

CHILLY BEACH

"Winning Freak"

Written
by
Christine Alexiou

FINAL DRAFT
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ACT ONE

1 INT. PUCK STOP - NIGHT

1

CONSTABLE AL, a couple of SCHMOS and FRANK trudge dejectedly inside. They wear green jerseys with a hot-dog and "Chilly Dogs" emblazoned on the front. A "FUNERAL MARCH" plays in the b.g. Frank looks towards the entrance expectantly. Dale, wearing huge sunglasses feels his way inside.

FRANK

Dale, why are you wearing your sunglasses at night?

DALE

Ssh! Keep it down will you? I'm trying to keep a low profile.

Dale walks like a blind man and bumps into APRIL, goes into a twirl, and slams into the counter. Frank rolls his eyes as April scowls at Dale. Dale straightens up nonchalantly and feels his way onto a stool. Frank joins him at the bar.

FRANK

You can't hide. Everybody's going to find out we lost the district tournament for the 20th year in a row.

DALE

We? Who's talking about we?

FRANK

Well, you did score on our net.

DALE

I said it once and I'll say it again - prove it!

JACQUES comes out of the kitchen with a LARGE POT of goopy gravy and a ladle. A sign in the b.g. reads SPECIAL: ALL YOU CAN EAT GRAVY.

JACQUES

Hey there, Chilly Dogs! What will it be? A bowl of victory gravy?

He takes a look at Frank who shrugs his shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

JACQUES (CONT'D)

Second-place? Third place? Second last? The barrel's bottom?

Frank finally nods. Jacques tries to remain up-beat.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

Losing, it is not so terrible. I have lost games in my time in the NHL.

FRANK

How did you deal with it?

JACQUES

I did not show my face for many, many days. And the captain, he leave town for a while. Have some gravy. It always make me feel better.

Just then BIGGS walks in, wearing a SNOWTOWN SQUIRRELS jersey. It's orange with a rabid looking squirrel emblazoned on it. He spots Dale.

BIGGS

Well, well, well. If it isn't Dale and the Chilly Dogs or as I affectionately think of you - THE BIG LOSERS!

(laughs snidely)

DALE

If you must know, we prefer to call it non-winning. And how come you play for the Snowtown Squirrels anyway? You live here!

BIGGS

And join the worst team in the league? I have a reputation to uphold. The first rule of success is to align yourself with winners...or at least buy the team, hire a Swedish ringer and victory is guaranteed.

Biggs smirks and walks off.

DALE

I can't stand that guy. He thinks he's better just because he is.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

Dale turns on his team - Frank, Constable Al and the SCHMOS sitting nearby. He throws off his sunglasses.

DALE (CONT'D)

I can see clearly now! And much better without the sunglasses. It's your fault we can't shake this losing streak. You all play like a bunch of girls!

Constable Al holds up a hand.

CONSTABLE AL

Holding on, please. I could not be handling the stick with propriety due to breakage of said nail.

FRANK

There's no need to get all nasty. Remember, it's one for all and all for one.

A chorus of yeahs, right on, etc. The team gives Dale the evil eye but he's too charged up to care.

DALE

That might of worked for the Mouskateers but I'm not buying it! You all suck!

The team emits outraged comments, Hey!, That's not nice!, etc. Jacques approaches.

JACQUES

Arrete, arrete! Let us sing the Chilly Dogs team song. It will raise the spirits.

(waves his arms in time)

Et une, deux, trois...

ANGLE ON Jacques as he's splattered with gravy from head to toe. As the gravy drips down his face, he smacks his lips in pleasure.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

I am still the Genius of the Gravy!

2 INT. DALE'S HOUSE -- DAY

2

Frank and Dale sit on the couch. The place is a mess. A grungy, depressed Dale is flipping channels between his three channels with his OVERSIZED converter.

FRANK

So you're telling me you've been watching TV for 14 hours straight?

DALE

Yup.

FRANK

And you're never coming to practice again?

DALE

It cuts into my TV time.

FRANK

But we have to get ready for our re-match with the Squirrels.

DALE

(sighs)

Why bother? We'll just lose.

FRANK

You don't know that.

Dale gives him a look.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Okay, even if that's true, it's hockey. We live for hockey, remember?

DALE

Actually I live for beer more but you can live for hockey if you want.

