

TON EIGHTY

FADE IN:

OFF THE COAST OF SCOTLAND SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTH SEA - DAY

A violent storm rages.

EXT. OF A SEMISUBMERSIBLE OIL RIG

Eighty foot long orange pontoons create a square flotilla supporting, cabins, a control tower, crane and a 120 high foot spider web of metal.

The structure bobs, disappears and reappears through the mist.

Through a shroud of fog the BOW OF A 500 TON FISHING TRAWLER steams on a collision course with the OIL RIG.

INT. SEMISUBMERSIBLE OIL RIG - RECREATION ROOM

Hard hats and yellow slickers hang from hooks. Hard working men and women drink, chat, share moments as they play darts, cards or watch the soccer match on a blurry T.V. In a blink the atmosphere changes.

A HATCH BLOWS open, the storm follows CAPTAIN PAXTON WORTH, 36, bronze, buff, barking orders at TWO WIZENED MEN DART PLAYERS as he enters.

PAXTON

Moore and Turnbull, you're
on watch.

Both men grab hard hats and yellow slickers.

Moore

It's a bit unfriendly out there,
Captain Worth.

Turnball

Aye, but then, what would ye know
of friends.

EVERYONE goes silent. Turnball tips his hat and heads into the storm. Paxton bulls his way past the crowd and out an interior hatch. The DOOR CLOSES to a collective sigh.

CREW MEMBER 1

Our boy Captain... I've more hair on my ears than he's on his sac.

CREW MEMBER 2

You've more hair in a bloody nostril.

INT. CORRIDOR - SEMISUBMERSIBLE OIL RIG

Paxton Worth weaves down a narrow passageway and hesitantly opens a door marked INFIRMARY.

PAXTON

How's the boy doing?

Two crew members tend a young, thin redheaded man writhing on a small cot.

CREW MEMBER

Not too good, Captain.

Paxton lays a palm on the redhead's brow.

PAXTON

Shit. He's on fire. As soon as this weather breaks I want you to.....

A horrible metallic THUD screeches through the framework of the oil rig. The RIG LISTS. ALARMS sound. Emergency lights blink on and off.

EXT. OIL RIG - MAIN PLATFORM - DAY - THE STORM RAGES

Paxton sprints up a metal stairway. Another THUD. Paxton seizes a handrail and glares through the rain at the

BOW OF THE 500 TON TRAWLER

TWO MEN in black rain gear cast a line toward a mooring cleat on the Oil Rig. They miss. The rope CRACKS in the wind. The men reel it back for a second toss.

INT. COMMAND CENTER OF THE OIL RIG

A YOUNG MAN frantically works a wall of blinking gauges as he pleads into a phone.

A YOUNG MAN

You can't. The storm's too...
You can't. It's impossible...

The hatch flies open. Paxton rages into the control room. The steel hatch SLAMS behind him.

PAXTON

What the hell is going on? Have we
got a ship in distress?

More than relieved to see Paxton the Young Man cups the phone.

YOUNG MAN

It's a Captain MacKenzie. He's
got kin aboard our rig.

PAXTON

He's paying a fucking social visit?
(snatches the phone)

MacKenzie?

(listens)

Skip the introductions. Get
your ship away from my rig!
You'll bring us over.

(listens)

I don't care if you're his
mother! Stand down or I'll put
a shot through your hull.

A THUD. The cabin vibrates from impact. Red warning lights blink. A generators falter. Bells PEEL on the gauge panel. Paxton slaps down the phone.

PAXTON

That asshole's going to bring us under.

With his elbow, he shatters the glass on the firearms case and seizes a flare gun.

PAXTON

He's risking three hundred of my crew.
And his crew.

YOUNG MAN

They're all volunteers.

Paxton grabs a handful of shells and gives the Young Man a puzzled look.

YOUNG MAN

The lad in sick bay with the
appendicitis. He's MacKenzie's
kin. He's 'ere to get him some
aid.

PAXTON

We're doing all we can for the boy.

YOUNG MAN

Aye. Sure. That you are. But they're clan.
And the lad's suffering. Take pity.

PAXTON

Pity? I don't have time for pity.

Paxton loads the flare gun, grabs a megaphone.

Another THUD. Paxton bounces against the wall, then shoves
open the hatch and ducks into the storm.

YOUNG MAN

And you've a lot to learn
about Scots.

EXT. OIL RIG - MOMENTS LATER - THE STORM RAGES

Paxton hurries across the main deck to the loading platform.
At the MOORING CLEATS he finds two stern lines from the
trawler firmly attached.

Four men in yellow slickers come out of the tower hatchway.
Paxton points to the life boats. They race to duty.

FISHING TRAWLER

Two men in black slickers stand on the bow. They flip a
noose toward the forward cleats on the

LOADING PLATFORM

The noose misses. The bow of the trawler THUDS against the
rig. Paxton seizes a rail and screams through a megaphone.

PAXTON

MacKenzie! You son-of-a-bitch!

FISHING TRAWLER - AMIDSHIPS - RAILING

A MAN in a grey, hooded slicker appears with his own megaphone. He's loud and emphatic above the storm.

MacKENZIE

Captain Worth. Captain Paxton
Worth. Hear me well. I have
come to fetch kin.

SUPER STRUCTURE OF THE RIG - BENDING NOW!

A beam CREAKS. ONE BUCKELS. More men, dressed in foul weather gear, dart out of the hatches.

THE LOADING CRANE dips. Men dive for cover.

PAXTON

Cut loose, you son-of-a-bitch!

MacKENZIE

MISTER WORTH, YOU ARE NOT LISTENING.

PAXTON

YOU LISTEN. FUCK YOU!

A THUD. Paxton rocks the impact. He looks up.

MacKenzie's gone.

Paxton races to the rear MOORING CLEAT

A noose, of a triple strand rope, serves as an umbilical cord between the rig and the stern of the trawler.

Paxton aims and fires the flare gun.

A bright yellow EXPLOSION. Two strands of the rope sever in half. The third holds fast.

Paxton reloads.

Above the wind, a loud REPORT. Sparks spray across the deck to Paxton's right. He rolls to his left.

RAILING - FISHING TRAWLER

MacKenzie waves a shotgun at Paxton.

MacKENZIE

Git away from the line or I'll 'ave
to blow your bloody head off.

THE BOW OF THE TRAWLER BULLS INTO THE SIDE OF THE RIG

Jolted, Paxton fires the flare gun at MacKenzie.

A yellow EXPLOSION. MacKenzie disappears.

MOORING CLEAT

Two strands of rope flop in the wind. The third goes taut.

Paxton reloads.

MOORING CLEAT

The single strand of rope extends from the cleat up to the
scupper hole in the trawler. The ship lurches.

The last strand of rope stretches...stretches...

Paxton cocks the gun and aims.

MOUTH OF THE SCUPPER HOLE ON THE TRAWLER

Under incredible strain, the last strand of rope SNAPS.

A whip of steel, it CRACKS through the wind in a great arc
SNAPPING back to the rig severing Paxton's legs at the
knees.

He collapses. Blood and water wash over the edge of the
platform in a passing wave. Paxton's scream of pain joins
the roar of the storm and becomes --- the roar of a DIESEL
ENGINE - deep - guttural.

EDINBURGH SCOTLAND - DAY

A double decker bus motors down the Royal Mile past Huntly
House, Canongate Tollbooth to Waterly Alley and lumbers to a
stop near the WILD BOAR INN.

FIONA MONTROSSE, early-twenties, a bonnie lass, disembarks
humming a tune. A large satchel dangles from her shoulder.
Framed paintings peek out from the top of her open bag.
As the bus rumbles away, Fiona unlocks the door to the pub.

INT. WILD BOAR - MOMENTS LATER

A stone hearth divides one wall. Above the mantle looms the head of a wild boar. Dartboards hang everywhere.

Fiona WHACKS a nail in a wall, pulls an oil painting of a man playing darts from her bag and lays the wire on the nail, stands back then hesitantly lays a sticker on the glass. INSERT STICKER - For Sale - Fiona Montrosse 435-4433.

Fiona WHACKS in another nail.

INT. WILD BOAR - NIGHT

A good Crowd is assembled. Eight of Fiona's paintings now adorn a wall. Each has a sale tag.

A fire crackles in the stone hearth. Most of the dart boards are in use.

SANDRA, the barmaid glides through the pub with a tray, then takes a sly glance at the buttocks of GEORGE KEMP.

Kemp walks toward the front door, then veers right into the only bathroom. Sandra sighs and stops at the bar.

SANDRA

Four pints, Thomas.

THOMAS LIPTON, late-fifties, owner of the Wild Boar, pulls down a tap labeled Tartan Special and nods to the bathroom.

LIPTON

He's from the states, Sandra.

Sandra feigns indifference. Lipton places the glasses on the tray. OS a cheer goes up.

DARTBOARD ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE FIREPLACE

Four men shooting a game.

DR. ROBERT JONSTONE, forties, always in a white lab coat raises a hand for quiet. A white rat pokes its head between the buttons of his jacket. A woman gasps.

DR. JOHNSTONE

Sssh, we've a chance of Ton
Eighty here.

The pub goes respectfully silent. MURRAY BUCHANAN, thirties,

struts around the throwing line.

MURRAY

Who'll make a wager?

Silence. Murray sneers, then tosses the dart. It lands in number 1. Murray stomps to the board glaring at JAMES ORR, keeping score on the chalkboard.

MURRAY

Should've taken the bet, James.

James vigorously shakes his head no. Crosses his heart

JAMES ORR

Murray, not that I'm a bit
superstitious, but it's a jinx
to bet against a Ton Eighty.

Sandra shows a good bit of cleavage delivering the beer.

BEHIND THE BAR

Lipton chuckles at her antics, then glances toward an antique wall clock: 7:30.

ON THE FRONT DOOR. It opens a crack.

LIPTON (OS)

Seven thirty. It's the Yank.

The gap widens. A thin, grey wheel appears. Curses of disgust come from outside.

MAN PLAYING DOMINOES

The Yank's a sour one.

SECOND MAN PLAYING DOMINOES

Surly and rude, he is.

George Kemp exits the bathroom and sees

Paxton Worth edging a wheelchair through the door. Paxton's pale and drawn, his face covered with stubble.

Kemp takes a look at the wreck of a man, offers a hand and gets the look of death. Kemp recoils and backs to the bar.

Paxton's eyes sweep the pub as he negotiates the single step to the main floor, rolls across the room and backs the chair against the wall under one of Fiona's pictures.

DR. JOHNSTONE
Good evening, Yank.

Paxton ignores the greeting.

MURRAY
Bloody foreigners. Why don't
they all---

Ian Orr steps in front of Murray and STUTTERS.

IAN
Go easy, Murray. He's 'ad a
time of it... He 'as.

Murray gives Ian a look of disgust and holds out his hand.

MURRAY
You and your brother owe me
two pounds.

AT THE BAR

Sandra nods towards Paxton.

SANDRA
He'll have a double Glenfiddich.
(grimaces)
With ice.

Kemp gives her a long, lusty look. Sandra returns a flirty glance.

SANDRA
You're from the states, then?

Kemp nods. Lipton sets the order on her tray.

Sandra sashays to Paxton's table and serves his drink. Paxton stares blankly at the dart game in progress.

SANDRA
Sir, why not give the darts a go?

Paxton plops ice cubes in the scotch. Sandra glances toward

the bar

SANDRA

We've another gent from the
States 'ere.

Paxton ignores the comment and for the first time notices
Fiona's art work. Some interest in life returns to his eyes
as he causally studies piece after piece.

Murray leaves the dart game and approaches Sandra.

MURRAY

Sandra, if you're finished
with the foreigner, get us
another.

Equally rude, Paxton THUNKS his empty glass on her tray.

SANDRA

And another for you, aye, Sir.

BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Lipton fills Sandra's order and nods to a drink on the bar.

LIPTON

Compliments of the gentleman.

Sandra courtesy's and toasts Kemp.

SANDRA

Why thank you good, sir.

KEMP

George Kemp. Miss?

Lipton arches his eyebrows and pours himself a pint.

SANDRA

Sandra Chattan, recently a widow.

Lipton sputters out beer and pulls Sandra close.

LIPTON

Franklin's dead?

SANDRA

Aye he's dead. Dead as a
noodle. Ask the twenty year
old lass he's moved in with.

Kemp and Lipton hold back laughter. Lipton gestures across the room to Paxton.

LIPTON

How's the Yank?

ON PAXTON drinking, looking at Fiona's art work. He glares at the fire, balls his fist and goes back to drinking.

SANDRA (OS)

Oh, he's a charmer... as always.
He'll do a fine one tonight.

KEMP (OS)

A Yank? Is his name Worth?
Paxton Worth?

LIPTON&SANDRA

He's never offered his last.
But Paxton's his first.

KEMP

Well, I'll be damned. So this
Is where he's been.

O.S. a cheer from the Dr. Johnstone dart match. Kemp and Lipton turn in that direction. Sandra gives Kemp a quick up and down and leaves with her order.

Dr. Johnstone lifts a beer from Sandra's tray and lays his darts into one of fifty dart cubicles near the bar. His name is lettered above the slot.

DR. JOHNSTONE

Murray's the dart-ness monster.

LIPTON

Aye. And if his ego doesn't get in
his way, he's a chance for the
singles at the Ally Pally.

Johnstone eases the white rat out of his jacket and rubs its stomach.

LIPTON

Do ya 'ave to bring your patients

DR. JOHNSTONE

She's pregnant.

LIPTON

I suppose, congratulations are in order.

DR. JOHNSTONE

Aye for Ian! He'd a fifty-seven out.
Hit seventeen, double twenty.

KEMP

That's one hell of an out.

Lipton and Dr. Johnstone shoot Kemp a puzzled look.

KEMP

We throw darts in the states.

Johnstone nods and returns to the matter at hand.

DR. JOHNSTONE

Thomas, we've the makings of a
good team.

He points to the three men at the dartboard. Murray Buchanan sharpens a dart on a piece of pumice.

DR. JOHNSTONE (OS)

Now Murray's the best of course.

LIPTON (OS)

And the first to tell you so.

James Orr erases the chalkboard.

DR. JOHNSTONE (OS)

But with James and his brother
Ian and myself.

ON THE THROWING LINE Ian takes aim and tosses.

DR. JOHNSTONE (OS)

If we could talk you out of retirement,
we'd only need two more.

LIPTON

Robert, me mate, the eyes are old.
And my hands...

(purposely makes them tremble)
And Jean. She'd set fire to my kilt
with me in it, if I were to start
traipsing around the country,
tossing the darts again.

Dr. Johnstone, Ian and James nod knowingly.

LIPTON

Put a team together Dr. Johnstone,
(points to boar's head)
The Wild Boar would be proud to
be your sponsor.

Dr. Johnstone turns to Kemp with renewed interest.

DR. JOHNSTONE

You've played darts?

KEMP

Some. But I'm here for a
story.

DR. JOHNSTONE

Ah, you're a writer then?

Kemp shrugs as Murray, James and Ian join them at the bar.

DR. JOHNSTONE

Mates, we've another Yank 'ere.

James and Ian shake Kemp's hand. Murray ignores him and
elbows a place at the bar.

DR. JOHNSTONE

He's after a story.

Ian points to Lipton and stutters.

IAN

Ask Thomas about the Ally Pally.

Kemp puzzles. Lipton wipes his hands on his apron, smiles,
takes a sip of beer and recounts to Kemp.

LIPTON

It's a bit like your Super Bowl.

MURRAY

The bloody hell it is! Darters are
gentlemen. We da not, wear
uniforms or bash our skulls
together like animals in rut.
There are no cheerleaders.
The darts are about you. Your
nerves. Your skill. What

you're made of. It's you, your
darts and the board. The Ally
Pally's not held one place one
year and another the next.

James, Ian, Dr. Johnston and Lipton exchange looks and
applaud the outburst. Lipton flashes Murray a THAT-SAYS-IT-
ALL look and on the back.

LIPTON

The crowd pours in. Ten
thousand's the limit, but
fifteen thousand, maybe more,
shove and cram their way into
the Ally Pally.

DR. JOHNSTONE

(interrupts - to Kemp)
It's short for Alexandra's Palace.

LIPTON

Aye, the palace. The kingdom
of darts. They play the team
championship's first. Then the
singles.

MURRAY

The SINGLES is the championship!
Man against man. Dart for dart.
And only one... Only one leaves
victor.

DR. JOHNSTONE

And five years ago...
(raises Lipton's hand)
...this man took second.

Lipton shrugs embarrassedly.

IAN (stutters)

You have to 'ave thirty
tournament wins, just to
qualify.

Murray lifts his beer and grabs James by the arm.

MURRAY

Let's play. Talking to a bloody
foreigner about the game's a
waste of good air.

Kemp bristles. Murray points to Paxton.

MURRAY

Why don't you join the Yank?
I'm certain the two of you
can find new ways to lift our
oil and steal our jobs.

Murray struts back to the dartboards.

DR. JOHNSTONE

Pay him no mind. Murray blames the
rest of the world for the troubles
he's caused himself.

The men nod in agreement, but tail after Murray.

MAN PLAYING DOMINOES

Two here, Thomas.

Sandra returns to the bar and points to an empty glass.

SANDRA

And another for the Yank.
(to Kemp)
I see you're making friends.

Kemp points to Paxton.

KEMP

Do you think he'd mind if I
joined him?

SANDRA

He's not talking yet. Wait
'til his third. Then he'll
fill your ear.

LIPTON

Aye, those that have heard it,
say his is a long story.

A wry smile crosses Kemp's face. He pulls a worn, leather log book from his jacket. The name GUS CHAMBERS is embossed on the cover.

INT. WILD BOAR - MUCH LATER

Embers glow in the fireplace. The rat clings to Dr. Johnstone's shoulder as he, Murray, James and Ian stop at the bar to talk to Lipton.

DR. JOHNSTONE

If you'll throw, we'd only
need two more for a team.

MURRAY

Aye. Then maybe I'd have some
competition.

O.S. George Kemp laughs loudly. Murray turns and glares at
Paxton and Kemp in the corner. O.S. The rat SQUEAKS.

MURRAY

You ought to get an exterminator.

Murray saunters out of the pub. James Orr turns to Lipton.

JAMES ORR

Now Thomas, you know I'm not a
superstitious man.

Lipton drops his elbows on the bar, cups his chin and digs
in for the upcoming sermon. Johnstone and Ian sigh.

JAMES ORR

But it's only three weeks till
the league begins. And nine
months to the Ally Pally.
Three and nine make twelve.
Now, I do not put any
credence in numbers...
But twelve is a lucky one.
There were twelve apostles. Twelve
eggs in a dozen. Twelve months in
the year. Twelve in a jury. These
are omens. Important --

LIPTON

(points to the rat)

And I suppose this rodent
means I should come out of
retirement and throw again.

James folds his arms with satisfaction.

IAN (stutters)

We need you, Thomas.

