuts!

HALE

Am I? -- How far has it gone?

KATE

You see how we act together.

HALE

I sure do.

KATE

We've never gotten along! We're
always fighting!

HALE

Foreplay.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY -- DAY

DOUG sitting reading a newspaper. He looks up to see --
HALE huffing through the lobby, carrying his suitcase.
This is a man in a hurry. He's leaving. For good.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW ORLEANS HILTON -- NIGHT

A limousine parked out front.

INSIDE THE LIMO

ANTON and DOUG waiting in silence. Tense silence, until:

DOUG

Apologizing is like one of the
worst things I do. I guess I
never really picked it up.

ANTON turns. DOUG, tight, hesitates.

DOUG

What happened before...back at
the dome...I wanted to tell you I
was sorry. I made an ass of myself.

ANTON

As apologies go, that was acceptable.

DOUG

I don't want to get too good at it.

ANTON

Life is not so simple, eh?

DOUG

I guess not.

A pause -- the moment broken as the DOOR OPENS and KATE
barrels into the car. ANTON and DOUG stare at her, looking
for signs of breakage.

KATE

(definitively)

I don't want to talk about it.

THE LIMO pulls out. KATE, sensing ANTON's eyes still on
her, wheels around, notes his concerned expression --

KATE

You want to worry about something?
Worry about Ramjet the Rookie here!

ANTON glances over at DOUG.

ANTON

You are okay?

DOUG

Fine. No problem. Never better.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUPERDOME -- NIGHT

The parking lot jammed. Crowds pouring into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. ESPN SPORTS BOOTH

TWO ANNOUNCERS -- JOJO and SCOTT -- talking to the CAMERAS.

JOJO

So here we are, Scott, night number
four of the Nationals, the start of
the Pairs Competition.

SCOTT

The country's twelve best couples
are in the building tonight and...
(continuing as we--)

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM -- SAME TIME

SKATERS suiting up silently. DOUG off in the corner as --

SCOTT (OVER)

...only two of these couples are
going to make the U.S. National
Team and go on to the Olympics.

CUT TO:

INT. LADIES' LOCKER ROOM -- SAME TIME

And if you thought the men's dressing room was tense...

JOJO (OVER)

Tonight we're seeing the short
program, that is, the two and a half
minute routine of required moves...

KATE at the mirror, eyes wandering in the reflection TO FIND
-- LORIE PAULSEN at a mirror across the room smiling back.

JOJO (OVER)

These skaters have drawn for position
and the pairs with the highest scores
after tonight will be seeded for
tomorrow night's long program.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SUPERDOME

The place packed. MUSIC PLAYING -- RACHMANINOFF -- as ONE OF THE TWELVE PAIRS skate their short program. Just a moment of this -- they turn, and a Camel sit spin and --

WIPE TO:

A GLENN MILLER CLASSIC -- ANOTHER PAIR -- into a lift and turn and they falter and SHE falls and --

WIPE TO:

A SOUSA MARCH PLAYING -- SPINDLER and NYMAN skating -- not bad, but he's struggling a little to lift her and --

IN THE RUNWAY

KATE and DOUG dressed in simple, elegant, flattering costumes. They're on next. DOUG stands very stiffly. His eyes look unfocused. KATE watches him.

KATE

You look nervous.
(no response)
You look really nervous.

DOUG, stone-faced, says nothing. KATE moves closer.

KATE

How nervous are you?
(Doug can't talk)
How nervous are you?

A moment, and then suddenly -- DOUG dashes off -- sprinting several yards down the runway -- he stops -- leans under a scaffolding of bleachers getting sick, as the SOUSA MARCH crashes to it's rousing conclusion and the CROWD CHEERS.

KATE is aghast. She looks around. SEVERAL SKATING MONITORS are staring at DOUG as he walks back gingerly.

KATE

What is wrong with you?

DOUG

(weakly)
I always get tight before a game.

KATE stares at him. He's hyperventilating.

DOUG

Let's put it this way, when I played hockey I used to have two helmets, the one I'd use during the game and the one I'd use before.

KATE
Why hasn't this come up before?

DOUG
 Bad choice of words.

In the BG, SPINDLER AND NYMAN come flying off the ice.

KATE
 (incredulous)
 I don't believe this!
 (Doug cringes as--)
 "Oh, I'm fine." "Never better."
 "No problem." "Don't sweat it."

DOUG looks woozy again. KATE is desperate. MORE PEOPLE standing around begin to take notice. She grabs him.

KATE
 Look at me! Look in my eyes.
 (she slaps him)
 Smile!

DOUG tries a shaky smile. KATE grabs his ear, practically pulling it off -- DOUG howls --

KATE
 Concentrate on my forehead!
 (yanking his ear)
Look at me! -- Smile! -- Bigger!
 Breathe.
 (she punches him)
 Breathe!
 (he does, Kate recoiling--)
 Ugh! -- Just don't breathe on me.

In the BG, THE CROWD REACTS to the SPINDLER-NYMAN scores.

DOUG
 Look, it goes away -- the worst I ever was, I went out and scored six goals in the first two periods.

ANNOUNCER (OVER)
 (booming through the building)
 KATHERINE MOSELEY AND DOUG DORSEY.

KATE
 What are you saying, as soon as we get out there you're gonna be fine?

DOUG
 It always just took me about ten minutes to relax.

KATE

Our program is two and half minutes!

DOUG forces a smile. Takes her hand.

DOUG

So eight minutes after we're done
I'll be fine.

WIPE TO:

CENTER ICE

KATE AND DOUG first position. MUSIC SWELLS -- something explosive and bold -- and they begin to skate. And we've never really seen them in action, and we're not going to watch much of this, but what we do see is impressive before --

THE CAMERA SWINGS TO FIND --

ANTON -- watching from the sidelines nervously.

THE JUDGES -- scoring, faces impossible to read.

JACK -- in the stands, beaming. They must be doing good.

CUT TO:

INT. ESPN SPORTS BOOTH

JOJO and SCOTT wrapping up the night.

SCOTT

What a night for skating!

JOJO

And the headline in New Orleans tonight is Kate Mosely returning to the Nationals with a new partner, ex-hockey player Doug Dorsey.

SCOTT

I'll admit it, Jojo, when I heard about this couple I thought they had to be kidding, but Doug Dorsey -- Wow! I guess you'd have to say he's the Bo Jackson of the skating world. There's a lot of shocked people in this town tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

DOUG, ANTON and KATE exiting the ELEVATOR, skate bags over their shoulders. THEY'RE LAUGHING, basking in the moment of victory, wandering up the hallway as WE HEAR OVER:

JOJO (OVER)

Brian Neuman and Lorie Paulsen, no surprises there, take the number one spot. John and Jody Weideman skate a very safe but proficient number two and Kate Mosely and Doug Dorsey come out of nowhere to grab the three spot.

Amid "goodnights," ANTON breaks off -- his room in the next wing. KATE and DOUG continue on, still laughing as:

SCOTT (OVER)

But three into to two won't go, and two couples is all the U.S. will be sending to the Olympics this year.

