

# Throwing hammerS

by  
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FADE IN:

1 EXT. RUSTING REFINERY ON SHORE OF LAKE WAUBESA - DAY 1

A light snow falls as KENNY STUNTBECK, a winsome and starry-eyed dreamer, and his best friends: WENZLER, scrappy and street smart, PHILL KIM, a heavysset and carefree first generation Korean American, ANDREW RYAN, awkwardly lanky, attentive and introverted (all 20-21) trek across a frozen marshy Wisconsin lake shore.

They slip and slide on the shoreline ice except for Kenny. He is confident and sure-footed. Phill brings up the rear.

PHILL

(Singing)

*Ohh, Canadaaa, glorious and  
freeeee...*

KENNY

No, Phill. It's...

(starts singing)

*Ohh, Canadaaa, we stand on guard  
for thee. God keep our land  
glorious and freeeeee!*

PHILL

(Singing)

*We stand on guard to pee!!*

They all laugh except Kenny. He finishes the song with gusto.

KENNY

*Oh Canada, we stand on guard for  
thee. Oh Canada, we stand on guard  
for thee.*

WENZLER throws a snowball at KENNY.

WENZLER

Dude, you sing like my mother.

KENNY

Yeah, that's exactly what she  
sounds like in bed...

They all laugh.

PHILL

(Singing)

*Oh Canadaaa, standing in a treee...*

Wenzler kicks a mound of powdery snow drifting on the ice as they trudge onto the frozen lake.

WENZLER

Knock it off. You do know you're knee deep in the good ol' U. S. of A., right?

PHILL

Yeah, but it's a catchy tune...

WENZLER

Why don't you sing something American?

KENNY

You sound like my old man.

PHILL

(to Wenzler)

Like what?

WENZLER

Like *our* National Anthem. *O-oh say can you see*, and shit.

PHILL

(Singing)

*Oh, say can you peeee...*

KENNY

That's not American.

WENZLER

The hell it is. It's our doggone Star Spangled Chevy lovin' apple pie eating anthem!

KENNY

It's British. We stole it from the red coats.

ANDREW

Bold move.

WENZLER

Bullshit.

KENNY

It is. Look it up. So is America The Beautiful.

PHILL

It is?

KENNY

(Sings the familiar tune)  
*God save our gracious Queen...*

WENZLER

You mean to tell me, our Founding Fathers were the Robin Thicke of fucking sacred patriotic anthems and shit?

Kenny nods.

WENZLER (CONT'D)

Who gives a shit about some one hit wonder. That's not my point.

PHILL

Yeah, but you brought it up.

ANDREW

Did you know that Wayne Gretzke used to baby sit Robin Thicke?

WENZLER

What? How did this random information get stuck in your brainpan?

KENNY

I couldn't tell you a Robin Thicke song if you pulled it kicking and screaming out of Wenzler's ass.

ANDREW

That's a nice image.

PHILL

A lot of things have been pulled out of Wenzler's ass --

KENNY

While lip synching?

WENZLER

You'd be surprised by the lips that have graced this ass.

KENNY

Like your mothers?

WENZLER

Stop with my mother, already. Speaking of her grace - what the hell's up with Christy?

PHILL

I heard she hooked up with some Badger red shirt freshman on the football team.

KENNY

I thought she was with you?

ANDREW

So did I. She was the best thing that ever happened to me. I've peaked - been to the mountain top - and discarded like a frozen Sherpa.

KENNY

Sorry, Andrew. I didn't know.

WENZLER

She does have a nice mountain-top.

Kenny shoots Wenzler a "don't go there look."

WENZLER (CONT'D)

But that's no excuse for what she did to you.

ANDREW

I don't blame her, though. If I had the choice between a Badger and a stock boy, I'd do the same thing.

KENNY

Don't sell yourself short.

They arrive at an "ice fishing shanty." The term is used lightly. It's actually a rusty old VW Microbus partially submerged in the ice. A big red Wisconsin motion "W" is hand painted on the side and a Pirate flag flies from the antenna.

Wenzler pulls out his car keys, unlocks the rear door and they all pile in.

CUT TO:

2

INT. VW MICROBUS/ICE FISHING SHANTY - SAME TIME

2

WENZLER

He's a fucking bench-warmer. Fuck him.

PHILL

Yeah, fuck 'em.

KENNY

Her loss.

Phill grabs fishing gear and Wenzler pulls a bottle of cheap whiskey out from behind a seat. Andrew removes a cover from the floorboards revealing a circle of frozen ice below.

ANDREW

Remember how we all looked forward to graduating high school?

WENZLER

That was so two years ago. I can't even remember last week.

He takes a draw of whiskey and passes it around.

ANDREW

I'm serious. We thought we made it. We *graduated*. Graduated to what?

PHILL

Graduated from having to sit through Mr. Kemmer's bullshit social science classes.

The bottle gets to Kenny, but he declines.

KENNY

I liked Mr. Kemmer's class.

WENZLER

Not drinking?

KENNY

No. I've got a six-thirty draw tonight.

PHILL

Curling?

KENNY

Yup.

WENZLER

I thought drinking was part of the game?

KENNY

It is. It's in the rules. After each game the 'winner's to buy the first round.' It's considered poor sportsmanship if you don't.

PHILL  
My sort of game.

ANDREW  
And why aren't we all curling?

KENNY  
But the upper echelon curlers, the  
one's that are Olympic quality,  
they're professional athletes. They  
don't drink.

WENZLER  
That's bullshit. If they're  
'professional', then all the more  
reason to drink. Play the game the  
way it's supposed to be played.  
That's what I say.

Kenny gets out of the VW.

KENNY  
I'm subbing on Wannemacher's team  
tonight and I gotta make a good  
impression. I'll catch you guys  
later.

Kenny leaves, striking out across the ice.

PHILL  
He's still not on a team?

WENZLER  
Not since he won the Junior  
Nationals.

There's a nibble on his line...

PHILL  
That sucks. He should stick to  
fishing.

CUT TO:

3 I/E KENNY'S HOUSE - LATER

3

Kenny cuts through his neighbor's front lawn toward his own  
driveway and back door, oblivious to the snow banks on either  
side of the sidewalks and drive.

KENNY  
 (Singing loudly)  
*Oh Canadaaaa, the True North strong  
 and freeeee. From far and wide, we  
 stand on guard for theeeee...*

He enters the modest house, loudly stomping the snow off his feet to the beat of the song. Kenny's Mom, KELLI is in the kitchen making dinner.

KELLI (O.C.)  
 Don't forget to wipe your feet!

KENNY (CONT'D)  
 (Still singing the same melody)  
*...I'm wiping my feeeet!*

Kenny swings through the kitchen still singing the Canadian Anthem, AND SWITCHES TO FRENCH.

KENNY (CONT'D)  
 (Singing in French)  
*With glowing hearts we see thee  
 rise, The True North strong and  
 free!  
 (Car ton bras sait porter l'épée,  
 Il sait porter la croix...)*

He kisses his mom on the cheek as she fusses at the stove.

KELLI  
 Hi, dear. I love it when you sing French to me! Perfect timing, dinner's almost ready.

Kenny sticks his finger in the pot and takes a sample.

KENNY  
 Smells great, but I got to pass.  
 I'm throwing stones at six-thirty.

He breezes through the dining room where Kenny's Dad, KYLE, sits looking perplexed. He holds a smart phone at arm's length like it's been dipped in poison.

KENNY (CONT'D)  
 ...Hi Pop...

KELLI (O.C.)  
 Say hello to your father!

Kenny kisses his dad on the cheek like a Frenchman.

KYLE  
 (Grunts)  
 What the hell is 'migrating data'  
 and why should I import it? Won't I  
 get the virus?



Kenny heads up stairs toward his room, singing with gusto.

KENNY

(Singing in French)

From far and wide, God keep our  
land glorious and free!  
(*Ton histoire est une épopée, Et ta  
valeur, de foi trempéeeee.*)

KYLE

(Shouting after him)

What about the virus?

Kelli enters the dining room carrying a large steaming pot and sets it on the table.

KELLI

You don't have the virus, dear.

KYLE

How do you know, I could.

KELLI

Trust me, I'd know if you did.

KYLE

What's this?

KELLI

A new curry recipe I got from Mrs.  
Stewart. It's Punjabi.

KYLE

Punjabi? What the hell is wrong  
with this family? We got a kid that  
thinks he's Canuck and you've gone  
Punjab on me. What's wrong with  
meatloaf?

He takes a sniff of the curry before taking a bite.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Please tell me this isn't Mrs.  
Stewart's cat.

KELLI

Don't be silly dear, it's goat.

CUT TO:

4 INT. KENNY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

4

Kenny's room is a shrine to all things Curling and all things Canada. Shelves with dozens of CURLING PINS, PHOTOS AND TROPHIES fill up the room and CANADIAN AND SCOTTISH FLAGS hang from the back of his door and closet door.

POSTERS of female Canadian Curlers Rachel Homan and Chelsea Carey adorn his walls along with posters of men's 2014 Olympic Gold winners, Team Jacobs.

The centerpiece of the room is a giant TIM HORTON'S BRIER CHAMPIONSHIP BANNER that hangs from the ceiling.

He pulls a pair of loud red and white curling pants and a Team Canada curling jersey from a dresser drawer. Buried under the clothes, we see a partial newspaper clipping: "LOCAL OLYMPIC HOPEFUL..."

He throws on a hooded sweatshirt and tosses the rest into his duffle and grabs his broom.

As he leaves he touches his finger tips to his lips, then heart, then Brier banner before heading out.

CUT TO:

5 INT. MADISON CURLING CLUB ICE HOUSE - NIGHT

5

Kenny is in the zone. He's on the ice, crouched in the hack with a curling stone in front of him. In one fluid motion, he gracefully pushes out onto the ice.

His torso is bent inches above the ice with his eyes just above the stone. He does the seemingly impossible - balancing all his weight on one foot as the other foot drags behind.

He guides the massive stone with the tips of his fingers and gently turns his wrist, letting go of the rock...

There is only the SOUND of smooth granite sliding along the pebbled ice in a long loping arc.

The serenity is shattered by a manic SCREAM...

JERRY WANNEMACHER (O.S.)  
HURRY HARD!!!

From the far end of the ice sheet, JERRY WANNEMACHER, the team skip, jaws a piece of chewing gum and watches the speed and trajectory of the stone as two teammates furiously start sweeping in front of the stone.

Kenny, still down low on the ice, glides behind the action, watching the trajectory of the stone's curl.

KENNY

Off!!

The two sweepers pull their brooms up and away.

JERRY WANNEMACHER

No - hurry! Hurry hard!!

The sweepers furiously start sweeping again. Kenny grits his teeth at the call.

KENNY

OFF!!!

JERRY WANNEMACHER

SWEEP HARD!!

The two sweepers ignore Kenny and continue to attack the ice. The stone glides into the house where a half dozen other stones are scattered.

JERRY WANNEMACHER (CONT'D)

Off!

The sweepers stop and watch their stone miraculously curl around their opponent's guard stone. However, its weight is too heavy and it knocks into their point rock, knocking it out of position, giving the other team shot rock.

JERRY WANNEMACHER (CONT'D)

Nice try, boys. Nice try.

Kenny stays in the house with Jerry as the two sweepers head back down the ice to the other end. The other team takes control of the house for their shot as Kenny and Jerry watch.

KENNY

I had too much weight. You should have called off the sweep --

JERRY WANNEMACHER

You were narrow, too. We needed to get past the guard. Tough break.

KENNY

Sorry.

JERRY WANNEMACHER

Don't be sorry. Be on broom.

They watch their opponents sweep their stone right into the house setting up a guard to protect their point stone.

JERRY WANNEMACHER (CONT'D)

Damn. They're not making it easy  
for us.

He confidently slides into the house, nods to Kenny as he sets his broom down next to the opponent's guard stone.

JERRY WANNEMACHER (CONT'D)

I'm gonna give you peel weight.

KENNY

Double take out?

JERRY WANNEMACHER

Yup.

KENNY

That's a pretty small port. You  
think you can get past those  
guards?

JERRY WANNEMACHER

Yup... I'll get her through.

Jerry takes off for the other end of the ice. Kenny sticks his own broom where Jerry had just set his.

At the far end of the ice. Jerry sets up in the hack, motioning to Kenny to move his broom over. Kenny obliges by moving his broom a half inch.

Jerry sets, then pushes out of the hack, releasing the stone with a lot of speed on it. The two sweepers run down the ice to keep up with it.

KENNY

Sweep!!

The two sweepers pound their brooms to the ice and sweep.

JERRY WANNEMACHER

OFFFF!!!!

The pair stop sweeping, but continue to run with the stone.

Incredibly, the hurtling stone squeezes between the two guard stones with less than a quarter inch on either side and slams into the opponent's guard exactly where Jerry had pointed to. The guard stone then slams into the point stone knocking both out of the way, leaving Jerry's stone alone with point.

KENNY

Holy crap! Great shot!!

He enthusiastically high-fives his team mates as their opponents can't believe their eyes. Jerry slides past Kenny and high-fives his two sweepers.

JERRY WANNEMACHER

Good game, guys.

The two teams shake hands and head off the ice.

Kenny stays behind, hangs the winning point on the scoreboard and gathers his stuff in his duffle bag.

CUT TO:

6

INT. CURLING CLUBHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

6

The two teams of older curlers sit together at a round table drinking beer. Kenny, coat in hand, stops by the table.

JERRY WANNEMACHER

Hey, kid, thanks for subbing tonight. Grab a seat.

KENNY

Sure. No problem. Any time.

He takes a seat next to the skip.

JERRY WANNEMACHER

I was surprised to see you available to play - I thought you were off to college training.

Kenny notices a poster on the nearby bulletin board: "Badger State Championship Cash Bonspiel. Win \$20,000 Grand Prize."

KENNY

(awkward pause)

Um. No. I'm here. Just working... and curling.

JERRY WANNEMACHER

Oh, good for you.

More awkward silence, then Kenny quickly gets up to leave.

JERRY WANNEMACHER (CONT'D)

You sticking around for a beer?

KENNY  
 Nah, maybe next time.  
 (to other team)  
 Nice game guys.

As he exits, Jerry shrugs and gets back to his conversation.

JERRY WANNEMACHER  
 Sad what happened. He seems like a  
 good kid.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. CURLING CLUBHOUSE PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER 7

Kenny pulls his sweatshirt hood tight around his head as he makes his way into the cold winter night's air.

He climbs a snow bank and emerges in another parking lot - of THE MADISON HOCKEY CLUB. THREE TALL BEEFY GUYS are piling hockey gear into the back of a shiny new luxury SUV.

One of the guys, RUSS SCOTTART, stops and looks at Kenny. He points at Kenny's curling broom.

RUSS SCOTTART  
 How the hell do you hit a puck with  
 that thing?

KENNY  
 How the hell do you mouth breathe  
 and stay upright on skates?

RUSS SCOTTART  
 Oh, a funny man?

HOCKEY GUY 2  
 The pussy curler thinks he's a  
 comedian.