LIPTON

I'll think on it.

Johnstone lifts the rat's paw and waves it.

DR. JOHNSTONE
Say goodnight to your host.

LIPTON
Night to ya, lads.

Sandra puts on her coat and shoots a look to Kemp at Paxton's table, then heads after Johnstone etal.

LIPTON
Sandra, tomorrow night. Eight o'clock. Mr. Frampton will be giving an exhibition.

She spins her good natured smile is gone.

SANDRA
He better bring his own maid.
I'll not serve that man.
'E's despicable.

LIPTON
He won the Ally Pally.

SANDRA
That don't make him god.

She points to Fiona's oil paintings on the wall.

SANDRA
I'll switch with Fiona.

LIPTON
She'll be here too. I'll need you both.

Sandra slams the door behind her. Lipton sighs, takes a sip of ale and calls to Paxton and Kemp.

LIPTON
Gentlemen?

Engrossed in conversation, neither man responds.

KEMP
So what happened?

Paxton jabs the air with a left and right.

PAXTON

I hit him. Split his damn lip.
My younger brother, Seth,
started cheering. Then my
mother and the rest of the
family joined in.

(sips his drink)

After I was gone, he took them
off...One by one and beat
them. Even my mother. My
father had a cane. Ash,
maybe elm. He wasn't crippled...

(whips the air with an
imaginary stick)

But he always carried that damned cane.

(downs his drink)

Why all the questions?

Lost in Paxton's tale, it takes Kemp a second to refocus.

KEMP

I'm doing a story on oil rigs.
Started in the Gulf of Mexico.
Ended up here. Actually, it's
about someone we both know...

He lays down Gus Chamber's beaten up log book on the table.
Paxton's eyes go wide. He lifts the book lovingly.

KEMP

Gus Chambers was my Uncle. NO
matter who I talked to, your
name kept popping up. You two
must have been close.

PAXTON

Gus gave me my first job on a
rig. I told him I was
eighteen. But, he knew. He
made me a sweeper, paid me
four twenty-five an hour, then
gave me a kick in the ass and
told me to get an
education. Helped me graduate
from high school, then
insisted I get a degree.

Paxton fingers the LETTERING on the LOG BOOK.

PAXTON

At the University of Houston I met Lydia. Gus was our best man.

LIPTON

Gentlemen, please finish your drinks or the constabulary will have me papers.

Paxton shakes off his stupor and snaps back to reality.

PAXTON

How's it going?

Kemp gives Paxton a confused look.

PAXTON

Your story about Gus.

KEMP

Oh yeah. Fine. But yours might be more interesting.

Paxton inches backward.

PAXTON

Mine?

KEMP

Sure, everyone has a story to tell.

LIPTON

Gentlemen, please.

Paxton grabs the wheels of the chair. Kemp innocently takes the handles. Paxton turns and glares.

KEMP

I have a bottle of scotch in my hotel room. How about you and I --

PAXTON

Take your hands off my chair.

KEMP

We can talk about my Uncle Gus.

A long beat and Paxton swats the glasses off the table. They SHATTER against the hearth.

PAXTON
Uncle Gus, my ass!

AT THE BAR Lipton cups his chin and watches the war unfold.

PAXTON
This is a set up! The company
sent you looking for me.

Paxton spins and hits Kemp in the shin with the FOOT REST of the chair and snatches the log book.

Kemp backs toward the fireplace. Paxton rolls forward.

PAXTON
Wanted to see if I was wasting
their insurance money, weren't
they?

Kemp steps into the burning embers and howls. He stumbles and looks to Lipton for help.

At the bar, Lipton shrugs 'hey-what-can-I-do.'

Paxton rolls forward and mimics Kemp's voice.

PAXTON
"Your name kept popping up."

Kemp grabs a chair and uses the legs to hold Paxton at bay. He looks at Lipton again.

KEMP
We were just talking.

Paxton does a 360 and whacks the chair out of Kemp's hands. Kemp runs to the door.

PAXTON
(mimics Kemp's voice)
"Everyone has a story to tell."

KEMP
Mr. Worth, you are crazy.

PAXTON
And Mr. Kemp, you are a
fucking liar. Gus Chambers
never had a brother or a

sister. How could he be your
uncle?

Kemp disappears into the night.

Lipton gives Paxton a wry smile as he walks past, dims the
lights, gives the window rod a twist and a curtain descends.
Paxton rolls toward the door. Lipton cuts him off and throws
the bolt.

LIPTON
Let's have a drink, Yank.

AT THE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Lipton pours two double shots of Glenfiddich, takes a third
glass and, with chagrin, fills it with ice.

LIPTON
Join me.

Paxton hesitates, studies the drink, sips.

PAXTON
That man's an asshole.

LIPTON
And you're usually a corpse.
Tonight was the first time
you've shown a sign of life
since you started coming in
here. And when was that?

PAXTON
(stands)
Sometime after seventeen
seventy-six. Thanks for the
drink.

Paxton lays down the STILL FULL GLASS and starts for the
door.

LIPTON
Mister, you're lost. And a
terrible loss it is when a man
cannot find what he was. What
he is. Or what he can be.

PAXTON
And what the hell are you?

LIPTON

A barkeep and this is my livingroom. Every night I come to a party and I don't have to send out invitations. The people that come to the Wild Boar are my friends, my family.

Lipton walks out from behind the bar and pulls an ancient set of wooden darts from one of the cubby holes.

LIPTON

But what the hell are you? What the hell do you do? This is my living room, where's yours? Who are your friends?

Paxton glares.

PAXTON

My friendships and career options are somewhat limited.

Lipton snaps on the light above a dartboard and walks to the Hockey line.

LIPTON

Aye.

(taps the side of his head)

In here, you've set the limits.

He pumps his right arm several times and tosses the first dart. IT STICKS IN THE TOP OF THE BOARD.

Following the throw Paxton is not impressed.

LIPTON

So why don't you do something?

PAXTON

I am doing something.

Lipton eyes Paxton carefully.

PAXTON

I'm looking for someone.

(off Lipton's look)

It's personal.

Lipton throws his second dart. It lands above the first.

LIPTON

So it's the search that
keeps you here.

(off Paxton's nod)

If you're not going back to
the states. Why not get a job?

Lipton tosses his last dart. It lands above the rest.

Paxton almost laughs at the feeble effort. Lipton walks to
the board and pulls out his darts.

LIPTON

Find a nice woman. Or is that
part of you missing too?

PAXTON

The only woman I wanted...
My wife, Lydia, died.

LIPTON

I'm truly sorry.

He returns to the Hockey Line.

LIPTON

How long have you been alone?

PAXTON

Five -- I don't want your sympathy.

LIPTON

Good, it wasn't offered.

He tosses a dart. Again it lands high on the board.

LIPTON

Though I'm just a wee bit puzzled.
Why do you waste your time sitting
in a chair?

Paxton grits his teeth. Lipton tosses a second dart.

It lands in the double twenty.

PAXTON

And I'm just a wee bit

puzzled. Why do you waste your time throwing darts? You haven't come close to a bull's-eye.

Lipton turns to Paxton with a look of utter amazement.

LIPTON

Three months you've been coming 'ere and don't know WHY I'm AIMING at the double twenty?

PAXTON

Twenty! You're supposed to hit the bull's-eye. Any kid knows that.

LIPTON

Yank, are you a betting man?

Paxton, wary but interested, nods.

LIPTON

A game of darts? A pound a game. You get six throws to my three. Sort of a handicap.

Paxton bristles. Lipton ignores him.

LIPTON

No sniveling, Yank. There's just you and me. Aye or nay?

Paxton nods. Lipton walks to the board, points to HIS dart still stuck in the double twenty and traces a finger around the outside ring.

LIPTON

You have to stick a dart between these two wires before you can score.

(a beat)

It's called the double ring and all scores are doubled.

PAXTON

As kids we always aimed at the bull's-eye.

LIPTON

Aye, but you're not a kid anymore.

Lipton lays a finger on the bull's-eye. The inside center is BLACEK the outside center RED.

LIPTON

This is the "Cork." If you hit the red it's only twenty-five points. And the black's only worth fifty.

PAXTON

Then where do I aim?

Lipton lays his finger on the triple twenty wires.

LIPTON

(with reverence)

The triple twenty. Putting three darts in here is as good as it gets. It's a Ton Eighty.

(a beat)

One hundred and eighty points. It's better than winning your Super Bowl and as hard as making a hole-in-one in golf. A Ton Eighty.

PAXTON

You have to go between the outside wires to start. And triple twenty is the highest score. Correct?

Lipton nods. Paxton looks at the board, then to Lipton.

PAXTON

I'll need darts.

Lipton steps to the cubicles and from a box with the name FIONA above it, he grabs a set of Tungsten darts. The best!

PAXTON

How many points to win?

Lipton hands the darts to Paxton who eyes them suspiciously, then looks at Lipton's wooden ones.

LIPTON

You don't add points. You subtract.
The winner is the first to zero.

Paxton puzzles over the explanation.

LIPTON

Some mathematical wizard has
figured it all out.

He points to the Out Chart on the wall. Which only adds to
Paxton's confusion.

LIPTON

Come along. It's easier to explain
as we play. I'll chalk.

PAXTON

Huh?

LIPTON

Chalk. Keep score.

PAXTON

Who goes first?

LIPTON

Throw a dart to the cork.

PAXTON

Closest to the bull's-eye goes
first. Right?

LIPTON

You're learning fast.

PAXTON

Mind if I use your darts?

Lipton shrugs and hands over his wooden ones. Paxton rolls
up to the hockey line, then over it. Lipton jerks the chair
back across the mark. Paxton tenses.

LIPTON

I'm giving ya six darts, Yank.
But you'll not be crossing the
hockey line.

Paxton relaxes, then awkwardly pumps the dart several times

and throws. The dart lands an inch above the bull's-eye.

LIPTON

That's one 'ell of a toss.

PAXTON

I told you we used to throw at
the bull's -- Cork when we
were kids.

(rolls aside)

Your turn.

LATER DARTBOARD Lipton points to a single dart, embedded
between the wires of the double sixteen, then steps to the

CHALKBOARD (SCORING SLATE)

A white line divides the board in half, with the name LIPTON
on one side and YANK on the other. Beneath Lipton's name is
a row of numbers: 236, 188, 121, 77, and 32.

All of the numbers except the 32 have slashes through them.
Paxton's side of the slate is blank.

LIPTON

I needed a thirty-two to win.
And a double sixteen equals
thirty-two. So...

Lipton draws a * (star) above his name and erases the board.

LIPTON

You lost.

PAXTON

Lost! I never got to play.
I never doubled on.

LIPTON

Oh, but you will. I know you will.

Lipton hands Paxton the darts.

LIPTON

Mugs away.

(off Paxton's confusion)

It's the custom. Losers buy the
winners a pint. But tonight
you're my guest.

(tops off their drinks)

Get on with it, man. You lost.
Throw the dart.

More determined and less awkward, Paxton pumps his arm, throws, then lets out a hoot.

DARTBOARD His dart sits in the DOUBLE TWENTY.

LIPTON
You're gettin' the idea.

LATER

Paxton struggles from his chair to take out one dart stuck high on the board. Lipton starts to help and thinks better of it. Paxton retrieves his darts, rolls to the chalkboard and picks up the chalk.

PAXTON
(a bit slurred)
Two forty-five minus sixty-three.

He puts a slash through 245, subtracts sixty-three, chalks in one 182 and turns to Lipton with a huge grin.

PAXTON
Not bad?

LIPTON
Not bad at all.

LATER: Embers burn in the fireplace. Rays of sunlight peek from around the curtains.

Paxton rolls up to the dartboard and admires a single dart stuck in double nineteen. He savors the moment, then plucks it out, rolls to the chalkboard and puts a slash through the number thirty-eight.

PAXTON
Finally.

Chalkboard divided in half. Paxton puts a * (STAR) above Yank.

YANK *

LIPTON
***** ***

PAXTON

*

I needed a thirty-eight and --

LIPTON

I need some sleep.

Paxton stares in disbelief. Lipton sees the expression and folds his hands in prayer.

LIPTON

Have mercy. I have to open at eleven.
We've been at it all night.

PAXTON

I win one game and you want
to quit?

LIPTON

I've created a monster.

Paxton starts to laugh, then stops abruptly, shifts the darts in his hand, looks at the board then back to Lipton.

PAXTON

Mugs away.

They exchange glances. Lipton roars with laughter.

LIPTON

Give me the bloody darts, Yank.

INT. WILD BOAR - FIREPLACE - DARK ASHES - MORNING

A groan of pain comes from a lump of coats on a bench. An empty wheelchair rests several feet away. The lump moves.

Paxton rises on his elbows, gags, grabs his temples, then his groin and groans again. He reaches for the wheelchair, but unintentionally pushes it further away.

PAXTON

No. No. Please dear God.

He worms his way to the edge of the bench and leans out further...further... OS a CLICK.

The FRONT DOOR flies open and WHACKS the wall.

Startled, Paxton loses his balance, falls to the floor and pushes the wheelchair through the hatch into the bar.

FRONT DOOR

Fiona, backs into the pub pulling a bucket and a mop. She hums, closes the entry and twists the curtain rod. Sunlight floods the pub.

Paxton shields his eyes from the blast of light.

Fiona backs into the bathroom, jams a waste basket into the door and turns on the tap.

Paxton listens to the water GUSH. He grabs his groin and begs softly.

PAXTON

Please, turn off the water.

O.S. the FLOW OF WATER STOPS, but is quickly followed by the SWISH of a mop. Fiona continues to hum as Paxton elbows his way along the floor, under the hatch, to the foot plate of the wheelchair. He reaches out. The chair glides further into the bar area.

PAXTON

No.

He drags himself across the wooden slats.

Humming, Fiona backs out of the bathroom, swishes the mop in the bucket and swabs the landing.

BEHIND THE BAR Paxton grimaces, grabs the wheel of the chair, twists himself into the seat, starts to wheel and goes nowhere.

The right wheel spins, stuck between the wooden slats. Paxton sighs and reaches toward a shelf of liquor bottles.

ON THE LANDING, Fiona lifts the bucket, descends the single step to the main floor of bar, and plops the mop in the bucket.

BEHIND THE BAR Using the shelf for leverage, Paxton rocks the chair back and forth. The wheel pops free. The shelf gives. Bottles tumble and CRASH. Fiona spins around.

FIONA

Saints preserve.

Paxton wheels under the hatch like a mad man. Fiona brandishes the mop at him. Paxton flies past her and up the single step.

PAXTON

Sorry ma'am, but I really have to go.

FIONA

You're not going anywhere. The door is locked.

Paxton does a wheelie and flies into the bathroom knocking over the waste basket. As the door closes Fiona shouts.

FIONA

Aim that thing! I just mopped the loo.

PAXTON (OS)

Ma'am. I have no choice.

OS A CLICK. Fiona turns to the front door. Lipton and his wife JEAN, a pixieish fifty, enter arguing.

JEAN

I'll not be a nag. Me mother was a nag.

Lipton nods in agreement and waves good morning to Fiona. Lipton looks awful. Jean fiddles with the lock on the door.

JEAN

But you're startin' again, Thomas. Drinkin'. Out all night. It's the darts.

LIPTON

The man needed company.

JEAN

You know it. And I know it. It's the darts. They're a drug. Once you start--

Jean throws the bolt, looks up and sees Fiona.

JEAN

Morning, love.

Fiona blows her a kiss. Lipton approaches, plants a kiss on her cheek and shoots a furtive glance around the pub.

LIPTON

Would our guest still here?

Fiona nods subtly to the bathroom.

Jean lifts the hem of her skirt and runs it along the sill of an oil painting of A MAN THROWING DARTS.

JEAN

Fiona, any news from Paris?

FIONA

Nothing yet, Auntie. I sent two oils and a watercolor.

Lipton walks behind the bar and freezes when he sees the carnage of broken bottles. Through his teeth, he whispers to Fiona.

LIPTON

What the 'ell? Is'e still drinking?

FIONA

He was in a bit of a rush.

JEAN

Who are we chatting about?

Lipton shovels some of the glass out of sight, but cannot hide a sickly look as he gags from the smell of alcohol.

LIPTON

The Yank.

Jean moves quickly toward the bar. Fiona follows.

FIONA

He's from the States then?

Jean stands in the open hatch. Lipton returns her glare with a sheepish grin. Her voice raises.

JEAN

Aye. A foreigner and a cripple.

Lipton tries to shush his wife. She steps away.

JEAN

'E' got your uncle drunk and kept him out the night.

OS A CREAK. Lipton and Fiona glance past Jean. Jean follows their gaze. Paxton wheels across the landing toward the door. He throws the bolt.

PAXTON

I'm sorry, Mrs. Lipton. Thomas
is a good man. I'm the problem.

Paxton backs out the door. It closes behind him.

Tears well in Jean's eyes.

JEAN

Thomas, Fiona, I didn't mean
anything by it.

(Lipton consoles)

I called 'im a cripple. I have
to apologize.

Jean starts for the door.

LIPTON

You'll have your chance. He'll
be back.

JEAN

You're sure?

LIPTON

Aye. It's the darts. And'E's got the
virus. I know it.

Fiona looks at the door and smiles.

FIONA

Does he now.

EXT. EDINBURGH - DAY

Paxton rolls across Watling Street and stops in front of what appears to be an abandoned Petrol Station. The garage door grinds open just enough to admit Paxton and his chair.

INT. PETROL STATION

From the wall, Paxton grabs a three buttoned, hand-held, control unit, manuevers his chair onto a plywood platform on the hydraulic car lift, and presses the top button.

The hydraulic lift rises ten feet into the air. Paxton rolls down a small ramp to his

APARTMENT LOFT -

The area would make a Spartan happy. One bed, one table/desk, a sink and a doorless cupboard. All the dishes and glasses are stacked perfectly.

The wall above the bed is covered with pictures of:

Paxton and a beautiful brunette.

Brunette on horse back - the picture is signed "Forever, Lydia."

Paxton and Lydia at the University of Huston.

Other pictures - Oil Rigs. Group- oil rig crew photos - In these pictures we Paxton in the middle of the crowd. One of the guys. These men like each other and they like Paxton.

A beared, bear of a man shoves Paxton's hard hat over his eyes.

INSERT - THE MAN'S HARD HAT - READS ----- GUS

At the altar of a church, a priest, Gus, Paxton and Lydia in a bridal gown.

Red Mercedes convertible - Paxton and Lydia wave - just Married on the back.

Paxton and Lydia in San Francisco - Cable Car, Golden Gate Bridge, Coit Tower.

Second group of Oil Rig pictures - Paxton's at the edge of the group. The entire crew is more detached, solemn.

Paxton lays Gus Chamber's Log Book on the table/desk and stares up at the wall.

A large map of Scotland covers most of the wall. The Orkney Islands, counties Aberdeen, Sutherland, Caithness and Moray are circled and dated. Tacked to the side of the map, in perfect block letters is - MCKENZIE, followed by a large ?.

