

HOCKEY GIRL

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ACT 1.

OPEN:

A professional hockey game in progress, TWO PLAYERS tilting at full speed, helmets almost touching, shoulder pads clashing as their sticks cross and slap at the puck.

The image is slightly GRAINY. The players' uniforms are colorful, but their faces are indistinct under facemasks.

The player in BLACK AND BLUE wins control of the puck, skids to a stop in a spray of ice, wheels, and FIRES a shot past the opposing goalie to HUGE applause.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

One of the great names in hockey is leaving the game. After ten seasons here in Boston, including two league MVP titles and two National Championship trophies -

Another grainy CLIP, of another full-speed GOAL, followed by a TUMULT of wildly celebrating players, piling together in a crush of Black and Blue uniforms at center ice.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

- Raquel Edona announced today that she is hanging up her skates for good. Edona founded the Women's AHL ten years ago, back in 2011, and is one of the league commissioners, a position she says she will continue to play.

The next CLIP, a crowded PRESS CONFERENCE. Facing the flashbulbs: RAQUEL EDONA, age 40 in this clip, a streak of grey in her brunette ponytail. She's laughing.

RAQUEL

...Because why would I cry, Chuck? Have you ever seen me cry? And this is a very happy occasion - for me and for the league. I'm going to take this opportunity to reflect on our successes, think about some things we're looking forward to in the league, and double down on my belief in this sport. You'll be hearing from me.

As she stands up from the table, the image SHRINKS as the frame reformats to include the Sportscaster On-Camera. His clothes are slightly "futuristic" - sleek and monochromatic.

SPORTSCASTER

One of Boston's great sports heros, still tough as she heads into what I guess we can call the next chapter.

Now, the newscast image FREEZES, and we PULL BACK one more time... The newscast is being screened on a sleek FLATSCREEN MONITOR. Reaching out to freeze the replay is none other than Raquel Edona herself...

INT. RAQUEL EDONA'S OFFICE - DAY

The monitor is on a large and very orderly desk, in a light-filled office, the walls decorated with framed Black and Blue Jerseys and pennants.

The streak of grey in Raquel's hair is much softer up close like this, and the crow's-feet at her eyes hint at smiles.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

What are you thinking?

Raquel turns from the monitor and speaks to an "INTERVIEWER," just next to the camera and offscreen.

RAQUEL

"The next chapter." That's so... maudlin.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

You don't mind that he calls you "tough?"

RAQUEL

Well, no, that's fair. I mean, I stopped minding that a long time ago.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Does 2011 feel like a long time ago?

RAQUEL

(laughs)

No - it feels like last week. But here you are, so I guess some time passed...

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

You told Chuck in that interview that you want to think about the future. Does it bug you to talk about the past?

RAQUEL

Not with you. But with some of these vid-casters - the thing about looking back is they forget we had to fight for it. They make it seem like the whole thing happened easily, like it was all bound to happen.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

And it wasn't like that?

RAQUEL

On the contrary. We had no idea what we were doing.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

So how did you do it?

RAQUEL

It took a long time getting ready. And I was really lucky - I met a few people who really helped.

(she pauses, thinking)

And I was tough.

The camera ZOOMS slightly in and the image FREEZES on Raquel's FACE. A superscript blinks in the corner: "RENDER."

Raquel's face shimmers and morphs... her hair darkens. Her skin is smoother, younger: in seconds, her face changes from that of a beautiful 40 year old to an equally beautiful 28...

Now the blinking "RENDER" changes to "ANIMATE." Raquel's expression begins to morph as well; from thoughtful to intense, her upper lip curling into a snarl...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

SUPERSCRIPT: "BOSTON - NOVEMBER 2010 - PRE-LEAGUE"

Raquel, 28, in an upscale chain hotel room - Calvin Klein linens on a King bed, nice desk in the corner. Nice desk lamp too, but right now it's knocked down, blinking, on the floor.

She has just broken into a sweat. She's trying hard to keep her breathing even, pressing her back against the wall. She's in jeans and a black bra.

Facing her, four feet away, gripping a HOCKEY STICK with huge, battered hands, BOBBY FISK, 30, snarls at Raquel. With a sudden BARK he THROWS the stick to the floor.

Raquel covers her head with both arms as Bobby STEPS into her. He BATS at her right ear - she pivots but leaves her arms up. He SLAPS at her left ear - she covers up tighter...

Now Bobby takes a half-step back. He slowly, gently, POKES Raquel in the forehead with his crooked index finger. No response. He POKES again.

RAQUEL
(from behind her arms)
What are you doing?

BOBBY
If you don't take your first step, none of it works.

RAQUEL
(peeking out)
Which step?

BOBBY
As soon as I throw my stick down, you throw your stick and take a step right at me. That way, by the time we're swinging, we're too close to get straight arms. Can't get any power that close.

RAQUEL
God. Alright, do it again.

Bobby winks and picks up the hockey stick. Raquel presses against the wall again, motioning with her fingers: "Bring it on..."

Bobby BARKS and drops the stick. This time Raquel JUMPS off the wall at the bark, closing the distance as she covers her head.

Their elbows are touching as Bobby slaps her right ear lightly. Their foreheads almost meet as he TAPS her left ear. He GRUNTS, and suddenly Raquel GRABS his SHIRT.

GRIPPING his shirt at the collar, Raquel CUFFS Bobby on the hard forehead - one, two, three SOFT BLOWS to the head. Then a QUICK ELBOW to his chest and she dances back to the wall.

She leans against the wall, openly panting now. Bobby FALLS backward onto the BED, grinning happily, landing next to a HUGE BOSTON BRUINS DUFFLE BAG, "FISK" taped across it.

BOBBY

Not bad. Nice. Don't forget that everyone has to agree on the barks or grunts or whatever beforehand.

RAQUEL

Yeah. Barks.

BOBBY

One more thing. What you want to do is, throw the first few punches with your helmets and masks on - then pull them off for the finish. Get the snap out while you're still protected.

RAQUEL

We're not going to fight with the masks off.

Bobby props himself up on his elbows to regard her.

BOBBY

You've got to play with helmets and masks to get the insurance, right?

(Raquel nods)

But then you've got to show your faces to get the TV. Nothing like pretty girls slapping each other upside the head to sell cheeseburgers.

RAQUEL

Thanks, Einstein. Good tip.

BOBBY

Hey, it's *your* league, Raquel - I am only your first and biggest fan.

He stares at her, kindly. She relents.

RAQUEL

I know. I don't know. Don't you ever wish you could just skate?

BOBBY
As opposed to what?

RAQUEL
As opposed to... performing. Being part of the show. Fighting... Don't you miss college puck?

BOBBY
(laughs)
Didn't pay. I do miss *college* sometimes.

An awkward moment. He tries to move past it.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Man, you're ultra-hot.

RAQUEL
What are you, regressing?

BOBBY
What?

RAQUEL
When you say that I picture you in seventh grade, in some pizza place in Ottawa, and Sally Farm Girl swoons and says, 'Oh, Bobby, you're so ultra-cool.'

BOBBY
In French, though. *Tres Chic*.

RAQUEL
Right. *Pardon*. You're not regressing, you're just Canadian.

Another silent moment of *detente*. Bobby reaches a hand towards her.

BOBBY
Babe... Take the pads off and come to the penalty box.

Rather than take his hand, Raquel walks over to the desk. She replaces the lamp on the desk and steadies the shade. She finds her SHIRT and slips it on.

RAQUEL

I appreciate the lessons - I've got a meeting with the girls tonight - I gotta go.

BOBBY

Now?

RAQUEL

We're meeting with the bankers in the morning.

BOBBY

Well, what am *I* supposed to do?

RAQUEL

Bobby - do you even know what town you're in?

Bobby looks at the pretty but generic PAINTING above the bed. He looks at the Everywhere MINIBAR. He sits up straighter to look out the WINDOW:

The Hancock Building and the BOSTON SKYLINE twinkle back, as Bobby realizes...

BOBBY

I'm in Boston?

RAQUEL

Call your wife. Try your home tonight.

She heads for the door.

BOBBY

Wait...

(Raquel turns and waits)

How's your dad?

Raquel's face falls for a millisecond, but she turns and continues towards the door. She answers with her hand on the knob.

RAQUEL

Fine. He's good.

BOBBY

Tell him I said hi.

Raquel puts her arms up over her ears, protecting her head, and does a little boxing shuffle step. But then she drops her arms and turns back to Bobby.

RAQUEL

I can't keep doing this.

BOBBY

I know.

RAQUEL

Why do you even want to do this? Just get yourself some fan girl.

BOBBY

I don't want some fan girl. I love you.

Raquel sighs. She walks back to the bed, her shirt dropping again to the floor. She steps up onto the bed, then settles down onto Bobby's lap, straddling him.

RAQUEL

Last time.

Looking into each other's eyes, they begin to kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT - IRISH ROSE PUB, FANUEIL HALL, BOSTON - NIGHT

SUPERSCRIPT: "'A-TEAM' - RECREATE 2010 - PRE-LEAGUE"

Lounging at a beer and wine laden table, four women GLARE stone-faced at each other, as they DRUM their open palms on the top of the table, creating an ongoing "thumping" sound.

SUZY RILEY, 35, fair-skinned Boston Irish, watches intently as the two women on either side of her make bizarre gestures back and forth:

STICK, 22, gangly and fresh-faced, puts her hand behind her head to make RABBIT EARS, then quickly POINTS to FOX, also 22, chic and brown, who immediately puts one hand under her chin and WAVES her fingers like walrus whiskers...

Stick and Fox throw their respective signs back and forth two more cycles before Stick suddenly POINTS to Suzy, who... chokes: she panics and puts her hand up to do "walrus." The "thumping" hands stop, and the table dissolves in laughter.

SUZY

This is so unfair!

FOX

All night long. Razzle...

STICK

... Dazzle. Drink!

Everyone yells - Suzy takes a deep pull of her beer, and a cheer goes up.

SUZY

You two should be ashamed of yourselves,
beating up on an old lady.

CARA

Boo-Hoo. Are we gonna hear about your
surgeries now?

CARA FUSCO, 33, is at the other side of the table from Suzy, but their knowing eye-contact makes it plain that they are connected. Suzy, grinning, gives Cara the finger.

CARA (CONT'D)

There's your real sign. So classy.

RAQUEL (O.C.)

So ladylike.

Raquel pulls a chair up to the table between Suzy and Fox, and pours herself a beer from the pitcher.

SUZY

So late!

RAQUEL

(to Suzy)

Sorry.

(to everyone)

Sorry, guys. What'd I miss?

CARA

Stick and Fox were in the process of
getting Suzy drunk.

SUZY

It's so unfair...

FOX
How was your meeting?

RAQUEL
(slightly guilty)
It was O.K. About what I expected. This guy
said... it was about the fighting thing.

FOX AND STICK (TOGETHER)
Sweet!

CARA
Stupid.

SUZY
Don't say "stupid."

Raquel peers quizzically at Suzy.

CARA
(explaining)
She's been baby-sitting her nieces.
Apparently they're not allowed to say
"stupid." It hurts feelings. It's almost
as bad now as "retarded."

FOX
You mean "re-tah-ded."

STICK
Or like, "wicked gay."

SUZY
Or like "freakin' bull dyke..."

This freezes Stick and Fox, mid-joke. An uncertain half-second
before Cara snorts a laugh into her beer and Suzy happily toasts
her - score one for the old lady.

RAQUEL
Any-hoo. My point was, pretty much
everyone is advising we go with the
fighting. And the sex.

FOX AND STICK (TOGETHER)

Sweet!

RAQUEL

Are you sure? I mean, I can say... we can just be about the game and take it or -

SUZY

- It's not about the game. It's about the TV for them.

CARA

It's all about the TV. I have good news.

Cara hands Raquel a BLUE ENVELOPE. Raquel opens it and reads the letter inside. She breaks out in a wide grin.

FOX

Jet Blue, here we come!

STICK

Individual TVs in every seat!

RAQUEL

Cara, you did it!

CARA

There are a few more contingencies in there than I would have liked, but it's a real offer.

RAQUEL

Oh my God, it's amazing.

SUZY

(serious)

So why do you look so grim?

Raquel doesn't bother to hide her feelings, her nerves - these are her best friends and teammates.

RAQUEL

I mean... I don't know. I'm... I hope I know what I'm doing.

SUZY

Rock. You're ready. You're going to be great tomorrow.

They all toast and cheer.

STICK

No pressure, Raquel, but if you don't get our money I'm gonna have to go to law school - no offense Cara.

FOX

And I'm sure I'll learn to love advertising...

CARA

If we don't get a league, Rock, I'm going to get pregnant as soon as possible.

SUZY

Jesus, Cara, how romantic.
(she punches Raquel in the shoulder)
Like the lady said, "no pressure." Now, let's go skate.

RAQUEL

Now? I thought you were drunk.

SUZY

Not that drunk... we only have the ice from ten until midnight. A-Team!

CARA AND RAQUEL

A-Team!

FOX

You guys know how nursing-home that name is, right?

SUZY

Oh, sorry. "Spice Girls!"

STICK

What?

SUZY

"Wonder Pets?"

FOX AND STICK

Yay!

They all laugh, leaping up from the table.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY RINK - NIGHT

Two taxis pull away outside a covered rink, leaving the girls standing in a semi-dark parking lot with their gear bags.

Chatting happily, they approach the chain-link rink gate, to find it... PADLOCKED.

SUZY

What the hell.

CARA

Did you forget to sign us on?

SUZY

(pissed)

No, Cara, I didn't forget...

CARA

Well, so call Mr. Etter and tell him to get over here.

FOX

If I had to go to high school every day I'd kill myself.

SUZY

(texting on her cell phone)

I don't "go" here, I coach here.

FOX

Yeah, I mean "show up" at high school. Even practicing here at night makes me break out.

STICK

Because you're greasy.

FOX

I have "combination skin."

STICK

You're ebony and ivory.

FOX
I'm sweet and sour.

STICK
No, it has to stay skin.

FOX
That can be skin...

STICK
Gross.

FOX
Fine, I'm hot and cold, I'm high and tight,
I'm leather and lace, I'm -

RAQUEL
(loud)
- Damn it!