JOJO (OVER)

Tomorrow afternoon's long program should be very exciting.

V.O. FADES OUT -- KATE slows as they near her room.

KATE

...if they were giving french fries instead of trophies, then you'd see her air it out.

DOUG laughs. KATE stops at her door.

KATE

See you tomorrow?

DOUG

I might be free.

KATE shakes her head, finds her key. DOUG backing away.

DOUG

Hey, Kate...

(she turns)

Thanks for getting me through it.

KATE blinks. DOUG turns, walking away. She watches him go.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE HOTEL ENTRANCE -- MORNING

GROUPS OF SKATERS, COACHES and FAMILIES gathered outside waiting for transportation. DOUG stands alone to one side.

VOICE

Good morning.

He turns -- LORIE PAULSEN behind him. DOUG smiles.

DOUG

Hey.

LORIE

What, are you doing tonight?

DOUG

I hadn't thought about it.

LORIE

Why don't we meet after.

(she smiles)

We can compare bruises.

On that, LORIE turns and walks away. DOUG watches her go.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP -- SUPERDOME SCOREBOARD

LAP DISSOLVE A SERIES OF SCORES -- one to the next on the board, indicating the first three groups have skated.

CUT TO:

INT. ARENA ICE

The LAST FOUR PAIRS warming up on the ice. THE WEIDERMAN TWINS. SPINDLER and NYMAN.

FINALLY TO -- KATE AND DOUG -- taking it easy as BRIAN and LORIE come whipping past. KATE turns, eyes boring a hole through LORIE, as a LOUD BUZZER echoes through the building.

ANNOUNCER

Skaters off the ice please.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SUPERDOME

ANGLE THE ICE -- Nothing for a moment -- JUST MUSIC, THE FINAL CHORUS OF SOMETHING GOOD AND BALLSY -- and then suddenly KATE and DOUG heave INTO FRAME -- AND NOW WE'RE RIGHT WITH THEM -- THE CAMERA sweeping along, no one's ever shot ice skating like this before -- hand in hand, they speed across the ice -- THE MUSIC PEAKING -- an arabesque -- looking real good -- into a lasso lift throw -- swooping to a blistering stop -- THE ROUTINE IS OVER -- THE CROWD EXPLODES and --

CUT TO:

THE RUNWAY

KATE, DOUG, and ANTON staring at the scoreboard as --

ANNOUNCER (OVER)

5.7, 5.7, 5.9, 5.9, 5.8, 5.7, 5.7, 5.8.

KATE stiffens. DOUG squints. ANTON looks displeased.

CUT TO:

INT. ESPN BOOTH -- SAME TIME

JOJO and SCOTT broadcasting.

JOJO

It's hard to explain sometimes to people outside the sport, but scoring can really reflect more than what's happening out on the ice.

SCOTT

The judges have their favorites, and this evening I'm not sure if Kate and Doug fall into that category.

JOJO

I thought that was a super program, but with the top two seeded pairs still to skate, it looks like Kate and Doug are headed for third place.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE LOCKEROOMS

DOUG and KATE alone. He's raging -- storming around the hallway, absolutely furious. KATE looks ready to cry.

DOUG

-- This is horseshit! What kind of crap are they trying to pull? -- We skated our asses off out there!

KATE bites her lip, watching him rail around the hallway.

DOUG

(wildly)

We nailed it! -- I mean, am I crazy or did we just nail that goddamned program to the wall?

He's scaring her, she's never seen him like this. SEVERAL PASSERSBY glance over nervously.

KATE

Doug, please...It's not over yet.

DOUG

(turning on her)

Bullshit! -- We could've raised the roof off this building and they wouldn't've placed us!

CUT TO:

THE ICE -- LATER

BRIAN AND LORIE skating to BIZET'S CARMEN. They look good. A big move -- they're really selling it and --

THE SCOREBOARD

WIPE TO:

Flashing numbers -- 5.9, 5.9, 6.0, 5.8, 5.9, 5.9, 5.8.

THE ICE -- LATER

WIPE TO:

POLKA MUSIC fills the arena -- and here come the WEIDERMAN TWINS, replete with leiderhosen and surreal smiles. Fancy toe-work across the ice -- and then he lifts her and they turn and -- SHE FALLS -- bad -- real bad -- THE CROWD GASPS --

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE LOCKER ROOMS

KATE brushing at tears. DOUG silently steaming, as the SOUND OF THE CROWD'S GASP overwhelms the POLKA MUSIC. KATE looks up to see --

ANTON sprinting from the runway, rushing toward them --

KATE

Doug...

DOUG

(turning)

What?

ANTON

We did it!

OTHER SKATERS AND COACHES look on as ANTON pulls KATE and DOUG into an ecstatic embrace. KATE transformed instantly, bouncing around -- DOUG HOWLING -- KATE YELLING -- As THEY celebrate, a SKATING OFFICIAL moves toward them.

OFFICIAL

Excuse me? -- Excuse me?

(they turn, all smiles)

We need to see the skaters alone.

CUT TO:

INT. A BACKSTAGE ARENA BATHROOM

A SIGN READING -- USFSA DRUG TESTING PROGRAM hangs from the wall. KATE, holding an empty plastic cup, stares balefully at A WOMAN OFFICIAL.

WOMAN

You'll have to give me something.

KATE

I guess I'm just sort of worked up.

The WOMAN moves to a cooler. Opens it. KATE looks in.

WOMAN

I have Coke, Sprite, Gatorade...

KATE

Is that a beer in there?

The WOMAN pulls a Budweiser, hands it over. KATE pops the top, braces, and takes a sip. She smiles. She likes it.

CUT TO:

CENTER ICE

Awards ceremony. TRIUMPHANT MUSIC booms through the arena as the top three pairs wave to the crowd. BRIAN AND LORIE standing on the top step. KATE AND DOUG right below in second. THE WEIDERMAN TWINS, looking grim, in third.

DOUG looks stunned. KATE is beaming, blowing kisses to the house. THE CROWD ROARING. She turns for a different angle, and loses her footing -- almost slipping off the platform.

DOUG

(catching her)

You all right?

KATE

I'm wonderful!

(she's tipsy)

And you're wonderful too!

DOUG can't believe what he's just heard.

CUT TO:

INT. ARENA PRESS ROOM -- LATER

THIRTY REPORTERS crowded in this tight space. KATE and DOUG beside BRIAN and LORIE at a table answering questions.

REPORTER #1

Doug, what's the difference between this and hockey?

DOUG

The women.

THE REPORTERS ROAR. KATE sneaks a sip from another beer.

REPORTER #2

Kate, what's it like skating with this guy?

KATE

Doug? Doug is the best. He's just the best!

DOUG looks over. She's not tipsy, she's drunk. Beyond her, LORIE is watching, measuring DOUG's reaction.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE DRESSING ROOMS

A crush of PEOPLE: WELL-WISHERS, REPORTERS, SKATERS, COACHES, ETC. Flowers everywhere. JACK AND ANTON slipping through the CROWD, pass RICK TUTTLE giving an interview. JACK stops, taps the REPORTER on the shoulder. He turns --

TUTTLE

(weakly)

Jack, Anton, congratulations.