EXT. WILD BOAR - NIGHT

An expectant crowd waits outside. Among them: Murray; Dr.

Johnstone, tonight with a large parrot on his shoulder; Ian and James Orr and Lipton.

A car arrives and WINSTON FRAMPTON exits to cheers, polite applause and a rude SQUAWK from Dr. Johnstone's parrot.

ELDERLY WOMAN IN THE CROWD
Mr. Frampton, may I have your
autograph?

Frampton ignores her request, lifts a briefcase out of the car, struts to Lipton and the rest and with a smug smile.

FRAMPTON
Will you be at the Ally Pally
this year, Thomas?

LIPTON
Nay, but Murray could make the
singles. Maybe I'll be ---

MURRAY
(interrupts)
I've been an admirer of yours
for years. If there's anything
I can do...?

Frampton thrusts his briefcase into Murray's hands.

FRAMPTON
Follow me.

INT. WILD BOAR - NIGHT

Flash bulbs POP. A raucous crowd cheers, drinks and smokes up a storm.

DARTBOARD

Murray stands in front of the target. He tries to look nonchalant, but it's hard to pull it off with a filter tipped cigarette sticking out of each ear.

Dr. Johnstone, James and Ian lean against a wall. The parrot on Dr. Johnstone's shoulder lets out a SQUAWK.

DR. JOHNSTONE
(to Murray)
Who told you to volunteer.

Murray's eyes shoot rivets at Dr. Johnstone, then he shouts

above the din of the crowd to the bar.

MURRAY

I'll 'ave a pint.

MAN IN THE CROWD

Stand up, Buchanan.

Murray turns and glares.

ANOTHER MAN

That's as tall as he gets.

The crowd roars. Murray's had enough. He reaches for the cigarette in his ear, but Fiona, waitressing, breaks through the crowd and hands him a pint of beer.

MURRAY

That's my lass. Give us a kiss.

FIONA

I am no one's lass.

Murray gives her a 'sure-you-are' grin as she disappears into the audience.

WINSTON FRAMPTON

Ladies and Gentlemen.

The pub goes quiet. On a table next to Frampton's empty briefcase lie: several sets of darts, bicycle spokes, knitting needles, a collection of crossbow (bolts) arrows and a half dozen, well-honed, six-inch carpenter's nails. Frampton looks at Murray and back at the table, considering.

BEHIND THE BAR

Lipton nudges his wife Jean, looks back to Frampton, then with a touch of envy

LIPTON

I'd start with the nails.

Jean gives her husband a look of concern.

Frampton picks up the carpenter nails and juggles them in the palm of his hand.

Murray downs the beer.

FRAMPTON
 (to Murray)
 Stand fast, mate.

Frampton bows and wipes the tips of the nails with a handkerchief.

Hair combed, face shaven, Paxton wheels his way between two onlookers and stares at Murray in disbelief.

FRAMPTON
 If you've got a queasy stomach it
 may be best to close your eyes.
 Though I've only missed once....
 Well, perhaps twice.
 (a beat)
 Then it does get a bit messy.

MURRAY
 (with false bravado)
 Get on with it, man.

FRAMPTON
 (plays the crowd)
 'E's in a hurry.

The crowd roars, then goes silent as Frampton steps to the hockey line, palms a nail, checks its balance, takes an exaggerated breath and throws.

The nail flips through the air, snaps the cigarette from Murray's left ear and lands in the board with a PLOP.

Murray's eyes open wide.

Frampton throws again.

The second cigarette disappears. The audience cheers.

Frampton accepts the accolades, then selects three crossbow arrows and looks at Murray who hasn't moved.

FRAMPTON
 Out of my way, man.

Murray saunters off and joins Dr. Johnstone and the Orr brothers. Ian touches his shoulder and stutters

IAN ORR
 Were you scared?

Murray glares. Ian backs away.

MURRAY

Where's Fiona?

Murray stands on his tip-toes and searches the crowd.

Frampton hefts the crossbow arrows like dumb-bells. He strains from the imaginary weight. The crowd pushes closer.

FRAMPTON

No one can throw these things.

But let me give it a go.

(steps to the line)

Double twenty.

He throws. The arrow THUDS into the double twenty. The crowd cheers.

Paxton watches in awe, then starts rotating his arm mimicking Frampton's throwing motion.

FRAMPTON

Double two.

He throws. The arrow THUDS into the double two.

Paxton cheers along with the rest of the crowd.

FRAMPTON

Triple nine.

He throws, but the arrow THUDS into the board an eighth of an inch outside the triple nine slot.

The crowd teasingly jeers and boos.

FIRST MAN

'E's no good.

SECOND MAN

The man's a fraud.

FRAMPTON

There's too much noise. The arrow was faulty. I can't concentrate. The last had a bit of rust.

He points it toward Dr. Johnstone's parrot.

FRAMPTON

Or maybe twas a bad feather.

The parrot SQUAWKS on cue.

FRAMPTON

Triple nine.

He throws. The arrow THUDS into the triple nine. The crowd loves it.

Paxton cheers.

BEHIND THE BAR

Lipton gets Jean's attention and points to

PAXTON

Paxton's mouth drops open as Frampton picks up six knitting needles from the table.

LIPTON (OS)

Now, didn't I say he'd be back?

Sandra stops at Paxton's table with a tray.

SANDRA

Sir, there's a certain lady that bought you this drink.

PAXTON

I buy my own.

SANDRA

Yes, sir. That you do.

(adamant)

But this one you will accept.

Or I'll not serve you another.

She motions to Fiona who curtseys and smiles broadly. A long beat, before Paxton raises his drink and smiles.

Murray catches the exchange and goes into a quiet rage.

FRAMPTON

I need two volunteers.

People in the crowd push and cajole each other to step forward. Paxton rolls out of the crowd.

The audience applauds. Frampton eyes Paxton with a scowl.

Fiona edges through the crowd.

Murray nudges Dr. Johnstone.

MURRAY

'Ope he misses.

Dr. Johnstone backs away.

Frampton gives Paxton the evil eye, leans down and whispers

FRAMPTON

Shouldn't you be selling pencils?

Paxton glares. Frampton gives up the fight and waves the knitting needle like a baton.

FRAMPTON

One more. Preferably an
orphan. Someone with nothing
to lose should there be....
An accident.

Sandra wipes her hands on her apron and joins Paxton.

WOMAN IN THE CROWD

At's a girl, Sandra.

Frampton turns to see the new volunteer. His pompous demeanor disappears. Sandra leans forward and hisses.

SANDRA

You owe me five hundred
pounds, you bloody thief.

Frampton pecks her on the cheek and waves to the crowd.

FRAMPTON

I have to discuss something
with my volunteer.

(leans toward Sandra)

It was an emergency, Sandra.
Life or death.

SANDRA

But you're not dead. Five
hundred pounds. Now. Or so
help me God, I'll --

Frampton shields Sandra from Paxton and the crowd, grabs her wrist and gives it a wicked twist. She grimaces.

FRAMPTON

Sandra, you'll get your bloody
money when I'm good --

Paxton sees the pain in Sandra's face and rams his
wheelchair into the back of Frampton's legs. He buckles
forward.

The crowd closes in stunned confusion, but begin to take
sides when Sandra begins to clap her hands

SANDRA

Do him a good one, Yank. He
nearly broke me wrist.

Paxton rolls over a leg. Frampton groans. Paxton looks down
and softly

PAXTON

Mr. Frampton, I'm new in town.
Could you recommend a good
corner for sellin' pencils?

Frampton rises to one knee. A FIST SHOOTS into the screen.
A CRACK as he connects with Paxton's nose. The crowd gasps.
Blood streams from Paxton's nostrils.

Murray cheers for Frampton.

Fiona sees him, glares and moves to Sandra's side.

Frampton cocks for a second blow. Paxton does a wheelie.
Frampton's fist hits the foot stand. He winches, but grabs
hold of the steel foot-plate and rises. The wheelchair tilts
backward.

Lipton joins Fiona and Sandra.

FIONA

Help the Yank.

Lipton pats her hand and with assurance.

Frampton rises to flip Paxton out of the chair.

Paxton wheels backward. The foot-plate wrenches out of
Frampton's hands. He lands on his face for the second time.

A cheer goes up from the crowd.

Frampton wipes blood from his nose, rises, grabs a bicycle

spoke from the table and aims it at Paxton's back. From out of nowhere, Lipton grabs his arm and twists it until the tip of the spoke stops an inch from Frampton's groin.

LIPTON

Give it a rest, Mr. Frampton,
or you'll be changing your
seat in the choir.

Frampton drops the spoke, stomps through the crowd and disappears. Lipton looks up and finds Paxton's eyes on him.

PAXTON

I didn't need your help.

LIPTON

Mr. Worth, you owe me thirty-three
pounds.

A long beat, as their mutual glares fade to grins then laughter.

INT. WILD BOAR - LATER

The crowd's thinned out.

Lipton, Dr. Johnstone, Murray, James and Ian stand at the table inspecting Frampton's abandoned dart paraphernalia.

Lipton hefts a six-penny nail lovingly and glances at the dartboard. Murray interrupts his musing.

MURRAY

You should have let it be. A
foreigner against one of our
own.

Lipton tucks the nail in Frampton's briefcase.

LIPTON

Murray, you're becoming a burr
in me kilt.

Murray glares.

MALE CUSTOMER (OS)

I'll have a pint, Thomas.

Lipton walks back through the hatch and pours a beer.

Jean takes a long, loving, look at her husband, then to the

Dr. Johnstone group, the dartboards and back to Lipton who absently wipes a beer mug. She takes it from his hand and gives him a hug.

JEAN

What is it? Nine months to the Ally Pally?

Lipton nods with confusion.

JEAN

I'll tend to the bar and pretend you're pregnant.

Lipton looks into her eyes.

JEAN

On with you, Thomas. Fill out the forms. Make a team. Have a go at the Ally Pally.

Lipton spins her around. She gives him a playful shove.

JEAN

But, if you start again with the heavy drinking and staying out the night---

Jean runs a finger across his throat. Lipton gives her a kiss, whips off his apron and joins Dr. Johnstone, Murray, James and Ian at a table.

The parrot nibbles on a saltine as Lipton sits down.

LIPTON

Have you room on the team for an old man with shaky hands?

IAN (stutters)

You're going to throw?

LIPTON

Aye. And I've a proposal.

The group huddles.

Jean walks past with a shot of Glenfiddich and a glass of ice. She approaches the fireplace where three men discuss the evening events.

FIRST MAN

Throwing an arrow's the hardest.
At the edge of the group, Paxton listens intently.

SECOND MAN

Have you ever thrown a nail?
Try throwin' a bloody nail.

Jean taps Paxton on the shoulder. He turns, on his lap rests a small black case. She hands him a drink. Paxton looks at the offering.

JEAN

I'd like to apologize for this morning.

PAXTON

No apology necessary, ma'am.

JEAN

Please.

Paxton pulls out a chair. Jean joins him.

PAXTON

To your health.

JEAN

Thanks for helping Sandra.

PAXTON

(shrugs)
Mr. Frampton put on quite a show.

JEAN

So did you.

PAXTON

He's a jackass. But Lord can he throw darts.

JEAN

He's got an eye. Not as good as Thomas, mind. But better than most.

PAXTON

Thomas can knock a cigarette out of a man's ear?

JEAN

When he was throwin', Thomas could --

LIPTON

(joins the duo)

Braggin' instead of naggin'. It's
a good sign, love.

Lipton pulls up a chair and lays TWO BOOKS upside down on
the table. Jean stands and heads back to the bar.

JEAN

I'll let you gents talk.
Someone has to take care of
business.

LIPTON

Quite a night. Quite a night.

PAXTON

I want to win my money back.

He lays the black case on the table.

PAXTON

I bought some darts.

LIPTON

Thought you might. Yank, we're
going to start a team. I'm
inviting you to join...
as an alternate.

Paxton looks at Lipton, then to Dr. Johnstone's group, from
which he receives an unenthusiastic nod. Murray sneers.

LIPTON

Most the time you'll be
chalking the board.

PAXTON

I'm underwhelmed by your offer.

LIPTON

We've a solid nucleus for a
good team. But last night you
beat me.

PAXTON

One game. Using six darts.

LIPTON

It is not what you are. It's what
you can become.

PAXTON

I've played once in my life.

Lipton stands and frowns.

LIPTON

I'll not argue with you, Yank.
But you can throw. Even from
the chair, you can throw.

Paxton's fingers rub the case in his lap. His eyes flash
around the pub and stop at the dartboard.

PAXTON

When do we start?

LIPTON

You start tonight.

PAXTON

Alone?

LIPTON

No.... But my wife's put me on
curfew. I've asked one of the
team to stay and teach you.

JEAN (OS)

Thomas, I need a hand.

LIPTON

Be right there, Love.

Paxton looks over at Dr. Johnstone's group.

PAXTON

Who's the volunteer?

LIPTON

A shot of Glenfiddich says you
won't pick which one. And now...

Lipton turns over the two books. The cover of the top one
reads. THE COMPLETE BOOK OF DARTS

LIPTON

While you're waiting, give
these a look.

INT. WILD BOAR -LATER - ALMOST EMPTY

At the dorr, Dr. Johnstone, James and Ian wave goodnight to Fiona. Murray appears at her side and helps her hoist the last chair onto a table.

MURRAY

I'll walk ya home.

FIONA

I'll walk meself 'ome.

Murray turns on the charm with a little boy pout.

MURRAY

Give us a kiss, Fiona.

FIONA

I'm done wrestin' with you,
Murray. You've too many hands
to contend with.

She turns. Murray seizes her arm.

FIONA

You'll kindly remove your hand
or I'll remove your eyes.

Murray releases his grip and walks out the door. As he leaves, Lipton steps out of the bathroom, looks from Murray to Fiona and sighs.

FIREPLACE

Paxton sits by the stone hearth engrossed in the dart book.

LIPTON (OS)

Interesting?

Paxton does a double take and points to the book.

PAXTON

There's so much involved. Darts
seemed so simple.

(looks around the empty pub)
Where did everyone go?

LIPTON

Yank, we close at eleven.

PAXTON

May I borrow these books?

LIPTON

They're yours.

Paxton smiles, places the books on top of his dart case and wheels toward the door.

Lipton grabs the handle of the wheelchair.

LIPTON

Where're you going?

Paxton glares at Lipton's hand on his chair. Lipton glares right back.

LIPTON

School's not out.

Paxton gestures to the empty pub.

PAXTON

Where's my teacher?

LIPTON

You met her this morning.

PAXTON

Her? The cleaning girl?

LIPTON

She's an excellent darter.
Taught her myself. Though
painting's her first love.

PAXTON

I'd prefer playing against --

Fiona joins them and puts her arm around Lipton's waist.

FIONA

Talking about me are ya, Uncle.

LIPTON

Fiona, I would like you to
meet Paxton Worth. Paxton, my
favorite niece.

FIONA

I'm 'is only niece.

LIPTON

Fiona.

PAXTON

You're on the team?

FIONA

Murray's not keen on the idea.
But if my uncle needs me, I'm
on the team.

(looks up to Thomas)

At least until I hear from the
academy.

JEAN (OS)

Thomas? It's been a long night.

At the front door, Jean waits with a coat folded over her
arm.

LIPTON

She's right.

Lipton pecks Fiona's cheek and heads to the door.

Fiona hums and walks toward the dart cubicles.

Paxton makes no attempt to hide his disappointment.

At the door, Lipton and Jean wave good night.

LIPTON

You two should get on fine.

EXT. WILD BOAR - NIGHT

Lipton and Jean start down the street. Murray bolts out of
the shadows and grabs Lipton's sleeve.

MURRAY

Where is Fiona?

LIPTON

I've asked her to teach the Yank.

MURRAY

Why didn't ya ask me?

Before Lipton can respond, Murray's off in a huff.

JEAN

Murray Buchanan helping a Yank?
Ha, that's a fine one.

INT. WILD BOAR

Eager to begin, Fiona hones her dart tips and flashes Paxton a smile. Paxton doesn't return it.

PAXTON

Fiona, maybe it would be
better if I waited until your
uncle has more time.

Fiona hums and replaces her darts in the cubicle.

PAXTON

Sorry about keeping you so
late. Maybe another time.

Fiona snaps off the light above the dartboard and starts for the door.

FIONA

Perhaps. But losing to a woman
is always embarrassing.

Paxton rolls after her.

PAXTON

Have you ever beaten your Uncle?

FIONA

Once, maybe twice. But he's one
in a million.

PAXTON

I beat him. I'm certainly not
worried about losing to you.

FIONA

Of course not. Come along, Wally.
I've got oils to mix and a painting
to complete.

PAXTON

Wally?

FIONA

An old Scottish term. A bit hard to define, but asshole comes close.

Paxton slams the books on the table and CLICKS open his dart case.

PAXTON

Five pounds a game.

Fiona does an about face, strolls behind the bar, pulls herself a beer, pours Paxton a glass of scotch and looks up.

FIONA

Ice? Correct?

(off his nod)

Lord.

She hands Paxton a drink, grabs her darts, snaps on the light above the dartboard, and turns, ready for war.

FIONA

Cork.

Paxton proudly opens the black case and takes out a set of wooden darts -- exactly like the ones Lipton used the night before. Fiona can't help laughing.

FIONA

You collecting antiques?

Paxton's confused. Fiona takes one of his darts.

FIONA

Yank, they're dinosaurs. Might as well be chucking a spear. No one throws with these anymore.

PAXTON

Your Uncle and I did last night.

FIONA

Thomas told you to use these?

PAXTON

He offered me some others.

Fiona offers one of her tungsten darts.

PAXTON

Yes.

FIONA

(holds up his dart)

You insisted on throwing this?

PAXTON

Yeah, I thought --

FIONA

Thomas was pulling the wool?

(off Paxton's nod)

Did he give you an extra throw?

PAXTON

Six to his three.

FIONA

Six to three! Next you'll be saying he threw right-handed.

PAXTON

He's a southpaw?

FIONA

Southpaw?

PAXTON

(pumps his left arm)

A lefty.

FIONA

Aye.

PAXTON

Shit.

FIONA

Gather your sheep, Yank. Any darter worth his meddle can throw damn good off-handed. Do we have a game?

PAXTON

Why are you doing this for me?

FIONA

Such a humble man. I'm not doing this for you or Uncle Thomas, or the team. I love

the game of darts. Though I
could use your money...
And you?

PAXTON

I'm not sure, yet.

FIONA

An honest response.

She relieves Paxton's of his wooden darts and tosses them at
a dartboard on the farside of the pub.

All three land near the bull's-eye.

Paxton gives her an appreciative glance. She reaches into
the dart cubicles and removes several sets.

FIONA

Don't buy another 'til you
find a set that nestles in
your fingers.

She selects darts and, one at a time, hands them to Paxton.

