

INTENTIONAL ICING

by

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FADE IN:

INT. YELLOWJACKETS' ICE RINK - NIGHT

The Yellowjackets, a minor-league hockey team, is losing 3-0 to their rivals, the Falcons.

OWNER'S BOX - CONTINUOUS

JACK THORTON (60s), a large man, sits between his son NICK (30s) and his stylish wife, ELAINE (50s). Jack yells with fanatical passion, turning bright red.

Elaine, attentive to the game, takes notes on her tablet.

Nick sits, dispassionately, wanting to be elsewhere.

RINK - CONTINUOUS

As the clock runs out on the third period, the Falcons score. The scoreboard changes to 4-0. The fans boo, and star player

ROBBY ROWAN (early 40s) throws his stick across the ice, before punching his own DEFENSEMAN.

OWNER'S BOX - CONTINUOUS

Jack stands, his large size making this difficult.

JACK
(screaming)
Rowan! Don't--

Jack collapses. Nick and Elaine rush to his aid.

EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING

Under a green tent, with sleet and rain on a gray day, Jack Thorton rests in an open casket, wearing an ill-fitting hockey jersey.

NICK
Did you have to let them bury him
like that?

COACH THEO PRZYBYLSKI (late 60s), Robby, and other from the Yellowjackets pay their respects to Jack.

ELAINE
Hockey was everything to your
father.

INT. SIRENS' ICE RINK - MORNING

JO BULLOCH (20) leads the Sirens in practice. A powerful forward, she slams pucks, one after another, into the net.

MONTAGE BEGIN

Various hockey games, the Yellowjackets losing, game after game.

Sirens' games, with Jo scoring, checking, taking penalties, and leading to one win after another.

Coach P screams at the Yellowjackets, during practices, during games, and in the lockers.

Nick barely watches the games, while his mother takes notes and watches closely.

Yellowjackets' stands have fewer and fewer fans. Only a few loud, rude, insulting fans remain, shouting insults to Robby Rowan and the other players.

Sirens' stands aren't quite packed, but the team keeps winning and the fans cheer each victory.

MONTAGE END

INT. THORTON LUXURY AUTOS - AFTERNOON

Elaine sits in her husband's office, with pictures of Jack nearby, along with his hockey memorabilia. She watches video of Jo on a computer screen.

Nick enters, anxious.

NICK
The film crew setting up, Mother.
We need to focus! The business--

ELAINE
(calmly)
Come here, Nicky. I want you to see
this player.

Nick approaches the desk and looks at the screen.

NICK
 Why are you watching women's
 hockey? Especially today? We have--

ELAINE
 Watch her stick work.

On screen, Jo slams an opponent against the boards.

NICK
 Oh my gosh! She hits harder than--

ELAINE
 Exactly.

On screen, Jo sits in the penalty box, glaring.

NICK
 She's like a bull in a china shop.

ELAINE
 I like that. The Bull. Good
 marketing idea, Nicky.

NICK
 Come on, Mother, we have a
 commercial to film.

ELAINE
 (rising)
 I want you to call that young
 woman's agent.

NICK
 She's in the women's league,
 Mother. She's where she belongs.

ELAINE
 No, she isn't. Trust me. Call her.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jo sits on the edge of the bed watching late night
 television. A teammate sleeps, snoring quietly.

On screen, Nick and Elaine stand in front of Thorton's Luxury
 Autos.

Jo's CELLPHONE RINGS. She answers in a hushed voice.

JO
 Yo, it's Jo. Wacha want?

EXT. YELLOWJACKETS' ICE RINK - MORNING

Jo exits a cab and walks towards the rink. She's in jeans and an old denim jacket, lacking any refinement. She carries her personal gear. Jo clears her throat and spits before walking into the rink.

INT. YELLOWJACKETS' ICE RINK - CONTINUOUS

Coach P paces along the bench, Nick trying to calm him.

NICK

Look, just give this player a chance. We tell Mother we tried, it wasn't a fit--

COACH P

Some goddam GM you are. You're in charge, now, Nick. Get a spine. And get me a damn forward Rowan can work with.

Jo approaches the arguing men.

JO

Hey. I'm here. Now what?

NICK

Jo Bulloch? I'd like you to meet--

JO

Coach Przybylski. I can't believe--

COACH P

Oh, hell no. Tell that mother of yours she's not using my team for some sort of publicity stunt.

JO

I'm not gonna be no fucking publicity stunt, Coach. I'm here to play.

COACH P

(walking away)

Another damn pussy on the ice. No way. Not while I'm coach.

INT. COACH P'S OFFICE - LATER

Coach P sits, smoking a cigar, and reading scouting reports.

Elaine enters and remains standing.

ELAINE

She's staying, Theo. And she's going to play for us.

COACH P

What about lockers? Showers? Travel? There's no way--

ELAINE

There's always a way. She can use the far lockers during practice and games until we can make some changes to the team's space.

COACH P

Changes? Like what? I don't wanna know. Other teams aren't gonna change anything for us.

ELAINE

Then she'll just have to wait.

Nick enters, having rushed from the dealership to the rink.

COACH P

You're the GM, Nick. Tell your mother this is a bad idea.

NICK

I hired Jo Bulloch, Coach. I watched the video. You need to give her a chance.

COACH P

Spineless little shit. You know this is a bad idea--

NICK

(to Elaine)

We don't need this hassle. We have three dealerships to run. My time is better spent--

ELAINE

Your father did both. He loved this team. You will, too.

Elaine leads Nick out of the office, leaving Coach P alone.

MONTAGE BEGIN

Jo joins the Yellowjackets' practices. She has natural talent, but struggles.

Jo always walks away from the team, towards the second locker room.

Elaine watches some of the practices, taking notes.

Nick sells cars, shaking hands with various customers. He's more comfortable at the dealership, though always anxious.

MONTAGE END

INT. YELLOWJACKETS' LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

The men have showered, now in various stages of dress.

COACH P

Bunch of pansies out there. You realize a girl is hitting more corners than everyone but Rowan?

Jo enters the locker room as Coach P speaks to the team.

COACH P (CONT'D)

A goddam girl! She's as good as at least half of you pantywaists. Hell, at least she skates like she wants to be here.

Coach P sees Jo.

COACH P (CONT'D)

Bulloch, sit your ass down and listen.

Players shift, giving Jo some space on a bench. She sits, head down, staring at the floor.

COACH P (CONT'D)

Jo, you're on the third line tonight. Jackson, you're on the bench.

JACKSON

But, Coach--

COACH P

You couldn't get a puck into the Grand Canyon from ten feet.

(MORE)

COACH P (CONT'D)

Get your head in the game, kid.

(beat)

Bull, you'd better show them what a real center can do. Under-fucking-stand?

JO

Yes, Coach.

ROBBY

(to self)

Third line. Not mine. Third line.

INT. ELAINE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Jack's office has been remodeled, to better match Elaine's sense of style. Photos of Jack remain, but elegant art and flowers have replaced most of the hockey memorabilia.

Elaine talks on the phone to a friend from college, KIM, the editor of Fashionably Fit magazine.

ELAINE

Kim, it's a great story. She's going to be a trailblazer.

INT. FASHIONABLY FIT OFFICES - LATER

KIM (50s) sits in her office, watching clips of Jo playing hockey.

TIFFANY LEWIN (30) enters, as stylish and confident as Elaine Thorton and her boss.

KIM

The Karpakova interview clips went viral. Good story, great photos, and amazing video. That's the sort of content we need.

TIFFANY

She'll never be in the top five. No discipline. She's just another sexy Eastern European playing tennis.

KIM

Women love to hate her, though. Fantastic traffic.

Tiffany shrugs and sits across from Kim, waiting to receive her new assignment.

KIM (CONT'D)
I've got a former Olympic prospect
for you to cover. A real athlete.

INT. YELLOWJACKETS' ICE RINK - MORNING

TIFFANY LEWIN talks on her phone, watching a hockey practice.

TIFFANY
Kim, why couldn't you send me to
interview a figure skater? A speed
skater, even. I could handle that.
When you said a former Olympian,
this is not--

Sounds of practice ending, the team heading to the lockers.

Robby Rowan approaches, smiling, confident.

ROBBY
Oh, hello there. You know who I am,
and I'd sure like to know who you
are--

TIFFANY
I'll call you back.

Tiffany ends the call and moves towards the wall.

Jo walks by, wearing full hockey gear, including helmet.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Jo Bulloch?

ROBBY
You want to meet The Bull? I could
introduce you. Hey, Bull!

JO
(removing helmet)
Whacha want?

ROBBY
Jo, meet my new friend--

JO
Oh, a puck bunny. Now you won't
have to play with your own stick.

TIFFANY
(extending hand)
Tiffany Lewin.

JO
 (ignoring gesture, to Robby)
 Tell Coach I'll hurry.

TIFFANY
 Where are you going?

JO
 I don't shower with those losers.

ROBBY
 Bull gets her own locker room.
 Almost like she's not part of the
 team.

JO
 Bad enough I have to skate with
 wannabes and a handful of has-
 beens. I see their faces, and
 they're plenty ugly.

ROBBY
 Oh, you just haven't admired my--

TIFFANY
 I'll wait, then.

ROBBY
 (flirting)
 You gonna wait for me?

TIFFANY
 You're Robert Rowan, right? I am
 supposed to interview you--

Jo starts to walk away, before stopping and turning to study
 Tiffany.

