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# Across The Line

By Floyd Kane

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This kid's not Crosby.

Fletcher, well maybe.

Fletcher?

As in Stevie Fletcher?

You're showing your age now.

Come on. Get real.

I feel like I'm the only one  
who's being real at this point.

Have you seen the Slaughter  
kid skate though?

We have a station hockey team.

You've seen me skate.

I can skate.

This kid plays hockey  
like he's in the NBA.

He doesn't even see the ice!

Yeah, but he scores goals.

That's what you do in hockey.

He misses opportunities  
with his teammates.

He showboats.

He floats sometimes.

If I were his coach, you know  
what? I'd scratch the guy.

You were his coach?

Oh man. Come on.

Scratch the number one player?

Now you're just being cranky.

Look, the only reason anyone's  
even pushing this kid

is because he's from a tough  
neighbourhood, North Preston.

Yeah. First black Nova Scotian  
to make it to the NHL.

Look, you gotta admit.

That's a Cinderella  
story right there.

Yeah. It's a fairytale.

That's the right word.

Fairytale.

A 9-year-old metro girl  
has a new lease on life  
thanks to surgery at the

Hospital for Sick Children.  
Tracey Hooper was given...  
Mattie! Carter! Breakfast!  
You know they're  
ripping us off, right?  
I mean there is no way  
that bill was \$450.  
I'm-I'm gonna talk to 'em.  
Mm hmm.  
Morning Mama.  
Ah good morning baby.  
Thank you.  
Morning Dad.  
Mattie.  
The guys down at the  
cement company keep asking  
when you're gonna come  
down to the office  
and sign some of  
your Junior A cards.  
Whenever you want, Dad.  
Now let's see if  
he comes correct  
over the next quote on cement.  
Ah shit!  
I got it.  
How many inches in  
five square feet?  
720.  
Thank you, Carter.  
See boy?  
Come work for me.  
Slaughter and Son.  
Your brains, my skills?  
We'll make a killing.  
Yeah. I'm out.  
Where you going?  
Mattie, come here.  
Who's that?  
I don't know.  
Mm. Mm. Mm. Mm.  
Oh okay.  
So this is what  
you're pushing.

Yeah.  
That guy give it to you?  
Teddy?  
Uh huh.  
Yeah he just let me  
hold it for a bit.  
Well Christ, she sharp,  
ain't it?  
Yeah. I can't even lie.  
It's pretty sweet.  
For a pimp car.  
Get in.  
So that white man's promising  
you the world, eh?  
I haven't even signed  
the contracts yet  
and already he's got a  
scout lined up to see me.  
Yeah he's just drooling  
about that money  
he goin' make off ya, boy.  
Yeah. You know what they say,  
he's the best.  
Yeah. Bullshitter.  
Maybe.  
But yeah, Mom and Dad,  
they happy.  
You know, Dad's  
running around town  
bragging about you and shit.  
Hey. That's my boy.  
Who?  
You know, Mattie Slaughter.  
Maybe he's got a right.  
Yeah.  
What? You got a new phone?  
Uh business line.  
Teddy! What's up?  
What you saying?  
Got ya.  
What's up man? You good?  
Yeah man. I'm good.  
Listen to this.  
Yeah! There we go. You good?

I'm good.  
All right. Let's go.  
Yo Holmes, to Bel Air.  
This place never  
gonna change, boy.  
It's high school for you.  
Yeah.  
Mm. Mm mm.  
Look at all that sweetness.  
Oh you like that, huh?  
Oh I love it.  
- Hey.  
- Hey.  
Jayme Crawley.  
What are you dressed  
like that for girl?  
It's asshole repellent.  
She got you.  
Yo fuck you.  
Oh you wish.  
Are we still on for lunch today?  
Will you get the work done?  
I'll see you at lunch.  
Man, that girl is  
a super freak bro.  
Skoo!  
Choose that boy.  
Man C, I gotta go.  
All right. All right later.  
You gonna pick me up  
from the rink later?  
Don't know. Mm. What you saying?  
...special telescopes to see  
things that human eyes can't.  
For this picture, three  
telescopes were used  
and each picked up a  
different type of light.  
The guy at Tattoo Village  
said he'd do us two for one.  
I bet he did.  
I'm not gonna get inked  
by some rando dude.  
My Dad would torch his shit.