Raquel has drifted over to the gate to examine the lock. She lifts her booted foot and KICKS the lock, hard.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)
Can you guys just shut up!

Fox and Stick are startled. They look at each other - they look at Cara, and at Suzy, who has looked up from her cellphone.

SUZY
Jeez.

RAQUEL
I'm sorry, just quit with the routine for
a second, okay? I'm tired, and I'm cold,
and I'm SICK
(she kicks the lock)
Of standing in the DARK
(kick)
Waiting to get into a rink in the MIDDLE
(kick)
OF
(kick)
THE
(kick)
NIGHT!!!!

A final vicious but completely ineffective kick. The girls are motionless, surprised by Raquel's ferocity - an over-reaction to the situation, to say the least.

MR. ETTER (O.C.)

That lock's made to take a shotgun blast, Missy, so I'm gonna pretend I'm not seeing that...

SUZY

It's Suzy Riley, Mr. Etter.

The Groundskeeper crosses the parking lot, jangling his keys and eying the A-Team dispassionately. Raquel backs away from the lock.

Cara reaches her arm over Raquel's shoulder. They take a little walk while Mr. Etter unlocks the gate...

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY RINK - NIGHT

The girls skate in street clothes - sweaters but no jackets - as they STEAM slightly into the cold air. The otherwise empty rink's bright lights bounce off the clear glass walls.

Raquel and Suzy line up together and skate full-speed to the other end, passing a puck from stick to stick. They cross, passing each other behind the far goal, before slowing their sprint. Then they skate slowly backwards together.

SUZY

Feel better?

RAQUEL

Of course.

SUZY

Anything you want to talk about?

RAQUEL

Not right now.

They skate-stop at the line where they started their sprint, and watch as Fox and Stick take slapshots at Cara, the goalie, in mask and full pads.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)

You really think it's O.K., selling this thing on the fighting and sex?

SUZY

I think we're not "selling" this thing. We're starting this thing. We're creating this thing.

RAQUEL

(watching Fox and Stick)

They're going to be stars because they're great athletes, right?

SUZY

And because they're ultra-hot. It's so unfair.

Raquel pauses, puzzled, at the familiar phrase... Suzy skates over and STEALS the puck from Stick's stick; she passes it back to Raquel, who skates to match up against Fox.

Raquel passes back to Suzy, and the game is on. They scrimmage half-rink, half-speed, full of casual expertise.

Hockey games to come will be bigger, more intense - the clips we saw of Raquel were grand and adrenaline-filled. But this pick-up game among friends is exhilarating in its own right.

These are five of the best hockey players in the world, unwinding. They whirl and feint, carve and shoot. They embody athletic grace. Plus they kick ass.

END ACT 1

ACT 2.

INT. RAQUEL EDONA'S OFFICE - DAY

Raquel's desktop monitor shows a slide show of the A-Team circa 2010, team photos in uniform, action shots on the ice, candid shots in the weight room, at the Irish Rose, etc...

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Did you get so mad at the padlock like that because of that stuff with Bobby Fisk?

RAQUEL

What "stuff?"

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Back at the hotel. Like you were mad at him for confusing you? Or you were mad at yourself for being with him even though you knew you shouldn't?

A smile forms at the corners of Raquel's eyes, but she considers the question seriously. She glances at the monitor on her desk, then back to the interviewer.

RAQUEL

How old are you now?

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Nine.

RAQUEL

I probably shouldn't talk about some of this. Some of this is grown-up stuff, and you're such a good interviewer that I forget and just keep talking.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Hello? I'm not a baby. I know almost everything...

Again Raquel smiles slightly, but again she answers the interviewer with candor.

RAQUEL

Well... You're not wrong. I probably was mad at Bobby. And at myself. But it was more complicated. I was maybe just mad in general.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Because it was so hard to make your dream
come true.

RAQUEL

That was another part of it. I was in a
hurry. I was mad about time.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Time?

The frame freezes on Raquel' face, pensive.

Her image is suddenly replaced by a SPLIT SCREEN: The exterior
of a Boston Row House, high quality white vinyl siding: next
to it an interior shot of a woman's bedroom.

A SUPERSCRIPIT over the whole frame reads:

"SEARCH RETURN: EDONA - 527 ALLSTON STREET - NOVEMBER 2010."

With a computerized "Beep," the "interior" side of the screen
enlarges to take over the frame, as the superscript fades.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. RAQUEL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A sparse but cozy room; the bed is against one wall, neatly made
with a solid white bedspread and a dozen pillows of various sizes
and ecrus.

The other side of the room is just big enough for a full length
couch, facing a bookshelf filled with hardcovers held up by
elaborate hockey trophies, and a small flatscreen TV.

One odd feature is the windows - there are three of them on one
wall, but they are all short and near the ceiling: this is a
renovated basement room...

Raquel enters from the bathroom, trailing clouds of steam behind
her. She is dressed in a sleek navy-blue business suit, but her
hair is still soaking wet as she quickly pulls on her shoes.

She opens another door and exits, running up carpeted stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. EDONA KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Raquel runs up the last stairs and into the neat family kitchen.

RAQUEL
Mom? Dad? Mom?

She pulls a note from the refrigerator: "Decided to let you sleep. Love you."

RAQUEL (CONT'D)
Perfect.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAQUEL'S HOUSE - MORNING

Raquel exits and trots down the stoop. She pulls a WOOL CAP over her wet hair and starts to jog carefully in her narrow skirt, a thin briefcase banging against her knee.

At the corner, the local Dunkin' Donuts guy greets her as he lets hot air and steam out of his door.

DONUT GUY
Hey Hockey Girl!

RAQUEL
Hey Julio!

DONUT GUY
You're wearing grown-up clothes! You too fancy for my coffee this morning?

RAQUEL
Yes, definitely. But I'm also having breakfast with my mom and dad.

DONUT GUY
Old money!

RAQUEL
You know it.

She jokingly flips him off as she half-jogs past the store.

CUT TO:

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL - MORNING

Raquel scoots between two scrub-clad surgeons and through the giant revolving door of the imposing hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Raquel walks through a door marked "Oncology: Chemotherapy." Nurses smile at her, and worried patients ignore her, as she cautiously peers into several TREATMENT ROOMS. In the third:

HENRY EDONA

Honey! What are you doing here?

Raquel's father, Henry Edona, is a fit-looking 65 with wavy white hair and a wide smile. He's semi-reclined in a huge leather armchair in the middle of the room.

His dapper tweed sportcoat rests on his lap, and his shirt sleeve is rolled up to allow for the chemotherapy IV running into his arm.

RAQUEL

I'm here for the delicious danishes. How's it going?

HENRY EDONA

Great! Terrific! We just got started. You want a hairbrush?

It's not as much of a non sequitur as it seems - Raquel's long hair is plastered to one side of her head, edges of the clump still slightly icy.

RAQUEL

No, it'll dry out. I ran out pretty quick this morning.

HENRY EDONA

Let me get you some coffee...

He reaches toward a button on the arm of the chair.

RAQUEL

No, Dad, I'll get it in a minute.

Her voice is tense - Henry looks up with concern. A loud "SHUTTER CLICK" from behind Raquel startles her and she turns to greet her mother, in a chair in the corner of the room.

Throughout the scene, ELIZABETH EDONA occasionally snaps pictures from the CAMERA she leaves, deceptively casually, on her lap. Like Henry, she's fit and fashionable, 55 years old.

ELIZABETH EDONA

Boo.

RAQUEL

I knew you were there.

ELIZABETH EDONA

Eyes in the back of your head...

RAQUEL

Catlike reflexes...

They both laugh softly and easily. They are girlfriends.

HENRY EDONA

You were out like a log this morning - we thought you might like to catch up on some zees.

RAQUEL

I know, thanks. I have a meeting downtown this morning anyway, though, so I...

She's not sure why it feels important to come to chemo, so she leaves it at that. A NURSE comes in and immediately starts to check the IV.

HENRY EDONA

Jennifer - you remember my daughter Raquel? Raquel, Jennifer is the finest nurse East of the Mississippi. She has three kids!

Jennifer the nurse nods politely and Raquel sort of shrugs a tiny little bow. These are strange relationships.

RAQUEL

Good to see you, Jennifer.

JENNIFER

You, too. We're all such big fans of your dad.

RAQUEL

Thank you. Yeah.

JENNIFER

Are you cold at all, Mr. Edona?

HENRY EDONA

No, no, terrific, all good.

The nurse leaves, and Raquel sinks into a chair between her mom and dad.

HENRY EDONA (CONT'D)

Who's the meeting with this time? Anyone I can help with?

RAQUEL

I don't think so. They're just money people.

HENRY EDONA

"Just money people?" Well, then, lord, send them my way. Our budget's getting slashed and then burned.

RAQUEL AND ELIZABETH

"... and then half of that."

HENRY EDONA

Did you get those figures I sent you about tourist economies and growth investment in urban -

ELIZABETH EDONA

- Henry...

RAQUEL

- Yeah, let's not talk about my stuff now.

HENRY EDONA

(firmly)

I like talking about "your stuff."

Raquel pauses, considering the alternatives.

RAQUEL

Okay. Well, so these guys could fund NASA. Or, like, take Boston private.

Henry laughs appreciatively.

HENRY EDONA

Not an entirely bad idea.

RAQUEL

But the rule of thumb on investing, these days, is "don't." Everyone's waiting on everything, and I've actually been thinking, timing-wise...

She only pauses for a second, but her eyes slip to her mother and then down to the floor, and Henry raises his hand to interrupt her.

HENRY EDONA

(kindly)

Timing-wise, the time is always now. Please don't make me an obstacle, Raquel, okay? If these guys can fund NASA, I know you can build them a better rocket.

(he shakes his head)

I was never one for metaphors.

ELIZABETH EDONA

Now you tell us.

RAQUEL

Four million metaphors later...

HENRY EDONA

I'm good at putting the work in. I like the sound of logical thinking. If you want fancy, hire p.r....

Elizabeth snaps a picture, and the shutter sound is, somehow, eloquent affirmation of her husband's integrity, although she pokes fun of him:

ELIZABETH EDONA

"I just tell it like it is..."

HENRY EDONA

I could only wish.

(a flash of passion)

But if a thing is right, it's right!

Despite his fierce positivity, a little shiver of cold and sadness passes through Henry. He closes his eyes to let it pass.

Raquel looks at her mom. Elizabeth smiles sadly. Raquel points, silently, at the chemo bag with a raised eyebrow: "Is it working?" Elizabeth tries to shrug: "Who knows?," but her head, unconsciously, shakes "no".

HENRY EDONA (CONT'D)

(his eyes still closed)

I guess fancy works sometimes. I mean, JFK talks big and... Obama. But, and all of us - the whole city council. All of our friends, Elizabeth. And all of our children. Viral inspiration. You hear, Raquel?

RAQUEL

Inspiration.

She looks out of the window, as rain starts to pelt the city.

CUT TO:

INT. - GARDINER EQUITY INVESTMENTS - RECEPTION AREA - MORNING

Raquel stares out of the window of a downtown office building; through the rain, the grimy green facade of the aging Prudential Building looms across the street.

LAROY

Revenue sources?

Next to Raquel, staring out the window, is her pro bono investment banker Laroy Brantley, 30, black, third string corner back for the Patriots before going back to b-school.

RAQUEL

Ticket sales - our venue contracts with local rinks will propose a fifty-fifty split of gate proceeds. They keep all food and drink profit, we retain all profit from logo-branded merchandising. And licensing fees for television or radio broadcasts. At a later stage we'll introduce DVDs for sale with game highlights and interviews.

LAROY

Web...

He raises his eyebrow at her: They are rehearsing this...

RAQUEL

I mean, and the website will be an online community for girl and woman hockey fans and players around the world - it's a valuable targeted audience for advertisers...

LAROY

Expenses?

RAQUEL

Player salaries, but at the start we're sure we can get a lot of college and local league players to defer until we start to get some money in. Coaching and training staff, but again these are people who have been doing this for zero money and will help us out to get this off the ground. Insurance is a big one. And travel and lodging for the teams to get around the league, but I brought good news on that today: Jet Blue has stepped up and made the offer to sponsor our first season.

LAROY

Fund-raising and legal?

RAQUEL

Expert. Top notch. But also deferred, thanks to Cara and you.

LAROY

Don't thank me - grow my points... Markets?

RAQUEL

Six teams in the first season, with a total of fifteen games in the regular season. So, six large or midsize cities in the Northeast. We have data on hockey equipment sales to women nationally, data on WNBA support in these towns, data on incomes for families with girls in grade school and junior high, data -

LAROY

- Slow down. Deep breath...

She laughs. They both turn as the elevator doors open on the other side of the reception area. Emerging from the elevator: a large, bald, heavily tattooed and pierced man, a muscular, tattooed DWARF, and an angular woman in head-to-toe black leather and a punk red mohawk, carrying a BRIEFCASE.

Odd... Raquel and Laroy turn back to the window. Just as she leans in to say something they are summoned by a young assistant who waves them into the...

GARDINER EQUITY PARTNERS CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The classic "white guys in suits sitting around a table." They look up with vague smiles as Raquel and Laroy arrive at the table. No one stands or offers a hand.

PHILLIP SANDERS, 35, tan, wearing a four thousand dollar suit but no tie, smiles with very white teeth.

PHILLIP

Sit, sit, sorry to keep you waiting. You want coffee or something?

LAROY

No, thank you.

They sit in seats as the assistant exits. One other YOUNGER WHITE GUY sits in the far corner, absorbed by his Blackberry.

OLD GUY ONE (LOWELL)

So Mr. Brantley...

LAROY

How are you, Mr. Lowell? Good to see you.

OLD GUY ONE (LOWELL)

Always a pleasure. Let's get right to it. Hockey for girls, huh?

LAROY

Girls and women, that's right. This is Raquel Edona. She's put together some excellent numbers suggesting that there's an opportunity here to exploit the

increasing interest in female professional athletes.

OLD GUY TWO
"Edona." Is that a Greek name?

OLD GUY THREE
Hebrew?

RAQUEL
Albanian, actually.

OLD GUY TWO
Right. Huh. Where are you from?

RAQUEL
Allston.

OLD GUY TWO
Where is your family from?

