

68

INT. FERGUSON HOUSE - NIGHT

68

Abby withdraws the backs of her fingers from a new cut above Jordie's cheek, by his eye. Smiles sadly at him.

ABBY  
Does it hurt?

He's laying on his back. Grasps her fingers.

JORDIE  
It's fine.

She leans in for a kiss. He pulls her closer.

JORDIE (CONT'D)  
Again? Making up for lost time?

She straddles him, swats him with a pillow, kisses him deeply, then sighs and rolls off. They lie next to each other, playing with their fingers.

ABBY  
So. Playoffs, huh?

JORDIE  
Yup.

ABBY  
Thanks to you.

JORDIE  
Thanks to the team.

He fingers his cut.

JORDIE (CONT'D)  
Maybe not Nicky so much.  
(pauses)  
How was rehearsal this morning?

ABBY  
Fine.

JORDIE  
You ever think about doin'  
something with your music, Abby?

She shrugs. Rolls onto her side.

JORDIE (CONT'D)  
You write your own music. It's  
mesmerizing.

ABBY  
That's a big word for a hockey  
player.

He laughs and swats her with the pillow.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
I have other priorities right now.

JORDIE  
Forever?

ABBY  
At what point do you suggest I stop  
looking for my son?

She rolls away from him.

JORDIE  
That's not what I...hey! That's not  
what I meant. It's just...you need  
to move on with your life.

ABBY  
I am moving on. I'm taking a chance  
on you, aren't I?

JORDIE  
A chance? That's what I am, a  
chance?

She looks back over her shoulder at him as he rolls up on one  
elbow and stares at her.

ABBY  
Aren't you?

She gets out of bed and pads off towards the washroom in the  
hallway. Comes back, leans against the doorframe.

JORDIE  
I won't break. I promise you.

ABBY  
What is it they say about promises?  
Don't make ones you might not be  
able to keep.

His expression hardens. She starts towards the bed and sits  
by him, one knee tucked under her butt.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
Go to AA, Jordie. Please. If you  
want that promise to stick.

JORDIE

I'm not an alcoholic, Abby. I haven't had a drink in forever.

ABBY

Doesn't matter. I need you to go to AA. Okay? For me?

He touches her cheek, sits up next to her.

JORDIE

What's all this? What brought this on?

ABBY

This is the thing. I'm way in over my head, here.

JORDIE

So'm I, Ab.

ABBY

Then go to a meeting. So you're prepared, if -

JORDIE

If?

She places his hand over her heart.

ABBY

It's hard, that's all. With you. Here.

Throws a stricken look towards Nicky's house. Then tempers the serious mood.

ABBY (CONT'D)

This wallpaper's hideous.

He smiles, pulls her down onto the bed, wraps his arms around her.

69

INT. BAR - NIGHT

69

Abby's playing (John Cougar Mellencamp's 'HURTS SO GOOD'). Jordie gets pulled up to dance by Mark and his girl. Abby's on a low stage, Jordie horses around with her.

SLOW WALTZ by the fiddle player - (JEN & ANTHONY'S WEDDING by the Colin Grant band). Jordie extends a hand to Abby. She leaves the stage for a slow dance.

Nicky sits at the bar, watches, clutches his beer, orders another. Meets Abby's eyes. She loosens her hold on Jordie, who notices, looks over at Nicky. Tightens his hold.

After, Abby takes a break. Nicky slips off his stool, follows her to the ladies' room. He pulls her into a janitors' closet. Stumbles. She recoils from his breath.

ABBY

Let go of me! Fuck, Nicky. I can't do this with you anymore. I can't.

He forces her against the wall, kisses her roughly, shoves a hand up under her top. She fights him, grabs a wooden scrub brush, hits him in the head. He backs off.

NICKY

Jesus! What's your problem?

She grabs the door handle but he shoves his body up against her.

ABBY

This is what you want? To go out like this, Nicky?

NICKY

I don't want to go out at all! Don't you get that? Jesus!

He kicks a metal bucket. Abby whips around, faces him.

ABBY

You got kids, Nicky. A wife, for God's sake.

NICKY

The 'kids' weren't a problem before, Abby.

ABBY

Before what, Nicky?

He prowls the room, stumbles, hands thrusting in and out of his pockets, knuckles tightening. Shoots eye daggers at her.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Jordie's not the problem here, Nicky.

NICKY

You have no idea, Abby. You have no fucking idea.

Nervous, she moves towards the door. He doesn't follow, although for a tense moment it seems he might.

ABBY

Leave it on the ice, Hero.

Yanks the door open, leaves the small, cluttered room. He pounds the door twice, violently, as it closes behind her.

70 INT. BAR - NIGHT

70

Abby jumps as Nicky pounds the door. She falls against the wall, but straightens when Nicky storms out. Their eyes lock.

Whistling, Jordie careens around the corner but brakes when he spies Nicky and Abby and the longing passing between them.

When Nicky's gaze moves beyond Abby to Jordie, she turns, moves past Jordie with a light touch. The brothers face each other. Fists curl, but Jordie strides past Nicky, enters the restroom. Nicky slumps against the wall.

FADE TO:

71 EXT. COMMUNITY HALL - NIGHT

71

Next day. Jordie, alone in his truck, parked outside a white building, watches his dad limp up the walk. Jordie rests his hand on the door handle, but doesn't open the door. Sees a sign - *AA Meeting 7 nightly*

Abruptly reaches forward, flips on ignition. Tires spin on ice before truck skids away.

72 INT. ABBY'S HOUSE - DAY

72

Side by side, washing dishes. Abby leans over to give Jordie a kiss. He recoils.

ABBY

Jordie?

Jordie keeps his head down, dries a plate.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Who pissed in your cereal?

JORDIE

Humph.