KENNY  
 Pussy? Dude, I can toss a forty-two  
 pound stone the width of a football  
 field and land it on a dime. You  
 couldn't slap a puck if it was  
 tattooed on the end of your dick.

HOCKEY GUY 2  
 That so, funny man?

RUSS SCOTTART  
 You think that's funny?

KENNY

More sad than funny. You want funny? What's the difference between your girlfriend and your hockey team?

The hockey players glare at him.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Your girlfriend stopped sucking after the first date.

With that, he BOLTS past the beefy players. The guys drop their gear and give chase...

CUT TO:

8

INT. DINER - NIGHT

8

Kenny sits at a table with Wenzler, Andrew and Phill. His left eye is BLACK & BLUE and swollen almost completely shut. Kenny shovels in a mouthful of PUMPKIN PIE.

WENZLER

You're one dumb son-of-a-bitch.

PHILL

I gotta hand it to you, you got stones.

ANDREW

What the hell were you thinking?

KENNY

I would've been fine if I didn't slip and take a header on the curb. What kills me is they were all so smug, with their gold chain, frat boy arrogance... helping me up off the pavement like they were my friends... acting like they own the world.

ANDREW

They *do* own the world.

KENNY

God, this's good pie.

WENZLER

That's not pie.

KENNY

(With his mouth full)  
What?

WENZLER

That's not pie. Pie has a crust.

PHILL

What are you talking about? It's a  
big ass slice of pumpkin pie. It  
has a crust.

He points to the bottom of his slice.

WENZLER

Uh-no. It has to have a crust on  
top to be a pie.

KENNY

You're high.

WENZLER

I'm serious. And I'm not high -yet.

KENNY

You're seriously whacked.  
(Shovels more pie in)  
You're telling me this delicious  
piece of pumpkin pie wonderfulness  
is not a pie?

WENZLER

Yup. Not a pie.

KENNY

Then what is it?

WENZLER

Technically, it's a pastry.

ANDREW

Like a Danish or a doughnut?

PHILL

Those don't have crusts. At least  
for a couple of days...

WENZLER

No, I'm talking tarts. Pies are  
technically part of the tart  
family.

PHILL

So are strippers.



KENNY  
 (ignoring Phill)  
 That's the most ridiculous thing  
 I've ever heard. What about  
 Chocolate Cream Pie?

WENZLER  
 Not a pie. It's a mousse.

KENNY  
 Lemon Merengue?

WENZLER  
 Nope. The merengue is technically a  
 topping, not a crust. Not a pie.

KENNY  
 (puts emphasis on first  
 syllable)  
 Pecan?

WENZLER  
 No top crust. No pie. Also, it's  
 pecan. You take a piss in a pee-  
 can.

KENNY  
 What about fruit pies? My mom makes  
 killer Apple Crumb pie... No top,  
 just sweet, sweet awesomeness. She  
 makes a great Blueberry pie, too.

WENZLER  
 Listen dude, those aren't pies. No  
 fuckin' top crusts!

ANDREW  
 What about Peach Cobbler? Cobbler  
 has crust on top.

PHILL  
 Isn't that someone that makes  
 shoes?

WENZLER  
 Cobbler's a pie.

KENNY  
 Cobbler's a pie? But Pumpkin pie  
 isn't a pie. You were dropped often  
 as a child.

ANDREW

What about your savory pies, like quiche?

PHILL

I have a pair of sneakers that smell like a quiche.

Wenzler shoots Phill an irritated look.

WENZLER

Quiche is an egg casserole. Shouldn't be counted in the pie family. But your Cornish pasty and Spanish empanadas - those are pies.

ANDREW

So a Shepherd's Pie?

WENZLER

Nope. Mashed Potatoes on top. Not a crust.

KENNY

Chicken Pot Pie? Those have a crust on top.

WENZLER

Yup. That's a pie.

PHILL

What about those frozen pot pies in the grocery store? Those have crusts on top but no bottom crust.

WENZLER

Not a pie because you flip it upside down to serve. Thus, no crust on top.

KENNY

How 'bout a pizza pie? It's got pie in the name.

Wenzler shoots everyone at the table a dismissive look.

WENZLER

NOT FUCKING PIE!!

They all look at Wenzler like he's nuts.

KENNY

You're deranged. By your definition half the pies out there aren't pies. You're excluding the majority of pies in the pie genus of deliciously awesome sweet and savory food items.

Wenzler eyes down Phill.

WENZLER

You gonna back me up on this?

PHILL

Don't look at me. I'm a cake guy.

A group of attractive girls comes into the diner, taking a booth on the far side.

PHILL (CONT'D)

Isn't that Maggie Brown?

KENNY

God, she's beautiful.

ANDREW

You still have a crush on her?

KENNY

Since seventh grade.

PHILL

Why didn't you ever ask her out?

KENNY

She gave me my first boner.

WENZLER

Wait. What?

KENNY

We were both in Mr. Charletta's science class and were dissecting frogs.

ANDREW

You got a boner dissecting frogs?

KENNY

We were lab partners and she spilled a bottle of formaldehyde on my pants. She tried to wipe it off, I got HUGELY excited... I never knew what to say.

WENZLER

How 'bout  
(Doing a frog imitation)  
'Rub it. Rub it.'

They all laugh.

KENNY

That's not funny. She's not like  
that. I would give anything for one  
date with her.

WENZLER

Well, here's your chance. She's  
coming over here.

MAGGIE BROWN is a lissome Midwestern girl-next-door type with  
an easy smile that lights up an entire room. She makes her  
way through the crowd toward the bathroom. She sees the group  
of four guys watching her as she approaches.

MAGGIE

Phill? Phill Kim?

PHILL

Hi, Maggie.

He gets up and gives her a big bear hug.

MAGGIE

I haven't seen you since  
graduation? How are you?

PHILL

I'm good. This is Andrew and  
Wenzler.

Andrew waves from across the table and Wenzler nods.

WENZLER

S'up.

PHILL

Do you remember Kenny?

She looks at Kenny and smiles sweetly. Kenny makes no effort  
to acknowledge her, instead sinking lower in his seat.

MAGGIE

Kenneth Stuntbeck? We were in  
biology class together.

Kenny blushes and the rest of the table giggles.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
What happened to your eye?

KENNY  
It's nothing.

WENZLER  
You should see the other guys.

MAGGIE  
Ouch. Well, I hope you're all right.

PHILL  
So, what have you been up to?

MAGGIE  
Oh, you know, going to school like everybody does. Haven't declared a major yet, but I've got time. You?

PHILL  
Same old, same old. Still slingin' ginseng for my folks.

MAGGIE  
Are you going to school?

PHILL  
Nope.

There's an awkward silence. She looks at Kenny and smiles.

MAGGIE  
Well, anyway, great seeing you guys again.

She leaves, heading toward the bathroom.

WENZLER  
Dude, why didn't you say anything?

KENNY  
I... I --

ANDREW  
You had the perfect opportunity!

PHILL  
That was pretty rude to not even get up and shake her hand.

KENNY  
I can't.

WENZLER

Why not?

KENNY

I couldn't.

PHILL

You couldn't? Why?

KENNY

I got another boner.

CUT TO:

9

INT. KENNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

9

Kelli sits at the kitchen table reading the morning paper. Kyle is busy at the stove cooking breakfast when Kenny enters, wearing a silk bathrobe and big fuzzy slippers.

KENNY

(in French)

Bonjour, maman!

He kisses his mom on the cheek.

KELLI

What happened to your eye?

KENNY

It's nothing. I fell on the ice last night. Bonjour, papa!

He leans in and steals a piece of cheese while quickly kissing his dad on the cheek before he can protest.

KYLE

God damn it. Say good morning in American.

KELLI

I like it, it's so... European.

KENNY

French Canadian, mama.

KELLI

French Canadians. They're so European, too.

KYLE

Our son thinks he's a god damn frog Canadian. Why can't you be a normal Canadian, like from Toronto?

Kenny thinks about it.

KENNY

Well for starters, I don't speak Chinese.

KYLE

Chinese? Who said anything about the damn Chinese? I said, normal. Like speaking normal, All-American English.

KENNY

But in Canadian.

KYLE

In AMERICAN! Speak in god damn American! I'm making egg sandwiches. Do you want bacon or ham?

KENNY

Canadian Bacon, please.

KYLE

HAM. In American.

KENNY

(With a fake Texas accent)  
I reckon Canadian bacon, all y'all.  
Does that sound better?

KELLI

Kenny, stop messing with your father. He's not a cat toy.

KENNY

You know, more Torontonians speak Chinese than French.

KYLE

What?

KENNY

There are more Chinese Canadians in Toronto than French Canadians.

KYLE

You trying to tell me we got crazy Canuck Chinamen lining up to play hockey now? Because I've never seen no crazy Canuck Chinamen hockey players take the ice.

KELLI

You shouldn't call them crazy, Canucks, or Chinamen, dear. I think Asian-American Canadians is probably more politically correct.

Kyle thinks about that for a moment.

KYLE

That's not the point.

KENNY

What is your point, papa?

KYLE

My point? My point?

KENNY

Oui, papa.

KYLE

Stop calling me 'papa.' I ain't your 'papa'.

Eyebrows raise.

KELLI

I'm pretty sure you are. I know. I was there.

KYLE

Son, I know this may come as a surprise to you, but your mother and I are god damn Scennie Cheese Head loving Americans, not Canadian. That makes you a god damn American, too. It's high time you grow up, live the American dream and get a god damn job.

KENNY

You're funny, papa. I have a job, and I'll be moving out as soon as I save up enough. I think I'll take that egg sandwich to go.

(to Mom)

(MORE)



KENNY (CONT'D)

I'm going to grab some free ice time this morning and practice. My weight was way off last night. Au revoir.

Kenny stands, grabs his egg sandwich, kisses his mom on the cheek and leaves.

KENNY (CONT'D)

(in French)

Love you!  
(*Vous aimer!*)

Kyle hands his wife an egg sandwich and takes a seat.

KELLI

You're getting yourself all worked up over nothing.

Kyle takes a bite of his egg sandwich.

KYLE

That is one strange kid.

KELLI

Who cares as long as he's happy. The world's a different place than when we grew up. If his American Dream is to be Canadian, who cares? He doesn't do drugs, he's respectful, he's a good kid just trying to find himself in the world. This has been a hard year for him, with all his team mates moving on... and him coming back here.

KYLE

I suppose it could be worse. He could be tattooing and piercing his nether-regions.

KELLI

That's true.

She takes a bite of dry toast.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Speaking of nether regions, drink your cranberry juice, dear. It's good for your areas.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. KIM'S BODY & SEOUL REAR ENTRANCE/LOADING DOCK - MORNING

Andrew and Phill, both wearing matching Body & Seoul smocks, hang out behind Phill's family's Asian Health & Wellness Store. Phill leans against a broom as Kenny approaches.

KENNY

Top of the morning!

ANDREW

'sup.

KENNY

I'm gonna go throw some stones.  
Care to join me?

PHILL

(bored)

Can't. Promised Mom we'd clean the storeroom. My sister's bringing more ginseng down from Wausau today.

KENNY

Can't you do that later?

ANDREW

Not if we want to keep living the dream.

KENNY

Kay. Later.

Kenny stuffs his hands in his pockets and trudges on.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. WENZLER'S RENTED HOUSE - MORNING 11

Wenzler lives in a tired, working class neighborhood. Kenny climbs crooked steps to a rusty front door and lets himself in. He grabs an EVICTION NOTICE that's taped on the door.

CUT TO:

12 INT. WENZLER'S RENTED HOUSE - SAME TIME 12

A bench press and a small dorm size refrigerator sit in the middle of the room. Wenzler wears a pair of baggy shorts and a wife beater tee and is lifting weights.

KENNY

Hey.

WENZLER

Hey, what's up?

KENNY

This was on your front door.

He hands him the eviction notice.

WENZLER

What's new.

He crumples it up and throws it in the corner, missing a trash can.

KENNY

I'm heading down to the club to throw some stones. Want to come?

The toilet FLUSHES. A PETITE BLONDE discreetly leaves the bathroom zipping up her pants and pulling a baggy sweatshirt over her head.

PETITE BLONDE

Got to run - I'm late for class.  
See you later.

Wenzler nods at her as she leaves.

KENNY

Isn't that Christy Rennenbohm?

WENZLER

Yup.

KENNY

*Andrew's* Christy Rennenbohm?

WENZLER

No. Not Andrew's Christy Rennenbohm. Some jag off Badger half wit jock's Christy Rennenbohm.

KENNY

What the fuck?

WENZLER

She and the half wit crushed Andrew's soul and destroyed his self esteem so I sucked it up and took one for the team.

He pulls out a Hello Kitty smart phone.

WENZLER (CONT'D)  
Check it out.

He hands Kenny the phone. His eyes bulge wide.

KENNY  
Damn.

He turns the phone sideways.

KENNY (CONT'D)  
Dude. She's gonna go ape shit when she sees this. She'll delete it.

WENZLER  
She can't delete what she already sent.

Wenzler smiles and pulls on a pair of pants.

WENZLER (CONT'D)  
She "accidentally" left her phone here and I may have "accidentally" sent these photos to her red shirt stud.

KENNY  
You're kind of a dick.

WENZLER  
Yup. Let's go throw some rocks.

CUT TO:

13 INT. CURLING CLUB ICE HOUSE - LATER

13

Wenzler stands in the house at one end of a sheet halfheartedly holding a broom on the ice. Kenny practices throwing stones. He waits for Kenny's release before talking.

WENZLER  
So, I don't get it. All your junior national teammates went off to the Olympic High Performance program and you bailed and came back here. Don't get me wrong, I appreciate your company and all, but out of all of us, you're the only one with enough genuine talent to make something of himself.

He watches the stone curl to a perfect stop right on the eight foot T Line, perfectly lined up next to a stone already sitting on the twelve foot T Line.

Kenny slides down and places Wenzler's broom two feet to the left. Wenzler shifts positions and takes the broom.

KENNY

And don't you forget it. Besides,  
why would I leave my best friends?

Kenny slides back down to the far side of the sheet.

WENZLER

You're a Junior fucking National  
Champion Curler. You should be  
training for the Olympics and have  
an entourage of personal trainers  
and publicists and shit. What are  
you doing here with me? I don't  
know what the fuck I'm doing.

KENNY

No shit. Dreams cost money.

Kenny motions to move the broom an inch to the left.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Maybe I prefer your manly-man  
camaraderie and *esprit de corp*.

Wenzler adjusts and Kenny throws his stone.

WENZLER

And who wouldn't. But I mean, if  
you think about it, you kind of  
pulled a Yoko on yourself. You  
busted up the band and what do you  
have to show for it?

The stone curls right to the four foot T Line and stops,  
perfectly aligned with the first two stones.

Wenzler moves the broom another two feet to the left. Kenny  
slides down to Wenzler and adjusts the broom a few inches.

KENNY

I have my name on that silk up  
there.

He points to a banner "Junior National Champions" and slides  
toward the other end of the ice to throw another rock.

