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Clean Sweep

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FINAL THESIS
FEATURE SCREENPLAY PROJECT DESCRIPTION

Student Name: Isabelle Davis

Thesis Logline: Dealing with their mid-life crises, two best friends – a former hockey player stuck in past glories and a try-hard dad – create a curling team of misfits in pursuit of the Olympics.

Clean Sweep

Title

A teleplay written and produced and presented to the faculty of
the Writing for the Screen MFA Program in the School of Film &
Television at Loyola Marymount University of
Los Angeles, California

In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree

Master of Fine Arts

Writing for the Screen

By

Isabelle Davis

Student Name

Isabelle Davis

Isabelle Davis (Apr 27, 2021 15:07 PDT)

Student Signature

APPROVAL TO ADVANCE TO CANDIDACY

The following student has met all the criteria to advance to candidacy for an M.F.A. in Fine Arts with an emphasis in Writing for the Screen:

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Date: May 4, 2021

CLEAN SWEEP

Written by

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INT. ICE RINK - MANITOBA HOCKEY ARENA - NIGHT

The rink is slick, covered in blood, sweat and tears.

A hockey match is underway. It's the third period and PLAYERS get more and more physical as the end of the game nears.

SLAM. YOUNG HARRY (20s) slams his opponent into the wall that lines the ice.

Harry's tall with a hothead that rests on his athletically built frame, and has all of his teeth at the moment.

Harry glides with the puck at his side.

GEORGIO (20s), matches Harry in athleticism and ego, SLAMS the end of his stick against the ice.

GEORGIO

Harry! Pass the puck!

On the game clock -- twenty seconds left.

HARRY (V.O.)

Twenty seconds left and all I'm thinking is...

GEORGIO

Pass the--

Harry ignores Georgio, then zones in on the goal, guarded by a Goalie and a few Defenders. Georgio gets lost in the mix.

GEORGIO (CONT'D)

Fuck!

HARRY (V.O.)

... Frosted Flakes. If I win this game, my face will be on boxes of Frosted Flakes one day. So I hit them with the spin-o-rama.

He dodges a Defender, passes the puck off his skate to himself.

HARRY (V.O.)

Now it's just me against the goalie. And then--

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

ON TELEVISION SCREEN: Grainy footage shows Harry scoring.

HARRY (O.S.)
 Boom! Score!

HARRY TUTTLE (50) jumps out of his seat, celebrating his own win. He sports a "Mr. Spin-O-Rama Tires" polo. He insists his prime is not yet over, but his life and body would disagree.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 The shithead never knew what hit him.

Harry high-fives the local bartender and his #1 fangirl, LOULOU (70s), then goes for a high-five with DAVE MOSS (50s), his less athletic but far more put-together best friend, who's distracted by a phone call and turns away.

DAVE
 (overwhelmed)
 I know you want to live with your mom--

Harry pokes him like a child wanting attention.

HARRY
 Dave! Dave? Dave...

DAVE
 (into phone)
 Guess what? So do I, but we both have to suck it up and deal with it. Go back inside, unpack your bags. I'll be home soon.

He ends the call, but still doesn't respond to Harry's wanted high-five.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 Alright, I have to go. Peter caught Piper before she got in the Uber this time.

HARRY
 No post-game Mickey D's?

DAVE
 Can't tonight. Thanks, LouLou.

He leaves her a tip and pats Harry on the back as he leaves.

HARRY
 Damn, I hate that he can't enjoy things anymore. He misses out on so much.

He returns to watching the Team celebrate on screen.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I guess things change.

LOULOU
Well, you sure don't. Wish I
could've aged as gracefully.

HARRY
Oh stop it, LouLou. You're the most
bangable seventy-year-old I know.
Hell, I'd still tap that if it
weren't for Sheryl and you know it.

He winks with a smile so bright it looks fake. It is.

LouLou swoons over the man and is clearly blinded by love. It
doesn't help that she refuses to wear glasses.

HARRY (CONT'D)
It feels like yesterday though,
doesn't it? I mean, damn, I feel
like I have to go home to rest up
for another game tomorrow.

ANGRY BAR FLY (O.S.)
Hey, can we get all the TVs on live
games that actually matter?

Harry's smile fades. LouLou looks to the ANGRY BAR FLY and
his large group of BUDDIES, then Harry.

LOULOU
(to Harry)
Sorry, honey...

She goes to the VCR under the lone old-school box television,
surrounded by a bunch of flat-screens and pops out the tape.

The tape reads "Nebraska vs Manitoba 1990 (W)". She places it
on a shelf that holds all of Harry's hockey videos from years
past. All marked with team, year and outcome.

On the wall is a PHOTO of a geared-up Harry smooching LouLou
back in the day, along with his framed jersey, signed by him.

HARRY
(to Angry Bar Fly)
If you knew anything about hockey,
you'd know that was iconic. I was
almost an Olympic--

ANGRY BAR FLY

Almost? Listen, bud. We all know you like to jerk off to your old games, but no one else cares about them. Do yourself a favor and grow up. Fuckin' has-been...

Harry downs his beer and jumps up in anger.

HARRY

What'd you just call me?

LOULOU

Boys, can we not--

Before Harry can even attempt to wind up... POW. The Angry Bar Fly punches him in the face.

He tries to shake it off and checks his teeth.

HARRY

You're lucky you didn't mess up my teeth. I paid good money--

POW. The Angry Bar Fly knocks him out cold.

LOULOU

I'll call Sheryl...

INT. DAVE'S MINIVAN - MOVING - DAY

Dave sings along to "Meet Me Halfway" by Black Eyed Peas playing on the radio as he drives his kids to school.

DAVE

*Every single day, yes I'm really
missing missing you.
And all those things we use to use
to use to do.
Hey girl whats up, whats up...*

He tosses a hopeful look back at --

PIPER (17), who stares out the window with her earbuds, in a whole other world. She has a short list of people cool enough to hang with her, and her dad isn't one of those people.

PETER (15) stresses over his studies, softly head-bops to the song. He tries to stand his own ground as middle-man of the house but often becomes his sister's puppet.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 Alright, all together now! *Can you
 meet me halfway, right at the
 borderline...*

Neither joins.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 C'mon, guys. Sing along!

He takes a closer look in the mirror.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 Piper? You know we have a no
 headphones rule in the car. It's
 our only time together.

Again, she ignores.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 Her music must be up too loud.
 Peter, will you get her?

Peter examines Piper as if she's a statue. He takes out one
 of her headphones and pulls it to his ear.

PETER
 Nope. No music on.

DAVE
 Piper? Are you ignoring me?

PETER
 I think she's doing the thing where
 she sleeps with her eyes open.

He waves his hand in front of her face. She doesn't budge.

PETER (CONT'D)
 Or maybe she's dead.

DAVE
 (under breath)
 Only on the inside.

EXT. JASPER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Dave pulls up to their school. Piper makes it out of the car
 before it comes to a full stop.

Peter lingers and takes a deep breath, then hops out.

DAVE

Good luck on your test! I'll see you after school.

PETER

Thanks! Bye, Dad. Oh, and Piper's catching a ride with Jessica.

Disappointed, Dave watches his kids walk away as if he'll never see them again.

BEEP. A car horn disrupts his forlorn gaze. He jumps in his seat, accidentally hits his own HORN, then moves along.

INT. BEDROOM - SHERYL'S HOUSE - DAY

With an icepack strapped to his head, Harry wakes up to the gentle touch of SHERYL (late-30s) removing it to check his bruised cheek.

She's been a babysitter all her life, but motherhood has made her tired of having boyfriends that need babysitting.

HARRY

Am I in the hospital or heaven?

SHERYL

Just at my place. And I made bacon, so get up and come get breakfast.

She kisses him on the forehead.

HARRY

Heaven it is.

He gets up and looks in the mirror at his bruise.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Thanks for picking me up last night. Just another drunk, opposing fan from back in the day...

SHERYL

Yeah... Listen, babe. I told you I can't keep doing this whole picking you up from the bar every night.

Harry tries to distract her by pulling her in for a kiss.

SHERYL (CONT'D)

Or any of this, unless it's something more.

HARRY

Babe, can we not argue about this again? I've had enough fighting.

He points to his face and grabs the icepack, begging for her to tend to him.

SHERYL

If I'm going to have a man around the house, it needs to be someone serious about me and Sidney. Not scared to commit. I can't spend my time taking care of two kids. If I wanted that, I'd be with his dad.

HARRY

Right. Sidney Crosby... Why do you always have to bring him up again?

SHERYL

Because he's Sidney Jr's dad, and the reason I need a better role model for my son.

HARRY

I'm a role model to a lot of kids out there. In fact, I've had many mothers tell me--

SHERYL

I need a father for him, Harry.

Harry's speechless, holding the now limp and leaky icepack.

SHERYL (CONT'D)

I know it's a big responsibility. You don't have to answer now, but the sooner the better for everyone.

She walks out, leaving him to stare at his aging reflection in the mirror.

INT. KITCHEN - SHERYL'S HOUSE - DAY

Harry wears that same blank stare as he pours a bowl of Frosted Flakes, looking at the adorable but intimidating SIDNEY CROSBY JR. (6), who wears his dad's jersey number.

CRUNCH. Sidney bites into a piece of toast, then drops it in pain, startling Harry.

SHERYL

Oh, Sidney. Did it get your tooth?

Sidney clutches his jaw and nods.

SHERYL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. You want to show Harry
your first loose tooth?

Harry regurgitates his eggs into his napkin.

HARRY

Oh, no no. I'm fine, thank you.

Sidney sees Harry's discomfort, leans over, and wiggles his
tooth back, forward, and around in circles.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Alrighty, that's enough of that.
You can stop now.

Sidney doesn't stop.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Stop.

He puts a napkin in front of Sidney's face.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Stop. Be a good boy.

He anxiously looks over to Sheryl who finds the interaction
endearing and hopeful.

Sidney continues wiggling his tooth. Harry gives up and puts
his arm up on the table, blocking him from his line of sight.

INT. GYMNASIUM - JASPER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

GAIL (early 40s), the quiet and overlooked custodian, sweeps
the floors. Something BOUNCES behind her. She glances up to --

Peter wheezes with his hands on his knees as he catches his
breath. His sweat drips in front of where Gail sweeps. His
eyes beg Gail to help.

COACH (O.S.)

Touch the line and keep moving!

Peter touches the line, turns and runs... limps his way
toward the other base line.

COACH (CONT'D)

(to Peter)

Why do you run like you've been
shot in 'Nam?

COACH (50s) stands, SLAMMING a slam ball on the floor. She's a gym teacher who takes pride in being better than a bunch of teenagers at all sports and fitness activities.

Dave cautiously enters the gym.

DAVE (O.S.)
Excuse me, Ms. Tinsley?

SLAM. Coach lets the ball go, focusing her attention to Dave.

COACH
It's Coach.

DAVE
Ah, sorry. Coach. I'm Peter's dad,
Dave.

Coach looks him up and down.

COACH
Makes sense.

Peter, drenched in sweat, stops and joins the conversation.

COACH (CONT'D)
Did I tell you to stop?

Peter restarts, arms pumping thrice as fast as his legs run.

DAVE
Is Peter in trouble? Did he do
something to get held after school--

COACH
Your son is borderline physically
handicapped. This is the second
fitness exam he's failed. We only
have three.

DAVE
(laughing it off)
Oh, no. This is all my fault. He
has my genes.

COACH
It'd be illegal for people like you
to have kids if genetics had
anything to do with ability.

With a sliver of a sympathy in her eye, she picks up the slam ball and looks back to Dave.

COACH (CONT'D)

I understand your son's struggle.
You see, I was born fat.

DAVE

I'm not sure that's the same--

COACH

In these very hallways, kids would set slip-traps just to watch my fat ass fall and struggle to get back up. I once slipped on a pudding cup and was forced to lick it up. My taste buds haven't been right since. But you know what? I decided that day that I could be whatever I wanted to be. So I became great. Now I'm the best athlete to ever grace the halls of this school.

DAVE

Listen, that is just... Wow. Awesome. I just don't think Peter is as serious about being an athlete as you--

Coach throws the slam ball like a shot put to the other side of the gymnasium, nearly missing Gail.

COACH

And that's okay with you? For your son to be mediocre?

DAVE

Well, yeah... I mean, no. Could we maybe figure something out? His mom and I just recently split.

COACH

She left you for a more ballsy man with abs, didn't she?

DAVE

No... Is there not something we can do? He has all A's except for PE.

COACH

Sounds like he needs to spend less time on classes and more time not being slow as fucking molasses.

Coach winds up the slam ball.

COACH (CONT'D)

Heads up!

The ball hits Peter in the back. He collapses to the ground.

DAVE

(defeated)

Alright. You know what? I'll work with him. Peter, let's go.

(to Coach)

We'll make sure he gets that A. Or a B, at least.

COACH

Get you some laps in while you're at it.

Dave nods as Peter joins him, both trying to gracefully exit the gym without being demoralized any further.

COACH (CONT'D)

Maybe you'll get your wife back!

Dave awkwardly waves to Gail in the corner, hoping she's ignored the conversation. She shyly waves back.

COACH (CONT'D)

Probably not though.

Coach winds up to hit Dave and Peter, making them rush out. She cackles and instead throws it to Gail, who jumps out the way, frustrated but used to it.

EXT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Harry dry-heaves into the bushes outside.

HARRY

(hyper-ventilating)

She wants me to be a step-dad.

Dave pats his back as PEOPLE passing by look over in disgust.

DAVE

He's fine. Just anxiety. Hasn't even had a drink yet.

(to Harry)

Alright, why don't we get you a piña colada? That'll help.

Harry nods like a crying baby offered candy.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Two empty glasses and a half-drunk second piña colada and appletini sit on the bar.

Harry and Dave sit in a daze, staring right through the Winter Olympics promo on the television.

ON SCREEN: Curlers celebrate after sweeping stones to their target. An ice-skating duo strikes a pose to end the promo.

HARRY

It's like that time I thought I got the prom queen pregnant. My whole life flashed before my eyes.

DAVE

But she's told you this multiple times. I don't see why you keep pushing it away if you love her.

HARRY

Of course I do. But what am I supposed to do, give up my life for something I don't know I'm going to be good at? I'm the fun guy that gives your kids beer. Not a dad.

Dave glares at him.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I still have so much to accomplish before I get sucked into the life of wife, kids, minivan, getting divorced and realizing it was all for nothing.

A big SLURP draws his attention to Dave, who's thrown back his second appletini.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I didn't mean--

DAVE

No, I don't regret a single bit of it... except being a loser.

Harry SLAPS Dave on the cheek.

HARRY

You're not a loser! Don't talk about my best friend like that.

DAVE

Ow... I just don't know what to do. Piper hates me and Peter's failing PE because he's a dork just like me.

HARRY

They don't hate you. They're just grieving the split, and Piper probably is going through her hormonal shit. You remember my ex, Keirsten? She used to get migraines that gave me migraines...

DAVE

Let's not talk about my daughter's hormones or your twenty-year-old exes, please... I just wish I could've been someone that the kids were proud of. Now they look at me the way people used to look at my drunk uncle who pissed on the presents under the tree from anyone he didn't like.

HARRY

Uncle Gibby... What a guy.

He finishes his drink and has an epiphany mid-gulp.

HARRY (CONT'D)

No! We're too young for would've, could've, should've.

DAVE

We're fifty--

HARRY

We're in our prime! I can still get back on the rink and you, you can... We can find something for you to do. Screw Tina and the kids!

DAVE

No, you don't get it. I still love them even if they hate me. I just want them to see me as more than dorky, old dad. It's like you wanting to play hockey again, except somehow I feel even more pitiful than you.

HARRY

What's that supposed to mean?

DAVE

Nothing... And do you not remember
the last time you were on the rink?

HARRY

You know that's not fair. It would
have taken any hockey player out...

He looks over at the shelf of video tapes and sees the one
labeled "1991 U.S. National Exhibition Game (L)".

INT. HOCKEY ARENA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

JIMBOB (50s), Harry's coach, grabs either side of Young
Harry's helmet.

JIMBOB

We're ahead, kid. Don't fuck it up.
The Olympic scouts are watching.

Harry nods and gets back on the ice.

Hockey sticks CLASH against each other.

Harry and his OPPONENT fight over the puck, then fight over
nothing as their fists fly.

Harry takes his helmet off as if it makes him more
intimidating. His Opponent laughs and SMACKS him across the
face with his hockey stick, knocking Harry's front teeth out.

Blood gushes on the ice. Harry looks to the bench. Jimbob
shakes his head, sending in a smug Georgio to replace him.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Harry is carted away with Dave at his side, holding his hand.