Dale continues to flip channels. Frank's eyes cross.

FRANK

Stop flipping. I'm getting dizzy.

DALE

Okay, okay. Keep your shirt on.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

DALE (CONT'D)
(with emphasis)
And I mean that.

Dale settles on one channel as a commercial comes on.

3 INT. TV COMMERCIAL - DAY

3

Driving music with a pulsating DRUM BEAT. WILD
APPLAUSE and CHEERING from an unseen CROWD.

X.C.U. of a HOCKEY PUCK hurling towards the camera.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Are you a loser?

FREEZE FRAME in mid-hurl.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Then take your best shot!

SMASH CUT TO: A GOALIE diving for the puck and letting
one go in the net.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
And become a winner!

SMASH CUT TO: A HOCKEY PLAYER raising his arm in
victory and taking a huge bite of a POWER-PLAY POWER
BAR.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
With Power-Play Power Bars ! Ten a
day turns amateur hockey hacks into
champions! Take it from legendary
Ptarmigan goalie Hal Shack!

SMASH CUT to a wizened, gap-toothed HAL SHACK -
wearing his Ptarmigan jersey.

HAL
(hard of hearing)
Eh? Of course, I'm Hal Shack.
Says so right on my jersey.
Numbnut.

Cut to the screen with a C.U. of the Power-Play power
bar.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Say good-bye to losing! Only
\$99.99 U.S. a case. Call 1-800-
POWER-PLAY to order now! We accept
cash only.

4 INT. DALE'S HOUSE - DAY

4

Dale gets his thinking face on.

DALE
That's it! The answer to our
prayers. We take those power
thingies and we cream Biggs and the
Squirrels! No more losing! Hand
me the phone.

FRANK
I don't know. You've never even
used all that other stuff you
ordered off TV.

PAN ACROSS a row of items in Dale's house. With each
item, its name and the price flash on the screen. SFX:
Cash register cha-ching.

The Zippi Exerciser \$89.99

The Yolky Egg Coddler \$19.99

The Great One's Rug Hooking Kit \$49.99

DALE
Look, if a hockey legend like Hal
Shack says the bars work, they
work. Now, where are we going to
get the money...?

He gives Frank a side-long glance. Frank shakes his
head.

FRANK
You still owe me for the Yolky Egg
Coddler! No.

Dale gets down on his knees in front of Frank. He
clasps his hands together.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

DALE

(begging)

C'mon Frank. Pretty please? With
beer on top?

FRANK

No.

Dale stands up.

DALE

Fine, be that way. But it'll be on
your head when I do something
drastic.

Frank wavers slightly.

FRANK

You're all talk. The answer is
still no.

Dale pulls no punches.

DALE

Hmm...I wonder what everyone will
say when they find out you actually
know what a triple Salchow is.

FRANK

(panic in his voice)

You wouldn't! You promised you
would take that to your grave.

DALE

Yeah, but I had my fingers crossed
the entire time! So what'll it be,
Shackle-butt?

FRANK

(resigned)

Fine. I'll pay half.

Dale does a little victory dance.

DALE

Who-hoo! Biggs won't know what hit
him. Or maybe he will, because I
really, really want to. Yeah!

5 MUSICAL MONTAGE - DALE AND FRANK GET THE MONEY -- DAY

5

[Music suggestion: something like the Sabre Dance even though no one is a Buffalo fan.]

IN THE BANK, the teller stamps "ACCOUNT CLOSED" on Frank's chequebook. She dumps a couple of money-bags on the counter. Frank picks them up and his arms fall to the floor with the weight. One of the bags breaks and loonies skitter across the bank and cause Jacques who's walking in to slip and slide across the floor.

Dale enters a WALK-IN CLINIC. A sign on the entrance reads "Healthy, beer-loving mammal? Join our medical study. We pay."

INSIDE THE CLINIC Dale lies on a cot. Beside him on another cot is a CHIMP. They're both being intravenously fed beer from a keg while an EKG-like machine monitors their vital signs.

OUTSIDE THE CLINIC Dale shakes the chimp's paw and waves a handful of cash.

OUTSIDE DALE'S HOUSE, Dale and Frank look up in the sky expectantly as a twin-engine plane appears overhead. The bottom of the plane flaps open and a crate addressed to Dale plummets from the cargo bay, clipping the roof of the house and burying Dale and Frank and a stray ptarmigan in a mini-avalanche.

