

# FIRE AND ICE

*A Screen Play*  
*by*

JAMES PATRICK DUNNE

©2001 All rights reserved.  
Writers Guild of America.

AGENT  
Endeavor; Ross Fineman 310.248.2000

DUNNE PRODUCTIONS

*A Creative Company*

100 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 1840 Santa Monica, California 90401  
T 310.451.8585 F 310.395.0395 E james@communicationcenter.com

## NOTES FROM THE AUTHOR:

- This film is a *musical*. Skating is the dance, and the ice is its stage; the ice on the frozen river that connects our two towns, and on the outdoor and indoor hockey rinks.
- Hockey is an incredibly fast, violent, loud, dangerous sport. It's rarely been filmed that way. On television, it's normally filmed from the stands. This film is meant to be filmed and miked from the surface of the ice.

Try having a 6'3" angry, aggressive hockey player in full gear with two sharp blades on the bottom of his skates barrel full speed at you - and stop, on a dime, 6 inches from your face. The objective is to capture *that*.

WE FADE IN:

EXT. A WINDING, FROZEN MINNESOTA CREEK - NIGHT

Not a sound. The dead of winter. It's bone cold. The oak trees that hang over its home are perfectly still. Clouds cover the moon. It's too silent.

Music sneaks in with a disturbing dissonance.

A RUMBLING

It seems to be coming closer.

WE HOLD

on this one spot. It's getting loud and aggressive. The noise disturbs everything on this creek. A group of birds take flight.

CRASHING INTO THE SHOT

an absolutely sopping wet, freezing 22-year-old, SHANE KELLY - racing by on his skates. He's carrying a BLUE, NAKED, LIFELESS MAN in his arms.

THE MAN

wears only a pair of socks - and turning bluer and bluer on this unbearable Minnesota night.

SWEAT IS FREEZING

on this kid's face - he's pushing every muscle in his body to carry this man - skating as fast as his body will go. It's hard to imagine the pressure on his limp forearms - pushing, stride after stride, down the creek.

THE MAN'S BODY

is slipping out of Shane's spent arms. Shane throws the body over his shoulder. He pushes off again, building back his speed... His legs must be made of iron to take this kind of punishment.

A LONG SHOT

in shadows - the quiet, winding creek guides him.

ALL EXTERIOR SOUNDS DISAPPEAR

All we hear is the kid's breath pounding out of his body - his skates slamming, grinding into the ice.

CLOSE UP

of Shane's face. Drained. Scared. Freezing. Lonely.

THE SOUNDS INCREASE

in their intensity where you think Shane's heart is going to burst out of his body.

As we PUSH IN on his face:

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE SAME CREEK - LATE AFTERNOON - HINSDALE, MINNESOTA

Same location, but a very different feeling. A light snow gently falls on this picturesque, tree-banked frozen creek that winds through these Northern Minnesota towns.

Super-imposed on the screen: ONE MONTH EARLIER.

Judging from the number of folks on the creek, it serves as one of the town's main avenues of transportation in the winter.

EXT. LAKE HINSDALE ICE SKATING RINK

Skaters on the creek cross under a bridge that opens up to a gorgeous, quaint, frozen Minnesota lake. They skate across the lake to a popular, cleared-off section off the shoreline.

A HIT SONG echoes across the lake as hundreds of adults and kids of all ages skate under the late afternoon lights.

Right off the rink, folks enter the...

EXT. WARMING HOUSE

A cozy, chimneyed log cabin. Music is interrupted by...

SHANE (V.O.)

It's 4 o'clock, and time for the evening  
Lake Hinsdale Rink Report, brought to you  
by Hancock's Hardware, "Your home away  
from home..."

INT. WARMING HOUSE OFFICE

Sitting at a clunky office desk full of college homework is SHANE KELLY. How could anybody be wearing only a tee shirt in this state. He's one good-looking, in-shape 22 year-old. Years of skating through Minnesota winters has put a healthy glow on his face.

He looks out the window at the rink, reading into a crappy microphone...

SHANE

... happy birthday to Susie Miller who  
turned 14 today, and she can pick up her  
free three-pack of 100 watt bulbs.

CUT TO:

## INT. GILBERT TACONITE COMPANY PLANT - CONTINUOUS

The next town down the creek. Everything is brown. Not a lot of light. Enormous machines crushing, melting, moving taconite. Men everywhere with protective helmets, eye goggles - with heavily greased, faded orange uniforms. Large mining trains cargo ore in and through the plant. What a rotten place to spend 50 years of your life.

## THE BOILER AREA

Huge furnaces. Bright light sneaks in through huge, slow, wall-mounted fans that inadequately suck out the hot, thick air. You can taste the dust.

Day-Foreman BUD RADACOVICH, a proud father, walks his son up to four men in his section. Bud's been there 25 years. Kind, strong, blue eyes, pot-belly.

BUD RADACOVICH

(to his men)

Look who's here...

They gather around. MIKE RADACOVICH. A senior at Gilbert College of Mining. Like his Dad, on the short and stout side. Always wears his red Gilbert College letter jacket to remind everyone that he's special.

ONE OF THE GUYS

Mike. We can't shut your Dad up. We'll all be at the tournament opener tonight.

CUT TO:

## EXT. LAKE HINSDALE - LATER

Some FIFTH GRADERS stand around the ice near the rainbowed bridge, where the lake channels into the creek.

Shane, skating home wearing a "Hinsdale Park Staff" jacket, skates up to the kids. They look at each other as if Shaq walked up.

SHANE

You know you shouldn't be standing near a bridge. Why's that?

GIRL #1

Ice is thin near a bridge.

GIRL #2

My Mom says you're repulsive and a horrible example to kids.

BOY #1

Yeah, mine, too.

BOY #2

My Dad says you're a hothead, and the only reason you score so many goals is because you hog the puck.

SHANE

You should listen to your parents.

GIRL #1

So will you sign my skates?

BOY #2

Yeah, me, too.

BLAST INTO:

EXT. HINSDALE COLLEGE HOCKEY DOME - HINSDALE, MINNESOTA - THAT NIGHT

Expensive marquee reads:

NCAA SECTIONAL HOSTS  
FIRST ROUND GAMES  
HINSDALE COLLEGE VS. GILBERT COLLEGE OF MINING

INT. HOCKEY DOME

Awesome arena. Hosting one of four NCAA Sectional Tournaments around the country. It's loud and ABSOLUTELY STUFFED with FANATICAL COLLEGE STUDENTS AND ADULTS.

Home-rink of HINSDALE COLLEGE, the neighboring private liberal arts college. The area powerhouse. Strong academically, financially and athletically. Rich school. Their hockey stadium is bigger than the rest of Gilbert College's whole damn campus. I guess it's safe to say they take their hockey pretty seriously.

WE'RE DEAFENED

by the disharmony of opposing fighting cheers thundering from the two crammed sides of the arena. Signs grunt the local rivalry of these two opposite neighboring schools.

HINSDALE COLLEGE

Hot players. Hot uniforms. Hot cheerleaders.

GILBERT COLLEGE OF MINING

Worn uniforms. Old coach. Grizzly cheerleaders.

WE SLAM INTO

the fastest, loudest, most dangerous, smack-in-your-face, out-of-control hockey that's been on a movie screen.

Welcome to the NCAA Championships.

(We hear Gilbert's 78 year-old crusty radio announcer screaming out the play-by-play.)

GILBERT ANNOUNCER (VO)

I'm glad I lived long enough to see this. Gilbert College knocking Hinsdale out of the NCAA's in the first round - this does my heart good. They've been banging heads since I was born; "the private vs. the public," "the haves and the have nots..."

INSERT - SCOREBOARD

Hinsdale College 3 / Gilbert College 5.

SOME PIMPLY HINSDALE JOCK

winds up with everything he's got in front of the open goal.

A GILBERT PLAYER

dives HEAD FIRST into the puck - sliding into a slapping Hinsdale hockey stick and shot. The wooden stick SNAPS IN HALF off his helmet.

IT'S SHANE KELLY, #77

An aggressive, steam-rolling, natural. Grabs the loose puck. Puts on the breaks behind his own net. Sizes up the field.

HINSDALE PLAYERS CONVERGE

towards him. Shane smiles down the ice at his enemy.

HE BLASTS OFF

Five seconds of seeing him skate and you know he's in another league from anybody there. Fast, but graceful. Real cocky.

He smirks at the Hinsdale goalie as he charges his way. Teases him with the dancing puck.

HINSDALE GOALIE

(under his breath)

Oh, shit.

SHANE

winds up like a cannon, fakes the goalie absolutely out of his jock - and gently flips it over the goalie's shoulder into the net.

Effortlessly. Almost mocking the poor bastard.

THE GILBERT FANS

erupt.

MOMENTS LATER

Coach Radacovich sends his son, Mike, over the boards.

A HINSDALE PLAYER

chases down the spinning puck by the railing.

SHANE

plows into the guy like a diesel truck. It hurts just watching it. Knocks the clear fiberglass panel right off the railing.

A REFEREE

pisses Shane off with a face-off call. Shane barks right in the ref's face.

COACH RADACOVICH

screams over the crowd for Shane to forget about it.

FACE OFF

Shane whacks teammate Mike in the head for confidence.

SHANE

slaps the puck out to Mike. Mike cautiously feeds it right back. Shane's a one-man-show.

SHANE TAKES OFF

the length of the ice. Everybody's screaming. Shane maneuvers right in front of the net.

WINDS UP

looks at the net - but BULLETS the puck at that sorry-ass referee off to the side. Clocks him square in the balls. He goes down on the ice.

COACH RADACOVICH

Frustrated. Shakes his head.

CUT TO:

INT. GILBERT TEAM LOCKER ROOM - AFTER THE GAME

Coach Radacovich opens the door. Spots Shane.

COACH

(to Shane)

He's coming down. He's in a hurry.

Shane quickly heads to Coach. In walks a confident JOHN MC CLURE in a Chicago Black Hawks team jacket.

Mike, getting dressed, takes it all in from his locker.

COACH

(introducing them)

Shane Kelly, an old Navy buddy, Head Scout and Assistant Coach John Mc Clure, from, well, I guess we all know, don't we?

They chuckle at his clumsy joke.

SCOUT MC CLURE

I gotta tell you. Bud's been calling me for years, "You gotta come see Kelly, you gotta see this kid"...

(to Coach)

... I always thought it was your kid you were talking about. I remember thinking on the phone, "What the hell did Radacovich name his kid Kelly for?"

They laugh. Shane looks over to Mike hoping he's not hearing this. Mike looks away...

SCOUT MC CLURE

And then I see this stumpy kid come flopping over the boards, and I said, "Now that must be Radacovich's kid."

Mike pretending not to listen.

COACH

They don't make 'em any better than Mike, I can tell you that.

SCOUT MC CLURE

(to Shane)

Coach says he would've quit coaching five years ago, but he's been waiting around to coach you. He's some salesman you have...

SHANE

I've dreamed of playing for the Black Hawks since I first put on skates - my Dad used to drive me to Chicago just to see a game.

SCOUT MC CLURE

I was in Grand Rapids, and I thought, to get this old Bohunk off my back, I'd drive on up.

COACH

So, did I tell you? Does this kid have talent, or what?

SCOUT MC CLURE

(sincerely to Shane)

Shane, I take my career seriously just like I'm sure you do, so I'm gonna give it to you straight. We've got two jobs in the Black Hawks organization; coaching players, and finding players. My mother told me a long time ago it doesn't matter how long you stir the soup if you got crap in the pot. So we spend more time finding 'em than we do coaching 'em.

(then)

Minnesota Gophers' Bobby Varno, you know who he is, right?

Shane nods.

SCOUT MC CLURE

Saw him last night. He's incredible. Also had three goals. But against Notre Dame. Minnesota plays the best teams in the country.

COACH

But he's no Shane Kelly.

SCOUT MC CLURE

He's no Shane Kelly, but he's Bobby Varno. And at Northwestern, there's Terry Fanning. At Ohio State, Brad Vear, and on and on. And go up to Canada; they grow 'em on trees. I see 'em every week of my life. That's all I do. And are they all going to the pros? Hardly.

(then)

You gotta be more than great. You've gotta be the best, and play the best. To make the pros, you gotta be tested.

Shane taking it in...

SCOUT MC CLURE (CONT)

When this tournament ends, my butt is on the line to walk in the owner's door and say "You're looking at the number one kid in the whole damn Country." Period. Now who do you think I'd

rather walk in that door with -- Bobby Varno, first team All American, star of the team that's probably gonna win the NCAA's, or a kid with "potential" from Gilbert College of Mining? You tell me.

He looks right in Shane's eyes.

SCOUT MC CLURE

You win the National Championships. Then we'll talk.

CUT TO:

'87 TWO-DOOR MAZDA GLC - MOVING - LITTLE LATER

Five teammates drive back to Gilbert screaming out the windows. Crammed in Mike's car. Mike drives like he plays hockey; cautiously. Rigidly. Shane's in back behind Mike.

SLEZAK hangs half-out the passenger window with his boots banging into the dashboard. He makes up for a slight stuttering problem with a large upper body.

MIKE

Hey, get your dirty boots off my new car.

SLEZAK

New? Mike, it's a '87 Mazda.

MIKE

It's new to me.

There's an edgy underbelly to what they're yelling out the windows. We taste the built-up resentment living next to the wealth and opportunity that Hinsdale represents.

MIKE'S POV - A RAILROAD CROSSING

50 yards ahead. It's a steep upgrade to get up and over the snowy tracks. The crossing bar starts to come down. The warning bells ring.

Shane and the boys yell to Mike to "go for it." Peer-pressured, Mike guns it.

THE CAR FLIES UP

the snowy "ramp" around the guard crossing, gets a little air, and plops down smack into the middle of the tracks. And dies.

Mike looks to his left down the tracks.

IN THE DISTANCE

A speeding frozen train pours straight at him - shining its huge headlight in his face.

Mike quickly turns the key over. Nothing. He does it again. Pumping the living crap out of the gas pedal. Nothing.

MIKE  
GodAlmightyGodAlmighty.

They stare at the bulleting train getting bigger and bigger the closer it gets.

BURTKER, lanky and cramped in the middle of the back seat of this two-door deathtrap, is way past panicking.

BURTKER  
Come on, come on!

The train's DEMANDING HORN shouts the seriousness of the situation.

MIKE

turns the key over so fast there's no way the thing will start. It's flooded.

THE TRAIN SCREAMS

louder down the tracks...

MIKE

flings his door open - and jumps out.

MIKE  
Abandon ship!

Shane grabs Mike by the back of his jacket. Yanks him right back into the driver's seat. Holds him there by the back of the collar. Reaches up and over, closing Mike's door.

SHANE  
(calmly to Mike)  
Pump the pedal gently, put the key in the ignition, and turn it.

Everybody in the car knows they're going to die. Too late now.

THE WEIGHT OF THE HUGE TRAIN

shakes the flimsy Mazda on the tracks. They can't see where the train is because of its blinding headlight. We're waiting for their car to explode any second.

MIKE

Panics, rummaging through his pockets, with Shane's grasp still on his collar.

MIKE

(at the top of his lungs)

I CAN'T FIND THE KEYS!

BURTKER

(pointing like a madman)

They're in the ignition!

Mike pumps the gas pedal like Shane said. Turns the key slowly.

It miraculously starts. Mike puts the car in gear - and begins across the tracks.

THE THUNDERING TRAIN

is right on top of them. They cringe, screaming bloody murder.

THE TRAIN

misses the butt of the jalopy by a noodle. The car rolls down the snow-packed hill to safety.

THEY PULL OVER

Dead silence in the car. Their eyeballs are moving back into their sockets. Shane takes a whiff of something. Looks at Mike.

SHANE

You shit in your pants, didn't you?

MIKE

(snapping around on fire)

That's right, I shit in my pants. I like shitting in my pants.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KELLY HOME - DINNER TIME NEXT NIGHT - KITCHEN

PEGGY, Shane's sister, sets the Formica kitchen table. A rather frumpy, intelligent, sweet-looking sophomore in college. From what she wears, the way she walks, the tone of her voice - she's more of a mother in this home than a college coed.

Shane, at the table, finishes up a pile of the household monthly bills. Three table settings.

Dad's old brass hockey trophies adorn the upper shelves of a kitchen plate cabinet.

SHANE

So what did the orthodontist say?

From the next room...

ANDIE (O.S.)

He said I could wait six months to a year.

PEGGY

He said... the longer she waits, the worse they'll get.

SHANE

Well, let's set the appointment and do it.

As Andie walks in...

ANDIE

You can set it all day long, I'm not going.

ANDIE. She's a sassy, bright, opinionated freshman in high school that's starting to understand and question her family and budding life.

She points to the Gilbert newspaper front page that's magneted on the refrigerator. It reads "GILBERT COLLEGE VALENTINE DANCE NOMINEES," along with a group picture of nine college guys.

ANDIE

(pointing at the pictures)

Dog... Dog... Fag... Major fag...

Loser... Loyal loser...

(sarcastically)

Bob Burtker is a "King of Hearts" nominee? Cool college you have.

SHANE

Get that thing off of there.

PEGGY

I want it on there.

ANDIE

You're the only guy that didn't show up for the picture.

SHANE

So what.

ANDIE

So what does a "King of Hearts" nominee have to do anyways?

SHANE

Well, I know what I'm doing. Nothing. I'm not going to any stupid college dance.

ANDIE

What if somebody asks you?

SHANE

Let 'em ask. I'm not going.

ANDIE

Peggy said she wants to go.

PEGGY

I didn't say I wanted to go, I said I wouldn't mind going.

SHANE

(getting into it)

Really? That's good. That's good, Peggy. Well, who you gonna go with? It's a "girl ask boy."

PEGGY

("I'm not a vegetable")

I know its "girl ask boy."

(then)

There's nobody to ask. Nobody would say yes.

ANDIE

One small detail.

SHANE

I know Mike's got the hots for you.

Andie exaggeratedly falls out of her chair laughing.

ANDIE

Mike Radacovich with Peggy?

PEGGY

He does not.

SHANE

He does, too. He thinks you're a fox. He told me.

ANDIE

(she's hysterical)

No, he didn't say fox. He said hound.

SHANE

You're doing the laundry for one month, you hear me?

From the ground, Andie makes the "whacking off" gesture with her hand.

SHANE

(snapping back around)

I'm going to really pretend hard I didn't see that.

(sweetly, to Peggy)

I'll find out if he's been asked yet. Can't hurt to know.

PEGGY

Don't you dare tell him I want to go.

SHANE

I won't mention your name. I promise. I'll just work it into the conversation, and see if he's already going. Okay?

PEGGY

("Yes")

No.

Peggy sits down with the two of them, admiring her table setting.

SHANE

Okay, who wants to say grace.

ANDIE

Why do you ask us this every night? You say it every night, so why do you ask?

SHANE

You can say it if you want to say it.

ANDIE

I don't want to say it.

SHANE

Okay, then I'll say it.

(then)

Dear God, thanks for this food that Peggy made, on this special day...

