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Goon

By Jay Baruchel

All right, boys, here we go.
Huntsy, how long does it take
you to get your hair like that?
- About four hours.
- It's nice.
Smitty thinks you look like
Stevie Wonder on steroids.
- Fuck you!
- Ooh! Look at that face, pussy!
- I'll fucking kill you!
- Come on!
I think I nailed him.
Last Sunday morning
The sunshine felt like rain #
The week before it all
seemed the same #
With the help of God and
true friends, I come to realize #
- Come on...
- Oh...
- Doug! Get to work.
- Ross Rhea...
It says here
that you have brown eyes.
Come on! You actually have
blue eyes in real life.
I'm not paying!
- I'm really sorry, man.
- Fuck off.
- What's the problem, Gerry?
- I didn't win anything.
It's a jukebox, Gerry.
Go on downtown, baby #
Find somebody to love #
Meanwhile
I ain't wastin' time no more #
Cos time goes by like pouring
rain and much faster things #
Running after subway trains... #
- You look nice in that.
- Thank you.
Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith,
you guys look too young.
You have to bring IDs next time.

Huh? What the hell

are you talking about?

- Barbara, this is Dr. and Mrs. Glatt.

- Hi.

- How do you do?

- Nice to meet you.

- And their doctor son, Ira.

- A pleasure.

Great to meet you.

- This is my youngest son, Doug.

- Hello.

- Ow!

- I'm sorry.

Ira, have you got a main squeeze?

I bet you're batting them off.

- My squeeze is late, actually.

- Your dad thought you were single.

What do I know?

So what Ivy League school

are you hiding at, Doug?

Doug did not follow

in the family vocation.

- He's a...

- I bounce.

Like, er, basketball?

Richard!

- Hi!

- They're very close friends.

That's quite the couple, Glatt.

Is he Jewish?

Oh! Come on, stop!

Stop blowing my hat, wind.

For the record,

they're both adopted.

By and by

way after many years have gone

All the war freaks die off

Leavin' us alone... #

Yes, there he is!

You handsome bastard. Come in.

Thanks.

- Tell me you saw what Rhea did?

- It was a brutal chop.

I've fuckin' never seen Rhea

lose his shit like that before.
He got suspended for 20 games.
Boston sent him to St. John's.
He's 40 years old.
He's fucking done, son.
welcome to Hot Ice.
Tonight,
we have Ross Rhea's apology.
To Darryl and his family, I'm deeply
sorry for what happened out there,
- for what I did.
- Look at him. He's pathetic.
I have no excuse. I don't...
Jesus, I can't stomach
this shit any more.
It fucking kills me
to see him like this.
I'll feature it
on next week's Hot Ice,
unless that motherfucker Sully
from Worcester calls in again.
Last week, he called in pretending
he was from some sweepstakes
and told me that I'd won the grand prize
of 50 cocks in my mouth.
I have the option of sucking 50 at
once or one a month for 50 months.
I'm sorry. I didn't mean
to bring you down, pal.
Oh, no, no. I...
I don't have a thing, you know,
like... like you have your show
and my dad and my brother,
they have their doctor thing.
I haven't got a thing.
Everybody's got something but me.
Would it help
that I want you inside me?
That I want you to make lemonade
in my chocolate factory? Hey?
Fuck this fucking sad shit.
Let's go watch the Assassins.
I'll fill your big ass full of corndogs.
Come on!

Fuck you, Oshawa!

Ladies and gentlemen,
this is only the first period.

I predict that this game
becomes an ass raping
that only the likes
of fucking Ned Beatty
or potentially the cast of OZ
can comprehend!

- Dougie, any thoughts?

- This is fun. These are tasty treats.

Whoa! What the fuck is that shit?

- Fuck you!

- Get in!

- Go fuck yourself!

- Bye-bye, bitch.

Fuck you!

Welcome to Orangetown,
motherfucker.

What the fuck? You want a piece
of me, you little fucking faggot?

- Hey, my brother's gay.

- That's it.

- What the fuck...?

- You filming me, fucking faggot?

Hey, my brother's GAY!

Motherfucker!

Ow!

Oh!

Oh, attaboy, Doug.

Kick his fucking head in.

- Shit!

- Holy fucking shit.

Look at that face period!

Do you wanna take
that word back, please?

Fuck you, faggot.

Yes! Yes!

Yes! Oh, my God!

Doug! Doug!

Doug! Doug!

Doug! Doug! Doug! Doug!

Doug! Doug! Doug! Doug!

Doug! Doug!

Doug! Doug! Doug! Doug!
Prrrr! Rap-pap pop-pop prop!
That's my fucking
boy boner genocide.
I am pretty sure my fucking
eyeballs just ejaculated.
Pat, that's it.
We have a very special fucking
guest - Doug The Thug Glatt.
I'm a big fan. It's a good show.
Speaking of fans, the phones.
Caller, you're blowing Hot Ice.
Hi, there. I was wondering
if you like hot dogs?
- That's a...
- I like hot dogs, but I prefer corndogs
because you don't need a bun for it
Because the bun is all around it
and you can eat it from a stick.
You like hotdogs cos you
like cocks in your mouth.
- You motherfucker...
- It's Sully from Worcester!
Fuck you, Gus and Brian,
you're supposed to screen this shit.
Fuck this. I'm done.
I've had enough of you
and your police-state censorship.
Okay?
You are the final caller ever
on Hot Ice.
This is Rollie Hortense,
coach of the Orangetown Assassins.
- Yeah? Go fuck yourself.
- Pattie, do me a favour.
Let me talk to your buddy, Doug.
You impressed the hell out of me
last night and a lot of other people, too.
Thank you. You impress me
a hell of a lot, too.
I'll be direct. I want you to come
to the rink tomorrow for a try-out.
You think about it, okay?
Tomorrow at 2.30.

Okay. Yeah, I hope I'll see you there tomorrow at 2.30.

Where?

You guys really shine in the fucking Morris.

Dougie! Dougie!

Doug! Come out here, son.

Who the fuck is this guy?

Stop being mean to my friend!

They're his gay brother's.

What, you've never seen figure skates before?

- Hey.

- Howdy.

Fuck.

I don't know what you sweethearts are all laughing at.

