

THE DAWSON SEVEN

Written by
Jason Bourgault

818-434-9572
Matchlight@mac.com

OPENING CREDITS:

BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOS of various old hockey players flash upon the screen. The final photo that appears is of eight men with a title below that reads "THE DAWSON CITY NUGGETS 1904."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - PRESENT DAY

Flash bulbs are popping left and right. A large group of news and media people are gathered in front of a small stage. JOEL RUBIN, a slender man with slicked back hair and wearing an Armani suit, steps up to the microphone. JOHN LACROIX, a tall, dark haired man with rugged good looks, stands behind. Reporters and news cameramen fight for position as Joel begins to speak.

JOEL

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen.

A loud buzz is heard, as the microphone gives feedback.

JOEL (cont'd)

I'm hear to announce that my client, John Lacroix, has found the offer of the Ottawa Senators to be substantially less than what he is worth. He has also decided to sit out the season if he is not given what he truly deserves.

A reporter speaks from the crowd.

REPORTER #1

What would that be, Mr. Rubin?

JOEL

One hundred million dollars for five years. Plus a guaranteed signing bonus of five million.

The CROWD AND REPORTERS are sent a buzz from this announcement

REPORTER #1

Wouldn't that make him the highest paid player in the NHL?

JOEL

I don't know, would it?

Joel smiles.

REPORTER #2

Not even Alex Ovechkin makes that kind of money, and he's the league's best player. How can you ask for so much, when John Lacroix hasn't skated one game yet in the NHL?

JOEL

He's the best prospect to come along since Gretzky. I think his record speaks for itself. He'll bring fans back who have long given up on the Ottawa Senators. The money the Senators give to him, will be nothing in comparison to the revenue he brings to them. I did not come here to get into a debate. I'm here to inform you about his decision. Now that I've done that, I really have nothing more to say. John thanks you all for coming here this afternoon, but this conference is over.

REPORTER #1

Hey, let John say something. John, what do you feel?

Joel walks off from the microphone, followed by John, leaving behind a wild crowd of reporters, screaming out questions over one another.

CUT TO:

INT. OTTAWA SENATORS ARENA - DAY

KIDS, 8-10 years old in hockey gear, are skating about the ice. Two kids go into the corner for the puck; they bounce into one another and fall, leaving the puck free. WE PULL BACK into the STANDS.

DONALD HENDERSON, an older man in his late sixties with a moustache and glasses, is sitting in the stands alone, watching the kids play. ALAN BOUCHER, a much younger man in his mid-thirties with dark hair, a slim build and wearing a suit, walks up and sits down next to him. They both watch the kids play.

DONALD

Look at them out there, Alan.

The KIDS break in on the goalie. One of them shoots the puck in past him. He raises his stick in the air.

DONALD (cont'd)
They've no idea. All they care about is playing. It's still a game to them. They play it because it's fun and they love what they're doing.

Donald turns his head to Alan.

DONALD (cont'd)
What happens? What changes that?

ALAN
They get older, get wiser-

DONALD
Not wiser, older yes, but not wiser. We've let it get out of control, Alan. What was once a great game has now become a great business. These kids grow up playing the game because they love it, but then they realize what it can give them. They see the money, the fancy cars, the TV commercials, the women. The love for the game becomes secondary or not at all. It's a damn shame.

ALAN
They're not all John Lacroixs. There are a lot of players who still play for the love of the game.

DONALD
I know, you're right. It's this younger generation that worries me.

ALAN
Why didn't you attend the press conference?

DONALD
What, to see that blood sucking, pimp of an agent tell us we had no deal? I'd rather sit back here and watch my grandson play.

ALAN
Which one is he?

DONALD

He's number three.

Number three skates up the ice with the puck, makes a move, and shoots it past the goalie.

ALAN

He's got good moves. You think he'll sign for three million?

Donald chuckles and then coughs a bit.

ALAN (cont'd)

So, what's the next move?

DONALD

I'm meeting Lacroix in my office in thirty minutes. He'll be without that leech. I'll try and talk some sense into him.

ALAN

Without his agent? How did you swing that?

DONALD

I told his agent we'd meet at the downtown office, and I told Lacroix we'd meet at the rink office. By the time he figures it out, our meeting will be over.

Alan laughs and then smiles.

ALAN

You still haven't lost your touch, Donny. What do you plan to say to Lacroix?

The siren blows and the benches empty. The kids go skating out and pig-pile on top of their goalie in celebration.

Donald stands up along with Alan.

DONALD

I haven't figured that out yet.

The kids skate off the ice followed by their goalie.

INT. DONALD HENDERSON'S FRONT OFFICE - LATER DAY

John Lacroix, a good looking, tall, well built young man enters the office. He is wearing jeans, boots, and a brown leather bomber jacket, hockey's version of GQ on ice. He

takes off his round dark Armani shades and cracks a smile. Don's secretary, LOIS SULLIVAN, an older woman, who has that secretary for life look, shoots John a glance.

JOHN

Yes, I'm here to see Donald Henderson.

LOIS

Go on in, Mr. Lacroix, and have a seat. Mr. Henderson is on his way.

JOHN

Is my agent inside?

LOIS

Not yet.

John smiles and walks past Lois into the main office. Lois shakes her head and whispers under her breath.

LOIS (cont'd)

Greedy little shit.

INT. DONALD HENDERSON'S OFFICE - LATER DAY

A large brown desk is toward the back; a brown leather chair sits in front. John walks slowly about the room to a window that is behind the desk. He looks out the window, then reaches into his jacket pocket, and pulls out a CELL PHONE. He dials and puts it to his ear.

JOHN

Hey, I just wanted to let you know that I'll be home soon. I just have this meeting. Yeah, I'm sure it won't take long.

John turns from the window and begins to look at all the various photos covering the walls. They are of great players and teams from the Montreal Canadiens, to the Toronto Maple Leafs, players like Rocket Richard, Gordie Howe to Bobby Orr. John comes upon one photo in particular. It is of The Dawson City Nuggets.

JOHN (cont'd)

Just be ready, babe. We're going to celebrate tonight.

John clicks the phone and slips it back into his pocket. He stares at the photo. The serious faces of the eight men stare back at him. Donald comes up behind John; his image reflects in the framed photo.

DONALD

Hello, John, sorry I'm late.

Donald hangs up his coat and makes his way to the desk.

DONALD (cont'd)

Can I get you anything to drink?

John shakes his head and then looks toward Donald. He points to the picture.

JOHN

Who were these guys, the Dawson City Nuggets? I've never heard of them.

Donald clears his throat.

DONALD

Not many people have, but they were a very special team. One bunch of determined men.

JOHN

Did they ever win the Stanley Cup?

DONALD

It's a long story, John, one that I wouldn't want to bore you with.

JOHN

I'm just curious. You have this picture centered by all these other great teams and players, all of whom I've heard of but not them.

DONALD

John, why don't you sit down. I don't want to take much of your time.

JOHN

Well, until my agent shows, I really can't talk to you. So, why don't you tell me the story? Sum it up as best you can.

Donald sits back in his chair and looks at John, who falls into the leather chair.

DONALD

How did you ever have a conversation before you met your agent?

JOHN
Talk was cheap then, but now words
can cost.

DONALD
You have an answer for everything,
but you've never heard of the
Dawson City Nuggets?

JOHN
Come on, Don, tell me the story.
All the other players have told me
the great way you tell stories.

John smiles, as Donald pulls out a bottle of bourbon and
pours himself a drink.

DONALD
The other players, see you're not
one of those yet?

JOHN
So, you won't tell me the story.

DONALD
I really don't think you'd be
interested.

JOHN
Try me.

Donald takes a sip from his bourbon and stares at John.

DONALD
All right.... The year was 1904.
The place was Dawson City, in the
Yukon.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DAWSON CITY (1904) - DAY - ESTABLISHING - (STOCK)

A city made up of all types of buildings lines the Klondike
River houses made of logs, others made of boards. There is
even a stretch of tents. The snow packed mountains stand
tall behind, in the distance.

Donald's VOICE OVER:(STOCK OF GOLD RUSH DAYS)

MONTAGE

A) Shot of Muddy streets

B) People in tents - all grubby and dirty.

- C) People getting on a large steamship, waving good-bye.
- D) People climbing up a mountain of snow, about fifty or so, one behind the other.
- E) People pulling bodies out of the snow.
- F) People panning streams for gold.

DONALD (V.O.)

Dawson City was a city unlike any in the world. It was one of the last great gold mining towns. It had brought all walks of life looking to strike it big, from the rich to the poor. Canadians, Americans, Indians, tens of thousands of people, from Boston, California, even Europe. They all came to Dawson, looking to stake their claim. Even when the place was dry, they kept coming and coming. Men left their families, invested all their money to make the journey. All for nothing. The fever started in 1896, and by 1900 the place had been sucked dry. Yet, people continued to come. Many would never return home, if the journey didn't kill them, the poverty would. Dawson, however, flourished during this time and went from nothing into becoming the biggest city of the Yukon.

CUT TO:

INT. HENDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

John clears his throat, looks at his watch, and gives a smug face. Donald stops.

DONALD

I told you the story would bore you-

JOHN

It's not boring me. I just want to know what it has to do with hockey, that's all.

DONALD

I'm getting to that.

John extends his hands to Donald in a pardoning fashion.

JOHN

I'm sorry, I won't interrupt you again.

Donald takes another swig from the Bourbon.

DONALD

Dawson City had men living in it, who had made a fortune off the gold before it dried up. One of these such men was Colonel James Boyle; he was known as "The King of the Klondike."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JOE BOYLE'S PLACE - (1905) - DAY

A large bulk of a man stands in the distance, his back to us. He is wearing a big, hairy bear skin coat. We PUSH IN and reveal JOE BOYLE. A small group of people are gathered about him. They are all watching something.

DONALD (V.O.)

Boyle was a big Irish man, who wasn't happy with just being one of the richest men in the Yukon. He had another passion, and that passion was the game of ice hockey.

Men are skating on a large sheet of ice, sticks in hand. They are not wearing any equipment like today's players. The game is archaic and dangerous, but this was also the time.

JOE

Come on boys skate!

WELDY YOUNG, a strapping young man, skates up the side and picks up the puck. He head fakes an opposing player and skates around him with ease. He gets in on the goalie, takes a shot, and scores. The puck slides into the steel framed goal.

The Onlookers cheer. Joe claps his hands as he bites down on a large cigar.

JOE (cont'd)

Way to go, Weldy! So, as I was saying.

The group of onlookers turn to Joe and begin writing down every word he says in notebooks.

JOE (cont'd)
I'm announcing today that I have
put in a written request to the
Ottawa Council to officially
challenge for Lord Stanley's Cup.

Joe turns back from the rink and begins to walk. The reporters follow him. One reporter turns too quick, slips on the ice, and falls on his ass!

JOE (cont'd)
I should hear back any day now,
whether it will be accepted.

REPORTER #1
Has the team been chosen yet?

Joe takes a puff from the cigar and exhales.

JOE
I have the main boys in mind, but I
will be having tryouts this coming
Saturday at nine a.m. I expect all
you fellas to print that in your
papers.

REPORTER #2
Sir, Mr.Boyle?

JOE
Call me Joe, son.

REPORTER #2
Even if you do get the Council's
permission, do you really feel that
you can field a team that will have
any chance of beating The Ottawa
Silver Seven?

Joe stops in his tracks, so do all the others. He turns to his right and stares at this brazen reporter.

JOE
When I first came here, I only had
the clothes on my back. I believed
in the notion that I could make it,
and I did. Anyone is beatable on
any given day, just read David and
Goliath. I promise that Dawson
City will not only win Lord
Stanley's Cup, but it will also
keep it here forever.

Joe puts the cigar back in his mouth, takes it back out, and looks at the reporter.

JOE (cont'd)

Now I take that back, son. I want you to always call me Mr. Boyle. The rest of you can call me Joe.

The other reporters laugh, as Reporter #2 turns red. Joe starts walking; the reporters hammer him with questions.

DONALD (V.O.)

Joe was a great promoter. Maybe the Don King of his day. He had an answer for everything except...

SLAM CUT:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - MORNING

The Yukon World Newspaper slams on a desk. The Headline reads: "Dawson City to Challenge for Cup, Joe Boyle promises Victory." A picture of Joe is below it, the cigar in his mouth. Joe picks it up and leans back in his chair. CHRISTOPHER JAMESON, a young man and loyal employee, stands wide eyed and dumbfounded.

JOE

Well would you look at that. They finally got my good side in the photo. What do you think, Chris?

Joe looks up from the paper. Christopher's face seems empty and lost.

CHRISTOPHER

I don't know how you could promise such a thing. I just came from the city. It's all they're talking about. I haven't seen people this excited since-

JOE

Since they pulled that first gold nugget out of the Klondike. I know, isn't it great?

CHRISTOPHER

Great? How do you expect to make this happen? We still don't even have a goalie? Never mind the fact that the Ottawa Council still hasn't given us the okay for the challenge.

JOE

That's only a mere formality. The idea of a hockey team from the Yukon, travelling all the way down to Ottawa, challenging the might and power of the Senators for Lord Stanley's Cup. You can't write books with more drama. The Council would be crazy not to approve it.

CHRISTOPHER

What about the goalie?

Joe gets up and walks to a large window.

JOE

What are you talking about? We have Lambert.

Joe points out the window to the ice rink below. Christopher takes a look.

Two men are shooting pucks from about twenty-five feet from the goal. Lambert, a tall, lanky man wearing goalie pads that look more like shin guards, is standing in the goal. Shot after shot goes in until Lambert falls to the ice exhausted.

Joe grimaces and turns back to Christopher.

JOE (cont'd)

What about Franklin?

CHRISTOPHER

He's playing up in Toronto.

JOE

And Beuveré?

CHRISTOPHER

Quebec.

Joe walks to a coat rack, grabs his coat, and puts it on.

JOE

What about what's his name? I know, it begins with a D, um Dri -

CHRISTOPHER

Driscoll.

Joe smiles and snaps his fingers.

JOE
Driscoll, that's it.

CHRISTOPHER
He died two months ago.

Joe pauses.

JOE
Did I send his wife flowers?

CHRISTOPHER
Of course.

Joe puts on his hat and buttons his coat.

JOE
Damn! Driscoll was a good man. An
okay goalie, but nevertheless a
good man.

Joe turns for the door.

CHRISTOPHER
Sir, where are you going? We have
to figure out this goalie
situation.

Joe turns, pulls a cigar out of his pocket.

JOE
No, you have to figure out this
goalie situation. That's what I
pay you for. I'm going to town. I
have to make sure this thing
doesn't get out of control.

Joe walks out, leaving behind a frustrated Christopher, who
looks to the ceiling.

CHRISTOPHER
Please Lord, give me the strength.
(beat) So I don't kill him.

Christopher sighs.

EXT. DAWSON CITY - DAY - CENTER OF TOWN

Joe walks about the streets. Many people walk up to him,
shaking his hand and smiling. Like a good politician, he
reciprocates.

DONALD (V.O.)

Boyle loved the limelight. He always had to be the center of attention, for the longest time since his big gold strike, his fame had dwindled. Don't get me wrong, he was still a big man in Dawson, but this would make him a legend. Providing he got the approval and found a goalie, which takes us to-

CUT TO:

EXT. FORREST BROTHERS' HOUSE - DAY

An old, run down shack of a house. PAUL FORREST, a tall, medium built fellow stands outside, a wooden stick in his hands.

PAUL

Albert! (beat) Albert!

DONALD (V.O.)

Albert Forrest, to look at him with his cherub like features, you would never of thought of him to be the natural athlete that he was.

ALBERT FORREST, a small, round faced young man comes stumbling out of the house. He is in a T-shirt and long johns, rubbing his eyes as the sun hits his face.

PAUL

Albert!

ALBERT

I hear ya, Paul, I'm not deaf.

Paul walks over to him, puts his arm around his shoulders, and walks him to a specific area.

PAUL

I want you to stand right here.

ALBERT

You woke me up for this?

Paul hands Albert a stick, turns, and walks back about fifteen feet.

ALBERT (cont'd)

What are you doing?

PAUL

I'm practicing my shot. I was in town today and heard that Dawson City is going to challenge for Lord Stanley's Cup.

ALBERT

No kidding?

PAUL

They're having tryouts for the team on Saturday.

Paul looks at Albert, then stick handles a baseball back and forth with his stick.

ALBERT

The Stanley Cup, wow!

PAUL

I need you to just stand between those paint cans. I figured since you're a good baseball catcher, that you could try playing goal, so I can get a little practice in.

Albert looks at the two paint cans and then back at Paul.

ALBERT

Well, I guess it will be -

Before Albert can finish his answer, a baseball comes flying at him. Albert flicks out his right leg with the wood stick and deflects the ball wide to the right.

Paul looks a bit baffled, he lines up another ball, as Albert positions himself for the next shot.

PAUL

Here it comes!

Paul, unwinds and lets the shot rip. It gets about a foot off the ground and smacks Albert in the thigh. Albert winces, drops his stick, and hobbles about.

PAUL (cont'd)

Are you okay, Al?

ALBERT

I'm fine, Paul. Just keep, just keep shootin'.

Albert rubs his thigh and shakes it off. He gets back between the paint cans. Intensity fills his eyes.

MONTAGE: Paul hits shot after shot, and Albert makes save after save from all angles.

Paul stops, he is out of breath, sweat dripping from his brow. Albert is ready for another shot.

ALBERT (cont'd)
Come on Paul, shoot'em in here.

Paul looks at Albert, takes his stick and throws it toward Albert and walks away. Albert steps aside and the stick slides by.

ALBERT (cont'd)
Paul, what's wrong? I thought you wanted to practice?

Albert looks dumbfounded, as Paul walks into the house and slams the door.

DONALD (V.O.)
Albert was as innocent as they come, not realizing the true nature of his talents. He always followed in his older brother Paul's shadow, but his time was coming.

EXT. KLONDIKE RIVER - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

White snow blankets the banks of the Klondike River. Large chunks of ice float down its stream. The bright sunlight reflects against the water, making it sparkle, giving it a magical feeling.

EXT. KLONDIKE RIVER - DAY

Albert and Paul are standing knee deep in the icy water. Paul has a sifter in his hands; he bends and pans for gold. He sifts through and turns up nothing. He looks to Albert.

PAUL
This place is empty. We've been wasting our lives in this hole for too long.

Albert sifts through his pan and looks to Paul.

ALBERT
You've got to have faith.

PAUL
Faith, you'll learn as you get older, little brother. It takes more than just faith to make it.

All I know is when I make the
Dawson Hockey Team, I'm going and
never coming back.

Albert stops sifting and looks at his brother.

ALBERT

What are you talking about, Paul?
You'd just leave Mom?

PAUL

You'll still be here. Damn!
You'll be eighteen in two months.
I have to get on with my life.
This place is killing me. There's
no gold here. There's nothing!

Paul drops the sifter into the water.

ALBERT

What if Dad comes back, would you
stay then?

PAUL

You just don't get it, little
brother, do you?

Albert looks puzzled.

PAUL (cont'd)

Dad ain't ever coming back. He's
more than likely dead.

Albert's face gets red; he is upset.

ALBERT

Take it back, Paul. Dad's not
dead.

PAUL

It's been two years since he left.
Face it!

Albert charges Paul and tackles him into the cold river.
They begin to fight. Albert swings at Paul, who ducks and
swings back striking Albert in the jaw, knocking him back
and into the river. Albert goes under and doesn't come
back up. Paul reaches down, picks him up and drags him to
the shore. Albert is coughing up water as he comes to.
Paul sits next to him.

PAUL (cont'd)
I'm sorry, Albert. This is my only
chance out of here. I need to make
this team.

Albert looks down and sees a shiny gold nugget in the
water; he grabs it and holds it up.

ALBERT
Paul, look.

Paul takes it out of his hand, looks at it, bites the
corner and throws it back to him.

PAUL
Fool's gold, little brother. The
perfect type for you, you're the
biggest fool I know.

Paul laughs and gets up.

PAUL (cont'd)
Come on, we better get out of these
clothes before we catch pneumonia.

Albert holds the nugget up, rubs it on his shirt, and then
sticks it in his pocket. He gets to his feet and runs
after Paul.

ALBERT
Hey, wait up.

The two walk off down the river bank.

INT. BOYLE'S OFFICE - LATE DAY

Joe is sitting at his desk, thumbing through some papers.
He looks up to see Christopher, who is holding a letter and
smiling.