ANDIE

(mumbling)

It's always a special day.

SHANE

I was my usual awesome self in the NCAA opener...

They like his stupid jokes...

SHANE

... and Peggy got straight A's again for the ten thousandth time in a row...

Peggy makes a muscle with a big red smile on her face...

SHANE

... And we're getting Andie's report card any day now, and it better be good...

ANDIE

Threats don't work with me, okay? It is what it is...

SHANE

... and God bless Dad, and his job and all...

ANDIE

Nice job. "What does your Dad do? He porks his boss for a living."

SHANE

(looking up)  
Excuse me, God.  
(to Andie)  
We're trying to have a moment here.

PEGGY

(to Andie)  
You're not getting any dessert now.

ANDIE

We don't have any dessert. We never have any dessert.

PEGGY

Well, if we had any, you wouldn't be getting any.

ANDIE

I'm not praying for him. He's never here.

PEGGY

He happens to work a lot on the road, Andie.

ANDIE

He's not working. It's Saturday. He's hanging out at...

(sarcastically)  
"Sharon's" condo. Is she a bitch, or what?

SHANE

Andie, you've never met her.

ANDIE

That's just my point. You'd think she'd at least wanna meet us.

SHANE

... Amen.

They all make the sign of the cross.

INT. KELLY GARAGE - LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - CONTINUOUS

TOM KELLY, 38, pulls in - he's on the car phone in his spotlessly clean car. What a contradiction to their home.

DAD

(into phone)

... But, Jack, you're not seeing the big picture here. In two weeks I'll get you not only the last three payments, I'll pay the mortgage for the rest of the year if you want... Jack, come on, you're talking to me, Tom here. Not some lowlife...

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER - BACK DOOR - DAD

bursts in full of life. No doubts about where Shane got his good looks. Here's a man that could charm the pants off half the women in Gilbert - one look in his baby blues, and you're sure he's done just that.

Dressed in an impeccable suit and cashmere coat.

DAD

If it ain't my three little bears.

Kisses the back of Peggy and Andie's necks. Gives a "nuggie" to the top of Shane's head. They're all glad to see him - even Andie.

Shane grabs an envelope out of a bowl on the counter - hands it to Dad.

SHANE

Here's 460 from the routes, and 320 from the rink.

Dad kindly gives him an appreciative wink.

DAD

J. Zelnick Construction, only the biggest construction company in Wisconsin, and guess who's selling 'em six bulldozers?

As he flops a gift in front of his two girls.

DAD

One for you, one for you...

The girls open 'em up - they're stunned finding beautiful matching coats.

PEGGY

Dad, we can't afford this...

DAD

(cocky)

That's what credit cards are for.

(then)

Hey, if you learn one thing from your old man - you look like you're a somebody, you get treated like you're a somebody. That's good business.

Dad sticks two tickets in Shane's shirt pocket - then pours himself a scotch.

SHANE

(excited)

Tickets to the Black Hawk exhibition game.

DAD

Right-er-roonie. Fifth row from the glass. Sold out. Be there or be square.

SHANE

Me and you?

DAD

You and anybody you want.

SHANE

That's me and you.

DAD

Well, next time, next time. Sharon's got tickets to some theater thing. I've got to go. It's kind of special to her...

ANDIE

Oh, and like it's not special to Shane.

Peggy changes the subject...

PEGGY

You know, the first round game was last night and...

DAD

... I know, I know. I got stuck in a meeting. I tried to get there...

ANDIE

Shane says you used to never miss a game, and now you hardly ever show up.

PEGGY  
 (looks to Andie, then to Dad)  
 He never said that...

Peggy goes to great extremes not to upset Dad.

PEGGY  
 Shane had three goals and two assists.

DAD  
 You sound like your old man. 2.1 a game.  
 My season average senior year.

ANDIE  
 And I'm a 36 D.

DAD  
 True story.

PEGGY  
 (to Shane)  
 Shane, tell him. Tell him what happened.

SHANE  
 Nothing happened.

DAD  
 What happened?

PEGGY  
 A pro scout came to see him. From the  
 Black Hawks.

DAD  
 A scout? To see who?

ANDIE  
 ("Who do you think?")  
 Shane.

DAD  
 What for?

ANDIE  
 To see him play.

It's becoming very uncomfortable...

DAD  
 You're telling me a scout from the Black  
 Hawks drove all the way from Chicago to  
 see Shane Kelly play hockey? I don't  
 think so.

ANDIE  
 He did. He's friends with Coach.

DAD

Well, then he came in town to see his friend - there's a big difference, Andie. So what did he say?

Shane wishes this never came up.

SHANE

Nothing. He said I was good and that's about it.

Peggy looks to Shane eyeing "tell him."

PEGGY

(to Dad)

He said a lot more than that. He was very impressed and said if Gilbert does really well in the NCAA Tournament he'll be looking out for him.

Dad condescendingly snickers...

PEGGY

What.

DAD

Peggy, you have no idea what you're talking about.

(then)

First of all, Gilbert has done "really well" already -- they won one round. Next round is Ohio State. That's another whole universe from Gilbert.

SHANE

(defensively)

Yeah, I know...

Dad won't let it go...

DAD

All I'm saying is Shane knows and I know it takes a lot more than three goals against some Hinsdale nobody goalie to get to the pros.

(then)

And Shane's got some obligations around here, to this household, and this family... Right, Shane?

A long awkward moment...

ANDIE

This is normal. Peggy says some guy thinks Shane is great, and he gets mad about it.

DAD

My name isn't "he," okay? My name is  
your father.

Dad stares Andie down. Heads upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANE'S BEDROOM - THE BLACK OF NIGHT

Shane tosses in his sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - MINNESOTA - WINTER - SURREAL IMAGES

Shane, as a ten-year-old. He's lying in the snow next to his father  
- who's screaming bloody murder with a twisted face, holding his knee  
in horrific pain.

VIOLENT FLAMES AND SMOKE

pour out of an opened cellar door leading to the back yard.

SHANE'S MOTHER

frantically races up with Shane's two sisters - they clutching their  
Mom hysterically. They all stare at Shane.

A HUGE EXPLOSION

takes out half the house.

DAD

holding his knee, looks up at his frightened son with incredible  
anger - as the WHINE of fire trucks in the distance gets louder and  
louder...

SMASH CUT BACK TO:

INT. SHANE'S BEDROOM - SHANE

jolts up in bed in a cold sweat. His ALARM CLOCK matches the whine  
of the fire trucks - 4:45 AM. Startled, confused - he whacks the  
thing off.

Hockey posters, pennants fill his dreary walls. The top of an old  
dresser is stuffed with trophies, ribbons, and medals. The room's  
a damn shrine to the Chicago Black Hawks hockey. A picture of the  
Hawk's Tony Amonte. A full page newspaper picture of U. of  
Minnesota's Bobby Varno - there's a magic-markered "circle" drawn  
in next to his mouth reading, "I'm a pussy."

INT./EXT. ALUMINUM FRONT DOOR

Shane opens their door that bangs in the cold wind. It's still dark. He hurries down the frozen four steps of their small porch - grabbing stacks of bundled daily newspapers from the sidewalk.

We get a glimpse of this street. Colorless, brick homes. Little front yards. Man, it's early. And real cold.

FROZEN GILBERT CREEK - HINSDALE - HALF HOUR LATER

This part of the creek is definitely not in Shane's neighborhood. The backyards of exquisite homes snuggle up to this picturesque creek. The sun begins to sneak through the snow on the trees - and glistens on the ice.

HOT SONG plays. With his stuffed sack of newspapers over his shoulder, and headphones over his ears, Shane glides with the grace of a figure skater down the winding creek. His skates effortlessly sculpt a path through the morning dew on the virgin ice.

Like a hunter reaching back for his arrows, he wings the papers to the back steps. Lost in his solitary world, he pushes himself faster and faster.

CUT TO:

EXT. GILBERT MAKESHIFT ICE RINK - 7 A.M. THAT MORNING

The Gilbert College of Mining team practices in the back of a dingy, flooded park rink. It's just off the creek - like most things in town.

In the ever-present distance, gray smoke churns out of taconite plant chimneys, poisoning the crisp-blue winter skies. Old beat-up wooden boards make the hockey rink borders. On the rink, a couple permanent frozen old nets.

It's the end of another brutal practice. Their lungs hurt from the arctic cold. They're wearing hats under their helmets. Finger gloves inside their gloves. Double long-johns under their hockey pants. Toes? What toes.

The only guy not on skates is Coach Radacovich - wearing a "Gilbert College of Mining" jacket with his name sewn over the chest.

The more brutal and exhausting the drill, the more Shane likes it. They're doing "burpies"; skating as hard as they can up to each "line" on the rink, belly-flopping on the lines, and racing back to the net. It's inhuman.

Shane taunts them all to catch up...

SHANE

Come on!

Nobody can keep up with this obsessed, relentless machine. Coach studies Shane.

INT. GILBERT WARMING HOUSE - LATER

A far cry from the Lake Hinsdale warming hut. The guys change for college classes, laughing it up. In their underwear, you notice how relatively puny they really are.

The goalie, NAPIER, is alone in the corner by the fireplace. A big boy, with a flushed baby face. He's having trouble getting off his jersey and shoulder pads; it's not only exhausting - it's embarrassing.

Coach walks in, heading to the office with an armful of pucks.

COACH

Good practice, boys.

Shane bursts in mad as hell, wailing his glove as hard as he can at four guys getting undressed.

SHANE

You all suck.

He heaves the other one at the goalie even harder. They all duck.

One of the guys who got conked - "ZED" ZEJDLIK. Hard worker. Strong Bohemian blood. In his underwear.

ZEJDLIK

Screw you, Kelly.

(pointing to the goalie)

Napier lost 40 pounds. Zarbinski's playing on a pulled hamstring. I can't sleep at night with these blisters. You suck.

Coach watches from the office door.

COACH

Shane, get in here.

INT. GILBERT WARMING HOUSE OFFICE

Coach closes the door behind a steaming Shane. He looks in Shane's eyes. We get a better look at Coach's strong, proud, salt-of-the-earth middle-European face. Thick, used hands.

SHANE

It's bad enough they stink, the least they could do is try.

COACH

They are trying, Shane.

SHANE

No, they're not. They won the opening round like that's good enough. It's not good enough. We could win this whole thing. I know we can.

COACH

Oh, and telling everybody they suck, that's gonna help things?

SHANE

They do. This college sucks, practicing on a park rink sucks. And I'm stuck here. I don't need them -- I'll do it myself.

He starts to walk out.

COACH

Get back in here.

He stops.

COACH

You listen to me. One thing I know is kids. And you'll never find 10 in this country that have worked harder for something than those 10 out there in that room. You can beat crappy teams all by yourself - that's how we got this far.

(pointing to the other room)

All they gotta do is dress up and stand on the ice. But you can't beat a great team. And every team we play from now on is great, and them some. You're gonna need them.

Coach opens the door.

COACH

(fired up)

I want all of you here tomorrow morning, 6 A.M. sharp.

SLEZAK

It's Saturday.

COACH

Tough. Tell your girlfriends and anybody else that you're going to be here till Sunday night. You're not gonna sleep, you're not gonna eat, you're not gonna change clothes, you're not gonna brush your teeth. You be here on time. You're gonna learn how to play like a team. All of you.

CUT TO:

EXT. KELLY HOUSE - 11 PM THAT NIGHT

An old, rusty, Toyota pick-up truck with a tall shell pulls up beeping. The license plates are covered up with mud. Northern Minnesota's red iron-rich soil tattoos itself to the sides and wheels.

Mike opens the back of the truck letting Shane in. The truck speeds away.

INT. BACK OF THE COLD TRUCK - MOVING

Also bouncing around is the driver's younger brother. A senior. Some skinny kid. No personality. Doesn't deserve a name.

Driving, behind the glass partition, is EDDIE. A 25-year-old who knows he's going absolutely nowhere in life.

SHANE

(to Mike)

So, where's this great party we had to go to at 11 at night?

MIKE

(winking at Eddie's brother)

You'll see. It's a surprise...

Shane blows air on his hands. He's not a big believer in gloves, hats or boots.

SHANE

(to Mike)

What are you doing the night of Valentine's Day?

MIKE

The same thing I'm doing the night before Valentine's Day. Whacking off.

SHANE

Now you're going to the "Kings of Hearts" Dance.

MIKE

I am not going to no dance.

SHANE

Nice English. "I am not going to no dance." You talk like you're a moron.

(then)

My sister's got the hots for you, and she's asking you to the dance, and you're gonna say yes.

Mike looks to Eddie's brother. Mike knows Shane's joking.

MIKE

Right.

Shane slugs him in the arm. Shane likes to slug Mike to remind him of the status of their relationship.

SHANE

It is right.

MIKE

(holding his arm)

That hurt. I told you not to do that anymore.

Mike looks to Eddie's brother for encouragement. Eddie's brother doesn't say much.

MIKE

I don't know how to say this, but your sister is a moose, man.

Shane slugs him harder again in the arm. Mike moans.

SHANE

Don't you ever call my sister a moose. You're going.

MIKE

Usually when somebody has the waistline of an ice cream truck, they got a winning personality, or gives great head, or something. Your sister can't even talk.

Mike knew this shot was coming.

SHANE

Who you impressing right now? You trying to impress me? You're not impressing me.

(then)

Hey, who do you think you are, Tom Cruise? You're a fat fuckin' midget. You're goin'.

MIKE

I'm not going.

EXT. TRUCK - MOVING

it bounces along into Hinsdale.

SHANE

The party's in Hinsdale?

EDDIE

(yelling to the back)

Did you ask him?

MIKE

In a minute.

SHANE

About what?

MIKE

(with a stupid smile)

The party? The party's in the truck.

Shane gives Mike a look. Mike pulls two hundred dollar bills out of his pocket. Sticks one in Shane's coat pocket.

MIKE

One for you, one for me.

Shane just looks at him.

MIKE

Eddie thought you might know which homes weren't getting their papers because, you know, they're out of town.

SHANE

Why?

MIKE

Because we could go in their garages, and rev up their snowmobiles, and take the things.

SHANE

What for?

MIKE

What for? For fun. Like they need 'em? Some Hinsdale rich shit, they can go buy another one. And you get 100 bucks for doing it.

SHANE

You've done it?

Mike is positive involving Shane was a bad idea.

MIKE

It's no big deal, Eddie does it all the time.

SHANE

(yells up front)

Stop the truck, Eddie.

EDDIE

(yells back)

Why?

SHANE  
(yells again)  
Because we're getting out. Stop the  
truck, Eddie.

Shane bangs on the glass partition.

SHANE  
Stop the truck.

Eddie picks up speed.

EDDIE  
(yells back)  
Go fuck yourself. Jump if you want out  
so bad.

Shane isn't someone to threaten. He's a loyal friend, but a terrible  
enemy.

Shane furiously kicks open the latch on the back door. Jumps out.  
Grabs onto the bumper, and "skitches" on the snow-packed road -  
"skiing" from the back of the truck.

EDDIE  
(yells back to Mike)  
Great idea, Radacovich.

SHANE

half-crouching, holding on as the truck barrels down the road. Snow  
kicks up in his face...

Shane inches his way along the bumper toward the driver's side of  
the truck.

MIKE

hating every second of this.

SHANE

dangerously reaches around the back corner of the truck trying to  
grab on to the back wheel well on the driver's side.

He gets his hand on it. Slides himself around - horrifically  
skitching on the side of the truck...

EDDIE

looks out his side view mirror. Sees Shane hanging on to the wheel  
well. Eddie guns it trying to lose him.

BACK TO SHANE

There is no way Shane is going to let go. Shane's legs could slip  
under the car any second.

MIKE AND EDDIE'S BROTHER

toss around in the back cabin as the truck swerves and pours down the icy road.

EDDIE

aggressively swerves again to jar Shane loose. This is hard to watch.

SHANE

determinedly inches closer to Eddie's door holding on like a bronco rider.

EDDIE

looks out his driver's seat window. Shane's looking right in at him.

SHANE

yanks open Eddie's door.

He grabs Eddie by the collar and pulls him out the door. Eddie slams on the brakes, skidding the car and spinning it out of control, around and around.

MIKE AND EDDIE'S BROTHER

bounce off the walls of the whirling truck.

The truck's engine dies, and Shane drags Eddie to the side of the hard, snow packed road.

Eddie pulls out a switchblade, swiping at Shane.

Shane crams Eddie's head face-first down into the bank of snow. Suffocating him. For a long time. Eddie drops the knife. Shane heaves the knife across the street.

SHANE

Next time I ask you to do something, you do it.

Shane won't let go of his head. Eddie's not moving. Mike and Eddie's brother hurry out of the truck.

Shane finally lets go. Eddie gasps for air. Shane looks Mike square in the eyes.

SHANE

Don't you ever set me up again.

Shane walks down the dark road with his back to them all.

On Mike, we:

CUT TO:

INT. GILBERT WARMING HOUSE - 6 A.M. NEXT MORNING - SATURDAY

The team in their gear sitting on the benches. An awkwardness between Shane and Mike.

Coach comes out of the office. Throws each of them 2 pieces of 2-foot rope.

COACH

Line up in a line. Tie the blade of your skate to the guy behind you. Then come on out on the ice.

GREAT SONG

Kicks in over MONTAGE.

EXT. WARMING HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

They can't even get out of the warming house. Half of them are on the ground.

EXT. GILBERT RINK - IN FRONT OF THE WARMING HOUSE

Coach draws a starting line with a crayon on the ice.

COACH

I want a full lap around the rink. One guy falls, you come back here and start all over.

They're off. Sort of. They not only can't go five feet without falling, it's a battle getting back to the starting line.

VARIOUS SHOTS

Trying, falling, learning to work together.

EXT. GILBERT RINK - AN HOUR LATER

Cocky, they're only a few yards from the finish line - they pick up some speed - and down somebody goes. Coach whistles them back to the starting line.

EXT. TACONITE QUARRY - AFTERNOON

The team stands around Coach next to a 16' cement wall that surrounds the quarry. From the dirt and sweat on their faces, they've had quite a day already.

COACH

I want every one of you over the wall and on the other side. Figure it out.

The team stands under this huge wall looking up.

LATER

Napier and the next biggest guy stand together at the bottom of the wall with their legs apart. Burtker climbs on top of them. Slezak shimmyes up them, reaching the top.

285 LB. NAPIER

Stands there looking up at them straddling the top of the wall. Whoops...

MOMENTS LATER

They try again. Seven guys make a sturdier, thicker "trestle." Napier is the first one to climb up their human ladder. He still can't get up and over the wall. It takes all of their help to shove him over the top.

TWO GUYS

to go. Mike and another small guy this time around. One is up and over - no problem. Holding on to each other from the top of the wall, they lower a guy down reaching for Mike's arms. They grab him - and pull Mike up and over.

Coach is impressed...

EXT. GILBERT RINK - LATE AFTERNOON

Five at a time, they awkwardly bring the puck down the ice - blindfolded. The "puck" is a buzzing "cooking timer" in heavily wrapped hockey tape.