One in nine last time I checked, so shut the fuck up and let this guy have his shot.

Coach, you're not going to let this guy join the team?

You know, you're not joining the Mousecapades, huh, buddy?

You're not trying out for the...

- The... What... The Capades.

- Spit it out.

You're a big boy.

Use your big boy words.

- Uhhhh.

- Fuck it.

- Shit! Shit!

- Motherfucker!

Cocksucker!

Jesus Christ. Holy lick, boy.

It's just too bad those are your team mates that you fucked up.

- I'm sorry, sir.

- But on the bright side, those are your team mates that you fucked up.

What do you say, son?

You want to be an Assassin?

- Yes. Yes.

- What number do you want to wear?

69!

Take the number 69, it's hilarious.

Is that number taken?

Dig it in, now! Dig it in!

You'll get better.

Push, push, push!

There you go, you got it.

Glatt! Glatt!

Excuse me.

Let's go!

Okay, pretty good, pretty good.

Way, way, way better.

Whoa!

Ross "The Boss" Rhea.

He is the master at fucking guys up
one on one.

You see what Rhea's doing?

Grabbing on the meat right there?

Nothing is coming through
and you're tiring out.

Pow! Bam!

He lures you in by beating
the fuck out of you.

When you come in close to stop
the onslaught - boom! Uppercut.

Doug! Doug! Doug! Doug!

- 6,000 off!

- 5,000 off

The Thug hates crappy cars.

- Sorry, buddy.

- You're gonna fuck them up good.

- Coach, you wanted to see me?

- Yeah. Hey, Doug.

Come on in. Grab a chair.

There's something I want to
discuss with you.

I am truly fucking proud of you.

I'm truly fucking proud of you.

Imagine playing in a league,
where they actually played hockey.

- Your talent is wasted here.

- I don't know if I have any talent.

You've been touched by the

fist of God, for Christ's sake.
- Thank you, sir.
- I got a brother, Ron.
He's the coach and manager
of the Halifax Highlanders.
I've told him about you
and I think you can help him out.
It all starts with this player
he's got there, Xavier Laflamme.
Holy shit, could this guy dance
with a puck
and he could put
that cocksucker away too.
He's 100 % pure, natural scorer.
He ends up going number two
overall and Montreal grabs him.
Whoo! I'm number one!
Fourth game in the season,
it's the home opening, bam.
- Ross "The Boss" Rhea.
- Nice hit, eh?
Suffers third-degree concussion.
Lucky he wasn't fucking killed.
Then he comes back,
he's scared shitless out there.
The pressure's starting to mount
on this kid and he can't hack it.
He's missing practices,
hanging with the wrong people.
There are rumours, the fuck tapes -
it still starts to add up.
So that summer,
he says he wants to trade.
They sent him down to Halifax.
He's with my brother.
All right, that's all I can
fucking stand, ladies.
You know why we're losing?
Because you're fucking shit.
Doug,
he wants to offer you a contract.
This is a farm club.
This is not some league where the
team is named after a radio station.

It's one step under the big league.

You go there,

you watch Frenchie's back.

Maybe you could snap him out of his slump, snap that team awake.

- Thank you so much.

- You done good.

It's a great opportunity.

I'm so glad you see that.

- Did you draw that?

- What?

- The wolf.

- Of course.

- What's its name?

- Loopi.

Frame it

to remember your days here.

Thanks for Loopi, Coach.

My cousin Sherilyn, she works at this titty bar in Dartmouth and she has

this dance move she does where she drags her jagged coke nail across her C-section scars and she's been asking me to come watch her and I've been saying, "It's kinda gross cos we're family," but I don't actually find it that gross.

- This is me here.

- This one.

Dougie, beat the shit out of some jagoffs for me.

- I'm going to be okay, right?

- You're the fucking Thug.

You're going to be

fucking awesome.

- I love you, bud.

- I'll miss you, buddy.

Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

There he goes! That's my friend.

I know Doug "The Thug" Glatt.

I remember when his dick was

a little fucking Christmas light.

Prrrrrrr! Halifax! Halifax!

Yo, yo, yo, Morenas

Que tal? Como esta usted

Pronto, pronto, pronto,

pronto, pronto, chu cha

- # Chu cha

- # Baila! Yo, baila! Yeah, Baila...

Hello?

Jesus.

Hello!

- Ferme I'ostie d'porte!

- I'm sorry. Nice to meet you...

- Close the fucking door.

- Thanks for having me.

Hmm.

- Jesus, it's early.

- I'm Doug Glatt.

- Gord Ogilvey.

- Nice to meet you.

So you're the tough Yank
who beats the shit out of everyone.

- I don't know about that.

- Glad to have you here.

- Thanks. I'm happy to be here.

- Yeah, my wife left me.

Said she was sick of hockey.

Sick of hockey.

- I'm sorry.

- It's pretty much a shitter.

No. Thanks. That's so nice of you.

No, I'm good, thanks.

This is Stevesy. Anything
you need, you tell me. He'll do it.

- Don't hesitate.

- I'm Glug Datt.

Doug Glatt.

Park Kim, left winger.

Paying for med school.

Asians are an industrious people.

I guess hockey's like math to him.

The ice and the puck are like

equations, hey, Parkie?

Where's my fucking helmet?

Marco Belchior.

We call him Belchie.

- He's from Regina.

- Vagina?

- He drinks a lot of hand sanitizer.

- What so funny, giggling bits?

We have your

momma. See this beautiful smile.

- Yeah, she is...

- Say hello.

- Let's go fuck your mother.

- Ooh!

- Work! Yes!

- Just like Belchior.

You fucking

Chernobyl motherfuckers.

Mother's pussy's so fucking tight,
no way a baby come out there.

- You were adopted.

- I'm on your team!

- Does anybody else see this shit?

- Oh, what a woman.

- I love you, Momma.

- You might want to wash it first.

- Hi, I'm Doug Glatt.

- Two rules, man.

Stay away

from my fucking Percocets,

and do you have

any fucking Percocets, man?

All right. What about Laflamme?

Where's he at?

Probably giving some single
mother herpes in a parking lot.

Sure.

Yo!

Yeah, huh

Yeah, this is the shit right here

Yeah, this is making me want
to kill somebody... #

Okay, boys, let's go flat out
and give it 121 % tonight.