6 INT. DALE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

6

Dale and Frank sit on the couch. They each hold a wrapped Power-Play bar, which is about the size of a brick. They rip off the wrappers. A noxious odour wafts out of the bars. They recoil from the smell.

DALE

Yeesh! They stink worse than your socks.

FRANK

(sniffs delicately and
jumps back repelled)

I can't disagree.

DALE

Well, go ahead. Take a bite.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

FRANK

Me? Why don't you?

DALE

I'm trying to be polite here.
After you.

Dale pushes a bar at Frank. Frank pushes it back at Dale. Finally, Dale lobs it into Frank's mouth. Frank let's out a muffled "oomph". He's got the power bar wedged sideways inside his mouth. He has no choice but to bite down. A surprised look crosses his face. Then a big grin as he chews.

FRANK

Hey, this isn't bad at all.
(chews some more)
Wheaty with a hint of foam.
(burps loudly)
It's beer flavoured!

Dale grabs a bar.

DALE

Hey, no hogging!

He stuffs one in his mouth.

7 EXT. RINK -- DAY

7

Dale is at the blue line. He calls over his shoulder to Frank, who minds the net. They wear their Chilly Dogs jerseys.

DALE

I call this move, "eat my ice".

[Music Suggestion: similar to the Harlem Globetrotters theme "Sweet Georgia Brown"] He skates down centre ice handling the puck with grace and ease. He quickly dekes in and around Constable Al and another SCHMO as they try to block him one by one. As he passes them, they each spin around and fall on the ice, butt first, from the current of air that Dale has created. His stick-handling and skating abilities are balletic. A small group of bystanders are in the bleachers. Among them are Jacques and Abby who applaud.

ABBY

He's grace incarnate!

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

JACQUES

No, he is Dale...uh...something.
But it is a miracle, non? The
Chilly Dogs win their last two
game. The 20 year losing streak,
she is finally over.

ANGLE ON: Frank making save after save. At one point,
he deflects three pucks at once. He's so fast
Constable Al gets the spins from watching him. The
bystanders applaud, whistle, etc. PULL BACK to reveal
Dale twirling a puck on his finger. He looks over to
see Biggs with his arms crossed, standing flanked by a
massive blond guy, the SWEDISH RINGER, in a Snowtown
Squirrels jersey.

DALE

(to Frank)

There's Biggs. I can't wait for
our next match. This time, I'm
going to whip his dumb-ass good.

With an evil grin on his face, Dale shoots the puck
over the boards, where it smacks Biggs squarely on his
head, then rebounds into the empty net.

DALE (CONT'D)

Oops, butter fingers!

The crowd laughs as an irate Biggs is carried away by
the Swedish Ringer.

SWEDISH RINGER

Smorgasborgy!

8 EXT. WORLD HOCKEY TOWER -- DAY

8

SUPER: Meanwhile at the World Hockey Tower...

Establishing shot of a huge sky-scraper in the shape of
a hockey stick.

9 INT. WORLD HOCKEY TOWER - CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

9

A HOCKEY SCOUT wearing a sweatshirt with "Hockey Scout"
emblazoned on it sits in front of a bank of video
monitors airing hockey games. Each monitor is labelled
with a different Canadian town I.E.; Moosejaw,
Whitehorse, Brandon, etc. ANGLE ON A MONITOR: a group
of pee-wee hockey players stand on the ice.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

The camera tracks to the left where a BUXOM WOMAN is trash-talking a REFEREE.

HOCKEY SCOUT
(wolf whistles)
These hockey moms are getting
foxier every day!

He scans the monitors to the right and stops at the one labelled Chilly Beach. He watches Dale and Frank for a moment.

HOCKEY SCOUT (CONT'D)
Hmm...Repulsive yet impressive.
And two of them.

He presses an intercom button.

HOCKEY SCOUT (CONT'D)
(barking)
Suzette! Get me on the next cargo
plane to Chilly Beach! And make
sure I get a seat this time. The
floor is murder on my toukas.