Between losing his teeth, sobbing, and blood filling his
mouth, he can barely get the words out.

HARRY

I love you, man. Take my letterman
jacket. Take it all. It's been a
good ride.

DAVE

Harry, you're not dying.

HARRY

I'll always be with you, brother.

He looks at the blood on his jersey and passes out again.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Harry squirms, hyperventilating, as he snaps to.

Dave looks to LouLou, who's already prepared with a glass of water to hand over.

DAVE

My bad. I shouldn't have brought it
back up.

Harry takes the water from LouLou and chugs it. He checks his teeth in the reflective surface across the bar.

HARRY

I thought my life was over, but it
doesn't have to be. It's time to
redeem myself. And I'm taking you
with me on this path to redemption!

DAVE

Harry, I'm sorry, but I've got too
much on my plate to get caught up
in whatever all this--

HARRY

Do you want Peter, Piper and Pepper
to be proud of you or not?

DAVE

Pepper died...

HARRY

Really? Damn, I loved that dog.

Dave looks ready to leave the bar and this conversation.

HARRY (CONT'D)

So? Ready to prove everyone wrong?

DAVE

I really think you should take a
look at your life, man. Think about
what Sheryl said.

Dave leaves, leaving Harry watching hockey on the television.

INT. ICE ARENA - DAY

Jimbo (70s), who has let his age get the best of him and misses coaching more than he's willing to admit, slumps over the wall of the ice rink.

A few YOUNG ICE SKATERS practice on one side of the rink, and four CURLERS take up the half closest to Jimbo.

Arms prop on the wall beside him. It's Harry.

HARRY

Just couldn't stay away, could you?
I get it.

Jimbo does a double-take, sees Harry and then stands back to get a better look at him.

JIMBO

Damn.

HARRY

Right?

JIMBO

You look like shit, kid.

HARRY

(offended)
Hey now. I didn't come in here
talking about how you shriveled up
into a raisin of a man.

Jimbo doesn't waste any words. He gets back to watching the curling practice.

Harry realizes he's not talking to the same energized coach he used to know.

HARRY (CONT'D)

And because I didn't come to say
that... Want to know why I'm here?

JIMBO

Nope.

HARRY

I need your help.

JIMBO

Oh no. I'm too old to get you out
of trouble like I used to--

HARRY

No, I need you to coach me. I want to give being an Olympic hockey player one last shot. And then if you could make my friend Dave half-way decent on the ice--

JIMBOB

Wait, what in the hell? Besides that being just damn near impossible, I don't coach anymore. Aged out of all that shit. I just run the rink.

HARRY

You can't age out of coaching.

JIMBOB

Sure you can.

HARRY

How?

JIMBOB

Listen, kid. Sometimes you just have to realize you're doing more harm than good to yourself and the team by not hanging it up.

HARRY

Yeah, but you went out on top. I was cut short from reaching it.

JIMBOB

You cut that rope yourself.

HARRY

(defeated)

Well, thank you for that reminder. You have a way with words.

Jimbo rolls his eyes and lets out an exhausted SIGH.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Just give me a chance to prove it.

INT. RINK - ICE ARENA - DAY

Harry laces up his old skates. A smile washes over his face as he picks up a hockey stick.

Jimbo tosses a puck to him, and Harry gracefully moves it in front of himself, then starts doing tricks.

HARRY

I told you, I've still got it.

JIMBOB

Anyone can win a skills contest.
Could you win a game?

Harry's egotistical look says yes.

Jimbo watches as he times Harry sprinting from side to side of the rink. The pained look on his face now says no.

Harry lines up at center rink. Only Jimbo, wearing large, padded goalie gloves, stands between Harry and the goal.

Harry, sweating profusely, grins and cradles the puck with his stick. He moves toward Jimbo and tries to show off, spinning and passing to himself.

Jimbo starts to defend more aggressively. Harry glides to the side and gets visibly nervous as --

POW. Jimbo slams into him with his body weight cushioned by his padded arm. Harry falls straight to the ground.

HARRY

What the--

Jimbo stands over him with raised eyebrows.

JIMBOB

Not bad for a shriveled up raisin,
huh?

Harry MOANS in pain, unable to get up.

JIMBOB (CONT'D)

Your splits were twice as slow as
back in the day. Hang it up, kid.

The Ice Skaters giggle as their PARENTS take them away.

On the other side of the rink, the Curlers laugh and point at him, then get back to their practice.

Harry glares back, angrily mutters as he struggles to get up.

HARRY

What the hell are you looking at?!
Fucking gliding turds with your
little dumb rocks...

The curling team, led by CAPTAIN CURL (40s), pauses. Captain Curl lets the curling stone go, grimaces mid-glide.

The stone lands in the first ring of the target. He turns his attention to Harry, flipping his curly locks behind his ears.

CAPTAIN CURL

You don't have the skill, talent, athleticism or composure to even talk about our sport... not to mention play it.

Jimbob leans back against the goal, enjoying the smack-talk.

HARRY

Your sport? You think what you do is a sport?

CAPTAIN CURL

According to the Olympics it is. But I'm guessing you wouldn't know anything about being at this level.

Baffled, Harry looks back at Jimbob, who shrugs in response.

CAPTAIN CURL (CONT'D)

If you don't mind, we've got work to do.

The Curlers get back to practice.

Jimbob makes his way off the ice, and Harry follows.

HARRY

Who the hell does he think he is?

JIMBOB

They're good at what they do, but even if they make it to the Olympics this year, the Swedes will crush them.

HARRY

You mean to tell me those nerdy dipshits are actually Olympic athletes?

JIMBOB

Yep. Hate all you want, but they're the smartest dipshits I know. They picked a sport where they can keep their brain cells, teeth and a shot at the games no matter their age.

HARRY

You're saying I should try curling?

JIMBOB

No, I'm saying you chose the wrong sport when you had the choice.

HARRY

Oh, come on. It can't be that hard. Will you train me?

JIMBOB

I told you, I'm out of coaching.

HARRY

And? Retirement is temporary for anyone who really loves the sport. Everyone knows that. Jimbob, I need this. I want to go out on top. Help me get to the Olympics.

JIMBOB

If I make you a deal, will you stop begging like a damn five-year-old?

HARRY

Yes!

JIMBOB

If you find three more bozos dumb enough to make a full team by the end of the week, then we'll talk. This is the first year mixed teams are allowed in the Olympics, so that's your best shot.

HARRY

Deal! Can't wait!

Jimbob shrugs him off, having no faith it'll happen and hopeful it doesn't.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Dave and Harry stare at the television screen in front of them with quizzical looks on their faces.

They're watching a curling tournament.

DAVE

You want to do that?

HARRY

Us! I want us to do that.

DAVE
Harry, c'mon...

HARRY
No, you come on. Come on board to the greatest ride of your life! I'm tired of seeing you stressed all the time. Do something for you.

DAVE
I can't just do that with kids--

HARRY
Then do it for them.

He and Dave make heavy eye contact. Dave holds a serious gaze, and Harry mirrors it. Dave rolls his eyes, giving in.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Great! Now we just need two other people to make a team.

LouLou pours tequila shots for customers.

HARRY (CONT'D)
LouLou! You down to curl, my girl? Get kinky on the rinky?

LOULOU
Can't risk being your teammate and give up being your number one fan. Too many sluts in line ready to steal my position.

HARRY
Damn it, LouLou... You're so right.

Dave rolls his eyes at the interaction.

A COMMOTION breaks out from the far side of the room at the shuffleboard table, where RAMONA (40s) wins again. She's a hairdresser by day, shuffleboard player by night, and very lonely when she's doing neither.

BETTERS pay up, and the next OPPONENTS step up to play her.

Harry, Dave and the whole bar stare as she lines up the disk and zones in on the triangular target.

She strokes the disk against salt on the board and then gives it a push. It glides across the table and lands right in the point of the triangle.

Her Opponent scratches his head, already nervous.

Ramona flips her hair back into a ponytail, and her eyes catch Dave and Harry staring at her. Her quizzical look snaps them out of their trance.

DAVE
Shit. She saw us.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Her. We need her.

DAVE (CONT'D)
You can't just try to pull anyone who's good at anything.

HARRY
Sure you can. Plus, it's like the same thing. Just a miniature version. Imagine us sweeping that thing across the table, and you've got curling.

They try to imagine that exact thought.

BEGIN IMAGINING:

A miniature Harry and Dave glide down the board, swiftly sweeping the giant disks towards the target. They come to a halt and watch it go as it lands right in the middle.

END IMAGINING.

Harry jumps up from his seat and walks towards the Crowd.

DAVE
What are you doing??

Dave hides his face in his as Harry approaches Ramona.

Harry puffs his chest out and stands obnoxiously close to Ramona. She wins another round without being fazed but cannot ignore his looming presence.

RAMONA
Can I help you?

HARRY
I bet I can beat you.

RAMONA
You and every other asshole in this bar. Get in line.

HARRY
Here's the deal. If I beat you, you join our curling team.

He points to Dave over at the bar who looks on, embarrassed.

RAMONA
(confused)
What?

HARRY
Deal?

RAMONA
When you lose, will you leave me
alone?

HARRY
If. And maybe.

Harry grabs the disks before anyone else can. Ramona eyes Harry, puzzled. He's clearly never played shuffleboard as he picks up the disks, weighing them in his hands.

RAMONA
Loser goes first.

She gestures for him to start.

HARRY
We'll see who the real loser is.

Harry slings his first disk down the board, sending it flying off the table.

Ramona chuckles and everyone else does too, making Harry immediately less confident and uncomfortable.

Ramona carefully lets her disk slowly glide into the corner of the triangle. Harry tries the same technique, but it barely gets halfway across the board.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Damn!

Ramona sees his frustration and purposefully pushes the rest of her disks with less effort, one by one. Harry, however, still can't get one to hit on target and loses anyway.

RAMONA
Good luck with your little team.

Harry stares in shock as if the loss came unexpectedly. He backs away with a smug smile, playing it off. Ramona watches him curiously as he takes the walk of shame back to Dave.

He sits back down at the bar beside Dave, who saw it all.

DAVE
That went well.

HARRY
I let her win. Didn't want to
publicly embarrass her, you know.

DAVE
Right... Well, looks like it's just
not meant to be.

HARRY
I found a sport that you can play.
It's meant to be.

Dave is offended for a short second then --

DAVE
I might actually have an idea.

Harry, distracted by the loss, glares back at Ramona.

INT. JASPER HIGH GYMNASIUM - DAY

Two STUDENTS (15-16) stand near the far wall of the gym,
scared for their lives.

Coach holds three dodgeballs in her arms, with one ready to
unleash on the unlucky teen of her choice.

A few lucky Students are on her team.

COACH
There's no hiding in dodgeball! I
see you, and I will get you!

She throws the ball towards the Students. One dodges the
ball, so it hits the hiding Kid, bounces and hits the Other.

COACH (CONT'D)
You're out!

Dave enters the gym.

Coach looks to the Students on her team.

COACH (CONT'D)
Becky, Martin, Sue. You're in. Get
over there.

They nervously walk to the other side.

COACH (CONT'D)
Alright, here we go.

She winds up.

Dave looks under and around the bleachers.

Peter, in the bleachers, sees his Dad.

PETER
(under breath)
What in the--

Dave inches his way towards Coach, lingering behind her.

DAVE
Hey there, Coach?

COACH
What?!

She turns and throws the ball at him instinctively. It pegs him in the gut. He clutches his stomach in pain.

DAVE
(gasping)
Do you know where I could find the janitor?

Coach continues pelting Teens with dodgeballs.

COACH
Can't you see I'm busy?

DAVE
Sorry, I--

Coach tags the rest of the kids out. With no one else left, she looks to Dave.

COACH
Get over there, and I'll tell you.

The bell RINGS but Teenagers stay, intrigued, awaiting Dave's answer. Peter tries to leave, but Friends nudge him to watch.

Coach points to the other half of the court. Dave looks around one last time for Gail, then to the other side of the court as if it's his deathbed.

Dave and Coach each hold a ball. He throws his as hard as he can, and it completely misses. He gets in a ready defensive position, legs shoulder-width apart.

Coach smirks, then throws it right at his crotch. The ball catches right between his legs. A mixture of pain and glee--

DAVE

I caught it! I won!

Coach angrily grabs Dave's misfired ball and nails him right in the nuts, knocking the other dodgeball out with it. Dave crumples to the floor in pain.

The Students exit the gym, laughing. Peter leaves shaking his head, embarrassed.

COACH

You are a sad excuse for a man.

Dave rolls over, frustrated, as he sees Peter leave.

Gail comes around the corner with her broom. Maybe Dave's out of it or maybe she's just a talented sweeper but either way, Dave's entranced with her graceful sweeping.

He brushes himself off and limps over.

DAVE

Would you like to join my curling team?

Gail stands in shock.

DAVE (CONT'D)

We could really use someone as talented as you with the broom.

COACH

You came to ask janitor girl to join a team instead of me? Big mistake there, buddy.

GAIL

(quietly)

My name's Gail... And I'm in.

DAVE

Great, we're training for the winter Olympics by the way.

Gail looks just as taken aback as Coach.

COACH

You two?? The day you make it to the Olympics, I'll quit my job and get an ass tat of your faces.

DAVE

What if you just give Peter an A instead?

COACH

Ha! Yeah, okay. I was going to offer my talents but that'd give you an unfair advantage.

DAVE

Well, that's okay. We have a full squad now anyway--

COACH

I'll coach.

DAVE

Um, we already have a coach. You could be... an assistant?

COACH

Coach doesn't assist anyone. Coach is coach.

Dave look to Gail, both scared at the intensity radiating from Coach. He smiles and awkwardly nods.

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Ramona walks to the front to grab her next customer.

RAMONA

Mr. Schneider?

Behind an In Style magazine, a familiar and overly ecstatic face pops up.

HARRY

Right here!

He eagerly jumps up for his appointment.

Ramona's face drops in shock.

RAMONA

What're you doing here?

The FRONT DESK ATTENDANT along with other curious CUSTOMERS turn their attention to the interaction.

HARRY

Just here to get a hair cut. Heard you were the best in town!

Ramona watches other Customers, and HAIRDRESSERS gawk at him.

She shakes her head, turns around and walks to her station with Harry following close behind.

Harry plops down in the chair, and Ramona turns on the water to shampoo his hair. She scrubs his head harshly.

RAMONA
How'd you find me?

HARRY
Oh, Ms. Ramona Huckabee Wilson, I
know a lot more about you.

Ramona turns the water to burning hot. Steam rises.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Ow!

Workers and Customers eye them. She turns off the water and presses a towel on his head, drying it aggressively.

RAMONA
Sorry about that...
(whispers)
What do you want?

HARRY
I want you to join our curling
team.

RAMONA
Is this some dumb prank you and
your buddy made up at the bar?

HARRY
No. I'm very serious. More serious
than that lady's bangs over there.

Through the mirror, he points to a WOMAN, whose bangs are in need of a miracle makeover.

HARRY (CONT'D)
While you're at it though, I have a
few premature gray hairs. Can you
get rid of them? I hear it happens
to all the great athletes after
wearing a helmet all those years...

RAMONA
Or maybe it's when they start to
stress over becoming has-beens?

Harry darts his eyes at her as she paints in the hair dye.

HARRY

(defensive)

And maybe it's having short-lived connections day in and day out, then going home a lone, sad woman, that makes some people cry while eating a microwaved dinner-for-one every night until they work up the courage to put on a tough face and take out the pent up rage on anyone that'll face them in table curling.

Heads turn as Harry's voice rings through the room.

HARRY (CONT'D)

We can move on and find another curler somewhere somehow, but can you live without the friendships that I'm offering, bonded by the sport, brothers and sisters of the ice!? Truth be told, you need us more than we need you.

Ramona swallows as dye oozes out of the bottle she clasps firmly in her hand. She snaps out of it and caps the bottle.

RAMONA

It's called shuffleboard, not table curling... And you don't know anything about me.

HARRY

Oh, but I do.

Ramona jams her fingers into his temples and scrubs the dye into his hair.

RAMONA

Is your friend from the bar as annoying as you are?

HARRY

Unfortunately not. We're working on his self-confidence.

Ramona stares at him, perplexed.

HAIR SALON - MINUTES LATER

Ramona sits Harry down with a towel over his head. He looks in the mirror, awaiting the reveal as she dries his hair.

She smiles, then unveils his new, hip head of hair.

It's silver-gray. Harry's jaw drops.

HARRY
What did you do??

RAMONA
Whoops.

HARRY
No whoops! Change it back!

RAMONA
Your roots looked naturally grey.
Do you dye your hair?