God keep our land

Glorious and free

O, Canada!
We stand on guard for thee
O, Canada
I stand on guard with...
- # Thee! #
- # Thee! #
Well, that was borderline
treasonous
and a disgrace to our nation
and its proud and storied history.
My father didn't kick the Nazis...
And the puck drops. Faceoff win
by Hamilton. Chipped back to Hall.
Here's Jefferson of the Steelers.
Takes the shot.
Nice save, Belchior.
Sacco dishes to Ogilvey.
Laflamme still looking to find his game.
Ogilvey to Laflamme...
Oh, he's down!
Come on Laflamme. Grow a set.
- Come on, boys. Work the corners.
- Come on, let's keep it together.
- Hamilton come out of their zone.
- Don't pinch!
Halifax pinches in.
Johnson gets it over.
Here's the shot. He scores!
That's a Hamilton goal.
- Five-hole
- Ass-licker.
Am I the only one here, you
Slavic fucking borscht-blooded,
cabbage-headed motherfuckers?
Why don't you stop the puck in
your vagina, you Russian lesbians?
Get your hands out of your ass!
Jesus.
- Come on, boys!
- Man on, Kim! Man on!
Now Kim goes into the corner.
Come on! What the fuck?
He won't be heard from
till next week.

- That's a fucking elbow, Howard.
- The doctor needs a doc.
Bullshit.
Okay, number six, you light him up.
I got it. Just get lost. I got it.
Ronnie Hortense is looking
for a spark to ignite his team,
and that spark is in the person of
Doug Glatt,
and what a spark he'll be.
Come on, you fucking pussy.
I got him.
- Come on.
- Who the fuck are you?
What's up, fish? You want some?
Come on, come on.
Oh, Doctor! What a dbut!
Fucking rights!
You know that cats only meow
when people are around?
- It's true.
- I read that in "Cat Fancy".
What are these doing here?
That ought to be gone.
Here's a little dose.
A little dose.
Here we are.
- It's time to welcome...
- Hi, guys.
- Doug.
- ..Doug officially
Through an initiation.
So what do I have to do?
Oh, shit.
Sleep peaceful, old wanderer.
We should sign his dick.
Everyone sign his dick.
- What's happening here?
- What's the matter?
You have little puss-puss?
- Mommy whipped up pussy papaye?
- Let's see what's going on there.
- Show us your dick.
- I don't want you to see my dick.

- Why are you being gay?
- I think you're being pretty gay.
- It's not gay.
- Not if you're brothers.
If you're brothers it's gay
with a dash or something else.
My brother's gay
and he doesn't even do that.
- I never signed no-one's dick.
- I'll sign your dick, Doug.
No, come on. You'll fuck the carpet.
Oh, I'm sorry.
I can take my shoes off.
No, no, it's fine. Who gives a fuck?
Thanks.
Excuse me.
Hey!
- Come on, sit.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
- Thanks.
That's cool.
- Pot?
- No.
Thank you so much for asking me.
Beer and soup, that's my thing.
You're a crazy motherfucker.
Tabarnak! Bam!
You fucking beat him.
- Really?
- Yeah.
- Thank you.
- Yeah.
- Why did you do that?
- What do you mean?
Why do you help and protect these
guys? You don't even know them.
Coach puts me out there to fight.
That's my job.
I like standing up for my team,
you know? Taking care...
"Team"?
You just wait. Wait one month
then tell me if you feel the same.

I don't think so. The fucking team?!

- What are those?

- Ever jerked off on Ecstasy?

- I'm sorry?

- Bonne nuit.

Bonne nuit.

Come on boys, let's go.

Now, breathe in the fresh air.

Come on. You're men! Men!

So the penalty winding down
in front of a good crowd here
at this game between the Lovell
Kings and Halifax Highlanders.

- Come on, Dougie.

- Steve-O, go after Doug.

I got it. Coach, I've got it.

Two on one. Doug, come on.

No, no, Steve-O, get back.

He's got his hand up.

There's too many men on the ice.

Here come the Kings. He's way down
the front. They score!

Jesus

and the donkey motherfucking...

Get off the ice, Glatt. Why are you
on the fucking ice, man?

I've heard this song before,
in fact from my wedding night.

Our bashful bride Glatt
can't wear white anymore.

You know why there was too many
men on the ice? Cos you stayed on.

- Stay there till I tell you to move.

- Idiot.

Unbelievable, Glatt. Nice work,
rookie. Come on! Let's go!

Fuck!

That is the closest we have come
to winning a fucking hockey game
in over a month and you fucked us.

You fucked us.

You're not here to play.

You're here to fight.

Hey, pretty boy,

you find that funny?
Funny ha-ha, like flushing a \$5 million
contract up your nose funny?
Or funny peculiar, like Doug there?
You get your shit together.
Your shit stinks, Pepe Le Pew.
It fucking stinks.
After his 20-game suspension,
Ross Rhea was sent down to Boston
affiliate St. John's Shamrocks,
the same team where he started
his career,
a career that may be coming to a close.
This is where I started.
This is where I'm from.
It's as good as place as any for
me to end up.
Rhea sat out 12 games
after his infamous head shot
on Xavier Laflamme 3 years ago
The league is sending a message that it
will not tolerate this behaviour.
Yeah, I know. You're breaking up.
No, we're not breaking up.
You're breaking up. I can't hear...
Lady...
- # Who are you...?
- It's still shit.
You sound like a fucking cyborg.
Howard, you're in China.
No, I'm sorry...
I said, "We'll talk tomorrow."
Me, too.
Fuck, I need a drink.
Eva? Hey, Eva baby.
Are you on a date with this loser?
Mind if I cut in with my beautiful doll?
Oh, fuck! What the fuck?
Moron.
You could use this like a towel
and dry off.
It's made from the same material
they make snowshoes out of.
Oh, damn, I'm wasted.

