

PUCKHEADS

PILOT EPISODE

"About that Murphy Kid"  
(2/13/24 Revisions)

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&

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TEASER OPEN

EXT. CARP STADIUM - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A sparsely filled parking lot encircles a dimly-lit anonymous sport's stadium that looks and feels as if its past its prime.

The camera dollies ACROSS the back of numerous cars with profane anti-carp bumper stickers and phrases written on the back windows: "Screw the Carps", "Carps Suck", "Bottom Feeders"

As the camera finishes the move, it tilts up to reveal the name of the stadium: "PROTECTIVE INSURANCE ARENA - HOME OF THE CHICAGO CARPS."

A HOCKEY BUZZER SOUNDS.

INT. CARP STADIUM

The stadium is only about 30% full of fans. A scoreboard hangs over center ice it reflects a score of 7 to 0. The few fans still in the stadium boo while and others hold signs jeering the Chicago Carp as they skate off the ice.

One sign reads "CARP R CRAP", another one shows a fish sucking from a baby bottle with the caption "CARPS SUCK".

The Carp's goalie RONNIE MARSHALL hangs back at the net with a dejected look.

INT. CARP STADIUM - TV BOOTH - SAME

JOHN MIKITA, late 50s, the Carp's TV announcer sits in front of a microphone and a beer. He looks more like a used car salesman than a TV personality. To his right sits, JENNY JANUS, late 20s, the color commentator who looks more like a cheerleader than a sports announcer has a smile cemented to her face.

JOHN

And the skid looks to continue for the Carp, down seven nill after two.

JENNY

Well you never know John. Things could turn around in the third.

Mikita seems annoyed by Janus' optimism.

JOHN  
I guess they could Jenny.

John turns and covers the mic.

JOHN  
(aside)  
The stadium could catch on fire.

JENNY  
Pardon?

JOHN  
Nothing.

INT. CARP STADIUM - CENTER ICE - SAME

At center ice is a thirty-something male with a microphone wearing a carp jersey.

STADIUM ANNOUNCER  
Welcome every --

The mic squeals with piercing feedback.

STADIUM ANNOUNCER  
Time for "Carp in the Crease"!  
Tonight's contestant is twelve-year-  
old Josh Morgan from St. Lukes  
Children's hospital.

A skinny teenage boy in jeans skates up to the announcer wearing hockey gloves and a stick in his hand. Josh is fragile on his skates, a stiff wind would blow this kid over.

INT. CARP STADIUM - CARP BENCH - CONTINUOUS

PAUL BROOKS, Carp's assistant coach and second-in-command, stands as the team shuffles down the tunnel toward the locker room. WILLY SAUNDERS, the Carp's big defenseman and enforcer is last to leave the bench. JACK TRUDEAU, 45, the Carp's head coach stands to the side watching center ice.

WILLY  
What's this all about coach?

BROOKS

Kind of a make-a-wish thing.  
Marketing thought it'd be some nice  
PR to ease things over with St.  
Lukes after what happened at the  
charity golf outing ...

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Golf silence. A group of sick CHILDREN aged 5 to 13 in wheel chairs and on crutches sit at the first tee of a local golf course watching GOLFERS tee-off. There are 3 NUNS standing by the Children and caring for them. A large BANNER reads:  
"WELCOME TO THE CHICAGO CARPS ANNUAL CHARITY GOLD OUTING."

A foursome prepares to start the round as GOLFER 1 stands over his ball preparing to drive the ball.

From nowhere, a drunk naked Ronnie Marshall, drives a golf cart right in front of the children and nuns. He stops the cart, stands facing the nuns and addresses the nuns.

Ronnie is shot from behind showing his buttocks in the foreground.

Ronnie

Any of you ladies see the beer  
cart?

Shock on the faces of all.

RONNIE

Guess not.

Ronnie slams on the gas and the cart zooms off in quest of the beer cart. Ronnie falls back into his seat. Nun 1 & 3 cover the eyes of the children directly in front of them. The jaw on Nun 2 falls.

Cu on nun 2's reaction.

INT. CARP STADIUM - CARP BENCH - PRESENT DAY

WILLY

That was rough.

Brooks

Yeah.

INT. CARP STADIUM - CENTER ICE

The announcer places a puck down in front of Josh.

ANNOUNCER

Young Josh here will get 1 penalty shot! If he makes it, the Chicago Carps organization will donate \$50,000.00 to St. Lukes Hospital & \$25,000.00 to a scholarship fund for Josh! But even if he misses, The Carps will still donate \$2500 to St. Lukes and \$500 to Josh's future! What do you think Josh? Do you think you can score on the Carp's Ronnie Marshall.