JOE
Did you find me a goalie yet?

Christopher hands Joe the letter.

CHRISTOPHER
No, but I thought you might like to
read this.

Joe takes the letter and reads it.

CLOSE UP OF LETTER:

A big smile breaks across his face.

JOE

I told you, Christopher, didn't I tell you. Dawson City is going to play for Lord Stanley's Cup!

CHRISTOPHER

You were right.

Joe gets up all excited like a kid at Christmas.

JOE

Did you ever doubt me? The King of the Klondike and now the manager of the Dawson City? The Dawson City?

CHRISTOPHER

The Dawson City what?

JOE

I don't know. I never really thought of a name, but I will. I can tell you that. Is everything set up for the tryout tomorrow?

CHRISTOPHER

It's all set.

JOE

How many men do you think? Ten or twenty?

CHRISTOPHER

I would assume. I don't expect that many people play hockey in Dawson, except, of course, the regular boys.

CUT TO:

EXT. ICE RINK - MORNING

The sun has come up over Joe Boyle's ice rink. There must be over ONE HUNDRED PEOPLE all about the rink, all shapes, all sizes, in various forms of dress. People who have never put on a pair of skates have come out on this day to tryout.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) One tall skinny guy skates recklessly into a snowbank.

B) A large fat man tries to put on his skate, the lace breaks and he fall backwards.

C) Two boys try to keep themselves up on skates but fall.

WE CLOSE ON Joe Boyle, who stands and watches. Christopher is by his side.

JOE

Ten or twenty people, huh
Christopher.

Christopher shakes his head back and forth, he is amazed by the turnout.

CHRISTOPHER

This is unbelievable.

JOE

For your sake, I hope theirs one
guy out there who can play goal.

Joe pulls out a cigar and slaps Christopher on the back.

JOE (cont'd)

Good luck, son.

CHRISTOPHER

Your, your just going to leave me
to run this by myself?

JOE

Hell, no! If you need me, I'll be
up in my office. Ask Weldy to help
get things organized.

Joe walks off, once again leaving Christopher hanging. Christopher stands among the chaos, with just a mere clipboard in his hands.

DONALD (V.O.)

It was truly an amazing sight to
see all these men from all over the
Yukon coming together with the hope
of making the team. Many had never
even laced up a pair of skates
before, but they came, with the
same dream they had come with years
before of bringing home the gold.

EXT. HILL - MORNING

Paul and Albert are making their way up a large hill. Paul is carrying his stick, a pair of skates thrown over his shoulders. Albert is tagging along.

PAUL

Come on, Albert, I don't want to be late. I'd like to get in a few warm up laps before the tryout.

ALBERT

Are you nervous?

They both reach the top of the hill.

PAUL

I'm a good skater, I know how to play, what do I have to be nervous about?

They look down at the rink below and see the rink filled with people and many others watching, sticks in hands. Paul's mouth drops open, and he drops his stick.

ALBERT

Looks like the whole town showed.

PAUL

More like the whole Yukon.

Albert picks up Paul's stick.

ALBERT

Still not nervous?

Paul grabs the stick out of Albert's hand.

PAUL

The more the merrier.

They both walk down the hill to the rink.

EXT. ICE RINK - LATE MORNING

Christopher is standing in the middle of all the men. He has a Bullhorn in his hand and is barking out commands. Paul is standing in his skates, resting on his stick. Albert is behind him; his eyes focusing on all the potential players. They rest upon Weldy Young, a strong and rugged man, with features that look like they were chipped out of a block of stone.

CHRISTOPHER

What we need is everyone's cooperation. I need people to pay attention. Now, Weldy Young will be running you all through some simple drills. The first will be a basic drill to see if you can skate. If you can't skate, you can't play hockey. Weldy.

Weldy skates up behind Christopher and stops on a dime. Christopher hands Weldy the Bullhorn.

WELDY

How's everyone doing today? What I need is five skaters at a time to skate up, turn and then skate back down the ice. If I tap you on the back, you'll give your name to Mr. James and then wait for the next part of the tryout. If I don't give you a tap, then thanks for trying out.

There is a mad rush of skaters, all trying to be one of the first five. They bump and run into each other.

WELDY (cont'd)

I said five, let's go you, you, you, you and (beat) you.

Weldy points to Paul as the fifth. Paul turns to Albert.

PAUL

Here we go little brother.

Paul hands Albert his stick.

ALBERT

Go get 'em, Paul.

The skaters all line up at the end of the rink. Two of the men can barely stand; the others look good. Paul sets himself and looks forward.

WELDY

On your marks, get set, go!

The skaters break out. Paul and an older man with a moustache, RANDY "DOC" MCCLENNAN take the lead. The other three men are left in the dust. Two of the men actually fall. Paul and Randy get to the end and stop; they then cut back. Randy has a good three strides on Paul. The other skaters get in their way on the way back, but they

are both able to cut around them. People cheer them on, the loudest coming from Albert on the side. Randy keeps the three-stride lead and stops, sending ice chips flying, Paul follows suit. Weldy walks up to Randy pats him on the back and then does the same to Paul. Randy skates behind Paul.

DOC

Not bad, not bad at all.

Paul catches his breath and watches Doc skate off. Albert looks to the others, a smile from one ear to ear.

ALBERT

That's my brother.

Paul skates over to Christopher and gives his name.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE: (Old time piano bar music, Chaplin style)

- A) The start of a race and all the skaters fall.
- B) One guy can't stop and flies into a snow bank.
- C) Shot of the crowd laughing.
- D) A man falls and starts crawling to the finish.
- E) Skaters getting tagged on the back.
- F) Other skaters not getting tagged and looking dejected.
- G) The large, fat man, eyes wide, flies towards us, arms moving about and out of control.

CUT TO:

EXT. ICE RINK - LATER THAT DAY

The rink is almost bare in comparison to the way it looked in the morning. Only sixteen players are left from the more than a hundred. Weldy is standing between the players.

WELDY

Gentlemen, you are the remaining few of the many that tried out, that at least could skate. Playing hockey is a different thing all together. That is what we are going to do now. You've been broken up into two teams of eight. I want you to play hard.

Albert looks over all the players. They look so hardened, scarred, and seasoned in comparison to Paul. He looks at the two goalers. The players look to each other; some even joke with one another, as they skate about. Paul skates to Albert. Albert hands him, his stick.

ALBERT

Good luck.

PAUL

These guys are the best. If I can play with them, I'll make the team.

Paul takes the stick and skates off. Christopher looks over the players and down at his clipboard. He then walks out to the center of the ice with the puck. Paul is at center facing off against a large Indian man, HECTOR SMITH. Paul looks up to Hector, who smiles back, his teeth are all but gone.

Cristopher drops the puck and the action begins. Hector wins the face off and flips the puck forward into Paul's team's zone. Weldy Young goes barreling in, picks the puck up and passes it up to Hector who's breaking in through the center. Hector winds up and slaps the puck home past the goaler, who never saw it. Paul just shakes his head.

PAUL (cont'd)

Come on! Let's go.

Instead of a face off, Paul breaks the puck up from his zone. He passes it off to the wing man, who gets broken up by a streaking bull of a man, GEORGE "SURESHOT" KENNEDY.

SURESHOT

Thanks, pal.

Sureshot breaks in and lets go a rocket that flies through the goal and into the snowbank behind. Paul bangs his stick down in anger. Sureshot skates over to his team, that is laughing. They all tap him with their sticks in celebration.

PAUL

This is ridiculous!

Paul looks to Albert, who stares blankly back. Paul lines up at center ice for the next face off. He sees Hector smiling again.

HECTOR

You better watch it.

PAUL

Watch what?

The puck is dropped and Paul is plowed over by Hector. Weldy picks up the puck and breaks down the side. The goalie comes out to play him. Weldy flips the puck across the ice to "CRAZY" NORMAN WATT, a slender built man, who loses his balance and slides into the goalie. The goalie goes flying back and lands on his right arm. He screams in pain. The other players watching all wince from witnessing the injury. The skaters stop playing and skate over to see if he's all right. Doc kneels down next to the goalie's side.

DOC

What hurts?

GOALIE

My arm, I think it's broken, uhhh!

DOC

Let me try moving it.

GOALIE

Uhhhh!

DOC

I think you're right. It might be broken.

Christopher pops through the crowd of players.

CHRISTOPHER

Is he all right?

DOC

His arm is broken.

Christopher sighs.

CHRISTOPHER

Great, where are we going to find another goalie? He was our best shot.

Paul looks to Albert, who has moved in for a closer look at what's going on.

PAUL

My brother.

Christopher looks to Paul and then at Albert. There other players do the same.

CHRISTOPHER

Your brother's a goalie?

PAUL

Well, not exactly. He's a catcher,
but I think he could fill in fine
for the rest of the tryout. He's
helped me practice and done just
fine.

Albert looks at Paul and then to Christopher. He seems
overwhelmed with excitement.

CRAZY NORMAN

He's a boy. He looks like he
should be at home with his mommy.

The other players laugh.

WELDY

I don't see many other choices,
Norman. Do you want to play goal?

Norman shakes his head.

CRAZY NORMAN

Fine let him play, but don't expect
me to take it easy on him.

Norman skates by Albert and bumps him, almost knocking him
down.

CHRISTOPHER

Can you play?

ALBERT

Yes.

CHRISTOPHER

Then go get ready.

Albert smiles, turns and runs over to the side lines.
Weldy and Doc help the goalie to his feet and escort him
off the ice.

EXT. RINKSIDE - DAY

Albert is putting on the thin shin guards, his skates
already on. Paul comes up to him.

PAUL

This is your big chance, little
brother, just do what ya did when
we practiced and you'll be fine.

ALBERT

Thanks, Paul.

PAUL

Just don't make me look bad.

ALBERT

I won't.

PAUL

And don't get hurt. Mom'd kill me.

Paul skates off and Albert stands, looks about at all the players, and then skates to the goal.

EXT. ICE RINK - DAY

Albert stands in the crease of the goal, taps both posts with his stick to find his range. He looks to the center of the ice.

ALBERT

(Talks to himself) Just stay calm.
Don't panic.

The puck is dropped and the action begins.

ALBERT (cont'd)

Oh no!

The action breaks down the other end first, led by Paul, who breaks it in. He takes a shot and it is wide. His right wing breaks in for it, but is knocked down by Crazy Norman. Doc picks up the puck and passes the puck up to Hector Smith. He throws it over to a breaking Crazy Norman. Albert sees Norman breaking in alone with the puck.

ALBERT (cont'd)

Calm, stay calm.

Crazy Norman winds up and blasts a shot. Albert with cat like reflexes, sticks out his right hand and snags the puck out of the air and falls back with it.

Christopher stands up from his seat at the sidelines, dropping his clipboard.

CHRISTOPHER

Holy smokes!

Everyone comes to a standstill, including Paul.

DOC

What a save.

Crazy Norman shakes his head in disbelief and grimaces.
Weldy smiles.

WELDY

Not bad, not bad at all.

CRAZY NORMAN

He was lucky! I didn't get all of
it.

Albert gets up from the ice. Players come by and tap him
on the back. Albert just smiles.

EXT. RINKSIDE - DAY

Christopher stands, watching from the sideline, he is
smiling. A large puff of smoke comes over his shoulder,
causing him to cough. It is from Joe Boyle's cigar.

JOE

Who's the kid?

CHRISTOPHER

(Beaming)

He's our new goalie.

JOE

New goalie? He looks like he
hasn't gone through puberty yet.

CHRISTOPHER

Just watch.

Joe puts the cigar in his mouth, bites down hard, and
watches as the action resumes.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Albert deflects a shot off his stick.

B) Albert dives across the crease and saves a puck.

C) Albert skates out, picks up a pass and hits a breaking
player.

D) Albert snags another puck out of the air.

E) Various players just shaking their heads in disbelief.

Christopher looks to Joe, whose eyes are glued to Albert.

CHRISTOPHER
(cont'd)
So, what do you think?

JOE
I think we just found ourselves the
key to Lord Stanley's Cup.

Christopher smiles.

CHRISTOPHER
We, sir?

JOE
Of course we, Christopher. We're a
team and team is what it's all
about. You can wrap this up now,
I've seen all I need.

CHRISTOPHER
Yes, I agree, sir. We've seen all
we need.

Joe smiles and walks away as Christopher turns to the
players.

CHRISTOPHER
(cont'd)
All right, that's it for today.
Thank you all for coming out and
the team roster will be posted
tomorrow at noon in Center Square.

CLOSE SHOT - Albert being congratulated by the other
players, as Paul watches dejectedly.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROAD HOME - NIGHT

Night in the Yukon is a funny thing; it is still light out.
Albert and Paul are making their way up a long dirt hill.
Paul is quiet.

ALBERT
You looked good out there.

PAUL
Yeah, right.

ALBERT
Yeah, you played hard, made some
really good passes-

Paul stops sudden, as Albert keeps walking and then pulls to a stop.

PAUL
Stop bulling me.

ALBERT
I'm not bulling you Paul.

PAUL
It was you, little brother. You stole the show. You saved everything that came your way. I didn't even get a shot off.

ALBERT
You were one of the better players out there. They'd be crazy not to pick you.

PAUL
You're the one they'll pick Albert. I guess, I'll just have to get used to being here forever. I blew my one good chance.

ALBERT
I just got lucky, I'm no hockey player. I just have a good glove.

PAUL
We'll see tomorrow when that list is posted. There'll be a Forrest brother on it, but it won't be me.

Paul turns and begins walking; Albert follows.

ALBERT
Betcha you're wrong.

PAUL
We'll see tomorrow little brother.
We'll see tomorrow.

We view the two brothers from behind, as they disappear over the hill. A blue skyline filled with stars is our last image.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CENTER SQUARE - AFTERNOON

A BELL rings loud. A large crowd is gathered about a small area. Joe Boyle comes walking in through the center of the

crowd followed by Christopher. Joe with his cigar in hand passes by Albert and Paul. Their eyes follow his every move. Joe steps to a podium and the crowd dies down. A voice yells out!

VOICE

Who's on the team!

The crowd laughs.

JOE

I'm getting to that, just hold your horses.

Albert looks about and sees some of the other players. His eyes fall upon "Crazy" Norman Watt. Norman gives him a dirty look; Albert turns away.

JOE (cont'd)

We had quite a turn out. I must say, it felt like the whole Yukon came out. Unfortunately, I can't bring everyone to Ottawa to play for Lord Stanley's Cup. I can only have eight.

VOICE

You tell 'um, Joe! You're the best!

JOE

Now, when I call out your names, I want you to come up here.

Tension fills the air; Albert looks to Paul.

ALBERT

Good luck.

PAUL

Just remember what I told you.

Christopher steps up with the clipboard in hand and starts reading off the names.

CHRISTOPHER

At Cover Point, Weldy Young.

VOICE

Way to go Weldy!

Weldy smiles, shakes hands, receives pats on the back, and walks up to Joe Boyle who smacks him on the back.

CHRISTOPHER
At Rover, Randy "Doc" McLennan.

Doc makes his way up, receives the same greeting.

CHRISTOPHER
(cont'd)
At right wing, George "Sureshot"
Kennedy.

George runs up.

CHRISTOPHER
(cont'd)
At left wing, "Crazy" Norman Watt.

VOICE
Crazy! Crazy!

Norman puts his fists in the air and struts up to the stage area.

CHRISTOPHER
At Point, Jimmy "Gloomy" Johnston.

Jimmy as expressionless as ever, walks up to the stage.

Paul looks to Albert.

PAUL
That's the team, all that's left is
the alternate and you.

CHRISTOPHER
As a sub for the team -

Paul clenches his fist and swallows hard, hoping for the slightest of chances.

CHRISTOPHER
(cont'd)
Archie Martin.

Archie is excited to death; he jumps up and down and runs to the stage. Paul's hand releases, his face goes blank.

ALBERT
They must have made a mistake.

CHRISTOPHER
And last but not least our goaler,
Albert Forrest.

The crowd cheers and claps, as Albert looks around somewhat in a daze. He looks to Paul.

PAUL

There's no mistake, now go.

ALBERT

But-

Albert is pushed up by the crowd to the stage and separated from his brother. Paul looks sullen and lost, as he watches Albert being praised and honored. Albert gets to the stage and is greeted by Joe.

JOE

Welcome aboard, but you've got a lot of work ahead of you.

ALBERT

Thank you, sir.

Albert turns and faces the crowd, he looks for Paul, but Paul is nowhere to be seen.

CHRISTOPHER

Ladies and gentlemen, your future
Lord Stanley Cup Champions!

The crowd cheers, claps, and screams out loud. A large flash from a camera brightens the screen.

CUT TO:

INT. FORREST HOME - NIGHT

The sound of a door slams shut. Albert comes rushing into the kitchen.

ALBERT

Mom! Mom!

Albert makes his way into the kitchen and finds his mother. A look of surprise upon her face.

MOTHER FORREST

Hold your horses, Albie.

Albert is beaming and out of breath.

ALBERT

I made it. I made the team!

MOTHER FORREST

That's wonderful, Albie!

ALBERT
Have you seen Paul?

MOTHER FORREST
I thought he was with you?

Albert's smile turns sour.

ALBERT
No, he left, he-

MOTHER FORREST
He didn't make the team.

Albert grows quiet and shakes his head.

ALBERT
No.

MOTHER FORREST
Your poor brother, I know how much
this meant to him. Don't you worry,
your brother will get over it.
He's a Forrest.

Mother Forrest rubs Albert's cheek.

MOTHER FORREST
(cont'd)
Don't worry about a thing. Me and
Paul will be just fine. I'm proud
of you, Albie.

A door slams open and in stumbles Paul, a bottle of booze
in his hand. He stops in the doorway of the kitchen and
takes a swig from the bottle.

PAUL
Hey, little brother. Did you tell
Mom how you made the team and yer
loser brother didn't?

MOTHER FORREST
I will not allow you to drink in
this house. You know better.

ALBERT
I'm sorry, Paul. I'm going to talk
to Mr. Boyle for you. I'm sure he
just made a mistake.

Paul takes a step forward and almost falls, he laughs.

PAUL

Don't waste your time. Joe Boyle
can kiss my ass!

MOTHER FORREST

Don't use such language, Paul!

PAUL

Ass! Ass! Ass! We all have one!

Mother Forrest slaps him across the face.

MOTHER FORREST

Apologize to your brother.

Paul takes a swig and looks to Albert.

ALBERT

It's okay mom, Paul's just a little
drunk. I'll help put him to bed.

Albert goes to help Paul. Paul reaches out and pushes
Albert away.

PAUL

Get away from me! I don't need
your help. I don't need anybody's
help.

Paul walks by and into the bedroom. The sound of his body
can be heard as it hits the mattress. Albert looks to his
mother, who exhales.

MOTHER FORREST

Good, sleep it off. In the morning
you'll be doing lots of work to
make this up to me, Paul Forrest.

Albert sees his mother is upset.

ALBERT

I'm sorry, mom. This is all my
fault. I should've never tried
out.

MOTHER FORREST

Don't blame yourself for your
brother's jealousy. He'll just
have to live with it. You did
nothing wrong.

Mother Forrest kisses him on the head.

MOTHER FORREST

(cont'd)

Now get to sleep. My little
hockeyist needs his rest. Good
night, Albie.

Albert breaks a half smile, as he watches his mother walk off into the other room. A loud SNORE echoes from Paul and Albert's room.

EXT. JOE BOYLE'S - NIGHT

A hand bangs against a large oak door several times. The door finally opens to reveal a very disheveled and half asleep Joe Boyle.

JOE

Practice isn't for another four
hours. Go home.

Joe goes to close the door, but a hand stops it. The hand belongs to Albert.

ALBERT

I need to talk to you.

Albert, his face flushed, seems very tense. Joe gives him a good look.

ALBERT (cont'd)

It can't wait.

Joe exhales deeply, turns, and walks into the house, leaving the door open. Albert follows him in.

INT. JOE BOYLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joe turns on a light and then sits behind his desk.

JOE

This better be good. I was right
in the middle of one helluva dream.

Albert nervously sits in a chair facing Joe.

JOE (cont'd)

Well, are you gonna tell me what
this is about?

ALBERT

I can't play on the team.

Joe smirks.

JOE

Okay, I guess this is where I say,
Why not?