WENZLER

That's not what I meant. Dude, if there's a bright center to the universe, you're on the planet that it's furthest from.

Kenny throws and slides down the ice, following the stone.

It curls in a big lazy loop, coming to rest on the Button, dead center in the middle of the House, finishing the perfect row of stones.

KENNY

Maybe there's no place like home.

WENZLER

God Damn, that's impressive. How the fuck do you do that?

CUT TO:

14 INT. CURLING CLUBHOUSE - LATER

14

The pair are leaving and Wenzler notices the \$20K WISCONSIN CASH SPIEL poster on the bulletin board.

WENZLER

Hey, did you see this? What's a bonspiel?

KENNY

It's a big weekend long curling tournament. It's bullshit.

WENZLER

You can win twenty grand. That's some serious bullshit - didn't you just say 'dreams cost money?' I know my rent does. Says, 'the best curlers in Wisconsin will be here.' You're not at all interested?

KENNY

Nope. Let's get out of here.

WENZLER

Want to go ice-fishing?

KENNY

Can't. I got to work.  
 (glances at phone)  
 Oh shit, I'm late. Gotta fly.  
 (in French)  
 (MORE)

KENNY (CONT'D)

See you later.

(*À plus tard.*)

After Kenny leaves, Wenzler rips the poster down and stuffs it in his jacket.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. LAKESIDE LEISURE TIME HOT TUB WAREHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Kenny walks to a desolate strip mall housing the LAKESIDE HOT TUB WAREHOUSE & LEISURE EMPORIUM. There's one car in the parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. LAKESIDE LEISURE TIME HOT TUB EMPORIUM - SAME TIME

Kenny enters and sees his boss, BILLY RUSSERT, talking to an ATTRACTIVE LESBIAN COUPLE.

BILLY RUSSERT

...I can't tell you how much I want to see you in this hot tub. I really do.

Kenny forces a smile and nods to Billy, but gets a quick dismissive look in return.

BILLY RUSSERT (CONT'D)

But I got to tell you, this is our most expensive model. I don't want to talk you out of it, but I'd like to show you this one over here. It's a bit smaller, but like my wife says, you'll hardly notice at all.

The women frown.

BILLY RUSSERT (CONT'D)

That's a joke. Just trying to let you know I'm "down" with 'me too' and all.

The women turn to leave. Kenny rolls his eyes and interrupts.

KENNY

(in French)

The bigger it is, the better it is.  
(*Bonjour mesdemoiselles, mesieurs.*)

(MORE)

KENNY (CONT'D)  
*Le plus grosse qu'elle est, c'est mieux.*)

BILLY RUSSERT  
 Ah, thanks. I'll be with you in just a second.

He smiles at the young ladies and switches to English, adding a thick French accent.

KENNY  
 Don't listen to him. You deserve the very best. What's a few dollars more for good quality? This one suits you, no?

He points to the more expensive model. The young women smile, they're intrigued. He's emboldened.

KENNY (CONT'D)  
 Look at the luxurious room to lounge and let the water caress and comfort your body and soul. Feel the powerful rhythmic jets of air pounding your cares away. Oui?

BILLY RUSSERT  
 Okay. Thanks for your help, eh, sir. I said I'll be with you in just a second.

Kenny is getting serious stink eye from his boss.

KENNY  
*Mes excuses.* My apologies for the intrusion. I am just looking for directions to the post office.

BILLY RUSSERT  
 Two blocks down on the left.

KENNY  
 (in French)  
 Thank you, young ladies.  
*(Je vous remerci, demoiselles.)*

He can feel his boss's red hot glare at him as he quickly exits the store, grinning from ear to ear.

He goes around to the back entrance, grabs a clipboard and starts doing inventory. A moment later, Billy storms in.

BILLY RUSSERT  
 What do you think you're doing?



KENNY  
Saving your sale.

BILLY RUSSERT  
Is that so? I think I was doing  
just fine, thank you. You're late  
again. Pack your shit and go. Now.

KENNY  
What? You're kidding, right?

BILLY RUSSERT  
I'm sorry, but you are not Leisure  
Emporium material. You're fired.

CUT TO:

16 I/E STUNTBECK'S BAIT & ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY 16

A stubborn throwback to an older era, this humble log cabin  
'Mom and Pop' store sits on the shore of Lake Waubesa. A BELL  
on the door RINGS as Kenny enters. He lets the door SMACK  
shut behind him. TWO ICE FISHERMEN shop for bait and beer.

Kenny's Dad looks up from behind the ice cream counter.

KYLE  
Hey, aren't you supposed to be at  
work right now?

Silently, Kenny throws an apron on, grabs a broom and heads  
to the back storeroom.

KENNY (O.C.)  
Don't tell mom.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. VW MICROBUS/ICE FISHING SHANTY - DAY 17

Andrew and Phill sit in front of their VW fishing. Wenzler  
arrives, grabs a plastic bucket, making a stool for himself.

WENZLER  
Where the fuck is Kenny?

He pulls out a six pack, grabs a can and passes it to Andrew.

ANDREW  
Thanks. He said he'd be here an  
hour ago.

PHILL  
With the bait.

Phill grabs a beer.

WENZLER  
You've been here an hour fishing  
with no bait?

PHILL  
Yup.

Wenzler tries Kenny on his cell phone.

WENZLER  
Nothing. Just voice mail.

ANDREW  
It'd be a more satisfying  
experience with bait.

WENZLER  
No shit.

He stands.

WENZLER (CONT'D)  
C'mon.

PHILL  
But, I'm not done with my beer...

CUT TO:

18 INT. STUNTBECK'S BAIT & ICE CREAM SHOP - LATER

18

The BELL on the front door RINGS as Wenzler, Phill and Andrew file into the bait shop, surprised to see Kenny working behind the counter.

WENZLER  
Dude.

ANDREW  
S'up.

They all take seats at the ice cream counter.

KENNY  
Hey, guys. What's the good word?

WENZLER

The good word is bait. As in fishing. As in an hour ago.

KENNY

Oh, shit. Sorry. I totally spaced it. Babcock's on me. What'll it be?

PHILL

Give me a scoop of mint chocolate.

ANDREW

When did you start working back here? Chocolate sundae with the works.

Wenzler declines Kenny's offer and pulls an open beer out of his pocket. Kenny grabs an ice cream scoop and two bowls.

KENNY

Since I got fired again.

There's an uncomfortable silence. Andrew changes subjects.

ANDREW

Looks like I dodged a bullet train to crazy town.

KENNY

How so?

ANDREW

Christy's cretinous, now ex, boyfriend's been posting videos of her doing the nasty.

KENNY

Really?

He hands Phill a bowl of ice cream and starts Andrew's order.

PHILL

Thanks. What kind of nasty?

Andrew pulls out his phone, pulls up a video and hands it to Phill. Phill's eyebrows go up.

ANDREW

Dude. Weird kinky shit... and that's not a ring --

The guys do a double-take of the footage and moan.

PHILL

That's wrong.

Andrew takes the phone back and replays the video.

ANDREW

It's weird, though.

WENZLER

What's weird?

ANDREW

The lights bad, but it looks like there's someone watching. I swear it looks just like Jeff Goldblum lurking in the background.

Wenzler sinks in his seat.

KENNY

Huh. That's weird.

He shoots a quick glance toward Wenzler.

ANDREW

I'm so used to seeing Jeff Goldblum's picture at Wenzler's, I think I've got Goldblum on the brain. Why the hell do you have his picture plastered everywhere, anyway? I mean, he's even in your bathroom...

WENZLER

So I like a little company when I take a dump.

ANDREW

It's creepy as shit. I can never take a leak at your place. I hate having Jeff Goldblum grinning at me while I pee.

The BELL RINGS. It's Maggie. Dressed for a winter jog. She heads to the cooler for a bottle of water.

KENNY

She's beautiful.

She makes eye contact and smiles.

PHILL

You should ask her out.

She walks toward them. Kenny backs away, but is trapped behind the counter.

KENNY

I can't, I don't know, I, I --

MAGGIE

Well, hello there. I didn't know you work here.

KENNY

Yeah, it's my dad's store.

Kenny tries to be as cool and debonair as he can.

KENNY (CONT'D)

So, uh, what brings you to this fine establishment?

She holds up the water bottle and smiles.

Kenny blushes, self consciously ringing up the sale.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah, right. It was good to see you again the other day and I was wondering, if you, well, would you like to grab a beer?

Maggie smiles.

MAGGIE

No. This water's fine.  
(Kenny's disappointed)  
Just kidding. Sure. I'd love one.

Kenny's caught off guard. He wasn't expecting that response.

KENNY

Ah, great. What day works for you?

MAGGIE

How about now?

KENNY

Now?

She smiles and nods.

ANDREW

What about my sundae?

He gestures toward his half made sundae behind the counter.

KENNY  
(to Maggie)  
That's... uh, sure. Now is perfect.

He starts taking off his smock and hat and grabs his coat.

ANDREW  
Kenny.

Kenny grabs the scoop and absently reaches into the cooler marked "Bait" and scoops worms onto Andrew's sundae.

KENNY  
Sorry. I forgot.

He hands Andrew the bowl of ice cream and worms, throws on his coat, grabs a six pack of beer from the cooler and leaves with Maggie.

WENZLER  
He's not well.

ANDREW  
(looking at his sundae)  
At least we got bait now.

Kyle emerges from the back store room.

KYLE  
Where'd Kenny go?

Wenzler grabs Kenny's smock and hat.

WENZLER  
Hi Mr. Stuntbeck. He had an, um, appointment. He asked us to mind the store.

Kyle sees the bowl of worms. He doesn't want to know.

KYLE  
Okay. I'm almost done ordering inventory. Holler if you need anything.

Wenzler waits for him to be out of earshot, then pulls the bonspiel poster out of his pocket.

WENZLER  
OK, guys, listen up. Kenny's always been there for us. He should be in serious training, not fucking around here with us. The guy's a lost soul. He needs our help.

He lays the crumpled poster on the counter.

WENZLER (CONT'D)

Well, now it's time to pay him back. We're going to give him a push out of the nest and help him win this.

ANDREW

Curling?

PHILL

I haven't curled since I was a kid. You don't even know how to curl...

WENZLER

Not today. But how hard can it be? We have a national champion as our ringer.

He eyes Kenny out the window. Kenny trips on his own scarf, managing to simultaneously choke himself while stumbling through a snowbank.

ANDREW

Yeah, I don't know --

WENZLER

Look at him. If Kenny can do it, we shouldn't have any problem. Right?

PHILL

Sorry, but no thanks. I don't think I'm feeling it.

Wenzler folds the poster so only the \$20,000 prize is showing.

WENZLER

Feeling it now?

CUT TO:

19

EXT. YAHARA RIVER PARKWAY - DAY

19

Maggie and Kenny walk along the Yahara River parkway away from the open expanse of frozen lake. Kenny pulls a can of beer out of a paper bag and hands it to Maggie.

MAGGIE

So, do you have a girlfriend?

KENNY

No. Hard to believe, I know, right?

She laughs. He cracks open a can for himself, but doesn't drink it.

MAGGIE

I thought you and Katy, from Senior homeroom, were together.

KENNY

We used to hang out, but I got sick of her mind games.

MAGGIE

What do you mean?

KENNY

Well, for example, we kind of hooked up right before graduation. We'd go and hang out and have some really fun times and I thought we had something. But then we were out once and she tells me she has to leave and go meet up with this guy she met at a party the week before. And she just packs up and leaves.

MAGGIE

That sucks.

KENNY

What really sucked is that she said she was just hanging out with me until he got finished with class and then was going to go over to his place.

MAGGIE

You were just a place holder.

KENNY

Apparently. I just don't get it. I mean, I suppose I appreciate her honesty. But she was so casually brutal about it. It was soul crushing... What about you?

MAGGIE

Me? Definitely not casually brutal. I'm much more thoughtful... Premeditated.



KENNY

Good to know. That's not what I meant. I was wondering --

MAGGIE

If I've been casually brutalized? Yes. I met this guy that plays hockey --

KENNY

*Merde*, really? It's always a hockey player! *Pourquoi*? Sorry, go on.

MAGGIE

It was pretty much a disaster. He'd get me and the puck mixed up.

KENNY

How so?

MAGGIE

I think he liked the chase better than the relationship. He'd chase me down, but then he couldn't wait to pass me off and chase another... puck.

KENNY

So you're saying he dropped the puck? What a... schmuck.

She smiles.

MAGGIE

Pretty much. His loss. I guess I was his place holder.

KENNY

Well, the good news is I don't play hockey.

They stop at the picturesque Rutledge Street Bridge.

MAGGIE

Good. But do you ever play Pooh sticks?

KENNY

No. What's that?

MAGGIE

You never heard of Pooh sticks?

He shakes his head.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Dude. Didn't your parents ever read you Winnie the Pooh as a kid?

KENNY

No. I was a problem child... I ran with wolves.

She grabs TWO STICKS off the ground and motions for him to follow her to the edge of the bridge.

She looks over the ledge. Slate colored water gurgles through an unfrozen section of river. She hands a stick to Kenny.

MAGGIE

Here. When I count to three, we drop our sticks and whose ever stick comes out the other side of the bridge first, wins.

Kenny gives her a look.

KENNY

Really?

MAGGIE

Really. It's fun. Trust me.

She reaches over the edge with her stick. Kenny does likewise.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Okay. One... two --

KENNY

Hold on a second. What do we win? We should put something on the line, shouldn't we?

She laughs.

MAGGIE

Sure. Okay.

KENNY

What do you want to bet?

She thinks about it for a second.

MAGGIE

How about --

KENNY

Wait. Don't say it out loud. Type it on my phone and don't show me. I'll do the same on yours.

MAGGIE

OK. But what if our wagers are way out of line with each other. I mean what if you bet a trip to Europe or something and I bet a stick of gum?

KENNY

That's the chance we take. It's how Lady Luck rolls... plus, I can't afford a trip across town, let alone a trip to Europe. Are you in?

Maggie smiles at him, as she sizes up the offer.

MAGGIE

I'm in.

They both pull out and swap their SMART PHONES and begin typing, careful not to see the other's screen.

KENNY

Now, we'll text to each other, but hit send after you put your phone in your pocket.

MAGGIE

Okay. I'm ready.

They hide their phones in their jacket pockets and hit send.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

All right, now that we have that settled. Ready?

They lean out over the bridge, reaching out as far as they can with their sticks.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

One... Two --

KENNY

Wait. Do we drop *on* three or *after* three?

MAGGIE

After three. Ready?

KENNY

Okay. I'm ready.

MAGGIE  
You sure now?

KENNY  
Yup. I'm ready. After three. Go.

Kenny plants his feet shoulder length apart, like he's ready to run a marathon. Maggie shakes her head and smiles.

KENNY (CONT'D)  
What? I'm ready!

MAGGIE  
Okay. Okay. One... two...

She drops her stick.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
*Three!*

She catches Kenny off guard. He drops his stick after three.

KENNY  
Hey!