- Eva, I really like your name.
- Yes, sir. It's a great name.
Like the Bible, just with a bit more
kinda mustard on it.
I think it's a pretty name.
Like your face. You got a pretty name
and a pretty face.
Ah. You're very nice to me.
Fuck it.
- Doug.
- Uh-huh?
I dig hockey players. The shit,
the violence, the beer, all of it.
I fucking love it.
Sad.
- Want to get ou of here?
- Yes, please.
Let's rally.
You're so pretty.
You're so beautiful.
I'm sorry. It's... I keep saying that.
I'm sorry.
It's fine. I think it's cute.
Who doesn't like being told
they're beautiful?
Mm. This is me.
Okay.
- I like you, though.
- You do, eh?
Yes, ma'am.
Eva likes Doug.
Eva likes you.
What does Eva think about kissing?
- Which type?
- French?
Oh, fuck.
Erm, hey.
What do you think about
me calling you some time?
I don't know whether
that's the best idea, this shit.
Why don't you give me your number
and I promise that I'll never call you.
- Yeah?

- Yeah.

Okay.

Perfect.

I love that!

- Bye, Doug.

- Bye, Eva.

I'm going to watch you walk up
the stairs, make sure you're safe.

- Safe.

- Good night.

Good night.

All right, boys, listen up.

We're still in this thing.

- We just need a quick one

- Listen up, Cash.

We work harder than them.

- Get harder than them.

- You know what's hard work?

Going through a divorce.

She wants all my money now.

She can have half. I don't care.

The other half, hard work, mine.

Some of their team are divorced.

Three guys' marriages are in
the fucking toilet.

- They're divorced guys.

- Yeah.

- We've gotta be triceps, biceps, hard...

- Hard.

Greek fucking underground
gay porn hard.

- You're all Adonises.

- Highlanders, gay porn hard!

Gay porn hard!

The puck goes back to Emerson,
moves across, finds Jones.

Jones now flips it up the right side.

Stevenson. Here's Mason.

- He scored!

- Nobody wants to play?

Nobody wants to play?

Glatt.

I'm sorry. Okay, Siegfried, let's go, Roy.
Eye of the fucking tiger.

Ogilvey wins the faceoff.
Hits it back into his own zone.
Now circling in the neutral zone,
looking for room.
For fuck's sake.
Stop staring at me.
- You're weirding me out.
- I'm sorry, sir.
- Here's Laflamme trying to squeeze...
- You fucking diver!
- Come on!
- Come on!
That better be four minutes, Ref.
Hey, Glatt. You little fucking dickweed.
You try any of that shit
you did against Hamilton on me,
- I'll light your fucking ass up.
- I'll light your ass back up on fire.
Time to make up for your mistake.
Look at the penalty clock.
When I say, you get over there
and stand and wait for that ugly mother.
- Yes, sir.
- Do exactly what I say.
- Yes, sir, of course.
- Exactly what I say, nothing else.
windsor moves the puck out of their
zone. Penalties winding down.
York knocks it out in the air.
And now it comes off the back wood.
Kim, get off, get off.
Go, go, go, go! Skate!
Go, Glatt, don't deviate.
Exactly like I said.
- You want a piece of me? Eat it up.
- Hi.
You fucking pussy.
I am going to fuck you up, Glatt.
Fuck you! You wanna take me,
you motherfucker?
- Bitch!
- What are you doing?
Fucking hit him!
Okay, keep moving.

Keep moving. Say goodbye.

Keep it moving.

But I just miss you.

I really miss you both.

Please don't give up on me.

Oh, fuck me.

- Hello?

- Eva?

Hey! This is Doug.

Glatt. Your number is so similar
to my friend's number.

I didn't know which was which
so I didn't want to call my friend
and then bother you.

I just was checking...

Simply checking the numbers out.

Hey, listen, I'm at the bar with my team.

I think some of your friends
are gonna come.

I don't know if you wanna,
like, join us.

I've been trying to cut
my drinking down.

Trying to be a good girl. Trying.

Well, you know, maybe you and I could
hang out sometime?

You know, get, like, coffee.

Erm... Sure.

Great. I don't drink coffee but I like
Gatorade and power drinks and water.

- Awesome.

- It doesn't matter if I'm thirsty.

If I could just see you.

- That sounds cool.

- Okay.

- Okay, I'll see you then.

- Bye, Eva.

Bye.

Yes!

All you pinko Bolshevik
ass-eaters, man!

It is beach ball because you cannot
even stop a fucking beach ball.

- Not nice.

- Beach ball is bigger than puck.
- This why joke is.
- I fucking get it, man.
..you come on and you know that...
- Shut up!
- The score's tied
with two minutes 52 seconds left.
Steve-0, Steve-0, Steve-0.
Nah, sit down, son.
Glatt, you're on
but you're not fighting anybody.
Park your ass in front of that goal
tender and screen him. Let's do this.
Don't be a pussy. Get that big ass
right in front of him. Block the lay.
- Fuck!
- Let's go, let's go.
Oh, the Thug is coming in
on a power play.
- Do you believe in miracles?
- Thank you.
And the puck is dropped.
Glatt heads to the front of the net.
Puck is back to the point.
Here's Kim with it, gets it over.
Glatt is screening it,
all the action is in front of the net.
Halifax winds it up. Here's the shot.
Kim scored!

3:

I don't think the Moncton goalie saw
anything but a wall of Glatt.
Boys, ten seconds left now.
- Keep the wolves out of the barn.
- Eight seconds!
There's Lemieux.
This guy's going glove, Mommy,
this guy's going glove.
Lemieux is across the line,
takes the shot.
- Come on!
- Horatio at the bridge!
The game is over! Halifax has broken

their losing streak.
Their first win of the month!
Wow, what a show.
I'm gonna go crack some champagne
and make love to my lady.
It'll be the first time, the best time,
in a long time.
That was fucking hockey, man!
Oh, thank you.
That's so nice.
Hey. Hi, Eva.
Wow, you look so pretty.
- I just have to go to the washroom.
- Yeah.
Okay.
Can I get a Gatorade?
Hey. Had to go potty?
Look, I liked making out with you.
It was fun
but what happened between us
the other night, it was a one-off.
I'm sorry. I mean,
Jesus, all we did was make out.
Er, anyway. It was a mistake.
You're actually nice
and I'm a huge bitch.
- Eva! Don't say that.
- I'm a very bad girlfriend.
- Girlfriend?
- Yeah.
I have a boyfriend, which is awesome.
Fuck.
Jeez.
Well, I guess it's kind of weird,
giving you these flowers.
Oh, man.
- Chocolates.
- Oh!
And this stuffed animal. It's a doll.
It's not really a stuffed animal.
It's a stuffed Angus.
It's the mascot of the team I play for,
the Halifax Highlanders.
It's a little toy.