ALBERT

You see me and my brother tried out together. It was actually him who wanted to be on the team. I... I just went along to cheer him on. I didn't even plan on playing. The truth is I don't even know that much about hockey. I'm a baseball player. Paul just had a bad day; he's actually a really good player. Honest, Mr. Boyle, he's really good.

Albert looks at Joe for a response. Joe rubs his chin.

JOE

Let me get this straight. You got me out of bed because your brother didn't make the team and you're telling me that you don't want to play because of it. (Beat) Is that about right?

ALBERT

Yeah.

JOE

Do you know what your doing, son? You're giving up the chance of a lifetime. A chance to bring home Lord Stanley's Cup. Any man in his right mind would kill to have an opportunity at this, and you want to turn it down.

ALBERT

My brother deserves to be on this team. He-

JOE

Your brother doesn't have the talent!

Albert is taken back. The room grows quiet.

JOE (cont'd)

Sure he can skate, but he doesn't have the skills. You on the other hand do. You're a natural, Albert, you showed it out there the other

day. You need to think about what you're doing. Don't be a fool and give it up. The team is counting on you and so am I.

Albert, stares blankly at Joe, his mind in a daze.

JOE (cont'd)

Look, go home and get some sleep. We have a practice at seven in the morning, I expect you to be there.

Joe gets up and escorts a dazed Albert. He opens the door, and Albert slowly walks out.

ALBERT

Good night, sir.

JOE

Yeah, yeah good night.

Joe closes the door and turns.

JOE (cont'd)

No wonder I never had kids.

EXT. JOE BOYLE'S RINK - MORNING

A thin fog rises from the ice, as hot water from buckets splashes upon its surface. Cristopher pushes the water to the edge with a broom. The players are all on the bench talking and putting on their skates; Albert is nowhere to be found.

CRAZY NORMAN

So I had this fine little girl last night. Come to find out she was a virgin.

SURESHOT

Were you out on Miller's farm again with those sheep, Norman? When are you going to learn?

The other guys bust a gut laughing. They all make sheep noises.

CRAZY NORMAN

You're all just jealous fools.

Doc looks about and does a head count.

DOC

Hey, looks like our rookie goaler
is late.

CRAZY NORMAN

No big loss, probably at home
suckling his mama's breast.

WELDY

Is that all you think about?

CRAZY NORMAN

No, I think about other things.

Norman finishes tying his skates, stands, and skates off.
Joe appears, he looks about but sees no Albert. He walks
over to Christopher.

JOE

Albert hasn't showed?

CHRISTOPHER

Not yet.

Joe looks about at all the players; he seems on edge.

WELDY

Everyone is here except for Albert.

JOE

Well, we have a practice to get
started. Let's not waste time.
Everyone gather over here!

The players skate over to where Joe is standing; they
gather round.

JOE (cont'd)

I have an important announcement to
make to everyone.

Just as Joe is about to tell the story about Albert.

WELDY

There he is!

Joe turns and looks behind to see Albert come running down
the hill towards them.

WELDY (cont'd)

You better run, rookie!

Norman spits to the ice, his expression hard. Joe turns
back.

JOE

As I was saying, we are going to
Ottawa in five weeks. That's not a
hell of a lot a time to get into
shape.

Albert comes running over, all out of breath.

ALBERT

Sorry, coach.

JOE

I expect everyone to be in shape
and be on time for every practice.
Is that understood!

Albert is on the bench, putting on his skates.

ALBERT

It won't happen again.

JOE

I know it won't. Now hustle up,
the boys are waiting.

Albert watches the other players skating about and joking
with one another, takes a deep breath, and finishes up
lacing his skates.

INT. DONALD HENDERSON'S OFFICE - LATE DAY

The ring of a cellular phone brings us back into the
present. John reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out
his Motorola Flip. Donald leans back in his chair and
takes a puff from the cigar.

JOHN

Yeah, Joel, what's going on? Where
are you? No, the meeting is here
at the rink office.

John looks to Donald as he speaks into the phone.

JOHN (cont'd)

They told you it was at the
downtown office.

DONALD

Tell your agent he needs to listen
better. I never have meetings such
as this in the downtown office.
Too many people around.

JOHN
He's telling me a story, don't
worry. How long? About a half
hour? All right. Okay.

John clicks the phone shut and puts it back in his pocket.

DONALD
Is he always this disorganized?

JOHN
No, he said your secretary told him
downtown. He's been sitting there
for the last hour.

DONALD
(A sly smile)
Such a pity.

JOHN
So, where is this going? These
guys seem more like a bunch of
farmers than hockey players.

DONALD
Farmers, huh? Well, let me tell
you some more about these so called
farmers.

Donald leans back in his chair.

DISSOLVE

EXT. JOE BOYLE'S RINK - MORNING

DONALD (VO)
These farmers would be up at the
crack of dawn, everyday. They
would play hockey for 2 hours and
then go to work for Joe Boyle.
Then from there, seeing how it was
the Yukon and it still was quite
bright in the evening, they would
play hockey for another 3 hours.
It was quite gruelling, but they
had to be in shape and time was
against them.

MONTAGE OF SHOTS: UNDER DONALD'S VO

A) Guys skating hard back and forth.

B) Players shooting on Albert.

C) Players working on Joe's mine.

D) Players skating and playing at night.

A whistle breaks the chilly nighttime air. It is Joe Boyle that blows it.

JOE

That's it! Great practice, boys!
You guys look ready to take on
those Silver Seven.

The players skate over to the side of the rink. They look strong, but tired. Albert sits and takes off his pads, as Weldy comes skating over and sits next to him.

WELDY

Looking good out there, kiddo!

ALBERT

How good are they, Weldy?

WELDY

The Silver Seven?

ALBERT

Yeah, I mean-

WELDY

They're the best of the best. I
once played against "One Eyed"
Frank McGee.

ALBERT

One eyed?

WELDY

Yeah, he has one eye. Legend has
it that the other was taken out by
a stick during a game. There's no
one like him. It's like he has
another sense that makes up for the
eye being gone.

ALBERT

That's amazing.

Weldy finishes with his skates, stands, and slings them over his shoulder.

WELDY

You'll get to see how amazing,
believe me. Good workout today.
I'll see you at the meeting.

ALBERT

Yeah, see you at the meeting.

Weldy taps Albert in the shins with his stick and walks off. Albert stares at the open ice, his eyes transfixed.

INT. JOE BOYLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A large MOOSE HEAD hangs on the wall, we pull back to reveal all the players dressed in sweaters and slacks, with drinks in hand. They are laughing and joking amongst themselves. Jimmy "Gloomy" Johnstone is sitting on the end of the couch, silently, while Albert is at the other end, just as quiet. Sureshot comes walking over to the two of them carrying drinks.

SURESHOT

Guys, aren't you going to have anything to drink. Loosen up. This is it; The journey begins tomorrow, enjoy tonight.

Gloomy takes the drink.

ALBERT

No thanks, I don't drink.

SURESHOT

Just one, kid. It's not gonna kill ya. We're getting ready to toast the team.

Albert reluctantly takes the glass.

SURESHOT

(cont'd)

That aboy.

Joe Boyle's voice booms from the back of the room.

JOE

Gentlemen!

Everyone turns to see Joe enter along with Cristopher, who's carrying a large board and easel.

JOE (cont'd)

Let's have everyone gather around. We need to go over a few things.

CRAZY NORMAN

Come on coach, we all know we need to watch out for women with moustaches.

The guys all laugh including Albert, but Gloomy doesn't even crack a smile.

JOE

After some of the women I've seen
you with, a moustache would be the
least of the problems.

The guys laugh and Crazy Norman turns beet red. Albert also laughs. Norman walks by and kicks Albert's legs out of the way.

CRAZY NORMAN

What are you laughing at, Mama's
Boy, at least I've been with some
ladies.

JOE

Norman, sit down please.

Norman falls right next to Albert on the couch and gives him a wicked smile. Albert just ignores him and looks to Joe.

JOE (cont'd)

This, my boys, is the map of our
journey.

Cristopher finishes putting up the easel and hands Joe a pointer. Joe smacks it up against the map.

JOE (cont'd)

As you can see, it's 4400 miles to
Ottawa, and it should take us 13
days, which gives us almost two
weeks to practice before we play
for the Cup. Our journey will not
be an easy one, but thanks to this
well laid out route, things should
go smoothly.

Weldy enters the room and everyone turns his attention to him.

DOC

Glad you could make it sport!

Weldy is not happy; his face looks like Gloomy's.

WELDY

That's the problem, I don't think
I'm going to make it.

Albert swallows hard.

HECTOR

What are you talking about, Weld?

WELDY

I can't go, I'm stuck here doing the town election. There's still a chance I can make it, I'll just be leaving a lot later and probably will get there the day of the games.

CRAZY NORMAN

That's just great! One of our main guy's can't make it to the games.

WELDY

It's not like I planned it this way.

DOC

You can't get out of it?

WELDY

I tried. They won't budge. I'm the only one who knows what's going on.

JOE

Hey, everybody, he said he'll be there. He's just not travelling with you all. If Weldy says he'll make it, he'll be there. Now have a seat Weldy.

Albert looks around the room at everyone's faces. It's not a good way to start the trip.

JOE (cont'd)

I want everyone to know that this trip is designed for all of you to get into condition. We'll be leaving on December 19th. You'll dogsled the first 325 miles to the town of Whitehorse, that should take you 5 days. From there you will catch the White Pass Railway to Skagway, Alaska from Skagway, you'll board the Steamship *Amur* to Vancouver, where you finally get on the Canadian Pacific Train for five days, bringing you into Ottawa Station on January 2nd. It's tight, but it should work. Now I will meet up with you there, three days

after your arrival. I need to tie some things up back here.

Archie Martin speaks up.

SURESHOT

Wait, just a minute here. There's got to be an easier way to get there than this? I mean 4400 miles.

JOE

This journey is to get you all in shape. Physically, as well as mentally.

SURESHOT

So, how are you getting there?

Joe smiles and takes a puff from his cigar.

JOE

I need to make sure things are tied up here like I said. I'll be arriving by train.

ARCHIE

Coach, what are we calling ourselves. Is there a team name?

CRAZY NORMAN

The Dawson City Seven!

JOE

Let's not get carried away. We haven't earned that title yet. Beat the Silver Seven first.

DOC

That's a good question. What are we going to be called?

JOE

I think we should have a vote on it here.

SURESHOT

How about The Yukon Mountain Men?

HECTOR

No, I've got it The Yukon Ice Men.

JOE

That's not bad, are you writing
these down Christopher?

Cristopher, a bit off guard, pulls out paper and a pen.

ALAN

Of course, sir.

Albert pulls out the nugget of fool's gold from his pocket and looks at it. The light catches it and it sparkles. He is captivated by it, as the commotion and arguing for the team name rages on.

ALBERT

(Quiet like)
The Dawson City Nuggets.

JOE

What was that? Hold on a second I
can't hear! What was that Albert?

ALBERT

The Dawson City Nuggets.

The place is quiet, as they all mull it over in their heads.

JOE

I like it! It symbolizes what this
place is all about!

Joe raises his glass and all the others follow suit.

JOE (cont'd)

To the Dawson City Nuggets! The
next champions of Lord Stanley's
Cup!

The whole team stands up and toasts one another. The glasses cling together as a symbol of unity.

EXT. DAWSON CITY CENTER OF TOWN - EARLY MORNING

The temperature is a chilly 10 degrees, but everyone in town has turned out for this moment. A five piece band is playing. A large banner is stretched from one side of the street to the other. It reads "DAWSON CITY HOME OF LORD STANLEY'S CUP." Joe Boyle is talking to a bunch of business men. In the center of the street are TWO TEAMS OF SLED DOGS. The players are all gathered about being patted on the back by loved ones and friends. We see Albert farther off from the commotion talking with his mother.

ALBERT
Well, I guess this is it.

MOTHER FORREST
I'm so proud of you, Albie.

ALBERT
(Looks about)
He couldn't even come out to see me
off.

MOTHER FORREST
I know. I tried to talk to him,
but he wouldn't listen.

ALBERT
All I wanted was for him to be here
today. That's it.

MOTHER FORREST
Your brother is stubborn, just like
his father was. You took after me,
thank God.

Mother Forrest looks at her son and a tear trickles down
her cheek.

ALBERT
Come on, Ma, don't cry. I'm coming
back. It's not like I'm going away
forever.

MOTHER FORREST
I know. It's just when you get
back, you'll no longer be my little
boy. You'll be a man.

Albert hugs his mother and kisses her on the cheek.

ALBERT
I'll be back before you know it.

A bell is rung to get everyone's attention.

ALBERT (cont'd)
I gotta go.

MOTHER FORREST
Go get them Silver Seven, Albie!

ALBERT
I'll do my best, Ma.

Albert smiles, turns, and walks toward his fellow players. We follow him up to a stage where the other players are standing. Albert gets up behind Crazy Norman.

CRAZY NORMAN

Saying bye to your Mama, boy?

Crazy Norman chuckles to himself, and Albert just keeps quiet, as Joe Boyle stands up to talk. The whole crowd grows silent.

JOE

It's a proud day for Dawson City
today, for we are about to embark
on a journey. A journey that will
put this town on the map, when we
beat the Silver Seven and bring
Lord Stanley's Cup to it!

The crowd goes nuts! A cheer is belted out!

CROWD

Beat the Seven! Beat the Seven!
Beat the Seven!

JOE

These boys are strong. They've
worked hard, and they're ready for
any challenge ahead of them!

The players all stare in awe at all the people gathered in the streets and standing in windows. Smiles come across their faces as they realize what they are about to do.

JOE (cont'd)

Ladies and gentlemen, let's give a
big cheer for our Dawson City
Nuggets!

The players all stand up on the stage.

CROWD

Beat the Seven! Beat the Seven!
Beat the Seven!

Albert looks about for his brother, but he's nowhere to be found.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DAWSON CITY CENTER - MORNING

The players are lined up in each Dog Sled. Doc, Hector, Gloomy and Norman in one. Sureshot, Archie and Albert in the other.

DOC

Mush!!

The dogs kick into gear, barking all the way. They pass by Weldy Young and Joe Boyle.

WELDY

I'll see you guys in Ottawa!

JOE

Go get 'em boys!

Lots of the people are doing their best to keep up with the sleds, as they ride out of town. Just as they break free, out of nowhere comes one man running behind, waving his arms in the air and screaming. It is Paul.

PAUL

Go get 'em Albie! Save everything!
Beat them Seven!

Albert so surprised nearly falls off the sled.

ALBERT

Paul!

Paul runs up to the back of the sled extends his hand to Albert, who reaches back and shakes it. Their hands separate, as Paul can't keep up. He pulls up and watches, all out of breath.

PAUL

You show em, little brother, show
em what we Forrests are made of!

Albert waves to his brother and turns back to the sled, a big smile across his face.

ALBERT

Let's beat the Seven!

We pull back wide and see the town and people in the distance, as the two dog sled teams make their way. The journey has begun.

DISSOLVE

EXT. YUKON FROZEN TUNDRA - AFTERNOON

The sun hangs high and beats down on the boys as they mush there way across a patch of open, frozen tundra. Doc pulls back on the reins bringing his sled to a stop; Sureshot follows suit.

SURESHOT

Why are we stopping?

Doc and the others walk off the sled.

DOC

Nature calls!

All of Sureshot's team go running off the sled.

SURESHOT

Good call!

Everyone gets in one single file line all facing the same direction, we see them from the back, after a bit of fumbling with their zippers, each head goes back in relief.

CRAZY NORMAN

Hey, did you ever try to write your name in the snow?

HECTOR

I bet I could write a whole novel with what's in me.

The guys laugh. We see Crazy Norman start to rotate his hips in a circle. Albert standing next to him buttons up and pulls back quick.

ALBERT

Watch it, Norman! You almost pissed on me.

CRAZY NORMAN

Like I'm sure you've never been pissed on before.

Albert shakes his head and walks back to his sled, as Norman continues having a good old time with his artwork.

DOC

Don't let him bother ya, kid! He's not to0 all there, but he sure can play hockey.

Doc twists at his moustache, as the other guys finish and come back to the sled.

ALBERT
He just doesn't let up on me.

DOC
You gotta prove yourself to someone
like Norman.

ALBERT
Prove what?

DOC
Not really sure what, but ya just
have to prove it.

HECTOR
Take my advice, if he does
something like that again, just
kick him in the balls! Trust me,
he won't do it again.

Norman comes walking back.

CRAZY NORMAN
I'm a regular Leonardo Da Vinky.

Archie pats him on the back.

ARCHIE
That's Di Vinci.

CRAZY NORMAN
Yeah, him to.

Everyone gets back on the sleds. The dogs seem to be ready
to go.

HECTOR
How far is the nearest roadhouse?

DOC
We're behind schedule, we're
camping outside tonight.

ARCHIE
Outside?

DOC
That's right. Is there a problem?

Archie looks at Albert, who just shrugs his shoulders. Doc
looks to the front and shakes the reins. They all push
their sleds and then hop on. We focus in on the SNOW where
they all stood. In YELLOW it reads DAWSON 7.

INT. JOE BOYLE'S OFFICE - DUSK

We see the ice rink through the window of Joe Boyle's office. Joe is revealed staring out at it. He pulls away and walks over to his desk and sits down. Christopher comes walking in.

CHRISTOPHER

Sir, good evening.

Joe looks up.

JOE

How many times do I have to tell you to drop that Sir stuff.

CHRISTOPHER

Sorry, sir. I mean, I'm sorry, Joe.

JOE

Any word from the boys?

CHRISTOPHER

No, but your travel plans are set. I have you getting into Ottawa on January 3rd.

JOE

Good, good. Anything else?

CHRISTOPHER

Well, the Ottawa papers are asking lots of questions about your team and will they be able to have a chance against their Silver Seven-

JOE

Have a chance? You tell them that the Dawson Nuggets are going to be in the shape of their lives after this journey and that it should be them wondering about having a chance.

CHRISTOPHER

Yes, sir.

JOE

Make it known, that this Dawson City Nuggets Team plans to take Lord Stanley's Cup back to the Yukon, where it will stay forever.

Hell, we'll even bring Lord Stanley back here, if we can dig him up!

CHRISTOPHER

Yes, sir, I'll telegraph them in the morning.

Christopher turns and walks out as Joe sits back in his chair and rubs his chin.

EXT. YUKON FROZEN TUNDRA - NIGHT.

A FIRE crackles and pops. We pull back to reveal the guys circled about it sitting. The dogs are all lying down. Albert is watching Sureshot, who is telling a story.

SURESHOT

So, the guy asks me if I've ever played hockey before. I say, once or twice. He smiles and puts me on the other team with the no-good players, thinking he's got all the good players, so he can't lose, eh. I ended up scoring five goals and winning the game for them. So, he comes up to me after, all angry and upset and says, "You didn't tell me you were good." I say, "You didn't ask me!"

Albert breaks out laughing along with the others. A smile even breaks across Gloomy's face.

HECTOR

Doc, tell them about Faber.

Crazy Norman gets up and walks away from the fire.

CRAZY NORMAN

Time to do some more artwork.

SURESHOT

Yeah, if you're gone for more than a few minutes, we'll know you're doing more than artwork back there.

Doc stands up in front of everyone.

DOC

Well, Faber was a goalie. A young goalie, maybe a year or so older than Albert. We were playing a team from Calgary. Every player from that team was big and strong.

All the women from Calgary are the same way, just for your information. The play was in front of our net and Faber was never shy to come out of net, and challenge. This time in particular, he slipped and one of those Calgary Mooses came skating across, blade of his skate caught Faber in the throat, slicing his juggler. There was a big pileup at the same time, so when it cleared the ice was turned blood red. By the time I got out there, Faber was as white as a ghost. Never had a chance to stop it from bleeding.

Everyone turns to Albert, who swallows hard.

ALBERT

He was dead?

DOC

Dead as they come.

ARCHIE

Glad I'm not a goalie.

DOC

But to make a long story short, we ended up winning the game.

ALBERT

You finished the game?

DOC

People traveled a long way. Others had money on it. There was no way we could have stopped.

The fire chat grows quiet, and the HOWL of a WOLF breaks the silence. The dogs pick up their heads from the ground. The HOWL comes again.

ALBERT

Those wolves sound close?

SURESHOT

Yeah, too close.

Hector comes walking over with a gun and cocks it.

HECTOR

That's all right. Just let them
come out. I've got a little
surprise for 'em.