FADE OUT:

ACT TWO

10 INT. FRANK'S BATHROOM -- DAY

10

Frank turns on the shower and steam rises from behind the curtain. He whistles as he lays out his bath products, SOAP, BLEACH and FABRIC SOFTENER on the counter. ANGLE ON the floor, as Frank's clothes drop in a heap. He steps into the tub (we see only from the knees down) and draws the curtain. Frank hums a little tune. Then a long silence. Then a screech.

FRANK
Yeeooww!

Sound of the shower curtain being ripped aside. He steps dripping in front of the mirror. We see Frank reflected in the mirror, wrapped in a towel.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I'm hideous!

Frank scratches at his reptilian looking arms and scales waft to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

A fly buzzes around the bathroom and Frank suddenly crouches on the floor like a lizard, turns his head, and whips his tongue out and sucks up the fly. Then his eyes bulge in horror.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And a mutant!

He hears someone whistling from outside.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Dale -- ?

He darts lizard-like over to the bathroom window and peers out. His mouth gapes open in terror.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Oh, no!

11 EXT. STREET - DAY

11

Dale is walking along whistling and munching a Power-Play bar. Both his hands are now WEBBED, he's waddling and a gaggle of baby ducks are following him. He notices the ducklings.

DALE

(to the ducklings)

What the --?!

He tries to lose them by running in the other direction. But the ducklings stay close at his heels.

DALE (CONT'D)

Now, stop that.

(He flaps his arms)

Shoo! Shoo!

The ducklings quack happily and flutter their little wings.

12 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - LAB -- DAY

12

Frank places a wrapped Power-Play bar under a microscope. CLOSE ON the label. It's printed in Korean.

FRANK

Hmm, this particular Korean dialect is foreign to me.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

He quickly turns to his Commodore 64 and types furiously. FOCUS ON SCREEN: the words "TRANSLATION READY" flash in big letters. Frank hits the print button and his dot-matrix printer begins its laborious print-out.

TIME LAPSE

The lab is now covered in reams of printer paper. Frank picks up the paper and scans it. ANGLE ON: the text which reads "Not tested on animals. Okay and never on humans either, if you must know. But they're FDA approved. So there." Frank frowns with concern. He dials the phone. Ringing is heard. An extremely perky, sing-songy WOMAN'S VOICE answers.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER PHONE)

Hello, Jiffy-Lab Hotline. Formerly your friendly neighbourhood Poison Control Centre. We answer all your chemical queries in a hurry. How may we help you?

FRANK

I need to know what sustained consumption of:
(refers to computer read-out)

Hydraulic chloride, sulfuric acid, turpentine, rocky balboa, sugar and diesel oil will do to a person?

WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER PHONE)

Hold a jiff, please.

Frank is put on hold. MUSACK plays.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER PHONE)

Thank you for ~~(holding)~~ ^(waiting). It appears that sustained consumption of the aforementioned chemicals will lead to male-pattern baldness, paralysis, double-vision, nausea, seizures, disfiguring mutations and could cause wicked gas.

FRANK

This is terrible!

WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER PHONE)

Glad to be of service, sir.

13 INT. FRANK'S CELLAR - DAY

13

Frank drags his supply of Power-Play bars over to a vault that reads "Hazardous Materials Storage" on it. He wears a white safety suit with a hood and face mask. He twirls the combination lock and swings the door open. Inside is an array of glowing hazardous waste.

FRANK

This thing needs a good spring cleaning.

He slides the bars inside and slams the vault closed.

14 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE -- DAY

14

Frank glances down at the Power-Play bar wrapper. The 1-800-POWER-PLAY number is visible. He dials the number. After a couple of rings, a recorded message comes on.

MAN'S VOICE (OVER PHONE)

"You have reached the former headquarters of Rolfo, former makers of the Power-Play power bar. We are and never will be liable for anything. Just ask our lawyers...if you can find them. Thank you for calling and have a great day!"

INSERT: The phone and answering machine are in the middle of the floor of a massive warehouse which is empty except for a few mutated mice eating Power-Play bar crumbs. A cat walks in, takes one look at the mice and runs off in fright.

15 INT. PUCK STOP -- DAY

15

Dale sits at the counter with the Hockey Scout and is flanked by two beautiful HOCKEY GROUPIES.

DALE

So let me get this straight. If I sign with you -- that is if I sign -- I get my own jersey?

HOCKEY SCOUT

Indubitably.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

DALE

In that case, I want number 99.
Because there's not just one Great
One anymore.