But it's official.

- Fuck's sake.

- No it's hilarious.

It's a simple misunderstanding.

I'm fine.

- Okay. Bye, Eva.

- Bye, Doug.

It's official, the mascot.

Fuck.

What...?

Oh...

Fuck me, Angus.

It's not the first time
that wind blew garbage in my face.

My friends built this bike ramp
behind the medical centre.

I was pedalling fast
and as I was going up the ramp,
the wind blew these like bloody rags
right into my face.

I crashed into the dumpster
and I was rolling around in medical waste
because I was so disoriented.

I broke my ankle in three places.

The worst part was
there was a big bag of pee
and I rolled over on it
and it like burst all over me.

- You think it's funny, too?

- Yes, very much so.

Garbage blows in my face sometimes.

Thanks for the ride.

It was good to see you.

Doug...

Right. My boyfriend.

- Bye, Eva.

- Bye, Doug.

Ma il mio mistero chiuso in me
Il nome mio nessun sapr! No, No!

Dilegua, o notte!

Tramontate, stelle!

All'alba vincer!

Go get 'em, Dougie.

Douglas Manacham Glatt!

Prrrt! Prrrr! Pretzel, bitches!

- Hey, what the hell?

- Recognize.

- Of course I recognize you.

- Do you recognize your family?

My God! I'm so happy.

Glatt, what are you doing?

Start skating, shave some ice.

- Love you guys.

- We love you, Dougie!

Hey, he can skate.

- His shirt says Glatt.

- It says your fucking name.

- Language. Do you mind, Pat?

- He can't stop. It's like Tourette's.

- Hey, do you want a go?

- Yeah, okay.

- Good luck, man.

- You, too, buddy.

- Puck drops and we got something.

- Oh...!

Kiss his fucking ass, Dougie!

Punch for a punch,

neither giving an inch...

- Wow.

- Right, left, right, left.

- Nail him, Doug.

- Landing blows to the head,
to the body, everywhere.

- Oh, my fuck!

- Oh, God.

Easy, okay, easy!

- Good fight, man.

- Good fight.

He's a nice guy.

Doug! Doug! Doug! Doug!

Do you hear that?

Just a minute four left.

The score's tied.

Everything on the line as Halifax look
to extend their wins to four.

Now a three on one develops
as Kim moves in.

- Kim lets the shot go...

- Ow!

He scores!

It was Doug Glatt in the conservatory
with his ass.

And the young gun from Orangetown
they call The Thug has done it.

Whoo! Shit!

The Highlanders might just make a run
for the playoffs after all.

You make me happy, man,
with your ass!

- My ass.

- With your ass!

Well done, boys. Tonight, good food,
good women, good rest.

Not necessarily in that order.

Glatt, Laflamme, get changed,
in my office.

Good job, boys.

See you tomorrow morning.

Way to go, Dougie!

This boy popped the cherry tonight.

Popped my cherry.

What does that mean?

- Boys.

- Coach.

One of you has really been
impressing me with your play lately
and one of you hasn't.

Want to venture a guess
as to who's who?

Well, Laflamme, I'm ripping that A
off your jersey.

You don't deserve it,
unless A stands for asshole.

Glatt, you're promoted.

Assistant captain.

Good on you.

Keep up the good work.

- There's the puck. I'm proud of you.

- Thanks, Coach.

Xavier, you can take this the right way
or the wrong way.

Ladies' choice.

Xavier!

- Go get him.

- Hey, bud, wait up!

Oh, my God! You scored!

With your fucking ass, you scored?

You son of a bitch. Look at you!

You'll love this. I know how you like

Middle Eastern food.

And Uncle Stevie, he's a good friend.

He's very robust.

Holy fucking shitass, Dougie,

you fucking scored?

You just fisted that motherfucker

right in the ass.

Fuck, I'm so sorry.

I'm so fucking sorry.

- There he is! There's the guy.

- Hey!

Dougie, my friend, good to see you as
always, eh?

That's my top customer right there.

Five times a week I see you, right?

I watched this guy fight three guys,

knock out all their teeth.

Three guys! Four teeth! One game.

It was unbelievable.

I'm so excited! Fuck it!

Doner on the house tonight.

For you, anything.

Doner sauce on the house, everybody,

don't get excited.

- Hey!

- Okay, the sauce.

Water down the sauce.

So could we get anything

for this on eBay?

I don't think so. No, I wanted to give it to

Mom and Dad, if they wanted it.

Seeing it's just...

Here.

Douglas, it's good to see that you're
having fun with this, you know, hobby.

It's not a hobby, it's my job.

I'm a hockey player.

Have you thought
about the head injuries
that come with such a violent sport,
the concussions?
- How long do you think you can do it?
- Mom...
It's an infantile way for a man to spend
his adult years.
- No, it isn't.
- You can do anything.
- No, I couldn't.
- You could teach.
I can't, okay?
I can't because I'm stupid. I'm stupid.
- Doug, you're not that stupid.
- I am.
I'm stupid. You're gay.
I'm stupid, he's gay.
- Stupid, gay.
- We get it.
- Stupid, gay.
- Okay.
You have one stupid son
and a gay son.
- Oh, God.
- For once in my life,
I'm a part of something.
I get to wear a uniform that doesn't have
"Security" on it.
Kids buy it and they wear it
and it's got our name on it.
For whatever reason you guys think that
I can be smart enough to be a doctor.
I have fist smarts.
I can fight. I'm strong.
I could protect people.
That's who I am, it's what I do,
and you should be proud of me.
We should be proud of you?
They call you Thug, for Christ's sake.
It might as well say "Security"
on the back of your sweater. Excuse me.
- Doug, I am proud of you.
- Thanks, buddy.

I am going to go
with Mom and Dad, okay?
They got my passport.
Look, no disrespect intended
but honestly? Fuck your parents
if they don't fucking appreciate you.
I mean, look at you.
You're a fucking beast.
You're like the fucking Hebrew
Dolph Lundgren.
You don't get what I'm saying, do you?
Watching you tonight was like watching
a bunch of fucking birds flying in a V.
It was instinct, purpose...
It was like you were doing
what you were born to do.
I mean, Jesus Christ, Doug,
look at your fucking fist.
It's the size of my Uncle Murphy's
prostate.
- Let's get hammered.
- Let's get so fucking drunk
we see each other's
doner sauce on the floor.
So if you want to join me for a while
Just grab your hat
Come travel light
That's hobo style... #
You don't know shit about hockey,
you skinny-ass Don Cherry.
You're fucking spitting on me.
Fuck you!
- What the hell? Stop it!
- Fuck you!
Whoa! Come on!
You're spitting everywhere.
- Your friend is sick.
- So's this Frenchman.
You people live like animals.
Oh!
Fuck you!
- What's your problem?
- I'll tell you my problem.
How many minutes

did you play tonight?
I don't know. About eleven.
- So?
- You skate like shit
but you play eleven fucking minutes.
Who the fuck are you?
I'm a fucking hockey player.
You steal my A,
you steal my power play.
You're a fucking goon, a thug.
You're fucking nothing!
You're not a hockey player.
The only reason I'm not
knocking your teeth out
is because you're on my team.
Do you know what would happen
if I stopped watching your back?
Yeah.
It would be like before you came.
I liked that better.
We have not pissed together
since we double-teamed
Belchior's mother.
- We pissed on her, too.
- All right!
You pissed on my leg!
All right, lads, all right.
We're in the shit, now.
This is Quebec.
Get your fucking game faces on.
This is about to get ugly.
We have four games left.
We only need two of them.
Shove your ttes carres
up their derrires
and rip their fucking hearts out.
Let's go get 'em, boys.
You're with me tonight, Mommy.
You're with me tonight.
You can feel the energy.
Take this energy onto the ice.
Dougie, you shadow Laflamme.
Gord, Laflamme, you're starting.
Boys, we win this fucking thing.

Let's play
like we're supposed to be here.
Right, go on.
Doug, on Laflamme.
Stick to him.
Remember, we're all in this together.
When that puck drops, we all drop.
Shut the fuck up.
Here we go. The fries
are Frenched, the cheese is curded,
- Let's pour gravy on me...
- Drop the fucking puck!
..and dig in.
Halifax gets the face off. Laflamme
comes up ice with a full head of steam.
Simard lines up Laflamme, Laflamme
avoids him. Simard flies into the boards.
Laflamme moves up the right side
towards the net...
- He scored!
- Come on!
Quebec totally lost control
and Laflamme cashed in.
Nice job!
Laflamme picks up the puck
behind the net.
He spins away from that threat.
At the centre line.
He takes a look, makes a pass.
- Laflamme moves into position.
- Back!
He gets it back again.
Man on! Man on!
- Hey! What the fuck?
- Glatt was looking the other way.
- Get him off!
- That's it!
- That's it!
- Get him off.
That's it.
They're calling for the stretcher.
This is getting scary, folks.
Jesus Christ.
Xavier!

He's got a concussion.
He may not be back at all.
And for what you did to Simard,
you've been suspended for one game.
Glatt, this team counts on you.
Whatever it is that is making you
fucking ovulate,
you better figure it out
and get your fucking shit together.
And for those of you who think
you've got no practice tomorrow,
6 a.m., bag skate, pussies!
I want to see every single one of you
work your fucking asses off
until you puke your guts out.
This is not fucking baseball!
Do you want to make the playoffs or not?
Goddamnit. And Glatt? I see you.
You're riding the piss hole.
Back of the bus.
Roll it out, George.
Well, we fly by night
It's like a rocket flight
And, baby, that's just what it's for
Fly by night,
it makes you feel all right
You keep coming back for more
Four men in a rock and roll band
Fly at night, in the morning we land... #
I can't talk right now.
That's why I was texting.
I'm sorry. I'm such a moron.
- So you saw my headbutt, huh?
- Yeah. You fucked him up.
- Are you at the library?
- No, er...
My boyfriend got home a few days ago.
- Why did you text me, then?
- I dig talking to you
and now I'm thinking about you
and sometimes I sleep with
Angus the Highlander doll.
There's nothing weird about that.
It's official.

Yeah, Doug. I know.

Look, I'm a bad girlfriend, Doug.

I mean, all we did was make out.

I'm a slut, Doug. I'm horny a lot.

I sleep around.

- Oh, okay.

- That doesn't bother you?

The truth is, I just...

I have a really huge crush on you.

I've got to go, Doug.

Hello, sir.

My name is Doug Glatt.

Ross Rhea. Nice to meet you, kid.

- Nice to meet you, too.

- Sit down.

Thanks.

So you're the new me, eh?

Huh! I don't know about that.

- I don't think so.

- Everyone else seems to.

It's good. Good for you, kid.

Thank you.

So why are you wandering around

St. John's at 3 a.m.?

- Aren't you playing us tonight?

- Not me. I got suspended a game.

Too bad.

I ain't much for waiting around.

You're a tough bastard out there.

You can fucking bang.

Thank you. Thanks so much.

- I'm going to impart some wisdom.

- I could really use some of that.

Everybody loves the soldiers

until they come home and stop fighting.

You understand what I'm saying?

Erm... I don't know. No.

Kid, you got this thing, the stuff, the shit,

the fucking grit. You got it, like me.

But like me, that's all you fucking got.

And like me, you're no good to anyone

doing anything else.

Don't go trying to be a hockey player.

You'll get your heart ripped out.

- But I am a hockey player, sir.
- You're a fucking goon.
- That plays hockey. Like you.
- I don't play much hockey.
You're a hockey player, sir.
You know they just want you to bleed,
right?
I'm here to do whatever they need me
to do. If they need me to bleed,
then I'll bleed for my team.
Yeah.
I suppose you heard I'm going to retire
at the end of this season?
I've been at this since I was 17
but I'm not going to go out like
some nancy-boy fuck. You understand?
Yeah, I understand.
You have my respect,
whatever that means to you - you got it.
But know this shit hard.
If ever it gets down to the marrow
and it's you and me,
kid, I will lay you the fuck out.
Come on!
Fucking.. Let me... Fucking...
Get the fuck off me!
Everyone knows
what I'm here for.
To kick fucking ass!
That's right. I fight.
I fight for my team.
They need me to bleed, then I bleed.
I started my career here at St. John's.
I think it's only fitting
that I'm winding it up here.
That being said,
I still got some fight in me left.
What do you say, boys?
Let's go to playoffs.
Give an old man one last shot at the rink.
God bless Newfoundland.
It's a rough physical game tonight.
Both teams battling
for the eighth and final playoff spot.

- Come on!
- Stevenson is levelled by Rhea.
- Where's the call?
- And the Shamrocks score!

St. John's has taken an early lead.

Rhea absolutely running over the poor Highlanders. It's energy on the ice.

Cheap shot, Rhea. No need.

Take it.

- I got to fight you.
- Come on, Gord.
- You know how this ends.
- No shit.
- Come here. Come on.
- Oh! Are you sure?

Come on, Gord.

Whoa, whoa!

I can do this all night, boys.

Only Ogilvey's third fight of his career.

If I wanted any lip from you,

I'll rattle my zipper.

A for effort, Captain,
and D for Doug Glatt.

Are you there, Doug?!

It's me, Margaret!

Rain, rain, rain showers

So glad that you came...

Xavier, are you up? I'm an idiot.

From now on, no matter what happens,
if you want to punch me in the face
or spit in my mouth while I'm asleep,
it doesn't matter.

I'm always going to be watching
your back.

I think we both have a light
in our stomachs, a special light,
like ET, and the team needs somebody
to light the way.

My stomach light
needs your stomach light.

We can all phone home together.

And I don't know why I wait...

Two home games left, both must-wins
or they're going to wind up

on the golf course early.
That doesn't sound so bad to me.
18 holes and a Reuben.
Here come the Highlanders!
Glatt, what the fuck? Hockey!
Head up, head up. Go, go, go, go.
Glatt, what are you doing?
Here's the pass over to Laflamme.
He's run into by Finnirty
and now Glatt comes in.
Doug! Doug! Doug! Doug!
Hey, man.
Nice fight.
Doug! Doug! Doug! Doug!
The puck's in the Highlanders' zone
and they bring it away.
Here's Laflamme, he moves it over to
Glatt, he gets it back to Laflamme.
He scored! Laflamme scores the goal
with an assist going to Glatt.
Whoo!
Nice one, Dougie!
- Nice assist, man.
- Thanks.
69! Doug!
69! Yeah!
Well, it has come down to this, folks.
The Highlanders need this win
to keep their playoff hopes alive.
Laflamme serving a major with his team
nursing a tenuous one-goal lead.
Can they hang on?
I love you, Mom.
Dougie, keep that crease clean!
Stay by that crease the whole time.
Let's get fucking real.
Let's get fucking real.
Now the puck is back to the point.
- There's going on six attackers.
- Hold the box, boys.
There's a shot coming in...
- Come on, Dougie!
- Seconds tick down. There's 27 of them.
Come on, now, let's go!

- Clear it out!
- Clear the fucking crease!
I can't see the shot.
Go right, go right. I'm down! I'm down!
Three, two...
..one...
No goal, no goal.
You're gonna die,
you motherfuckers!
Dougie! Doug!
- Eat it, puss-puss.
- Fight like a fucking man!
Come on!
You've done it before, you pussy.
I know you fuck your players.
Don't deny it.
- Did we win?
- Get him out of there, please.
You stopped it, man. You fucking did it.
Oh, fuck.
- It didn't hurt at all.
- Dougie, you did it. We won it.
Big win here tonight for Halifax
but they'll still need one more
if they're to advance to the playoffs.
They meet the St. John's Shamrocks
for the eighth and final playoffs spot
and if the hockey gods truly exist,
and aren't just a figment of
my ageing imagination,
we'll finally get to see
that long-awaited battle
between Ross Rhea and Doug Glatt.
Okay.
Gather round here, Highlanders.
Belchie! Fucking horse cock,
get over here.
Listen, boys,
this was a solid fucking effort tonight.
I fucking loved it
and Dougie took one in the face!
- I'm high on painkillers.
- Pass the duchy, man.
I got some for you.

I am so fucking proud.
You are un-fucking-real.
The stuff that you're... that is
is fucking great.
- Thank you.
- You're our knight.
You're fucking all right, eh?
Thanks, Coach.
Eva!
Hey, hey.
No!
Hey, what happened?
- Did you just watch "Rudy"?
- No.
I did it. I broke up with him.
- Holy shit.
- I don't even know what the fuck...
Hey, come on.
From what I saw of him,
he seemed like a really nice guy.
I'm just not in love with him.
- You're not?
- No.
You.
You make me want to stop
sleeping with a bunch of guys.
That's the nicest thing
anybody's ever said to me.
I'm so sorry. It's my fault.
She's a wonderful girl.
Hit me again.
- Hi, there, I'm Eva.
- This is er...
Dakota?
Yeah. Whatever.
Doug, where were you?
- Oh, my God!
- What the fuck happened to you?
What, this?
- It's nothing.
- What the fuck happened, Doug?
- When you deserve a beating you take it.
- Oh, Jesus, Doug.
..St. John's and Halifax,

this will mark the first occasion
that Ross Rhea and Xavier Laflamme
will share the ice
since that brutal hit three years ago
in Montreal.

- Laflamme was severely concussed...

- Christ.

- ..and never found his legs again...

- I made a dive.

Talk about putting out Laflamme.

Look at you.

Did you fall off a toilet paper roll?

Do you pee rainbows?

Do you fart cinnamon?

- Don't ruin this for Doug.

- Do rainbows come out your nipples?

I'm not here because I'm a good captain,
because I'm not.

I fucked up a lot of things in my life.

I lost my woman

and I don't see my kid enough

and I guess what I'm trying to say is

I feel I've gained a family

with you boys.

You skated, you fought

and you fucking bled

and you have earned every piece of this.

You got that shit

that makes you keep going

long after you got no reason to.

That Doug shit.

He's got it. He's got the stuff.

Not matter what happens out there

they will know...

..the Highlanders were here.

- Highlanders!

- Highlanders!

Highlanders! Highlanders!

Highlanders! Highlanders! Highlanders!

Come on, Highlanders!

- Yes!

- Highlanders!

Hey, Lemmy! fuck you!

- Je parle pas franais.

- Fuck him.
So the Halifax Highlanders
and the St. John Shamrocks.
It's all on the line here.
The eighth and final playoff spot
and this should be a confrontation.
No glory holes here tonight.
Rhea runs into a couple
of Halifax players.
Takes a shot.
The save is made by Belchior.
Hey, hey!
He's a one-man wrecking crew.
- Too many men on the ice.
- Get the fuck out.
Ross Rhea! You cheap motherfucker!
You cheap bastard!
Ross Rhea steals the puck,
he puts it out in front, he scores!
- Fuck you, Rhea.
- Ha!
Come on.
I'm going to score a goal just for you,
right now.
Here's Laflamme steps onto the ice.
He calls for the puck.
He takes the pass.
Here comes Laflamme.
He's straight up the middle,
through the defence. Shot...
- Let's go.
- Give me it!
- God-fucking-damnit!
- The fans are frustrated.
- The Halifax team can't buy a goal.
- Come on Halifax!
Great save, Belchior!
- we just saw Rhea come off the ice.
- Glatt, Laflamme.
- Let's go, boys. Stick with him.
- Rhea gets onto the ice at the same time.
This could get scary.
- Are they going to have a go?
- Come on.

- Come on.

- Here we go.

Rhea skates away.

Oh, he's suckered him.

- What the shit is that?

- He forced him to take a penalty.

- Fucker!

- Fuck you!

Ref, you can't call that!

He was fucking instigating.

You got to keep your boy
out of the box, Ronnie.

Ah!

Short-handed situation.

A great opportunity.

- Rhea!

- I got it.

- He scores!

- Shit.

Here we go now, boys. Real hockey.

Let's go now. Yes, sir!

That's the drop. Laflamme
out on ice now, Rhea as well.

Let's go, let's go.

And now Laflamme takes a run
at big Rhea.

- That's shit bad luck.

- You want some? Huh?

Eh? You want some?

Remember what happened last time?

Glatt steps in

That's a dirty shot, Doug.

Come on, boys, let's play.

Come on, come on.

Early in the third.

Glatt and Rhea are in the penalty box.

The puck has gone down
to the Halifax zone.

- Halifax!

- Halifax!

Doug! Doug! Doug! Doug!

Looks like these fans
are after blood tonight.

Doug, Doug, Doug, Doug!

Ross! Ross! Ross! Ross!
Kid! You ready?
Yes. Thank you for asking.
Ladies and gentlemen,
this is actually happening.
Dougie "The Thug" Glatt
is about to drop the gloves
and take on Ross "The Boss" Rhea.
This has all the elements
of a sports masterpiece.
Holy fuck. We got the worried lady friend,
face frozen with concern.
We got the gay brother.
Yeah. And the lovable, wise-cracking
Mick best friend,
Orangetown son, pussy crew...
Oh, fuck, here we go.
Oh, my God!
Come on!
Hit him, Dougie.
Take his fucking head off.
Glatt! Come on!
Come on!
- Shit!
- Don't you fucking dare.
- Come on, Doug.
- He's always had bad ankles.
Come on, Dougie.
Come on, hit him!
Fuck!
Yeah! You feel that shit, Rhea?
Finish this shit now. Come on!
Oh, fuck.
- You're a fucking warrior, Doug.
- Come on.
He's not done yet.
Shit.
Doug! Oh, my God! Doug!
Attaboy, Dougie.
Yeah!
You fucking did it, kid. You did it.
Doug!
He scores!
It's 2 to 1. With 15:25 left.

Oh, my word. Here's Laflamme.

He's breaking away!

- Come on, boy.

- He's across the line.

- He scores!

- Yeah!

He's tied this thing 2:2

with 5:

And here's Laflamme once again.

Gets through into space...

He scores!

3:

what a performance by Laflamme.

Three straight goals.

A minute and 21

at the playoffs here at Halifax.

I think I nailed him.

As I walk around feeling really good

About everything

from my health to my hood #

I realize that I'm blessed with a life

So all I've got to say is

work with what you got #

They said my voice really wasn't made

for rapping #

Straight out kids home,

it would never happen #

As a teenager I had my first child

And in all my photos

you never see me smile #

But now I'm the best that ever hit it

The greatest female rapper

and they all must admit it #

To all the haters, I say thanks a lot

Cos life can turn out really good

if you work with what you got #

I know it's hard

but it takes some work to be #

Working with what you got

If you've got nothing or

even if you've got it all #

Working with what you got

I know it's hard
but it takes some work to be #
Working with what you got #
If you've got nothing or
even if you've got it all #
Working with what you got #
If you have an idea just think it #
If you have one eye just blink it #
If you have a double rum, just drink it #
Working with what you got #
If you got one leg just shake it #
If you don't want to smile just fake it #
If you got one potato, bake it #
You got to work it
until you can't work it no more #
Working with what you got #
You got to work it
work it until you know the score #
Working with what you got #
You got to work it
till you can't work it no more #
Working with what you got #
If you've got nothing or
even if you've got it all #
Working with what you got #
Let me hear you sing along #
I know it's hard
but it takes some work to be #
Working with what you got #
If you've got nothing or
Even if you got it all #
Working with what you got #
Working with what you got, oh, baby #
Working with what you got #
If you got nothing or
Even if you got it all #
Working with what you got #
Any time you see life's thrown you
a curve #
And you know deep in your heart
you don't deserve #
You maybe taking a licking
But keep on ticking #
That's the way it's...

- Go on, Dougie!
- Go on, Doug.
we got a fight going on.
It's our new boy, Doug Smith.
Oh, is he working him over!
He's messing him up like nothing.
Oh, this one'll become a favourite
with Johnstown fans.
I can't see.
Let's get some clapping going.
What the fuck?
Come on, Doug!
A few shots in and there goes Smithy!
And the Hammer's giving him right
over right over right over right over right.
He's connected with about 30 punches.
Whoa, there's Smith!
what a scrap we're gonna have here!
Two big heavyweights,
both have some ballast.
She makes more money than me #
She drives a finer car than me #
I just wanna cry #
She makes more money than me #
She drives a finer car than me #
I just wanna cry