RAQUEL
Um... New Hampshire? My mom's parents came from Toronto...

She takes a quick look at Laroy, who smiles encouragingly.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)
So they were big hockey fans. Both of them. My grandmother taught my mom how to skate when she was three, and my mom taught me. I played hockey on a boys peewee team in grade school, and then in a girl's league in high school. My women's hockey team at UNH was in the ECAC finals three out of four
-

PHILLIP
- So you love hockey. That's great.

RAQUEL
But it's not just me. There are organized amateur women's hockey teams all over the country now.

OLD GUY ONE (LOWELL)

Amateur is the word there. I like to play squash - but I wouldn't invest in an old men's squash league.

RAQUEL

But you... I mean, no offense but that's apples and oranges. I'm talking about amazing athletes who work incredibly hard to be better than anyone else, and want to compete with other hockey players at their caliber.

LAROY

And the data say there are lots of girls and young women out there who want to watch it.

The Old Men smile and nod, but they aren't buying it.

OLD GUY TWO

Girls and young women don't have money.

LAROY

That's not what the music industry is -

OLD GUY THREE

Let's see the pads.

Raquel reaches down and picks up her hockey helmet.

RAQUEL

We'll print out names across the back in large -

OLD GUY TWO

Does your hair fit in there?

RAQUEL

(touches her hair)

Does? Yes. My hair... this is just hathead. I usually have it in a pony -

OLD GUY THREE

But what about the pads?

RAQUEL

What about them?

OLD GUY THREE

May we see them? What do they show?

RAQUEL

I didn't bring full pads - they're standard issue body armor with articulated -

OLD GUY TWO

So they don't show anything?

RAQUEL

I don't understand "show."

OLD GUY TWO

Your form.

Raquel looks with open amazement at the old men. She turns to Laroy for help - he puts his hand out for calm.

LAROY

What we're proposing is an exhibition game, to demonstrate the excitement of the game and answer some of these -

RAQUEL

(one finger up)

These are close-fitting pads with kevlar inserts to prevent a very solid, very dense black disk, traveling often at speeds up to ninety miles an hour, from splitting human tissue and breaking bone. But as I understand your question, you're asking can you see my figure while I'm wearing them?

LAROY

Let's just -

Raquel is seeing red, well past calming down. But it puts her past her nerves, into instinct - determination and fury.

RAQUEL

Well, can you see it now?

(she strikes a pose)

I'll keep bringing my A-game and telling you about my passion for hockey and the absolutely reams of data that I've put together to support this, and while I'm

talking, feel free to just stare at my
tits.

OLD GUY ONE

Ms. Edona, there's no need for crudity. We
are asking the necessary questions to
learn whether your proposal is likely to
be profitable.

OLD GUY THREE

And "profitable" means men want to watch
you on TV. We have data, too.

Raquel stands up to go ballistic, but as Laroy stands with her,
she sees the worry in his eyes - he has brought her here... She
glares from banker to banker.

RAQUEL

Good day.

She marches stiffly out of the room, leaving Laroy behind to
make apologies.

As Raquel quickly crosses the reception area, the tattooed man
and punk dwarf and mohawk woman watch her silently.

Raquel steps into an elevator: as the doors close, the young
man from the conference room's corner JUMPS IN. This is JAMES
PRATT, 30. He shoves his blackberry into his back pocket.

JAMES

"Good day?"

RAQUEL

I know - that must be from "Erin
Brockavich" or something. I wanted to tell
you all where to shove your data, but
Laroy's a good friend of mine.

JAMES

Aw, we wouldn't hold it against him. Or
against you. We're used to it. The only
thing you shouldn't do, though, is leave
the room. No one even said no, yet.

RAQUEL

No one even said "hello." Who are you
again?

JAMES
(extends a hand)
Sorry. James Pratt.

RAQUEL
(blushes)
Pratt the... CEO?

JAMES
Yeah. Everyone should have been introduced. I'm not really even here today - I wanted to just sit in on your meeting - I really liked the stuff that Laroy sent over.

RAQUEL
But those guys hadn't even read it.

The elevator opens and Raquel and James step out into the lobby of the office building. They walk slowly out to the front of the building.

JAMES
No, it's their job to ask thick questions. Believe me, you want to hear them trying to figure you out, because if they just smile and say "great, great," it's because they're not listening anymore.

RAQUEL
Okay. Thanks. Sorry.

JAMES
No, you did great. Great.

Raquel turns slowly to see if he's fucking with her - he breaks into a boyish grin.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Just kidding. So, look, I want you to meet someone - out of the office.

RAQUEL
You should ask Laroy.

JAMES

Actually... Laroy can't come to this meeting. And you'll have to sign a non-disclosure form.

Raquel eyes James skeptically: he looks straight back at her with a reassuring calm.

RAQUEL

You guys really are obsessed with forms...

(James looks away)

Are you - did you just... blush?

She stares at him, intrigued, as he smiles politely into the middle distance...

END ACT 2.

ACT 3.

INT. RAQUEL EDONA'S OFFICE - DAY

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Can we go further back?

RAQUEL

Good idea.

She turns to her desk top monitor and taps the screen a few times. The screen fills with an Olympic Hockey HIGHLIGHT REEL.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)

Women's Hockey debuted at the Olympics in 1998 - the U.S. beat Canada for the Gold in a massive upset win.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Wait... I meant go back in your life. You said your Mom taught you to skate?

RAQUEL

She taught me to skate. Also how to play the game.

(she pauses)

Also why to play the game.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

And her mom taught her to play, too?

RAQUEL

Yeah. My grandma grew up in Canada - hockey was invented in Eastern Canada.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

When?

RAQUEL

There are stories of ice-skating games being played in, like, 1810.

She taps her computer to begin a slide-show of vintage, sepia-toned photographs of warmly-bundled youths grouped on a wintery pond.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)

It started with a solid ball, and then some looney cut off the ends of the ball and found that it moved faster on the ice with flat sides. The first actual hockey rule

book was published in Montreal in the
1870s.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

For boys.

RAQUEL

Not really - there were organized women's
teams in Canada and the U.S. by the 1880s.

She taps her screen again for a series of black and white TEAM
PHOTOS - college-age girls grin for the camera, dressed in
matching team jerseys and wool hats.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)

Oh, wait - here's a good picture...

She pulls up a photo of a loose group of young women, wearing
long wool coats, carrying hockey sticks, skating on a frozen
field.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)

This girl here -

ZOOM in on the desk monitor, to frame a grainy sepia image of
a laughing young woman.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)

- that's Isobel Preston. She was the
daughter of Lord Stanley Preston.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

The Stanley Cup!

RAQUEL

(laughs)

Exactly!

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

His daughter played hockey?

RAQUEL

Right. But more than a hundred years later,
women still didn't have one of these.

The picture of the skating girls is replaced by a brightly-lit,
hockey-porn portrait of the gleaming STANLEY CUP.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Is that why to play?

RAQUEL
What do you mean?

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
You said your mom taught you why to play.

RAQUEL
No, I think... the trophy, actually, it's a little bit *how* to play. It's an idea - the idea that there's value to something that you are doing. And that idea creates organization, and creates a history, and when you have organization and history, you can begin to shape the future.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
What do you mean?

Raquel taps the monitor again and the image of the Stanley Cup is replaced by another huge, gorgeous TROPHY: gleaming Silver with a broad Gold Band through the middle.

RAQUEL
That first year, before the first game was played, we showed everyone our new trophy. We spent a lot of money on our trophy. Because it was a thing, but it was also an idea - that we promised a full season. And there were spaces on the trophy for winners to come, for many seasons.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
I'm going to be on that trophy some day.

RAQUEL
(she smiles and touches the trophy on the monitor)
Right there.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
But so what did your mom teach you?

This one's harder. Raquel squints for a minute, off camera, at the Interviewer.

RAQUEL

She grew up in an immigrant community, with all of these traditions. So she taught me how to pass the puck using a holiday game from her childhood.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN POND - DUSK

RAQUEL AGE 6 sits at the edge of a FROZEN POND, lacing her skates while ELIZABETH EDONA AT AGE 27 skates back and forth with a BROOM, clearing light snow from the ice.

DISSOLVE to slightly later: as night darkens the white ice, and the trees around the pond begin to blend with the black sky, Elizabeth lights a LONG WOODEN MATCH.

Elizabeth lights a row of small, squat HURRICANE LAMPS. Their wicks light quickly and brightly, and warm orange light creates a glowing circle in the middle of the pond.

RAQUEL (V.O.)

She taught me how to pass with little hurricane lamps. You slid them back and forth, passing and catching smoothly so that the flame didn't go out.

DISSOLVE to slightly later - Raquel and Elizabeth skate slowly within the circle of flickering orange lamp light. They pass one lit hurricane lamp back and forth, cradling it, almost caressing it, with the blades of their hockey sticks.

RAQUEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I thought passing was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. Until she showed me how to really skate.

DISSOLVE to a SMALL, FENCED BACK YARD, flooded and frozen into a back yard skating rink.

RAQUEL AGE 10 stands, panting, her gloved hands resting on her head. She's watching ELIZABETH, at AGE 31, skate circles around a SKINNY WILLOW TREE in the middle of their yard.

Elizabeth quick-skates STRAIGHT AT the tree, then gracefully TOUCHES IT with the outstretched tip of her right hand and CARVES A TURN around the tree.

She does a full, 360-degree turn around the tree without slowing down, and without losing her fingertip touch.

DISSOLVE to Elizabeth, her back ARCHED, her face and heart to the sky, the very TOP OF HER HEAD just barely touching the white bark of the skinny willow.

She's in slow motion now. Her eyes are closed as she leans back into her turn, arcing around the tree like a ballerina weightlessly circling her partner.

RAQUEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I loved hockey because it seemed like magic. And because we were very happy while we played.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

Are you still happy when you play?

RAQUEL (V.O.)

Definitely.

The video becomes a SPLIT SCREEN: next to Elizabeth, turning slowly around the willow tree; a grown-up RAQUEL, in full Bruisers gear and uniform, carving a fiercely tight turn around an opponent.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

What about the rest of the team?

RAQUEL (V.O.)

Happy when they play? I hope so.

Elizabeth Edona, at age 34, opens her eyes as she comes out of her turn. She's skating toward little Raquel, smiling...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TD GARDEN, BOSTON - NIGHT

A superscript FLASHES at the bottom of the screen as Elizabeth Edona's face fades:

"TD GARDEN - BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS - 2010 - PRE-LEAGUE"

Stick leans against the wall outside the entrance to Boston's TD Garden, corporate-bland home of the Celtics and - tonight - the Bruins.

She watches a happy family pass, kids excited and decked out in Bruins gear. A couple of construction guys check her out as they go in, Bruins hats over Teamster jackets.

Stick's jacket is too thin for the cold evening - she tucks her sweater into her jeans, pulls her collar up, blows into her hands.

Her cell phone rings and she pulls it out of her jacket pocket.

STICK

Hello?

FOX (PHONE)

We're almost there. Are you at the front turnstiles?

STICK

Yup.

FOX (PHONE)

I see you - put your phone away.

Stick closes her phone and puts it in her pocket. She looks up to see Fox crossing the street towards her, hand out to stop traffic, in the midst of a group of men - five of them, most in their thirties.

FOX (CONT'D)

(speaking into her cell)

Okay, Mom, talk to you later!

Fox almost BUMPS into Stick...

STICK

Fox?

FOX

Stick? Hey! How are YOU? How have you BEEN?

STICK

Great! How are YOU? Are you living in Boston?

FOX

Yeah! We're on our way to - guys, this is Stick! She's a great friend of mine from school. Stick, these are the guys I work with! I'm working in *advertising!*

A round of hellos from the guys.

AD GUY

What's up with names in college now? Stick? Fox?

AD GUY TWO

I know - but why do you ask, Throckmorton?

The guys all break up laughing at the joke, or whatever it is.

FOX

I'd love to catch up, but we're taking clients to the game. WAIT! Any chance you can - guys, any chance she can...

AD GUY TWO

Yes! Yes. We got nothing but room for Stick in the suite.

STICK

What's "the suite?"

CUT TO:

INT. TD GARDEN EXECUTIVE SKYBOX - LATER

A luxury, catered suite in the rafters of the arena. Far below, the Bruins take it to the Islanders. The ad guys, joined by some Client Guys, mostly watch on the bigscreen TV on the suite's paneled wall.

Stick and Fox are standing next to each other, smiling as they watch Ad Guy Two standing on one foot, left hand glued to the wall as he weighs a BAG OF COOKIES with his right.

AD GUY TWO

Bank shot.

He lines up his shot and LOFTS the cookie bag behind his head and into the far corner - the bag bounces off of the wall and narrowly MISSES a small trashcan. The girls cheer - Stick throws the cookies in the can, cleaning up.

FOX

Almost - tough shot.

STICK

H...O...R...S...

Now CLIENT BOSS GUY takes the position, aiming a bag of chips and firing it behind his head. The chips sail straight into the can.

STICK (CONT'D)

Swish! Nothing but net!

CLIENT BOSS GUY

Still H...O...R...

Now Stick picks up a plastic NIP BOTTLE of Vodka and goes to the wall. She looks over her shoulder - very briefly, Fox puts her hands together and mimics: "Dive."

Stick shakes her off - no way. She puts her left hand on the wall, spins the bottle in her hand, and tosses it in the can.

STICK

En fuego! I remain a H...O...

AD GUY TWO

Hey, now... New shot, Fox... gimme something I can hit!

He's slightly serious... Fox takes a new chip bag and executes a simple hookshot from the middle of the room.

AD GUY TWO (CONT'D)

J!

Ad Guy Two grabs a bag of cookies and makes the same shot, if from a few feet closer. Client guy grabs a small bag of GROUND COFFEE - he sort of fakes the hook and puts the bag into the can.

Again Fox gestures to Stick that she should MISS this shot, and again Stick laughs her off. In fact, she takes the shot blind while winking at Fox, and still nails it.

CLIENT BOSS GUY
Wow! No look hook!

AD GUY TWO
(a little too quickly)
Everyone still the same. Fox...

But now Stick shows Fox mercy. She abruptly SITS DOWN on the floor next to the trashcan. She smiles up at her opponents.