JACK

(to the Reporter)

This shark ever tries to deke me again, I'll give you a story you'd kill for.

TUTTLE pales. JACK and ANTON press on.

CUT TO:

THE FAR END OF THE HALLWAY -- SAME TIME

Away from the crowd, KATE and DOUG alone in street clothes.

DOUG

We can't just run out.

KATE

Of course we can! Come on...

DOUG, unsure, glances back up the hallway to see LORIE and BRIAN surrounded by a CROWD OF WELL WISHERS.

KATE

(grabbing his hand)

It's our night. We can do whatever we want!

DOUG

(confused)

What's going on here? I mean --

KATE

-- I thought you were the one who wanted to cut loose...

(she smiles)

You're coming with me and that's all there is to it.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW ORLEANS -- NIGHT

Lights shimmering in the moonlight. MUSIC UP -- we're going into a MONTAGE here, a series of quick shots.

-- A CAB stops in the heart of the French Quarter. KATE jumps out, ready to party. DOUG struggles to catch up.

-- A CLUB ON BOURBON ST. Packed and hopping. KATE at the crowded bar, waving wildly for the BARTENDER. DOUG standing behind her, looking off-stride.

-- CLUB #2. Wilder still. A ZYDECO BAND on stage, PATRONS DANCING and DRINKING. KATE and DOUG at a table. She finishes the final sip of some tropical concoction. DOUG nursing a beer. KATE looks up, flags a passing WAITRESS. The WAITRESS signals for another round. DOUG tries to wave her off, but too late.

-- CLUB #3. This place is really rocking. A BLUES BAND ON STAGE. The CROWD going nuts. DOUG watches KATE with disbelief -- she's got her hair down, sweater off, chugging on yet another cocktail. Suddenly, she turns, takes his hand and before he knows what's happening she's leading him out onto the crowded dance floor. She's a wild woman. DOUG can't resist any longer -- they're dancing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR BANK

END MUSIC AND MONTAGE. THE ELEVATOR DOORS SWING OPEN TO REVEAL -- KATE wrapped around DOUG in an impassioned embrace. At least it's passionate from her standpoint, DOUG pulls away -- catches his breath.

DOUG

We're here.

KATE looks up. She's bombed. DOUG leads her out.

CUT TO:

THE DOOR TO KATE'S HOTEL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

DOUG turns the key, opens the door, and stands aside.

DOUG

Go on.

KATE, leaning on him, looks up, focuses.

KATE

Aren't you joining me?

DOUG

Kate...

KATE
 (sing-song blithering)
 ...Of course you are, you are,
 you are...

She takes his hand, stumbling forward, pulling him into --
 HER HOTEL ROOM

DOUG extracts his hand. KATE turns clumsily.

KATE
 Aren't you going to ask me to dance?

DOUG
 I don't think so.

KATE
 Oh, Doug...Douglas, silly thing,
 please, please don't talk about
 thinking. That's what I love about
 the way I feel right now. I feel
 like even if I tried I couldn't think
 and I've been thinking so much for
 so long and it's soooooo tiring...
 (she giggles)
 ...the world is spinning and
 spinning and spinning and I couldn't
 care less...

DOUG stands there. KATE begins to unbutton her blouse.

KATE
 ...I'm looking at you and I'm
 seeing how you must've been as a
 little boy...
 (eyes weaving)
 ...Hockey shirt hanging out.
 Band-aids on your knees...

Her fingers fumble with the buttons. She's really gone.

KATE
 Did you ever play with magnets
 when you were little? -- Of course
 you did, everyone did. You know
 how you'd turn them one way and
 they'd push away? You'd run them
 around the table, pushing them,
 and then all you had to do was
 just flip them over and suddenly...
 (she smiles)
 ...don't you see, that's why
 everything's been so awful...
 (the last button)
 ...we just needed a little flip.

DOUG
Not tonight, Kate. Not like this.

She stands there. Her expression darkens.

KATE
Not like what? Not like me?

DOUG
That's not it. Kate, you're bombed.

KATE
(trying to focus)
What are you talking about?

DOUG
You ought to sit down. Drink a lot
of water. Try and get some --

KATE
(exploding)
Oh God, just what I need -- somebody
else telling me what to do!
(she steps back,
nearly falling)
In case you missed it, I'm throwing
myself at you!
(pulling her blouse
around her)
I'm standing here tearing off my
clothes and you're giving me a
rundown of drinking do's and don't's!

DOUG
I think maybe I know a little bit
more about it than you.

KATE
I get enough coaching on the ice!

DOUG stiffens. He stands there, lost for a moment.

KATE
Get out.

DOUG
You've got this all wrong.

KATE
Do I ever!
(bitterly)
Excuse my surprise, but really...
how disappointing -- God's gift to
reckless abandon revealed as nothing
but a prude in wolf's clothing!

DOUG
What the hell does that mean?

KATE
It means I'm sick to death of your
hormone-rattling sermons about the
raptures of free-spirited behavior!

She's woosy, barely able to get this out and stay standing.
DOUG colors, stiffly trying to contain his anger.

DOUG
You're a lousy drunk.

KATE
And you're a lousy date.

DOUG
It didn't have to be like this.

KATE
I said: Get out.

DOUG turns, walking quickly back through the door -- and he's
gone. KATE drops onto the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG'S HOTEL ROOM -- LATER

FOUR EMPTY MINI-BAR BOTTLES OF VODKA are lined up in a row.
DOUG, shirt off, sits in the half darkness, staring out the
window. He's drinking, putting on the buzz he refrained from
all night. He's moved past the stage of trying to make sense
of the past twenty-four hours, now just drinking to put
himself to sleep. A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. DOUG comes to.
He shakes his head, crosses the room.

DOUG
(opening the door)
Kate, I really --

LORIE PAULSEN stands there, dressed to kill, holding several
bouquets of flowers. She peeks inside.

LORIE
You alone?
(Doug stands there,
speechless)
You like roses?

DOUG makes no move to take them. LORIE slides in past him,
shutting the door behind her.

LORIE
That's one thing about skating, the
fucking flowers can drive you crazy.

DOUG

Lorie, listen...

She slinks into the room, looking it over.

LORIE

I waited for you. I guess we got our wires crossed.

DOUG

Yeah. I guess.

LORIE

(looking for a place
for the roses)

Must be nice for Kate, skating with a man who doesn't keep a vase around.

LORIE turns. She looks incredible.

LORIE

I watched your program. You've got a great sit spin.

(she smiles)

I thought maybe we could trade secrets.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW ORLEANS HILTON -- DAWN

The sun just cresting the horizon.