X-rays have a lot of energy  
so when we look at the  
universe in x-ray light,  
we see some of  
the hottest gas  
and the most  
powerful explosions.  
Infa-red light is given off  
by much cooler objects  
than the stars.  
So what's X?  
Come on Jayme. You know this.  
We went over  
this the other day.  
I know. Just give me a second.  
If I didn't need  
math to graduate,  
I'd be telling algebra  
to kiss my ass!  
Okay. Here.  
Jayme.  
Hey. Um Mattie just...  
we're just going  
over some algebra.  
Right. Are we gonna do this?  
Dude. Relax.  
Uh I'm sorry. I gotta go.  
Are you still coming  
to my home tonight?  
Yeah.  
Later gator.  
Here. Don't lose this one.  
I won't.  
All the white ministers got  
like three baby mammas  
so I told my ma hey, I'm gonna  
start going to a white church.  
I'm serious.  
Don't gotta dress up.  
Don't gotta listen to  
no T.D. Jakes wannabe  
put your business on the street.  
You in and out in like thirty  
minutes and they feed you.

Feed you?  
Yeah. You know them little  
wafers and the juice?  
All right.  
What are you gonna do  
about the music though?  
I say we bring them some  
up home music, you know?  
Show 'em how we do.  
You forget how to walk?  
You were in my way.  
Just leave it, man.  
No, no, no, no.  
You were in my fucking way.  
Dwight, let's get  
out of here man.  
Who the fuck you talking to man?  
Hey. I'm going  
about my business  
all of a sudden this  
little fucking monkey  
comes out of nowhere.  
Hey. Say that shit again.  
Todd, back up, man.  
Say that shit again, huh?  
You heard what I said.  
I'm gonna fuck you up son.  
I can say it again.  
No, I'm gonna fuck you up.  
Keep talking shit.  
Dwight!  
Miss Downey, you didn't  
hear what this racist...  
I do not care what he said.  
My classroom now.  
Both of you.  
Ah come on.  
Hey. Disperse.  
Sit down.  
That's my coat.  
It's mine now.  
What are you gonna do?  
Come on. Come on. Take it.  
Give me my friggin' coat.

Why don't you make  
me white girl?  
Lay off her, Trina.  
Mind your business.  
Just walk away.  
That's my jacket.  
Give her her coat back.  
What?  
You think 'cause  
your Dad's a cop  
I won't mess you up too?  
Take your shot.  
You know what?  
Here.  
It stinks anyway.  
Let's go.  
Half breed.  
So what's the problem?  
If this is a race thing,  
it ends right now.  
This is stupid shit.  
Smarten up, boys.  
What are you,  
Martin Luther King?  
Please Miss Downey,  
you can't do nothing.  
Can I go?  
Sit down, Dwight.  
You have anything to say?  
I'm done with this.  
I don't have to  
explain myself to you.  
- Todd. Todd. I am talking to you.  
- Don't you touch me.  
Dwight, you can go.  
Office.  
Now.  
Fuck forgetting it, mom.  
I'm not gonna lie for you.  
I'm not gonna do it.  
What's up? Did you take...?  
You don't want me to tell Dad  
you're planning on leaving him.  
That is the definition of a lie.



I'm gonna go.  
Fuck!  
Hey, hey. Hey.  
What's wrong with your mom?  
She's sketch, man.  
You okay?  
I know my dad's not perfect.  
Hey.  
Listen to this.  
It's brand new out  
of Controller.  
Yeah. Their shit is crazy.  
I love this.  
I'm gonna make it  
my new ring tone.  
Only for me.  
Okay.  
All right.  
This shit's real.  
Ape called my parents.  
What?  
I said the ape  
called my parents.  
The ape?  
Miss Downey, dummy.  
Hey Todd.  
You're an idiot, Todd.  
You talk such fucking nonsense.  
I can't wait till you're in  
our rearview mirror, man.  
Let's go.  
Hey. Wait a second, man.  
We gotta talk about the marina.  
Shit. Right. Um  
yeah tonight. Okay?  
Whoa. Hold on.  
I gotta let my Dad know  
by tomorrow, all right?  
Or else they're gonna  
hire someone...  
You see this?  
These guys are unbelievable.  
Just-just leave it man.  
No. Watch this.

Monkey, she don't want you.  
What the fuck man?  
Yeah what the fuck you  
gonna do about it?  
You want to do  
something about it?  
Let's just go.  
- You got a problem man?  
- Fuck you, man.  
He's being an idiot, J.  
Let's go.  
You want to do  
something about it?  
You guys think you can  
take whatever you want?  
Fuck you, you piece of shit.  
Yeah monkey!  
Come on, come at me!  
John!  
John.  
Jesus.  
You're at that school to learn.  
I can't believe you kids.  
Mom, we were just  
playing around.  
No.  
Once again you got wrapped  
up in Todd's shit.  
How many times have  
I gotta tell you?  
You get in trouble,  
you don't have some fancy ass  
lawyer father who can fix it.  
Don't get sucked in.  
Okay. Hey.  
Look, all he did was  
throw an empty can  
at the guy's stupid car.  
John.  
Cars are like religion  
to those people.  
Cadillacs next to  
plywood shacks.  
Those guys,