COACH

Everybody touches the puck before you shoot... Feel your teammates, sense them across the ice...

VARIOUS CUTS

showing their improvement. We see Shane gaining respect for his teammates. Discovering the reward in trusting others.

INT. GILBERT WARMING HOUSE - LATE THAT NIGHT

They're all in a circle around the warmth and light of the brick fireplace.

ZARMBINSKI

Come on, Coach, you gotta let us eat something. We're starving.

COACH

Eat some water. Have all you want.

Coach throws Slezak a hockey mitt.

COACH

I want each one of you to tell us something you've never told anybody before. And it'll never leave this room. Slezak, you start.

INT. GILBERT WARMING HOUSE - AN HOUR LATER

The glove's been passed to a number of guys. There's not a sound other than the crackle from the fireplace.

ZEJDLIK

... I had a twin brother that died when I was born. Because it took so long getting me out. That's why my middle name is Thomas. That was gonna be my brother's name. Sometimes I wonder what it would be like to have a brother, somebody to play hockey with, share a room. Somebody to push me, somebody for me to push...

He throws it to Mike. Mike looks reluctant to share this.

MIKE

You know how, you know, it feels great when you rub your feet after wearing your skates all day, but it's nothing like when somebody else does it. Well, Dexter, you know, my dog, he loves to, you know, lick my damn feet. And it's awesome. And so sometimes I stick my foot under the kitchen faucet and then I stick it in the, you know, the big gallon tub of sugar we got, and I let him lick it off, and he goes nuts for like an hour.

They can't believe this is what he shared with the group.

COACH

You stuck your foot, after playing hockey, you stuck your dirty, smelly foot in the sugar container, and then you had your mother and me eat out of that thing?

MIKE

Stays in the room...

The guys love it. Coach is disgusted. After a moment, Mike throws it to Shane.

SHANE

I don't have one. I just can't think of one.

Shane passes it to the next guy.

EXT. BASE OF THE QUARRY - CRACK OF DAWN

A freezing Coach stands at the base of a nine-story trestled conveyor belt that hauls the ore from the base of the quarry to the very top. It's enormous.

A line of Coach's eleven soldiers is a third of the way up this torturous wooden-trestled beast. The moving "belt" on the escalator has been "reversed" - making it absolute torture to climb. Shane pushes Napier's ass to keep going.

LONG SHOT

As warm air smokes out of their lungs, they look like a train slowly grinding up to the top of a mountain.

INT. GILBERT WARMING HOUSE OFFICE - THAT EVENING

Coach takes a rope, wrapping it around all eleven of them. They stand there like a bale of hay. They're dirty, hungry, drained - and, man, do they stink.

COACH

I want you all to inhale big and deep,  
suckin' in each other's disgusting breath  
and stench. I want you to memorize that  
smell for the rest of your lives.

INT. COACH'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

A modest, lived-in brick home. They feast on Mrs. Radacovich's famous "Sloppy Joes."

Coach shows his 8-millimeter film of the boys playing hockey on the crappy Gilbert Rink in fifth grade - they laugh it up spotting themselves in Coach's treasured footage.

CUT TO:

INT. U. OF MINNESOTA METRODOME - MINNEAPOLIS - NIGHT

There they are in all their majesty, THE CHICAGO BLACK HAWKS. They don't have to be playing to tell you how great they are. They gracefully, powerfully parade around the perimeters warming up. There's an economy of motion. Compact.

Shane and Mike study their heroes from their fifth-row seats. They're spitting-distance from the Hawk's bench.

MIKE'S POV

of a guy walking down the aisle. It's Asst. Coach Mike Mc Clure, the Black Hawk scout.

MIKE  
 (excited)  
 Go say hello...

Mike tries to push him out of his seat...

SHANE  
 Should I?

As Shane starts to get up, Mc Clure greets BOBBY VARNO, the star from University of Minnesota -- waiting by the door to the Black Hawk bench. Varno is tall, built like a rock, chiseled jaw, confident. Mc Clure proudly introduces him to the Head Black Hawk's Coach.

On Shane's reaction, we:

CUT TO:

INT. KELLY HOME - EVENING

A nervous-wreck Peggy paces the living room. Thinking. Steps up to the phone. Dials a few numbers. She hangs up.

Listening from the kitchen, a frustrated Shane and Andie come around the corner.

SHANE  
 Oh, Jesus.

ANDIE  
 God, I hope I'm not this pathetic when I'm your age. It's just a dance.

PEGGY  
 (annoyed)  
 Okay, I'll do it. I'll do it. If you just quit bugging me, and get out of here, I'll do it. You're both bugging me.

ANDIE  
 That's what you said an hour ago.

Shane takes Andie back to the kitchen. More pacing for poor Peggy in the living room. She calls to Shane in the kitchen.

PEGGY  
 Okay, now what do I say again?

ANDIE  
 Holy shit.

SHANE  
 (scolding)  
 It's not "holy shit," Andie.

(then, repeating to Peggy)  
 You say, "Mike, hi, this is Peggy  
 Kelly..."

ANDIE  
 The Dateless Psycho.

SHANE  
 And then he says something, and then you  
 say, "Would you like to go to the King of  
 Hearts Dance with me?" And he's gonna  
 say yes, and then you say, "Well, that  
 sounds great, we'll talk over the details  
 another time." And you hang up the damn  
 phone.

PEGGY  
 What if he says no. That's what he's  
 gonna say. Then what do I say?

ANDIE  
 Scream in his ear as loud as you can and  
 hang up.

PEGGY  
 Okayokayokayokay. Just leave me alone  
 and I'll do it.

Shane and Andie look around the corner at her.

PEGGY  
 If you keep looking in here I am not  
 going to do it.

Enough's enough. Shane walks into the living room. Grabs the phone.

PEGGY  
 (panicked)  
 What are you doing?

Shane dials.

PEGGY  
 Don't you dare, Shane, I mean it.

SHANE  
 (into phone)  
 Mike. Here's my sister. She's got  
 something to ask you.

He holds out the phone for Peggy. Peggy backs away. It would be  
 impossible for a person to be any redder. Nice look from Peggy to  
 Shane.

PEGGY  
 (whispering)  
 I'm not talking to him.

Shane whispers to her, holding his hand over the receiver.

SHANE

You gotta say something now.

She shakes her head viciously.

SHANE

(into phone)

Mike, we've been standing here waiting  
for her to call you to ask you to the...

Hysterical, she snaps the phone from his hand.

PEGGY

(trying to sound normal)

Hi, Mike. This is Peggy Kelly. Shane  
was just kidding, but I was going to call  
you to see if you might be interested in  
attending the King of Hearts Dance with  
me.

She's listening.

PEGGY

Hello? Hello?

She looks at a smiling Shane with his finger on the button. She  
slams the phone down.

PEGGY

You are such an asshole.

Shane and Andie laugh their butts off. Andie falls on the floor.  
Relieved, Peggy half-laughs, half-cries...

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

Over a pumped song:

HINSDALE ARENA - NCAA SECOND ROUND - OHIO STATE VS. GILBERT

The Gilbert Team roars out on the ice -- imitating their formation  
when the rope was tied to their skates -- gliding in unison...

SECOND PERIOD ACTION

Their "blindfold drill" pays off; they feel each other nearby -  
passing without looking. Shane is still in his own world.

CHICAGO BLACK HAWK ORGANIZATION - MC CLURE'S OFFICE

Scout Mc Clure fills in the winning teams on a huge chart of 512  
colleges in his office. 128 teams left... He's surprised seeing  
Gilbert knocked off Ohio State...

## THE BACK OF THE QUARRY - SUNSET

In front of a crimson sun melting into the cold earth, Shane pushes his wobbling legs up a huge "dune" of pellet ore tailings.

## THE TACONITE PLANT

Coach Radacovich heads home from work. The guys at the plant cheer him on...

## HINSDALE ARENA - NCAA THIRD ROUND - MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY

A MARQUETTE OX slams into our goalie, Napier. Shane drops his gloves and goes after the guy. They're both thrown out. Coach is furious at Shane.

## GILBERT BARBER SHOP

An old regular proudly reads the Gilbert paper. Headlines - "KELLY KO'S MARQUETTE."

## INT. TOM'S REAL ESTATE OFFICE - ST. CLOUD

A realtor shows Tom a picture of Shane on the front page of St. Cloud's sports section -- Tom seems indifferent.

## CHICAGO BLACK HAWK ORGANIZATION - MC CLURE'S OFFICE

A surprised Mc Clure moves Gilbert along on the chart. 64 teams to go...

## GILBERT COLLEGE OF MINING - LARGE CLASSROOM

Mining lecture. Shane struggles to stay awake.

## EXT. GILBERT RINK - TEAM PRACTICE

Even the birds aren't up this early. Torturous stamina drill of skating/falling on the ice -- over and over again.

## EXT. LAKE HINSDALE RINK - LATE AT NIGHT - AFTER HOURS

Shane has dragged the wooden warming house benches out on the empty rink; he's stacked two on top of each other - lined up like "hurdles." Over and over he jumps, back and forth. Shane's legs are rubber - he misses a hurdle, crashing his chin into the ice. Bloodied, he relentlessly goes at it again.

Tom, in his Lincoln Continental, watches from a distance. Headlights from a passing truck sweep across Tom's car. Shane looks up and sees his Dad as he drives away.

## FIFTH ROUND - GILBERT VS. INDIANA WOLVERINES

Gilbert is holding their own -- but Coach pulls hotheaded Shane out. As Shane stewes on the bench, an Indiana fan heckles him. Shane explodes into the stands after the guy -- Coach does everything he can to pull him back.

## CHICAGO BLACK HAWK ORGANIZATION - MC CLURE'S OFFICE

Mc Clure is stunned to read Gilbert won again. He fills in Gilbert's name into the Sectional Finals -- 8 teams left in the country.

CUT TO:

## INT. KELLY KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Shane grabs the envelope stuffed with money from the bowl on the counter.

## INT. PEGGY/ANDIE'S ROOM

Shane pulls a couple of old, frumpy dresses from Peggy's closet.

## INT. LIVING ROOM

Peggy comes home from school. She starts to take off her winter boots. Shane walks down the stairs carrying the worn dresses.

SHANE

Leave 'em on.

PEGGY

(seeing her dresses)

What's that?

SHANE

The old you. Let's go.

Out the door he goes - she follows...

CUT TO:

## INT. NICE DEPARTMENT STORE - THAT AFTERNOON

Shane talks to a dressing room door in the woman's section of the store.

PEGGY (VO)

I'm not coming out.

SHANE

You got five seconds to get out of there,  
and then I'm gonna rip the door down.

He sees some woman watching and listening.

SHANE

Fine. Five, four, three, two...

Peggy steps out in a feminine, thinning, attractive dress. Pitch red.

SHANE

(whistling, carrying on)

Yes. Yes. What a fox.

He dances around her making the sounds of a crowd - like he just scored a goal. Embarrassed, she covers his smiling mouth.

CUT TO.

IT'S AMAZINGLY QUIET OVER THE FOLLOWING SHOTS:

GILBERT SIDE STREETS - NIGHT

Narrow, cold, and empty. Rusty cars line the curbs.

A GILBERT DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

A nameless 10 year-old kid with a "Gilbert College of Mining" jacket shovels his driveway as fast as he can. He wears an earplug with a cheesy Walkman in his pocket.

Note: Gilbert College's radio announcer continues over the following moments shouting the opening minutes of the game.

GILBERT ANNOUNCER (VO)

... I don't know who I'm talking to out there because everybody I know that's living in, or ever lived in Gilbert is right here in this building...

The kid finishes shoveling. Throws his hockey skates over his shoulders - takes off running down the side street.

EXT. GILBERT MOVIE HOUSE

The look of this little-old cold, local theater says a lot about the size, income and social life of Gilbert, Minnesota. The marquee reads: "CLOSED FOR THE GAME. GOOD LUCK GILBERT!"

EXT. GILBERT ORTHODOX CHURCH

It's old. The lit sign reads, "SUNDAY'S SERMON: GOD CAN WORK MIRACLES. PRAY FOR OUR GILBERT DEVILS!"

THAT KID

quickly tying up his skates on the bank of Gilbert Creek next to a road. Takes off down the river. He listens through his earplug.

EXT. GILBERT TACONITE COMPANY

Huge nightlights surround this enormous, open mining quarry. Large orange trucks and machines look like tinker-toys mining through the night. The game bellows out speakers -- echoing off the walls of the stripped quarry.

INT. SMALL TOWN BAR

A handful of old crusty regulars listen to the radio.

THE KID

flying down the winding, empty creek. We HEAR only the sound of his skates scraping the smooth bed of ice.

GILBERT ANNOUNCER (VO)

... Eight teams left in the whole damn country, and we're one of 'em. Tonight we're battling the monster, the University of Michigan, enrollment 27,000. How 'bout that, that's nine times the size of our whole damn town...

HINSDALE WATER TOWER

Large banner reads: "IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM, JOIN 'EM. GO GILBERT!"

LONG SHOT OF THE KID

zipping down the river in Hinsdale territory. Large rustic homes line the creek.

EXT. LAKE HINSDALE RINK

The snow trickles through lights, giving the lake/rink a soft glow in the night. It's empty.

INT. WARMING HOUSE

A county worker (with the game on the radio) stares at an old couple romantically skate/dancing in the solitude to a TENDER OLD SONG.

STRONG MUSIC

Kicks in.

THE KID

running in his shoes through the snow toward the awesome arena. His skates bounce over his shoulder. He hears the ROAR OF THE CROWD in the majestic Hinsdale Hockey Dome straight in front of him...

WE BLAST INTO.

EXT. HINSDALE HOCKEY DOME - MOMENTS LATER

Marquee READS:

NCAA SECTIONAL FINALS - FIFTH ROUND

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN VS. GILBERT COLLEGE OF MINING

INT. HINSDALE HOCKEY DOME

Folks are absolutely nuts. A stuffed arena of 6,500 crammed students and adults echoing off the walls.

THE SCOREBOARD

it's miraculously tied at 4-4. Two minutes to go.

THE PURE SIZE

of Grand Rapids players puts them in another league from Gilbert.

SHANE KELLY

jumps over the penalty box and onto the ice.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

... Well there's a train-wreck ready to happen. What's Coach thinking putting Kelly in there with Bradley? He's been taunting Shane all night. It's already cost Kelly two trips to the penalty box...

THE GILBERT TEAM

smaller in size and number, combats the enemy with tenacity and endurance. Gilbert digs out a loose puck - they shovel it off to Shane. He still doesn't believe a lot in "passing."

SHANE

plows through, around, and over the mighty Grand Rapids line.

HE MERCILESSLY COCKS

and rifles the puck through the net.

PANDEMONIUM

with thirty seconds left.

FACE OFF

at center ice. Shane against Bradley, some big pretty-boy Grand Rapids Swede.

SHANE

You'll never take me out again.

BRADLEY

You're not worth talking to, you small-time piece of shit.

BRADLEY

wins the face-off. Grand Rapid heads down to tie the game.

THE GILBERT GOALIE

barely blocks the shot. Feeds to Shane behind the net.

BRADLEY

cold-cocks and bashes Shane into the boards. Shane buries the puck against the wall -- eating up the clock.

THE GRAND RAPIDS PLAYERS

converge on Shane trying to dig it out. Shane looks up at Bradley, who's screaming right in his face.

BRADLEY

Get him out of there! Get him out!

SHANE

Backed into the corner, suffocated by the Grand Rapids players.

WE BLAST INTO:

A HORRIFYING TWO-SECOND FLASHBACK

of 2nd-grade Peggy clutching Andie at the top of burning basement steps in the horrific fire. As Peggy visually screams the words - we hear Bradley's voice...

PEGGY/BRADLEY

Get him out!

SMASH BACK TO:

SHANE

plows out of the pack somehow with the puck.

Two chances he's passing off. He's gonna run out the clock all by himself - he's got the whole Grand Rapids team after him. It's like chasing a dog; the second you get near him, he slides away. In this moment, you truly see how talented Shane is.

THE PLACE ERUPTS

As the final buzzer goes off.

SHANE

Beelines for Bradley in the corner. Crosschecks Bradley headfirst into the boards.

THEY BOTH COME UP SWINGING

The benches are cleared. Players are slugging. Fans are slugging.

A much bigger Bradley grabs Shane by the jersey and ramrods him into the wall. Shane collapses in a ball on the ice.

Shane gets up. Grabs Bradley skating away - and viciously slams Bradley's head into the ice. Again and again. Shane won't stop.

PEGGY AND ANDIE

watch from the stands.

THE REFEREES, COACH

and some fathers try to pull a strong Shane off.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE HINSDALE ICE SKATING RINK - 11:45 THAT NIGHT

Shane, standing alone on the ice - putting the rink to bed. He waters it down with a large hose connected to a fire hydrant. A full moon glistens the water splashing and spreading across the smooth bed of ice.

He stares at the lake. God, is it cold. And quiet. And lonely.

DISSOLVE TO:

SMALL, FROZEN MICHIGAN LAKE - WINTER - 8 YRS EARLIER

An orange-pink sun melts in the iced earth behind his Dad - who's playing with the three kids. A gentle, loving father. He's teaching meaty seven year-old Peggy to skate. Not an athletic bone in this kid's body. Wobbling around on freezing skates on a freezing lake in the freezing winter isn't young Peggy's idea of a good time.

OFF BY HERSELF

five-year-old Andie. What a pistol. She's fishing. Sort of. She kneels on the ice next to a little hole the size of a golf cup. Pulls some Cheerios out of her coat, letting them float on the water. She yells as she shoves her hand down the hole like a polar bear hunting for salmon. A couple trophies flop around next to the hole.

10 YR-OLD SHANE

in brown beat-up skates, U. of Minnesota jacket. Pours straight at sister Peggy with a big shit-eating grin. A natural. He's picking up speed...

PEGGY

(in horror)

Dad...

Shane's gonna plow right into her and knock her on her big ass. Peggy frantically backpedals. Too bad she hasn't learned to do that yet. Down she goes.

Shane slams on his brakes - kicking up an explosion of ice in her face. The proud warrior stands over her.

PEGGY

(furious)

I hate you.

SHANE

(smiling at Dad)

Good.

He bolts away looking for another battle. Dad can't help but grin as he helps her up -- watching his spitting image roar across the ice.

Dad, in fun, chases after him - man, can Tom skate. Tom catches up, grabs on to Shane's belt - and Shane pulls him along till they fall on top of each other in a pile on the ice. Two buddies laughing it up.

EXT. THEIR HOUSE AND GARAGE - MINUTES LATER

A small, woodsy family home next to other homes just off this lake. A snow-packed dirt road connects the houses.

Shane wipes off his skates just outside the garage door - listening and watching through the crack in the garage door.

DAD (VO)

Your brother...

PEGGY (VO)

... Is a jerk.