CUT TO:

INT. KATE'S HOTEL ROOM -- DAWN

KATE asleep on the bed, fully clothed, just as we left her. She rustles. Her eyes blink open painfully. And then, the sledgehammer throb of her first, epic, hangover. She groans. And then her expression dissolves from pain to panic, as the previous night's events begin to leak back in.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY -- DAWN

KATE stands weakly before at a HOTEL ROOM DOOR. She steadies herself, battling the pounding agony of her hangover. She makes a half-hearted effort to pull herself together, worrying her hair, rubbing her eyes, trying her injured best to look presentable. She summons a smile, and KNOCKS ON THE DOOR. A pause. And then the door opens.

LORIE PAULSEN, holding only a pillow over her naked body, stands in the doorway.

KATE

I...I must have the wrong room.

LORIE

Yes. I'd say so.

KATE starts to back away. LORIE standing there, when --

DOUG'S VOICE

(groggily, from inside)

What the hell's going on?

KATE freezes.

LORIE

(to Kate)

A little early for practice, isn't it?

DOUG, in the BG, pulls a sheet around him, coming for the door -- no idea what's happening -- moving sleepily behind LORIE -- and then his jaw drops -- his eyes meet KATE's. She turns -- bolting down the hallway --

DOUG

Oh shit...

DOUG pushes past LORIE, rushing out into the hall, nearly colliding with SEVERAL HOTEL GUESTS exiting the next room.

DOUG

-- Kate! Wait a minute...! Kate, come on, just --

KATE

(wheeling on him)

-- You pig! You complete, total, unredeemable pig!

(he stops cold)

How? -- How could you? My God, to think I was coming to apologize and and all the while you were in there with her!

DOUG

Kate, that's not --

KATE

-- Don't! Don't even try! Don't you dare say one more word!

(Doug stands there)

My God, just looking at you makes me sick!

She turns away. The HOTEL GUESTS look on, shocked. SEVERAL OTHER DOORS pop open -- more curious FACES.

DOUG

(suddenly)

Wait one fucking minute!

DOUG charges after her, the sheet flapping round him as he grabs for her -- KATE yanks herself free --

KATE

-- Get your hands off me!

KATE strides for her door. DOUG struggling after.

DOUG

Maybe I missed something along the way, but I don't remember making promises to you about anything.

KATE

(pure disgust)

Lorie Paulsen -- my God...

DOUG jumps between her and her room. MORE GUESTS peer out from doorways up and down the HALLWAY.

DOUG

One question -- one -- Were you, or were you not, engaged to be married until the day before yesterday?

KATE

That is hardly the point!

DOUG

Maybe you'd rather replay the moment you bounced me out of your room.

KATE

Count your blessings -- she might not have waited much longer.

DOUG

That's not how it happened.

KATE

You can spare me the details!

DOUG

Fine! -- Then let me just hit the highlights: For fifteen months you act like I'm a cross between a trained dog and your worst nightmare. And then -- in the space of three hours -- I'm supposed to be falling at your feet, thanking my lucky stars because you've just gotten drunk enough to decide I'm worthy of your attention. Well, excuse me, I'm really fucking sorry, but I can't downshift that fast!

KATE pulls her key. Stares at him grimly.

KATE
Get out of my way.

DOUG moves aside. KATE jams her key into the lock.

DOUG
That's all you have to say?

KATE
No. No, I have one more thing to add: From now on, from this minute until we finally, mercifully, go our separate ways, our relationship is strictly business.

KATE ploughs into her room. The DOOR SLAMS SHUT. DOUG standing there, turns to see a DOZEN HOTEL GUESTS staring at him.

DOUG
What the hell are you looking at?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE DOME -- DAY

KATE and DOUG taking off their skates. ANTON holding a stack of papers. The vibe is deadly. Past hostile. They direct all comments to ANTON:

KATE
Tell him he snaps my hand back on that Salchow one more time it's going to take a week to count the pick marks up his back.

DOUG
Tell her, she doesn't put a little high test into that twist-lift it's gonna take a month to soak the black and blue outta her landing gear.

ANTON ignores this. Pulls a bench in front of them. Places something on the bench for their inspection.

ANTON
Deffel and Frick. German.

INSERT -- A PHOTOGRAPH -- the first of a series -- WE'LL INTERCUT PICTURES AS NEEDED with ANTON'S COMMENTARY and KATE and DOUG's reactions.

ANTON
Height. Power. A triple outside Salchow. Much injuries.

ANTON turns the next picture.

ANTON

Hastings and Mulgrew. Canadian
National Champions. Big energy.
But sloppy.

(the next)

Dubois and Gercel. French.
Triple toe loop. Lutz twist.

(the next)

Neuman and Paulsen...

(pointedly)

...we know their work.

(the next)

Greka and Turgeyev. Russian.
Gold medal Calgary. Two time
world champions.

And then three pictures in a row. KATE, bored until now --

KATE

Who the hell is that?

ANTON

Izuto and Tenaki.

KATE

Never heard of them.

ANTON

Will be crushing news to them I am
sure. Last night they win NHK
Championships. One hand lasso lift
into double Axel throw. Forward
outside death spiral. Triple Salchow.
Triple Axel twist.

DOUG

Whoaa...

KATE

Izuto and Tenaki?

ANTON

Japanese government enjoys surprise
too. They are who we must beat.

(he measures them)

For gold, we must have slingshot
triple. We start again tomorrow.

KATE shifts. DOUG starts putting his skates back on.

KATE

What are you doing?

DOUG
 (to Anton)
 Tell her, I've got another hour left
 in me. If she's up to it.

CUT TO:

THE ICE -- DIFFERENT DAY

KATE and DOUG, both wearing pads and helmets, working on
 the slingshot triple -- KATE speeding for the launch --
 DOUG turns -- mis-steps -- they both fall --

WIPE TO:

THE ICE -- DIFFERENT DAY

Trying it again -- KATE in the air -- turning -- descending
 -- falling past DOUG's waiting arms -- landing on the ice --

WIPE TO:

THE ICE -- DIFFERENT DAY

And again -- picking up speed -- rounding the turn -- into
 his arms -- just missing -- KATE landing hard --

ANTON
 (barking from the
 sidelines)
Weight transfer! Is not power play,
 Douglas! And Katya, what is bullshit
 with free leg, eh? When I say to
 swing wide, am I speaking to myself?

KATE and DOUG glower from the ice. Tempers tight.

ANTON
 Center ice -- Again!

JACK enters to join ANTON on the sidelines as KATE and DOUG
 trudge back to center ice in the BG. The two men lean there
 a moment, watching KATE and DOUG wrangle into position, and
 then ANTON turns to JACK:

ANTON
 I need to know, what do we skate
 for, Jack? Medal or Gold?

JACK
 You mean this new triple? You're
 asking me?

ANTON nods. A beat. JACK thinks a moment.

JACK
 Let's put it like this: in thirty
 years, can you remember how many
 second places you won?

ANTON
 (eyes on the ice)
 I just wanted to make sure.