STICK
No, no more. Mercy. I think maybe I need to eat something before we keep playing.

CLIENT BOSS GUY
Oh, my lord, of course. Can I get you, what? Sushi?

STICK
Is there still some of that roast beef?

CLIENT BOSS GUY
There better be.
(he smiles openly)
This is the most fun I've had in a long time.

FOX
Advertising is fun.

CLIENT BOSS GUY
Not really.

AD GUY TWO
Not lately.
(to Stick)
You want potatoes?

She nods, and the men mosey over to the catering table. As soon as they've turned, Stick reaches over and PULLS the liner from the trash can/hoop.

She closes up the plastic bag full of cookies and crackers and TOSSES it over on top of her own gym bag - it lands on top of her bag and sits there unnoticed and unmissed.

Fox slides down the wall to sit next to Stick

FOX

You're gonna get me fired...

STICK

For what? Taking the trash out? Making the client happy? That's what they're paying you for, doof.

FOX

Doof. Alright. I can't get drunk, though.

STICK

Deal. Leave that to me. Try to score a few more of those coffee pouches, though - we're out at home.

She stands up and goes to join the men at the table.

STICK (CONT'D)

Did you guys know that Fox scored more goals in college puck than Wayne Gretzky did?

CLIENT BOSS GUY

(drunk and deaf)

Stick - you should come and work with us!

STICK

In advertising?

CLIENT BOSS GUY

Hell, no, in pharmaceuticals.

STICK

Oh my god, definitely! No wonder you guys are so much fun!

CLIENT BOSS GUY

Seriously - I'll set you up an interview with HR.

STICK

(serious)

Stan, that's really nice of you. I'm going to be a professional hockey player, though.

Stan/Client Boss laughs heartily, gesturing towards the Bruins, far below. He toasts her with his cocktail.

STICK (CONT'D)

If it's any consolation, I'm all fancy skatework and passing anyway. That girl -
(she tilts her head at Fox, now standing behind her co-workers, watching the TV)
She's the finisher. You're really lucky to have her on your team.

Stan nods seriously, charmed. Stick delicately shoves a piece of steak in her mouth.

CUT TO:

EXT - HARVARD BOATHOUSE - MORNING

College rowing shells speed by on the Charles River, powered by four or eight-rower crews, their coxswains' calls low and urgent.

Raquel and Suzy sit together on a fallen tree trunk, sharing a cup of steaming coffee.

SUZY

Crew. Ugh - who could get up that early. Why do they get up so early?

RAQUEL

The water's the calmest first thing in the morning.

SUZY

Really?

Raquel smiles at her older, dumber friend and passes the coffee. James appears from inside the boathouse; he's wearing his weekend uniform - Bean boots, pullover fleece. He's brutally preppy and... handsome.

SUZY (CONT'D)

Yikes. Kennedy alert at your two o'clock...

Raquel stands to greet James - Suzy stands up right behind her, almost out of shock. James reaches out to shake Raquel's hand.

JAMES

Thanks for coming, Raquel - sorry it's so early.

SUZY

We were just saying how peaceful it is so early... You're the banker?

RAQUEL

James, this is Suzy - one of my teammates and partners.

SUZY

...friends.

JAMES

Pleasure to meet you, Suzy. I hope you'll understand if I ask you to wait here for Raquel.

SUZY

Um...

(off Raquel's nod)

No problem.

JAMES

Thanks - I'll have her right back.

Suzy hands the coffee to Raquel, who takes a gulp, then hands it back to Suzy and follows James into the boathouse.

CUT TO:

INT. HARVARD BOATHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JAMES

Sorry if that's awkward. We're meeting my firm's silent partner - to tell you the truth usually invisible partner.

RAQUEL

I'm flattered.

MRS. X (O.C.)

Don't be flattered yet...

The speaker is just a body in expensive workout clothes - she stands with her head hidden in the upside-down seat of a single-rower shell hanging upside down from the ceiling. She's fiddling with the seat's sliding rail.

Raquel looks at James incredulously - is this really going to be like a "deep throat," spy meeting?

RAQUEL

I'm happy to sign some sort of non-disclosure, um, industrial -

MRS. X

- What?

Now, quite naturally, she ducks and steps out from under the boat, wiping grease from her hand before extending it to Raquel with a slight smile. She's seventy and in top shape.

MRS. X (CONT'D)

Hi, Raquel. James told me he thought you were worth seeing.

RAQUEL

I... appreciate that.

MRS. X

Where are you from?

RAQUEL

(this again?)

Allston? New Hampshire?

MRS. X

Where did you go to college?

RAQUEL

UNH.

MRS. X

Any honors?

RAQUEL

No. I mean, I was captain of the women's hockey team. We went to the NCAA Division II Finals three years in a row and won twice.

MRS. X

Yes?

An awkward moment of silence as they regard each other.

RAQUEL

And I got my MBA concurrent with my bachelor's degree in a five-year program.

MRS. X

I see. And what have you been doing since?

RAQUEL

Working at various - researching ways to - I've been trying to...

(apologetic)

It's been six years...

MRS. X

Well, sometimes it takes that long. Sometimes it takes longer.

RAQUEL

What does?

MRS. X

Gathering your courage.

RAQUEL

(blushes)

Yes.

MRS. X

Who will benefit if your Hockey League succeeds?

RAQUEL

(into pitch mode)

The upside potential to the anchor or angel investor is very high: if we realize our middle-case revenue projections, your return would be in the area of 200 percent in three years.

MRS. X

How much money in?

RAQUEL

Two million capital to start and staff,
then five hundred thousand a year
committed for operations.

MRS. X
Any other beneficiaries?

RAQUEL
Of course.
(this is all truth to her)
You and I grew up in a world where the only
women who people paid to see were actresses
- objects of desire. Sex symbols. No female
Larry Birds, or Big Papis, or Tom Bradys.
The WNBA has started to change that, but
girls still need examples that they can do
anything they want - and be taken as
seriously as the boys.

MRS. X
Brava. But, to stop with the socratic
questions: I was referring to you. You
stand to benefit the most here, don't you?

RAQUEL
Well - maybe. I wrote the numbers up to be
fair... The players will all own the league
together, but I guess my name would be -
but I'm not in it because...

MRS. X
You taught yourself to do all of this
because...

RAQUEL
Because I don't want to coach. I don't want
to play beer league. I want to play. I want
to be a hockey player.

Mrs. X regards her carefully.

MRS. X
You don't imagine - you do realize that all
sports are business, yes? Male athletes
are products, too. They are hired and
crafted to appeal - to sell.

RAQUEL

(softly)
Are we about to talk about fighting and
breasts?

MRS. X
Not I.

She smiles and raises her eyebrow at James, who nods. Mrs X returns to her boat; she stands on tip toe and suddenly the whole thing rests freely on her shoulders.

Raquel begins to step forward to lend a hand; James puts his hand lightly on her shoulder to restrain her, then just as quickly withdraws it.

Mrs. X walks the boat out of the shed and begins to walk slowly down the ramp to the launching dock below. Halfway down she stops and calls from under the boat:

MRS. X (CONT'D)
Raquel - did you bring your friend this
morning as an escort - as precaution?

Raquel glances at James, embarrassed.

RAQUEL
Yes.

MRS. X
Good girl. Thank you for coming.

James and Raquel watch her descend the ramp, pivot at the waist, and drop the shell into the water. They walk back through the boathouse to the exit.

RAQUEL
Who is she?

JAMES
I can't tell you that.

RAQUEL
Wow. Mysterious. I like her.

JAMES

She liked you too. So, Raquel - how soon could you do an exhibition game?

RAQUEL
We're ready to play any time.

JAMES
No, the whole show. I'll give you a bit of budget, and you do a mock-up of a league game as you see it, basically.

RAQUEL
As I see it?

JAMES
Right. Your vision.

RAQUEL
(thinking)
I can do that.

JAMES
I know. I look forward to seeing it.
(he's about to say more, but swallows it)
I'm going to clean up here - tell your wing man it was nice to meet her.

He opens the door for Raquel and stands aside as she passes.

RAQUEL
Very funny. See you.

She walks out, her mind racing with the new challenge. When she gets to the tree trunk they were sitting on, Suzy is gone. Raquel looks around, searching...

CUT TO:

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - NIGHT

Bobby pulls a baseball hat down over his eyes and ducks his head, as he trots up the stairs to the posh hotel's entrance. He slips through the door without looking at the doorman.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Bobby glides across the wide lobby without slowing down. At the elevator bank, he allows himself a furtive glance around, and then pulls an electronic key from his jeans pocket.

He also pulls a small note from his pocket and glances at it: "ROOM 727. NINE PM." He palms the note and the key, as he steps nervously into the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby sidles up to the glossy WHITE DOOR MARKED "747." He takes his baseball hat off and briefly straightens his hair and shirt, before gently knocking three times.

The door opens slowly. Inside, smiling happily, in a lacy white nightgown: Cara. She puts her hand on Bobby's arm and pulls him into the room...

END ACT 3.

ACT 4.

INT. - FOUR SEASONS ROOM 747 - NIGHT

Cara pulls Bobby in the door, with a quick peck on the cheek. As she turns to lock the door, SUZY emerges from the bathroom in a loose, silky dressing gown. She, too, walks over and kisses Bobby's cheek.

SUZY

Thanks for coming, Bobby.

BOBBY

Thanks for inviting me.

CARA

You're our first choice, Bobby. You're our best friend and you're an amazing hockey player - you've always been our first choice.

SUZY

Are we ready to do this?

BOBBY

Totally ready. You guys are both so
ultra-hot...

RAQUEL (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)
Wait. Hold on, here, sweetie...

CUT TO:

INT. RAQUEL'S OFFICE - INTERVIEW - DAY

Raquel freezes her desktop monitor on a picture of Bobby in the
hotel room, smiling like a blissful idiot.

RAQUEL
You made this?

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
Yup.

RAQUEL
This never happened. You know that. I
think.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
Well something happened, obviously,
because here I am...

RAQUEL
(gently)
Honey, even if - I'm not saying Bobby isn't
your father, because I have no idea, okay?
But even if he were, it wouldn't have been
like that. It wouldn't have been...

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
But what if they loved each other?

RAQUEL
(smiles)
They did. They do. We all love Bobby. But
your Moms are with each other - they always
have been. They didn't like Bobby that way,
and they didn't need to. If they had wanted
him to make a baby, they would have done
it with a doctor's help. Do you know about
this, some of this?

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
(defensive)

Yes of course. It doesn't matter.

RAQUEL

Sure it does. It matters. Is that what all of this - is that why you're making this movie?

Long pause. Raquel waits, calmly looking at the offscreen interviewer.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Everyone calls me "hockey girl."

RAQUEL

I know.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

I don't know if that's what I want to be.

RAQUEL

That's smart. You're only nine years old - you have lots of time to figure it out.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

But I don't even know... how can I figure stuff out when I don't even know where I came from?

RAQUEL

I know that the dad part is complicated. That's going to take some thinking, I agree. But I do know where you come from: You come from two amazing women, who love you so deeply and live for you. And a little bit you come from all of us - we all loved you from the first day that we met you. Partly you're "hockey girl" because we're your family.

She reaches over and presses the monitor screen a few times. The frozen image of Bobby is replaced by a picture of Cara, propped up in a hospital bed, holding a newborn infant.

Suzy lies next to her, on top of the covers; Raquel, Stick and Fox lean in around them, grinning for the camera.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

How come Aunt Winnie wasn't there?

CUT TO:

EXT. MARLBOROUGH ST. BOSTON - MORNING

SUPERSCRIPT: "MARLBOROUGH ST - BOSTON - 2010 - PRE-LEAGUE"

Raquel emerges from a gorgeous old townhouse on the Back Bay's toniest street. She struggles with the front door, coordinating three - no, there's a fourth - leashed dogs.

At the base of the brownstone's stoop, she pauses to stroke the head of one of her dogs, a tall, nervous Weimaraner.

RAQUEL

Okay, Ashley, you're in charge now. Show these mutts how to do their business.

She switches a tiny little terrier over to her left hand and starts down the pretty street.

WINIFRED (O.C.)

What are you doing?

WINIFRED YORK bears down on Raquel like a traffic cop. She looks like a cop, too - solid build, short graying hair.

RAQUEL

Winifred, how are ya? I'm working.

WINIFRED

I hear that you're trying to start a league - a pro league - and I'm hearing it from all over the place, and all I can tell my girls is I have no idea?

Ashley lifts her leg and absently pees on a near lightpost; the dogpack leans in closer for a whiff.

RAQUEL

Coach, you were the first person I told. You were the first person I asked.

WINIFRED

And I said we weren't ready.

RAQUEL

That's true.

WINIFRED

And you're charging out there now anyway
and my girls are getting all kinds of weird
information.

RAQUEL

I'm sure that's also true.

WINIFRED

What's that supposed to -

RAQUEL

- Look, Winnie, we just started putting
feelers out for money. If you want to see
my business plan so you can tell your
players what the league would look like,
I'd be happy to -

WINIFRED

Who's "we?"

Raquel shifts a few leashes, zips her coat up, clears her throat.

RAQUEL

Suzy and I - Cara. Stick and Fox.

WINIFRED

The old maids and click and clack? Raquel,
I told you that when the time was right,
we'd be there with you, but as usual you're
too aggressive.

RAQUEL

You're not my coach anymore, Win -

WINIFRED

No, thank god, but I can see when you're
pushing too hard anyway, and you're going
to screw it all up if you go too early. You
think I don't want to see a league?

RAQUEL

I know you do, but you...

WINIFRED

What, I don't look like you?

This stops Raquel cold.

RAQUEL

Please not this again.

WINIFRED

You know you need TV, and you know you're telegenic. You don't have to apologize for that.

RAQUEL

I wasn't apologizing, and as soon as I got done tossing my telegenic hair I was only going to say that you're slow. Too slow for me.

WINIFRED

What?

RAQUEL

When I was in peewee you were telling me to stop checking people, to stop being aggressive, telling us all about the purity of the game.

WINIFRED

What's wrong with that?

RAQUEL

Because you live on freaking Marlborough Street, Coach! Because I'm walking your neighbors' dogs, here, and I live in my parents' basement!