Everyone is standing now, even the dogs.

SURESHOT

What's taking Norman so long?

HECTOR

He went to drain the lizard. He's
having a hard time finding it.

The HOWL comes again. Branches snap and rustle, as the
wolves can be heard running through the woods. The dogs
begin to pant and stir about, barking out!

DOC

Everyone grab your sticks!

Albert grabs at a bag attached to the sled and opens it.
He then proceeds to pull out the team's sticks, one by one
and then hands them out to the guys. They all gather about
the fire, sticks raised in the air. A loud crunch is heard
and they all turn. Hector raises the rifle and aims it at
the sound. He cocks it back.

HECTOR

Come on, you bastard!

Just as he's about to pull the trigger, out comes Crazy
Norman carrying a bunch of wood.

CRAZY NORMAN

Hey, what's going on. I thought we
could use a little more wood for
the fire.

Crazy Norman sees the gun pointed at him.

CRAZY NORMAN

(cont'd)

What's with the gun, Hec?

Hector lowers the barrel and takes a breath.

SURESHOT

We thought you were a wolf.

CRAZY NORMAN

Many ladies would agree with you on
that. ARRHHHHOOOOO!

Albert sees something coming behind Norman.

ALBERT

Norman, duck down!

Norman drops to the ground, just as a BLACK WOLF comes lunging into the air from behind. Hector raises the gun and fires. The BLACK WOLF screams out and falls to the ground next to Crazy Norman. There is nothing but silence, as Crazy Norman just looks at the dead wolf lying next to him.

SURESHOT

Good shot, Hec!

Hector lowers the smoking gun barrel.

HECTOR

More like good eyes. If Albert hadn't yelled out, Crazy Norman would have been the one laying there, not the wolf.

Crazy Norman is helped to his feet by Gloomy. He stares at the wolf and then looks to Albert. Their eyes meet, but Norman doesn't say a thing.

DOC

We best keep a watch out tonight.
I'm sure this guy has family.
Norman, why don't you be the first,
I'm sure you're wide awake. The
rest get some sleep. We have a lot
of ground to make up in the
morning.

Hector walks over to Norman and pushes the shotgun into Norman's chest.

HECTOR

You might want to use this.

CRAZY NORMAN

Thanks.

Albert walks over and lies down by the fire and pulls a blanket over his body. He looks at the wolf lying in the snow dead.

CLOSE ANGLE WOLF'S HEAD -
DISSOLVE:

EXT. YUKON FROZEN TUNDRA - MORNING

The DOGS dig their way through the choppy snow, barking as they run. WE PULL BACK to see the men running along the sleds, the sun beating down upon them. They seem to be in perfect unison. Albert smiles, he seems to be enjoying the comradery.

DOC

Keep it moving, boys! We're doing fine! I can see Ottawa from here!

Archie looks over to Albert.

ARCHIE

I can't wait to taste the champagne from Lord Stanley's Cup.

ALBERT

I can't wait to step on that ice against those Silver Seven.

Albert chuckles as the sleds come to a slow halt. Albert and Archie both get off and look. A SHEET OF ICE of about 75' by 25' sits perfectly still in front of them, almost like a mirage. The players stand and gaze at its beauty.

SURESHOT

Well, what are we waiting for! Let's get some practice in!

The men begin pulling their skates and equipment from the sleds with lots of enthusiasm.

HECTOR

It's like a sign from God!

Hector skates onto the ice. Albert suits up.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. SHEET OF ICE - AFTERNOON

Doc passes the puck to Sureshot, who breaks it in on Albert. He makes a move to shoot, and then tries to go around Albert, but Albert is too quick and sprawls across the goal crease stopping the puck.

CRAZY NORMAN

Pretty nifty save there, Albert, save some for the Seven, we're going to need it.

Albert gets up and kicks the puck out to Doc, who stops it in his skates.

DOC

Okay, everyone, we had a good skate and for all purposes it could be our last till we get to Ottawa. Let's do ten strong laps around and then pack it up.

The players begin to skate hard around the ice, including Albert, as Doc skates to the side. The sun has now gone and been replaced by dark, gray clouds, the temperature has even dropped, snow flakes begin to fall. Doc looks up to the sky and then watches the players skating, his face shows signs of worry.

INT. JOE BOYLE'S OFFICE - LATE DAY

Snow is falling outside the window onto the RINK. Joe looks out at it and rubs his chin. Christopher comes walking in behind him.

CHRISTOPHER

Sir, I mean Joe. I'm leaving for the night, is there anything you wanted to talk about?

JOE

Have we heard from them yet? It's been four days. They should almost be in Whitehorse by now.

CHRISTOPHER

Nothing yet, but I'm sure they're fine.

JOE

This snow looks heavy; it could cost them time.

CHRISTOPHER

I'm sure we'll hear something by tomorrow morning. Get some sleep.

Christopher pats Joe on the back.

JOE

You're right, I'm just getting a bit anxious, a lot of people are counting on those boys, including me.

Christopher shakes his head up and down.

CHRISTOPHER

That I know, that I know.

Joe laughs and turns to Christopher.

JOE

Ahhh! You're right, Christopher,
they're fine. Probably in some
nice warm little roadhouse watching
the snow fall just like us.

CHRISTOPHER

I'm sure, sir.

JOE

What are you waiting for, get out
of here and say hello to the Misses
for me.

CHRISTOPHER

Good night, sir.

Christopher leaves, as Joe goes over to his desk and turns
out the light.

CUT TO:

EXT. YUKON FROZEN TUNDRA - NIGHT

The snow is falling hard, and the winds are blowing it
about. These are Blizzard conditions, and the players are
trapped in them. The dogs have grown tired and the snow
thick. Doc's moustache looks like an icicle and his face
like frost; the others are not much different. Albert's
teeth are chattering, as he holds on tight to the sled.

DOC

We're going to have to take
shelter. The dogs don't have
anything left!

SURESHOT

Where?

DOC

By those mountains!

Everyone looks towards a small patch of mountains in the
distance, which is barely visible through the blinding
snow.

DOC (cont'd)

Everyone off and push!

The men get off the sleds and begin to push them along.

ARCHIE

Damn! It's cold. I can't feel my feet.

ALBERT

Just hang, on Archie; we're almost there.

ARCHIE

Almost where? Those mountains won't have much more protection than what we have now.

ALBERT

Just think positive.

DOC

Dig men! Dig!

Albert puts his head down and pushes for all he is worth.

CUT TO:

EXT. YUKON MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Both dog sled teams come to rest at the bottom of some rocky mountain cliffs. The men get off and look about for some form of shelter.

HECTOR

Over there, I think it's a cave.

Hector and Crazy Norman go running over to it. Hector shines a lantern into it. It is an opening into the mountain about 5 by 5 feet wide, that leads into a small cavern about 12 by 12 feet. It will do for the night.

CRAZY NORMAN

It's not a roadhouse, but it'll do.

HECTOR

You can say that again.

CRAZY NORMAN

It's not a roadhouse, but it'll do.

Hector just stares at Norman with a serious expression and Norman just smiles.

HECTOR

Look, make yourself useful and tell the others we found some shelter.

Crazy Norman runs out.

CRAZY NORMAN
Hey, over here! Over here!

Hector just shakes his head.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL CAVERN - NIGHT

Everyone is huddled about inside this small cavern, a blanket wrapped around each one of them. They are all shivering, especially Archie.

ARCHIE
Can't we bbbbbb bb build a ffff
fire?

SURESHOT
With what? We've got no dry wood.

ALBERT
What about a couple of our sticks?

SURESHOT
Sure, we'll start with the goalie
stick.

ALBERT
But Joe said he'll have new sticks
for us at the games.

SURESHOT
Yeah, just like Joe said this trip
would be easy. Let me give you a
little bit of advice. I've known
Joe Boyle for a long while, kid,
and things don't always happen like
he says.

ALBERT
Are you calling him a liar?

SURESHOT
No, not a liar, but a dreamer. His
heart is in the right place, but
the vision is somewhere else.

HECTOR
The kid might be right here. It's
getting too cold. If we don't get
some heat going here, frostbite is
going to settle in. Besides the

odds of us getting to practice
again are slim to none. Let's vote
on it. All in favor of burning
some of the sticks raise your hand.

Everyone raises their hands, except Sureshot.

SURESHOT

Fine, just keep mine out of it.
It's my lucky stick. I made it
myself. No way in hell, I'm going
to burn it before I play against
the Silver Seven.

HECTOR

Fine, keep your stick. I wouldn't
want you to have an excuse if you
don't score any goals.

Albert opens up the bag of sticks and dumps them into the
middle of the cavern. Sureshot gets up and pulls his from
the pile.

CRAZY NORMAN

My stick, my stick, please don't
burn my stick. (Laughs)

SURESHOT

Maybe if you could score, you'd
understand.

The room becomes silent after that remark, as Doc lights
the sticks ablaze. Everyone watches the sticks go up in
flames. There is something disheartening, but at the same
time bonding about it. The fire snaps and pops as all eyes
look upon it. Albert looks to Archie, who is feeling own
toes for any feeling. Sureshot sits holding his stick, but
enjoying the warmth. He looks at all the others and then
to his stick. Then shakes his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SMALL CAVERN - EARLY MORNING

The snow has just about stopped falling. The sun is
breaking up from behind the mountains. The passage to the
small cavern is covered by the snow. A hand pushes the
snow out and it reveals Doc. The others all follow out
behind him, yawning and stretching. The snow really dumped
down; the dogs are all but covered.

SURESHOT

Great, this should set us back even
farther than we already are.

The men are all standing in about two feet of new powder.

HECTOR

It's going to be difficult to get
the sleds and dogs over these
mountains.

Archie is quiet. He sneezes. Albert looks at him and then
walks up to Doc.

ALBERT

Doc, Archie's doesn't look so good.

Doc turns and looks at Archie, who sneezes again.

DOC

That he doesn't, but there's not a
whole lot we can do right now. We
are about a hundred and fifty miles
from where we have to be. With
this snow we'll be lucky to make it
there in five days. That puts us
five days behind schedule. We
can't afford to go into any town
along the way. I'm sorry Albert.

ALBERT

Well, is there anything you can
give him?

DOC

I'll see what I've got in my bag.
The next Roadhouse we stop at we'll
get him some hot soup.

ALBERT

Thanks.

Archie pulls the blanket tighter around his body, as Albert
just shakes his head.

EXT. YUKON MOUNTAINS - DAY

The dogs work hard pulling the sleds through the rugged,
narrow terrain of the mountains as the men push and run
behind.

CRAZY NORMAN

Nobody told me we'd be crossing no
damn mountains!

HECTOR

Think of the condition you'll be in
when you get to Ottawa.

CRAZY NORMAN

Right, if we get to Ottawa. If you ask me this trip was a bad idea.

HECTOR

You know, Norman, you can turn around and go back. I could really give a shit what ya do. Just do one thing, stop ya bitchin'.

CRAZY NORMAN

I'd like to see you try and make me.

HECTOR

You want to see?

Both Hector and Norman stop and square off in front of one another. Doc sees what's happening and has the party come to a halt.

ALBERT

Guys, come on, we don't have time for this.

Just before they are about to throw punches, GLOOMY jumps in between them and pushes them both back from one another as Doc comes running over.

DOC

Knock this shit off! The both of you. If we can't stay together as a team now, how are we going to make it to Ottawa! You're all acting like children.

CRAZY NORMAN

He started it!

DOC

That's the problem right there. I don't care who started it. I'm too old to be a baby sitter. The both of you can go back to Dawson for all I care. I'll telegraph Joe and have him send some players that care only about playing for the cup.

Both Norman and Hector look at one another and get back in position behind the sleds.

DOC (cont'd)
 That goes for all of you! Nobody
 said this was going to be easy. If
 you can't hack it, I advise you to
 cart your ass back down the
 mountain or I'll kick it down
 myself.

Doc looks about the weathered men. He sees their spirits
 dwindling.

DOC (cont'd)
 Now let's get to it!

Doc walks by Gloomy and nods to him.

DOC (cont'd)
 Thanks for the help back there,
 Gloomy.

GLOOMY
 No problem, Doc.

Everyone looks at Gloomy, amazed that he said anything.

GLOOMY (cont'd)
 What?

The journey continues on.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINS DOWNWARD SLOPE - LATE DAY

The journey begins to descend through a narrow mountain
 passageway, the mountain on one side, a steep drop on the
 other. As the men come upon a turn, a large sheet of snow
 comes sliding down from above.

SURESHOT
 Heads up!

The SNOW SHEET comes crashing down in front of the sleds,
 just missing them.

CRAZY NORMAN
 Can't get much closer than that!

A rumbling sound begins. The men all look at one another.

ALBERT
 It's an avalanche!

DOC
Everyone move in!

The dogs begin to slide on the icy slope. The sleds turn sideways as the dogs lose traction; panic begins to set in. Snow falls from above. Doc can't hold onto the lead sled. It breaks from his grasp. He falls and the sled and dogs go flying. Sureshot is able to pull his dogs and sled in, as all the men hug the mountain side. Doc's foot becomes entangled in one of the reins, and it pulls him.

ALBERT
Doc!

Albert goes to grab Doc's hand, but it's too late! The snow takes the sled, dogs and Doc tumbling over towards the edge. Just as Doc is about to go over. He is able to get his foot free of the rein, but the sled and dogs are not so lucky. One last yelp is heard, as they plummet to their deaths. The avalanche stops.

HECTOR
Not Doc! Why Doc!

The men stare blankly towards the edge, as the snow mist begins to clear. Sureshot is the first to run towards the edge. A BLUE CAP is sticking through the snow. Sureshot falls to his knees and digs, revealing, Doc's cap. Sureshot looks back and shakes his head to the others.

ALBERT
It can't be!

A moan is heard. Sureshot looks over the edge. It's Doc, hanging by a TREE BRANCH.

SURESHOT
Doc, you're okay!

DOC
Yeah, I'm great. Get me out of here!

The others come over to the edge and look down. Smiles break across their faces. Sureshot reaches his hand down, but it's not long enough.

DOC (cont'd)
I'm losing my grip!

SURESHOT
Just hold on, Doc! Somebody grab my stick!

Albert runs to the other sled and pulls Sureshot's stick out and then runs back. He hands it to him.

SURESHOT
(cont'd)

Grab on, Doc.

Doc reaches out with one hand, but isn't able to grab it.

SURESHOT
(cont'd)

Guys, hold on to me!

Gloomy and Norman grab onto Sureshot, as he stretches over the edge a little farther. Doc reaches out with his hand and grabs the blade of the stick.

DOC

I got it!

Doc lets go of the branch and grabs the stick with both hands.

SURESHOT
Everybody pull me!

They form a chain and pull Sureshot back. Doc is lifted up and onto the edge.

ALBERT
Doc, are you all right?

Doc pulls himself up through the snow and shakes his head.

DOC
I'm okay, but my ankle is not too good.

Albert helps Doc to his feet. He stands on his right foot, as the others come over to help out. Sureshot looks over the edge and then back at Doc.

SURESHOT
Could have been a lot worse.

DOC
Yeah, guess it could of.

Sureshot smiles and so does Doc.

HECTOR
Good thing our equipment was tied to the other sled.

CRAZY NORMAN

Yeah, too bad our food wasn't.

DOC

Someone help me put a splint on
this ankle.

Albert helps Doc make his way over to the other sled, as
Hector, Sureshot, and Gloomy stand looking over the edge.

HECTOR

Look at it this way: things can't
get any worse.

SURESHOT

You want to make a bet on that.

Hector looks down and then at Sureshot.

HECTOR

No.

Sureshot picks up his stick and smiles.

SURESHOT

See, I told you guys this stick was
lucky, and you wanted me to burn
it.

We pull back wide to show the whole group on this narrow,
mountainside road.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. YUKON FROZEN TUNDRA - DAY

The beaten players make their way across the frozen
wasteland. Now with only one sled, the seven men look as
if they have already played the games and lost. Doc is
limping, Archie is white as a ghost, and the others beaten
and tired. Albert looks back at everyone and then towards
the front. Something in the distance catches his eye.

ALBERT

What's that?

CRAZY NORMAN

Where?

ALBERT

That shine up ahead.

Everyone looks, the sun seems to be reflecting against an object in the distance as they get closer. It turns out to be a group of about ten men armed with guns.

SURESHOT

This don't look good.

HECTOR

You're telling me.

ALBERT

Who are they, Doc?

DOC

I know they're not soldiers. I just hope they're not bandits.

The group of approaching men are about fifty yards ahead now. They look rough and tough.

DOC (cont'd)

Everyone just stay calm.

SURESHOT

We don't even have hockey sticks to protect ourselves.

HECTOR

Don't think it would do much good against those guns that they're carrying now, do you?

CRAZY NORMAN

They don't scare me. I'll take care of 'em.

The men get right in front of the players, both parties come to a standstill. Upon a close look these guys look like something right out of an old Spaghetti Western Movie.

DOC

How are you gentlemen doing today.

The man in the middle, a scruffy sole with a moustache, spits and looks hard at Doc.

SCRUFFY

Where are you boys from?

DOC

Dawson City. We're on our way to Whitehorse.

The party of men all look at one another, then at the players. They smile and start to laugh.

SCRUFFY

Well it's about damn time! Come on
Nuggets, Whitehorse has been
waiting for ya!

The group of men all grab and tap the hockey players on the back.

SCRUFFY

(cont'd)

We thought you'd never make it
here!

DOC

We ran into a few small problems.

SCRUFFY

Well we came out looking for ya.
We're about ten miles from
Whitehorse. You won't believe how
excited the town is to have you
great hockyists staying there.

The players' spirits begin to rise as the strangers help them to Whitehorse.

EXT. THE TOWN OF WHITEHORSE - LATE DAY (DECEMBER 29, 1904)

A large banner reads "WELCOME DAWSON CITY NUGGETS." The town looks like a mirage for the boys. As they enter the center, groups of people stop what they are doing, stare, and move to get a closer look at the players. Children run to the edge of the street.

SCRUFFY

Everyone, I give to you the future
holders of Lord Stanley's Cup!

The people begin clapping and cheering!

CROWD

Dawson! Dawson! Dawson!

It is truly a spectacular sight to behold, all these people coming together and cheering on the boys. Scruffy and the men move out of the way, clearing the path for the players. Albert, Doc, Sureshot, Hector, Crazy Norman, Gloomy, and Archie all stand proud. They look at one another and then

at the crowd. Any doubts about their quest are now behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITEHORSE LODGE - NIGHT

A fire crackles and pops inside a large stone fireplace. We pull back to see Archie sitting in a chair sipping soup. Albert comes walking up from behind, a hot chocolate in his hands.

ALBERT

You seem to be doing a lot better?

ARCHIE

Starting to get there.

ALBERT

This beats trudging through the snow for another night.

ARCHIE

You're telling me. Are you getting nervous?

ALBERT

About the rest of the trip?

ARCHIE

No, about the Seven. These guys are the best in the world. I've heard stories about Frank McGee and how he can score at will and cripple a man with a single blow.

ALBERT

As my mother always said, you can't be scared of something you've never seen stories or not. Until it's in front of us, what's there to be scared of?

There is a lot of commotion coming from the bar. Albert and Archie both look over to see Crazy Norman standing on his head and doing a shot of Whiskey.

ALBERT (cont'd)

Now that scares me.

ARCHIE

You're telling me. Crazy Norman is one strange character.

ALBERT
I wouldn't want to play against
him.

ARCHIE
That's for sure.

Norman gets to his feet and calls out.

CRAZY NORMAN
Where's Mama's Boy? Albert! Come
over here, son!

ARCHIE
Aren't you the lucky one.

ALBERT
Tell me about it.

Albert walks over to the bar where Norman is sitting with
Sureshot and Moody.

CRAZY NORMAN
There ya are. Come and have a
drink with your pal Norman. Ya
know, me and you got off on the
wrong foot, ya see, but I'm always
hard on first time players, sort of
have to break ya in. You
understand what I'm saying, Albert?

ALBERT
I guess so.

CRAZY NORMAN
I want ta make it up ta you with
this drink here.

Crazy Norman hands Albert a shot of whiskey, and he takes
it.

ALBERT
Well, I don't drink.

CRAZY NORMAN
Nonsense, it's good for you. Look
what it's done for me. I'm as
strong as nails!