Dad cleans some frozen gunk off the underside of his spotless four-door Dodge Celebrity. He opens the passenger door, sitting Peggy in the seat to keep her warm. He kneels down on the cement floor, wiping her eyes.

DAD (VO)

... is very special. Always will be.  
He's got it. Big things are in store for him.

PEGGY (VO)

So.

DAD

(endearingly)

Shane is Shane. I know, because I was just like him. Loud, fast, a pain in the ass.

She thinks its sort of funny hearing Dad call himself a "pain in the ass."

DAD

But the older you get, the more that brother of yours is gonna need you.

He tips up her chin...

DAD

I can't get you to hold your head up when people talk to you...

She smiles...

DAD

... but you're strong. Stronger than him. Do you know that?

PEGGY

No.

DAD

You're an oak tree. You watch over the other trees in the forest.

She sort of snickers...

DAD

What?

PEGGY

That's terrific. Shane is special with big things in store - and I'm a tree.

DAD

You know what I mean.

Shane listening, looking through the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GILBERT COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL - THE NEXT EVENING

We've come in on the tail end of a very heated Gilbert College Board of Trustees Meeting.

At a head table are the EIGHT MEMBERS of the Board of Trustees. The University President presides over the Board.

In the first row of chairs is Coach Radacovich, and behind him are a few hundred emotional, opinionated townspeople.

Two Trustees are going at it -- The Athletic Director and an incensed Trustee, ANDREA CRANE.

ANDREA CRANE

(waving a manila folder)

... There is no gray area, these are the facts. A young man is lying in a Neuro-Intensive Care Unit in a Michigan Hospital with a skull fracture because he was assaulted at a College sanctioned activity -- and his parents demand action. And it is our responsibility to do something about it.

A MOTHER stands up yelling out from the crowd...

MOTHER

(furious)

... School sports is a privilege; not a right!

ATHLETIC DIRECTOR

Andrea, we are in the Final Four of the National Championships - four teams in the whole country. Do you know the last time Gilbert College of Mining made it to the Final Four? Never. That's when. This tournament is good for the school, it's good for Gilbert - it's good for the damn state. And what you don't seem to understand, Andrea, is that this kid is the team. If he's off - it's over, no more tournament. And then we can wait around another couple hundred years for this kind of thing to happen to this town.

Everyone voices opinions - the principal tries to regain order. Another Board member speaks ups.

ANNE JENSEN

Nobody's questioning the importance of hockey in this town. We're saying enough's enough. He was suspended freshman year for fighting, sophomore year for not making his grades, junior year - correct me if I'm wrong, Coach - he went after some father in the stands? This is the example we're putting out there? Besides his run-ins with the law?

Coach jumps from his chair.

COACH

Oh, come on, Anne, how many times have we been over this? He's had a few driving tickets.

An enraged mother with an infant in her arms blurts out from the back.

MOTHER

Going 115 down Gilbert Creek Road is not just a driving ticket!

The audience erupts. It's pretty clear Shane will be kicked off the team. The University President demands order.

PRESIDENT

We're taking a 15 minute recess, and then we're gonna vote on this thing.

He bangs the gavel.

CUT TO:

INT. KELLY HOUSE - DINING ROOM TABLE - CONTINUOUS

A used "BIRTHDAY BOY" banner drapes on the wall over the rarely used dining room table. It's cheaply, but festively dressed. Shane, Peggy and Andie are finishing a chipped-beef-on-toast dinner - wearing goofy hats.

Andie disgustingly spits up a big mouthful of the chip beef back on her plate. She makes an exaggerated barfing sound.

PEGGY

You are a pig, Andie. You are an absolute pig.

ANDIE

How can you two eat this crap?

SHANE

It's not crap, it's good food. And you can have what you want on your birthday. And we don't use that word at the table.

ANDIE

I'd rather slug down canned shit than wade through this.

SHANE

You know, you say stuff like that just to shock me, and no matter what you say, I've heard it, so you just sound like a jerk when you do that.

PEGGY

(to Shane)

Do you think they made the decision yet?

SHANE

Let's stick to my birthday.

Shane grabs his pile of gifts.

SHANE

(excited)

What'ya get me?

ANDIE

I want to do mine first.

SHANE

Let me do Mom's first...

Shane excitedly undoes a nicely-wrapped gift next to his place on the table. Holds up a sweater.

SHANE

It's perfect.

PEGGY

("You hate wool.")

It's wool.

ANDIE

(he hates turtlenecks)

It's a turtleneck.

SHANE

("You're ruining the moment")

Andie, shut up...

PEGGY

Read the card...

SHANE

(reading)

My dearest Shane...

We watch his eyes water as he slowly reads this handwritten note to himself...

ANDIE

Oh, God, there he goes again...

He carefully sets the card in the box. Shane wipes his eyes.

SHANE

(to Andie)

Okay, okay. Something you made, or something you found?

ANDIE

Something I found.

She gives it to him. A little brightly colored box. Excitedly opens it. It's a flat rock with a "crab" design hand-painted on.

SHANE

I love it. What is it?

ANDIE

It's a paperweight.

SHANE

Why does it have a crab on it?

ANDIE

(rolling her eyes)

That's your sign.

SHANE

Now that is an awesome gift.

He gives her a hard kiss on the forehead.

PEGGY

Mine is something I made. It's a poem.

They all listen.

PEGGY

You gotta kind of sing "Yesterday" when you do it...

(then)

I mean, it's no big deal or anything.

SHANE/ANDIE

Just do it...

PEGGY

(to Andie)

You're gonna help sing on the chorus, right?

Pretending that she's annoyed, Andie nods.

SHANE

Jesus.

Peggy nervously and endearingly sings to the melody of "YESTERDAY."

PEGGY

(turning very red)

Shane Kelly...

You're the best bro-ther I've ever seen...

And I hope that all your dreams come true...

'Cause I believe in... Shane Kelly

(Andie joins in)

You have...

Given me so much hope... For I belie-e-  
eve in Shane Kelly.

Peggy is as red as a beet. Shane tries to hide his emotions. He stands to give her a big hug.

SHANE

That's the greatest gift I've ever got...

They're all trying to hold it in, including Andie.

ANDIE

You're such a wuss.

INTERCUT TO:

DAD'S BEDROOM UPSTAIRS - DAD

pacing on a cordless phone -- hurrying to tie his silk tie.

DAD..

... No, what I'm saying, Sharon, is that we have to keep our business and our personal relationship separate. And I told you in confidence I'm juggling a lot of plates right now - the Zelnick Construction deal, the three kids, some financial problems, and everything else. And you start lecturing me about Zelnick's account being important, like I don't know that?

DINING ROOM

Shane sits alone in the dark. Peggy sweetly sticks her head out of the swinging kitchen door.

PEGGY (VO)

Ready?

SHANE

I was born ready.

Andie and Peggy proudly march in carrying in their cake. There's a hockey player "drawn" on the cake wearing #77.

PEGGY/ANDIE

(singing)

Happy birthday to you,  
Happy birthday to you...

DAD

hurries down the stairs -- joining in for the end of the song...

Shane inconspicuously hides Mom's sweater on the seat next to him.

They all clap as the song ends. Shane blows out the candles with a huge gust of wind and God knows what else.

ANDIE

Why don't you just throw up on the cake.  
Jesus.

Dad rubs Shane's head and half-sits down grabbing some cake.

DAD

Happy birthday, kiddo. Sorry I gotta run. I got something great coming tomorrow, absolutely, with your name on it.

ANDIE

Wow. Maybe it's last year's birthday present. That's still coming, too, right?

Peggy hates any tension in the family.

DAD

(to Andie)

You know, you are like a broken record.

SHANE

Dad, I don't need a thing.

(pulling out a sheet of paper)

Before you go, I've gotta go over the bill stuff with you.

DAD

I gotta get out the door to this dinner meeting...

Peggy and Andie grab some plates and head to the kitchen. Shane points to items on a sheet showing Dad the breakdowns.

SHANE

This is the for-sure stuff, and this we really need.

DAD

Jesus Christ. Forty-one hundred bucks?  
For what?

SHANE

The regular stuff, and the mortgage, car insurance...

DAD

... Braces? Who needs braces?

SHANE

Andie does.

DAD

What's wrong with Andie's teeth?

SHANE

The guy said she needs 'em.

DAD

Just because "the guy said" she needs them doesn't mean she needs them.

SHANE

She needs them.

ANDIE

(from the kitchen)

I don't need 'em.

Dad writes out a check.

DAD

Here's two. We'll deal with the rest next time.

Dad heads to the front door.

SHANE

(frustrated)

Dad, we can't wait till next time, these things are gonna bounce.

THE DOORBELL RINGS

Dad opens it. Coach Bud Radacovich in a big hurry.

COACH

Tom, am I glad I caught you home.

The kids all listen.

DAD

(coldly)

I was just heading out.

Dad lets him in the door. Doesn't ask him to sit down.

COACH

We got a problem.

DAD

What's that?

COACH

(sensing the kids)

Can we talk in -- private for a second?

DAD

I'm really racing to get to this meeting.

COACH

Tom, the Board of Trustees is five minutes away from kicking Shane off the team for what happened.

DAD

What happened?

COACH

At the game.

DAD

What game?

God, is this uncomfortable. The kids really hate this.

COACH

Last night. Shane got in a fight and gave a Michigan kid a concussion. And in five minutes they're gonna kick him off the team, so I came to find you to hurry down there.

DAD

And why's that?

COACH

To stand up for your son. To defend him.

Shane can't listen anymore. He walks out the back kitchen door - still listening.

DAD

What's there to defend? He either did it or he didn't.

COACH

It's not about if he did it, Tom. He did it. Everybody saw him do it.

Coach looks for a reaction. Nothing.

COACH

You're saying you're not coming.

DAD

I'm saying I've got a very important meeting I'm now late to, and I'm saying one of these days Shane is gonna learn there's a price to pay in life for your actions... That's what I'm saying, Bud.

Radacovich stares at him - and heads out the door.

INTERCUT

Peggy and Andie in the kitchen. Shane listening outside.

EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE

Coach turns back around, standing on the small front lawn.

COACH

There's no doubt in my mind what's  
destroying your kid. You. You selfish,  
unhappy bastard.

Dad steps out on the porch.

DAD

Who are you, telling me? Some "miner?"  
Some nobody hockey coach?

Coach turns around on fire.

COACH

Let's get something real straight. I'm  
not a miner, I'm not a hockey coach. I'm  
a father. And a husband. That's who I  
am. I'm a miner and a coach so I can be  
a better father. Who are you, Tom? A  
guy whose car is worth more than his  
house?

DAD

Get the hell off my property!

He slams the door shut. No one wants to be in the house right now.

INTERCUT

Shane. Peggy and Andie afraid to make even a sound in the kitchen.

Dad paces the living room.

DAD

I'm working my ass off trying to make a  
buck around here to pay for all this  
shit, and school, and food, and I need  
this?

Dad kicks the living crap out of the telephone table. Peggy flinches  
as though she's been hit.

DAD

"I don't make enough money, I don't go to  
every single stinking hockey game, I  
don't remember his birthday," well excuse  
the hell out of me - I have a life, too.  
I gave up my life for him and this  
family. But that's not enough for  
anybody around here, is it?

CUT TO:

INT. GILBERT LIBRARY - MINUTES LATER

Coach at the podium in front of the hostile crowd.

COACH

... I'm sorry his father wasn't home, and I'm just saying -- why don't we let things settle a few days and then take a vote.

A majority of yells saying, "Enough's enough," "It's time to vote," etc.

PEGGY

enters from the back of the room. Coach spots her.

All heads turn around to her. She walks through the crowd to the front. You can't imagine how hard this is for this shy girl. She stands alone in front of the room.

PEGGY

I know you wanted his Mother or Father to come down here... but he doesn't have a Mother around. I wash his clothes, I fix him dinner... So that's why I'm here.

COACH

(warmly)

Go ahead, Peggy.

PEGGY

(breaking down)

You just don't know Shane. My brother would do anything for anybody. Anything. Ask his friends. My brother is the best brother I could ever have. You're gonna kill him if you do this, and I can't let you do that.

(then)

Please give him one more chance, and I promise I'll make sure nothing happens.

She stands there. Coach comes over, and Peggy helplessly weeps in his arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACK OF GILBERT RINK - VERY EARLY NEXT MORNING

CLOSE UP of a couple dozen beat-up hockey pucks on the ice.

A HOCKEY STICK

grabs one - and pulls it aggressively around the ice like an angry shark yanked by a line. The puck blasts into a worn hockey net.

WE PULL BACK

revealing we're at Gilbert Rink very early the next morning. Nobody's around. We're in the far back corner of the rink where the nets are always set up.

Shane, drenched in sweat, spans the pucks, one-by-one, from various angles into the net twenty yards away.

A CAR ON A GRAVEL ROAD

drives by and stops. Coach Radacovich watches Shane from the car. The harsh wrinkles under Coach's eyes are like the rings around an old, strong, weathered tree.

Coach walks across the road towards Shane. Shane sees him - pounding some more into the net.

Coach walks up just inches from the side of the net. Shane continues to blast away.

COACH

One more screw up, one more fight, and you're out, cut and dry. The only reason they let you get away with probation is because of what Peggy did.

On every shot Shane winds up on, we think Coach is going to get hit.

COACH

Here's the bottom line whether you like it or not. You're a senior on a hockey scholarship with shit for grades and no money. This summer you'll start banging a spike into the Taconite quarries for the rest of your life. You'll be hangin' around this park till you're dead bragging about your hockey records - and nobody, I promise you, is gonna give a rat's ass about some miner who blew his shot at Gilbert College.

A puck cracks off Shane's stick...

COACH

Or -- you lead this team to a National Championship. No school our size has ever done it. Ever. And every pro scout and team in this country will be kissing your butt.

Another shot spans into the net.

COACH

Your enemy isn't on a rink, Shane. It's between your ears.

(then)

These next two games aren't just games, Kelly. They're you're future.

Coach looks at Shane. Gets nothing back. Coach starts to walk away. He turns back around.

COACH

I'm gonna tell you something nobody knows. Mike doesn't know. Between you and me.

You think this town is backward now? When I got here it was the goddamn Dark Ages. Everybody in this town had shown up on a boat. When I was your age, a girl I was seeing, 17, I got her pregnant. You didn't get pregnant if you weren't married. If you did, you were a whore, your whole family were whores. Forever. You know what she did? She jumped off a cliff. No one ever found out why.

At the factory, I took the worst jobs, the worst shifts I could - you know why? To punish myself. Before I could scratch my ass, I was 33 and locked up for life...

(pointing)

in that factory.

And one of my best friends, who worked right next to me on my shift, knocked on my door the middle of one night on his way out of town. His fiancé just told him she was pregnant. I never saw him again. I married her. Eight months later she had a son.

Every day I thank God for letting me save that woman and that child. Because it saved me.

(then)

I know what you did. I've known since you were a kid. I called back there, and found out.

I'm not gonna tell you how you were 10, how it does nobody any good for you to throw your life down the drain.

Because you gotta figure it out  
yourself.

But I pray every night, every night,  
that God gives you what he gave me.

Coach walks away toward his car. Shane blasts one - and misses for  
the first time. Right where Coach was standing.

CUT TO:

INT. KELLY HOME - PEGGY'S/ANDIE'S ROOM - LATE THAT NIGHT

WE PAN around the room. On the wall above Andie's top bunk;  
posters of "Korn" and "Limp Bizkit." Over Peggy's desk; a signed  
picture of the cat on "Sabrina, the Teenage Witch." Andie is  
sound asleep on the top of the bunk beds.

PEGGY  
(whispering)  
You up?

ANDIE  
Now I am. Please tell me this isn't  
about the archway.

PEGGY  
I was just thinking, if they go in  
alphabetical order, with "Radacovich," we  
go third.

ANDIE  
Jesus.

PEGGY  
I don't know. Do you think they'll do it  
in alphabetical order?

ANDIE  
I don't know, Peggy. But that's a really  
interesting thing to think about.

After a moment.

PEGGY  
Maybe they'll do the archway thing  
different this year.

ANDIE  
They do it the same every year. It's a  
tradition.

(going over it again)  
One by one, the nominees march under the  
arch and everybody's screaming, "Take her  
down, take her down." And then the guy  
grabs his date and shoves her on the  
ground, and lays on her and makes out

with her. And the longer and grosser he does it up there, the more they go nuts in the place.

PEGGY

How do you know?

ANDIE

Everybody knows.

A moment.

ANDIE

You've never kissed anybody, have you.

PEGGY

(embarrassed)

No.

ANDIE

That is so humiliating.

PEGGY

Like you have.

ANDIE

("Don't insult me")

Like I have... And then some.

PEGGY

That is a lie, Andie.

ANDIE

You think I made up that stuff about Tommy Morsh?

PEGGY

You better have made up that stuff about Tommy Morsh.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

HOUSE. Peggy blending a "slim-fast" shake for breakfast.

GILBERT COLLEGE STUDENT UNION. Between classes, Peggy looks at the pictures of the "Valentine Ball" nominees behind the glass casing. There is her date, Mike. God, is she proud. People walk by. She pretends as if she wasn't looking.

GILBERT COLLEGE BASKETBALL GYMNASIUM. Peggy looks in as the "Student Union" students prepare the auditorium for the dance.

GILBERT COLLEGE STUDENT UNION. Mike looking at his picture in the glass casing. Looks around to see no one's looking. Pulls out a camera. Takes a quick picture.

PEGGY/ANDIE'S BEDROOM. Peggy "practices" some modern dance steps with Andie. It's not a pretty picture.

COACH'S MODEST CLOSET. Mike struggling to choose between one of Dad's ties.

INT. KELLY LIVING ROOM - LITTLE LATER

Shane and Andie stand at the base of the stairway. Calling Peggy.

SHANE

Come on, we're not gonna stand here forever. Let's see you do it.

After a moment, a beet red Peggy strolls down the stairs in her dress, trying to suppress her nervous tension.

Andie hums the theme to "Gone With the Wind." Shane cheers Peggy on. Peggy's composure snaps half way down the stairs.

PEGGY

I can't do this. I can't even walk in these things.

SHANE

Peggy, you've never looked better.

Shane checks the clock, and dials the phone.

SHANE

(into the phone)

Mike... What are you waiting for, buddy?  
Get over here... What?

(really disappointed)

No, don't say that...

Peggy walks over to hear.

SHANE

... I don't care who asked you at the last minute, Mike, you can't do that to Peggy. She's really been looking forward to this...

Peggy aggressively "mouths" to Shane that it's okay. She doesn't want a scene.

SHANE

... So what's Peggy supposed to do? She's standing here next to me in her dress. With her boutonniere she bought for you, you asshole...

Peggy is going out of her mind because Shane won't let it go.

SHANE

... Hey, I'm not your messenger service. You got something to say, have the guts to say it to her face.

She won't take the phone. She's much madder at Shane right now than she is at Mike. Shane just stands there holding the phone out. She won't take it. It's so uncomfortable.

She takes the phone.