He winks at the Hockey Groupies who giggle and flutter
their eye-lashes. The Hockey Scout smiles nervously.
Frank rushes in and yanks Dale aside.

FRANK

We need to talk.

DALE

Make it fast. I'm busy.

FRANK

The Power-Play bars. You have to
stop eating them! They're
dangerous.

DALE

(scoffs)

No, they're not. They're working
just fine. I'm a hockey god and
I've got a chance of scoring --
(exaggerated wink)
-- off the ice...

FRANK

(exasperated)

But you're risking your life. My
tests determined that sustained
consumption of the bars could cause
all sorts of terrible side-effects --
and mutations!

DALE

That's ridiculous, I haven't
mutated at all.

He scratches his head with his webbed hands. A voice
emits from underneath Dale's jersey. It's the voice of
his second HEAD.

THE HEAD

(posh British accent)

What about your hands, Ducks?

Frank does a double-take.

FRANK

Who said that?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

DALE
(indicates his shoulder)
Oh, that? Just my second head.
(punches his shoulder)
Shut-up will you?!

FRANK
This is crazy! We've got to get
rid of the bars.

DALE
Forget it. You're not touching
them. We've got a game against the
Squirrels tomorrow and I'm not
losing to Biggs again. Do you want
to destroy my dream?

Just then, April passes by carrying a plate of chicken
wings.

THE HEAD
April, is that *Eau de Vegetable*
you're wearing?

APRIL
(caught off guard,
flattered)
Why, yes it is.

She does a double-take. Stares at Dale.

APRIL (CONT'D)
Who said that?

Both Dale and his Head answer.

THE HEAD/DALE
I did.

She glares at Dale and leaves.

THE HEAD
I told you to let me do the
talking.

Dale hits at his shoulder again. Falls to the floor,
again.

ANGLE ON: Frank talks with Jacques and Constable Al at
the counter.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

FRANK

...So you see, if we don't stop
Dale from eating those Power-Play
power bars, he's toast!

JACQUES

Don't worry, mon ami. After
tomorrow, we will help you.

FRANK

Why tomorrow?

CONSTABLE AL

The game. We are needing to cream
the Snowtown Squirrels. Most
definitely.

JACQUES

Oui! If the team lose, then Dale
will have nothing to live for
anyhow, that is for sure.

FRANK

Is everyone except me obsessed with
winning at any cost?

Jacques and Constable Al nod and smile vigourously.

FOCUS ON: Frank standing alone and miserable and
scratching at his arms. Scales waft to the ground
around him.

FADE OUT:

ACT THREE

16 INT. PUCK STOP - NIGHT

16

Frank is still where we last left him - alone and itching - but now there's a huge pile of scales at his feet. SFX: the Power-Play commercial music comes on.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Are you a loser?

Frank whips around and stares up at the television set.

INSERT: TV COMMERCIAL

C.U. of a HOCKEY PLAYER taking a huge bite of a POWER-PLAY POWER BAR.

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

Then take your best shot! And
become a winner! Just listen to
what this hockey legend has to say.

SMASH CUT to HAL SHACK.

HAL

(yelling as if to a deaf
person)

I...SAID...MY...NAME...IS...HAL
SHACK!

ANGLE ON FRANK: A "lightbulb" goes off. He's got a plan.

FRANK

It's worth a shot.

He runs out of the Puck Stop.

17 INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

17

Frank picks up the phone and punches in a long-distance number - many, many, beeps. The phone rings.

18 EXT. HOCKEY OLD-TIMERS NURSING HOME - DAY

18

Establishing shot of the building with the sign "Hockey Old-Timers Nursing Home" stencilled above the front doors.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

An OLD GEEZER in a wheelchair, wearing a TOURTIERE jersey, rolls into frame and stops to take a slap-shot and falls out of his chair.

19 INT. OLD-TIMERS HOCKEY NURSING HOME - DAY 19

A hot-looking NURSE (from "Cold War") picks up the telephone.

NURSE
Hockey Old-Timers Nursing Home.

20 INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT 20

FRANK
I need to speak with Hal Shack.
It's a matter of life and death!

21 INT. HOCKEY OLD-TIMERS NURSING HOME - DAY 21

NURSE
Alright, don't get your jock-strap
in a uproar. I've got to find him
first.