CUT TO:

THE ICE -- DIFFERENT DAY

A CLOSE ANGLE -- DOUG and KATE, no pads this time, flying across the ice -- very fast -- hand in hand -- now turning -- into DOUG's arms and he lifts and she's up and -- SUPER SLO MOTION as -- KATE explodes into the air -- the slingshot triple -- around -- and around -- and she's losing it -- coming down -- too fast -- off balance -- grimacing -- and she hits the ice hard -- skidding away -- motionless and --

FLASH CUT:

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

SILENCE -- KATE bolts upright in bed. It was a dream.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MANSION STUDY -- NIGHT

KATE, in robe and slippers, staring at the EMPTY TROPHY CASE.

VOICE

Kate?

KATE starts, turns. JACK is standing there.

KATE

I came down. I was looking at the pictures of mother.

JACK

She would've been so proud of you.

KATE

Really? You think she'd look at me, at what I am -- you think she'd be proud?

KATE stares at him. JACK suddenly uncomfortable.

JACK

You better get back to bed.

KATE

I can't sleep.

JACK

You'll be better off upstairs.

KATE

It's funny how you or someone else always know where I'll be better off.

JACK

What are we talking about, Kate?

KATE

I guess I'm just taking a moment to marvel at the determination of the people around me. It's really quite something. Everyone has such clear, urgent ideas of where and when and how I should be. It's almost dazzling to be at the center of so many intersecting agendas.

JACK

You must be very tired.

KATE stares down at the EMPTY TROPHY CASE on Jack's desk.

KATE

I mean, look at this thing. Just sitting here, waiting...

(turning to Jack)

What if it just stays empty? What if there's nothing to ever put in there?

JACK

It's late. We're both tense.

(gently)

If you don't want to go to bed it's fine by me.

KATE

No. No, I'm going up...

(she starts away)

...These little victories can be so exhausting.

JACK stands there, mouth open, as she leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

A clock reads 3:45. DOUG slouched before the TV --

INSERT -- THE TV -- KATE AND BRIAN skating in competition, striding across the ice, and if this looks familiar there's good reason -- it's the broadcast of their Calgary disaster.

DICK (OVER)

Here comes the triple toe loop...

KATE into BRIAN's arms -- he's lifting -- too fast -- he falters -- too late -- she's launched -- into the air -- spinning -- around and around but -- trouble -- she's off

balance -- coming down -- BRIAN watching in horror -- KATE falling to the ice as the MUSIC crashes its final CRESCENDO --

DICK (OVER)

Oh dear...

DOUG sits there, watching, wondering, as the commentary CONTINUES (OVER) and we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A MOUNTAIN CHATEAU -- DAY.

A sprawling estate. Snow-capped Alps. SUPERIMPOSE:

1992 WINTER OLYMPICS ALBERTVILLE FRANCE

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHATEAU ENTRYWAY

KATE, DOUG, ANTON and JACK standing there, looking around as SEVERAL MAIDS and VALETS bring in their luggage.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALBERTVILLE -- DAY

VARIOUS QUICK SHOTS -- establishing the chaos, magnitude and excitement of the Winter Olympics in full swing: SKIERS JUMPING...A LUGE FLYING DOWN THE TRACK...BIATHLETES RACING...

CUT TO:

INT. THE ALBERTVILLE ARENA

A gorgeous, new facility. SKATERS, COACHES, JUDGES and REPORTERS scattered around the ice, watching DOUG and KATE and HALF A DOZEN INTERNATIONAL PAIRS practice on the ice --

CUT TO:

THE ICE -- LATER

KATE and DOUG out practicing with THREE OTHER PAIRS. KATE comes out of a turn nearly crashing into -- LORIE PAULSEN, skating in with BRIAN out of nowhere.

BRIAN

We missed you at the opening ceremonies.

LORIE

(to Kate)

Trouble in paradise?

DOUG

(wheeling on Lorie)

Get the fuck away from my partner.

Heads turn. LORIE stiffens. BRIAN pulls her away.

KATE
(shocked)
You didn't have to do that.

DOUG
Better late than never.

A beat. KATE unsure what this means, about to ask, when something draws her attention off the ice. THEY BOTH TURN --
IN THE RUNWAY -- TWO YOUNG ASIAN SKATERS moving with a large
ENTOURAGE OF HANDLERS and SECURITY PEOPLE toward the ice.

DOUG
Izuto and Tenaki...

IZUTO AND TENAKI laughing with their COACHES, real loose.

KATE
God, they look so young.

DOUG
They'll age a little when they see
our slingshot triple.

KATE
We're not doing it.

DOUG turns back. This is news. The BUZZER SOUNDS.

DOUG
What do you mean?

KATE
I'm taking it off the program.
It's too dangerous.

Without another word, she skates away.

CUT TO:

INT. CHATEAU DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

A baronial table looks empty with just KATE, DOUG, ANTON
and JACK spread around it. RAISED VOICES ECHO through the
chateau's gothic hallways -- A heated argument in progress:

DOUG
-- I'd just like to know why I busted
my nuts for five weeks on a move she
never had any intention of trying!

ANTON
-- Douglas --

KATE

-- Will you please remind him the number of possible point reductions we're talking about here!

DOUG

Oh bullshit! -- You don't want to win! You just want to get through this without dusting your precious ass!

JACK

Who the hell do you think you're talking to?

DOUG

Stuff it, Jack! This is between us!

JACK sits there, stunned. DOUG turns back to KATE.

DOUG

Bronze, silver, honorable goddamned mention -- It doesn't really make a difference to you at all, does it? You're a rich girl -- So what if you come up a little short, right?

ANTON

Douglas -- stop!

Silence. DOUG stands, stares at her across the table.

DOUG

Just so you know: I'm working without a net here. Losing gracefully does shit for me!

KATE, staggered, sits back, says nothing.

JACK

It's up to her. She doesn't want to do it -- it's out!

DOUG turns to ANTON. No help here. DOUG walks.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALBERTVILLE -- DAY

Sun glistening on the mountains. OLYMPIC MUSIC SWELLS and CONTINUES AS WE --

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF TIGHT CLOSE-UPS

Skates being laced up, covers being pulled tight: PURPLE SKATES -- GREEN SKATES -- PINK SKATES -- WHITE -- RED --

FINALLY TO -- BLACK SKATES -- DOUG lacing up in the MEN'S LOCKER ROOM.

CUT TO:

THE LADIE'S LOCKER ROOM

Buzzing with tension. KATE doing everything she can not to look over at LORIE.

CUT TO:

INT. ALBERTVILLE ARENA

A packed house. SYNTHESIZED POP-ROCK BLARING. The CROWD watching HASTINGS AND MULGREW conclude their short program.

IN THE RUNWAY -- DOUG AND KATE

waiting to go on next. DOUG, in familiar, pre-skate pallor, fingers his tunic.

KATE
(noting his shirt)
You forgot a button.

DOUG
No, I want it like that.

In the BG, HASTINGS AND MULGREW come off the ice.

KATE
It looks like shit.

DOUG
Kate, please...lighten up.

KATE
(instigating)
It's meant to be buttoned.

DOUG
It pulls at my neck.

KATE
Then you should've mentioned it three weeks ago.

A FRENCH OLYMPIC OFFICIAL leans in, ushering them forward --

OFFICIAL
Prenez la piste...