they just love nothing  
better than a fight.  
That's it.  
You just need to  
stay away from them.  
Hey.  
He was just defending himself.  
He can't help it if those boys  
from Preston act like savages.  
And before you start,  
me speaking the truth  
doesn't make me racist.  
Whoa, hey Mom.  
Todd was the one who started it.  
And those black boys don't know  
how to turn the other cheek?  
Well maybe the white boys  
shouldn't start fights  
they can't finish.  
Of course you'd feel that way.  
Okay.  
You're good.  
Clean yourself up.  
Okay.  
I gotta go to work.  
Dinner's in the oven, love.  
Thanks mom.  
Hey, come here.  
Wow.  
I'm sorry.  
Your mom's a bitch.  
Hey. Look, she's just upset.  
She said some things...  
She keeps talking this bullshit.  
Okay. So what do  
you want me to do?  
You want me to tell my mom  
what she can and cannot say  
in her own house?  
That should go over well.  
I want you to stand up.  
Whatever.  
It's a good thing  
I'm not pregnant.

No. Jay... Jayme. Jayme, wait.  
Your son is a star.  
Mr. Jacobsen says I could  
be the next Crosby.  
Crosby, huh?  
Don't you get a big head.  
Ain't nobody putting your  
ugly mug on a cereal box.  
Thank you.  
Endorsements will come.  
That's a-that's a  
whole other game.  
Look.  
A lifetime ago I was Mattie.  
Well, maybe didn't have  
those hands but, uh,  
I know talent when I see it.  
Mr. and Mrs. Slaughter,  
there are a lot of living  
rooms across this country  
I could be seated in right now.  
I've chosen to be here.  
It's been a long time since  
I've seen a kid skate  
with the kind of speed,  
power Mattie has.  
Hurray today.  
Man, whose ride is that?  
Carter, this is Mr. Jacobsen,  
the sports agent.  
He flew in to see your brother.  
Okay.  
So that's your ride.  
Well it's a rental.  
Nice.  
My bro sick on the ice,  
ain't he?  
Well that's why we're here.  
Mm hmm.  
So, uh, when I look at a  
player I look for character.  
Ah. The milk's spoiled.  
Ma?  
The fridge is fucked up.

Carter, just listen to  
what the man has to say.  
That's Mattie's thing.  
Look, it's nice to meet you boy  
but let's just make  
this paper, all right?  
Look. He shoots.  
Boom! Mattie scores.  
Woo!  
Well let's, uh, let's hope he  
brings that enthusiasm  
to the stands, huh?  
I've already said this to Mattie  
so I'll say it again here.  
I know this work you've  
put in has not been easy.  
I know that's right.  
My job now?  
To place Matthew with a family,  
the best NHL franchise  
that will allow  
all that hard work he's put in  
over the last ten plus years,  
the work you've done,  
to pay off.  
You want Mattie in the big city?  
Some of these small towns here,  
the other team's fans  
throwing bananas on the ice  
while he's playing.  
I hear you,  
but none of that will matter  
when Mattie goes first round.  
The press says top twenty.  
It's the press.  
Your son could be the  
future of hockey.  
I want to make sure  
that happens for him,  
for this family.  
What do you say?  
His life.  
Mm hmm.  
Well Mattie?

Uh yeah.

Yes.

We're gonna do amazing  
things together.

Thank you.

John, we'll...

we'll talk later.

Yeah.

Fine.

Sit down. Eat some dinner.

I know you got some questions  
about what's been going on  
between me and your mother.

She just needs some time,  
that's all.

She's not coming back, Dad.

You expecting someone?

Mattie Slaughter.

Hi Mr. Crawley.

Can I help you?

Shit. Sorry.

I totally forgot he's supposed  
to be tutoring me right now.

Uh is this a bad time?

Yeah actually I prefer...

No. No. It's fine.

You want to see me in  
that cap and gown, right?

I gotta do this math thing.

Yeah. Well I gotta  
go get ready so...

We'll be fine.

All right. We'll see you later.

Goodbye Mr. Crawley.

See ya.

Quit it.

You're making me nervous.

All right. Done.

You got it.

All right. Let's celebrate.

Go to the basement  
and celebrate!

Sorry.

My Dad's kind of

weird about that.

Does your, uh,  
does your Dad play?

No.

He has it in his mind that I'm  
gonna be the next Sheila E.

Clive Davis, maybe.

What about Sharon Osbourne?

Definitely Clive.

You like this?

Yeah. Yeah, it's cool.

It's fucking real.

Yeah. I'm not feeling it.

Okay.

This is more your speed, huh?

Who's this?

Uh Henry Green.