PEGGY

(into phone)

Mike, it's okay, I under... Mike?...  
Hello?

She looks to Shane. He's wearing a big shit-eating grin.

SHANE

Got you again.

Andie loves it. Peggy hangs up, running after Shane in her high-heals. He rolls in a ball on the ground laughing, and she pounds on him, laughing and crying at the same time.

DING DONG

Peggy races up the stairs so she can make an entrance. Andie waits till Peggy is completely up - and then answers the door. False alarm. It's Dad.

Peggy sticks her head down from the top of the staircase.

PEGGY

Oh my God, I can't take this anymore.

DAD

(seeing Peggy)

Look at you. Don't you look snazzy. New dress?

PEGGY

Shane got it for me.

Peggy follows Dad in the kitchen as he makes his drink. She speaks softly so Shane won't hear.

PEGGY

Dad, I've got an extra ticket for you for the game tomorrow night. I know it would mean a lot to Shane, you know, if you went to the game...

DAD

We'll see, let's see how work goes...

Shane listening from the other room.

PEGGY

Dad, it's Saturday tomorrow.

DAD

We'll see, Peggy. We'll see.

He sits in his living room Lay-Z-Boy chair. Peggy, disappointed, takes a moment in the kitchen.

ANDIE

Oh, yeah. Sharon called, and was babbling about her dog or something, and said to call her as soon as you got in.

Dad knows exactly what it is.

DAD

("Women.")

Oh, God...

ANDIE

What'd' you do, Dad?

Dad dials in the kitchen. He winks to Andie and Peggy - putting the call on the speakerphone. They love it. Sharon answers.

DAD

(into speaker)

Sharon, I know, I know, I forgot to let the dog out this morning...

INTERCUT - INT. SHARON'S POSH TOWNHOUSE - DULUTH

Sharon furiously stands by the bar area. White carpet. Everything neat and tidy. Looks more like a fancy model home in a development project.

SHARON

(into phone)

... You know what I'm looking at, Tom? I'm looking at a big pile of dog shit in the middle of my living room carpet.

She sure is.

CUT BACK TO

Dad holds his nose and sticks his tongue out, like he's looking at the crap on the carpet. They're all doing their best not to howl right out loud. Peggy has Andie in a headlock holding her mouth.

SHARON (VO)

What is this - the fourth, or fifth time this has happened?

Dad holds up six fingers to the kids...

SHARON

... Just because you live in some dump, I don't. I want my keys in the morning.

It's suddenly not funny anymore. Dad takes the phone off the speaker. The kids head upstairs, still listening...

DAD

What are you talking about?

SHARON

This thing has run its course, Tom.

DAD

"This thing?" Our relationship for the last three years, is that "this thing?"

SHARON

I want my keys in the morning, Tom.

She hangs up. Dad slams the phone down. He pours himself another drink in the kitchen. The mood has sure changed.

In his living room chair he knocks down his drink, staring at the fireplace.

DAD

What a bitch.

(annoyed)

Peggy, do we got any chips or anything around here?

PEGGY

(from upstairs)

One second, Dad...

Shane comes down with an attitude - grabs some chips out of a kitchen cabinet, and throws them on the coffee table.

SHANE

Peggy's getting ready for her date.

DAD

Hey, who asked you, smart guy?

Shane gives him a look and heads to the kitchen.

DAD

(with an edge)

So how much was the dress?

Shane turns around to face him.

SHANE

I don't remember.

DAD

You don't remember? What, you just bought the dress, you didn't look to see how much it cost?

SHANE

That's exactly right.

Shane walks away into the kitchen.

MIKE KNOCKS ONCE

and comes right in, carrying Peggy's boxed boutonniere. Looks like a million bucks with a gleam in his eye.

MIKE

Hey, Mr. Kelly.

DAD

Well, aren't you all dolled up. Where you going?

MIKE

(surprised)

To the "King of Hearts Valentine Dance."  
With Peggy, to the dance.

DAD

You're taking Peggy? Well, isn't that something.

Andie sticks her head down the staircase. She's nicer to Mike than she usually is.

ANDIE

She'll be down in a minute.

Checking him out.

MIKE

(patronizingly)

Hi, Andie.

ANDIE

Hi, Mike.

(embarrassed to say it)

You look nice.

She runs back up the stairs. Mike feels pretty stupid standing around.

MIKE

Is this town nuts, or what? The Final Four, can you believe it?

DAD

Yeah, it's something.

INTERCUT - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

They listen, as Andie adjusts Peggy's dress.

MIKE

I can't believe it -- 27,000 seats, and my aunts and uncles are up in the rafters somewhere. We got cousins I never even heard of coming in from all

over the place to see this thing...  
Where are your seats?

Shane steps in from the kitchen hoping to nip this conversation in the bud.

SHANE  
(yelling up the stairs)  
Peggy, Mike's here, come on down!

Shane's back to the kitchen.

MIKE  
(to Shane)  
I didn't know you were in there.  
(to Mr. Kelly)  
I don't know what everybody's talking about more. If we're gonna win the National Championships - or if this guy's going to the pros.

DAD  
Well, I can tell you the answer to the second one is "no."

MIKE  
(confused)  
Oh, I think if we can win the thing, there's no way he's not gonna go.

DAD  
Mike, I don't care what you win - he's not going to the pros, or anywhere else.

An awkward silence. Mike doesn't understand why Shane isn't saying something from the kitchen.

MIKE  
Why? I don't...

Ignoring that Mike is even in the room, an enraged, all-dressed-up red-beet Peggy charges down the stairs.

PEGGY  
(to Dad)  
Who are you talking to, are you talking to Mike - or are you talking to Shane?

DAD  
(humored at Peggy's anger)  
I'm talking to Mike who asked me the question - that's who I'm talking to.

Andie takes it all in from the top of the stairs. Shane comes in again from the kitchen.

SHANE

We haven't won the Nationals and nobody's made me any offers, so what are we talking about this for? Drop it, and Mike, take her to the dance.

Shane exits back into the kitchen...

DAD

Drop it, is right.

Mike is awkwardly putting the corsage on Peggy's chest, while Peggy angrily tries to pin Mike's boutonniere on at the same time.

PEGGY

No, we're not gonna just drop it. Why can't Shane go to the pros?

SHANE

(from the kitchen)

Peggy, who asked you?

MIKE

Maybe I should just get Peggy and...

DAD

Maybe you two dreamers haven't noticed, but I'm shorthanded around here... I'm trying to make ends meet, and he's in never-never land. Well, this is real life, right here, okay? He's got responsibilities around here, and that's what he's gonna do. And that's the end of it!

PEGGY

It's not the end of it! Just because you say it's the end of it!

Shane furiously marches in.

SHANE

Mike, get her out of the house, now!

Mike can't budge her out the door. Mike better quit pulling her shoulder if he knows what's good for him. Dad stands up.

DAD

(to Peggy)

Hey, listen to me, smart-ass. I don't know who you think you're showing off to right now, Mike or whoever, I don't know, but I'm not gonna take a bunch of crap from somebody who doesn't know a hockey stick from a broom.

PEGGY

Oh, that has a lot to do with it.

DAD

That has everything to do with it. Shane this, Shane that, like he's the second coming of Christ right here in this town. Well he's not, and it doesn't work that way. You gotta deserve it. You gotta earn it. I deserved it. I gave 13 years of my life being on the road, in the back of a crappy bus, playing in one dump after another supporting 3 kids and a wife back at home, just to get the chance to deserve it.

PEGGY

So what you're saying is, just because you didn't make it, Shane can't either.

DAD

(yelling)

Hey, I made it, Peggy. What are you talking about "I didn't make it?" I made it. I was going to the pros. I was there. I gave it up for him. Don't tell me "I didn't make it."

PEGGY

You didn't make it! You never would have made it! And it has nothing to do with Shane!

Dad aggressively walks toward her, pointing to the door.

DAD

Get out of here, Peggy.

Peggy grabs the staircase banister near the doorway.

PEGGY

I'm not leaving till you say it!

Dad grabs her around the waist - pulling her toward the door. She won't let go of the banister.

DAD

Let go, Peggy!

She hangs on to the banister with everything she has.

PEGGY

Let go of me!

Dad aggressively jerks and yanks her by the waist - lifting her legs off the ground.

Shane listens from the kitchen. Andie hysterically yells from the top of the stairs.

ANDIE

Let go of her!

Dad DANGEROUSLY JERKS her waist with everything he has. One of the banister "poles" snaps off in her hand. She grabs on to another one.

Shane steps out from the kitchen.

SHANE

You let go of her.

Dad looks over as he continues holding her. Peggy cries, determinedly holding on.

DAD

What'd you say?

SHANE

I said let go of her.

Peggy lets go of the railing - but Dad defiantly continues to hold her.

DAD

I'm still holding her, aren't I? What are you gonna do about it, big man?

Shane walks toward him.

SHANE

Let go of her.

Dad does.

DAD

You better give me your best shot, because you won't get another.

Shane winds up and swings at him. Dad catches the punch in the air with his hand.

Dad slugs Shane with everything he's got right in the gut - lifting him off the ground. Shane doubles over.

Dad aggressively shoves Shane into the TV stand.

DAD

Not so big now, are you?

ANDIE

Leave him alone!

Dad grabs Shane's sweatshirt, yanking it up and over his head - an old hockey trick. Unable to see with his arms tied up, Dad kicks him hard in the ass, banging him dangerously through the aluminum front door.

DAD

Get the hell out of my house!

EXT. CURB - MIKE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Mike stands there with the passenger door open waiting for Peggy to get in the car. She won't get in. She's a wreck.

MIKE

... There's nothing you can do in there. Just let your Dad calm down, and let him be alone.

PEGGY

Andie's in there.

MIKE

Andie is fine. Andie and your Dad are fine. They won't be if you go back in there.

PEGGY

You don't have to take me, Mike. I know Shane just made you do it.

MIKE

Give me a little credit. He didn't make me do it.

PEGGY

Yes he did, I know he did.

MIKE

Okay, he did. So what. Now we're going, okay?

Mike sort of shoves her in the car. Peggy waits for him to get around to his side. She wishes she never called about this "date."

He gets in. Closes his door. He's freezing. Turns the key over. Nothing. Turns it over again. Deader than a doorknob. He bangs his fist into the steering wheel.

Gets out slamming the door. Kicks the car. Pacing. She gets out on her side.

MIKE

Let's just skate there. We can skate there.

PEGGY

(upset)

In this dress? I can't do that, Mike. I can't do that.

MIKE

I'll carry our shoes, nobody'll ever know - what difference does it make?

PEGGY

Because I didn't think my date was gonna ask me to skate to the dance!

She's going to burst out crying. What a good time for Mike.

EXT. BANK OF THE CREEK - A BLOCK FROM THE HOUSE - LATER

Peggy awkwardly stands there on her skates - in her beautiful dress and coat. She's afraid to step out on the ice.

PEGGY

I know I'm gonna fall.

MIKE

You're not gonna fall.

PEGGY

I'm gonna fall.

She steps on the ice. Mike helps her with her first few steps.

MIKE

There you go, there you go...

Mike skates right beside her as she wobbles about a-half-a-mile-an-hour down the creek. They should get to the dance by 5 in the morning at this rate. How could this girl possibly be related to Shane.

Oh, shit. She's going down. Mike grabs for her. She grabs on to him.

They both hit the ice. Sitting on the freezing ice, she starts crying.

PEGGY

Please, go to the dance. Just let me sit here. That's what I really want.

He gets up. Talks to her sitting there crying on the ice.

MIKE

Okay, I've got a deal. Let's skip the dance. I didn't want to go anyways. I'll just take you home.

PEGGY

(relieved)

Okay.

Picking her up...

MIKE

Let's just go out another night.

PEGGY  
 (happy it's over, laughing)  
 Yeah, sure we will...

MIKE  
 Anything's gotta be better than this.

She laughs through her tears.

PEGGY  
 You'd really go again?

MIKE  
 Yeah, why not. Only next time let's meet  
 at my house.

He helps her to start "skating," if you'd call it that, back toward the house. They both suddenly feel the weight of the evening off of their shoulders. He holds her from behind, and she's doing a little better.

MIKE  
 There you go... Keep going... keep going.

She's laughing for the first time.

The more she leans back, the more he holds her in his comforting arms. They skate right by the place where they got on the ice, pretending they didn't notice...

PEGGY  
 This feels good...  
 (catching herself)  
 I mean, this skating feels good.

They glide down the quiet river...

CUT TO:

EXT. GILBERT CREEK - A LITTLE LATER

They're both sitting against the base of a low-hanging oak tree that rainbows over the creek. God, is this beautiful. There isn't a soul or sound around. A light snow gently trickles through the red cranberry treetops hanging over the creek.

Peggy has one skate off as Mike gently massages her socked foot.

PEGGY  
 ... What do you mean, I've got it made?

MIKE  
 You're a brain, Peggy. You'll graduate with A's, and you'll get out of here. You'll be a lawyer or something, you'll marry some doctor...

PEGGY  
 Yeah, right.

("So can you")  
Same thing for you...

MIKE  
No, no way. My grades stink, we've got no bucks... I'll be working in the taconite plant Tuesday after Labor Day. Cut and dry.

A moment passes.

MIKE  
I thought you got out of college all excited about your dreams. What you're gonna be, what you're gonna do... It's funny, my Grandpa Milan, my Father, his brothers - they love to make toasts, "Know who you are," like that's great. You know what it really means? It means never forget you come from a bunch of ignorant, backwards Bohemians, and that's what you'll always be, so "know who you are." Every time they'd say it as a kid, I'd think - not me. I'm never gonna work in the quarry like the rest of them. Not me. And now I'm 22, with a magnet stuck to my head pulling me right in that place, and "I know who I am."

A quiet moment. She kneels, and puts the side of her head on the ice, listening to the creek. She hears the aggressiveness and power of the moving river below...

PEGGY  
All these years of being on this ice, and I never heard what was underneath it.

Mike takes her hand and gently sits her back into his cradling arms. In the quiet, they look out at the ice. Peggy sits up a bit.

PEGGY  
I just realized. You're not going to be there to go through the arches.

MIKE  
Oh, I don't care. The truth is, I was kind of nervous about that and all.

PEGGY  
(pretending she wasn't)  
Why?

MIKE  
You don't want to know.

PEGGY  
No, I want to know.

MIKE

It's just, you know, you go under that archway, and since we never went out, I was just a little nervous about whether you'd, you know, let me kiss you under the thing, and all that.

She's laughing...

MIKE

I know it's stupid...

PEGGY

I'm the one who was nervous. I mean, I thought...

He reaches over and kisses her. She falls into his gentle arms.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP OF THE QUARRY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Bitter cold. Shane walks dangerously across the slick and undefined rim of the quarry line, lost in thought.

IT'S NINE STORIES

to the base of the quarry. He looks straight down. The snow takes forever floating to the bottom.

Shane dangerously climbs the stairs to the top of the trestled conveyor belt.

INTERCUT TO:

EXT. LAKE HINSDALE WARMING HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Concerned, Peggy, looks around the empty, dark rink for Shane.

SHANE - TOP OF THE QUARRY CONVEYOR BELT

He throws a rock down a two-foot-wide metal "slide" that runs along the side of the wooden conveyor belt. (It slides the run-away ore back down to the base of the quarry.)

The rock bounces along the wet slide, picking up speed as it goes. It's too far below and too dark to see or hear it hit bottom.

SHANE STEPS ON THE TOP

of this monstrous, steep slide. On his face:

HE FLASHBACKS TO:

INT. KELLY'S KITCHEN - MICHIGAN - 8 YRS AGO

Shane's MOTHER watches Dad through the kitchen window as she furiously scrubs the coffee pot in the sink.

It looks like a number of wine coolers on the counter have helped her nervously rehearse this moment all afternoon. Three kids and a lot of frustration have stripped the glow from her innocent, youthful face.

Tom knows he's in trouble. She scrubs as she talks...

MOM

We were supposed to go into the city today.

DAD

(acting dumb)

The city today?

MOM

Don't pull that on me, Tom.

DAD

I'm sorry, I didn't know you really wanted to go.

MOM

Of course, I wanted to go. That's why I said this morning, "Let's go into the city today," and you said, "That sounds like a good idea."

He tries to give her a hug to disarm her and calm her down.

DAD

Well, let's go now.

She coldly pushes him away.

MOM

Don't touch me. Don't touch me.

DAD

What are you getting crazy about? It's no big deal.

Mom whispers so the kids in the basement won't hear - accentuating the anger and frustration on her face.

MOM

It is a big deal. You know what I did today? I scrubbed pots all day. That's what I did today. I'm gonna write in my diary "I scrubbed pots today." That was my great achievement for the day.

Andie opens the kitchen/basement door.

ANDIE

Shane said the "s" word four times.

DAD

(sticking his head down the doorway)

Shane, knock that shit off down there.

Dad shuts the basement door.

DAD

Well, I'm sorry I'm such a horrible father to spend a Sunday afternoon playing with my kids.

MOM

Do you hear how full of shit you are? You come home for three days, you screw around with Shane, dropping these little innuendoes in front of the kids about what a crappy job I'm doing running your family, spending your money... I don't see you! I can't live like this!

DAD

Like what, Sue?

MOM

Like this! In this dump. With you on the road, me cooped up in here with three kids, day and night, never a break. Shane driving me out of my damn mind, Mommy, this, Mommy that...

INTERCUT - THE TOP OF THE BASEMENT STAIRS

Shane and Peggy listening behind the closed door.

DAD

Well, that's your job, Sue, to take care of the kids.

MOM

Well, I don't like my job!

DAD

(trying to keep his voice down)  
Well maybe you should have thought of that ten years ago.

MOM

Maybe I didn't expect to be doing this ten years ago. Maybe you weren't going nowhere ten years ago, Tom.

DAD

I would hardly say playing on the front line of the Minnesota North Stars is...

MOM

(yelling)

... You're not on the North Stars, Tom. You're in the minors on their farm team. You never made it to the pros.

DAD

Oh, I'm sorry Miss "I'm So Incredibly Fucking Special" that I've had some injury problems...

MOM

(interrupting)

... Oh, please. Injury problems. You're the problem. You missed the team bus for, what, four road trips this season? You didn't need to practice so you just "skipped it" all the time? Anything not to do your job. Every other week you got a new stock, or a new dot.com, or a new deal that's gonna make you rich, and then you get bored, and you're on to a new one. It's the same story since I met you. And the one thing you can do well, hockey, you don't have time for. Nobody's interested in a 30 year-old still in the minors. Wake up.

He walks out of the room.

DAD

I'm not listening to this shit...

MOM

Your contract ends in two months and they're gonna dump you. Then what are you gonna do, Tom? We don't have five cents put away, and what can you do besides play hockey? Look at the truth for once in your life!

SHANE

meekly opens the basement door into the kitchen.

MOM

(viciously)

Can you leave us alone for five minutes?  
Can you do that?

Shane closes the door. Dad puts the bolt on the door so they can't be interrupted...