FIONA

Each is weighted differently.
Some in the front, others in the
middle and some to the rear of
the barrel.

She points to the barrel, then the shaft and the flights as
she continues

FIONA

The shafts come in different
lengths. And the flights, or
feathers come in a hundred
designs.

She hands Paxton her darts.

FIONA

Tonight, we'll experiment.
Start with mine.

Paxton returns them and offers the hockey line.

PAXTON

Give us a cork.

Fiona steps to the hockey line and plants a dart in the red bull.

FIONA
Five pounds a game.

PAXTON
Shit.

INT. WILD BOAR - LATER

At the dartboard, Paxton stretches out of the chair to reach a dart high on the board.

Fiona watches, she wants to help, but thinks better of it.

LATER

At the hockey line, Paxton's ready to throw.

FIONA
You're holding it like a ball.

Paxton looks at the dart in his hand.

FIONA
Let's try a few grips.

She takes his hand. He enjoys her touch. Fiona demonstrates several techniques. Paxton smiles. Fiona breaks contact, puts her hands on her hips and nods toward the board.

FIONA
We're waiting.

LATER

At the hockey line, Fiona pumps her hand back and forth.

FIONA
The stroke is a pendulum motion.
Like hammering a nail.

She lifts a half-dozen darts from the table.

FIONA
Watch my elbow. How the hand

follows to the target. Do not look at the board. Watch the motion.

She throws. Paxton watches the dart hit the bull's-eye, then turns to Fiona with a smile. She raises a fistfull of darts.

FIONA

Do you want to watch where it goes? Or learn how it gets there?

PAXTON

Truthfully?

FIONA

Aye.

PAXTON

I'd much rather look at you.

Fiona gives him a sly look.

LATER

At the hockey line, Paxton grins from ear and pumps his fist up and down in air.

He looks to Fiona and points to the dartboard.

PAXTON

Come on. Say something.

DARTBOARD

The tip of one of his darts is stuck into the flights (plastic feathers) of a second dart.

PAXTON

How do I score that?

FIONA

You don't. It's a Robin Hood.

PAXTON

A Robin Hood? A Robin Hood has to be worth something!

FIONA

The tip of the dart must be in

the board.

(off Paxton's disbelief)
Yank, when you're sticking one
dart into the arse of another,
you're throwing excellent
darts.

PAXTON

Yeah?

FIONA

Aye. And like Robin Hood I'm
going home to Sherwood Forest
for sleep.

PAXTON

Can I walk you?

FIONA

It's not far.

PAXTON

I don't have an apple.

Fiona snaps off the dartboard light and gives Paxton a
puzzled look.

PAXTON

In the States, students always
give their favorite teachers
an apple.

FIONA

Do they now?

PAXTON

Always.

FIONA

And if they don't have an apple
they walk their teacher home?

PAXTON

It's an ancient custom.

EXT. WILD BOAR - NIGHT

Fiona takes out a key and locks the door.

FIONA

Since I didn't win any of your money. I might as---

PAXTON

We never played a game!

FIONA

Don't worry. I'll be in your billfold, Yank.

They move down the cobblestones of Waterly Alley. Fiona gestures to various points of interest.

Paxton negotiates his way over a high curb. He does not ask for help. Fiona does not offer it.

They pass Huntly House and cross to Canongate Tollbooth. Paxton stops and points to the facade of the building.

PAXTON

I've seen this building in your paintings.

FIONA

One of my favorite subjects. I hope the Admissions Committee likes my rendering.

PAXTON

They will.

Fiona smiles. She likes this guy.

FIONA

We'll see. Come along, Yank. It's just up here.

PAXTON

Will you stop calling me Yank.

FIONA

And what would you prefer?

PAXTON

Wally. I've earned it.

FIONA

Aren't you a bit of beans.

Fiona points to a light in a garret above the third floor.

FIONA

That's home. Small, illegal
and cheap. And an incredible
southern exposure.

PAXTON

That's important?

FIONA

When you paint, southern light
is the Ton Eighty.

PAXTON

I draw great stick figures.

Fiona twists a key in the lock and opens the door.

FIONA

Draw me some.

PAXTON

Your uncle was right.

FIONA

I beg your pardon?

PAXTON

He said we'd get on fine. We
got on okay.

FIONA

That we did.

Fiona drops her keys on purpose, bends to pick them up and rises to the perfect height if Paxton wants to kiss her goodnight. He fidgets, panics, spins his chair and starts down the street.

PAXTON

Goodnight.

FIONA

Goodnight, Wally.
(to herself)

And a gentleman to boot.

INT. WILD BOAR INN - NIGHT

Near the hearth, Murray laughs snidely and points to the chalkboard.

On the left side are three names: Ian, Robert and Murray. On the right side are three names: Lipton, James and THE YANK. Gloating, Murray lifts the chalk and puts a * on his team's side of the board and yells

MURRAY

Sandra, we'll be having a pint.

He points to Lipton and James, then wags his finger in Paxton's face.

MURRAY

On these gentlemen.

PAXTON

(takes out his money)
I'll buy. I should have hit
the double sixteen.

JAMES ORR

(holds out a bill)
We're a team, Mate.

LIPTON

(money in his hand)
Aye. We all had a chance.

Sandra approaches with a tray of drinks. Dr. Johnstone eases past Sandra and waves to the darters.

JAMES ORR

(shivers)
There's a chill in the air. I
feel there's a ---

OS a long MEOW. Dr. Johnstone lifts a black kitten from his jacket.

JAMES ORR

Look at it. No wonder I
couldn't throw a bloody dart.
All black it is. The devil's

own for sure.

Lipton hands him a pint.

LIPTON
And you're not superstitious?

JAMES ORR
(downs the beer in a gulp)
Not a bit.

Murray gestures toward the board.

MURRAY
Mugs away, gentlemen.

LATER

Lipton stands at the hockey line and points to the chalkboard. The left side (Murray's side) shows 40. The right side, 81.

LIPTON
Eighty-one for us and all they
need is a double twenty.

LIPTON
Probably our last chance, lads.
What does the chart say, Yank?

Paxton finds #81 and reads from the Out-Chart.

PAXTON
Triple nineteen, double twelve.

Lipton throws left handed. The dart lands in the nineteen, just outside the triple, but he never breaks stride.

LIPTON
That leaves sixty-two. Triple
ten.
(throws and hits it)
Leaves us thirty-two. Double
sixteen.

Lipton throws and the dart THUDS into the double sixteen.

PAXTON
Yes! Perfect!

JAMES ORR

Sandra, we'll have a pint.

Paxton savors the victory and smiles at Murray. Murray glares back.

PAXTON

On these gents.

LATER - ALMOST EMPTY

The front door opens. Fiona enters carrying a long, thin package. She looks anxiously toward the fireplace, where Paxton and Ian play a game of singles.

Murray appears from nowhere and pulls her aside.

MURRAY

Said you were busy tonight.

FIONA

I am. I promised me uncle I'd help the Yank. But, if you'd like to take my place, it's --
(removes his hand)

Murray we are friends. It can't be more than that.

Murray stomps out of the pub. Fiona sighs, walks to the bar and stashes the package on a shelf.

LIPTON

What's that?

FIONA

It's for the Yank.

LIPTON

What is it?

JEAN

None of your business.

FIONA

It's a retractor.

Lipton and Jean exchange puzzled looks.

FIONA

Pax...the Yank has trouble pulling out the darts when they're high on the board. So I made that to help him.

LIPTON

Why don't you give it to him?

FIONA

It's better coming from you.

JEAN

Fiona's right.

Lipton nods. Fiona smiles thanks, lays her coat on the bar, goes to the dart cubicle and finds her darts missing.

LIPTON

The Yank's got them.

Fiona feigns a huff.

LIPTON

He's been at it for two weeks straight. You've taught him well.

FIONA

He's a good student.

Lipton pours a pint of beer and hands it to Fiona.

LIPTON

He's got a good teacher.

FIONA

(toasts her uncle)
So did I.

Fiona approaches Paxton and Ian. Behind her, Lipton and Jean exchange knowing glances.

FIONA

Can a lass get a game or is this males only?

IAN (stutters)

We're just starting a new match.

PAXTON

Any news from the Admissions
Committee?

Fiona shakes her head no, but she's glad he asked.

PAXTON

I'm sorry.

FIONA

Takes time. Each painting has
to be evaluated by a different
group.

(a beat)

Can I have me darts and warm
up a bit?

Paxton turns them over, but keeps her hand in his for a
beat.

LATER

Sandra, Lipton and Jean are on their way out. Lipton starts
to say goodnight to

Paxton and Fiona in an animated conversation in front of the
dartboard.

JEAN

Leave 'em be, Thomas.

SANDRA

He seems to be improving.

LIPTON

Aye, throwing from a chair,
from a horrible angle, yet it
doesn't seem to bother him.
He's a natural. If he stays on
course, he could be one of the
best on the team.

JEAN

We've a Yank throwing for the
Wild Boar?

LATER

Fiona sits on a table coaching Paxton at the Hockey Line.

FIONA

You've got a seventy-one out.
What do you need to win?

Paxton peeks at the Out-Chart. Fiona leaps and cuts off his field of vision.

FIONA
In your head. In your head.
You don't want to break your
rhythm.

Paxton goes through the mental gymnastics.

PAXTON
Triple thirteen, double sixteen.

FIONA
What if you miss the triple and
hit a thirteen?

PAXTON
Then I'd need an eighteen and
a double twenty.

FIONA
Give 'em a toss.

Paxton throws. The first dart lands in the thirteen. The second dart hits the eighteen. The third dart lands in the twenty just below the double wire.

PAXTON
Left myself with a double ten.

FIONA
Aye, but you're gettin' there.

LATER

Only embers burn in the hearth.

A single light above the dartboard shows a dart in the double sixteen and another in the double eight.

Paxton sits in his chair at the Hockey Line. From the shadows Fiona urges

FIONA
Now double four. Repeat.
Repeat.

Fiona mouths along word for word as Paxton's eyes glaze over and mantra-like, he recites.

PAXTON

Sense the dart. Feel the stroke, see the path. Watch the dart strike the target. Concentrate on the point of contact.

PAXTON'S POV - CLOSE ON DOUBLE FOUR

The double four space seems to grow as he speaks.

PAXTON (VO)

Watch it grow. Pause.
(cocks the dart)
Relax.
(pumps once)
Throw smoothly with confidence.

He throws. His hand follows straight through to the

DARTBOARD - THE DART EMBEDDED IN DOUBLE FOUR

Paxton looks over his shoulder and gets a proud look from his teacher.

FIONA

Three darts. Three doubles.
By jove. I think he's got it.
Paxton grins. Fiona returns it, then gets serious.

FIONA

One week to our first match.
You've got a 145 out. What do you need to win?

PAXTON

Triple 17. Triple 18. Double twenty.

FIONA

You've got a 119 out. What do you...?

INT. WILD BOAR - NIGHT

A fire roars in the hearth.

The Wild Boar team, Paxton, Fiona, Dr. Johnstone, Ian Orr and his brother James gathers on one side of the hearth. Murray joins the group and drops his arm over Fiona's shoulder.

MURRAY

Evening.

Fiona gently removes his arm. Murray bristles and glares at Paxton.

On the other side of the hearth, the TEAM from the Fighting Cocks Inn assembles. Each person wears a T-shirt depicting two Roosters engaged in mortal combat.

Some of the team members begin to warm up on the dartboard; others sit around discussing strategy.

A YOUNG WOMAN in a Fighting Cocks t-shirt, blatantly makes eyes at Ian Orr. He looks away, then back again. They exchange smiles. Dr. Johnstone nudges James Orr.

DR. JOHNSTONE

Your brother's at it again.

IAN (stutters)

I'm not doing anything. Women make me nervous.

JAMES ORR

That's why they love you.

(to Dr. Johnstone)

Did you leave your cursed cat at home?

Dr. Johnstone shrugs. Lipton joins the group, hands Dr. Johnstone a sheet of paper and calls to ANDREW BURRELL, the captain of the opposing team.

LIPTON

Andrew, your team about ready?

Andrew waves. Dr. Johnstone passes the sheet of paper.

LIPTON

I've given the line-up a bit of thought. But I'm willing to make changes if anyone's

unhappy with his...
 (to Fiona)
 or her position.

Paxton studies the line-up.

LIPTON

There can be no changes once it's posted.

Murray snatches the list and finds his name on top.

MURRAY

It's fine. At least we'll
 begin the season with a
 victory.

FIRE PLACE DARTBOARDS

Both boards and chalkboards are used as two matches are
 played simultaneously.

Lettered on the chalkboard:

FIGHTING COCK INN

WILD BOAR

The young woman who was flirting with Ian volunteers to
 chalk his game. Ian shakes hands with his OPPONENT and
 invites him to cork. Their game starts immediately.

Murray's game does not. Matched against Andrew Burrell,
 Murray grins.

MURRAY

A side bet, mate? Say ten pounds?

Andrew frowns to Lipton at the chalkboard. Lipton returns a
 look of embarrassment. Andrew turns back to Murray.

ANDREW

One hundred pounds, then? It's
 good for the blood.

(off Murray's gasp)

A bit too steep?

Murray looks at Fiona, then with much bravado.

MURRAY

You've a bet. Give us a cork.

MURRAY'S MATCH - LATER

Murray folds his arms confidently and looks at the chalkboard. He has 32 left. Andrew steps to the hockey line and checks his side of the board. 89 left.

ANDREW

Triple nineteen, double sixteen.

He throws, misses the triple, but hits a single nineteen.

ANDREW

Triple eighteen, double eight.

He throws and hits both targets. The members of the Fighting Cock Inn let out a cheer. Murray grinds his teeth.

MURRAY

What are you drinking, mate?

ANDREW

Buy the house. Take it from me winnings.

The crowd hoots and hollers. Murray stomps to the bar where he pushes his way between Ian and the Young Woman having a drink.

IAN (stutters)

(comforting a friend)

It's alright. I won my game.

Murray gives him a look to kill.

FIREPLACE - RIGHT DARTBOARD - LATER

Fiona draws a * above the Wild Boar and congratulates Dr. Johnstone. He shakes hands with his OPPONENT. At the left board, an OLDER MAN puts a * above the Fighting Cocks Inn. James lost his game, but he smiles at his OPPONENT.

JAMES ORR

May I buy you a pint?

His opponent nods and they walk toward the bar.

Lipton, Fiona and Paxton go into a huddle as Lipton points to the chalkboard.

FIGHTING COCKS INN

WILD BOAR

LIPTON

They're setting a good pace.
Let's make it a tradition.

He nudges them toward their respective boards.

Fiona walks to the left board and shakes hands confidently with her OPPONENT.

Paxton nervously shakes hands with his opponent, DOUGLAS, a Young Man in his late teens.

The Young Man stares at Paxton's wheelchair.
Stopped Tuesday 8-17

Paxton rolls out of his way. Young Man steps to Andrew and loud enough for Paxton to hear

DOUGLAS

Andrew, can't I play another? There's
no honor in beating the handicapped.

Andrew glares and points to the Hockey Line. Douglas sulks to the line and throws.

Paxton's grabs the wheels of his chair with steel fists and turns to the door. Lipton lays a hand on his shoulder.

LIPTON

Relax Yank, you can throw with anyone.

Paxton fights his anger and tries to muster confidence.

LIPTON

Take out the 'Claw,' it will drive
the lad crazy.

Paxton gins and pulls Fiona's retractor from a sheath strapped to the side of his wheelchair. It's a modified back scratcher.

Paxton places a dart between the thumb and forefinger of the 'Claw,' then throws. He has obviously tried this before. Though he's as amazed as everyone else when the dart almost hits the bull's-eye.

DOUGLAS

What in 'ell is that thing?

LIPTON
Help's the Yank concentrate.

Douglas looks at his companions for help.

DOUGLAS
He can't throw with that. Can he?
They shrug. No one knows for sure.

DR. JOHNSTONE
He always uses the 'Claw.'

JAMES ORR
But only to warm up.

MURRAY
(yells at Paxton)
Get on with the bloody game.

Dr. Johnstone and James exchange a 'whose-side-is-he-on?' look.

JAMES ORR
I'll chalk Fiona's match.

He walks to Fiona's chalkboard.

GEORGE KEMP
I'll keep score here. If that's okay?

Paxton stares at Kemp for a beat, shrugs, then turns to Douglas.

PAXTON
Give us a cork.

Still leery, Douglas throws. His confidence returns immediately as his dart strikes the bull's-eye.

DOUBLE SCREEN

FIONA'S GAME ON THE LEFT

She doubles on quickly. Her adversary follows suit.

PAXTON'S GAME ON THE RIGHT

Douglas has won first toss. With his second dart, he doubles on with a double one, and then throws a twenty.

Kemp prints 279 on the chalkboard underneath F.C.I.

KEMP

Twenty-two scored.

Paxton rolls to the hockey line and tries to go through his routine. He cocks the dart, pumps and throws.

A THUD as the dart lands in the wall above the board.

Murray smothers a laugh with his hand. The other team murmurs among themselves and exchange sympathetic glances.

Too quickly Paxton throws again. The dart lands near the bull's-eye.

MURRAY

You've already given us a cork.

Aim for a double, MATE.

Pissed, Paxton throws the third dart like a baseball. The dart hits a wire at the bottom of the board and lands on the floor. Furious with himself, Paxton rolls to the board and takes out the dart in the wall with the "Claw." OS a cheer.

JAMES ORR

One hundred scored by our lass
from the Wild Boar.

Fiona steps out of her opponent's way, leans over to a Paxton and whispers.

FIONA

Are you going to make your teacher
look like a Wally too?

Paxton gives her a sheepish pout. Fiona puts her hands on her hips.

FIONA

Take a deep breath. Remember your
routine. But most important,
enjoy the game.

Paxton gives her a smile.

FIONA'S MATCH - LATER

At the hockey line, she takes a quick look at the chalkboard 32 left. She concentrates and throws. The dart lands in sixteen.

JAMES ORR
Double eight to win.

Fiona breathes deeply, throws and the dart lands in the eight.

JAMES ORR
Double four.

Fiona, pumps, throws and the dart THUDS into double four. A cheer goes up from the crowd.

RIGHT BOARD - TWO DARTS ARE STUCK IN IT

Kemp looks at the board then to Douglas at the hockey line.

KEMP
Forty left.

ANDREW
Double twenty, Douglas.

Douglas confidently pumps and throws. The dart lands just above the double twenty. The Wild Boar team sighs.

Against the wall, Murray whispers.

MURRAY
Damn it.

Douglas removes his darts. Kemp points to 71 on Paxton's side of the board.

KEMP
Seventy-one.

Fiona takes her uncle's hand. They watch nervously as Paxton rolls to the hockey line and goes into his routine.

PAXTON
(to himself)
Triple thirteen, double sixteen.

PAXTON'S POV - TRIPLE - THIRTEEN - CLOSER - LARGER

He throws. The dart SMACKS into the triple thirteen. The crowd goes silent. Paxton stares at the board.