Your Dad is gonna kill me,  
Jayme.

No. Fraser will never know.

Besides, my Dad likes you.

That Slaughter boy's really  
going places, Jayme.

Why can't you bring  
home someone like him?

So what?

Your Dad doesn't like John?

You know, just with everything  
he's been through with my mom,  
he just, he thinks it'd be  
easier for me with a black guy.

Not like I haven't  
heard black people say  
some pretty stupid shit.

Oh come on. Don't even go there.

It was one time  
and he was drunk.

Oh. He was drunk all right.

Miss Crawley, can I ask  
you a little question?

Your man, he got  
a big black dick?

Can you handle it?

I mean the guy is fucking nuts.

Yeah. Well you're just lucky  
he didn't whip it out.  
My mom just went off.  
She was so ready to  
get me a new tutor.  
You got caught.  
What do you mean?  
John.  
Caught you staring at me.  
Okay.  
So what? Is that some  
sort of a crime?  
You're funny.  
Why?  
What do you want, Mattie?  
I see how you look at me.  
Something's really  
gotten into you tonight.  
What are you afraid of?  
Is it John?  
Yeah right.  
Or me?  
You are talking a lot  
of nonsense girl.  
Don't think you can handle it?  
Handle you?  
Are you serious?  
Stop. Stop.  
Are you okay?  
Um... you should...  
yeah you should um...  
I'm with John.  
Okay?  
Yeah. Yeah, I know that.  
Each student in this school  
is entitled to an environment  
governed by respect,  
dignity and civility.  
Yesterday, a small group of  
students violated this code.  
Students who behave  
this way have no right  
to be part of our community.  
Anyone who witnessed



yesterday's violence,  
please talk to me or to  
one of your teachers.  
Hey man.  
Hey.  
What's up?  
Last night was crazy.  
You good?  
Yeah. Tell ya about it later.  
Yo, if this white boy gets  
in my face one more time,  
I'm gonna fucking finish him.  
Just leave it alone.  
All right?  
See ya later.  
Angelique didn't love Claude.  
She couldn't.  
Well why is that Trina?  
Her white master's raping her  
and she still falls in  
love with a white man?  
What... doesn't make sense to me.  
If it's white it's all right,  
huh Jayme?  
Dwight.  
Trina, in Montreal 1743,  
we're looking at a world  
where the rich are at the top  
and poor whites and poor  
blacks are at the bottom.  
There were even white slaves.  
There wasn't no white slaves.  
Actually there were, Trina.  
See, that's what makes  
Angelique and Claude special.  
Although a lot of scholars  
like to believe Angelique  
and Claude were  
using one another,  
I like to think Angelique  
fell in love with Claude  
and set the great fire of 1743  
as a cover to escape with him.  
The more romantic version,

Angelique and Claude  
stand as a unique example  
of two individuals refusing to  
allow the racial attitudes  
of the time to dictate their  
relationship with one another.  
Let's look at Angelique's trial.  
Sorry about last night.

Here.

All right. Um you're sure?

You're not pregnant.

Yeah.

Ah. So how do you feel?

Relief? I mean what else?

Would it have been so bad?

For real?

What would we do with  
a kid in Toronto?

Well, we could stay here.

Maybe? I don't know.

Look, my mom has a friend with  
an apartment on Fairbanks  
and she'd give me a good deal.  
You really thought a lot about  
this the past couple of days.  
Come here.

It's not like staying here  
would be the end of the world.

Look. We have a plan.

- Toronto.

- Right.

Hanging at the

Velvet Underground,

Mars for breakfast at 2 am,

Sneaky Dee's for brunch.

Yeah. It's just I think...

Watch this now.

His skill. Unreal.

Oh yeah.

There you go. That my friend...

Coach, what's going on?

It's my ice time.

Scout for the Canadians wants  
to see the Slaughter kid skate.

My Dad paid for it.  
Is the scout staying  
for the game?  
Just here for dark meat there.  
They all think they  
can play hockey now.  
Yo!  
Skoo! Baby bro!  
What's up C?  
Yo. What up? Trunk.  
So?  
Thanks for picking me up.  
So how'd it go?  
Good. Good, I think.  
Okay. All right.  
We getting out of here?  
Yeah. Not just now.  
I'm waiting for somebody  
to meet me here.  
There's my man right there.  
Yeah.  
What's going on?  
Oh ah...  
I just gotta drop these girls  
off to a job real quick.  
You good?  
Come on. Be back.  
Teddy, yo.  
Hey. Good to see you man.  
Woo!  
I could listen  
to that all day.  
He say how much it was?  
Your new friend?  
No. Just said welcome  
to the family.  
Came with the  
contracts of course.  
Nothing in life is free.  
Hi Mom.  
Bam!  
Holy! New fridge?  
Woo. Ain't it beautiful?  
Hey, hey and it comes

