

FINDING STANLEY

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FADE IN:

OVER OPENING CREDITS

1892: Through scratchy, cytochrome film, a WELL DRESSED MAN WITH A BEARD presents the STANLEY CUP to the winning ICE HOCKEY TEAM in front of an audience of a hundred people at the FIRST STANLEY CUP FINALS.

1920: A handle bar mustached hockey player lifts the STANLEY CUP (now with a silver band around the bottom) into the air as a thousand people cheer.

1970: Through the lens of a super 16mm camera we see a very hairy hockey player hoist the STANLEY CUP (now with multiple bands) up over his head while 50,000 people cheer.

Present: the STANLEY CUP is carried to center ice by the Keeper of the Cup, PHIL PRITCHARD, in front of 100,000 screaming hockey fans!

ANNOUNCER BOB (O.C.)

Welcome to Game 6 of the Stanley Cup Playoffs. And here comes the Keeper of the Cup, Mr. Phil Pritchard. A man with arguably the best job in sports: to chaperone the Cup all over the world.

ANNOUNCER KENNY (O.C.)

That's right, Bob. Each player from the winning team gets the Cup for forty eight hours to take back to their hometown. And who wouldn't want to spend time with the world's best professional hockey players?

EXT. BURNES FAMILY HOUSE - DAY

GORDON BURNES JR. (30's, boyish good looks in an expensive, yet conservatively tailored suit) holds a bottle of wine. His finger hovers over the doorbell. After a heavy sigh, he presses it.

The door opens to NHL legend GORDON BURNES SR., 60's, mountain of a man, very handsome, wearing a NEW YORK ISLANDERS T-SHIRT.

GORDON SR.

Oh, hi junior.

GORDON

Hi dad. I brought a bottle of  
Muscat that I got in Italy --

Gordon is cut off by a kidney punch, courtesy of MARCELLE BURNES, late 20's, huge lug of a guy with his father's good looks and wearing a CALGARY FLAMES T-SHIRT.

GORDON SR.

Ugh! Here comes two hundred pounds  
of ugly! You want a beer?

MARCELLE

Does a chicken have a pecker?

INT. BURNES FAMILY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The modest house is festooned with New York Islanders and Calgary Flames memorabilia. TINY CHIHUAHUA immediately jumps on Gordon!

GORDON

Down boy. Down boy! Dad!

GORDON SR.

Heads up!

He tosses a BEER CAN to Marcelle, who catches it like a champ, and one to Gordon, hitting him in the head with a THUNK!

GORDON SR. (CONT'D)

Oh jeez! Man, I haven't seen a guy  
go down that fast since the finals  
in '79. Shake it off, Gordie.

GORDON

(rubbing his head)  
Call me Gordon, please.

GORDON SR.

Hey Marcelle, you want to meet here  
before the parade?

GORDON

You guys are going to a *parade*?

GORDON SR.

Yeah, if the Rangers win your  
brother and I were gonna go to the  
Stanley Cup parade. I mean, you can  
come if you want.

GORDON

Thanks for the invite, but you'll have to enjoy people setting cars on fire without me.

GORDON SR.

So how are the suits at the NHL treating you, junior? They got you working on anything exciting, or are you still just doing your job?

GORDON

Actually, I'm onto something pretty exciting. We've been trying to increase ad revenue at NHL corporate, so I'm submitting a proposal to add retractable screens that fit under the second tier in arenas. During NHL games they would flip up and provide more ad space.

Gordon takes out his SMART PHONE and plays an ANIMATED VIDEO of the retractable screens.

GORDON SR.

Wouldn't those screens block the view from people seated in the third tier?

GORDON

Well yeah, but the revenue created by the new ad space would cover the cost of all ticket sales that would potentially be lost, and statistically speaking --

GORDON SR.

Statistically speaking!

MARCELLE

Statistically speaking!

Gordon Sr and Marcelle CACKLE in unison.

MARCELLE

You sound just as dorky now as you did in high school!

GORDON

Marcelle, you know what? You... you're so... dumb! With your... face, and... shut up!

(to himself)

I am not good at that.

GORDON SR.  
 Hey now, knock it off you two! This is a special time, the finals only come around once a year. Now what were you saying, Junior?

GORDON  
 Just that --

MARCELLE  
 Game's on!

Gordon Sr and Marcelle race for the couch and stare intently at the TV.

GORDON  
 Hey Dad, is Mom in her office?

GORDON SR.  
 Yeah, that'll be great.

Gordon, using the beer to ice his head, walks downstairs.

INT. BURNES FAMILY HOUSE - MOM BURNES'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He walks into a room that is covered in Quebec paraphernalia. Sitting at a small table is MOM BURNES, 60's French accent, in great shape, and busy writing a LETTER.

MOM BURNES  
 Gordon!  
 (she hugs him)  
 You look so thin. Do you have the polio?

GORDON  
 I think we beat polio, mom.  
 (picking up a letter)  
 Still on the letter writing campaign?

MOM BURNES  
 Oui. The secession of Quebec is a full time job.

GORDON  
 Mom, have you always been faithful to Dad? I'd completely understand if I had a different family.

MOM BURNES

You are feeling out of place. Like you do not belong. I understand this feeling as well.

GORDON

You do?

MOM BURNES

Oui, and one day we will walk tall and proud in a free, independent Quebec. And the Anglo pigs will drowned in their lies and vomit.

GORDON

Thanks mom.

GORDON SR. (O.C.)

Gordie, how about bringing up another case of beer from the basement?

MOM BURNES

Gordon, I love you very much.

Gordon smiles.

MOM BURNES (CONT'D)

There are mice in the basement.

The smile fades.

INT. ARENA - NY RANGERS BENCH - CONTINUOUS

DAVE "THE CRIPPLER" KOWALSKI, late 20's, mouth-breather look, but a sweet face, sits on the bench reading a copy of the NHL FINANCIAL REPORT. TAYLOR PYATT (teammate) leans over.

TAYLOR PYATT

What'cha reading that for, Dave?

DAVE

It helps me focus, and since I can't watch cartoons down here --

COACH (O.C.)

Kowalski!

Dave drops the report and hops up to face his COACH.

COACH (CONT'D)

Kowalski, may I remind you that your job is to hit people!

(MORE)

COACH (CONT'D)

Hit people who try and get in the way our offensive line!

DAVE

Yeah, but Coach, Ghandi said: "a man is but the product of his thoughts, and what he thinks he becomes." Maybe I should try scoring --

COACH

Ghandi? Ghandi?! You are not here to free Tibet! You're here to beat Patrick Sharp in to a bloody heap; is that clear?!

Dave hangs his head and skates onto the ice.

INT. ARENA - CENTER ICE - MOMENTS LATER

Dave stands over Blackhawks player PATRICK SHARP, who is laid out on a STRETCHER. Two PARAMEDICS wheel him away.

DAVE

Sorry Patrick. I'll come see you after the game.

PATRICK

Ahh, that'd be really nice, eh. Hey, hope you lose.

DAVE

(laughing)  
Get out! No way, eh!

ARENA - CENTER ICE

The PUCK is dropped and sticks CLASH! There is a flurry of action. The PUCK slides right in front of Dave.

COACH

Pass it!

Here's his chance! Everything slows down as Dave swings his stick into the air. SLAPSHOT!

It soars over the glass and straight into the head of the Keeper of the Cup, Phil Pritchard, knocking him out!

ANNOUNCER BOB (O.C.)

The Cup Keeper is down! Phil Pritchard is down!!

INT. BURNES FAMILY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SFX: PHONE RING

GORDON  
 (answering his phone)  
 Hello?

INT. ARENA - TROPHY ROOM - DAY

Gordon stands with BARRY WINTERS (40's, face like a rat, balding, yet wearing a suit that a kid would wear to his prom) and COMMISSIONER BETTMAN (60's kind, but with a no-nonsense air about him).

Behind them the Stanley Cup shines like a beacon of hope, surrounded by a dozen PRE-TEEN KIDS.

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN  
 I want to thank you both for coming in.

BARRY  
 Anything for the NHL, sir. BTW, somebody on YouTube remixed Lady Gaga's "Poker Face" with the video of Prichard getting knocked out. It's hilarious!

GORDON  
 How is Phil doing?

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN  
 Good, he's barely drooling today. One of you have to replace Phil for the next 100 days, and since he's the senior executive, I'm going with Barry.

BARRY  
 You won't regret this, Commis. Say, did you have a chance to go over my proposal to increase ad revenue?

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN  
 We'll certainly be looking at it much closer now. Not to mention the VP of marketing is leaving; it'd be a good promotion for the right man.

They shake hands and Barry THROWS A SMUG LOOK to Gordon. Two GIGGLING KIDS run past the men.

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN (CONT'D)

Oh yes, the NHL is partnering with Homes for Humanity to create the Junior NHL Hopefuls. Disadvantaged boys and girls who show talent and a love for the game. Let me introduce you to the young woman who put this all together. Natasha?

NATASHA TAYLOR, 30's, beautiful with a blue collar look about her (think Sandra Bullock in *Hope Floats*) walks over with a smile and a firm handshake.

NATASHA

Hello, I'm Natasha Taylor.

GORDON

Hi --

There is an undeniable instant attraction between these two, as stare deeply into one another's eyes... until --

BARRY

Hello. I have to tell you that what you're doing is just amazing. I'm getting emotional.

REDHEADED TOMBOY grabs the Cup.

NATASHA

Oh honey, don't touch the Cup.

BARRY

Let me take care of that for you.

Barry crosses to her.

REDHEAD GIRL

It's all hockey players on the Cup, so why is a nerd watching it? You look like a forty year-old Justin Bieber.

BARRY

Go back to Hogwarts Ron Weasley. Now get your nose pickers off the Cup!

(to Natasha)

These kids are great --

Redheaded Girl hits Barry in the shin with her HOCKEY STICK.

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN

Nice shot, kid.

GORDON

I was wondering Ms. Taylor, I think it's great what you're doing here, but wouldn't these kids gain more from a finance seminar or a math camp?

NATASHA

You don't hang around a lot of kids, do you?

GORDON

I went to math camp.

NATASHA

(laughing)  
Oh my God, I'm so sorry.

GORDON

In my defense, I was a VERY cool dork.

JOCK DAD, JOCK CHILD, and TOMMY enter.

JOCK DAD

You see that, boy? I'da been on that Cup if that stupid coach would have gotten me off the bench in junior high.

JOCK CHILD

That guy can kiss my ass, dad!

JOCK DAD

Hey! You watch your damn mouth.  
(hugging Jack)  
That's my boy.  
(to Tommy)

Tommy! Get over here and have fun!

Tommy tries to get closer to the Cup, but he's short and there's a crowd. Gordon's heart bleeds, so he kneels down.

GORDON

Hi. Tommy, right? Would you like to see the Cup up close?

He escorts Tommy past everyone, right next to the Cup.

TOMMY

I can't see the top.

He smiles and picks him up, so proud of himself --

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
A STRANGER IS TOUCHING ME! A  
STRANGER IS TOUCHING ME!

Gordon puts Tommy down immediately and throws his hands in the air!

SFX: Crowd cheers.

INT. ARENA - CONTINUOUS

ANNOUNCER BOB  
The New York Rangers have won the  
Stanley Cup! Fan are going crazy!

INT. CENTER ICE - MOMENTS LATER

Gordon, Barry and Commissioner Bettman present the Cup to the team Captain and it's passed from player to player. It reaches Dave who swings around, hitting Gordon in the head.

DAVE  
(putting the Cup down)  
Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry, bud.

Another player grabs the Cup and takes a lap around the ice without Dave ever getting to hoist it.

INT. ARENA - UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - LATER

Gordon (holding a bag of ice to his head), Barry (bent over with his hands on his knees) Commissioner Bettman, and INTERN stand at the trunk of an SUV with a BLACK NONDESCRIPT CASE containing the Stanley Cup.

BARRY  
God, that thing weighs a ton! I  
think I tweaked my back.

Commissioner Bettman rolls his eyes.

INTERN  
Can you pop the trunk?

GORDON  
NHL guidelines state that if being  
transported by automobile then the  
Cup is to be placed on a seat with  
seat belt attached.



GORDON

I didn't even have a chance to pack. These are the only clean clothes I have.

A LUGGAGE TRUCK speeds by, splashing muddy water onto Gordon's clean clothes.

CREWMAN

Have a good trip.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE: Gordon's plane lands on a small Latvian airstrip. One of the PLAYERS emerges from the plane and raises his arms in triumph. An accordion band starts to play while the crowd cheers.

Gordon sits at a table in a banquet hall, a goat is tied to the wall behind him, a tray of steaming sausages is dropped in front of him.

A plane crosses overhead.

Gordon is now in Sweden with another player. He stands in a different hall in the midst of another celebration, only this time he is by far the smallest person in the room.

He gets jostled back and forth as he tries to guard the Cup. A towering woman's boobs hit him in the face and he falls backward.

A plane crosses overhead.

Russia. Gordon is in Red Square, tanks and soldiers are in formation, a marching band plays, as the Cup is celebrated very formally. Everyone on the dais is given a shot of vodka to toast.

Gordon declines his drink, waving it away. The band stops playing and everyone on the dais and the thousands in the crowd fall silent and stare at him.

A train rolls by.

Gordon is the BACKYARD of a suburban home. He's wrestling the Cup away from a player next to the POOL. He tugs the Cup and Gordon flies into the pool.

A dilapidated ferry chugs along.

Gordon is on a Baltic island. Another plate of sausages is dropped in front of him. Another plane. Dancing girls. Plane. Accordions. Plane. Sausages. Plane.

Shooting RPG's and AK 47's at old cars while drinking from the Cup. Plane.