JUMP BACK TO:

EXT. TOP OF THE QUARRY CONVEYOR BELT

Shane, like a snow skier out of the chute - takes off down the slide. Standing straight up, his feet "ski" down the slippery slide - delicately trying to balance by holding his arms out to the sides.

HE PICKS UP SPEED

pouring down the steep, slick slide. His jacket flaps in the cold wind as he leans forward down this horrendous incline.

If he falls off it's a seven-story drop. He must be going 40 MPH.

CLOSE UP - HIS FEET

are drifting over towards the wooden edge of the slide. If he even skims against this ledge at this speed, he's going right over the trestle.

FLASHBACKS TO:

INT. LAKE HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

DAD

You want to talk about truth? Let's talk about truth. How many of those little "wine coolers" have you had tonight? And you wonder why I don't want to spend more time with you?

MOM

(right in stride, calmly)  
Well, now you don't have to.

She walks out of the kitchen to the front door. Dad follows behind her.

DAD

What's that supposed to mean?

She picks up two packed suitcases already next to the front door.

MOM

I'm leaving, Tom. I'm leaving for a while till I figure some things out.

DAD

(stunned)  
What are you talking about? Come here. What about the kids?

MOM

It's your turn, Tom. I've got one life, one life, that's it. And I'm not living it in this dump, and I'm not living it

with you. I'm just doing today what I  
planned on doing months ago.

She's out the door.

INTERCUT: THE BASEMENT STAIRS

Shane at the door struggling to hear. Andie is in the laundry room  
scrunched up to a TV on the laundry table.

SHANE

(to Andie)

Turn the TV off.

(she doesn't)

Turn the TV off!

She turns it up to spite him. He opens a matchbook and "flings" a  
lit match in Andie's direction.

ANDIE

Knock it off! I'm telling!

He flings another one. He chases her into the paneled "family rec  
room" of the basement with his "rapid-fire ammunition." Andie half-  
laughs/half-yells hiding behind Peggy, who's reading on the couch.  
The girls laugh at him as he burns his finger flinging one...

THE BOTTOM OF A CURTAIN

has caught fire.

PEGGY

Shane!

He looks. He runs to the sink in the laundry room and fills up the  
detergent-scooper with water -- and heaves a cup on the building  
flames.

He grabs a dirty bath towel on the ground in the laundry room and  
runs back trying to "fan" it out. He's only making it worse. It  
catches on a nearby stack of papers.

THE FIRE IS BUILDING

Peggy and Andie are frozen watching Shane.

SHANE

Well, help me, Peggy.

Andie runs up to the top of the basement stairway. It's bolted shut.

INTERCUT - EXT. SNOW-PACKED DIRT ROAD

As Mom drags her suitcases down the street, Dad calls from the front  
door.

DAD

Sue, come here.

She keeps going. He runs after her in his socks. It's freezing. She runs, pulling her heavy suitcases. We faintly HEAR Andie and Peggy yelling...

JUMP BACK TO:

EXT. QUARRY TRESLE - LONG SHOT OF SHANE - SLOW MOTION

Shane flying down the slide like a free bird with his arms to the side - five stories above the ground. ALL SOUND DISAPPEARS. There's a peace...

FLASHBACKS TO:

INT. BASEMENT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Andie hysterically POUNDS and SCREAMS at the bolted door. Smoke has engulfed the room. Flames jump everywhere.

Peggy gives up -- and runs up the staircase to the locked door with her younger sister.

Shane helplessly combats the flames by throwing water from a bucket - the fire is DANGEROUSLY CLOSE to the gas heater.

PEGGY

Get away from there, Shane!

Peggy HOLLERS and BANGS at the ceiling with a broom. Three-year-old Andie presses against the basement door...

EXT. ROAD

Dad catches up to a running Mom on the road - and grabs her arm.

MOM

(crying)

Let go of me... Please...

As she turns around toward the house, she sees bright-orange flames pouring out of a basement window - hearing the faint screaming that now comes more into focus...

She drops her suitcases, running for the house. Dad bolts past her.

INT. BASEMENT

Andie and Peggy helplessly clutch the doorknob, as the stairway collapses under their feet. You can barely see through the thick smoke. They've lost sight of their brother through the flames.

## SHANE IS TRAPPED

in the back corner. He can't push open a locked double-cellar door. Flames surround him. It's a miracle he's still breathing. He has no way out.

## DAD

Races through the house, and unlocks the kitchen/basement door. He pulls in his screaming girls clinging to the doorknob.

## PEGGY

Shane's still down there!

Dad's scream for Shane is eaten up by the violence of the fire.

## DAD

(to the girls)  
Get out of the house!

## DAD JUMPS

where the stairs used to be into the pit of flames.

## HE CAN'T FIND HIS SON

as the CAMERA searches the room. It's hopeless. All you can see are flames in every direction.

Dad dangerously steps deeper into the fire.

## HE SPOTS SHANE

collapsed in a ball against the cellar door. Flames dance next to his body.

## MOM

runs up to the kitchen door finding her girls.

## PEGGY

Dad just jumped down there to get him!

She opens the door. An angry wall of flames knocks her back.

## DAD

picks up the partially inflamed couch. Holds it over his head. Runs full speed through a wall of flames toward the cellar door.

## HE PLOWS

inches by Shane's collapsed body and runs right up the four cement stairs -- RAMRODING the end of couch into the BOLTED DOUBLE DOORS.

DAD'S KNEE SNAPS

as the doors bust open into the backyard - he SHRIEKS in TERRIFYING pain.

Rather than stopping to take the weight off his leg, Dad THROWS SHANE OVER HIS SHOULDER - carrying him into the back yard.

JUMP BACK TO:

SHANE ON THE SLICK SLIDE

Going even faster. Half way down.

HIS RIGHT FOOT

catches the side of the slide. His body PROJECTS UP AND OVER the side of the trestle.

Shane bicycles in the air, with his arms and legs flailing.

HE DROPS 30 FEET

into the side of a large, steep hill of iron ore pellet tailings.

ROLLING OVER AND OVER

four stories to the bottom of the quarry - PLOWING into a steel fence.

CUT TO:

THE BOTTOM OF THE QUARRY - A LITTLE LATER

Shane sits against the meshed fence. It's freezing and snowing. Peggy walks up. It's pretty clear she's been looking for him for quite a while. He doesn't look up. Now that she's there, she doesn't know what to say.

PEGGY

No matter how much money you give him from the rink, the routes, no matter how much you do... it doesn't matter, Shane. You want him to do something he's never gonna do. Forgive you.

(then)

Shane, I was there. I know what happened. I just don't understand why you don't. You burnt the house down. You were 10. You were just flicking matches. That's all you did.

She looks at him - with his head still down. After a moment, he breaks down crying in his lap. It hurts her to see her brother in such pain.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIVIC CENTER HOCKEYDOME - MINNEAPOLIS - NEXT NIGHT

Large marquee at the entrance of the world-class, mammoth arena reads:

NCAA SEMI-FINALS

4PM - U. OF MINNESOTA VS. BOSTON COLLEGE

7PM - U. OF WASHINGTON VS. GILBERT COLLEGE OF MINING

From the ROAR OF THE CROWD, a game is in progress.

INT. CIVIC CENTER HOCKEYDOME

WELCOME TO THE OZ OF HOCKEY. Home of the University of Minnesota Gophers. Fourteen National Championship banners mock the rest of the country...

God almighty, this place is cram-packed. All 1,715 Gilbert folks only fill a corner of this huge arena.

THE WASHINGTON PLAYERS

aren't humans; they're redwood trees.

SCOREBOARD

tells us it's 3-3. A minute to go.

SLEZAK

steals the puck. Takes off down the ice... "Feels" Shane to his left... Flips a great leading pass to him.

SHANE

is in another world; the puck goes right by him. What a missed opportunity.

GILBERT ANNOUNCER (VO)

(hoarse, screaming)

What is Kelly doing out there tonight? He may be in the game, but his head sure isn't here. This has been a tribute to the boys, win or lose, they've hung in there despite him...

FACE OFF

Mike gets the puck. He quickly SLAPS IT down the length of the rink eating precious seconds off the ever-present clock.

WASHINGTON'S GOT IT

They're coming down for the kill. Two short Gilbert defenseless warriors on the back of their skates.

INSERT - THE CLOCK

18 seconds.

A WASHINGTON GUY POUNDS A SLAP SHOT

whizzing to the goal. It's a miracle the chunky Gilbert goalie, Napier, stabs it away.

ANOTHER WASHINGTON GUY

quickly GRABS the bouncing puck. SLAPS it to the right-upper corner of the net.

NAPIER FALLS ON HIS ASS

in the net as the puck reflects off his mitt-- bouncing off the goalpost. It falls out of the net.

MIKE

jumps on the free puck.

THE BUZZER SOUNDS.

Overtime. The place goes BERSERK.

INT. LOCKER ROOM/HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

The exhausted Gilbert team files in -- out of gas. Coach furiously stops Shane outside the door.

COACH

Where are you? You're hurting us! Play to win or don't play. You can sit on the bench and think about it.

Shane defiantly looks down. Coach stares at a blank face.

LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Coach addresses his boys.

COACH

Boys, we are one goal, one shot away from the NCAA Finals. Whatever happens in the next few minutes, we will live with this the rest of our lives. Do it for every kid in Gilbert that's dreaming right now of being in your shoes. God bless us...

INT. CIVIC CENTER HOCKEYDOME - OVERTIME - TEN MINUTES LATER

The announcer is barking out the play-by-play... Explains the "the first goal wins."

COACH

looks down his bench at a furious Shane. Coach is playing without him.

THE WASHINGTON FRONT LINE

POUNDS and POUNDS, shot after shot -- like a punching bag - against wilting Napier, the goalie.

GILBERT COLLEGE

with only 11 players - keeps changing their line to combat the fatigue. Shane -- and the fans -- can't believe Coach won't put him in the game.

GILBERT

gets the puck. Slezak SHOOTS. It's DEFLECTED right in front of the goal.

MIKE

is RIGHT THERE. Looking at a momentarily open net. The game is on his stick.

MIKE WINDS UP

He does the impossible. He WHIFFS.

He has so much time, he gets to SWING AGAIN. He almost whiffs again, DRIBBLING it toward the net.

THE WASHINGTON GOALIE

helplessly HEAVES his stick at the puck -- deflecting the shot away.

THE REF

blows his whistle. The arena goes insane.

Could the announcer talk any faster than this...

ANNOUNCER

... And that'll be a penalty shot for  
Gilbert -- by Mike Radacovich...

THE ANNOUNCER

sets up the drama. One-on-one, Mike is going to skate from center ice straight at the goalie with a "free" penalty shot.

THE WASHINGTON GOALIE

is very ready in the net.

THE GILBERT BENCH

Coach pats his son hard on the head for encouragement.

COACH

(to Mike)

Go right at him, and don't fake too early. Wait till he commits. Then deek one way or the other. You can do it -- it's your game!

CLOSE ON MIKE

Alone. Looks up at the mammoth, screaming crowd. Petrified at center ice.

THE AUDIENCE

is deranged.

MIKE

looks at his Dad. Looks at Shane. Looks in the stands at Peggy. The whistle blows.

IN SLOW MO

Mike roars right at the goal.

THE GOALIE

steps out of the box early hoping to poke the puck away.

A SURPRISED MIKE

half-trips/half-plows right into the guy like Pete Rose. God only knows where the puck went. But it ain't heading into the net.

MIKE

lies on the ice like a beached whale.

COACH

looks down the bench at his disappointed, rundown, exhausted team. How much punishment can they take.

A DEAD GILBERT LINE

begins to crawl over the boards for more torture.

COACH

Looks down at Shane at the end of the bench.

SHANE

walks up to Coach.

SHANE

(right in his eyes)

Let me in this game.

Coach looks at him. Coach swats him on the ass pushing him over the boards.

SHANE

steps on the ice. Finds the puck like a Piranha in a goldfish bowl.

STOPS AND SETS

He's beyond the red line. Nobody would dare to shoot from that far away.

SHANE

yanks his sword over his head. Holds.

SPANKS

the living crap out of the sorry-ass puck.

THE PUCK SNAPS

against the back of the net before the goalie even gets to raise his stick.

GAME OVER

Shane looks to Coach like "How was that?"

GILBERT FANS

crap in the pants.

THE WHOLE TEAM

piles-on at center ice. Coach jumps right on the pile with the rest of his boys.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SNOW COVERED HIGHWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

A long, long row of Gilbert cars HONKING their excitement with FANS hanging out the windows -- trailing the team bus back to Gilbert.

INT. BUS - A LITTLE LATER - MOVING

Things have finally calmed down. An exuberant Shane hops in the seat next to Mike - who's lost in his thoughts.

SHANE

What?

MIKE

The next game, it's on national television. I'm gonna be on national television. I'm gonna love every second of it. You know why? It's never gonna get better than that moment. You know where the next game after that for me's gonna be? In the park.

They look at Mike's Dad up a few rows - glowing.

MIKE

Did you see him at the bottom of the pile?

As Mike looks at his proud father...

CUT TO:

EXT. GILBERT H.S. PARKING LOT - AN HOUR LATER - THE BUS

The players step off the bus, greeted by half the town of tailgating fans.

Like a snake slithering through the grass -- there's Eddie. Steps up to Mike and Shane.

EDDIE

(to Mike)

So is he gonna do it?

SHANE

Gonna do what?

MIKE

(uncomfortably, to Eddie)

I didn't ask him yet.

EDDIE

Well, ask him.

Mike awkwardly pulls Shane to the side.

MIKE

Eddie wants to go out tomorrow night, and he'll pay you 500 bucks for that list. And you don't even have to go. We're just getting a couple TVs, stuff like that.

SHANE

("What is your problem?")  
 "Stuff like that?" No, I'm not doing it, and neither are you - and it's the night before the game, you moron.

EDDIE

(to Mike)  
 You said he'd do it.

SHANE

(in Eddie's face)  
 If you've got something to say, Eddie, why don't you say it to me? What do you want to know, you want to know if I'm gonna give you the list? No, you little shit crook.

EDDIE

Hey, SCREW YOU.

Mike steps in between them -- and Mike pulls a heated Eddie to the side.

EDDIE

(poking Mike)  
 You promised me that list. You get me that thing, or I swear to God, I'll fuck you up. Your Dad isn't gonna be happy when he finds out that his son's been stealing, will he?

CUT TO:

INT. SHANE'S BEDROOM - 1 IN THE MORNING - THE NEXT NIGHT

Shane can't sleep. He lies in bed watching a small black-and-white portable TV on his dresser. A REPORTER is interviewing U. of Minnesota's confident Bobby Varno.

INSERT TV - INT. CIVIC CENTER HOCKEYDOME - MINNEAPOLIS

BOBBY VARNO

... Do I feel good?  
 (smiling)  
 We've got 22 players - they have 11. We've been National Champions four out of the last six years - this is their first winning season. The game's in our

hometown. We've got 3 All-Americans, the best goalie in this country - and me. They've got "enthusiasm." Yeah, I feel good.

INTERVIEWER

What about Shane Kelly, he's creating quite a stir.

BOBBY VARNO

(smirks)

He's a hothead - they're like balloons. You prick 'em and they pop.

BACK TO SCENE

Shane notices something missing on his bulletin board above his desk. He jumps up from the bed. Grabs an envelope stuck on the board. He looks in. Empty.

PEGGY'S ROOM

Shane wakes Peggy up in a hurry.

SHANE

Have you seen my paper list?

PEGGY

What list?

SHANE

Of the houses to hold back papers.

(then)

Was Mike here tonight?

PEGGY

For a minute, yeah, why?

SHANE

What did he want?

PEGGY

To see me.

SHANE

Did he go in my room?

PEGGY

No...

(thinking)

... He did go to the bathroom upstairs.

SHANE

That son of a bitch.

Shane runs out of there.

POV PEGGY'S UPSTAIRS WINDOW

worriedly watches Shane pulling out the driveway in Dad's Lincoln Continental.

CUT TO:

THE LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - MOVING

Shane combing the pitch black, icy side streets of Hinsdale looking for Eddie's truck.

HE SEES IT

Right in front of one of Shane's paper route homes. Shane pulls up behind Eddie's truck. A TV on the curb.

SHANE

walks up to the driver's side of Eddie's truck. Hopes to find him in there. Nobody's in there.

ANGLE ON A COP CAR

sneaking around the corner.

SHANE

picks up the TV - bringing it back toward the house.

A SPOT LIGHT

blasts on Shane holding the TV.

EDDIE (O.S.)

Cops!

EDDIE, EDDIE'S BROTHER AND MIKE

in ski-masks bolt out of the house.

EDDIE'S BROTHER

takes off over a fence behind the house.

EDDIE

jumps behind the wheel of his truck.

MIKE

bangs on the side door of the truck. Eddie won't stop to let Mike in. The truck takes off.

SHANE

drops the TV -- bolting for his car.

MIKE

grabs on to Eddie's back bumper, SKITCHING down the icy, snow-packed road.

SHANE

screeches his Dad's car out of there with the cops in pursuit of both cars.

THE SIREN BLARES

chasing them down these perilous icy roads in the middle of the night.

EDDIE'S CAR

picks up speed -- as Mike dangerously holds on to the truck bumper.

SHANE'S CAR

is right behind him them. Mike better not fall off.

EDDIE HITS A SHARP TURN

Mike can't hold on - flying off to the side of the road.

SHANE'S CAR

barrels right around the corner.

POV MIKE IN THE ROAD

Shane's car coming RIGHT AT HIM -- barely swerves by him.

MIKE

rolls in the bushes out of the sight of the cop car.

POV - A FORK IN THE ROAD

Straight ahead. Eddie's truck bolts to the right. Shane goes to the left.

THE COP CAR

follows Shane.

SHANE POURS DOWN

the icy Gilbert Creek Road. The cops are catching up.

A DANGEROUS TURN

Shane isn't going to make. He SLAMS on the brakes, SPINNING his car around and around...

IT BASHES INTO A TREE

The whole front end is pummeled.

THE COPS

are all over the car holding a gun to Shane's head.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. COACH RADACOVICH'S FRONT DOOR - 2:30 THAT MORNING

The same two cops hold a handcuffed Shane on the front porch. Mike, in a robe - nervously answers. Looks right at Shane.

COP

Mike, can we speak to your father?

MIKE

I'll go get him.

Mike goes up the stairs.

OFFICER

(to Shane)

I got an eight year-old boy who thinks you're God. And the biggest night of his life was gonna be seeing you in the game tonight. And now I've gotta explain to him why you're not gonna be there.

Coach walks down the staircase with Mike - seeing Shane and the officers standing in the living room.

COACH

Carl, what can I do for you?

COP

We're really sorry to get you up this time of night, Coach. But we've got a problem here...

Coach stares at Shane -- who won't look up.

COP

... we caught Shane with a TV in his arms burglarizing a Hinsdale home. Three others escaped.

Stunned, Coach stares at Shane the entire time. Shane can't look him in the eyes.

