

EBUG

By

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EXT. FROZEN POND - DUSK

CLIVE, 14, wears goalie gear and guards a net fashioned from 2x4s. His father, JACK, 42, fires pucks at him. Save, save, goal, save, save. His pile of pucks gone.

JACK
All right. Time to clean up.

CLIVE
Ten more minutes?

Jack looks toward a house beyond a field in the distance. A light in the window flashes on and off.

JACK
Your mother's got dinner ready.

CLIVE
But we still have sun.

Jack looks at the pink horizon, sighs.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
One more round. Please.

JACK
Shuffle drills while I gather these pucks.

Clive moves along the crease, practicing his footwork. Jack skates around him, tapping pucks toward a bucket.

CLIVE
Dad? Did you ever wanna be a goalie?

JACK
No. It's too much work.

Jack nudges the pucks into a pile. He taps his stick on the ice, and Clive gets ready. Pucks fly at him.

The light in the house flashes on and off.

FADE TO:

INT. ICE ARENA - NIGHT

A community center rink, dimly lit and poorly maintained. A dozen HOCKEY PLAYERS stumble on the slushy surface. An amateur beer league comprised of former college players who still love the game.

Instead of jerseys, they wear tee-shirts, blues versus reds. A few dozen spectators sit in the bleachers, more interested in their phones than the game.

The puck squirts from a scuffle in the neutral zone and bounces over to BLUE PLAYER. He looks up to see open ice. Breakaway!

RED GOALIE taps his stick against his pads, gets ready.

Blue player dekes and flips a backhand shot. Red goalie snatches it with his glove. The horn sounds. The game is over.

Blue player shakes his head and circles back to the crease.

BLUE PLAYER
Almost lit the lamp on you again.

Red goalie removes his mask. CLIVE BELLOWS, 28, smiles a mouth full of teeth. He's ruggedly handsome, even dripping with sweat.

CLIVE
Not with that muffin.

They jaw at each other as they skate off the ice.

BLUE PLAYER
What happened on that one-timer?

CLIVE
I couldn't see the puck around your fat ass.

BLUE PLAYER
Wait til next game.

CLIVE
Why? You'll be even fatter?

BLUE PLAYER
Fuck you.

CLIVE
Look at the scoreboard, pal, before you start chirping.

Scoreboard: HOME 9, GUEST 2.

INT. ARENA LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Players remove equipment while team owner and coach, LARRY, 50s, addresses them.

LARRY

Game puck goes to Brady for his
four goals and two assists.

BRADY, 22, takes the puck. DIRK, 26, burly defenseman, ruffles his hair.

BRADY

Thanks, Coach.

CLIVE

What about me? I only gave up two
goals.

LARRY

On ten shots. That's like, not even
ninety percent.

CLIVE

I forgot you were a math major.

LARRY

Sorry to tell you boys, but this is
the last time we give out any game
pucks.

Collective moans.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Well, head of operations informs me
that we're losing money.

DIRK

Aren't you head of operations?

LARRY

I just can't afford it. Unless you
boys wanna pay more league fees.

Collective moans.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I didn't think so. Now, our next
game is against the Green Machine.
Clive's got EBUG duties for the
Hawks. So, Alex, you'll be in goal.

ALEX, 25, nods. Clive gives him a fist bump.

LARRY (CONT'D)
And finally, I know how much you
boys love getting naked together,
but sewage is backing up in the
showers again.

Collective moans.

EXT. ICE ARENA - NIGHT

Clive's equipment bag barely fits in the trunk of his sedan.
He lays his goalie stick on top, closes up, and goes for the
door. Larry stands in his way.

LARRY
Say, Clive, I've been meaning to
ask you.

CLIVE
You want my game pucks back?

LARRY
Huh? No, no. It's about your
mother. How's she doing?

CLIVE
Fine.

LARRY
I mean, is she, uh ... I haven't
talked to her since ...

CLIVE
Give her a call.

LARRY
I don't know. I was thinking ...
Maybe take her out to lunch?

CLIVE
You wanna take my mom on a date?

LARRY
If it's okay with you.

CLIVE
You should see if it's okay with
her.

LARRY
Of course. Yeah, um, just ... Do
you think it's too soon?

CLIVE

It's been a year, Larry. Give her a call.

Larry beams, walks away. Clive gets in his car, pensive, then starts the engine.

INT./EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Clive drives through the city, eating a protein bar and looking at the nightlife. Pedestrians and store fronts advertise support for the major Chicago teams.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Quiet suburbs. Clive pulls into a driveway, next to another sedan.

INT. TOWNHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

An open-concept living room and kitchen with a dining set in between. A staircase leads to the second level.

Everything in its place: a purse hangs by the door, a stack of mail on an accent table, an unfolded throw on the couch.

The door opens. Clive lugs his equipment inside, carries it into a spare room.

INT. SPARE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Unlike the rest of the apartment, this room is cluttered: plastic totes, a vacuum, a drying rack, shelves filled with books, hockey pucks, and sports trophies.

The accent wall is a mosaic of memories. Photos, newspaper clippings, ribbons. A mixture of Clive playing hockey and his fiancée, SHERI, competing in track & field events.

Clive drops his bag on the floor, props his stick against the wall, and looks at a PHOTO:

A hockey player, cut lip, crooked nose. An enforcer from the glory days of hockey. Clive's father, Jack Bellows, #77.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HOCKEY ARENA - 2002

Clive, 6 years old, sits next to his mother, LINDA, watching an amateur league game. Jack, 34, skates full speed into an OPPONENT, checking him hard into the boards right in front of the family.

The opponent rises to his feet and shakes off his gloves. Jack is already bare-knuckled and squared for a fight. Fists fly. Linda covers Clive's eyes, but he squirms to see anyway.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - 2002

Clive rests his head on Linda's shoulder. Jack marches in, finds them. Jagged cut stitched up over his eye.

JACK
Only ten stitches this time.

Big smile. He's missing one tooth.

INT. PARENTS' HOUSE - 2002

Clive eavesdrops from the hallway. His parents talk in the kitchen.

LINDA (O.S.)
Can you sign with another team?

JACK (O.S.)
The game's changing. No one wants a
player like me anymore.

Clive peeks around the corner. Jack slumps in a chair. Linda stands, a hand on his shoulder.

LINDA
Maybe it's time, Jack. You can't
play forever.

JACK
What am I gonna do? Hockey is all I
know. It's in my blood.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. SPARE ROOM - SAME

Clive looks at another PHOTO: He wears his goalie gear from the University of Wisconsin. Jack in street clothes, arm around him.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Clive finds a note on the counter with a Hershey's kiss on top.

NOTE - "Pasta in the fridge if you're hungry."

Clive eats the chocolate instead.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Hot water showers down on Clive. He examines the puck bruises on his chest.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clive slides into bed. SHERI, 26, instinctively rolls toward him. He slides an arm under her head and pulls her close. He kisses her forehead, inhales the scent of her shampoo, and tries to get some sleep.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Dressed in athletic gear, Sheri stretches for her daily run. She's percolating with energy, and she hasn't had any coffee yet. Clive descends the stairs, rubbing his eyes awake.

SHERI

How was the game?

CLIVE

We won. I let in two goals.

SHERI

You can't shut them up every time.

CLIVE

Out. Shut them out.

SHERI

I'm off for my run. Trying out this new crossback sports bra. Product release at the store today. Marianne's coming. I need to know what we're selling.

She pecks his cheek.

INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

Clive and Sheri eat eggs and bacon. She wears a bathrobe, hair wet from a shower.

SHERI

Just this weird vibe her last couple visits. Like she's judging me. I don't know how to explain it. Not as much small talk. It's more get down to business.

CLIVE

She's probably getting pressure from her boss, and it trickles down.

SHERI

Maybe.

She mops her runny egg yolk with toast.

SHERI (CONT'D)

Anyway, thanks for breakfast. You always get the eggs perfect.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Clive transfers his hockey clothes from the washing machine to the dryer. Sheri comes in, wearing khakis and a polo.

SHERI

Gotta go.

They kiss.

CLIVE

Lunch date?

SHERI

I'll try. Text you if I can't make it.

INT. UNDER ARMOUR BRAND HOUSE - DAY

Sheri stands in the middle of a circle of employees. Team huddle prior to store open.

SHERI

Remember our talking points.
Remember our add-ons. Remember who will be here today?

EMPLOYEES

Marianne.

SHERI

That's right. Vice president of product design. So best behaviors, please. Name badges on. Smiles on. Drive those sales. And ...

EMPLOYEES

Protect this house!

INT. UNDER ARMOUR BRAND HOUSE - DAY

Customers peruse the new product display. Sheri walks past them to shake hands with MARIANNE, 40s, wearing a business suit and toting a leather bag.

SHERI

Marianne, good to see you.

MARIANNE

Likewise. This is a nice display. Certainly catches the eye.

SHERI

Thank you. It was a team effort.

MARIANNE

I'll set my bag in your office and we'll get right to it.

INT. UNDER ARMOUR BRAND HOUSE - LATER

Sheri walks Marianne through sections of the store. They start with clothing.

SHERI

Apparel sales are up eight percent. Driving that are double-digit gains in our tech division. We've made a conscious effort to inform customers about the environmental benefits of recycled polyester.

On cue, they overhear an EMPLOYEE boasting to a customer.

EMPLOYEE #1

Every tech tee re-uses approximately five plastic bottles.

INT. UNDER ARMOUR BRAND HOUSE - LATER

They walk through the shoe department.

SHERI

Last year, shoe sales accounted for less than ten percent of total revenue. This year, they are up to sixteen percent. I think that's a direct result of our new Charged Cushioning midsoles.

Another EMPLOYEE attempts to close a sale.

EMPLOYEE #2

Premier shock absorption for ultimate comfort and durability. Why don't you give them a try?

INT. UNDER ARMOUR BRAND HOUSE - LATER

In the golf department, they look at a putting green simulator.

SHERI

The pressure putt simulator has been great for driving customer traffic. Everyone wants to give it a try. But we haven't translated that buzz into sales.

MARIANNE

What's the biggest obstacle?

SHERI

Honestly, I think it's the tighter payroll once fourth quarter ended. I've had to cut back on coverage to one five-hour shift at night.

MARIANNE

I'll see if we can allocate additional payroll for the golf division. Especially with summer approaching. Good call.

Marianne selects two putters, hands one to Sheri.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Now, let's see who's better.

INT. SHERI'S OFFICE - DAY

A small room with no windows. Sheri sits behind a desk. Marianne in the chair opposite.

MARIANNE

Before I go, I have two more questions for you. Your boyfriend, he plays hockey, correct?

SHERI

My fiancé, yes.

Marianne digs inside her leather tote.

MARIANNE

Ask him to wear this the next time he plays.

She hands Sheri a plastic-wrapped clothing item.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

It's a prototype. New compression pants with our Heat Gear fabric. I'd love his feedback.

SHERI

Of course. And?

MARIANNE

My flight doesn't leave until ten o'clock, so I was hoping we could talk business over dinner.

SHERI

Umm, yeah. Yes, of course.

MARIANNE

Six o'clock sound alright? Pick the place and let me know.

SHERI

I will.

MARIANNE

Bring your fiancé. I'd love to meet him.

INT. HOCKEY SHOP - DAY

Clive moseys about, not looking at anything, just killing time. He overhears a FATHER, 40s, and SON, 14, trying to pick out a stick.

FATHER

I don't know, is all. There's so many kinds.

SON

Coach said that--

FATHER

Well, maybe your coach should come pick one out for you. I just don't know.

Clive watches them, walks over.

CLIVE

How tall are you, Junior? If you don't mind my asking.

The man nudges his son, grateful for the help.

SON

Five feet, one inch.

CLIVE

Alright, then I'd say probably a fifty-eight inch. Unless you want to improve your stickhandling. What position do you play?

SON

Center.

CLIVE

Everyone wants to be center. Alright, fifty-five inch. Maybe seventy to eighty flex on the shaft. Let's see. Low-kick point for a fast release. I bet you have one, don't know?

SON

Sure do.

CLIVE

Are you a lefty or righty?

SON

Lefty.

Clive picks out two sticks for the boy.

CLIVE

Try these. See which one feels better.

The shop owner, ARNIE, 60s, returns from the stockroom, sets Clive's skates on the counter.

ARNIE

There you are, Clive. Sharp as knives.

CLIVE

Thanks, Arnie. Add it to my Dad's bill, yeah?

ARNIE

Don't I always?

Clive gathers his skates. The boy and his father approach him.

SON

Hey, Mister? These sticks have different curves. Which is better?

CLIVE

Well, this one has a toe curve, which will help you lift your shots better. But if you want more accuracy with your passing, go with the mid curve here.

SON

You sure know a lot about hockey.

ARNIE

You know who this is, kid? Clive Bellows. Goalie for the Blackhawks.

SON

You play for the Hawks?!

CLIVE

Not exactly. I skate with the team at practice sometimes. And I go to the games for free.

SON

Wow!

CLIVE

Arnie, whatever this kid picks out, add it to my Dad's bill.

He walks away, the kid watching starry-eyed. Arnie shakes his head.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Sheri and Clive at a table for two, giving the WAITRESS their orders.

SHERI
I'm feeling the Greek salad today.

WAITRESS
And for you?

CLIVE
Number six.

WAITRESS
I was gonna guess that.

She smiles, takes their menus, and walks away.

CLIVE
How did the visit go?

SHERI
Fantastic. Really. She loves the store, loves the display, loves me.

CLIVE
How can she not?

SHERI
She invited us to dinner tonight.

CLIVE
Us?

SHERI
She wants to meet you. And talk business with me. That can only be good, right? Maybe it's a bonus or something.

CLIVE
I can't go though. I'm EBUG tonight.

SHERI
Seriously?

CLIVE
I wrote it on the calendar.

SHERI
I don't look at that thing.

CLIVE
Well, maybe you should.