Crazy Norman goes to pound his chest with his fist. When
he does, he knocks himself off the bar stool and onto the
floor. Albert bends over to help him up, as Sureshot and
even Moody laugh it up.

ALBERT

Are you okay?

Crazy Norman gets to his feet.

CRAZY NORMAN

Of course I'm all right Take more
than a little fall to hurt me.

Crazy Norman grabs his shot and raises it out to Albert.

CRAZY NORMAN

(cont'd)

Come on, kid, get it out there,
don't leave me hanging.

Albert raises out his glass. So do Sureshot and Moody.

CRAZY NORMAN

(cont'd)

To the best bunch of guys I've ever
played with. We're gonna beat them
Seven sons abitches; and when we
do, mark my word, I'm gonna take
Lord Stanley's Cup and take a crap
in it, because once we get it, no
one will ever take it back.

Crazy Norman taps Albert's glass and then downs the shot.
The others follow suit including Albert, whose face shows a
distaste for the whiskey. He coughs and the others laugh.

CRAZY NORMAN

(cont'd)

Stuff will make ya a man, kid.
Bartender, another round.

ALBERT

Really, Norman. I need to get some
sleep.

CRAZY NORMAN

Just one more.

SURESHOT

Come on, Albert.

Albert smiles.

ALBERT

Ah, why not?

CRAZY NORMAN

That a boy!

They all smile and clink the glasses together.

CRAZY NORMAN

(cont'd)

To the Dawson Nuggets!

We pull back revealing everyone at the bar drinking and having a good time.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LODGE BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

The room is dark. Albert groggily wakes up in a bed, a pair of big, calloused feet next to his face. He sits upright, shakes his head, and rubs his eyes. The feet belong to Crazy Norman, who is snoring. Albert goes to get out of bed, but realizes that he is very hungover.

ALBERT

What happened?

He gets up and staggers back and forth to the window then pulls up the shade. The brightness blinds him for a second, but then he sees. Snow is falling heavily. The ground is covered by more than a foot of fresh powder.

ALBERT (cont'd)

Oh, no! Everybody get up!

Albert runs to Crazy Norman and tries to wake him, but to no avail. Norman just turns over.

ALBERT (cont'd)

Get up Norman, we're being snowed in!

Albert runs out into the hallway, banging on all the doors. Doc comes running out of his room, so does Hector and Archie.

ARCHIE

What's going on Albert?

ALBERT

It's a blizzard out there!

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITEHORSE LODGE - EARLY MORNING (DECEMBER 30, 1904)

The whole team is standing together in front of the Lodge in snow up to their knees. Some of them are half clothed.

SURESHOT

This is just great!

ALBERT

We can still get to the train.

DOC

You're dreaming, kid. Train can't run through this kind of weather. We're going nowhere.

HECTOR

What about dog sledding to Skagway?

DOC

With one dog sled? We'd never make it in time. We've got to wait this one out.

CRAZY NORMAN

Wait! This storm could go on for days. We'll miss the ship.

Albert looks up to the sky at the falling flakes, opens his mouth and catches one on his tongue, much like a child.

SURESHOT

I'm starting to believe that we'll be lucky to make it.

DOC

If you keep thinking that way,...it just might happen.

Doc turns and walks back into the lodge, as everyone stands silent.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. LODGE - MORNING - THREE DAYS LATER (JANUARY 2, 1905)

The snow has stopped falling. The door to the lodge opens and out steps Doc followed by Hector and Albert. As they walk down the steps, the snow goes up to their waists.

CRAZY NORMAN

To think we were suppose to be arriving in Ottawa today. Just look where we are.

ARCHIE

Well, at least it stopped snowing.

Crazy Norman pushes Archie from behind, sending him head first into the white powder. His body disappears and then comes up covered.

HECTOR

What do you think, Doc?

DOC

We have to go now. We can't wait any longer. The ship won't wait.

A BURLY MAN comes walking over to the group.

BURLY MAN

The tracks are cleared for yas to head ta Skagway. Town spent most of the night making sure they would be.

DOC

We appreciate all the help and support you've all given us.

Men, women, and children begin to come out to see the players off. It is quite a sight, everyone up to their waists in snow.

BURLY MAN

We just want to see Lord Stanley's Cup when you get back.

HECTOR

Not only will you see it, but we'll let ya drink from it.

The Burly Man smiles and then grabs the closest player, being Albert. The Burly Man gives him a big bear hug. Albert's face turns blue.

BURLY MAN

Good luck boys!

Albert barely breathing.

ALBERT

Thanks.

EXT. WHITEHORSE STATION - LATE MORNING

A LARGE BLACK TRAIN sits at the station. A large part of the town has turned out to see the boys off on this extremely cold winter morning.

CONDUCTOR

All aboard!

Albert turns, looks at the crowd, and waves and boards the train, as do the other players. Once they are all on, the WHISTLE blows and the train begins to gear up. Steam bellows from the train's stack. The people cheer and wave as the train leaves the station. The journey continues.

INT. JOE BOYLE'S PLACE - AFTERNOON

Joe Boyle has the telegram in his hands from the players. He reads it, then crumbles it up as Christopher watches.

JOE

What are they doing out there?

CHRISTOPHER

Unexpected problems, sir.

JOE

The trip was planned perfectly. I don't want to hear about unexpected problems.

CHRISTOPHER

You can't predict the weather. They got snowed in at Whitehorse, but they're on their way to Skagway.

Joe looks down at a calendar on his desk.

JOE

The way it looks, they might not show up in Ottawa until the eighth.

CHRISTOPHER

Maybe we should look into moving the games back a few days, sir.

Joe starts laughing and shaking his head.

JOE

Don't speak such nonsense. The team will arrive on the eighth, that gives them five days to prepare....Move the games and make Joe Boyle, the King of the Klondike, the laughing stock of the century. I don't think so.

CHRISTOPHER

I'm sorry for mentioning it.

JOE
 You better be. The games will
 happen on the thirteenth. No
 matter what happens.

Christopher's face is blank, as we push into the calendar
 on Joe Boyle's desk.

DISSOLVE:

INT. TRAIN TO SKAGWAY - DAY

We see all the players sitting about the TRAIN CABIN.
 Moody is his typical self, sullen and staring straight
 ahead, while Crazy Norman tries to impress Archie by
 balancing a penny on his nose. Doc and Sureshot are
 swapping old hockey stories, as Hector and Albert sit
 quietly.

HECTOR
 Finally, I didn't think it would
 ever stop snowing.

ALBERT
 Yeah, I'd have to agree with you on
 that. I was beginning to think
 that we might end up missing the
 games all together.

HECTOR
 But now we're on our way and
 nothing is going to stop us.

As Crazy Norman is balancing the penny, it slips off his
 nose and into his mouth. He starts to gag, everyone turns
 and looks at him. His face turns a shade of blue; Archie
 slaps him hard on the back; and the penny goes flying out
 into the middle of the cabin and rolls off into the corner.
 Crazy Norman takes a deep breath, as everyone laughs at
 him.

CRAZY NORMAN
 What are you all laughing at? I
 could have choked to death.

They continue laughing.

CRAZY NORMAN
 (cont'd)
 Yeah, real funny.

HECTOR
 Maybe we should change your name
 from Crazy to Stupid Norman.

Everyone laughs harder.

ARCHIE

Stupid Norman!

Archie laughs real hard and then Norman smacks him in his stomach. Archie has to take a deep breath.

CRAZY NORMAN

See how it feels.

A TRAIN ENGINEER pokes his head into the cabin.

TRAIN ENGINEER

Next stop, Skagway!

The laughing stops and everyone just looks around at one another, as the Train Engineer pops back out of the cabin.

SURESHOT

Here we go, boys! We're almost there!

A big smile comes across Albert's face. He reaches into his pocket pulls out the Fool's Gold, and holds it in his hand.

INT. JOE BOYLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe Boyle is putting some papers into his satchel. A large suitcase is sitting next to the desk. There is a knock at the door, and he looks up.

JOE

Come in.

The door opens to reveal Weldy Young. Joe smiles.

JOE (cont'd)

Weldy, you packed and ready to go?

The look on Weldy's face says it all.

WELDY

I can't go, Joe.

JOE

What do you mean you can't go?

WELDY

With the election happening, there's no one who can take my place. I'm the only one who knows what to do.

Joe stops what he's doing and looks hard at Weldy.

JOE

Don't joke with me, Weldy; I'm not in the mood for it. Just get packed.

WELDY

I'm serious, Joe, I'm stuck here! There's a good chance I might be able to leave in four or five days and maybe catch the second game.

Joe laughs in disbelief.

JOE

Maybe the second game, maybe. Why the hell are you telling me this now?

WELDY

I didn't think there would be a problem.

JOE

Oh, there's a problem, all right I'm going against the best team ever, without my best player and captain of the team.

WELDY

How do you think I feel? I've been dreaming of this forever.

JOE

There's got to be some way out of this.

WELDY

There's not. If I leave, I lose my job. I have a wife and family, and good jobs are hard to come by out here, you know that.

JOE

You can't do this, Weldy. The guys, they're depending on you to be there.

WELDY

It's not like I won't make any of the games. I'll be there for the second.

There is a long pause, and Joe ties his satchel up.

JOE

It better be only one game. I'll need to have a back-up, just in case.

WELDY

I know that, and I thought of one.

JOE

Who?

WELDY

Lorne Hannay.

JOE

Out of Winnipeg?

WELDY

The one and only.

JOE

What makes you think he's available

WELDY

I already telegraphed him. He'd be more than happy to play. He plans to meet the players in Winnipeg, on their journey to Ottawa.

JOE

Well, Lorne's a good player, but he's not you.

WELDY

I'll do my best, Joe, that's all I can say.

JOE

Let him know to meet the boys. I'll let them know.

Weldy extends his hand to Joe, who shakes it.

WELDY

Good luck.

JOE

No, it's you who needs the luck. I'll be at the games to see that cup raised by us. It's you, who might not be there to see it.

Weldy sadly shakes his head in response, as Joe walks past him and to the door.

EXT. SKAGWAY SHIPYARD - LATE AFTERNOON (JANUARY 4, 1905)

The skyline is cold and grey, matching the Skagway River. The small port is lined with fishing boats along its bank. A broken down wooden wharf leads to an OLD SALT OF A MAN, who is pulling a net up onto a boat. The players all stand looking about, their eyes searching for a much larger vessel. They all drop their belongings to the ground.

HECTOR

This don't look good.

Doc moves forward to the wharf and calls out.

DOC

Hello! Hello! Can you hear me?

The old timer stops what he's doing and looks over to see Doc.

OLD SALT

Yeah, what can I help ya with?

The other players have now followed behind Doc.

DOC

We're looking for the Steamship
Amur.

The old salt lets out a slight chuckle.

OLD SALT

Are you all good swimmers?

Doc looks puzzled.

DOC

I don't understand?

The old salt jumps down onto the wharf.

OLD SALT

What I mean is, she's gone.

SURESHOT

Wait a minute, what do you mean
gone?

OLD SALT

The *Amur* set sail yesterday.

Panic sets in among everyone; their faces drop.

DOC

I telegraphed here three days ago.
I let them know we were going to be
here today.

OLD SALT

Look, all I do is work the boats.
I don't know anything about any
telegrams. If you boys need a boat
to do some fishing, I can help yas
out, other than that, I'm sorry.

The old salt walks down the wharf past the players. Doc is
dumbfounded. They all look to him.

CRAZY NORMAN

Son of a bitch!!

Crazy Norman screams at the top of his lungs and runs both
hands back across his head.

CRAZY NORMAN

(cont'd)

What now, Doc? Tell me! How do we
get out of this! What more great
plans do we have. We nearly froze
to death, got eaten by wolves, went
over a cliff, and are now stuck in
this remote iceberg. Oh yeah, we
have to be in Ottawa in eight days
to play for Lord Stanley's Cup.
Does anyone see anything wrong with
this picture?....Huh? anyone?

Doc stays quiet.

CRAZY NORMAN

(cont'd)

I don't know who's crazier, Joe
Boyle and you for putting this plan
together or us for following it.

Doc turns and punches Crazy Norman right in the mouth,
knocking him off the wharf and into the river. Crazy
Norman pops up from the freezing water and pulls himself up
onto the wharf. Archie and Hector help him up.

CRAZY NORMAN

(cont'd)

You're not that old, Doc. You want
to fight? I'll fight ya.

The guys hold Crazy Norman and Doc back from one another.

DOC

You think you can do a better job
at leading, then do it! That's
open to all of you. I didn't ask
to be the one.

As they are arguing with one another, the old salt returns
with a bald man, wearing a sailor's hat and glasses.

OLD SALT

Gentlemen!

The attention all turns to face these two men.

OLD SALT

(cont'd)

This is Mr. Sanders.

MR. SANDERS

You must be the Dawson Hockey Team.

The two make their way down to where the players are.

MR. SANDERS

(cont'd)

We've been expecting you, sorry
about the *Amur* leaving, but it
couldn't wait any longer.

DOC

When is the next ship leaving for
Vancouver?

MR. SANDERS

Not for another two weeks...I must
say it's an honor to meet you boys,
but I thought you'd all be a bit
bigger.

HECTOR

Did you say two weeks?

DOC

We don't have two weeks, let alone
two days.

MR. SANDERS

Ummm, I'm sorry to hear that, but
the *Amur* is the only ship that
travels from here to Vancouver, and
it's not due back until the
nineteenth.

SURESHOT

So, what you're saying is that
we're stuck here, with no way to
get to Vancouver.

The sparkle in Albert's eyes seems to be fading as he
watches the conversation transpire.

MR. SANDERS

Well, not exactly. As far as direct
to Vancouver, you're out of luck,
but there is another ship that can
take you, but it's going to
Seattle.

SURESHOT

Seattle? That's the opposite way
of where we're going.

MR. SANDERS

That's the only way. From there
you can take the railway system to
Vancouver.

HECTOR

This is crazy.

DOC

But it's the only way.

They all look at one another, their beaten, worn out
features beginning to show the desperation.

DOC (cont'd)

When will the ship be here?

MR. SANDERS

The *S.S. Romano* will be here in
three days, but I can tell you
this, she ain't a pleasure ship.
Made for hauling cargo. I wish I
had better news, but I don't. You
boys should come to town, get some
good food, and rest. You're gonna
need it for the remainder of your
journey.

DOC

Thanks, we'll do that.

The two men walk off together leaving behind the players.

SURESHOT

We need to push the games. As it is, we might not even make it there in time.

The guys all throw in their two cents about moving the games.

DOC

All right, I'll let Joe know. We just need to keep it together. Fighting amongst each other isn't going to make this any better...Norman, I'm sorry for hitting you.

Norman rubs his jaw.

CRAZY NORMAN

That's all right, Doc, I'm just glad you play harder then you punch.

The guys actually laugh, but it's not as hard as they once did.

INT. WINNEPEG TRAIN STATION - MORNING

The train station is very busy, people hustle about, as trains pull in and others leave. Joe Boyle makes his way to the front of the ticket line.

TICKET TAKER

Ahh, Mr. Boyle. I have a telegram for you.

He hands Joe the telegram.

JOE

Thanks.

Joe opens it. It's from Cristopher. It reads : "Team missed boat, delayed in Skagway for 3 days, request moving the games back one week." Joe crumples up the telegram and tosses it into a trash can and walks toward his train.

EXT. SKAGWAY SHIPYARD (3 DAYS LATER) - MORNING

It's just as grey and cold as it was when they first came upon this place, with the exception of one thing. A large, black frigate that looks more like a pile of junk, than a ship. It is "*THE SS ROMANO*"

OLD SALT
There she is boys, may not look
like much, but she floats.

The *SS ROMANO* blows its loud fog horn.

SURESHOT
At least we know the horn works.

Albert and Archie make their way to the ship.

ARCHIE
Do you think it's safe.

ALBERT
I hope it is.

The Old Salt helps them load their bags onto the ship.
CAPTAIN MERCHARD, a large man with a thick beard and a
patch over one eye, stands up on the bridge. He looks like
something out of a pirate story. Hector taps Doc and
motions with his head up to the man.

HECTOR
Look at Blackbeard up there.

DOC
Give him a chance; appearances can
be deceiving.

CAPT. MERCHARD
All right, let's get aboard. I'm
running late!

Doc turns back to Hector.

DOC
Then again.

Mr. Sanders walks over to Doc, as the others board the
boat.

MR. SANDERS
That's Captain Merchard. Whatever
you do, don't stare at him. He has
a glass eye, and he hates being
stared at.

DOC
I'll keep that in mind.

MR. SANDERS
It was a pleasure having you boys
stay in our town.

DOC
Thanks for all the help.

MR. SANDERS
Luck be with you all!

The others have climbed aboard and are lead away by a tall skinny black man, who has a slight stutter. His name is ATTICUS. Doc is the last to board. Mr. Sanders and the Old Salt wave good-bye. As he gets on, he goes to shake Captain Merchard's hand.

CAPT. MERCHARD
Ahh, get to the bottom. We're
leaving port!

The Captain walks by and leaves Doc's hand hanging. Doc just shakes his head, tweaks his moustache, and then heads down below. The steam horn blows, expelling a torrent of steam into the sky, and the big hulk of a ship departs.

INT. S.S. RAMANO CARGO BAY - DAY

A large steel door opens with the sound of not having been opened in years. A strong odor emits from inside the cargo hold. The players all take a step back as it hits their noses.

CRAZY NORMAN
What the hell is that?

SURESHOT
Smells like an animal died in here!

HECTOR
Worse than that it smells like
Norman's shit that's been saved up
for a year.

Atticus smiles at the players.

ALBERT
This is where we put our luggage,
right?

DOC
No son, I think this is home for
the next few days.

ATTICUS
Yous be staying down here. It,
it's not that bad. Once yous get
use to it.

Atticus smiles again.

SURESHOT
Used to it! This is a shithole!

The echoing sound of Captain Merchard echoes down from above.

CAPT. MERCHARD
Atticus! Get your black ass up here!

Albert looks at Atticus with pity.

CAPT. MERCHARD
(cont'd)
Atticus! Don't make me come get you!

ATTICUS
I gots, gots to go. Just make yourselves comfortable.

The smile disappears from his face as he leaves. Albert watches poor Atticus climb up till he is gone.

DOC
Well, let's make the best of it.
It's only three days. We can rough it out.

SURESHOT
Like we've been doing for the last seventeen days.

Sureshot makes his way past Doc and into the CARGO HOLD. It is filthy, mud scattered about, seawater and traces of seaweed, wooden boxes with God knows what is inside. A RAT actually scurries across the floor and over Archie's foot.

ARCHIE
Ahhhh!

The players look about the hold as Doc comes up from behind and drops his bag.

DOC
Well at least we have room.

HECTOR
Room for what?

DOC
To practice and exercise.

HECTOR
You've got to be kidding.

DOC
No, I'm not. We need to get the
game in our heads, as well as our
legs. The main reason behind this
trip was for us to build strength,
but that hasn't been the case.

HECTOR
But the games are going to be
extended. We'll have at least a
week to prepare.

Albert takes two boxes and pushes them apart, leaving about
four feet in between. He then opens his bag and pulls out
his stick.

ALBERT
Look Hec! We got ourselves a goal.
Doc's right, let's practice.

The other guys smile and pull out sticks from the bag.
Archie hands Doc a stick and then hands Hector one. Hector
shakes his head and then jumps in.

Montage:

Doc runs them through a practice, they do breakout drills,
shooting drills, passing drills.

As this is going on, Atticus enters the room. He is amazed
by what the players are doing. His smile is from ear to
ear. Albert sees him.

ALBERT (cont'd)
Do you want to try.

Atticus looks around to make sure that Albert is talking to
him.

ATTICUS
Mmmme?

ALBERT
Sure, just take the stick.

Albert hands his stick to Atticus, who holds it and looks
at the others. He walks about with the stick, imitating
what the others are doing.

ALBERT (cont'd)
See, I told you it was easy.

Suddenly a large shadow enters the room. It is Captain Merchard.

CAPT. MERCHARD
Atticus!!

Atticus drops the stick; his face is terrified.

CAPT. MERCHARD
(cont'd)
What do you think your doing!

ATTICUS
Sorry Captain, I'm sorry.

Captain Merchard backhands Atticus sending him crashing to the floor. He then pulls him up to his feet and yanks him toward the door. Atticus gets up and walks out.

CAPT. MERCHARD
Don't ever let me see you
associating with these passengers
again.

