

“THE CUTTING EDGE” a 1992 movie about the ultimate love / skate relationship from director Paul Michael Glaser.

Writing credits – Tony Gilroy
Original music by – Patrick Williams
Release date - March 27, 1992 (USA)
Tag Lines - The King of the Rink is about to meet America’s Ice Queen
- When true love breaks the ice
- The ultimate love / skate relationship

Starring: D.B. Sweeney as Doug Dorsey
Moir Kelly as Kate Moseley
Roy Dotrice as Anton Pamchenko
Terry O’Quinn as Jack Moseley
Dwier Brown as Hale Forrester
Chris Benson as Walter Dorsey
Barry Flatman as Rick Tuttle
Kevin Peeks as Brian Neuman
Rachelle Ottley as Lorie Pekurovsky

Assembled by Alan McClure - 5/25/2008 (Last Update)

Winter Olympics – Calgary -- 1988

Calgary Girls’ Dorm Room – Day. Douglas Dorsey is 22, a young man in the dead bang prime of life. Doug is tough, solid and good-looking in a coarse, unkempt way. He is an athlete – a great one – and he knows it. He is also an extremely talented hockey player with a sports scholarship at Minnesota State. He is on the U.S. Olympic Hockey Team at the ‘88 Calgary Olympics. He’s in bed with Gita, a German skier and awakes to the image of a hockey player skating across the ice and sits straight up in bed. He is also, at this very moment, in total shock as he stares in horror at his wrist watch. The music is “Ich Namen Gita” from the “Cutting Edge” Deluxe Edition CD

Doug: It’s one o’clock. It’s one o’clock in the afternoon. I got a game. (Gita, blond hair, smiles sleepily from bed while Doug is blitzing around the room, pulling on his jeans) What the hell happened to the alarm? I’m supposed to be on the ice.

Gita: You say “nein”. Ist das nicht richtig?

Doug: Yeah, nine. Nine o’clock. What happened?

Gita: Yeah, “nein”.

Doug: Badge. Shirt.

Gita: You say “nein alarm”. Is mistake?

Doug: No. No mistake. This is great. Late for the Olympics. I’m just about four hours late here, Rita. (Doug flying – grabs his shirt from a ski pole, throws on his Olympic I.D. tag over his bare chest)

Gita: Rita?
Doug: I don't believe this.
Gita: Rita?
Doug: (Doug is down on the floor looking for his socks, looks up at her desperately)
Lita?
Gita: Lita?
Doug: (He grabs his Olympic hockey bag and heads for the door, still in bare feet. He pauses. One last try) Anita.
Gita: (She is furious) ICH NAMEN, GITA. GITA. (She throws a teddy bear at him as Doug crowds out the door)

Saddledome Practice Rink - Katherine Moseley is rich, refined, talented and spoiled. She is a world-class figure skater at the '88 Calgary Olympics with her partner Brian Neuman. She has genuine talent, but years of being spoiled by her wealthy family (her father owns a mansion with a private rink) have made her all but impossible to work with. She has fiery temper tantrums and a vicious, acerbic tongue that's as sharp as her blades.

Saddledome Practice Rink - Kate and Brian are in warm-up suits on the ice practicing their routine along with other pairs figure skaters. Kate Moseley skating alone, picks up speed, rounding the far end of the ice. Kate is 19. She is petite, but with the strength of a thoroughbred. She is gorgeous, but it is a defiant beauty. Kate heaves into the grasp of her partner, Brian Neuman, a lanky man of 21. They join hands, accelerate, and begin to weave past several other pairs. Brian picks her up in an overhead lift. Kate and Brian are circling in the lift. She starts to put her leg over his shoulder for the walk-through. Something bothering Kate. She jostles her hands, trying quickly to adjust Brian's grip as they head for center ice. Kate slips from his hands – off balance – falling – just recovering and landing awkwardly. The music is Rimsky-Korsakov's Fandango Asturiano from Capriccio Espagnol, OP.34.

Rick: (Sarcastically from the sidelines) This is the Olympics, Kate. Thirty million people just called their families in from the kitchen to watch the replay. (Kate wheels around, furious. Tuttle stares, disgusted) What do you think this is, Kate? Junior Pairs '82?
Kate: (Yelling back) No. As I recall, in '82 you were still humiliating me in private.
Rick: Maybe that's because you were still listening.
Kate: Well if I'm going deaf, it's because I've had you screaming in my ear for the past nine years. He's not giving me anything to work with!
Brian: Rick, this is impossible.
Rick: (To Kate) I want to see your ass in the air!
Kate: (Finally snaps) Well, until Hercules here learns how to lock his grip . . . this will have to do! (Kate skates off, lifts up her skirt, showing her butt and skates around the rink. People in the stands laugh and point. The photographers rush to get the shot).

The Saddledome Back Entrance Ramp - Doug Dorsey racing down the ramp with his hockey bag, still only partly dressed. The music is "Olympic Hockey" from the "Cutting Edge" Deluxe Edition CD and also plays during the hockey game.

Cop: (He runs past the Calgary security cop flashing his Olympic pass). Name, son?

Doug: Dorsey, U.S. hockey.

Cop: Hell, son, they're just about to start.

Saddledome Practice Rink Runway - Kate, now in her warm-up track suit and angrily packing her stuff into her bag. Jack Moseley, in a business suit, comes down the stadium stairs to join her.

Jack: Kate. This has to stop right now. Rick knows what's best, honey. He's the one that got us here.

Kate: How sweet. He let's us tag along.

Jack: (An order) You're going back out there, you're going to apologize, and you're going to get to work.

Kate: I wouldn't bet the ranch, Dad. (She muscles up her skate bag, starts away)

Jack: Where do you think you're going?

Kate: I'll be in my cell.

The Bowels of the Saddledome - An empty passageway and Doug is lost. Sweating – cursing - charging blindly ahead. From above, the muffled roar of the crowd. If he could claw his way up to the ice he'd do it. In the distance the national anthem is playing.

Saddledome – Different Passageway - Kate, wearing a U.S. Olympic warm-up suit, striding angrily along – rounding a corner and SMACK! – right into Doug – head on – no contest – Kate sent flying on her ass.

Kate: What - -? What are you?

Doug: (Picking up her skates and putting them in her lap) Does this go up to the ice? Does this go up to the ice? (He asks Kate who is still sitting there)

Kate: (Stares at him, incredulously) What?

Doug: Does this go up to the ice?

Kate: (Still sitting there) Is that all you have to say? What, were you raised in a barn?

Doug: Honey, where I'm from, we stand for the national anthem. (Doug runs off and the two of them disappear in opposite directions).

Ann: Saddledome Penalty Box - Doug in uniform and in the penalty box – literally inches from the action – screaming through the glass to his teammate to "Move! Move!" and move they do, as the check breaks up and the action drives across the ice. Doug left standing there, and it's making him crazy not to be out there. In the background we see video equipment and technicians as the two hockey commentators address the cameras. If you're just joining us from the Men's Downhill, you're in for a big surprise. West Germany was supposed to be an easy

game an easy mark for the U. S. but here we are in the third period and West Germany is up by a goal. (Doug in the penalty box, dying to get out there) Doug Dorsey, just about down to last dime of a two minute penalty for high-sticking.

Ann: He can't wait to get out of the box and neither can the fans.

Crwd: (Calling out the end of his penalty) Come on. Four, three, two, one. (The official in the box watches the clock, one hand on the door. On the ice the West German Goalie starts banging his stick to warn of Doug's imminent return)

Ann: Dorsey running out of the box. They'll hit him with the breakaway. It's offside and the power play is over. (A linesman blows a whistle. Everything stops cold. Doug furious. All pent up and nowhere to go) Doug Dorsey of course, the phenom from Mahorn, Minnesota. What a super story, Bud. Here's a junior from Minnesota State. You talk about being on the fast track. There are at least twelve NHL clubs that would love to have him on their roster before the seasons over. Just an incredible young athlete. If you haven't seen him before, you're in for a real treat this afternoon. No question about it, we're talking about one of the finest skaters in amateur hockey today. There was a piece this week. A writer called him: "The Minnesota Machine".

Crwd: U.S.A., U.S.A., U.S.A.

Saddledome Hockey Rink - substitutions being made. The U.S. coach motions for Doug who waves him off. He's staying on the ice. Players readying for a face-off. A West German player elbows in beside Doug. Doug nudging back. The referee clearing a line, warning Doug to cool out. The referee drops the puck – and they're off. Doug gets the puck and breaks away with it, on the move down the ice. A West German forward charging as Doug drops his shoulder – fakes a pass – does an amazing full-turn spin that sends the West German forward crashing out of control. Doug, all alone, flying across center ice – a West German Defenseman rushes to cut the angle, checks him – Doug rolls out of the check and keeps going – two players now dogging him. A U.S. player across the ice – he's clear – calling for the puck – waiting in vain because – Doug's not stopping – blitzing for the goal. The crowd is up and screaming. The West German Goalie braces as – the West German center – speeding back – lunges – his stick flying free into Doug's skates and Doug begins to fall – off balance – going down – Doug still manages to shoot and – the puck lifts – just above the goalie's glove and scores. Doug and the West German center flying past the net – Doug free-falling – both of them hitting the boards with horrible speed – this terrible sound and - Doug's helmet sliding across the ice, past players and referees, in whose horrified expressions, we measure the seriousness of the blow. Doug falls to the ice, unconscious. Color draining from the picture as we – but we don't know that yet.

Saddledome Figures Rink - the screen is white. And then music - "Can-Can" from the operetta "Orpheus in the Underworld" written by Jacques Offenback. And then picture begins to return. Disorienting for a moment, because we are high above the ice, looking down. Two figures skating below. On the ice - Kate and Brian in the midst of their program. Striding together the length of the ice –

arm movement, filler stuff, catching their breath as they race toward their finale - Skate-cam close up. Just the two of them, smiles plastered on their faces, sweat bleeding through makeup - the elegance of the sport revealed as the hard work it really is. Music peaking - faster and faster and - Brian's expression tightening - Kate's hands searching for a for a better grip but there's not time - they're into the overhead lift - Brian clenches - Kate is up - Brian falters - too late - she's held up in the air - he's spinning around and around - she starts to bring her leg over his shoulder for the walk-through - trouble - (Urgently, to Brian - Higher - Higher) but too late - she is off balance - coming down - her skate snags his shoulder - and Brian watches in horror - Kate is falling as the music crashes its final crescendo and she lands hard - sprawling across the ice - sliding fast - she's down. Numb silence. Brian alone at center ice. Kate stretched out motionless, yards away. He starts towards her. Brian looks at Kate, still just lying there.

Saddledome Figures Rink - Sidelines. Sideline photographers practically climbing out onto the ice. Dozens of hungry lenses eating up the scene. The insane thrush and whir of motor drives winding out at full bore - just getting louder and louder.

Doctor's Office - Doug sits waiting. We see a scar over his right eye. Doug clearly not here for small talk.

Doc: For the record you've lost eighteen degrees of peripheral vision in your right eye. Now in most cases this would be considered an inconvenience. But for a hockey player - -

Doug: So, how long before it comes back?

Doc: You've had extreme trauma to your occipital lobe.

Doug: (Nodding) Doc, how long?

Doc: You got a blind side, Doug. It's a permanent condition.

Doug: So there's an operation, right?

Doc: I'm afraid not.

Doug: (Trying to joke about it) Some micro-laser thing . . . You open me up and

Doc: Doug, I've specialized in ophthalmic surgery for over fifteen years.

Doug: Well okay, you don't do it here, but somebody, somewhere . . . Down in Mexico City they shoot shark piss up your nose and make you sit in traction for eight months.

Doc: Doug . . . I'm sorry. I don't see professional hockey in your future.

Two Years Later - The Deluth Locks - Minnesota - March. Large manufacturing plant parking lot. Grey skies. Cold air. Frigid spray blows off Lake Superior. A group of workers in hard hats walk from the factory, revealing Doug among them, his overalls caked with grime.

Wkr: See you at game tonight, Doug.

Doug: Not if I see you first.

Wkr: See you Mike. Mike. Anybody seen my wife? (Doug gets in pick-up truck for ride home)

Radio: Ice-time meltdown. You're listening to WICV, Duluth, Minnesota. We're gonna warm you up

A Roadside Bar – Mahorn, Minnesota - the pickup truck turns into a parking lot. Doug gets out and retrieves his hockey gear from the back. He walks across the lot to a cinderblock gin mill in the middle of nowhere. A few cars parked outside. A tin sign advertises: “Dorsey’s PENALTY Box Tap and Grill”. A warm bar in a cold place. Hockey stuff everywhere. Walter Dorsey, Doug’s older brother, a big, beefy guy in this thirties stands behind the bar. A woman bartender works behind the bar with him. The place is almost empty, a couple of guys in the back playing pool. Walter looks up as Doug comes in the door.

Walt: Hi, Doug.

Doug: In a hurry. Any mail?

Walt: No.

Doug: (As he heads toward the back) I gotta game. Make me a sandwich, will you?

Walt: Hey, little brother, Snyder can’t make it in tonight. I need a hand.

Doug: (Already going out the back door) I got a game.

Girl: (Calls out) Hi, Dougie!