WINIFRED

You're starting this league for the money?

Raquel starts to get upset now, and her dogs start growling and whimpering, too.

RAQUEL

I've played for love for twenty years - I spend every dollar I make on my sticks and tourney fees. And I'll tell you what - I'm better looking than you, okay?

WINIFRED

That's what, I mean -

RAQUEL

- But guess what? My joints don't care! My joints are getting banged up at exactly the same rate yours are - or yours did.

WINIFRED

You're a total bitch, Raquel.

RAQUEL

Nope - you're a total bitch, coach, always were. And if I can get you out on the ice I'm going to knock the puck out of you.

The dogs are spinning around now. Raquel has gone straight through fighting tears and is now furious, seeing red.

WINIFRED

Are you out of your mind?

RAQUEL

Yes, yes, out of my mind. Loco. Too many concussions. We - I - challenge you to put a squad together for an exhibition game.

WINIFRED

"Put a squad together?" I have two full traveling teams.

RAQUEL

Some of them want to play for me.

Now Winifred sees red.

WINIFRED

You've been poaching my players?

RAQUEL

Only the telegenic ones.

WINIFRED

I'm kicking you out of the national program.

RAQUEL

We'll see about that. Try beating my squad in the meantime - you're a good opponent, if nothing else anymore...

Winifred has nowhere to go - her neck muscles are twitching - they just may square off and hit each other right here...

WINIFRED

I'm calling the national office.

She stomps off, looking over her shoulder to make sure Raquel isn't coming up behind her. Raquel glares after her, fists clenched.

But as soon as Winifred rounds the corner, Raquel begins to shake. She kneels down in the middle of the sidewalk, the dogs nuzzling her as she calms down.

Boston's elite, in head-to-toe Brooks Brothers, walk around the strange ensemble, pretending not to notice.

PEEWEE GIRL (O.C.) (PRE-LAP)

Coach! Coach!

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

PEEWEE GIRL

Coach!

Cara and Suzy stand under the hoop at one end of the brightly lit court, littered right now with orange cones, and with ten and eleven-year-old girls running "dry land" practice drills.

Cara and Suzy are reading over a stats book together, but they both look up at the repeated cry. A TEN YEAR OLD GIRL stands in front of them in full hockey gear and sneakers.

CARA AND SUZY (TOGETHER)

What?

Now they both look down at their chests - only Suzy has a WHISTLE, strung on red cord around her neck.

SUZY

What?

PEEWEE GIRL

Jenny keeps body-checking me even after I told her it's not allowed.

CARA

No, I saw that. She's didn't check you -
you ran right into her.

PEEWEE GIRL

She's not following the rules!

Cara looks at Suzy, who smiles slightly and closes the stats book. Suzy blows her whistle sharply, twice. The girls all stop their drills and gather around, holding their sticks.

SUZY

Okay, good work. Tired?

(they all grumble and nod)

Good. Dry training is good for your stamina. Let's talk about collisions for a minute.

CARA

There's a concept in the law called "fault." If you get in a fender-bender, either you or the other driver may be responsible, or you may share fault, or there may be no fault.

PEEWEE GIRL

Boring.

Suzy laughs and fakes a huge yawn, nodding in assent.

SUZY

The counselor is trying to say that collisions happen no matter what - there's twelve of you on the ice fighting for one puck. The trick is to make it work for you, not against you. Standing around pointing fingers is not an option.

CARA

Res Ipsa Loquitur...

The peewees all giggle at these presumed curse words. Cara prefers the giggles to the "boring," so she gives the peewees what they want:

CARA

(deep "monster" voice)

"Res Ipsa Loquitur..habeas
Corpus...Semper Ubi Sub Ubi..."

FIRST ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)
"Last seconds of the power play - fast down
the wing - the pass - the shot... she
SCORES!"

CUT TO:

INT. SOUND STUDIO - DAY

Alone at a large microphone, a handsome man in a turtleneck looks up from a page of audition dialogue.

FIRST ANNOUNCER
Is that still too nasal? This cold will be
gone on the day, of course...

He takes off his bifocals and peers through soundproof glass into the CONTROL BOOTH of a professional sound studio.

INTERCUT - CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Raquel and Fox exchange a quick glance - not the voice they want. Fox reaches out and keys her microphone.

FOX
No, that was awesome, Geoff, thanks.
Thanks a lot for coming in.

She turns to Raquel as she keys the microphone OFF.

FOX
(Jerry Lewis)
"Hey! Pretty Hockey Lady!"

INTERCUT - SOUND STUDIO

SECOND ANNOUNCER
(perfect voice and only slightly
drunk)
"Last seconds of the power plant - fast
winger - the passer shot... she SCREW!"

INTERCUT

THIRD ANNOUNCER (THE ACTUAL AL MICHAELS)
The pass... the shot...she SCORES! Do you
believe in miracles?!"

In the booth, Raquel and Fox look at each other and nod, like "not bad..."

INTERCUT

FOURTH ANNOUNCER

(deep, almost menacing)

"Please help me in welcoming to the ice the hometown team, the league leaders, our very own... Boston Bruisers..."

Now Raquel leans forward in the booth and keys the microphone.

RAQUEL

That's close. Could you... I know I wrote it that way, with Bruisers and all, but... the voice has to be deep and strong and all of that, but also a voice that you would actually want to hear calling you out onto the ice...

INTERCUT:

FIRST ANNOUNCER

"The Boston Bruisers"

SECOND ANNOUNCER

"The Bosson Bluesers."

AL MICHAELS

"The Boston Bruisers!"

CUT TO:

INT. ARENA HALLWAY - NIGHT

Close up on a CASE OF GATORADE, carried rapidly through a fluorescent-lit, puce green hallway. The case is THRUST forward, banging into a door marked "Home Locker Room."

There's also a hand-lettered sign on the door: "BRUISERS!"

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Raquel enters, pushing the door open with the bottles, and begins to distribute Gatorade to her players. The A-Team, the core unit, sit close to each other.

A dozen additional women - teens through thirties - talk quietly to each other, passing out NEW BLACK AND BLUE HOCKEY JERSEYS.

RAQUEL
(passing out drinks)
Blue. Green. Ice. Coffee. Blue...

She goes to a sink at the side of the room, opens one bottle of green Gatorade, and discretely POURS half of it down the drain. Then she tosses the half-full bottle to Cara.

CARA
Thanks, Rock.

Fox and Stick are sitting next to each other, trading a skate sharpener back and forth. Fox leans in to Stick and murmurs:

FOX
The game she shut out Finland she had forgotten to get a drink so she had to drink the half-bottle left in her bag. Serious superstition now, huh?

STICK
(kidding)
Bizarre.

FOX
Yup.

Fox leans over and, casually shielding her feet from Stick's view, unclasps a thin CHARM ANKLET from her left ankle. She kisses it before putting it back on her RIGHT ankle...

Suzy enters the locker room, her huge equipment bag over her shoulder.

SUZY
(to Raquel)

Laroy is out there with a couple of stiff
in cashmere coats. They want to come in
here.

Raquel rolls her eyes and pulls her "Bruisers" jersey over her
shoulder pads.

INTERCUT

In the hallway outside, Laroy and James stand together somewhat
uncomfortably, joined by Phillip and another slick young bank
dude.

Raquel sticks her head out of the locker room door.

RAQUEL
What do you need?

They all just kind of stare at her - James finally speaks with
an apologetic little wave of the hand.

JAMES
We'd like to see what the reporters and TV
crews would see...

Raquel shakes her head with wonder and opens the door wide. Laroy
declines - the others walk into the den of the lioness.

RAQUEL
(loudly)
Locker room is co-ed.

The girls all cheer happily, checking the guys out.

SUZY
Take off your coats and stay for a while.

JAMES
We'll be out of your hair in a minute.

PHILLIP
You girls don't need separate stalls to
change?

A stumper. The girls look at each other, and back to him.

FOX

What?

PHILLIP

All you need is normal lockers?

CARA

I think he's thinking of when women's locker rooms used to require more space - more privacy - than the mens. Individual showers and things like that - right?

PHILLIP

(patronizing)

That's more expensive...

STICK

So I guess you haven't actually been in a lot of girls' locker rooms, huh?

The girls all laugh.

CARA

I played on men's teams through college.

SUZY

We had to fight to be allowed to stay and change with the team, in the room, instead of in a broom closet somewhere.

PHILLIP

So how - wouldn't - if...

Suddenly Stick pulls her blouse off over her head. As she turns toward her locker, away from the men, she unsnaps her lacy street bra and pulls it off, too. Everyone watches...

With her back turned, she pulls her dowdy gray sports bra on, snaps it into place, and turns around to face the men.

STICK

If you're focused, if your mind is on the game, you're all thinking about the same thing.

PHILLIP

(lewd)

I know what I'm thinking...

Silence again. James frowns unhappily. Raquel smiles.

RAQUEL

What? What are you thinking?

PHILLIP

I'm thinking the whole first season could get paid for with a spread in Playboy.

A collective deep breath, as they all regard him.

FOX

That's hot.

CARA

You know, you can't really say that if you're working right now.

Suddenly James shakes off his paralysis. He takes Phillip's elbow and starts to herd him out.

JAMES

He's not working any more.
(to Phillip)
You're fired.

PHILLIP

(snorts)
So now can I say what I really think?

Junior IB Dude snickers. James points him to the door too.

JAMES

You, too. You're fired. Get out of here.

He herds them both out. He turns back to Raquel from the open door, with an apologetic grimace.

RAQUEL

You know, the really unattractive thing is that he was thinking about money.

JAMES

Yeah - occupational hazard.

STICK

Is he really fired?

JAMES

I wish. He's a dick. But we're doing a huge deal in Russia, and he's my only guy who speaks Georgian dialect, so - no.

STICK

Good.

RAQUEL

(pointedly)

Bye-bye...

James waves and exits, but the door bumps open and he sticks his head in for one more thing:

JAMES

Have a great game.

When the door finally shuts, Fox reaches over and flicks the tag on Stick's sports bra.

FOX

It's inside out, slick.

STICK

Yup. Ever since I scored the hat trick in Toronto...

Now Raquel taps her hockey stick lightly on her locker. Everyone quiets and turns to her.

RAQUEL

Alright. Fun, fun... Let's start to get it together now. You know why we're here. This game may seem silly, but the truth is it's as big as any game we've played.

SUZY

One shot.

RAQUEL

Second prize is we get to keep playing in the Sunday Night League.

CARA

And hope that Coach Whiney can get the National to sponsor a pro league in time for our grandkids to play.

RAQUEL

We actually don't have to beat Winnie today. We just have to show we play hard - and we have to make them play hard, too, score lots of goals and make sure those banker mokes want to see more.

FOX

Seymour?

STICK

Butts?

FOX

Paging...

STICK

Paging Mr. Seymour Butts...

A collective chuckle at the would-be Abbot and Costello.

SUZY

Sheesh. Don't you two ever get nervous?

FOX

(serious)

I already threw up.

STICK

On the way here...

Now they're all together. The joking gives way to shared memory and visualization - the game starts to form in their minds.

RAQUEL

Suit up. On the ice in ten minutes.

She claps sharply, once, and the sound of athletic tape ripping across sticks and pads fills the room...

END ACT 4.

ACT 5.

OPEN ON VIDEO MONTAGE

VIDEO: A montage of professional hockey highlights: not goals, but big hits - full body checks and hard-muscling plays in the corners.

In one shot, a player is LEVELED by a vicious hit from the blind side.

RAQUEL (V.O.)

Blindside. Dirty.

In the next, a player pushes an opponent into the boards with a raised stick.

RAQUEL (V.O.)
Cross-check - dirty.

In the next, a player SLIDES into an opponent, barreling full-speed into the knee area.

RAQUEL (V.O.)
Clipping. Disgusting.

Now a series of teeth-rattling, full-weight body checks. Players go flying left and right to the ice, but Raquel tuts in approval of three in a row...

RAQUEL (V.O.)
Clean. Clean. Clean.

CUT TO:

INT. RAQUEL EDONA'S OFFICE - DAY

Raquel is turned to watch the highlight reel playing on her desk top monitor. She watches one last bodycheck.

RAQUEL
Ouch...

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
You don't miss getting hit, huh?

Raquel turns to the interviewer, smiling slightly.

RAQUEL
I don't know. I suppose not.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
Is it true that you didn't tell your teammates, before that first exhibition game, what you were planning to do?

RAQUEL
No, as I've always said, what's true is that I wasn't "planning to do" anything.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

But you told everyone to play hard.

RAQUEL

Absolutely. We had to make the game exciting. Once it started, I was just playing the best game I could.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

The money guys wanted fighting.

Raquel pauses, trying to find the right words.

RAQUEL

You know, I'm more embarrassed about the stunt we pulled in the second game, in hindsight. But we all made compromises, in the beginning, just to get started, just trying to find the right balance.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

What do you remember most, from the day of the first game?

CUT TO:

INT. HOCKEY RINK - DAY

The classic group intro shot: the entry gate to the rink ice opens, and a dozen geared-up young women skate through in sporty slo-mo, helmets off as they take the ice...

SUPERSCRIPPT: "FIRST EXHIBITION GAME - DECEMBER 5, 2011"

A brief pause on the "Charlie's Angels," glossy team-portrait-in-motion. Then they break through to real time...

Loud applause makes some of the players grin and wave.

There's a good crowd in the stands: Cara's peewee players are all there, with many parents; Fox's Ad Guys are there; Laroy has brought his family; quite a few teenage couples.

Raquel skates a lap with the team. She tries not to look, but she can't help it - she scans the crowd until she spots James and his banker team, alone at the top of the stands.

Raquel quickly looks away and pulls on her helmet. The A Team gathers at one goal and turns to watch as Winifred leads her team onto the ice, to cheers from their fans.

ANNOUNCER/HENRY (O.C.)

Ladies and Gentleman, Squirts and Seniors,
welcome to the premiere game of the
American Women's Professional Hockey
League!

Wild applause from the stands, but Raquel frowns.

RAQUEL

I told him not to say that.

SUZY

What's he supposed to say? "Clap for the
little dogs and ponies?"

RAQUEL

I hope he doesn't -

ANNOUNCER/HENRY (O.C.)