with its own ice maker.  
Try it. Try it.  
And it came with those.  
Contracts?  
How'd you get home?  
C picked me up.  
I gotta fucking pee.  
Don't say anything.  
Ma, can she use the bathroom?  
It's to the right.  
Down the hall.  
And Monica, hurry up.  
Lord have mercy.  
What is wrong with you? Hmm?  
I mean do you have  
an ounce of respect?  
Do you?  
Carter!  
What?  
I ain't doing nothing.  
Boy, don't you act  
like I'm stupid.  
That girl is a child!  
Velma, pack up his things.  
It's enough of this.  
Ma.  
Come on, dad.  
When your mother's done  
you're gonna get out this  
house and you don't come back.  
Do you hear me? i  
I ain't do nothing.  
Then you're gonna  
lie to my face?  
This is our home.  
You don't bring this  
shit in our home.  
And you, you know better.  
Things are happening for ya.  
Don't get caught up in  
your brother's shit.  
Dad, I needed a ride home.  
He was just doing me a favour.  
Carter can't help you.

It's not even his own car,  
it's some pimp's car.  
Next time you need a drive,  
call me.  
I can get ya a drive.  
Finally.  
Finally something  
good happening,  
something good for  
everybody and look at ya.  
What am I doing?  
Hmm Dad?  
All I'm trying to  
be is my own man.  
Ain't that what you tell us?  
- Be your own man huh?  
- Yeah.  
That's what you was doing  
when you got caught  
selling dope, right?  
And where did that get ya?  
And now you got these girls  
selling their asses for ya.  
You think that's a man?  
That's nothing.  
That's nothing?  
And how that different from  
what you do with Mattie, hmm?  
How many people you promising  
jerseys, tickets, cards?  
Come on pops.  
You couldn't even buy  
your family a fridge.  
You had to let the white  
man do that shit for ya.  
Dad!  
Stop it! Stop it!  
Dear lord god. Stop this. Jesus.  
Oh you think you  
got it in ya boy?  
Come on!  
Carter, back off man.  
Back off!  
Let go of him.

Let go.  
I'm always the villain, right?  
It seems to be the only  
part you want to play.  
Lord knows we tried, boy.  
But you think you're too  
good for a real job,  
to earn a proper living.  
What do you think this is, hmm?  
I made this in a week.  
You make this in a month.  
Where's my son?  
C?  
Carter! Carter!  
Don't leave like this, man.  
No. All he cares about  
is his golden goose.  
Well guess what Mattie?  
You're my baby brother  
and I want nothing  
but the best for ya.  
You don't need  
this shit, Carter.  
All this shit with Teddy and  
the girls, this ain't you.  
Look, you want a new car,  
I'll buy you one.  
First cheque I get, I swear.  
It's family over  
everything, right?  
Ain't that what we always say?  
All right.  
So come with me.  
Come on.  
I'll drop the girls off  
and we'll go for a ride.  
Me and you and we'll talk.  
All right.  
Monica.  
Is there a problem, Officer?  
Licence, ownership and,  
uh, proof of insurance.  
There's my licence right here.  
This is my friend's car so

everything's probably in here.  
Keep your hands  
where I can see 'em.  
Everybody out of the car.  
- Are you serious?  
- Yes, I'm serious.  
What the hell?  
Out of the car.  
Don't look at me like that.  
Get out of the car.  
You don't have to be afraid.  
Who did this to you?  
She don't have to  
tell you nothing.  
Oh just shut up.  
Hey, what am I shutting up for?  
You should listen to your boy.  
Your boy had no reason  
for pulling me over.  
Oh yeah?  
Mm hmm.  
Hmm.  
You're the winner, huh?  
You're the one who likes  
smacking little girls, huh?  
- Hey. What the hell?  
- Is that what you like, punk?  
- He didn't do nothing.  
- Turn around.  
Turn around.  
For what?  
You heard me.  
Turn around, Mr. NHL.  
Yeah, I know who you are.  
C, you all right?  
Put your hands behind your head.  
I ain't do nothing.  
Are you still talking?  
You need to cool off, son.  
Am I being arrested?  
Am I being arrested?  
I said you need  
to cool off, son.  
You can't do this.