As she walks down the hall, she passes four doors in succession. The FIRST is labeled "Zamboni Driver Ward". From inside, we can hear OLD GUYS making motor noises to themselves. The SECOND door is labeled the "Organ Player Wing" where we hear snatches of organ music from within.

ORGANIST (V.O.)
(very Lawrence Welk)
From the top. And ah, one, two,
three...

The THIRD door is labeled "The Whistle Lounge" where a BLIND REFEREE (from "Lord of the Ringette") stands outside making hand-signals and blowing his whistle.

The LAST door is labelled the "Stanley Cup Room". Inside we find Hal with the Old Geezer in the wheelchair. Both are wearing gloves and carrying sticks. They're arguing over a honey-glazed cruller lying on a table.

HAL
That honey-glazed cruller has my
name on it!

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

OLD GEEZER

How're you going to eat it? You
lost your dentures.

HAL

Ever heard of gumming?

Hal snatches the donut and stuffs it in his mouth.

OLD GEEZER

You dirty Ptarmigan! You're all a
bunch of enforcers!

HAL

At least we aren't afraid of a
little body-checking. Not like you
pansy Tourtieres!

(mocking)

Oooh, I'm such a good skater.

They drop their gloves and sticks and start circling
one another with their dukes up. Hal tries to take a
swing but the Old Geezer wheels to the left and he
misses. The Nurse blows her whistle.

22 INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

22

Frank cringes at the curses, yelps, grunts and crashing
sounds on the other end of the phone-line.

23 INT. OLD-TIMERS NURSING HOME - DAY

23

The blind Referee has subdued Hal by sitting on him.
The Nurse leans down and wags her finger at Hal.

NURSE

Now Hal, promise you'll behave? Or
no honey-glazed crullers for a
week. Understand?

Hal ogles her...uh stethoscopes. She glares at him.
He nods meekly.

HAL

I promise.

NURSE

Oh, I almost forgot. You have a
phone call.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

She hands him the phone.

24 INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT 24

FRANK

Hello? Hal Shack? How could you endorse a product that's got such horrendous side-effects!?

SPLIT SCREEN: Hal on the phone.

HAL

What are you talking about, sonny? And speak up. I sat on my hearing aid.

FRANK

You did a TV commercial for Power-Play power bars.

HAL

Hmm...some TV guy came by a while ago. Said it was for a golf video.

FRANK

He must have played you!

HAL

Nah, hate the game. The ball's too teeny and round.

FRANK

No...I think your celebrity status was taken advantage of by unscrupulous American business interests.

HAL

Darn, I hate when that happens!

FRANK

My friend Dale's in trouble because of you. Everybody trusts a hockey legend. If he keeps on eating them - his days are numbered. You've got to talk to him.

HAL

Okay, sonny. I'll try to get there as soon as I can.

25 EXT. RINK - DAY

25

Dale and the Chilly Dogs file out onto the ice and the spectators cheer. Dale skates over to Frank. As he does so, he begins to weave and shake uncontrollably - it looks like bad break-dancing. He finally falls to the ice and tries to cover by doing a break-dance stance on his elbow. Frank rushes over to Dale and hauls him to his feet. Wobbling with dizziness, Dale leans on his stick for support and looks around him.

DALE

I'm going to miss all this when I go.

FRANK

(alarmed)

You are dying! I told you to give up the power bars!

DALE

No, dumb-ass. I'm going to miss --
(sweeping motion)
-- all the adulation. Of course, I'll have plenty of rabid fans in my NHL career. And I wouldn't have it any other way.

Dale waves to the Hockey Groupies who giggle and wave back. They each wear "I Love Dale" T-shirts.

FRANK

Dale, you've had practically every horrible side-effect I predicted.

Dale takes off his helmet to scratch a BIG BALD SPOT on his head.

DALE

Pffft. I've never felt better. Though, I think I need that Hair-Grow stuff I saw on TV.

The Snowtown Squirrels led by Biggs step on the ice to boos.

MUSICAL MONTAGE: THE GAME

Snatches of the Chilly Dogs and Snowtown Squirrels play intercut with the SCOREBOARD.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

Dale scores first, then Biggs scores, assisted if not practically carried to the net by the Swedish Ringer. The SCOREBOARD reads 1-1. Play continues. CLOSE ON THE SCOREBOARD. The score is tied 2-2. The CLOCK reads 10 seconds left in play. PULL BACK: to reveal Dale and Biggs preparing for another face-off. Dale is sweating and breathing heavily. The power bars are taking their toll. From Dale's POV - he sees TWO BIGGS.