And Welcome to Herstory!"

Now Raquel actually signals to the audio booth at rinkside - she draws her hand across her throat to "cut it."

Sitting at the ANNOUNCER'S TABLE, hand on the mic, Raquel's DAD grins and gives her a big "thumbs up." He's wearing a dapper tweed overcoat and a black and blue muffler.

Elizabeth Edona sits next to him at the announcer's table, already snapping photographs through a long telephoto lens.

STICK

That's her-sterical!

FOX

Her-larious!

Now Raquel signals again: she waves the referee into the rink. As the female referee hits the ice, Raquel pushes off the goal she has been leaning on and skates forward.

The Bruisers rap their sticks on the ice in appreciation of their captain, as Winifred skates forward, menacingly, from the opposite team to meet Raquel at center ice.

CUT TO:

INT. HOCKEY RINK - MOMENTS LATER

The opening Face-off. Raquel's stick blade hovers an inch off the ice, Winifred tense opposite her.

REFEREE
Bluestockings ready?

Winifred nods her head grimly.

REFEREE
Bruisers ready?

Raquel grunts an assent through her mouthpiece, her eyes steady on Winifred. The Ref raises the puck: a long inhale from the entire rink, and then:

REFEREE
PLAY!

Raquel SLAPS the falling puck away from Winifred. It shoots past Stick, at Left Wing, and CAROMS off the board. The two teams SWEEP into position, and the game is on.

INTERCUTS of hockey action; the scoreboard overhead reads "0-0"; the peewee girls cheer wildly; young women pull their helmets on and jump over the board as the lines change.

Now one of Winifred's players hustles to take the puck off the right boards. She quickskates down the right wing, circles back and left to the center, and FIRES a quick WRISTSHOT.

CARA SWEEPS her goalie glove across her body to CATCH the puck at the upper corner of the net - almost in the same motion, she DISHES the puck off to SUZY in the left corner...

Suzy brings it out quickly, looking straight up the ice. As a Bluestocking challenges her, she flicks her wrist with a blind pass to STICK, charging up the right side...

Stick takes the pass without breaking stride, and ROCKETS up the right board. She dekes one defender - slides the puck past her up the board, skates inside the defense to reclaim the puck three yards forward...

Stick spins and wheels with the puck, drawing TWO DEFENDERS into the right corner with her. Just as they're about to trap her behind the net, she dumps the puck BEHIND HER BACK...

FOX, lurking in the left forward corner, has broken out in front of the goal at the exact right moment - she and the puck RACE to meet each other in front of the crease...

But Winifred hasn't bought Stick's fake attack. She's pushing back from center ice, about to intercept the puck and break up the play. She REACHES her stick to the puck...

WHAM! Raquel comes from nowhere, full tilt. She drops her shoulder and BODYCHECKS Winifred, face-to-face, with her full weight. As the two of them FALL to the ice...

Fox receives Stick's pass and BACKHANDS it beautifully PAST the Bluestocking goalie and into the net.

The crowd goes wild as the RED LIGHT behind the goal indicates GOAL! As Stick and Fox skate together for a high five, though, the referee furiously BLOWS her WHISTLE.

REFEREE (CONT'D)

No! No! NO goal!

The ref looks around for Raquel, intending to penalize her for the bodycheck, but everyone has to look DOWN to find her and Winifred, still down on the ice.

Every time Winnie tries to get up, Raquel reaches out a gloved hand and TRIPS her. By the time Winnie scoots free and bounces to her feet, she is livid.

WINIFRED

God Damn it, Raquel! What are you -

Her complaint is cut short as Raquel SHOVES her shoulders, hard. As Winnie catches herself from falling, she tilts forward and SHOVES Raquel right back.

As the other players hold each other back, creating a tense little circle around the combatants, Raquel and Winifred exchange a few awkward SHOVES.

Raquel throws her own helmet off - grabbing Winifred's jersey, she PULLS it over her head and then ineffectually cuffs her (helmeted) ears.

Winnie pulls free and pulls her jersey back into place, and her helmet off. She spits her mouthpiece out because her LIP is TREMBLING.

RAQUEL

No, Winnie, no - don't cry. Don't cry,
Winnie! Hit me! Stop crying and hit me!

WINIFRED

No! Rock...

RAQUEL

(low, close, mean)
You suck as a coach. You're worse as a
player. Whiner. Girl. Cry baby. Bitch.
Has-been...

Finally, Winifred's mad enough. She firmly bites her trembling lip and HITS Raquel in the LEFT EYE with a straight jab of her gloved right hand.

Raquel's head snaps back, but she straightens up and grabs for Winifred's jersey again.

But the crowd isn't cheering. On the contrary, it's quiet - a bit confused. The peewees are open-mouthed - not with horror, exactly, but puzzlement. Even the Ad Guys are bored.

REFEREE

Dammit, Rock, cut it out. Let her go.

Raquel lets go of Winifred. She picks up her stick - Suzy picks up Raquel's helmet and hands it to her with a smile.

REFEREE (CONT'D)

Both of you in the box for five.

WINIFRED

What? She's lost her mind!

REFEREE

Sit down, number two.

STICK AND FOX

She said "Number two..."

Winnie takes off her helmet and skates to the penalty box in a huff. Raquel politely opens the door for Winnie to skate in, as the referee drops the puck behind her to restart play.

CUT TO:

INT. PENALTY BOX - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Raquel and Winnie sit down heavily on the bench at the same time. Both are badly out of breath and flushed.

RAQUEL

Sorry bout that, Winnie. You okay?

WINIFRED

That check wouldn't even be legal in the NHL - I didn't have the puck!

RAQUEL

Oops. Doesn't matter - Fox got the goal.

WINIFRED

But it doesn't count!

RAQUEL

(serious)

Yes it does.

She takes a furtive glance over her shoulder at James and the banking guys - they are engaged in heated debate at the top of the stands, no longer even watching the ice action.

CUT TO:

INT. HOCKEY RINK - DAY - LATER

The Bruisers line up at center ice, helmets off - a few have even pulled their shoulder pads off, and stand in steaming t-shirts. The "WINNIES" decline to come out for high-fives.

The A-Team good-naturedly begin to high-five each other. Looking back at her teammates, Raquel skates over and lets herself out to the STANDS.

She weaves through departing fans, making her way to the top of the stands - Laroy meets her there. Phillip and James look up from a heated discussion as they approach.

JAMES

Nice game!

PHILLIP

Really nice. I've gotta admit I was surprised.

RAQUEL

That it was a good game?

PHILLIP

That you all play that well, yeah.

RAQUEL

(sincere)

Thanks. So?

James and Phillip exchange a glance.

LAROY

What are your questions?

JAMES

We liked it. We can see it working.

Now, despite their best efforts to keep looking up at Raquel and Laroy, James and Phillip both lean a bit to look around them and down to the ice.

Raquel turns to look, too: A dozen dwarves skate onto the ice dressed in leather and lace headbanger outfits. The ZAMBONI drives on, towing a 10 by 15 foot STAGE, draped in black.

The stage is covered with garish guitars, a huge drum set, and stacks of black amplifiers - all of it painted with obscene graffiti and satanic scrawls.

Riding the middle of the stage, screaming directions to the crew around him, is the massive TATTOOED GUY from the investment bank waiting area...

RAQUEL

What is that?

JAMES

They're called "Armageddon on Ice."

RAQUEL

Is that our... competition?

JAMES

Not really. It's just another thing we're looking at.

As the stage reaches center ice, Tattooed Guy leans down and turns on SMOKE MACHINES at the front of the stage, then furiously gestures off-ice...

A laughably gothic HEAVY METAL BAND, head-to-toe leather and chains, begins to struggle out across the ice, slipping and sliding and trying not to drop their bottles of Cuervo...

RAQUEL

What are they... what do they do?

PHILLIP

Bread and Circus.

RAQUEL

So you think we're clowns?

PHILLIP

Not at all. They've self-financed for the last few years and consistently sell out local rinks. They think they're ready for mid-size arenas. Scott -

(he points onto the ice at
"tattooed guy")

- is a very serious businessman.

RAQUEL

But it's...

She looks over her shoulder just as the dwarves begin to "warm up" by taking full-speed, face-first DIVES into each other all around the rink...

PHILLIP

Spectacle. Tough times. People want to laugh and go away for a minute.

A moment of uneasy silence.

LAROY

Our sponsor commitments are all in place but are time sensitive. We'd appreciate some indication as soon as possible.

JAMES

Definitely, Laroy - I'll be in touch tonight.

(he turns to Raquel)

Raquel, you put together a great show. And a great game. I have to admit, I was a little surprised how tough you all played, too.

RAQUEL

(not sincere this time)

Thanks.

LAROY

Good enough - thanks guys.

He gently takes Raquel by the elbow, turns her, and steers her down the stairs.

As they reach the exit, the heavy metal guitarist plugs his guitar into his amp and lets loose a shredding CASCADE of FEEDBACK. Raquel WINCES and touches her swelling left eye.

TATTOOED GUY

(screaming off-ice)

Bring her on!

The dwarves all SCATTER as a semi-nude "dancer" leads a giant BENGAL TIGER onto the ice. On the tiger's ROAR:

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. RAQUEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Raquel GROANS miserably as she adjusts the huge ICE-PACK on her knee. She leans back on her couch and adjusts an ice-pack on her eye, as well, so she can watch the Bruins on TV.

The phone rings, and she mutes the hockey game just in time for the machine's inviting BEEEP.

LAROY (ON MACHINE)

Rock, it's Laroy, you there? Listen, it's not terrible news. They're passing for now, but they want to keep in touch. I know it's not...

(he pauses, coughs)

I've had deals like this work out before.
Call me back.

As he clicks off, Raquel stands up and her ice-packs fall to the floor.

RAQUEL
Damn it.

She hops over to the phone, picks it up. She starts to dial...

RAQUEL (CONT'D)
Damn it...

She hangs up and quickly begins to dial another number, then just as quickly hangs up again.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)
Damn it.

She hops back to her couch with the phone and falls into her pillows. Her lip begins to tremble as she looks at the phone...

She THROWS the phone on the floor. She turns the TV off. She picks up her ice-pack and puts it on her knee. She turns the TV on. She fights tears with everything she's got.

Suddenly, from the CEILING directly over Raquel's head, a heavy THUMP. Raquel sits bolt upright, listening intently.

ELIZABETH EDONA (O.C.)
Raquel! Help!

Raquel is off the couch and out of the door in one lightening move, running upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. EDONA KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Raquel bursts in to find her mom kneeling on the floor, cradling the fallen Henry's head in her lap.

ELIZABETH EDONA
Call for an ambulance, honey.

HENRY EDONA
No ambulance, Elizabeth.

RAQUEL
(still frozen in the doorway)
Dad?

HENRY EDONA
I'm fine, honey - I just forgot to eat
dinner. Don't worry.

ELIZABETH EDONA
Raquel: Doctor Siegel's number is there
next to the phone. Please dial it and bring
it to me.

Raquel moves to the phone on the kitchen wall.

HENRY EDONA
He's going to tell you I just need to eat
some red meat!

CUT TO:

INT. MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL - LATER

It's the night shift at the hospital - no routine appointments,
so the hallways are empty. The regular nurses and staff are at
home. It's colder.

Raquel sits with Henry and Elizabeth in bright orange plastic
chairs, lined up in a starkly lit hallway outside a door reading
"CT IMAGING."

HENRY EDONA
(joking)
So no matter what, you both have to
remember certain things: If I ever ask for
a light beer, you know I'm gone. I hate
light beer. I have always hated light beer.
And I have always loved Roy Rogers movies.
As long as I don't ask for a light beer,
just leave me parked in front of the TV
watching Roy Rogers movies, for as long as
possible...

ELIZABETH EDONA
Qetesoj, Henry, qetesohem...

She reaches out and takes his hand in hers. She stretches out
a FOOT and rests it on top of Raquel's foot, in solidarity.

The "CT Imaging" door swings open and Henry's doctor, DOCTOR SIEGEL, steps out. He's in civilian clothes - wide-wale corduroys and a sweatshirt.

DOCTOR SIEGEL

They're ready for you, Henry. You'll have to take everything off down to the waist. And your shoes. No metal.

HENRY EDONA

No problem, Paul. But listen, it was just that I tripped a bit. Do you think I should have my glasses prescription checked?

DOCTOR SIEGEL

That's definitely possible. Let's do that. But let's get this scan now, just while we're all here...

HENRY EDONA

You ladies wait here.

ELIZABETH EDONA

I'm coming in.

He doesn't argue. Raquel stands up and grabs both of their coats from her mom.

RAQUEL

I'll hold those.

(to the doctor)

I had him at a hockey game this afternoon. He was sitting, and it was kind of cold...

DOCTOR SIEGEL

No connection, Raquel. His counts have been fine. You all should get out and do fun things as often as possible.

That didn't come out exactly right. He tries to make up for it, pointing to Raquel's now swollen left eye:

DOCTOR SIEGEL

You want an ice bag for that shiner?

RAQUEL

No thanks. I'll find one.

Doctor Siegel holds the door, as Henry and Elizabeth go in to the CT Imaging lab, then the door swings shut and Raquel is alone in the green hallway.

She pulls the three winter coats against her chest, slowly walking away from the door. She pokes her head around a corner, into an alcove waiting area: empty.

She sinks into a chair in the corner of the waiting area - slightly darker than the hallway, slightly warmer.

She slumps down in the chair and begins to cry, covering her face with the coats, her shoulders shaking.

END ACT 5.

ACT 6.

INT. RAQUEL EDONA'S OFFICE - DAY

There's no image on Raquel's desk top monitor. In fact, there's very little expression on her face. She looks at her futuristic "watch," tapping it a few times like a Blackberry.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Did you really cry in the waiting room like that?

RAQUEL
Of course.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
I thought you never cried.

RAQUEL
Who said that?

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
Everybody. No one has ever seen you cry, after losing, or winning, or ever.

RAQUEL
That's completely ridiculous. And honestly a little insulting. I'm not a robot.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
But so why did you call Winifred "whiney" and tell her not to cry? And you always tell us not to cry.

RAQUEL
On the ice. I tell you never to cry on the ice. Anywhere else.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
What's the difference?