Maggie's stick hits the water first and the current sweeps it under the bridge before Kenny's even hits the water.

KENNY (CONT'D)  
You cheated!

Maggie runs to the other side of the bridge.

MAGGIE  
No I didn't! You're too slow... I'm winning!

Kenny follows her to the far side of the bridge and the pair stare over the ledge at the gurgling water below and wait.

KENNY  
You totally cheated! Does your mother know she raised a charlatan?

MAGGIE  
Who do you think taught me this game?

KENNY  
Ah, so you're from a long line of roustabouts and ne'er-do-wells?

MAGGIE

Why do you think I'm hanging here  
with you?

KENNY

That actually makes a lot of sense.

He looks down... still no sign of their two sticks.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Not a very fast paced game, is it?

MAGGIE

Says the curler.

KENNY

Ouch. Touché. You knew I curled?

MAGGIE

Hello? Junior National Champion.  
The whole school knew. It was kind  
of a big deal.

Kenny is genuine surprised. He blushes.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

So, Kenny Stuntbeck why don't you  
tell me more about yourself?

KENNY

What do you want to know?

MAGGIE

Let's start with the tired cliché,  
what do you want to do when you  
grow up?

KENNY

Ouch, going right for the jugular.  
You really don't like to play fair  
do you, Brown...

She smiles sheepishly at him, not denying the accusation.

KENNY (CONT'D)

I want to compete in, and win, the  
Tim Horton's Brier. It's the Super  
Bowl of Canadian curling.

MAGGIE

Definitely not a cliché answer.  
That sounds like an admirable goal.

KENNY

Really? You're the first one to ever tell me that.

MAGGIE

It's good to set the bar high.

KENNY

My Dad tells me I should use my head for something more than a hat rack. He also says I have a strong back and a weak mind.

MAGGIE

That's not very nice. Why does he say that?... Look!

One lone stick appears from under the bridge.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Mine!

KENNY

No, that's mine!! It's got the crook in it.

A second stick appears and it's definitely Maggie's.

MAGGIE

Damn.

KENNY

See, the universe doesn't like swindlers and cheats.

MAGGIE

So, your Dad doesn't mean that shit does he?

KENNY

Yeah, he does. I mean, he's probably right. The Brier's a stupid goal. Not very realistic.

MAGGIE

Why would you say that? Specially if you love curling?

KENNY

Well, for starters, you got to be Canadian to compete in it...

Maggie does a double take.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know. But it's the most prestigious curling event in the world. Its for the elite of the elite...

She pulls her phone out and looks at the text.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Well?

She laughs hard.

KENNY (CONT'D)

That's not quite the reaction I was hoping for.

She holds up her phone. It says "Kiss Me."

MAGGIE

Really?

KENNY

A bet's a bet. What's so funny?

MAGGIE

Pull out your phone.

He pulls out his phone and laughs. It says: "Kiss me."

Maggie playfully cups Kenny's head in her hands and gently kisses him. He pulls her close and the kiss grows passionate.

She looks deep in his eyes and smiles.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Wow... I gotta go... You okay?

Grinning, he nods.

KENNY

Want me to walk you back?

MAGGIE

No, that's all right. But text me later. Thanks for the beer.

He watches her walk down the bridge.

KENNY

(shouts)

Oh, hey, Wenzler's throwing a party tomorrow night. Wanna go?

She turns back, motions for him to text her, smiles and nods, and disappears round the corner. He turns - still grinning - and walks off in the other direction. He starts singing.

KENNY (CONT'D)

*Ohh, Canadaaa, we stand on guard  
for theeee!!! God keep our land  
glorious and freeeeee!*

CUT TO:

20 EXT. YAHARA NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME TIME 20

Maggie walks briskly home. The SOUND OF KENNY SINGING carries down the block. It makes her happy.

CUT TO:

21 INT. KENNY'S HOUSE - EVENING 21

Kyle sits in his overstuffed chair watching SPORTS CENTER when Kenny, still on top of the world, comes in the front door knocking the cold and the snow from his feet.

KENNY

*Bonjour, Papa!*

Without turning away from the TV.

KYLE

I can't afford to keep you full time. Part time until you find another job. And I'd think twice about your curling "appointments". Takes up too much damn time.

Kenny pauses, starts to say something, thinks twice, stuffs his hands in his pockets and heads upstairs.

CUT TO:

22 INT. CURLING CLUB ICE HOUSE - DAY 22

Kenny is alone on the ice practicing. Wenzler, Phill and Andrew come in and wait for Kenny to slide down to their end.

KENNY

Hey, guys. *Bonjour.*

WENZLER

Boner du jour to you too.



KENNY

You guys shouldn't be in here in your street shoes. It's bad for the ice. Let me grab my shit and I'll meet you in the clubhouse.

WENZLER

No need my friend. No need.

Kenny looks at him funny.

WENZLER (CONT'D)

We're here to curl, and to kick ass.

ANDREW

We're here to help you.

KENNY

Help me? How?

PHILL

We're your new curling team. Team Stuntbeck.

Wenzler pulls out the Bonspiel poster and hands it to Kenny.

WENZLER

We want to curl in the Badger State Games.

ANDREW

And we're not going to take no for an answer.

He pulls out a SLIDER, pops it over his shoe...

WENZLER

We're the answer to your prayers. It's high time you make a name for yourself in this sport and we're just the guys to help --

He steps out onto the ice slider foot first. Before Kenny can stop him, Wenzler's foot flies out from under him and he takes a header onto the ice.

Andrew and Phill try to catch him, but both slip, taking inglorious headers onto the ice, too.

KENNY

Oh jeez --

WENZLER

After you teach us to curl.

He slides over to help his buddies up onto their feet.

PHILL

Impressed, right?

KENNY

Actually, yes. I've never seen a slow motion group belly flop onto the ice before. I'd pay a dollar to see you do that again.

WENZLER

Just a dollar? You think we're that cheap?

KENNY

Yup.

WENZLER

Fair enough.

KENNY

Listen, I'm humbled you want to help me out, but I gotta pass. Curling takes dedication and hard work.

He grabs the Bonspiel poster off the ice.

KENNY (CONT'D)

To get good enough to compete at this level requires a lot of time, discipline and skill.

WENZLER

No shit. That's why we want a Junior National Champion to teach us.

ANDREW

We want to learn from the best.

PHILL

We're raw dough that needs to be molded and baked.

KENNY

Are you sure you're not baked already?

PHILL

We have brute animal-like athletic ability and pretty much nothing better to do.

ANDREW

We got time, you have the skill. We got two of the three.

PHILL

Turn us into a killer curling machine.

WENZLER

We're all in. Are you?

Kenny takes a look at the poster, then takes a deep breath as he looks at this motley crew.

KENNY

I know I'm going to regret this. Okay, I'm in.

The guys are enthused.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Lesson One - ice is slippery.

DISSOLVE TO:

23 EXT. KIM'S BODY & SEOUL REAR ENTRANCE/LOADING DOCK - DAY 23

Wenzler and Kenny pull into the rear entrance in Wenzler's beater of a car. The loading dock is empty.

CUT TO:

24 INT. KIM'S BODY & SEOUL REAR ENTRANCE/LOADING DOCK- SAME TIME

Andrew and Phill, straw brooms in hand, sweep an imaginary curling stone down the middle of the storeroom.

ANDREW

Lesson Two... sweep for line, sweep for distance... Sweep for line --

PHILL

That's fine.

ANDREW

Sweep for distance --

PHILL  
With persistence --

Wenzler and Kenny enter.

KENNY  
Oh my God. There's a reason why  
they keep you two back here, away  
from the customers.

WENZLER  
I bet that's the first time those  
brooms have ever been used!

ANDREW  
Very funny.

PHILL  
What? We use these brooms all the  
time.

KENNY  
Yeah, to lean on.

WENZLER  
You guys ready to roll?

CUT TO:

25 INT. CURLING CLUB ICE HOUSE - DAY

25

The guys watch Kenny gracefully slide out of the hack and release a stone, then each of them tries it. Each shaky slide is painful to watch, but Kenny is encouraging.

KENNY  
Just get a feel for sliding and  
balancing on the ice, nice and  
easy. Don't try and push the stone  
with your hands, use the energy  
from your leg to propel you and the  
stone... let it flow through you.

Phill gets in the hack.

PHILL  
Like using the Force.

KENNY  
Yes. Exactly like that. It's all  
about your energy out of the hack  
and staying on broom.

Phill pushes off, nice and smooth...

JUMP CUT TO:

26 INT. CURLING CLUB ICE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 26

Kenny's at the far end of the ice. Wenzler hurls a stone into a lone guard stone.

KENNY

No, no, no. Remember, you can't take out the first five stones thrown. That's the free guard zone.

PHILL

Why not?

KENNY

It'd make the game boring. There'd be no defense. The team with the hammer would take all your first stones, you got nothing to hide behind...

JUMP CUT TO:

27 INT. DINER - NIGHT 27

Kenny sets his plate in the middle of the table, then places the salt and pepper shakers in front of the plate, like two guard stones. Wenzler, Phill and Andrew watch.

KENNY

When you have your guards set up in front of the house, you can draw your stones around them and they're protected.

He takes a french fry and slides across the table, behind the salt shaker and onto the plate.

He takes another fry and sets it at end of the table and flicks it toward the coaster. It hits the salt shaker and bounces away.

Phill grabs the fry and takes a bite of it.

PHILL

Or they guard your plate against the other guy's french fries.

Kenny nods and takes one of Wenzler's cheese curds and slides it around the other side of the guard, behind the french fry - right on the center of the plate.

KENNY

Remember, its like a game of chess.  
It's best to be two steps ahead of  
your opponent...

JUMP CUT TO:

28 INT. CURLING CLUB ICE HOUSE - DAY 28

Kenny throws a red stone toward a house cluttered with yellow stones. The stone curls around them all landing right on the button.

KENNY

...The goal is to get more of your  
stones closer to the center button  
than your opponent does...

JUMP CUT TO:

29 I/E. STEVE'S LIQUOR EMPORIUM - DAY 29

Wenzler, Kenny, Andrew and Phill pull into the store parking lot. Wenzler's on a mission.

They pile out of the car and into the store.

ANDREW

What's the hammer again?

KENNY

It's the last stone thrown. The  
team with the hammer always has the  
scoring advantage.

They follow Wenzler toward the coolers where a STORE CLERK is stocking cases of beer.

WENZLER

I need a quarter barrel of  
Sprecher's.

STORE CLERK

You kids have I.D.?

WENZLER

...root beer. We want a keg of  
Sprecher's root beer.

STORE CLERK  
 (surprised)  
 Oh. Root beer's in the back corner.  
 Help yourself.

The guys pile into the cooler and everyone but Wenzler stops to appreciate the beer stacked from floor to ceiling.

ANDREW  
 This is heaven.

PHILL  
 We should ice fish in here.

Wenzler is on a mission and beelines to the back of the cooler and pulls out a keg of root beer.

KENNY  
 And why are we bothering with root beer when we've got all this?

WENZLER  
 What's wrong with root beer? I like root beer...

They head toward the front counter where Wenzler pulls out a wad of cash for the clerk.

WENZLER (CONT'D)  
 ... and more importantly, we're not of legal drinking age yet and rules are rules.

He smiles innocently at the older clerk.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. WENZLER'S RENTED HOUSE - NIGHT 30

LOUD MUSIC is played at monstrous concert venue volumes.

LIGHTS in neighboring homes go on as more kids show up on the front yard and line up for entrance into the house party.

Wenzler and Phill are stationed on his front porch, right next to his barrel of root beer with a sign: CUPS - \$5.

YOUNG PARTYGOERS climb the porch stairs. Phill hands out plastic cups and Wenzler takes their money and fills the cups with root beer.

A PARTY KID takes a swig and frowns.

PARTY KID  
Root beer?

WENZLER  
You'll learn to like it. Trust me.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. WENZLER'S RENTED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 31

A POLICE CAR arrives, LIGHTS BLAZING. TWO COPS confront Wenzler.

COP #1  
(yelling)  
Turn the music down.

Wenzler nods and Andrew disappears inside. The music volume is turned way down to an acceptable level.

COP #2  
Is this your party?

WENZLER  
Yes, officer.

COP #2  
We're here about the noise. Every neighbor in a two block radius has called complaining about the music.

WENZLER  
I'm sorry, sir. We'll keep it down. Promise.

Cop #1 grabs a beer cup from one of the party goers.

COP #1  
You serving alcohol to minors?

WENZLER  
No, sir. It's root beer.

COP #1  
Don't get smart with me.

COP #2  
Let's see some ID.

WENZLER  
Yes, sir. Honest, officer. It's just root beer.



Cop #1 sniffs the cup, then takes a sip.

COP #1  
(almost disappointed)  
He's right, root beer.

He takes a cup from Phill and grabs the tap from Wenzler and pours himself a cup of root beer and takes a swig.

COP #2  
I'll be damned.

He gives the cup to his partner who takes a drink.

COP #2 (CONT'D)  
Listen. Respect your neighbors.  
Keep the music and noise down or  
we'll be back and shut you down.

WENZLER  
Yes, sir.

COP #2  
You kids have fun tonight.

WENZLER  
Yes, sir. And thank you. We will.  
Would you like a soda for the road?

COP #1  
Actually, yes, I would. Thank you.

Wenzler hands him a fresh root beer, continues smiling and waves good bye as the cops get in the squad car and leave.

Wenzler smiles until the police disappears around the corner.

WENZLER  
Johnny Law has left the building.  
Let's party!

He tosses the cup of soda over the porch, Phill yanks the root beer out of its tub and Wenzler pulls out a keg of beer that's been sitting, buried in a snowbank, unnoticed.

The crowd erupts in CHEERS as folks dump their soda and cue up for the beer keg.

Wenzler turns to Kenny and grins.

WENZLER (CONT'D)  
It's best to think two steps ahead.  
Good curling!

KENNY  
Exactly, good curling!

Kenny and Wenzler toast and Wenzler takes long gulps of beer.

KENNY (CONT'D)  
Hey, there's Maggie. Talk at you  
later.

Kenny beelines toward Maggie, standing awkwardly by herself.

KENNY (CONT'D)  
Hey there.

MAGGIE  
(relieved)  
Hi. Interesting crowd.

KENNY  
Wenzler's parties are a lot like  
Wenzler; an acquired taste.

She nods toward the sale of beer cups.

MAGGIE  
Looks like he's exploiting the  
underaged.

KENNY  
I'm pretty sure it's how he pays  
his rent.  
(pause)  
This is where Madison's misfits and  
mavericks boldly express their  
dissatisfaction with the status quo  
by flaunting Solo cups full of  
bootlegged Pabst at the world.

MAGGIE  
I see. And are you dissatisfied?

KENNY  
Me? Not now. Definitely satisfied.

She playfully ignores the compliment.

MAGGIE  
What's with all the Jeff Goldblum  
photos?

KENNY  
Phill and Andrew think he's a  
father figure to Wenzler.  
(MORE)

KENNY (CONT'D)

I think he may have actually fathered him... as an anonymous sperm donor. Who knows, but Wenzler definitely likes the company.