HARRY
(taken-aback)
No...

RAMONA
Just so you know, the silver fox
look is very "in" right now.

HARRY
This... This right here is why you
have no friends.

He dramatically bolts up.

A few of the Hair Dressers and Customers whistle and shoot flirtatious looks at the now silver fox. Harry can't help but wink and smile back.

He looks back at Ramona, cleaning up her station. He walks back and drops a slip of paper on the table.

HARRY (CONT'D)
If you have a change of heart,
here's the time and address.

Ramona doesn't acknowledge, cleaning her space.

Harry checks himself out in the mirror and styles his hair.

As he walks out, Ramona glances at the slip of paper.

INT. BATHROOM - HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harry turns on the sink, pouting in the mirror as he waits for the water to heat up. He opens a bottle of white vinegar.

In the shower, he shampoos the dye out. His darker hair color coming back underneath.

INT. RAMONA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ramona flicks the light on to her empty apartment.

She pops a meal-for-one in the microwave and grabs the half-empty bottle of wine out the fridge.

As she sits in silence, she takes in her reality. Harry hit the nail on the head.

INT. ICE ARENA - DAY

The doors to the entrance SWING open. Harry, Dave, Gail and Coach swagger through them.

Jimbob watches the Crew walk in.

JIMBOB

Shit.

HARRY

Found some teammates!

He points out each of them.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Dave.

Dave stands, hands on his hips, trying to look as athletically inclined as possible.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Gail.

Gail smiles and waves nervously.

HARRY (CONT'D)

And um...

COACH

I'm Coach. I don't play, I coach.

JIMBOB

(to Harry)

Well, looks like you don't need me then.

HARRY

No, we do! We need a coach who actually knows about curling.

He meets eyes with Coach, who glares him down.

COACH

(to Dave)

Did you not tell this fool who I am? What I do?

JIMBOB

There's not even a team to coach if you don't have four teammates.

THUD. The door closes as Ramona walks in.

HARRY

It's a good thing we have four then. Jimbob, team, meet Ramona!

Expecting everyone to collectively welcome her, Dave's voice ECHOES, as he's the only one to do so.

DAVE

Hi, Ramona!

Everyone stares awkwardly. Ramona falls in line and nods hello to everyone. She and Dave exchange a smile.

HARRY

What do ya say, coach?

COACH

I say we better not lose a damn game. I'm about to whip all your asses into shape.

The Teammates look at each other, worried.

HARRY

I mean... Jimbob.

Jimbob ponders it. He looks over the pitiful group.

JIMBOB

I guess I'll teach you what I can.

HARRY

Yes!

A mix of excitement and anxiety washes over everyone's faces.

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE - DAY

A shiny, new Volvo SUV with tinted windows swings into the driveway. The BASS from the music can be heard outside.

The back car doors open as Peter and Piper exit, and the song becomes more clear - "Anyway You Want It" by Journey.

The Kids' faces drop in disappointment at the sight of their dad, as they sluggishly walk towards him.

DAVE

Oh, man. That song's a little outdated, don't you think?

PIPER

Lars uses eighties rock to learn English.

PETER

He's actually getting really good. Especially when he sings.

DAVE

Ah, of course... How is Mom's Swedish hunk of love-muffin?

Peter and Piper roll their eyes and grimace.

PETER

You know no one calls him that but you, right?

Dave shakes his head, embarrassed.

Dave's more fun ex-other-half TINA (late-40s) gets out the passenger side.

As she closes the door behind her, her Swedish boyfriend LARS (40s) rolls down the window. Sunglasses on and hair slicked back, he SINGS along to the song.

LARS

(voice of an angel)

She loves to laugh

She loves to sing

She does everything

She loves to move

She loves to groove

She loves the lovin' things

DAVE
 (under breath)
 God, I want to strangle that
 angelic voice right out of him.

Tina walks over. The Kids follow.

TINA
 Hey, so Lars and I are traveling
 again for a month or so. Do you
 mind keeping the kids that long?

KIDS
 Mommm!!! No!

LARS
*Oh, she said,
 Any way you want it...*

DAVE
 Lars! We're trying to have a family
 discussion here!

Lars goes into a quieter whisper-sing.

Dave looks at his despondent kids, then to Tina.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 No, of course not. I'd keep them
 every day if I could.

TINA
 Thank you.
 (to kids)
 I'd bring you both if I could but
 with school and everything, you
 know that's not possible. I'm sure
 Dad will think of fun stuff to do
 with you two.

PETER
 Right...

The Kids hug their Mom one last time, then head inside.

Dave opens his arms wide --

DAVE
 It'll be fun!

They walk right past him.

LARS

(louder)

*I was alone
I never knew
What good love could do
Ooh, then we touched
Then we sang
About the lovin' things*

Tina clutches Dave's arm.

TINA

They'll get over it. Thank you
again.

He nods as she walks back to the car.

Dave and Lars make eye contact. Without breaking it, Lars
sings and drives away.

INT. HARRY'S CONDO - DAY

Harry's jerseys, trophies, and team photos are on every wall
and table of the bachelor pad.

Harry holds up an old white jersey with his name and number
on it from college that he couldn't get back on if he tried.

He hyperventilates, then calms himself.

HARRY

It's just a jersey.

He wipes away a single tear.

EXT. SHERYL'S HOUSE - DAY

Harry waits anxiously outside the door. He KNOCKS. Waits.
Quickly KNOCKS again.

Sheryl opens the door to see Harry standing, a bag in tow.

HARRY

Okay, I've made a decision.

Harry lets himself in.

INT. SHERYL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sheryl shuts the door behind them.

SHERYL
You're moving in??

HARRY
No...

He puts the bag down and unzips it. He pulls out and holds up the jersey, folded and delicately placed.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I want you to know this is tough for me but I want to show you that I'm not getting in my own way anymore. I want Sidney to have this jersey as a token of my commitment.

Sheryl looks at it, smiling but confused.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I'm getting back on the ice.

Sheryl sinks, dejected.

SHERYL
Harry...

HARRY
Dave and I have started a curling team, and I'm finally going to have a fair shot at the Olympics.

SHERYL
Curling?

HARRY
I thought about what you said. A has-been can't be a hus-band.

SHERYL
That's not what I meant--

HARRY
It's okay, I agree. I can't be my best me for you until I'm the best me for me. And that version of me was before I met you!

SHERYL
Excuse me??

HARRY
I mean, you deserve the stud with something going for him, better than Sidney Crosby I might add.

SHERYL

Harry, I like the guy that sold me my mini-van and talked about the importance of the sacrifices made for a growing family and security.

HARRY

I promise. This will be best for me, for us.

She studies the hopeful gleam in his eyes.

SHERYL

Well, I guess, if you're sure it's what you need, I support you.

She kisses him, then sees him holding the jersey away so it doesn't get wrinkled between them.

SHERYL (CONT'D)

And that's so sweet of you to give Sidney this jersey!

(yells)

Sidney, Harry has a gift for you!

Sidney Crosby Jr. runs in, carefully holding a full cup of fruit punch with two hands, keeping both eyes on it.

SHERYL (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa, slow down!

Sidney Crosby Jr. loses grip as he stops.

SPLASH. The red fruit punch spills on Harry's beloved jersey.

SIDNEY CROSBY JR.

Whoops.

HARRY

Whoops?!

SHERYL

He didn't mean to, Harry.

Harry, in shock, looks at his now red, damp shirt.

SHERYL (CONT'D)

Sidney, go get some paper towels, and tell Harry you're sorry.

She looks to Harry, whose eyes well up with tears.

SHERYL (CONT'D)

Are you crying?

HARRY

No.

He wipes his eyes.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Some of the juice got in my eye.

SIDNEY CROSBY JR.

Cry baby!

HARRY

I am not!

SIDNEY CROSBY JR.

Uh-huh!

SHERYL

Sidney. Paper towels.

Sidney obeys. Sheryl takes the jersey, releasing it from Harry's death grip.

INT. RINK - ICE ARENA - DAY

PRE-TEENS in glittery costumes practice their ice-dance routines at the far end of the rink.

Harry ties up his ice skates.

JIMBOB (O.S.)

Nope.

THUD. Jimbob drops a bag full of shoes in front of him.

Harry and the Team look at the shoes cluelessly.

JIMBOB (CONT'D)

I found these. Nothing fancy but
will get the job done.

He looks to the large bag sitting beside Dave.

JIMBOB (CONT'D)

What's that?

Dave, in jeans and a polo, digs into the bag.

DAVE

Practice essentials! Waters,
snacks, first-aid kit...

COACH

If any of you punks ask for water
or a band-aid, I'll drop-kick you.

Jimbob shakes his head and picks up a pair of shoes, then
points to each sole, one rubber, and one more slick.

JIMBOB

This shoe helps you stay planted.
And this one helps you glide. Go
ahead and put them on.

The Team looks like deer in the headlights.

FWEET! Coach BLOWS a whistle hanging around her neck.

COACH

You heard the man! Lace up,
motherfuckers!

FWEET!

SKATERS' PARENTS turn their heads, irritated at the outburst.

DAVE

(under breath)
I regret this very much.

JIMBOB

This ought to be fun.

INT. RINK - ICE ARENA - LATER

Dave's slicker shoe keeps making his leg slide, causing him
to go into half-splits.

Jimbob stands beside a curling stone, with brooms in hand.

JIMBOB

Okay, you'll all rotate but let's
start by finding your strengths.

Coach blows the whistle out of her mouth with a cackle.

JIMBOB (CONT'D)

We'll have two sweepers--

FWEET!

COACH

Custodian! You're in.

Gail, frustrated, steps forward.

GAIL
It's Gail.

JIMBOB
And then let's have the least
athletic person left.

FWEET!

COACH
(to Dave)
Mom jeans, you're in!

DAVE
I am not wearing--

FWEET!

RAMONA
Okay, can we stop with the
whistle?!

Coach looks to Jimbob and the rest of the Team - "Who does she think she is?"

HARRY
It is a lot of noise. I've had a
lot of concussions, so the ringing--

JIMBOB
My hearing aid could use a break.

COACH
Greats don't ask for breaks.

Dave steps forward with his gliding foot. He slides into a split, unable to stop, until--

Ramona catches him. Their eyes lock, as she helps him up. Dave straightens up and plays it off. Ramona lets go.

DAVE
Thank you.

Ramona accepts the thanks with a nod.

Harry eyes them and obnoxiously winks at Dave, who signals for him to cut it out.

Jimbob hands Gail and Dave brooms.

JIMBOB
Harry and Ramona, that means you'll
be pushing the stones first.

Harry goes for a high-five with Ramona. Denied.

JIMBOB (CONT'D)

Be prepared to get low.

(laughs to Harry)

Boy, you're going to hurt in places
you've never hurt before.

At the other end of the rink, a very serious duo of young Ice Skaters nod to an Ice Skating Mom to hit the music. An upbeat pop-rock song plays over the montage.

TRAINING MONTAGE

The Skater Girl and Boy gracefully glide across the ice.

Gail teaches Dave how to swiftly sweep. Jimbob cuts in to demonstrate quicker shorter strokes. Dave is distracted by Ramona, practicing her lunge form. Gail nudges him to focus.

Coach tries to force Harry in the same position by pressing down on his legs. Her strength is no match for his lack of flexibility. Harry collapses.

The Ice Skaters get low. The Boy grabs the Girl by the waist and lifts her. The Ice Skater Mom nods, watching intently.

Ramona tries to lift Harry up off the ground. Jimbob shakes his head, and comes over to help. Coach offers no help, doing bicep curls with the curling stones.

Jimbob shows Harry and Ramona how to push off of a hack, using their sliding foot to balance and glide across the ice.

Harry settles into the hack. He pushes off, transfers his weight onto his sliding foot. It's too much weight. He loses balance, falls forward, and--

CRASHES into the Ice Skaters as they round their half of the rink at full speed.

END MONTAGE.

The music STOPS. The Ice Skating Parents come to their aid.

ICE SKATING PARENT

What is wrong with you people?!
This is a professional rink. You
could have killed these kids!

HARRY

Okay, that's a little extreme...

The Team comes to help him up. The Ice Skaters skate off the ice. Their Parents scowl at the Curlers.

JIMBOB

(to team)

Alright, we need to find another place to get through the basics.

GAIL

I may be able to get us into the school after hours.

Everyone shrugs, having no other suggestions.

COACH

I can do that too. Better!

The Team awkwardly acknowledges.

JIMBOB

Okay. Well, that'll have to do.

Coach and Gail glare at each other.

INT. JASPER HIGH GYMNASIUM - DAY

The school bell RINGS.

STUDENTS grab their backpacks and mingle as they file out.

Coach surveils the empty gym, as she juggles every type of sports ball... an unnecessary but impressive skill. She meets eyes with Gail, who sweeps around the bleachers.

They nod to each other and then go about their business.

SNICKERS are heard behind the bleachers. Coach turns her head towards them, then to Gail.

COACH

I thought we got rid of the rats?

GAIL

We did...

Coach drills a ball at the bleachers, creating a THUNDERING BANG. Two TEEN-LOVERS rush out from behind the bleachers.

Coach pelts them with ball after ball like a machine gun.

She grabs the whistle from around her neck. FWEET! FWEET!

COACH
 (between fweets)
 Out! You herpes-filled hood-rats.

She SLAMS the doors behind them.

GAIL
 I'll go scan the halls and let you
 know when the coast is clear.

COACH
 Go check the rooms, and tell me
 when it's all clear!

GAIL
 I just said that's what I'm going
 to do...

COACH
 But I'm telling you that's what you
 should do.

GAIL
 I'm not doing it because you--

FWEET!

Annoyed, Gail leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAVE'S HOUSE - DAY

The room is bland. The television is on, but Piper and Peter
 watch videos their phones instead.

Dave walks towards the sofa, wearing a try-hard sporty look.

DAVE
 Kids? I have a fun activity I think
 you guys might want to come watch.

Peter and Piper ignore him.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 Hello?

Peter looks up from his phone.

PETER
 Why are you dressed like that?

DAVE
 Like what?

PIPER

Like you're going to walk with the old ladies group down the street.

DAVE

I'm dressed for practice... I didn't want to brag in front of your mom and Lars, but I'm on a curling team now.

PETER

A what team?

DAVE

Curling... You know, on the ice. The sport of the Winter Olympics.

PETER

Nope.

PIPER

Never heard of it.

DAVE

Well, I thought if you guys came to practice, it'd be a fun bonding experience. You know, have some quality time with your old man.

PIPER

I can't. I have homework.

DAVE

(skeptical)

And that's why you're on your phone right now?

PIPER

Yep.

DAVE

Peter?

PETER

Ummm...

DAVE

C'mon. It'll be fun.

PETER

I guess...

DAVE

Yes!

Peter stands up, unenthused.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Piper, you sure?

PIPER
Yep. Can't.

PETER
She's going to sneak out.

PIPER
I am not. You're just mad you're going to be stuck alone with Dad.

Dave stares at them, overwhelmed.

DAVE
Alright. Piper, I'm trusting you. Stay home and do your homework. We'll be back in a couple hours.

Piper nods without looking up.

Dave grabs his keys. Behind his back, Peter and Piper shoot dagger eyes at each other.

EXT. JASPER HIGH GYMNASIUM - DAY

Harry BEATS on the gym doors. He looks over to the nearby windows, then leaps behind the bushes to peek through them.

TEENAGER (O.S.)
Peeper creeper!

Harry whips his head around to see the TEENAGERS passing by. Caught off guard, he trips and falls into the bushes.

HARRY
No, no. I'm a... student. Here to see a teacher!

TEENAGER
No, you're not. You're old.

HARRY
I am not! Just mature for my age.

TEENAGER
You actually seem pretty underdeveloped for an old guy.

HARRY
I got my first pube at like five years old, so fuck off.

They shake their heads and mock him as they walk away.

As he makes his way back through the bushes--

Ramona walks up and KNOCKS on the door.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Hey, it's closed--

Coach opens the door.

RAMONA
Guess I have the magic touch.

Coach peers around the door to see Harry struggling.

COACH
What the hell are you doing? People
are going to think you're a creep.

RAMONA
They'd be right.

Harry rolls his eyes and follows them inside.

INT. DAVE'S MINIVAN - DAY - MOVING

Dave and Peter pull out the driveway. Dave smiles ear to ear. He fidgets with the radio as they pull up to a stop sign.

DAVE
Do you guys actually like that old
rock stuff or is pop still poppin'?

Peter is distracted by a car passing by.

PETER
Isn't that Jessica's car?

Dave's eyes shift to the rearview mirror. The car pulls into their driveway. His brow furrows.