Walt: It’s Friday night. (Heading after him)

Doug: (Yells from the out back) Make me a sandwich!

Walt: I need a hand!

Doug: I need a sandwich!

Walt: (He runs after him out the back door) Dougie, wait a minute. Doug, I got no place else to go. (Doug striding toward a shabby, weathered mobile home parked just behind the bar – he’s got his skate bag over his shoulder – it’s open. Walter comes chasing out after him.)

Doug: You’re my brother, not my boss, okay?

Walt: Douglas, I’m not asking you, I’m telling you.

Doug: Will you get off my back? I’m no bartender. Get used to it. (Keeps walking, to his trailer. Dumps his gear and heads into the trailer with his bag).

Walt: What the hell’s that supposed to mean? What makes you so special? You’re playing in a goddamn bar league.

Doug: Hey Walt, at least I’m playing!

Walt: (He pulls out a letter) Hey. You’re twenty third letter. It arrived today. (Doug stops and walks over to Walt) Detroit Red Wings. It’s over little brother. Everybody knows it but you.

Doug: (Doug is stopped dead. He drops his hockey bag and comes at Walt) Give me that letter.

Walt: “Dear Doug, sorry about the eye. Go piss up a rope. Next time you’re in town give us a call and we’ll buy you a ticket”. (Walter taunts Doug with the letter, keeping it out of his reach. Doug blows, grabs his brother)

Doug: Give me that letter. Give me that GODDAMN letter!

Walt: What are you gonna do? Are you gonna fight me? Are you gonna fight the world? Are you going to fight everybody? We'll put me on the list pal. Come on, let's go. (Doug stands there - a tough pause. Both of them raw) You want something to eat, make it yourself.

Doug: (Walter turns. Walks. Doug left there. Alone. He picks up the letter. Sits and opens it slowly and reads it)

Moseley Rink - At Center Ice - Kate and a new partner spinning – side by side – around and around and suddenly he loses his edge. He goes sprawling across the ice. The music stops. Kate, however, keeps going, and now the only sound in the building is her skates drilling away at the ice. New partner, covered in sweat, looking whipped, picks himself up and stares over until Kate finally pulls out of the spin.

Anton: All right, Kate. Enough.

Kate: (Turning on him) Lovely. Let's do it again. Do we or do we not have eight minutes left?

Anton Pamchenko, Kate's current coach, starts out onto the ice. Anton is a man who has come a long way through difficult times. A quiet reserve. Eyes always probing. An abrasive exterior belies a warm, knowing soul.

Anton: (Thick Russian accent) Enough for today. (He turns to new partner) Perhaps you are wanting to take shower, da?

Part: All right. (New partner nods, backing away as Kate's steady glare drives him quickly off the ice. She turns to Anton)

Kate: What he needs is a ride to the airport. I've got laundry that can skate better than that. (That's it. She skates off – already back to work)

At the far end of the rink Jack Moseley on the sidelines. Anton walks over.

Jack: He lasted a month.

Anton: You should've been making her singles skater. (They stare out. Kate practicing in the distance)

Jack: So where do we go from here?

Anton: Two years, eight partners. This one too small. That one too big. Too loud. Too much sweat. Not enough sweat. (Jack stares back) Jack, she is tremendous skater. Everyone is saying this. Petite. Powerful. Intelligent. But always is coming the big "B". "Whatta bitch".

Jack: What about Spindler?

Anton: Spindler? Spindler says before he skate with her, he wear garlic from neck and sleep with cross. Who is left? I am . . . I am at bottom of barrel.

Jack: Then you find another barrel.

Dorsey's Tap and Grill – Backyard - a construction site, a room being added on the rear of the bar. Doug is hanging from a roof beam, sweating, grimy,

struggling angrily to hammer something above him. It's cold. Raw. No fun. A boom box playing "Cry All Night" by Neverland on the "Cutting Edge" original soundtrack CD or on the Deluxe Edition CD. Anton walks in and looks up at Doug.

Anton: You are bigger than I think.

Doug: (Glances down at him) What?

Anton: I say you are much bigger than I think. I'm spending much time watching video of you, Mr. Douglas Dorsey. You are very exciting skater.

Doug: (Still hanging from the roof) Hey, look pal, if you're a reporter, you're a little late. The story's been done.

Anton: No. I am coach.

Doug: (Doug nods. Really steamed now) Hey, what's the deal? You goof on me, my brother buys you a beer?

Anton: What means "goof"?

Doug: (Hesitates for a minute) Are you the Swede?

Anton: No, I'm Russian. My name is Anton Pamchenko.

Doug: (Stunned, drops the hammer and jumps down to the ground. He turns the radio off) From the Leafs! I can't believe it. You got my letter. You couldn't have come at a better time, I'm in the best shape of my life. I'm like a rock. I'm skating five, six hours a night, speed drills, stick drills, roadwork.

Anton: I am not hockey coach.

Doug: (Stopped cold) What is this?

Anton: Maybe nothing. Here (Anton fishes something out of his shoulder bag and holds up . . . a pair of figure skates) You try.

Doug: Those are figure skates, pal!

A Highway Exit Sign – Greenwich, Connecticut – a stretch limousine turning off the highway, drives on a country lane and finally passes through a large iron gate, bordered by a daunting, high stone wall. The gate swings open and the limo pulls up a winding estate driveway. A backseat window rolls down – Doug seated next to Anton, blown away, stares out at the incredible passing scenery. The Mosely Estate is world class. A circular driveway slopes gently in front of – a huge stone mansion. The limo stops in front of the front door, the chauffeur opens the door for Doug. He steps out, stares up at the house. The king of the rink is about to meet America's ice queen "again". The music is "Limo to Mansion" from the "Cutting Edge" Deluxe Edition CD.

Doug: (To himself) Whoa. I should have held out for more!

Anton: (Whistles) This way.

Doug: You got your own rink!

Anton: We have ice every day.

Kate: On the ice. A Schubert symphony blaring the music of "Impromptu No. 4 in A-flat, Opus 90". Kate in white tights and skirt – dressed for the occasion. She skates alone, makes no sign of recognition, but knows full-well she's being watched. Gliding and preening. Kate turns, feigns surprise – and then her

expression sours. That's not Spindler. Where the hell is Spindler? I thought you said he'd be here.

Anton: No. You said Spindler. This is Dorsey. Mr. Douglas Dorsey.

Kate: (She examines Doug as if he were an insect) Dorsey? Never heard of him.

Anton: Douglas is beautiful skater.

Kate: (She steps back, a look of mounting horror blossoming) Oh, you're that hockey player.

Doug: How you doing? (Extending hand) Nice to meet you. (He offers his hand. She stares at it with epic distaste)

Anton: Is tryout. IS TRYOUT.

Kate: (Reluctantly, Kate moves to shake – one touch and – recoiling instantly) Oh, my God.

Doug: What, my hand?

Kate: What do you do? Soak them in battery acid?

Doug: Oh I know they're a little rough, but I never had any complaints before.

Kate: Oh, I'm terribly impressed! (Turning on Anton) What is this – final stages of Ukrainian alcohol psychosis?

Doug: Hey, wait a second, who's checking out who here?

Kate: (Wheeling on Doug) Listen, I don't know how many slapshots you've taken to the brain, but this was YOUR audition. And let me assure you, it's over.

Doug: Hey Snow White relax, I'm no figure skater, I'm a hockey player.

Kate: Then what are you doing here? (Doug hesitates. Stalled) Get him out of my building!

Doug: What?

Kate: Get him out of my building.

Doug: (To Anton) Temperamental? You know, I can think of another word for it.

Kate: (To Anton) Is that what you told him?

Doug: Well, like it's a big secret.

Kate: Who the hell do you think you are?

Doug: I know exactly who I am sweetheart. I'm a guy who came a long way for lunch.

Kate: Well, please don't let me keep you from the trough.

Doug: Hey, I'm sorry, buddy. I wouldn't wish this on a snake. I'm out of here.

Anton: (Doug starts away. Kate heading the opposite direction) ENOUGH!!! (They both stop cold) Introduction is over. Conversation finished. Mouths closed. Ears to be opened. (Kate about to speak, he cuts her off) Pairs means two. You have no partner. You are skating nowhere! (Kate, shocked, stares, Doug about to protest when Anton cuts him off) And where are you going? Oh, back to Siberia? Skating on small pond is big excitement. Believe me Gretzky, I am last person who's coming to look for you. (Doug pale. There is silence) Good. We skate. You are taking her left hand, and your right hand is at her waist. Good. The line is beautiful. Now I am counting a beat. You push off on four. Katya will lead.

Doug: (Standing behind Kate. Both of them stone faced) Hey, hold on. What's the deal with these claws up front here?

Anton: Is toe pick.

Doug: Toe pick? Let me guess. It has something to do with personal hygiene.

Kate: I wouldn't let that get in your way.

Doug: I don't let anything get in my way.

Kate: (Doug tightens his grip around her waist. She gasps - to Anton) Count it off.

Anton: (An easy tempo) One two one – one two two - one two three – one two four.

They're off . . . a jerky, false start – Kate leading – but Doug hangs in and stroke – and stroke and around the ice – and Kate's not helping him any, but she doesn't have to because he's picking this up fast – and by the time they make the second turn he's starting to sync. Good. Good. Heads up! Yes. Arms up. Katya, Katya keep in line with him. Is not race, Katya. Together, together.

Kate: (Doug puts hand on Kate's waist) What do you do, shower once a week?

Doug: Is that an invitation?

Anton: Douglas, bend knees more. Good.

Doug: Hey. Hey.

Kate accelerates. Doug shifts – missteps – dropping like a stone out of frame.

Anton: Oh, shit!

Kate: (As she circles past) Toepick. (Kate laughs)

Anton: (Center ice Doug behind Kate. Anton hovering) Katya, lift arms, please. Go on lift arms. (Kate grudgingly complies)

Anton: Douglas, please to pick her up.

Doug: (Doug looks at him. He's serious.) Yeah?

Anton: Yes. Pick up. (Doug puts his hands beneath Kate's armpits and lifts her effortlessly.)

Anton: Okay. Enough. We are finish.

Kate: I told you this was ridiculous. (Still up there and turning to Doug) Would you please put me down?

Doug lets go - Kate drops like a stone, flat on her ass.

Kate: Oww, you - - you cretin!

Doug: Guess that move needs some work.

Anton: Mumbles and walks away.

Doug: What a waste of good ice.

Kate: Ridiculous.

Moseley Mansion Study/Trophy Room - Doug, alone, standing in front of an entire wall of trophies. The room is one hell of an impressive, oak paneled showplace, but it's hard to see the wood-work because every inch is packed with citations, cups, medals and blue ribbons. Doug turns from the trophies. To one side, a huge desk covered with framed photographs and, prominently displayed, a large mahogany display case. Doug moves closer for a better look.

Jack: (Insert – The Display Case. It's an amazing object. And it's empty) Stare at it long enough, you'll start to see an Olympic gold medal in there. (Doug turns. Jack bearing down - Jack shakes Doug's hand) Jack Moseley. Sit down. Sit

down please. (Doug takes a seat. Jack circles the desk, sits) Look, I've spoken with Anton. First of all, I want you to know, the simple fact that he brought you out - - You should feel proud. I mean we're talking about probably the greatest judge of skating talent in the world. Central Soviet Army Sports Club, Moscow Ice Ballet, the works. I saw you skate in Calgary. You were a great, great hockey player. I don't want you to feel as though this were a complete waste of your time. I mean, it was worth a shot. (Jack writing out a check. This is a kiss off)

Doug: What, the eye?

Jack: No, the eye's not a problem.

Doug: Is it your daughter?

Jack: Kate is Kate. She's an only child, who was raised without a mother. The strain of competition . . .(he tears out the check) Sudden changes tend to bring out her color.

Doug: Oh, is that what that was?

Jack: Frankly, the ideas just a little too bizarre for me. (Hands envelope to Doug) I believe you're on a ten-thirty flight. First class. There's a check in there for your trouble.

Doug: This is what you call giving me a shot?

Jack: Look, I don't have time to screw around. I can't afford to be wrong about you. We were forty-five seconds away from the gold medal. We were knocking on the door and our boy dropped the ball. (His eyes drift to the box) That goddamn glass box is empty for one reason. We can't find a go-to guy. (He lifts a stack of papers on his desk) Thirty-five male skaters. These boys have been doing this for years and they couldn't cut it. (Pulling one) Wagner . . . no stamina. Jack balls the paper in his hand – tosses it across his desk toward a garbage can – missing – glancing at the next) Myersohn . . . no rhythm. (flipping them quickly) Leone... Parnes and Hudler. Not one single pressure player in the bunch.

Doug: (A moment. A big one. And then, without a word, Doug leans forward, takes the next page on the stack, crushes it in his hand and flips it effortlessly toward the garbage can. The paper arcs across the room – BING! Perfect.)

Jack: Lucky shot.

Doug: (Holds up the check). Double or nothing.

Jack: (Jack smiles, pushes the stack toward him) You're on.

Moseley Mansion Study Door – as the door flies open - Jack and Doug emerging, all smiles. There's Kate. In the hallway. Waiting.