INT. TOWNHOUSE APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Clive kneels on the floor, placing his hockey skates into his equipment bag. Sheri bounds down the stairs, wearing a dress.

SHERI
How do I look?

CLIVE
Gorgeous.

SHERI
You didn't even look.

CLIVE
I don't have to. You're always gorgeous.

He looks at her and smiles. She melts. That smile gets her every time. Then she remembers ...

SHERI
Oh, yeah. Can you wear these for your next game?

She grabs the plastic-wrapped pants from the accent table, hands it to him.

CLIVE
What is it?

SHERI
Compression pants. A prototype they've been working on. Marianne wants your feedback.

CLIVE
Sure.

He stuffs them in his bag, zips it up.

EXT. UNITED CENTER - NIGHT

Clive parks in a secure section of the lot, adjacent to a loading dock with lots of action. Game night. Dozens of arena employees bustle about.

Clive gets out and retrieves his equipment bag from the trunk. Slides his goalie stick across the top, between the straps.

He lugs his bag up a ramp and past a nodding SECURITY GUARD, who activates a walkie talkie clipped to his shoulder.

SECURITY GUARD

Q-Man this is Dock One, you copy?

WALKIE TALKIE

Go ahead, Dock One.

SECURITY GUARD

EBUG on site. Over.

WALKIE TALKIE

Roger that.

INT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Clive watches employees at the docks unload boxes from a van onto metal carts. VINCE, 50s, equipment manager, pushes a flatbed cart toward him.

VINCE

How you been, Clive?

CLIVE

Good, Vince. I sharpened my blades, so I'm ready to go.

VINCE

Let hope we don't need you.

Clive lifts his bag onto the cart. Vince pushes it in one direction. Clive walks in the other.

INT. UNITED CENTER - NIGHT

Clive walks through the underbelly of the arena, saying hello to familiar faces here and there. Up a flight of stairs. Down a hallway. He bumps into TONY GRANATO, 60, former player and coach.

TONY

Bellows! Good to see you.
(shakes hands)

CLIVE

Hi, coach.

TONY
I told you. Call me Tony.

CLIVE
Sure thing, coach.

TONY
How's the knee doing?

CLIVE
Better than ever.

TONY
We're gonna see you in action one
of these days. Mark my words.

They continue in opposite directions. Clive ascends another staircase.

INT. PRESS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Quiet and brightly lit. Clive pops his head into the press box.

CLIVE
Hey, guys.

Broadcast commentators, RICK BALLARD and DARREN PALMER, offer waves and continue looking over their paperwork.

Clive walks to the next room and goes inside.

INT. PRIVATE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Couches, chairs, TV, bar, and a row of cushioned stadium seats that offers a prime view of the rink.

ETHAN, 21, a stadium attendant, nods at Clive.

ETHAN
Good evening, Mr. Bellows.

CLIVE
Hi, Ethan. How'd that paper turn
out?

ETHAN
Pretty good. A-minus.

CLIVE
You'll be running this building
before we know it.

Ethan laughs it off. Clive approaches the stadium seats, gazes down at the ice.

Players glide around during warm-ups. Everything sparkles. Clive puts a hand to the glass. His dream so close, yet so far away.

INT. ICE RINK - NIGHT

JIM CORNELL, middle-aged man in a suit, stands on a red carpet on the ice, belting out the National Anthem.

JIM

And the home of the braaaaaave!

INT. PRIVATE SUITE - FIRST PERIOD

Clive watches from a stadium seat. Jim and his teenage SON sit an empty seat away.

An elderly MAN in military garb and his family of four sit in the lounge, watching on the big screen. Ethan keeps busy serving refreshments and cleaning up.

Clive looks at Jim and his son. They share a box of popcorn.

FLASHBACK:

INT. BLACKHAWKS GAME - NIGHT

Jack, 38, shares a bag of popcorn with Clive, 10. Nose-bleed seats.

CLIVE

Dad? I wanna be that guy.

He points at the Blackhawks goalie.

JACK

Goalie? Yeah? They have the biggest impact on the game. Except they don't get to fight.

Clive gives his dad a look. Jack shrugs.

JACK (CONT'D)

We'll get you some gear anyway. Go see Arnie this weekend. Different skates, you know. You'll have to get used to it.

CLIVE
I know. I will.

JACK
That kid. He's been lights out at
Rockford. The name's Corey
Crawford. He's gonna be one of best
someday. You can too.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. PRIVATE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

A break in the game action. Clive leans toward Jim.

CLIVE
That was a nice anthem.

JIM
Thank you.

CLIVE
Do you sing at other events?

JIM
Northwestern football. Alumnus. Go
Wildcats.

CLIVE
Go Badgers.

JIM
Wisconsin?

CLIVE
I played hockey there.

JIM
Oh. Are you on the team?

CLIVE
Not really. I only get to play if
both goalies get injured.

JIM
You don't say? I didn't know that
was a thing.

CLIVE
NHL rules. There has to be an EBUG
on site for every game.

JIM
EBUG?

CLIVE
Emergency back-up goalie.

JIM
Ahh. So how many games have you played in?

CLIVE
Well, none. Yet.

JIM
And how long ...

CLIVE
I've been doing this for three years.

JIM
So this kind of thing doesn't happen too often?

CLIVE
No. But the guy before me, Scott Foster. He played in a game six years ago. For fourteen minutes.

Jim nods politely, then turns back to the game. Clive dwells on it: fourteen minutes, six years ago.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sheri and Marianne wait for their food.

MARIANNE
I suppose you're curious what business I'd like to discuss.

SHERI
I've only been thinking about it all day.

MARIANNE
Sheri, where do you see yourself in five years?

SHERI
I hate these questions.

MARIANNE
That's why we ask them.

SHERI

Honestly, I don't see myself working for anyone else. I love the company and its vision. I love having my own store and managing a team. I guess I'm in a pretty good place right now, so I haven't thought too far into the future.

MARIANNE

What if I told you that making you a store manager was a test for something more?

SHERI

I'd ask if I'm passing the test.

MARIANNE

Sheri, when you took over the Chicago Brand House, routines were broken. Two years later, you've built a winning culture. Your team respects you, works hard for you. You keep them motivated and engaged. We want you to bring that kind of energy to one of our corporate offices.

SHERI

A corporate job? I ... What exactly would I be doing?

MARIANNE

Assistant manager of west coast marketing. Put that advertising degree to use.

SHERI

Did you say west coast?

MARIANNE

You're willing to relocate, aren't you?

INT. PRESS LOUNGE - NIGHT

Clive plops food onto his plate and moves down a buffet line. Rick Ballard in line next to him.

RICK BALLARD

How's Johnny's League?

CLIVE

We're in second place. Vee Storm has these twin forwards, the Yando brothers. Averaging a hat trick a game. That's a hat trick each.

RICK BALLARD

How'd you fare against them?

CLIVE

Gave up four goals.

RICK BALLARD

Then that's better than average.

CLIVE

Just like my scouting report.

INT. PRIVATE SUITE - SECOND PERIOD

Sitting on a barstool, Clive eats and watches the game on TV. Chicago leads 2-1, but momentum is shifting.

RICK BALLARD (TV)

Hawks struggling now to get the puck out of their defensive zone.

INT. PRIVATE SUITE - LATER

Clive leans forward in a stadium seat, really into the game. A shot on goal against Chicago. Goalie makes the initial save but leaves a rebound that the opposition taps into the net.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)

And he scores. That ties the game at two.

Clive sits back, shakes his head.

INT. PRESS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Clive leans against the wall and talks on his phone.

LINDA (ON PHONE)

Okay, dear.

CLIVE

Oh, Ma? Did you get a call from Larry?

LINDA (ON PHONE)
Who's Larry?

CLIVE
Fitzsimmons. My Red Dogs coach.
Remember Dad's old friend?

LINDA (ON PHONE)
Why would he call me?

CLIVE
He was, uh, asking how you're
doing, that's all. It's about to
start, I gotta go. Love you, Ma.

INT. PRIVATE SUITE - THIRD PERIOD

The horn sounds, and the game is over. Clive stands and
claps.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
A powerplay goal by Lindgren proves
to be the game winner. And Chicago
keeps control of the final wild
card spot.

Clive turns to leave. He lays a twenty-dollar bill on the
counter, where Ethan cleans up.

CLIVE
Nice job tonight.

ETHAN
Thank you, Mr. Bellows. Drive safe.

INT. LOCKER ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Clive's equipment bag waits for him on a flatbed cart. No
goalie stick though. Clive looks around.

A few media personnel mill about, including Blackhawks
reporter EMMA COPELAND, 35. An arena EMPLOYEE walks by.

CLIVE
Have you seen Vince?

The guy shakes his head and walks on. Clive looks at the
door.

SIGN - "Blackhawks locker room. Authorized personnel only."

He pulls the door open, pokes his head in.

INT. HAWKS' LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Post-victory jubilation. PLAYERS remove their gear at their lockers. Music plays from an adjacent lounge with couches, a refrigerator, and television.

Lots of action, so no one notices that Clive sneaks in. He scans the room for his goalie stick, spots it propped in the locker of backup goalie, PETER MATZEL.

Clive weaves across the room. Peter looks up.

PETER MATZEL
Hey, Clive. What's up?

CLIVE
Just came to get my stick.
(grabs it)

PETER MATZEL
I was wondering whose it was. You need a new tape job.

CLIVE
I know. I'll get around to it. Nice game against the Jets last week.

PETER MATZEL
Thanks. I let in that shorthanded goal though.

CLIVE
It was a turnover. Not your fault.

PETER MATZEL
Still. I fucking hate shorties.

Clive nods, turns to leave. Gets halfway across when another player stops him. LUKE GOBERT, team captain.

LUKE GOBERT
You like that hit on Rizzo?

CLIVE
I think he wanted to fight.

LUKE GOBERT
Dude doesn't have the balls. I need one more good scrap before the season's out.

CLIVE
Last game against Thibodeau.

LUKE GOBERT

It's on my fucking calendar. Hey, a few of us are going out. You wanna come?

CLIVE

I can't. Thanks anyway.

LUKE GOBERT

Fuck you can't. We gotta catch up.

CLIVE

I work in the morning. Some of us have real jobs, you know.
(walks away)

LUKE GOBERT

You're coming out when we make playoffs.

INT. LOCKER ROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Clive exits the locker room, lays his stick across the top of his equipment bag. He looks at the door, then lowers his head and pushes the flatbed away. Emma Copeland watches.

INT. TOWNHOUSE APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Clive finds a note on the kitchen counter with a Hershey's kiss on top.

NOTE - "Big news! Tell you in the morning."

Clive eats the chocolate.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Wearing jeans and a tee shirt, Clive packs food containers into a lunch cooler. Sheri hops down the stairs, full of energy despite just waking up.

SHERI

Good, you're still here.

She hustles over, big smile. Clive looks at her, no smile.

CLIVE

Are you pregnant?

SHERI

What?! No! I'm taking my pills.

CLIVE

Sorry. Things cross your mind when you see the words "big news."

SHERI

Guess I should've ...

CLIVE

It's okay. What is it then?

SHERI

My dinner with Marianne. She offered me a promotion.

CLIVE

Yeah? Doing what?

SHERI

Assistant manager of marketing. At their corporate office. In Portland.

CLIVE

Oregon?

Sheri nods, enthusiastic. Clive wrestles with his thoughts.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

What'd you say?

SHERI

I said I wanted to talk with you first. See what you think.

CLIVE

I think there's no pro hockey team in Portland.

SHERI

Oh. Well, I'm sure there's an adult league you can play in.

CLIVE

That's all I'm good for.

SHERI

What?

CLIVE

Nothing. Sorry, I don't mean to ...

SHERI

It's a big opportunity.

CLIVE

I know. And I'm happy for you. Can we talk later though? I'm late for work.

She nods. He touches her chin. Kisses her softly.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

I'm proud of you. You worked hard for it.

He grabs his cooler and hurries off.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Clive unloads a freight truck. Places boxes on a conveyor belt, shoves them down the rollers into the warehouse. EMPLOYEES on both sides of the conveyor remove boxes and stack them on pallets.

A warehouse MANAGER approaches Clive.

MANAGER

Bellows. I'm switching you out with Michael.

CLIVE

I can keep going.

MANAGER

I need you on outbound after lunch. Save some energy, huh?

Clive grabs the line of boxes, walks them down the conveyor as he exits the truck.

INT. WAREHOUSE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Clive eats a sandwich. Types a search on his phone: "How far is Seattle from Portland?"

A map appears with the answer: "two hours, forty-six minutes."

He thinks about it, huffs.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Clive stands inside a delivery van, now loading instead of unloading. He grabs boxes from a pallet on the dock and stacks them onto shelves.

INT. SHERI'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheri paces and talks on the phone.

SHERI

I was thinking three days. Maybe one day at the office and two for sightseeing. I want to get a feel for the city. You know?

MARIANNE (ON PHONE)

Of course. It's a big move. You want to make sure it's the right decision.

SHERI

Can I bring my fiancé too? He's a part of this.

MARIANNE (ON PHONE)

That's no problem at all. Go ahead and book the flights. Whatever works for your schedule. You'll get fully reimbursed.

SHERI

I will?

MARIANNE (ON PHONE)

Of course. It's business. I'll make arrangements on my end. Just send me your ETA when you figure it out.

INT. TOWNHOUSE APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sheri and Clive eat dinner at the table.

SHERI

You know, see if we like it.

CLIVE

I can't miss work for three days.

SHERI

Sure you can. Tell them you might want to transfer. We can look up the warehouse while we're there.

CLIVE

I have a game tomorrow night.

SHERI

A real game?

CLIVE

Yes. Johnny's League. I'm the starting goalie.

SHERI

I know what you do. I thought you meant your EBUG thing.

CLIVE

What if I did?

SHERI

Never mind. If you can't go, you can't go.

They eat. No eye contact. Just chewing.