ALBERT
What is the problem? He wasn't
doing anything. It was my fault.

Captain Merchard stares hard at Albert.

CAPT. MERCHARD
You best keep your mouth shut boy!
That goes for the rest of yas too!

The players all stand, sticks in hand. Crazy Norman grips his stick and begins to lift it. Gloomy grabs his hand, just as two other deck hands come down behind Captain Merchard. They are both as big as houses.

CAPT. MERCHARD
(cont'd)
Out here I have rules! You either
follow them or you end up swimming
to Seattle. Does everyone
understand!

None of the players say a word.

CAPT. MERCHARD
(cont'd)
Good, I hope you enjoy the ride.

DOC
What about food?

CAPT. MERCHARD
Food? After another few hours or
so of riding these waters,....you
won't be thinking about food.

The captain smiles, turns toward the doors and the two Deck
Hands follow him out. The guys just look at one another.

ARCHIE
What's he talking about, Doc?

DOC
He's just trying to scare us,
that's all.

SURESHOT
Well, he's right on one thing and
that's we're stuck on this crate
for the next two days, all thanks
to Joe Boyle.

DOC
Hey, Joe had us booked on a charter
ship, not a freight. We chose
this.

SURESHOT
Yeah, we were forced to. I just
hope he moved those games back.

Doc just smiles.

DOC
All right, let's get this practice
going again.

SURESHOT
Forget it.

The players have all dropped their sticks and now sit on
boxes or on the floor, their faces dejected.

EXT. S.S. ROMANO - NIGHT

LIGHTNING and THUNDER blanket the dark night. The *S.S.
Romano* tosses about on the sea. Large waves break across
its stern, sending it back and forth. Crew hands attempt
to batten down all the hatches, but it's nearly impossible.

INT. S.S. ROMANO CARGO HOLD - SAME

The players can barely hold on down below. They keep falling or sliding from one side to the other. Albert's face is blue, and so are the others. Seawater is leaking into the cargo hold. There is a sense of urgency among everyone; even Gloomy's eyes show fear.

DOC

Everyone needs to stay calm! Grab on to the ropes along the side.

Everyone does what Doc says. Albert, Archie, and Gloomy are on one side, while Doc, Norman, Sureshot, and Hector hold on to the other. Archie looks to Albert.

ARCHIE

Is this really worth it? Is Lord Stanley's Cup worth our lives? I wish I never left.

Albert looks across at all the other players, holding tightly to the ropes. The ship tilts towards Albert's side, almost completely over. Doc, Norman, Sureshot, and Hector are all hanging in the air, until the ship turns back. Albert doesn't answer Archie's question.

EXT. S.S. ROMANO BOW - MORNING

It is a cold, grey, foggy morning. The storm has passed, but the seas still are not settled, yet The *S.S. Romano* has made it. Gut wrenching sounds can be heard coming from the stern of the ship. We move to see, seven men leaning over the railing. They are all VOMITING profusely, from Albert at one end to Gloomy at the other. When one stops the other begins. Captain Merchard walks up above onto the bridge and looks down at the men.

CAPT. MERCHARD

Still want that food, gentlemen?

The reply is more gut retching. The Captain chuckles and then goes back inside. Crazy Norman wipes his mouth and looks back toward the bridge.

CRAZY NORMAN

Come on down here, you bastard.

He turns back and vomits some more.

ALBERT

I don't have anything left inside, but I can't stop.

HECTOR

Is this what being a team is all about, Doc? Living together, working together, throwing up together.

Doc tweaks his moustache to make sure it's clean.

DOC

We definitely have done more than the Silver Seven have together, that's for sure.

The vomiting goes on, as we pull back from the *S.S. Romano*.

CUT TO:

INT. S.S. ROMANO (2 DAYS LATER) - MORNING

The players all lie about the cargo hold. Their faces white, bodies beaten, they look more like prisoners of war than finely tuned athletes. Albert is sitting with his back against the wall staring at all the others. Archie looks bad again. He holds his stomach and dry heaves. A big rat runs across the floor. The others all seem to be passed out. The ringing of a BELL is heard. It's coming from up on deck. Albert perks up and the others awake.

ALBERT

I think we made it, guys! Wake up!

Albert gets to his feet like a kid at Christmas; the others follow suit.

EXT. S.S. ROMANO - SAME

A large silver BELL is being rung by one of the hulking shipmates. We pull back to reveal the coast of Seattle in the distance through the fog. The players all scurry up to the top deck almost tripping on one another to get a view.

ALBERT

Is it Seattle?

Everyone stares as the ship pulls closer and the fog begins to clear to reveal quite a large port. Many other large ships are docked; along with some smaller vessels. A group of people are gathered about along the dock.

CRAZY NORMAN

Yahooo! We're finally here!

Crazy Norman grabs Gloomy and gives him a big kiss on his right cheek. Gloomy pushes him away and then wipes his

cheek. The excitement in all the men has escalated. Captain Merchard walks out and looks at all the players tapping one another on the back. He shakes his head and talks to himself.

CAPT. MERCHARD

Crazy Yukon bastards!

He turns and walks away. Albert scans the ship with his eyes. He seems to be searching for something or someone. Atticus pops out from up above on the bridge. Albert smiles and then waves.

ALBERT

Atticus!

Atticus smiles and waves back. The ship pulls into port.

EXT. SEATTLE PORT - MORNING

The players make their way onto the dock. The people stare at them as if they're circus animals. One little boy speaks up.

LITTLE BOY

Are you the hockey players from the Yukon?

Doc smiles and pats the boy on the head.

DOC

Yes, we are, little man, and who might you be?

LITTLE BOY

I'm going to be a hockey player just like you.

DOC

I bet ya, you will be.

The little boy goes running off to his father. Doc smiles and walks off with the others. People pat the players on the back and tell them "Beat the Seven!" They are surprised by the unexpected show of support. Suddenly flashes of light hit the players. Reporters surround them.

REPORTER #1

So, how has the journey been so far?

Hector goes to say something, but another question is fired out.

REPORTER #2

What do you think your chances are
against the Silver Seven?

The players are bombarded by question after question. They
are confused and tired. Photo flashes continue to go off.

CRAZY NORMAN

We're gonna kill the Seven.

FLASH

DOC

It's going to be a tough...

FLASH

HECTOR

We can't wait to get there.

FLASH

ARCHIE

We had our problems getting through
the snow. A few fights every now
and then.

FLASH

SURESHOT

These guys are the best and
toughest lot I know.

FLASH

ALBERT

I'm just happy to be a part of all
this.

FLASH

GLOOMY

I got nothing really to say.

REPORTER #1

Could we get you guys together for
one group photo.

The team all squeezes together. They look like a sorry
bunch of lads. The photographer adjusts the camera, as
they stand shoulder to shoulder.

REPORTER #1

(cont'd)

All right, smile!

FLASH.

EXT. SEATTLE NEWSSTAND - NEXT MORNING

There is the photo of the players on the front of the morning newspaper with the headline reading "DAWSON HOCKEY TEAM STOPS IN SEATTLE."

NEWS BOY

Get your morning paper here!

A hand reaches out and takes the paper. It is Sureshot's. He takes the paper and begins reading it as he walks off.

EXT. SEATTLE TRAIN STATION - SAME

The players are all standing around, waiting to board the train. They look more refreshed than they did the day before. The train station is very modern for the time and very busy. The players hand their luggage over to a luggage handler, who begins putting it on the train. Doc does a head count of everyone.

DOC

Where is Sureshot?

HECTOR

He went to buy a paper.

DOC

Well, let's everybody board the train. He can meet us on...

Just as Doc is about to step on, a younger TRAIN ENGINEER steps off.

TRAIN ENGINEER

This isn't your car, Dawson.

Doc steps back.

DOC

What do you mean this isn't. We've got tickets for it.

TRAIN ENGINEER

Come with me, I'll show you your car.

Everyone looks puzzled.

ALBERT
What's going on Doc?

DOC
Be damned if I know.

They all follow the engineer down to a large GREEN CAR.

TRAIN ENGINEER
Here we are boys. This is all
yours, courtesy of Joe Boyle.

The players all smile.

HECTOR
This is more like it.

TRAIN ENGINEER
Enjoy the ride.

The players board, each one with a smile from ear to ear.

INT. GREEN TRAIN CAR - SAME

The car is loaded with its own cook, bar, waiter, and nice cushioned seats. As each player enters they are amazed by the elaborate set-up.

CRAZY NORMAN
Did you know about this, Doc?

DOC
No, this is a surprise to me.

HECTOR
An overdue one.

The WAITER walks over to the players.

WAITER
Could I offer you gentlemen a
cocktail before we begin our
journey?

Albert smiles.

ALBERT
I'll have a water.

Crazy Norman shakes his head and gives Albert a look.

CRAZY NORMAN
We'll all have a round of Martinis.

ALBERT

But.

CRAZY NORMAN

No buts, just drink it. It will
put hair on your chest. Trust me,
you need it.

WAITER

If you just take your seats, I'll
be right back.

The waiter walks, off and the players take their seats.
Just as they do, Sureshot comes running in and throws down
the NEWSPAPER on the table of the booth where Doc, Hector,
and Albert are sitting.

SURESHOT

You're not going to believe what
they say about us in here!

Doc picks up the paper.

SURESHOT

(cont'd)

It makes it seem like our trip has
been one big happy day. That we
played and had snowball fights
along the way. That we are in the
best shape of our lives and ready
to take Lord Stanley's Cup with no
problems.

Doc reads through the paper, as Sureshot rambles. Gloomy,
Archie, and Crazy Norman have gathered around to listen.

SURESHOT

(cont'd)

Didn't those reporters listen to a
thing we said yesterday?

CRAZY NORMAN

Who cares, let people believe what
they want.

SURESHOT

This is all lies. What do you mean
who cares?

CRAZY NORMAN

Will you take a look around you.
It's all ours. Grab a drink, sit
down, and relax.

ALBERT

Why would they write this?

DOC

Because the truth about our journey would make us seem beaten before we even played. People don't want to hear that. They'd rather hear the lies. It makes them feel better.

The waiter comes over with the drinks. Each player takes one, including Sureshot.

SURESHOT

Who cares about Seattle anyway?

CRAZY NORMAN

Do they say anything about me in there?

HECTOR

No, I don't see the word "jackass."

The guys all laugh. It is the first laugh in quite awhile. Doc raises his glass for a toast, and the others follow his lead.

DOC

To us gentlemen, for making it this far. Most people would have given up.

They all click their glasses together. The train pulls out of the station.

EXT. TRAIN MONTAGE - SAME

The train pulls out of Seattle and begins its 6 day journey through Canada. Steam bellows from the large stack as it kicks into gear.

(A MAP OF THE TRAIN RIDE IS SUPERIMPOSED OVER THESE SHOTS)

DISSOLVE TO: DAY

The train winding its way through some farm country.

DISSOLVE TO: NIGHT

The train cutting around a mountainside, its white smoke reflecting against the night time sky.

DISSOLVE TO: DAY

We see COWS grazing in a field and the train coming by. The cows look up and watch it pass by. In the window of the train are Albert and Archie looking back at the cows. They mimic the cows eating and then look at each other and laugh.

INT. TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

The lights are down low in the car. Most everyone is asleep. Doc is sitting, reading the paper. His foot is wrapped and resting on a chair. Albert is awake. He looks down and sees Doc. He gets down from the bed and goes over to where Doc is sitting.

ALBERT

How's the ankle?

DOC

It's been better, I can tell you that.

ALBERT

You'll be able to play, won't ya?

DOC

If it fits in a skate, you better believe I'll play....What are you doing up?

ALBERT

Can't sleep, seems the closer we get, the less I can sleep.

DOC

Yeah, same here.

Albert wipes sleep from his eyes, as Doc peers over his reading glasses at him.

DOC (cont'd)

You nervous yet? Any butterflies?

ALBERT

A little. I'm just not sure what to expect. To me, I have know idea about any of the players we're going up against. The only thing I do know is what I hear from you and the others.

DOC

It's better that way. Not knowing what to expect. That way you don't know if it's good or bad. You can

make it be the way you want it to be.

ALBERT

I guess so. You've played against some of them though, you know what they're like.

DOC

Just know they're the best. They didn't get their name being lucky. They worked hard for it.

ALBERT

Do you think we can take em? Honest?

DOC

The key for you, Albert, is to play your game. You do the best you can. If everyone can do the same, then this journey was well worth it, and, who knows we, just might be taking that Cup back to Dawson with us.

ALBERT

That would be incredible.

DOC

Just remember to enjoy everything about this; don't dwell on the fact about winning and losing. You're already a winner. Not many kids your age will ever get the chance to play for Lord Stanley's Cup.

Albert sits a second and lets what Doc said sink in.

ALBERT

Yeah, you're right, but it sure would be great to be a young guy that actually won Lord Stanley's Cup.

Doc smiles and so does Albert.

DOC

Go to bed, Albert. Get some sleep.

ALBERT

Good night, Doc.

Albert gets up and returns to his bunk. Doc puts down the paper. We FOCUS in on the HEADLINE - "TEAM FROM YUKON HAS NO CHANCE AGAINST SILVER SEVEN." Doc turns off the oil lamp.

EXT. WINNEPEG STATION (JANUARY 10, 1905) - MORNING

The train comes to a slow rolling stop, as it pulls into WINNEPEG STATION. There must be over FIVE HUNDRED PEOPLE gathered about the station. Large BANNERS are displayed reading "BEAT THE SEVEN."

TRAIN ENGINEER
Winnepeg Station!

The players exit the car to stretch their legs. They are amazed at the turn out of people. Their faces say it all.

PEOPLE
Beat the Seven! We love you,
Dawson!

The players walk off the train and begin shaking hands with everyone. One teenage girl runs up to Albert and kisses him on the cheek.

CRAZY NORMAN
Ahh, your first kiss.

Albert turns a shade of red.

ALBERT
You're just jealous.

CRAZY NORMAN
Maybe I am.

They both smile, continue to wave and shake hands.

INT. TRAIN CAR - MORNING

The players are all back in the car. A small poker game has begun with Norman, Sureshot, Archie, Hector, and Gloomy. The locomotive whistle blows, and the train begins to move. Some of the cards fall to the floor, and Hector bends to pick them up.

CRAZY NORMAN
All right, mixed deal. New game.

SURESHOT
What are you talking about?

CRAZY NORMAN
The cards fell off the table.
That's not fair.

HECTOR
They're my cards.

CRAZY NORMAN
It doesn't matter. They are off
the table.

SURESHOT
You just have a shitty hand.

CRAZY NORMAN
I've got great cards.

ARCHIE
Yeah, right.

HECTOR
I'm dealer and I say we keep
playing, so there.

Crazy Norman just smirks and shakes his head.

CRAZY NORMAN
That's fine, if you guys want to
cheat, go ahead. We'll see who's
laughing in the end.

As the game is about to continue, the door to the Train Car
opens. A handsome, blonde haired, young man enters. His
name is LORNE HANNAY. He is wearing a suit and carrying a
black bag. He looks about like he is lost.

SURESHOT
Hey buddy, I think you have the
wrong car.

LORNE
Is this the Dawson City Car?

SURESHOT
Yeah.

LORNE
Well, I'm in the right car then.

Lorne puts down his bag.

SURESHOT
And who are you?

Doc looks up from his book and smiles.

DOC

Lorne Hannay!

Everyone turns to Doc, who gets up, walks over to the new man, shakes his hand and gives him a bear hug.

CRAZY NORMAN

I guess they know each other.

The two men begin talking.

LORNE

How have you been, Doc?

DOC

Good, real good actually. Last time I saw you was that game in Ontario.

LORNE

Please don't remind me. That had to be the worst game any of us ever played.

Doc turns to the players and introduces Lorne to them.

DOC

Guys, this is Lorne Hannay, one of the best Cover Points in the game.

LORNE

Hi, guys.

The players say hello back.

DOC

So, are you going to watch the games?

A change of expression covers Lorne's face.

LORNE

Don't you know? Didn't anyone tell you?

DOC

Tell me what.

LORNE

I'm playing for you guys, Doc. I got a telegram three days ago from Joe Boyle telling me that Weldy

isn't going to make it to the games because of the election. So Joe asked me to take his place. Didn't he let you know.

Doc is dumbfounded.

SURESHOT
What are you talking about? Of course Weldy is coming. He wouldn't miss the games.

DOC
I didn't know. I knew Weldy was tied into the election, but I never thought it would hold him back all together.

Lorne slumps into a seat.

LORNE
Do I feel like an idiot. I thought you all knew I was coming.

SURESHOT
Well, we didn't and I don't know about the rest of you, but I think we can play without you.

Sureshot throws the cards down, gets up from the table in a huff, and walks off. Albert looks at Lorne.

LORNE
Look, I don't want to cause any problems. If you guys don't want me to play, I'll leave.

The train starts moving.

ALBERT
Too late now, the train is on its way.

DOC
We're glad to have you. If Weldy can't be here, there is no one else I'd rather have than you.

LORNE
Thanks, Doc.

The guys get up and introduce themselves to Lorne.

HECTOR

Look, don't mind Sureshot; he's good friends with Weldy. I think he's more upset that Weldy isn't going to be here. He'll get over it.

Hector shakes his hand.

LORNE

I understand that. I promise, I'll give you guys my best.

DOC

That's all we can ask.

We pull back out of the car through the window and see the TRAIN steaming down the track.

EXT. OTTAWA UNION STATION (JANUARY 11, 1905) - AFTERNOON

It is a CARNIVAL ATMOSPHERE, as a band is playing, a crowd of at least a thousand people line the tracks and reporters of all kinds slither about. A large BANNER is strewn above the tracks. It reads "WELCOME DAWSON CITY" in big red letters. We move onto Joe Boyle, who is staring at his watch, which reads 4:43pm. He looks up the tracks. A puff of white smoke appears and the face of the train turns the bend. The crowd goes nuts as Joe lights a big fat cigar.

JOE

It's about time, boys....It's about time.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN CAR - SAME

All the players are gathered about the windows. They can't believe the turnout of people. They peer through the small windows in disbelief.

CRAZY NORMAN

You believe this!

ALBERT

I've never seen so many people before.

DOC

I think we better get used to it.

Lorne Hannay comes up behind Sureshot and looks over his shoulder.

LORNE
Quite a sight, huh, Sureshot?

SURESHOT
My name is George, my friends call
me Sureshot. You got that.

Sureshot turns away from the window and brushes past Lorne.

LORNE
Yeah, I've got it.

Crazy Norman is dancing about.

CRAZY NORMAN
Did you see all those women out
there? I'm going to have some fun
in this town.

DOC
Hey, we're here for a reason!
Don't forget that.

CRAZY NORMAN
I'm only joking, Doc. I know. I'm
talking about after the games.

They continue to peer out the window. The train pulls into
a slow rolling stop. The Train Engineer yells out.

TRAIN ENGINEER
Ottawa Union Station.

The guys go nuts!

HECTOR
We're here, I can't believe we
finally made it!

They slap each other on the backs, and Crazy Norman grabs
Albert and gives him a big kiss on his cheek. Albert is
horrified.

CRAZY NORMAN
Wow, your second kiss in only two
days.

ALBERT
I'd rather be kissed by a cow!

They all move to get off, Sureshot with a hockey stick in
his hands, gets to the car door, right behind the train
porter.

SURESHOT
You ready, boys!

DOC
Let's do it.

The Porter opens the doors to the stairs and the Players exit.

EXT. OTTAWA STATION - SAME

People cheer and scream, and flashes from cameras go off everywhere. Reporters gather around the car. Sureshot raises his stick in the air above his head.

SURESHOT
We shall crush the Silver Seven!

Some people cheer, others snicker to Sureshot's statement.

SILVER FAN
You're crazy!

Crazy Norman jumps in front of Sureshot.

CRAZY NORMAN
No, I'm crazy!

As the reporters scream out questions, Joe Boyle makes his way to the Players and jumps in between.

JOE
Ladies and Gentlemen, the boys have had a long journey. Let's give them some air. They will answer any questions later on.

One sneaky little kid reporter sneaks through to Hector.

REPORTER #1
So, do you think you'll be ready to play on Friday?

HECTOR
Friday? We're still scheduled to play on Friday?

Joe turns and pushes the kid reporter away.

JOE
Get out of here!

DOC
You got the extension, Joe?

Joe keeps walking, pushing through the crowds, but doesn't answer. Doc grabs his arm.