PAXTON'S POV - DOUBLE - SIXTEEN - CLOSER AND CLOSER

He breaths slowly, pumps and throws. The dart lands in the double sixteen. The pub goes wild. Paxton smiles and holds out his last dart to Fiona.

PAXTON

What do I do with this, Teach?

She gives him a peek on the cheek.

Murray smacks the wall with his fist and softly

MURRAY

Shove it up your bloody arse, mate.

RIGHT HAND DARTBOARD - LATER

Everyone watches the last match of the night between HENRY BALL and Thomas Lipton.

ON THE CHALKBOARD

*

FIGHTING COCKS INN

*

WILD BOAR

Henry pulls his darts from the board as Andrew puts a slash through 181 and writes 101. Lipton walks to the hockey line. Fiona pulls Paxton close.

FIONA

He's one hundred and sixty-seven left. Watch how he takes it down.

Behind the bar, Jean stands on her tiptoes wiping a glass in a frenzy as Lipton methodically pumps and throws.

ANDREW (OS)

Triple twenty scored.

Amazed, Fiona whispers to Paxton.

FIONA

He's going for the black bull!

Lipton throws. The dart lands in the triple nineteen.

Still wiping the glass, Jean ducks under the bar hatch and sidles up to Fiona. Sandra approaches and wraps her arm around Jean's waist.

ANDREW

Fifty left.

Lipton pumps and throws the last dart. The crowd goes wild.

A CRASH, as the glass hits the floor. Jean runs into her husband's open arms.

INT. WILD BOAR - MUCH LATER - ALMOST EMPTY

Behind the bar, Lipton and Jean tidy up.
Andrew Burrell hands an empty glass to Lipton.

ANDREW

Quite a show, Thomas. Just like old times. It's good that you're throwing again.

LIPTON

We've a good team.

ANDREW

That you do. And the Yank. Where did you find him?

JEAN

And he's only been throwing for three weeks.

In disbelief, Andrew eyes Lipton. Who nods.

ANDREW

Three weeks?
(a beat)
Even with you teaching him --

EXT. QUEENSFERRY STREET - NIGHT - FULL MOON

Paxton and Fiona come down an "S" shaped street called Bell's Brae. Then turn onto a small dirt path that follows the Water of Leith.

PAXTON

It was going to be our first real honeymoon. Cable Cars, the Golden Gate Bridge. Quality time, Lydia called it. She was hinting about starting a family. I laughed it off.... But I was thinking along the same lines.

Fiona slowly leads the way under Dean Bridge to Saint Bernard's Well. Paxton stops and stares into the distance.

His hands begin to tremble.

PAXTON

The earthquake hit just after five.
The freeway disappeared under our car.
I woke up in a hospital bed. Forty-
eight hours later they told me I was
a widower.

Paxton turns his chair to face Fiona.

PAXTON

The first time your uncle and I
played darts he said I'd lost
myself. And he was right. Now
it's time to regroup.

FIONA

Aye, it's a good time for that.

It is the perfect moment for a kiss. But Fiona doesn't want
to bend down and Paxton is too unsure of himself to stretch
out of the chair. An awkward silence.

PAXTON

May I see your paintings, sometime?

Fiona laughs and twists the ends of an imaginary moustache.

FIONA

Like to see my etchings would you?

PAXTON

I didn't mean --

Fiona waves a finger in Paxton's face and laughs.

FIONA

Oh, do not act the wally.

INT. FIONA'S GARRET - NIGHT

A typical artist's studio. Scattered around are: paints,
oils, palettes, easels, sketching pads, canvas boards etc.

A window dominates one wall. Through the glass is a view
down Melville Street to Saint Mary's Cathedral.

On the opposite wall hang drawings, sketches and paintings.

Paxton wheels around admiring Fiona's art work. He looks at a seascape, then moves to a self-portrait of Fiona and finally to four different portraits of a handsome young man dressed in tartans.

PAXTON

Nice looking guy. Someone special?

FIONA (OS)

Aye, Charles Darnley.

Paxton turns, he wants more information, but Fiona won't bite. She hands him a glass of wine and gestures to her work.

FIONA

Well, what do you think?

PAXTON

That you'll be leaving soon.

(off Fiona's puzzlement)

That school in Paris is sure to accept you.

FIONA

We'll see.

She walks to the window and sits down at a small table.

PAXTON

I'm serious. Those are beautiful.

I've always wanted to be able to draw.

Paxton wheels over. Fiona looks up with interest.

FIONA

Anyone can learn. All you need is to let yourself do it.

PAXTON

It's a God-given talent.

FIONA

And God gave it to everyone. Though people sometimes get in their own way.

Fiona's eyes glaze over. Paxton sets his glass of wine on the table and motions her to continue.

FIONA

When you're throwing darts, your best darts, what are you thinking about?

Paxton puzzles over the question for a beat, then shrugs.

FIONA

You just let it happen. Don't you.

Paxton nods.

FIONA

That's how to draw. Don't try to get it right, relax, and focus. And just as your target on the dartboard starts to grow, so will the object you are about to draw. You'll see details you've never seen before. Shades and hues of color.

(stands)

You enter a different level of consciousness. You've felt it when you throw darts. There's a moment when it's just you, the board and dart.

She paces. Paxton relishes every move, every gesture.

FIONA

It's the same with art. You relax and let yourself go. Soon it's just you and the piece you're creating. Hours go by in seconds. And in those seconds there are months of doubt. Eons of frustration.

FIONA (CONT)

Ah, but when it's done. When it's done --

(a robust laugh)

You're still never satisfied with what you have created.

(a beat)

But there is a peace. Contentment.

Their eyes share the moment.

PAXTON

I'd like to learn.

FIONA

You are learning.

Paxton is puzzled. She searches for the right words.

FIONA

Great darters achieve that state of mind. And you've the mettle to be one of the best, believe me.

(beat)

And you may have the chance to prove it.

PAXTON

Pardon?

FIONA

How many singles have you won?

(off his shrug)

Let me turn the hem. How many singles have you lost?

Paxton reflects. She holds up a single finger.

FIONA

One. Only one. Aye the team is important, but at the Ally Pally the climax is the Singles Championship.

Fiona lays her glass of wine on the table and gives Paxton a short, longing look. Paxton glances down at his stumps, then back to Fiona. A long beat. Fiona pretends to yawn.

FIONA

I believe it's time for a certain man to go home.

Reluctantly Paxton smiles and rolls toward the door. They

exchange a long nervous glance and finally Fiona opens it.

INT. HALLWAY IN FRONT OF FIONA'S DOOR - A MOMENT LATER

Wistfully, Paxton runs his fingers along the door jamb, then wheels toward the stairway.

INT. FIONA'S GARRET - SAME MOMENT

She looks at the closed door, then walks across the room and picks up the empty wine glasses. OS a horrible metal CRASH. Fiona races to the door.

INT. HALLWAY

Paxton sits on his rear at the top of the stairs. He points to the wheelchair on the landing below.

PAXTON

Lost my grip.

Fiona's concern turns to a smile.

FIONA

Seems that way.

A DOOR AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRWAY OPENS

An ELDERLY WOMAN, in a bathrobe, sticks her head out. She looks at the wheelchair, Paxton and Fiona.

ELDERLY WOMAN

He giving you any trouble, love?

Fiona walks past Paxton and descends the stairs. The Elderly Woman keeps a suspicious eye on Paxton.

FIONA

Everything's fine, Mrs. Stewart.

Fiona folds up the chair and starts up the stairs.

MRS. STEWART

Gave him a shove, did ya?

FIONA

Aye, but he survived.

Mrs. Stewart gives Paxton a glare, then shuts the door.

On the upper landing, Fiona reopens the chair and offers a

hand. Paxton accepts it. Fiona nods down the staircase.

FIONA

A bit nosey, but she means well.

She runs her hand along one slightly bent wheel on his chair.

FIONA

Maybe it would be better if you stayed the night. I've an extra cot. And there'll be more light in the morning.

Paxton smiles.

INT. OF FIONA'S GARRET - LATER

Fiona spreads a sheet on a cot, then reaches for a blanket on Paxton's lap. He grabs her hand. Guilt covers his face.

PAXTON

I did it on purpose.

FIONA

You did what?

PAXTON

I pushed the chair down the stairs.

FIONA

Did you now?

She kicks the cot to the wall. Paxton looks away.

FIONA

Honesty is always the best policy.

She walks to her bed, draws back the covers, returns to Paxton and slowly unbuttons his shirt.

FIONA

I may need some help.

INT. OF FIONA'S GARRET - DARK

Moonlight pours through the window. Fiona lies nuzzled in Paxton's neck. OS the bells of Saint Mary's PEEL. He strokes her face. She stirs, her eyes open and meet his.

PAXTON

I may be a little awkward.

Paxton fumbles nervously. Fiona guides him. He moves closer. Fiona licks her lips. Her eyes roll.

FIONA

Wally, that's...per...perfect.

INT. FIONA'S GARRET - MORNING

Light beams through the window. The bells of Saint Mary's PEEL.

Fiona stands at a hot plate scrambling eggs.

Paxton studies the picture of Charles Darnley. He turns to ask Fiona about the drawing but someone KNOCKS.

Fiona wipes her hands on a towel and heads for the door.

FIONA

Just a minute.

She opens the door.

Mrs. Stewart glances past Fiona and gives Paxton a disapproving look. He smiles and waves. With a huff, Mrs. Stewart hands Fiona a large beige envelope.

MRS. STEWART

I know you've been waiting
for this, love.

Fiona grabs the envelope and without thinking slams the door in Mrs. Stewart's face. Paxton laughs.

FIONA

Oops.

She reopens the door. Mrs. Stewart stands there in shock.

FIONA

Sorry.

She shuts the door again, whirls around the room and crosses her fingers.

FIONA

From the Academy.

She rips it open, takes out a letter and reads in silence.

Her expression changes instantly. Her eyes brim with tears.

Paxton hurries to her side. She throws the letter on the table and presses her cheek against the window. Paxton picks up the letter and reads.

INSERT - WE REGRET TO INFORM YOU

Paxton in disbelief, looks at Fiona by the window, pulls three drawings out of the envelope and compares them one by one to the drawings on the wall.

PAXTON

(gently)

Why did you send these?

FIONA

That's what they wanted. A still, a portrait and a landscape.

PAXTON

Okay. But, why these?

(off her puzzlement)

Let me guess. You painted these specifically to get into the school.

(off her nod)

Teach, these are....

PAXTON (CONT)

(points to the wall)

Nothing like those.

(softly)

I think you got in your own way.

Paxton rolls to the wall. Fiona watches as he studies the pictures and takes off a still life, a landscape and a portrait of Charles Darnley. He hands them to Fiona.

PAXTON

Send these.

FIONA

You've only one chance.

PAXTON

In my grandmother's words, the worst they can say is no. Please send them.

FIONA

You think so?

PAXTON

Remember, I'm the Wally here.

Fiona smiles and sits on his lap. They kiss.

EXT. CARLTON HILL - DUSK

CITY OBSERVATORY - PARTHENON NATIONAL MONUMENT - PAST NELSON
MONUMENT TO REGENT ROAD - ACROSS BURNS PARK TO CARLTON ROAD

EXT. OF A PUB - BIRD IN THE HAND

An empty van, with an elaborate Wild Boar painted on the
side, rests at the curb.

INT. OF BIRD IN THE HAND

A SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) THREE QUICK CUTS OF MURRAY - He starts his game of
singles - throws - loses, sulks angry at the world.
- B) GEORGE KEMP AND SANDRA AT THE BAR - Kemp writes furiously
in a note book.
- C) PAXTON AND FIONA - double's match - they throw -discuss
strategy - win - a kiss of congratulations.
- E) IAN sits in a booth talking to two women. They pay close
attention, then break into hysterics.
- F) LIPTON AND JAMES ORR - throw singles - they win.
- G) CHALKBOARD - TIE GAME

BIRD IN THE HAND
BOAR

WILD

- H) ROBERT DR. JOHNSTONE - hands James Orr a ferret, then
shakes hands with his Opponent. Game in progress. Dr.
Johnstone bows his head in defeat. The rest of the
team consoles him as he gently strokes the ferret.

THE HOCKEY LINE - LATER

Paxton looks at the chalkboard. He has 72 left. His
Opponent's side reads 106. Lipton sidles up to Paxton.

LIPTON

Put 'em out of his misery, Yank. Triple
twenty, double six will tie the match.
Win the team game and we're halfway to
the Ally Pally.

Paxton nods, concentrates and throws. The dart lands in the triple twenty. Fiona almost screams with delight.

The crowd gets quiet.

Paxton concentrates, pumps, throws and raises his fist in the air. The Wild Boar Team surround him.

Murray glares as Fiona gives Paxton a victory kiss, then he stomps out of the pub.

LIPTON

Well done, Yank.

He looks around at his team, then to James Orr.

LIPTON

It's time for the team game.
Where the 'ell's your brother?

James shrugs. Dr. Johnstone laughs and pets the ferret.

DR. JOHNSTONE

He was talking to a lass. In fact,
I think he was busy with two.

LIPTON

Find him or we'll lose a toss in
the team game.

JAMES ORR

And where's Murray?

The Captain of the Bird in the Hand approaches Lipton.

CAPTAIN

Are you ready, Thomas?

LIPTON

We've lost a few players.

CAPTAIN

Hate to be a stickler, but the rules
are the rules. You'll lose two spots
in the team game.

LIPTON

Aye, let's get on with it.

Ian comes through the crowd with a woman on each arm.

IAN (stutters)

Sorry, Thomas. We went for a walk.

LIPTON

(sighs)

Aye. Now where's Murray?

CAPTAIN

Mugs away, Thomas.

Lipton takes a final look around the pub.

LIPTON

We'll forfeit the first toss.

CHALKBOARD - LATER

Kemp puts a * above the Bird in the Hand. Off to one side
Dr. Johnstone tries to calm Lipton.

DR. JOHNSTONE

Six to seven isn't terrible, Thomas.

LIPTON

One more loss may mean the Ally Pally!
We're a team. You can't give up a
throw in the team game. What in
God's name's bothering Murray?

Dr. Johnstone points to Paxton and Fiona going out the door.

EXT. HOLYROOD PALACE - DAY

Paxton and Fiona enter through the main gate. Fiona carries
two pads of drawing paper under her arm.

A SERIES OF SHOTS - DONE UNDER MUSIC

- A) FIONA - Guides Paxton's hand through a sketch of the
castle.
- B) As Paxton draws a tower of the castle, Fiona draws

Paxton.

- C) At a picnic table, Paxton and Fiona have lunch, study each others sketches and playfully critique.
- E) PAXTON AND FIONA cross Dean Bridge. He points down to the Water of Leith and Saint Bernard's Well. They laugh and kiss.

INT. WILD BOAR INN - NIGHT - CROWDED

THE CHALKBOARD - A TIE GAME

PUSS 'N BOOTS

WILD BOAR

George Kemp scores the final match. A Member of the Puss 'n Boots team pulls his darts from the board.

KEMP

Ninety scored.

Kemp puts a slash through 130 and writes 40. He points to 32 under the Wild Boar as Murray walks to the hockey line.

Dr. Johnstone nervously cleans the under shell of a tortoise and gives James Orr a worried glance.

DR. JOHNSTONE

He's been off all night.

JAMES ORR

Off! 'E hasn't won a game. It's like a black cat --

He gives Dr. Johnstone a suspicious look. Dr. Johnstone laughs and shakes his head no. Ian moves in close.

IAN (stutters)

He does not seem to care.

Murray throws nonchalantly. The dart lands in the seven.

KEMP

Leaves twenty-five.

MURRAY

I know the bloody score.

LIPTON

Easy, mate.

Murray gives Lipton a vicious glare.

PAXTON

What's wrong with him?

FIONA

Us.

Paxton turns to Fiona. She nods.

DR. JOHNSTONE

(to James Orr)

He needs a nine for a double eight.

Murray hears the comment and throws with utter abandon. The dart

DR. JOHNSTONE

Murray, leave us an out.

JAMES ORR

Aye. A three'll leave us double four.

Murray chucks the dart into the wall. The team stares.

Murray saunters to the board pulls out his darts, pushes through Paxton and Fiona and stops in front of Lipton.

MURRAY

Too many bloody foreigners around this place. Perhaps I'll enter the the Singles Contest.

Murray heads for the door. Paxton wheels after him.

PAXTON

Murray, can I speak --

Murray slams the door. Fiona lays her hand on Paxton's shoulder.

DARTBOARD - MOMENTS LATER

A dart lands in the double twenty and a cheer goes up from the members of the Puss 'n Boots team.

Kemp, puts a * above Puss 'n Boots.

DR. JOHNSTONE

Damn! That's our second loss.

JAMES ORR

Aye.

LIPTON

And our last.

He motions the team into a huddle.

LIPTON

I put it to a vote. Murray's
off the team. Any objections?

No one objects.

DR. JOHNSTONE

Who's going to take his place?

JAMES ORR

Aye. It's bad luck. We've only seven
matches before the Ally Pally.

IAN (stutters)
 And Murray's as good as any
 when he wants to be.

George Kemp wipes chalk dust from his hands and smiles.

KEMP
 I'd like a chance.

The entire team goes into shock.

DR. JOHNSTONE
 Two Yanks? This is a bloody epidemic.

JAMES ORR
 I'm not superstitious you understand.
 But two players from the states and
 two losses. Well it --

Kemp offers a good-natured challenge to James.

KEMP
 Beat me and I won't say another word.

DARTBOARD - LATER

Kemp pulls a dart out of the double twenty. Sandra raises his arm in the air. James shakes his hand. Stunned, Dr. Johnstone rubs the shell of the tortoise.

Lipton grins from ear to ear and looks at his team.

LIPTON
 Objections?

REST OF THE TEAM AS ONE
 No.

A SERIES OF SHOTS - DONE UNDER MUSIC

A) THE TEAM - Traveling in the Wild Boar van.

B) THE TEAM at different pubs where:

1. Fiona and Paxton play doubles and win.
2. Dr. Johnstone tends to an injured goat.
3. Ian innocently talks to various women.
4. Kemp plays, wins and takes notes.

C) PAXTON and LIPTON win a doubles match. Paxton tries to give Lipton a high-five. Lipton gives him a puzzled look, then gets the message and slaps Paxton's hand. The high-five becomes the team's congratulatory gesture.

D) INT. WILD BOAR - The team enters celebrating another victory. An ailing Jean Lipton greets them, but she disguises it well.

E) FIVE QUICK CUTS - PAXTON AND FIONA - Always with drawing pads and pens, etc.

1. Fiona looks over Paxton's shoulder in front of the Royal Museum. His work is much better.
2. Looking over Edinburgh from Carlton Hill.
3. Grassmarket.
4. A picnic on the shore of the Firth of Forth with Kemp and Sandra.
5. Dean Bridge - sunset, kissing.