We can do whatever we want.  
So what's going on boy?  
Out for a little Sunday drive?  
Fuck.  
I'm gonna make some tea.  
Mattie,  
you can't afford to make  
mistakes like this.  
Dad, it could have  
all been done.  
Just like that it could  
have all been over.  
Just keep your focus, son.  
Mattie!  
Mr. Jacobsen.  
Just call me Len.  
Sure.  
Listen, I got a phone  
call this morning  
from your coach.  
He seems to think that you're  
hanging out with pimps,  
you're involved in  
prostituting underage girls.  
That's a lie.  
Coach has never  
been in my corner.  
You know this. I'm averaging  
eight minutes per game  
and yet I'm number  
one in total points.  
Hold on.  
No. You know what this is about.  
Look, I got your coach's number.  
We don't need to  
talk about that.  
Matthew, I spent time with you.  
I know what he's  
saying is bullshit...  
but...  
you gotta be the guy  
on the Wheaties box,  
you know what I mean?  
You gotta keep your nose clean.



People are watching you.  
You want to be in the show?  
That's your dream, right?  
Don't let anyone  
ruin that for you.  
Yeah.  
All right.  
Can't do the marina thing dude.  
I'm going to Toronto.  
Oh come on, man.  
Why even bother?  
What are you gonna do?  
Just be her little  
lapdog the whole time?  
Look. Jayme and I had  
this thing planned, man.  
She wants me to go to  
Toronto so that's what...  
Who gives a shit  
what Jayme wants?  
Dude, ever since you  
started dating that girl,  
it's like you're her  
fucking slave or something.  
Shouldn't she be the one  
changing her plans for you?  
Whatever man.  
Stop letting that girl  
run your life, you know?  
Monica?  
Monica.  
Are you okay?  
Now you want to talk to me?  
Wait. What did I do?  
Nothing.  
You did nothing.  
Hey Jayme. We gotta talk.  
I gotta get to class.  
No. Look I need to  
talk to you now.  
I'm-I'm not going to Toronto.  
Fine. Whatever.  
Whoa, hey. Just-just come here.  
Just think about it.

We'll be long distance.  
You'll be home at  
Thanksgiving and Christmas.  
Don't worry about it.  
We'll be...  
I get it now.  
God, no wonder you  
were so bummed out  
it was an almost baby.  
You never wanted  
to go to Toronto.  
That was just bullshit.  
No. That is not true.  
Look, you...  
you're gonna go to school and  
you're gonna pursue your thing  
but what's in Toronto  
for me besides you?  
This is my home, Jayme.  
My family, my friends.  
No. What I'm hearing is you  
never really wanted to go.  
You know what?  
Stay.  
I'm leaving.  
Whoa. What does that mean?  
I'm done.  
We're done.  
Jayme! Jayme!  
If Dwight thinks I got him  
yesterday, you just wait.  
I'm gonna fuck that nigger up.  
Jesus Christ Todd.  
What crawled up your ass?  
I'm just thinking about when  
you started talking that shit.  
Dude.  
No, you're always talking about  
black people taking  
things from you.  
Well taking what?  
Your family's rich.  
You're going to university.  
You're the Captain of

your Junior A team.  
What exactly are they taking?  
Are you guys listening  
to this nigger fucker?  
What are you talking...?  
Say that word again.  
What word?  
Nigger?  
Nigger, nigger, nigger, niggah.  
Aw shit. Dude!  
Holy shit!  
John, man. Come on.  
I'm joking.  
Come on man.  
Jayme, what's wrong?  
Not now.  
Wait. Hold up.  
What do you want  
from me, Mattie?  
Look, I don't just make  
out with random girls.  
Forget about it, okay?  
It's really nothing.  
- Mattie!  
- Oh it's nothing?  
Hey. Let's get something  
to eat brah.  
I was thinking of...  
Not now.  
Hey, what's...  
what the fuck?  
Yo Mattie. Come on, let's go.  
Hey Dwight, don't get involved.  
You do you, all right?  
Stop. Stop.  
Renee?  
Jayme.  
Fuck!  
Renee. Renee, get off her.  
Don't touch me!  
Return to your classes, everyone.  
The school is on lockdown.  
The police have been called.  
The police are on their way.

- The school is on lockdown.  
- John!  
Attention everyone.  
John!  
Return to your classes now.  
Fucking bitch!  
Jayme.  
Jayme.  
You okay?  
Todd hits like a bitch.  
How you feeling?  
I give up.  
I guess I should just start  
listening to Chris Brown  
and learn how to twerk.  
I'm not seeing it.  
Get into that box everyone  
wants to put me in.  
Ow. Easy.  
There's no box for you.  
You're an original.  
I'm just tired of everyone  
putting their bullshit on me.  
Being punk was supposed to be my  
freedom from all of this shit.  
It's the first time people  
weren't looking at me,  
trying to figure out if I was  
white or black or Lebanese.  
Too busy...  
her hair is fucked up.  
Why is she in those rags?  
That girl's a freak.  
You know what?  
I was totally okay with that.  
But now I realize I was  
only kidding myself.  
Yeah well I think  
you're perfect.  
Jayme broke up with you, right?  
Why are we even  
bothering with this shit?  
I just want to make  
sure she's okay.