Jack: Katie, there you are.

Kate: Hi, I was just coming to say goodbye.

Jack: Well, hold that thought honey. Doug is going to be staying with us for a while. (She freezes. The wall comes down)

Doug: Good talking to you Jack. (He glances at Kate)

Jack: (Shaking Doug's hand) Doug.

Doug: (To Kate) Catch your act tomorrow. (Doug winks at Kate)

Kate, pale, stands there frozen. Doug leaves. Kate is still staring at her father with an expression of pure betrayal.

Jack: (The moment Doug is gone) It's the end of the line, honey. (Kate's says nothing and her look turns from surprise to anger)

Moseley Rink Early Morning – Working Together for the First Time. Doug is a brash, blue collar former hockey champion, blindsided with an injury and no future in professional hockey. Kate is a rich and spoiled pairs figure skater whose prima donna attitude has her skating solo. With nothing in common but their dream of reaching the Olympics, Kate and Doug are each other's last resort. Reluctantly, they join forces, but its not long before the barbs – and sparks – start flying as the unlikely pair skate towards the opportunity of a lifetime: a chance at an Olympic gold medal...and a chance at love.

Doug: If we're going to work together, you might try and be polite.

Kate: You're not going to be here long enough to make it worth the effort.

Doug: What, you don't think I can put up with your shit?

Kate: I don't think you can skate.

Doug: There's only two things I do really well, sweetheart. And skating is the other one.

Kate: God. You really are a Neanderthal.

Doug: I hate to tell you, but I'm from Minnesota. (She turns, she's got him) That's South of Neanderthal. So what do you do for fun, polish your knife collection?

Kate: I'm sure there's nothing I do that you would find exciting. I don't open beer bottles with my toes. I don't sit around and count what's left of my teeth. Hey, I don't even enjoy a good tractor-pull. A bit limited existence, but I've gotten used to it.

Doug: Life of the party huh? Place must be crawling with guys.

Kate: (Biting at this) As a matter of fact, I do have a boyfriend.

Doug: There's a rough gig. What do you do, keep him chained up in the basement?

Kate: Hale, at the moment, is working my father's London office. He's an M.B.A. Harvard. You might have heard of it. They do have a hockey team.

Doug: He must be a very smart guy.

Anton: First position.

Doug: Bet you look pretty good from a few thousand miles away. (He stands behind Kate and she is left there, hating him)

Anton: Okay, Douglas. Come. Shoulders back. Good, good. Now chest out. Yes. Shoulders back. Head higher. (Doug straightens as best he can)

Kate: When we're through here, can we please teach it how to breathe with its mouth closed?

Doug closes his mouth – that does it – he falls

Kate: (Smiling) Don't quit your day job. (She smiles, skates off. Doug's eyes are drilled on her back. The cold stare of a competitor.)

Anton: (Doug and Kate start skating to music Street of Dreams by Nia Peeples on the “Cutting Edge” original soundtrack CD or on the Deluxe Edition CD) Man and woman together make love. Douglas, you are stem. Katya, you are petal. Together, we make flower. (Kate leaves go of Doug’s hand, he catches his toepick and crashes)

Kate: Toepick.

(Again Kate withdraws her hand and Doug crashes)

Kate: Toepick.

(Doug crashes several more times when Kate lets go)

Kate: Toepick.

Doug crashes ... and crashes ... and crashes)

Kate: (Final crash) Toepick. (Then she laughs)

Doug’s Apartment - Anton and Doug are sitting at the dining table.

Anton is eating and reading. Doug stands painfully and we see two ice bags strapped on each hip. He hobbles slowly down some steps into the kitchen.

Moseley Rink – Different Day

Doug: Whoa. Dorsey back to Gretzky, over to Esposito. La Fontaine to Dorsey. Dorsey to Gretzky. Gretzky to Dorsey. Dorsey shoots. He scores. Yes.

A janitor drives a Zamboni around the ice. Kate and Doug seated on the sidelines. She’s reading. He’s impatiently taping up a hockey stick. She glances over.

Kate: If you’re so bored, why don’t you read?

Doug: What, you mean a book?

Kate: That’s a traditionally accepted format, yes.

Doug: Is this the beginning of a conversation here?

Kate: I was just simply asking if you knew how to read?

Doug: Yes. Doug can read. (A pause. They go back to what they were doing. Silence)

Kate: (She can’t help it) What was the last book you read. (He looks over) You were in college.

Doug: Last thing I read in college was a letter canceling my scholarship when I couldn’t play anymore.

Kate: Okay. High School.

Doug: I was a hockey player. The only thing I had to read was a scoreboard.

Kate: And they graduated you?

Doug: They revered me. I was a god.

Kate: What a tragic commentary on our times.

Doug: State championships, my last game ... three hundred people carried me around their shoulders on the ice. It took the state police two hours to break it up.

Kate: So what were you planning on doing when your gladiating days were over?

Doug: You can bet your tights, I never thought I’d be working in a freak show like this.

Kate: I’m surprised you don’t chuck it all and start your own think tank.

Doug: So where'd you matriculate from? (She hesitates, he's drilling now) You were in college?

Kate: I had tutors. Excellent tutors. (She moves to go – too quickly – upsetting a group of sticks) Would you please find someplace else to put your . . . clubs?)

Doug: Man, would I love to see you play hockey.

Kate: Any day.

Moseley Rink - they're playing hockey. The music playing is "Diddley Daddy" by Chris Isaak. Water pitchers at either end mark the goals. Doug, stick in hand, dribbles the puck up the ice like it was on a string. Kate starts to pick up speed, lunging suddenly with her stick as Doug just evaporates around her. Kate left standing there, feeling foolish. Doug glides up the ice. Kate in pursuit, getting an idea of just how good he is. She accelerates – about to catch him – suddenly he stops dead – turns – slips the puck between her legs and already has it back on his stick before she knows what happened.

Doug: You can do better than that. Come on.

Kate: Hey (After Doug steals puck)

He holds it out for her – offering the puck as she tries to catch him – teasing her – she lunges – comes up empty – Doug laughing as he shoots – the puck creases one of the pitchers. A perfect shot. Kate glides back to retrieve the puck. She's pissed. She steadies the thing against her stick. Getting a feel for it. Real determination showing now as she skates up ice – Doug backing up...toying with her...taunting her and -

Doug: Come on. That's one.

Kate: Cut it out.

Doug: That's two.

Kate: Stop it you . .

Doug: Three. Four. (five, six and seven goals are made)

Kate: Aw. You make me ill.

Kate: Kate coming ... getting angrier by the stroke ... winding up to shoot and hits puck as hard as she can, leaving out loud yell, hitting Doug in the nose and knocking him out.

Hospital Emergency Room. A waiting area. Two attendants roll a gurney by with a body on it to reveal – Kate fretting. Anton, seated beside her, calmly reading a magazine.

Kate: (Looking worried) It's not like his nose was perfect. (No response) He's the one who wanted to play. (Silence. Anton just keeps reading) He's like those morons who go around insisting that you hit them in the stomach as hard as you can. (The silence is killing her) I don't know why I'm explaining this to you anyway. I mean all I did was play his stupid game. (He looks over. She's a wreck) Next thing I know you'll be telling me how guilty I sound.

Anton: Is not guilt.

Kate: Well, at least we agree on that.

Anton: Is fear.

Kate: You've gotta be kidding me. I mean what do I have to be afraid of?

Anton: Because finally you have found yourself a partner.

Kate: (Laughs and then notices Doug being wheeled out, head all bandaged and groaning) Oh my God. (She stands in shock – Doug is being rolled towards them by a nurse in a wheelchair. His head almost completely swathed in a bandage) I thought you said it was just his nose! (Doug mumbles something from behind his bandages) What? What's wrong?

Nurse: He's all yours.

Doug: (Groaning, slowly pulls the bandage off to reveal just three stitches on his nose and grins at Kate) Toepick!

Anton laughs and Kate storms out the hospital door.

Doug: (Laughing) What's her problem?

Anton: (Smiling) I think she is nervous about rematch. (Doug smiles)

Moseley Mansion – Kate and Doug out jogging – Doug pushes Kate, she pushes him back. He takes her cap and she chases him.

Moseley Mansion – Training Room. A workout facility with wood floors, weight training and exercise equipment, and a dance area with mirrors and a bar. Kate in a leotard is doing arm movements, following a dance instructor in the mirror – the music is “Ride on Time” by Black Box on the “Cutting Edge” original soundtrack CD or on the Deluxe Edition CD. Reveal Doug in sweat pants and a tee shirt, embarrassed, standing awkwardly beside her, trying his best to find the grace and posture that the instructor is demonstrating. Kate, foot on dance bar, head to knee. Doug hefts his leg up to the bar and winces as his hamstring bites him. The dance instructor comes to help him with the stretch. Kate and Doug in an aerobics class with a male instructor. Doug is in his glory, matching Kate move for move. A montage of Kate and Doug doing exercises, changing wardrobe and positions. Doug and Kate lifting weights, matching each other rep for rep, neither willing to give in. A montage of Kate and Doug on various machines, different days, different wardrobe as they work neck and neck, and alone.

Moseley Mansion – Dining Room. Jack eating dinner. Kate head down, fast asleep.

Jack: Kate (Wakes up and her face falls into the dinner plate).

Kate: Uh hum.

Moseley Rink - next morning Kate wakes at 6:10 to the music of “Groove Master” by Arrow on the “Cutting Edge” original soundtrack CD or on the

Deluxe Edition CD. She dresses quickly and runs to the rink only to find Doug already skating.

Doug: (To Anton) You want my hands where? (Anton points. Kate braces.) You gotta be kidding me.

Kate is in the air, in the harness rig. Doug concentrates fiercely as he rotates Kate in a safety harness above him. They are both in their skates. Anton helping Doug guides her along above his head. Doug yells to Anton

Doug: How am I doing?

Kate: (Still hanging there) Maybe in about five years, you'll get it up to half speed. Hey. (When Doug lets her go and gives her leg a push that sends her spinning wildly out of control. He skates off as both Kate and Anton yell at him to come back) Hey, come on.

Anton: Douglas, Douglas, come back.

Kate: You have the mentality of a rock, you know that?

Moseley Mansion Training Room - Kate and Doug working with ballet coach. The music is Puccini's "Lauretta (O Mio Babbino Caro)" from the opera Gianni Schicchi

Moseley Rink - Doug wakes up next morning with the 6:30 alarm. He dresses quickly and heads for the rink, only to find that Kate has beaten him there and is skating to the music of "Groove Master" by Arrow on the "Cutting Edge" original soundtrack CD or on the Deluxe Edition CD

Kate and Doug skate neck and neck. Reaching into a hand clasp, skating backwards, she moves out and they switch hands and direction. Doug grabbing her other hand in a solid clasp. He smiles in victory. She gives him a startled look. They swing around and execute a parallel stop, Kate's balance faltering. Doug smiles and she doesn't blink. Anton is writing in his book about his new ice skating move (bounce spin into a throw twist) while Doug and Kate are skating.

Doug: Yes. (He skates down the ice and Kate follows – when he is even with Kate, he pumps his fist and falls) Yes. Yes. Yes.

Even Anton is pumped since they just completed their first routine together

Anton: (Outside) Yes. Yes. Yes. (Pumping his fist)

Doug's Apartment - Doug is lying on a massage table in his apartment as Anton massages his legs.

Doug: She's got everything. A house, the rink. I don't get it. You know something, I

don't even think she likes to skate.

Anton: You worked in factory. You were happy there?

Doug: Hey, I worked there because I had to.

Anton: (Nods, goes back to work. Doug left thinking) Uh huh.

Moseley Mansion - Kate's Locker Room - it's snowing and Kate, half-dressed, who just came out of the shower, is brushing her hair and looking out the window. She is startled by a knock at the door -

Kate: Just a moment please. (Doug, a scar still by his nose, barrels in. Kate grabs frantically for a towel - barely covering up)

Doug: Kate, oh you're . . .

Kate: What the hell are you doing? Did I say come in?

Doug: (Holding a crudely wrapped package, stands his ground, enjoying Kate's discomfort as she quickly knots the towel above her chest) No.

Kate: Get out. Get out. Get out this second!

Doug: (Walking in to her) Kate, I handle this stuff all the time. It's not that big a mystery. (She stands there stiffly. Challenged now. He holds out his package to her.)

Kate: What's that?

Doug: Open it up. (She starts to unwrap it) Go on. I wrapped it myself....I looked in all the stores. What do you get for the girl who has everything?

Kate: (Kate holds a worn, vintage Chicago Blackhawks jersey) An old shirt.

Doug: An old shirt? Bobby Hull wore that sweater. That's . . . Bobby Hull's game sweater. I've had that for fifteen years. (She just stares) Bobby Hull. Forget it. I'll take it . . .

Kate: No, no. I like it. (They start a tug of war)

Doug: No, I'll get you something else.

Kate: No, I like it. Well, then let go. You're going to tear it. (Doug lets go of sweater) Thank you.

Doug: So anyway, Merry Christmas. (He turns to go, moving for the door)

Kate: Well, wait a minute. (Kate smiles and Doug stops – as a designer-wrapped bag comes towards him. He stares at it in surprise). Merry Christmas.