OTHER COP

The last thing in the world we want to do  
is bring him in with the game tonight.

COACH

Jesus Christ, Shane.

Coach turns to Mike.

COACH

(to Mike)

Do you know anything about this?

MIKE

No.

COP

Shane won't tell us a thing. Not who  
the other guys were - nothing. Coach,  
if you can get him to explain himself  
out of this, we'll forget this ever  
happened. But if he doesn't have any  
answers, we have no choice but to book  
him.

COACH

(looking right in Shane's eyes)

Did you do it, Shane?

Nothing.

COACH

Shane, help me out here.

Shane won't even look up...

COACH

The morning of the biggest day of your  
life, this is what you did?

Shane looks right at Mike. Mike - saying, showing absolutely  
nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. KELLY KITCHEN - 7 A.M. THE NEXT MORNING

Peggy anxiously prepares breakfast. Dad hurries through the kitchen  
and heads out the back door.

DAD

(to Peggy)

I'm late. See you tonight.

EXT. GARAGE - BACK REAR OF THE HOUSE

Dad opens the garage door. No car.

INT. KITCHEN - DAD

rushes back in the kitchen.

DAD  
Peggy, where the hell's my car? You know anything about it?

PEGGY  
No.

DAD  
Where's Shane?

PEGGY  
I thought he was still sleeping.

DAD

marches up the stairs to Shane's room. Peggy nervously waits. Dad opens Shane's door. No Shane. Dad viciously slams his door shut. He hurries down the stairs.

KITCHEN

DAD  
You don't know where he is, Peggy?

PEGGY  
No.

Dad grabs the phone and quickly dials.

DAD  
(into the phone)  
Give me the number of Yellow Cab...  
(to Peggy)  
Count my words. When I get home, he's gonna pay for this.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIKE'S/COACH'S HOME - 9:30 AM THAT MORNING

Red and white crape-paper adorns all their trees on this freezing winter day. Relative's cars and mobile homes covered with "Gilbert College of Mining" signs line the street.

INT. MIKE'S HOME

Mike is adorned by a million relatives that drove in for the big game. Mike looks like Matt Lauer compared to this burly bunch. Big-boned aunts. Not many tans in this family picture.

Grandpa has him over in the corner.

GRANDPA MILAN

My Father. Your Father. And now you.  
Fourth generation Radacovich in the  
Quarry. You make us proud.

EXT. MIKE'S FRONT DOOR

Peggy, out of breath, knocks on the door. Mike answers. She's not  
somebody he wants to see right now.

PEGGY

(talking fast)

Do you know where Shane is? He didn't  
come home last night.

MIKE

(nervously)

You don't know what happened?

PEGGY

(very anxious)

What?

MIKE

Shane got arrested. For stealing.

PEGGY

What do you mean?

MIKE

He got arrested for stealing from this  
Hinsdale house. Last night. He's kicked  
out of the game.

PEGGY

(horrified, confused)

Where is he?

MIKE

He's at the jail.

She gives him a look and takes off down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. GILBERT COUNTY POLICE STATION - PEGGY

anxiously waits at the counter. A FEMALE POLICE OFFICER walks up  
from the back of the station.

OFFICER

I'm sorry, Peggy, I asked him again, and  
he doesn't want to talk to anyone.

PEGGY

You told him it was me?

OFFICER

I did.

CUT TO:

EXT. GILBERT H.S. PARKING LOT - LITTLE LATER

Hundreds of freezing Gilbert folks surround the team bus as the town heroes board. The band and the cheerleaders have everybody clapping and singing along to their only team song.

A big banner on the side of the bus reads, "NCAA FINALISTS!!" The bus motor starts up.

ANGLE ON PEGGY RUNNING

A ways away RUNNING FULL OUT towards the parking lot... She may not make it in time.

ANGLE ON MIKE

loving every moment of signing autographs. He reluctantly makes-making his way to the bus.

PEGGY RUNS UP

completely out of breath. Grabs Mike's arm as he heads in.

PEGGY

You did it, didn't you? Shane didn't  
have a thing to do with this, did he?

Mike looks at her. She SLAPS him HARD in the face.

IN THE BUS - A LITTLE LATER - MOVING

Everybody on the bus is singing and living it up. Mike, alone in a seat, thinking.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIVIC CENTER HOCKEYDOME - MINNEAPOLIS - AFTERNOON

The Gilbert team files off the bus and past the marquee reading:

NCAA CHAMPIONSHIP GAME  
8 PM TONIGHT  
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA  
vs.  
GILBERT COLLEGE OF MINING

INT. CIVIC CENTER

The team humbly walks on the stadium ice carrying their duffel bags over their shoulders.

The sound of their street shoes on the man-made ice reverbs off the walls of this enormous, empty, intimidating, grand hockey coliseum.

They look up at the tremendous floating scoreboard. Gold and maroon "U. OF MINNESOTA NATIONAL CHAMPIONS" banners drape through the thousands of lights on the towering ceiling.

CUT TO:

INT. CIVIC CENTER HOCKEYDOME - A LITTLE LATER

The Gilbert team timorously rehearses on the ice in a light afternoon practice.

INT. CIVIC CENTER - GILBERT LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Coach walks in. Mike, dressed in his gear, sits alone on the locker bench.

COACH

Mike, what are you doing?

With tears in his eyes, he looks up at his Dad.

MIKE

Shane didn't do it, Dad. I did it. He came to that house to stop me from doing it. Shane deserves to play, Dad. Not me.

Coach looks away for a moment. Turns around.

COACH

I knew you were there.

MIKE

What?

COACH

I saw it in your eyes at the house. I figured you both did it. I was never more disappointed in you in my life. Not for doing it - that's one thing. Letting your friend go down and just standing there - it was like part of me just died right there, right there at that door.

(then)

And I wasn't gonna give you the satisfaction of telling you I knew. 'Cause I knew if you didn't tell me, playing in this game would be the hardest lesson and the worst memory of your life.

Mike tries to hold it back, hiding his feelings with his head in his hands.

COACH

Mike, what were you thinking of? Jesus.  
Why didn't you talk to me?

MIKE

(looking up at him)  
We don't talk, Dad, we don't talk about  
anything -- we talk about hockey, Dad.  
We talk about the team, what Shane, what  
Shane's doing. When do we talk about me,  
or you?

COACH

That doesn't mean you go out and steal.  
You're not a thief. You're a Radacovich.

MIKE

(raising his voice)  
I don't want to be a Radacovich. I want  
to be me. What would I want to be a  
Radacovich for? And live like you? And  
Grandpa? I want more, Dad. But, no - I  
get to be "the fourth generation at the  
quarry." Isn't that terrific. That's my  
inheritance.

They just look at each other. There are no answers. After a  
moment.

MIKE

What?

COACH

I'm looking at you, and I'm seeing my  
little boy... down in the basement, on  
your roller skates, you whacking pucks at  
me into the net..., "Radacovich from the  
red line, three seconds, two, one..."

He looks at his son.

MIKE

(trying to hold back the tears)  
I'm sorry, Dad.

Coach grabs his son -- they hold each other on the locker bench.

CUT TO:

EXT. "TRI-STATE CONSTRUCTION PRODUCTS" - DOWNTOWN DULUTH

Medium-size company in this medium-size town 40 minutes from Gilbert.

INT. TOM KELLY'S OFFICE

An "executive" version of a "personal work space."

Dad laughs and shoots the crap with someone on the phone in his fancy cubbyhole. Disorganized papers all over the place. No pictures, nothing on the "walls." But he sure dresses as if he owns the place. The intercom buzzes him.

VOICE (VO)

Tom, Sharon would like to see you in her office.

INT. SHARON'S OFFICE

Clean corporate office. View of downtown Duluth out the eighth floor windows. Tom enters. She's very business-like, with no apparent animosity. Tom looks at a bouquet of roses on the coffee table.

DAD

(charming)

Must be from somebody pretty wonderful...

SHARON

I'm taking you off the Zelnick Construction project and letting Joseph handle it.

DAD

(stunned)

What?

SHARON

Zelnick called me today furious, and he wants you off the project.

DAD

What are you talking about?

SHARON

He said you've been late every time he's gotten together with you.

DAD

("that's bullshit")

Every time...

SHARON

And you have yet to send him the new spec sheets that you said you'd email over a week ago.

DAD

First of all, I was late today because my kid took the car, and...

SHARON

Tom, I don't want to hear about it, okay? It's always something, you always have a reason. "Your kid had your car, the

traffic was bad" -- you were late, Tom.  
You're always late.

DAD

This is about the shit on your carpet,  
isn't it? This is how you're getting  
back at me?

SHARON

Tom, this is business. This client is  
worth a lot to this company, and he wants  
you off. I'll put you on something else.

DAD

Put me on something else? This is my  
biggest score, Sharon. I brought this  
into the company, I met the guy on the  
golf course in the fall. I've been  
wining and dining this guy for five  
months!

SHARON

Well, evidently, too much wining and  
dining, and not enough work.

DAD

You do this to me, and I'll quit this  
job.

Dad starts out the door.

SHARON

That's just like you, Tom. Quitting.  
Who are you gonna blame this one on, Tom  
-- Me? Zelnick? You lost the account,  
Tom. You blew it. You did it like  
everything else you do in your life--  
half-ass. You did the fun part, but then  
when it came down to doing the job, you  
didn't do it.

(then)

Tom, I changed my mind. You're right.  
You're fired.

He closes the door so no one will hear. He panics. Sharon's  
gestures tell us she's clearly made her decision.

DAD

Don't say that, Sharon. Don't say that.  
Okay, I screwed up, big deal. I'll fix  
it, I'll call Zelnick right now.

He starts out...

SHARON

You're not calling him, Tom. You're  
fired.

Tom closes the door again.

DAD

Don't do this, Sharon. I got three kids,  
I need that money, I'm counting on that  
money.

CUT TO:

EXT. KELLY HOUSE - FRONT CURB - 4:30 PM

It's getting dark quickly. Peggy sits on the front steps in the  
freezing cold. She looks up. She's stunned.

It's Shane driving the demolished car up the driveway.

She runs up the driveway, meeting him in the garage.

SHANE

Mike told Coach and the cops everything.  
They agreed not to deal with Mike till  
after the game. Coach said I could take  
his van. You're coming with me.

PEGGY

(thrilled)  
Oh, my God, I can't take this anymore.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIVIC CENTER

Fans pour into the stadium from a sea of parked cars.

INT. CIVIC CENTER HOCKEYDOME

It's the quiet before the storm. It's already almost filled to the  
brim. Thousands of GILBERT FANS from "The Range" in red and white  
cluster in one section. The purple and gold U. OF MINNESOTA FANS  
dominate the rest of the arena.

The Zamboni coming off the ice tells us we're ready to go.

INT. CIVIC CENTER - GILBERT LOCKER ROOM

The team is almost dressed. You sense Mike's mixed feelings; the  
anticipation of playing -- and the regret for what he's done. He's  
looking for Shane every time somebody walks in that door.

They're ready to go. It's time. Coach comes in. He looks them  
over.

COACH

Shane's on his way. In the meantime, we  
got a job to do.

Coach looks at them.

COACH

I want you from this moment on to see that rink out there in a whole new way. Let's give them most of the rink -- that's theirs. They can skate there, they can do anything they want there.

(then)

But not past the blue line. That's ours. Inside that blue line -- that's Gilbert. That's our heritage.

Past that blue line it's not ice - it's the red ore of the Range. It's our parents, and their parents, and their parents. It's all we've done to get us right here, right now.

(then)

I don't care where that puck goes. But they cross that blue line - you defend that blue line. Do it for Gilbert. Do it for yourselves. Do it for who you are.

CUT TO:

INT. KELLY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Peggy helps Shane quickly gather his skates, stick, etc. He hurriedly heads out.

SHANE

My other stuff's at the Hinsdale Rink. You go to Coach's house, get the van, and pick me up at the rink.

INTERCUT - EXT. KELLY STREET

A cab pulls up in front of the house. Dad gets out. He drops an empty brown-bagged bottle in the curb.

EXT./INT. GARAGE

Dad pulls up the garage door. The front end of the car is completely bashed in.

Dad takes it in. It's the straw that breaks the camel's back. He's staring at the car - but he's looking at everything in his life.

INT. KITCHEN

Peggy jumps as Dad opens the back door. Dad sees Shane standing there. Dad can exude so much more anger by never raising his voice.

DAD

I guess we'll just add this to the list of things you've ruined in my life, won't we?

You can taste the liquor on Dad's breath.

SHANE

I'm gonna pay for it.

DAD

You're damn right you're gonna pay for it.

The momentary silence intensifies the tension -- as Shane gathers his skates and some gear from the kitchen table. He doesn't want to deal with this.

Shane starts to walk towards the back door. He has to get passed Dad.

DAD

Where do you think you're going, big shot, huh?

Dad stops him by poking his arm into his upper chest. Shane, avoiding a confrontation, steps back, half-tripping over the leg of one of the kitchen chairs.

The look in Peggy's eyes says so much.

PEGGY

Please, Dad.

SHANE

Peggy, go get the van.

Peggy reluctantly leaves through the kitchen door.

SHANE

I'm going to the game, and I'm late.

The fury seeps out of Dad's bloodshed eyes. Standing between Dad and Shane is their small kitchen table.

DAD

You can go to the game. When you come up with the money to pay for what you did to my car. \$3,000, buddy boy, that's my guess. You gotta feed the meter, pal.

Peggy starts to come back in the door.

SHANE

Peggy, go get the van.

She leaves again.

SHANE

I don't have \$3,000 -- and I'm late.

DAD

Well, that's too bad, isn't it? Maybe you should have thought of that before you took my car -- my car -- out joy riding in the middle of the night.

Shane uncomfortably snickers, waiting for this to be over.

Dad **SHOVES** the kitchen table into Shane's waist, knocking over a couple of the kitchen chairs tucked into the table.

DAD (CONT.)

... You listening to me?

Shane's had enough. He gathers his things and just starts out...

DAD

I said you're not leaving this house.

Shane starts past him. Dad pokes him, **PUSHING HIM AGGRESSIVELY** back into the room. Shane wails his arm, knocking Dad's finger off his jacket.

DAD

Don't you knock my arm away.

Shane stares Dad down like a Doberman waiting for a command to attack.

Dad gives him another **HARD SHOVE** with both arms -- banging Shane into the kitchen table.

DAD

You want to go at it, big man?

SHANE CHARGES HIM

like a bull, with everything he's got. He **PLOWS DAD** the length of the kitchen, knocking the table and chairs everywhere. **RAMS** him into the base of the plate cabinet.

All of Dad's trophies bang down on top of him. Shane, enraged, stands right over his bleeding father.

SHANE

(screaming)

Not so big now, are you?

Shane grabs his stuff - and heads to the creek.

CUT TO:

INT. LAKE HINSDALE WARMING HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

It's empty. Shane hurries in on his skates.

INTERCUT TO.

GILBERT CREEK - DAD

Dad ominously marches down the dark and foreboding creek after Shane.

BACK TO SHANE

quickly doing the combination to his locker.

BACK TO DAD

picking up the pace.

SHANE

opens his locker, grabbing his jersey and hockey pants.

DAD

has the warming house in sight. A couple hundred yards away.

BACK TO SHANE

The tension in the music builds as Shane impatiently looks out the window for Peggy.

DAD

heading under the bridge.

CLOSE UP

The ice gives way right under Dad's feet. He tries to run/tip-toe through this section of thin, cracking ice.

HIS RIGHT FOOT

falls through - pounding his body hard face down on the ice. As he tries to get up,

THE ICE COLLAPSES

right under his knees. His body DROPS into the absolutely freezing water.

THE AGGRESSIVE CURRENT

tries to PULL HIM UNDER and away from the hole. He swims momentarily against the current, GRABBING to the side of the ice in the hole.

His soaked heavy wool overcoat and clothes weigh a ton in the water -- pulling him down, and giving him no mobility. Holding on with one arm to the side of the ice, he THRASHES to get his coat

off. As his panic grows, he's sapping his strength -- and swallowing the icy water.

DAD  
(echoing down the creek)  
Help! Help!

INTERCUT - SHANE - LAKE HINSDALE WARMING HOUSE

vaguely hears something through the closed office door. The pre-game chit-chat on the office portable radio drowns the sound.

BACK TO.

DAD'S BODY

is quickly NUMBING to the horrific temperature of the icy waters. The RELENTLESS CURRENT pulls to take his body under the ice.

He gives it everything he has to throw one foot up and out of the hole, hoping to "roll" out on the ice. But the weight and bulk of his boots and pants are anchoring his body under the water.

He desperately kicks his boots off under the water -- the rapidly churning current drags them under the ice. He BOBS under the water to yank off his weighted wool pants.

HE TRIES AGAIN

to lift his leg up and out -- his exhausted freezing body is losing its strength and will.

DAD  
(at the top of his lungs)  
Please... Somebody!

INT. LAKE HINSDALE WARMING HOUSE OFFICE

Shane faintly hears something again. Turns down the radio. Silence. Turns it back on.

DAD CAN'T HOLD ON

any longer. God, is it cold. His body is dead weight -- his fingers are numb. His hands slip off the ice, and he flails his arms grasping for the ice.

DAD  
Shane!

SHANE

hears it. Turns off the radio. Hears it again.

Races out the front door in his t-shirt -- seeing nothing across the dark, empty lake. He HEARS the begging voice again.

DAD'S

frightened face drifts under the water.

SHANE

races across the lake. Heads under the bridge down the creek. He gets to the hole. Nothing in the water. He looks around for signs.

SHANE'S POV

He sees his FATHER'S FACE and naked body under the ice -- stuck up against the surface. He's 10 feet down from the hole - clutching to the underbelly of the ice for dear life.

SHANE DIVES

Head-first through the hole into the freezing water.

SHANE'S POV - UNDER THE ICE

looking through the dark, freezing water for the body.

THE BODY

is no longer on the surface of the ice.

SHANE

frantically searches underwater - he spots him - and grabs him.

SHANE'S POV

of the light at the hole now 20 feet away.

WITH EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH

Shane swims with one hand, dragging his father's body against the current back to the hole.

THEIR HEADS

pop out of the water in the hole. Shane grabs onto the side of the ice with one hand -- holding the dead weight of his father with the other.

IT'S A MIRACLE

his father is still conscious. Dad sucks in air as Shane holds his limp body.

THEY LOOK EACH OTHER

square in the eyes -- inches from each other's faces. Shane has never seen his father so helpless.

SHANE

Hold on to the ice.

DAD

(frightened)

I can't. I can't lift my arms. I can't  
feel my legs!

With all his might, Shane tries to PUSH his limp body up onto the ice with his one free arm. There is no way. He's 200 pounds of dead weight.

SHANE LETS GO OF THE ICE

for an instant trying to SHOVE his father up to safety. With no leverage, it's absolutely impossible.

SHANE GRABS BACK

on to the ice with his free hand. Shane tucks him up against his side, suspending them both by Shane's one hand gripping the ice.