She's okay all right.  
Man, that was crazy.  
Sweet fuck!  
It ain't over.  
What?  
Nothing.  
Just... Mattie Slaughter.  
I don't know.  
It's kind of weird, right?  
Yeah it's weird.  
But awesome.  
You thinking about John?  
Um, I broke it off but yeah.  
You gonna tell him about us?  
Oh there's an us now, is there?  
You gonna move to  
Toronto with me, huh?  
Or are you going off to  
be some big hockey star?  
Who knows?  
Or maybe I get  
drafted by Toronto.  
Oh you boys and your maybes.  
You know, Toronto isn't the  
only place of punk man.  
I just gotta get the  
hell out of dodge.  
I can't deal with this  
race shit anymore.  
Don't kid yourself, Jayme.  
I mean stereotypes,  
they're comfortable.  
I mean, look it...  
black people, they go  
to Tyler Perry movies.  
They-they play basketball and,  
I don't know,  
listen to Young Thug.  
White people like Meryl Streep,  
tennis and Taylor Swift.  
You keep that balance,  
then all is right in the world.  
You know what I mean?  
You just gotta treat

it like noise.  
I mean look at me for example.  
Everyone I know, my coaches,  
teammates, scouts, agents,  
everyone, they're all white.  
I mean when I look  
up in those stands,  
I see all white faces.  
They look at me like  
I'm some sort of alien.  
If you let that get in here,  
then they win.  
And I'm not letting that happen.  
Neither should you.  
Shit. You gotta go.  
If my dad catches you here,  
he will arrest you.  
I'm not kidding.  
All right.  
Thanks for the Jujubes.  
Yeah. Anytime.  
Guess I'll see you tomorrow?  
Yeah.  
John.  
That slut!  
Look it.  
How long has she been  
playing you man?  
I told you about her.  
She's wild just like  
the rest of them.  
Holy fuck!  
Just drive.  
Hey what's up man?  
- You fucking my girlfriend, huh?  
- Get off me, man.  
Huh? Fuck you man.  
Stay on him, man.  
Fucking throw some shit,  
you fucking pussy.  
Fuck you man.  
Come here. Come on. Bitch.  
You ain't shit!  
Fuck!

Fuck you!  
Todd, stop.  
John. John, let's go man.  
John! Let's get the  
fuck out of here!  
John!  
Fuck you!  
Bitch. Fuck you!  
Dwight, stop!  
Stop!  
Bitch!  
The NHL doesn't need  
players like this kid.  
Yeah, but Slaughter wouldn't  
be the first prospect  
that needs managing.  
You know that.  
Mattie Slaughter's true colours  
are clear from this incident.  
Ah come on.  
As far as I'm concerned,  
he's got no place in our game.  
If he wants to  
play hockey, fine.  
There's always the KHL.  
Hi.  
Oh my god.  
Oh my god.  
You're awake.  
This is new.  
What happened?  
You've been out since the fight.  
Look, if I don't go get your  
Mom she's gonna strangle me.  
Wait.  
John. What about John?  
Is he okay?  
I don't know.  
His mom won't let me see him.  
The papers are  
saying you did it.  
Jayme, you know I  
would never do that.  
I'll go get your mom.

Hey boy.  
So how you doin'?  
I'm okay.  
Just sore.  
I just wanna go home.  
I tell you boy when I find them,  
it's gonna be a problem,  
you hear me?  
Carter, you  
stop it.  
No. You're  
my brother  
and no one's gonna make no punk of you.  
You hear me?  
You're still on  
the same bullshit?  
Oh my baby, my baby, my baby.  
Hi mom.  
Hey Carter.  
Dad.  
Oh we were so worried honey.  
Sweet Jesus. Thank god.  
You look good, son.  
You need anything, huh?  
No mama.  
- Can we get you anything?  
- I'm fine, mom.  
The doctor should be in soon.  
And it was perhaps  
man's devotion to humans  
The poor ladies who now sat on  
the beach were flushing...  
Look, I don't remember much.  
I just remember looking down  
and seeing John lying  
there on the ground.  
Dwight already told the police  
that you weren't involved.  
Okay. He already  
took responsibility  
for his part in this mess.  
It's not that simple.  
Your son was involved  
in the fight.



Yeah but our son  
didn't do anything.  
They attacked him.  
Are you gonna charge  
that other boy  
with assaulting my son?  
Mr. Slaughter, that other boy,  
he may not live.  
So you're gonna charge my son?  
Maybe you should  
talk to a lawyer.  
Miss Downey?  
Miss Downey?  
I want to talk to you  
about what happened.  
I was a student at Cole  
Harbour High in '89  
when the first race  
riot took place.  
It was brutal.  
And the other day,  
we had such a sickening reminder  
that nothing's really  
seemed to change.  
Still North Preston  
and Eastern Passage.  
Poor black and poor white  
fighting for scraps  
from the big table.  
You guys really think there's  
nothing worth talking about?  
What's it gonna change?  
The cops went right for us.  
They weren't even looking  
at the white kids.  
We're always the target.  
You're not a victim.  
Slavery happened.  
Get over it.  
You know what? I'll show you  
how to get over it at lunch.  
Okay. Let's take a breath. Okay.  
Will you just shut up!  
Just shut up.

You're all so caught up in  
skin colour and for what?  
He's black, she's white.  
I don't gotta look any further?  
Is that it?  
Race is everything?  
I mean who decided that?  
Look at where it's gotten us.  
We need to change the rules and  
start thinking for ourselves  
'cause if we keep down this road  
we are gonna be so fucked!  
Says the half-breed.  
The sky seemed to darken.  
The white crests of  
the waves died away  
to leave a creeping  
wrinkled skin of water.  
The wind dropped.  
The sea birds fell silent.  
What came next was a strange  
heaping up of the water  
into a mound which grew  
and grew and became...  
Get out!  
Miss Doucet, I just  
came to check on...  
You're not welcome here.  
Do you understand?  
But I didn't do anything, okay?  
Those boys from Preston,  
they were gonna  
fuck him up, okay?  
The doctor says his short-term  
memory may be all messed up.  
He may have to use a cane  
for the rest of his life  
and you left him there.  
You know, that in there?  
I don't blame anybody but you.  
But he's my best friend.  
And that makes me sick.  
It makes me sick to  
think what I did

that my beautiful boy would want  
someone like you as a friend.  
Okay Miss Doucet. Come on.  
Don't come back here.  
Fuck you.  
So how come I ain't  
heard from you?  
Busy.  
Ah. So you're dropping me?  
Look...  
I'm proud of you.  
It's family over everything,  
right boy?  
Man, don't you see how you're  
damaging this family? Huh?  
Man, look at pop.  
All he wants is the  
best for you, man.  
And you still act  
like you don't care.  
No. You're acting like I  
got a billion choices.  
I ain't you, Mattie.  
What?  
I gotta get a trade  
so I can kill myself  
for them white people  
just so I can get by? Huh?  
Man, I don't think you  
realize how everything you do  
sticks with us, man.  
You mean you?  
I can't have you in  
my life anymore, C.  
You want to be a pimp,  
go ahead, be a pimp.  
I don't want nothing  
to do with it.  
Why is that? Huh?  
'Cause I'm not gonna  
kiss Mr. NHL's ass  
like pops and everybody up home?  
Guess you gotta get that, right?  
Mattie.

Mattie.  
Okay.  
All right.  
Be like that.  
Fuck you man.  
Yo fuck you!  
Yeah fuck this!  
Hey Len.  
Hey.  
How you feeling?  
Good. Good.  
You know, I won't be able to  
play for a couple weeks but...  
Yeah. I was, uh, I was  
talking to your dad so...  
Hey, we hear anything  
back from that scout yet?  
Well that's what I  
wanted to talk about.  
Not gonna happen.  
Okay. Okay cool.  
There's other teams  
though, right?  
Um, that's the thing, Mattie.  
Nobody wants you.  
Well... I don't understand.  
Swarming that kid in Preston?  
All over social media.  
It's a mess.  
Yeah, but I didn't do anything.  
You were there.  
Character.  
No team wants to be  
tied to a player  
involved in a mess like this.  
You do realize.  
You have a criminal record,  
you can't cross the border.  
You know that, right?  
Yeah but I didn't do anything.  
I mean, I was jumped too.  
No one cares about that shit?  
I'm sorry.  
Like you said,

it's different for me, right?  
Listen,  
don't worry about the fridge.  
Hey.  
Hey.  
How'd you know I was here?  
I called your house.  
Mom said you were here.  
It's cold.  
Skates?  
Oh yeah.  
Skating with an NHL star?  
I'll be dining out on  
this story for years.  
Yeah well you need  
to slow your roll.  
Apparently I'm damaged goods  
now because of the fight.  
My agent said no NHL  
team will take me.  
Asshole.  
So no lesson?  
Seriously?  
Everything isn't a  
fucking joke, Jayme.  
I did everything right!  
Everything.  
I worked twice as hard.  
I was twice as good.  
I did two hundred percent  
and still they get to  
take my dream from me?  
You done now?  
Great.  
Get your skates on.  
Get out of your head.  
Come skate.  
Dream's still here.  
Just gotta take it.