MAGGIE

That's funny. I would have taken him for a Connor McGregor or Brock Lesnar type.

KENNY

It scares me those names pour off your tongue so easily, but no, Wenzler is actually more the cerebral type. He's the brains of our outfit.

Maggie give him a surprised look.

KENNY (CONT'D)

I know. That's not saying a lot.

She surprises Kenny and plants a kiss on him.

MAGGIE

I like you. You're funny...  
(waits a beat)  
looking.

They both laugh.

KENNY

Hey, let's blow this gin joint.

CUT TO:

32 INT. VW MICROBUS/ICE FISHING SHANTY - TWILIGHT

32

Kenny and Maggie lie huddled together under a warm blanket and watch the stars through the VW ice shanty's sunroof.

KENNY

Did you know that Canadians consume more mac and cheese than anyone else in the world?

MAGGIE

I did not know that. Why do you know this?

KENNY

And did you know that Americans have invaded Canada twice, in 1775 and 1812 and lost both times?

MAGGIE

Hmm. Good to know- don't poke the polar bear. Did you know that Canada has twice as many letters in its alphabet than our American alphabet?

KENNY

How do you figure?

MAGGIE

They've got "A" ay?, "B" ay?, "C" ay?...

Kenny winces and groans.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

What? I think it's funny!

(pause)

God, this is so much better than real life.

KENNY

Why?

MAGGIE

Do you know how hard it is to go to college and live at home?

KENNY

Living at home isn't so bad.

MAGGIE

It's the worst! It's so hard to fit in at school because I'm not really there. At least, not socially. And my parents are incapable of treating me like an adult, specially when I'm sponging off them.

KENNY

(sarcastically)

I can see your dilemma.

MAGGIE

Is that a bad thing?

Kenny shrugs as he pulls out a flask of whiskey from the glove compartment and passes it to Maggie.

KENNY

When does relying on your parents go from a good thing to a "lazy generation Z" bad thing? I mean they rely just as much on us, too.

MAGGIE

They do?

She takes a hit from the flask.

KENNY

Yup. To stave off mortality. Have you thought of transferring to a different school?

MAGGIE

Yeah, but it's so expensive. I've even applied to some schools overseas, to try and save some money. Seemed like an adult thing to do. That went over great at home. It's been frustrating because I don't feel like I quite fit in either world.

Kenny takes a swig of whiskey.

KENNY

Like a bird pushed out of the nest, but stuck hanging upside down with your feet caught in the straw, dangling...

MAGGIE

And flapping my wings and not getting anywhere? Yeah, something like that - You ever feel that way?

KENNY

Every day. But I think I've already plunged straight down into the hard frozen tundra.

She touches his hand. He doesn't pull his away. He smiles.

MAGGIE

So, tell me, why curling?

KENNY

What do you mean?

MAGGIE

What's the fascination with it?

KENNY

I don't know. It's the only thing I'm good at.

MAGGIE

I don't know anything about it - it's like shuffleboard on ice, right?

KENNY

Oh, no. Its nothing like that at all. It's the only game played where an object's trajectory can be changed *after* it's been thrown. It's a game of contradictions that's equal parts brute force and sly cunning... Curling demands the finesse of a surgeon and the raw strength of a gladiator. The stones are over forty pounds each and are hurled the width of a football field, with victory often measured by the length of a snowflake... It's a game played by gentlemen giants.

Maggie smiles and kisses his hand. He kisses her tenderly.

MAGGIE

Kenny Stuntgart. I do believe you are a poet.

Kenny stares off at the stars.

KENNY

Oh great. Just don't tell my Dad.

MAGGIE

Why?

KENNY

It's one more thing I'm good at that won't make any money.

MAGGIE

I think more people should follow their passion instead of their pocketbook. The world would be a happier place.

She kisses him again and snuggles closer for warmth.

KENNY  
 (in French)  
 Don't worry. If you fall, I'll  
 catch you.  
 (*Ne t'inquiète pas. Si tu tombes,  
 je t'attraperai.*)

The pair gazes up at the stars and Maggie smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

33 EXT. WENZLER'S RENTED HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MORNING 33

Wenzler's front lawn is trashed. Still on last night's high,  
 Kenny springs up the front steps into Wenzler's house.

CUT TO:

34 INT. WENZLER'S RENTED HOUSE - DAY 34

A half dozen partygoers are passed out on the floors of the  
 trashed house.

KENNY  
 Bonjour, Monsieur Wenzler!

Wenzler, cigarette dangling out of his mouth, is applying a  
 TEMPORARY TATTOO to the backside of a GIRL passed out on the  
 dining room floor.

WENZLER  
 Hand me that sponge.

KENNY  
 What are you doing?

WENZLER  
 Kids pass out at my house, they get  
 a tramp stamp.

Impressed with his work, he grabs his phone, takes a photo  
 and posts it online.

WENZLER (CONT'D)  
 And a spot on my virtual wall of  
 shame.

Kenny looks around. Every passed out partygoer - male and  
 female alike - is sporting a tramp stamp on their backside.

KENNY

Nice. Hey, we gotta go. The guys are already at the club and we only have ice time for an hour.

CUT TO:

35

INT. MADISON CURLING CLUB - LATER

35

Team Stuntbeck is lined up in a row. They all balance identically - and precariously - on one bent knee, while their other leg sticks out behind them like a tail fin.

PHILL

And she digs you?

KENNY

I think so. Yeah.

PHILL

Does she know you're still living at home sponging off the parents?

KENNY

Yeah, and she even knows I hang out with you losers. I'm telling you, she digs me. A lot.

ANDREW

That's surprising. She seems like she has her shit together.

KENNY

What's that supposed to mean?

ANDREW

Nothing. I'm just saying she seems like she has it all figured out... unlike the rest of us.

WENZLER

Trust me. Anyone that tells you they have it all figured out is full of shit.

KENNY

And you've got this all figured out?

WENZLER

Damn straight.



PHILL

Hey, why are we doing this again?

KENNY

The better balance you have, the better stone control you'll have. Now, slowly lower your head down as close to the ice as possible.

Kenny gracefully lowers his torso down almost to the ground. The other guys not so much. They all tumble over.

ANDREW

I'm as flexible as a brick!

PHILL

My gut has nowhere to go. I don't bend that way, this is too hard.

KENNY

If curling were easy, it'd be called hockey. Try harder.

WENZLER

You expect us to do that on ice?

Kenny holds the position. The other guys attempt it again.

KENNY

Every time you slide out of the hack. Yes. Kids and old ladies can do this, you guys can too.

WENZLER

But kids and old ladies don't have a huge package that gets in the way when they get that low.

The guys laugh.

KENNY

Neither do you.

ANDREW

Wenzler's huge package. That's an oxymoron.

PHILL

What's an oxymoron?

KENNY

You know. Phrases made of words with opposite meanings.

(MORE)

KENNY (CONT'D)  
 Jumbo Shrimp. Dodge Ram. Wenzler's  
 Huge Package.

PHILL  
 That's seriously funny.

The guys laugh at Phill's unintended oxymoron.

WENZLER  
 Laugh it up. Going through life  
 with a huge package is a burden.

Phill over emphasizes each oxymoron for lame comedic effect.

PHILL  
*Good grief. Get it?*

Wenzler groans, spurring Phill on.

PHILL (CONT'D)  
 That *deafening silence* is the *pity*  
*party* for your *enormous package*...

WENZLER  
 Thanks Kenny. You just taught the  
 dog to lick his balls.

PHILL  
 Is that your *unbiased opinion*?

WENZLER  
 Stop already!

PHILL  
*Definitely... maybe.*

Everyone's groaning now.

ANDREW  
 What were we talking about?

PHILL  
 Wenzler's *huge package*.

WENZLER  
 Damn right. Its like dragging a  
 kick stand.

PHILL  
 Painful... and *pretty ugly*.

Everybody laughs. Wenzler throws a shoe at him. Kenny's PHONE  
 RINGS.

ANDREW

That can not be good for the ice.

Kenny ignores his friends and takes the call. As he does, he lowers his torso to the ground and looks straight ahead, as if at an imaginary target.

KENNY

Hey, there.... Yup... Sure, no problem... Yes. Definitely. Thanks.

(hangs up)

Good news. A club team can't play tonight and we're going to sub. Our first official game.

CUT TO:

36 INT. CURLING CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

36

The guys are on the ice playing their first game. They shake hands with the older opposing team, TEAM WANNAMACHER.

Kenny and the opposing players all take turns stretching out on the ice by pushing out of the hack and gliding effortlessly past the hog line.

WENZLER

I think we're supposed to do that, too.

PHILL

I ain't doing that.

ANDREW

Why not?

PHILL

I'm a well oiled machine. I'm saving it for the game.

WENZLER

Good call. Me too.

ANDREW

I think we can take these guys.

WENZLER

Easily. They're all a bunch of old chubby guys.

The other team's VICE SKIP comes over to the group.

VICE SKIP  
Who's your vice?

WENZLER  
Pardon?

VICE SKIP  
Your third?

WENZLER  
Oh, I am.

The Vice Skip pulls out a coin and flips it.

VICE SKIP  
Call it in the air.

WENZLER  
Tails never fails.

It lands. Heads.

VICE SKIP  
We'll take hammer. Good Curling.  
Oh, by the way, loser buys drinks  
for the winner. Lagavulin ok?

Wenzler is impressed there's alcohol involved.

WENZLER  
Sure. Ain't no foolin' with  
Lagavulin.

He joins his fellow teammates at the hog line.

WENZLER (CONT'D)  
What's Lagavulin?

The guys shrug.

ANDREW  
Well, here goes nothing.

Andrew gingerly gets in the hack for his first stone. Wenzler and Phill take up sweeping positions on either side of him.

Kenny gives him a target with his broom.

KENNY  
(Shouting down the ice)  
Let's put up a guard. Nice and  
easy. Just like we practiced.

Andrew nods. He concentrates on the broom and just as he pushes out of the hack, Wenzler FARTS.

WENZLER

Dude, I just crushed one.

Andrew slides through the wretched stench. He grimaces, chokes and laughs simultaneously.

ANDREW

Oh, sweet Jesus!

He screws up his throw, releasing the rock early. It slides straight out - with no curl and way too slow.

KENNY

(Shouting)

Sweep!

Wenzler and Phill start sweeping hard. Phill squinches up his nose in disgust.

PHILL

It smells like road kill... and bologna.

WENZLER

As a matter of fact I *did* have fried ring bologna and pickled eggs before I came out tonight.

KENNY

(Shouting)

Sweep hard!!

PHILL

Oh dear God.

The pair sweep hard, but it's no use. The stone dies before crossing the hog line. They push it off to the side.

KENNY

(Shouts)

That's okay, Andrew. Slow ice, that's all.

PHILL

(Shouts back)

That's not slow ice. The Zombie apocalypse started in Wenzler's pants.

Kenny doesn't hear it, but Wenzler and Andrew crack up.

The other team lines up for their turn as Phill and Wenzler walk back to their end of the ice.

WENZLER

Speaking of Zombies... if I was a mortician, I'd tie every dead person's shoe laces together. That way, if there was ever a zombie apocalypse, we'd be okay.

PHILL

How's that?

WENZLER

It'd stop 'em in their tracks.

The other team throws their stone - a perfect corner guard.

Andrew grabs his second stone and lines up again in the hack. Phill and Wenzler get in position on either side of him.

ANDREW

Dude, a little respect this time. My head is right in your asses line of fire.

KENNY

(Shouts from the far end)  
Let's try it again. Another guard, nice and easy, but more weight, okay?

Andrew nods, concentrating on Kenny's broom.

PHILL

You seriously burned a hole through your grundies on that. Not cool.

Wenzler smiles and shrugs as Andrew takes his shot.

WENZLER

Not so. I don't wear underwear.

Again, Andrew LAUGHS as he throws, this time the stone goes hurtling down the ice at board weight.

ANDREW

You what?! You mean that was unfiltered? You son-of-a-bitch!

The stone sails through the house, hitting the back board and is out of play. Kenny stays optimistic.

KENNY

(Shouting)

That was way too much weight. We'll get the next one.

Phill and Wenzler walk back down the side of the sheet while the other team takes position for their next shot.

PHILL

What do you mean, you don't wear underwear?

WENZLER

I don't wear underwear.

PHILL

But your boys. They need support. They need a home.

WENZLER

My boys need to live a life of adventure. Plus, I do it for the ladies.

They're back at the end of the sheet with Andrew.

ANDREW

What?

PHILL

Wenzler doesn't wear underwear for the ladies.

WENZLER

It's breezy and easy when the boys are called up for action. Nothing to get in the way.

ANDREW

What? Are you... what?

The other team's stone curls behind their guard and stops in the house. It's Phill's turn to throw. He grabs his stone and lines up in the hack.

KENNY

(Shouts down the ice)

We still need to put up a guard. Right here, Phill.

He sets his broom for Phill to aim at.

ANDREW

You mean to tell us that it's too complicated for you to take your underwear off before you have sex?

Wenzler gets a bit defensive.

WENZLER

It's not too complicated, it's just... quicker. It's what the ladies like.

PHILL

What ladies?

WENZLER

Laugh it up. But, I'm telling you, underwear deadens the pleasure for the boys.

PHILL

Funny. I would have thought it was the callouses in your hand.

Andrew LAUGHS and does a spit take just as Phill throws his stone. A piece of GUM flies out of his mouth landing on the ice in front of Phill. Phill loses his balance and his stone careens out toward the side board and out of bounds.

The guys laugh. Kenny is infuriated.

CUT TO:

37

EXT. CURLING CLUBHOUSE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

37

The boys are leaving the clubhouse still laughing. Kenny emerges from the door a moment later, visibly upset.

KENNY

What the fuck is wrong with you guys? You say you want to help me, but you pull that crap in there?

The guys stare awkwardly at their feet.

KENNY (CONT'D)

This isn't some game. It's curling!

PHILL

Sorry, Kenny, but we had a good time --



KENNY

Sorry?! You guys just completely  
shit on any reputation and  
credibility I may have had left.  
What the fuck?!

WENZLER

We're sorry. We were just trying to  
help.

KENNY

Well do me a favor and don't help.  
Oh, and which one of you dip shits  
bet a \$100 bottle of scotch? Who  
the fuck has got money for that?  
(pause)  
What was I thinking letting you  
talk me into this, you're not  
curlers, just a bunch of fuck ups.

WENZLER

Fuck you.

KENNY

Fuck me? Really? The fist fucking  
inside on the ice wasn't enough for  
you? What do I look like- Christy  
Rennebohm?

WENZLER

Dude.

ANDREW

What?

KENNY

That video of Christy? That wasn't  
your imagination - that really was  
Jeff Goldblum in the background.

WENZLER

Not cool.

KENNY

Really?

Kenny storms off into the darkness of the parking lot.

WENZLER

(Shouting)  
Where you going?

KENNY  
 (Shouting back)  
 Fuck you.