JO
 You the reporter Mrs. T said I had
 to meet?

ROBBY
 A reporter? I look great on camera,
 Tiffany.

TIFFANY
 Magazine reporter.

JO
 You don't look good in print,
 Robby.

COACH P (O.S.)
Rowan. Bulloch. Ladies, get your
asses to the showers.

TIFFANY
When can we talk, Jo?

JO
When Coach is done telling these
benders how to follow a puck.
Thirty minutes.

TIFFANY
I'll be here, then.

JO
Could be longer.

TIFFANY
Then I'll wait longer.

JO
Damn. Whatever. You're not even a
sports reporter, are you? What a
freakin' waste of my time.

Jo walks towards the visitors' locker room.

ROBBY
Want me to tell you all about my
big comeback? It's all coming
together--

TIFFANY
I'm sure it is.

ROBBY
Come on, beautiful. I am Robby
Rowan. The--

TIFFANY
I'm sure you're really a nice guy--

ROBBY
I am the real deal, not some minor-
league stunt meant to sell tickets.

TIFFANY
You're suggesting Jo Bulloch is
nothing but--

COACH P (O.S.)

Rowan! Listen, princess, if you want to skate tonight, you'll be in the lockers by the time I finish--

ROBBY

I'm on my way, Coach. On my way.
(to Tiffany)
Seriously, I know you can't wait to talk to me.

Robby walks away.

TIFFANY

You're right. I can't wait to talk to you.

Tiffany takes out her cell phone and dials.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Kim? Yeah, I'm still in this frozen hell hole. You were right. There's a story here.
(beat)
A woman in a man's league.

INT. COACH P'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Tiffany sits in an beaten metal chair, across from COACH P's desk. She's studying the office, taking notes.

TIFFANY

(reading)
What kind of name is Prizbixlie?
Pritzybisky. Prazbalski.

COACH P

(entering)
It's Sha-bill-skee. Who the hell are you? And who let you into my office?

TIFFANY

Tiffany Lewin. I'm with--

COACH P

(Approaching Tiffany, trying to intimidate her.)
Again. Who the hell are you?
(beat)
You're the one Rowan was talking to.

(MORE)

COACH P (CONT'D)

I don't want no girlfriends or whatever you are hanging around the rink. It's a closed practice. Can't have no damn distractions.

(studying Tiffany's chest)

And you're damned distracting, missy. Get out.

Tiffany stands, forcing Coach P to take a step back.

Elaine enters, with her perfect style and confident demeanor.

ELAINE

Good, the two of you have met.

COACH P

No, we haven't. And I was making sure... this... uh... That she understood we should never meet again.

(beat)

Wait. You know her? Who the hell's this creampuff?

Coach P sits and opens his cigar box.

TIFFANY

(to Elaine)

I've stepped back in time at least twenty years.

ELAINE

Forgive Coach Pryzbylski.

(considers sitting, decides to stand after studying chair.)

Theo, Ms. Lewin is here to write about Jo Bulloch.

COACH P

(laughs)

Right.

TIFFANY

As I tried to tell you, I'm Tiffany Lewin. I write for Fashionably Fit. The magazine.

COACH P

Never heard of it. Don't care. Unless you cover sports, Jo won't care, either.

TIFFANY

That's sort of what we do. Fashion and fitness. We profile women athletes all the time.

COACH P

Oh, you do? Lemme guess. Runners. Golfers. Maybe a figure skater or two. Freakin' models with a little athletic ability.

TIFFANY

And tennis players. We've also profiled basketball players. They are professional athletes.

COACH P

None of them ain't hockey players. Tennis players in their little white skirts, grunting like their--

ELAINE

Theo! Don't be a disgusting little troll.

Coach P lights a cigar and starts puffing clouds of smoke.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

I called the editor, Theo. I suggested Kim might send Ms. Lewin to profile Jo. It's good for the team.

COACH P

Distractions, Mrs. Thorton. We don't need 'em. This team needs more focus.

TIFFANY

Would I be a distraction if I wrote for Sports Illustrated? Or The Hockey News?

COACH P

You ever read The Hockey News? Or you do a little research on the Internet? Hockey ain't figure skating. Hell, hockey ain't given any respect and now you're gonna make fun of us in some frilly girl's rag.

TIFFANY

I'm not here to mock anyone. I'm here to profile a brave, tough woman in a man's world. It's a story about a woman finding herself up against--

COACH P

(puffing smoke)

Oh, hell no. Feminist bullshit.

TIFFANY

Isn't it tough for a woman in hockey?

COACH P

Women play. **Sort of.** There's a women's league. Women play in college. The Olympics. Hell, there's plenty of women playing **something** like hockey. Go interview one of them. Leave my team--

ELAINE

My team.

Coach P nearly chokes.

COACH P

(to self, sort of)

Don't remind me.

TIFFANY

Jo Bullock plays professional hockey in a men's league. And it is because a female owner signed a promising free agent. That's a story.

(standing)

Can't wait to hear what Jo has to say.

COACH P

I don't like this. Not one bit, Elaine.

TIFFANY

The story will bring hockey to a wider audience. I'm not here to get in the way or make fun of the sport. It's simply a good story.

ELAINE

Thank you, Tiffany. Coach Przybylski will tell everyone to cooperate. Won't you, Theo?

COACH P

(snorts)

Whatever.

Tiffany exits.

ELAINE

Don't be an idiot, Theo. We need this.

COACH P

No, we don't. We need five or six fresh players. Maybe two rehabs with some grit and experience. Have you watched our last three games? Hell, a bunch of girls probably could play better.

ELAINE

Unless you let Jo play, we won't know if that's true.

COACH P

We need to win. The league might be about developing talent, but losing game after game--

ELAINE

Theo, the Yellowjackets are a business. We have to sell tickets. Merchandise. Keep the teams above us interested. We need attention, because the Yellowjackets are nothing without a buzz.

COACH P

Winning. That's the buzz. Hell, we had to order damn pelvic protectors. Seriously? Real hockey players need cups.

ELAINE

It doesn't matter what the team wears under the uniform. A Yellowjacket's a Yellowjacket, right?

COACH P

I don't think you have a goddam clue what the Yellowjackets are. At least Jack understood the game--

(beat)

--and **the guys**.

ELAINE

Jack's dead.

COACH P

I miss him more than you do. He'd never sign a defenseman who wore a bra and panties.

ELAINE

We signed a good player with potential. We both see potential, don't we? And we want to fill the seats.

COACH P

You want to sell the team. That's what you want.

ELAINE

I've never said that. The team is staying in the family.

COACH P

It sure as hell shouldn't be a playset for your spoiled-brat son. Nick's in over his head. Some general manager. Did he even watch film of Jo before signing her? Or did you--

ELAINE

She's a good player.

COACH P

(not listening)

Not like I had say in things, and I'm the coach. That twit son of yours ain't no real general manager. Just does what you want. Jack should'a listened to me--

ELAINE

Jo's on the team. We signed her. You find a way to make this work. Or maybe I need to find another coach.

COACH P

Don't belong on our ice, Elaine.
Defenseman. Man. She's not a
defense...**man**. And ain't no way
she's gonna make it out of the
league.

ELAINE

Isn't she good enough to be out
there for a few minutes each night?

COACH P

No one belongs on that ice who
ain't gonna move up.
(beat)
But, dammed if she don't believe
she can. Poor kid.

ELAINE

We need the fans to believe.

COACH P

All about the money, with you.
(beat)
If she ain't ready, she ain't gonna
play.

Elaine approaches Coach P, takes his cigar, and puffs on it
before tossing it into a trash can.

ELAINE

Getting her ready is your job.

INT. RESTUARANT - EVENING

Elaine and Tiffany drink wine, while waiting for dinner to
arrive.

TIFFANY

We always do the video sit-down,
sports shots, some fashion shots,
but--

ELAINE

Good, good.

TIFFANY

Elaine, don't misunderstand, but Jo
Bulloch isn't really like the other
women we've profiled.

ELAINE

She's a little rough around the edges, I suppose.

TIFFANY

A fashion shoot with Jo is going to be... a challenge.

ELAINE

Isn't getting her ready your job?

TIFFANY

We have great photographers, but even Photoshop can't change a personality.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jo sits at the bar, alone. She drinks a beer while watching NHL games on the screens.

A YOUNG MAN in a hockey shirt approaches her.

YOUNG MAN

Hey, babe. Like hockey, huh?
(putting hand on Jo's knee)
Wanna experience some great stick work?

JO

Move your hand.

YOUNG MAN

Oh, come on. I could teach you--

Jo punches the Young Man, laying him out in one blow. His friends jump in, and Jo manages to fight off all of them, breaking chairs, tables, and plenty of glasses and bottles.

POLICEMEN arrive, Jo standing alone, catching her breath.

INT. JAIL - LATER

Nick, a nice suit, stands outside a cell with assorted women, including Jo.

POLICE SGT.

She's in a lot of trouble, Nick.

NICK

From what you told me, she was defending herself.

POLICE SGT.
 She used a fake ID to get into the
 bar. And then she destroyed Walt's
 place in under ten minutes.

NICK
 You're exaggerating.

POLICE SGT.
 Walt's demanding that you pay for
 what this... young lady... did.

Police Sgt. opens the cell.

POLICE SGT. (CONT'D)
 Get out, Ms. Bulloch.

JO
 Finally.