INT. WILD BOAR - LATE - ALMOST EMPTY

The members of the Wild Boar stand by the fireplace congratulating themselves on yet another victory.

Sandra clears tables. The Two Domino Players wave goodnight to

Jean Lipton behind the bar. Pale and drawn, she waves weakly, then wipes beads of perspiration from her forehead.

Lipton and the rest of the team huddle around a table.

LIPTON

We've five more matches, all on enemy territory. But the only team of consequence is the team from Dundee. The White Horse Inn. Each man is ---

OS a loud THUD, followed by breaking GLASS. Fiona rushes through the hatch to the bar. The men follow.

FIONA

Dear God in heaven!

Fiona sits on the wooden slats with Jean cradled in her arms. Lipton wipes her forehead with a clean bar towel. Jean sees the concern in her husband's face and apologizes.

JEAN

Sorry me love, I guess I did a little lay me down.

Lipton lifts Jean into his arms and kisses her cheek.

LIPTON
 (to Fiona)
 Will you close?

Fiona nods. At the door, Lipton looks at his wife.

LIPTON
 We're going to the hospital.

JEAN
 (adamant)
 You're taking me home to bed. I am
 exhausted. Not dying. And a girl
 needs attention, Mister Lipton.

FIONA
 Tend to your nuptial duties,
 Uncle Thomas.

The team cheers. Lipton waves and departs. Levity turns to
 worry as soon as the door closes.

DR. JOHNSTONE
 He'll have to close the pub when
 we play the away matches ---

JAMES ORR
 Or quit the team.

IAN
 Aye.

FIONA
 He won't quit.

SANDRA
 He does not 'ave to bolt the door.
 I'll tend to the Wild Boar.

FIONA
 Running a pub isn't as easy as it
 appears. And me Uncle can be a
 difficult man when --

PAXTON
 I have an idea.

The team surrounds his chair. Paxton whispers and gestures
 around the pub.

KEMP

Paxton's right. I've seen it
work back home.

DR. JOHNSTONE

In the states maybe, but in
Scotland? Nay.

JAMES ORR

We're not stingy mind you. But we Scots
do keep a tight string on the purse.

FIONA

Thomas would never allow it.

Paxton looks from face to face.

PAXTON

We will be traveling for two
weeks. Who's going to tell him?

The team shares a conspiratorial smile and exchange high-fives.

EXT. WILD BOAR - MORNING

Lipton tacks a sign on the front door.

GONE DARTING - BE BACK IN TWO WEEKS

Lipton sighs and stares at his sign.

LIPTON

(to no one)

Two weeks of revenue down the sewer.
I must be lossing me mind.

A SERIES OF SHOTS - DONE UNDER MUSIC

A) TEAM TRAVELING IN THE WILD BOAR VAN

B) THE VAN PARKED IN FRONT OF SEVERAL DIFFERENT PUBS

C) TWO QUICK CUTS OF THE TEAM PLAYING DARTS - AT SEVERAL
DIFFERENT PUBS - VICTORY!

D) THE VAN ROLLS THROUGH THE SCOTTISH COUNTRYSIDE

E) THE TEAM CELEBRATING YET ANOTHER VICTORY

INT. OF THE VAN - LATE AFTERNOON

With the exception of Ian, the team belts out a chorus of My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean. Ian smiles out the window.

Paxton, Fiona and Kemp harmonize nicely.

James sings loudly, but keeps a suspicious eye on a good sized snake coiled in Dr. Johnstone's hands. The song ends. James backs away as the snake slithers in his direction.

JAMES ORR

(to Dr. Johnstone)

And what's wrong with that thing?

DR. JOHNSTONE

Nothing. It's got a nice personality.

Lipton laughs as he drives.

LIPTON

Two more matches and we're on our way to the Ally Pally.

The team cheers. Lipton makes a sudden right turn.

FIONA

Aren't you going to leave us off?

LIPTON

I have to stop at me pub a moment.

The team members exchange somber glances.

PAXTON

The pub's closed.

DR. JOHNSTONE & IAN

Aye. It's closed.

JAMES ORR

You closed it.

LIPTON

And I've a key to open it.

EXT. VAN

It passes Canongate Tollbooth, speeds up Waterly Alley and SCREECHES to a stop in front of the Wild Boar Inn.

INT. VAN

Lipton stares in disbelief. An overflow crowd spills out of the front door onto the street.

Lipton leaps out and bulls through the crowded doorway.

EXT. VAN - REAR

The team carries Paxton through the doors and sets him in the wheelchair. Paxton looks at Fiona.

PAXTON

Does your Uncle own a gun?

INT. WILD BOAR

Lipton stands in the middle of the packed house dumbfounded. Behind the bar, six people help themselves to drinks.

Lipton searches the room and finally spies Jean, propped up by pillows, wrapped in a blanket in a corner booth. Their eyes meet. Jean motions her husband to join her.

LIPTON

The pub's supposed to be closed. And you're supposed to be 'ome, in bed.

The team moves toward the booth.

LIPTON

What the 'ell is going on?

JEAN

It's a serve yourself.

LIPTON

A buffet bar?

Wary, Jean gestures to the crowd.

JEAN

It's been like this every night.

LIPTON

Oh, I'm sure it has.

JEAN

The receipts have trebled.

Lipton collapses in the booth and gives her an affectionate hug.

LIPTON

What an incredible idea.

JEAN

It wasn't mine.

(points to Paxton)

It was his.

INT. FIONA'S GARRET - MORNING

Rays of sunlight pour in from the window. Fiona and Paxton are a single lump in the bed. OS a soft RAP on the door.

Fiona peeks out from under the covers. OS a second RAP. She looks at a CLOCK - 7:10. Sleepily, she crosses the room and opens the door.

FIONA

Good day, Mrs. Stewart.

Mrs. Stewart glances over Fiona's shoulder.

MRS. STEWART

I'm not sure I approve of---

FIONA

Please.

In huff, Mrs. Stewart hands her a large envelope and closes the door. Fiona fingers it and walks to the window. For a beat she stares through the glass, then turns to the lump in the bed.

At the kitchen sink a moment later, Fiona climbs a stool and places the unopened envelope on top of a high cabinet.

She runs across the room and eases the covers off Paxton.

FIONA

Wally?

Paxton stirs and tugs the covers back over his body.

FIONA

Come along.

Paxton peeks from under the blankets and smiles.

PAXTON

Good morning.

Fiona kneels on the floor with both hands behind her back. She leans close and gives him a kiss on the lips. He reaches for more, but she leans back.

FIONA

In a moment, in a moment.

Fiona brings her hand from behind her back and holds out a bright red apple.

FIONA

Don't students always give their favorite teachers apples?

Paxton lifts the covers in open invitation.

PAXTON

Aye. And you still have so much to learn.

Fiona dives under the covers.

FIONA

Do I now?

PAXTON

Yow! That's cold.

O.S. a giggle. The apple rolls from under the sheets.

HOLD ON THE BRIGHT RED APPLE

OS sounds of their passion turns into the ROAR of a crowd. Louder and louder a crescendo of cheers.

AERIAL - DUNDEE SCOTLAND - DUSK

Along the Firth of Tay, past St. Paul's across Howff Graveyard to Barrack Street and the White Horse Tavern.

INT. WHITE HORSE TAVERN

A raucous crowd waits. It's an ordinary pub with the exception of a grand piano dominating one side of the room.

At a table Lipton passes around the evening's line-up. Ian looks at the list and passes it to Dr. Johnstone. Dr. Johnstone rubs the fur of a rabbit tucked in a sling across his chest.

LIPTON

(to Ian)

Will you stay put tonight, lad?

(to the whole team)

A win assures a place at the Ally Pally.

A loss...I don't know.

Paxton, Fiona and the rest digest the import of his remarks.

IAN (stutters)

Where's the other team?

Lipton shrugs with a knowing grin. A beat, then O.S. a BLAST of a bagpipe and a cheer from the crowd.

FRONT DOOR

DUNCAN, a young man in full tartan plaid, blows the pipes and marches into the room followed in single file by the other members of the team. They are all dressed in kilts with tam o' shanters. Their arms fly in unison as they parade once around the tavern. All except the last man. His left arm dangles uselessly at his side.

The team forms a straight line in front of the stunned group from the Wild Boar. They continue to march in time until - the last man, CAPTAIN JACK, forties, steps forward, does a right face and looks down the rank.

CAPTAIN JACK

Halt.

They do two more steps and come to a halt. The bagpipe goes silent.

CAPTAIN JACK

Attttt...ease.

The rank snaps to the At-Ease position.

CAPTAIN JACK

Dissssss...Missed.

The team breaks ranks heads everywhere at once.

KEMP
(to Paxton)
What a psyche job.

PAXTON
Don King would love it.

Captain Jack greets Lipton with a warm smile and hands him a slip of paper.

CAPTAIN JACK
It's been a while.

Lipton nods and hands Captain Jack his line up.

CAPTAIN JACK
I scheduled myself ninth. Thought we might have a rematch.
(a deep laugh)
I've not forgotten the thrashing you gave me at the Ally Pally several years ago.

LIPTON
(laughs)
And I put myself eighth to play with you.

CAPTAIN JACK
We could change that.

LIPTON
Ethics mon. Besides you'll be playing one of our finest.

CAPTAIN JACK
The Yank?

LIPTON
Now we've two. But, you'll be playing the better.

CAPTAIN JACK
(laughs)
Two Yanks. What's this country coming to, Thomas?... Let us have a drink.

Lipton nods and looks at Captain Jack's arm dangling by his side. Captain Jack catches the glance and concern in Lipton's eyes.

CAPTAIN JACK
An accident. Come along.

They join the bagpiper, Duncan, and ANGUS and MALCOM at the bar. Captain Jack looks at the lineup.

CAPTAIN JACK
Duncan, you'll be throwing first
against Robert Dr. Johnstone. And
Malcom you're against George Kemp.
(to Lipton)
One of your Yanks?

Lipton nods. Captain Jack hands Duncan the lineup.

CAPTAIN JACK
Will you please post this and leave us
be. We've catching up to do.

Duncan, Malcom and Angus head for the dartboards.

CAPTAIN JACK

Fine lads all.

(a beat)

Now, what brought you back to the darts?

LIPTON

My wife's goin' for sainthood. But
it was really the Yank. I was...

AT THE DARTBOARD

Dr. Johnstone and Duncan shake hands.

DR. JOHNSTONE

Who'll give us a chalk?

Paxton waves and rolls up to the chalkboard.

Dr. Johnstone smiles, steps to the line, tosses, almost hits
the bull's-eye and steps aside. A beat, then he looks at

Duncan, who stands frozen, staring at Paxton's stumps.

DR. JOHNSTONE

Give us a cork, Duncan.

Duncan snaps back to reality, looks over his shoulder to
Lipton and Captain Jack at the bar, then back to Paxton.

DR. JOHNSTONE

We need a bull, mate.

Duncan fights for composure. Paxton and Dr. Johnstone
exchange shrugs. Duncan throws, but with an eye still on
Paxton, his dart THUDS into the wall at the foot from the
board.

People in the immediate vicinity murmur.

THE CHALKBOARD - MINUTES LATER

Paxton draws a * above the Wild Boar's name and erases the
score on Dr. Johnstone's side. There is no score on the
White Horse side. Duncan never doubled on.

DR. JOHNSTONE

(to Duncan)

Bad luck, mate.

Again Duncan looks over his shoulder at Paxton.

DUNCAN

Bad luck it is. Very bad.

Annoyed with Duncan's attention, Paxton makes a face.

Duncan turns, walks to the other board and joins Malcom who has just beaten George Kemp. He pulls Malcom away and whispers frantically.

Kemp grabs his throat as he joins Paxton and Dr. Johnstone.

KEMP

I choaked.

Dr. Johnstone pats his back, but his priorities are obvious.

DR. JOHNSTONE

Malcom owes me a pint and he walked away.

Fiona puts her arms around Dr. Johnstone's and Kemp's shoulders.

FIONA

The scores tied. Can a poor, starving artist buy you gentlemen a drink?

PAXTON

Does that include me?

FIONA

Gentlemen, yes. But Wallys?

(finger on her chin)

Wallys are usually last on my list. But in your case...

They start toward the bar. Paxton rolls forward, stops, looks over his shoulder at

Duncan, Malcom and Angus who has joined the discussion. They all turn away as Paxton glances in their direction.

Paxton glares down at his stumps.

THE CHALKBOARD - LATER - TIED MATCH

WILD BOAR

WHITE HORSE

Duncan and a group of men lean against the piano watching the bar where Captain Jack and Lipton share a laugh.

DUNCAN

Uncle Jack, eighth and ninth singles.

A murmur goes through the crowd.

DUNCAN

Uncle Jack? Mr. Lipton?

CAPTAIN JACK

Aye, aye. We're coming, Lad.

He pulls Lipton with him toward the dartboard. Captain Jack looks around the room and laughs.

CAPTAIN JACK

And where's the Yank?

Paxton squeezes from the crowd to the hockey line, smiles and extends his hand.

PAXTON

Here's the Yank. But I prefer Wally.

Captain Jack roars with laughter and grips his hand.

People in the crowd exchange apprehensive glances. Fiona and Lipton catch the reaction and look at each other.

CAPTAIN JACK

Give us a cork. And if I win...

(he points to Kemp)

Will the both of ya move back to the States?

PAXTON

If you win we'd be too embarrassed.

Captain Jack roars again. The crowd goes silent.

DR. JOHNSTONE

What the hell is going on?

JAMES

I'm not superstitious but, I don't like it.

KEMP

Neither do I.

FIONA

Something's wrong.

CAPTAIN JACK

Duncan, will you give us a chalk?

Reluctant, Duncan walks to the chalkboard. A whisper

DUNCAN

Dear God.

CAPTAIN JACK

Give us a cork, Yank.

Paxton goes through his routine and throws a dart into the red bull. Captain Jack gives Lipton an appreciative nod and throws.

The dart lands just above Paxton's.

DUNCAN

Wild Boar will start the match.

(to himself)

Dear God leave it be.

AT THE OTHER BOARD

Lipton doubles on and scores. He pulls out his darts. He nudges Angus to throw, but Angus is totally engrossed in the other match.

LIPTON

Do you want to wait?

Angus turns, as if shaken out of a dream, nods and returns his attention to Paxton's and Captain Jack's match.

Lipton looks at the silent crowd and taps Angus on the shoulder.

LIPTON

Would you mind tellin' me
what the 'ell is going on?

ANGUS

It's better you don't know.

LIPTON

(glares)

Know what?

Angus leans close. A cheer goes up from the crowd.

THE DARTBOARD OF -- PAXTON'S MATCH

Duncan stares at two darts stuck in triple twenty.

DUNCAN

One hundred and twenty scored.

Paxton, at the hockey line, still holds a dart. Behind him, Fiona looks on anxiously. Paxton concentrates, throws and raises his fist in the air. The crowd goes wild.

DUNCAN

A Ton Eighty! Yank's 'it a Ton Eighty.

Paxton beams. Fiona slaps him a high-five. Captain Jack steps over to Lipton.

CAPTAIN JACK

I'm glad 'e did something. 'Twas
becomin' a bloody wake in here.

Captain Jack waits for a retort, but Lipton stands mute trying not to stare at Captain Jack's useless left arm.

THE CHALKBOARD

Duncan slashes out 204 and chalks 24.

Paxton takes out his darts with the 'Claw.' Captain Jack joins him and shakes his hands.

CAPTAIN JACK

You're a thrower, Yank.

As he walks to the Hockey Line, Fiona sneaks up behind Paxton gives him a smack on the lips.

FIONA

Your first Ton Eighty. How does it feel?

PAXTON

Teach, it's wonderful. Wonderful.

They kiss again. It could have gone on forever, but Fiona breaks away when a cheer goes up from the crowd.

DUNCAN

Captain Jack has scored a ton twenty.

Paxton rolls to the line. George Kemp gently takes Fiona's arm.

KEMP

Do you know who that is?

FIONA

Who, who is?

O.S. members of the Wild Boar sigh, others cheer. Paxton wheels to the board and pulls out his darts with disgust.

Duncan slashes out 24 and writes 5 on the board. The White Horse side shows 131 remaining. Paxton looks at Duncan.

PAXTON

Have you ever been to the States?

Duncan shakes his head no. Paxton rolls aside. Dr. Johnstone offers the rabbit's foot. Paxton gives it a rub.

OS the crowd cheers. Paxton turns.

DUNCAN

Sixty scored. Triple nineteen.
Double seven, Uncle Jack.

Captain Jack throws. A dart WHOMPS the triple nineteen.

A beat and a second dart HITS in the double seven. The crowd goes wild. Lipton shrugs.

LIPTON

He's one of the best.

Fiona takes his hand.

PAXTON

I lost.

FIONA

Aye, but you hit a Ton Eighty. Our match isn't over. You did your best.

Lipton nods toward Dr. Johnstone, James, Ian and Kemp.

LIPTON

Relax a moment. I've a singles to play against Angus. Then we'll discuss the team game.

Captain Jack joins them and shakes Paxton's hand.

CAPTAIN JACK

Could have gone either way, Yank. May I buy you a drink? You do not see many Ton Eighties. Especially in competition.

Paxton tries to shed his disappointment. Duncan appears.

DUNCAN

We should discuss the team game.

CAPTAIN JACK

Duncan, me lad, join the Yank and me for a drink.

DUNCAN

Maybe later.

Captain Jack gives Duncan a puzzled look. Fiona takes Lipton's arm, smiles at Paxton and nods at Captain Jack.

FIONA

The man's offered you a drink. Accept the courtesy. I'll bet

you get along fine.

Fiona escorts Lipton back to the dartboard where Angus waits to play. Neither man wants to begin the match.

Paxton and Captain Jack shrug and head toward the bar. A path opens in the crowd, but both men are oblivious.

The Wild Boar team sits at a table in silence. Dr. Johnstone gently strokes the paw of the rabbit. James and Ian each grab a paw and rub nervously.

At the bar, Captain Jack orders.

CAPTAIN JACK

Two double shots of Glenfiddich
and a glass of ice.

Paxton gives Captain Jack a 'how-did-you-know?' look. Jack points to Fiona, who waves and smiles.

CAPTAIN JACK

You've found a fine lass.

PAXTON

I know.

Paxton smiles to the compliment, then frowns.

CAPTAIN JACK

Why so glum?

PAXTON

I'm a poor loser.

Captain Jack CLINKS Paxton's glass.

CAPTAIN JACK

Good. Who wants to beat a loser?

PAXTON

Point taken.

CAPTAIN JACK

Do not be disappointed, Yank.
I've been at the darts all me
life. And you? A year or two?

PAXTON

Eight months.

CAPTAIN JACK

Eight months!? You've come a long way.
And throwing from a bloody chair.

Captain Jack points to Paxton's stumps. And on that gesture
the entire pub goes silent.