CLIVE

You should still go.

SHERI

I am.

CLIVE

Call me every night.

SHERI

I just thought it'd be nice. A little vacation, you and me. Exploring the city together. Deciding on our future.

CLIVE

And we will.

She looks at him, gauges his assurance.

SHERI

Can I ask you something?

CLIVE

What?

SHERI

When you thought my big news was a pregnancy. Were you relieved that it wasn't? Or disappointed?

Clive chews, thinks, swallows.

CLIVE

Honestly?

(she nods)

Relieved.

She sighs, chuckles.

SHERI

Yeah, I guess I was too.

Mutual smiles. They finally agree. She reaches for his hand, gives it a squeeze.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Their hands clasped together in the throes of climax. Clive rolls off her. Sheri rolls into him.

SHERI

I booked a flight.

CLIVE

When?

SHERI

Tomorrow morning.

CLIVE

No, when did you book it? While I was going down on you?

SHERI

You were washing dishes, silly.

(laughs)

Imagine?

(laughs)

That's when I check the hockey scores.

CLIVE

Oh, really? Who's winning?

He tickles her. She shrieks. He stops, holds her close. Their eyes connect.

SHERI

We are.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Sheri walks in, finds a plate with a silver cloche. She lifts it to reveal a "face" breakfast. Sunny-side eggs for eyes, a strawberry nose, sausage link mouth, and triangle toast ears.

A sticky note attached to the rim of the plate has a dialogue bubble: "I'll miss you."

She smiles, eats the nose first.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Clive works among the crew on the conveyor line, removes boxes, stacks them on pallets. One of the pallets is stacked too high.

CLIVE
Hey! You guys have a jack down
there?!

The EMPLOYEES at the end of the line shake their heads. Clive calls to the guy nearest him.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
Can you find a jack?

The guy ignores him, or doesn't hear because of his earbuds.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
Fine. I'll get one.

He takes off around the corner. Making his rounds, the warehouse manager sees Clive disappear.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Clive sits across from the manager.

MANAGER
You left your post during the
unload.

CLIVE
To get a pallet jack.

MANAGER
There are jacks stationed near bay
one and bay six.

CLIVE
Usually. But not today. Whoever set
the line--

MANAGER
I set the line.

Clive stares at him. He's not winning this argument.

CLIVE
Anything else?

MANAGER

You're inside the truck the rest of the day. No walking away.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Sheri rides down an escalator. GERALD, 50s, waits on the platform. He wears a suit and holds a placard: "McIntyre." Sheri wheels her luggage toward him.

SHERI

Excuse me, sir, but you're holding my name.

Gerald checks a picture on his phone.

GERALD

Yessiree! It's you alright! Come with me, Missy. I'm your driver.

SHERI

Excuse me?

He straightens his posture, doffs his cap.

GERALD

Pardon me, ma'am. The name's Gerald Lohman. I'm the corporate chauffeur for Under Armour. Mrs. Wilkens sent me to pick you up.

SHERI

A private car? Really?

GERALD

Right this way.

He takes her luggage, and she follows his lead.

INT./EXT. COMPANY CAR - DAY

Sheri takes selfies in the backseat. She notices Gerald eyeing her in the mirror. Tries to mask her giddiness.

EXT. CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Gerald opens the car door, and Sheri steps out. She marvels at the black-glass facade of the Under Armour corporate building.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Sheri crosses the cavernous foyer. Marianne greets her.

MARIANNE

It's so good to see you.

SHERI

I have to tell you, I'm already
blown away.

MARIANNE

Wait until you see the rest of the
building.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Marianne and Sheri walk along an indoor track.

MARIANNE

Seventy-two thousand square feet.
Renovated nine years ago. This
track is actually one of the few
remnants of the original YMCA.
Twelve laps to a mile if you're
ambitious. And here's the main
office space.

The elevated track overlooks scores of desks. No cubicles,
just open space. Employees type at computers, make phone
calls, bustle about.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Two hundred and six employees
across eight major divisions. I'll
introduce you to the marketing team
later.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - LATER

Hundreds of shelves that display models of athletic shoes. A
seemingly endless library.

MARIANNE

Here's our Architech three-D
printer for customizable shoes.

She shows Sheri the machine and computer station.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
 Customers can chose from thousands
 of templates or upload their own
 photos, artwork, and designs.

INT. CORPORATE GYMNASIUM - LATER

Designers at computers monitor the wearable tech of an
 athlete who sprints up and down the court.

MARIANNE
 This is the biomechanics lab, where
 the real magic happens. All the
 science behind our wearable tech.
 Would you like to try the body
 scanner?

She motions to a futuristic pod.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
 It has fifty-four cameras shooting
 seven frames per second.

SHERI
 I don't think I want to see that
 much of my body.

She steps inside anyway. Marianne closes the cylindric door
 and a neon glow surrounds Sheri.

INT. CORPORATE CAFETERIA - LATER

A kitchen with pre-made sandwiches, salads, fresh fruit.
 Marianne and Sheri walk in, look over their choices.

SHERI
 After seeing my body scan, I feel
 like I shouldn't eat.

MARIANNE
 Oh, stop. Wait until you've had
 kids like me.

Sheri ruminates on the comment.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
 Everything's made in house. Except
 the baked goods. Those are from
 Ken's. That's not far from the
 hotel. You should check it out.

SHERI

Oh my gosh. I didn't book a hotel yet.

MARIANNE

No need. We have a corporate suite at the Hotel Lucia. I reserved it for you.

Sheri stares at her. Every revelation keeps blowing her away.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Gerald will drive you after lunch. All that's left here is to see your office.

INT. PRIVATE CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Marianne ushers Sheri inside. Mahogany desk, leather chair. Floor to ceiling windows that overlook a forest. Sheri gapes in awe.

MARIANNE

Well, any thoughts?

SHERI

Yeah. ... When do I start?

INT. TOWNHOUSE APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Clive returns home, exhausted. He shuffles into the kitchen, plops his lunch cooler on the counter. Next to three Hershey's kisses and a note.

NOTE - "One for each night I'm gone. Love you."

INT. ARENA LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Pre-game preparations for Clive and his beer league buddies.

CLIVE

You guys wanna come over tomorrow, watch the Hawks game?

ALEX

Over where? Your place?

CLIVE

Yeah. You bring beer. I'll buy pizza.

Clive reaches in his equipment bag, pulls out the plastic-wrapped Under Armour pants. Looks at it for a beat, then shoves it back in and gets his usual outfit.

BRADY

What about Shamrock's?

CLIVE

We always go there. Let's hang at my place.

ALEX

Does this mean we finally get to meet your girlfriend?

CLIVE

She's my fiancée. And, no, she's out of town.

ALEX

Ahhh, that's why you're inviting us.

BRADY

What about Dirk?

CLIVE

He's invited too. Hey, Dirk, you wanna come to my place tomorrow, watch the Hawks?

DIRK

Your place? Why your place?

INT. TOWNHOUSE APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Clive plays a hockey video game. His phone lies on the couch beside him, Sheri's voice over the speaker.

SHERI (ON PHONE)

The cafeteria's right in the office building. I won't even have to go out for lunch.

CLIVE

But that's what we do. We go out for lunch.

SHERI (ON PHONE)

We'll still have lunch dates. You can come to the office.

Clive huffs in response to the video game ... or the conversation.

SHERI (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
What's that noise? Are you playing
games?

Clive pauses, picks up the phone, shuts off the speaker.

CLIVE
Sorry, I was on a power play. So
what'd you do after lunch?

SHERI (ON PHONE)
Saw my office. It's gorgeous. It
actually has windows. With trees
right outside. I sat for ten
minutes and watched birds.

CLIVE
Any black hawks?

SHERI (ON PHONE)
What? ... Oh, funny. Not the
skating kind. ... We talked about
salary. You ready for this? One
hundred thousand.

CLIVE
Six figures? Wow.

SHERI (ON PHONE)
Plus the retirement plan. I thought
it was generous as a store manager.
If I'm corporate, they have this
stock option plan. Clive, I'd be
insane to pass this up.

CLIVE
Yeah, I guess you would ...

Clive stares at the paused image on the video game. The
goalie waits to make a save, frozen in time.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Clive works among the crew on the conveyor line, removes
boxes and stacks them on pallets. The manager walks by.

CLIVE
Hey, boss. You mind if I get in
there and unload?

MANAGER

Didn't I punish you enough
yesterday?

CLIVE

I have some aggression to get out.

MANAGER

Knock your socks off.

Clive makes his way inside the truck.

INT. VODOO DOUGHNUTS - DAY

Sheri waits for her order in the eclectic bakery. She takes a video of a wedding next to the display case of doughnuts. Yes, a real bride, groom, and Justice of the Peace.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Sheri explores the city with her doughnut and coffee. An independent book shop, Powell's Books. She wanders inside.

INT. ROOSEVELT'S SHOP - DAY

A store filled with hundreds of terrariums. Sheri strolls along, book in hand. She stops to appreciate the details of a mini rainforest.

INT. QUARTER WORLD - DAY

Restaurant and arcade. Sheri wanders the game room looking for her favorite. There it is! Dance Dance Revolution.

INT. QUARTER WORLD - LATER

Sheri works up a serious sweat. Game over. She catches her breath for a second. Then digs more quarters from her pocket.

EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE - DAY

Sheri discovers Pioneer Courthouse Square, an urban park with amphitheater seating. It bustles with activity. Buses, bikers, pedestrians, and food trucks. A live band plays on a stage.

EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE - LATER

Sheri sits on the amphitheater steps. She eats a gyro and taps her toes to the music.

EXT. FOREST PARK - DAY

Sheri walks along a woodsy trail. She emerges from the trees, sees the banks of a river. A beautiful nature spot in the middle of the city. She takes photos with her phone.

INT. WAREHOUSE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Clive sits at a table alone. He eats a sandwich and checks his phone. Three text messages from Sheri with pictures and updates.

INT. TOWNHOUSE APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The hockey pre-game show plays on the TV. The panel of analysts includes sportscaster, PATRICK DONALDSON, and former coach, Tony Granato.

Clive carries pizza and wings to the kitchen counter. Alex and Dirk converge on him. Brady enters from the spare room.

BRADY

I'm surprised Larry didn't ask for those game pucks back.

CLIVE

He did. I told him two dollars each. He said no.

DIRK

Cheap bastard.

BRADY

Who's that hockey player in those pictures?

CLIVE

My dad. He was an enforcer.

DIRK

Old school.

CLIVE

Led the league in penalty minutes four straight years.

ALEX
What league?

CLIVE
Great Lakes. He played twelve years
for Milwaukee.

BRADY
Was he a good fighter?

CLIVE
One of the best.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They watch the Blackhawks game. Clive goes to the counter to
get more food.

CLIVE
Dirk, you better grab some pizza
before it's gone.

DIRK
I don't like deep dish.

BRADY
You did not just say that.

DIRK
We eat thin crust back east. I like
the wings though.

He holds up a leg, slurps the meat off the bone.

Clive's phone rings on the counter. Incoming call from Sheri.
He silences it. Then he sees Sheri's note and realizes that
the Hershey's kisses are gone.

CLIVE
Hey, did someone eat the chocolate
that was here?

Brady and Alex point at each other.

ALEX & BRADY
He did it.

ALEX
You ate one first.

BRADY
It was your idea.

Clive sits down, glares at them.

BRADY (CONT'D)
What? You're mad?

CLIVE
They weren't yours to eat.

ALEX
Who leaves chocolate laying around?
You're inviting people to eat it.

Dirk reacts to the hockey game.

DIRK
Oh shit! I think he's hurt!

Everyone shuts up and looks at the TV. KEVIN LAUGHLIN, the Blackhawks' goalie, sits on the ice, dazed.

Instant replay: a slapshot strikes Kevin in the helmet. His head whips back.

The team PHYSICIAN examines Kevin.

DARREN PALMER (TV)
They've come a long way with the
protective gear for a goalie mask.
But that's still a hundred mile-an-
hour slapshot.

They help Kevin to his feet, and he skates over to the bench. Taps gloves with Peter Matzel, who glides toward the crease.

RICK BALLARD (TV)
Yes, he will come out of the game.
Backup goalie, Peter Matzel will
take over, hoping to preserve a one-
goal lead.

Concerned looks around the room.

ALEX
Who's the EBUG in Detroit?

CLIVE
I don't know. It's not like we
network. We're just a bunch of
nobodies.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The game's over. Everyone's depressed. The broadcast team sums up the situation.

RICK BALLARD (TV)

With the loss, the Blackhawks find themselves in a tie with St. Louis for the final wild card spot. And, Darren, guess who they play in four games.

DARREN PALMER (TV)

St. Louis! You want drama, folks? Chicago versus St. Louis in the last game of the season. Winner goes to the playoffs. Loser goes home.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Clive gathers beer cans by the sink and wipes down the counter. He sees Sheri's note. Picks up his phone. Five text messages from her. And a voicemail, which he listens to.

SHERI (ON PHONE)

Hey. I guess you're having a busy day, huh? ... Well, I, uh, explored the city. Lots of pretty cool stuff. I was hoping to tell you about it. ... I, I guess I'll try tomorrow. Maybe you can respond to my texts at least? Is that too much to ask?

Click.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clive lies in bed, fully awake, a hand on Sheri's pillow. He rolls over, grabs his phone. Types a message to her.

MESSAGE - "Good night."

He puts the phone back and rolls to her side of the bed.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The ringing phone wakes him up. He answers.

CLIVE
Sheri? ... Huh? ... Who? ...

He sits up, looks at his phone. Incoming call from: "The United Center."

CLIVE (CONT'D)
Yes, sir, this is he. ... Yes, I can. ... One hour.

INT. UNITED CENTER OFFICE - DAY

General manager, DAVID TYLER, sits behind a desk, while COACH RICHARDS stands beside him. Clive sits in a chair opposite.

COACH RICHARDS
How's your knee?

CLIVE
One hundred percent.

COACH RICHARDS
MCL tear, wasn't it?

CLIVE
That was eight years ago.

COACH RICHARDS
Fully recovered?

CLIVE
Yes, sir.

COACH RICHARDS
You play in an adult league?

CLIVE
Johnny's League. Starting goalie for the Red Dogs.

COACH RICHARDS
What's the schedule? Two games a week?

CLIVE
Two games and one practice.

COACH RICHARDS
You're in good physical condition?

CLIVE
Of course.

Coach nods at David and retreats to the corner.

DAVID TYLER

Clive, you might have heard that Kevin's been ruled out for our final game. Concussion protocol. Due to salary cap restrictions, we can't call up anyone from Rockford. So we're looking at Peter starting in goal, and you being his backup.

CLIVE

You want me to suit up?

DAVID TYLER

On game day, you'll sign an amateur tryout contract. You'll get a jersey and be on the bench. We're also having a practice tomorrow at nine. Be there.

CLIVE

Yes, sir.

COACH RICHARDS

We need you, Clive.

INT. FITNESS CENTER - DAY

Clive lifts free weights. Curls. He stares at himself in the mirror. Focused. On his breathing. On his future.

INT. FITNESS CENTER - LATER

Sits on a machine. Leg presses. He finishes the set, stares at his knee. The scar from his surgery. He traces it with his finger.

INT. FITNESS CENTER - LATER

Runs the treadmill. Huffing, sweaty. He stares at the row of TVs. Sportscaster Patrick Donaldson previews the upcoming hockey game. A photo of Kevin Loughlin switches to a photo of Peter Matzel. Clive runs faster.

INT. HOCKEY SHOP - DAY

Clive puts a package of stick tape on the counter.

CLIVE

Add it to my Dad's bill, yeah?

Arnie frowns at him.

ARNIE

Clive, my wife, she keeps an eye on the books.

(whispers)

You're over a thousand dollars.

CLIVE

Really? I'll settle up soon. I promise.

ARNIE

I got a business to run here.

CLIVE

I know, Arnie. It's just ... it's like the last little piece of my Dad that's still here. You know? Once I pay it off ...

ARNIE

Come on, you're getting me weepy here.

CLIVE

Hey, how about tickets to Friday's game?

ARNIE

What?

CLIVE

Loughlin's out with a concussion. So guess who gets to suit up?

ARNIE

No! You?!

CLIVE

Matzel's gonna start, but I'm the backup. I can get you two free tickets.

ARNIE

Now I am gonna cry!

Clive grabs his tape and hustles away.

CLIVE

Thanks, Arnie!

ARNIE
No, thank you!

INT. TOWNHOUSE APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Clive tapes his goalie stick. Methodically. It's an art form. Rock music blares on the stereo.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Classical music plays softly. Sheri sits at a bistro table. She sips coffee and scrolls through a real estate app on her phone.

INT. RANDOM APARTMENTS - DAY

MONTAGE: Sheri tours apartments.

Some places have obvious flaws: broken steps, wall graffiti, a doorknob that falls off.

Some places are immaculate: shiny hardwood floors, stainless steel appliances, gorgeous views of the river.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Sheri waits beside a food truck. She checks her phone. Three text messages from Clive. The food is ready. She pockets her phone and receives the food.

INT. TOWNHOUSE APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Clive paces while he talks on the phone.

CLIVE
I get it. I ghost you, so you ghost me. Look, I'm sorry. The truth is ... I'm jealous. Your career is taking you places, and mine's not. Just frustrated, I guess. I shouldn't have taken it out on you.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sheri stands on the balcony that looks over the city. She listens to Clive's voicemail.

CLIVE (ON PHONE)
But maybe things will work out for both of us. I have some big news of my own. No, I'm not pregnant. I'll tell you when we talk tomorrow. And we will talk tomorrow. We'll both be better about this. I love you.

Click. Sheri texts a response.

INT. TOWNHOUSE APARTMENT, BEDROOM - SAME

Clive lies in bed, awake. His phone chimes. He grabs it, reads.

MESSAGE - "I love you too."

He puts down the phone and rolls over to her side of the bed.

EXT. FIFTH THIRD ARENA - DAY

Practice arena for the Blackhawks. Clive lugs his equipment bag across the parking lot and inside.

INT. PRACTICE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Clive walks in. No one's there. He spots the locker for Kevin Loughlin and plops his bag in front.

He unzips it, reaches in, and pulls out the plastic-wrapped Under Armour pants. Stares at them.

Luke Gobert walks in.

LUKE GOBERT
Oh, good, you ARE here.

CLIVE
Yeah, nine o'clock.

LUKE GOBERT
Coach wants you in the conference room.

CLIVE
Really?

LUKE GOBERT
You're part of the team now.

Clive shoves the pants into his bag and follows.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Clive sits in the back. The team watches game video. Coach Richards replays the same sequence, uses a laser pointer.

COACH RICHARDS

At the start of the third period,
they switched to a two-three press.
And that's what took us out of our
game. We couldn't clear the zone.
Four turnovers, including this one.
Which led to their game-winning
goal.

INT. PRACTICE ICE RINK - DAY

The team works on forecheck drills on each end of the rink.
Red jerseys versus white. Reds pass the puck around the
boards, trying to break the white two-three press.

An aggressive forecheck leads to a turnover and a shot on
goal. Clive, red goalie, kicks the puck away. Coach skates in
from mid-ice.

COACH RICHARDS

We want to swing the puck to the
other side. This defenseman here,
that's the weak spot. Look how much
ice he has to cover. So swing it
around, cut to the gap, and we
break the zone. Quick passes. Go
again.

Emma Copeland and other media personnel watch from the
bleachers.

INT. PRACTICE ICE RINK - LATER

Two-on-one drills. Pass, pass, shoot. Goal, blocker side.
Clive gets ready for the next pair. Pass, shoot. Glove save.

INT. PRACTICE ICE RINK - LATER

Counter-rotation drills. White and red fight for the puck in
the corner. White gets control, centers a pass. Shot on goal.
Stick save by Clive.

INT. PRACTICE ICE RINK - LATER

Clive leans against the net with his mask off. He squirts water in his mouth, on his face. Luke skates over.

LUKE GOBERT
You doing alright?

CLIVE
I hope so.

LUKE GOBERT
I only scored once on you. Blocker side. I know your weakness.

CLIVE
When do we get a break?

LUKE GOBERT
(laughs)
This IS our break.

He fists Clive's shoulder and skates away. Whistle sounds. Clive puts his mask back on.

INT. PRACTICE ICE RINK - LATER

Game-like scrimmage with faceoffs and line changes.

PRACTICE MONTAGE:

- 1) Whites dump the puck in. Clive skates behind the net, plays it around the boards. Reds clear the zone.
- 2) White powerplay. Pass up, down, across. Clive pivots with the puck, slides post to post. One-timer. Butterfly save. Clive covers up.
- 3) Two-on-one breakaway for whites. Defenseman hits the ice. No passing lane. Shot, blocker side. Goal! Clive flips the puck out of the net.
- 4) Whites forecheck. Turnover. Quick shot. Glove save. Clive releases the puck, sticks it away. Reds on the attack.

INT. PRACTICE ICE RINK - LATER

Scrimmage ends. Coach blows a whistle, carries a bucket to center ice.

COACH RICHARDS
Nice work today. Everybody line up.

Clive starts to skate out.

COACH RICHARDS (CONT'D)
Not you, Bellows. Stay in net.

Clive circles back.

COACH RICHARDS (CONT'D)
On Friday night, Clive Bellows is
our backup goalie. It's his first
NHL game. Let's make sure he's
ready.

He dumps the bucket. Two dozen pucks bounce onto the ice. He
blows the whistle, and one-by-one, every skater charges the
net.

CLIVE
Oh, shit.

Rapid fire attack. Flurry of saves. Leg, stick, glove. A few
pucks sneak past the blocker.

At the end of the line is Peter Matzel. He tries to deke in
his goalie gear. A weak shot that Clive hugs into his chest.

PETER MATZEL
Good thing you saved mine, or you'd
never hear the end of it.

The goalies skate together off the ice.

EXT. FIFTH THIRD ARENA - DAY

Clive exits with his equipment bag. Emma Copeland waits for
him.

EMMA COPELAND
Clive Bellows. I'm Emma Copeland.
Nice to meet you.

He sets his bag down to shake her hand.

CLIVE
Likewise. I enjoy your work.

EMMA COPELAND
Thank you. I'm passionate about
hockey. Always looking for that
next great story. I think you're
it.

CLIVE

I'm just the EBUG.

EMMA COPELAND

Hardly. Johnny's League goalie suits up for an NHL game. It's a unique perspective. Our fans would love to hear it.

CLIVE

Sounds like you already know my story.

EMMA COPELAND

I looked up your stats with the Red Dogs. Honestly, pretty average. Good stats in college though. Best Wisconsin goalie since Mike Richter.

CLIVE

Until I blew out my knee.

EMMA COPELAND

Perseverance. Overcoming the odds. That's what our fans want.

CLIVE

I'm not sure I've overcome anything.

EMMA COPELAND

You overcame the injury to play hockey again.

CLIVE

Yeah. Johnny's League. I'm sorry, there's a lot on my mind right now. It's just not a good time.

EMMA COPELAND

I can respect that. But when you're famous, can I get an exclusive interview?

CLIVE

Sure.

He picks up his bag, walks away.

INT. TOWNHOUSE APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Clive naps on the couch. Sheri sits beside him, gives him a shake. He stirs.

SHERI

Hi.

CLIVE

You're home?

SHERI

Got in about an hour ago.

He sits up, tries to get his bearings.

CLIVE

What time is it?

SHERI

A little after seven.

Clive pulls her close, gives her a kiss. Slow and thoughtful, apologetic.

SHERI (CONT'D)

You feeling okay? I was making noise, and you slept right through it.

CLIVE

I had a long day of practice.

SHERI

Daytime practice? I thought you had to work.

CLIVE

I called out.

SHERI

So you'll miss work for hockey, but you won't miss it for me?

She looks away, hurt.

CLIVE

Hey, I didn't plan to. The Blackhawks called. They're down a goalie. They need me to suit up for the last game.

She looks at him, excited. Can't stay mad.

SHERI

Really? NHL?

CLIVE

I get a jersey and sit on the bench. Backup goalie.

SHERI

That's great. It's about time you get a chance.

She sees a sparkle in his eyes. Then it fades.

CLIVE

What about you? The job offer is great. How's the city?

SHERI

It's wonderful. So ... vibrant. Live music downtown. Food vendors and little shops. They have this doughnut place that performs actual weddings. It's the craziest thing. And this arcade-restaurant. You'll love it. I played Dance Dance Revolution. I still got it.

She nods confidently. Clive forces a smile.

SHERI (CONT'D)

And there's this huge park in the middle of the city. Over five thousand square feet, eighty trails. You can get lost in there. Well, not if you stay on the trails. Anyway ...

CLIVE

So what do you want to do?

SHERI

Well, I'm taking the job. Obviously.

CLIVE

You already decided?

SHERI

Well, yeah ...

CLIVE

I thought we were deciding together. That's what you said.

SHERI

We did. I said I'd be crazy to pass it up. You agreed with me.

CLIVE

That doesn't mean I want to move.

SHERI

You don't ... ?

CLIVE

Not to Portland.

SHERI

Why not?

CLIVE

They don't have a pro hockey team.

SHERI

Yes, they do. I looked it up. The Winterhawks. You can play with them.

CLIVE

That's junior hockey.

SHERI

Oh.

She vaults to her feet. Paces, bites her nails.

SHERI (CONT'D)

What about Seattle? They have a team, right? That's not far.

CLIVE

It's three hours, one way. I'm not doing what I do for a six-hour commute.

SHERI

What DO you do?

CLIVE

I'm an EBUG.

SHERI

You've been doing that for three years, and you haven't played in a game yet. You don't even get paid for it.

CLIVE
I'm getting a chance now.

SHERI
As the backup goalie. You're still
not gonna play.

CLIVE
Thanks. For ruining the experience.

He stares at the floor. She returns to the couch, sits beside him.

SHERI
I'm sorry. I'm just trying to give
you some perspective. I know it's
your dream to play in the NHL. Your
dad's dream. But this is no way to
live. Sitting around waiting for
other people to get hurt.

CLIVE
I got hurt!

Tears well in his eyes. She puts a hand on his leg.

SHERI
It's not fair what happened to you.
I understand. But at some point,
you have to accept it.

CLIVE
I'm just not ready to give up my
dream.

SHERI
I don't want you to. But I don't
want to give up mine either.

CLIVE
You're not. You already took the
job.

He gets up. She sinks into the cushions, and watches him leave.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Clive and Luke Gobert drink beers.

CLIVE
It's the main hashmark on the
timeline of my life.

LUKE GOBERT
That's not how hashmarks work.

CLIVE
Isn't it?

LUKE GOBERT
Hashmarks divide the line into
equal blocks of time. Every two
years, every five years.

CLIVE
You get what I'm saying though,
right?

LUKE GOBERT
Yes, it's a big moment. Those are
called milestones.

CLIVE
Isn't a milestone supposed to be
good?

LUKE GOBERT
No. Milestones can be bad. They're
just significant moments.

CLIVE
Then I guess it's the main
milestone of my life. There's
before my knee injury. And after.

Clive downs the rest of his beer, signals the bartender for
another.

LUKE GOBERT
Mine was the day Patty got that
rejection letter.

CLIVE
Your high school girlfriend?

LUKE GOBERT
She applied to Wisconsin after my
scholarship went through. She
didn't get accepted. Ended up going
to school back home. We tried to
make it work. Long distance is
hard.

Clive reflects on his own situation. Luke sighs.

LUKE GOBERT (CONT'D)
Damn. I was gonna marry her.
Whoever rejected her application,
they changed our lives forever.

CLIVE
You think about her much?

LUKE GOBERT
Only when I'm drinking.

They share a look.

CLIVE & LUKE
All the time.

They laugh and clink bottles together.

CLIVE
I always hated that thought. That I
have no control over my fate. I
went down to make a save and tore
my knee. No control over that. It
just happened. And now I feel like
I'm coming up on another hashmark.

LUKE GOBERT
Milestone.

CLIVE
Whatever. With me and Sheri. This
time I have a choice. Stay or go.
If I choose the wrong one, then
it's my fault. Honestly, I don't
know which way is worse.

INT. TOWNHOUSE APARTMENT, UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Clive gets a bed sheet and pillow from the linen closet. He
looks at the bedroom door, then descends the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Sheri lies in bed. She watches the light beneath the door go
out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A phone alarm goes off. Clive wakes up on the couch.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Clive creeps in, goes to his dresser, and digs out some work clothes. Sheri still sleeps. Clive watches her. He walks over, kisses her forehead. She stirs but doesn't wake.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Clive works on the unload line. The manager stops while making his rounds.

MANAGER

How're you feeling, Clive?

CLIVE

Good. Why?

MANAGER

You called out yesterday.

CLIVE

A stomach thing. I'm fine now.

The manager eyes him suspiciously, moves along.

INT. SHERI'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheri cleans out her desk. Places items in a box. Throws other things in the trash.

INT. OFFICE SUPPLY STORE - DAY

Sheri pushes a cart filled with shipping supplies: boxes, tape, bubble wrap, markers.

INT. TOWNHOUSE APARTMENT, SPARE ROOM - DAY

Sheri fills boxes with photos, clippings, and ribbons from her collegiate track & field career. Half the wall is empty. Clive's hockey career remains.

She removes another PHOTO: Clive in his hockey jersey and Sheri in her track shirt with bib number.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. RUNNING TRACK - DAY

Clive, 20, jogs in the outer lane of the track. Sheri, 18, runs hurdles on an inside lane.

Clive watches her complete the hundred meters without hitting any obstacles. She turns, walks back, catches her breath. The sunlight frames her features perfectly. He's instantly smitten.

CLIVE

How high are those hurdles?

She looks at him, then looks around to make sure he's not talking to someone else.

SHERI

Thirty inches.

CLIVE

That's a hell of a vertical jump.

SHERI

It's not a vertical jump. It's horizontal.

CLIVE

Right, cause you're going east to west.

SHERI

And it's not jumping. You don't jump hurdles.

CLIVE

What do you do then?

SHERI

You hurdle them.

CLIVE

Oh. Well, this has been very informative. Now that I've embarrassed myself, I'll let you get back to your horizontal hurdling.

He turns to walk away. She moves quick to step in front of him.

SHERI

What's your sport?

CLIVE
Hockey. No jumping there.

SHERI
That explains your lack of
knowledge on the subject.

CLIVE
I know a lot about the physics of
hockey though.

SHERI
Like what?

CLIVE
See, when water gets really cold,
it turns to ice.

Sheri smiles. Smitten too.

SHERI
Really? I had no idea.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. SPARE ROOM - SAME

Sheri places the photo in a box. Clive steps into the
doorway.

CLIVE
You're not wasting any time.

SHERI
I'm just packing things, so they're
ready.

She grabs her trophies, wraps them in bubble sheets.

CLIVE
Things just feel like they're
moving fast.

SHERI
Maybe that's cause things didn't
move at all for awhile.

She fingers her engagement ring. Keeps packing. He watches,
not sure what to say.

SHERI (CONT'D)
I'm flying back to Portland
tomorrow. I need to finalize the
lease on the apartment.

CLIVE
You found yourself an apartment?

SHERI
I found US an apartment.

She stops packing. Neither moves.

CLIVE
My game is tomorrow.

SHERI
I didn't know that when I booked
the flight.

CLIVE
It's all right. You never came to
any of my games.

SHERI
I've been to your games.

CLIVE
In college. You didn't come to any
Red Dogs' games. Not one.

SHERI
You didn't ask me to.

CLIVE
Yes, I did. And you always had
something else. Work, or your
sister, your friends. You weren't
feeling good. So I stopped asking.
It's not fair. You expect me to
support your career, but you never
support mine.

She hangs her head, surprised, hurt. He walks away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Clive watches the movie "Mighty Ducks." Gordon Bombay gets
accosted by his former coach.

COACH RILEY (TV)
You coulda been one of the greats.
And now look at yourself.
(MORE)

COACH RILEY (TV) (CONT'D)
You're not even a has-been. You're
a never-was.

Sheri descends the stairs, hears the speech, looks at Clive.

SHERI
Are you hungry?

CLIVE
A bit.

SHERI
I'm in the mood for sushi.

CLIVE
I don't like sushi.

SHERI
I know. But they have that shrimp
lo mein you like.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Clive and Sheri eat at the table. No eye contact. Lots of
chewing.

SHERI
Clive?

CLIVE
Yeah.

SHERI
Where do we go from here?

CLIVE
We survived long distance before.

SHERI
That was college.

CLIVE
Our relationship is stronger now.

SHERI
Is it?

CLIVE
I don't know.

She reaches out, takes his hand. He gives her a squeeze.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Clive prepares the couch like a bed. Sheri peeks at him from the top of the stairs.

SHERI
You don't have to sleep on the
couch.

He looks at her. She hides her face, rushes away.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sheri lies in bed. She watches the light beneath the door go out.

Then the door opens, and Clive comes in. He slides into bed. She rolls toward him.

SHERI
Hold me?

He tucks his arm under her, pulls her close, kisses her head. They hold each other and fall asleep.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

TITLE: "GAME DAY"

Clive's phone alarm goes off at 7:00. He gets up promptly, digs exercise clothes out of the dresser. Sheri sleeps through the noise.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Clive eats a breakfast of scrambled eggs, sausage, and strawberries. Drinks a tall glass of water.

INT. FITNESS CENTER - MORNING

Clive rides a stationary bike, easy pace. He swigs from a bottle and watches TV. Sportscaster Patrick Donaldson reports on the hockey game.

A photo of Clive from his college days appears on the screen. Clive stops, surprised. He looks around to see if anyone notices. Nope, just another day. He keeps pedaling.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Sheri walks in. She sees the dirty skillet, but there's no plate waiting for her. She retrieves another skillet from the cupboard.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Sheri stabs her cooked eggs. The yolk is too hard. Chagrined, she eats them anyway.

INT. FITNESS SAUNA - DAY

Clive meditates in the dry heat, eyes closed, deep breaths.

INT. FITNESS LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Clive meditates in a cold shower, eyes closed, quick breaths.

INT. TOWNHOUSE APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Sheri empties her clothing drawers into boxes. "Keep" is written on one box. "Donate" on the other.

Clive walks in. Sees piles of clothes, the boxes, and her open luggage on the floor.

CLIVE

I need to squeeze in a nap. Just an hour.

SHERI

Oh, I, uh, can move this.

She moves her boxes from the bed to the floor.

SHERI (CONT'D)

What about lunch?

CLIVE

I'll eat after.

SHERI

Spaghetti on game days, right? I can make some.

CLIVE

Sure.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

They eat spaghetti and meatballs.

CLIVE

What time is your flight?

SHERI

Six. What time is your game?

CLIVE

Seven. But I have to be there at five.

SHERI

I guess we'll be leaving about the same time.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Clive loads his equipment in the trunk of his car. Sheri loads her luggage in the trunk of her car. They close the trunks and face each other.

CLIVE

Have a safe flight.

SHERI

Have a good game.

He steps forward, gives her a quick kiss. She holds his face, gives him a long kiss.

He hugs her tight. Neither wants to let go. Finally, he does, hustles to his car.

INT./EXT. CAR - SAME

Clive starts the engine, reverses out of the driveway. He speeds down the street. Catches a glimpse of Sheri in the mirror.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - SAME

Sheri watches him drive away. Wipes tears from her eyes. She walks back to the house.

INT. TOWNHOUSE APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sheri enters, crosses to the kitchen. She grabs a notepad from the drawer and writes a note.

NOTE - "Clive," ...

INT. UNITED CENTER LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Clive lifts his equipment bag onto Vince's flatbed cart.

VINCE
You could've come in the players' entrance.

CLIVE
I don't know where that is.

VINCE
Oh. Yeah. Right.

INT. UNITED CENTER OFFICE - NIGHT

David Tyler slides a contract across his desk. Clive flips pages and signs it. He hands it back.

CLIVE
Thank you for the opportunity.

INT. TICKET OFFICE - NIGHT

Clive leans into the window, talks to an arena EMPLOYEE.

CLIVE
I'd like to reserve two tickets for Arnie.

TICKET EMPLOYEE
Let's see. The best available seats are in three-oh-one.

CLIVE
Sure. Hold them for Arnie.

TICKET EMPLOYEE
Cash or card?

CLIVE
Oh, no, I'm a player. Clive Bellows. I'm the backup goalie.

TICKET EMPLOYEE
So ... cash or card?

CLIVE
I thought players get free tickets.

TICKET EMPLOYEE
You thought wrong.

He stares at her, pulls out his wallet, hands her a card.

INT. LOCKER ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Clive walks past the empty flatbed cart. Nearly bumps into Vince coming out the door.

VINCE
There you are. Come, come. Let me show you.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clive follows Vince past a few players to a locker with his equipment bag and stick. A "Clive Bellows" nameplate overhead.

VINCE
Your very own space. And that's not all.

He hustles off to the adjacent players' lounge.

Clive reaches up, touches the engraved letters on the nameplate.

Vince returns with a folded Blackhawks jersey. Presents it to Clive, who holds it up. BELLOWS #77.

VINCE (CONT'D)
I was gonna hang it in the locker, but I wanted to give it to you myself.

CLIVE
Seventy-seven.

VINCE
I saw your father play in Milwaukee. Hell of an enforcer.

CLIVE
Thank you.

VINCE
Welcome to the NHL.

He pats Clive on the back and leaves. Clive sits and stares at the jersey. Runs his fingers over the numbers. The colors, the fabric, the stitching. More beautiful than he imagined.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Clive, 20, lies in bed. Jack, 48, stands beside him. They examine the scar on his knee.

CLIVE
No team's gonna want a goalie with bad knees.

JACK
You know Karlsson? That backup from Calgary? He had a torn MCL.

CLIVE
He did?

JACK
And the Hawks traded for him. Gave up a seventh-round pick.

CLIVE
Is he at Rockford?

JACK
Yeah, but he'll get his chance. And so will you. Trust me. Someday there's gonna be a Bellows in the NHL.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME

Clive runs his fingers over the letters of his name.

He lays the jersey in his lap and unzips his equipment bag. Removes skates, leg pads, blocker. Then the plastic-wrapped Under Armour pants.

He stares, contemplates. Finally, he rips the bag open.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Sheri lifts her head from the seat. As if sensing something. She raises the window blind. Mid-flight. Nothing but darkness. She closes the blind and leans back, deep in thought.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - PREGAME

Players sit at their lockers, fully dressed, ready to go. Silent contemplation of the task ahead. Coach Richards patrols the room, looks everyone in the eyes.

COACH RICHARDS

You are all members of an elite club. The Chicago Blackhawks. Original six. Six-time Stanley Cup Champions. Oh, how the mighty have fallen. Zero playoff appearances in the last nine years. That ends tonight! Grab 'em by the balls, boys!

He storms out the door. Players whoop and follow. Clive takes a deep breath and puts on his helmet.

INT. RINK HALLWAY - PREGAME

Luke Gobert leads the team toward the rink. He stops at the entrance to the bench area. Looks back.

LUKE GOBERT

Get Bellows.

PLAYERS

Bellows. ... Bellows. ... Bellows.

Down the line until Peter Matzel slaps Clive with his glove.

PETER MATZEL

Clive, get up front, man.

CLIVE

What? Why?

PETER MATZEL

It's your first game.

Clive waddles past everyone. Players tap his shoulder, nod, smile. He reaches Luke.

LUKE GOBERT
One lap around, all by yourself.

The arena buzzes with excitement, spotlights dancing, the crowd electric.

CLIVE
I go first?

LUKE GOBERT
It's tradition. For an NHL debut,
you make one lap around. We've all
done it. It's your turn.

Clive looks out at the ice, reluctant.

LUKE GOBERT (CONT'D)
You can't break tradition. It's bad
luck.

CLIVE
You don't believe in that shit.

LUKE GOBERT
The hell I don't. Get your ass out
there.

Luke shoves him forward. Clive stumbles through the bench area and ...

INT. ICE RINK - CONTINUOUS

... onto the ice. Roar of applause. Clive skates along the boards, behind a net. He scans the crowd. Fans cheer, clap, bang on the glass.

The raucousness muffles with each stride. Time slows. His breath, heartbeat. Stick taps the ice. Blades cut through it. He floats in a dream.

He passes the second net and completes his lap. The raucousness magnifies as the rest of the team charges after him.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
The customary first lap from rookie
Clive Bellows. Emergency backup
goalie here at the United Center.
He'll be on the bench tonight. What
a thrill this must be for him.

Clive stops near the net, absorbs the atmosphere. Bright lights, sparkly ice, manic crowd. Peter Matzel zig-zags in the crease to scuff up the ice. Teammates zoom around them.

INT. ICE RINK - PREGAME

Warmup drills. Peter makes a series of saves. Switches with Clive.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Winner goes to the playoffs. Loser
goes home.

A pair of teammates converge on Clive. Pass, shoot, goal. Another. Pass, shoot, goal. Another. Clive grunts, sprawls, makes a kick save.

He gets to his feet, switches back with Peter.

PETER MATZEL
You ready?

CLIVE
I was born for this.

INT. ICE RINK BENCH - PREGAME

Clive sits in the corner, helmet in his lap. He scans the crowd. Spots Arnie and his wife, decked out in Blackhawks gear.

Then he sees a rowdy group: Brady, Alex, Dirk, and other Red Dogs teammates.

Then a fist taps on the glass next to him. Linda smiles, teary-eyed.

CLIVE
Mom!

LINDA
Your father would be so proud.

Clive nods. Linda walks up the aisle. Larry stands behind her. Gives Clive a thumbs-up and follows Linda back to their seats.

Clive looks down the bench at all the Blackhawks. The starting line hops the boards and ...

INT. ICE RINK - CONTINUOUS

... gets in position for the opening faceoff.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
For Chicago, it's Gobert, Lindgren,
and DeVito. For St. Louis, it's
Thibodeaux, Joseph, and Nemchinov.

Luke Gobert drifts to center ice. Stares down his adversary,
JASPER THIBODEAUX.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
When these teams met in December,
Gobert and Thibodeaux dropped the
gloves. Thibodeaux got the better
of it. Knocked out one of Gobert's
teeth.

Thibodeaux sneers at him.

JASPER THIBODEAUX
I'm taking two out this time.

LUKE GOBERT
Let's have a go whenever you're
ready.

Puck drop. Gobert wins the draw. They jostle, but no fighting
yet.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Lucky for Gobert, the on-site
dentist was able to re-implant the
tooth.

Hawks dump in and set up an attack.

DARREN PALMER (V.O.)
People are quick to criticize the
NHL for fighting, yet no one
commends its dental plan.

Blues control the puck, clear the zone.

FIRST PERIOD MONTAGE:

- 1) Clive watches players zip past him on the ice.
- 2) Hawks turnover in the neutral zone. Blues attack. Shot on
goal. Save by Matzel.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Sloppy play by the Hawks early on.

3) Teams scrap for puck possession. Thibodeaux bodychecks DeVito off his feet.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Big hit by Thibodeaux. The Blues
starting to get physical now.

4) A scuffle along the boards in front of Clive. Blues take control, attack.

5) Blues one-timer saved by Matzel. He leaves the rebound. Another shot, another save. He covers for the whistle.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
The Hawks need to figure out how to
break the press. They're spending
way too much time in their
defensive zone.

6) Hawks enter the offensive zone. A weak wrist shot turned aside by ANDERSON, the St. Louis goalie.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Eight minutes in, the Hawks finally
get a shot on goal.

7) Lindgren skates the puck up the boards. Thibodeaux checks him into Clive's lap.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
A crushing hit by Thibodeaux! Boy,
he came to play.

8) Matzel makes a blocker save. Blues recover. Pass, shoot. Another save. Matzel holds for a whistle.

9) Hawks possess the puck behind their net. Time counts down. The horn sounds.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Darren, what's your assessment of
the opening period?

Players skate off the ice. Quiet crowd.

DARREN PALMER (V.O.)
Well, the scoreboard shows zeroes,
but Chicago got out-played. Plain
and simple. Out-shot twelve to
four. Out-hit nine to three. Not a
lot of energy from the home team.
They better find their legs real
fast.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - FIRST INTERMISSION

The team sits at their lockers. They pound drinks and gnash snacks. Coach Richards marches in circles.

COACH RICHARDS

You guys wanna make plays?
Highlight reel? Fuck the plays!
Quit dancing around and get the
puck to the fucking net. We
practiced the three-two press.
Right?! So fucking break it! Fight
back on the forecheck. When they
hit us hard, you hit 'em harder! So
by the third period, they have
nothing left. That's OUR ice out
there. And you're letting them kick
your asses all over it. This is our
house, goddammit! Protect it!

Those final comments land heavy with Clive.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Sheri interrupts a FLIGHT ATTENDANT walking down the aisle.

SHERI

Excuse me, is there an in-flight
meal?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

No, I'm sorry. I can get you
another bag of pretzels for a
nominal fee.

Sheri shakes her head.

INT. ICE RINK - SECOND PERIOD

Puck drop.

SECOND PERIOD MONTAGE:

1) Scrappy play in the corner. Hawks get control, center a
pass. Shot, saved by Anderson.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)

Hawks being more aggressive on the
forecheck now.

2) Scramble in the neutral zone. DeVito takes a high stick to
the face from Nemchinov. No whistle. He chirps at the ref.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
A high stick but no call. Blues
bring it back the other way.

DeVito skates to the bench with a bloody nose. Gobert sees it. Dashes off. Checks Nemchinov hard into the glass.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Gobert retaliates with a monster
hit!

3) Hawks create a forecheck turnover. Pass to Lindgren for the quick shot. Save. Rebound. Save again. Anderson covers for a whistle.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Right on the doorstep. Denied!

4) Blues pass the puck. One-timer. Glove save, Matzel.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
What a game for Matzel. Seventeen
shots, he's saved 'em all.

5) Gobert jostles in front of the net. Fails to deflect a shot on goal.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Gobert looking for the tip. Shot
goes wide of the net.

6) Joseph skates the puck through the neutral zone. Before he can dump it in, Gobert bodychecks him. The puck squirts to Lindgren. Pass to a streaking DeVito.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Turnover. They catch the Blues in a
line change!

DeVito dekes the defender. Fights through a hook. Pushes the puck on net. It squirts five-goal. GOAL!

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Scorrrres!

"Chelsea Dagger" by the Fratellis, the Blackhawks' goal theme, blasts over the speakers. The arena vibrates.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
What a spectacular play by DeVito!
Hawks take the lead!

Hawks celebrate in the corner. Fans bang the glass.

DARREN PALMER (V.O.)

And it was all set up by Gobert's bodycheck. That's what happens when you get physical. Something the Hawks didn't do in the first period. Well, they've found their game now.

DeVito skates along the bench, taps fists with all his teammates. Clive slaps gloves at the end of the line.

INT. ICE RINK - LATE SECOND PERIOD

Matzel kick save. Hawks get the puck. Pass around the defensive zone.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)

Two minutes remain in the second period. Hawks with a one-nothing lead.

Into the neutral zone. Pass across ice. Intercepted!

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)

Bad pass. The other way. It's a two on one!

Joseph and Thibodeaux. Give and go. The defender drops. Smothers the pass.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)

Nice defensive play by Haas.

But Thibodeaux skates too fast. Slams into Matzel. The net pops loose. Matzel hits the ice.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)

Oh no! Thibodeaux crashes the net!

Gobert charges in. Shakes off his gloves. By the time Thibodeaux gets to his feet, Gobert's in his face, knuckles up.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)

And here they go. Gobert trying to protect his goalie.

Gobert backs away from the scrum at the crease. Thibodeaux drops his gloves and glides toward him. Big smiles. The crowd on its feet.

JASPER THIBODEAUX

I've been waiting all day for this.

LUKE GOBERT

I've been waiting three months.

Fists bounce. Flinch. Heads bob. Flinch. Gobert snaps at Thibodeaux. Grabs his jersey. Swing and a miss.

Now Thibodeaux grabs his jersey. His fist connects. Once, twice. Gobert ducks his head low. And his jersey slips right off.

The crowd gasps. Thinks he's lost.

Thibodeaux stares at the jersey in his fist. Looks in shock at Gobert.

LUKE GOBERT (CONT'D)

Extra large jersey, mother fucker!

Gobert still holds a fistful of Thibodeaux's jersey. Has all the leverage. Yanks him closer and wails away. Right hook. Again and again.

Thibodeaux flails, nothing to hold. Covers up. Gobert punches again and again.

Thibodeaux drops to his knees. The ref skates between. Gobert raises his arms to the frenzied crowd.

LUKE GOBERT (CONT'D)

Let's go! Let's fucking go!

Gobert circles back toward Thibodeaux, who throws the jersey at him.

LUKE GOBERT (CONT'D)

Damn that was fun!

JASPER THIBODEAUX

This ain't over.

LUKE GOBERT

Oh, you don't want more of this.

The ref skates between as he escorts them to the penalty box.

A hush quickly falls over the raucous crowd. As the entire arena suddenly realizes that Matzel kneels in agony.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)

Lost in the frenzy of the fight, goaltender Peter Matzel appears to be in pain.

Clive leans forward, watching intently. The athletic trainer shuffles onto the ice, crouches to consult with the goalie.

PETER MATZEL

My back.

The trainer helps Peter to his feet. He slides post to post. Drops into a butterfly save, but stays there. Shakes his head.

The trainer helps Peter stand again and escorts him to the bench. Clive grabs his stick, gets ready.

In the penalty box, Luke slides his arms inside his jersey. Stops. Notices what's happening.

LUKE GOBERT

Holy fuck. Well, bro, now's your chance.

The trainer whispers to Coach Richards and follows Peter down the hall to the locker room. Coach looks down the bench, signals to Clive.

Deep breath. All eyes on him. Clive puts on his helmet. Sits on the wall, swings his legs over to the ice.

COACH RICHARDS

Hey, Bellows.

He skates along the bench, looks at Coach.

COACH RICHARDS (CONT'D)

Don't fuck this up.

Clive stares, deer in headlights. Coach laughs.

COACH RICHARDS (CONT'D)

Relax, kid. No matter what level it is, hockey is hockey. Have fun out there.

Clive nods and skates to the crease. An eerie silence follows him. A few hand claps break out. Rise into an applause.

Clive stretches. Takes it all in. The crowd noise wills him on. The ref glides over.

REFEREE

You got one minute. Then it's go time.

DeVito drops a dozen pucks between the faceoff circles, flicks wrist shots on goal. Clive deflects them away.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Emergency backup goalie, Clive
Bellows, makes his NHL debut,
trying to protect a one-goal lead.

DARREN PALMER (V.O.)
Not only that, Rick. But in a must-
win game with a trip to the
playoffs on the line. I can't
imagine the nerves this kid must be
feeling.

The whistle blows, and the officials gather all the pucks.
Teams line up for the ensuing faceoff.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Less than two minutes remaining.
And here's the draw.

Hawks win the faceoff. Pass it behind the net. Over to one
side, back to another. Not even trying to attack.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Hawks seem content to hold the
puck. Trying to nurse this lead
into the third period.

Clive stays vigilant. Snaps his head to follow the puck.
Quick footwork. Hawks advance the puck into the neutral zone.
Pass it backwards to execute a line change.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Our colleague, Emma Copeland will
get an update for us on the status
of Peter Matzel.

More passes. Killing time. Finally, they advance it. Dump and
chase. Into the offensive zone.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
For now, it's emergency backup
goalie, Clive Bellows, guarding the
net.

A scuffle in the corner. Hawks trap the puck. Blues shove and
jab. To no avail. The horn sounds.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
And that'll do it for the second
period. The Hawks lead one-nothing,
but lose their starting goalie to
injury.

Players skate off the ice. Clive goes last.

DARREN PALMER (V.O.)
Let's be honest, Rick. If it wasn't
for Peter Matzel, the Hawks might
be losing this game. He's made some
terrific saves tonight. Can they
win without him?

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

Sheri rolls her luggage through the crowd. She spots a pub-style restaurant.

INT. AIRPORT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sheri stands at the bar, looks over a menu.

SHERI
I'll have the smoked salmon wrap.

The bartender nods, takes the menu. She takes her iced tea, and as she looks for a regular table, overhears two guys sitting at the bar.

BAR MAN
He's an emergency backup goalie.
Never played a game before.

Sheri snaps a look at them. Follows their gaze to the mounted TV. Emma Copeland on the screen.

EMMA COPELAND (TV)
A back injury that aggravated him
earlier in the season. He's been
ruled out for the rest of the game.
Which means that the Blackhawks'
playoff hopes sit squarely on the
shoulders of career EBUG, Clive
Bellows.

Sheri gasps. The TV cuts to analysts in the studio.

PATRICK DONALDSON (TV)
Clive Bellows. What do we know
about this guy?

TONY GRANATO (TV)
I know quite a bit about him. I
coached him for two years at
Wisconsin. He was our starting
goalie as a junior, and he led us
to the Big Ten Championship.

(MORE)

TONY GRANATO (TV) (CONT'D)
We lost the finals two-one in
double overtime, but this kid left
it all out on the ice. As a senior,
he blew out his knee, and it ruined
his chances of getting drafted. But
mark my words, Clive Bellows has
the talent to play in the NHL, and
I'm glad we finally get to see it.

Sheri slides onto a barstool, eyes glued to the screen.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SECOND INTERMISSION

The team sits quietly. Nervous energy. Clive looks around. No
one makes eye contact.

The door opens. Coach walks in. Right up to Clive.

COACH RICHARDS
Peter's out. The net's yours. Guard
it with everything you got.

Now everyone looks at Clive. Luke gives him a confident nod.

COACH RICHARDS (CONT'D)
This is why we play the game, boys.
For moments like this. Because even
if we don't win the Cup, our fans
will remember this day forever. The
day we beat our rivals with an
emergency goalie to make the
playoffs. We'll be fucking legends!
Now let's go do it!

The team hollers and jumps to their feet.

INT. ICE RINK - THIRD PERIOD

Clive roughs up the ice in front of the crease.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Twenty-eight year-old Clive Bellows
will try to preserve a one-goal
lead.

Gobert and Thibodeaux glares at each other through the glass
of the penalty boxes.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Captains Gobert and Thibodeaux have
three minutes left on their
fighting majors.

Ref drops the puck. Blues win the faceoff. Pass around. Dump into the zone.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Blues takes control, looking for
the equalizer. Bellows behind the
net to play the puck.

He passes around the boards. Blues on the forecheck. Scramble for possession in the corner. Blues get the puck. Centering pass. Broken up but not cleared. Sent back around the boards.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Early pressure by St. Louis.
Chicago unable to clear.

Clive tracks the puck. It hides in a cluster of skates. Squirts free. Blues get it. Quick pass. Hard shot.

Clive follows, but he's screened in front. Suddenly, the puck jumped at him. Over his shoulder. Into the net.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Slap shot, Thomas. And he scores.
Top shelf. The game is tied at one.

Clive digs the puck from the net, slides it out.