Doug: (Surprised, starts on his gift – pulling off the ribbon before his expression sours) “Great Expectations”?

Kate: Well, it was either that or “Curious George Plays Hockey”. I took a chance.

Doug: (Smiles) Thanks.

Kate: (Smiles) You're welcome.

Moseley Mansion – Night. A big New Year Eve's party, in the grand, upper crust tradition. A live band is playing, Rosemary Bulter is belting out “Love Shack” and dancers are having a good time. Prosperous men and women, in black tie and evening gowns. Butlers and waiters circle with champagne and trays of food. Doug and Anton enter from the foyer and stroll through the crowd talking. They are both resplendent in Tuxedos. The full rush of a large party – A woman intercepts Anton and wishes him a happy new year. Doug continues on alone

through the crowd. He reaches a doorway, looks around, and glances up at the stairway. Music changes to “It Ain’t Over Till It’s Over” by Rosemary Butler and John Townsend on the “Cutting Edge” original soundtrack CD or on the Deluxe Edition CD.

Moseley Mansion – A Grand Staircase. Kate gathered with a group of people. She is resplendent, devastating in a tight, drop-dead, black gown. We knew she looked good, but we have never seen her like this. A tuxedoed man in his late twenties, passes and puts his arm around her as the group breaks into laughter. Doug stand there, gaping.

Moseley Mansion - Jack’s Study/Trophy Room – Later. Party sounds outside. Doug alone, looking through the collection of photographs and trophies in Jack’s study. The camera touring the collection: Family snapshots mixed with portraits, featuring Kate’s mother in various poses on the ice: She is beautiful, glamorous, warm. Kate as a toddler and young girl out on the ice with her mother. Both of them laughing. A joy and life in these pictures that we’ve yet to witness in the adult Kate. And then ... pictures of Kate as she grows, all of them on the ice. Doug is standing by Jack’s desk looking at a photo on the wall. Kate opens the study door and comes in.

Kate: Hale! (entering) Hale?

Doug: (Turns. Kate stiffens. Something off here) Kate, I was looking at your stuff. Great pictures in here. That’s your mom, right? Boy, she was a knockout.

Kate: Yes, she was very pretty. (Not coming any closer) She was a show skater.

Doug: You know there’s one over here. You look like you’re not old enough to walk yet. You got skates on. (re: the photo) And what is this expression on your face? Is that a smile? I never knew you had so many teeth.

Kate: We usually keep this door closed during a party.

Doug: (Doug looks at her) What am I some guy off the street? (Adjusting his tux) You probably didn’t recognize me in my rig here. It’s pretty sharp, huh? Sixty-nine ninety five.

Kate: (She looks him over. Smiles) Turn around. (She walks up to him)

Doug: (Hesitates, turns) What are you doing? (Kate tugs the lining straight and brushes off the back. He grins)

Kate: Turn around.

Doug: Done?

Kate: (She raises her eyes and walks off) Yes.

Moseley Mansion – The Hallway

Doug: (They exit the study, as Kate closes the doors tightly behind them) I was going to tell you, that book you gave me, it’s pretty good.

Kate: Really? Using it as a doorstop or a coaster?

Doug: (A waiter comes by with a tray of champagne. Doug grabs two) Very funny. Here. (Handing her a glass)

Kate: No, I don't drink.
Doug: It's only champagne.
Kate: I've never had a drink in my life.
Doug: You're kidding. (She stares back definitely not kidding) You afraid you're going to get fat?
Kate: (Bristling) I hardly expect you to understand.
Hale: Kate.
Kate: Hale. (She kisses him) There you are. Doug Dorsey, Hale Forrest.
Hale: Well. Finally. The secret weapon. (Hale extends his hand)
Doug: In the flesh. (Doug hands Hale glass of champagne he got for Kate).
Hale: I guess this calls for a toast.
Doug: Let's drink to the little people.
Hale: I understand you were at Minnesota State.
Doug: For a while.
Hale: I used to play a little hockey myself, for fun.
Doug: Let me know. We'll slap it around sometime.
Hale: Ha. Ha. Sure. And maybe you can stop by the office and give me a hand with some currency arbitrage.
Kate: If you two will excuse me, naked male insecurity really leaves me cold. (Kate walks. Hale and Doug just left there staring)
Doug: Must be tough to stay away.
Hale: I understand you've been giving Kate a rough time of it.
Doug: You know Kate.
Hale: Yes, I do. And I don't like to see her upset.
Doug: If I was you, I'd invest in blindfolds. (Hale laughs – Doug walks off. Hale left there. Looks over at Kate)

Moseley Mansion/The Party – Night – Later. Jack is chatting animatedly with a gorgeous blond. Anton comes over and takes her onto the dance floor. Music is "Walking the Dog" by John Townsend – Kate stands chatting with Hale and other socialites. Hale points out Anton tearing it up on the dance floor. As they banter, Kate's eyes drift across the room – her expression souring as she watches – Doug across the room – standing with three young debutantes. We can't hear what he's saying from this far away, but whatever it is, the debs are loving it; giggling and flirting like crazy.

The crowd gathered. Everyone is holding lit sparklers. The two singers are counting down the final seconds of 1991. Seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, Happy New Year!!! Horns – confetti – the band plays Auld Lang Syne, performed by Rosemary Butler and Warren Wiebe. Couples embracing. Kate embraces Jack and then turns into Hale's embrace and then into the arms of another man and the music's going and couples all over the room are doing the same thing. Doug is grabbed by one of the debutantes for a big kiss, and then he is passed to the second debutante, another kiss, and a third, and then he's handed over to an older woman and suddenly – Doug and Kate are thrust into each other's arms – instinctively moving toward a kiss – when suddenly, they freeze.

A dead stop. So close. And then, pretending it never happened, they turn away into the crowd.

Doug's Apartment – Late Afternoon. A mess. Books, clothes and skating tapes littered all over. Doug is packing a bag. A knock at the door.

Doug: Who is it?

Kate: It's me, Kate. (Doug reacts, this is very unusual. He stops packing, glancing around the room, gauging the epic proportion of the clutter. He moves slowly to the door. Opens it to reveal Kate. He keeps his hand up on the door)

Doug: (And Kate at the same time) Hi...

Kate: I... spoke to Anton. He said you were leaving for the weekend.

Doug: What, that's a problem?

Kate: No, no I think it's great. You haven't been home since you got here. (She smiles) I mean, my God, they probably think we've got you under lock and key. (Kate ducks under his arm and walks in)

Doug: Come on in.

Kate: (Taking in the room) I haven't been up here in a while. Not since Brian. Brian had mirrors up all over.

Doug: Oh, yeah, I took them down. It's kind of a mess, I wasn't expecting any company.

Kate: (Looking over the mantelpiece) What's this?

Doug: (Insert one photograph of Doug kneeling and kissing the ice - Kate's looking at the pictures – and this? Doug moves to stand beside her) That's me smelling the ice. (She turns back, totally confused) I told this guy once how much I loved the smell of the ice. It became his thing. So he got a camera.

Kate: I never thought about it.

Doug: I'm not surprised.

Kate: What's that supposed to mean?

Hale: (Calling from below)

Kate: I'll be right there. (Back to Doug) What did you mean by that?

Doug: (Trying to be helpful) I just think you'd skate even better if you let yourself enjoy it a little.

Kate: Wait. What's this? I come up to say "Have a nice weekend" and your gonna give me pointers?

Doug: You're the one who brought it up.

Kate: No, I didn't.

Doug: Yes, you did.

Kate: No, I didn't.

Doug: Yes, you did.

Kate: No (looking very annoyed) I came to give you this. (She extends the wrapped package she's been holding)

Doug: What's that?

Kate: (A gift) It's our greatest hits. It's a video for your family of us skating.

Doug: (Feeling bad, takes it slowly) Thanks.

Kate: My dad said he booked some extra rooms in Chicago and we'd love them to stay with us.

Doug: My family?

Kate: Yes. To the Nationals. They're coming, aren't they?

Doug: I don't know.

Kate: Oh, look at all you've done and you must be really excited.

Hale: (Down in car) Honey, it's a 7:30 show!

Doug: You better go.

Kate: Why wouldn't they come?

Doug: They'll come. Their coming. Hale's waiting.

Kate: Well how do you know if you haven't told them.

Doug: I'm gonna tell them.

Kate: When?

Doug: Now. This weekend.

Kate: You're sure?

Doug: Yeah, I'm sure.

Kate: Really?

Doug: Kate, believe me. I'm dying to tell them.

Dorsey's Tap and Grill – A Country Road – Night. A Greyhound bus pulls away to reveal - Doug alone in the shadows, an overnight bag at his feet. Across the road, sits "Dorsey's PENALTY Box". The sound of music playing ("Shame, Shame, Shame" by Johnny Winter on the "Cutting Edge" original soundtrack CD or on the Deluxe Edition CD) and laughter drift over the parking lot. Doug stands there as the cold begins to wrap in around him. He can't move. The bar is jammed with a big week-end crowd. Walter is in his usual place behind the bar, reading a paper. Doug peers in the window beside the front door, and stops. A woman sitting at the bar looks up and sees him.

Girl: (Yells) Dougie? DOUGIE?

She jumps off the bar stool and heads for him. Walter looks up at the yell and sees his brother standing in the door. He starts towards him, can't believe his eyes. Thirty people talking at once: "Dougie" "How the hell are you?" Doug too stunned and off balance to do anything but keep nodding. Old timers patting him on the back. Guys pushing in to shake his hands. The girl comes in and kisses him. Another girl pushes her away and hugs Doug. Walter comes through the crowd and tries to get to his brother.

Walt: Doug.

Walt: Come on. Come on. Would you let him up for air, dear? (He faces his brother) Come on, I'll be a son of a bitch. (Walter grabs Doug and hugs him) Man it's good to see you!

Doug: Yeah, it's good to see you too.

Doug, overwhelmed, as the bar explodes into cheers – Doug suddenly pressed from all sides as Walter starts dragging him toward the bar. Doug trying to talk but nothing coming out.

Walt: Hey, my brother Doug, home from the merchant marine. When you joined the merchant marine, did you forget how to use the phone? Come on. Move back, move back. Hey, he's been cruising all over the world and he can't even get to the bar. Come on. Hey, Ensign Dorsey. No, no, no Lieutenant, Captain Dorsey, huh?

Doug: Cool it with the merchant marine.

Walt: (Stopping cold) What? What? (The crowd goes quiet. Doug hesitates; this is torture)

Doug: (Finally blurts it out) I didn't join the Merchant Marines. (Doug just dying, as the crowd takes up the question)

Bar: Still got your sea legs?

Walt: Shush. If you weren't with the merchant marine, where the hell were you?

Doug: (Silence. Doug swallows. Scans the faces. No escape) Let's go outside and talk about this okay?

Bar: We're all family here. Tell us about it, tell us about it.

Walt: Come on. Tell me now.

Bar: Come on, chief.

Doug: (Still hesitating) But, well, actually, it's kind of interesting.

Bar: Tell him.

Doug: I've been doing a little ... I've been doing a little figure skating. (Dead air. nothing, maybe the sound of eyes blinking. Walter looks gutshot)

Bar: Dam. What'd he say?

Walt: You've been doing what?

Bar: (An old drunk way down the bar) Finger painting?

Doug: (Out behind the bar – Walter and Doug alone. Music from the inside) These people, they think we can go all the way, Walter.

Walt: All the way to where? (Lost)

Doug: (Walks away) To the nationals. Walter the cham ... You just don't understand.

Walt: Was it me? Was it something I did?

Doug: I'm telling you, I'm good.

Walt: Come on, Doug, you're a hockey player. How good can you be? (Doug looks away) Face it. If your lucky, a year from now, you're gonna be in a Snoopy costume in the frigging Ice Capades.

Doug: You know me better than that. You'd think I'd spend fifteen hours a day, every day to win some consolation prize? I'm talking about an Olympic gold medal.

Walt: It's the girl. You're mixed up with this broad. That's it, isn't it?

Doug: It's a great opportunity.

Walt: It's figure skating!

Doug: And I like it. It's a lot goddamn harder than playing hockey. I can tell you that. And the stuff we're doing, it's gonna be different, Walter. The costumes, the music, everything is gonna be different. You'll see.

Walt: Are they gonna make you shave your legs?

Doug: Oh, screw this. I don't even know why ...
Walt: (Laughs) Gotcha.

A Costume Fitting

Tailor: Ah good. This is looking good. Now . . . Oh, I like it.
Tailor: It's not too low, is it?
Tailor: Well, we don't want him to hide his light under a basket, do we? Now, where to put this? Here and here.
Doug: I know. (Pulling off ribbon and top of costume) Let's put it here (drops it on floor).
Kate: What do you think you're doing?
Doug: Just getting started.