THE CROWD REACTS to the previous scores as KATE and DOUG pull off skate-guards, start down the runway and --

ONTO THE ICE

SKATE CAM CLOSE-UP -- as they take several wide warm-up turns. Two big smiles, frozen in place, belie whispered barbs through clenched teeth that only WE CAN HEAR:

KATE

I'm asking you for the last time.
(Doug ignores her)
Button the goddamned button.

DOUG

Get over it.

KATE

You are an immature asshole of the lowest order.

That's it. DOUG snaps. His grip tightening at her waist.

DOUG

(still smiling)

If it was forty below and that button meant the difference between a long, satisfying life and a horrible death by hypothermia, I still wouldn't give you the fucking satisfaction.

THE BUZZER GOES OFF -- it's showtime.

CUT TO:

NETWORK FEED -- FULL FRAME

MUSIC PLAYING as KATE and DOUG move through the final passes of their short program -- skating well but mechanically -- the anger, the distance between them is visible -- into a double split Lutz twist lift -- KATE in the air -- and down and DOUG hovering over her at center ice as the MUSIC CRASHES IT'S FINISH. They stand, bowing stiffly to the APPLAUSE, before skating for the runway.

PEGGY AND DICK -- the two NETWORK ANNOUNCERS, break in.

DICK

Technically superior program, Peggy, but did you feel, as I did, that there was something missing?

PEGGY

Absolutely, Dick. They delivered all the short program required moves but it seemed cold -- more like we were watching two individual athletes than a fluid pair. They just didn't look like they were having fun out there.

DICK

And here come the scores --

CUT TO:

A NETWORK INTERVIEW AREA

just off the runway. DOROTHY HAMILL holds a microphone to KATE and DOUG as they tensely watch the scores above, we see them on the network GRAPHIC.

ANNOUNCER (OVER)

L'nombre des points technique: 5.9,
5.8, 5.8, 5.7, 5.9, 5.8, 5.7, 5.8.

(a beat)

L'nombre des points artistique: 5.6,
5.7, 5.8, 5.6, 5.7, 5.6, 5.6, 5.7.

Stiff smiles harden. DOROTHY leans in with the mike.

DOROTHY

Kate, it looked like you two were
having trouble connecting out there.

(she waits, Kate is
silent)

Did you feel like your energy might
have been a little down?

An awkward moment. KATE can't find her tongue.

DOROTHY

(still probing Kate)

Was the altitude a problem?

KATE hesitates, too tight to talk. DOUG jumps in --

DOUG

The ice was lousy. We were off our
game. We'll be back tomorrow -- Okay?

DOROTHY, thrown, stares over as DOUG pulls KATE OUT OF FRAME.

CUT TO:

THE ICE -- LATER

A PROKOFIEV CLASSIC BOOMING through the house. IZUTO AND TENAKI skating -- a little clinical, but looking real good, two young phenoms tearing through their program.

CUT TO:

INT. ARENA BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR

KATE, in street clothes, stands there lifelessly. ANTON, furious, stares over as DOUG, carrying his skate bag, looking very sour, strides toward them.

ANTON

(disgusted)

What a long way to be coming for
such garbage skating.

DOUG

(in no mood)

Look, I'll see you later. I gotta walk it off.

ANTON

No. Absolutely no. We go back.

DOUG

I said, I'm going for a walk.

ANTON steps forward, just about to really get into it when --

KATE

Let him go!

(they turn)

If he's smart, he'll walk all the way back to Minnesota and forget this ever happened!

(she looks wild)

He didn't screw up out there. He came to skate -- just like he always does -- to skate and win and try to make something out of all this crap.

(tears welling)

It's my fault. Me. I'm the one who screwed it up.

ANTON

(moving for her)

Katya, please...

KATE

Stop! Don't you dare try and baby me. I'm the one who's responsible and I deserve to feel exactly as lousy as I do right now!

(staring at Doug)

I'm sorry. I'm very, very sorry.

And now, before she starts to sob, she turns -- running as fast as she can away down the hall. ANTON following --

ANTON

Katya! -- Katya, wait!

DOUG, staggered, stands there, watching them disappear, digesting what's just occurred. Finally, he takes a deep breath, muscles his skate bag over his shoulder, turns, and starts walking in the opposite direction --

CUT TO:

EXT. ALBERTVILLE OLYMPIC VILLAGE -- NIGHT

DOUG wandering alone through the crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. A PRACTICE RINK -- NIGHT

The U.S. HOCKEY TEAM scrimmaging in this otherwise empty facility. DOUG lingering in the shadows, watching.

VOICE (OS)

Can I help you?

DOUG turns. AN ASSISTANT COACH stands there.

ASST. COACH

If you're not part of the program,
I'm gonna have to ask you to leave.

DOUG nods. Walks off.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CHATEAU TERRACE -- NIGHT

KATE stands alone, staring out at the mountains. ANTON comes out through the doors. Crosses to her. Puts a coat over her shoulders. They stand there.

KATE

(almost to herself)

We come around that far turn and we're picking up speed and we're going so fast and I keep telling myself I should be concentrating on my free leg and my grip, but all I can think about is how much I don't trust him. And then, the moment I'm in the air, all I can think about is how much I don't trust myself.

ANTON

(gently)

Katya, slingshot is out. Is done. We will skate New Orleans program and it will be wonderful.

KATE says nothing. They stare out into the distance.

ANTON

I have decided these are the most beautiful mountains I have ever seen.

KATE

I'm retiring after tomorrow.
For real.

ANTON

Is not unexpected news.

KATE

He'll find another partner.
He's good enough.

ANTON

He will find no one like you.
No matter what he does.

KATE ponders this. A long pause.

KATE

Think he'll be back tonight?

ANTON

He'll make it.
(she glances over,
Anton smiles)
I trust him.

KATE nods. Pulls the coat more tightly around her.

CUT TO:

INT. OLYMPIC RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

DOUG, alone, wolfs down the last of his dinner. Alone in the crowd. He looks up to see A COUPLE at the next table, locked in a passionate kiss. He drains his beer. Stands.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHATEAU -- NIGHT

DOUG enters. He drops his bag. The house is dark, quiet. He listens. And then wearily starts to climb the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. KATE'S CHATEAU BEDROOM -- NIGHT

KATE, her Chicago Blackhawks jersey bundled around her, sitting awake in bed.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG'S CHATEAU BEDROOM -- NIGHT

DOUG can't sleep either. In a chair, staring out the window.

DISSOLVE TO:

DOUG'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

SUDDEN SUNLIGHT as ANTON pulls the curtains. DOUG asleep in the chair, rustles, eyes opening slowly:

DOUG

...Oh man...what time is it?

ANTON

Noon. I let you sleep.

DOUG
 (springing up)
 Noon? -- Jesus, Anton, they're
 starting at one!

ANTON
 You missed the draw. We skate last.
 We have time.

DOUG
 Where's Kate? -- How is she?