WENZLER  
 (Shouting)  
 What do you want? We said sorry.

KENNY  
 (Shouting back over his  
 shoulder)  
 I want to win.

ANDREW  
 Wait. Christy fucked some random  
 guy at Wenzler's house?

PHILL  
 (to Wenzler)  
 Dude, you gotta start locking your  
 doors...

CUT TO:

38 EXT. ROADSIDE - MOMENTS LATER 38  
 Kenny tries calling Maggie.

CUT TO:

39 INT. DINER - SAME TIME 39  
 Maggie's phone sits on the diner counter vibrating. A male  
 hand declines the call.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. ROADSIDE - SAME TIME 40  
 Frustrated and angry, Kenny shoves the phone in his pocket  
 and slogs on through the cold.

CUT TO:

41 I/E. DINER PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER 41  
 Kenny trudges up to the entrance of the diner and stops dead  
 in his tracks. He sees Maggie inside at the counter with Russ  
 Scottart, the hockey player that gave him his black eye.

Their backs are to him, but he watches Russ put his arm around her, pulling her tight to him. He kisses her.

Furious, Kenny turns and runs away.

CUT TO:

42 INT. DINER - SAME TIME

42

Russ is drunk. Maggie tries to deflect his unwelcome advances.

MAGGIE

Stop it! Are you kidding me - what's wrong with you? I just told you I'm seeing someone now.

RUSS SCOTTART

So what? It's over because *you* say it's over?

MAGGIE

Yeah, that's kind of how it works --

She gets a text from Kenny:

'Casually Brutal? Should have known better.'

Maggie quickly looks around the diner. Damn.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. WENZLER'S RENTED HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

43

Maggie KNOCKS on Wenzler's front door until Wenzler opens it.

WENZLER

Maggie? What the fuck? Haven't you ever heard of texting?

MAGGIE

Hi. Sorry. I don't have your number. I'm looking for Kenny.

WENZLER

He's not here.

MAGGIE

I really need to talk to him.

WENZLER

Did you try the VW?

MAGGIE  
No. The VW? Out on the lake?

WENZLER  
Yep.

MAGGIE  
Thanks. I'll --

WENZLER  
If you see him, tell him to fuck  
off.

He slams the door shut.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. VW MICROBUS/ICE FISHING SHANTY - NIGHT 44

Maggie trudges through deep snow toward the VW Icehouse. She grabs the door handle, but hears the lock CLICK.

MAGGIE  
Kenny?! Hey, let me in!

She pounds on the door and pulls on the door handle again.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
C'mon. It's cold out here. Let me  
in!!

She tries a different door.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
I can see you in there. Damn it,  
let me in!!

There's a LATCH noise, and the door slides open.

Maggie stares at the open door for a second, then quickly climbs in and pulls the door shut behind her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
What's going on? You haven't  
returned any of my texts or calls.

KENNY  
Sorry. I've had a lot on my mind.

MAGGIE  
And you forgot how to use your  
phone?

KENNY  
You wouldn't understand.

MAGGIE  
Try me.

KENNY  
I'm quitting curling.

MAGGIE  
Why?

KENNY  
You wouldn't understand.

MAGGIE  
That's the second time you said  
that. Now it's insulting.

KENNY  
It's stupid. It's a waste of time.  
My dad is right. I need to get a  
job and get lost in it.

MAGGIE  
But curling is something you love.  
You've got an amazing talent...

KENNY  
*Had* an amazing talent. I was the  
Junior National Champion. Now I  
curl with a bunch of fuck ups.

MAGGIE  
They're your friends.

KENNY  
Whatever.  
(pause)  
I'm not going to get any better and  
I'm certainly never going to  
compete in The Brier.

MAGGIE  
Why not?

KENNY  
Do you know what it feels like to  
reach the peak of your life when  
you're only 18 years old? Looking  
forward to the next sixty years of  
a downward fucking death spiral?  
It's brutal.

MAGGIE

That's a pretty fucked up way to look at life.

KENNY

Is it?

MAGGIE

Did you ever consider that maybe, just maybe, life is a mountain range and not just one lone peak?

He turns away from her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I'd like to think the first peak shows you the way to the next one, and then the next, each with a better view of the stars than the previous one.

KENNY

Yeah, I thought that until I realized I'm just a place holder. Again.

Maggie winces. That hurts.

MAGGIE

You never answered my questions. Why are you quitting curling?

KENNY

Because I had my chance and I blew it. You want to know the real reason why I'm home and not Olympics bound?

She nods. He pulls out the crumpled news clipping we saw on the bottom of his dresser drawer. The full headline reads:

LOCAL OLYMPIC HOPEFUL DREAMS DASHED AT WORLDS

KENNY (CONT'D)

I was asked to leave the team after winning the Junior National Title. We were at the Worlds in Norway. I went out and got liguored up with these two Swedish girls I met and missed team curfew the night before our last game.

(MORE)

KENNY (CONT'D)

We partied all night and the next morning, I show up at the arena lit up like the northern lights but my teammates covered for me - told our Coach that I had the flu so I wouldn't get shit-canned from the team. We played horribly, I think I shot around thirty-five percent... and we got our asses kicked. I tried to laugh it off, but I could see it in their eyes. The humiliation. The betrayal... My team knew I was drunk, but they covered for me, which broke our player/coach agreement. We lost our shot at funding, and we lost our coach. I lost us everything. I ruined my team mates chances at going to the Olympics. Just like that, it was over. I ruined three people's lives. Killed their hopes and dreams. Some friend.

MAGGIE

So you came back home to punish yourself?

KENNY

There aren't any more peaks. Just a fucking cliff.

MAGGIE

That's bullshit. Stop feeling sorry for yourself. Your friends, those team mates, deserve better.

He grabs his hat and gloves.

KENNY

Thanks for your concern, but if you don't mind, go back to your not-quite-peaked-yet Neanderthal boyfriend and enjoy that starry sky.

He starts to get up, but she grabs his arm.

MAGGIE

Saying 'fuck you' is way too easy... The only Neanderthal boyfriend I have is you. Be a raging prick if you want, but know this.

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You've got a one way ticket to pity town or a two way ticket with me. Plunge over the cliff, see if I care. But do it, knowing you have a fucking option.

Kenny pulls away and leaves. Maggie watches him as he schlepps off before she stands up and shouts after him.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm not your god damn mother. Come back here and lock your damn car door!

She defiantly trudges past him as he returns to lock up.

CUT TO:

45 INT. KENNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT 45

Kenny slams open the door and stomps through the kitchen.

KELLI

Bonjour!

Ignoring her, he stomps through the living room, past his dad...

KYLE

Hey, your mother said hello to you.

...and stomps up the stairs, ignoring his dad.

KYLE (CONT'D)

What the hell's wrong with him?

Kelli shrugs. Kenny SLAMS his door, startling her.

CUT TO:

46 INT. KENNY'S ROOM - SAME TIME 46

Kenny rips down the curling pictures and posters.

He eyes The Brier banner and stops.

He sits on the bed and looks at the poster of 2014 Olympic Gold winners, Team Jacobs, then abruptly gets up and rips it down and stuffs it in a trash can.

CUT TO:



47 INT. KENNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING 47

Kyle makes breakfast while his mom reads the paper.

Kenny enters, dressed and wearing coat and gloves, and heads out the back door without saying a word.

Kelli watches him over the top of the paper. The door SLAMS and she and her husband exchange "WTF" glances.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. KIM'S BODY & SEOUL REAR ENTRANCE/LOADING DOCK - LATER 48

Andrew and Phill are breaking down boxes for recycling and see Ken across the parking lot.

ANDREW

S'up!

Ken ignores them, keeping his head down as he walks.

CUT TO:

49 INT. STUNTBECK'S BAIT & ICE CREAM SHOP - LATER 49

Kenny's sweeping the store when his dad enters.

KYLE

What're you doing?

KENNY

Just getting a feel for the new broom. Got to use my sweeping skills for something useful.

Kenny disappears into the storeroom. His dad bristles. The door bell TINKLES and TWO FISHERMAN enter. Kyle turns, all smiles.

KYLE

Good morning! How can I help you?

CUT TO:

50 INT. KENNY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 50

Kenny's parents watch TV when Kenny comes in.

KELLI

Bonjour!

Kenny ignores her and thumps up the stairs.

KELLI (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
It's been over a week. Go talk to  
him, dear.

KYLE  
I'm not talking to him. I'm all  
settled in. You go talk to him.

With a heavy sigh, she gets up and heads toward the stairs.

KELLI  
I'm going to slap you with my eyes.

KYLE  
What? I'm all settled in already.

At the top of the stairs, she knocks on Kenny's door.

KELLI  
Kenny? Is everything all right?

Silence.

KELLI (CONT'D)  
Kenny?

She knocks again.

KENNY  
(under his breath)  
Fuck me.  
(shouts through door)  
Go away!

The polite knock turns stern.

KELLI  
Open this door right now, Mister.

No response, but just as she's about to knock again, it opens  
and Kenny shoulders past her and down the stairs.

KELLI (CONT'D)  
Kenny!

He ignores her and heads into the kitchen and rifles through  
the refrigerator. Kelli follows close behind.

KELLI (CONT'D)  
I'm talking to you mister. Don't  
you dare ignore me.

KENNY

I'm serious. Go away. Leave me the fuck alone.

KELLI

You do not talk to me that way. I'm your mother.

Kyle's heard enough. He storms into the kitchen, too.

KYLE

Damn it, I was all settled in. Nobody talks to your mother that way except me. As long as you live in this house - you will show her some respect, do you hear me? Even if you don't live in this house you'll show her some respect.

Kenny ignores him and concentrates on the leftovers he's pulled out of the fridge.

KYLE (CONT'D)

That's it. Put my god damn food down and come with me.

He grabs both his and Kenny's coat off the rack and holds them out toward Kenny.

KYLE (CONT'D)

C'mon. Grab your damn coat and follow me. I want some god damn father son quality time.

KENNY

Are you kidding me?

KYLE

Am I kidding? Do I look funny to you?

He stares at his dad, then grabs the offered coat.

KENNY

Yes, actually, you do. You are kind of funny looking.

KYLE

Get in the car.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. OLIN PARK BOAT LAUNCH - NIGHT

51

Kenny and his Dad pull up and park their car at the boat launch along Lake Monona, overlooking the Madison skyline.

KYLE

This is where I brought your mother on our first date. This is where I wooed her.

KENNY

Oh dear God --

KYLE

Shut up and listen to me.

They sit in silence. Kenny waits for his Dad to say speak.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Before I met your mother, I used to come here and daydream about being a marine biologist. I'd snorkel in the lake every chance I got.

KENNY

The lake is murky as shit. What's the point of snorkeling in it?

KYLE

Because I don't live in the God damn Bahamas! This is all I had to work with!

(pause)

I'd pretend I was Jacques Cousteau looking for whales.

There's an awkward silence as Kyle composes himself.

KENNY

I get it, Dad. You had big dreams until you met Mom and she squashed them like a bug.

KYLE

You're a dumb-ass. Use your head for something more than a hat rack. My point is I had dreams of adventure but was afraid to pursue them. Your mother, who is a god damn saint for putting up with you and me all these years, encouraged me to go follow my passion. And the truth is, I was too chicken shit.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

It's always easier to dream than to actually take that first step toward making your own reality.

Kyle looks wistfully across the lake at the city skyline.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Madison. Thirty square miles surrounded by reality... You know, your mother and I are very proud of you. You're a little weird, but you're a good kid. You have a good heart. You put others first, and that's commendable. I ride you hard, but it's because I want you to do what I never did. I don't want you to work at the store because of me. If you want to be a world class curler and hang out with a bunch of Cannucks, who am I to judge? I wanted to talk to god damn whales and now I sell worms for a living.

KENNY

Thanks, Dad. I get it. I love you too.

He leans forward to give his Dad a hug, but his old man instinctively recoils.

KYLE

Don't push it. Do me a favor. Apologize to your mother. I was settled in for the night. I really hate this shit.

DISSOLVE TO:

52

INT. CURLING CLUB ICE HOUSE - DAY

52

Phill and Andrew practice throwing stones down the ice. Kenny comes in and is surprised to see them.

KENNY

Hey there.

PHILL

Where you been?

ANDREW

How come you didn't answer any of our texts?

KENNY

I've been laying low. Sorry. What are you guys doing here?

Phill grabs a stone and gets in the hack.

PHILL

Practicing.

ANDREW

We've been working on our weight every day.

Phill slides out of the hack gracefully releasing the stone.

PHILL

Maggie's been asking about you, too. She's pretty upset.

KENNY

Like I said, I've been laying low.

The stone curls around two guard stones and lands perfectly square on the button.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Holy crap, that's a great shot!

PHILL

Yup. Sure is.

Andrew gets in the hack and throws a stone.

PHILL (CONT'D)

We're sorry we didn't take this more serious. But I guess we've never taken anything seriously...

The stone is perfect T weight and draws up to Phill's stone.

KENNY

Nice shot, Andrew!

ANDREW

Thanks. Listen, we suck at pretty much everything. We're not used to being a part of a team.

PHILL

We've never really been considered "team material" before.

ANDREW

Yeah. When I'm training here with you guys, it makes everything else not suck so bad.

PHILL

Same here. Not sucking would be good for a change. Will you come back and skip the team?

KENNY

What about Wenzler?

PHILL

He's still pretty worked up. You know how he gets.

ANDREW

He'll be fine. I think.

Kenny thinks about it.

KENNY

No fucking around this time?

PHILL

Nope.

ANDREW

No way. We won't let you down.

KENNY

Okay. I promise I won't let you down either. Sorry for going AWOL on you guys.

CUT TO:

53 INT. WENZLER'S RENTED HOUSE - DAY

53

Wenzler does bench presses in his living room when there's a RAP at his door.

WENZLER

It's open!

Kenny enters.

KENNY

Hey.

Wenzler see Kenny, but keeps weight lifting.

KENNY (CONT'D)  
We missed you at practice, today.

Wenzler continues to bench press.

KENNY (CONT'D)  
The guys want to curl. So do I.

More bench presses...

KENNY (CONT'D)  
I want us to win. But we can't do  
it without you. We can't play  
without a fourth player. The team  
needs you.

There's a slight pause in the rhythm of Wenzler's workout,  
but still no response. Kenny heads back to the front door.

KENNY (CONT'D)  
I need you, too, bro. Sorry for  
being such a dick.

Kenny leaves. Wenzler stops exercising, grabs a towel and  
watches Kenny walk off down the street.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. YAHARA RIVER BRIDGE - DAY

54

Kenny trudges through the cold, head hung low. He stops at  
the Rutledge Street Bridge. He finds a stick, drops it over  
the stone ledge and peers over.

The river is frozen solid and the stick bounces on the ice  
and doesn't move.

He pulls his hood tight against the cold and starts to trudge  
home but is startled to see Wenzler standing behind him.

WENZLER  
What are you doing?

KENNY  
Uh, nothing. I was... it's nothing.

WENZLER  
Listen, some things were said in  
the heat of the moment, but I  
appreciate you coming by today. And  
what you said.



KENNY

Thanks.

WENZLER

We need you to skip. We're not a team without you... we're just a bunch of god damn pretty faces.

KENNY

That's debatable.

They laugh and bro hug.

WENZLER

The bonspiel is in three weeks. Think we have a chance?

KENNY

No. Not a snowball's chance in hell.

WENZLER

Perfect! The story of my life...

CUT TO:

55 INT. CURLING CLUB ICE HOUSE - DAY

55

Kenny watches the guys practice their throws. Much better than last time.

KENNY

Just get a feel for the ice, nice and easy... With each throw, feel the ice change beneath you... anticipate it... it's frozen, but it's still moving, changing with each throw you make... adjust the weight of your throw --

A BUZZER sounds.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Nuts. We're out of ice time.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. VW MICROBUS/ICE FISHING SHANTY - LATE AFTERNOON 56

Kenny pounds a rubber block into the ice in front of their shanty while Wenzler sweeps the snow away from it, making a homemade curling hack. Kenny pulls a curling stone out of a heavy duffle bag.

ANDREW

Where the hell did you get that?

KENNY

Where do you think. It won't go missing until league play later tonight. Time's a wasting. Let's curl!

Orange and red streaks of light bounce off the blue ice as the sun sets. The guys practice until it's too dark to see.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT NEAR LAKE - NIGHT 57

Exhausted, the team piles their gear into Wenzler's car.

KENNY

I'm proud of you guys. You've really worked you're asses off. I think you're ready for prime time.

WENZLER

This calls for a celebration. Tonight. We do it up right!

CUT TO:

58 EXT. THE FEISTY BEAVER STRIP JOINT - NIGHT 58

The guys stand in the front parking lot, bathed in the glow of red and orange neon.

ANDREW

The "Feisty Beaver"?

KENNY

You brought us to a Strip Club?

WENZLER

We need to celebrate the team. The brotherhood.

KENNY

With a trip to a joint named 'The Feisty Beaver'? I don't know about this.

PHILL

I've never been in a titty bar before.

ANDREW

Me neither.

WENZLER

All the more reason!

KENNY

This is not a good idea.

Wenzler blithely strides toward the front door. Andrew and Phill sheepishly look at their shoes, then at Kenny, then bolt toward the entrance.

Kenny shakes his head and sighs. And follows his friends toward the door.

CUT TO:

59

INT. THE FEISTY BEAVER STRIP JOINT - SAME TIME

59

Stained shag carpet and stucco walls radiate the stale smell of vomit and cheap perfume. It'd be charitable to say the place had seen better days.

Like sheep, the guys migrate to the bar.

On stage a tired, snaggle-toothed stripper, CHERRI SURPRISE, goes through the motions.

KENNY

I don't know about this. I think I'm going to call it a night.

Kenny turns to leave, but is blocked by a DRUNK REDNECK.

DRUNK REDNECK

You trying to dance with my mom?

KENNY

What?

DRUNK REDNECK

You heard me. You're trying to do the nasty tango with my mom.

Kenny looks around. The only woman in the bar is the stripper on stage.

KENNY  
Listen, mister--

The drunk redneck shoves Kenny into Wenzler.

DRUNK REDNECK  
Don't mess with me.

He lifts his shirt as if going for a gun tucked in his pants. But the only thing he reveals is his tidy whities.

Speechless, Kenny turns to Wenzler, but just gets a smirk and shrugged shoulders for support.

The drunk redneck spins him around and puts up his fists like the Notre Dame mascot.

DRUNK REDNECK (CONT'D)  
Don't be such a rookie.

He takes a jab at Kenny, who easily steps out of the way.

DRUNK REDNECK (CONT'D)  
Goddamn rookies.

He takes a another swing at Kenny, misses and falls forward, crashing on the floor, knocking himself out cold.

KENNY  
Okay, then.

Wenzler pulls Kenny and the boys to the stage as a crowd grows around the fallen drunk redneck.

Cherri Surprise smiles at Wenzler, revealing a healthy set of bucked teeth.

She grabs Wenzler and pulls him forward to the edge of the stage. Kenny reluctantly stays.

CHERRI SURPRISE  
Cops or Robbers?

She runs a glittered finger up his arm and along his chin.

WENZLER  
Excuse me?

CHERRI SURPRISE  
Are you a cop or a robber?

WENZLER

I'm not a cop.

She gets closer and whispers in Wenzler's ear. The guys watch, as if witnessing a slow motion car wreck.

CHERRI SURPRISE

Cops or robbers.

WENZLER

I'm a robber(?)

CHERRI SURPRISE

(forcefully)

Then spread your legs and put your hands behind your head.

Wenzler plays along, and assumes the position, locking his hands behind his head. He grins at the guys.

Cherri grabs the dance pole and spins hard like a gymnast, building momentum. She launches herself feet first at him.

Her feet fly through the shoulder "holes" created by Wenzler's arms cupped on either side of his head.

However, she misjudges her distance. There's a LOUD SMACK as she CRASHES, crotch first, into Wenzler's face with her pelvic bone. BLOOD splatters everywhere. They both SCREAM.

WENZLER

You broke my fucking nose!!

He lunges at her and the guys pull him back. BOUNCERS swarm them, overturning tables and spilling drinks, and the guys slip on the bloody floor as they race to the nearest exit...

CUT TO:

60

EXT. THE FEISTY BEAVER STRIP JOINT - MOMENTS LATER

60

The guys sit on the curb of the road. Kenny holds a handful of bloody napkins over Wenzler's bloodied nose.

ANDREW

Now we know why they call it 'the Feisty Beaver'...

DISSOLVE TO:

61 INT. KENNY'S ROOM - DAY

61

Kenny enters his now bare bedroom. He opens his sock drawer and pulls out a felt box and carefully opens it. It's his JUNIOR NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP CURLING PIN.

He takes a deep breath, throws the pin in his duffle bag, re-hangs The Brier banner, sticks the photos back on the wall, and packs his curling broom into its travel bag.

He grabs his travel bag, kisses The Brier banner and leaves.

CUT TO:

62 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - DAY

62

Opening ceremonies for the Badger State Championship. The MASTER OF CEREMONIES, a BAGPIPER and COLOR GUARD carrying American and Scottish flags march past all the TEAMS to the center of the ice as hundreds of SPECTATORS watch.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

We gather here today to celebrate  
the most excellent and ancient  
sport of curling, a sport played  
for over 500 years. It is steep in  
tradition and good sportsmanship. I  
ask you all to lift your glass!

Bottles of Scotch Whiskey appear and shot glasses are poured for all the curlers. Everyone raises their glass to toast.

Wenzler, sporting two black eyes, smiles confidently. A curler next to him leans in close.

TYLER GEORGE

What happened to your face?

WENZLER

(loud whisper)  
Beaver bite.

Wenzler proudly holds up his shot glass.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Let us toast as the first curlers  
did over five centuries ago: 'We're  
thankful for snow and ice,  
but still we ask for more,  
give us a heart that's rich,  
like curler's true and keen,  
to be good friends along life's  
road,

(MORE)

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (CONT'D)  
 our sweep and slide are clean.  
 Tho' slow the shot and wide the  
 aim,  
 we'll sweep each other in!  
 Gentlemen, good curling!

He downs the shot of whiskey.

CURLERS  
 Good, curling!

Everyone drinks and shakes hands with their opponents.

Team Stuntbeck shake their opponents' hands. Kenny wears his  
 JUNIOR NATIONAL CHAMPION PIN on his vest collar.

KENNY  
 Good curling. Hey, guys, you're now  
 officially curlers.

Wenzler smiles broadly, surveying the crowd of spectators.

WENZLER  
 Damn straight. Gentlemen. It's show  
 time!

The guys have an intense fire in their eyes Kenny's never  
 seen before. He slides down to the far end of the ice,  
 thinking they may actually have a winning chance.

CUT TO:

63 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - MOMENTS LATER 63

Andrew throws two perfect guard shots - exactly where Kenny  
 asks...

CUT TO:

64 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - MOMENTS LATER 64

Phil hits his opponents stone and rolls perfectly behind the  
 guard stone...

CUT TO:

65 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - MOMENTS LATER 65

Wenzler hits a double take out, knocking two opponents stones out of the house, the guys are sitting with three points...

CUT TO:

66 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - MOMENTS LATER 66

The OPPOSING SKIP throws a perfect draw shot up to the button, out-scoring the guy's three.

CUT TO:

67 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - MOMENTS LATER 67

Wenzler slides down to the house and consults with Kenny.

WENZLER

What do you think?

KENNY

I want to draw right up to it.  
Right here, on the inside.

He points to an incredibly small open spot on the ice right in front of the opponents stone.

KENNY (CONT'D)

If my weight is good, it'll be protected and if I'm a bit heavy, the worst I do is knock out his shot rock.

WENZLER

Copy that.

Kenny coolly glides down the ice. Once in the hack, he motions for Wenzler to inch his broom a bit to the right.

Kenny crouches down to throw his first shot. He glides effortlessly out of the hack low and slow, totally focused.

His stone glides lightly down the ice.

He slides out following behind the stone, never taking his eye off his target. Andrew and Phil start to sweep...

KENNY

(Yells)  
Off!!



Phil and Andrew pull their brooms, but stay with the stone.

ANDREW

It needs a little help. It's dieing.

KENNY

Off!

The stone defies physics and curls perfectly between two guard stones, stopping right on the button in front of the opponent's stone. Perfect line, perfect weight.

The Opposing Skip shows his Third where he wants the broom.

OPPOSING SKIP

We're going to follow him in. Same thing he did.

The Skip throws his last stone. It's light.

OPPOSING SKIP (CONT'D)

SWEEP!!! SWEEP HARD!!!

His teammates sweep hard, but the stone crashes into a guard, glancing haplessly into another of his own stones. The pair both slide outward, leaving Kenny sitting four, *if* he can get rid of the Opponent Skip's previous shot.

Kenny sits in the hack, motions for more broom.

PHILL

It's hammer time.

Kenny doesn't say a word, he just slides out and perfectly releases his stone...

The stone arches perfectly around the guard stones hitting the shot rock he previously threw. The shot rock bounces into the opponents stone knocking it out of the way. The team erupts. They just scored five points.

Wenzler hangs a "5" on the scoreboard's first end.

DISSOLVE TO:

68

INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - LATER

68

Wenzler hangs a "2" on the scoreboard making the total: 8-1 after only four ends.

The Opposing Skip relents and shakes Kenny's hands.

OPPOSING SKIP  
We're done. Good Curling.

CUT TO:

69 INT. THE COLISEUM BEER GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER 69

The guys celebrate their first win with a round of beers.

KENNY

That was a great game guys. But  
don't get too excited. We just won  
the privilege to play a better team  
in four hours. Remember. This is a  
marathon, not a sprint.

The guys set their beers down. They're on board.

DISSOLVE TO:

70 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - MONTAGE 70

Team Stuntbeck shake hands with their next opponents, their  
bigger and stronger than the last team...

KENNY

Good curling, guys.

...and soundly beats them in eight ends...

Team Stuntbeck shakes hands with their next opponents,  
they're even bigger and more confident than the last team...

WENZLER

Gentlemen. Good curling.

...and soundly beats them in eight ends...

Team Stuntbeck shakes hands with their next opponents,  
they're bigger, stronger and hungrier than the last team...

PHILL

Good curling!

ANDREW

Good curling!

...and soundly beats them in eight ends...

The guys are exhausted, but exuberant.

CUT TO:

71 INT. THE COLISEUM BEER GARDEN - LEADER BOARD

71

Team Stuntbeck has advanced through all the events and is now set to play the only other winning team. TEAM JERROD.

Kenny pensively turns from the leader board and faces Wenzler and Andrew. They look spent.

ANDREW

What's wrong?

KENNY

We're playing Team Jerrod.

WENZLER

Bring 'em on!

Kenny nods over to a table of old guys. Their skip, HANS JERROD, in his late 60's, takes a draw of Irish whiskey. His thinning hair is gray, but there's fire in his eyes.

KENNY

He's a legend. Probably the best club curler there is. He comes down from Kitchener, Ontario every year to feast on new prey.

WENZLER

That old guy?

KENNY

That old guy. He is not to be underestimated. He was born on the ice and is the cagiest bastard you'll ever compete against.

ANDREW

Look at his team! The youngest guy on the team is 130!

WENZLER

I bet they can't make it one end without a bathroom break.

KENNY

Show some respect. That's his posse. Each of those guys were amazing curlers in their day. He's spent a lifetime beating each of them. But that's not his team.

The guys look puzzled.

KENNY (CONT'D)

That is.

He points to the table behind Jerrod. Three hulking curlers drink protein shakes at the table behind Hans Jerrod: NFL great VERNON DAVIS, Olympian MATT HAMILTON and SAMMY "THE DIVA" DERRINGER, who looks like the poster boy for Army Drill Sergeants.

WENZLER

Is that Vernon Davis?

KENNY

Yup. And Matt Hamilton.

WENZLER

(gulps)

They don't look so tough.

Vernon stands and stretches, towering over the curlers next to him.

ANDREW

He's huge. He looks like a dump truck mated with a bulldozer.

WENZLER

They look so much... *nicer*... on TV.

Phill runs up to his teammates.

PHILL

(excitedly)

Hey guys, check it out, that's Vernon Davis and Matt Hamilton over there.

ANDREW

That's who we're playing.

PHILL

(like a pin to a balloon)

Ohhhhh.

WENZLER

They don't look so tough.

KENNY

We got this... Right?

No one replies.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Remember. This is a mental game. We got this, right?

WENZLER

Yea, we got this.

He doesn't sound so sure.

Hans Jerrod spots Kenny, gets up with a slight limp, and comes to greets him. Sammy dutifully follows the older man.

HANS JERROD

Kenny Stuntbeck! How are you, my boy? I'm glad to see you're back in the saddle and breaking in a new horse.

KENNY

Excuse me?

HANS JERROD

The new team you've put together. Looks like quite a respectable row of thieves you've assembled. I'm looking forward to playing you.

KENNY

Yes, as am I. I'm looking forward to it. Always a pleasure, sir.

HANS JERROD

Have you met Sammy, my Third? We call him The Diva. This is Kenny Stuntbeck.

Sammy musters a nod as he shakes Kenny's hand.

KENNY

Why do they call you "The Diva"?

SAMMY DERRINGER

(annoyed)

I'm high maintenance.

HANS JERROD

Looks like we've got keen ice. Should be a barn burner. We'll see you in a bit on sheet one.

He and Sammy return to their table and Jerrod is promptly handed a bottle of Irish whiskey. He takes a draw as he sits.

WENZLER

So you've played him before?

KENNY

Yeah. Actually, I've played him quite a few times.

WENZLER

So what's his weakness? How'd you beat him?

Kenny's distracted. Maggie is standing at the entrance to the Beer Garden. She's on a mission. Scanning the crowd, she makes eye contact with Kenny and attempts a smile.

KENNY

I don't know.