NICK
 Don't say a word. I'm calling
 Mother.

JO
 I'm almost 21.

NICK
 Not... a... word.

INT. JO'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Elaine is lecturing Jo, who has just showered.

ELAINE
 What were you thinking?

JO
 Nobody touches me without asking.

ELAINE
 I understand that, but you cannot
 be out of control. We're going to
 need to set some rules for you.

JO
 Now you're my mother? I'm almost
 21. I am an adult.

ELAINE
 Then act like an adult.

JO

Can you relax? It won't happen again. Chill, Mrs. T.

ELAINE

I am the least of your problems. Wait until Coach Przybylski gives you what-for in the morning.

JO

I'm sorry. I just needed to relax.

ELAINE

You've got to move into the apartments tomorrow. You belong with the team, now.

INT. YELLOWJACKETS' LOCKER ROOM

Jo enters, carrying her gear. Coach P has already started berating the players.

COACH P

About time you joined us, Bulloch.
(beat)

If any of you ever, ever pull a stunt like Bulloch did last night, you're ass is history. Off the ice, you damn well better stay out of trouble.

JACKSON

I heard The Bull went on a rampage. Gored some guy with a broken bottle.

FONTAINE

(snorts, mimics a bull)
I thought bulls had balls.

COACH P

You two done? Because I've decided you're roommates.

FONTAINE

We already share an apartment.

COACH P

Now, you share a room. Nick's already ordered the bed. Deal with it.

(beat)

(MORE)

COACH P (CONT'D)
Bulloch, you're rooming with
Jackson and Fontaine for the
season.

JACKSON
You can't do that to us--

ROBBY
If you two skated worth a shit,
maybe you'd deserve some respect.

JO
You really expect me to live with
those two?

COACH P
If you're on the team, then you're
gonna to be treated like it. I was
going to give you some ice time
tonight. Convince me you still
deserve it.

JO
The bar thing wasn't my fault.

COACH P
You chose to go into a bar. With a
fake ID. Alone. How many special
kinds of stupid can you be? And
then you got into a fight.

JO
But I'm okay.

JACKSON
Nothing about you is okay.

JO
It was self-defense. Really. I
didn't go looking for trouble.

COACH P
Only reason I'm still letting you
take the ice. But don't you ever do
anything like that again.

INT. YELLOWJACKETS' ICE RINK - LATER

Tiffany is watching the team take to the ice. Elaine enters
and sits beside the reporter.

TIFFANY

So, it's true, isn't it? I could hear the players talking.

ELAINE

I don't know what you're talking about.

MONTAGE BEGIN

Yellowjackets practice, with Elaine and Tiffany watching.

Elaine takes notes, while Tiffany tries to interview the team owner.

MONTAGE END

ELAINE

(standing)

I have to get back to the dealership.

TIFFANY

Jo was arrested. The news is already on social media. You really aren't going to comment?

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Nick surveys the damage from the previous evening's fight.

WALT stands behind the bar, shaking his head. Walt pounds his head against a post.

ELAINE (V.O.)

A hockey player getting into a fight? That's not news. Anyway, there won't be any charges filed. It was a misunderstanding.

Nick write a check and hands it to Walt.

INT. YELLOWJACKETS' ICE RINK - CONTINUOUS

TIFFANY

And we're supposed turn her into something fashionable.

INT. YELLOWJACKETS' ICE RINK - STANDS - AFTERNOON

Jo sits in the stands, in street clothes, watching a skater.

Tiffany approaches and sits, a reporter's notepad open and ready, along with her cellphone ready for recording.

TIFFANY

Thank you for meeting again.

(looking towards rink)

That's Robby Rowan, isn't it? Out there alone--

JO

He sometimes skates after practice. Just skates. The figure skaters don't care.

TIFFANY

You play tonight. You practiced all morning. Why skate more?

JO

He says it helps clear his mind.

TIFFANY

Why are you watching him? You don't like him, do you?

JO

Like him? I worshipped him. An unselfish winger, with a touch of goon in him.

TIFFANY

Unselfish? That man?

JO

He could set up a score like nobody.

TIFFANY

You watch him like I'd watch the ballet.

JO

Rowan? He was a great. Watched him when I was a kid. He went straight into the NHL at 19, right out of high school. Awesome. That bit of goon in him comes with a price.

TIFFANY

A goon? That I believe. More than just a bit of goon in that man.

JO

Defenseman. Thy're called goons because... never mind. He could play defense, when he had to.

(beat)

Rowan could get the puck to the center and then slam a man into the boards. He was always about the team. Winning. But those hits--

TIFFANY

He was injured. I read some of the stories. I am a decent reporter.

JO

Revenge trip. On a breakout, he was going straight for the net. Slew footing, slammed into the ice. A two-minute penalty for a career. Bad officiating.

TIFFANY

And yet here he is, skating in circles.

(watching)

I can see the grimace from here. He's in pain, just going in circles like that. Why still skate at all?

(shaking head)

Male pride.

JO

Hockey pride. We all get hurt. You can stay in the game so long you end up riding the pine, though.

TIFFANY

Do I detect pity?

JO

Most of us end up like that, don't we? Chasing memories. You wouldn't get it, though.

TIFFANY

He loves the game. I get that. I love my job, too.

JO

You're comparing writing to hockey?
Writers? You end up in a great job,
right until the day you can't press
a key. Oh, no! Carpal tunnel!
Career ending injury!

(beat)

For a real athlete-- someone not
interested in anything else-- it
just ends.

TIFFANY

Plenty of athletes go on to other
things.

JO

(shrugs)

Right. The good looking ones get to
smile on camera and talk about the
game. If they can string a sentence
together. They're reliving the
past.

(beat)

Said you wouldn't get it. You play
until you can't.

TIFFANY

I do know something about sports. I
was point guard until my sophomore
year of college. That's like a
wing.

JO

You weren't good enough?

TIFFANY

I planted, my knee twisted, and I
tore the ACL. And then, I threw up
in front of a thousand people.

An awkward silence passes as the women watch Robby skate.

JO

Least you had another skill. Some
of us... This is all we got.

TIFFANY

He looks so sad, skating aimlessly.
I feel sorry for him.

JO

Tonight, you won't. He'll be out there, playing harder than any of us. He has to. He's playing for one last chance.

TIFFANY

What are you playing for?

JO

To make it to the Big Show. Be a real pro.

TIFFANY

But you are in a pro league. You were in a pro league.

JO

The women's league isn't hockey. And this is the minors. But I'd rather be here.

TIFFANY

But it's a step, right? Towards that dream of yours.

JO

Not just my dream. My father played. My brothers played. They didn't get this far, but they wanted to. Now, I play. Hockey's like that. Hell, to have our last name on a jersey, that's a family thing.

INT. SUBURBAN RINK - 10 YEARS AGO

YOUNG JOHN, PAUL, and JO are practicing, with MR. BULLOCH coaching his children. MRS. BULLOCH sits in the stands, knitting and looking anxious.

Jo is as good as her brothers.

INT. YELLOWJACKETS' ICE RINK - PRESENT

TIFFANY

Your brothers are John and Paul? Seriously?

JO

John and Paulie, yeah.

TIFFANY

And your name is Joan Teresa. Your parents named you and your brothers for saints? Very Catholic.

JO

No. The boys are named for The Beatles. My mom loves all that 60s and 70s crap. Dad was always glad there was no Ringo. He could've lived with a George, though.

TIFFANY

You were named for, let me guess, Baez?

JO

Joan Baez? Hell, no. Joan of Arc. The saint. My mother wasn't some hippy chick.

TIFFANY

Tell me more about your family and hockey.

JO

Dad was raised in Buffalo. Sabres fan. Talk about a lost cause. Buffalo loves hockey, but never had a real winner. Pittsburgh is used to winning.

INT. BULLOCH DINING ROOM - PAST

MRS. BULLOCH

She's not playing hockey. Your sons play, but must Joanie play, too?

YOUNG JO

I love hockey, Mom. It's my sport.

YOUNG JOHN

Yeah, just look at Paulie's nose. Nobody hits like Jo.

MRS. BULLOCH

Please, call your sister Joan. Or Joanie. Not Jo.

MR. BULLOCH

You've always said we should let the children find their own way.

(MORE)

MR. BULLOCH (CONT'D)
I can't help it if all three of my
children love hockey.

MRS. BULLOCH
(sighs)
You love hockey, so they love it.

JO
Mom, I don't want to be in some
stupid sequined getup, skating to
The Carpenters. I'd rather take the
ice to Queen or Twisted Sister!

MONTAGE BEGIN

Jo, playing on teams with her older brothers, then on her own
high school team. Her parents are often in the stands, their
her mother sits alone towards the end of the montage.

MONTAGE END

INT. YELLOWJACKETS' ICE RINK - PRESENT

TIFFANY
Do you wish he could see you play?

Jo sits silently.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Sounds like you're doing this for
your family more than yourself.

JO
Skates, pads, sticks, league fees,
traveling. It adds up. Mom would
add it up to the dollar, to remind
Dad what he was spending. They'd
argue sometimes, but Mom was always
in the stands, and often the one
driving us into Ohio, up to Erie,
or over to West Virginia. So, yeah,
I owe my family a lot.

(beat)
But this is my thing.

TIFFANY
Did you play on girls' teams?

JO
 (laughs)
 Yeah, because those are worth a damn.