Shane SCREAMS in the still of the night. He knows no one can hear him.

SHANE

HELP! HELP US!

Not a sound anywhere. Time races by in the deadening water.

Dad looks right in his son's eyes, inches apart. We can see them playing out the choices that they have.

ANGLE - THE WHITE PINE TREES

surrounding this area of the creek. Dead still.

ANGLE - THE BRIDGE

rainbowing across the creek ahead of them.

THE WARMING HOUSE

in the distance. Not a soul around.

SHANE IS LOSING HIS GRIP

on the ice and on his limp father. Shane's color in his face is quickly catching up to his father's graying skin.

We see in Dad's eyes his regret. He helplessly looks at Shane -- without a word.

DAD

Let me go.

SHANE

What?

DAD

Let me go... If you don't, we're both  
gonna die.

Shane looks at him. Shane screams down the river again...

SHANE

HELP US!

Time races by. They both know that every second Shane stays in that  
water increases his risk of never getting out.

DAD

Do it, Shane. Let go.

SHANE

(very frightened)

Oh, yeah, right, Dad, I'll just let go.

Unable to lift his arms, Dad squirms trying to free himself from his  
son's clutching arms. Shane won't let him go.

Dad painfully bursts into tears. Shane holds him tightly against  
his tiring body. They look at each other.

DAD DRIFTS UNCONSCIOUS

Shane looks around. Decision made.

SHANE GRABS BOTH ARMS

around his father - and lets go of the ice. They drift under  
together.

POV LOOKING DOWN AT THE ICE

the moon is our flashlight to see the current carrying their bodies  
underneath the ice.

POV - UNDER THE ICE

Shane swimming with one hand -- trying to see through the dark water.

POV - ABOVE THE ICE

They float under the bridge. Just to their right is a foundation  
girder for the bridge.

UNDER THE ICE

Shane spots the girder to the right -- he uses his free arm to steer  
them toward it.

## HE GRABS THE GIRDER

with his free hand, doing everything he can to hold on to his motionless father.

## USING THE LEVERAGE

Shane PULLS himself upside down like a pole-vaulter - and KICKS HIS SKATE into the top of the ice.

## OVER AND OVER

he bashes his skates into the hard underbelly of the ice. Nothing is happening. It seems they've been under there for eternity.

## ONE LAST KICK

with all he's got.

## THE ICE BREAKS

Shane kicks around it trying to make a bigger hole.

## HOLDING THE GIRDER

Holding the girder he shoves his father up through the newly-made hole.

## POV - TOP OF THE ICE

Dad's upper body pushes through, onto the bed of ice.

## UNDER THE ICE

Shane pushes himself off the girder, and climbs out of the hole. He DRAGS his blue father away from the hole to safety.

## SHANE

on his knees - holds his lifeless, naked father in his arms. He gives him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Nothing. And again...

## DAD BELCHES

up the water, breathing...

## A SOPPING SHANE STANDS

Cradles his freezing Dad in his arms.

## SHANE

pushes off on his skates down the ominous creek.

SHANE

Hold on, Dad, hold on.

The water is freezing right on their faces. Shane can't go far carrying this dead weight on his forearms.

Dad's frosting body is slipping out of his exhausted arms.

SHANE THROWS HIM

over his shoulder with his Dad's head down his back. He pushes off again, building back his speed.

On Shane's face:

CUT TO:

EXT. CIVIC CENTER STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

From the stadium walls comes an incredible roar of the crowd.

INT. CIVIC CENTER HOCKEYDOME

How could it possibly be stuffed with more people. The lights are OFF.

A SPOTLIGHT AND ANNOUNCER

introduces the Gilbert team. The manic cheer of Gilbert fans gets swallowed up in this lop-sided arena. The intimidated Gilbert team, without Shane, nervously slap each other "five," etc. Television cameras surround the ice.

THE GAME ANNOUNCER

barks over the echoing arena...

GAME ANNOUNCER (VO)

And now, introducing the fourteen-time  
NCAA National Champions, THE UNIVERSITY  
OF MINNESOTA!

The place goes absolutely loony-tunes.

AN ARMY OF THE U. OF MINNESOTA SOLDIERS

led by BOBBY VARNON -- BUST onto the ice. They're huge. Confident. Ready. They egg on the crowd for even more encouragement.

Everything on their uniforms not only matches, but shines. Black SuperTack skates. Itec Fiberglass Clear Masks. Purple gloves. Yellow knee pads over their purple pants.

ANGLE BACK TO THE TEN GILBERT GUYS

looking at the MINNESOTA GOPHERS. All 22 of them. Oh, shit.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. GILBERT HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING SHOT

on Gilbert Creek Road off of the creek.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Shane stands outside a hospital room door. Peggy comes out of the room.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Dad is covered with blankets; an oxygen tube runs into his nose. A few monitors are hooked up to his arm. He's shivering, but recovering.

Shane walks in. He stands toward the back of the room.

SHANE

You okay?

Dad nods. He looks across the room at his boy. After a moment...

DAD

When you were a kid - I was looking in the mirror when I was looking at you. Your hockey, your attitude... I saw what I like about myself. But the older you got, that changed. The way you treat your sisters, people, what you've made of yourself, what you're willing to do to get there... what you did tonight.

You embarrass me.

Do you know what I mean by that? Every day, every headline, every look in your sisters' faces when they talk about you - reminds me of what I could have been. I could've been you. I could have been as great as you're going to be. And there's nobody in the world I'd rather be like. Than you.

He looks in Shane's eyes.

DAD

You saved me life. Why did you do it?

SHANE

Because you're my father.

They look at each other from across the room.

DAD

Go to the game, Shane.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

Peggy stands there. Shane runs up.

SHANE

Let's go.

CUT TO:

FREEWAY ONRAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Shane and Peggy pass a sign - Minneapolis, 124 Miles.

Shane has the pedal to the floor pushing Coach's weathered, wobbly van to its limit. The game taunts them on the radio.

GILBERT ANNOUNCER (VO)

(out of his mind)

You gotta see this to believe it. All our boys standing on the blue line like a pack of Dobermans. Minnesota can't get anything going...

CUT BACK TO:

INTERCUT - INT. HOCKEYDOME

The announcer was right. You've gotta see this to believe it.

FIVE FOAMING GILBERT GUYS

are fortifying the blue line.

THE CONFUSED MINNESOTA PLAYERS

retrieve the puck, and come back at the blue line again and again.

IT'S INSANE

what Gilbert does to the first guy crossing that line. You'd swear there are 100 Gilbert players on the ice the second Minnesota steps over that line. Gilbert just keeps slapping that puck back to the other side...

THE MINNESOTA COACH

sends in another FRESH LINE from his ENDLESS BENCH trying to wear them down.

CUT BACK TO:

THE MINIVAN

Shane and Peggy stuck in traffic on the snowy freeway. This is torture.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. STADIUM - 90 MINUTES LATER - THIRD PERIOD

Coach looks up at the mammoth scoreboard overhead. U. OF MINNESOTA  
1 -- GILBERT 0. 15 MINUTES LEFT IN THE GAME.

SLEZAK, BURTKER AND MIKE

are on the back of their skates with rubber legs desperately  
attempting to hold off Minnesota's relentless arsenal. Minnesota  
infiltrated the blue line a long time ago.

A FRESH MINNESOTA OFFENSE

hops over the board against Gilbert's human punching bags.

CLOSE UP - COACH RADACOVICH

screaming encouragement over the INSANE CROWD.

BURNETT

looks like a midget back-peddling against Minnesota's masterpiece,  
BOBBY VARNO.

VARNO

winds up over his head and CRUNCHES one smack into the back of the  
net.

GILBERT ANNOUNCER (VO)

(completely hoarse)

That hurt, that hurt, oh, that really  
hurt.

GLASS BOOTH

Black Hawk Scout Mc Clure looks on.

THREE GILBERT PLAYERS

return from the battlefield and collapse on the bench. Coach  
Radacovich sends in his second stringers - his only other line. He  
puts his head in his hands...

CUT BACK TO:

THE VAN

They're pouring down the freeway...

CAR RADIO/GILBERT ANNOUNCER (VO)

... Burtker with the puck, past the blue  
line, over to Zarmbinkski, Radacovich  
back to Zejdlick, Zejdlick shoots...

(screams)  
 SCORES! What do you know! 2-1 at 13:21  
 left in the game. It's not over yet...

Peggy nervously looks at the gas gauge.

PEGGY  
 We're on empty. We gotta stop.

SHANE  
 We're not stopping.

CUT TO:

INT. CIVIC CENTER HOCKEYDOME

The puck never seems to get to the Gilbert end of the rink.

VARNO JUST KEEPS POUNDING

them harder and harder at Napier - our unyielding, stubborn goalie.  
 It looks like Napier will lose another dozen pounds tonight.

Another fresh MINNESOTA FRONT LINE trots over the wall to have  
 some fun.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN

They're running through red lights -- with the stadium now in sight -  
 - a handful of blocks away. The radio announcer ticks away the game  
 -- 9:15...

Shane practically rams his foot through the floor of this old  
 jalopy.

SHANE  
 Don't die on me now...

THIS PIECE OF JUNK

just ran out of gas. As Shane glides it to the side of the road...

Before the thing even comes to a complete stop, he's out and  
 running to the stadium.

Peggy starts running at her own pace...

PEGGY  
 (yelling ahead)  
 You can do it!

CUT TO:

INT. CIVIC CENTER HOCKEYDOME

Zejdlick and two others crawl over the boards to the bench. They're dead. Zejdlick painfully takes off his skates; his horribly blistered feet are bleeding badly.

COACH

and the three boys look up at the clock. 5:16. They know it's over. Coach turns around...

IT'S SHANE

in his blue jeans and holding his skates.

CUT TO MIKE

on the ice. God, is he glad to see Shane.

Talk about this team's eyes lighting up. Coach looks down his bench. Looks at Burnett at the end.

COACH  
(to Burnett)

Strip.

Burnett can't get his stuff off faster. He knows his biggest contribution to the game is how fast he can do this.

SHANE  
I can't take your stuff...

Burnett stands there in his undies, holding out a ball of hockey clothes.

BURNETT  
Take it! Take it!

Shane throws Burnett's jersey over his shirt. Ties up his skates.

THE MINNESOTA BENCH

spots Shane.

BOBBY VARNO  
(to his line)  
Let's take him down the second he hits  
the ice. Get that hot-head in the  
penalty box.

Over the boards Varno and his boys go...

COACH RADACOVICH

whacks Shane hard on the ass as he jumps over the boards.

THE GILBERT FANS

are psychotic as Shane steps on the ice in his bluejeans.

SHANE

forgivingly whacks Mike on the back of the head. A look from Mike tells Shane how sorry he is.

SCOUT MC CLURE

up in the booth watching Shane.

MIKE'S POV

finds Peggy out of breath grabbing a seat in the crowd.

INSERT - THE CLOCK

ticks down. 2:56, 2:55...

PLAY CONTINUES

Behind the ref's back, VARNO RAMS his stick right into Shane's gut. Knocks Shane right off his feet.

GILBERT FANS

explode with anger.

VARNO

stands over Shane taunting him. Shane picks himself up and skates away.

BURTKER

grabs the loose puck. Dishes off to Shane behind Gilbert's net.

GILBERT FANS ERUPT

as Shane gets the feel of the puck on his stick. He's like a pitcher rubbing the ball in his hand.

DOWN THE ICE

he weaves.

SHANE'S POV

of the overhead scoreboard. 1:46. Minnesota 2 - Gilbert 1.

SHANE

past the blue line...

A HORDE OF MINNESOTA UNIFORMS

strangle Shane, stopping him in his tracks. Shane BANGS the puck against the side rail, sending it whistling behind the net.

VARNO

screams in the face of one of his DEFENSEMAN...

BOBBY VARNO

Take him down!

Gilbert and Minnesota players scramble for the loose puck.

SHANE

digs it out behind the net against the boards.

TWO MINNESOTA GLADIATORS

hit Shane like Mack Trucks -- MUSHING him, and SNAPPING HIS HEAD into the glass.

SHANE'S STICK

snaps in half against the boards.

THEY EGG SHANE ON

but it's like water rolling off his back.

COACH RADACOVICH

furiously that the refs let it go.

MINNESOTA

rebounds the wobbling puck. They head down the ice.

A STICKLESS SHANE

is helpless behind the boards.

INSERT - CLOCK

keeps kicking - 1:11.

THE MINNESOTA FORWARDS

are like a SWARM OF ANGRY WASP circling our goalie. Fast, crisp passes.

A MINNESOTA SHOT

deflects off Napier's skate, pulling him dangerously out of position in the net.

THE PUCK FLOATS

right in front of the crease to a waiting BOBBY VARNO.

VARNO CRUNCHES IT

towards the open net.

SHANE

out of nowhere, lunges face-first without his stick - SWATTING IT DOWN with his hand.

BANGS HEADFIRST

into the goalpost. On his knees, he swipes it over to Slezak.

MIKE

races up near Shane. Throws him his stick.

SLEZAK

Can't get the puck back to Shane any quicker. Shane dances down the ice, surveying the battlefield.

COACH RADOVOVICH

looks up at the clock. 51 seconds.

SHANE

one-on-one with the ready goalie.

SHANE WINDS EARLY

and BLUDGEONS the puck into the top corner of the net.

GILBERT FANS

are going to blow up with excitement. Tie game.

INTERCUT:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAD

Alone. Lying in the bed listening to the game on the radio. Enthusiastically pops up - the tubes pull out.

CUT BACK TO:

THE CIVIC CENTER HOCKEYDOME CLOCK

reads 47 seconds. 2-2.

FACE OFF

Bobby Varno vs. Shane. God, does Shane look out of place standing out there in his bluejeans. They stare at each other.

BOBBY VARNO

Nice pants, you lowlife Ranger.

Looks Varno right in the eyes.

SHANE

You're gonna have to prick a lot harder than that to make this balloon pop.

VARNO

wins the face off, and trips Shane down as they take off.

SHANE

steals it back. Passes off to Mike.

MIKE

does not want to even touch this thing. Quickly flips the hot potato right back to Shane.

Let's face it - no one on Gilbert's team wants this puck but Shane.

SHANE'S

got it. He pours down the side rail.

THREE NEW MINNESOTA TANKS

cut him off at the pass-- SMUSHING Shane into the glass.

SHANE

collapses to the ground.

CLOSE UP

of Varno. Gives his teammates a look like "Now we're talking." Just as a shell-shocked Shane starts to get up

ANOTHER ONE

wallops him with a HARD CHEAP SHOT ELBOW smack in the FACE. Down Shane goes.

Coaxes Shane to get up and fight. Minnesota can't believe Shane doesn't swing back - Shane just skates away holding his BLOODIED face.

THE REFEREE

whistles. Sends the Minnesota guy to the penalty box.

SHANE

skates over to the Minnesota bench - blood POURS down his face. He smiles at Bobby Varno and his team.

SHANE

That was your big mistake.

THE GILBERT TEAM

huddles around their Coach at the glass.

SHANE

Shane skates up. Shane looks over at Minnesota's coach yelling at his team...

ANGLE ON MINNESOTA'S BENCH

MINNESOTA COACH

Use your brains -- he's a hog. Double team him, triple team him, whatever it takes!

BACK TO GILBERT'S HUDDLE

Coach screams over the chanting crowd...

COACH

Okay, listen up, here's our play. Get the puck to Shane. Then spread out. Okay?

They all like that play -- and head out to the ice. Shane pulls them back in the huddle. Shane looks to his team. To Coach.

SHANE

We made it here as a team. We're gonna win or lose it as a team.

(looks at them)

They're gonna key on me. I'm dragging 'em all over to the glass on the right.

(then)

If somebody is behind the net, and just floats out in front, I'll give you the pass of your life... Who wants it?

They all look down, praying Shane doesn't pick them.

SHANE

Okay, Mike, you're doin' it.

MIKE

Why should I have to do it?

SHANE

You're doin' it.

(looking him square in the eyes)

And we're gonna win this thing.

Coach nods in agreement. They hit the ice. Here we go.

THE FACE OFF

Before the "drop," Shane nods confidence to Mike - who's terrified at what's to come.

PUCK DROPS

Minnesota's got it. They march down the ice. Crisp passes back and forth; waiting for the right shot.

BOBBY VARNO

is right where he wants to be. Winds up. Cracks the whip to win the game.

NAPIER

gets a leg on it. Shane snatches it in. Takes off.

SHANE

heads right smack down the middle. MINNESOTA converges. He winds in and out with the puck taunting them to take it away.

MIKE

hurries to his spot behind the net.

SHANE DRAGS THEM ALL

right over to the corner by the glass on the right side.

MIKE

nervously waits behind the net. He knows he's gonna blow it. He'll never live this down.

COACH RADACOVICH

standing.

## MINNESOTA TROUNCES SHANE

into the boards. PLOWING INTO HIM over and over -- unable to loosen the puck free. Shane waits. And waits. He takes some more punishment while he waits some more.

## MIKE SLIPS OUT

finding himself alone smack in the slot in front of the goalie.

## SHANE SPOTS MIKE

out of the corner of his eye.

## INSERT - THE CLOCK

ticking down.

## SHANE

looks one way - and flicks the puck behind his back. It slides across the ice -- handing Mike the chance of a lifetime.

Right on his 800-pound hockey stick.

## MIKE

looks at the wide-open corner of the goal. Sees the Minnesota players all converging.

He winds... Time seems forever.

## SLOW-MO OF SHANE

watching from the side.

## COACH

standing behind the glass.

## THE MINNESOTA GOALIE

diving for the corner.

## MIKE SWINGS

The puck inches by the goalie's outstretched glove. BANGS into the left goal post, RICOCHETS across the crease. Trickles over the line into the net.

## THE RED LIGHT

signals victory.

## THE CROWD

The cheerleaders, the fans, the relatives, that 10 year-old kid who skated to the game, the cops IGNITE.

## MIKE

races to the outstretched arms of Shane.

## THE WHOLE TEAM

piles on the two of them. Zejdlick in his bare feet. Burnett in his underwear. Coach Radacovich dives right smack in the pile.

That poor Announcer is gonna have a heart attack -- screaming, "We're the National Champions."

CUT TO:

## INTERCUT - THE HOSPITAL ROOM

Dad, alone - victoriously holding his arms over his head with tears in his eyes. He yells out to the hallway...

## DAD

That's my son. That's my son.

CUT BACK TO:

## INT. CIVIC CENTER HOCKEYDOME

Gilbert fans pour onto the ice piling on all over the place.

## BLACK HAWK SCOUT MC CLURE

Up in the glass booth. Staring at Kelly on the ice. His eyes tell us where Shane's heading next year.

## MIKE

looks for his Dad. He finds him. Mike grabs his father in his arms.

## SHANE

looks in the stands.

## ANGLE ON PEGGY

pulling Andie by the arm, pushing through the crowd to get to the ice.

## SHANE

spots them.

PEGGY AND ANDIE

run into their brother's arms.

WE FADE OUT.

THE END.