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE - DAY

Piper briskly locks the front door and runs to Jessica's car, then sees Dave's car pull up behind Jessica's.

PIPER
Shit.

Piper immediately turns back and sprints to the house.

DAVE

Piper!

She slowly turns around. Caught in the act.

JESSICA

Piper, are you coming or not?

Piper glances back and forth at her friend's and dad's cars.

DAVE

No, she is not. Piper, get in the car. I can't believe you betrayed my trust.

JESSICA (16) and her PALS (teens) peer out of their windows.

BACK-SEAT TEEN

Oh shit. Is that your dad? What's up, Big D?!

Dave gives a slight wave but remains focused on Piper.

DAVE

Piper. Now. We have to go.

Piper rolls her eyes and heads to the car.

PIPER

(to friends)

Sorry, guys.

JESSICA

Damn, I miss your mom. Your dad's such a dick.

DAVE

You're the dick, Jessica.

PIPER

Dad! You can't call her that.

Jessica and her Pals unnecessarily VROOM and swerve down the quiet neighborhood street.

Piper tries to SLAM the mini-van door, but it slowly, automatically closes as she pouts.

INT. JASPER HIGH GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The minute-hand of a wall-clock ticks forward.

Harry strains his eyes, staring at the clock.

Behind him, Coach lays out an agility ladder to complete her training course.

Jimbob and the rest of the Team wait on the bleachers.

HARRY
What's that clock say?

COACH
Half-past that son of a bitch
should have been here o'clock.

GAIL
(to Harry)
You can't read an analog clock?

HARRY
Never needed to. My mind just has
this natural clock, you know?

RAMONA
May want to replace the batteries
on that...

The gym doors CREAK open. Dave walks in.

DAVE
Sorry! I know I'm late.

COACH
Laps! Run them for every minute
you've been late.

JIMBOB
No. We don't have time for that.

Peter and Piper lag behind Dave.

The Team gets up, stretches out, then stares at the Kids.

HARRY
(whispers loudly)
Dave... You know the kids followed
you?

COACH
(to Dave and Peter)
Damn, something about seeing you
two gangly-punks side by side just
brings me overwhelming sadness that
the world can be so cruel.

Piper snickers.

DAVE

Peter and Piper are going to be tagging along from now on since their mom's out of town.

COACH

Yikes. That woman really can't get far enough away from you.

Ramona sees the hurt wash over Dave's face.

RAMONA

Alright, shall we get started?

JIMBOB

Yep!

Coach CLAPS her hands and FWEETS her whistle.

COACH

Alright, line up!

JIMBOB

Nope.

COACH

What?

JIMBOB

Throwing you all in the deep end isn't working. To the classroom.

COACH

What??

No!!

HARRY

Dave breathes a sigh of relief.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I hate classrooms.

He shivers with disgust.

INT. CLASSROOM - JASPER HIGH - NIGHT

ON OLD-SCHOOL TELEVISION: DORKY GUYS (50s) go through the curling motions, followed by fuzzy dated captions and voiced by a heavy Scottish accent that's barely understandable. Made all the more difficult to understand by Coach interrupting.

CURLING GUIDE (V.O.)
 Each team has two stones per person to deliver from the hack. The stone is thrown towards the house on the opposite end. A player must always release the stone before the hog-line...

COACH
 What in the hell...
 What in the hell?!
 What in the hell is this motherfucker saying?

The light from the TV flickers on the faces of the Team. Jimbob sits at the front like a lazy, substitute teacher. He looks over to Coach, annoyed, then scans the classroom.

CURLING GUIDE (V.O.)
 When a rock is thrown, it curls. It's the skip's job to indicate the direction the curler should throw the rock, by holding up one arm. Your rock should point in the same direction of their arm.

Dave's Kids sit in the back on their phones. Gail watches, fully understanding. Harry drools on a desk he can barely fit in. Dave takes notes... or tries. Ramona peaks at his notes.

Jimbob walks over and kicks Harry awake.

CURLING GUIDE (V.O.)
 The team with the last stone, the hammer, can score more than one point in that end--

Harry, in a sleepy daze, rubs his eyes then his ears.

HARRY
 Yo, Jimbob. I didn't take German.

JIMBOB
 Read the subtitles.

HARRY
 I'm a visual learner.

JIMBOB
 Then just watch the damn screen!

Everyone, including Coach and the Kids, is scared stiff.

CURLING GUIDE (V.O.)
 When a team scores, they lose the hammer. Points are scored by stones closest to the center of the house, before the opponent's best stone.

Jimbo turns the lights on as the video comes to a corny end, all of the Dorky Guys high-fiving.

JIMBOB

As we all saw in the tutorial,
there are many components to this
game. So, we want to understand our
strengths and... many, many
weaknesses to plan our shot
selection. As of right now, Ramona
has the best delivering technique--

Harry obnoxiously COUGHS, offended.

Coach writes down random parts of Jimbo's sentences.

JIMBOB (CONT'D)

So she'll be the Skip. Harry,
you've still got some of that
hockey player in you, just don't
let your big head get in the way.

Harry only heard the first part and feeds on the compliment.

JIMBOB (CONT'D)

Gail, you've got the sweeping down,
so you'll be Lead and cover us at
the end. And Dave...

Dave smiles, ready to hear something he's good at.

JIMBOB (CONT'D)

Just remember, it's okay if you
mess up; no one here is going to
judge you.

Harry, Ramona and Gail support the comment. Coach and Dave's kids all snicker, thinking otherwise.

Dave hangs his head. Ramona gives him a sympathetic look.

Jimbo holds out his hand to grab the marker from Coach. She won't give it over.

JIMBOB (CONT'D)

Okay... Speed, direction, and
defense are going to be key.

Coach draws up a court using X's and O's as players.

COACH

Full force at all times! You can
never push too hard.

GAIL
I don't think that's right.

COACH
Excuse you?

Gail approaches the board. She reaches for the marker.

GAIL
May I?

COACH
You may not!

JIMBOB
Go ahead, Gail.

Gail draws the bullseye-like house on the board, then rapidly draws out multiple scenarios while she speaks.

GAIL
(quickly speaking)
Strength and power really don't have much to do with it because of the weight. Sweeping and technique are the most important parts--

COACH
Says the broom lady.

GAIL
The speed and pressure of the broom melts the ice so the stone moves farther and in a desired direction. Once it leaves a thrower's hand, sweeping is the only hope.

The Team, including Jimbob and Coach, are left speechless. Even Peter and Piper's attention has been grabbed.

Dave quickly writes it all down.

Gail stands back as if what she's demonstrated is simple.

COACH
What is this, Good Will Hunting?

HARRY
Wait, so is this a sport or math?
Because I did not sign up for math.

Ramona leans over to Dave.

RAMONA
Did you get all of that?

DAVE
Yeah, I wrote it down at least...
Do you need the notes?

RAMONA
No, I'll catch on.

She waves him off but he nudges them against her hand.

DAVE
No. Take them.

They lock eyes, both holding onto the notes.

DAVE (CONT'D)
You could probably use them more
than I could.

RAMONA
(jokingly)
Oh, am I that bad?

DAVE
No, no. I meant that I'll probably
be pretty useless either way...

RAMONA
You're not useless.

Dave's Kids glance up at the exchange.

Dave jokingly leans in towards Ramona as if telling a secret.

DAVE
Just don't tell them that. I think
I've got them fooled pretty good.

They exchange a smile. She takes the notes. His Kids look on
in shock at their dad's stab at flirting, then at each other.

JIMBOB
Thank you, Gail. One out of four
understanding this is a good start.
You may be our Skip after all. But
you'll have to speak up.

Gail nervously nods and smiles, avoiding the overwhelming
stare-down that Coach is giving her.

JIMBOB (CONT'D)

Now, unfortunately with our timeline, we need to find teams that we can beat, and soon, in order to qualify for the trials.

RAMONA

How many teams?

JIMBOB

I don't want you all worrying about that. You just worry about winning.

SNAP. Coach breaks a ruler over her knee.

COACH

Yes! That's what I like to hear.

HARRY

Like those curlers at the rink?

JIMBOB

No. They'd beat your ass. We need--

COACH

What about them?

She points to Peter and Piper.

PIPER

Um, no.

Peter just looks up in shock.

Dave looks at Peter, then has a thought.

DAVE

(to Coach)

How about your gym class? Why not a curling day?

Peter violently shakes his head "no".

COACH

Psh. None of them know how to curl.

A mischievous look comes over her.

COACH (CONT'D)

That'd leave them unprepared and publicly humiliated, realizing that I can do whatever I want with our class, using and abusing the schedule in whatever way I want.

The Team looks at her concerned.

COACH (CONT'D)
We're going to beat the bitches
off those little bitches.

Peter's eyes go wide in fear.

HARRY
Time to find the old lucky undies!

Everyone grimaces.

Harry gets hyped up, DRUMMING his hands on the desk. He gets stuck, trying to jump out of his seat.

INT. JASPER HIGH GYMNASIUM - DAY

STUDENTS mingle on the bleachers as they await direction. The Teenage Boys fail to fill out their basketball "muscle shirts". They motion for the Girls to feel their biceps.

Peter sits in a plain T-shirt, nervous.

Coach BOUNCES a basketball to draw their attention.

COACH
Alright, pip-squeaks. Change in
schedule. No basketball today.

WHINY WESLEY
What?? That's not fair!

COACH
To who? I'm not starving any future
Michael Jordan of his dream here.
I'm saving you from embarrassment.

She points to his bare arms.

COACH (CONT'D)
Like a pair of sleeves would have.

WHINY WESLEY scowls, then self-consciously crosses his arms. His friend, JACQUES THE JOCK, courageously takes a stand.

JACQUES THE JOCK
What if I hit a half-court shot?

COACH
I don't know. What if you did?

JACQUES THE JOCK
Can we have basketball day back?

Coach rolls her eyes and looks to Peter, slyly.

COACH
If he does, you can.

The Class looks to Peter, just as in shock and disappointed at this turn of events as they are.

JACQUES THE JOCK
That's not fair. He sucks!

Coach shrugs, waiting for Peter. She glances around at the GROANING teens, as he descends down the bleachers.

She hands Peter the ball. He DRIBBLES. Then picks it up, about to shoot. Nervous, he DRIBBLES again.

Peter BOUNCES the ball one last time. He winds up, bending his knees almost to the floor. His face turns beet-red with the power he's stored up. He pushes the ball forward with his entire body until--

POW. Coach WHACKS the ball as soon as it leaves his hands.

COACH
Get your ass on the bus, punks.

WHINY WESLEY
What the heck? He could have made that!

Coach shrugs. A slight smile of relief crosses Peter's face as the rest of his class looks on, defeated.

EXT. ICE ARENA - DAY

Sheryl drives up in her modest sedan. Harry gets out the passenger side and blows a kiss and a wink to her.

Sheryl rolls down the back window.

SHERYL
Say goodbye to Harry, Sydney!

Harry waves awkwardly as Sydney stares at him, deadpan.

SHERYL (CONT'D)
He says bye... Good luck!

HARRY

Didn't see his lips move...

Harry and Sidney continue a stare-down as Sheryl drives off.

Dave's mini-van pulls up and parks. He gets out, sunglasses on, and sees Ramona walking up to the arena.

As cool as possible, he slings his hand over his shoulder to LOCK the car. He lets go of the keys. They fly back into the car. In the same motion, he kicks the door shut but--

DAVE

Shit!

He dives backwards to grab the door but it's too late. His keys are locked in.

Ramona stops, wanting to help, but Harry walks up behind him.

HARRY

Hey, man. No worries. I've got an extra set.

DAVE

To my van?

HARRY

Yeah, of course.

He pulls them out his back pocket and CLINKS them.

DAVE

Why do you have a set of keys to my car?

HARRY

That's none of your business.

Harry continues on. Dave follows behind, perplexed.

Coach pulls up, the school bus SCREECHING to a stop. As soon as the doors open, Gail runs off, panting. The Kids lag behind, all in shock, some in tears.

WHINY WESLEY

(into cell phone)

Hi, Mom. Ignore my message before.
I'm not dead. We made it. Love you.

INT. ICE ARENA - DAY

A sign that reads "**Rink reserved for: The Young and The Reckless Society - Addicts Helping Addicts**" welcomes Coach and the Kids at the entrance.

Jimbob stands front and center before everyone as they enter.

HARRY

What, um, what's with the sign there, Jimbob? We interrupting something?

JIMBOB

Nope. That sign's for you. Had to make something up to get the rink reserved.

DAVE

You couldn't have just said we were with the school or something?

JIMBOB

(shrugs)
Well, I guess I could have...

COACH

Alright. Enough chatting. Let's crush these motherfuckers.

She points to her Students. Their jaws drop.

JIMBOB

Actually, you're going to be their coach. Figure you'd be better at taking on that challenge.

Coach thinks on it.

COACH

You aren't wrong. If anyone can make them put up a fight on the ice, it's me.

JIMBOB

Remember, this is just to help our team get better. We're only playing one end. Not even a full game.

Everyone nods.

HARRY

One day you kids will get to say you played against Olympians.

His Teammates force smiles. Jimbob can't mask his doubt.

Coach turns to her Students.

COACH
I don't coach losers.

INT. RINK - ICE ARENA - DAY

A REFEREE approaches Jimbob and the Team.

REFEREE
Coach, team names?

JIMBOB
Ah, shit. Forgot about that.
(to Team)
Thoughts?

GAIL
Um... Broom for... four?

They all clench their teeth. Not the one.

HARRY
Stoners!?

The Referee looks to them skeptically. Jimbob picks up on it.

JIMBOB
Harry... We're putting our
addictions behind us. Remember?

It takes a second of awkward eye contact until--

HARRY
Oh... Right.

He snorts, coughs and shakes his whole body at the same time.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I'm clean now and not going back!

He reaches out for a fist-bump to the Referee, who pounds it.

RAMONA
Clean... Sweep?

Everyone turns their eyes to her. They nod in agreement.

DAVE
Sounds like a winner to me.

JIMBOB
 Alright. Clean Sweep it is.

HARRY
 Yeah, because we're going to wipe
 the floor with everyone we play!

JIMBOB
 Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

Meanwhile, Coach has a few unlucky Students huddled around her to be first up. The team consists of Wesley, Jacques, CLUELESS CASEY and Peter.

COACH
 Now, if you just--

FWEET. The Referee blows his whistle.

REFEREE
 Time to start!

Coach whips her head back, grabs the whistle, and FWEET.

COACH
 Not until I say it is!

The Referee stands at the center of the ice, frightened.

PETER
 We don't know how to curl. How are
 we supposed to--

COACH
 It's not about knowing. It's about
winning. Remember that.

Her Team looks at her, more lost than ever.

FWEET.

COACH (CONT'D)
 Alright. Game time!

INT. ICE RINK - MINUTES LATER

The two Teams stand to one side of the rink, their target on the other. Clean Sweep is up first. Ramona's ready to push off, foot in the hack.

A few EMPLOYEES and ONLOOKERS grab seats to watch.

ONLOOKER

What game do we have going on?

EMPLOYEE

Some addicts helping addicts group... I guess this is a part of their rehab.

ONLOOKER

They're so young.

The Onlooker clutches her heart, looking to the kids with sympathetic eyes.

Harry and Dave stand ready, brooms in hand, as Ramona pushes off. With all eyes on her, she zones in on the stone and its target. Gail's at the other end. Jimbob watches on intently.

Ramona glides steadily. Dave and Harry skid along beside her.

JIMBOB

Now release!

Ramona pushes the stone forward and releases.

Dave and Harry look to Gail for direction. She's indecisive and mutters too quietly for them to understand.

JIMBOB (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Let it go... Wait for it... Sweep!

They brush in front of the stone to keep it moving. Dave struggles to brush with as much power as Harry, huffing and puffing his way along. He leans over, losing balance.

JIMBOB (CONT'D)

Let up!

Harry lets up, but Dave falls over the hog-line, releasing too late. The Ref blows his WHISTLE and removes the stone from play.

DAVE

Dangit!

Gail and Dave walk over to the rest of the team, all disappointed but exchanging pats on the back.

Coach lines up her Students to start. Peter nervously grabs hold of the stone, with his back foot in the hack.

COACH

Go!

PETER

I can't! I don't know how to push
this thing.

COACH

You may be a useless athlete, but
you're all pushers! Just push!

Dave and the others look around at the stunned Ref and
Onlookers. He starts a SLOW CLAP.

Clean Sweep and the Students join along.

DAVE

C'mon, Peter! I raised a pusher!

Jimbob face-palms.

STUDENTS

Push... Push... Push...

Coach grabs Peter by his shoulders and pushes him forward.