TIFFANY
 What about high school? They didn't let you play--

JO
 Field hockey, I played with the girls. Ice hockey? There was one team. I'm not a delicate little flower.

Robby leaves the ice.

INT. YELLOWJACKETS' LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Coach P enters, while Robby changes from skates to cowboy boots.

COACH P
 You and I know you wear those because it hurts to lace up.

ROBBY
 I'm just a little lazy, that's all.

COACH P
 She's gonna end up on your line, you know.

ROBBY
 (through pain)
 All I care about is winning, Theo. I'm getting... less young.

COACH P
 I'm sorry I can't get the team you need on that ice. I really am.

Coach P sits next to Robby.

COACH P (CONT'D)
 Dammit, I don't know what Elaine was thinking. We need defensemen and another goalie.

ROBBY
 We need more than that. We need a miracle.

INT. YELLOWJACKETS' ICE RINK STANDS - CONTINUOUS

TIFFANY

Why did you leave the women's league?

JO

Girls don't play hockey like it's supposed to be played. They don't body check. They're like... like ice skaters with sticks. Maybe not the most girly figure skaters, but they don't take the gloves off.

TIFFANY

How can you like the shoving and fighting and--

JO

Two brothers. And I'm better than they were. Ask Paulie.

INT. SUBURBAN RINK - PAST

Paulie holds a tooth in his glove, crying.

Jo looks on, proudly.

MR. BULLOCH

Get over it, Paulie. This is hockey. Play more like your sister does. Hell, play with half her passion.

YOUNG JOHN

Wow, Sis nailed you, Paulie. Look at all that blood on the ice.

MR. BULLOCH

Gimmee that tooth and get back out there.

Paulie hesitates, looking anxious.

Young Jo stares at Paulie, squinting to look intimidating.

MR. BULLOCH (CONT'D)

Go on, Paulie. Get skating.

INT. YELLOWJACKETS' ICE RINK - CONTINUOUS

TIFFANY

Were you always as tough... ah...
hmmm... as good as the men playing
hockey?

JO

Better. Know how many of my high
school teammates played more than
club hockey in college? Two. I was
always serious about the game.

TIFFANY

Did you play in college?

JO

(snorts)

I wish.

INT. SUBURBAN RINK

Jo's books sit on a bench, while she takes shots at the goal.
She's at the rink for hours.

Homework papers show C grades, some lower. Her books and
binders are covered with hockey logos.

INT. YELLOWJACKETS' ICE RINK STANDS - CONTINUOUS

Coach P walks out of the locker room and out of the rink.

TIFFANY

What's your relationship with Coach
Prizzie, Protzy...

JO

Przybylski? He's a legend.

TIFFANY

That's not what I asked. How does
he treat you?

JO

I've got a lot to learn from him.

(beat)

I've learned to keep a bench warm,
lately. There's a lesson in that.
Get better or I won't play.

INT. TIFFANY'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Tiffany is video chatting with Kim.

KIM

They don't have a game tomorrow?
Perfect. Take her shopping. They
must have somewhere decent.

TIFFANY

Nothing great.

KIM

Do your best, then send us the
sizing information. I'll send along
some outfits with Marlene and Rico
for the photo shoot. I'm already
imagining her on the ice in
something sexy.

TIFFANY

I'll do my best, but you have no
idea--

KIM

That's why I sent you for this
story. Work some magic. You always
know what people want.

INT. ELAINE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Nick enters to find his mother reading a hockey website.

NICK

Mother, we have a business to run.

ELAINE

Two to run, Nick. Two.

NICK

Well, this one needs our attention.

ELAINE

(skimming screen)

Nicky, you need to relax. I love
you, but I worry.

(sighs)

Damn social media. Who the hell
took pictures of Jo at the bar?

NICK

One of the few people she didn't
assault, I assume.

ELAINE

(not looking up)

We're moving three more cars and one more SUV a week than we did last quarter. I follow every penny, check every lease, read every service evaluation.

NICK

But you're wasting our time with Dad's hobby.

ELAINE

Nicky, when you look at the rink parking lot, what do the hockey fans drive?

NICK

Trucks. Big trucks. And SUVs.

ELAINE

And what are the most profitable vehicles we sell?

Nick, nodding, starts to appreciate his mother's plans.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Now, imagine an attractive, celebrity female hockey player in our ads. A rising star who mentions Thorton Automotive Group in interviews--

NICK

Our own Viona Harrer?

ELAINE

And here I didn't think you cared about hockey.

INT. APARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

Jo is moving into the apartment of teammates Jackson and Fontaine.

Fontaine stands at a wall, looking at posters and magazine clips of the "sexiest women" from Olympic hockey, including Viona Harrer and others.

JACKSON

I'll move into this room. It's good, I guess.

FONTAINE

Yes, it is.

Jo stands in the doorway, holding a duffle bag.

JO

Great. You two really are jerk-offs.

JACKSON

(whispering)

She'll ever be on this wall.

INT. COACH P'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Tiffany interviews Coach P.

TIFFANY

Thank you for sitting down with me, Coach... Prissy, Pryzilbisky.

COACH P

Pryzbylski. It's a simple Polish name.

(grunts)

Anyway, it ain't like I had a choice. Takin' one for team, right?

Coach P retrieves a cigar.

TIFFANY

Does it really bother you that much that Jo Bulloch is being profiled in *Fashionably Fit*?

COACH P

She ain't fashionable.

TIFFANY

She could be. Fashionable. A trendsetter. That's part of our goal. We'll transform her into--

COACH P

I don't need that, either. She don't need that. Why can't Mrs. T leave us alone?

TIFFANY

Do you feel like Jo is getting attention she doesn't deserve?

COACH P

I can't tell the press what to cover.

TIFFANY

So let's talk about Jo.

COACH P

She's on the team. There. We talked.

TIFFANY

But you're not thrilled about her presence. Why not?

COACH P

I have a simple policy. Never talk to the press about anything but hockey.

TIFFANY

Tell me about her as a hockey player, then.

COACH P

Bull is young and immature, and they tend to play on emotion at this level. I don't care what sport it is -- you get kids with talent, but they don't **think**. Raw talent has to be shaped. You might win a game or two with talent alone, but real winners think.

TIFFANY

So... nobody on your team is thinking? Because in three games I've seen a lot of fighting, but no winning.

Coach P stands, leading Tiffany out of the office, to the rink.

COACH P

You and I don't see that ice the same way. You look over the ice and the boards to the fans, cheering on the fights, and you're disgusted. I watch the puck. The sticks. The blades. You see a spectacle. I see a sport.

TIFFANY

Jo has the talent, doesn't she?

COACH P

But she looks to the stands. And that's when I bench her ass.

TIFFANY

What do you think other teams see when Jo is playing?

COACH P

Red meat. It's initiate, don't retaliate. They are suckering her into mistakes. You ain't good for the team if you sit in the penalty box when we need you on the ice.

TIFFANY

I thought part of her job was to be tough.

COACH P

Tough. Not stupid.

TIFFANY

She's trying to prove herself.

COACH P

I see it with most of these young kids. Especially on the back ice. They want to show they have fight in 'em.

TIFFANY

It's what the crowd seems to want. That is hockey.

COACH P

There's a right time to stand up for your team, and then there's when Bull does it.

TIFFANY

She's a goon?

COACH P

No. She's a forward.

TIFFANY

But she's an aggressive player. Passionate.

COACH P

Spittin' chiclets and leaving blood on the ice is part of hockey, but stick work wins games.

(beat)
 The Yellowjackets ain't winning. I
 hate the idea of going out a loser.
 Hate it!
 (shaking head)
 If only Bull would think.

INT. WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE - LATE AFTERNOON

Elaine and Tiffany are with Jo, shopping for some basic,
 stylish outfits.

JO
 Why the hell do I have to do this?

ELAINE
 Because I asked you to, and I own
 the team.

TIFFANY
 She makes a good argument, Jo.

JO
 Fine.

A clerk, MANDY, approaches eager to please a loyal customer.

MANDY
 Mrs. Thorton! How wonderful to see
 you. What can we do for you today?

ELAINE
 We're here for Miss Bulloch.

MANDY
 (confused)
 I'm not sure we have what she--

ELAINE
 Mandy, this is Tiffany Lewin.

MANDY
 Oh my god! I love your articles on
Fashionably Fit! I pin so many of
 the styles.

TIFFANY
 Thank you.

MANDY
 Oh, you're here for a fashion
 rescue! I love that.

JO
Shoot me now. I'm here to play
hockey, not dress-up.

MONTAGE BEGIN

Jo tries on various outfits, as the other three women debate what look is best. Jo enters and exits a changing room, halfheartedly modelling each outfit.

MONTAGE END

INT. DRESS SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Jo enters the dressing room again.

ELAINE
She's going to be a star player, if
Theo can get her to focus. She's a
lot like Robert.

TIFFANY
Rowan? I can see that. She idolizes
that... uh... She called him a wing
with a touch of good.

ELAINE
Uh, huh.

TIFFANY
What?

ELAINE
There's a reason young women buy
his jersey.

TIFFANY
I would never buy--

ELAINE
I don't expect you'd have to.

INT. RESTUARANT - LATER

The three women sit in a u-shaped booth, with Jo between the two fashionistas. Jo wears a more updated look, but scowls.

TIFFANY
It's a start.

JO

That was exhausting. I'd rather be tagging the blue lines with Coach P screaming at me.