BIGGS

Ready to relinquish victory,
McDonald?

DALE

No, and I'm not ready to lose
either. That goes for the both of
you.

The Ref is about to drop the puck when suddenly the SOUND of a PLANE is heard overhead, the sky darkens, a SPOTLIGHT shines down on the ice, a DRUM ROLL plays and then Hal wafts to the ground in a PARACHUTE. He lands on the ice and the parachute envelops him. Hal pokes his head out from under the material.

DALE (CONT'D)

It's hockey legend Hal Shack!
You're on TV.

Hal gets to his feet.

HAL

You must be Dale.

DALE

(cocky)

So, you've heard of me?

HAL

I hear you're so obsessed with
winning that you're putting your
life on the line.

DALE

Isn't that what hockey is all
about? Winning?

HAL

You remind me of young rookie I
used to know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

HAL (CONT'D)

He was so obsessed with winning that he started taking these special pills and let's just say he may have won many a big game against a loathsome opponent but he lost everything in the end.

FRANK

Did he go to the big hockey rink in the sky?

HAL

Nah. He owns a chain of hamburger joints but he never played hockey again. Couldn't drink beer either, lost his taste buds...and a foot.

DALE

(concerned))

No beer? No hockey? Ever again?

HAL

Yup, talk about your living death.

DALE

So to recap, if I keep eating those power bars, I'll beat Biggs, become a successful entrepreneur but lose hockey, and maybe an appendage, forever?

MUSIC SWELLS. Hal nods solemnly. Dale looks at a smug Biggs, at the scoreboard, and then at his team members. Everyone waits with baited breath. Dale tosses away a Power Play bar. It's so heavy, it knocks the Ref out cold.

DALE (CONT'D)

Winning at any cost is for losers!
I choose hockey!

The crowd erupts into cheers. Jacques blows his nose with emotion. The Swedish Ringer is so touched, he begins to sob and grabs Biggs off the ground in a bone-crushing hug. Biggs gasps for air.

DALE (CONT'D)

And since it's not fair me playing in my super human condition, I suspend myself from the game.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (3)

25

Frank joins Dale, who's hanging onto his stick with both hands for support.

FRANK
I'm impressed, Dale.

DALE
(in an aside to Frank;
urgent)
Yeah, yeah. It's not like I can
move anyway. You know anything
about organ transplants because I
think I just heard something drop.

Frank looks down at the ice in alarm.

26 EXT. RINK -- DAY

26

Frank stands with Hal. Dale is on the rink in the b.g.

FRANK
Thanks for coming so fast
yesterday. Even though we lost the
game, and Dale lost all his fans,
he's almost back to his old self.

Still in the b.g. Dale misses a slap-shot and does a
face-plant, sliding from one end of the rink to the
other, disappearing O.S. A crash and yelp is heard.
Frank and Hal ignore him.

HAL
Sure, sure. But what I really want
to know is - who do I have to see
about getting paid for that TV
commercial?

Frank is deeply disappointed.

FRANK
I thought hockey legends were
altruistic!

HAL
Nah, not me. Just a little
constipation now and again.

The SOUND of a helicopter's propeller whirring is heard
O.S.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

HAL (CONT'D)

That'll be my ride.

The Hockey Scout rushes up.

HOCKEY SCOUT

Wait for me!

The helicopter casts a HUGE SHADOW over the snow. A rope ladder unfurls. Hal and the Hockey Scout climb onto the ladder and the helicopter flies upwards with them hanging on for dear life. Frank watches the helicopter disappear. Then from O.S. a wailing can be heard.

THE HEAD

Noooooooo!

Frank turns to see Dale standing beside him, waving good-bye up at Hal.

THE HEAD (CONT'D)

Don't...leave...me...here...with...
him!

The Head's ordinarily resonant voice is becoming high-pitched like he's shrinking. His voice finally fades away completely. A puff of smoke comes out from under Dale's jersey. Dale takes a look under his shirt, then at Frank, shrugging his shoulders.

DALE

That's a weight off my shoulder.

END