CAPTAIN JACK

If you don't mind me asking.

PAXTON

No. I'm over that. It happened a year
ago. Sort of an accident.

Captain Jack laughs and lays his gimp arm on the bar.

CAPTAIN JACK

Me too.

(cocks an imaginary pistol)

Though I think the man had something
more fatal in mind.

PAXTON

A hunting accident?

CAPTAIN JACK

More like fishing.

Paxton's perplexed.

CAPTAIN JACK

My nephew....

He searches the room and nods toward Duncan.

CAPTAIN JACK

Ah, there he is. We got word that he
had appendicitis so we went to collect
him. He was working on an oil rig.
The bloody captain took out me arm
with a --

Paxton's glass lands on the bar with a CLUNK.

PAXTON

Flare gun.

MacKENZIE

If you knew the answer, why the question?

PAXTON

You! You're the son-of-a-bitch!

MacKenzie's bends the fingers of his gimp hand into a talon and points to the heavens.

MacKENZIE

Ease yer tongue. My mother's neither
bitch nor a saint.

He dangles his arm hand in Paxton's face.

MacKENZIE

I've made my peace with this. It's over
and done with.

MacKenzie turns and walks away. Paxton wheels into his path.

PAXTON

I'm not done with it. I'll --

MacKENZIE

You'll nothing, Mr. Worth. Get on with
your life. Don't wallow in mine.

MacKenzie marches out of the pub.

Paxton glares.

Lipton and Dr. Johnstone start toward Paxton. Fiona seizes
their arms and shakes her head no.

Paxton rocks his chair back and forth in rage, then surges
forward and butts through the front door.

EXT. WHITE HORSE INN

Paxton flies out the entry, looks left and right, see no one and yells

PAXTON
MacKenzie!

EXT. WHITE HORSE INN - MOMENTS LATER

Fiona throws open the door and searches for her man.

A SPECK - At the bottom of Barrack Street, Paxton SCREAMS as he disappears around a corner.

A SERIES OF SHOTS - DONE UNDER MUSIC

- A) INT. OF FIONA' GARRET - she tears open THE ENVELOP - half laughs and half cries.
- B) EXT. STREET BENEATH FIONA'S GARRET - NIGHT - Paxton sucks from a bottle of scotch and stares upward.

EXT. UNDER DEAN'S BRIDGE - NIGHT

An unshaven, ill dressed Paxton tosses darts at a small knot in a tree. All three hit the target. Paxton rolls forward, takes them out and pulls on a bottle of scotch.

LIPTON (O.S.)
I see you haven't lost your touch.

Paxton, with red puffed eyes, turns.

LIPTON
That's an improvement.

Paxton puzzles. Lipton gestures to the scotch.

LIPTON
Given up on the ice?

PAXTON
Among other things.

Lipton nods slowly for a long beat. Paxton fidgets under his gaze.

LIPTON
The team will not be playing at the Ally Pally this year.

PAXTON

I know. I lost to MacKenzie.

LIPTON

And Kemp lost to Malcom. And we lost at doubles. And I lost to Angus.

PAXTON

Because of me.

LIPTON

Because I lost, Yank. Nothing more nothing less.

PAXTON

And I wasn't there for the team game.

LIPTON

(laughs)

Oh, that we won.

A long beat of silence, as the two men look at each other.

LIPTON

You and I've qualified for the Singles Championship.

Paxton shrugs. Lipton nods slowly again, turns and ambles back up the path.

PAXTON

How's.... Everyone?

Lipton keeps walking. A beat, and Paxton rolls after him.

LIPTON

Jean's made a fine recovery. Ian's taking a speech class, but so far there 'asn't been much change.

Lipton stops, turns and laughs.

LIPTON

His brother believes your absence is a bad omen for me.

Paxton's face fills with guilt.

LIPTON

But a man must do, what he must do. And running is what you do best.

Paxton glares, turns and starts back down the path. Lipton grabs his chair.

LIPTON

I'm not done. I've not told you about
Doctor Dr. Johnstone.

Paxton struggles to free the chair. Lipton won't let go.

LIPTON

He's got an aardvark with a sinus
problem. Robert 'as to feed him
ants with a pipe cleaner.

Lipton roars with laughter. Paxton struggles for a beat longer, then the comment reaches his brain and he joins in.

PAXTON

With a pipe cleaner?

LIPTON

Aye.

Lipton releases the chair and starts back up the path. Paxton snaps back to the moment. Tries to follow.

PAXTON

What about Fiona?

LIPTON

Ask her yourself, Yank. Ask her
yourself.

Lipton quickens his pace. Paxton has trouble negotiating the path. He falls behind.

LIPTON

Goodnight.

PAXTON

THOMAS, I NEED SOME HELP.

His roar turns to the roar of a crowd.

INT. ALLY PALLY - A HUMONGOUS GREENHOUSE -DAY

The cheers of a wild crowd grow into a crescendo, echoing off the glass, then easing as a MITCHELL BOTHROP, dressed in a black top hat and a long, red, dove-tailed coat, climbs the steps to the stage and walks to the dais.

Above him hangs an eight by eight electronic dartboard.
Behind him a large sign reads:

ALLY PALLY - TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP

Below it, eight regulation dartboards hang from the wall.

BOTHROP

Ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of
her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the
Second, I welcome you to the Ally Pally.

The crowd goes wild. Bothrop waits for order, then reads
from his notes.

BOTHROP

Without further ado, may I introduce
the teams contending in the first half
of this afternoon's competition.
From Bristol, England, the members
of the Golden Hind.

In the audience, a group of men and women stand, wave their
arms and stroll to the stage. The crowd cheers.

BOTHROP

From Dundee, Scotland, the members
of the White Horse Tavern.

Duncan blasts the BAGPIPE. Captain Jack MacKenzie and his
team, dressed in Tartan Plaids and tam o'shanters, stand as
one. The crowd cheers. The team marches in step to the
stage.

BOTHROP (OS)

From Liverpool, England representing
the Red Knight Inn...The Mer-Maidens?

An eclectic group of skin-heads and cross-dressers rise to a
mixed chorus of hoots and cheers. A man in a sequined dress
dances toward the stage and comes to an abrupt halt.

In the aisle, a six hundred pound boar sits on its haunches;
tethered on a leash blocking his path. The man vaults over
the animal and continues to the stage. The pig grunts.

BOTHROP (OS)

From Downpatrick, Ireland representing
the Flying Cloud.

The boar breaks its tether and lumbers past Lipton, Fiona,
Dr. Johnstone, Ian James, Kemp, and Sandra and drops its

snout on Paxton's lap. Paxton's cobwebs are gone. He scratches the head of the pig and looks over at Fiona. She avoids eye contact.

BOTHROP (OS)

And the defending champions, from
New Castle, Wales the members of
the Sly Fox.

The crowd applauds loudly.

INT. ALLY PALLY - STAGE - LATER

Sixteen teams warm up in front of eight dartboards, but as Bothrop returns to the dais all playing stops.

BOTHROP

Ladies and Gentlemen, in accord with a
long standing tradition of the Ally
Pally.

He gestures toward the teams.

BOTHROP

The sixteen finalist are asked to select
the most improved team in the Isles.

In the B.G. an Elderly Woman scurries to an ancient grand piano. On its top rests a dozen trophies. She takes one and hurries to the dais.

BOTHROP

This year the finalist have selected...
 (unfolds a slip of paper)
 From Edinburgh, Scotland, the Wild
 Boar Inn.

The crowd cheers. The boar rises along with Lipton, Dr. Johnstone, and the rest. They exchange hugs and congratulations.

BOTHROP (OS)

Will your captain come to the stage and
 accept the trophy?

Jean whispers in Ian's ear. He smiles and walks down the aisle. The team applauds the choice.

LIPTON

For our first season, we could
 not have done much better.

JOHNSTON

We were beaten by good teams.

JAMES ORR

And Murray Buchanan was responsible for
 two of our loses.

The rest of the team nods in agreement. Jean puts her arm around Lipton's waist.

JEAN

And to think we've two of our own
 throwing in the singles championship.

Paxton inches his chair to Lipton.

DR. JOHNSTONE AND JAMES ORR

Aye.

LIPTON

(to Paxton)

And we should be warming up, Yank.
 Ian will accept our trophy.

Jean tugs hand hand.

JEAN

Please wait a moment.

THE STAGE

At the dais, Ian accepts the trophy, then gently eases Bothrop away from the microphone.

James Orr nudges the rest of the team proudly.

JAMES

Me brother's going to make a speech!

JEAN

I did not think he'd really go through with it.

Ian clears his throat, then

IAN (stutters)

I've never spoken in public before.
But, I've something I'd like to say.

LOUT IN THE CROWD

Well, get on with it man!

A Woman next to the Lout gives him a sharp elbow in the ribs.

Jean pulls Lipton close. Fiona watches and edges toward Paxton.

JEAN

Sing, Ian. Sing.

And he does, to the tune of MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN

IAN (the stutter is gone)

I want to thank Thomas and Jean.
And me mates who let me throw on
our team.
And now that we have a trophy...

He raises it high the air.

IAN

I know that we'll be back, again.

Ian continues the chorus as Jean joins in.

JEAN

Be back.

WILD BOAR TEAM

Be back.

MOST OF THE CROWD

I know that we'll be back again.

A tear appears in Paxton's eye, which he quickly wipes it away with a sleeve.

Fiona melts with the gesture and gently takes his hand. He beams, then stares at her hand. He doesn't have a clue about how to act with Fiona. He waits too long.

Fiona regrets the advance and takes her hand away and pets the pig.

The crowd cheers as Ian walks back to the accolades of his team. The boar snorts a greeting.

STAGE - MINUTES LATER

Doubles, singles and team games are played on various board. As matches are completed, board after board is removed from wall.

Nonplaying team members run to the edge of the stage and hold up signs or fingers to their fans indicating the progress of various matches.

In the audience, people stand on folding chairs and root for their favorites.

RED KNIGHT - WHITE HORSE - MATCH

Angus pumps in a double twenty. Duncan blows the BAGPIPES.

A maintenance man pulls away their board.

MER-MAIDENS - GOLDEN HIND - MATCH

A Skin Head hits a double five. He gasps and beats his head against the wall in victory. His mates flash pierced navels and tatoos.

SLY FOX - MAYFLOWER - MATCH

The team from the Sly Fox carries a small man around on their shoulders as they celebrate.

Victory assured the team members bolt to other boards to

preview their next opponet.

FLYNG CLOUD - WHITE HORSE - MATCH - LATER

A cheer goes up from the crowd when MacKenzie scores a double one. Duncan blows the PIPES. The team marches around the stage.

A maintenace man removes their board. OS a BABPIPE blows.

The team turns to the blast. Duncan and Angus beckon the team from the Mer-Madiens. The only one remaining.

INT. OF THE ALLY PALLY - LATER

Mitchell Bothrop, adjusts the tails on his long, red coat, stands on the stage in front of THREE TEAMS. The White Horse team stands in the middle.

BOTHROP

Ladies and Gentlemen, the best three teams in Great Britain are --

The crowd goes into a frenzy.

BOTHROP

Ladies and Gentlemen, please...

While Bothrop waits for order.

On the wall behind him, the TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP BANNER is lowered and a SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP BANNER is raised.

The crowd goes quiet.

A Television Crew closes in. The Elderly Woman takes a trophy from the piano and hands it to Bothrop.

BOTHROP

In third place, from the beautiful village of Saint Albin's. The dart team from the Golden Unicorn.

A MEMBER of the Golden Unicorn steps forward and accepts the trophy. The crowd cheers.

BOTHROP

In second place, from Plymouth, England.

A Mer-Man strips off his sequined dress, pirouettes to the dais and whispers in Bothrop's ear.

BOTHROP

From Liverpool, England, the Mer-Maidens.

The crowd reaction is a potpourri of love and hate as the team strolls forward, curtsies and exposes various body parts. Half the crowd jeers; the other half cheers.

Tempers flare in the crowd. Bothrop starts to lose control.

Carrying a trophy, the Elderly Woman pauses slowly in front of each of the Mer-Maidens and waves a scolding finger. Abruptly their antics cease.

The Elderly Woman pokes Bothrop and hands him a trophy.

BOTHROP

And now! The number one team in the

Isles.

Duncan blows loud and long on the BAGPIPES.

INT. SMALL ROOM BENEATH THE ALLY PALLY ARENA

The thunder of feet rocks the ceiling.

Lipton sits on a folding chair facing Paxton. Jean adjust two dart boards on the wall, turns and shoots looks of concern at Paxton. From a wall speaker comes

BOTHROP (OS)

From Dundee, Scotland. The team from the White Horse Tavern.

(a beat)

Captain Jack MacKenzie will accept the trophy.

Paxton grits his teeth. Lipton stands, opens his dart case and walks slowly to a make shift Hockey Line. From the speaker - BAGPIPES blare.

LIPTON

(to Paxton)

Remember, best of three games. You don't have to double on and you've only nine darts to warm up. Take your time. Concentrate. Get your rhythm.

STAGE - ALLY PALLY

The crowd cheers as,

An eight by eight electronic dart board is lowered on the left side of the stage.

At the same time and eight by eight electronic score board is lowered on the right side side of the stage.

BROTHOP

And now, the question will be answered.

The crowd goes ballistic.

BROTHOP

Who....Is the best darter in the British Isles.

(a beat)

We open todays SINGLES with Mistrs Winston Frampton and Andrew Burrell.

INT. SMALL ROOM - LATER

OS from above come sounds of stomping feet and the muffled screams of the crowd. The Paxton pulls his darts from the board and glances at the ceiling.

BOTHROP (OS)
(from the speaker)
Match to Mister Winston Frampton.

LIPTON
He's won in two. Your turn, Yank.
Give 'em hell.

BOTHROP (OS)
The next competition will be in five minutes, between Mister Anthony Maine and Mister Paxton Worth.

Paxton turns to Jean, he has something on his mind. He hesitates, then

PAXTON
There are several paintings on Fiona's wall...
Who is Charles Darnley?

Jean burst out laughing.

JEAN
Charles is her brother.

PAXTON
Her last name is Montrosse.

JEAN
She's an artist. She's applied to Paris. Who knows? Who --

Lipton tosses a folding chair. It CLANKS against the wall.

LIPTON
Jealousy! Is this what it's about?
Ignoring the lass. Breaking her heart.

Lipton balls his fist. Paxton waits for the blow.

LIPTON
You're a sour man. A mean, sour man.

Lipton storms out of the room and slams the door.

Paxton stares blankly from the outburst.

The door flies open. Lipton looks at Jean.

LIPTON

I'll be having a moment with the Yank.

Jean casts a worried look at both men. But Lipton's eyes tell it all. Jean exits in a blur.

Paxton turns away. Lipton slowly circles the wheelchair.

LIPTON

Let me see if I understand all this.
You love Fiona. And she loves you.

(beat)

But you're such a martyr, you wouldn't want her to spend her life pushing you around in that chair.

Paxton bites his lip.

LIPTON

Little matter. She's leaving. She's been accepted at school in Paris.

Paxton's eye's go wide.

LIPTON

Of course she couldn't tell you.
You've cut the cord.

Paxton sags in his chair.

Lipton completes the circuit and touches his heart.

LIPTON

It's in here. Gnawing at your soul.
Eroding your heart.
You beat it once. Do it again.

BOTHROP (OS)

(from the speaker)

One minute.

Paxton steels himself and motions to the handle of his chair.

PAXTON

Will you help me to the stage?

Lipton grabs the handles.

LIPTON

That's a step. Keep at it.

INT. GRAND HALL - STAGE - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

The crowd roars.

AN EIGHT BY EIGHT ELECTRONIC DARTBOARD

dominates one side of the stage. Every time a dart strikes the competition board, a bright red light flashes on the electronic board in the same location.

A LARGE ELECTRONIC SCOREBOARD

dominates the opposite side of the stage. The names of each player appear on top and the current score flashes below their name. The current score board reads:

	*	
	P. WORTH	A.
MAINE	64	30

Paxton rolls up a small ramp, built especially for him, to the throwing platform and goes through his routine.

THE CROWD

Half the audience roots for Paxton, the other half for ANTHONY MAINE. Kemp climbs on a chair, unfurls a small American Flag and waves it back and forth.

Murray Buchanan sips a beer from a paper cup. He watches Kemp's antics, sneers, tosses the cup on the floor and races down the aisle.

Fiona crosses her fingers.

FIONA

Come on. Triple sixteen, double eight.

Paxton throws.

ELECTRONIC DARTBOARD

A red light goes on in the 16.

In the crowd, Jean squeezes her husband's hand.

JEAN

Do not be too hard on him, Thomas.
Many a son betrays his father's dreams.

LIPTON

The Yank is not my son. My son would --

He stops and turns to Jean.

LIPTON

He could have been anything.

JEAN

Aye. And you would have loved him
anyway.

O.S. a thunderous roar. Fiona screams, jumps up and down,
then quickly smothers her excitement.

At the dais, Bothrop picks up two pieces of paper.

BOTHROP

The next competition will be in five
minutes, between Mister Thomas
Lipton and Mister Murray Buchanan.

CROWD - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

The Wild Boar group exchange anxious glances as they watch
from the edge of the stage. Jean stands between Paxton and
Fiona. George Kemp writes furiously on a pad of paper.
Sandra grabs his jacket and points to the

ELECTRONIC SCORE BOARD

*
 BUCHANAN
 LIPTON
 40

54

Lipton pulls his darts out of the board. Murray saunters up to Lipton.

MURRAY
 Besides being an old man, you're
 a loser. Just like the Yank.

Murray waits for the retort. But Lipton, always the gentleman, nods and with deep sincerity.

LIPTON
 Murray, I'm proud. You've thrown an
 excellent game.

Murray sneers to the remark, struts to the platform, gets ready and throws.

ELECTRONIC DARTBOARD

A sigh goes up from the Wild Boar team as a red light appears above the double twenty.

Murray gives Lipton a look of disdain and throws his second dart. It strikes PERFECTLY. The crowd cheers.

Jean climbs the steps to the stage. Fiona sobs at her uncles loss and finds comfort in Ian's and James Orr's arms.

Paxton's hands run up and down the wheels of his chair. He goes no where. He's a part of nothing. He glares as Murray saunters from the stage.

Sandra turns to George Kemp, but he's disappeared.

BOTHROP
 The first semi-final match will
 begin in five minutes. The
 competitors will be Mister Winston
 Frampton and Captain Jack MacKenzie.

A BAGPIPE blasts. A cheer goes out from the crowd.

THE WHITE HORSE TEAM

Duncan, Angus, Captain Jack MacKenzie and the rest of the team stand as one. Duncan blows the PIPES. The Team marches in place as MacKenzie makes his way to the stage.

Winston Frampton, carrying a new briefcase, struts across the stage from the opposite side.

THE STEPS TO THE STAGE

George Kemp collars MacKenzie and whispers in his ear.
MacKenzie looks at Frampton and sneers.