TIFFANY

Marlene and Rico have something to work with, now. We still need to consider the hair--

ELAINE

(nods)

But, we are making progress.

WAITER approaches. Before Waiter can speak, Jo orders.

JO

Finally. I'd like the steak with a baked potato and a side of onion strings--

TIFFANY

No.

(pause)

Give us a minute.

WAITER

Of course.

Waiter walks away.

JO

What the hell? I'm starving!

TIFFANY

You can't order like a... like a man. You have to order like a lady.

JO

I am hungry. Dammit.

ELAINE

She's right, Joan. You need to consider how everything you do in public might look.

JO

It'll look like I skated for six hours and need to eat some red meat.

TIFFANY

It's about an image.

JO
Fuck the image.

ELAINE
Joan!

JO
Will you stop calling me that? It's Jo.

TIFFANY
In the rink or whatever, when you're wearing skates, sure. Be Jo. But out in public, try to be Joan.

JO
Starving, tortured Joan? How am I supposed to survive?

TIFFANY
Other women athletes carry protein bars in their purses.

JO
I carry a wallet in my jeans.

TIFFANY
So much work to do.

INT. YELLOWJACKETS' ICE RINK - MORNING

Coach P screams at the players as they practice.

Jo shows improvement and more confidence.

Robby stops and stands by Coach P.

ROBBY
She isn't bad. Better than some of the guys. Far from first-line material, but....

COACH P
Yeah. Not bad.
(beat)
Bulloch! Get your damn shoulders down! Stick on the ice, stop lifting it. Shit, Bull, I was told you knew how to use that stick.

Rowan laughs and rejoins the practice.

INT. TIFFANY'S HOTEL ROOM

Tiffany video conferences with Kim.

TIFFANY

It's like Taming of the Shrew or something. My Fair Hockey Player.

KIM

We'll bring you home for a few days, before the photo shoot.

TIFFANY

They have two more home games before a road trip. That gives us two weeks to plan the photo shoots. I'll fly back Sunday night.

KIM

Are you sure you're up to three more days there?

TIFFANY

Yeah. No problem.

KIM

(laughs)
What's his name?

INT. OUTSIDE YELLOWJACKETS' LOCKERS - POST-GAME

Tiffany waits for Robby. Other players exit, and she continues to wait. Finally, Robby exits the lockers.

TIFFANY

Do you have a moment?

ROBBY

Sure. I saw you up in the press box.

TIFFANY

You were searching for me?

ROBBY

Don't you know it.

TIFFANY

Isn't that a lousy pick-up line?

ROBBY

I always look to see who's with Mrs. T.

(MORE)

ROBBY (CONT'D)

I scan the stands, the press box,
anywhere I might find hope.

TIFFANY

Hope?

ROBBY

A scout. A reporter. I don't care.
Someone to tell the league that I'm
ready to return.

(beat)

Coffee?

TIFFANY

Sure. I'd like that.

INT. APARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

Jo, Fontaine, and Jackson enter the apartment, laughing and celebrating a victory. Fontaine carries a six-pack.

JACKSON

You're okay, Bull.

FONTAINE

(slurring)

Those Hawks fans hate you! I love
it. Fuckin' awesome when you
slammed that enforcer into the
glass, face first.

The players flop onto chairs, each taking yet another beer.

JO

That was pretty damn awesome.

JACKSON

Too bad Coach didn't appreciate it.

JO

Yeah, it's hockey. I was doing what
I do best.

FONTAINE

Maybe you should be on the back
ice.

JO

Two assists tonight, asshole. I'm a
wing. Damn fucking great wing.

KNOCK on the door.

JACKSON
Shit. It's Coach.

COACH P (O.S.)
Open the damn door, Jackson!

The players shove the bottles under their chairs, Fontaine trying to hide the carrier.

Jackson rises and walks to the door.

COACH P (CONT'D)
If you idiots are--

Jackson opens the door, doing his best to sound sober.

JACKSON
We were just getting ready for bed, Coach.

COACH P
(looking into room)
Okay. I want lights out in ten minutes. I don't smell any alcohol, do I? Cause Bull is underage. You do remember that, right?

JACKSON
Yes, Coach. I mean no Coach. No alcohol for her. No way. We're like big brothers to The Bull.

Coach walks away and Jackson closes the door.

JO
(slouching, slurring)
Fuck you, Jackson. Big brother! Ask Paulie and John how I deal with asshole big brothers.

Jo snores.

FONTAINE
Yeah, she's fuckin' awesome.

INT. ALL-NIGHT COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Tiffany continues her interview of Robby.

TIFFANY
Are you ready for a comeback?

ROBBY

Of course. I just need the rest of the guys to get their game on. Without them, I could be Gretzky, Messier, and Yzerman, all in one, and I'd still be a loser. I need a line worth a shit to show what I can do. Mark Recchi, Luc Robitaille -- they had lines and back ice that could dominate.

TIFFANY

I don't know any of those names.

ROBBY

(shaking head)

What a waste of my time. And here I thought you'd be worth the effort. Oh, well.

TIFFANY

Because I don't know hockey? You'd walk away from an interview? I thought you wanted to impress me?

ROBBY

(teasing)

Listen, Tiff, I impress plenty of women. But if you're playing sports reporter, you need to up your game. Never send a woman--

TIFFANY

To do a man's job?

ROBBY

Ah, you've heard it before.

TIFFANY

Teach me, teach my readers about the game, then. Why shouldn't we consider it just a brutish slog that has two halftimes instead of one?

ROBBY

I can't teach you about hockey in a single interview.

TIFFANY

It's merely testosterone on ice, right?

ROBBY

Sure, it's about force and strength and the occasional fight. But it's also about skill, discipline, and thinking at high speed.

TIFFANY

If I knew more about the game, what would your name mean to me?

ROBBY

What **do** you know?

TIFFANY

Three-time all-star. Twice married. Injured in your last game--

ROBBY

I told you, I want to look ahead.

Tiffany waits, sure Robby will talk.

INT. NHL GAME - YEARS AGO

Robby drives towards the goal. It looks like a certain scoring opportunity. Suddenly, an opposing defenseman skating at full-speed slides across the ice.

ROBBY (V.O.)

He slid into me, stick out. You see it coming. You try to jump. The stick hooked me. I slammed down, knee into the post, ankle sideways. It was like slow motion.

Robby rests in a heap, against the net, seriously injured.

INT. ALL-NIGHT COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

ROBBY

(beat)

You get hurt. It's hockey. I have the scars.

(serious)

I don't want to talk about the past. Hell, I don't even want to discuss last night's game. Trying to look ahead.

TIFFANY

The comeback you're planning?

ROBBY

Ain't gonna happen with this team. Not unless something changes. They don't want to learn how to win. Players with no game smarts just get in the way of the rest of the team.

TIFFANY

Tell me about Jo Bulloch. Is she one of those players in your way?

ROBBY

Bull's okay... as a fan. Knows the game pretty well. But she's not the enforcer I need.

TIFFANY

Because she's a woman?

ROBBY

Because she doesn't drive the wings into the walls.

TIFFANY

What do you think about playing hockey with a women?

ROBBY

I don't care. The defenseman I care about are between me and the net, not the two behind me. My job, and it's a job, is to get the puck in the net. Period. If it means passing, I pass. If it means I have a shot, I take the shot. Assist or goal, scoring is everything.

TIFFANY

Doesn't defense matter?

ROBBY

Defense matters, sure, but if we don't score nothing else matters. One goal wins a hell of a lot of games. One sloppy goal, one beautiful corner shot, one lucky off the blade bounce. It doesn't matter. A goal is a goal. That's all I care about. The only way Jo helps? Get the damn puck away from the other team. Stop their sticks cold. Force sloppy shots.

(MORE)

ROBBY (CONT'D)

Until Bull does something useful, I don't give a damn about her. She belongs on the bench, where Coach has iced her ass.

TIFFANY

You were a star only four years ago. Most assists at the all-star break. And then--

ROBBY

So you do know something.

TIFFANY

I ready the Wikipedia entry on Robby Rowan. Does it bother you that it isn't up-to-date?

ROBBY

That's the game. I have to remind people I haven't retired. All I want is one more run at a cup. One more post season. One more....

TIFFANY

What if that leads to one more serious injury? Is it worth that price?

ROBBY

I don't have anything else.

TIFFANY

Jo said the same thing. Hockey's who she is.

ROBBY

And I'm sure she's a real stand-out on a women's team.

TIFFANY

I thought you didn't care about Jo being a woman.

ROBBY

I care about hockey. Mrs. T didn't sign me. Coach did. And you know what, babe? I care about that equality stuff. But Jo? Mrs. T's playing you if you believe Jo's anything but a sideshow. Jo ain't here for hockey.

TIFFANY

You seem to have some issues with women.

ROBBY

I love women. Except for my two ex-wives. Them, I'm not so fond of. And Mrs. T. She shouldn't really be playing owner if she ain't serious.

TIFFANY

So you do have some issues.

ROBBY

A few.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Fontaine sleeps on the floor, holding a beer bottle in an extended hand.

Jackson sleeps on the couch.

Jo enters, out of the shower, with a towel around her. She leans down and takes the beer from Fontaine.

FONTAINE

(groggy)

That's my beer.

JO

It's seven, already. Get off the floor.

(walking towards room)

And wake Jackson. We have to get to the rink.

Fontaine watches Jo.