He glides, dragging his back foot. He sways side to side,
trying to keep balance. He throws it forward with all of his
might. It glides for a few feet, then slows down.

Jacques and Casey try their hardest to sweep in front of the
stone but end up bumping against it, causing it to stop
halfway to the target.

COACH

That's it. I'm stepping in.

Ramona lets go of her second shot, but before the sweepers
can guide the stone, it runs into the opposing stone.

Coach jerks back her elbow for a celebratory fist-pump and
elbows Wesley right in the nose. It immediately oozes blood.

REFEREE

What happened??

The Ref helps Wesley off the ice, no help from Coach.

COACH

Coke problem. Sad...

Jimbob shoots Coach a discerning look. She shrugs back.

Peter pushes the next stone. Coach takes matters into her own
hands, grabbing the brooms from Jacques and Casey. She sweeps
the stone - going rogue in the wrong direction.

As Coach keeps at it, Clean Sweep lines up for their shot.

Harry's up. Sweat rolls down his forehead as he holds the lunge and glides. He pushes the stone forward with a yank of the arm. He immediately grabs his elbow in pain.

JIMBOB

You're going to break your elbow
throwing like that!

HARRY

I'm dying. My arm is dying! Someone
shoot me up! Painkillers! Anything!

IN THE BLEACHERS

Onlookers and Employees shake their heads.

ONLOOKER

I feel like I shouldn't be watching
this. They're all so sad.

ON THE ICE

Harry winces, rubbing his arm. Jimbob glares at him.

JIMBOB

You'll be fine. You probably just
pulled something.

Coach lines up to push the stone. She knocks her own so that they're both a little closer to the target and not blocking the way. A stone has still yet to make it to the house.

REFEREE

Clean Sweep gets the last stone.
The score is zero-zero.

Gail takes a deep breath, then glides and lets go of the last stone. Ramona and Dave work together to keep the stone going.

They knock their stone into their first one so that it barely enters the outer ring of the house. Ramona and Dave meet eyes, in shock. The Referee approaches to confirm.

REFEREE (CONT'D)

Clean Sweep wins!

Dave and Ramona double high-five, clasping their hands together, then releasing, as the rest of the team joins.

Coach SNAPS her team's two brooms over her knee in anger.

Jimbo stands off to the side watching them. He can't help but smile, chuckling to himself.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Glasses CLINK together as the Team cheers to their win.

HARRY

To the first of many wins!

He WINCES as he sets his elbow on the table.

LOULOU

Oh, baby. Sports injury? Want me to kiss it better like I used to?

HARRY

That's... That'd be very nice actually, Loulou. Would you?

He holds out his arm, and the team rolls their eyes at the interaction. She kisses his elbow, then wraps a bag of ice and carefully places it on his arm.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Feels better already.

GAIL

I've seen some sick stuff under the bleachers but this might top it.

COACH

That's some kinky shit.

The Team stares, baffled, at LouLou cradling Harry's arm.

Ramona looks over to the now empty shuffleboard table.

RAMONA

(to Dave)

Want to play?

She nods to the table.

DAVE

Not sure how good I am--

Harry elbows him with his good arm.

DAVE (CONT'D)

But, yes, I would.

AT THE SHUFFLEBOARD TABLE

Ramona grabs the cubes, keeping the blue ones for herself and handing the red to him.

DAVE
Ladies first.

RAMONA
Nope, red first. You're up.

Dave hesitates, then winds up. It slides off the other end.

Ramona pushes her cube, and it slides off his side. He looks at her, surprised. She's not as surprised.

DAVE
Bet that's never happened. Guess
I'm getting beginner's luck.

Ramona nods with a tight-lipped smile. Dave slides his next cube, and it makes it to the back-end of the second ring.

Ramona slides her next one. It stops short of the rings.

Dave, as confused as the Bar Goers that watch on, purposefully stops his short.

RAMONA
Did you do that on purpose?

DAVE
No, of course not. Are you letting
me win?

RAMONA
No! Why would I do that?

She slides her final cube, and it falls off the edge. A big grin crosses Dave's face. Both have each other figured out.

DAVE
You're letting me win!

Dave chucks his cube into the only one that was on target. They both fall off the back of the board.

RAMONA
Why would you do that??

DAVE
(with a smile)
I won't take your pity win.

Ramona slides her cube onto the pile at the other end.

RAMONA
A pity tie it is.

They exchange a smile.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Jimbob CLAPS to get everyone's attention.

JIMBOB
Hope you all had fun celebrating
beating nine-year-olds yesterday.
Now it's time to step it up.

Harry tries looking back but his seat restricts him. He picks up his desk to see Peter, who's on his phone beside Piper.

HARRY
Pete, you're like thirteen, right?

PETER
Fifteen...

Harry picks up his desk to face Jimbob again.

HARRY
To clarify, they're fifteen. At
that age, I was benching like two-
hundo.

Jimbob shakes his head, moving on.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A) INT. GYM - JASPER HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT - Gail teaches Peter and Piper how to wax the floors, scrubbing and buffering.

B) INT. CLASSROOM - JASPER HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT - Coach traces Gail's marker with a ruler, then bumps into her, messing up Gail's mapping of the ice zones. Gail swats her away.

C) INT. ICE RINK - DAY - A sign that reads "**Rink reserved for: Seniors Day Out**" hangs. On the court, Clean Sweep plays the Baby Broomers. The OLD PEOPLE mean business. Clean Sweep puts up a solid fight. An Old Man (80s) takes his last curling shot, with a cord connected to an oxygen tank off to the side. Coach steps on the cord, cutting off his oxygen and making him stop too soon. Clean Sweep wins.

D) INT. GYM - JASPER HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT - Dave tries getting the kids involved in curling. Peter plays along but Piper waves him off. Ramona catches on. Coach's whistle is set to the side as she does push-ups. Ramona snags it and sneaks it to Piper to hide. Coach gets up, looking for her whistle. Ramona and Piper act oblivious, giggling to themselves.

E) INT. ICE RINK - DAY - A sign that reads "**Rink reserved for: Air Buddies in Training**" hangs. Fear runs through Harry as a DOG growls at him. Slobber dripping from its sharp-edged teeth. One of the Dog's teeth breaks, sweeping with the broom in mouth, and they have to forfeit. Harry passes out seeing the tooth. The team celebrates their win by petting the Pups.

END MONTAGE

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Clean Sweep sits at the bar, celebrating the win.

ON BIG SCREEN TV: An ad for the U.S. Winter Olympic trials plays. Snowboarders. Ice-skaters. Curlers.

TV VOICE (V.O.)

The next weeks are going to determine who represents our country in the Beijing 2022 Olympics. Let the trials begin!

The entire Team looks to Jimbob, who's putting on his coat, car keys in hand. He stops in his tracks.

HARRY

The next weeks?

GAIL

Are we really going to compete for an Olympic spot that soon?

JIMBOB

Listen... I didn't know how or when to tell you.

HARRY

Some time before they happened would be nice!

JIMBOB

I just want you all to focus on getting better game by game and not worry about the Olympics.

HARRY

But the whole reason we're doing
this is to become Olympians.

COACH

Sure you goons don't want to quit
while you're ahead?

The Team glares at her.

DAVE

No way. We haven't worked this hard
for nothing. We've come a long way.

COACH

Well, you had a longer way to go
than others.

JIMBOB

As a matter of fact, you've won
just enough competitions to be in.
I already signed you up. Just
didn't want you all to--

HARRY

(grabs his chest)
Oh God.

JIMBOB

Freak out...

HARRY

The time is here. My comeback. I'm
going to be a household name again.

LouLou walks by with a wink.

LOULOU

(to Harry)
You never stopped being a household
name in my house.

The response sparks raised eyebrows and cringes.

JIMBOB

On that note, goodnight!

He walks out.

ALL

(muttered)
Good night!

LOULOU

That man has always been so
tense... Always wanted to loosen
him up a bit.

She gets back to work, as everyone exchanges "ooh la la" looks. Harry is unsuccessful at hiding the twinge of jealousy that overcomes him.

INT. HALLWAY - SHERYL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sheryl walks through her empty house and approaches Sidney Crosby Jr's bedroom. She opens the door, and a sliver of light shines on Sidney's sleeping face.

A black and yellow Sidney Crosby jersey with the number eighty-seven hangs above his bed.

She takes the sight in for a moment, then closes the door.

INT. BEDROOM - HARRY'S CONDO - NIGHT

One of Harry's many hockey jerseys hangs above his bed.

Before reaching his bed, he backtracks to shine a trophy that sits on his dresser with his beer-breath.

He plops on the bed, shoes still on. He looks to the other side of his king bed. Empty.

He SIGHS, then twiddles his fingers against his chest.

INT. HALLWAY - DAVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dave peeks his head into Piper's room.

Her back is turned, and all the lights are off.

Hand still on the doorknob, Dave pulls it back. Before shutting it, he pauses and sticks his head through the crack.

DAVE

(whispers)

Goodnight, Piper.

INT. PIPER'S BEDROOM - DAVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Piper's eyes lift from her phone, hiding behind her covers. As Dave shuts the door, she glances over her shoulder with a sympathetic smile.

INT. HALLWAY - DAVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dave opens the door to Peter's room. The light shines right onto Peter's face, causing him to slowly wake with a GROAN.

DAVE
(whispers)
Sorry, bud! Was just checking in.

Just as Dave pulls the door, Peter opens one eye.

PETER
Dad?

DAVE
Yep?

PETER
Do you have practice tomorrow?

DAVE
Yep.

PETER
Can we tag along again?

DAVE
Yes, of course!

Peter quickly falls back to sleep, leaving Dave with a face filled with equal parts shock and glee. He closes the door.

EXT. SHERYL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Harry KNOCKS heavily on the door.

Sheryl swings open the door in a nightgown, eyes squinty.

SHERYL
Harry, what the hell are you doing?

HARRY
You didn't answer your phone.

SHERYL
Because it's two a.m. I told you I'm not doing that anymore!

HARRY
No, I didn't need you to pick me up. I just... need you.

SHERYL

What? Harry, I'm way too tired for--

HARRY

No, no. Listen. I was in bed, and you know those dreams that are five seconds but feel like a full day?

Sheryl doesn't answer, slouched against the door frame.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Well, I had one of those. And funny enough, I was waking up in this dream. And what did I see?

He looks to Sheryl, awaiting a guess. She shrugs.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I saw you. But then I actually woke up, for real, two seconds later and you weren't there.

SHERYL

That's sweet but--

HARRY

I want to move in together. I don't want to wake up alone anymore.

SHERYL

Are you serious?

HARRY

Yes! And it doesn't have to be your place either. I'm fine if you want to move in with me--

SHERYL

No. That's not happening. You live in a man cave.

They pause and read each other's quizzical gazes.

HARRY

So?

Her sheepish smile turns into a huge grin.

INT. BEDROOM - SHERYL'S HOUSE - DAY

Harry's eyes are closed, a smile on his face. He rolls over to face the other side of the bed, then opens his eyes to see Sidney Jr. standing over him with a toothbrush in his mouth.

Harry, spooked, rubs his eyes and props himself up.

HARRY
Where's your mom?

Sidney shrugs, staring Harry down. Harry awkwardly tries not to make eye contact. Until, he notices--

HARRY (CONT'D)
Is that my toothbrush?

Sidney shrugs.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Whose toothbrush is that?

SIDNEY CROSBY JR.
Mom lets me use hers.

HARRY
But that's mine!

Sidney pulls it out of his toothpaste-filled mouth. He spots red turning the white paste a pinkish color.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Is that blood?

He GAGS, clutching his stomach.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Is that your teeth-blood on my
toothbrush?

He puts his head between his cradled legs, GAGGING.

Sidney Crosby wiggles his tooth, then grimaces.

SIDNEY CROSBY JR.
It's not ready.

HARRY
(between gags)
Alright. Then go! Throw away the
toothbrush! Rinse! Repeat! Shower!

He checks his teeth while Sidney walks away. Then breathes a sigh of relief. Followed by another gag.

EXT. ICE ARENA - DAY

Piper storms out of Dave's minivan.

Dave and Peter exit less dramatically behind her.

PIPER

Why do we have to be dragged along
to your stupid nerd clinics?

Ramona exits her car nearby, overhearing the conversation as she slowly follows towards the rink.

PETER

Piper, stop being such a bitch.
It's not that bad.

Dave whips his head around.

DAVE

Hey, don't speak that way about
your sister.

He pats Peter on the back and mouths "thank you".

DAVE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you've made it that I
can't trust you, Piper.

PIPER

Mom would let me do whatever I
want.

DAVE

Well, I'm not mom.

PIPER

Clearly.

Ramona raises her eyebrows at the bickering.

Dave opens the door to the arena and holds it open as Peter and Piper enter before him.

DAVE

Oh, is Lars more fun?

PIPER

Yeah, he is actually.

DAVE

(sarcastic)

Well, isn't that lovely? The
Swedish hunk of love, who didn't
have to wipe your butt and wake up
every time you cried until the age
of ten, has your approval but I--

Dave stops himself from further embarrassment as he lets Ramona through.

RAMONA
Thank you.

DAVE
Sorry... Kids.

RAMONA
No need to apologize.

She passes by as Peter and Piper stand off to the side.

Piper watches Dave watch Ramona. He catches up to his kids, and Piper shakes her head.

PIPER
She's way out of your league.

DAVE
What?

PETER
I have to agree with her on this one. Save yourself the embarrassment.

DAVE
(baffled)
It's like I raised two personal bullies to bash me at all times...

Peter and Piper shrug.

INT. ICE RINK - DAY

Jimbo blows a WHISTLE. Directly followed by Coach's more obnoxiously loud WHISTLE. Jimbo grabs an airhorn and BLARES it at her. She stares right into the end of it, unmoved.

The Team gets discombobulated on the ice. The stone misses the target.

JIMBOB
We're supposed to be worried about stamina and playing all ten ends, but you guys are forgetting the basics now. C'mon. I feel like we took one step forward and now we're two steps back.

HARRY

In hockey, the basics are just so simple. Skate and hit people. I even made something up to make them easier to remember. S-H-I-T. Shit.

GAIL

You combined two words to make them easier to remember?

HARRY

Yeah, not all of us hockey stars are dumb, Mrs. Einstein.

COACH

Dear God. Someone save our souls.

Jimbo pauses. Looks to Coach with a revelation.

JIMBOB

S.O.S.

COACH

Are we all just speaking in teenage tongues now? Because if so, H-N-I-F-O-O-H.

Jimbo tries to figure it out but quickly gives up.

JIMBOB

(to Team)

Steer the stone. Oust the stone.
Sweep the stone! S.O.S.

The Team looks to one another. They nod at Jimbo.

COACH

Don't just nod! Get to getting to!

FWEET.

"S.O.S." by ABBA plays as they go through the motions.

Harry lunges off the hack. Gail waits at the other end, timidly pointing her arm to the left. Jimbo eyeballs her.

JIMBOB

Speak up, Gail!

GAIL

(overwhelmed)
Steer...

HARRY
 (to self)
 Steady Freddy, Harry Beary.

Dave and Ramona await the stone, brooms in hand.

GAIL
 Oust...

HARRY
 What the heck does "oust" mean?

EVERYONE
 Let it go!

He pushes it forward.

RAMONA
 Ready?

Dave nods.

JIMBOB
 Gail, speak up!

GAIL
 Sweep!

Dave and Ramona work together to spin it around the stone that's blocking the outer left side of the ring.

GAIL (CONT'D)
 Ramona, sweep as close as possible
 to the left edge...

Ramona does so with laser focus. They curve it in like pros.

HARRY
 Yes!

JIMBOB
 (shocked)
 That was perfect.

COACH
 Technically, perfect would be
 hitting the middle of the--

JIMBOB
 It was close enough.

COACH
 Close enough is good enough for
 you?

JIMBOB
 (annoyed)
 You want to get out there?

Coach pridefully shakes her head, "no".

COACH
 Just checking your facts. Making
 sure that old noggin of yours isn't
 shorting out on us.

Dave joins Ramona and Gail.

DAVE
 That was awesome!

Harry follows, begging for attention.

HARRY
 How about that ousting, huh?

They all exchange high-fives.

CAPTAIN CURL (O.S.)
 Well, what do we have here?

Captain Curl and his Team walk onto the ice, curling
 equipment and uniforms that read "Curl Jam".

CAPTAIN CURL (CONT'D)
 Jimbob, are these the losers you've
 been giving our rink time to?

JIMBOB
 We should never turn away people
 interested in the sport, should we?

Gail sees Captain Curl's golden curls in perfect ringlets.

GAIL
 (to Ramona)
 Have you ever seen such luscious
 curls?