He turns and looks Wenzler in the eye.

KENNY (CONT'D)

I've never beat him. I'll be right back.

Kenny makes a beeline toward Maggie as Wenzler spots her through the crowd.

WENZLER

Oh, shit.

Kenny stops at arm's length from Maggie.

MAGGIE

Hi.

KENNY

What are you doing here?

MAGGIE

'Hello' is often customary.

KENNY

Sorry. Hello.

MAGGIE

I heard through the grapevine that you were competing today. I wanted to come cheer for you and the guys.

KENNY

That's cool... and, um, very nice of you. Thank you.

MAGGIE

And there's something I came to tell you.

KENNY

I appreciate you coming down here, but I have to go get on the ice.

MAGGIE

Listen, I get it. But who's being casually brutal now?

She has his attention.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I miss your company. I miss laughing with you. I miss you.

KENNY

What about Mister Hockey Puck for brains?

MAGGIE

What about him? I don't know what you think you saw, but you got the wrong impression... And that hurts.

Wenzler, Phil and Andrew approach the pair.

WENZLER

Hey, Kenny. We should get out on the ice. Everything all right?

KENNY

Yup. Okay. I'll be right there. Just give me a second.

The guys stand there. Nobody moves.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Do you mind?

They solemnly nod and head toward the ice arena.

PHILL

Hi Maggie. It's nice to see you.

MAGGIE

Thanks, Phill. Good luck out there.  
(to Kenny)  
I never saw the starry sky until I saw it with you.

Alone again in the crowd.

KENNY

I, um... I'm really glad you're here. I've missed you. A lot.

(Switches to French)

It's really good to see you. I guess I was just trying to stop from crashing into that cold hard ground.

*(Je suppose que j'essayais juste d'arrêter de m'écraser dans ce sol dur et froid.)*

(Switches back to English)

I'm sorry. I gotta go.

Maggie watches him as he sheepishly heads off toward the ice house. She waits until he's out of earshot.

MAGGIE

(In French)

I'm here to catch you if you crash.  
*(Je suis ici pour t'attraper si tu tombes en panne.)*

(Back to English)

Good luck.

CUT TO:

72

INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - MOMENTS LATER

72

Kenny enters the ice arena. The other players are already shaking hands. He shakes everyone's hands, shaking Hans Jerrod's hand last. He's got his game face on.

KENNY

Good curling.

VERNON DAVIS

Good curling.

MATT HAMILTON

Good curling.

He shakes Wenzler's hand last...

KENNY

Good curling.

WENZLER

Good curling.

...and starts down to the far end of the sheet.

WENZLER (CONT'D)

They won the toss.

As he slides away he confidently commands over his shoulder.



KENNY

Andrew, give me a guard.

CUT TO:

73 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - SAME TIME 73

Maggie grabs a seat close to the sheet. As she settles in, Kenny's parents grab the last two seats behind her.

KYLE

So how many innings do they play?

KELLI

They're called, 'ends', dear.  
Olympic and World competitions  
plays ten ends, but Leagues  
normally only play eight ends.  
Today they're playing eight.

KYLE

How do you know this?

She smiles at him and squeezes his hand.

KELLI

Thanks for coming today. It'll mean  
a lot to your son.

CUT TO:

74 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - SAME TIME 74

Andrew throws a perfectly placed guard shot.

CUT TO MONTAGE:

75 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - SAME TIME 75

It's a tight game. Kenny's team sets up perfectly placed stones, but Jerrod's team plays a draw game, Vernon and Matt fill the house with well placed stones, each making one incredible shot after another.

CUT TO:

76 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - LATER 76

It's the 7th End and the game is tied: 6-6. Team Stuntbeck sits in the house with a vulnerable shot rock.

Jerrod throws his last stone. It glides perfectly around a guard, nudging Stuntbeck's shot rock back, giving Jerrod shot.

Kenny has hammer and he and Wenzler discuss their options.

WENZLER

Shit. It's not ideal, but the only thing we can do is follow him in, same shot. Nudge him out and take our one point.

KENNY

No, it's too risky.

WENZLER

It's not risky. Not from that angle. Just throw the same shot he did. I've seen you make it a hundred times in practice.

Kenny listens, but his mind is already made up.

KENNY

No. It's too risky. I'm just going to throw through and give him the point.

WENZLER

Why the fuck would you do that? It's a tie game and there's only one end left!

Kenny points to the outside of the house, where he wants Wenzler's broom.

KENNY

Set it out here. Doesn't really matter. I'm giving him the point.

Wenzler ignores Kenny and sets the broom to make the shot.

WENZLER

Take the fucking shot. We need the point.

Kenny ignores him and glides toward the hack to take his last shot. He calmly tells Andrew and Phill his plan.

KENNY

They've got point. I'm throwing through so save your energy and don't bother sweeping.

The exhausted pair of sweepers have no arguments with that.

Kenny takes his position in the hack and motions to set the broom wide. Wenzler refuses.

Kenny ignores him and sends his stone hurtling wide down the ice at board weight, missing the shot completely.

Wenzler is furious.

WENZLER

Fuck me.

Sammy Derringer coolly surveys the house.

SAMMY DERRINGER

Looks like one point for us.

WENZLER

Yup. Looks that way.

CUT TO:

77 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - SAME TIME

77

Kyle is confused as he watches Sammy Derringer hang the point on the score board.

KENNY'S DAD

Why'd he throw such a crappy shot?  
He just gave up a chance to take  
the lead. He didn't just throw the  
game?! Did he just throw the game?

Concerned, Kelli bites her lip.

CUT TO:

78 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - SAME TIME

78

It's the 8th and final end. Team Jerrod leads 7-6 and throws their first stone. A center guard.

Kenny calls for a guard stone on the other side of the house. Andrew throws, but his weight is light.

KENNY

Sweep!!

Phill sweeps hard, but Wenzler makes no effort, and just strolls down the ice. The stone just barely makes it across the hog line. The CROWD MURMURS.

KENNY (CONT'D)  
 What the hell was that?

WENZLER  
 Fuck this. If you're done. I'm  
 done.

Kenny slides over to Wenzler, pulling him out of ear shot.

KENNY  
 Listen. This is about winning the  
 war. Not just one battle. The only  
 way we're going to win this thing  
 is with the hammer. That's why I  
 threw it through. Got it?

Wenzler doesn't say anything.

KENNY (CONT'D)  
 We got to be all in, all of us. All  
 the way, as a team... Trust me.

Wenzler nods agreement. He gets it. They fist bump.

KENNY (CONT'D)  
 Good. I got your back. Now let's  
 get back to work.

DISSOLVE TO:

79 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - MOMENTS LATER 79

For every stone Team Stuntbeck puts in play, Team Jerrod  
 knocks it out of the house.

CUT TO:

80 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - SAME TIME 80

Maggie sits on the edge of her seat.

Kyle is completely absorbed in the game.

KYLE  
 C'mon boys! We're running out of  
 stones here.

Kelli nervously clutches her husbands hand.

CUT TO:

81

INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - MOMENTS LATER

81

Sammy Derringer attempts a take-out shot. However, it's not quite strong enough and Wenzler's stone stays in the house, biting the back 4 foot line.

KENNY

Finally, a mistake. Victory's ours.

WENZLER

Really?

KENNY

Now we got something to play with.  
We got backing. I want you to draw  
right up in front of it.

Wenzler throws a beautiful shot, draws right up in front of the opponents stone for shot.

Jerrod and Derringer conference.

HANS JERROD

I want to draw down the same line  
as him, but sit in the house on top  
of the T.

Jerrod slides down to the hack and talks to his sweepers.

VERNON DAVIS

What's the plan?

HANS JERROD

Sweep me into the top four foot.  
But we do not want to be heavy.

Vernon and Matt nod. Jerrod throws his stone. It's light.

SAMMY DERRINGER

Sweep!!

Vernon and Matt furiously attack the ice with their brooms.

HANS JERROD

Off!!

They continue sweeping.

VERNON DAVIS

It's light!

MATT HAMILTON

It needs the weight!

SAMMY DERRINGER

Sweep!! Hurry Hard!



82 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - SAME TIME

82

Kelli lets out a WHOOP.

KYLE

Is that a good thing?

KELLI

Kenny has him backed in a corner.  
It's a very good thing... As long  
as he makes his shot.

Maggie, clapping hard, turns back to Kelli.

MAGGIE

Who knew curling was so exciting!  
C'mon Kenny!!

CUT TO:

83 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - SAME TIME

83

Kenny sits in the hack with the hammer. He takes a DEEP BREATH and focuses on the shot. Another DEEP BREATH. The only thing he hears is the steady rhythm of his HEARTBEAT.

The world is simple. Stone. Ice. Forward momentum. Angle of curl to target. Weight of stone versus amount of thrust in legs to cover correct distance. One last breath...

He gracefully slides out of the hack and lets go the stone...

...there is only HEARTBEAT and SCRAPING rock on ice...

...the stone glides down the sheet...

... HEARTBEAT turns to Andrew yelling...

ANDREW

It's light!!

WENZLER

SWEEEP!!!

Andrew and Phill sweep hard, pulling the stone behind them. As it nears the far hog line Wenzler becomes more animated.

WENZLER (CONT'D)

OFF!!

PHILL

It's dieing. It needs help!





KELLI

They're 'bringing out the chains to  
measure for first down', dear.

Maggie turns back toward Kenny's parents.

MAGGIE

I can't stand this.

KYLE

You and me both.

CUT TO:

87 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - SAME TIME 87

The two teams crowd the house, trying to get a better view.

CUT TO:

88 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - SAME TIME 88

Kenny nervously slides in a tight circle while Jerrod coolly  
leans on his broom.

CUT TO:

89 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - SAME TIME 89

We see a CLOSE UP of the measuring meter on the stones.  
Jerrod's stone is two millimeters closer.

CUT TO:

90 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - SAME TIME 90

Wenzler looks up stone faced and shakes Derringer's hand.

WENZLER

Your point. Good game.

Jerrod reaches out and shakes Kenny's hand.

HANS JERROD

Good game, kid. You had us on the  
ropes.

The two teams shake hands. Wenzler, Phil and Andrew can't believe they lost. Kenny stands stunned. Failure... again.

CUT TO:

91 INT. THE COLISEUM SPORTS ARENA - MOMENTS LATER 91

Photos are taken of Team Jerrod holding a GIANT CHECK for \$20,000 as Kenny and the guys pack up their brooms.

WENZLER

You coming?

KENNY

I'll catch up to you guys.

HANS JERROD

Hey kid.

Kenny stops.

HANS JERROD (CONT'D)

You called one hell of a game...  
and played like nobody's business.

KENNY

Thank you, sir. But my team did all  
the heavy lifting. They deserve all  
the credit.

HANS JERROD

They're green, but you should be  
proud for bringing them this far.  
Nice job. Hey, I've got a bottle of  
Irish in my locker that's itching  
to get out. Drinks on me tonight.  
I'd like you to join us.

KENNY

Thanks, I'll join you guys at the  
table in a minute.

Finishing packing his stuff.

HANS JERROD

I'd like you to join us on my team.

Kenny spins around.

KENNY

What?

HANS JERROD

We play with Vernon and Matt when I'm in the States, but this is Diva's last game. His wife's nine months pregnant and ready to spit out a mini Diva any day now. I'm putting together a new team and need a third. You're pretty good, for an American.

(he winks with a grin)

Come up to Canada and play with me.

KENNY

I'm speechless. I don't know what to say.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

Say yes!

Kenny turns, surprised to see Maggie.

KENNY

Yes.

HANS JERROD

Good. Now that we have that settled, it's time for a drink. I'm parched! See you inside.

Kenny stands in the empty ice house and takes it all in.

MAGGIE

This is home, isn't it.

KENNY

Yeah. I never really thought of it that way, but I guess it is.

She smiles.

MAGGIE

Tough loss?

KENNY

Yes. Yes, it is.

There's an awkward pause.

MAGGIE

So, I got some news today. I'm transferring schools.

She sees the letdown on his face.

KENNY

You are? Where?

MAGGIE

I'll be starting next semester, so I'll be moving pretty quickly. I got to find an apartment...

KENNY

That's great. I'm really happy for you. Where are you transferring?

She smiles coyly.

MAGGIE

Didn't your dad say something about you having a strong back and a weak mind?

KENNY

Yeah, on a daily basis.

MAGGIE

Well, I could sure use a strong back and a weak mind. I was hoping that now that you'll be curling up in Ontario, maybe you would help me move up there?

KENNY

What?! Where are you going?

MAGGIE

University of Toronto. I could also use some help finding an apartment. You could stay with me for awhile... or longer. You know, to help me unpack...

Kenny grins ear to ear. He nods and steps toward her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

We could hang out, you could teach me to curl... maybe move in. You know? Like, together --

Kenny grabs her tight and kisses her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I mean, assuming you'll now be able to play in The Brier, you'll need a roof over your head.

Kenny kisses her again.

KENNY

You had me at "strong back and weak mind." I'm your man.

MAGGIE

So you'll come with me?

KENNY

I guess you couldn't hear me say yes because I'm busy kissing you.

Maggie grins and kisses Kenny.

Kenny doesn't notice his parents standing nearby. Kelli smiles and blushes at the sight of her son kissing a girl.

KYLE

Look, he's a ladies man, just like his old man!

KELLI

That's right, dear. A regular Casanova.

KYLE

There you go with that fancy Italian. What's wrong with speaking good old American?

Kelli sighs, kisses him, and leads him away so the couple can have their privacy.

KELLI

Nothing dear. I wasn't thinking straight... you make me swoon and it brings out the crazy in me.

They pass Wenzler and the guys on their way out.

WENZLER

Mister and Misses Stuntbeck.

KELLI

Walter.

Phill and Andrew do a double take, both mouthing, "Walter".

ANDREW

Your first name is Walter?

PHILL

You don't look like a Walter.

WENZLER

And you don't look like you come  
from a family tree with any  
branches.

Kenny and Maggie still kiss and Wenzler CLEARS HIS THROAT.

WENZLER (CONT'D)

When you two are done playing  
tensil hockey, the guys and I would  
like a moment.

Kenny and Maggie sheepishly comply.

KENNY

Um, sorry about that.

WENZLER

No worries. We're sorry we let you  
down. \$20,000 for two millimeters.  
That's some expensive real estate.  
Two f'n millimeters.

Kenny gives Wenzler a big bro hug.

KENNY

(in French)  
Love you, brother.  
(*Je t'aime mon frère*)  
(back to English)  
It was never about the money. Who  
cares if we didn't win. Look what  
we did together!

The guys eagerly nod agreement and high-five.

WENZLER

(to Phill and Andrew)  
Let's partake in that bottle of  
Irish before it's gone. Did I ever  
tell you every food can be broken  
into two food groups - soup or  
sandwich...

As the guys leave, Maggie slaps Kenny's butt. He grins, takes  
her hand, and slides out onto the ice. He stops her on the  
button in the center of the House.

KENNY

There's no place like home.

And they kiss long and hard.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END