Josh looks at the score board then the Announcer and gives him a wink and a smile.

ANNOUNCER

(Covering the mic)

What a bender, just shoot the puck.

The kid takes the puck and sheepishly skates with bent ankles shuffling towards the blue line almost falling as he picks up speed.

ANNOUNCER

(egging on the crowd)

Come on guys, cheer the kid on.

A smattering of fans clap lackadaisically.

INT. CARP STADIUM - CARP BENCH

Jack and Brooks stand watching.

JACK

I've got a bad feeling about this.

INT. CARP STADIUM - CENTER ICE

The kid crosses the blue line, instantly straightens and strengthens. Handling the puck with confidence now and skating with speed, approaching the crease - throws a deke faking a shot to Marshall's blocker side.

INT. CARP STADIUM - CARP BENCH

JACK  
A real bad feeling.

INT. CARP STADIUM - CENTER ICE

Marshall bites and dives to his right. The kid rips a snap shot to Marshall's left. The puck flies into the net beating Marshall glove side.

The kid skates behind the net showboating as Marshall falls to his knees.

JOSH MORGAN  
Sieve, You must be great at  
dodgeball -- Cake Eater!

As Josh passes the front of the crease, Marshall spins and "accidentally" hits Josh in the back of the head with the goalie stick knocking Josh out.

INT. CARP STADIUM - CARP BENCH

BROOKS  
Yep.

Bad. JACK Bad. BROOKS

END TEASER

## ACT ONE

INT. CARP STADIUM - TRAINING ROOM - WEEKS LATER - NIGHT

Brooks sits at his desk staring intently at his laptop. Behind him, Marshall sneaks up behind him. Peeking over Brooks' shoulder, Marshall notices Coach is on some TMZ style website watching a video of topless women dancing.

MARSHALL

Hey Coach, watcha doin?

Startled, Brooks desperately tries to switch tabs on the browser. Frantically fumbling for the mouse, he mistakenly pulls up the lineups for tonight's game and exits out of the app deleting it all.

BROOKS

Ronnie, what the -

MARSHALL

Yeah uh Coach? Need you in the locker room.

BROOKS

Hey! Why the HELL aren't you dressed?

MARSHALL

Kind of what we need to see you about.

Marshall turns to leave then,

MARSHALL

Hey was that Jack's wife?

BROOKS

(closing his laptop)  
What? No!

Marshall heads toward the locker room. Brooks opens his laptop and sees the blank lineup, curses to himself and slams his laptop shut again.

INT. CARP LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brooks walks through the locker room to Marshall who sits at the far end of the room in a towel waiting to dress. Willy sits reading a book entitled "How to beat the house".

Next to him is CHIC, the team's center, a large extravagant man with a Winfield mustache, dressed more like a pimp than a professional athlete. He is playing with a very large, very gaudy, very gold, WRIST WATCH.

SNAPPER the team's Athletic Trainer and Assistant Coach hands out the players per diem.

SNAPPER

Here ya go guys. Meal money. Don't spend this on shit now. Try to eat something healthy for once.

About 18 other PLAYERS sit around in their street clothes or with shirts off waiting for gear. Some are playing cards or going through their various pre-game rituals

MARSHALL

No gear.

BROOKS

What? -- Where the hell is Fred?!

EXT. CARP STADIUM - NIGHT - SAME

An EQUIPMENT VAN with a Carps' logo sits in a deserted parking lot with the stadium as a background. The van is rocking on its chassis.

FRED

(O.S. - slightly slurred)  
That's it darlin'. Just like that.

INT. CARP LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pacing, Brooks scrolls through his contact list on his I-phone. He finds Fred's name and hits dial. The phone rings and rings.

WILLY

There any casinos near our next game?

CHIC

You'd have a better chance getting lucky throwing your money at Coach's wife.

Willy burst out in laughter.

WILLY

You ever see her dance?

MARSHALL

Dance? Yeah I think I just, but  
never heard it called that before.

Marshall makes a crude gesture. They laugh more.

CHIC

Allow me to wipe off a seat for you  
"Madame Trudeau!"

Chic wipes his mustache. Marshall and a few other players laugh. Suddenly the door SLAMS open and Jack enters. The laughter stops. Jack storms across the lock room.

INT. CARP LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JACK

Jesus fucking Christ. Why aren't  
you dressed? We've got a game in a  
3 hours! Game - what a joke! 12  
games 'n no wins and you fucks are  
screwing around. Where's the gear?  
Where the hell is Fred?

BROOKS

Gear's just getting freshened up  
boss. The boys will be ready.

JACK

No gear -- no wins. And who fucked  
with the lineups.

Jack storms out of the locker room cursing and slamming the door behind him.