ANTON
 She's fine. She and Jack left early.
 (all business)
 You wash up. We go together.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ALBERTVILLE ARENA -- LATER

Standing room only crowd. Tension you can taste.
 THE VOICES OF PEGGY AND DICK break over the picture:

DICK (OVER)
 Here they are, the final four pairs
 are warming up.

ON THE ICE -- LORIE-BRIAN, TURGEYEV-GREKA, IZUTO-TENAKI.

PEGGY (OVER)
 We've seen some lovely skating so
 far this afternoon, but I think it's
 pretty safe to say that our medalists
 are all out on the ice right now.

FINALLY TO -- KATE AND DOUG skating through a lift section,
 practicing silently. Skating on eggshells.

DICK (OVER)
 Yes, this is the cream. And in the
 next half hour, we'll be watching one
 of these pairs rise to the top.

THE BUZZER SOUNDS -- THE SKATERS wrap up the practice.

CUT TO:

THE ICE -- LATER

SHOSTAKOVITCH booming. TURGEYEV AND GREKA on the ice --

DICK (OVER)
 ...a little sloppy on that arabesque
 ...and here comes the double Axel...

GREKA leaves the ice -- TURGEYEV lifting her -- she arches,
 TURGEYEV's arms falters just slightly and --

THE CORRIDOR JUST OFF THE RUNWAY -- SAME TIME

CUT TO:

DOUG breathing. KATE stretching. Nobody talking, as the SHOSTAKOVITCH crescendoes to a CLOSE. THE CROWD APPLAUDING.

CUT TO:

INT. NETWORK TRAILER -- LATER

FIFTEEN TV MONITORS going -- all various angles of BRIAN AND LORIE skating to "ANYTHING GOES" AS A TV CREW OF EIGHT PEOPLE, crammed into this tight space, work and CHATTER --

DIRECTOR

(calling shots)

Okay...Camera three -- Get a little wider, Eddie -- Wider!

(continuing as--)

ON THE MONITORS -- BRIAN AND LORIE skate some fancy toe-work, side-by-side, and into a death spiral --

PEGGY (OVER)

Beautiful extension, but they're not going for the forward inside here. The difficulty factor on this is low.

DICK (OVER)

It's a safe program, but they're executing very nicely...

CUT TO:

THE RUNWAY -- SAME TIME

OLYMPIC OFFICIALS and TV CREWS choking the sightlines as BRIAN and LORIE move through the end of their program.

RICK TUTTLE nervous, totally focused on his skaters.

ANTON, KATE and DOUG at the rear of the runway peering out. KATE and ANTON watching the skating as "ANYTHING GOES" blares to its CONCLUSION and THE CROWD ROARS its approval.

CUT TO:

THE NETWORK FEED -- FULL FRAME

BRIAN and LORIE standing with TUTTLE and DOROTHY HAMILL in the INTERVIEW AREA as their scores flash on the screen:

ANNOUNCER (OVER)

L'nombre de points technical: 5.8,
5.7, 5.8, 5.7, 5.7, 5.8, 5.7, 5.8.

(beat)

L'nombre de points artistique: 5.9,
5.9, 5.8, 5.9, 6.0, 5.8, 5.9, 5.8.

Big smiles. TUTTLE hugs his skaters.

PEGGY (OVER)

Great scores! Neuman and Paulsen,
looking well positioned for a medal.

DICK (OVER)

Yes Peggy, but I'm not sure it will
be gold. They might've played it
just a little safe. Still to skate
are Izuto and Tenaki and Kate Moseley
and Doug Dorsey.

CUT TO:

THE RUNWAY

KATE and DOUG stand quietly with ANTON as THE OPENING
NOTES OF "PEER GYNT" begin in the BG..

ANTON

(hypnotically)

A flame...the fire, the purity of
flame is burning away imperfection.
All mistakes. All difficulty. All
effort. Everything is burned away
except ice and skates. Everything
falls away except perfection.

(he pauses)

I go now. I find a seat. I watch
the famous Japanese. Come...

(he pulls them into
his embrace)

You are my champions. I am proud.

(he pulls back)

Enjoy.

.KATE and DOUG watch as ANTON walks off through the runway.

CUT TO:

NETWORK FEED -- FULL FRAME

IZUTO and TENAKI captured by the TV CAMERAS. Skating great:
a double AXEL throw, she lands perfectly --

DICK (OVER)

-- Lovely! -- and here's the layback
...a little clinical but right on the
money...

CUT TO:

THE RUNWAY -- SAME TIME

KATE AND DOUG stretching beside the NETWORK INTERVIEW AREA.
In the BG, IZUTO and TENAKI spin at CENTER ICE, as the MUSIC
CRASHES TO A CLOSE. THE CROWD ROARS its approval. KATE looks
up to see DOUG staring at her --

DOUG
You okay?

KATE nods tightly.

KATE
You?

DOUG
I guess.

They hesitate. A silent moment. Neither of them quite able to find the words. As suddenly --

IZUTO AND TENAKI -- five yards away -- come sweeping off the ice, into the arms of their ENTOURAGE. Hugs and kisses and LOTS OF JAPANESE CONGRATULATIONS and NETWORK PRODUCTION PEOPLE trying to get the couple over to DOROTHY HAMILL in the INTERVIEW BOOTH. And judging by the activity and reactions, this event is over.

KATE frozen, watching all this. She turns to find --

DOUG still staring at her, the rest of the world lost for him.

DOUG
I can't stand this anymore.

KATE
Doug, we have to skate...

DOUG
This won't wait four and half minutes.

(in a rush)
Kate, look, maybe I'm a jerk. Maybe I wasn't ready. Maybe I was afraid. I don't know. I just have this terrible feeling that after today I'm not gonna see you again and... I don't care about the skating, I just don't want it to end for us.

KATE stares. Both of them terrified by what's just been said.

KATE
Doug...no...we're not right for each other -- We're not.

DOUG
Yes we are! I'm right for you.
I know it. I feel it.

KATE
(weakly)
It would never work.

DOUG

It already has! -- We've just been so goddamned wrapped up in the rest of this stuff that we couldn't see it.

KATE

It's too complicated.

DOUG

There's nothing complicated about it.

(he steps closer)

Kate, I never met anybody like you before. It took me a long time to get used to it but now...

(he smiles)

Who else is gonna put up with your shit?

KATE, reeling, as THE CROWD AROUND THEM COMES ALIVE -- THE FRENCH ANNOUNCER BEGINS READING THE SCORES (OVER) --

KATE AND DOUG stand there -- suddenly aware of the situation.

KATE

(turning back)

We're doing the triple.

DOUG

What?

KATE

You heard me.

DOUG

No. No way.

A hovering OLYMPIC OFFICIAL leans in --

OFFICIAL

You may take the ice please.

KATE

(ignoring this)

I thought you wanted to win. I know you do. I'm the one who put us in this hole, and I say it's the triple.

DOUG

Kate, look, forget about it. We're doing the double, I'm not having you fall.

ANNOUNCER (OVER)

MOSELEY AND DORSEY.

A FRENCH OFFICIAL steps forward, pushing them toward the ice.