Moseley Mansion - Kate and Doug auditioning music for their program. Kate wants "Mozart's 2nd Movement (Romanze: Andante)" from "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and Doug wants wild music with blaring, hair metal-style guitars and synthesizers. His music playing is "Battle of the CD's" from the "Cutting Edge" Deluxe Edition CD

Kate: This is Mozart.
Doug: (Whining) It's not us.
Kate: The deal was, that we had to listen.
Doug: Kate, this is tired. Ten thousand other skaters are going to be cueing up the same boring crap. This doesn't get it done. It's like the costumes. Let's be different. Let's kick a little ass.
Kate: (Provoked) If you wanna see some asses kicked, why don't you throw on some jeans and skate to this? (Kate turns music back to Mozart and raises volume) If you wanna win, you play it straight.
Doug: This is boring. (Doug changes music and raises volume)
Kate: Unacceptable. (Kate changes music and raises volume)
Doug: (Turns music back to his selection and raises volume)
Kate: Would you stop?
Doug: It didn't work for you last time.
Kate: WHAT?
Doug: You heard me.
Kate: (Changes music back to Mozart and raises volume) You have some nerve!
Doug: Would you just listen to my music for one second?
Kate: Stop turning it.
Hale: (Covering ears) Guys. HEY! (They stop, turn. Kate quickly turns the volume down) It's after midnight. I have a 6:30 appointment.
Kate: We we're just wrapping up. (Hale stares at Kate as Doug gets up)
Doug: Play him the Mozart. You'll be a sleep in no time.

Outside of Moseley Mansion - Kate's talking with Anton

Anton: Katya, please try to understand. Douglas is not boy. He is man. Is young, vigorous man.

Kate: I don't care what you call him. He has three months to qualify for nationals and he needs every minute.

Anton: Sure, sure. This I know. And he is back on Monday. And he will be working much better.

Kate: Really?

Anton: Katya, please, you know. Solitude is . . . Too much is not good, eh?

Kate: It's Christmas and we skate. I have the flu and we skate. I have a boyfriend in London that I never see. I skate every day for you so you can play Dr. Frankenstein with this guy. I show up every morning for seven months so you can give him two days to go off whoring in New York City?

Anton: Is not entirely correct. . . . He went to Boston. (As the door slams shut in his face)

Moseley Rink – White Screen - Day. Kate and Doug, simple matching costume skating the hell out of a routine. They've gotten very good – after the Double Toe Loop they stroke around the ice and into a fast Star Lift, Doug spinning with Kate in the air. She touches down, and they're around the ice again, and now into a perfect Tango Camel Spin, arms and legs out. The last routine, this time Kate spinning in a Death Spiral – her hair brushing the ice, and the final stop and pose. The music playing is Nine Months Later from Limo to the Mansion on the "Cutting Edge" Deluxe Edition Soundtrack CD.

A Fancy Greenwich Restaurant – Day. It's late afternoon. Doug, Kate, Jack, Anton and Hale are having a celebratory lunch in an almost deserted restaurant. Waiters are hovering. Everyone is in a good mood. All smiles. Doug is pouring champagne. He's rattling on, but it's more astonishment than swagger.

Doug: If I get her any higher on that 'Throw Double Sal', they're gonna need a putty knife to scrape her off the ceiling. Am I right? Are we ready for nationals or what?

Anton: We will be Douglas. We will be.

Kate: Celebrating? We haven't won yet.

Hale: To you Doug.

Kate: Who's ready to order? I think I'll start with some vichyssoise.

Doug: Five weeks to go. Everything's starting to click. We're gonna kick some tail at those nationals. Am I right Jack?

Jack: You better be right.

Kate: (Amused) Tail? Excuse me.

Anton: Some beluga.

Doug: I'm eligible. Doug Dorsey, licensed to thrill. (He offers up a toast, everyone clinks glasses. All talking at once. Anton keeps trying to order vodka. Hale stands and makes his way to sit next to Kate)

Kate: (To Doug) Slow down, champ. We've got a long way to go you know.

Doug: What are you trying to do, rain on my parade?

Jack: Don't let her beat you down Doug. If it hasn't happened by now, I think he's in the clear.

Anton: You are standing there doing nothing. Get our menu.

Hale: (Stands to make an announcement)

Kate: (To Hale) Now is not the time.

Doug: Any specials or what?

Hale: (Takes spoon to glass) Everyone's in such a great mood. I think I'll throw another log on the fire.

Kate: Hale, now is not the time.

Hale: (To Kate) They'll find out sooner or later. The fact is I've asked Kate to marry me, and she's accepted.

Jack and Anton break huge grins. Hale, beaming, puts his arm around Kate's shoulder and – tight close up – Doug as the news registers.

Anton: Fantastic.

Jack: Oh Hale, congratulations.

Hale: Thank you.

Jack: Congratulations.

Doug: (Rallies, summons a hearty smile) That's great.

Anton: Katya, I want my kiss.

Jack: (Stands to shake Hale's hand and kiss Kate) I was wondering how long I would have to wait.

Hale: Show them the ring, Kate. (A chorus of approval. Doug manages to look impressed)

Doug: Great. That's just great.

Jack: Now, there's a piece of ice. Hale, I think I'm paying you altogether too much.

Anton: What are you doing? You are standing there doing nothing. We ready to order.

Doug: Yeah. Sure. (Looking unhappy).

Moseley Rink - Kate alone on the ice, skating to some very private music "Turning Circles" by Sally Dworsky on the "Cutting Edge" original soundtrack CD or on the Deluxe Edition CD. She glides reflectively across the ice, lost in thought.

Rick: (Off the ice, Rick Tuttle stands there watching her) Still dropping that shoulder? (Kate, shocked, skates closer for a better look) I thought you'd retired?

Kate: I changed my mind.

Rick: You know what I think is the saddest thing about sports? People who stay too long at the party.

Kate: What are you doing here, Rick?

Rick: I'm saying I'd like to see you go out a champion.

Kate: That's my plan.

Rick: If you wanted to skate so badly, why didn't you come to me? I know we made some mistakes.

Kate: Mistakes? You spent the last ten years tying me into knots.

Rick: You were always difficult.

Kate: You know what the first thing you said to me was? (He can't remember. Kate like steel) I was nine years old and you came into my building. And I was skating. And when I was finished, I turned around and, oh my God, there was Rick Tuttle. And you know what you said? You said, "Boy, do we have our work cut out for us".

Rick: Still blaming Calgary on Brian? (Kate stares. Silent. Holding so much in) You meant a lot to this sport, Kate. You still do. But Nationals? I mean, now? After all this time? I just hate to see you humiliated.

Kate: Humiliated?

Rick: Oh, come on. This guy, a hockey player? (Sensing blood) Let's face it. Trusting partners was never your strong suit.

Kate: (Kate takes a deep breath, willing herself calm) This guy, this hockey player is the best skater I've been on the ice with. He's gonna make you cry, he's so good. (Tuttle silent) You know you way out. (Tuttle nods, turns, and walks back and out the way he came)

Kate stands there, flushed. She skates to the runway and stops cold - there's Doug - slouched in the shadows. He's heard the whole thing. He stands, starts slowly for the ice.

Kate: I swear. You let me down, it'll take them a month to count the blade marks up your back.

Doug: (Smiling) Do me a favor, would you? Take off the rock while we work. It's cutting the hell out of my hand. She stands there, still reeling, as Doug skates off.

Chicago Stadium Rink and National Championships - the music is "Chicago Practices" on the "Cutting Edge" Deluxe Edition CD. On the ice two skaters whip past a sign reading : 1992 U.S. Figure Skating Championships.

Radio: The United States Figure Skating Association welcomes you to the National Skating Championships here at Chicago. Congratulations and the best of luck. (The rink is full of skaters whizzing around, practicing. On the ice - Kate and Doug are among them, practicing spins as Anton behind them in the stands calls out instructions).

Anton: Douglas, free leg must be high. Katya, head low. Yes, your body must be tight! (They pull up at the sidelines as other pairs whip past. Too much traffic out there for Doug. Another pair whips by him.)

Doug: Like rush hour out here.

Kate: (Looking after the pair) Spindler and Nyman. They cry on command. (Another pair - twins - almost identical, come twirling by, huge idiotic smiles plastered across their faces) Ah, the Weiderman twins. Don't get too close. You'll go into sugar shock.

Brian Neuman and Lorrie Pekurovsky skate across the ice, pulling up beside Rick Tuttle.

Doug: Hey, isn't that . . . ?

Kate: Brian . . . Neuman. My old partner.

Doug: Ah, the ex-husband. (Doug interested now) Who's the new wife?

Kate: Pekurovsky. (Doug waiting) Lorie Pekurovsky.

Doug: Tell me how you really feel!

Doug eyeing Lorie – as Brian and Lorie pull up sharply beside them.

Brian: Well, Kate. Surprise surprise....

Kate: Hello Brian.

Brian: (Checking Doug out) No wonder you've been keeping him to yourself. (Doug suddenly very uncomfortable. Brian winks before Lorie pulls him away)

Kate: What's the matter?

Doug: Nothing.

Kate: Don't worry. You'll get used to it.

Doug: Yeah, right. (Doug skates off. He doesn't think so)

Hotel Elevator - Doug alone, ascending. Heading from the practice to his room. The elevator stops. Door opens to – Lorie Pekurovsky standing there all alone.

Lorie: Going down?

Doug: (Doug looks at her, steps aside and she walks in. He presses the ground floor button. Smiles) You talked me into it. (She smiles)

Hotel Lobby – The Elevator Area. Doug and Lorie laughing as they walk out into the crowded lobby. Doug looks up – Kate and Hale standing there. Kate venomously notes the scene.

Hale: Hello.

Doug: (Greeting Hale, shakes his hand) Hey. How are you doing?

Hale: I'm well.

Lorie: (To Doug) See you around. (She slips past Kate, flashing her a smile)

Doug: Okay.

Doug: Did you just get in?

Hale: Yes.

Doug: Good.

Kate: I thought you were supposed to be napping.

Doug: Oh, I couldn't sleep. I wasn't tired. (Doug follows Lorie. Kate glares after Doug)

Kate's Hotel Room - Day

Kate: (Hale is lying on the couch reading the newspaper. Kate is behind the couch frantically looking for something) God, he has the self-control of a rabbit.

Hale: Kate, what are you looking for?

Kate: Nothing. (She drops out of sight behind the couch) My earring. I spend four years working my way back to Nationals. And what happens? I'm skating to weird music with a partner who can't even follow the simplest of instructions.

Hale: Maybe he's got a problem sleeping.

Kate: (Kate is crawling on the floor behind chairs looking for the earring) The only problem that he has is finding his zipper fast enough!

Hale: I thought they looked good together.

Kate: You think this is funny? We have to skate tonight. Now is the time to rest.

Hale: Like you, huh?

Kate: (Shouting) That's it. THAT IS IT! Call the front desk and get a room of your own. I knew this wouldn't work out. I can't even concentrate. I can't even find my lucky earring!

Hale: (Finds it in the ashtray on the table. He holds it up to her) Hello. (She grabs it, glares at him, sits and starts to put it on. Hale stares at her.) This hasn't got anything to do with skating, does it?

Kate: What does that mean?

Hale: You're falling for him.

Kate: What?

Hale: Doug. (As if it just hit him)

Kate: Yes. (She says sarcastically)

Hale: You are. You're falling for him.

Kate: Oh, that's crazy.

Hale: You think so?

Kate: You're nuts.

Hale: Am I?

Kate: Well, you see how we act together.

Hale: Yes, I do.

Kate: We've never gotten along! I mean, we're always fighting!

Hale: Foreplay!

Hotel Entrance – Night. Limousine parked in front of the Hotel. A chauffeur is standing next to the limo and a doorman is stationed at the hotel entrance. Lots of people are coming and going. A taxi cab passes by. Anton and Doug waiting in silence. Finally – the door opens. Anton moves over and Kate and Jack barrel into the car. Jack waving on the driver.

Jack: Okay, we're all in.

Anton: (To Kate) You are not waiting for Hale?

Jack: (Answering for her) He's not coming. He had to go up to Boston. Business problem.

Anton: (Turns to Kate) Is okay with you?

Kate: (Angrily) If you wanna worry about something, why don't you worry about Ramjet the Rookie here?

Doug: (Looking at Kate) Who?

Jack: (To chauffeur) Let's go.

Limousine pulls away as – Chicago Stadium - Rinkside

Ann: So here we are, at night number four of the U.S. National Championships. The country's twelve best couples are in the arena tonight.

Ann2: Only two of these couples will go on to the Olympics in Albertville, France six weeks from now.

Ann: Tonight what we're seeing is two and a half minutes in the compulsory moves before tomorrow night's Long Program.

The place packed – as one of the twelve pairs skate their short program. Music is "Chicago Practices" and "Hoedown" from the "Cutting Edge" Deluxe Edition CD

Chicago Stadium Rink in the Runway – Same Time

Kate: Stands waiting in "Kiss and Cry" area wearing a simple, elegant, flattering costume. They're on next. Anton off to one side. Doug walks out very stiffly to join Kate. His costume matches hers. (Smiling) You look nervous. (No response) You look really nervous. (Doug, stone-faced, says nothing. Kate moves closer) How nervous are you? (Doug can't talk) How nervous are you?

Suddenly – Doug dashes off – sprinting down the runway – he stops – leans behind a curtain bleachers getting sick, as the Hoedown crashes to its rousing conclusion and the crowd cheers. A little girl watches him. Kate is aghast. Anton looks over inquiringly. Kate smiles like nothing is wrong. Several skating monitors stare as Doug walks back gingerly.