Raquel pauses to consider the question. She reaches out and touches her computer a few times. On the screen, a video begins: a BLONDE WOMAN raises her hand, taking an OATH.

RAQUEL
For a long time, for most of the history of America, people believed that a woman could not be president. Actually, for a long time they believed that a woman could not even vote.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
But she's an awesome president.

RAQUEL

Even a lot of women wouldn't vote for a woman.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Why?

RAQUEL

Well, one explanation was that women were too emotional. They cried. When push came to shove, when your back was against the wall, when the stakes were life-or-death, you couldn't trust a woman to perform because she'd be too busy crying.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Are you serious?

RAQUEL

One hundred percent serious. Nice people refused to let women be CEOs, or Marines, or doctors, because they worried about their emotional stability. And in some ways they were right.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

What? What do you mean?

RAQUEL

I cry, honey. In private. About private things. But sometimes you have to stay clear-eyed and stay in the game. Get up and try again. Do you know what I mean?

Again a quiet moment as Raquel peers off-camera at the interviewer.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

What else makes you sad?

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Raquel, AGE 20, sits on the floor of her small, tidy college dorm room, wearing a "UNH Hockey" sweatshirt, her hair in a ponytail, an ICEPACK on her wrist. She looks MISERABLE.

Bobby, AGE 21, sits on top of his giant "UNH Hockey" gear bag. Elizabeth Edona sits on the edge of Raquel's rolled-up FUTON. Henry Edona paces around near the window.

RAQUEL

- because, I'm telling you this not because it's any of your business anyway, but because Bobby *already* asked me to marry him and I *already* said no! Because I'm twenty years old and you are the *last* person I expected to be telling me to get married before I even graduate college!

SUPERSCRIPT: "UNIVERSITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE - 2002- (JR. YR) "

ELIZABETH EDONA

I am not telling you to get married, I'm not telling you anything - I'm suggesting that 20 years old is old enough to start thinking realistically about your future.

RAQUEL

Well, shit, why don't I just get pregnant and drop out and learn to cook? Is that "realistic?"

HENRY EDONA

Raquel, stop it. Elizabeth: stop.

A moment of frustrated silence.

BOBBY

I ran over here because I thought this was *good* news. I don't care about the money for me - I care about the money for *us*.

RAQUEL

But it's still your money, Bobby. You're still gonna be the Bruin - I don't want to be a hockey player's wife - I want to be a hockey *player*.

BOBBY

Well then be a freaking player - I can pay for the whole -

RAQUEL

- you didn't even make my *game* today!

BOBBY

I don't control traffic, Rock, our *bus* got back late!

HENRY EDONA

What are we talking about? What is wrong with you two? You have so much -

ELIZABETH EDONA

- I never dropped out of anything, Raquel. I'm proud of my life. And I put all of my pride in you.

RAQUEL

So what are you saying? You have to speak English.

ELIZABETH EDONA

Fine: I don't want you to chase an idea - some idea we had - to the edge of the earth, honey. I want you to be happy.

RAQUEL

Yes, and *how*? How do I do that?

BOBBY

It's not like we need to answer all of these questions today, I just thought when I got the offer that it would make it easier to -

HENRY EDONA

- You guys are in love, great! Bobby goes out and gets started, makes more than we ever made in our entire lives put together, great! Raquel stays for her MBA and goes out later and gets it *all*.

BOBBY

Her MBA? But that's -

RAQUEL

- an extra year.

HENRY EDONA

It's totally realistic, it's good
old-fashioned hard work.

BOBBY

I thought -

RAQUEL

- and then I have what I need, to -

BOBBY

- So, two years?

ELIZABETH EDONA

(under her breath)

Shoot the moon.

Bobby and Raquel stare at each other, both of them suddenly acutely aware of the danger ahead of them. They are also, suddenly, too sad to argue about it.

Henry pulls his coat on, tries to lighten the mood:

HENRY EDONA

Let's go celebrate somewhere nice -
Bobby's treat!

Elizabeth frowns at him, then gets up and guides him out of the dorm room, leaving Bobby and Raquel gazing at their feet.

CUT TO:

EXT. - RAQUEL'S HOUSE - MORNING

SUPERSCRIPT - "GET UP AND TRY AGAIN: DECEMBER 6 - 2011 - THE
SMOOT RUN (MORNING AFTER) "

Very early morning - tiny snow gusts fall off roofs and lampposts and swirl up and down in the pink and grey sunrise.

Raquel (28) jogs down her stairs and onto the sidewalk, pulling a wool watchcap over her ears. As she passes the Dunkin' Donuts on the corner, the owner is just opening up.

DONUT GUY

Hey, Hockey Girl!

RAQUEL

Hey, donut guy!

He looks a little wounded - this is not how this exchange usually goes.

As Raquel runs, her stride lengthens and her breath becomes deep and even. She has a full-on black eye from the game yesterday.

CUT TO:

EXT. - MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE BRIDGE - CAMBRIDGE

Raquel jogs up the bridge. Looking down, she finds a mark on the sidewalk - "10 Smoots" - and she breaks into a WINDSPRINT to the "Thirty Smoot" line. Then jogs ten more smoots, then sprints twenty more.

At the "150 Smoot" marker, she suddenly STOPS. She's panting hard, but she doesn't lean over. A couple jog past, splitting around her, but she doesn't even notice them.

Raquel steps to the side of the bridge - the morning sun is just starting to bounce off of the Boston skyline behind her. She stares down river, still panting. One DEEP BREATH...

...and then, just as suddenly as she stopped, she turns and SPRINTS back in the direction she came from.

CUT TO:

INT. STARBUCK'S - MORNING

Stick has one hand on the cappuccino machine and one hand on the bean grinder, as she closes the floor refrigerator with her foot. She's in full rush-hour barista trance.

But when Raquel fires a rolled-up paper napkin off of her Starbucks visor, Stick looks up and smiles with the sadness of the condemned...

CUT TO:

INT. FOX'S AD FIRM - DAY

Raquel stands in the reception area, holding a Starbucks tray with two coffees and two low fat mixed berry muffins. The receptionist eyes her curiously.

Fox pokes her head around the corner and sees Raquel. She crosses her arms in an "x" to ward off evil - but she's laughing and already reaching out for the coffee...

CUT TO:

INT. HOCKEY RINK - AFTERNOON

Cara and Suzy stand together at one end of a municipal rink, watching Suzy's peewee girls practice skating backward with mixed success.

Raquel walks through the line of girls, stepping surely on the ice in her street boots. When a peewee girl skates backward into her knee, though, they both crumple to the ice.

Cara and Suzy step toward the growing pile of bodies - Suzy laughing, Cara rolling her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWBURY STREET - EVENING

Newbury Street's gas lamps sparkle in the early winter evening, the last purple light of sunset shining through the bare trees of Boston Common, at the end of the block.

Winifred is just stepping out of a fancy looking HAIR SALON, shyly running her hand over her newly tinted hair, when Raquel intercepts her on the sidewalk.

RAQUEL

Coach.

Winifred flinches twice - first at Raquel's sudden appearance, then at the familiar address as "coach." She crosses her arms over her chest and faces Raquel silently.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMBRIDGE BOATHOUSE - MORNING

Ice is starting to form at the edges of the Charles River, but there are crew teams sculling by anyhow.

Raquel, in sweatpants and fleece jacket, walks casually up to the fence surrounding Mrs. X's boat dock. She touches the chain link, trying to peer into the boathouse.

Seeing no one, she takes a quick look over her shoulder, then slides down to the end of the fence - at river's edge, the chain link extends a few feet out over the river.

Raquel grabs the fence with both hands and steps up onto it - moving sideways, hand over hand, she pivots her hip around the fence's end, and swings her body to the other side.

In another second she is walking up the riverbank towards Mrs. X's boathouse.

CUT TO:

INT. MRS. X BOATHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Raquel peeks into the dusty darkness of the old boathouse. Seeing no one, she steps inside.

MRS. X (O.C.)
Hello, Raquel.

Raquel spins to face... an old couch. She walks over slowly - peering over the couch she finds Mrs. X lying sideways on the floor, rolling her hip over a hard foam cylinder.

RAQUEL
Iliotibials. Why do those hurt so much?

MRS. X
I don't know - and why do they never get easier?

RAQUEL
Hm. How'd you know it was me?

Mrs. X tilts her head up to a SECURITY MONITOR, mounted on a ceiling rafter - the monitor's split screen shows images of the boathouse's entire perimeter, chain link fence included.

MRS. X
Unfortunately, the Cambridge Police are on their way - it's automatic when you tripped the alarm. And you know how the Cambridge Police can be.

RAQUEL
Ummm...

MRS. X

Did you want to talk about our decision?

RAQUEL

Well, respectfully, I wanted to tell you you're making a mistake. And I wanted to ask you to come personally to a game.

MRS. X

I came to the last one.

Oops. Raquel stumbles for a second, absorbing this.

RAQUEL

So you... I wanted to show a few things with that - I didn't want that game to feel like college puck, I wanted to show we could play tough.

MRS. X

And you did.

RAQUEL

But it was... it felt a little forced.

MRS. X

That was maybe inevitable, given that you were given the one chance. Listen -

She stands up and puts the foam cylinder away in the corner.

RAQUEL

- No, wait - and I also pulled some punches - we had some other ideas and I didn't leave it all on the ice, because... I'm not sure.

MRS. X

There were probably some good reasons. They say "be careful what you wish for." That seems like bad advice, though - it's hard to "wish" when you're being "careful."

RAQUEL

Exactly!

MRS. X

But you can still take care. There's always a cost.

RAQUEL

Too cryptic. You mean "winning isn't everything?"

MRS. X

Yes. That's true.

RAQUEL

But the people who say things like that are always rich. Sorry.

MRS. X

(laughs warmly)

I disagree.

RAQUEL

Alright.

Mrs. X pauses, straightens her t-shirt.

MRS. X

What if I told you the final decision on this investment is up to James?

RAQUEL

But it's your money.

MRS. X

Would you treat him differently?

RAQUEL

I don't understand. You want to know if I'd try to play your banker?

MRS. X

I suppose, yes. But James is also my son.

Finally, a direct hit. Raquel, almost involuntarily, sits on an arm of the couch. Mrs. X remains standing.

Before Raquel can answer, there is an authoritative KNOCK on the door of the boathouse.

CAMBRIDGE POLICE OFFICER (O.C.)

Cambridge Police, responding to an alarm.
Open the door please.

MRS. X

Go ahead, it's okay.

Mrs. X pulls on a sweatshirt, as Raquel walks over and opens the door. As she turns the knob, the door BANGS back, and the door frame is filled by a hefty CAMBRIDGE POLICE OFFICER.

CAMBRIDGE OFFICER
Don't move, please. Step outside.

RAQUEL
Which?

CAMBRIDGE OFFICER
Step outside right now, both of you.

Raquel looks over at Mrs. X, who is casually rummaging through her purse, at the couch.

CAMBRIDGE OFFICER
Let me see your hands, please, Ma'am.

MRS. X
Yes, officer. May I provide some identification?

CAMBRIDGE OFFICER
Both of you, step outside right now.

RAQUEL
Relax, pal. There's no problem here.

CAMBRIDGE OFFICER
There is going to be an extremely serious problem, lady, if you continue to give me lip and don't get your ass out of this hut immediately.

His hand goes instinctively, habitually, to the butt of his holstered handgun. Raquel sees the move, and she begins to go into fight mode.

RAQUEL
Or what? You're going to shoot us? You want me to "move my ass?" You don't want my "lip?"

She looks again at Mrs. X, who stands very still, looking back at her curiously.

Suddenly Raquel RAISES HER HANDS - at first in a "surrender" pose, but then she puts both hands to her face and just takes a very deep breath in...

END ACT 6.

ACT 7.

INT. MRS. X BOATHOUSE - DAY

A different angle than the previous boathouse scene - the point of view is from the ceiling, a wide-angle of Raquel and the police officer staring each other down at the door:

From this angle, we again see Raquel begin to berate the officer.

RAQUEL

Or what? You're going to shoot us? You want me to "move my ass?" You don't want my "lip?"

Again, she suddenly puts her hands to her face and takes a deep breath. The Officer doesn't move.

After a moment, Raquel lets her breath out and her shoulders - hunched around her ears - relax.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)

I apologize. I'm sorry. Look, officer, I don't have ID - I was out for a run. My name is Raquel Edona, I live at 527 Allston Street. I tripped the alarm because I wanted to speak with... Ms...

She looks at Mrs. X, who just smiles at them both.

MRS. X

With me.

CAMBRIDGE OFFICER

Are you related to Councilor Edona?

RAQUEL

He's my dad, but I don't want any -

CAMBRIDGE OFFICER

How's he doing?

RAQUEL

He's... hanging in there. Look, I'm sorry for the confusion. I'm ready to go to the station.

CAMBRIDGE OFFICER

(laughs)

Slow down, now. Just step outside like I'm asking, please, and we'll sort this out.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.) (PRE-LAP)

Wait: Why do you have this on video?

CUT TO:

INT. RAQUEL EDONA'S OFFICE - DAY

The high-angle shot of Raquel and the Cambridge Police Officer is frozen on Raquel's desk top monitor.

RAQUEL

This was a present. James gave me this video on the league's fifth anniversary. It has an additional dialogue track.

Raquel reaches out and taps a few spots on her monitor - the video tape rewinds very quickly, and Raquel freezes the monitor on an image of her young self:

A shot from the security camera outside Mrs. X's boathouse: Young Raquel stands outside the chainlink fence, peering in. Older Raquel touches the monitor one more time:

VIDEO:

As Young Raquel peers through the fence, unsure what to do, we hear VOICEOVER NARRATION in a familiar voice: James.

JAMES (V.O.)

(he's doing a stock
"play-by-play" imitation)

Edona stops... She's got room...

On the video, young Raquel steps up onto the chainlink fence and begins to move around it as we saw her do earlier.

JAMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Oh! Nice move, she's moving up the ice,
now, good field vision...

The video skips forward: A high-angle shot of Raquel talking with Mrs. X inside the boathouse. James continues his color commentary...

JAMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Edona showing grit here, won't take no for an answer, but she's got some finesse as well...