BROOKS

(looks at his phone)  
Come on Fred. Pick up already!

Brooks hits "redial".

CUT TO:

INT. CARP EQUIPMENT VAN - MOMENTS LATER

A cell phone rings in the back of the equipment van. The caller ID indicates "Coach Brooks". A set of van KEYS with a 1 year AA chip attached sit next to the phone.

FRED, an overweight middle-aged man with thin white hair is passed out with his pants around his ankles on top of a pile of hockey equipment. Empty BEER CANS everywhere.

MADONNA, a blond haired street walker wearing a cut off T-shirt that reads "Not like a Virgin", frantically rifles through Fred's wallet. There are 3 single \$1.00 bills in the wallet.

MADONNA  
Mother fucker!

She reaches over and grabs the phone. She answers.

MADONNA  
What?!?!

INT. COACHES' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

[NOTE: Intercut the interior van scenes with the interior office scene for the phone conversation]

BROOKS  
Thank God! Fred. Where the hell are you?

MADONNA  
This ain't "Fred". This is Madonna. And who the hell are you?

BROOKS  
(trying to stay calm)  
This is Paul Brooks and I was ah - is Fred available to ... talk.

MADONNA  
Well, Mr. Brooks, unfortunately Fred is unavailable at the moment.

Fred stirs in the back mumbling unintelligibly.

BROOKS  
Okay. Could you make him available? He has all our equipment and we have a game in 2 hours.

MADONNA  
I know he got "all your equipment". We just fucked all over "all your equipment".  
(beat)  
What I wanna know is who gonna pay me for him using MY equipment?

BROOKS  
Pay? For -- What?

MADONNA

That pasty ass'd cracker passed out  
in the back of this van owes me  
\$200.

Brooks digs through his wallet and sees he has about \$50.00.

BROOKS

Okay. Just tell me where you're at,  
I'll grab the equipment and I'll  
pay you.

MADONNA

You'll pay me?

BROOKS

Yes.

MADONNA

All righty then Mr. Brooks! I do  
like the way you do business ...  
So, that'll be \$200 for my  
"equipment fee" plus \$2000 more for  
my trouble.

Brooks muffles the phone, covering the receiver with his  
hand.

BROOKS

Fine. Where are you located?

MADONNA

We in the parking lot of the hockey  
stadium.

BROOKS

Don't move.

Brooks hangs up the phone. He thinks for a minute and calls  
out to Snapper:

BROOKS

(To Snapper)

Snapper! Snapper! Get that meal  
money back, NOW!

EXT. CARP STADIUM - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

TIGHT ON SNAPPER'S HAND TRYING TO OPEN THE VAN DOOR.

The Carp equipment VAN is now parked near the back of the  
stadium.

Snapper tries again to pull the van door open.

SNAPPER

It's locked.

Madonna stands next to the van tangling a pair of keys from her finger. Brooks and Marshall are with her.

MADONNA

I believe there was a little matter  
of my remuneration?

Brooks hands over the money to her. She hands the keys to Brooks.

Madonna walks away.

MADONNA

A pleasure doing business with you.  
And if you or any of you hockey  
boys ever want me to handle any of  
"your equipment" again. You just  
let me know honey. My office is  
right over there  
(she points to the street  
corner)  
and I am always open for business -  
24/7 - including holidays - just  
like Walmart baby!

EXT. CARP STADIUM - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Brooks tosses the keys to Snapper at the back of the van.

Snapper opens the doors and a stream of empty beer cans roll out.

SNAPPER

Jesus, Fred!

Brooks and Marshall join Snapper to see Fred laid out on the equipment with his pants around his ankles

Fred looks up with a blank stare.

FRED

(slurring)  
Paul, now don't be mad, but I kind  
of relapsed a little bit.

Brooks grimaces and rubs his forehead.

CUT TO:

INT. CARP'S LOCKER ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

An exhausted dejected team and staff sit in the locker room with their heads down.

JACK

6 - Nill! Pathetic! Losers. Fuck-sake couldn't skate with the Birds who haven't won back-to-back games in a decade. Can't score, can't win.

Jack rant is interrupted by the entrance of Steve CASTON, the team owner, ASHLEIGH Caston (Steve's wife), Jennifer TILLER (Steve's assistant) and Nick CERVINO, the team GM. He reigns it back in. TILLER has a note pad and diligently notes everything Caston says.

JACK

The owner wants to say a few words to you. Mr. Caston ...

CASTON

Don't be so hard on them Jack. I know you're giving it your all out there. We'll get 'em next time. Right boys? You looked better out there tonight, you had a chance to come together a bit -- before it fell apart. Keep grinding boys. We're Carps - we hustle, we hit, we never quit.