The crowd is quiet. Too quiet. Clive tries not to look. He can't help it. Fans shake their heads, swat their hands, grumble and scoff.

INT. ICE RINK - THIRD PERIOD

Scramble for possession in the neutral zone.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Five-minute majors come to an end.
Gobert and Thibodeaux will return
on the next whistle.

Hawks' pass gets intercepted. Quick pass into the zone. A two-on-one break.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Misplayed by Chicago. Here comes
St. Louis on an odd-man rush.

Clive gets ready. Nemchinov drives. The lone defender drops down to cut off a pass.

Nemchinov dekes left. Clive goes butterfly. Backhand shot, blocker side. Clive lifts his arm. Misses. Goal.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Nemchinov scores. Blues take the
lead.

Clive smothers the puck with his glove, flings it away.

INT. AIRPORT RESTAURANT - SAME

Sheri watches the game. Clive hops to his feet, grabs the
water bottle atop the net.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Bellows has allowed two goals on
two shots. Darren, this could get
ugly real fast.

Close shot on Clive's face.

SHERI
Come on, Clive. You can do it.

INT. ICE RINK - SAME

Clive squirts water in his mouth. Sheri's voice echoes in his
ears.

SHERI (O.S.)
Come on, Clive. You can do it.

He looks around, scans the crowd. Everyone laughs at him. His
Red Dogs teammates, Arnie, his mother. Point and laugh.

Clive squirts water on his face, shakes his head clear. Fans
aren't laughing. They're yelling.

Gobert and Thibodeaux skate out of the penalty boxes.
Thibodeaux snickers.

JASPER THIBODEAUX
Your boy's done now.

Gobert looks over at Clive hanging his head. And veers toward
him.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Luke Gobert going to have some
words with his former Wisconsin
teammate.

Luke skates to a stop in front of Clive, sprays him with ice.

LUKE GOBERT

What the hell's the matter with you?

CLIVE

This game's fast. Maybe I'm not cut out for it.

LUKE GOBERT

Man, that's bullshit. You remember that game against Minnesota? Junior year. Your fifty-one save shutout? I've been in the NHL for eight years, with the best hockey players in the world. That shutout is still the greatest game in net I've ever seen. That was YOU, Clive. So get your head out of your ass and be you.

Clive stares at him. The ref skates over.

REFEREE

Move it along, boys, or it's a delay of game.

Luke holds a glove out to fist bump. Clive taps it.

CLIVE

Let's fucking go then.

INT. ICE RINK - THIRD PERIOD

Puck drop.

GAME MONTAGE:

1) Loose puck in the corner. Shoving elbows. Hawks dig it out.

2) Hawks pressure in the offensive zone. Shot on goal. Turned about by Anderson.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)

Wrister. Saved. Blues come back the other way.

3) Blues enter the zone. Deep shot on goal. Clive looks it in. Secures it in his chest. Mocking cheers from the crowd.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)

Bellows makes his first save.

- 4) Gobert delivers a big bodycheck into the boards.
- 5) Coach Richards instructs his players on the bench.

COACH RICHARDS
They protect inside. You gotta
drive right through it.

- 6) Hawks line change. Out of position. Blues get a three-on-two break.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Sloppy line change, and here comes
St. Louis.

Pass to the winger. One-timer. Clive kicks it away. Carroms to the right. Quick shot. Another save. Clive smothers the rebound.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Save, Bellows. And another!

Whistle stops play. Genuine cheers from the crowd now.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Clive Bellows starting to get
comfortable in net.

- 7) Sheri in the Airport restaurant. Shakes her salmon wrap in excitement. A sprig of lettuce jumps out.

- 8) Hawks forecheck hard. Keep the puck in the zone.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Under eight minutes. Sense of
urgency ramping up for the Hawks.

Force a turnover. Shot on goal, saved. Scuffle for the rebound. Shot saved again.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Anderson standing tall. Twenty-two
saves for the veteran.

- 9) Gobert huddle with his linemates prior to faceoff.

LUKE GOBERT
If I wheel the net, you swing it
around, hit me on the other side.

- 10) Hawks execute the play. Gobert's shot gloved by Anderson.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Good scoring chance there. Denied
again.

11) Blues control the puck in the zone. Pass behind the net.
Clive tracks it.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Blues looking for insurance. Joseph
dancing around.

Centering pass to Thibodeaux. Quick shot. Gloved by Clive.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
In front. Bellows is there! Another
save for the EBUG!

12) Hawks' slapshot near the blue line. Gobert tries to
deflect it in front. Misses. Easy save for Anderson.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Gobert looking for the deflection.
No luck.

13) Scramble in the neutral zone.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Under two minutes. Hawks down by
one. They'll have to pull the
goalie soon.

Clive watches the puck. Then looks to the bench.

INT. AIRPORT RESTAURANT - SAME

Sheri watches the game. Suddenly the channel changes. She
looks at the bartender.

SHERI
You can't change it now!

A MAN sitting a few stools away clears his throat.

BAR MAN #2
They're gonna lose anyway, lady. I
wanna watch the MMA fight.

Sheri reaches in her pocket, slaps down a ten-dollar bill.

SHERI
Hockey!

The bartender snatches the money and changes the channel back.

INT. ICE RINK - THIRD PERIOD

Hawks get control of the puck, pass it back into their defensive zone. Coach beckons Clive. He digs in, hustles to the bench.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Bellows coming out for the extra skater. Under one minute.

Hawks pass it around, blitz the zone. Dump in.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Into the corner. Hawks converge on the puck.

Hawks fight for control. Lindgren around the boards. Gobert plants himself in front of the net. Thibodeaux shoves him.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
To DeVito. To the point. Looking for a lane.

Gobert slides right, slides left, tracks the puck around the zone.

Coach checks the game clock.

COACH RICHARDS
Let it fly, boys!

Gobert elbows Thibodeaux, spins away, gives himself space. DeVito pass to Lindgren. One-timer.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Back to Lindgren for a slap shot.

Gobert angles his stick. Deflects the puck. It ricochets. Into the ice. Over Anderson's leg. Under his glove. Into the net!

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Scores! Deflected by Gobert! Hawks tie the game with twenty seconds left!

The arena shakes. "Chelsea Dagger." Fist bumps. Clive gets lost in the moment. Coach yells at him.

COACH RICHARDS
Bellows, get your ass back in
there!

Clive puts on his helmet and grabs his stick.

INT. AIRPORT RESTAURANT - SAME

Sheri claps and cheers. She stops to look at the nearby man
and stick out her tongue.

INT. ICE RINK - END OF REGULATION

The horn sounds. The crowd roars.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
We go to overtime. Three-on-three
hockey for five minutes. First goal
wins a trip to the playoffs.

Players skate to their benches for a huddle. Coach looks over
his team. Holds his gaze on Clive for a beat.

COACH RICHARDS
What a spot we're in, huh? Like
Christmas morning. OT's a different
beast. A lot of ice out there. No
wasted movements. If you want it,
go fucking get it.

The horn sounds. Hawks break the huddle. Luke skates with
Clive.

LUKE GOBERT
Here comes your next hashmark.

CLIVE
You mean milestone.

INT. ICE RINK - OVERTIME

Clive glides into the crease. The ref surveys the ice, gets
ready for the faceoff. Gobert glares at against Thibodeaux.

LUKE GOBERT
Hey, you know what I was thinking?
... "Fuck you." ... That's what I
was thinking.

Thibodeaux growls. Late to the draw. Gobert controls. Hawks
attack quickly. Wrist shot saved by Anderson.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Quick shot, glove save, handed off
to Joseph. Back come the Blues.

A few long passes. A wrister kicked away by Clive.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Nemchinov into the zone. Save,
Bellows.

OVERTIME MONTAGE:

- 1) Anderson blocker save.
- 2) Clive poke-checks, covers up.
- 3) Anderson kicks one aside.
- 4) Clive hugs a slap shot into his chest.
- 5) Anderson glove save, passes it off.
- 6) Clive blocks five-hole, taps the puck into the corner.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Both goalies giving their all. The
rookie backup standing toe-to-toe
with the veteran All-Star.

- 7) Hawks defenseman controls the puck behind his net.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Hawks making a line change for the
final minute.

Pass to DeVito, across to Lindgren. Defenseman sprints to the
bench, changes with Gobert, who skates along the boards.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Lindgren into the zone. Back to
DeVito.

Gobert wheels the net. DeVito sends a pass to the faceoff
circle.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Looking for Gobert, who swings
around the net.

Gobert meets the puck. One-timer. The blade bends on contact.
Cracks the puck.

It flies toward the corner of the net. Anderson out of position. Gobert's eyes widen. The puck PINGS off the post. Shoots into the corner.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Off the post! An inch away! And the Blues take control. They have it for a final shot.

Joseph, Nemchinov, and Thibodeaux zip around the ice, hand off the puck to each other. Attack the zone.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Twenty seconds. Hawks on their heels.

Pass center, over, across. Clive dances in the crease.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Thibodeaux switches with Joseph, looking for that one-timer.

Another pass, and there it is ... Across to Thibodeaux. Slapshot. Clive tracks it, kicks it away. But leaves the backside exposed.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Bellows the save! Oh, no! A rebound!

Nemchinov winds up. Clive digs his skate into the post. Pushes off. Slap shot. Open net.

Clive lunges. Legs split. Glove flips up. Snatches the puck. The horn sounds.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
What a spectacular save! Clive Bellows! The EBUG!

Clive sits on the ice, legs still split. He opens his glove, looks at the puck. Fans stand up and cheer.

FANS
Bellows! Bellows! Bellows!

He looks around, in awe.

INT. AIRPORT RESTAURANT - SAME

Sheri grabs the bartender's sleeve.

SHERI

Did you see that?! Did you see that
save?!

Realizes that she holds him, lets go.

SHERI (CONT'D)

Sorry. It's still tied. What
happens now?

BARTENDER

Shootout. Three skaters each side.
Best of three wins.

SHERI

Oh my god, Clive. He must be so
nervous. I'm so nervous.

BARTENDER

Do you know him?

SHERI

He's my fiancée.

BARTENDER

Slay.

He leaves to serve somebody. Suddenly, Sheri realizes what
she said. Looks at her finger, where her engagement ring used
to be.

INT. ICE RINK - SHOOTOUT

Both goalies stand at their nets. Clive sighs to himself.

CLIVE

God, I have to pee.

The ref places a puck at center ice. Lindgren circles around
it.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)

Coach Richards has elected to shoot
first. It'll be Lindgren.

Running start. He grabs the puck, weaves, dekes. Backhanders
sails over the net.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)

No good! He had Anderson with the
fake, but sent the shot wide.

Nemchinov skates to center ice. Clive gets ready.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
 Nemchinov up first for the Blues.
 He beat Bellows on the blocker side
 earlier. Let's see if he tries that
 again.

Speeds toward the net. Deke right, left, flips it top shelf.
 Clive lifts the blocker. A second too late. Goal.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
 And he does. Same move, same
 result. Blues take a one-nothing
 lead.

DeVito glides to center ice.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
 DeVito has four shootout goals in
 five attempts this year.

Fast to the left. Swerves to the right. Anderson sprawls.
 DeVito tucks the puck around his skate.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
 He scores! DeVito, ties it up!

DeVito charges to the bench, passes Joseph on his way to
 center ice.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
 Joseph up next for the Blues. And
 he's wasting no time.

Blazes straight ahead, moves stick side. Clive lifts his arm,
 blocker ready. Joseph slows, drags the puck, delays. Then
 whips it right. Clive kicks it away.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
 He makes the save! Hawks can take
 the lead!

Gobert skates onto the ice, past the puck. Stops near the
 blue line, facing Clive.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
 Luke Gobert. His goal in the waning
 seconds of regulation saved their
 season. Can he work another
 miracle?

Luke and Clive, their eyes connect. Luke nods and spins
 around. Charges ahead, snags the puck. Whips his stick like a
 wand, puts Anderson in a trance. Beats him glove side for a
 goal.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
He does! Gobert! Gobert! Blackhawks
are one save away from the
playoffs!

As Gobert skates to his bench, he glares at Thibodeaux.

LUKE GOBERT
Correction. You're done now.

Thibodeaux stops at center ice, stares in at Clive, spits.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
Fifteen saves in relief for Clive
Bellows. Can he get one more?

Clive exhales, intensely focused.

FLASHBACK:

INT. WISCONSIN ICE RINK - DAY

Clive in his gear, postgame. He talks with his father in the
hallway that leads to the locker room.

JACK
Nice game. But where'd you get
beat?

CLIVE
Blocker side.

JACK
Both goals. The smart players, they
know your weakness. And they'll
exploit it.

LINDA
Smile, you two.

Jack puts his arm around Clive, and they pose. She captures
their picture, the one hanging in his apartment.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. ICE RINK - SHOOTOUT

Clive stares at Thibodeaux. He's ready.

DARREN PALMER (V.O.)

Rick, what's impressed me most is the way he settled down after those two quick goals. A lot of athletes might've thrown in the towel. He's just gotten stronger.

Thibodeaux snares the puck and skates ahead. Clive locks in. Everything slows. Noise of the crowd fades. Stick taps the puck. Skate blades slash the ice.

Thibodeaux dekes to the glove side, brings it back. Shoots top corner. The puck flutters. Toward an open net. Clive lifts his arm. Blocker sweeps up. Deflects the puck wide.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)

Save! Bellows did it! The EBUG did it! Blackhawks are in the playoffs!

Teammates flood the ice, swarm Clive as he leaps to his feet. Blur of faces. Manic crowd. Clive the hero.

INT. AIRPORT RESTAURANT - SAME

Sheri watches the celebration. Happy and sad all at once. Wipes her cheeks, composes herself. She stands, grabs her luggage, and wheels it away.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - POSTGAME

Clive walks in, helmet under his arm. His teammates are waiting. Douse him with water bottles and champagne.

TEAMMATES

Bellows! Bellows! Bellows!

Clive cheers his way through the crowd.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Clive, in street clothes, zips his equipment bag. He picks up his jersey, cradles it. He walks it to a industrial laundry hamper and lays it with the rest of the uniforms.

Luke Gobert enters from the players' lounge.

LUKE GOBERT

Hey, we're going out to celebrate.

CLIVE

I think I'm gonna go home.

LUKE GOBERT
You're the first star of the game.
You have to buy us all drinks.

CLIVE
I just want to go home.

LUKE GOBERT
You're not getting away that easy.

A stare-down.

LUKE GOBERT (CONT'D)
How could you give up those two
goals?

Clive chuckles.

LUKE GOBERT (CONT'D)
We stake you to a one-goal lead.
And you blew it.

Mutual smiles. The Luke embraces him. The gesture surprises
Clive. Lets go, looks at him.

LUKE GOBERT (CONT'D)
I'm proud of you.
(sings)
Plunge right ...

CLIVE & LUKE
... Through that line!

INT. TOWNHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clive returns home, exhausted. He drops his equipment by the
door. Looks at the stack of boxes with Sheri's name in
marker.

He crosses to the kitchen, sees on the counter ... A note. He
picks it up, reads.

SHERI (V.O.)
Clive, I love you. I always will.
But I can't live in limbo. I can't
sit around waiting forever.

Then he realizes what was under the note. Sheri's engagement
ring. He stares. Feels nothing and everything all at once.

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Clive sleeps. His phone rings. He wakes up, answers it.

CLIVE
Sheri? ... Oh. Good morning. ...
Yes, sir. I will.

INT. UNITED CENTER OFFICE - DAY

Clive sits across from David Tyler.

DAVID TYLER
Kevin has cleared concussion
protocol, so he'll be our starter
against Edmonton.

CLIVE
How's Pete?

DAVID TYLER
He's responding well to treatment.
We expect him to be available.

CLIVE
Well, if either of them gets hurt,
I'll suit up again.

DAVID TYLER
Actually, Clive, there's no salary
cap restrictions for the playoffs.
So if we need a third goalie, it'll
be Chauvin from Rockford.

CLIVE
Oh. I'm back to being EBUG again.

It sinks in. Clearly disappointed.

DAVID TYLER
It's strictly a business decision,
that in no way reflects a lack of
confidence in you. You helped us
make the playoffs. The organization
and the entire fanbase owes you a
debt of gratitude.

CLIVE
Thank you, sir.

DAVID TYLER
In fact, we plan on making you
honorary captain for game three.
(MORE)

DAVID TYLER (CONT'D)
And have you drop the ceremonial
puck before the game.

CLIVE
That'd be great.

His mood belies the words.

DAVID TYLER
And finally ...

David opens his desk drawer, removes Clive's jersey.

DAVID TYLER (CONT'D)
We thought you'd like to have this.

Clive takes it, sees black markings. Holds it up. Autographs
all over it.

DAVID TYLER (CONT'D)
The whole team signed it. It's a
game they'll never forget.

CLIVE
Yeah. Me neither.

INT. TOWNHOUSE APARTMENT, SPARE ROOM - DAY

The jersey rests on a hanger. Clive hooks it over one of the
nails that Sheri left in the wall.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Clive exits, his lunch cooler slung over a shoulder. A few
employees watch him as he crosses the parking lot to his car.

He drives out of the lot, through the entrance gate to the
warehouse property. Media vans, reporters, and cameras wait
for him. He drives slowly through the crowd.

INT. ICE RINK ARENA - NIGHT

Clive in net for the Red Dogs. Instead of the usual sparse
crowd, it's a packed house. Clive makes a save. Everyone goes
wild.

EXT. ICE RINK ARENA - NIGHT

Clive lugs his equipment to his car. A throng of reporters
pesters him with questions.

CLIVE
No comment. Sorry, no comment.

Loads his bag, closes the trunk.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
I appreciate the attention. And all
the fans. But really, I just want
to be left alone.

He gets in his car.

INT. TOWNHOUSE APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Clive talks on his phone.

CLIVE
I'm sorry. I'm not doing any
interviews.

He hangs up, looks at the TV. A clip of him driving away in
his car. Cuts to the studio.

PATRICK DONALDSON (TV)
His refusal to talk only adds to
his legend. Who is Clive Bellows?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Clive talks on the phone.

CLIVE
I'm sorry. I'm just not interested.

As soon as he hangs up, the doorbell rings. He groans, opens
it.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
What?

Three BURLY MEN in jumpsuits. The leader holds a clipboard.

BURLY MAN
We're from Ship-Shape Shervice.
Service.
(enunciates)
Ship ... Shape ... Service.

He gestures to the moving truck parked along the curb.

BURLY MAN (CONT'D)
 We're here on behalf of ...
 (reads clipboard)
 Sheryl McIntyre.

Clive nods and steps aside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Clive sits on the couch, scrolls on his phone. The leader approaches with his clipboard.

BURLY MAN
 That's the last of it. What's your name?

CLIVE
 Clive Bellows.

The man writes the name, looks up.

BURLY MAN
 Hey, you're that hockey player, ain't you?

CLIVE
 Yeah.

BURLY MAN
 Can I get your autograph?

Hands him the clipboard.

BURLY MAN (CONT'D)
 To verify that we got everything.
 On this line right here.

Clive signs the paperwork.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Clive watches the Blackhawks game on TV. Teams line up to shake hands.

RICK BALLARD (TV)
 The series shifts to Chicago, with the Blackhawks trailing the Oilers two games to none.

He turns off the TV.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Clive sit at a table for two. The WAITRESS passes him.

CLIVE
Excuse me, can I order?

WAITRESS
Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you were waiting for your ...

CLIVE
I'm alone today.

WAITRESS
Oh, um, do you want the usual?

CLIVE
Yeah.

WAITRESS
Number six and a coke. Coming right up.

CLIVE
Actually, no. Let me try something different. Give me the number four. And a raspberry iced tea.

INT. PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

Clive sits at the kitchen table. Linda serves him hot chocolate.

CLIVE
No marshmallows?

LINDA
I don't keep them in the house since your father passed.

She sits, observes his reticence.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Is something on your mind?

Shakes his head.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Is it me and Larry?

CLIVE
No, ma.

LINDA
Cause there comes a time when you
just have to move on.

EXT. FROZEN POND - DUSK

Clive stares at the homemade goalie net among the trees.
Weathered with age, falling apart.

He steps to the edge of the pond. The thaw has begun, ice too
thin to walk on.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. FROZEN POND - DUSK

Clive, 14, practices his footwork. Jack, 42, gathers the
scattered pucks.

CLIVE
Dad? Why do you like to fight so
much?

JACK
It's not that I like it, really.
It's my role on the team. I ... I'm
not as talented as the other guys.
But I can protect them. I fight so
they don't have to. Being part of a
team ... it's a brotherhood. They
are my brothers. When you care that
much for someone, you fight for
them.

END FLASHBACK:

EXT. FROZEN POND - SAME

Clive reflects on his current situation. Watches the sun on
the horizon.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Clive sits on the bed, talks on the phone.

CLIVE
Hello? Mr. Tyler? ... This is Clive
Bellows. Sorry for the short
notice, but I won't make it to the
game tonight. ... Yes, I know, sir.
(MORE)

CLIVE (CONT'D)
But I have some personal business
that I can't ignore.

INT. HOCKEY SHOP - DAY

Arnie glows when he sees Clive walking to the counter.

ARNIE
Clive Bellows! What can I do for
you? Thanks for the tickets, by the
way. Best game I've ever been to.

CLIVE
I'm glad you enjoyed it.

ARNIE
If you'd been in goal, they
wouldn't have lost the first two
games.

CLIVE
Thanks for--

ARNIE
Clive Bellows, everyone!

CLIVE
Arnie, calm down.

ARNIE
You need your blades sharpened?

CLIVE
No, I'm just here to pay my bill.

ARNIE
What? Your money's no good here.
You're a hero!

CLIVE
You said a thousand, right? One,
two, three ...

He counts out hundreds onto the counter. Arnie's eyes widen.

ARNIE
Well, if you insist.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Sheri strides through the bustling work space with an
ASSISTANT, who tries to keep up.

SHERI

Call them back. Set up a meeting for Monday morning. What else?

ASSISTANT

Marianne will be stopping by to see if you have any ideas for that commercial yet.

SHERI

Nope. My first assignment, and I got nothing. Get with creative. Tell them to put something together. Something edgy. That tells a story. I just need something to show her. I want ten ideas in ten minutes.

ASSISTANT

I'm on it.

They split in opposite directions. Sheri darts down a hallway and into her office.

INT. PRIVATE CORPORATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sheri walks to her desk. Notices something. A Hershey's kiss. She picks it up for a closer look. Her engagement ring sits on top.

The door closes behind her. She spins around, gasps. Clive stands there.

CLIVE

You left something behind.

SHERI

I didn't want to.

She looks at the ring, looks at him.

SHERI (CONT'D)

Does this mean ...

CLIVE

It means I'd like to see our apartment.

SHERI

What about hockey? I watched that game. You were spectacular. You can't give it up.

CLIVE

I had my moment. With you, I have a lifetime of them.

They kiss. Love, forgiveness, passion.

Look at each other. Smiles and tears. He lifts her hand and puts the ring back on.

A knock on the door. Marianne comes in, sees them.

MARIANNE

Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize ...

SHERI

No, no, come in. You can finally meet my fiancée. This is Clive.

Marianne steps forward, shakes hands.

MARIANNE

The EBUG.

CLIVE

That's me.

MARIANNE

Congratulations on the game. I'm not a hockey fan, but Sheri's been talking about it all week.

Sheri blushes. Clive chuckles.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

I wonder. Did you ever wear those compression pants?

CLIVE

I did. Actually, I was wearing them during that game.

MARIANNE

You don't say ...

She looks at Sheri, whose eyes instantly light up.

SHERI

That's it!

INT. UNITED CENTER ICE RINK - DAY

Actual game footage: Clive sits on the bench with the Blackhawks team. Superimposed on the screen: "Clive Bellows, EBUG."

CLIVE (V.O.)
As an emergency backup goalie, I
must be prepared for any situation.

He swings his legs over the wall and skates to the crease.

CLIVE (V.O.)
It starts with the right frame of
mind. And the right gear.

MONTAGE of his saves: leg, glove, stick, blocker.

CLIVE (V.O.)
My Heat Gear compression pants kept
me cool under pressure.

His famous overtime save. The video freezes with Clive's legs spread, glove poised to snag the puck.

The image transitions into a 3D body scan, with the compression pants beneath his uniform highlighted. 360-degree rotation.

CLIVE (V.O.)
Even with our playoff hopes on the
line.

The video returns to real time. Clive makes the glove save.

RICK BALLARD (V.O.)
What a spectacular save!

Clive stands in goal, alone in a darkened arena, spotlight on him. The camera at center ice zooms toward him, dekes back and forth like a skater.

CLIVE (V.O.)
That's why I only trust one brand
when it matters most.

The camera stops in front of the crease. Clive snags a puck out of the air with his glove.

CLIVE
I don't just protect the net. I
protect this house.

He opens his glove. The puck drops out.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The entire sequence is a COMMERCIAL that Sheri and Marianne present to a group of executives.

On TV, the puck drops, slow motion, onto the ice. The Under Armour logo appears above it. Fade out.

The executives clap their approval. Sheri and Marianne smile.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - DAY

TV SCREEN: Clive's face and name appear in a box over the sportscaster's shoulder.

PATRICK DONALDSON (TV)
Remember Clive Bellows? The emergency goalie who helped the Chicago Blackhawks make the playoffs. Because he was playing on an amateur contract, he received no financial compensation for his efforts. Well, he's cashing in now. The amateur athlete signed a six-figure endorsement deal with Under Armour. Not bad for a twenty-seven-minute career in the NHL.

INT. VETERANS MEMORIAL COLISEUM - DAY

Portland Winterhawks practice. The junior hockey team runs skill drills. The goalie lets in a soft shot.

Clive, in regular athletic clothes, skates to the net, coaches the goalie.

CLIVE
When the puck's on this side, keep your leg to that post. And your stick blade flat on the ice. When you crouch, don't go down too low, or you'll leave the top exposed. Blocker side, that always gets me.

Clive skates away, signals for them to continue. He spots Sheri behind the boards, giving a wave. He skates over.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
What're you doing here?

She holds up his lunch cooler.

SHERI
You forgot your lunch.

CLIVE
Thanks. Put it on my desk.

SHERI
Don't forget the party.

CLIVE
Right after the interview.

Emma Copeland walks in with a CAMERAMAN and bags of equipment. Clive sees them, beckons.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
You made it. Good trip?

EMMA COPELAND
Always. Thank you for honoring my exclusive.

CLIVE
Of course. Emma, this is my wife, Sheri.

EMMA COPELAND
You work for Under Armour. I'd love to talk with you too.

SHERI
You can come by the office later. I'm having a going-away party.

EMMA COPELAND
Where are you going?

SHERI
Maternity leave.

She rubs her protruding belly.

EMMA COPELAND
Wow. Congrats, you two. You'll have a little goalie on your hands.

SHERI
Yeah, for soccer.

She titters and walks away. Clive shakes his head.

CLIVE
You know, cause he kicks her so
much.

INT. ICE RINK OFFICE - DAY

Wall photos: Clive, college jersey, and his father. Clive and Sheri, wedding day. Clive and his Red Dogs teammates. Clive in the Blackhawks locker room, getting doused with water after the game.

Clive sits behind a desk. A name plate reads "Assistant Coach." Bright lights on him.

Emma sits across, looks back at the cameraman. He nods.

EMMA COPELAND
Okay, we're ready.

CLIVE
Me too. Where do we start?

EMMA COPELAND
At the beginning. Where'd you get
your love of hockey?

He smiles fondly.

CLIVE
My dad.

FADE OUT.