We see Mrs. X laugh at Raquel's JOKE:

JAMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Another nice shot and a GOAL! Edona on the board again with a strong power play!

Now the image skips forward again and we're back to the high view of Raquel talking with the officer. This time, over their dialogue, we hear James:

JAMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Wait a minute, a whistle on the play! Edona can have a temper... the official gets in her face a bit, let's see if she gets herself tossed from this game...

On the video, Raquel suddenly presses her hands to her face and calms down, apologizing to the officer.

JAMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
No! She definitely brought her A-Game today, folks! Speed, power, AND control. The goal stands!

The video freezes again. Raquel, at her desk, smiles.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
Is that James doing the play-by-play?

RAQUEL
Yes.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
What was that you guys said about the announcer? "A voice you want to hear calling you onto the ice?"

Raquel sort of... blushes? She peers at the interviewer for a moment before she answers.

RAQUEL
Yes. You're very good at this.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
What?

RAQUEL

Listening. Making connections. You know, I never think of you as "Hockey Girl."

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

How do you think of me?

RAQUEL

As "Smart Girl." Since you were, like, two, I turn around and I see you watching us. All of us. Watching and thinking. And I'm so proud of you.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

For what?

RAQUEL

For who you are. And who you're going to be. You're going to do things better than we ever knew how...

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Thank you.

Neither of them speaks for a moment. Raquel seems saddened by something: a melancholy passes through her.

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

What are you thinking about?

RAQUEL

Sorry. I was thinking I wish a few things had been different.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Like what?

RAQUEL

Mostly my Dad.

She leans over and touches her desktop monitor again. A SLIDESHOW begins to fan across the screen: beautiful, journalistic photographs of Henry in stages of DECLINE.

He smiles, sitting up in bed, BALD from treatment... He sits in a WHEELCHAIR, reading the newspaper in his sunny driveway... He reaches out to comfort a weeping Raquel...

As the pictures keep dissolving into each other, as Henry gets smaller and sicker, his eyes stay bright...

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
Your Mom kept taking pictures?

RAQUEL
Yes. She's a photographer - it helped her.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
But you couldn't have made him better anyway?

RAQUEL
No. But it was very hard, being away so much that year - that last year for him was the first year for the league. And I wasn't just playing, I was actually staying in each town, developing the venues, negotiating the contracts.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
Did he want you to stay home?

RAQUEL
No! God no. I would skype him every night from wherever, and even when he started to... he would still... light up.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
My moms say regrets are usually a waste of time.

RAQUEL
(smiles)
And they're right. So it's just, I was always pretty bad at losing.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
That's a good thing, right?

Raquel taps the screen to stop the slideshow: the monitor reverts to a screensaver of the Bruisers' black-and-blue logo.

Raquel turns back to the Interviewer. She reaches out - past the camera - to touch the interviewer's face, then sits back in her chair.

RAQUEL

We only have a couple more minutes.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Wait - you said there were other things you wish had been different.

RAQUEL

Well... remember I said I was lucky to meet a few people who helped me make it all happen?

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Yes.

RAQUEL

I was even luckier for the friends I had in the first place. The ones who stayed with me when I made rookie mistakes. Like your moms.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

And Bobby?

Once again, Raquel has to pause in appreciation for her interviewer. The smile is bittersweet.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

A huge Chevy Suburban with dark-tinted windows is parked halfway down a snow-covered fairway, its engine running.

SUPERSCRIPT: "BRAE BURN COUNTRY CLUB - 2011 - PRE-LEAGUE"

The windshield wipers swish back and forth, but there's no one in the front seats.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEVY SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS

Raquel and Bobby make love in the back of the SUV: they are lying more or less flat, atop one fully reclined back seat.

The seat next to them is still upright, since it has a colorful, brand new baby seat belted firmly onto it.

They are face to face, kissing and petting as they move together. Suddenly, the image SPEEDS UP, as an unseen (nine year old) editor SKIPS past the gross part...

In FAST-MOTION, they lie together for a moment, then straighten up their clothes and climb into the front seats.

As they settle into the car's front seats, they slow to regular speed. They look around at the empty fairway, regaining their bearings.

RAQUEL
Damn it, Bobby.

Bobby shakes his head in innocent wonderment.

BOBBY
You called me, Raquel.

RAQUEL
Because I needed to talk.

BOBBY
Well, good talking to ya'... How's your knee?

RAQUEL
(laughs)
Completely messed up, thank you. I'm not supposed to put any lateral pressure on it.

BOBBY
Seriously - when are you gonna get it fixed?

RAQUEL
My health insurance doesn't cover sports medicine.

BOBBY
You want me to pay for the surgery?

RAQUEL
How are you gonna hide that little charge from Kristie?

Suddenly, surprisingly, Raquel goes red in the face. She turns and puts her window down. She's fighting tears, but she fights them well, as usual.

BOBBY
Dream girl...

RAQUEL
Don't.

BOBBY
I'm trying to help.

RAQUEL
So don't.

She leans into the cold air from the window. When her eyes clear up, she turns back to Bobby and regards him sadly.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)
You're Family Guy, now.

She tilts her head toward the baby seat in the back. Bobby doesn't move.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)
I can't be "dream girl." I'm just the girl
on the side...
(Bobby frowns)
How do you think of me?

Bobby doesn't answer directly. He reaches toward Raquel, but then he's reaching PAST Raquel; opening the GLOVE COMPARTMENT, he pulls out a stack of LEGAL PAPERS.

He stares at them for a second, then hands them to Raquel.

BOBBY
When you called, I was hoping you could...

Raquel shuffles through the documents. She looks up at Bobby, puzzled.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)
You want to break your contract?

BOBBY
Not exactly. I want to know if I'm
protected if... what will happen...

He stops. He rests his head back on the seat, turning to look at Raquel.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I've been getting dizzy sometimes. And some memory things - I can't remember some things sometimes. It's probably all okay.

RAQUEL

(under her breath)
Concussions.

BOBBY

I can't go to my agents yet. I just need a little help thinking it through. I need someone I can trust.

Raquel leans over and puts her arms around him.

RAQUEL

(whispers into his ear)
Damn it, Bobby...

She hugs him hard, then pulls back. Raquel and Bobby, two feet apart, stare straight into each other's eyes.

BOBBY

What did you want to talk to me about?

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. TD GARDEN ICE RINK - DAY

CLOSE UP on Raquel, in pads and helmet, GLARING a mean game-face from behind her visor. Opposite her in the face-off: BOBBY, in full Bruins gear, GRINNING. A still moment...

And then the referee drops the puck. Bobby flips the puck to his right wing - another Bruin - and the Bruins bench - ten guys weighing a collective two tons - erupts in a cheer.

The A-Team fans out, on the ice. On the Bruisers bench, Coach Winifred SCREAMS:

WINIFRED

Pick that man UP!

Beside her on the bench, the regular Bruisers players are joined by a handful of Suzy's PEEWEES, suited up for play...

James is in the stands again, but this time his only companion is Mrs. X. And they are alone - no one else in the stands at all. It doesn't stop them from cheering together:

MRS. X AND JAMES

Go Raquel!

Riggs vs. King it may not be, but the action on the ice is legitimately exciting nonetheless. There's no bodychecking, so the quick and agile women sometimes seem to carve turns around the stockier men.

Stick does just that, as she sprints for the Bruins' net. She feints for the inside, then SQUEEZES between a Bruin defender and the board, dragging the puck through, just behind her.

She passes to Fox, crossing in front of the crease: at the same time as her stick takes the puck, Fox does a graceful little STUTTER STEP and seems to MELT past another defender.

Fox swoops and SHOOTS... BLOCKED by the massive BRUINS GOALIE. A collective GROAN from the A-Team bench.

In the stands, James and Mrs X are quiet but happy, clearly enthralled by the action below. They are sitting right next to each other, shoulders touching comfortably.

Now the Bruins goalie kicks the puck out to his defenseman, who skates the puck up the ice. The Bruins forwards lurk at either corner of Cara's net...

The defenseman passes to the wing, and as the forwards cross and obscure Cara's view, the wing unleashes a rocketing SLAPSHOT. Suzy YELLS.

SUZY

HIGH!

As the puck speeds at the goal, Cara DROPS HER STICK and raises BOTH GLOVES to the upper corners of her net. The Bruins clear the shot just in time for Cara to see the puck coming...

She STABS and catches the puck with a sound like a rifle shot. Bobby spins around and sees the puck in Cara's glove.

BOBBY

Nice save, Care.

Cara pushes her goalie mask up and spits her mouthpiece out.

CARA
Thanks, Bobby.

Now... Suzy skates into the crease, pulling her own mask off. She throws a GLOVE off, too, as she reaches out and RUNS HER FINGERS THROUGH CARA'S HAIR. This is unexpected...

Cara puts her arms around Suzy and pulls her closer, their pads bumping together. Their faces are close... closer... and suddenly they are KISSING - politely but passionately.

The Bruins on the bench all STAND UP... the Bruins on the ice skate up and stand in a semi-circle around the goal, looking at each other with stupid grins.

Even the Bruins GOALIE skates up to get a closer view of the action. As he skates through center ice, he passes Raquel and Stick and Fox, skating back to their bench.

When the three women get to the bench, THREE PEEWEE GIRLS skate on - a line change. The peewees quickly spread out - one ducks low to skate between two Bruins by Cara's goal.

As the peewee skates past the goal, Cara - without breaking her kiss or clinch with Suzy - DUMPS the puck from her glove into the peewee's passing stick...

The peewee carves a turn around the back of the goal. As Bobby shouts:

BOBBY
Hey!

... the peewee PASSES the puck to her friend at center ice. As Cara and Suzy both turn to look, so do the immobile Bruins - they all watch as the second peewee passes to the third peewee, skating in tight circles in front of the Bruins net.

The third peewee takes the pass, FIRES it into the open Bruins net for a GOAL, and then SPEEDS back to center ice to collapse in a celebratory pile with her friends...

The Bruisers bench is applauding wildly. The Bruins bench is laughing and pointing at their goalie. The players on the ice shake their heads ruefully.

Cara and Suzy pull their masks and gloves on and skate back into position.

Once again, Raquel cranes her neck from the bench to see how the bankers are liking it. This time, Winifred is doing it, too.

CUT TO:

INT. TD GARDEN STANDS - LATER

And once again, Raquel marches up the steps to talk after the game. James and Mrs. X clap for her.

RAQUEL

It felt a little forced again.

James laughs.

MRS. X

It was entirely appalling. You made a kind of mockery of the thing you love. And anyway, there's a faceoff after a glove save.

(off Raquel's crestfallen face)

But I take your point, I think. All in.

RAQUEL

Yes. Can you sort of mentally combine both exhibition games?

MRS. X

If I must. Did your friends down there object to that performance?

RAQUEL

Cara and Suzy? It was their idea.

MRS. X

Dubious idea.

(she thinks)

What if the Armageddon guys were to perform between periods?

RAQUEL

The... dwarves?

MRS. X

All of it. They all travel in the same bus - overnight.

RAQUEL

Wow.

MRS. X
Anyhow. James and I will talk, and I will
call you later.

RAQUEL
(pleased at the personal
promise)
Great.

Mrs. X starts down the stairs to the exit.

RAQUEL
(calling after her)
Thank you for coming back.

Mrs. X waves goodbye. Raquel turns back to James.

JAMES
Nice.

RAQUEL
You wanted "spectacle."

JAMES
The hockey was pretty good, too. How'd you
book the Bruins?

RAQUEL
I can't tell you that.

James raises an eyebrow.

JAMES
Huh. Mysterious. So now we both have our
secrets.

Raquel considers him evenly, and he gazes back at her. She tilts
her head but stops from speaking.

JAMES (CONT'D)
What?

But before Raquel can answer, the moment is broken by calls from
the A-Team.

SUZY
Raquel, come on!

FOX AND STICK

Rock...Rock...Rock.

Raquel looks down to the rink - the Bruins have cleared the ice, and it's just the women and girls skating. Stick and Fox are doing goofy slapshot drills with the peewees.

SUZY AND CARA

Rock... Rock... Rock!

The voices she wants to hear calling her to the ice... Raquel looks back to James with a wry smile. He raises one hand in an understanding "bye," and she gives him a little wave back.

RAQUEL

See you later.

Raquel almost skips down the steps in her skates. She vaults over the boards at center ice and begins a slow, private victory lap around the rink.

As Raquel skates, she looks up at the championship banners and retired Bruins hero numbers festooning the rafters of the TD Garden. She looks back to the empty stands...

INTERCUT VIDEO

The 28-year-old Raquel is replaced by the 40-YEAR-OLD RAQUEL, in Bruiser's uniform, taking a farewell lap around the ice, cheered by THOUSANDS of adoring fans.

SUPERSCRIPT: "IMAGE COPYRIGHT WAHL 2021." Above the superscript, a video watermark of the WAHL League Logo.

40-year-old Raquel waves happily to the applause of the 2021 fans, beaming a proud smile.

She slows her skating when SHE SEES, behind the glass in the first row of rink side seats, Cara and Suzy waving and hooting for her.

Sitting between them, regal in a "Bruisers" jacket, her hair pulled back in a ponytail, is a proud, beautiful NINE YEAR OLD GIRL. This is our first glimpse of THE INTERVIEWER.

The Interviewer grins happily and waves to Raquel, who grins and waves back, skating slowly past. And then:

Behind the glass, at center ice, JAMES AT 42 years old BEAMS at Raquel, as he holds their DAUGHTER, ISADORA, 4 years old, up to the glass. Elizabeth Edona leans lightly against James.

Isadora is BLOWING KISSES to Raquel, and Raquel takes her glove off to blow kisses back, her cheeks flushed, glowing. Her eyes fill with tears of joy. Is she going to cry?

Quickly, she looks back UP to the rafters, to review the BLACK AND BLUE BRUISERS PENNANTS now hanging there, next to her own recently retired number... as she looks back down,

INTERCUT, back down to the 28-year-old Raquel in the almost empty arena, finishing her lap, just beginning her journey.

As she skates over to join the A-Team, they and the peewees begin a scrimmage game, skating for the joy of it. As Suzy passes Raquel the puck...

THE END