RAMONA
 That is one-hundred percent a perm.

HARRY
 We're Olympic athletes in training,
 thank you very much.

CAPTAIN CURL
 Wait, you? Wannabe hockey star guy?

HARRY

Excuse you. I was a hockey star...
I am a hockey star.

COACH

Who are these fools?

Curl Jam stands face to face with Clean Sweep.

PIPER

(to Peter)
Nerd fight.

PETER

Should we be worried about Dad?

PIPER

Probably.

She pulls out her phone to video the face-down.

CURL JAM TEAMMATE

We're Curl Jam.

He signals to the name on his shirt.

CURL JAM TEAMMATE (CONT'D)

The only previous U.S. Curling Team
to be at the trials this year.

HARRY

Looks like they're looking for some
new blood then.

CAPTAIN CURL

Oh, there will be blood.

CURL JAM TEAMMATE

Yeah. When we crush you.

PIPER

(to Peter)
Here we go.

COACH

(to Captain Curl)
If I were you, I'd back away,
Shirley Temple.

Spooked, Captain Curl and his Team back away.

CAPTAIN CURL

See you at the trials. Good luck
with these dorks, old man.

He and his Team walk to the other side of the rink.
Piper and Peter sigh, disappointed. Piper stops recording.
Curl Jam stretches with incredible flexibility.

GAIL
Jimbo, do you think we stand a
chance against them?

JIMBOB
(uncertain)
They've never had any competition
before and got knocked out in the
first round at the Olympics.

DAVE
So... Is that a yes?

JIMBOB
Just keep practicing.

The Team nods, more determined than ever.

FWEET.

COACH
You heard the old geezer. Go!

Clean Sweep gets back into practice-mode.

INT. DAVE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

ON TELEVISION: A Sports Reporter stands in front of a video board, showing footage of Olympic trials competitions for different countries. The Russian hockey team is chosen. The Jamaican bobsled team clinches their spot.

SPORTS REPORTER
Worldwide, the Olympic trials are
taking place. Teams are keeping and
earning their spots to play for
their country. The Jamaican bobsled
team will be looking for redemption
and the Swedes will be looking to
keep their victorious streaks in
ski jump and curling.

Peter and Piper watch from the couch. They kick at each other's feet, trying to claim the space in the middle.

Dave walks in, luggage in tow.

PETER
Oh, wow! I bet Lars would love it
if Sweden won again.

Dave DROPS the luggage.

DAVE
Alright, guys. I'm leaving.

PETER
Did you know Sweden is the reigning
world champ of curling?

DAVE
Yep. The Swedes seem to be great at
everything.

Wallowing in his pity, the Kids take notice.

PIPER
Good thing you're only playing the
losers from the rink. You guys may
have a chance.

DAVE
Thank you... I think.

PETER
(to Piper)
Now you're just trying to suck up.

PIPER
Am not.

The Kids continue kicking at each other. Piper jabs Peter
with her heel.

PETER
Ouch!

Piper glares at him. She wins her leg space.

DAVE
Are you sure you two are going to
be okay by yourselves?

PIPER
Yes, we'll be fine.

Peter nods in agreement but with fear in his eyes.

DAVE
 (to Piper)
 I'm trusting you. Don't make me
 regret it.

PIPER
 I won't.

DAVE
 Alright, well, group hug goodbye.

Peter and Piper sit up and uncomfortably lean in as Dave
 brings them in for a hug.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 Love you guys.

PETER & PIPER
 (murmur)
 Love you, too.

Dave lets go and grabs his bags.

DAVE
 Peter, listen to your sister.
 Piper, I trust you. Call me if you
 need anything.

PIPER
 Got it. PETER
 Will do.

Dave stands and looks adoringly at them.

PIPER (CONT'D)
 Dad, leave.

He nods, exiting with misty eyes.

INT. BEDROOM - SHERYL'S HOUSE - DAY

Harry delicately places his lucky, and frankly disgusting,
 pair of tighty whities on top of his clothes in his suitcase.

HARRY
 (to underwear)
 It's been a while but you and me
 always have a pretty great time
 together, don't we?

SHERYL (O.S.)
 Am I interrupting something?

HARRY

Nope. Just packing up.

Harry zips his bag up and slings the strap onto his shoulder.

SHERYL

Dave's van is outside. You ready?

HARRY

Yep!

Sheryl hands him a large bag as he meets her at the doorway.

He peeks in the bag with childlike excitement.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Is this...?

SHERYL

To-go chocolate milk, fruit snacks
and beef jerky.

Harry pulls out a plastic ziplock of fruit snacks.

HARRY

Did you mix my gummy vitamins with
the fruit snacks so that I can't
tell the difference?

Sheryl smiles slyly and gives him a kiss.

Sidney comes up behind them and tugs on his mom.

SHERYL

Oh, and Sidney has something he
wants to give you.

Surprise washes over Harry's face as Sidney lifts up a
Frosted Flakes box to him. A cut-out of Harry's face replaces
Tony the Tiger's.

Sheryl smiles at Harry's genuine shock and admiration.

HARRY

Where'd you... How'd you--

He looks up to Sheryl, then Sidney, who looks over to--

One of Harry's team hockey photos, where his face is missing.
He focuses in on the face beside the cutout, Georgio.

Harry's bright smile quivers in pain.

EXT. SHERYL'S HOUSE - DAY

Sheryl and Sidney Crosby Jr. wave goodbye to Harry as he walks towards Dave's minivan.

Harry turns back and waves to them. Sheryl blows a kiss. He catches it. He blows one back to her then briefly pauses before doing the same to Sidney Crosby Jr.

Delight washes over Sheryl's face. Sidney wipes his face.

HARRY

Too much too soon? Too much too soon. Alright.

He gets in Dave's passenger seat and waves one last time.

INT. DAVE'S MINIVAN - DAY

Dave greets him with an obnoxious grin.

DAVE

That's cute. You and your little family. Adorable.

HARRY

You think so?

DAVE

Yes! You're a pro. And Sidney Crosby Jr. looks a lot cuter than I remember you describing him.

HARRY

Yeah, I think he's starting to look like me a little bit.

Dave shoots Harry a quizzical look, doesn't respond. He sees Harry look at his cereal box then gaze out the window as Sheryl and Sidney go back inside. Dave puts the car in drive.

INT. DAVE'S MINIVAN - MOVING - DAY

Dave comes to a stop. Ramona gets in and sits on the back bench. Dave smiles at her in the rearview mirror.

Dave drives onward. Stops. Jimbob gets in. Harry offers him some beef jerky. Jimbob rejects it and stares out the window.

Dave comes to a halt for the final time. Gail gets in on the opposite side behind Harry. Dave is spooked as Coach KNOCKS on his window and signals for Dave to roll it down. He does.

COACH

To hell if I'm putting my life in
your hands for six hours. Get out.
I'm driving.

Dave rolls back up the window, then gets out. Coach nudges
him and slides behind the wheel.

Dave gets in the back, on the back bench with Ramona.

Coach REVS the engine. Everyone's eyes go wide. She puts the
van in drive, and everyone clings to their seats nervously.

Hours later, Dave and Ramona awake as the van jerks to a
stop, both of their heads face the middle and lean in. Their
eyes connect as they awake. As others get out the car, they
unbuckle their eyes and their seatbelts.

INT. OLYMPIC TRIALS ICE CENTER - DAY

Clean Sweep is greeted with an EVENT VOLUNTEER handing out
pamphlets as they walk in.

EVENT VOLUNTEER

Spectators can sit anywhere in the
upper level. Lower level is
reserved for athletes.

The members stand with schedules in hand.

JIMBOB

We're here to compete.

She looks at them and their mismatched civilian clothing,
confused and unimpressed.

EVENT VOLUNTEER

Sign-in is that way.

She points to a corner booth.

EVENT VOLUNTEER (CONT'D)

Locker rooms are that way.

She points to the opposite corner.

JIMBOB

Thanks.

The Team follows Jimbob's lead. Coach lifts the bags of
equipment like free weights as she walks behind them.

Jimbo stops at the nearby bleachers. They all bump into each other as they're brought to a halt.

JIMBOB (CONT'D)

Alright, I have a little something for you all. Coach, if you'll pull out the bag inside the larger bag.

Coach SLAMS the bag to the ground.

GAIL

Hope it's nothing valuable...

Coach pulls out the smaller bag, then shirts from within it.

JIMBOB

Thought you could all at least somewhat look like a team.

Harry takes a shirt and holds it against his chest. It's a swamp-green polo shirt with "Clean Sweep" written in tiny yellow lettering on the front pocket.

Coach pulls out a pair of khakis.

COACH

Did you go digging in the custodian's closet?

Gail shoots her a death glare.

JIMBOB

It's not much but figured it'll do if this weekend is it.

HARRY

And if it's not, we get U-S-of-A Olympic gear, baby!

JIMBOB

Alright. Go suit up in the locker room. I'll check you guys in.

An ARMORED TEAM cloaked in furs walks by. Clean Sweep's attention is immediately taken by them.

JIMBOB (CONT'D)

Try not to interact with the other teams too much.

RAMONA

That's a team??

GAIL

Are you sure they're curlers and
not lost comic con fans?

COACH

Is there a difference?

JIMBOB

Games start soon. Let's get going!

He parts ways with the Team. They head to the locker room.

INT. RINK - OLYMPIC TRIALS ICE CENTER - LATER

A bracket of sixteen teams is on the nearest wall.

The bleachers are half-full, but all FANS in attendance bring
the energy of a packed stadium.

The rink is split into four separate rectangular curling
lanes. Each has a REFEREE and two TEAMS.

Clean Sweep enters the stage, dressed in their sludge green
polos and khaki pants. With their brooms in hand, there's no
denying they really do look like maintenance workers.

They nervously approach the second lane, where their
competition, BROOM SHAKALAKA, awaits them.

Broom Shakalaka stretches and hypes themselves up with
incredible vertical jumps and painful looking chest bumps.
Their muscles are the size of curling stones and they're
dressed like personal trainers, in spandex and sweat bands.

They slap each other's faces, yelling inspirational quotes.

BROOM SHAKA-WOMAN

Pain is temporary!

BROOM SHAKA-MAN

Quitting lasts forever!

Clean Sweep stands awestruck and scared.

GAIL

Are drugs not illegal in this
sport?

COACH

That right there is the pure energy
of greatness. My type of people!

Broom Shakalaka openly pulls out steroid shots and inject each other. A Referee and two SECURITY GUARDS immediately run over and wrestle them off the rink.

COACH (CONT'D)
Well, that was unexpected.

RAMONA
Was it though?

On the bracket board, Clean Sweep is immediately pushed to the third round because the winner gets a bye.

One by one, teams are cut and others move to the next round.

INT. RINK - OLYMPIC TRIALS ICE CENTER - LATER

Clean Sweep faces their next opponent, the Armored Team, known as Game of Stones. Their brooms are shaped like swords and hoisted on their belts.

DAVE
(to Jimbob)
Just refreshing my memory... This
is a no-contact sport, right?

JON SNOW is up. His hack foot gets stuck on his coat, causing him to stop short. ARYA and JAIME's sweeping can't make up for loss. DAENERYS looks like she could kill all of them.

Clean Sweep is no less nervous. Game faces on. Harry's in the hack. He pushes off.

HARRY
(under breath)
Steer the stone.

Ramona and Dave have their eyes on the stone, waiting with brooms. Gail reads the positioning from the other end.

GAIL
Release!

HARRY
(under breath)
I think you mean oust.

Harry ousts the stone. It travels down the lane, Dave and Ramona staying at its side.

GAIL
Sweep! Inward left!

Dave sweeps so forcefully that the stone turns to the right.

GAIL (CONT'D)

Dave, let up. Ramona, short and quick!

Dave nods and lets up as Ramona rapidly sweeps as much as possible until the stone comes to a halt on the first ring.

JIMBOB

There you go. Great communication, Gail!

She looks up to him with a proud smile.

The scoreboard tracks each end. Stone after stone is tossed. The score rarely changes. The tenth and final end approaches, as the score is four to four.

Clean Sweep's faces drop in disappointment as they look on to Arya celebrating her stone hitting the very center.

Ramona gets a solid toss, but Harry and Dave sweep the stone a bit too far, taking it past the center to the back edge.

It comes down to the final two throws. Daenerys and Gail.

Game of Stones sweeps their stone. It hits the outer ring, bumping against another. With all the stones jumbled between rings, it's hard to tell who has the lead.

Gail is up. Ramona eyes the line, giving her a signal.

Gail envisions the angles coming to life on the ice as if she's drawing them on the board. She sees the best option and gives it a solid push.

Harry and Dave wait until the final second to start sweeping. They make eye contact, give the nod to start, and sweep in front of the stone. It straddles the second and outer ring.

The Teams nervously await the count from the Referee.

Jimbo looks to the competition board as updates are made. The winner of this match will play Curl Jam.

REFEREE

Game of Stones...

All eyes are drawn. Game of Stones breathes a sigh of relief.

REFEREE (CONT'D)

...Five. Clean Sweep, six!

Both Teams are in shock. Clean Sweep frozen in it; meanwhile, Daenerys in a fit of anger. She takes her broom-sword from her belt, but Jon Snow defends the group, stabbing her in the chest with his. She collapses.

Clean Sweep, along with all of the audience, GASPS as Daenerys lies on the ground. A long second later, she stands up, and the Team walks off the ice.

COACH

What in the hell kind of cosplay
shit was that?

RAMONA

What would've happened if they won?

HARRY

You guys... We won!

All lost in the scene, they take a second to process.

DAVE

We won...

JIMBOB

Curl Jam is next.

INT. RINK - OLYMPIC TRIALS ICE CENTER - LATER

Curl Jam's curls have somehow gotten curlier.

CAPTAIN CURL

(mouths)

You're going down.

HARRY

(mouths back)

I can't read your lips because
you're too far away, loser.

The game begins. Each stone from Curl Jam lands on the outer edge. Clean Sweep's aren't quite hitting. Both teams break a sweat, wanting to win more and more after each intense end.

Jimbo waves his team over to the side. FWEET. Coach blows her whistle to get their attention, messing up most every game going on around them.

Jimbo cringes at the awkward tension and gives an apologetic wave to the Referee, then glares at Coach.

JIMBOB

(to Team)

Okay, we still have four stones left and a shot at winning. Play defensive. Take aim at their stones on the outer edge, don't worry about outscoring them.

The Team acknowledges, all drenched in sweat.

COACH

Alright, break!

FWEEET.

The Ref walks over and fights Coach for her whistle. She fights him back. Jimbob breaks them up.

Clean Sweep does as instructed. Even if they don't get their stones in, they knock Curl Jam's out.

Captain Curl and his Crew flail their arms in a fit of anger, but hair not moving a bit.

Clean Sweep's final stone knocks out Curl Jam's and sticks the landing. They win, one to zero.

The Audience has dwindled, as many fans trickled out with their teams. The ones left, along with MAINTENANCE WORKERS for the arena stand to their feet and cheer on the new Olympic curling team.

JIMBOB

Holy shit.

HARRY

We're going to the Olympics.

GAIL

Is this real life?

Coach faces the Audience and bows.

COACH

Thank you. I can't wait to represent you fine people in...

She turns to the Team.

COACH (CONT'D)

Where are the Olympics?

They all turn to each other in shock. Harry grabs Jimbob and gives him a big bear hug, then kisses the top of his head.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

ON TELEVISION: A Winter Olympics ad plays - a combination of scenic and action clips, featuring the Olympic rings and "Milano Cortina".

Clean Sweep CLINKS their glasses together.

CLEAN SWEEP

To Milan!

LouLou, dressed like she's in a fourth of July parade, has the place decorated in red, white and blue streamers.

LOULOU

Better bring me back something Italian! A six-foot, Italian-speaking type of something Italian.

HARRY

(pointing to self)

I don't know if I can find any Italian that will compare to this stallion.

LOULOU

Any Italian sausage will do.

Dave checks his watch. Ramona sets her glass down beside him.

RAMONA

Do you have somewhere better to be?

DAVE

What? No... Just thinking I should probably get back to the kids.

RAMONA

Right... They're probably waiting for you to come home.

DAVE

I don't know about that. They think I'm lame with nothing better to do.

RAMONA

So stay out a while. Show them that you do.

She pulls the cuff of his shirt over his watch. As she slides her hand away, Dave grabs her hand in a spurt of confidence.

DAVE

Yeah, what do they know? I've got plenty of things to do.

Ramona giggles and Dave's confidence turns to embarrassment.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I don't mean I have you to do. Not that I wouldn't do you. I mean, if you didn't want to, I wouldn't--

She shushes him with a finger to his lips. His eyes widen, then he mirrors her smile as she puts her hand back on his.