JACKSON

(eyes closed)

She's break you like a twig.

INT. OWNER'S BOX - EVENING

Elaine watches the game, studiously.

ELAINE

(Watching players)

Enjoying the games, finally?

TIFFANY
 Sure. It's like bumper cars,
 without the cars. Chaotic.

ELAINE
 Follow the puck.

TIFFANY
 I'm trying.
 (beat)
 There's Jo.

ELAINE
 Finally, Theo.

Sounds of the hockey game.

INT. ICE RINK - CONTINUOUS

A DEFENSEMAN blocks Jo's, and then checks her against the boards.

DEFENSEMAN
 Don't make me hurt a girl.

Jo throws down her gloves, startling the DEFENSEMAN.

Fontaine skates over to intervene.

INT. OWNER'S BOX - CONTINUOUS

ELAINE
 No, Jo. Don't let him goad you...
 Dammit.

Tiffany covers her eyes.

Crowd starts chanting "Bull. Bull. Bull!"

INT. ICE RINK - CONTINUOUS

Jo pummels the DEFENSEMAN, punching him after he has fallen to the ice.

COACH P
 Fontaine! Get her ass off him!

Fontaine pulls Jo to her feet.

The crowd roars.

Jo heads for the penalty box.

INT. OWNER'S BOX - CONTINUOUS

Elaine sighs, frustrated, and shakes her head.

Tiffany peeks before uncovering her eyes.

TIFFANY

What happened?

ELAINE

Maybe Theo was right. She didn't even stop to think about the consequences.

TIFFANY

Someone got sent to the naughty box.

ELAINE

Penalty box.

TIFFANY

I was kidding. I do know that.

ELAINE

And now we're short handed. Totally unnecessary. If you're going to take the two minutes, be sure the other guy sits down, too.

TIFFANY

Isn't being tough her job? The crowd--

ELAINE

Never let the crowd coach you. I hate to admit it, but Theo said she isn't ready. I didn't want to believe she's hard to coach.

TIFFANY

You seem to know as much about hockey as the coach.

ELAINE

I love the game. I always have. And that means I want to win. Jo Bulloch is going to help us do that.

TIFFANY

You're very confident she's a good player. What about Coach Pruzluski-- Coach P?

ELAINE

Theo wants to believe we signed Jo as a publicity stunt. Every man on that ice believes she's nothing more than a gimmick to sell tickets.

TIFFANY

Are you saying it isn't about the publicity?

ELAINE

Of course it is. I am all about the business.

(beat)

Wish Nicky inherited his father's drive to win.

TIFFANY

Where is Nicholas? Isn't the General manager usually around for games?

Sounds of the game.

The power play ends.

ELAINE

Thank goodness. They didn't score.

INT. ICE RINK - CONTINUOUS

Jo takes the ice. Opponents taunt her, bumping and checking.

Jo slams the opposing center into the boards.

She's sent to the penalty box again.

INT. OWNER'S BOX

TIFFANY

Oh, my gosh. Did you see how hard she slammed into that poor guy--?

ELAINE

Come on, Jo, slow down and think.
I'm going to let Theo know he was
right.

TIFFANY

You run this team, don't you?

ELAINE

I take our businesses seriously.

TIFFANY

You're the story. A tough, stylish
woman running the companies she
inherited... and a minor league
hockey team. Hiring the first
serious female professional player?
That's good.

ELAINE

I appreciate that. But you don't
quite have things right. Maybe I am
why Jo is here. But someday,
someone was going to find a good
woman who could hold her own
against male athletes.

TIFFANY

Can Jo hold her own? What if she
fails? Would that set woman back?

ELAINE

Did you watch her play?

TIFFANY

When my eyes weren't closed.

ELAINE

She's good. Maybe great.

TIFFANY

For a--

ELAINE

Gut player. She's a gut player, and
that's why she's in this league.

TIFFANY

I thought you wanted gutsy players?

ELAINE

Being fast, strong, aggressive?
Those traits aren't enough for any
woman to succeed. Not even close.

(MORE)

ELAINE (CONT'D)

I can't run a business on guts alone. You need to think. To plan. To anticipate what your opponent is about to do.

TIFFANY

See? You are the story.

ELAINE

Jo is the story, Ms. Lewin.

TIFFANY

Or you both are.

ELAINE

I could live with that. But you have to understand what I'm trying to accomplish here.

TIFFANY

What does Jo need to be a success? The support of the coach? Her teammates?

ELAINE

Discipline. She needs to learn discipline. Learning not to respond is hard for someone like Jo. She reached this level on emotion.

MONTAGE BEGIN

Play continues. The Yellowjackets are improving.

Jo sits on the bench, watching the game.

Elaine and Tiffany watch.

The game ends, with the score 2 to 1, the Yellowjackets losing.

MONTAGE END

INT. OWNER'S BOX

As fans exit the arena, Tiffany watches Robby.

ELAINE

You fly back tomorrow?

TIFFANY

I'll be back after the road trip.
Rico and Marlene will come out for
the photo shoot.

ELAINE

Go. Tell Robby you'll be back.

TIFFANY

But I wasn't--

ELAINE

Of course you weren't.

INT. FASHIONABLY FIT OFFICES

Kim and Tiffany review notes and discuss story angles. They consider various fashion ideas and ways to promote Jo.

KIM

You say she's got a wild side?

TIFFANY

She did get into a bar fight, so
yes, she has a wild side.

KIM

Maybe we'll get lucky and she'll do
something interesting.

MONTAGE BEGIN

Road games, with each bus ride seeming longer and darker.

Each game is close, but the Yellowjackets lose all four.

Jo gets into more fights. Media art starting to cover her,
for all the wrong reasons.

Elaine reads the hockey coverage and fan sites.

MONTAGE END

EXT. ICE RINK - AFTERNOON

On a cold, damn afternoon, the Yellowjackets' bus arrives at
the rink. The players slowly exit, exhausted and demoralized.

Elaine and Nick pull up in a new car with dealer plates, parking alongside the bus.

As the players gather equipment to carry into the rink, Elaine approaches Coach P.

ELAINE

Lousy road trip, Theo.

COACH P

(snorts)

I was there for every painful minute of it. Rowan's slow. Fontaine is banged up, and was in more fights than Mike Tyson.

NICK

We gave her a shot, right Coach?

COACH P

Could use a couple of defensemen, Elaine. Nick and I could--

ELAINE

She stays. At least through the season.

NICK

Mother, she's not helping the team.

ELAINE

Did you read any of the coverage? Joan's the talk of social media.

NICK

We're not winning, though.

COACH P

The kid's right. We're losing. Game after craptastic game.

NICK

Here she comes.

Jo approaches, dragging her feet.

JO

I'm sorry, Mrs. T. Nick. I wish I could live up to the hype. Maybe I'm not that good.

ELAINE

The press is paying attention. The fans are paying attention. You are doing your job, young lady.

COACH P

Come on, Bull, let's get the gear off the bus.

NICK

I'll lend a hand.

COACH P

Really? Damn.

INT. RENTAL CAR - MORNING

Tiffany drives with RICO (30s) in the passenger seat and MARLENE (late-20s) in the back. Marlene reads from her phone, learning about Jo.

MARLENE

She has her own hashtag. JoTheBull.

RICO

At least it only describes her personality. Am I right?

TIFFANY

She isn't unattractive.

RICO

That makes me feel so much better. Marlene, you had better work some makeover magic.

MARLENE

You know I will.

TIFFANY

Rico, get as many candid shots as you can.

RICO

I should explore the locker rooms. What's his name?

MARLENE

Robby.

TIFFANY

He's just an angle I'm trying to include in the story.

RICO
I'll study the angles for you.

INT. ICE RINK - LATER

Morning practice.

COACH P
Come on, ladies! Move it!

Tiffany enters, along with Rico and Marlene. Tiffany approaches Coach P.

TIFFANY
May I talk to Jo? Elaine thought you might--

COACH P
Distractions. During practice. Dammit.
(beat)
Bull! Get your ass over here.

Jo approaches, removing her helmet.

Rico and Marlene study their subject.

RICO
(to Marlene)
Oh, my. A challenge.

COACH P
Deal with this. Answer the reporter's questions so Mrs. T will send her away. Far, far away.

JO
Yes, Coach.

TIFFANY
This is Rico, our photographer, and Marlene, our stylist.

JO
Here? Now? This is not the place--

RICO
Definitely the place.

COACH P
Rowan! How the hell do you miss every freakin' corner of the net?

Coach P heads to the ice, to oversee practice.

COACH P (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Stop skating like girls!

MARLENE
Lovely.

TIFFANY
We can use the locker room, right
Jo? Marlene can try some things.

RICO
I'll be... admiring the scenery.

INT. VISITORS' LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Jo straddles a bench, with Marlene facing her and working on makeup ideas. Jo remains in most of her gear.

MARLENE
The right jeans, a simple top, some
nice boots--

JO
That doesn't sound too bad.

MARLENE
You'll look amazing. But Rico wants
some of you in uniform, first.

TIFFANY
She looks good, Marlene.

MARLENE
Of course she does.

INT. ICE RINK - LATER

Jo comes out of the locker room. Some of the players notice her.

Tiffany and Marlene follow. Rico approaches them.

RICO
Just a few in the uniform, okay?

JO
Whatever.

Rico guides Jo through a basic shoot, on the ice but away from the practicing players. The men are watching, getting distracted.

COACH P (O.C.)
Stop gawkin' and start skating!

TIFFANY
Tough trip, Elaine said.

JO
We're tired. Four straight losses, the last two on home ice. Even Robby Rowan can't push through this kind of disappointment much longer.

RICO
Hold the stick off to your side. Pull your shoulders back a little. Turn slightly to the left--

COACH P (O.C.)
Come on, you little pussies. You all need pelvic protectors, 'cuz I don't see anyone with balls on the ice!

TIFFANY
Do you listen to the coach? To what he says?

JO
That we're not tough enough? That we're not making plays? I hear it. And he's right.

COACH P (O.C.)
My granddaughter has a better wrist shot, Marc. That's a limp-wrist shot.

RICO
That's just offensive.

TIFFANY
How do you put up with that?

Jo is puzzled, confused by Tiffany's anger.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
I was wrong about what the story is, here. It isn't just you and Elaine Thorton. Those men.

(MORE)

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

The coach. Some of the fans. Nobody wants a woman on the ice. Nobody.

The photo shoot continues.

RICO

That's enough of the uniform. Go change, now.

Marlene and Jo head for the locker room, leaving Rico and Tiffany at the edge of the ice.

RICO (CONT'D)

(focusing camera)

He is something.

TIFFANY

Rico!

RICO

What?

After a few minutes, Jo returns in perfectly fitted jeans, a snug top, and black boots.

Sounds of players running into each other.

COACH P

Fontaine! Marc! What's gotten into you two?

Coach P turns to see Jo at the end of ice.

COACH P (O.C.) (CONT'D)

What the hell?

(beat)

Girl scouts are tougher. Man up!

TIFFANY

They certainly notice you're the only woman on the team now.

Rico starts shooting candid shots, while Jo is walking carefully on the ice.

JO

I don't give a flying fuck what it means to anyone else if I'm the only woman on the ice. Why does it matter to you? Get over it.

TIFFANY

You should care about what it means.

(MORE)

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

The general manager is all "Mommy made me do it." Coach Prozy-- Coach P doesn't want to give you playing time. Robby Rowan thinks you're hurting his comeback. The other players--

JO

I get the idea. Nobody thinks I belong here.

Rico points towards the net.

RICO

Could you stand right there? Look tough.

MARLENE

That seems to be her natural look.

Players point and talk from the other end of the ice.

TIFFANY

The only person with any faith in your skills is Elaine Thornton, and she's more than happy to let people think you're just a stunt if it fills the stands and gets some press coverage.

JO

What's it matter to you? You don't care about hockey. I can tell you hate the sport.

TIFFANY

You matter. There are young women out there, little girls and teenagers and the players on those women's teams. You could prove something to them, and to everyone who dismisses them.

COACH P (O.C.)

I can't watch you piss on the game I love anymore! Hit the showers, ladies! Freakin' Ice Capades.

Sounds of practice ending.

Robby approaches, listening to Tiffany and Jo argue.

JO

What I need to do is earn my space.
That's what I have to do. Prove I'm
good enough.

TIFFANY

You need to stand up to these
sexist pigs.

JO

That won't make things better. Beat
'em on the ice. That'll shut 'em
up. Come on, you have to know that.
Don't whine like a girl. That's a
stupid idea.

Rico looks to Robby, finding inspiration.

RICO

Could you, Mr. Rowan, stand next to
Jo?

Robby follows Rico's gestures, posing with Jo.

TIFFANY

And how will you gain the skills
you need if you let them push you
around? The coach isn't eager to
help you. He's going to keep
screaming sexist insults.

JO

Coach is Coach. He isn't going to
change.

Coach P approaches.

COACH P

Both of you? Really? What is this
shit gonna end so we can get back
to hockey?

ROBBY

It's promotion, Coach. Give the
fans what they want.

TIFFANY

So modest.

COACH P

Damn pansies out there today.
(pauses in front of Jo)

Hell, might as well give you more ice time. At least you think you have balls.

Coach P exits to his office near the locker room.

JO

There are other battles to fight.

TIFFANY

Like you fighting within seconds of coming off the bench? That's really productive.

(Robby enjoys the argument.)

JO

I have to prove that I'm not playing in a girl's league. Already explained that to you.

TIFFANY

So you go out there and punch someone for no good reason?

Nick enters the rink. He watches Jo from a distance.

JO

There are plenty of good reasons. They hit our center, I teach them what it costs. I'm not gonna wait for our defense to stand up, bunch of lazy-ass sissies--
(to Rico)
No offense.

RICO

None taken.
(to Marlene)
Let's go to the dress.

ROBBY

I have to see this.

Marlene again leads Jo away.

NICK

(on phone)
Mother? You're not going to believe what they've done with Jo.
(pause)
It is an improvement, yes.

INT. YELLOWJACKETS' LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The team is showering and changing into street clothes.

FONTAINE

She is so fuckin' hot, the ice is going to melt.

JACKSON

Now, she's wall of fame material.

FONTAINE

Damn straight she is.

INT. ICE RINK

Jo returns, this time in a simple, thin dress. She's uncharacteristically self-conscious.

ROBBY

Holy shit.

JO

You should be hitting the showers.

ROBBY

When you and Tiffany might be hitting each other? I'm watching that cat fight.

Rico and Marlene position Jo. As they work, players leave the lockers and sit in the stands, watching. Some use cell phones to take photos destined for social media.

TIFFANY

Tell Jo what you told me. Tell her the reason you don't treat her with respect--

JO

(mocking)

Because I'm like a little sister to him?

ROBBY

She won't listen to me.

TIFFANY

Tell her. Now.

ROBBY

Fine.

(beat)

Bull, I get it. You want to prove you're like an enforcer. But that's not you. Not your job. You're not a stay-at-home girl.

TIFFANY

Wow, is that insulting.

ROBBY

It mean's she shouldn't be staying in back ice, on the blue lines. If she wants to look to defense for heros, she could be more like Coffey. Or Niedermayer. Learn to use that skating skill, instead of punching people.

TIFFANY

Jo, he has a point. You skate better than anyone out there.

ROBBY

Except me, of course. I'm really good.

JO

I can't get the respect I want.

ROBBY

Fine. Give up. Why not? That's what everyone else has already done. To hell with your future. Screw any chance I had at a return--

JO

You're right. I need your help.

ROBBY

My help? Why should I help you? You're a sloppy, careless, emotional goon.

JO

You sound like Coach.

ROBBY

That's because he's right.

JO

Please. I need this.

Tiffany starts taking notes, observing the players.

Rico is taking pictures, non-stop. Jo is less and less conscious of the revealing dress.

ROBBY

I got my own issues, Bull. I can't be playing big brother to some silly--

JO

I need to learn how you think. I don't anticipate the puck. I watch body language, and still get it wrong. Coach said watch skates and eyes, but I keep screwing up.

Marlene hands a hockey stick and helmet to Jo.

ROBBY

Yes, you do.

JO

I want to prove I can play with the guys.

ROBBY

Do you know the history of icing?

JO

I know the rules of the game. That's not my problem.

ROBBY

In the old days, teams would use intentional icing to slow the game. Sometimes, it's still a good move. Intentional icing is all about giving your team time to think. To pause. Hell, used to be a great way to change lines.

JO

What's your point? I know penalties are part of the strategy.

ROBBY

No, Bull, you don't get it.

Nick slowly moves closer, watching the argument.

TIFFANY

Know which penalty to take when.

ROBBY

Absolutely. Reporter Edition Barbie gets it.

JO

She's just encouraging you.

ROBBY

Checking a wing who has the center nearby is just dumb hockey. You're giving the center the puck and taking yourself out of play.

JO

But it shows 'em that I can--

ROBBY

I don't give a damn how tough you are or what you want to prove. Your job is to control the puck. Dammit, Bull, we have to score to win.

Jo hands the hockey stick and helmet back to Marlene.

JO

So what am I doing wrong?

ROBBY

Everything, as far as I can tell. I thought they didn't even have body checking in women's hockey. Doesn't that force you to--

JO

I'm supposed to play more like a girl? Hell no!

ROBBY

Call it whatever you want. Play more like you have a brain under that helmet.

Robby skates away.

Jo, angry heads towards the locker room. She trips, falling towards Nick. The dress catches on the stick held by Marlene, ripping it.

As Jo stands, covering herself with crossed arms, players record everything.

JO
(facing teammates)
You fucking dicks! Wanna see my
tit? Here!

Jo flashes the cameras.

TIFFANY
(on phone)
Kim? We just struck gold.

INT. ELAINE'S OFFICE - LATER

Elaine stares at her computer screen.

Nick enters.

NICK
We're sold out for tonight.

ELAINE
I can't imagine why.

NICK
It is a good thing or a bad thing?

ELAINE
It's whatever we make it.
(beat)
I want her in the next commercial.
And on billboards. Everywhere.

NICK
Is she really what we want people
to associate with Thorton
Automotive Group?

Elaine looks to her son.

NICK (CONT'D)
Never mind. Of course she is.
Trucks and SUVs.

MONTAGE BEGIN

We see alternating scenes of Jo's transformation from an unrefined talent into a stunning woman and great hockey player.

Rico, Marlene, and Tiffany guide Jo through a complete transformation.

Robby works with Jo after regular practices, improving her game.

Coach P watches Robby work with Jo, impressed with Robby's coaching abilities.

The team begins winning again.

Nick and Jo start filming commercials together. Billboards appear near the dealerships, promoting Thorton Automotive Group, with Jo in various "sexy hockey" outfits and poses.

MONTAGE END

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

Jackson and Fontaine watch television and drink beers. Jo comes out of her room, beautiful.

FONTAINE
Another fancy dinner?

JO
I assume it will be a good dinner
at a nice restaurant, yes.

FONTAINE
What the fuck have you done to The
Bull?

JO
Excuse me? I am simply trying to be
a better person.

FONTAINE
Guess that means no more tit
flashes.

JACKSON
Let it go, dude. That's still our
Jo.

FONTAINE
No, it's not.

INT. RESTUARANT - LATER

Nick and Jo are having dinner. She's eating a salad and doing everything "right" for a nice meal.

NICK
I was wrong about you.

JO
No, you weren't. I simply had to
grow up.

The Young Man from Jo's bar fight approaches. He's a waiter
at the restaurant.

YOUNG MAN
Seriously? You?

JO
I'm sorry, do I know you?

YOUNG MAN
Because of you, I needed sixteen
stitches.

NICK
Sir, we just want a nice, quiet
meal. No trouble.

YOUNG MAN
Oh, great. Mr. Metrosexual to the
rescue.

JO
Leave him alone! Nick's a nice guy.

YOUNG MAN
I didn't think you liked guys.
Proves he's a little faggot.

Jo stands, staring at the Young Man, face-to-face.

JO
Apologize. Now.

NICK
(rising)
Joan, let's just leave.

Young Man shoves Nick backwards, causing Nick to roll over
his chair.

Jo lands a perfect cross to the Young Man's jaw. The ensuing
fight lasts for several minutes.

POLICE arrive.

EXT. RESTUARANT - LATER

Jo and the Young Man are both in handcuffs, led to separate police cars.

POLICE SGT.

Come on, hockey star. Get in the car.

NICK

She was just defending--

POLICE SGT.

Don't embarrass yourself with another word, Nicky. Call your mother and a lawyer.

INT. JAIL - LATER

Coach P and Elaine stand at a desk, waiting for Jo.

COACH P

She's benched. She can suit up, but I ain't giving her ice time for three games.

ELAINE

I understand Theo. I have to agree. What got into her?

INT. FASHIONABLY FIT OFFICES

Kim and Tiffany are admiring their latest story on "The Troubled Queen of Men's Hockey."

KIM

This is fantastic. Look at the traffic reports. Hundreds of thousands of hits. I love it! Tell Rico we need more of the photos we havne't posted yet.

TIFFANY

I told you she had a wild side.

KIM

Time for you to go do a follow-up. She's like Lindsay Lohan on ice. It's wonderful!

INT. OWNER'S BOX - NIGHT

The Yellowjackets are playing the Hawks.

Tiffany and Elaine watch the game, with Nick sitting behind his mother.

ELAINE

Something's changed. You're paying attention.

TIFFANY

I've been learning more about the sport, from Mr. Rowan.

ELAINE

Mr. Rowan?

Elaine watches Tiffany, who is watching Robby.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

That's Robby Rowan at his best!
What did you see?

TIFFANY

Breakout? Robby was able to race to the puck.

ELAINE

Yes, and Rowan took that puck-- Mr. Rowan became Robby again? What's up with--

Sudden crowd noises.

Tiffany stands and rushes forward.

INT. ICE RINK

Robby skates towards center ice, when a defenseman charges towards him, despite the break in play.

TIFFANY (O.C.)

Robby! No!

Robby slides across the ice, in agony. He slams into the boards, hard, and screams.

INT. OWNER'S BOX

ELAINE

Oh, hell.

Crowd starts to chant, "Bull! Bull! Bull!"

INT. ICE RINK

Jo, despite being benched, climbs the wall, without her stick. She heads straight for the defenseman.

The benches clear. There's a massive brawl on the ice.

The Yellowjackets dominate the Hawks.

Jo skates to Robby, letting him lean his weight against her. Fontaine and Jackson join her.

INT. OWNER'S BOX

TIFFANY

What's wrong? Why's he holding his arm and skating funny? Where's he going?

ELAINE

Good girl, Jo. Good girl!

TIFFANY

I thought you didn't want her to fight?

ELAINE

She didn't start that. But she sure as hell ended it. And, we're not shorthanded.

(beat)

Sit down, Tiffany. There's nothing you can do for him. Five more minutes, and I think we'll want to see these.

INT. ICE RINK

Play resumes, with Jo at the center position.

ELAINE (O.C.)

Good, she's back on the ice. Keep her out there, Theo.

(standing)

Yes! That's my girl!

(to Tiffany)

That was a perfect wheel. Perfect!

Fontaine passes to Jackson, who waits for Jo to circle the net. Jo takes the pass and scores.

INT. OWNER'S BOX

TIFFANY
We're ahead!

ELAINE
Yes, we are.

Sounds of fans counting down. Wild cheers. Chants of "Bull! Bull! Bull!"

ELAINE (CONT'D)
That is why Jo Bulloch is a great story.

TIFFANY
What about Robby?

Nick's phone rings.

ELAINE
Head down to the lockers and check.

Phone rings, again, as Tiffany exits. Nick answers, struggling to hear the caller.

Nick
Yes?
(beat)
What about Jo?

INT. OUTSIDE YELLOWJACKETS' LOCKERS

Jo paces outside, waiting to enter the locker room. On game nights, she can't use the visitors' room.

Elaine and Tiffany approach.

Coach P opens the door.

COACH P
Okay, Bull. We cleared a path. But don't dawdle. I want you to be part of the team meeting.

Jo enters the locker room. Coach P steps out to talk to Elaine.

Sounds of her teammates cheering.

INT. YELLOWJACKETS' LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FONTAINE

The Bull!

JACKSON

We're in the playoffs, Bull! We did it!

FONTAINE

We don't fucking suck anymore!

INT. OUTSIDE YELLOWJACKETS' LOCKERS - CONTINUOUS

ELAINE

You let her stay on the ice.

COACH P

After what she did? That's good hockey. And she is playing better.

ELAINE

Yes, she is. What have you been doing differently?

COACH P

Me? I still scream at her for thinking she's a defenseman. Maybe the screaming works.

Nick approaches.

NICK

Coach. Mother. We got a call about Jo. They're calling her up.

COACH P

You serious, Nick?

NICK

Yep. She's going to Pittsburgh.

(beat)

You know, Coach, maybe it's time you moved to the front office. You should be the GM. We both know it.

Robby enters on crutches, leg in a boot, arm in a sling.

TIFFANY

What did the doctors say?

ROBBY
Separated shoulder, sprained ankle.
Nothing too serious.

TIFFANY
I am so sorry, Robby.

ROBBY
It's hockey. I've had worse.

TIFFANY
But you can't play, now. The
comeback--

ROBBY
--Was an old man's fantasy, Tiff.

COACH P
You played damn great hockey,
tonight, Robby. Best I've seen you
play in a year or more.

ROBBY
Thanks, Coach.

ELAINE
I'd have to agree. That was a
beautiful assist in the final
minutes. Tied the game.

ROBBY
(nods)
Thanks, Mrs. T. But I suppose
you're here to tell me what I
already know. It's over. I'll get
my gear and--

Tiffany leans towards Robby, shoulder to shoulder.

ELAINE
What's over?

ROBBY
Thanks for letting me play, when I
should have hung up the blades a
long time--

ELAINE
(to Tiffany)
Not such a tough guy, is he?
(to Robby)
I don't want you to go anywhere.
Not yet.

ROBBY
I appreciate that you're not
tossing me out--

ELAINE
Rowan, I'm asking if you want to
coach.

COACH P
Someone has to take my place. Might
as well be you, Robby.

ROBBY
You're finally calling it quits?
Never thought--

NICK
No. I'm quitting.

COACH P
That makes me the GM. And it means
we need a head coach.

ROBBY
You're serious?

COACH P
As the incoming GM, I'd sure offer
you the job.

ELAINE
When you went down, Jo was right
there. After the drop, she drove
the boards as good as any player
I've watched. She didn't lose her
cool, and she played a solid mental
game.

ROBBY
Sorry I missed it.

NICK
Theo, we had a call about Jo.

COACH P
We did, huh?

NICK
The Hornets are considering her for
a forward position. Would she be
ready in a month?

COACH P
She'll be ready.

TIFFANY
Is that a good thing?

ROBBY
It means that scout thinks she can
learn the game.

ELAINE
Because of you, Robert. Do you want
to coach a team or not?

TIFFANY
Of course he does!
(punches Robby's shoulder.)

ROBBY
(wincing)
I guess I do.

ELAINE
Good. We'll talk later.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Jo is packing, with the help of Fontaine and Jackson.

FONTAINE
Shit, I'm gonna miss you, Bull.

JACKSON
Yeah. We both are. But mostly
Fontaine.

JO
I have something for you.

Jo locates a thin paper bag, with two sheets of cardboard.
She pulls out the cardboard and reveals a set of sexy photos.

FONTAINE
Fucking aye! For the wall?

JACKSON
Glad I'm getting my room back.

INT. COACH ROWAN'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Robby limps about, taking in the new role.

Tiffany enters.

TIFFANY

Coach Rowan. At least I can say the name.

Jo enters, ready to leave.

ROBBY

You two are flying out together?

TIFFANY

Of course. There's more to this story, right?

FADE OUT: