

Returning Stanley

FADE IN:

EXT. LONG ISLAND SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

OVER CREDITS we pan a parking lot filled with cheap-model sedans illuminated by the cozy glow of neon beer signs.

The buzz spilling from the bar grows louder as we pull toward a tattooed biker dude collecting cover charges at the door.

In a moment we are inside THE BAR, and the place is bedlam. Patrons decked in *New York Islander* hockey gear are screaming and walloping high-fives as the beer and booze flows.

In the midst of that mayhem we see TWO MEN at the bar rail.

The first is ANGELO RAVIOLO, 38, a short, stocky ironworker sporting a thick black pompadour. He wears an *Islander* jersey that fit him maybe 20 years ago, but he could care less.

He stabs a thick, sausagey index finger into the chest of his friend, screaming over the crowd.

ANGELO

Danny, 13 seconds! 13 SECONDS!

Then we see DANNY O'REILLY.

On your first look, you can't help but like this guy. Early 30s, fire-engine red hair, the map of Ireland spread across a beaming mug that suggests a stress-free life of leisure.

He sports a No. 7 *Islander* jersey with the name "MacLeish" on the back.

DANNY

Hey Angie! Here we go!

He points, and we cut to an OVERHEAD TV SCREEN, where two hockey players are about to face-off. The crowd silences...

TV ANNOUNCER

*OK folks, Islanders clinging to a 4-3 lead, 13 seconds remaining! Game 7, third period - can they do it?!*

On the TVS, the referee drops the puck, and play begins...

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

*THREE...TWO...ONE...DO-YOU-BE-LIEVE-IT?! THE NEW YORK ISLANDERS!! YOUR! TWO THOUSAND FOURTEEN!! STANLEY CUP CHAMPIONS!!!*

The bar explodes in celebration. Danny and Angelo leap into each other's arms.

DANNY AND ANGELO  
STANLEY CUP CHAMPIONS!! AAHHHH!!!

FLARE TO WHITE, FADE IN FROM WHITE

The following text fades in and holds for five seconds:

Massapequa, Long Island, New York, June 2014

EXT. MASSAPEQUA STREET - AFTERNOON - TWO DAYS LATER

A white Monte Carlo with a red driver's door pulls in front of a storefront called De LaRosa's Bakery.

MARGARET MARY ROMANO, a beautiful, confident stunner in her late 20s, jogs out in a white baker's smock. She wears a backwards baseball cap and carries an overnight bag.

INT. MONTE CARLO - AFTERNOON

Danny is driving, and he's wearing thick orange and blue *Islander* face paint. He and Angelo wear their jerseys again.

Margaret jumps in the back and pulls off the cap, shaking out her ponytail. She leans over the front seat and kisses Danny.

MARGARET  
Hey sweetie!

ANGELO  
All I'm sayin' is, it ain't normal.

DANNY  
Angie, Guy MacLeish finally wins the Stanley Cup, you go all out. Islander Jersey, face paint - everything from nuts to bolts.

ANGELO  
(chuckling)  
Try soup to nuts, dipshit. Hey, you better hope the boys at Petrocelli Flooring don't see their new Foreman dressed up like Bozo.

DANNY  
I ain't Foreman yet, Ang. Gotta get the onions to go talk to the boss.

As they talk, Margaret has begun to get undressed. She has just removed the smock, revealing a body you dream about.

MARGARET

Hey Danny, I made some of the cappuccino cannolis I'm gonna serve at the reception.

(shows a small white box)

Will you try them later, babe?

DANNY

(proud)

Angie, after our wedding day, I want Maggie to open up her own bakery. She's the *best*, Angie. The best. She can make *anything*.

Margaret begins to wiggle out of her work pants. Angelo turns to the backseat, intentionally sneaking a peak.

ANGELO

Cousin, you got an opinion on this controversial face paint issue?

MARGARET

Turn around smartass.

(She smacks him)

I like the face paint. It's cute.

DANNY

Boom, see what I mean?

Danny and Angelo giggle like schoolboys as Margaret removes a t-shirt and shorts from a clothes bag.

MARGARET

And by the way, you two shitheads really think ya gonna meet this ... Guy MacLeish ... at the Victory Parade today? There's gonna be what? A million people there?

She pulls the t-shirt over her head.

DANNY

Mag, it's pronounced *Gee*, not Guy. Obviously you don't speak Canadian.

(takes a deep breath)

But could you imagine? Actually meeting him? I can't imagine it.

MARGARET

Christ. I'm marryin' a stalker. *Gee* should get a restraining order.

Margaret slips on her shorts, and claps her hands. She's ready to go.

ANGELO

Awesome. Okay, no fuckin' around today, we're tight on time. We dump our shit at the hotel, hit the Parade, and then it's over to Aunt Santa's for Little Carmine's Communion Party. All good?

MARGARET

Hey don't look at me. I'm all dressed. Just gotta do my hair.

ANGELO

Danny?

DANNY

I'm all over it boss.

ANGELO

Good.

(points out window)

Hey, Sheraton Hotel. Bang a right.

EXT. REAR OF SHERATON HOTEL - AFTERNOON

Two black SUVs cruise to a stop at a loading dock. A team of security men exits with walkie-talkies. One man looks like he's in charge, and he wears surgical gloves.

He pulls open the rear hatch of the lead SUV and removes the one and only Stanley Cup NHL trophy. He carries the Cup into the building, the security team in tow.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Margaret is o.s. in the bathroom, a hair dryer humming away. Danny sits mesmerized in front of the TV.

DANNY

Yyyoooo, Maggie! Let's go! The parade starts in one hour.

MARGARET (O.S.)

Danny, whaddya think about peacock for the bridesmaid's dresses?

DANNY

Love 'em. Peacocks, pheasants, ostriches, all good. Can we go?

Margaret pokes her face out the bathroom door.

MARGARET

Danny, I was just thinkin' - we shoulda got two keys. What if you and Angie wanna stay out?

DANNY

Aw, Maggie, you're killin' me. Look at the time-

MARGARET

Better go and get an extra key.  
(back in bathroom)(O.S.)  
And don't forget, Angie checked us in - room's under his name!

DANNY

(clicks off tv, resigned)  
Jes-us....

INT. HOTEL LOBBY FRONT DESK - AFTERNOON

A muscular man in a golf shirt and sunglasses is checking in. Body language tells us he doesn't want to be seen. He is GUY MACLEISH, late 30s, world famous hockey star.

Standing behind him in a blue suit and a security earpiece is EDDIE FARNSWORTH, 45ish. We recognize him as the head security guy from the loading dock.

Danny interrupts.

DANNY

Yo, Benjamin is it? I see the name tag, nice. Hey, the old ball and chain sent me for another room key-

BENJAMIN

(annoyed)  
Sir, could you please wait a moment? As you can see, I'm with another guest.

DANNY

Oh, yeah, sure. My bad.

Danny starts playing finger drums on the countertop, as Benjamin types away on a computer board.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Benji, you writin' a novel or what?  
(he chuckles)  
Sorry, just jokin'.

BENJAMIN

(ignores him)

Mr. Culpepper...ok, you are in our Presidential suite, on the penthouse level. You're all set. How many keys will you need?

MACLEISH

One's fine, thanks ...

MacLeish snatches the key from Benjamin's hand as Danny's eyes become as wide as saucers. He has recognized MacLeish.

DANNY

Hey...you're Guy MacLeish!!

MACLEISH

Never heard of him, pal, sorry.

MacLeish breaks for the elevator. Danny follows, jogging.

DANNY

Guy - You're Guy MacLeish! Oh my God, Guy, it's you!

MACLEISH

You got the wrong guy, pal. I'm Culpepper, ey?

DANNY

Guy, this is such an honor!

The three arrive at the elevator and Eddie punches the up button. We hear a "ping!," and the doors open immediately.

EDDIE

Private elevator, pal, get lost.

Danny jumps into the elevator just as the doors close.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - AFTERNOON

Danny is breathing heavy, rambling 100 miles per hour.

DANNY

Guy, I'm you're fannest big... I mean you're biggest fan ... I've studied your whole career, all the way from Alberta to the Penguins and then to the Islanders. 756 career goals, 1352 career assists, and 2108 total points, third on the all-time list behind Gretzkey and Howe.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

But since you're only 36 years old  
- born April 22, 1978 in Quebec,  
St. Etienne's Hospital, 3rd floor,  
delivered by Dr. Ted Moran, right?  
- I see you catchin' Gretzky maybe  
even next season. I think you're  
hands down the greatest player  
ever. First ballot Hall of Famer,  
in my book, definitely first  
ballot, definitely...

Danny is hyperventilating. He wears a crazed smile, like Jack Nicholson from the ax-murdering scenes in *The Shining*.

MACLEISH

Uh, sounds good-

Danny shakes MacLeish's hand, pumping furiously.

DANNY

Really meet to glad you. Meet to  
nice you! I mean NICE TO MEET YOU!

MACLEISH

That's okay, ey, I got it.

DANNY

Really nice and meet to glad you  
Mr. MacLeish!

MACLEISH

Right, same here.

MacLeish is finally able to wrestle his hand free.

DANNY

So I was thinkin'- that after the  
Parade today, you know, maybe we  
could, I don't know, maybe grab a  
beer in the hotel bar? Or, or  
somethin'? Maybe?

As he speaks there is another "ping!" and the elevator jolts open on the 8th floor. Eddie gives MacLeish a nod...

MACLEISH

Well, I tell you what, pal.

MacLeish yanks out a retainer made up of four front teeth, revealing a huge gaping hole of gums. Danny gushes.

MACLEISH (CONT'D)

Go th-stalk th-somebody else-th,  
you th-sick th-sonofabitch?!

EDDIE

Get the hell outta here!

MacLeish and Eddie grab Danny by the shoulders and throw him out of the elevator. He crumples to the hallway floor.

DANNY

Guy! Guy! Noooooo!!

The elevator doors close.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - PENTHOUSE LEVEL

Eddie and MacLeish exit the elevator and greet TOMMY, a security guard.

EDDIE

Tommy, thanks. You can knock off for the night. I got it from here.

TOMMY

Thanks Eddie. See you tomorrow.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - AFTERNOON

MacLeish and Eddie enter through double doors and we see the one and only STANLEY CUP TROPHY displayed on a table.

EDDIE

We're outta here in exactly one hour. You OK riding over with me, Stanley and my security detail?

MACLEISH

Abs-th-olutely.

MacLeish jumps onto a sofa, folding his arms behind his head.

MACLEISH (CONT'D)

Which reminds-th me. That broad's-th gonna be up here any minute-

EDDIE

Sorry Guy, no chance. That individual has not been cleared-

MACLEISH

Eddie, gimme a break, will ya. Th-Stan'll be fine, trust-th me.

EDDIE

Just let me move him into my suite.

MACLEISH

No, no, that's the point, ey? I  
wanna th-show it off-

EDDIE

If Coach LaFleur found out I left  
the Cup alone for even one second -

MACLEISH

He ain't gonna find out th-shit.

EDDIE

And where's the Mrs. by the way?  
Huh? How's the lovely Miss Blare?

MACLEISH

London. Th-safe and -th-sound.

EDDIE

Je-sus.  
(resigned)  
You gonna be quick?

MACLEISH

Is-th there any other way?

EDDIE

Very funny. I'm gonna be right  
outside. And for God's sake, put  
your teeth in. You sound like  
Donald Duck.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Danny is sitting on a lobby bench, fighting back tears. His  
face paint is beginning to smudge.

DANNY

I just gotta go talk to him ...

He rises and heads for the elevator.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - PENTHOUSE LEVEL

Eddie sits in front of the double doors reading the *New York  
Post*, whose back cover reads "CHAMPS!" The elevator opens and  
out steps CRYSTAL, a gorgeous blond twinkie in her mid-20s.

CRYSTAL

Hiyadoin' hon! I'm Crystal.  
(points to double doors)  
Is this..?

EDDIE

Yeah, this is it, toots. Go on in.  
Ya got ten minutes.

CRYSTAL

Oh, great ...

CRYSTAL enters the suite, but unbeknownst to Eddie, she leaves one door slightly ajar. After a beat, we hear the giggling, smooching and moaning sounds of Crystal and Guy.

EDDIE

Oh, Christ. I'm goin' to the can.

Eddie marches into the room next to MacLeish's suite, slamming the door shut. The hallway is now empty. Suddenly the elevator "pings" again, and Danny creeps out looking like a frightened cat burglar. He tip-toes to the double doors, looks around, and knocks ...

And the one door swings right in when he raps it.

DANNY

Oh jeez. Hello? Anyone home?

Danny eases into the penthouse, and we track him in...

INT. MACLEISH'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - AFTERNOON

DANNY

(whispering)

Hello? Guy? Guy?

As he enters Danny hears soft laughter spilling from an adjacent bedroom ... and he walks directly toward the bedroom door. He pulls open the door, slowly, and we track him in. We see writhing, moaning bodies under the sheets, two sets of protruding feet.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Oh man. Jeez, Guy - I should leave-

Suddenly MacLeish's head pops out, and he recoils in horror.

MACLEISH

Who the - who the hell are you?!

DANNY

Hey Guy, sorry. Uh...you look busy.

MACLEISH

Get the th-fuck outta here!

DANNY

I know - pushy, right? I just  
wanted to talk. I can come back lat-

Crystal looks up from under the bedsheet, and she screams.

CRYSTAL

OH MY GOD!!!

DANNY

Hey - that's not Victoria! Guy, who  
is this? What is going on here?

MACLEISH

GET OUT OR I'M CALLIN' THE COPS-TH!

MacLeish grabs an alarm clock next to the bed, rips the cord,  
and whizzes it at Danny, nailing him on the forehead.

DANNY

OOOUCH! That was my head!

MACLEISH

GET THE TH-FUCK OUTTA HERE!!!

DANNY

Okay, okay!

Danny exits and pulls the door shut. He doubles back, running  
a hand through his hair. We see the pain in his eyes, how  
insignificant he feels to be rejected by his idol.

Suddenly Danny turns and sees the magnificent Stanley Cup  
trophy sitting on an adjacent table. He is awestruck.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(softly)

Hooly smokes! Wooowww!

He brushes a hand over the trophy, then lifts it in his arms.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Oh, man, Angie's gonna love this...

Danny now has the look of a little boy in a candy store. He  
sets the Cup down and walks back to the bedroom - we hear the  
wild moaning again. Danny shrugs and moves back to the Cup.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Guy won't mind, right?

Danny lifts the Cup and moves to the double doors. He looks  
into the hallway - the coast is still clear. He puts the Cup  
back down, he picks it up again. He is clearly torn.

DANNY (CONT'D)

What's the big deal? I mean, I show  
Angie, I'm back in five minutes ...

(a reflective beat,  
then...)

Who am I talking to?

Danny then exits the Penthouse suite, taking the world-famous Stanley Cup trophy with him.

We track him into the hallway.

With the Cup in his arms, Danny pokes the elevator button with his elbow. He stumbles back to the double doors and pulls the one door closed with his foot.

Both doors are closed now, exactly as Eddie thinks he left them. The elevator "pings" again, Danny climbs in ...

and he's gone.

INT. EDDIE'S HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Eddie is o.s. in the bathroom, singing an old 50s tune, enjoying his moment of solitude. The toilet flushes and Eddie exits the bathroom flapping a newspaper. He checks his watch.

EDDIE

You got three more minutes lady...

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - PENTHOUSE LEVEL

Eddie returns and sees his empty chair. He then turns an ear to the doors to MacLeish's suite. We can hear Crystal moaning away, and Eddie shakes his head.

EDDIE

Hockey players.

Eddie plops onto his chair and cracks open the newspaper.

All is good, as far as Eddie is concerned...

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - AFTERNOON

Danny is standing in the corner, bare-chested. He has removed his jersey and draped it over the Cup, which he has hidden behind him in the corner. He is wide-eyed with panic.

We see the number "4" lit up on the elevator panel, but the doors jolt open on "6". Danny draws a deep breath.

A COUPLE enters, kissing passionately. The man hits "Parking Level" without taking his face off his girlfriend. Then the elevator doors close...

DANNY

I'll just stand here in the corner.  
I'm not even here.

They ignore him. The doors open on 4, Danny's floor, but he doesn't move. The doors close and the elevator descends...

The doors open and we see an underground, indoor parking lot. The couple stumbles o.s., still gumming away. Danny pops his head out and peers around. There's nobody in sight.

Danny lifts the Cup and blows out of the elevator.

INT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Danny stumbles with the Cup down a row of cars. Headlights approach, and Danny sinks behind a parked car.

DANNY

Oh, mommy!

The car passes and disappears up an exit ramp. Danny then sprints to the Monte Carlo. He places the Cup on the floor and is standing at the trunk, frantically fishing for keys.

Then, a second set of headlights...

DANNY (CONT'D)

Oh, please. C'mon, c'mon, c'mon ...

Danny drops to the pavement and wrestles the Cup behind the Monte Carlo. The car passes...

Danny rises, nails his head on a fender, then finally opens the trunk. He rolls the Cup in, spreads a blanket over it, and pulls on his jersey. He slams the trunk shut and walks, then jogs, then sprints back to the elevator.

At the elevator bank, Danny stabs away at the "up" button, but nothing immediately happens. There is a door next to the elevator, and Danny pulls it open and runs inside.

INT. DANNY AND MARGARET'S HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Angelo sits on the king-size bed wearing a vintage Bryan Trottier jersey. Margaret is pacing, her arms crossed.

ANGELO

He went down for an extra key?

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