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - DAY

Dave sneaks in, wearing the same clothes as the night before.

DAVE

Kids?

INT. KITCHEN - DAVE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Peter and Piper stand at the kitchen counter, arms crossed. A handmade banner hangs above them that says "Congrats, Dad! Welcome home!" A few balloons are tied together at each end.

PIPER

Where have you been?

PETER

You said you'd be back late last night.

PIPER

Last time I checked late last night wasn't seven a.m.

PETER

Were you just going to forget about us and school and--

A tear trickles down Dave's face.

DAVE

This is the nicest thing you've ever done.

He wraps them in his arms. They grin, hugging him back.

PETER

You're going to the freaking Olympics!

He takes a step back and JINGLES his keys.

DAVE

But first, you two are going to school.

They grab their backpacks and head out. Dave stops and admires the sign one last time.

INT. MILAN AIRPORT - DAY

A sign reading "Welcome to Milan, Olympians!" greets Clean Sweep as they enter the plain looking airport.

HARRY

Look at this! Italy, you beautiful, beautiful place!

He grabs a random OLD WOMAN and kisses her on each cheek.

GAIL

It kinda just looks like the Des Moines airport...

EXT. MILAN - DAY

The glistening mountains, ice-frosted buildings, and beautiful architecture of Milan shine under the sun.

A bus with the Olympic rings lining the sides pulls into a marked-off section of the city, "Olympic Village".

INT. RESIDENTIAL COMPLEX - OLYMPIC VILLAGE - DAY

The complex looks like a mix between a hotel lobby and a college dormitory. OLYMPIANS of all ages from different countries, all in their Olympic gear, mingle.

Clean Sweep enters, suitcases in hand, civilian clothes on.

JIMBOB

Welcome to Olympic Village.

RAMONA

I feel like I'm back in college.

Looks from intimidatingly handsome Athletes cause Dave to feel insecure. Meanwhile, Harry beams with excitement.

DAVE

Yeah, not sure I like it.

HARRY

This is heaven.

COACH

Never went to college. I chose to take my talents elsewhere.

GAIL

Same.

Everyone shoots her quizzical looks.

Coach compares her muscles to a LARGE RUSSIAN's arms nearby.

INT. GAIL & RAMONA'S ROOM - OLYMPIC VILLAGE - DAY

Gail and Ramona open the door to their room. Two twin beds sit on opposite sides of a barren, jail cell-like room.

On the table between the two beds sits a gift basket.

GAIL

So this is what college is like?

RAMONA

Yep.

GAIL

Guess I didn't miss out on much.

RAMONA

No, it's just about the experiences and the people you meet.

GAIL

Well, I'll take this as my chance to make up for it.

Ramona gets out her hair and nail supplies, along with two mini-bottles from her bag.

RAMONA

Here's to two weeks of living like we're young!

INT. HARRY & DAVE'S ROOM - OLYMPIC VILLAGE - DAY

Harry walks over to his bedside drawer, where their gift basket sits. He places his personal Frosted Flakes box beside it, then picks up a card from the basket and reads it.

HARRY

Dear Olympian, nothing like the Olympics to bring people together. Play safe.

He digs into the gift basket and pulls out a load of condoms.

On the bed, his phone has two missed calls and a text from Sheryl reading: "We landed and can't wait to see you tomorrow. We love you!" The time stamps are from hours ago.

Meanwhile, Dave scans over the map in the Olympic Village brochure while on the phone with his kids.

DAVE

(into phone)

So, your mom and Lars are picking you up at the airport? Are you two sure you're okay traveling alone? Okay.... Alright, love you.

He puts the phone down and holds up the map.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Did you know there's five McDonald's in the village?

HARRY

I told you, every athlete loves their nuggies. Best cheat meal in the game.

DAVE

You have it every other day.

HARRY

(offended)

And?

Harry glares at him. Dave responds with a passive shrug.

INT. COACH & JIMBOB'S ROOM - OLYMPIC VILLAGE - DAY

Coach rummages through the closet, filled with USA gear.

COACH

I don't know why the hell men get ten t-shirts and we get six, but I'm taking two of your shirts to make it even.

Jimbo sits on the bed nearest the window.

JIMBOB

Well, typically the men and women don't share a room so--

COACH

This is what we get for being the most shamed sport in the Olympics.

JIMBOB

The most inclusive.

Coach spins around.

COACH

Oh, hell no. You're sleeping near the door. If someone breaks in, you're the one they're getting.

JIMBOB

Thought you could take anyone. No?

COACH

I'll only be able to save us if I have that extra time to react.

Jimbo rolls his eyes and drops onto the bed near the door.

INT. OLYMPIC CURLING ARENA - DAY

Each curling lane is occupied by a different COUNTRY'S TEAM.

Clean Sweep, in USA gear, makes their way to the second lane.

JIMBOB

Alright, crew. Remember, don't pay mind to anyone else. We're going to keep training light since we play the Swedes in the first round.

DAVE

(looking around)

Where are these oh so wonderful, godly, devilishly good looking Swedes we keep hearing about?

The Team gives him curious looks.

RAMONA
Who calls them that?

Harry feels something drawing his eye contact. Over his shoulder, intimidating SWEDES in baby blue and yellow stare at Clean Sweep from the sidelines.

HARRY
Um, guys. I think I found them.

They all look to the Swedes, who have yet to blink. Harry strains his eyes, trying not to be the one to break.

GAIL
Any chance we get bailed out of the first round again?

COACH
Now that is a team of winners. You know, I'm one-eighth Swedish? Born a natural winner.

Harry snaps his head towards his team with a newfound energy.

HARRY
You know what? They may be Team Sweden, but we're team U.S. of A.!

Hyping the team up, he throws his hand into the middle.

The rest of the team side-eyes the Swedes, unsure about that.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Secret handshake on three! One, two-

GAIL
We've never done a--

FWEET.

Nearby, a CURLER trips up, face-planting into his stone.

COACH
You know what beats handshakes? Practice! Get to it!

JIMBOB
What did we say about the whistle in professional settings??

He tries to snatch it, but Coach tucks it into her bra.

INT. CLUB - OLYMPIC VILLAGE - NIGHT

Coach pulls the whistle out of her bra, then some condoms, then chocolates and finally what she's looking for, cash.

She tips the VILLAGE BARTENDER, who looks at her never-ending bra-purse, stunned. He takes the tip.

She passes drinks to Harry and Dave.

HARRY

You couldn't drag Jimbob out?

COACH

Why would I want to do that?

She takes a sip of her drink.

DAVE

Where are the other ladies?

The strobe lights drop with the BEAT, as the song in the club changes. OLYMPIC CLUBBERS from all different countries unite to watch Ramona and Gail walk in, glammed up and hair done, with a confidence they haven't had before.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Holy wow.

Ramona and Gail are immediately swarmed by Olympic Clubbers. They get separated from each other.

Dave's face drops as he loses sight of Ramona.

COACH

Better go get her before another one gets taken from you. I'd help, but the shot luge is calling.

She makes her way to the Crowd surrounding an ice sculpture, shaped like a luge, with shots pouring down it. Clubbers see who can drink from the bottom for the longest amount of time.

HARRY

(to Dave)

C'mon, bud. I'll go with you. Be smooth though.

He grooves his way through the Crowd, until he's stopped by a SHAUN WHITE-esque snowboarder. Dave continues past him.

SHAUN WHITE

Hey! What team are you on? You a coach?

HARRY

No, no. I'm an athlete!

SHAUN WHITE

No fucking way! That's awesome!

HARRY

Yeah... Are you an athlete?

SHAUN WHITE

Well, yeah. But you're like old. No offense. That's just rad you're still riding, man. Hope I am too at your age.

HARRY

I'm sure I'm not as old--

SHAUN WHITE

Oh, I get it. You're a curler, aren't you?

Harry pauses and looks around. His Team is dispersed throughout the club.

HARRY

Um, no. I play hockey actually. Still riding that wave.

SHAUN WHITE

Wow... Hockey's a tough one to ride out. Mad props, dude.

Shaun White pats him on the back and moves along, leaving Harry in a dejected state.

At the shot luge, Gail gulps from it as the Crowd times her.

COACH

Yes, Gail! Don't you give up! One more second!

CROWD

Seventeen... Eighteen!

Gail quits and wipes her mouth. The Crowd goes wild.

OLYMPIC CLUBBER

New record! Who's next?!

Coach, drunk as a skunk, starts a chant.

COACH

All hail Gail!

CROWD
All hail Gail!

Coach high-fives Gail, leaving Gail shocked and delighted.

Coach quickly pivots to a RANDO next to her, sneaks a business card out of her pocket and hands it to him.

COACH
I took her from janitor to Olympian
in just a few months. Here's my
card if you want to learn more.

The Rando pockets it.

Harry moves through the dance floor towards the shot luge. Nearby, Dave tries to dance, and Ramona tries her best to be as bad at dancing as he is.

Halfway between the dance floor and the luge, a hand clasps onto Harry's shoulder.

GEORGIO (O.S.)
Well, well, well. Look who it is.

Harry turns around to see his old hockey teammate, GEORGIO (40s), with a bushy beard, backed by his HOCKEY TEAMMATES.

Harry's Teammates eye the room for each other and see Harry in an uncomfortable position. They meander towards him.

HARRY
Georgio? What are you doing here?

GEORGIO
What do you think I'm doing? I'm
with the hockey team.

HARRY
Oh, wow. Congrats, I guess.

GEORGIO
Now the question is, what the hell
are you doing here? Because there's
a rumor going around you're the
oldest hockey player on Team USA
but we both know that's not true.

He sees his Teammates behind him, all confused.

HARRY
Psh... Who told you that? No, I,
um...

He sticks his chest out with a boost of confidence.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm an-- an Olympic curler.

Georgio's eyes go wide, pretending to be impressed, then he looks back to his Teammates. They all burst into laughter.

GEORGIO

A curler?! Really, man? Damn.
You've really fallen farther than I
thought. Are you really considered
an "athlete" for that?

Harry winds up to punch him, but Coach steps in front of him.

COACH

Whoa there, Paul Bunyan. Who do you
think you are?

GEORGIO

Assistant coach to the U.S. Men's
hockey team. And you are?

He sticks out his hand to shake. She doesn't.

COACH

Wait? You're just a sorry-ass
assistant? They let those come
here? I'm Coach. I coach.

GEORGIO

And I'm guessing these chumpy
losers are your team?

RAMONA

Excuse me--

COACH

Yes, they are. And maybe they
couldn't beat you guys in any other
sport or activity in the world, but
they could beat you in curling any
day of the week.

Clean Sweep takes it as a compliment and looks affectionately to Coach. Harry is still on-edge.

Georgio shrugs Coach off. Looks to Harry.

GEORGIO

Being a curler is worse than just
being a washed up hockey player.
You're pathetic...

He leaves, but the comment sticks with Harry.

GAIL

What's up with that guy?

RAMONA

Sounds like he's jealous, if you ask me.

DAVE

Yeah, I mean does he not realize you're a freaking Olympic athlete?

They look to where Harry was, only to see he's gone.

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - NIGHT

Harry walks through the beautiful mini-city within the village, passing DRUNKEN ATHLETES. Some have sex on, in and around the sculptures around him. Others use the fountains as their endless wishing wells, toilets, and pools.

INT. TROPHY HALLWAY - OLYMPIC ICE RINK - NIGHT

The arena is pitch black dark, except for the spotlights on photos and awards of Winter Olympic greats.

Harry walks the hall, glancing at every plaque until he stops at a photo of the 1992 USA Olympic Hockey Team. Georgio is in the photo but Harry is not.

An ITALIAN ARENA EMPLOYEE (60s) approaches him. He has a calm and tired demeanor.

ITALIAN EMPLOYEE

(in Italian; subtitled)

Sir, you can't be here. It's after hours.

Harry turns to the man, not understanding a word. Then back to the photo.

HARRY

No, no. That's not me. Didn't make the team. All because of a stupid injury that scared me away.

ITALIAN EMPLOYEE

(in Italian; subtitled)

I don't want to have to escort you out.

HARRY

I know. How could I let something stop me from what I was meant to do back when I had the chance? I could have been great. Now I'm just a no-good loser that looks like an even bigger loser the harder I try not to be.

ITALIAN EMPLOYEE

(in Italian; subtitled)

You're a very large man, so I'm either going to have to tase you or call in back-up. Neither will be pretty.

Harry looks at the Man's name tag.

HARRY

Angelo. Of course, you angel of a man, you. Italian really is the language of love. I feel like I've understood every word. You're too kind. But I'm not as good of a man or athlete as you think I am. It's time for me to let go and move on.

He goes in for a bear-hug. Angelo reaches for his taser, but Harry's embrace disables him from grabbing it. In shock, he hugs Harry back.

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - DAY

As the "Olympic Fanfare and Theme" plays, an overhead view of the village shows a clean, pristine and less chaotic version than the night before.

INT. SPORTS BAR - DAY

LouLou has the entire bar decorated in red, white and blue. Cardboard cutouts of Clean Sweep stand near the bar area.

The Olympic coverage plays on all television screens, the volume all the way up. LouLou switches the final television to the same channel, curling coverage.

A BAR PATRON approaches her.

BAR PATRON

Hey, can we get the hockey game on?

LOULOU
 We're only showing curling today,
 honey! USA is playing the reigning
 champs, Sweden!

The Bar Patron rolls his eyes and looks to his confused PAL.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Here we are, folks. The first day
 of Olympic Games is in progress.

EXT. OLYMPIC SKI SLOPES - DAY

A SKI JUMPER flies through the air. After a long hang-time,
 she sticks the landing. CHEERS erupt as she skids to a stop.
 PRESS, FANS and FRIENDS surround her.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Already we've seen records broken.

INT. OLYMPIC ICE RINK - DAY

An ice-skating DOUBLES TEAM awaits their scores. Other Teams
 perch on a bench, nervous their scores will be beaten.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 ..and hearts broken.

Other Teams breathe a sigh of relief as the scores are
 announced. The Doubles Team hangs their head. Their SKATING
 COACH consoles them and hypes them up for their next round.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 But there's still time for
 rebounds, reclaiming victories and
 underdog upsets. Every win is a
 great accomplishment and just to be
 on this stage is a dream come true
 for so many.

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Ramona's hair salon has a single television set up in the
 room. One that every chair can spin to see.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER
 Stay tuned for it all, here on NBS!

INT. OLYMPIC CURLING ARENA - DAY

Dave hangs up on another unanswered call to Harry. His Team sits beside him waiting for an answer.

RAMONA
Nothing?

DAVE
Nothing.

Coach lies back with sunglasses on, nursing a hangover. Not a peep. Gail sits next to her, looking just as out of it.

JIMBOB
What did you guys get into last night?

GAIL
The shot luge. Would not recommend.

DAVE
You said we leave after losing, so we figured we might as well experience everything on night one.

JIMBOB
Great... Love the confidence.

GAIL
Harry always had the confidence.

They all look hopeless.

JIMBOB
Pick your heads up because we're up in an hour. Start stretching.

DAVE
But Harry's not--

JIMBOB
He'll be here. He wouldn't come all this way just to give up.

The Team doesn't look so certain. Coach rises from the dead.

COACH
You sure about that? Because the second that Sergio guy called him a has-been, he was halfway out the door.

Jimbob looks to Dave, who looks back disappointed. Dave spots Sheryl in the stands with Sidney. Dave meets her halfway.

SHERYL
Where's Harry?

DAVE
We don't know. I think he quit.

SHERYL
Wait, what? Why would he do that?

DAVE
It's a long story.

SHERYL
Do you know where he might be?

DAVE
No... He couldn't have left the village, but I haven't seen him since last night. He had to have found some place to call home for the night...

He looks up to Sheryl, now worried, with a spark in his eyes.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Home... Gosh, he's such a child. I know where he went. I'll go!

SHERYL
No, you warm up. Tell me where and I'll find him. Although, Sidney...

She looks down to Sidney, who clings onto her, wearing a jacket over a white jersey with "USA" stitched on the front.

PETER (O.S.)
Dad!

Behind Sheryl, Tina, Lars, and the Dave's kids stand at the top of the arena steps. All in Olympic T-shirts, definitely bought at the souvenir shop minutes ago.

DAVE
Peter! Piper!

LARS
(waving)
Hey, Dave!

DAVE
Lars...

Ramona and the Team turn to see the interaction.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 (to Sheryl)
 Sidney can sit with them.

Sheryl walks Sidney up to Dave's family.

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - DAY

Sheryl frantically looks at the brochure from Dave's room. There are five stars pin-pointing possible locations.