Doug: I feel better.

Kate: What is wrong with you?

Doug: (Weakly) I always get tight before a game. (She stares) Put it this way. When I played hockey, I used to have two helmets. One for the game, and one for just before.

Kate: This just coming up now?

Doug: Bad choice of words.

Coach: (In the background, Yumez and Weaver come flying off the ice) Beautiful skating. Just beautiful.

Kate: (Incredulous) I don't believe this! (Doug cringes as -) I'm fine. No problem. Don't sweat it. Look at me. (Doug looking woozy again. Kate is desperate. More people standing around begin to take notice. Anton glances over)

Judge: Miss Moseley, Mr. Dorsey, you're on.

Kate: (Grabbing him) Look at my eyes. Look at my eyes. That's good. Okay. Now smile. Concentrate on my forehead. Okay. Now look at me and smile. There you go. There. Bigger. Okay. Now breathe. (She shakes him) BREATHE! (He does, she recoils) Just don't breathe on me, okay?

Doug: Look, it goes away. The worst it ever was . . . I went out and scored six goals in the first two periods.

Ann: Next to skate - - Kate Moseley and Doug Dorsey.

Judge: Miss Moseley, Mr Dorsey, please.

Kate: You're saying once we get out there everything will be fine.

Doug: It usually only took me about ten minutes to relax.

Kate: Our program is two and a half minutes!

Doug: (Forcing a smile) So, eight minutes after we're done, I'll be fine.

Chicago Stadium Rink - Night

Ann: (Center ice, Kate and Doug in first position. Music is "The Race" by Yello performed instrumentally) So here they are - former U.S. champion Kate Moseley and ex-hockey star Doug Dorsey at their first nationals.

Ann2: And what a place to make your competitive debut.

Ann2: (And they begin to skate – rounding the ice – fast music with a heavy beat. They turn in perfect sync, arms extended – into Back Crossovers – around the next turn – then diagonally towards the judges, into a Crisp Bow and Arrow arm movement again in perfect sync. Looking good. They pick up speed in the next turn -) side by side double Axels. Here they come. (The side by side double Axels. Right on the money)

Ann: And they nailed them. They nailed them - just beautifully. (Kate and Doug smile with elation at each other as they go into the final arm gesture. We see Anton – stoic, barely able to watch. The judges – scoring, faces impossible to read. Jack – in the stands, beaming. They must be good.)

Chicago Stadium – Rinkside – the Nationals Commentators wrapping up the night.

Ann: What a night for U.S. pairs skating – It's extraordinary!

Chicago Hotel – Glass Elevator - (Doug and Kate ascending alone. Laughing, enjoying themselves.) As we hear over:

Ann: Brian Neuman and Lorie Pekurovsky into first place. Johnny and Jodie Wiederman skate safely into the number two spot. And out of nowhere, Kate Moseley and Doug Dorsey grab the number three.

Ann2: Two couples are all the United States are allowed to send to the Olympic Games. Tomorrow night's long program should be very exciting.

Chicago Hotel Corridor – Minutes Later. Doug and Kate walk to her door. He's holding her bouquet of roses.

Doug: Man, this overnight thing is brutal. Why can't it be a double-header? You know?

short program, long program, same night. Boom, we're out of here. Know what I mean?

Kate: (Looks for her key) Yeah. I know exactly what you mean.

Doug: It's like, enough already. It's like . . . What's the word? Ah, you know the word I'm looking for? You know what I mean? (He's thinking. What the hell is it?)

Kate: I don't know. Expectation?

Doug: No, no. When you . . .

Kate: Anticipation? Excitement?

Doug: Foreplay!

Kate: (Kate freezes, stares at him) Foreplay?

Doug: Yeah, you know. Like "foreplay".

Kate: (Still surprised) Yeah, I know what it means.

Doug: Well - wouldn't you rather just get right to it?

Kate: (Totally derailed) What?

Doug: (Is she nuts?) Skating. Long program. Chicago. Nationals. (Hands her the roses) Flowers?

Kate: Sleep. I'd rather sleep. (She disappears into her room. The door closes)

Doug: (Puzzled) Sleep?? (He walks off, no idea what's just happened)

Chicago Stadium Rink – Night. Brian and Lorie skating their long program. They look good, fast and graceful. Beautiful costumes. A big move – they're really selling it and the audience loves them -

Ann2: Brian Neuman and Lorie Pekurovsky. Beautiful skating. This assures them a place on the Olympic team.

Ann: The remaining spot will go to one of the two teams left to skate: Moseley - Dorsey or the Weidermans.

Angle – the Ice. Nothing for a moment – just music – and then suddenly Kate and Doug heave into frame – and now we're right with them – the camera sweeping along. They swirl to center ice as they finish their routine and stop with a flourish.

Ann2: Kate Moseley and Doug Dorsey. What a performance. Look at that sit spin. This crowd knows it's seeing history in the making. We're in for a major upset tonight.

The crowd explodes and - Doug and Kate bow to the audience, look at each other, smile – they did good.

Ann2: Oh yes. That was great skating.

Ann: Clean, powerful, and the crowd just loved it.

Chicago Stadium Monitor - two little girls skate over with flowers to the "Kiss and Cry". Kate is there hugging Anton, Doug skates from the ice to join them. They accept flowers and then turn to look up at their scores

Anton: Fantastic.

Doug: Are those for me? Hey you were great (as he kisses Kate's cheek several times)

Chicago Stadium on the Monitor - their numbers appear and are very low.

Ann: These are not great marks. I expected much higher.

Ann2: Evidently, so did the crowd (who were booing). It's hard to explain to people outside the sport, but sometimes the scores reflect more than what's happening out there on the ice.

Ann: Well, we know the judges have their favorites and they obviously don't include Kate Moseley and Doug Dorsey. It looks like the Weidermans will join Neuman and Pekurovsky on the Olympic team.

Doug: (They are stunned by their scores – Kate frozen. Doug pushes angrily past the cameraman. He's pissed. Doug storms off into the backstage area, then turns and yells back at Kate and Anton.) This is horseshit! What kind of crap are they trying to pull? We skated our asses off out there! (Anton and Kate just stand there, nothing they can say. Other skaters and passersby glancing over nervously) You call this a sport? Bullshit! (He throws down the flowers in his hand and storms off. Anton follows him. Kate left there standing alone)

Chicago Stadium – Hallway Outside Locker Rooms - Anton stands around watching the T.V. monitor. Nothing to do but wait for the bad news. Skaters and coaches wandering past. The T.V. monitor playing Brian and Lorie's routine. Kate and Doug are standing silently together in a corner.

Chicago Stadium - Rink – Later. Polka music. The Weiderman twins, replete with leiderhosen and surreal smiles, skating their kitschy little asses off.

Chicago Stadium – Hallway Outside Locker Rooms. Kate, Doug and Anton as we left them. They haven't moved. The pain of losing only magnified by the god-awful Polka music echoing in the distance. Suddenly – the sound of ten thousand people gasping – loud enough that, for a moment, it drowns out the music. Anton turns to the T.V.

Chicago Stadium Monitor - Jodie Weiderman has fallen. She gets up, they continue skating as the audience gives them a round for encouragement.

Ann2: Just terrible. She stepped into the spin, then, I'm not sure, but it looks like she got caught in his leiderhosen.

Ann: You know what this means?

Chicago Stadium – Hallway Outside Lockerrooms.

Anton stares at the slow motion replay of the fall on the monitor. Kate and Doug move towards him. Not quite believing it.

Anton: We are in.

Doug: Yeah. Yeah. We're going to France. Parlez-Vous Olympics? (Kate looks over at Anton and smiles)

A Chicago Nightclub – Night. Crowded, and wild. Too loud to talk. Disco music is “Baby Now I” by Dan Reed Network on the “Cutting Edge” original soundtrack CD or on the Deluxe CD and is blaring from the speakers. Kate and Doug are sitting at the bar. Two shot glasses are put down in front of them.

Doug: You sure you wanna do this?

Kate: (Nods eagerly) Whatever you're having.

Doug demonstrates how to drink tequila ... salt on the hand, licks it off then takes a shot of tequila all at once, then a slice of lemon. Kate tries it, makes a face. Her eyes show total surprise at the taste of the shot and follow up lemon. More shot glasses dead on the bar, Kate now matching Doug drink for drink. She's beginning to show the results. Before he knows what hit him, she heads for the dance floor. Crowded dance floor: Kate is on her way. Kate and Doug start to dance, having a good time. Later - Kate is looser, a real disco baby. They're slow dancing to a fast tune. Kate drunker and getting amorous. Doug getting embarrassed. Kate now lost all reserve, totally bombed, a wild woman dancing. Doug is more shocked than anything.

Kate's Hotel Room - we hear Kate giggling. The door opens to reveal – Kate being carried in on Doug's back. She's still bombed.

Doug: All right were here. (He carries her across the room and deposits her on a side table near the bed, propping her up against the wall. Kate, still laughing, looks up, focuses).

Kate: Oh Boy.

Doug: Okay.

Kate: Whoa. (Laughing) Wanna dance?

Doug: (Grinning) No, I don't think so. (He crosses to the bed and starts pulling down the covers)

Kate: Aw Doug, Douglas you silly thing. Please don't think! That's what I like about the way I feel. I feel even if I tried to think, I couldn't. And I think too much and I think so long. And it's sooooo tiring. The world is spinning and spinning and spinning.

Doug: Look (He is attempting to remove her shoes and get her ready for bed).

Kate: (Doug starts to unbutton her fur coat) Did you ever play with magnets? You know you used to have to push them around and they'd push away and you push them around the table? All you really had to do was just flip them over and suddenly. (She looks up at him. Their eyes meet. A moment. Doug breaks away

and goes to get Kate a glass of water) Don't you see? That's why everything's been so awful. All we needed was a little flip.

Doug: Come on Kate, it's not right. What about Hale?

Kate: Oh Hale shmale. (Laughing) We're through. Our engagement is off. Flip. (Doug on his heels. Things moving way too fast. He slowly walks to her and hands her the glass of water. She drinks, puts it down and waits for him.)

Doug: Come on. Not tonight. Not like this.

Kate: Not like what? Not like me? (She stands and falls into his arms).

Doug: Kate, you're bombed.

Kate: What do you mean?

Doug: That means that it's time for you to go to bed.

Kate: (Exploding, pushing him away) God, just what I need. Someone else telling me what to do. (She steps back, nearly falling starts to take off her blouse) In case you missed it, I am throwing myself at you. I am tearing off my clothes and you are giving me a rundown on drinking do's and don'ts!

Doug: Kate, why don't you calm

Kate: Listen, I get enough coaching on the ice! (Doug stiffens. He stands there, lost for a moment.) Get out.

Doug: You've got this all wrong.

Kate: Do I ever! Excuse my surprise, but really what a disappointment!

Doug: What is that supposed to mean?

Kate: Well look at you. God's gift to reckless abandon revealed as nothing but a prude in wolf's clothing! (She's woozy. Barely able to get this out)

Doug: (Walking to the door) You're a lousy drunk.

Kate: (Yells after him) AND YOU'RE A LOUSY DATE!

Doug: (He stops and comes back in) It didn't have to be like this.

Kate: I said, get out!

Doug: (Doug turns. Gone. The door slamming shut).

Doug's Hotel Room – Later. Close up of mini-bar bottles balancing on the bed. The T.V. is on in the background. Doug picks up a vodka bottle and takes it up to his mouth. He drinking, lying on bed putting on the buzz he refrained from all night. The music is "I've Got Dreams to Remember" by Delbert McClinton on the "Cutting Edge" original soundtrack CD or on the Deluxe Edition CD. He's moved past the stage of trying to make sense of the past twenty-four hours, now just drinking to put himself to sleep. A knock at the door. Doug comes to. He shakes his head, crosses the room. Opens the door .

Lori: (Stands there, dressed to kill, holding a single red rose. She smiles at him) Hi. I watched your program. You've got a great sit spin. I thought maybe we could trade secrets.

Doug: Opens door wider, she walks in. He closes it.)

Hotel Hallway – Dawn. Kate exits her room. She's wearing sunglasses, moving gingerly, in the throes of an epic hangover. She pauses, leaning against her door. A man with a trolley holding a mess of breakfast leftovers goes noisily past her

down the hallway. Kate looks at the food, feels a wave of nausea wash over her and tries to go back into her room. The door is locked. The key is still in the room. She has no choice but to start down the hall. Kate walks to Doug's door, hesitates, then knocks on the door. A pause. And then the door opens.