EXT. CARTWRIGHT AIRPORT - DAY

SUPER ON SCREEN: Cartwright, Newfoundland - Canada.  
Population: 550.

Gordon finally crosses off the last stop on his list. Gordon shivers, amazed that in August there's still snow on the ground.

DAVE (O.C.)

Gordie!

Dave Kowalski walks across the tarmac with a smile and bear hug.

GORDON

(sighs)

Call me Gordon, please.

DAVE

Ya, hey how's your beak doing pal?  
Sorry I smoked you with the Cup,  
eh? You went down like a sack of  
hammers! Man, I felt terrible.

GORDON

I'm fine.

DAVE

Yeah, and then I turn around and  
friggin' Gabby scoops up the Cup  
and I don't even get to hoist it!  
Eight years in the league and I  
miss my chance to lift the Cup  
front of the home crowd. Sucks, eh?

GORDON

Well, it could be worse. You could  
have gotten hit in the head.

DAVE

I hope you brought your drinkin'  
boots 'cause we're having a rage'r  
at the bar tonight. You might even  
get some tail!

GORDON

I'm good, thanks.

DAVE

Well, remember what Suzanne Gordon said: "To be alone is to be different, to be different is to be alone."

GORDON

And that means... what?

DAVE

I'm not exactly sure just yet.

GORDON

Yeah, thanks. Listen, I want to get to the hotel and rest up for a minute before we do whatever it is you people up here want to do with the Cup.

DAVE

Rack out for a bit. I'll come grab you when the party's firing up. You're gonna get screeched in tonight!

GORDON

Please tell me that happens while everyone has pants on.

DAVE

It's a Newfoundland tradition! You take a shot of moonshine then kiss a cod.

GORDON

So you're saying there's not a lot to do here.

DAVE

No, not really.

Dave opens the door to his PICK-UP TRUCK. Gordon stares at it with disappointment.

GORDON

Crap.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Dave whistles a song as the Cup sits next to him, and Gordon rolls around the bed of the truck.

GORDON  
Could you maybe slow down on the  
corners?

DAVE  
Aww come on, Gordie. Smell that  
air, look at that scenery!

Dave is right, the trees are a gorgeous green, and teeming with life. Gordon is in awe... until he's hit in the face by a low flying HAWK.

GORDON  
Mother of God!

DAVE  
Yeah, it's something.

Behind Dave, Gordon fights with the Hawk, as its talons are firmly embedded in Gordon's head.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Here you go!

Dave slams on the brakes, sending Gordon hurdling into the back of the cab, smashing the Hawk.

A dazed Gordon climbs down and sees he's in front of a building with a sign that reads: HOTEL/BAR/POST OFFICE.

GORDON  
So I imagine that this is where the  
locals come to get drunk, mail out  
cries for help, and then sleep it  
off.

DAVE  
Yeah, and they got a color TV.

GORDON  
Rad.

DAVE  
This is your last stop, man. You  
should enjoy it. As the Japanese  
philosopher Basho once said: "The  
moon is brighter since the barn  
burned."

INT. HOTEL - CHECK IN DESK - DAY

Yukon chic: wood, mounted animal heads, sawdust on the floor. Gordon rings the bell and OLD BARTENDER, 80's, in impossibly thick glasses, toddles to the counter gnawing on BEEF JERKY.

OLD BARTENDER

Evening.

GORDON

Hello, I have a room booked for two days under the name Gordon Burnes.

OLD BARTENDER

Grodin Burke? You related to that Kelso Burke fella that got himself tore up in the boring machine down at the mine last year?

GORDON

(speaking louder)

No, it's Burnes. Gordon Burnes.

OLD BARTENDER

Burnes? Oh! You're the Cup fella. Yeah, got you in the honeymoon suite. Best room we got. Here's the key.

GORDON

Oh. An actual key. Just like *The Shining*.

OLD BARTENDER

Awful thing what happened to that Burke boy. They say if you took what was left of him you could have fit it in a slop bucket with room left over for a hog's snout.

Gordon has a look of disgust on his face, as Old Bartender continues to gnaw on his beef jerky.

OLD BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry.  
(offering container)  
Jerky?

GORDON

I'm good.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Gordon opens the door and stares at the GIANT MOOSE HEAD mounted over the bed. On the wall is a PICTURE OF TWO MOOSE in the throes of passion. He lays down, but just ends up staring at Moose Head.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Gordon awakes to a knock on his door. He opens it to Dave, who is there with FISH, 20's, wearing denim everything.

DAVE

Rise and shine! This is Fish, my best friend and mailman.

GORDON

Hello... Fish. Just let me get my pants.

FISH

You ain't gonna need 'em for long!

Big high five!

FISH (CONT'D)

So Gordie, you sure you'll be able to handle the Cup with all the crazies that'll be at the party tonight?

DAVE

You kiddin'? Gord-o here has been with this thing for the last three and a half months. He's the best guy for this job.

(whispered)

He's kind of a square.

GORDON

Call me Gordon, please. And to answer your question... Fish, the Cup and the case are both outfitted with a GPS device, so if they go missing I'd just check in with the NHL offices.

DAVE

(to Fish)

See? Science.

Gordon takes a deep breath as he gets ready to do this one last time.

He opens the case containing the Stanley Cup. It glistens in the moonlight cascading in through the window. Dave and Fish look on in awe as ANGELS SING. Gordon roughly grabs it and shoves it at Dave, ending the moment.

GORDON

You get it for the rest of tonight and all of tomorrow. The day after that it *has* to be back in New York for the "City's Celebration" parade. We can die horrible, gruesome deaths, but this thing has to get to New York.

DAVE

Yea --

GORDON

Oh yeah, and don't chip it, cut it, break it, bend it, dent it, drop it, scuff it, or melt it, got it?

DAVE

Can I pick it up now?

INT. BAR - EVENING

The place is packed with plaid-clad, blue-collared, good natured folks, and in the back a BAND called the "NORTHERN HOOT-N-ANNY LYRICISTS" are setting up. Dave enters holding the Cup under his arm.

DAVE

Drinks are on me!!

The bar erupts into applause and cheers! Gordon slides the CUP'S BLACK CASE next to the BAND'S EQUIPMENT.

Everyone goes quiet as POP KOWALSKI (60's, looks like Jack London) and MOM KOWALSKI (60's, a sweet faced woman) enter the bar and warmly embrace their son.

MOM KOWALSKI

My boy is home. My boy is home.

POP KOWALSKI

The hard work, the sacrifice... it all paid off, son.

DAVE

Shucks Pop, you taught me everything I know.

POP KOWALSKI

No, son. This is your victory, your night. Be proud of yourself. I am.

They hug and Fish hands them all BEERS. Pop Kowalski raises his mug.

POP KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

(to crowd)

Voltaire once said: "How pleasant it is for a father to sit at his child's board. It is like an aged man reclining under the shadow of an oak which he has planted." As parents we wish for our sons and daughters to have a better life than our own, and I lost my fair share of sleep worried that I was going to let him down as a father and as a man. But as I now look at him - we did well. To our David!

CROWD

To David!

Gordon watches jealously as Mom and Pop Kowalski hug their boy with genuine pride and love.

MOM KOWALSKI

Oh! And to Gordon Burnes who delivers us our boy - we thank you and we welcome you.

CROWD

Welcome!

Mom Kowalski hugs Gordon and Pop Kowalski shakes his hand. The moment is interrupted by a SHIRTLESS DRUNK who screams --

SHIRTLESS DRUNK

I can fly! Whoo!!!

DAVE

Hey Mom, what happened to the flat screen I sent ya'll?

MOM KOWALSKI

Oh honey, we didn't see the point in that fancy thing.

She points to the FLAT SCREEN TV which has been converted into a TABLE.

GRANDPA KOWALSKI (O.C.)  
 Besides, there's only one way to  
 hear a game.

Everyone turns to see GRANDPA KOWALSKI, 80's, the original  
 crotchety old man in flannel, indiscernible accent.

GRANDPA KOWALSKI (CONT'D)  
 On a HAM radio! That's the way we  
 did it in my day!

GORDON  
 Yeah, but weren't they also curing  
 disease using leeches?

GRANDPA KOWALSKI  
 The HAM radio was how we defeated  
 the Kaiser. The HAM radio was how  
 we defeated the Nazi's. The HAM  
 radio was how stopped Yugoslavia.

GORDON  
 Yugoslavia never tried to invade.

GRANDPA KOWALSKI  
 Exactly! You from the Island?

GORDON  
 Um, which island?

GRANDPA KOWALSKI  
 Greenland.

GORDON  
 Uh, no sir.

GRANDPA KOWALSKI  
*Czy polskim?* Are you Polish?

GORDON  
 No sir, French/Irish.

Grandpa Kowalski slaps Gordon in the face and walks away.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
 Why the hell did he slap me?!

DAVE  
 Grandpa doesn't really get along  
 with people who aren't Polish, or  
 from Greenland, or under fifty  
 five, or light haired, or dark  
 haired.

INT. BAR - EVENING

The party is in full swing: band playing, people drinking and dancing.

Gordon, sweating profusely, watches in disgust as Dave pours BEER into the Cup and PATRONS take turns drinking from it.

Fish slaps him on the back - a bit too hard.

FISH

What's the matter, Gord-o? You never seen one hundred Newfies, one Cup?!

He laughs at his own joke - a bit too hard.

GORDON

Very apropos. In 1940 the New York Rangers accidentally set the Cup on fire and had to urinate on it to put out the fire.

FISH

Well, that was a long time ago --

GORDON

And then in 2008, Red Wings center Kris Draper put his infant daughter in the Cup, who proceeded to defecate in it.

FISH

No way! You're pullin' my chain.

Dave makes his way to Fish.

DAVE

Your turn, Fish! Have a drink?

Fish exchanges looks with Gordon.

FISH

I'm good.

Gordon wipes the sweat from his brow as Old Bartender taps him on the shoulder.

OLD BARTENDER

Wet yer whistle?

GORDON

Iced tea, please.

OLD BARTENDER

Huh?

GORDON

Iced tea!

OLD BARTENDER

Long Island iced tea?! You got it!

GORDON

What?

The heat is getting to Gordon, as he pulls out a HANDKERCHIEF and wipes his sweaty brow. He turns, grabs his "iced tea" and downs the whole thing.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Oh God, that's horrible tea.

DANCE FLOOR

CREEPY GUY, 50's, odd accent, sleazy vagabond type, approaches Fish as he dances.

CREEPY GUY

Excuse me friend, but my cousin in Greenland gets good prices for one-of-a-kind things like Stanley Cup. If you could get it to my truck, you may find yourself very wealthy.

FISH

Really? Wealthy?

CREEPY GUY

Very.

FISH

Sounds like a deal. Hey Dave!

DAVE

Yeah bud?

FISH

Gimme a hand?

DAVE

Yeah bud.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

The door to the bar opens with Creepy Guy being held up by Dave and Fish.

DAVE

One... two...

They throw Creepy Guy into the air, and close the door. After a moment he lands in the snow.

CREEPY GUY

Ugh... Canadians.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Everything gets hazy. Shirtless Drunk is back in Gordon's face.

SHIRTLESS DRUNK

I can fly!! Whoo!!!

Gordon turns away - it's REALLY hot in here. Old Bartender grabs the empty glass.

OLD BARTENDER

Want another?

GORDON

Maybe that's a good idea.

Old Bartender mixes the drink and Gordon takes a large drink.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Wait a shecond, thiss is boozze.  
I'm drunk!

DAVE

Atta boy!

GORDON

No, no, no, no, no! I can't drink  
boozze, and drunk. The Cup goes  
away!

The Crowd turns to 'Boo' Gordon! Unfortunately, it's at the same time Shirtless Drunk dives off the stage to crowd surf.

SHIRTLESS DRUNK

I can fl --

He lands with a THUD!

Gordon mistakenly puts the Stanley Cup back into a BLACK NONDESCRIPT CASE labeled "NHL BAND."

DAVE

Probably not a bad idea, what with this crowd. Maybe now you can have some fun! In fact... SCREECH!

The Crowd goes crazy!

CUT TO:

Gordon is standing on the bar with Dave. He hands him a SHOT GLASS. Gordon takes the shot, and the crowd cheers! Fish hands Dave a CODFISH which he presents to Gordon.

GORDON

I can't believe I'm doing this.

He kisses the Codfish, and the crowd cheers!

DAVE

Is ye an honorary Newfoundlander?

GORDON

Deed I is me ol' cock, and long may your big jib draw.

The Crowd cheers! Gordon starts to wobble.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I'm a Newfie!

The room goes silent, as everyone looks at Gordon with a combination of anger and disgust.

DAVE

That's our word Gord. For us. It's not cool for you to use the N-word.

GORDON

I... I didn't know... I'm sorry.

DAVE

It's okay pal. Great job, Gordie!

GORDON

Please, call me --

Gordon collapses into the Flat Screen TV Table, smashing it.

The crowd cheers! The music plays!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BAR - DAWN

Numerous people are passed out on the floor, tables, and stairs. BAND MEMBERS are packing up, but they drop a BLACK CASE.

OLD BARTENDER  
Watch the floors, eh?

TALL BAND MEMBER  
We'd move a lot faster if we had some help.

FAT BAND MEMBER  
Leave the old man alone, eh.

OLD BARTENDER  
Old man?! I'll show you an old man!

Old Bartender grabs two BLACK, NONDESCRIPT CASES, the band's case that Gordon accidentally put the Cup into, and one labeled NHL BAND that was mistakenly filled with band equipment. He walks it out to the --

EXT. BAND'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

With a heave, he hoists them both up to the Van's roof and ties them down.

OLD BARTENDER  
How's that for an old man?

Old Bartender proudly walks back to the Bar... only to find he's locked himself out.

OLD BARTENDER (CONT'D)  
Oh, open the damn door!

INT. BAR - MORNING

Gordon wakes up underneath a BOBBY ORR PINBALL MACHINE, clutching the stuffed beaver, wearing a JOCK STRAP on his head with "Cup Boy" written on it.

He staggers to his feet and starts to search the bar. He rushes around the bar, but he can't find the black case! The Cup is gone!!

Old Bartender strolls out of the back room with a CUP OF COFFEE in his hand and a JELLY DONUT in his mouth.

GORDON

Hey, the uh, the Cup-- you have it  
the back there somewhere?

OLD BARTENDER

What? You need a cup of joe?

GORDON

No. Not a cup of joe, the Stanley  
Cup. You know, the whole reason I'm  
in this denim heaven. Have you seen  
it?

OLD BARTENDER

Not since last night. Why?

They hear a GRUMBLE on the other side of the bar, as Dave  
sits up from the floor. On his forehead in BLACK INK, someone  
has written: BUTT

GORDON

Dave! Do you know where the Cup is?

DAVE

What? No. Why?

GORDON

I just, I'm not sure at this exact  
moment, where it is.

DAVE

Ain't knowing that information,  
kinda the only reason you're here?

GORDON

Yes David! Thank you!! Crap. Oh  
crap, oh crap, oh crap. What's  
today?!

DAVE

August?

GORDON

Saturday. IT'S SATURDAY! No one  
will be in the office except the  
interns!

He pulls his CELL PHONE from his pocket.

INT. NHL HQ - BULLPEN OF DESKS - CONTINUOUS

Intern is sitting at his desk with a look that says: LEAVE ME ALONE! Barry is leaning on the desk scrolling through PICTURES on his IPHONE.

BARRY

And in this one you can see the whole stage. I wish you'd been there, bro! It was an amazing concert.

INTERN

Wow Mr. Winters, you sure do like Katie Perry.

BARRY

Those pictures are sweet, right?

INTERN

I didn't know an iPhone could hold that many images.

BARRY

Bro! Kanye... next week... at the Garden. You in?

INTERN

Oh, I don't know --

BARRY

You say no, and I could fire you.  
(laughing)  
Just kidding, bro... But I could.

SFX: PHONE RINGING

Inter picks it up lighting quick.

INTERN

(into phone)  
NHL Headquarters? Oh, hi Mr. Burnes.

BARRY

(whispered)  
Gordon? Put it on speaker phone.

Intern presses SPEAKERPHONE.

GORDON (O.C.)

-- need you to do me a HUGE favor  
and keep it under your hat, okay?!  
(MORE)

GORDON (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Go into my office and log into my computer. There is an application called "Cup GPS." I need to find the Cup right now.

BARRY  
No problem, Gordie.

GORDON (O.C.)  
Wait, Barry?

BARRY  
Sounds like you maybe in a spot of trouble.

GORDON (O.C.)  
Huh? What? Me? No. I was just making sure the GPS system is working. That's all. How's your day going?

Barry presses MUTE on the phone.

BARRY  
I think I'm gonna take this one, home skillet. Five me out, Linkin Park.

Barry raises his hand, and Intern gives him a high five, seemingly against his will. Barry hops off the desk and heads into --

GORDON'S OFFICE

He lazily walks into the office and sits at the glass desk, missing the black leather chair and landing on the ground. He gets back up and checks the COMPUTER.

BARRY  
Oh, well if that's the case then why don't you tell me where the Cup is and I'll tell you if you're right.

GORDON (O.S.)  
It... is... in... a... town...

BARRY  
Uh-hm.

GORDON (O.S.)  
That... is... close... to... Cartright?

BARRY

Ouch! Thanks for playing Gordo, but wrong answer.

GORDON

Crap. Where is it?

BARRY

Oh, you don't get it, dawg. I'm the one whose going to bring the Cup home, and then that sweet promotion is going to be mine, whereas you will go down in history as the guy who lost the Stanley Cup. Yeah! Barry Winters - FTW!

Barry hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

GORDON

Wait, Barry? Hello? Hello?!

DAVE

Everything alright?

GORDON

I'm dead. I'm a dead man. My career's over. My life! I lost the Stanley Cup! Do you know what Canadians will do to me when they find out? Oh, everyone acts nice. "Come on in," "Have a beer, eh," "meet my sister!" But, but this is The Cup. The Stanley Mother Loving Cup! I'm dead!

DAVE

Listen, Gordo, calm down. I'm sure it's here some --

Dave steps onto a BASS DRUM putting his foot through it.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Looks like the band left some gear behind.

Gordon looks at the PEARL BRAND DRUM, and then rushes over to a black case. He flips the lid down and sees a PEARL logo on the top of the case.

GORDON

The band! This isn't the Cup's case! It looks exactly like it! Where are they going?

OLD BARTENDER

Don't quite know. Could be anywhere from Goose Bay to Lab City --

DAVE

It's Snowcap.

Dave is standing next to the band's "Northern Hoot-n-anny Lyricists Tour" poster with all of the tour dates. The band is playing in Snowcap tonight!

EXT. ARCTIC HIGHWAY - BEAT UP VAN - DAY

"Northern Hoot-n-anny Lyricists" van rumbles down the road with equipment on the roof, all held on by a hodgepodge of straps. They hit a bump and a BLACK CASE goes flying through the air.

It crashes to the ground and splits open. The Stanley Cup bounces, landing perfectly upright in a snowbank.

Beneath the Cup is a SMALL ELECTRONIC DEVICE that glows. As it sits in the snow the glow fades... fades... fades, finally ceasing. Snow drifts down, slowly filling the bowl.

INT. BAR - DAY

GORDON

Okay. Snowcap, I'm going to Snowcap. Where the hell is Snowcap?

DAVE

About three hours from here.

GORDON

What?! Okay, I'll charter a plane. I don't care what it costs. Let's go. Take me to the airport!

DAVE

No flights today.

GORDON

How do you know that?

DAVE

Cause the only plane left this morning to fly South. There's only one plane and one flight a day. Cartwright airport is pretty small, and most people fly out of the large international airport in Goose Bay. That, and there's no airport in Snowcap.

GORDON

You could have saved some time and just opened with that.

DAVE

Don't worry, Gord, I'll drive you. Heck, the only reason you're here is because I hit the Cup Keeper in the skull with that slapper. This'll be fun!

EXT. BAR - DAY

Dave, now wearing his snow cap, and Gordon open the door to the bar and find Dave's BURNT TRUCK outside.

DAVE

My truck!

Dave flags a guy climbing onto his snowmobile.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Lonnie!

LONNIE

Yeah?

DAVE

You see what happened to my truck last night?

LONNIE

Yeah, it got burned.

DAVE

Ya, I can see that. Who burned it?

LONNIE

You did. You said it was too dark to play boot hockey last night, so you lit your truck on fire.

DAVE

Thanks!

(to Gordon)

Okay. So it would appear that I  
burned my truck.

GORDON

Yes. I heard. So what now?

Parked in the lot is a TRACTOR TRAILER, on it reads: HOMES  
FOR HUMANITY. Standing in front of the truck is Natasha,  
looking at some papers. Dave and Gordon run to the --

PARKING LOT

Natasha's son, NICK, 12, runs into the street and starts  
playing hockey with a SODA CAN.

NICK

Nick Taylor is on the break away.  
He shoots! He scores! Taylor has  
won the Stanley Cup!

NATASHA

Nick! Get out of the street.

NICK

Mom, we're in the middle of  
nowhere.

Nick SNEEZES, and Natasha pulls a TISSUE out from her purse.

GORDON

Excuse me? I'm not sure if you  
remember me or not --

WHAM! Gordon gets hit in the face with a soda can.

NATASHA

Nick!

Natasha reaches into her bag and hands him a COLD PAC.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Nick gets hurt a fair amount. I'm  
so sorry about that.

DAVE

Don't be, that was a great shot!

GORDON

Dave.

(to Natasha)

(MORE)

GORDON (CONT'D)  
 We met at the Stanley Cup finals a few months ago.

NATASHA  
 The very cool dork! How's your face?

Gordon cocks an eyebrow from underneath the COLD PAC.

NICK  
 Oh my gosh! Dave Kowalski?!!

DAVE  
 Hey there, kiddo.

NICK  
 Mom! This is 'Crippler' Kowalski from the Rangers! Dude!! This is so awesome! Would you sign my puck?

DAVE  
 Sure, but you gotta get it first!

Dave throws the puck on the ground and starts kicking it with his boot, and Nick tries to get it back with his stick.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
 Nice moves!

NATASHA  
 Nick, not in the street, sweetheart.

DAVE  
 Oh, it's okay. No cars come through here.

GORDON  
 Dave.

DAVE  
 Okay.

GORDON  
 (Handing her a card)  
 My name is Gordon Burnes.

NATASHA  
 (something sparked)  
 Gordon Burnes?

GORDON  
 I have some business in Snowcap and I seem to have missed my ride.  
 (MORE)

GORDON (CONT'D)

I was wondering if I could catch a ride with you? I'll pay you for your trouble, of course.

NATASHA

And you guys don't own a car?

DAVE

Uh, mine got a little torched last night.

Points to the charred remains of his truck.

GORDON

That's not the best incentive for a ride, is it?

NATASHA

Not really.

GORDON

You would be saving my life, and your son seems pretty taken by Dave.

Nick and Dave continue to play in the parking lot, but Dave loses his balance and falls in the snow.

NATASHA

That's what I'm afraid of. Okay, but just as far as Snowcap.

NICK

Yes!!

GORDON

Thank you. Thank you so much, you are a life saver.

NATASHA

Sure, don't worry about it.

GORDON

Dave. Come on, buddy. Let's go.

DAVE

Just a few more minutes.

GORDON

Dave. Now please.

NICK

He sounds like my mom.

EXT. HIGHWAY ROADSIDE - DAY

The snow in the Cup has melted and now is clear crisp water.  
Drinking from it are BABY ANIMALS.

INT. NHL OFFICES - COMMISSIONER BETTMAN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Commissioner Bettman, dressed in 3/4 pants, and holding a GOLF CLUB, rushes in the door and begins searching his desk. Barry, trying to look casual, knocks on the door.

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN  
What can I do for you, Barry?

BARRY  
Just playing through?

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN  
I'm in the middle of playing  
eighteen holes with my brother and  
he bet me he couldn't eat five golf  
balls. I'm just here to grab my  
checkbook then head over to the  
hospital.

Barry notices a SCALE MODEL of an arena on Commissioner Bettman's desk. On it are RETRACTABLE SCREENS.

BARRY  
So what's the deal-io with this?

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN  
Oh, it's a scale mock up of  
Gordon's retractable screen idea.  
It's very promising, now what can I  
do for you, Winters?

BARRY  
Mr. Bettman, I don't want to alarm  
you, but I think Gordon might be in  
some trouble. Like Kesha kind of  
trouble.

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN  
What?

BARRY  
Well, I just a got a call from him  
asking to activate the GPS system.

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN  
What?! He's lost the Cup?

Commissioner Bettman picks up the phone.

BARRY

Wait, wait, wait! Let's just hang on a second and think this through.

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN

Think what through? If the man has lost the Cup then we need to make steps to recover it immediately.

BARRY

Totes, but chances are he just overslept and one of the players decided to take it to a frozen pond with his buddies or something.

Commissioner Bettman puts the phone down.

BARRY (CONT'D)

This is the kid's first big job, so how about I take a train up there and just offer some of my experience.

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN

Well, if there's one thing you've got Winters, it's experience.

Barry smiles. Dick.

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN (CONT'D)

Okay, but don't take the train. Take the company jet, and make sure to pack the credit card.

BARRY

Well sir, if you insist.

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN

Barry, you get the Cup back, you hear me?

BARRY

(smiling)

Oh I will sir. I will.

Barry turns and runs into the door. He straightens himself and walks out, head held high.

INT. CREEPY GUY'S TRUCK - DAY

Creepy Guy, blurry eyed and bitter, drives along the quiet road when suddenly he slams on the brakes! There in the snow is the Stanley Cup!

He jumps from his truck, grabs it and hides it under a TARP in the back. He drives past a sign that reads: CARTWRIGHT AIRPORT.

INT. NATASHA'S BIG RIG - DAY

Natasha and Gordon sit up front while Dave and Nick sit in the --

BACK OF TRUCK

NICK

No way!

DAVE

Yes way!

NICK

It's impossible!

DAVE

Look, if Wile E. Coyote were to run off a cliff and not look down he could just walk on air forever.

NICK

Wait a minute... you're totally right!

CUT TO:

FRONT OF TRUCK

Gordon takes the COLD PAC off his head. Natasha watches, then rummages through her purse and hands him a BAND-AID.

NATASHA

So the screens would flip up during NHL games? But wouldn't that block the third tier?

GORDON

Yeah, but it would generate more revenue.

NATASHA

Oh okay. Good luck with that.

GORDON

So you drive a truck and set up meetings with the Stanley Cup. You're either very involved or Homes for Humanity is a really small organization. Do you build the homes too?

NATASHA

It's not a full time job. We just drive building materials every summer.

GORDON

My dad did a lot of fund-raising for Homes for Humanity; Gordon Burnes Sr. He was a hockey --  
(off her look)  
Wait, what's the matter?

NATASHA

After Nick's dad and I... we were in pretty dire straights. Homes for Humanity, for lack of a better term, saved us. Your father was the man to hand us the keys to our new home. I knew your name was familiar! Your dad is really special.

GORDON

He was something.

NATASHA

Oh my God, I'm sorry.

GORDON

It's okay.

NATASHA

Did he go peacefully?

GORDON

What? No, he's not dead. We just... don't get along that great. I mean, I love him. He's my dad, but --

NATASHA

He wanted you to be interested in something, and when you weren't he just kind of shut off.

GORDON

Am I wearing a sign on my chest or something?

NATASHA

I know about dad's like that, but I'm working hard to make sure Nick won't. Oh, your lips look dry.

Natasha pulls CHAPSTICK from her purse and hands it to him.

GORDON

How many things do you have in that purse?!

NATASHA

(laughing)

So you just didn't like hockey?

GORDON

No, I love hockey. I know every statistic from every major game. It's just hard being the only nerd in a family full of jocks. I remember spending hours in my hospital room memorizing stat books.

NATASHA

Must have been a real hit with the ladies.

Gordon laughs.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Why were you in the hospital?

GORDON

When I was a kid I had a hole in my heart. Because I have a rare blood type I had to stay in the hospital, just in case I had an episode.

NATASHA

That must have been horrible for your parents.

GORDON

That's funny, I never thought about what they must have gone through. Not funny - ha-ha, more funny - horrible.

NATASHA

Nick was eight weeks premature and he has a rare blood type too, so he spent the first two months in the NICU.

GORDON

I'm sorry to hear that, but it certainly doesn't seem to hold him back now.

In the backseat, Dave and Nick are playing SLAP HAND. Nick slaps Dave's hand so hard Dave bites his lip.

NATASHA

So if not hockey, what do you love now?

GORDON

Okay, lemme see. Nutella.

NATASHA

Oh! I have some in here!

GORDON

Of course you do. Um, Rowan Atkinson movies. Batman. The milk at the bottom of the cereal bowl --

NATASHA

Okay, now you're just making me hungry.

GORDON

Oh, and gruff, but passionate big rig drivers with a cause.

NATASHA

Quit flirting.

GORDON

Oh no, I didn't mean that to be, um - I just meant that - You're messing with me aren't you?

NATASHA

(laughing)  
Yes I am.

GORDON

You know, you try and be nice to a pretty girl --

NATASHA  
Oh, and now I'm pretty too?

GORDON  
That's it, I'm jumping out the window.

NATASHA  
Good luck, Batman.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Creepy Guy takes the Cup out of the truck and walks into a --

SMALL HANGAR

Inside is a HARRIER JET that looks to be held together with duct tape and prayers. He BUCKLES THE CUP into the back seat and KISSES THE BOWL before getting into his seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

The Jet takes off and heads for the ocean.

INT. CREEPY GUY'S JET - DAY

The radio crackles:

RADIO CONTROL (O.C.)  
(in Greenlandian)  
Unidentified aircraft, please identify yourself.

CREEPY GUY  
(in Greenlandian)  
Shut up. It's your cousin.

RADIO CONTROL (O.C.)  
(in Greenlandian)  
Sir, you are flying in restricted airspace. I will give you new coordinates to --

CREEPY GUY  
(in Greenlandian)  
Settle down. I'm just flying home.

RADIO CONTROL (O.C.)  
 (in Greenlandian)  
 Seriously! Turn your aircraft  
 around immediately!

CREEPY GUY  
 (in Greenlandian)  
 You don't understand --

RADIO CONTROL (O.C.)  
 (in Greenlandian)  
 No, you don't understand! The  
 government upgraded the defense  
 system. It has been made fully  
 automated to shoot at unauthorized  
 aircraft!

CREEPY GUY  
 (in Greenlandian)  
 Wait, what?

RADIO CONTROL (O.C.)  
 (in Greenlandian)  
 Idiot! You have two missiles  
 heading right for you!

Creepy Guy looks out the window to see two MISSILES heading  
 right for him!

CREEPY GUY  
 HOLY CRAP!

He hits the EJECT BUTTON, launching he and the Cup up out of  
 the jet just seconds before it explodes!

The Cup, its seat's parachute deployed, floats away from  
 Creepy Guy.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The Big Rig pulls into a well-used gas station with extra  
 tall roofs for the large trucks. Everyone gets out and  
 stretches their legs.

NATASHA  
 No.

GORDON  
 Are you afraid that if I pay for  
 the gas then this would be like a  
 date?

NATASHA

Can you imagine? That'd be the worst date ever.

GORDON

No it wouldn't.

This makes Natasha noticeably uncomfortable, but she doesn't break eye contact. The moment is destroyed when --

DAVE

Hey Gordie, you want some Fun Dip?

GORDON

No Dave, I don't.

DAVE

What?! It's flavored sugar on a stick. What about that *don't* you like?

GORDON

That it's flavored sugar on a stick.

DAVE

A rest stop without Fun Dip? Like Christmas without beer and hockey.

Dave bounces off towards the LARGE QUICKIE MART while Natasha heads to the GAS PUMP.

SFX: CRACK! BANG!

The sound is coming from the other side of the Big Rig.

SFX: CRACK! BANG!

STREET

Gordon turns the corner to see Nick with a HOCKEY STICK, shooting crushed SODAS CANS into a TRASH CAN on its side.

SFX: CRACK!

The Soda Puck goes wide.

GORDON

Bend your knees more.

NICK

What?

GORDON

Shooting is more about balance than anything. You're just twisting your body when you should be transferring your weight to your other foot.

He adjusts and lines up another Soda Puck.

SFX: CRACK! BANG!

He nails it! Gordon's eyes go wide.

NICK

Like that?

GORDON

Um, yeah. Like that.

NICK

Thanks. Maybe I'll be able to score some more goals this year.

GORDON

You know who has the most goals of all time?

NICK

Wayne Gretzky.

GORDON

Yup. And the most assists?

NICK

Um, Messier?

GORDON

Nope, Gretzky. He'd park himself behind the net and find his teammates out front. *That* is what made him the greatest. Everyone wants to drive the net and get the glory, but you know what's more glorious? Winning the game as a team.

NICK

Did you learn that from your dad?

GORDON

Um, yeah. I guess I did. Want to see a picture of him?

NICK

Sure.

Gordon opens his wallet and takes a WELL WORN PICTURE out.

GORDON

That's him and me. I was about your age.

NICK

Did you play hockey?

GORDON

Darn right. Second string goalie.  
(off Nick's look)  
I was short.

BIG RIG - CONTINUOUS

Natasha closes the GAS TANK and searches for Nick. She rushes to the --

STREET - CONTINUOUS

She sees Gordon talking with Nick... and a CARELESS DRIVER rounding the corner.

NATASHA

Nick!

Gordon looks up in time to see the car. He grabs Nick and leaps out of the way just in time.

Natasha sprints like lightning, snatching Nick out of Gordon's arms.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Are you okay? Let me look at you.  
Are you hurt?

NICK

Cut it out, mom. I'm okay.

NATASHA

What were you doing in the street?  
What if Gordon hadn't been there,  
huh?

GORDON

Yeah, that was a close one.

NATASHA

What the hell is the matter with you?

GORDON

Wait, what? No, I'm the guy who helped.

NATASHA

You were the guy talking to him in the middle of the street. He's a kid, what's your excuse?

Dave, arms full of multi-colored candy, approaches with a smile.

DAVE

Who wants some candy?

(silence)

I said who wants candy? You don't have to pay for it or nothing. Anyone?

Everyone walks back to the Big Rig in silence.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Man, what do these guys do for fun?

EXT. GREENLAND COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - EVENING

A family huddles in fear, as a BURLY GANGSTER with a GUN goes through their belongings. MOTHER, clutching her NEWBORN, gasps as he inspects a LARGE CERAMIC BOWL then smashes it!

FATHER

(in Greenlandian)

No!

Burly Gangster spins around with his gun trained and ready to shoot... when the Stanley Cup falls from the sky and knocks Gangster unconscious!

The family cheers!

INT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The WIND HOWLS as snow sparsely falls. Dave and Gordon hop out of the Truck.

NATASHA

Welcome to Snowcap.

DAVE

Okay! Nick, buddy, you got my email. I'm gonna send you some stuff from the team when you get back from this trip, so stay in touch, pal.

NICK

Thanks Dave!

NATASHA

Thanks Dave, that's really sweet of you.

GORDON

Thanks again, Natasha.

NATASHA

Give my best to your dad.

Natasha gives a couple of blasts on the HORN and drives away.

DAVE

You okay, partner?

GORDON

Yeah. Let's go get this thing.

Dave looks up at the cloudy dark sky.

DAVE

Man, this weather is crazy for this time of year. I've never seen it snow like this so early.

GORDON

Just another sign that God hates me.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Country music plays as Gordon and Dave enter. There are a few flannel clad patrons drinking at the long wooden bar. Gordon flags down the bartender.

GORDON

Excuse me! Is the band around yet?

BARTENDER

No band tonight, bud. They cancelled 'cause of the weather. Headed on to Goose Bay hours ago.

GORDON

Are you kidding me? I have to go to  
Goose Bay?! This is unbelievable.

DAVE

That's not too bad. It's like, not  
even a three hour drive... unless.

Looking out the window.

GORDON

What?! What now?!

DAVE

The snow, it's coming down pretty  
good. I'm sure it's fine. I mean  
what else could go wrong?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

GORDON

What do you mean the road is  
closed?!

Gordon is standing in front of a CANADIAN MOUNTIE, 40's,  
stoic and professional.

MOUNTIE

Meaning that this road is closed.  
*La route est fermée.*

GORDON

Is there another road?

MOUNTIE

No sir, this is the only road to  
Goose Bay. *Aucun monsieur, ceci est  
la seule route à Goose Bay.*

GORDON

Stop translating in French!

MOUNTIE

English and French are recognized  
as the official languages of Canada

--

Gordon walks away in a huff.

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

*L'anglais et français sont reconnus  
comme les langues officielles de  
Canada.*

DAVE

Don't worry, these guys are great. Those roads should be open in no time.

(to Mountie)

See ya, Bob.

MOUNTIE (O.C.)

Bye Dave. *Au revoir* Dave.

GORDON

Oh, now I can relax! Don't worry everybody, Dave the cheerleader is on the job! And might I say sir, your pom-poms are adorable!

DAVE

Please don't be mean, Gordie.

GORDON

Why? What are you going to do "Crippler?" Beat me up? Please do! Do me a favor and snap my neck and leave me out here in the snow, because that would be preferable to what is waiting for me when I have to tell people that I have lost the oldest and most storied trophy in professional sports!!

DAVE

You worry too much. You have a great job, an amazing family. I mean, you're Gordie Burne's son, for crying out loud.

GORDON

Oh yeah, that was awesome. Hanging out in locker rooms and listen to my dad explain that "even little guys can be good hockey players." What do you know? You grew up on the set of a frozen Brady Bunch.

DAVE

Are you kidding me? Do you know how hard it was going up with my parents? My dad is like, the smartest person ever. Who quotes Voltaire?!

A man with a baby in a BLACKHAWKS JERSEY walks to a mud spattered truck. Attached is a trailer with a beat up SNOWMOBILE.

GORDON

You!

BABY GUY

Huh?

GORDON

How much for your... motor... sled... thing there?

BABY GUY

My skidoo? Oh, well, I never really thought of selling her. I mean, I've had 'er since '82 and she's sure been good to me over the years... ice fishing, hunting, that time Pete got his boot froze in that moose carcass. That was a good one, Pete didn't think that --

GORDON

Three hundred bucks.

BABY GUY

Now that's just too much. This thing is over twenty years old.

GORDON

Sir, this is a matter of life and death. Okay, not really, but it's bad.

BABY GUY

Well, if it means that much to ya, then you just go ahead and take it.

GORDON

Um, thanks, but I can't do that. Please take the money. You can use it to take him to his first game.

BABY GUY

First game? He's already been to about sixty. We just find a spot in the cheap seats and settle in.

GORDON

Something to think about.

BABY GUY

Yeah, don't know what'd I'd do without those seats.

GORDON

Okay.

BABY GUY

It'd be a horrible shame if  
anything happened to them.

GORDON

Got the message!

Gordon pays the man when he catches the baby's eyes. So small and innocent, Gordon is moved by this perfect little being.

The baby farts.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Gordon, straddling the snowmobile, is pulling the cord in the hopes of getting it started.

DAVE

I don't think this is a good idea.  
The North ain't a very forgiving  
landscape. A night like tonight'll  
eat you up quick.

GORDON

(with crazy eyes)

Do you think I want to do this?!  
Now which way is Goose Bay?

Dave grudgingly points.

DAVE

Gordie, at least take my jacket and  
gloves, eh? That thing you're  
wearing ain't gonna keep you warm  
at all.

Gordon takes them.

GORDON

Thanks. And the name is Gordon.

He pulls the cord and with a heavy GRUNT the snowmobile comes to life. Kicking up a flurry of snow, he drives off into the blizzard.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Gordon chugs along on the snowmobile next to the empty highway. The snowmobile sputters and wheezes.

GORDON  
No-no-no-no-no-no-no!!

The engine sputters one last time and dies.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
You piece of crap!!!

He climbs off and kicks it, hurting his foot.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
Aaahhh!!

After weighing his options, he begins limping his way down the side of the snowy highway.

CUT TO:

HOURS LATER

Gordon is covered head to toe in snow and ice. He trudges slower and slower with each step, dropping to one knee. He tries to get back up, but stumbles into the snow.

GORDON  
God damn punch bowl.

He passes out.

INT. SMALL COUNTRY CHURCH - NIGHT

Several family members sit in the pews. MINISTER looks at his watch and shakes his head. The family who was being robbed earlier enters and everyone breathes a sigh of relief.

MINISTER  
(In Greenlandian)  
Where have you been?

FATHER  
(In Greenlandian)  
Car trouble.

MINISTER  
(In Greenlandian)  
Did you bring the Christening bowl?

FATHER  
(In Greenlandian)  
It was broken.

MINISTER  
 (In Greenlandian)  
 I can't bless the child in the  
 sink!

He points to a FILTH ENCRUSTED SINK. Father thinks for a moment and grabs a bundle wrapped in a WHITE BLANKET. He unwraps it, and the Cup glistens in the light. Angels faintly sing.

The Minister holds up the baby.

The baby is dipped in the Cup.

The family cheers!

An accordion player begins a song, and the family dances, holding up the baby and the Cup.

INT. REMOTE CABIN - NIGHT

Gordon is slowly coming to, hearing voices.

JEFF (O.S.)  
 You gotta heat the water up before  
 you mix the soup in or it gets  
 lumpy!

STEVE (O.S.)  
 I know how to make soup!

JEFF (O.S.)  
 The last time you did it was lumpy!

Gordon opens his eyes and sees that he is in a log cabin with three men in long johns and animal pelts (Strangely they look exactly like the HANSON BROTHERS of "Slap Shot" fame, mostly because it's them).

STEVE  
 Well then you make the damn soup!

He throws down the LADLE. Gordon flinches.

GORDON  
 Excuse me?

JEFF  
 Don't get mad at me because I don't  
 want to eat your lumpy soup for the  
 ten millionth time!

GORDON

Hello?

JACK

The soup's fine. Why are you always complaining?

JEFF

You two can eat your lumpy soup, I'm not doing it!

JACK

Then don't eat it.

GORDON

Guys!

Gordon is shaking like a leaf as the Hanson Brothers direct their attention on him.

JEFF

Oh, hey fella! Jerky?

GORDON

No, thank you. I'm sorry, but where am I?

JACK

Our cabin.

STEVE

You have to be some kind of stupid to go out on a skidoo in this weather.

JACK

Yeah. What the heck were you doing out there?

JEFF

Yeah. What the heck were you doing out there?

GORDON

I was on my way to Goose Bay. I don't have any money, but I'm sure I can get some when I get there.

JEFF

Money ain't gonna keep you warm out there.

GORDON

Then why'd you help me?

JEFF

'Cause if we hadn't then you'da died. You're not too sharp, are ya?

JACK

Why you gotta go to Goose Bay any ways?

GORDON

I'm looking for the Stanley Cup.

JEFF

*The Stanley Cup?*

GORDON

Yeah. I thought I could drive there, or something.

STEVE

Cars are no good. They crap out.

JEFF

Yeah, they crap out.

JACK

Yeah, out here you gotta use Malamute.

GORDON

Is that some kind of off road vehicle?

JEFF

Yup.

CUT TO:

EXT. REMOTE CABIN - LATER

The snow has subsided, but left behind fluffy, white snowbanks. Gordon stands with Steve, Jeff, and Jack in front of a rickety PEN OF DOGS.

GORDON

That's a Malamute?

JEFF

That's right, eh. They can get you to Goose Bay, no problem.

GORDON

Great!

STEVE

Except there's a problem. Jeff there got a new dog, Scar, but he hasn't been broken in yet.

Gordon looks in the pen and sees a HUGE DOG, twice the size of the others with a scar running across his face

GORDON

He looks like Omar from *The Wire*. So breaking him in, that's important?

JACK

Oh yeah. You gotta show them you're the alpha dog otherwise they'll tear you apart. Look at Jeff's leg.

Jeff pulls up his pant leg to reveal where the dog mauled him. It's turning green.

GORDON

Oh God! You need to get that looked at by a doctor.

JEFF

Oh, it's okay. I rubbed some fresh snow in it. But I do get light headed when I stand up too fast, or too slow, or when I'm sitting quietly --

GORDON

So how long does it take to break him in?

STEVE

Not long, few days.

GORDON

A few days?! I have to get to Goose Bay now!

STEVE

If you wanna break him then be our guest. Just get him to sit... and not rip out your throat.

Gordon, shaking like a leaf, opens the pen and walks in. The pen closes behind him with a CRACK! The dogs all scatter except for SCAR.

GORDON

Okay, good doggie. Sit -- AHHHH!

Scar leaps at him! Gordon ducks out of the way and Scar lands with a roll, but is back on his feet in seconds. Gordon scrambles to his feet in just enough time to see Scar leap!

Gordon is knocked onto his back with the snarling dog literally on top of him! Froth dripping into him, teeth inches from his face! The Hanson Brother quietly watch, chewing on jerky. JERKY!

GORDON (CONT'D)  
Steve! Jerky me!

STEVE  
Aww, do I have to? It's my last piece --

GORDON  
JERKY ME!

Steve tosses his beef jerky, and Gordon snatches it out of the air! He bites a piece off and spits it into Scar's mouth; lodging it in the dog's throat.

He throws the dog off of him. It coughs up the jerky then re-eats it. He's had a taste and he wants more. Gordon positions himself in front of the open PEN DOOR.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
(holding the jerky out)  
Here boy!

Scar races towards him and leaps! Gordon steps outside with just enough time to close the gate, wedging Scar's head! He growls and snaps!

GORDON (CONT'D)  
CALM DOWN! Calm down! Calm down.

Slowly the fight leaves the tired dog. Gordon feeds him the rest of the jerky. Gordon opens the door, but Scar doesn't move.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
Sit!

Scar sits!

GORDON (CONT'D)  
Hanson Brothers, mount up! We're going to -- AHHH!

Scar has bitten Gordon on the ass.

EXT. ICY WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Gordon, dressed in furs now, is strapped to the front of a DOGSLED. While the three Woodsmen stand at the back cracking a WHIP over his head.

JEFF

Goose Bay is due North of here, so  
we just have to follow that star!

He points to the North Star. Gordon looks at the star and back at these three not-so-wise men.

EXT. GOOSE BAY - GOLDEN CUP SALOON - MORNING

The weather has cleared and the dogsled pulls up to the hotel. Gordon climbs off.

GORDON

Thanks. I wish there was some way  
to repay you for everything.

JEFF

Just go find the Cup!

STEVE

Maybe send us some tickets to a  
game when you get back home, eh!

They ride into the wilderness.

DAVE

Was that who I think it was?

GORDON

You know, they did --

Gordon scream! Dave screams!

DAVE

What's the matter?!

GORDON

How the hell did you get here?

DAVE

I told you it was a three hour  
drive. I just waited for the snow  
to stop. What are you wearing?

GORDON

I think it was an elk.

EXT. SMALL GREENLANDIAN COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

Party! There is a buffet, a small band, men are playing ICE SOCCER (a game of soccer played on ice). GRANDPA, 80's kindly old man, holds the newborn and a MICROPHONE attached to his HAM RADIO.

GRANDPA  
 (in Greenlandian)  
 Hello world, it's me, Jaqqa Ranni,  
 coming to you from Qassimiut. I  
 would like you to meet my grandson,  
 Aleq Jaqqa Ranni. He was christened  
 today, August 17th in a... um...  
 (reading the Cup)  
 Stanley's Cup. A beautiful bowl for  
 my beautiful grandson --

CUT TO:

INT. KOWALSKI HOME - CONTINUOUS

Grandpa Kowalski listens to his Ham Radio, and his ears perk up upon hearing "Stanley Cup."

GRANDPA KOWALSKI  
 Bugger me! The Cup? The Cup is in  
 Greenland?! I've got to get word to  
 the boys - immediately!

He jumps up off his chair and walks as fast as he can to another desk. He sits down and begins writing a POSTCARD!!

GRANDPA KOWALSKI (CONT'D)  
 (writing)  
 Dear Boys...

INT. GOLDEN CUP SALOON - DAY

Dave and Gordon are relieved to see the Band setting up.

GORDON  
 Excuse me, fellas? A few days ago  
 you played a gig in a little crappy  
 town called Cartwright --

DAVE  
 Hey!

GORDON

-- and I was wondering if you happen to run across any extra equipment?

TALL BAND MEMBER

Extra? No way, eh. That's where I left half of my drums.

FAT BAND MEMBER

Hey. You don't suppose he means...?

TALL BAND MEMBER

Oh yeah. We did pick up one thing, but we've all grown pretty attached, and I dunno if we can give it up.

Tall Band Member points to a LARGE BLACK CASE with a yellow NHL stenciled on the side.

GORDON

Guys, please. That thing is my life. If I don't get that back then I'll be ruined.

TALL BAND MEMBER

Well, if he means that much to you then how can I say no?

Tall Band Member walks to the Large Black Case and opens it up. Gordon's eye's go wide as a RACCOON leaps from the case and knocks him to the ground.

DAVE

Aw, he's a cute little fella.

TALL BAND MEMBER

Yeah.

EXT. KOWALSKI HOME - DAY

Grandpa, Postcard in hand, waddles out to the MAILBOX. Fish, now dressed in his MAILMAN UNIFORM, is filling the mailbox

FISH

Hey there, Grandpa Kowalski.

GRANDPA KOWALSKI

No time for chit-chat, Fish. You have to get this to the boys ASAP! Understand me?

FISH

Yes sir.

Grandpa Kowalski waddles back inside, at which point Fish reads the postcard, and throws it away.

INT. GOLDEN CUP SALOON - LATER

Gordon, now with fresh raccoon slashes, holds a HIGHBALL on his face.

DAVE

You feelin' any better there,  
Gordie?

GORDON

Please call me Gordon, and no, Dave  
I'm not feelin' any better. We have  
no leads and have to be back in New  
York in less than --  
(looking at his watch)  
Fifteen hours.

DAVE

You should call Natasha. I noticed  
that the two of you had a spark of  
some sort.

GORDON

Are you even listening? I mean  
yeah, she's pretty... and smells  
like chestnuts... and does that  
thing where she turns her head real  
fast and her hair swishes. You know  
what I mean?

DAVE

No. Like what?

GORDON

Like this.

Gordon turns his head and looks at Dave with a flirtive smile.

DAVE

Oh, I know what you mean. Like when  
they do this.

Dave turns his head and looks at Dave with a sexy look.

GORDON

Well, don't make it dirty.

Dave does it again but looks even sexier.

BARRY (O.C.)  
OMG Burnes, no wonder you lost the  
Cup.

Gordon's face goes white, as he turns to see Barry standing over them.

GORDON  
Barry? What are you doing here?

BARRY  
Don't embarrass yourself, Gordie.  
I'm gonna bring it home, not you!  
Then that promotion is all mine --

SPLAT!

A lump of creamed corn lands on Barry's shoulder. He looks up to see a TODDLER holding a SPOON.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Not cool, kid!

DAVE  
I don't know how you are, but  
Gordie here is bringing in the Cup.

GORDON  
(quietly to himself)  
Gordon.

BARRY  
Really? IDK, my man Luke may have a  
problem with that.

Barry motions to LUKE, 30's, 100% muscle and ugly.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Speaks twelve languages, thirteen  
years of military training, and an  
MMA fighter. He's on loan from the  
CANSOFCOM.

Gordon looks confused.

DAVE  
Canadian Special Operations Forces  
Command.

GORDON  
What a horrible acronym.

Out of the corner of his eye Barry sees the Black Case.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
Barry --

BARRY  
Zip it, Burnes.

Barry opens the case and the Raccoon leaps from the case and attaches itself to Barry's crotch!

BARRY (CONT'D)  
MOTHER OF GOD!!

He spins around, trying to get the animal off of him, but it won't let go.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
IT'S LIKE A FURRY VICE!!! LUKE!

Luke sits motionless and the TODDLER giggles. Gordon and Dave make for the door!

BARRY (CONT'D)  
HE HAS ONE OF THE THREE IN HIS  
MOUTH, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Gordon and Dave run out of the bar.

SFX: Phone ringing.

Dave picks up his CELL PHONE. The following phone conversation takes place between Dave and Fish.

DAVE  
Y-ello?

FISH  
Hey Dave, it's Fish.

DAVE  
Hey bud, what's going on, eh?

FISH  
Your Grandpa got a lead on the Cup.

DAVE  
No fool'en?

FISH

Yeah, it's in a small town called  
Qassimiut in Greenland.

DAVE

Thanks bud.

FISH

No worries. Hey, go Canucks.

DAVE

Take off, eh!

GORDON

Who was that?!

DAVE

Fish. The Cup is in Greenland.

GORDON

What's it doing in Greenland?! We  
have to get to the airport.

DAVE

There it is.

They look, and LITERALLY across the street they see --

EXT. GOOSE BAY AIRPORT - DAY

The airport is small, but very clean.

GORDON

Wow, this is a small town.

INT. SMALL COUNTRY CHURCH - NIGHT

The party is in full swing! The Cup sits on a chair next to a buffet table. YOUNG MAN and his CHUBBY FRIEND look at PRETTY GIRL, all teenagers. She doesn't see him, but he is obviously smitten.

CHUBBY FRIEND

(In Greenlandian)

Talk to her!

YOUNG MAN

(In Greenlandian)

She's too beautiful for me.

Young Man moves closer to Pretty Girl who finally notices him. She smiles, Young Man hangs his head shyly.

DANCER bumps the chair, the Cup falls forward, hitting Young Man and sending him into the arms of Pretty Girl. They smile and kiss

EXT. GOOSE BAY AIRPORT - DAY

Gordon walks out the front doors in a huff.

GORDON  
I can't get a flight anywhere.

DAVE  
What?

GORDON  
Yeah, everything is shut down for some reason.

DAVE  
Don't worry Gordie, it's like the wise man once said: "Opportunity is all around, but is expert at hiding."

GORDON  
Dave, life is not a cute saying you read on the back of a cereal box --

SHIRTLESS DRUNK, from the Cartwright Bar and now dressed as a AIRMAN, walks between the men talking on his phone.

SHIRTLESS DRUNK  
Excuse me.

GORDON  
No worries.  
(to Dave)  
You have to make your own luck --

He looks at Shirtless Drunk.

SHIRTLESS DRUNK  
(into phone)  
No, no, no! I can't today. I can't fly!!

Gordon and Dave look at one another. Gordon sprints towards Shirtless Drunk.

GORDON  
Excuse me! Hey, sorry. You remember us, from Cartwright?

SHIRTLESS DRUNK

Oh yeah! The Cup guys! That was the best party, eh. What do you need?

GORDON

Do you own a plane?

SHIRTLESS DRUNK

A plane? Sorry, boys.

CUT TO:

INT. HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER

The guys stand in awe staring at a top-of-the-line JET AIRPLANE.

SHIRTLESS DRUNK

But I do own a jet.

GORDON

Great! We need a ride.

SHIRTLESS DRUNK

I'd love to help you, but I'm way past my hundred hour inspection. If I take a dollar for a flight around the parking lot they'll pull my license.

DAVE

What about a favor?

SHIRTLESS DRUNK

(Laughing)

I could fly you if no money was involved, but burning about a thousand bucks in jet fuel is a hell of a big favor, amigo.

DAVE

How about if I were to give you this?

Dave holds out his hand to display his STANLEY CUP RING.

SHIRTLESS DRUNK

Whoa. Are you serious?

GORDON

Dave! No. You can't... I can't let you. We'll figure out something else.

DAVE

There isn't time for anything else.  
(to pilot)  
So?

SHIRTLESS DRUNK

Anywhere, you name it.

GORDON

We need a ride to Greenland.

SHIRTLESS DRUNK

Anywhere but there.

GORDON

What?

SHIRTLESS DRUNK

Sorry guys, but some idiot didn't set his flight record and flew straight into Greenland's missile defense. Got shot all to hell, so they've grounded all flights from here to Greenland for the next few days.

GORDON

No, you don't understand; I *have* to get to Greenland today.

SHIRTLESS DRUNK

Sorry brother. Don't know what to tell you.

Gordon can't be a part of this conversation. He walks a few steps away with his head in his hands.

DAVE

Don't they make any sort of exception to the rule?

SHIRTLESS DRUNK

Well sure, if it's a state of emergency.

Gordon spins around with a crazy look in his eye.

INT. GOOSE BAY AIRPORT - SECURITY COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

SHORT SECURITY GUARD (40's, plump body, round face) sits behind a white IKEA desk. Gordon appears out of nowhere and stares intensely.

SHORT SECURITY GUARD  
Um, can I help you?

GORDON  
I do not work for a government  
agency, okay?

SHORT SECURITY GUARD  
Okay.

GORDON  
I need to ask you a few questions,  
but I do not work for a government  
agency, okay?

SHORT SECURITY GUARD  
Okay.

GORDON  
Have you seen any suspicious men in  
the past twenty seven minutes?

SHORT SECURITY GUARD  
That's really specific.

Gordon stares intensely.

SHORT SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)  
Um, no.

GORDON  
You know what the great thing about  
this place is? The fact that it is  
not a first strike target for a  
terrorist attack.

SHORT SECURITY GUARD  
I'm sorry?

GORDON  
Are you sure you haven't seen any  
suspicious men in the last twenty  
seven minutes?

SHORT SECURITY GUARD  
Well, I mean, there was a new guy  
working at the Dimpus Burger, but I  
don't think --

Gordon winces and balls up his fists.

SHORT SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)  
Oh my God, what?

GORDON

Do you have any family in the fifty mile radius from this location? You may want to call them and tell them good-bye.

SHORT SECURITY GUARD

What?! Please, what can I do to help?

Gordon looks over either shoulder then leans in.

GORDON

I have a plane ready for take-off and we are going to Greenland. I need you to call the tower and get us clearance.

SHORT SECURITY GUARD

But the investigation --

GORDON

Fifty mile radius!

SHORT SECURITY GUARD

Okay! Okay, I'll do it. What should I tell them?

Gordon heads for the door.

GORDON

I don't work for a government agency!

EXT. GOOSE BAY AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

Gordon walks outside and reaches for his cell phone.

INT. NATASHA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Natasha is standing over a STEW POT. Her cell phone VIBRATES. Nick enters with his hockey stick.

NICK

Mom, have you seen my --

She hands him a ROLL OF TAPE, and picks up the phone.

NATASHA

Hello?

EXT. GOOSE BAY AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

GORDON  
Natasha? Hey, it's Gordon Burnes.

NATASHA (O.C.)  
Oh hey, I was hoping you'd call.

GORDON  
I'm about to go on a plane.

NATASHA (O.C.)  
Um, good. Will this your first time?

GORDON  
No, um, they shot missiles at the last guy who took this flight.

NATASHA (O.C.)  
Then don't take that flight.

GORDON  
I have to, but in case anything happens to me I just wanted to, I dunno, call you or whatever.

NATASHA (O.C.)  
I'm the last phone call you're making before getting on a plane that maybe shot at? Gordon, where are you? What's going on?

GORDON  
I can't tell you, but if nothing happens over Greenland today then that means I'll be okay, okay?

NATASHA (O.C.)  
Okay.

GORDON  
Okay.

NATASHA (O.C.)  
Call me again, soon.

GORDON  
Okay.

He hangs up the phone and rushes off to the Hangar just as Barry's limo pulls up. Luke gets out followed by Barry, who is wearing what looks like an oversized adult diaper.

BARRY

I don't care that it was cheap, I judge every health care system by how many pain pills I get. Still leading the pack - Mexico. Now get on the horn and find --

(seeing Gordon)

Burnes?

INT. JET AIRPLANE - MOMENTS LATER

Shirtless Drunk is strapped in and ready to go.

SHIRTLESS DRUNK

You boys comfortable?

Gordon is sitting on Dave's lap in the tight confines of the cockpit.

DAVE

Yeah, bud. Good to go.

GORDON

I don't know how I'll ever repay you for this.

DAVE

Gibran says "You give but little when you give of your possessions. It is when you give of yourself that you truly give." You're my friend Gordo, that's more valuable than a ring.

GORDON

Thanks Dave, I don't know what to sa --

The hatch comes down, slamming Gordon on the head. His cry is muffled.

CUT TO:

INT. JET AIRPLANE - LATER

Gordon and Dave are looking very uncomfortable wedged into their seat together.

GORDON

How much further?

SHIRTLESS DRUNK  
 'Bout twenty more minutes, give or  
 take.

SFX: Alarm

GORDON  
 What is that?

SHIRTLESS DRUNK  
 Oh nothing, it's just, we don't  
 exactly have permission to fly  
 here.

RADIO CONTROL  
 (In Greenlandian)  
 Unidentified aircraft, please  
 identify yourself.

SHIRTLESS DRUNK  
 Hola amigo, no harm intended we're  
 just passing through.

RADIO CONTROL  
 Who is this amigo? You are in  
 Greenlandian airspace. Identify  
 yourself now or be fired upon.

SHIRTLESS DRUNK  
 Hey, hey! Take it easy there Green  
 Lantern, we're the good guy --

Another alarm goes off.

GORDON  
 What is that?!

SHIRTLESS DRUNK  
 Ah, looks like a couple of SAM's.

DAVE  
 Who's Sam?

SHIRTLESS DRUNK  
 Surface to Air missiles. Hold on to  
 yer dumplings boys!

The jet does a series of extreme maneuvers, while Dave and  
 Gordon scream for their lives!

The missiles are closing in. The jet deploys FLARES,  
 destroying one, but the other is still on their tail.

SHIRTLESS DRUNK (CONT'D)  
 Uh, we might be in a bit of trouble  
 here.

GORDON  
 What?!!

SHIRTLESS DRUNK  
 Well, I'm outta flares, and this  
 SAM don't seem to want to leave us  
 alone. I need to try something  
 kinda dangerous: I gotta try and  
 pull a missile dodge.

DAVE  
 You've done this before right?!

SHIRTLESS DRUNK  
 Read about it.

GORDON  
 Read about it?!

SHIRTLESS DRUNK  
 Yeah! I gotta zig when she's  
 exactly four seconds from impact  
 and make her overshoot. Hold on!

The missile gets closer. Shirtless Drunk, squeezes the controls and watches his instruments closely. Gordon and Dave clutch one another for dear life.

DAVE  
 (genuinely cheery)  
 Well on the bright side you won't  
 have to pay me back, Gordie.

GORDON  
 Shut up Dave!

SHIRTLESS DRUNK  
 Here we go!!

The jet turns quickly slamming Gordon's face against the cockpit window. The missile misses them by inches--soaring past and exploding out of range.

SHIRTLESS DRUNK (CONT'D)  
 See? Piece of cake!

Gordon and Dave both look terrified.

GORDON  
 I peed a little.

DAVE

Me too.

EXT. FIELD - EVENING

SUPER ON SCREEN: GREENLAND

Gordon and Dave stand next to an OLD MAN with a TRUCK parked next to the jet. Shirtless Drunk is in the cockpit ready to leave.

SHIRTLESS DRUNK

My man here says he can get you to the village. I better am-scray, it ain't gonna take the military long to figure out where we landed.

GORDON

Seriously, anytime you want tickets to a game just call.

DAVE

Thank you. That was amazing.

SHIRTLESS DRUNK

Told you man... I can fly!

Shirtless Drunk closes the cockpit and takes off.

EXT. SMALL COUNTRY CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

The party is still going on when Gordon and Dave arrive. They approach GRANDPA, 80's, kind face and a knit sweater.

GORDON

Hello sir. You wouldn't happen, by any chance, to speak English would you?

GRANDPA

English?

GORDON

(relieved)  
Yes!

GRANDPA

No.

DAVE

(In Polish)  
Polski?

GRANDPA  
 (In Polish)  
 Yes.

DAVE  
 (In Polish)  
 Sorry to bother you so late, but we understand that you found a silver bowl?

GRANDPA  
 (In Polish)  
 Yes! It was a gift for my grandson!

EXT. GREENLANDIAN VILLAGE - NIGHT

Gordon waits as Dave talks with Grandpa. Behind everyone Young Man and Pretty girl watch, arm-in-arm.

DAVE  
 I explained our situation, and they are willing to part with the Cup, but since it's now their child's Christening bowl they're not just going to give it to us, and they're not that interested in money. Do you have anything to trade with?

GORDON  
 You mean that a Greenlandian villager would find useful? Not really. You?

DAVE  
 Nope. Do you know anyone who has a lot of cool stuff?

Gordon's face turns sour.

CUT TO:

INT. BURNES FAMILY HOUSE - EVENING

Gordon Sr is watching TV when his cell phone rings. The following conversation takes place between Gordon and Gordon Sr.

GORDON SR.  
 Y-ello.

GORDON  
 Hey Dad.

GORDON SR.  
Oh geez! Not this character again --

GORDON  
No dad, it's Gordon.

GORDON SR.  
Oh. Hey guy.

GORDON  
Listen, I don't have a lot of time,  
but I lost the Cup and --

GORDON SR.  
You lost the Cup?!

GORDON  
Just temporarily. We found it in  
Greenland --

GORDON SR.  
Greenland? What the sam-hell are  
you doing in Greenland? And whose  
we?

GORDON  
My friend, Dave.

DAVE  
Aww, thanks Gordie.

GORDON  
(to Dave)  
Not now.

GORDON SR.  
What happened?

GORDON  
I had too much to drink one night --

GORDON SR.  
Ah, Gordon. Of all the  
irresponsible things --

GORDON  
Dad, please. I know I screwed up,  
but I really need your help. We  
have to fly back to New York in a  
matter of hours.

GORDON SR.

Well, I'd love to help you, but I don't know what I'd do. Where are you exactly?

GORDON

Qassimiut, just outside Narsarsuaq.

GORDON SR.

It's pronounced "Narsarsuaq."

A LIMO drives into the village and Barry gets out, still wearing his diaper.

GORDON

Oh my God, he found me. I don't know how, but he found me.

GORDON SR.

What is it?

GORDON

Nothing, I have to go!

He hangs up leaving Gordon Sr alone on the line.

EXT. SMALL COUNTRY CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Luke is speaking with the Grandpa as Gordon reaches them.

GORDON

Stop! You stop making - words, with your - face! How did you get out of Goose Bay? All flights were grounded!

BARRY

You forget, Luke here is a government official with the CANSO... CANSMOM...

DAVE

CANSOFCOM.

BARRY

That acronym is just a train wreck.

Grandpa shakes his hands and head.

GORDON

What did you do? What'd you tell him?

Grandpa addresses them.

DAVE

He says that since you both claim ownership of the Cup that he can't decide who actually owns it.

BARRY

What?! Me! That's who. I'm the good guy here. Look!  
(pointing to his crotch)  
He did this to me!

Everyone watches as Barry points to Gordon, then his crotch. People back away from him.

BARRY (CONT'D)

(to himself)  
I don't think that's having the desired effect.

Grandpa snaps his fingers and speaks.

DAVE

He wants us to play... Ice Soccer?

BARRY

What?

GORDON

What?

DAVE (CONT'D)

A one-on-one game. First to five points gets the Cup.

BARRY

Obviously I am injured, so I nominate for my team - Luke!

GORDON

Him?! He looks like Ivan Drago! I can't play Patty Cake against that guy let alone this!

DAVE

I'm in.

GORDON

No Dave, look at this guy. He doesn't have a frontal lobe --

DAVE

Man, this is just like boot hockey. Besides, against this guy you'd do as well as Jelly Jacobs.

GORDON  
Who's Jelly Jacobs?

DAVE  
Guy I grew up with. He was born  
without bones.

GORDON  
Thanks Dave.

EXT. FROZEN LAKE - NIGHT

With his boots slipping on the ice, Dave faces off against Luke who could not be more sure footed. He scans the field: a frozen pond with two goals, consisting of four small trees, two on either side.

Grandpa walks to the middle and drops a BLACK BALL. Dave and Luke, equally inexperienced in this game, just stare at one another.

DAVE  
Oh, do we go?

Luke is off like a shot! He reaches the ball as Dave is getting started. He tries to gain possession, but Luke punches him in the face, knocking him to the ground.

GORDON  
Hey! He can't do that! Can he? I'm  
still unclear as to how this game  
works.

GRANDPA  
Fair.

Gordon stews, but then takes out his cell phone and begins typing.

CUT TO:

The game continues in the same fashion: Dave is getting pummelled and Luke is scoring goals, making it look easy. The score is 3 - 0 Luke.

GORDON  
Time!

Dave slips over, nursing a few bruises.

DAVE  
Can we call time, Gordie?

GORDON

I have no idea, but listen: I've been taking some notes and this guy has some serious weaknesses.

DAVE

No way. I've been giving it everything out there and he is killing me, eh.

GORDON

No Dave, you can do this. "The difference between a successful person and others is not a lack of strength, not a lack of knowledge, but rather a lack of will." Vince Lombardi. Dave, you have the strongest will and biggest heart of anyone I've ever met. You can beat this guy.

Dave nods his head.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Now look --

(showing cell phone notes)

72 percent of the time he's taking you on the left side, but scoring with his right. You gain possession by taking him on the right, but keep that ball on your left. Also, don't waste your time trying to fight this guy, but rather let him waste his energy. Got it?

DAVE

Yeah coach.

Dave hustles back out to the ice and squares off with a new found strength. The two men race for the ball with Luke reaching it first, but this time Dave takes it away on the right.

Luke takes a swing at Dave, but he dodges. Luke loses his balance and slides into a snow bank with a THUD. Dave kicks the ball and scores! The crowd cheers!

Dave walks to Luke and offers a hand up; Luke accepts it.

CUT TO:

Dave has turned a corner and is scoring. The score is 3 - 4 Dave.

The ball is dropped and Dave tries taking him on the right, but this time Luke is ready for it and checks him. Dave falls to the ice and Luke scores. The score is tied.

GORDON

Time!

Dave slides over, still beat up, but with a look of determination.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Okay, I think he's onto you. This is going to take a little finesse.

Gordon goes over his plan and Dave nods.

DAVE

Is that legal?

GORDON

Probably?

Heading back out to center ice, the two stare one another down then race for the ball! Luke reaches it first, but Dave is unflinching, heading straight for Luke. The two are on a crash course!

At the last second, Dave drops to the ground and slides under Luke's legs! He gains possession of the ball and hops back up! Everything slows down as Dave swings his leg into the air. SLAPSHOT!

Gordon watches as the ball flies over his head. Grandpa is slack-jawed. The crowd dumbstruck. It soars over and straight between the two trees! Dave wins!

GORDON (CONT'D)

YES!!!

Gordon runs out to the ice and hugs Dave! Luke slides over and offers a handshake.

BARRY (O.C.)

No way! No way!!

Everyone turns in time to see Barry grab the Cup and hobble for the limo!

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

BARRY

Step on it!

## EXT. FROZEN LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Everyone watches as the tires of the limo spin in the snow, but goes nowhere. Casually Gordon walks to the door, opens it, and grabs the Cup.

GORDON

Let's go.

## EXT. GREENLANDIAN VILLAGE - OLD TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Everyone waves good-bye to the guys as they're driven away in the back of an old, beat up truck by FATHER. The Cup rides in the front.

GORDON

Now all we have to do is figure out how to get home. If anyone sees us with the Cup my bosses will know that I screwed up.

DAVE

Don't worry, I have a plan.

## EXT. GREENLANDIAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

Gordon and Dave stand next to a chain link fence as they look out at their plane being loaded with BAGGAGE.

GORDON

Okay, so what's the plan?

DAVE

We wait for the baggage handlers to leave then we put the Cup on the plane.

GORDON

How much thought did you put into this?

DAVE

Not a ton. Come on!

They squeeze through the fence and sneak across the tarmac. BAGGAGE HANDLERS finish loading and leave. The guys move to the plane when --

YOUNG SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

(In Greenlandian)

Hey!

They turn to see YOUNG SECURITY GUARD pointing an AK-47.

GORDON

Crap.

YOUNG SECURITY GUARD

Looks like I catch me couple of terrorists. What are your names?

GORDON

Gordon Burnes.

DAVE

Dave "The Crippler" Kowalski. Do you watch NHL Hockey by any chance?

YOUNG SECURITY GUARD

No.

(into radio)

Two suspects. Gordon Burnes, and Dave "The Cripple" Kowalski.

EXT. NATASHA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick is playing hockey with friends in the street. Natasha walks onto her front porch.

NATASHA

Five more minutes sweetie, then it's bed time. And please get out of the street.

NICK

Okay mom!

EXT. GREENLAND AIRFIELD - NIGHT

The guys are now HANDCUFFED and sitting on the ground.

GORDON

Excuse me, sir? What exactly is going to happen here? We really need to get back to New York.

YOUNG SECURITY GUARD

You will be taken into custody, your things impounded, and you will stand before a judge in two week.

GORDON

Two week?!

DAVE

Two week?!

OLD SECURITY GUARD approaches and pulls Young Security Guard aside.

GORDON

I'm sorry sir, but if you'll just sit and listen to me for a second; we'll go with you, but is there ANY way you can send this package along to New York?

Young Security Guard leaves.

GORDON (CONT'D)

(to Dave)

Where's that guy going? Who is this guy? He looks angry.

Old Security Guard opens the bag and the Cup gleams in golden light of the runway lamp.

OLD SECURITY GUARD

You Americans?

DAVE

Well, I'm Canadian, but I play in --

GORDON

We're American! Please, we're not terrorists. We were just trying to get this back home.

OLD SECURITY GUARD

What are you boys doing with the Cup?

GORDON

I'm the Keeper... temporarily.

DAVE

You look familiar. Were you ever on TV? A Guns and Ammo magazine, maybe?

OLD SECURITY GUARD

No, but I was a hockey player in the States. Played a few years. Been a long time since I've touched that sweetheart.

DAVE

Wait? Touched? Where did you play?

OLD SECURITY GUARD  
 Detroit in '55. Hoisting that  
 beauty is still the greatest moment  
 of my life.

(to Dave)

I recognize you now. You're Dave  
 Kowalski, right?

DAVE

Yes sir.

OLD SECURITY GUARD  
 Let me tell you something son, once  
 you've lifted the Cup, it's a part  
 of who you are for the rest of your  
 life. It's not just a trophy. It  
 represents a dream realized by over  
 two thousand warriors. Every  
 person's name that is engraved on  
 it instantly makes them immortal.

He bends down and removes the HANDCUFFS.

OLD SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)  
 And with that immortality comes  
 responsibility. Every man on that  
 Cup is responsible for keeping it  
 safe. That's not just thirty five  
 pounds of metal boys, it's over a  
 hundred and twenty years of blood,  
 sweat and tears. So you shepherd it  
 home. You owe it to the next ones.

DAVE

Yes sir.

GORDON

Thank you sir.

OLD SECURITY GUARD  
 Thank you boys. Oh and Gordon, tell  
 your dad I said 'hi' and it was  
 good hearing from him. You tell him  
 now he owes me one.

GORDON

Excuse me?

OLD SECURITY GUARD  
 Now get a move on, this bird is  
 flying awful soon.

The guys wave at Security Guard as he walks away. They glow  
 with a new sense of purpose.

EXT. NATASHA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SLEEPY DRIVER nods his head and shakes it to wake himself up.

CUT TO:

EXT. NATASHA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick and his friends continue to play. Sleepy Driver closes his eyes and veers towards the kids.

INT. NATASHA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SFX: CRASH!

Natasha runs to the window, and looks out.

NATASHA

Nick!!!!

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (V.O.)

Last call for passengers Gordon Burnes and David Kowalski. This is your final boarding call.

Dave and Gordon look like two salmon swimming upstream against a crowd of people.

DAVE

Excuse me. Pardon me. Sorry.

GORDON

You lead the league in penalty minutes -- come on!

DAVE

Sorry, Gord.

GORDON

Stop apologizing!

AIRPORT GATE

FLIGHT ATTENDANT is closing the gate door.

GORDON

Hold the door! Hold the door!

Gordon leaps to stop her, but falls about three feet short, landing with a THUD. Flight Attendant re-opens the door.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Are you Gordon Burnes and David Kowalski?

DAVE

Yes, yes we are.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

We nearly left without you. Please board and we'll be taking off in half an hour.

GORDON

Half an hour?! Why are we killing ourselves to get down here if you're leaving in half an hour?!

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

It's a system we have in place to account for people like you. Now please board and we'll be in New Jersey in no time.

DAVE

New Jersey? No, we're going to New York.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

If you had been here on time you would have heard that our flight to New York has been rerouted to New Jersey. From there the passengers will be taken by bus to New York. We apologize for the delay, but you will get into NYC around ten.

GORDON

You've got to be kidding me --

Dave covers Gordon's mouth with his hand.

DAVE

That sounds fine, thank you.

Dave pulls him aside.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Don't worry about it. We'll get to New Jersey, rent a car and drive to New York. It'll be close, but I'm sure we can make it.

Gordon's phone rings.

GORDON  
 It's too close for my taste.  
 (answering his phone)  
 Yes?

The following conversation is intercut between Gordon and Natasha.

NATASHA  
 It's Natasha. There was an  
 accident.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
 Gentlemen, you have to get on the  
 flight now, please.

GORDON  
 Are you okay?

NATASHA  
 I'm fine, but Nick is hurt pretty  
 bad. They don't know if there is  
 enough of his blood type. You said  
 that you have a rare blood type too  
 so I thought maybe...

She begins to cry.

DAVE  
 Come on, Gordie. We gotta go.

GORDON  
 What's his blood type?

NATASHA  
 HH

GORDON  
 Holy crap. Where are you?

NATASHA  
 Toronto.

GORDON  
 Hold on, I'm coming.

He hangs up the phone.

DAVE  
 Wait, you're what?

GORDON

Get the Cup to New York. I'll meet up with you shortly, okay?

DAVE

But where you going, bud?

GORDON

I'm getting on a flight to Toronto.

DAVE

But if I show up with the Cup your bosses will know --

GORDON

I don't have time to explain, you gotta just trust me on this one. Get our girl to New York!

Gordon starts down the walkway.

DAVE

Gordon!

He turns, somewhat floored, at the sound of his full name.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Good luck.

He smiles.

EXT. AIRPORT - NEW YORK - DAY

Barry Winters walks towards LIMO DRIVER who is holding a sign that reads: NHL WINTERS.

LIMO DRIVER

Hello, Mr. Winters. So, how was Newfoundland?

BARRY

What are you, my best friend? Drive fast and shut your dumb face hole!

EXT. AIRPORT - NEW JERSEY - DAY

Dave, carrying the Cup in a sack, tries to get in a taxi, but men dressed in RACER OUTFITS beat him to it.

DAVE

What the heck is going on? I have to get to Manhattan.

RACE DRIVER

It's the race at the speedway,  
biggest of the year.

DAVE

Race?

Dave sees a TRACTOR TRAILER, and in the back: a RACE CAR.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Me thinks I have an idea.

Dave climbs inside the Trailer and gets behind the wheel of the Race Car. Just then the CREW MEMBERS close the trailer door and locks it.

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

Hello?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Natasha sheepishly enters to see Gordon putting his jacket over his HOSPITAL GOWN. FAT NURSE is standing in front of the door.

GORDON

No, you don't understand - I have  
to get out of here.

FAT NURSE

I'm sorry sir, but you just gave a  
lot of blood. You'll have to stay  
in bed for at least the next few  
hours.

Natasha clears her throat.

FAT NURSE (CONT'D)

I'll check in on you in a few  
minutes. No getting out of bed!

Fat Nurse leaves.

Natasha and Gordon wait, both scared to speak.

NATASHA

Hi.

GORDON

Hi.

NATASHA

I can't thank you enough for what you did.

GORDON

My career was already in the toilet, so no biggie. How's he doing?

NATASHA

Great. He's resting right now. You saved his life, you know.

BEAT

NATASHA (CONT'D)

You know when you're a single mom a love life can make things complicated.

GORDON

So what's your plan? Wait for Nick to grow up before you allow yourself to be happy again? We don't even know what we have.

NATASHA

Gordon, you're great, but --

Gordon kisses her. She doesn't even think of stopping him.

GORDON

"The moon is brighter now that the barn has burned."

NATASHA

What?

GORDON

Sorry, it's a thing Dave says. Doesn't really make sense here.

NATASHA

I have a son, we don't live even remotely close to one another, and I barely know you-- how are we going to make this work?

GORDON

Don't you remember? I've lost my job and have no prospects, so I'm perfect boyfriend material. If you really want to help then get me past nurse Ratchet.

NATASHA

Are you sure you can even get out  
of bed?

GORDON

Yeah, I'm good --

Gordon tries to stand, but his legs give out on him. Natasha helps him to his feet.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Okay, minor hiccup.

Just outside the door an ORDERLY leaves a LAUNDRY CART unattended.

NATASHA

Wait, I have an idea.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Natasha helps Gordon into the Laundry Basket. She puts some sheets on top of him and slowly wheels it down the hallway.

NATASHA

So far, so good.

TALL NURSE and SHORT NURSE approaches with SOILED SHEETS.

TALL NURSE

(to Short Nurse)

Whoa, that was the most impacted  
I've ever seen a bowel.

Tall Nurse throws the sheet in the Basket.

OLD NURSE and YOUNG NURSE approach with SOILED SHEETS.

OLD NURSE

(to Young Nurse)

Quadruplets always produce a lot of  
afterbirth.

Short Nurse throws the soiled sheets in the Basket.

MAN IN HAZMAT SUIT and PARTNER approach the Basket.

HAZMAT MAN

(to Partner)

-- So I just swept the dead mice  
into this here sheet and we're  
done.

Hazmat Man tosses the Sheet into the Basket.

BEAT

Gordon stands up and screams!! He jumps out of the basket and runs down the hallway!

NATASHA

Good luck.

EXT. RACETRACK - DAY

The trailer holding the racecar pulls up to the unloading area. RACECAR DRIVER and his MECHANIC watch as the crew opens the lower the rear ramp/door.

RACECAR DRIVER

Alright you jackasses, I want that  
car unloaded and ready to go. And  
no screw ups!

MECHANIC

(to himself)

I hope to God something goes wrong.

To the surprise of everyone the engine roars to life, and Dave floors it out of the trailer, sending the car flying off the ramp.

DAVE

Sorry eh!!

Mechanic looks to the sky.

MECHANIC

Mom was right, I'm joining the  
church!

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dave is screaming down the highway in the racecar with the Cup strapped in behind him. There are TEN POLICE CARS with sirens wailing behind him at this point.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - PARADE - CONTINUOUS

People are singing and dancing to a MARCHING BAND'S song. Commissioner Bettman, the entire New York Rangers and NHL Executives impatiently stand on a stage.

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN

Has anyone been able to get a hold  
of Burnes?

Everyone shakes their heads. Commissioner Bettman straightens his tie and walks to the PODIUM.

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, it's with a  
heavy heart that I have to stand  
before you today and tell you - to  
get the hell out of the way!!

Everyone screams and clears the way, but Dave's racecar is driving too fast! He slams on the breaks and jerks the wheel causing the car to slide to a halt right in front of the stage.

He climbs out and stands on top of the car with the Cup hoisted above his head!

The whole crowd goes crazy and cheers!

The police have stopped their cars short of the crowd. One of them looks at the other.

POLICEMAN

Did I miss a memo about this?

EXT. TIME SQUARE NEW YORK - PARADE - LATER

As the music fills the air and the people dance, Gordon's TAXI pulls up to the stage and drops him off. He races to Dave.

GORDON

Dave?! Dave?!

DAVE

Gordie!!

Dave picks him up with a big bear hug.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I knew you'd make it, eh!

GORDON

Is she safe?

Dave, smiling like a fool, points to the stage where the Cup sits surrounded by singing people. Gordon smiles, as a thousand pounds lift from his shoulders.

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN (O.C.)

Mr. Burnes?

He turns to see Commissioner Bettman wearing a stern face.

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN (CONT'D)

May I ask why you were not with the Cup?

GORDON

I lost the Cup, sir. I thought if I could get it back then I'd still have a chance for the promotion.

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN

Your promotion? The Stanley Cup is far more important than your promotion.

GORDON

Sir, I have about fifteen seconds before you fire me and to be totally honest I just gave a lot of blood, but whatever you do - do not use my idea with the retractable screens. Taking away those seats will rob hockey of the next generation of fans.

Gordon catches Gordon Sr.'s Eye, who is in the crowd, along with his brother Marcelle. They exchange a smile.

GORDON (CONT'D)

This is more than just a game; it's our history, our passion, our love. It's how we bond, how we talk... it reminds us that there is fair play and that there's always next time.

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN

That's touching, Gordon, but your idea makes too much sense. I'm sorry, but those third tier bleachers have to go. And after this mess with the Cup, so do you. You're fired.

DAVE

Did he say they're getting rid of the cheap seats? Phew, they're gonna lose a bundle.

GORDON

Wait. What was that?

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN

Gordon's plan clearly outlines how the increase in advertising will bring in hard dollars in the short term, and create brand recognition. In simple terms son, there will be more people out there thinking hockey, and when they're thinking hockey, they're buying hockey.

Dave looks at Gordon.

DAVE

Sure you'll see a spike in your ad revenue stream, but you'll see a dramatic dip in merchandising sales, which is primarily purchased by families, according to demographics reports. Hell my cousin Ritchie got married in his Red Wings jersey!

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE COLLAR LIVING ROOM.

COUSIN RITCHIE and his WIFE sit on the sofa watching Dave give his speech. Ritchie is smiling, his wife is not. Behind them is their wedding photo showing Ritchie and all his groomsmen in Detroit Red Wings jerseys.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

DAVE

The impact of integrated marketing on brand awareness is what the majority of your advertising has to go to. People are ten times more likely to believe a friend or co-worker who buys a product than a TV ad. You'll be making more in the long term if you bet on people, not screens.

In the crowd a man wearing a Rangers jersey holds his son while his wife leans in and kisses him.

DAVE (CONT'D)

It's simply a cross between labor and financial micro economics.

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN

Where are you getting your information from, son?

DAVE

The NHL financial report. You guys give us a copy every quarter. I usually read it when I'm on the crapper.

GORDON

There! You see, sir? The NHL will lose money if you implement my idea!

Bettman looks out over the crowd and sees the faces of the fans.

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN

Well, I'll have to look into this more, but for now consider the project suspended.

Gordon laughs and hugs Dave!

DAVE

What just happened?

GORDON

Dave, do yourself a favor and put down the philosophy books because you're an economics genius!

DAVE

I am?

Barry, still in the diaper, hobbles onto the stage.

BARRY

Wait! Gordon should be thrown out like a fat guy on a Southwest flight!

Everyone stares at the diaper, but no one comments. It's weird.

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN  
Winters, may I ask you why I got a  
call from the FAA regarding our jet  
flying into restricted airspace?

BARRY  
What? You shouldn't have gotten a  
call. My man Luke is with the  
CANSOFCOM.

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN  
What the hell does that mean?

BARRY  
Canadian... something. It's a  
horrible acronym!

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN  
Do you have any idea how badly an  
international incident would be for  
the NHL?

BARRY  
(sheepish)  
Not that bad?

COMMISSIONER BETTMAN  
Horrible! You are suspended until  
further notice.

BARRY  
What? Suspended?! Listen bro-ski,  
let's chil-ax with some Bieber and  
talk about this --

GORDON  
Dave, what do you say you hoist the  
Cup again?

DAVE  
Yeah? Yeah!

Dave hoists the Cup, and accidentally knocks Barry off the  
stage and into the crowd.

Gordon jumps down off the stage and onto --

STREET

-- where he hugs Gordon Sr.

GORDON  
Thank you so much for --

GORDON SR.

Ah, don't mention it. You're brother just popped off to grab a few beers, so he'll be right back.

GORDON

Um, good. You know, your friend told me that once you've lifted the Cup, it's a part of who you are for the rest of your life. Is that true?

GORDON SR.

Wow. Well, winning that Cup wasn't the greatest thing I've done with my life, but it sure was up there.

Both men shuffle their feet a bit and look around.

GORDON SR. (CONT'D)

Your brother was really excited whenever I told him about that stuff, but you were more interested in your math and statistic books.

GORDON

I still loved hearing about it.

GORDON SR.

Oh good, good.

BEAT

GORDON SR. (CONT'D)

You were the tough one. It's hard telling a kid what to do when they're smarter than you. Your mom and me, we just kind of left you to do your own thing. I'm sorry if you ever felt, you know, left out.

BEAT

GORDON

Dad, um, I love you.

GORDON SR.

Well, um,  
(cough, cough)  
I love you too, junior.

GORDON

Good.

GORDON SR.  
Yeah, good.

BEAT

GORDON SR. (CONT'D)  
We don't talk enough, you know?

GORDON  
Yeah.

BEAT

It's getting very uncomfortable.

BEAT

GORDON SR.  
You hear Shane Doan is probably  
coming to the Rangers?

GORDON  
No. Really?

GORDON SR.  
Yup. Management flew him out and  
everything.

GORDON  
If Phoenix doesn't see the value in  
that guy then I don't know what  
they're doing.

GORDON SR.  
Yup.

GORDON  
Yup.

Marcelle heads over with TWO BEERS.

MARCELLE  
Here you go, pop.  
(to Gordon)  
Hey Gordon, did you want me to see  
if they have... wine?

GORDON  
No, that's cool. I'm alright.

MARCELLE  
Heard you lost the Cup. Way to go,  
dork.

GORDON

Yeah, it was such a bonehead move  
that it sounds like something you  
would'a done.

MARCELLE

(laughing)  
Nice one.

GORDON

Oh! Wait here.

Gordon grabs Dave off the stage and rushes him back over.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Marcelle, dad: this is my friend,  
Dave Kowalski. This is my brother  
Marcelle --

MARCELLE

(shaking hands)  
Yeah! You broke three of my ribs  
last season.

GORDON

And my dad, Gordon Burnes.

DAVE

Sir, it is an honor to meet you.

GORDON SR.

Thank you, Dave.

DAVE

Sorry about your job, Gordon. What  
are you gonna do now?

GORDON

I think I'm gonna try and land  
something a little closer to home,  
and please call me Gordie.

DISSOLVE TO:

Superimpose: One year later...

INT. ARENA - DAY

It is packed with cheering fans.

We see some familiar faces: One with a sign, "I Can Fly!" He flips it over: "Thanks for the tickets!" The Hanson Brothers are arguing over a pretzel. Fish and Old Bartender holding Beers.

ANNOUNCER BOB

Another amazing period of hockey here at Game 7 of the Stanley Cup finals. It is deep in the third period and we're down to the final minutes. Stick around, we'll be right back after these messages.

CUT TO:

TELEVISION COMMERCIAL

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

WIFE and HUSBAND (40's, everyday people) sit at a table covered in PAPERS.

WIFE

Look at all these bills!

HUSBAND

We'll never get out from under all this debt!

WIFE

HELP!!

HUSBAND

HELP!!

Suddenly, Dave rides in on a CRAPPILY ANIMATED UNICORN.

DAVE

Hey folks, need help?

HUSBAND

We sure do.

WIFE

We sure do.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Well, then hop on!

CUT TO:

Dave, Husband and Wife are all on the back of the Crappily Animated Unicorn, as they ride on a RAINBOW and land in --

EXT. CRAPPILY ANIMATED FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

There is a CRAPPILY ANIMATED PICNIC laid out with CRAPPILY ANIMATED WOODLAND ANIMALS scurrying about.

WIFE

Wow! Where are we?

DAVE

The land of financial security.

(to camera)

And I can bring you here too! Just order Dave "The Financial Planner" Kowalski's *Game Plan for Success* series, and in just a few months you too will be on the road to the land of financial security.

Husband and Wife, seated at the Crappily Animated Picnic, are now eating CRAPPILY ANIMATED SANDWICHES.

HUSBAND

Mmmm. Taste those dividends! You want some Dave?

DAVE

You betcha!

Dave sits down at the Crappily Animated Picnic and eats.

CUT TO:

INT. ARENA - MOMENTS LATER

ANNOUNCER KENNY

Welcome back. If the Rangers are going to hang onto the Cup then they are going to have to do something big here.

INT. ARENA - CENTER ICE - CONTINUOUS

EMT's haul a player off the ice.

DAVE

Really sorry, Clowe. I'll see you after the game, eh.

RYAN CLOWE

Bring some beer!

GORDON (O.C.)  
Kowolski!

Dave turns to see Gordon standing on the SHARK'S BENCH.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
How about you play some hockey and  
stop knocking my players out?!

DAVE  
Sorry, Gordie.

NATASHA (O.C.)  
Honey, ask Dave what time he's  
coming over for dinner.

Gordon turns to see Nick with Natasha, who is pregnant,  
seated right behind the bench.

GORDON  
Honey, I'm not gonna make dinner  
plans in the middle of the game!

His phone rings. He looks at the caller.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
Oh God.  
(answering it)  
Not now, dad.

GORDON SR. (O.S.)  
You tell your meathead boss to pull  
the damn goalie and put in another  
forward. What kind of assistant  
coach are you?

GORDON  
Goodbye dad!  
(he hangs up)  
Maybe we should pull the goalie.

Gordon gestures for a time out. The ref signals and the teams  
skate to their benches.

ANNOUNCER BOB (O.S.)  
That is the last time out for the  
Sharks. Let's see what they have  
left up their sleeves!

Gordon leans in to the team.

SHARKS COACH  
You called it Gordo, whaddya got?

GORDON

We've got a minute forty eight on the clock. Statistically when we've pulled the goalie with more than a minute twenty on the clock, we've given up the goal this season. We are a run and gun team, let's use our defense to position ourselves first and then pull Antti. D-men here's where I need you...

Gordon starts drawing frantically on his clipboard and directing players.

SFX: BUZZER

The puck drops and the Sharks execute Gordon's plan perfectly. The clock ticks down to 1:18. Gordon waves the GOALIE to the bench. FORWARD jumps onto the ice.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Behind the net! Set up! Set up!

CENTER sees an opening, passes the puck between the legs of DEFENSEMAN to the WINGER who shoots and scores!

The arena goes crazy!

ANNOUNCER KENNY

Goal!!!! Goal!!!! The Sharks have tied the game! We are going to overtime!!

INT. ARENA - CENTER ICE - CONTINUOUS

The puck is dropped and slides to Dave. Everything slows down. He's practically alone and he has the time to take the shot. He raises his stick --

COACH

Pass it!

FANS

Pass it!

ANNOUNCER

Pass it!

Dave swings and -- SLAPSHOT! The audience watches as the puck hits Gordon right in the head! He falls off the end of the bench and out the door into --

WALKWAY

He lands at the feet of Phil Pritchard, The Cup Keeper, who stands with the Stanley Cup. Gordon opens his eyes and see it glistening in all its glory.

He reaches out to touch it, but Phil slaps his hand away.

PHIL PRITCHARD

You have to win it to touch it this  
time.

Gordon's eyes roll back as his head falls back with a THUNK.  
The Stanley Cup watches over him.

EL FIN