Sheryl stands in front of a McDonalds, then walks in.

A few minutes later, she walks out in disappointment.

The same result happens after trying another McDonalds.

Then another.

She checks the time, looking defeated but pushes forward.

INT. MCDONALDS - DAY

Harry sits sipping a beer with a kids meal in front of him and a large variety of dipping sauces.

On a napkin, he ranks the dipping sauce as he tastes nuggets with each.

SHERYL (O.S.)
 What the hell are you doing, Harry?

Harry is shocked out of his daze, as Sheryl stands over him.

HARRY
 A dipping sauce competition. Did you know that McDonalds in Japan have different--

SHERYL
 You're competing in thirty minutes.

HARRY
 No, I quit. They'll just have to forfeit. Who was I kidding? We were going to lose anyway.

SHERYL
 You what?

HARRY

I just... It's embarrassing. For you, for me, for everyone. I was so desperate to be an Olympian, as if getting here through curling would mean anything.

SHERYL

Harry, that wasn't desperation. That was commitment. I've seen a side to you these past few weeks that have put away any concerns about you being ready to put people before yourself and follow through with what you commit to.

Disappointment wipes across her face.

SHERYL (CONT'D)

But maybe I was wrong.

Before leaving, she turns back to him.

SHERYL (CONT'D)

Sidney was finally excited to have a new role model to cheer on.

She walks away as--

HARRY

Really?

She's gone. Across the way, he sees a YOUNG BOY sitting alone, looking around for someone. Sad and anxious.

His DAD rushes from the bathroom and flicks his wet hands on his son's face, immediately making him smile.

Harry looks down in deep thought for a long second then realizes he's been holding a nugget in his hand the entire time. Dips it in every sauce, then eats it.

INT. OLYMPIC CURLING ARENA - DAY

Clean Sweep stretches, now far more flexible than before. However, that was a very low bar.

JIMBOB

Okay, crew. It's time.

GAIL

But Harry?

Dave looks up to the stands, where Sheryl walks in and shrugs to him. She joins Sidney and Dave's family.

COACH

Ya know, I'm not really feeling the whole "coach" thing today.

GAIL

Excuse me?

RAMONA

What?

DAVE

Can we maybe buy some time?

COACH

Anything that requires little effort on my part.

Jimbob glares at her. An idea comes to him.

CURLING LANE 2

The OLYMPIC OFFICIAL approaches both team Sweden and USA.

OLYMPIC OFFICIAL

Sweden. USA. You're up--

FWEET. FWEET FWEET FWEET.

The Olympic Official's eyes dart to Coach, blowing the whistle while chilling on the bench.

OLYMPIC OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

Ma'am, that's illegal on the floor!

FWEET. FWEET FWEET.

SECURITY GUARDS, confused, take a second, then run towards her. She doesn't budge, clinging to the bench like a koala.

The whole stadium erupts in laughter and chaos. All competitions are stopped. Piper catches it all on her phone.

Harry stands behind Clean Sweep as they smile at Coach giving the Security Guards hell.

HARRY

What the hell is Coach doing?

They turn around to see him. Grinning ear-to-ear.

JIMBOB

Coach!

Coach looks up.

JIMBOB (CONT'D)
You're good now. Thank you.

They exchange a sweet smile. She looks up at the Security Guards who don't know how to properly get hold of her.

COACH
I'm kind of liking making these motherfuckers sweat though.

The Guards try to grab her by the waist since her limbs are clasped under the bench.

COACH (CONT'D)
Grab me, I dare you. You see all the phones out in here? I'll sue your ass in a second, buddy.

The Guards pull back, unsure of what to do next.

COACH (CONT'D)
If you're done, I'm done.

They back away. She flirts with putting the whistle in her mouth to keep them on edge.

Back on center stage, Clean Sweep huddles around Harry. Sweden stares them down.

HARRY
I'm sorry I ran out on you all. I think I saw my life changing and got a little scared. But now I realize it's all for the better.

He looks to the stands at Sheryl and Sidney, who both wave.

HARRY (CONT'D)
And you know what? We're Team USA and that's great and all, but honestly, screw Team USA!

GASPS of shock surround them, as quite a few more people than were supposed to hear that statement do. Even Clean Sweep doesn't know where he's going with this.

HARRY (CONT'D)
We're Clean Sweep. Underdog of everything but undefeated. And we aren't breaking that streak today.

Clean Sweep drinks the Kool-Aid. They're ready.

INT. JASPER HIGH GYMNASIUM - DAY

The entire school files into the gymnasium. They find spots in the bleachers as the game is cast on a projector screen.

INT. OLYMPIC CURLING ARENA - DAY

Team Sweden stands across from Clean Sweep. The Olympic Official lurks between them and tosses a coin. Tails.

Smug smiles cross the Swedes' faces. Clean Sweep tries not to look intimidated. Jimbob and Coach clap to hype them up.

The large scoreboard behind them shows Sweden and USA tied for possibly the last time in the game. USA is designated the red stones. Sweden has the yellow.

Harry settles into the hack. He looks to Gail for the angle, pushes off, steadies his stride, then ousts the stone before reaching the hack-line. Mouthing every movement to himself.

Ramona and Dave follow the stone. They sweep lightly, then rapidly until they approach the house. They let up quickly as the stone nears the rings.

Gail sits back as it slows towards the second ring and stops.

Jimbob nods proudly.

IN THE STANDS

The proud families of Harry and Dave cheer, but then become nervous as the Swedes take the stage.

LARS

My homeland versus my new home.

(sings)

Nothing's fine, I'm torn.

TINA

Did you find my Natalie Imbruglia
CD in the car?

LARS

Yeah, it's really a good one.

Beside Peter, a CROWD MEMBER complains to his FRIEND.

CROWD MEMBER

I heard Team USA sucks this year.
This will be more embarrassing than
losing in the trials.

Peter looks to Piper, who snaps her head in their direction.

PIPER

You know what I think is embarrassing? Sitting in the stands of a curling match you don't care about, paying twenty dollars for shitty nachos, and shitting on a team that doesn't give a flying fuck about what you think.

TINA

Piper, language!

Peter and Piper sink in their seats, smugly smiling.

The Crowd Member and his Friend put their shitty twenty dollar nachos to the side.

ON THE ICE

The Team sweeps the stone. Dave tries to catch it off the bounce of the opposing stone, but it doesn't do much.

The Swedes throw their eighth and final stone of the end, and it lands right in the center of the house.

The scoreboard shows Swedes up three to one at end five.

Clean Sweep and Team USA fans are anxious. Stone after stone is thrown. End after end. Slow scoring but high intensity.

INT. SPORTS BAR - DAY

LouLou and Bar Patrons are glued to the curling game.

A COMMOTION comes from the shuffleboard table. They're immediately SHUSHED by those paying attention to the round.

INT. OLYMPIC CURLING ARENA - DAY

End nine. The score is still one to three.

Clean Sweep is up, with Dave throwing their eighth stone. Their palms are sweaty, knees are weak, and arms are heavy.

Dave gets in the hack for his final throw. He looks to his family, all eyes glued on him. He presses forward.

Ramona and Harry sweep it just between two yellow stones. It hits the center of the house. Scoring one, it's two to three.

Sweden gears up for tenth and final round, confident.

Clean Sweep joins Jimbob and Coach for a last end game plan as the Swedes throw their first stone.

JIMBOB

Coach, any thoughts?

Surprised, she's at a loss for words, no clue what to advise a team of curlers to do, so she sticks with what she knows.

COACH

Team, it's been an honor getting you this far, and you better not give up all we've worked for now. Winning is a mindset. Greatness is a mindset. Thirty percent talent. Ninety percent confidence.

The Crowd lets out a big GASP.

Clean Sweep turns their heads. Sweden's stone is short of the house but blocks a line to the middle of the target.

JIMBOB

Okay. Thank you, Coach. That right there was the biggest move of the game. They're going defensive, so we have to shoot early.

He nods to Harry who fist bumps his own chest, ready to go.

Harry steps into the hack.

HARRY

(to self)

S.O.S.

He pushes off with a delicate glide. He ousts the stone, letting Dave and Ramona guide it around the defensive stone.

GAIL

Quick strokes! Left! It's slowing!

It doesn't quite make it to the first ring, creating even more of a wall to the house.

Harry hangs his head with shame as the Swedes add to that wall, piling up on the left side.

HARRY

(to Clean Sweep)

Sorry, guys. I fucked it up.

DAVE

No, man. It's a team effort.

The Team pats Harry on the back.

Harry steps up for his second and final chance. Clearly nervous and taking a second to start.

IN THE STANDS

Worry in her eyes, Sheryl can hardly watch.

SHERYL

C'mon, Harry. You can do it.

SIDNEY CROSBY JR.

You can do it, Harry!

Sheryl's eyes go wide in awe. She smiles and looks back to the game, hugging Sidney tight.

BACK ON THE ICE

Harry looks up to his family in the stands and then to the side of the rink, where Angelo stands.

HARRY

(to self)

Everyone's watching, Harry Beary.
Your angel, your gal, the kid. Time
to earn role model status.

He focuses in on the target, then glides, shifting his wrist so that the stone spins right, and then ousts it.

GAIL

Sweep tight! Dave, let up!

Ramona and Dave do so. The stone grazes the right side of the Swedes' and makes it to the ring, now the only stone inside.

The rest of the stones pile up on the left side, some pushing others apart and closer to the rings.

INT. OLYMPIC CURLING ARENA - DAY

Dave looks to the tiniest space left for a stone to sneak through for a point. The entire Team is on eggshells.

DAVE
 (to Clean Sweep)
 It's almost impossible.

COACH
 You know another way to say
 impossible? I'm possible.

Dave takes it to heart and gets ready to throw his final stone. The rest of the Team follows.

Everyone freezes. The stadium is silent.

Gail envisions the perfect route for the stone and signals to Dave. Other Teams take notice of her skill. Dave nods in understanding, but his nerves kick in, shaking in the hack.

LARS (O.S.)
 Don't stop believing, Dave!

All eyes turn to Lars, standing with the rest of Dave's family. Lars begins a SLOW CLAP. It's just as slow to gain momentum from other Crowd Members but then gains ground.

Lars takes it as a moment to sing in unity.

LARS (CONT'D)
 (singing)
Don't stop believin'
Hold on to the feelin'

Peter, Piper and even Tina stare at each other, unsure of what to do. Sheryl joins. And then so do they.

GROUP
 (singing)
Streetlights, people.

Little by little, the whole Crowd joins.

CROWD
 (singing)
Don't stop believin'
Hold on
Streetlight people.

Dave uses the momentum while he can. He pushes forward, eyes on that single space. He ousts it.

DAVE
 Angle in!

Harry and Ramona do as told. The stone curves through the two other stones. It lands on the ring.

The Swedes are now, for the first time, concerned. As the Crowd continues singing, they approach the Olympic Official.

SWEDE
(in Swedish; subtitled)
Can you not shut them up!?

The Official shrugs and shakes his head.

The Swedes have less luck, as the singing throws them off.

Clean Sweep and Fans try to keep their composure, knowing anything can happen.

INT. SPORTS BAR - DAY

LouLou pours a round of shots in front of the line of Bar Patrons at the bar. Others gather, taking up standing room.

LouLou passes out a few of the shots, then downs the rest.

INT. OLYMPIC CURLING ARENA - DAY

Gail and the Team play defensive with their last stone, letting it block as many pathways for the yellow as possible.

They all huddle together and do what they can, wait for the Swedes to throw their final hammer stone.

The Swedes look confident. They smirk to Team USA, who's as nervous as ever. Even Coach can't watch what happens next.

The Swede's Skip gears up in the hack and pushes off.

INT. JASPER HIGH GYMNASIUM - DAY

The entire gymnasium is quiet.

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

A HAIR STYLIST curls a CUSTOMER's hair. She leaves it in, fixed on the television. She realizes the hair smoking and unclips the curler from the it. The hair falls off, burnt.

The Customer doesn't notice, full attention on curling.

INT. OLYMPIC CURLING ARENA - DAY

The Swede's stone is swept as perfect as possible.

SWEDE
(in Swedish; subtitled)
Catch it on the bounce, Eva!

They bounce their stone against an earlier one, causing it to move towards the ring. EVA jumps in from the back to sweep as fiercely as she can. Carrying it as much as she can.

The stone stops. Just short of the ring.

The arena sits in a still silence for a beat.

INT. SPORTS BAR - DAY

The same silence fills the bar.

BAR PATRON
So, what does that mean?

INT. OLYMPIC CURLING ARENA - DAY

The Crowd erupts into CHEERS. Dave and Harry's families hug, kiss and cry.

Clean Sweep does the same on the rink. Meanwhile, the Swedes yell at each other and are chewed out by their SWEDISH COACH.

The scoreboard shows USA beating Sweden four to three.

INT. JASPER HIGH GYMNASIUM - DAY

The school goes crazy. Books are thrown. Chaos ensues. The TEACHERS have no clue how to control the situation.

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Everyone celebrates, all smiles.

The Customer turns to her Stylist, enthused, until she sees the chunk of hair missing. The Stylist painfully smiles back.

INT. OLYMPIC CURLING ARENA - DAY

Clean Sweep celebrates with high-fives and hugs. Dave pulls back from a hug with Ramona, takes her face in his hands and kisses her right in the middle of the celebration.

IN THE STANDS

Piper and Peter look to each other, impressed with their Dad. Tina, in shock, turns to her kids.

TINA

Is your Dad dating that woman?

Peter and Piper shrug, smiling.

ON THE ICE

Harry plants a kiss on Jimbob. Jimbob turns to Coach and they exchange a handshake.

JIMBOB

You did good, Coach.

COACH

Come here, you old fart.

She embraces him with a hug.

In the midst of the chaos, Harry sees Sheryl rushing up the stands to the exit, instead of following Dave's family down.

HARRY

Sheryl! Sheryl!!

Harry runs to the stands, jumps over, but gets stuck. Flailing on the railing, Clean Sweep runs over to help. They give him a push, causing him to face-plant on the other side.

He jumps up and his Teammates' eyes almost jump out of their sockets. They look to each other but say nothing as Harry continues up the stairs.

As he shouts for Sheryl, a missing tooth is seen. So focused that he doesn't notice, blood drips from his mouth.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Sheryl!

Sheryl turns around at the top of the stairs, with a napkin to Sidney's mouth and his jacket over her shoulder. The stitched "USA" clearly covers up an old logo.

SHERYL

Harry, what are you doing?

HARRY

Why are you leaving? We won!

She notices Harry's missing tooth and blood as he nears her.

SHERYL

I know. Sidney lost his tooth. I was going to wash it out real quick...

Sidney smiles, with a big gap in his teeth, to Harry.

SHERYL (CONT'D)

Looks like you guys have even more in common now.

HARRY

What are you--

He wipes his mouth, blood on his hand, then licks his teeth. He feels the empty spot. He looks like he's going to pass out. Sheryl grabs him, and Sidney laughs.

SHERYL

They're just teeth. Let's get you boys cleaned up.

Harry regains composure. Sheryl grabs Sidney's hand. Harry walks behind them. He sees the back of Sidney's oversized white jersey. It's Harry's, his name and number on the back.

Sidney looks back to Harry and holds out his other hand. Harry, in tears for many reasons now, grabs it. They walk up the steps hand-in-hand as a family.

ON THE ICE

As the Team celebrates, an NCAA MAN approaches Gail.

NCAA MAN

Hi, I'm Clive Daniels, with the NCAA Collegiate Curling Board. Yale is looking for--

Coach steps in front of the shocked Gail.

COACH

I'm Coach. Anything you'd like to discuss with Gail here, you can take up with me.

Peter pauses. Looks to Dave then to Coach.

PETER

So I get an A in gym class, right?

Dave and the rest of the crew look to Coach. She winks and nods. Harry and his family come and join. Everyone continues enjoying the moment, all smiles.

FREEZE FRAME over the scene.

SUPER: "Clean Sweep lost terribly to the Canadians in the next round."

INT. SPORTS BAR - DAY

LouLou goes over to the old television. She presses "Stop Record" on the VCR machine and pops out a tape.

She places a strip of tape along the side and writes "Winter Olympics: Clean Sweep vs Sweden (W)".

She places it on the shelf with all Harry's other game tapes.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

DING DING. The doorway rings as a customer enters off-screen.

LouLou cleans up behind the bar... now empty and quiet. She turns to see Jimbob, nervously approaching.

JIMBOB

We couldn't find that six-foot
Italian something, but...

He hands her an Olympic snow-globe with scenery from Italy inside. She takes it. They lock eyes. She jumps his bones, and they make-out behind the bar.

FADE OUT.

THE END