DOC (cont'd)
Please tell me you got the games
pushed back!

Joe turns, pulls the cigar out of his mouth, and looks hard at Doc.

JOE
I tried. It was too late. The
tickets went out, plans were set.
I'm sorry.

The other players shake their heads. Their faces show it all.

JOE (cont'd)
What are you guys worried about?
You'll be fine. We'll practice
tomorrow, you'll see. Come on,
let's get out of this mess and get
to the hotel.

Joe turns and starts walking. Sureshot looks at Doc, who is devastated.

SURESHOT
See, what do you think of the Great
Joe Boyle now?

Sureshot and the others walk off. Albert pats Doc on the back.

ALBERT
Don't worry, Doc.

Doc just stands among the swarming crowds, as the others move on. We pull back wide from the mob scene.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSSELL HOUSE HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

The players enter into the main lobby of the hotel. People are crowding about the place to get a view of the men from the Yukon. Albert looks about the hotel with awe. It is a very nice hotel. Crazy Norman looks over at the bar and sees a couple of ladies. They smile at him.

CRAZY NORMAN
Well, I see where I'm going.

Gloomy pushes him from behind.

ARCHIE
What do you think, Albert?

ALBERT
This place is unbelievable.
There's nothing like this in
Dawson.

ARCHIE
You're telling me.

Two men in suits are staring at the players as they are walking in. One of them starts to laugh and Sureshot doesn't like it.

SURESHOT
What are you laughing at!

MAN IN SUIT
I'm not laughing at anything.

SURESHOT
Good answer.

Doc looks at everyone.

DOC
Once we're all checked in, I want
to have a meeting in my room,
before you do anything.

Crazy Norman looks over to the two women, who smile back.

DOC (cont'd)
You got that, Norman.

Crazy Norman snaps his head back to Doc.

CRAZY NORMAN
Anything you say, Doc.

Albert looks about and smiles.

INT. DOC'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Doc is sitting in a chair, and the players are standing all around him. Sureshot comes running in, carrying a paper.

SURESHOT
I think you're all going to want to
hear this.

DOC
Not anymore news headlines,
Sureshot.

SURESHOT
No, this is different. Trust me.

DOC
Go ahead, enlighten us.

SURESHOT
Says here, A telegram was received
yesterday from Joe Boyle, which
stated that while he thought the
team would want a postponement, if
it was not possible they would go
on and play the games as scheduled.

Sureshot looks about the room at everyone's face.

SURESHOT
(cont'd)
Yesterday! He didn't let them know
till then. That's why the games
are still on schedule.

DOC
I telegraphed Joe over a week ago
about moving the games.

SURESHOT
He doesn't care about us or what we
went through to get here. All he
cares about is how it will make him
look. The Great Joe Boyle having
to postpone the games! It would
have made him look like a failure,
and God knows the King of the
Klondike can't be that.

The room grows quiet as Joe Boyle walks up from behind
Sureshot.

JOE
You want to talk about me, talk to
my face, not behind my back.

Sureshot turns, walks over, and pushes the newspaper into
Joe's chest.

SURESHOT
I'm sick of talking to you.

Joe takes the crumpled newspaper and reads it. He begins to read it and chuckles. Everyone looks at him like he's crazy, as his chuckle turns into a bellow.

SURESHOT

(cont'd)

What the Hell are you laughing at?

JOE

You don't actually believe any of this hogwash? These papers have been lying since the day you boys started this trip. Why should anything change now?

DOC

Why would it say something like this?

JOE

To create a story, make controversy, sell papers. Only good reporter is a dead reporter.

HECTOR

Why couldn't they push the games back then? According to you, they had enough time.

JOE

They didn't want to. The tickets were sold. People had come from all over to see these games. There's too much money invested, and changing would create too many problems.

Everyone kind of buys the bullshit story or at this point are just too tired to care.

JOE (cont'd)

Besides the council thought you guys were in great shape. They read the papers; they heard the stories. They're blind to the real truth of the matter. My story to them seemed ridiculous, compared to what the papers said....I can't believe that any of you would think I would not have tried to get a postponement of these games. I invested a lot of money and time into this I didn't bust my ass

getting you this chance, to watch
it go to shit!

Everyone is quiet, even Sureshot.

JOE (cont'd)

You don't have to believe me, but
I've got a job to do and that's
getting this team ready to win Lord
Stanley's Cup. I know you're all
tired, so get some sleep. I'll see
you in the morning down at the
rink. We'll practice and put the
game plan together then. I'm proud
of you guys, even if that means
nothing to all of you. It's how I
feel.

Joe turns and walks out of the room. Everyone looks like
his dog just died. Sureshot shakes his head.

SURESHOT

You guys aren't actually going to
buy all that bull.....Come on he's
Joe Boyle. You all know as well as
I do the stories he tells.

Everyone is quiet, but Albert speaks up.

ALBERT

Even if I don't believe him, it
doesn't matter. I may be the
youngest one here, but the truth is
I might not ever get the chance to
do this again. Most guys would do
anything to have this chance. Joe
gave it to me. I'll remember that
for the rest of my life.

The room grows quiet again, until Doc speaks up.

DOC

You're right Albert. We all need
to focus on the positive right now.
Joe got us the opportunity, we all
made it here in one piece, and now
we have to prove to ourselves that
we belong here.

Sureshot sort of shakes his head and smirks.

SURESHOT

You're forgetting one thing. We
have one day to prepare for the

greatest team this sport has ever
seen.

DOC

Then we better get some rest
tonight.

The players' faces have a look of uncertainty as they look
around at one another.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEY'S RINK - MORNING

DEY'S RINK is very large, much different from what the
Dawson City Nuggets are used to playing in. The large wood
and stone structure looks to them like a coliseum for
gladiators. Albert just stares in awe, as he walks behind
the players and through the gates.

INT. DEY'S RINK LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

The LOCKER ROOM is small, but sufficient. Each player has
a small cubby hole to put his equipment, and there are two
small benches on which to sit. Joe Boyle enters as the
players are getting dressed. He is carrying a large box
that he places at the center of the room. He then opens it
and pulls out a DARK BLUE SWEATER and a PAIR of GOLD PANTS.

JOE

Gentlemen here are your team
sweaters and pants. Doc!

Joe tosses the first set to Doc, who catches it and holds
the sweater out in front of him. Joe then tosses them out
to the rest of the players. Albert catches his and just
stares at it, a smile from ear to ear. Joe steps into the
hall and comes back dragging another box, that is larger.

JOE (cont'd)

In this box are new sticks and new
gloves. I can't have my boys using
crappy old equipment.

ARCHIE

All right!

One at a time the guys pull out new sticks and gloves.
Albert just keeps looking at the sweater. Gloomy puts his
sweater on and looks at Albert.

GLOOMY

How do I look?

ALBERT
You look like a king!

Gloomy almost smiles, but it fades just as fast as it came.

JOE
Once you're all dressed and ready,
we need to go outside and take a
team picture of our starting team
only. Archie, you'll have to sit
this one out. I'm sorry, it's the
Council's doing.

Albert looks at Archie, whose face turns sad.

ARCHIE
I understand, Joe.

Joe pats him on the back.

JOE
It's a stupid rule, I'm sorry.

Archie puts his sweater on and then sits down as the others
head out for the photo.

EXT. DEY'S RINK - MORNING

The Players are all gathered about the side of the rink.
The PHOTOGRAPHER, a thin man with wire rimmed glasses,
adjusts his camera and then begins to organize the players
into position.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Okay, gentlemen. Let's have all
the big fellas in the back.

Albert starts moving to the back.

HECTOR
Where do you think your going. He
didn't say midgets in the back.

Albert smiles and then sits down on the bench in front.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Give me the Team Manager and
Captain in front.

Both Joe and then Doc sit next to Albert. Hector stands
behind Albert, then Sureshot, Lorne, Gloomy, and Crazy
Norman. The photographer then gets into position. The TEAM
looks exhausted, their eyes and facial expressions showing

the wear and tear of the journey. Archie stands back behind the photographer and watches.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(cont'd)

Okay, that's great. Everyone smile.

POOF! The flash fires forever sealing this photo in history.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEYS RINK - LATE MORNING

The players are going through some skating and passing drills. Their timing is way off and so is their speed. Sureshot, who normally threads the needle with a pass, misses Lorne by more than a foot. We hear Joe Boyle scream out and pull back to reveal him standing on the bench.

JOE

That has to be the worst pass I've ever seen! Let's go, these are simple plays.

Sureshot skates by Hector.

SURESHOT

My legs feel like lead.

HECTOR

My lungs feel that way.

Joe calls out to Doc.

JOE

Doc, come here for a second, would you?

Doc comes skating over.

JOE (cont'd)

Didn't you get these guys working out at all. You all look like you haven't played in years!

DOC

We did what we could, when we could. We weren't sitting around on our thumbs, Joe.

Joe watches a play develop between Crazy Norman and Lorne, who breaks in on Albert. He takes the shot, but Albert deflects it away with ease.

JOE

At least someone is on their game.

DOC

It's been almost a month of not skating, Joe. What did you expect?

JOE

I expected the team I saw in Dawson to show up....Everyone skate five laps around hard and meet me back in the locker-room.

Doc skates out onto the ice and into the play. Sureshot breaks in for the net, and Crazy Norman throws him a pass. Sureshot reaches out to get it, but it's out of his reach. He slips and falls, sliding hard into the boards. He's not moving. The other players skate over to see if he's okay.

LORNE

Sureshot, you all right?

Sureshot is a bit dazed, as he gets to his feet. His LUCKY STICK falls to the ice in TWO PIECES.

SURESHOT

I think I'm.....

He sees the stick and so do the others.

SURESHOT

(cont'd)

My stick. My stick! It's broken.

LORNE

Don't worry, we've got others.

HECTOR

You don't understand. That's his lucky stick.

Sureshot falls to the ice and tries to put it together.

LORNE

I didn't know.

CRAZY NORMAN

Maybe we can tape it together.

SURESHOT

Yeah, tape it. That's a brilliant idea.

Joe yells from the bench.

JOE

That's it, you can call it a day, gentlemen.

Sureshot gets to his feet, his broken excalibur in his hands. They all slowly skate off.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER-ROOM - AFTERNOON

Eight tired and worn out men sit about the benches some with their heads in their hands, others leaning back with their heads against the wall. Joe is ranting and raving.

JOE

We've got a day, not even, to prepare ourselves mentally for this and we're going to need that mental toughness; because we're lacking it physically. Frank McGee, Bones Allen, Harry Westwick-those men will eat us up if we don't get the game in our heads.

As Joe continues, we pan down the faces of all the players Doc, Gloomy, Lorne, Archie, Sureshot, Hector, Norman and rest on Albert.

JOE (cont'd)

This is it! We have to do it! All this training, the journey getting here, this is what it was all for! Now I want each of you to think about that. Think good and hard at why you're here.

Joe looks about at all the players, some have already taken off their sweaters. They are a quite sight. Doc sits and rubs the ANKLE he injured on the journey. Joe pulls a large cigar from his jacket pocket, lights it.

JOE (cont'd)

You're the best of the Yukon! Make them see that tomorrow night.

Joe turns and walks out of the locker-room.

SURESHOT

Yeah, I'd like to see how he'd of
felt having gone through what we
did.

The players continue to get undressed.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSSELL HOUSE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark, with the exception of light coming in
through a window. Albert is in bed; he is restless.
Archie is in the other bed next to Albert, just as
restless.

ARCHIE

I don't think we can beat them.
I've been sitting here thinking and
I don't think we can. Who are we
fooling?

ALBERT

You can't think that way, Archie.
We came all this way for one thing.
You've got to believe.

ARCHIE

Come on, Albert, they're the best.
We're a bunch of guys who can play
well, but we're not in the same
league.

ALBERT

Stop talking like that. Both Doc
and Hannay played for Lord
Stanley's Cup before, and they
think we have a shot. I don't want
to hear such nonsense.

ARCHIE

I'm sorry, Albert, it's the way I
feel. I had the same feeling when
I knew my mother was going to die.

ALBERT

Try and get some sleep. Maybe
you'll feel different in the
morning.

ARCHIE

There's no way I'm going to be able
to sleep tonight.

ALBERT

Me neither.

They both just stare at the ceiling, eyes wide open.
Albert reaches over to the nightstand by the bed and grabs
the fools' gold nugget. He holds it up in front of his
eyes, and the light from outside hits it, making it
glisten. He then takes it and puts it under his pillow.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. DEY'S RINK - LATE AFTERNOON

Inside a LARGE TUBA, we pull out of it to reveal a band
playing. The RINK is a mob scene: People everywhere, kids
running about. People ask other people walking into the
rink if they have any extra tickets. A large BANNER hangs
above the entrance way. It reads "DAWSON CITY NUGGETS vs
OTTAWA SENATORS." A man is reading a newspaper; the
headline reads "DAWSON CITY HAS NO CHANCE TONIGHT."

INT. DEY'S RINK DAWSON LOCKER-ROOM - SAME

The players are all sitting, dressed in their new sweaters
and pants. The sounds of cheering and music emanates
through the thin walls of the lockerroom. Everyone looks
intense, nervous, and excited all at once. Joe Boyle's
voice can be heard coming from down the hallway. He is
talking to a group of reporters.

JOE (VOICE)

These guys are ready to tear the
Silver Seven apart.

REPORTER #1

What about fatigue from their long
journey?

JOE

What about it?

Sureshot is shaking his head.

SURESHOT

Listen to him. He's still going.
He just doesn't know when to shut
up.

DOC

What do you want him to say? That we're dead tired, haven't played in weeks, are in the worst shape of our lives.

SURESHOT

Hey, it's the truth.

DOC

It may be the truth, but I think we have one thing and that's heart. I would hope we haven't had that taken out of us.

Joe's voice trails toward the locker. As he enters, he closes the door behind.

JOE

You boys ready!

A muddled "yeah" comes from the players.

JOE (cont'd)

I don't think I heard you. I said are you ready to go win that Cup! The one you traveled over four thousand miles for through every adversity known to man!

The guys become pumped up.

"YEAH!" they scream.

JOE (cont'd)

It's been a long road; I know it has. Let's go out there and beat them. After these games, people won't think of the Silver Seven. They'll only know one team, The Dawson City Seven.

"YEAH!" they scream out even louder.

JOE (cont'd)

Now put your hands in here.

Everyone surrounds Joe. They then reach into the center and put a hand on top of his.

JOE (cont'd)

On the count of three. I want you to all to say it loud. One, two, three.

"DAWSON!" they scream out in perfect unison.

CUT TO:

INT. DEY'S RINK - EARLY EVENING

The rink is jammed to capacity, and the crowd is buzzing. It is a circus atmosphere. The players come down the small runway to the rink. They are led by Joe, then Albert, Doc, Sureshot, Hector, Lorne, Crazy Norman, Gloomy, and Archie. Photographers jockey for position; flashes go off left and right. Albert actually blinks as he is blinded by the light. Joe stops at one point and poses for a photographer. They get to the rink, and Joe walks out onto the ice, followed by all the players, who go skating off. The crowd erupts with screams and claps.

JOE

Let's go, Dawson.

Joe puts his fist in the air.

Albert goes to the goal. He looks around at all the people. It is truly an unbelievable sight for this boy from the Yukon. From the other side of the rink, ENTERS THE SILVER SEVEN. The crowd goes nuts! Dressed in RED, BLACK, and WHITE, the team comes charging out as fast as lightning. They are quite impressive, strong and confident looking. They move with speed and grace. Albert just stares at them in a state of awe. All the stories they heard had now been confirmed by just looking at them. They skate by Albert, standing in the goal. They all look at him, each face with the same cold, hard edge. The Dawson players seem to stop skating to watch the Silver Seven. Doc skates up to Albert.

DOC

Don't let them rattle you, kid.
They're just trying to intimidate
you...How you feeling?

ALBERT

Remember when we were on that boat?

DOC

Yeah.

ALBERT

Sort of like that.

Doc smiles and taps Albert in the pads.

DOC

You'll be fine.

The Silver Seven skate to the other end and have a brief warm-up. They are organized and fine tuned; they go through the warm-up with ease. Crazy Norman yells out to his team.

CRAZY NORMAN

It's their uniforms, that's all.
Makes them look tough. They're
nothing.

The REFEREE blows the whistle.

REFEREE

Let's bring it in, boys!

The crowd is cheering so loud it is tough to hear anything. The players are really mesmerized by the whole ordeal.

CUT TO:

INT. BENCH - SAME

The Dawson players are all gathered around the outside of their bench. Joe is standing on the bench as he gives his final speech.

JOE

They're going to come out fast and
hard. Don't get caught up in their
style. Play our style, dig in
those corners. We've come a long
way. The Yukon is depending on us.
Let's win that Cup!

Everyone sticks his hand in.

PLAYERS

Dawson!

They break from the bench.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTER ICE - SAME

Hector moves into center ice for the FACE OFF. We get our first real good look at ONE EYED FRANK MCGEE, a blond haired, medium built man with one eye that is lifeless. His face emotionless.

HECTOR

Good luck.

Frank looks at Hector and nods slightly, barely acknowledging him. The referee comes over.

REFEREE

Let's have a good clean game.

He then puts the PUCK down in the center between the men and walks back. The referee gets to the side of the rink and looks up to the GOVERNOR'S BOX. GOVERNOR EARL GREY nods to the referee. Hector looks up at Frank, who continues to look down at the puck. The referee blows the whistle. The game is on! Before Hector can even flinch, Frank pushes the puck between his legs and past him.

HECTOR

Damn it!

The play breaks fast and hard into the Dawson zone. Albert gets ready as Frank moves in. He sends a pass to DIRTY ALF SMITH, who fires it on hard. Albert comes out and deflects the puck wide.

Cut to Joe and Archie on the bench.

JOE

Way to go, Albert!

The pace is furious. Gloomy picks up the puck and feeds it to Doc, who crosses over center ice. HARRY "THE RAT" WESTWICK skates by and hits Doc, but he is able to fire a pass to Hector. Hector snaps a shot on the Ottawa Senators' GOALIE, DAY FINNIE, and he slaps it away.

Cut to Joe banging his hand on the side of his leg.

JOE (cont'd)

Damn it!

BONES ALLEN, the Senator's POINT MAN, picks up the rebound and begins skating up ice, but Lorne breaks him up. He takes the puck and shoots it over to Crazy Norman, who shoots. Day Finnie slides across and blocks the puck wide.

Cut to Joe and Archie on the bench, they rub their hands across their foreheads in disbelief.

Back and forth, up and down the action goes. Albert comes up with another big save, this time off Harry the Rat. The puck rolls into the corner. Dirty Alf goes to pick it up, and Crazy Norman comes flying in. Dirty Alf turns toward Norman and puts his arms up. Norman runs into him and falls to the ice. Norman gets up from the ice and feels his head. He is cut; blood is on his glove. He charges Dirty Alf smacking him in the head. The FIRST

FIGHT breaks out. Back and forth they go with punches, but the referee jumps in and separates the two men. Doc grabs Norman, and ART MOORE grabs Dirty Alf.

CRAZY NORMAN

Cheap bastard! I'll get you!

DIRTY ALF

Go ahead and try, I'll be waiting.

REFEREE

Let's go, Watt, you're off for ten.

CRAZY NORMAN

What about him? He started it.

REFEREE

A likely story, just get in the box.

Dirty Alf smiles.

DIRTY ALF

See you later, baby.

REFEREE

You say another word, you'll be in there too.

Cut to Joe Boyle with Archie on the bench.

JOE

Come on, Ref, it takes two to ya know.

The teams face off again. Sureshot gets the puck and skates it up ice, Harry the Rat steals it from him at center ice, takes it across the line, and flings a pass to a breaking Frank McGee. Gloomy steps up to block Frank, but Frank fires a shot. Albert never sees the puck. It goes flying by and into the corner of the net.

The CROWD goes WILD and the SILVER SEVEN CELEBRATE, everyone mugs Frank McGee for scoring the goal.

Doc skates over to Albert and so do the rest of the guys to console him.

ALBERT

I'm sorry, I didn't see it.

GLOOMY

I was in the way. You were screened.

DOC

Don't worry about it. You're doing great, keep it up.

The teams line up for another FACE OFF.

Cut to Joe Boyle.

JOE

Let's go, boys! Shake it off.

The puck is dropped, and once again Frank pokes the puck by Hector and into the Dawson Zone it goes. Dirty Alf picks it up, skates in on Albert, and fires. He makes the initial save, but Dirty Alf follows his rebound and bangs the puck past Albert, who is sprawled on the ice. The Dawson team's heads drop. Dirty Alf raises his stick in the air and skates by the penalty box.

DIRTY ALF

That was for you, baby!

Norman is infuriated. He shouts back.

CRAZY NORMAN

Well, I've got something for you!
Right here!

Norman grabs his CROTCH and shakes it. A NUMBER TWO is put next to the OTTAWA SENATORS TEAM next to a ZERO for the DAWSON CITY NUGGETS.

The play starts up again. It's becoming more and more aggressive. Hector Smith breaks in alone on Day Finnie, and Finnie robs him blind. Dirty Alf flicks the puck up to a breaking Harry the Rat. The PLAY is clearly OFFSIDES.

SURESHOT

He's offsides! Ref, he's offsides.

Harry takes the puck in alone and goes around Albert and backhands the puck into the net. The CROWD EXPLODES. Sureshot chases down the Ref, yelling at him.

SURESHOT

(cont'd)

He was offsides!.

REFEREE

Let me call the game. Now go get
ready for the face-off, or I'll
give you a penalty for
unsportsmanlike.

Cut to Joe, who just shakes his head and throws his hands
up in the air.

The play continues. Hector takes the puck and zings a pass
to Doc, who's breaking. Doc one times it, SCORE! The
players go nuts. They grab and pat Doc all over his body.

Cut to Joe and Archie jumping up and down.

JOE

Way to go, Doc!

The score on the board reads OTTAWA 3 - DAWSON 1. A HORN
BLOWS. The FIRST HALF is over.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAWSON LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

The players are lying about the locker room. They look as
if they have been through a war. Doc is sitting with his
back against the wall, sweat dripping down his face. A bag
of ice on his ankle, he seems to be in a lot of pain. Joe
looks at all their faces.

JOE

We can beat these guys! We've had
some good chances, and we're only
down by two. Jimmy and Lorne, you
two need to stay back a little bit
more. They're getting a lot of
break-ins. Albert you're playing a
whale of a game. Keep it up. Our
forwards need to crash that net.
Finnie has played well for them.
We need to shake him up a little.

Sureshot stands up.

SURESHOT

We can do it, guys, like Joe said
we're in this. We can't let
Westwick skate with the puck. He's
been the one making things happen.

CRAZY NORMAN

I'm going to get that Dirty Alf.

JOE

No you're not Norman. We need you on the ice. We can't afford to have you taking any more penalties.

CRAZY NORMAN

He should have been in there too.

JOE

I know, but he wasn't.

Albert takes a deep breath and then exhales.

JOE (cont'd)

Let's go out there and give it all we've got left.

The team explodes with enthusiasm gettting up quickly.

CUT TO:

INT. DEY'S ICE RINK - NIGHT

The TEAMS are at it again, the action furious, but the steam seems to be subsiding in the Dawson Players. Their skating strides are shorter; they are not attacking as much. The momentum can actually be seen shifting towards Ottawa. Out of nowhere Dirty Alf picks the puck from a mad scramble in front of the net. Albert doesn't see it and the pucks zooms past and into the net.

The CROWD EXPLODES and the OTTAWA PLAYERS CELEBRATE. The SCOREBOARD READS OTTAWA 4 - DAWSON 1.

Dissolve the SCOREBOARD READS OTTAWA 7 - DAWSON 1.

The TEAM is beaten. Art Moore is again in front of the net. He elbows Albert, knocking him off balance and to the ice. The Referee doesn't see it. Crazy Norman comes from Moore's blind side. His stick high in the air, he swings down on Moore like he's chopping wood. The stick breaks on the back of Moore's head sending him crashing to the ice. Everyone stares in amazement at this.

SURESHOT

That crazy bastard.

CRAZY NORMAN

You see what he did to Albert? He deserved it.

Dirty Alf wants to fight Norman, but his players hold him back. The crowd is BOOING Norman.

DIRTY ALF
You're a dead man, Watt.

CRAZY NORMAN
Oh, I'm so scared.

Gloomy grabs Crazy Norman and yanks him back. Moore is able to get to his feet with help from Bones and Harry the Rat. He is really out of it. The crowd cheers.

REFEREE
Let's go, in the box again, Watt.
Fifteen minutes this time.

CRAZY NORMAN
That's a load of crap. They've been doing the same stuff all night. You're just too blind to see it.

DOC
Norman, shut up before they throw you out of the next game.

The game starts up again. Albert comes up with two big saves. It becomes a SHOOTING GALLERY. Shot after shot is piled into Albert, who saves twelve in a row before Dirty Alf bangs yet another one home. They celebrate.

The Dawson players don't give up; Doc takes a shot on Finnie. He makes the save, but Sureshot is there to knock it in. There is a LOUD CHEER from the crowd. The cheers slowly fade.

Cut to the SCOREBOARD it reads OTTAWA 9 - DAWSON 2.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CASSIDY'S SPORTS CAVE - NIGHT

We focus in on THE OTTAWA NEWSPAPER HEADLINE that reads "SILVER SEVEN CRUSH DAWSON." The paper closes to reveal Sureshot at the bar. Next to him is Hector, Albert, and Crazy Norman. There are several other people in the bar.

SURESHOT
Crush, I think is too hard of a word.

CRAZY NORMAN
Listen, had the referee taken that whistle out of his ass and blown a few of those offsides and called

some penalties on them, that score
would not be the same.

HECTOR

We'll just have to get them
tomorrow night.

Albert notices Dirty Alf and Frank McGee sitting across the
bar from them. They are having a conversation with one
another and laughing.

ALBERT

Isn't that Frank McGee over there?

Crazy Norman has been drinking, and his speech and face
show it. He downs his beer and eyes the two. You can see
the wheels spinning in his head.

CRAZY NORMAN

Yeah, and that's that cheap bastard
Smith with him.

Dirty Alf catches the Dawson players looking at them.
Sureshot raises his glass as way of saying hello to them,
but they ignore it.

SURESHOT

You see that. I try being nice and
they ignore me.

HECTOR

Who the hell are they?

CRAZY NORMAN

Yeah, well let's see if they can
ignore this.

Crazy Norman grabs a spoon off the bar and starts banging
it against his glass. Everyone in the bar turns and stares
his way, including Alf and Frank.

ALBERT

Norman, what are you doing?

CRAZY NORMAN

Can I have everyone's attention for
a moment?

The bar is silent with all eyes fixed on Norman.

CRAZY NORMAN

(cont'd)

We're going to beat your Silver
Sevens. Mark my word we will. The

other night was just a warm up.
 They know they can't beat us.
 They're scared, had they not had
 the referee in their back pocket,
 that game would have been a whole
 lot different.

Some of the crowd laughs at Norman. Dirty Alf stares hard at him. If he were a cartoon, steam would be coming out of his ears. Frank is just grinning and taking it in, as Sureshot and Hector laugh, Albert sits silent.

CRAZY NORMAN
 (cont'd)

And another thing...That amazing player there, what's his name One Eyed Jack? I mean One Eyed Frank McGee. For ten months that's all we heard about, and, if you ask me, he's nothing at all. In fact I wouldn't be surprised if they don't even play him tomorrow night.

Dirty Alf and Frank get up from the bar. That is all they needed to hear. Frank stares hard at Norman, his grin still the same. They say good-bye to a few friends and exit.

CRAZY NORMAN
 (cont'd)

Hey, wait. Where are you guys going? Come on, I'll buy you both a beer.

People shake their heads at Norman. "Sit down, buddy" is all that is said to him. Hector pats him on the back.

HECTOR
 Good speech, you really moved him.

SURESHOT
 Yeah, moved him out of the bar.

The three of them laugh, but not Albert. He watches Frank walking down the street through the bar front window until he disappears.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEY'S RINK - EARLY EVENING

The rink is buzzing with people, just like the first game vendors selling food, kids running about, people looking for tickets.

INT. DAWSON CITY LOCKER ROOM - SAME

The team is once again in the locker room. They are almost dressed with the exception of Doc. His ankle has swelled to the size of a grapefruit. He is sitting with his back against the wall and his foot on a chair.

LORNE

You're not going to be able to play are you?

DOC

I can't even stand on it. I iced it all night long, but it didn't help much.

Joe enters, radiating confidence.

JOE

Good news boys! Weldy will make the third game. So after we win tonight, we'll have our star for the final game.

Joe sees Doc's ankle.

DOC

I'm going to have to sit this one out, Joe.

Joe's face turns pale, his voice a bit broken up.

JOE

Archie, you're in tonight. Better be ready, you're replacing our captain.

ARCHIE

I'll give it my all.

Joe smiles, looks about the room. The faces of exhaustion finally strike Joe; the gleam disappears from his eyes.

JOE

You gentlemen know what you have to do tonight. I'm not going to tell you. There's no tomorrow if we lose. Make them all proud back home.

He leaves, patting Albert on the back before he exits. We close on Albert's face.

INT. DEY'S RINK - NIGHT

We pull back from Albert's face to reveal him playing in the game. A shot is fired, and he sticks it away. Frank McGee seems to be skating as fast as lightning. He is all over the ice. He picks up the puck and fires a pass to Harry the Rat, who shoots, and Albert makes a diving save and ties it up. The crowd cheers the incredible save. Gloomy taps him in the pads.

GLOOMY

That was a great save.

Albert smiles.

ALBERT

Thanks, Gloomy.

The face off is won and brought out of the zone by Hector, who whips the puck to Sureshot. Sureshot makes a move and breaks in, but his shot goes wide. McGee picks it up, makes a shift, goes by Hector, then Archie and Lorne. He sees Harry the Rat and threads a pass to him, Harry just touches it, and the puck slides by Albert and into the net. Albert has no chance. The crowd goes wild. Hannay smashes his stick into the ice.

Cut to Joe Boyle and Doc, both look at one another and shake their heads.

DOC

There's nothing Albert could do.
The pass was perfect.

The play is going again. Bones Allen gives the puck to Harry, who uses speed and gets down the side behind the defense again. Albert comes out of the net and slides on the ice, but Harry gets around and shoots into the open net. Albert on his knees is upset with himself.

HECTOR

Shake it off Albert. We'll get it
back.

The action starts up again, Albert is pummeled with four different attacks, but he turns them all away. Archie breaks the puck up ice, sees Hector get behind Bones Allen, and flips a pass up to him. He fires the puck into the corner past Finnie's stick. The Dawson team goes crazy as they cut the lead to one. Albert raises his stick in the air.

ALBERT

Way to go, Hec!

They get to the face-off, and Frank McGee is ready to go. The puck is dropped and then pushed up ice by Frank. Harry takes it and dumps it in on Albert, who makes the save; but Harry the Rat sneaks by Gloomy and bangs in his own rebound. Dawson is crushed by this goal, having just closed it to one. They are now down by two goals again.

The action continues, the team is starting to break down. The speed and skill of the SILVER SEVEN is too much for Dawson. Albert knocks away another good scoring chance, but then Frank McGee answers with another goal, followed by another goal by Harry the Rat. His fourth goal of the night. Albert gets up and looks at the score board. The NUMBER 5 is put on the OTTAWA side.

A series of DISSOLVES occur between the scoreboard and One Eyed Frank McGee scoring goals. The score comes to read OTTAWA 10 - DAWSON 1.

CUT TO:

INT. DAWSON LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

The players are exhausted, their spirit all but dashed. There is complete silence. Hector sits with his head buried in his hands, not even bothering to take his gloves off. Albert looks around the room at everyone.

DOC

I wish, I could be out there with you guys.

SURESHOT

I wish, I could be in there with you guys.

JOE

You can only go out there and give them what you have left.

HECTOR

Maybe you should of held off on what you said to McGee, Norman.

CRAZY NORMAN

He's only got four, so does the Rat.

JOE

No matter how this turns out. You're all the bravest, toughest guys, I've ever had the pleasure of knowing. Don't let yourselves forget that. History books will

tell the tales of this team, mark my word.

SURESHOT

For what? Biggest losers in the history of Lord Stanley's Cup.

JOE

If that's all you've taken from this, Sureshot, I'm sorry. I really am.

The players just sit, too tired to respond. Joe Boyle claps his hands together.

JOE (cont'd)

Who are you guys?

The players give a weak response.

PLAYERS

The Dawson City Nuggets.

JOE

Come on guys!

PLAYERS

The Dawson City Nuggets!

JOE

Let's get out there and show them!

The team sparks up as best they can and go past Joe, who slaps everyone on the back as they leave the locker. Joe stops Albert.

JOE (cont'd)

Kid, there's not many like you. There's been a lot of big people asking about you. I'm glad you decided to play. You have a golden future in front of you.

ALBERT

Thanks, Joe, I still should have stopped a few of those.

JOE

You stopped a ton. Just get out there.

Joe pats him on the butt and follows him out.

CUT TO:

INT. DEY'S RINK - NIGHT

The action resumes, but the results only get worse. 30 seconds into the SECOND HALF One Eyed Frank McGee scores his fifth goal of the night.

Cut to Joe Boyle and Doc on the bench.

JOE

I think the sleeping giant has awakened.

DOC

That's five for McGee, ties a record.

JOE

Yeah, his own record.

MONTAGE:

Frank McGee goes on a tear, it is something that might never be duplicated in sports. He scores 8 CONSECUTIVE GOALS. One by one we see him score his goals and dissolve to the scoreboard that now reads OTTAWA 20 - DAWSON 1. The joke from the other night has Crazy Norman wanting to bury his head. Frank skates by and just looks at Crazy Norman. It is the same expression as the night before, the grin. Dirty Alf skates by Norman.

DIRTY ALF

What do you think about Frank McGee now, Watt?

Crazy Norman doesn't say a thing. Hector comes to center ice for the face-off, and McGee is waiting ready to go.

HECTOR

Thirteen goals for you isn't enough.

McGee doesn't say a word. He just keeps his head down waiting for the face-off. The puck is dropped, and McGee wins the draw back to Bones Allen, who sends it up to a breaking Dirty Alf. Alf snaps a quick shot that catches Albert off guard and in. The crowd cheers.

Cut to Joe Boyle his face not the same as it once was. The intensity and excitement lost.

The next face-off is taken by McGee who blows by the whole team and into the Dawson zone. He fires a rocket of a shot that Albert gets a piece of knocking it down in front. He then jumps on the rebound, but Albert is there. Gloomy

can't find the puck, it seems as if it won't leave McGee's stick. He gets it from around the net and stuffs it in on the other side.

Cut to Joe and Doc.

DOC

Fourteen goals. That record will never be broken.

JOE

Scores worse than a lot of football games.

With less than a minute left in the game. Sureshot breaks it up ice, sends a pass across to Hector, who fires it at Finnie, catching him off guard. Dawson scores! The place erupts, and the crowd gives Dawson a standing ovation. The referee blows the whistle. The game is finally over. People jump out on the ice; confetti and streamers come down from the stands. The Silver Seven congratulate each other, as Albert stands alone at the other end watching. The Dawson players make their way to him.

PLAYERS

You played great, Albert, sorry we let you down.

They pat him on the back, rub his head. They are all very tired and in shock by the turn of events.

ALBERT

You guys didn't let me down.

Albert watches the Silver Seven wave to their fans.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEY'S RINK - NIGHT

The players from each team are gathered on opposite sides of the ice. EARL GREY the commissioner of Lord Stanley's Cup is at center ice.

EARL

I'd just like to say a few words before I hand over the Cup.

The crowd grows quiet.

EARL (cont'd)

It's been an incredible challenge. One that will never be forgotten. How seven men from the Yukon

traveled over four thousand miles,
 through many hardships to make it
 here for tonight. I've never seen
 a greater desire for something,
 than what these courageous men
 showed in these two games.

The players beaten, pride hurt, look on.

EARL (cont'd)
 Dawson City Nuggets, we salute you.

The CROWD STANDS and gives DAWSON a STANDING OVATION. Even the Silver Seven are clapping. It is truly a beautiful moment in sports history. The Dawson players are impressed by the display of hospitality.

EARL (cont'd)
 And to these boys over here.
 There's really not much to say.
 History was made tonight, by one
 man, Frank McGee. He scored
 fourteen goals, a record that will
 probably never be broken, unless he
 does it himself. They are the
 greatest and continue to prove it
 year after. Your 1905 Lord Stanley
 Cup winners, Ottawa's Silver Seven!

Earl hands Lord Stanley's Cup to One Eyed Frank McGee. He takes it and puts it over his head. Photographers flashes go off left and right. Albert stares at the Cup, as do the other Dawson players. It glistens as the light hits it like nothing they have ever seen before. Tears can be seen in their eyes as they realize they will not be taking it back to Dawson.

EARL (cont'd)
 And for the fans coming out here to
 watch these games. Both Ottawa and
 Dawson thank you all.

The cheering is insane. Joe Boyle pats each player on the back.

JOE
 Don't worry, boys, we'll be back.
 Mark my words.

Frank McGee brings the cup down, as Dirty Alf pours a bottle of CHAMPAGNE into it. The players take a sip and pass it around to one another. It comes back to Frank, who takes a sip.

ARCHIE

You hear Joe Boyle. He's already planning for the next challenge.

ALBERT

There's not going to be a next time, Archie. This was it.

Frank looks to all the Dawson players and waves for them to come over. He extends the CUP to them in his hands.

MCGEE

Come share with us! You deserve it!

It is an amazing display of sportsmanship. Frank offers a sip of champagne from Lord Stanley's Cup. The Dawson Players all make their way over. Doc drinks first, then passes it to Hector, then to Lorne, then to Sureshot, who passes it to Crazy Norman, then to Gloomy. It is given to Albert. He takes it in both his hands, looks at it, and then takes a big sip. A huge smile covers his face. He passes it to Archie. We slowly pull back from the rink. The cheering begins to stop and a VOICE is heard talking.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DONALD HENDERSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Donald is finishing up the story.

DONALD

So, the Dawson City team might not have won Lord Stanley's Cup, but they did get to drink from it. Dawson City would never challenge for it again, and neither would any player on the team.

John, sitting in the chair, seems amazed by the story.

JOHN

You mean that was it? None of them ever got the chance again.

DONALD

That was it.

JOHN

Wow, that is some story.

Donald looks hard at John.

DONALD
Yeah it is. A lot has changed
since that day, I can tell you
that.

The door to the office opens up and in walks, John's agent,
Joel Rubin. He is huffing and puffing.

JOEL
Nice try, old man. I know what you
were trying to do.

DONALD
What are you talking about?

JOEL
You know damn well what I'm talking
about and it's going to cost you
another \$500,000. Let's go, John,
this meeting is over.

Donald looks at Joel.

JOHN
He was just telling me a story,
Joel, relax.

JOEL
You want me to relax. I'll relax
when you have your 100 million,
John. That's when I'll relax.

DONALD
Why don't you ever let John tell
you what he wants?

JOEL
Cus I know what he deserves and
that's my job. Just like your job
is to try and keep him from getting
it.

DONALD
We don't have it.

JOEL
Then trade him to someone that
does. Because he's sitting out the
season if you don't.

Donald looks at John. He stands up.

DONALD

You don't even want to talk about it.

JOHN

He's my agent. He's got my best interests at hand. Hey, I'm the best, I can wait.

Donald laughs. John turns to go, he pauses, and looks at the picture. Then looks back at Donald.

JOHN (cont'd)

By the way, thanks for the story. It was really interesting.

DONALD

You're making a big mistake being with that guy. He's ruined a lot of other players' careers.

JOHN

Yeah, but he's made a lot of the others very rich.

John smiles and walks out the door. Donald is sitting alone in the office. He reaches into the top drawer and pulls out a small box and places it on top of the desk. He opens it and pulls out a GOLD NUGGET. It is ALBERT'S FOOL'S GOLD. He looks at it and smiles; the light catches it and it sparkles.

DONALD

Fool's Gold, if only he realized Uncle Albert. There's more to the game than just money.

Donald smirks and looks at the nugget. He puts it back in the box and then places the box back into his desk drawer. He slowly rises from his chair, grabs his coat off the rack and puts it on. He walks to the picture and looks at it. The Dawson Players stare back at him.

DONALD

When the game meant something, boys. That's what it was all about.

Donald buttons up his coat and then walks away. The picture stares at us, these tired, but proud men. The light in the room turns off.

FADE TO BLACK