Cervino gestures for Brooks to join him in the hall while Caston continues to give his team a pep talk. Brooks makes his way to the door and the two leave.

INT. CARP STADIUM - HALL - CONTINUOUS

CERVINO

Brooksy, you're killing me here. I fought to keep you on when the flying Frenchman in there took over the team because I told Caston you were one of the best offensive minds ever. We haven't scored a goal in three games.

BROOKS

Nick, I'm doing my best. I got my legs cut out. Fuck He traded away my best center and forwards.

(MORE)

BROOKS (CONT'D)

He controls all the match ups and won't let me touch the line up.

CERVINO

I'm just saying, if we don't start winning, hell at least scoring, he's got the old man convinced you gotta go - and I'm not gonna be far behind you and there aren't a lot of GM jobs open right now.

BROOKS

I need a sniper.

CERVINO

What about that Murphy kid.

BROOKS

Trudeau cut him.

CERVINO

Why? Kid played great.

BROOKS

Kid got a blow job from his wife in the VIP room at Scarlett's.

CERVINO

Oh.

(beat)

I don't care. Trudeau's doing worse to me in the front office. Get the kid back. He's up in Toronto right?

BROOKS

Yeah.

CERVINO

We play there next week. Fly up there ahead of team. Find him. Sign him. Play him.

BROOKS

Trudeua is gonna be pissed.

CERVINO

Yeah, I know.

(beat)

Cervino smiles and goes back into the locker room.

BROOKS

Really pissed.

INT. CARP STADIUM - TUNNEL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Caston, Ashleigh and Tiller are walking through the tunnel towards the exit. Caston and Ashleigh lead with Tiller in tow.

ASHLEIGH

You're too nice to those boys. You spoil them.

CASTON

I'm just trying to encourage them. You catch more flies with honey than with ...

ASHLEIGH

They're costing us a fortune.

CASTON

What would you like me to do: not pay them?

ASHLEIGH

No. I understand they have to be paid, but they don't need all those perks.

They stop walking and look at each other.

CASTON

Perks?

ASHLEIGH

Attendance is down. Why do we charter a private jet for away games?

CASTON

Because we have to get them there somehow.

ASHLEIGH

Let them fly commercial.

CASTON

If I do that, fans will bother them. I'm afraid they won't be mentally prepared for the game.

ASHLEIGH

Honey, they've lost 12 games and attendance is down 60%. They don't have enough fans left to bother them.

(MORE)

ASHLEIGH (CONT'D)

(beat)

Jen. How much is the charter to  
Toronto going to cost us?

Jen rummages through her notes on the LEATHER BOUND LEGAL PAD she carries. She finds an invoice.

TILLER

Sixty seven thousand dollars each  
way.

ASHLEIGH

There. And how much would it cost  
to send them commercial? Coach.

Tiller starts to calculate the numbers on a calculator in her pad.

TILLER

20 players, plus staff, plus gear  
... approximately seventeen  
thousand round trip.

She points to Tiller's calculator.

ASHLEIGH

That's a huge savings Steve.

Ashleigh's cell phone RINGS. She accidentally knocks Tiller's papers to the ground. Ashleigh goes back and forth between answering her phone and helping Tiller.

ASHLEIGH

I'm sorry, let me ...

TILLER

No, that's alright Mrs. Caston.  
I'll get them.

Tiller gets on her knees to pick up the papers. Ashleigh mouths "thank you" and takes a few steps away to answer her phone.

Caston finds himself staring at Tiller's butt as she picks up her papers.

Tiller turns and catches him. She smiles flirtatiously.

CASTON

Um, can I help?

TILLER

No Mr. Caston. Don't be silly.

Ashleigh sees the interaction and sneers.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

EXT. TORONTO LAKE FRONT - A FEW DAYS LATER

SUNRISE ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE CITY

SUPER: "Toronto, Canada"

INT. TORONTO HOTEL ROOM - MORNING - SAME

Clothes strewn about, empty bottles of champagne decorate the floor of a large hotel suite elegantly dressed with white marble and modern accents.

MIKE MURPHY, 21, slides into frame in his socks, tighty-whities and shirtless with a hockey stick in his hands.

He "skates" down the hall while expertly maneuvering a black lace bra with the blade of a hockey stick.

MURPHY

Found it.

Flexing, Murphy cocks his wrists flinging the bra toward MONIQUE, older mid 40's, gorgeous, kneeling on the bed wearing the sexy black-lace panties. Her hands cupping her bare breasts.

She seductively smiles as a matching bra lands in her lap.

MONIQUE

What's the point, I'm just going to have you take it off again?

MURPHY

You said you wanted breakfast?

MONIQUE

I did.

Murphy glides over to the bed as if summoned. He Kisses her neck, then lips.

MURPHY

Room service will be up here any minute.

MONIQUE

Well then we'd better hurry.

MURPHY

So do I ever get a last name out of you Monique?

MONIQUE

Only if you are a very very bad boy  
- Lover Boy.

Monique smiles and pulls Murphy down on top of her. As if on cue: There is a KNOCK at the door. They both sigh. Mike grabs a robe and heads to the door. Monique pulls the sheets up to cover herself.

INT. TORONTO HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Murphy answers the door to find Brooks standing there next to a room service cart with breakfast for two.

MURPHY

Coach!?!?

BROOKS

Hey Mike.

MURPHY

Hey, how -- how'd you know I was here?

BROOKS

MURPHY

Francois

(beat)

the hotel manager - we played together in juniors. You don't get to this level with out learning a few tricks.

Murphy shrugs still bewildered as to why Brooks is standing in his hotel room.

BROOKS

Look kid, I'm not gonna beat around the bush: The team's flying up here today and I want you back on the ice for tomorrow's game. Nick already...

Brooks walks in past Murphy to see Monique in bed and stops mid sentence.

BROOKS

Oh. Sorry. Miss ...

MONIQUE

(annoyed)

Missed opportunity. If I wanted two of you I would've ordered it. Just have to take care of things myself.

Monique gets up, grabs her bra and walks unabashedly to the bedroom. Brooks and Murphy stand transfixed by Monique's near perfect figure. Brooks looks at Murphy.

BROOKS

Really sorry.

Monique slams the bedroom door behind her. After some commotion, the lights flicker and dim. Suddenly a loud vibration begins to hum from the bedroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPLANE

A commercial airplane cuts through the clouds with storms not far off on the horizon.

INT. AIRPLANE - CABIN

Carps players are seated throughout the cabin intermixed with "civilian" passengers on a fully packed commercial flight.

Snapper and Marshall are seated about midway back. Snapper in the aisle and Marshall cramped in the middle with a little old lady sitting in the Window seat next to him.

The little old LADY sits sewing with some PLASTIC KNITTING NEEDLES and working on a SCARF she must have started weeks ago. The old lady takes an immediate disliking to Marshall as he creeps into her space over the arm rest. She passive aggressively nudges her way back in control of the arm rest.

Marshall sits somewhat unaware, fixated on a weather report on a monitor on the back of the headrest ahead of him. Marshall is VERY uneasy and an anxious flyer.

SNAPPER

The spread they put out in First Class is somewhat edible. I swiped a plate. You want a muffin?

MARSHALL

No Thanks.

Marshall accidentally bumps Lady's arm. She messes up a stitch.

MARSHALL

Sorry.

SNAPPER

You should really try one.

The Pilot can be heard over the PA system. Marshall shushes Brooks.

MARSHALL

Shhh!

PILOT

Hey folks, looks like we got some bumps up ahead due to some inclement weather on approach to Toronto. We are going to try and fly over it but it still could be pretty choppy. I'm going to go ahead and turn on the seat belt sign and ask you to stay seated while we fly through the turbulence.

MARSHALL

(under his breath)

Bumps??

Marshall grabs the armrests, knocking the LADY's arm off. She again makes a forced mistake while knitting. She glares at him.

MARSHALL

(To Lady)

Sorry, I'm not a good flyer.

Lady merely "hmmms" him.

Marshall tries to relax. He removes his arm from the armrest.

LADY rests her elbow on it as she knits.

SNAPPER

Just calm down. Deep breathes. It's safer than driving. Donut?

MARSHALL

No.

The plane begins to shake a bit, nothing too jarring, just some little "bumps" until,

The plane abruptly drops violently.

Marshall's stomach is in his throat and any semblance of control is gone.

The plane stabilizes.

PILOT

Hey folks, looks like we've passed through the little disturbance. Only caught a tail end of the bad stuff. We should have pretty clear skies on through to Toronto Pearson International. One thing, ah, the instrument panel got a little fried up with all the chop. We've got a small electrical issue.

There's a growing fear in Marshall's eyes as the Pilot continues to explain the instrument malfunction.

MARSHALL

"Electrical issue"? Oh my God.

Marshall again grabs both arm rests knocking the Lady's arm off. In turn, she again mis-stitches. Lady gives Marshall a stern glare and subtly takes one of her needles and forcefully jabs Marshall's forearm.

MARSHALL

Ow! What the !?!?!

LADY

Oh! I am so sorry young man. I hope you're not hurt.

MARSHALL

Why the ...

Snapper side-eyes Marshall stopping him from saying anything else.

SNAPPER

Marshall! Accident.

Marshall promptly stands, squeezes out of the row, and stomps off towards the bathroom mumbling to himself.

MARSHALL

(muttered to himself)  
Who the hell does she --

The team is spread out gambling as cash and cards are passed back and forth through the rows.

Willie sees Marshall and hands him some cards.

WILLY  
Pass these to Chic

MARSHALL  
Yuker?

WILLY  
Poker.

MARSHALL  
Shit hand either way

Marshall hands the cards to Chic a few rows back.

The old Lady now triumphantly places her elbow on the arm rest and knits with a look of confidence on her face. Brooks nods approval and laughs.

INT. AIRPLANE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The cramped faintly lit room adds a bit of claustrophobia into the mix, with every vibration jarring Marshall even further into his blinding anxiety as he stands at the sink running water over his hands.

Marshall pulls a PILL BOTTLE out of his pocket and stares at it.

The label reads "Lithium Carbonate: take 2 daily and as needed for symptoms associated with Bipolar Disorder, depression, anxiety, and suicidal thoughts".

MARSHALL  
Bullshit.

Marshall looks at himself in the mirror as if evaluating who he is. He stuffs the bottle back into his pocket and starts to splash water on his face.

INT. TORONTO HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Brooks and Murphy sit on a couch. The room service tray is half eaten. The vibration continues from the bedroom now with an occasional moan adding to awkwardness. Brooks munches occasionally. He uses a piece of BACON to make his points.

BROOKS  
I'm telling you it doesn't matter  
what he wants. Cervino, himself,  
green lit you. He's the GM.  
(MORE)

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Trudeau can't say shit about it and if he doesn't play you and we lose, it's his ass.

During a pregnant pause, Murphy finally realizes he's got a second chance.

The moaning in the background quickens its pace and intensity.

MURPHY

I mean, well, yeah. You got it. I'd love to play.

BROOKS

The team gets in in a few hours. Practice is at 6. Nothing much has changed since the you were here last. You'll play Thursday up here and then hop on the plane back to Chicago with the rest of the team on Friday.

MURPHY

I can't. I got a bunch of stuff I have to take with me and my truck.

BROOKS

Well, then pack your truck up and be there by Saturday morning. Deal?

MURPHY

Deal.  
(beat)  
And thank you Paul.

BROOKS

You want to thank me, a hat trick would be nice. And for the love of God, stay out of Scarlett's!

The moaning is at a frenzy now close to a peak.

MURPHY

Absolutely. I mean I'm really sorry about that, but who knew it was his wife?

Monique's moaning along with the vibration ends with a loud "uhhh".

BROOKS

Everybody.

MURPHY  
(smiling)  
Yeah.

The two share a laugh.

INT. AIRPLANE

Snapper is trying to doze off. The little old Lady is concentrating on her knitting.

Marshall plops down into his seat breathing heavily and soaking wet. With hair waited down with water and dripping everywhere, he leans uncomfortably close to the little old lady.

MARSHALL  
(With a sinister smile)  
I want to apologize about earlier.  
I'm not in a good place right now.  
I lose it sometimes. My doctor  
thinks it's the stress and all with  
my diagnosis.

He leans over her arm which is on the armrest and targets his "Sweat" to fall on her arm.

MARSHALL  
It's like a death sentence you  
know.

Lady stiffens with fear and her arm comes flying off the arm rest. She cowers into the far side of her seat staring out the window terrified as she uses her scarf to wipe the "sweat" off of her.

Brooks leans over to Marshall.

SNAPPER  
(whisper)  
That ain't right man. Not funny.

MARSHALL  
(whisper)  
I thought it was funny.

Marshall smirks at the Lady curled up eyes fixed on the window.

MARSHALL  
Very funny.

SNAPPER

Not funny at all man.

(to old lady now)

He's kidding. He may be an asshole  
but he's kidding. He's not sick.

Well not sick like that.

(back to Marshall)

Now say your sorry.

MARSHALL

What? Serious?

A look from Snapper

MARSHALL

I'm - I'm sorry, Just a sick sense  
of humor is all.

SNAPPER

You really are sick you know.

Marshall leans back into his chair with his arm on both  
armrests delighted with himself.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

[NOTE: Intercut the following two scenes]

INT. TORONTO STADIUM - TORONTO - LATER THAT NIGHT 21

Brooks stands at the player entrance of the stadium. He's on the phone.

BROOKS

Look, Brev, you've gotta listen to mom when I'm not there.

Brevin

You're never here.

That's not fair.

(beat)

Put her on the phone.

INT. BROOKS HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

SHELIA BROOKS, Paul's wife, high school sweetheart and the "girl next door" grown up, takes the phone from their son BREVIN, a 15 year old smaller version of Paul. She has a large half empty BOTTLE of red wine next to her. She hold a glass of wine while she talks and looks at her son watching TV in the next room.

SHEILA

Thanks. I don't know what's got into him lately. The anger,

BROOKS

He's 15. When I was that age ...

SHEILA

Oh, God, he's not going to be that bad is he?

BROOKS

Cute.

SHEILA

Brev's right, you need to be here.

BROOKS

I miss you too.

SHEILA

Of course we miss you, but - How's it going?

BROOKS

The kid's back and great. It's like he's been playing with us all year.

SHEILA

Jack?

BROOKS

Pissed. Between this and my right cross not sure how long I'll last.

SHEILA

Paul, I can't deal with moving again. Every few years it's pack up and go. It's no way to raise a family. We're finally back home. Where we grew up. I want to stay here.

BROOKS

Yeah, yeah. I know.  
(beat)

CUT TO:

INT. TORONTO STADIUM - TORONTO - LATER THAT NIGHT 23

A puck bounces off a rubber practice bumper and the blade of a hockey stick shoots it at the goal.

The shot was taken by Murphy. Carp PLAYERS, are practicing "Point and Snipe" drills while Jack glares at Murphy from the redline. He hollers "encouragement" to his other players.

Marshall is in the goal.

JACK

Quicker! Touch - shoot. Touch - shoot. Christi! My kid can do this drill better.

Brooks skates up next to Jack.

BROOKS

How are they doing?  
(no response)  
Maybe call it a night? Save their legs for tomorrow.

Jack and Brooks do not look at each other.

JACK

You think you're smart hey?

(beat)

Putting that piece of shit on my  
ice.

JACK

You ever go behind my back again  
with my team - I'll cut your balls  
off and feed them to you, heh

(said with a disarming  
smile - but serious)

BROOKS

Just doing what Nick told me to do.  
He's the GM.

JACK

For now. But if his wonder boy  
there doesn't score big, I think  
maybe he won't be for so much  
longer.

Jack finally turns to Brooks.

JACK

We are getting to the point, mon  
ami, where everybody has to pick  
what team they want to be on. What  
team do you want to be on Paul?  
Think about it. I would hate to  
have to play apart in ending your  
career again, no?

(beat)

Suicide drills - 30 minutes.

Jack starts to skate away.

JACK

Now. Vite.

BROOKS

(Hollering out to the team)  
Suicides everyone!

The PLAYERS grumble and sigh. Jack nods approval and leaves.

INT. TORONTO STADIUM - TORONTO - ICE - NEXT NIGHT

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

With one minute left to play in the third, the Mohawks are charging. Tompson to Hawking. Hawking back to Tompson.

The MOHAWK PLAYERS work the puck back and forth from the point in the midst of a "power play", 30 seconds left and counting, the score 3 - 2 Mohawks up on the Carps.

With an entering pass to the circle, Mohawk PLAYER 1 blasts a one-timer at the far post.

Marshall sprawls snagging the puck with a glove save. REFEREE 2 blows the play dead.

The clock is down to 15.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

With 15 seconds left to play, The Carps down 1. Face Off in the Carps zone.

Chic and Mohawk PLAYER 2 set up for a face off. Chic wins the face off, pushing the puck to Willy who finds a sprinting Murphy, crossing near the blue line. The clock continues to count down! 10, 9, 8.

Murphy Blows past his man across the red line and into the Mohawk zone. He races towards the top of the circle. 7, 6, 5.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Skorniak gets the puck! Saucers it over to Saunders. Saunders to Murphy. Murphy breaks away. He's got a clean shot on Esvang. He drives! He stops! He set's and he's  
...

He fakes a wrist shot. Mohawk GOALIE 2 bites. Murphy rears back for a blistering slap shot and 4, 3, 2 and laid out hard by Mohawk defenseman D'AMICO without ever taking the shot.

The puck sits untouched as the BUZZER goes off ending the game.

D'AMICO

Welcome to the show, rook.

Willy and Chic skate over to check on Murphy who is dazed and still on the ice.

WILLY

Fuck you D'Amico, I've seen bigger hits in T-ball.

Murphy spits some blood onto the ice. D'Amico skates off to celebrate with his team.

WILLY

Never let 'em see you're hurt.

MURPHY

Blood could be a give away.

CHIC

Kid's got a point.

CUT TO:

INT. DIVE BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

It's a blue collar crowd. Guys in jeans and flannels, women in tight jeans and skirts. High tops sporadically placed through out the room and a few flat screens TVs hang on the wall.

Marshall, Willy, Chic, and Brooks sit at a table. From the number of empty beer bottles on the table it looks like they have been there for awhile. 12 shots are poured and laid out before them aside a bucket of beer.

The News is playing on the TV. A clip of Murphy getting blasted by the Mohawk Defenseman is aired. Marshall shudders.

MARSHALL

Jesus. Gotta give it to D'Amico:  
That was a hell of a hit!

Brooks, slightly intoxicated, raises a shot glass.

BROOKS

To a hell of a hit and a hell of a game!

WILLY

Brooksie, in case you forgot, we lost.

BROOKS

Ah, but at least we fucking scored!  
And, should've won  
(beat)  
and we will.

(MORE)

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Your line's gonna put up points.  
That's going to start turning into  
wins now. You watch.

WILLY

Well, I can drink to that.

CHIC

Hey, where is jack rabbit anyhow?

BROOKS

Jack rabbit?

CHIC

Kids like having a lucky rabbits  
foot for me. First time all season  
I got 2 goals in a game.

BROOKS

He wanted to bring his car down to  
Chicago, so he's packing and  
driving tonight.

MARSHALL

To packing and driving!

They all raise another shot, but before Brooks can drink it -  
Something on the TV screen catches his eye.

BROOKS

Holy Shit! That's the girl. That's  
the girl Murph was with when I got  
to the hotel!

They look at a BAR GIRL sitting at the bar who is a much  
older woman nursing a shot of whiskey.

CHIC

Good God!

BROOKS

Not her. Her!

Brooks points to the TV.

EXT. CAPITAL BUILDING - STEPS - EARLIER THAT DAY

On the screen, Monique struts arm-and-arm with the LT.  
GOVERNOR of Ontario, a dignified older looking gentlemen,  
with SECURITY GUARDS escorting them.

The lower-third reads: "Ontario Lt. Governor and his wife visit Buffalo to discuss trade."

INT. DIVE BAR - CONTINUOUS

WILLY

He banged the Governor of Ontario's wife?

BROOKS

Apparently.

CHIC

Impressive but, I never liked messin' with married broads - nothing good ever comes of it.

The TV shows a close up of Monique waving.

MARSHALL

But that is one impressive pull.

WILLY

Absolutely. Lucky son of a bitch.

They all grab another shot.

Chic slams a Twenty dollar bill on the table.

CHIC

Twenty bucks says he gets her pregnant.

They laugh and toast.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

MIKE MURPHY'S SUV ZOOMS DOWN AN EMPTY HIGHWAY.

INT. MURPHY'S SUV - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Hard rocking music is blaring, the windows are down. The speedometer reads 96 mph. Murphy is lost in the music, enjoying the ride.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

His SUV flies past an unmarked OPP police CRUISER on the side of the road.

The cruiser pulls out behind him and pursues.

The darkness in Murphy's rear-view mirror is broken by police lights and sirens.

MURPHY

Shit!

Murphy pulls his car over to the side of the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Cruiser pulls over behind him. Two OFFICERS exit the cruiser and approach the car. Murphy has his wallet on the dash open by the time they get to his car.

OFFICER 1

Ontario Provincial Police sir.  
Please place your hands where I can see them.

MURPHY

Sure.

Murphy places his hand on the steering wheel. Officer 1 shines a light in the car. Officer 2 shines a flash light in the passenger side window.

OFFICER 1

Driver's license and insurance card.

Murphy hands Officer 1 the IDs.

OFFICER 1  
Michael Murphy?

MURPHY  
Yes sir.

OFFICER 1  
The hockey player?

MURPHY  
That's me, you a fan?

OFFICER 1  
I need you to get out of the car  
sir.

MURPHY  
But I ...

OFFICER 1  
Now sir.

MURPHY  
Okay, okay.

Murphy gets out of the car.

OFFICER 1  
Place your hands on the hood of the  
vehicle sir.

MURPHY  
Come on. If you want an autograph  
this bad, just ask.

OFFICER 1  
Place you hands on the hood of the  
vehicle now.

Murphy again complies. Officer 1 spreads Murphy's legs with his foot and frisks him. Officer 2 stands at the ready.

Officer 1 drops a bag of white powdery substance at Murphy's feet.

OFFICER 1  
Sir, you dropped something.

Murphy looks down and sees the bag. Officer 1 picks up the bag and hands it to OFFICER 2.

OFFICER 2

Looks like distribution weight.

MURPHY

Awww, come on. That's not mine.  
What are you doing? What do you  
guys want?

OFFICER 1

Sir do you know why I pulled you  
over?

MURPHY

Probably because you got straight  
C's in high school

OFFICER 1

The Governor and his wife Monique  
just wanted to say "hello"

(beat)

Lover Boy.

Murphy's eyes go wide with understanding just as Officer 1  
whacks him across the side of his head with a night stick.

END OF TAG