FRENCH OFFICIAL
S'il vous plais -- Allez y...

DOUG
(turning on him)
Lay off a minute, willya!

The OFFICIAL steps back, shocked. OTHERS in the runway begin to take notice as KATE starts for the ice --

DOUG
-- Look at me!
(grabbing her back)
The last thing I want to do is start running your life.

KATE
So we're agreed. Triple.

DOUG
No! -- It's not worth it. You don't have to do this for me.

KATE
(with a smile)
I've fallen before. It's not the end of the world --

ANNOUNCER
-- MOSELEY AND DORSEY --

DOUG
-- Kate, listen, please --

ANOTHER FRENCH OFFICIAL rushes into the fray.

OFFICIAL #3
-- Vous avez trente seconds -- thirty seconds -- pour monter sur la glace!

DOUG
(to Official #3)
-- Shut the hell up for a minute!

It's getting chaotic -- KATE looks around, FACES everywhere
-- NETWORK PEOPLE -- OFFICIALS -- SKATERS -- COACHES --

DOUG
Kate --

ANNOUNCER (OVER)
-- Patineurs! S'il vous plais!

Before DOUG can say another word, KATE takes his hand, pulling him down the runway, kicking off her skate guards.

OFFICIAL #1
Fifteen seconds!

TWO OLYMPIC OFFICIALS drop to their knees, whipping off DOUG's guards as he staggers forward in KATE's grip and --
ONTO THE ICE

KATE AND DOUG instinctively manufacturing smiles as they glide toward their opening position, whispering as they go --

DOUG
Double.

KATE
Triple.

They stop at CENTER ICE. Stiffly strike their opening pose.

DOUG
Double.

THE CROWD GOES QUIET. DOUG and KATE, side-by-side.

KATE
What difference does it make?

DOUG
The difference is I love you.

She turns -- total, utter, heart-stopping shock. And then she smiles -- a big, confident smile.

KATE
Then how could we possibly miss?

DOUG can't argue, because THE MUSIC STARTS POUNDING and if it sounds familiar, that's because this is The Song and --

THEY'RE OFF

and we've seen competition skating before, but never more than thirty seconds, and never, never, anything like this -- around the ice -- Killian position -- accelerating into a wicked camel spin -- and out, and they look terrific and --

CUT TO:

NETWORK FEED

Toe work across the ice -- perfect -- power -- intensity -- focus -- elegance -- and they're smiling for real -- complete eye-contact -- lost in themselves as --

DICK (OVER)
Wow! What a difference a day makes.
This is hot!

LIVE ACTION

BACK TO:

DOUG lowers KATE into a death spiral -- her pony-tail just brushing the ice -- around and around and then, as if she were weightless, he's lifting -- pulling her to him as if his very life depended on it and --

CUT TO:

ANTON

mouth open, not believing what he's seeing and --

CUT TO:

THE ICE

DOUG easing KATE off her skates -- above him -- a platter lift -- she arches in the air -- DOUG turning and --

CUT TO:

DORSEY'S PENALTY BOX -- MINNESOTA

The place is packed. All eyes on the big screen above the bar. Thunderstruck silence -- WALTER moving with the MUSIC, a big, dumb smile on his face and --

CUT TO:

MARTIN'S ROOM -- MANSION -- CONNECTICUT

MARTIN huddled on his couch, amid popcorn and cookies, watching TV. Grinning from ear to ear.

CUT TO:

THE ICE

KATE and DOUG side-by-side mirror movements -- everything instinctive -- MUSIC BUILDING -- staring at each other -- devouring each other with their eyes and --

CUT TO:

THE JUDGES

looking on in amazement and --

CUT TO:

TUTTLE

standing with LORIE and BRIAN, he can't help himself, he breaks a smile -- this is something truly special --

CUT TO:

THE ICE

a double Lutz washing into a serpentine cross step and --

CUT TO:

JACK

in the stands, not yet daring to believe his eyes and --

CUT TO:

NETWORK FEED -- FULL FRAME

Cameras sweeping to keep up as KATE and DOUG whip through a cross chasse, rounding the end of the rink and --

PEGGY (OVER)

There's steam coming off the ice!

DICK (OVER)

Here comes the double...

CUT TO:

SKATE CAM CLOSE-UP

KATE and DOUG, rounding the rink -- about to break --

KATE

(under her breath)

Triple! Triple!

-- and they separate -- picking up speed -- into DOUG's arms -- and she's up and exploding into -- SLO-MOTION -- THE SLINGSHOT TRIPLE -- KATE in the air -- soaring -- around....and around....and around....and landing like a feather! -- Perfectly into DOUG's waiting arms and --

CUT TO:

THE CROWD

blown away. Witnessing history and they know it.

CUT TO:

THE NETWORK CAMERA TRAILER

Dead silence. The DIRECTOR and EVERYONE ELSE just staring at the monitors.

CUT TO:

IZUTO AND TENAKI

into it, moving to the beat as the MUSIC CRANKS -- OUT OF THE BRIDGE -- INTO THE FINAL CHORUS and --

CUT TO:

THE ICE

KATE and DOUG on some other plane of existence -- hand in hand -- lost in each other's eyes -- a moment -- and then she's rising into a one-hand lasso lift -- and forget about any more cutaways, this is all KATE and DOUG -- she's up and they're moving -- DOUG's arm like a steel rod, no hesitation,

and THE MUSIC PEAKS and he pushes and KATE is up -- and turning -- and coming down -- and down -- and at the last possible second, DOUG sweeps in to catch her and it's all perfect -- the final push toward center ice -- accelerating -- faster -- MUSIC CLIMAXING and finally -- A SIDE-BY-SIDE BLUR SPIN at center ice -- right in the JUDGE'S FACES -- like two crazy tops drilling down and down and they fall into each other's arms as THE MUSIC ENDS and --

THE CROWD -- on its feet -- THIRTY THOUSAND PEOPLE GOING NUTS and --

JACK screaming and carrying on like a teenage girl and --

TUTTLE, LORIE, and BRIAN -- cheering right along and --

IZUTO AND TENAKI -- shaking their heads and --

THE JUDGES -- hearing the CROWD and --

ANTON -- smiling, exhausted, wiping away tears and --

THE ICE -- littered with flowers, and they're still coming, bouquets raining down from everywhere and --

FINALLY TO --

KATE AND DOUG -- completely oblivious to everything, all over each other, locked in a passionate, all-consuming, never-let-you-go kiss that just goes on and on and...

MUSIC UP AND -- DISSOLVE TO:

THE TROPHY CASE

except now it's been enlarged and it's no longer empty -- TWO GOLD MEDALS side by side and --

ROLL CREDITS -- MUSIC BLASTING -- CONTINUING AS WE -- DISSOLVE TO:

ICE

A reprise of the opening scene. The two, lovely, innocent, SIX-YEAR-OLD CHILDREN we watched skate so touchingly before. Except now they're not skating, they're FIGHTING -- arguing, crying, finger pointing -- a furious clash of wills that only grows more heated, AS WE --

FADE OUT

THE END