- Lori: (Naked behind a pillow) It's a little early for practice, isn't it?
- Kate: I'm sorry. I must have the wrong room. (Kate backing away, when -)
- Doug: (Crossing from the bathroom with a towel around him) Ask her for more towels, will you?
- Kate: (Stares in shock. Doug sees her and freezes. Kate bolts down the hall)
- Doug: Kate (pushing past Lorie dressed in a towel, rushing out into the hall. Kate is just disappearing around the corner) Kate! (He runs after her) will you wait a minute? Kate. Kate. Kate. Kate. (As he pursues her around the corner she disappears into the elevator. He just makes it in the doors)
- Kate: (Wheeling on him) Don't. Don't even try it. Just looking at you makes me sick. To think I was coming to apologize! (Punching button) Lorie Pekurovsky.
- Doug: Were you or were you not engaged to be married until last night?
- Kate: (As the elevator door closes and it starts down) Hardly the point!
- Doug: You threw me out of your room!
- Kate: Count your blessings, she may not have waited much longer.
- Doug: That's not how it happened.
- Kate: Spare me the details!
- Doug: Where the hell do you get off?
- Kate: ME?
- Doug: This is MY fault? From the first day I walked in your rink, you treated me like a hired hand. Then one night you get drunk and I'm supposed to rollover and thank my lucky stars? (Elevator door opens to a group of Japanese businessmen and a hotel manageress) I'm sorry, I don't downshift that fast!
- Kate: Get out of my way.
- Doug: No, problem. (He steps aside and turns) I've been practicing that move for a YEAR AND A HALF.
- Doug: (As Kate disappears through the crowd, Doug sees the Japanese businessmen Staring at him. He adjusts the towel) "Blind date". (They all stare solemnly at his towel and up at him again)

Moseley Rink – Day. Kate and Doug at opposite ends of the ice, backs turned to each other. Anton is sitting in the middle in his usual chair. He looks at each of them, takes his time before -

- Anton: So we have little problem, da? (Silence. No reaction from either.) Good. We skip little problem and go straight line to big problem. (He stands and picks up his notebook) "And what is big problem, coach?" Smilkov and Brushkin. (Still no reaction) "Who?" (Pause) Smilkov and Brushkin? (He walks down onto the ice carrying some faded sheets of paper out of his notebook) Last night they win European Championship. (He lays the sheets down in a row on the ice. One hand lasso into double Axel throw. Forward outside death spiral. Triple Salchow.

Triple split twist - silence) Perfect scores. Everybody's been blown away. Contest is over. Smilkov and Brushkin are unbeatable. So "hello Soviet surprise package, goodbye gold medal". (Longer silence) Of course, there is possible solution. but, ah, it's probably too dangerous. (Doug skates up beside him, picks up one of the drawings)

Doug: Where did these come from?

Anton: For twenty years I've been working on this. But you know, to have skaters, to have situation, to have desire. . . is not ready until now.

Doug: What is this? Is this a bounce spin into a throw?

Kate: (Just pulling up) You can't do this.

Anton: (Ignoring her) The key to this is release. There can be no halfway.

Kate: No. No. It's illegal!

Anton: (Smiling) Legano - ni legano. . . . Is gray area.

Doug: (This is cool) Bounce spin to a throw twist. Then I catch her?

Anton: Well, sort of.

Kate: We can't do this!

Anton: Why not? We have all the pieces.

Kate: We have five weeks.

Doug: (A smile) The Pamchenko Twist. (Anton shrugs modestly)

Kate: (Skating away) Absolutely not.

Doug: What ? Do you expect us to name it after you?

Anton: No, no. Is mistake. Is not right time.

Doug: No. No. Wait a minute. This is good stuff. I can do this.

Kate: (Stops, turns) What are you saying? I can't.

Doug: Hey, if the shoe fits.

Kate: Hey listen. I have been competing for thirteen years and nobody tells me what I can or cannot do.

Doug: (As she skates away) Don't quit your day job. (Silence. Kate caught. Anton is secretly pleased).

Moseley Rink – they start to learn the new routine: Kate stands at railing, her right leg up. Anton instructs Doug on the proper ankle hand-hold. Doug tries it.

Anton: Okay, again. Again.

Doug grabs Kate's ankle in the correct hold, he pulls her out frame on one leg. Anton watching.

Anton: Again, again. Again. Again. Katya, head up. Higher. Higher. She has to fly.

Kate now lying prone on the ice. Doug holding her right ankle. Doug starts the spin, Kate starts to lift up and out. Anton yells instructions from the side. Again, this time Kate is up and spinning, arms flailing wildly, but Doug can't hold her. He loses it, drops her, she slides across ice. He holds his arm in pain.

Moseley Rink - Different Day. The ice – trying it again – Kate in the air-spinning fast. Doug getting it, one arm bandaged. Doug, now both arms bandaged, spinning Kate in the air. This time they have progressed further, Doug now able to add the bounce spin as Kate turns. Her arms no longer flailing. They try the bounce spin again. Kate up and spinning, Doug really working. But on the bounce she goes too close to the ice, her shoulder hits. He loses grip, she crashes hard on the ice, sliding on one shoulder. She is in pain. Anton grimaces from the sidelines.

Kate's Bedroom – she lies on her bed, exhausted. She is nursing her bruises.

Moseley Rink – different day. Jack enters to join Anton on the sidelines as Kate and Doug trudge back to center ice.

Jack: Are they gonna get it?

Anton: Eventually. (They react to a fall)

Jack: Before they kill each other?

Anton: (Yelling to Kate and Doug) Release. Release must be total. Is no halfway. Halfway is bullshit. You go halfway, you get hurt! (He sees them crash)

Doug, his arms still bandaged. Kate is now flying across the ice – very fast – around and around in a bounce spin. She has control of her arms now. He loses his grip again – this time Kate falls hard. Doug is pulled off balance, stumbles over Kate lying on the ice, his skates narrowly missing her.

Anton: Higher. Much higher. We are needing an explosion.

Doug throws Kate for final time, she falls on the ice and hurts her shoulder

Mansion Study – Night. Kate, sitting alone in robe and slippers, staring at the empty trophy case.

Jack: Kate?

Kate: (Starts, turns. Jack is standing there) I was just looking at the pictures of mother.

Jack: (Smiling. Walks into the room) I can hear her now: “The Olympics.” It's what she always dreamed of.

Kate: (Stands and moves to look at the trophy case) Look at this thing. Just sitting there empty.

Jack: (Comes up behind her and puts his hands on her shoulders) We're almost there, honey. I can taste it.

Kate: What if it stays empty?

Jack: Not this time. (He starts for the door) You should go to bed. You need your rest.

Kate: I'm not tired. (She's waiting for something that's already too late).

Jack: Kate!

Kate: No! - What are we doing? Why am I doing this?

Jack: It's what you've always wanted.

Kate: Always?

Jack: Kate...

Kate: I know. I'm going. These little pep-talks can be so exhausting. (She leaves. Jack stands there. Alone with the pictures. Staggered)

Doug's Apartment – Night. Slouched before the TV. Rewinding a video tape. Really studying something. Hitting the “play” button and concentrating as – Kate and Brian skating in competition, striding across the ice, and if this looks familiar, there's good reason – it's the broadcast of their Calgary disaster. Kate up over Brian' head – he's lifting – not balanced – he falters – too late – she plummets toward the ground – coming down – Brian watching in horror – Kate falling to the ice as the music of “Can Can” from the operetta “Orpheus in the Underworld” written by Jacques Offenback crashes its final crescendo. Doug stops the tape. Rewinding it. About to start it again.

The Alps – Day. Snow-capped peaks. Blue sky. Gorgeous. A torch – it's moving. Moving because the hand holding it is attached to someone who's running or skiing or sledding. The Olympic theme begins to swell. Music playing is “Olympic Fanfare” from the “Cutting Edge” Deluxe Edition CD. 1992 Winter Olympics Albertville, France. A series of quick shots – the Torch moving through a crowd of spectators and passed from gloved hand to gloved hand and – as it touches down to what appears to be the basin of a large fountain – WHOOSH HHH – the screen fills with flame and music ends.

The Albertville Arena – Reception Room – Olympics. Media day. Last chance to interview skaters before competition. A crowded room. Flags and pennants. A babel of multinational chatter. Informal groupings: Japanese singles skaters and coaches facing a T.V. crew. The French pairs skaters being interviewed nearby. On a small platform stage is the American team, officials surrounding Anton, Kate, Lorie, Brian, Tuttle. They face a battery of T.V. cameras, photographers and reporters. Kate making a heroic effort to ignore Lorie's presence. Lorie and Brian, however, seem to be enjoying the situation. Doug walks in carrying two sodas, gives one to Kate as he joins them on the podium.

Rptr: Opening ceremonies, you enjoyed yourself?

Brian: Oh, it was great.

Lorie: Cold and great.

Rptr: So, Doug, what's the difference between this and hockey?

Doug: The women. (General laughter from the crowd).

Rptr: What's the feeling? That everybody's out for themselves or is there a team spirit building?

Lorie: Oh, we're definitely a team.

Brian: Definitely.

Lorie: There's a real sense of . . . togetherness.

Doug: Spirit....

Lorie: Spirit!...family. It's - - It's sort of - - It's almost . . . It's almost (Lorie falters, looks to Kate for help. Frightening smiles.)

Kate: (Smiling sweetly) Orgasmic. (A pause)

Rptr: What did she say?

Albertville Reception Room - suddenly across the room, commotion. Everyone turns. Smilkov and Brushkin blowing through, looking all of sixteen years old, laughing with their coaches. Now the Americans look like a team – all of them silently checking out the competition. The reporters are scrambling off.

Rptr: The Russians. The Russians. Nikolai? Nikolai? Can we get a photo?

Rptr: (To the Americans as he goes) You guys gonna be here for a while?

Doug and the team now face a lot of turned backs as the reporters cluster around the Russians.

Albertville Rink - a packed house. Music is blaring. The crowd watching Brian and Lorie conclude their short program. They look graceful and confident, wearing matching royal blue outfits.

Albertville Rink - In the Runway. Doug and Kate – waiting to go on next. Doug, in familiar pre-skate pallor, fingers his tunic. Anton hovering. Brian and Lorie are seen on the monitors in background.

Kate: (Noting his shirt) You forgot a button.

Doug: No, I like it open.

In the background, Brian and Lorie come sweeping off the ice. Brushing past and triumphantly into the arms of Rick Tuttle.

Kate: Well, it looks terrible.

Doug: It pulls at my neck.

Kate: Well, you should have mentioned that in Chicago!

Anton: (Shushing them) Enough! Pojzeha-lusta.

Kate: Button it!

Doug: (Starting forward) We're on!

Anton: (To Kate) Ousperha tebea - good luck.

The crowd reacts to the previous scores as Kate follows Doug. Anton watches anxiously. Onto the ice – Kate and Doug move into their opening position, palms pressed together. Big smiles, frozen in place, belie whispered barbs through clenched teeth that only we can hear:

Kate: For the last time button the goddamn button.

Doug: Get over it.

Kate: You are an immature asshole of the lowest order.

Doug: (That's it. Doug snaps) If it was forty below and that button meant the difference between a long satisfying life and a cold, horrible death from hypothermia, I still wouldn't give you the satisfaction! - Skate.

Albertville Rink - Monitor

Music playing is an instrumental version of "The Race" by Yello as Kate and Doug move through the final passes of their short program – skating well but mechanically – the anger, the distance between them is visible – into some fancy footwork across the ice, then around the rink and joining hands, sloppily. The final move – Doug takes Kate into a death spiral at center ice. The music crashes to a finish as they assume their final positions, arms up, far apart from each other.

Ann: A technically superior program, but did you feel as I did that something was missing?

Ann2: Absolutely. They delivered all the short-program required moves but it seemed very cold.

Ann: As if we were seeing two strangers, rather than a fluid pair. It just didn't look like they were having fun out there.

Kate and Doug stand, standing stiffly during the applause, skate off in opposite directions for the runway.

Albertville Rink – Runway - Kate and Doug skate along the "Kiss and Cry" area and off the ice into the glare of the television cameras. A woman interviewer holds a microphone to them as they tensely wait for their scores. Low technical scores. Bad news. Smiles harden. Interviewer still on Kate.

Ann: Kate, Doug, was the altitude a problem tonight?

Doug: No. (No response from Kate)

Ann: Long program. We've been hearing all week about your new surprise move you've been working on. What's it called?

Doug: The Pamchenko.

Ann: The Pamchenko. It is named after - -?

Kate: (Interrupting, abruptly) We're not doing it. (Who's more stunned? Interviewer or Doug?)

Doug: What?

Kate: We're taking it out of the program. It's not ready.

Ann: Doug?

Low artistic scores – interviewer stares, as Kate walks off and Doug is left speechless.

A Mountain Chateau - Late Afternoon – a sprawling showplace nestled in the Alps. A huge room with a big dining table laid for a meal. Kate, Jack, Doug and

Anton walk in from a corridor, argument in full flight. Raised voices echo through the Chateau's Gothic hallways. Jack seats Kate at the table.

Anton: (To Doug) A button? What in hell are you thinking of?

Doug: Me?

Anton: Yes, you. What the hell is in your head?

Doug: (To Jack) He's making out like this is MY fault!

Jack: You didn't deliver! You didn't get it done! What do you want a pat on the back?

Doug: When did I become the designated asshole around here? If you want to know what happened, ask the Ice Queen. (Points to Kate)

Jack: (Sits opposite Kate) That will be about enough of that!

Doug: Lemme know when you're done laying down the law Jack, then maybe you can tell me why I spent five weeks on a move she was never gonna do?

Jack: You're out of line.

Doug: I needed the gold medal!

Jack: So we forget the move! We can win without the move!

Anton: Douglas is impossible! We are in the hole!

Jack: (Turning on him) Where the hell were you when all this was going on?

Anton: Where was I? I was babysitting for bullshit! For four years!

Doug: Loud and clear folks: losing gracefully does nothing for me.

Jack: Maybe you should think about that in the future next time.

Doug: Oh is that what you told Brian in Calgary? (That's a stopper) You can kid yourselves all you want about what happened. I've seen the tapes, Brian was getting it done. (Re: Anton) Ask him. He'll tell you.

Anton: (Nervous here) All right Douglas is enough.

Doug: (Jack stands – this is inches away from going physical) Today it's about a button. You people are all excuses. You wanna point a finger? (Points at Kate)

Jack: (Glaring at him) You goddamn sonofabitch.

Doug: (Your whole rap) Gotta find that "go-to guy"? (He's furious now) You should've started with a go-to girl, Jack.

Jack: (Moving in on him as Anton restrains him) All right, THAT CUTS IT!

Kate: He's right.

Doug: (Yelling at Kate) WHAT?

Kate: (Everything stops. They turn. There is silence) He's right. He is. All of it. We worked so hard for two years and I just went and threw it all away. (She stands, finds Doug) Why did you stay with me? (Doug too stunned to say anything)

Jack: Kate, don't...

Kate: Don't what? Tell the truth. (He's silent) We can't buy back what happened today. We can't start over. Do you think I look at myself at what I've become and do you think I'm proud?

Jack: (Silent, deeply wounded. Kate softens) What do you want?

Kate: I don't know. (She pauses) I guess I would like to go back to the beginning and have you say, win or lose, I could just be your daughter. (Jack on his heels. Anton and Doug silent) (To Doug) You came every day and you skated. This must have been like a nightmare for you. (To Anton) I didn't know it was gonna end up like this. (Begging off) I'm sorry. (To Doug) I'm so sorry, for

everything. Please excuse me. (Kate exits. There is silence. The three of them left there)

Doug: I'm going for a walk. (Anton's instinct is to stop him. But he thinks better. Doug exits. Jack and Anton across the table. Alone).

The Chateau Terrace - Night. Kate sits alone, starring at the mountains.

Albertville Olympic Village – Night. Doug walking aimlessly through the almost deserted streets. Music playing is “Doug and Kate Get Angry” from the “Cutting Edge” Deluxe Edition CD.

Kate's Chateau Bedroom – Night. Kate, her Chicago Blackhawk's jersey bundled around her, is still wide awake. She is sitting on the window ledge looking out at the mountains, lost in thought. A light snow is falling.

Albertville Olympic Restaurant – Night. It's late. Doug, sipping coffee, practically the last customer left as the staff cleans up. A couple in the back ground locked in a passionate kiss.

The Chateau - Day of the Long Olympic program. A porter and Kate's driver come in to pick up her bags

Doug: Kate. What's this? (Shaking his newspaper)

Kate: I'm going over with my father. Anton has the other car. He'll take you over when you're ready to go.

Doug: No, I'm talking about the bags.

Kate: I'm going to try and catch the 6:30 flight tonight.

Doug: Tonight? After we skate?

Kate: The house is paid up for two weeks, so feel free to stay as long as you like.

Doug: Kate, wait. What are you saying? If this is about yesterday.

Kate: I'm retiring.

Doug: What?

Kate: This afternoon is my final skate.

Doug: Kate, come on lets

Kate: You'll be fine. You won't have any trouble finding another partner. Of course, they won't have my wonderful slap shot. (Kate smiles) I gotta go get ready. (Walks out door)

At Albertville Olympic Rink – up-tempo music playing is Dubois and Gercel from Olympic Fanfare on the Deluxe Edition Soundtrack CD. Dubois and Gercel on the ice, wearing dramatic flame colored outfits.

The corridor just off the runway – Doug breathing. Kate stretching. Trying to keep to themselves. Zero eye contact. Nobody talking, as the music crescendos to a close. The crowd applauding. He turns to look at her. She doesn't notice.

Brian and Lorie are skating as a TV crew, crammed into this tight space, work and chatter.

Ann: (On the monitors – Brian and Lorie skate some fancy toe-work, side-by-side, and into a death spiral) Beautiful extension. Very classy.

Ann2: Executed very nicely. I hope they can keep it going to the finish.

Brian and Lorie finish their routine, and bow to the judges over enthusiastic applause.

Ann: Neuman and Pekurovsky looking well-positioned for a medal.

Ann2: Still to skate are Smilkov – Brushkin and Kate Moseley and Doug Dorsey.

Kate and Doug stand quietly, not looking at each other. The opening notes of the Russian skater's music, which is "The Russians Skate" from the "Cutting Edge Deluxe Edition CD begins in the back ground. Anton comes between them and puts and arm around each of them.

Anton: Do you know what I think would be wonderful? If you would go out there today and skate for these people the way I have seen you skate. (He pauses) Enjoy each other! (He pulls them into his embrace - Usperha Tebea! (I wish you success) and to Doug: Zhelayu Udache! (Good luck) (Kate and Doug stand there awkwardly as Anton pulls back and plants a deeply-felt kiss on each of their cheeks. And then he turns and walks away)

They are alone. Doug turns, looks at Kate. She can't meet his eyes, turns and walks away from him.

Albertville Rink – Network Feed. Smilkov and Brushkin captured by the TV cameras. skating wonderfully to lively Russian music. The audience is clapping along to the beat. A Throw Triple Axel – perfect!

Albertville Rink – The Runway. It's crowded. A bottleneck by the runway, everyone craning to watch Smilkov/Brushkin. Everyone except Kate and Doug – they're in their own private hell a few feet back in the runway. Doug lifting her mechanically over his head. Warming up. Nobody talking. The music crashes – to a close and a roar echoes in from the audience. Suddenly – out of nowhere – Doug swings Kate down to her feet, spinning her around to face him.

Kate: (Almost falling) What's the matter?

Doug: (Staring at her) Nothing.

Kate: Are you alright?

Doug: (He is frozen, can't say anything.) Fine.

Kate: Sighs and walks away from him.

Doug: (In a rush) Kate, I'm sorry, my timing, I know it stinks, but I just keep thinking this thing, with us, it's going to go away. I just keep thinking if I can just keep

moving and checking, I'll get clear, but - do you understand what I'm telling you?

Kate: (Avoids looking at him – Doug staring at her, the rest of the world lost for him) I don't wanna fight anymore.

Doug: No, I mean yeah, I don't wanna fight any more.

She walks away from him again, towards the rink. Suddenly the crowd surges back around them as – Smilkov and Brushkin – come sweeping off the ice, into the arms of their entourage. Hugs and kisses and Soviet Congratulations as they greet their coaches, and wait for their scores. Judging by the activity and reactions, this event is over.

Kate: (Doug follows her) Look, we have to skate.

Doug: This won't wait. Kate, maybe I wasn't ready, maybe you didn't give me much of a chance. Maybe, I don't know. I just - - I just - - (The crowd comes alive – scores.)

Offic: Moseley, Dorsey, please.

Doug: Kate, somewhere in the middle of all this, I fell in love with you. (Kate stares. Both of them terrified by what's just been said. A hovering Olympic official leans in)

Offic: You may take the ice.

Doug: I am saying I love you, I'm saying it out loud.

Ann: The next competitors, representing the U.S.A., Katherine Moseley and Douglas Dorsey.

Doug: (Kate starts to bolt again. He keeps with her) Don't say we're not right for each other because, the way I see it, we may not be right for anyone else!

Offic: (A French official looking puzzled. Kate staring at Doug, speechless) You have to go on now.

Doug: Would you shut up a minute?

Doug: It can't be any harder to stay together than it was to stay apart!

Offic: (More officials begin to press toward them as -) Thirty seconds.

Doug: (To official) Would you wait a minute? (It's getting chaotic – Kate looks around, faces everywhere – network people – skaters – coaches) Kate... I need you . . . I need you.

That's it. Stop the clocks. Kate completely defenseless. Nowhere to run and suddenly she doesn't care. She stares at him for a long time, then smiles.

Kate: We're doing the Pamchenko.

Doug: What?

Kate: Oh, you heard me.

Doug: Think I'm doing all this to get a program out of you?

Kate: You want to win, don't you?

They're at the lip of the ice – it's crazy – people yelling. Frantic officials kneeling at their feet, pulling off their skate guards. Anton trying to battle through in the back ground. Faces everywhere.

Doug: No, it's no good Kate. It's too dangerous.

Kate: Then we agree. (pulling free) We're putting it in!

Albertville Rink – Onto the Ice - She's Gone. Doug pushed out after her. Kate and Doug instinctively manufacturing smiles as they glide toward their opening position. Whispering as they go – It's out! – It's in! - Out! – In! – Out! – In! They stop at center ice. Strike their opening pose. The crowd goes quiet. Doug and Kate, face to face.

Doug: What difference does it make?

Kate: The difference is I'm in the mood to kick a little ass! (Kate smiles - Doug smiles)

And on that, their music, which is "Finale" from the "Cutting Edge" Deluxe Edition CD starts pounding, and if it sounds familiar, that because this is "The Song" and they're off – and we've seen competition skating before, but never more than thirty seconds, and never, never, anything like this – around the ice – accelerating and into a Throw Split Twist, Kate in the air, turning, landing in Doug's arms.

Albertville Rink – Network Feed. Toework across the ice – power – intensity – focus – elegance – joy – lost in themselves. They are in perfect unison on a Side by Side Jump, then a glide across the ice.

Albertville Rink – Live Action. Kate moving into a Wrap Around, her legs around Doug's body. As he holds her, she arches back into a Spiral, her pony tail just brushing the ice – around and around and then, as if she were weightless, he's lifting – pulling her to him as if his very life depended on it – and then setting her down lightly. Now speeding side by side, into a precise Throw Double Axel, Kate in the air and landing effortlessly.

Albertville Rink – Sidelines. Anton mouth open, not believing what he's seeing.

Albertville Rink – The Ice. Doug and Kate speeding up, into a Hydrant/Lido Lift, Doug lifting her upside down, above his head, and spinning with her. Past the line of judges, staring. He sets her down lightly on the ice in perfect rhythm.

Dorsey's Tap and Grill – Early Morning. The place is packed. All eyes on the big screen above the bar. Thunderstruck silence – Walter, standing behind the bar with the bar lady, watches intently, a big, dumb smile on his face. The crowd breaks into cheers.

Albertville Rink – The Ice. Kate and Doug Side-by-Side mirror movements – everything instinctive – music building – staring at each other – devouring each other with their eyes and - -

Albertville Rink – Judges’ Area. The judges looking on in amazement and - -

Albertville Rink – Stands. Jack in the stands, not yet daring to believe his eyes and - -

Albertville Rink – Network Feed – Full Frame. Cameras sweeping to keep up as Kate and Doug whip across the ice, rounding the rink and – The Olympic Commentators for once are speechless.

Albertville Rink – Skate Cam Closeup. Kate and Doug, rounding the rink - about to break – and they separate – picking up speed – Kate into an arabesque, as Doug grabs her ankle. He starts to turn, lifting her body off the ice as she tucks her other leg in, and spinning her around in a fast circle. As he picks up momentum, he starts to move her into the bounce spin, up, down, and around, her ponytail just grazing the ice. Doug’s arms – exploding into – slow-motion as he throws her up – the Pamchenko – Kate in the air – soaring – around...and again...and again...and landing like a feather perfectly into Doug’s waiting arms and -

Albertville Rink – Stands. The crowd - blown away. Witnessing history and they know it.

Albertville Rink – Network Camera Trailer. Dead silence. The director and everyone else just staring at the monitors.

Albertville Rink – The Ice. Kate and Doug, hand in hand – lost in each other’s eyes as they move into a Face to Face Spiral – and forget about any more cutaways, this is all theirs. Kate goes into a knee drape over Doug’s leg, then arches back into a graceful Death Spiral, Doug holding and turning with her. They move into a series of Ena Bauer turns, Kate’s body held tight against Doug’s. Nearing the Finale, they sweep into a Side By Side Full Lift, and finish with a spectacular Body Slide and Glide, right past the judges, as the music ends.

Albertville Rink – The Stands. The crowd on its feet – the place going nuts. Jack screaming and carrying on and -

Albertville Rink – Sidelines. Tuttle, Lorie and Brian cheering right along and Smilkov and Brushkin shaking their heads and -

Albertville Rink – Judges’ Area. The judges hearing the crowd and -

Albertville Rink – Sidelines. Anton smiling, exhausted, wiping away tears and -

Albertville Rink – The Ice. Littered with flowers, and they're still coming, bouquets raining down from everywhere and finally to -

Doug: You didn't have to.

Kate: Yes, I did.

Doug: Why?

Kate: Because I love you.

Doug: Just remember who said it first. (Kate smiles)

Kate and Doug completely oblivious to everything, all over each other, locked in a passionate, all-consuming, never-let-you-go kiss that just goes on and on and - The final music up is Joe Cocker singing "Feels Like Forever" (Theme from the "Cutting Edge") from the "Cutting Edge" original soundtrack CD or on the Deluxe Edition CD

THE END