ELECTRONIC SCORE BOARD - MINUTES LATER

*	*
FRAMPTON	
MacKENZIE	
65	2

Frampton walks to the dartboard and pulls out his darts with disgust. He flips them in his hand and turns to MacKenzie.

FRAMPTON
I should be throwing nails.

MacKENZIE
You should be paying your debts.

Frampton gives him a puzzled look. MacKenzie moves in close and with measured words

MacKENZIE
The British Isles are small. It's
come to my attention you owe one
of me kin five hundred pounds.

Frampton feigns ignorance. MacKenzie points to Sandra.

MacKENZIE
Pay her.

MacKenzie walks to the platform, gets ready to throw, then stops. He grins back at Frampton, then lifts his useless left arm with his good arm and pushes it back and forth like a pendulum. He leers back at Frampton.

MacKENZIE
Pay her. Or you'll be the same...
Mate.

Frampton turns ashen. MacKenzie turns and throws.

ELECTRONIC DARTBOARD

A red light appears in the double one. OS a BAGPIPE blasts. In the crowd Duncan and the White Horse team parade up and down the aisle.

Sandra stands and joins the celebration.

BOTHROP

The second semi-final match will
be in five minutes between Mister
Murray Buchanan and Mister Paxton
Worth. Known to some as the Yank.

THE STAGE - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

ELECTRONIC SCOREBOARD

A * star blinks above the name Murray Buchanan. OS the crowd
cheers as Buchanan pulls his darts from the board. He turns
and leers at Paxton.

BOTHROP (OS)

First match to Mister Buchanan.
Mister Worth will start the
second game.

Murray leans over and snarls in Paxton's face.

MURRAY

Bad luck, mate. First the old
man and now it's your turn.

PAXTON

I wanted to spot you one game.
Sort of a handicap.

Murray glares after Paxton as he rolls up the ramp to the
throwing platform.

The Wild Boar team cheers. Captain Jack MacKenzie claps
politely. The rest of his team exchange silent looks of
worry.

DUNCAN

(to MacKenzie)

You're rooting for the Yank?

MacKENZIE

Would you have me throw against the
weaker player?

A roar goes up from the crowd. MacKenzie grins to Duncan and
points.

ELECTRONIC SCOREBOARD

181 appears under Paxton's name.

BOTHROP

Mister Worth opens with a ton-twenty.

Jean and Sandra, with their arms around each others' shoulders, dance in a short reel.

Paxton pulls out his darts and smiles at Buchanan on the platform. Buchanan glares. Paxton shrugs.

Buchanan takes a Union Jack out of his coat, turns, and waves it to the crowd and shouts.

MURRAY

Should I beat the Yank?
Should I beat the Yank?

A FEW PEOPLE

Beat the Yank.

MORE PEOPLE

Beat the Yank.

The members of the Wild Boar exchange worried looks as the crowd gets caught up in the chant.

HALF THE CROWD

Beat the Yank.

On the platform, Buchanan orchestrates the chorus.

Bothrop steps to the platform and motions Murray to get on with the game. Murray ignores him. Bothrop grabs the microphone from the dais.

HALF THE CROWD

Beat the Yank.

Bothrop gestures to quiet the crowd and into the microphone

BOTHROP

Ladies and Gentlemen. Ladies
and Gentlemen, please hold---

Murray leaps off the platform and grabs Bothrop. Unaware the microphone is pointed at him, Murray shouts and points to Paxton.

MURRAY

Bad enough he's a bloody foreigner.

"Bloody Foreigner," echoes through the Ally Pally. Murray shouts above his own words.

MURRAY

Do you want two cripples in the final?

"CRIPPLE" bounces off the tiled walls. The front of the crowd stares and goes silent. From the rear of the crowd.

A FEW PEOPLE

Beat the Yank.

Silence. Scattered comments. Murray looks around the arena.

A beat, before he realizes what he has done. He climbs back onto the throwing platform to a silent crowd.

STAGE - MINUTES LATER

Paxton sits in his chair on the thrower's platform with one dart in his hand. He begins his routine.

ELECTRONIC SCOREBOARD

	*	
	BUCHANAN	P.
WORTH	32	10

Paxton throws.

ELECTRONIC DARTBOARD

A red light goes on in the double five. The crowd goes wild.

ELECTRONIC SCOREBOARD

	*	*
	BUCHANAN	P.
WORTH		

Bothrop stands between Paxton and Murray with a coin in one hand and the microphone underneath his arm.

BOTHROP

The final match is always decided
by the flip of the coin. Mister
Worth will you be so kind?

PAXTON

Heads.

Bothrop flips the coin and looks at it.

BOTHROP

Mister Worth will begin the third round.

Murray sneers at Paxton.

MURRAY

A hundred pounds on the match?

PAXTON

You're a wealthy man.

Murray nods. Paxton pretends to think on it a beat.

PAXTON

Ten thousand pounds would make
it more interesting.

Murray gags, but Bothrop has heard the wager and
accidentally shouts over the microphone.

BOTHROP

Ten thousand pounds on a single match?

The crowd goes quiet. A television camera man moves in.
Murray, shaken, musters his courage.

MURRAY

You've a bet, Yank.

Paxton sticks out his hand to shake on it. Murray ignores
the gesture, walks to the piano, runs his fingers up and
down the two remaining trophies and motions Paxton to throw.

Paxton rolls to the platform.

In the crowd, people nudge each other and mouth: ten
thousand. Worried, Fiona looks at Lipton.

FIONA

Ten thousand pounds?

LIPTON

Don't worry. Murray can afford it.

DR. JOHNSTONE

Aye. 'E's never spent a quid in
'is life.

The six hundred pound boar looks up at Dr. Johnstone and
GRUNTS in agreement. The crowd grows quiet.

STAGE

Absolutely calm, Paxton goes through his routine and throws
his first dart.

ELECTRONIC DARTBOARD

A light blinks on in the triple twenty. OS some cheers.
Then a second light goes on in the triple twenty. OS more
cheers. A beat, then a third light goes on in the triple
twenty. The crowd goes wild.

BOTHROP

Mister Worth has opened with a
Ton Eighty!

The Wild Boar team goes wild.

Captain Jack MacKenzie steps across the aisle shakes hands
with Lipton.

Paxton pulls his darts out of the board and smiles
innocently at Buchanan.

PAXTON

Your turn.

Murray struts to the platform.

COMPETITION DARTBOARD - MOMENTS LATER

Murray pulls out his darts. His hands begin to tremble with
the first signs of fear.

BOTHROP

Mister Buchanan opens with twenty-six.

PAXTON

(to Murray)

Bad luck, mate.

Murray gives him the finger. Several people close enough to
see the gesture and boo.

Paxton rolls up the platform and looks at the electronic
scoreboard. He has 121 left. He concentrates and throws.

ELECTRONIC DARTBOARD

A light appears in the triple nineteen.

BOTHROP (OS)

Fifty-seven scored, sixty-four remains.

ELECTRONIC DARTBOARD

A light appears in the triple ten.

BOTHROP (OS)

Thirty scored. Thirty-four remains.

The crowd stares wide-eyed and silent. Fiona takes Lipton's
hand and strokes it.

Paxton cocks and throws.

ELECTRONIC DARTBOARD

A beat, then a light appears in the double seventeen.

Along with the rest of the crowd, the Wild Boar team goes wild.

BOTHROP

The Yank's won in six darts!
The Yank's won in six darts!

Bothrop cups the microphone and looks at the Elderly Lady beside the piano trophy table.

BOTHROP

Has that ever been done before?

The Elderly Lady shakes her head no.

BOTHROP

(over the microphone)
That has never been done before.

LIPTON

And most likely, it will not be
done again.

As the crowd continues to cheer Paxton rolls down the ramp to the competition board.

BOTHROP

(wipes his brow)
Six darts! A six dart game.

Paxton brings out the 'Claw' and ala Chi-Chi Rodriguez, pulls the darts from the board.

Murray Buchanan stands near the platform still in shock. Paxton rolls up beside him.

PAXTON

Not bad for a cripple, eh? Oh, will
you make that a cashier's check?

Murray, still stunned, nods. Paxton wheels across the stage.

Jean and Sandra smother him in kisses. Kemp slaps him a HIGH-FIVE while Dr. Johnstone, James and Ian pump his hand.

Finally, Lipton breaks through the crowd of well-wishers.

LIPTON

You still have another match, Yank.

Paxton looks across the stage and watches as the White Horse contingent disappears into a doorway. Reticent, Paxton looks up at Lipton.

LIPTON

What's the matter, lad?

PAXTON

I have another match.

Paxton searches the crowd.

PAXTON

Where's Fiona?

BOTHROP

There will be a ten-minute break
before we start the singles finals
between...

STAGE - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Bothrop squints at the Elderly Woman. She raises a finger.

COMPETITION DARTBOARD

As the crowd cheers and a BAGPIPE blasts, MacKenzie pulls his darts from the board.

BOTHROP

The first match goes to Captain
Jack MacKenzie. Mister Worth will
begin the second match.

CROWD

Fiona turns to Lipton.

FIONA

What's wrong with him?

LIPTON

His heart isn't in it. He's convinced
that if he loses...he'll be victorious.

Lipton looks back at the stage.

Emotionless, Paxton starts to roll up the ramp. MacKenzie
stops him.

Bothrop and the Elderly Lady exchange puzzled looks.

CROWD

So do Duncan and Angus, and Fiona, Jean, Lipton and Kemp.

MacKenzie looks at Paxton.

MackENZIE

Yank, you're giving me the game.

Paxton shrugs.

MackENZIE

Perhaps I was wrong. Maybe you are
a loser.

Paxton fights off his anger for a beat, then explodes.

PAXTON

I lost my legs!

The crowd grows quieter and quieter.

MackENZIE

I lost an arm!

PAXTON

You could've killed us all!
Three-hundred men.

From between MacKenzie's teeth, furious, but calm

MackENZIE

You should have called for a

helicopter, Captain Worth.

PAXTON

You were there! We were in the middle of a gale. The company wouldn't send a copter in that kind of weather.

MacKENZIE

They did for you, Captain Worth. And when they did...

(points to Duncan)

They also flew out my kin.

PAXTON

And I lost my legs.

MacKENZIE

And I lost my arm.

PAXTON

An arm for two legs? Do you know what it's like? Every step's a hill, every curb a mountain. You get dog shit, gum and spit on your hands when you roll down a street.

MacKENZIE

You'll get no sympathy from me, Yank

PAXTON

I don't want your damn sympathy. I want you to know what you did to a man, to a fifteen-year career, to my life, all because you wanted to play the White Knight.

Beet red, MacKenzie yells each word slow, deliberate

MacKENZIE

A career, Yank? Pullin' oil from the bowels of the earth. Polluting the seas and the air. A career my bloody arse.

MacKenzie grabs the side of the wheelchair, spins Paxton around and with his good arm shoves him half way across the stage.

Fiona stands and charges toward Paxton. Lipton holds her back.

The boar gets a four handed massage from James and Ian.

George Kemp scribbles on his note pad like a mad man.

Paxton grabs the wheels to stop his momentum, but MacKenzie already has the handle. He rolls Paxton to the grand piano and lets go.

Bothrop starts across the stage. The Elderly Woman stops him.

MacKenzie opens the lid, sits down, and lays his gimp hand on the bass keys. He glares at Paxton then - with one hand he plays Frederick Chopin's Op. 44: in F-sharp minor. The melody fills the Ally Pally.

Paxton sits awe-struck.

Fiona, Lipton and the rest of the team stare in wonder.

Across the aisle, Duncan sobs openly.

The music comes to an end. Silence.

MacKenzie and Paxton stare at each other warily for a long beat. Paxton puts his hands together and claps once, twice, then louder and faster. A few onlookers join in. Them more and more clapping - a din.

PAXTON

That was beautiful.

The crowd claps and cheers.

MackENZIE

Of course it's a wee bit better
with two hands.

PAXTON

It couldn't be.

MackENZIE

(nods thank you)
I am sorry about your...

Paxton takes MacKenzie's hand and shakes it.

PAXTON

We gave a couple limbs for a life.

MacKENZIE

That's how I see it.

MacKenzie gestures to the crowd.

MacKENZIE

I've got kin out there.

Paxton looks out at George Kemp, Sandra, Dr. Johnstone, James, Ian, Jean, Lipton and finally Fiona.

Their eyes lock for a long beat, then Fiona pulls an apple from her bag and caresses it softly with her lips.

Paxton beams and turns to MacKenzie.

PAXTON

So do I.

MacKENZIE

Do we have a match?

PAXTON

We've got a match.

The crowd lets out a cheer as Paxton and MacKenzie make their way back to the platform.

ELECTRONIC SCOREBOARD - LATER

*

MacKENZIE

*

P.

WORTH

Bothrop stands between the two men with a coin in his hand.

BOTHROP

The final match will be determined by the toss of a coin. Captain MacKenzie?

MacKENZIE

Heads.

Bothrop flips the coin.

BOTHROP

Captain MacKenzie will begin the final match.

Paxton and MacKenzie shake hands and hold them for a beat,

as they look at each other with admiration and respect.

MacKENZIE
Good darts, mate.

PAXTON
Aye, good darts.

STAGE - MINUTES LATER

A hush falls over the crowd as MacKenzie stands on the dart platform with three darts in his hand.

ELECTRONIC SCOREBOARD

	*	*
	MacKENZIE	P.
WORTH	52	70

MacKenzie pumps twice and throws.

ELECTRONIC DARTBOARD

A light appears in the twenty. OS a BAGPIPE blast.

BOTHROP
Twenty scored. Thirty-two left.

A look of discouragement passes between the members of the Wild Boar team. Kemp and Dr. Johnstone pet the pig.

KEMP
It ain't over till it's over.

D7R. JONSTONE
(slaps him five)
Aye.

The pig SNORTS. Ian, James and Sandra pet the pig.

Paxton sits in his chair and watches calmly as MacKenzie throws.

ELECTRONIC DARTBOARD

One light sputters on and off near double sixteen. Half of the crowd think MacKenzie has won and begin to cheer.

Duncan blows the BAGPIPES and begins to lead a victory

march.

Bothrop sucks in a big gulp of air as if he's about to announce the winner.

BOTHROP
Ladies and Gentle---

The Elderly Lady pokes him in the ribs and points to MacKenzie, who gestures adamantly at the completion board. Bothrop squints.

MacKENZIE
(to Bothrop)
I've thrown a double eight.

Some of the crowd begins to climb on the stage.

BOTHROP
A moment please.

The crowd noise dies down. Fiona and the rest of the Wild Boar team look up with renewed hope. The pig SNORTS.

BOTHROP
Captain MacKenzie still needs
a double eight.

CROWD

Fiona and Lipton exchange an anxious glance.

MacKenzie pumps and throws his final dart. He squints after his toss in disbelief and begins to laugh.

ELECTRONIC DARTBOARD

Only ONE light blinks on and off in the double eight.

The crowd stares silently at the stage.

MacKenzie's laugh echoes through the arena. He steps off the platform, looks at Paxton and points to the competition board.

MacKENZIE
Yank, will you look at it.

COMPETITION BOARD

MacKenzie's last dart is Robin Hooded into the dart in the double eight.

BOTHROP
(to himself)
What else can happen?
(over the microphone)
We have a Robin Hood in the double
eight. Captain MacKenzie has
scored thirty-six and has
sixteen remaining.

The White Horse team stands in stunned disappointment.

The team from the Wild Boar exchange looks of hope. The pig
GRUNTS.

Paxton rolls onto the platform.

BOTHROP
Mister Worth has seventy remaining.

Paxton breathes deeply and goes in and out of his routine.

Lipton and Fiona exchange worried glances and so does the
rest of the team.

He starts several times to throw then backs off.

LIPTON
(to Fiona)
He's waiting too long.

She knows Lipton's telling the truth, but she glares, turns
back to the stage and urges Paxton on.

FIONA
Go into your routine. Triple twenty,
double five. Come on. Come on.

THROWING PLATFORM

Paxton wipes his hands on his slacks, adjusts the wheelchair
on the hockey line.

The crowd begins to murmur.

Fiona and Jean grab Lipton.

LIPTON
(under his breath)
Go back, Paxton. Go back.

Paxton, perspiring now, throws his first dart awkwardly, not following through.

BOTHROP
One scored. Sixty-nine remaining.

Paxton clenches his fist. Behind him, half the crowd sighs in anguish, the other half cheers.

Fiona, Lipton and Jean clutch each other for support.

Paxton exhales loudly and goes into his routine. He looks at the dart, then at the board, pumps and throws. A beat, then he smiles with satisfaction.

ELECTRONIC DARTBOARD

The red light in the nineteen, joins the red light in the one.

Fiona covers her eyes. Dr. Johnstone nudges James and Ian.

DR. JOHNSTONE
What in the hell is he doing?
He left a bloody double bull.

Lipton gives Fiona a kiss on the cheek and laughs.

LIPTON
He's goin' for the cork!
It's the only place he threw
when he was a lad.

BOTHROP
(in a hush)
Fifty remaining.

Paxton goes into his routine.

The crowd grows anxious.

Duncan and Angus exchange a 'no-way-can-he-do-it,' look.

Lipton, Fiona and Fiona hold each other tight.

MacKENZIE
(to himself)
Let the sheep graze where they may.

The Bothrop and the Elderly Woman brace themselves against the dais.

SLOW MOTION

SILENCE

Paxton cocks his arm pumps and throws. His arm follows through to the target.

MacKenzie's head turns and follows the path of the dart.

OS a THUNK as the dart hits the board.

CROWD

Lipton and Fiona and the rest of audience, a hundred different expressions as they look to the stage.

ELECTRONIC DARTBOARD

A light flashes in the middle of the board, then goes out.

Fiona and Lipton squint at the stage.

ELECTRONIC DARTBOARD

The bull's-eye remains dark for a long beat, then a blink of light. Then the light bursts like a flare.

*END SLOW MOTION *

Pandemonium breaks loose. The Wild Boar team races to the stage in a frenzy.

The White Horse team shrugs off the initial shock and Duncan blows the BAGPIPES.

Paxton rolls down the ramp and stops in front of MacKenzie. They look at each other for a beat, then smile warmly and shake hands. MacKenzie takes off his tam o'shanter and places it on Paxton's head.

MacKENZIE
I'm making you kin. That way
we both won.

PAXTON

Kin.

Still clutching the apple, Fiona steps between the two men.

PAXTON

I'm a fool.

Fiona nods.

PAXTON

But if you'll have me... Mr. and Mrs.
Paxton Worth...MacKenzie has a nice ring.

She settles herself on Paxton's lap and covers him with
kisses and hugs.

FIONA

Wally.

The Wild Boar Team joins the White Horse team in a mutual
celebration.

The six hundred pound boar pulls the apple from Fiona's
hand, munches it, looks out at the crowd and GRUNTS.

FADE

OUT: