



The Shift

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Draft # 2.1
2009-08-08

Cast:

Douglas: Developmentally delayed. Early teens.
Jasmine: Douglas' friend from the reserve. Late teens.
Mr. Singh: Sikh law school grad. Jasmine's lawyer. 40's
Louise: Quebecer. Owner of the local watering hole and Bill's friend. 30's, 40's
Bill: Douglas' stepfather. 40's.
Maggie: Newfie nurse working in Toronto. 20's, 30's
Ray: Caring for his dying partner in Maggie's ICU. 20's, 30's

SCENE 4

(Transition. The ICU waiting room of a Toronto hospital. Maggie is watching the game. Ray enters from the ICU.)

Ray: What's the score?

Maggie: Nothin', nothin', didn't know *you* were a fan.

Ray: Go Leaf's go.

Maggie: Well, not this year.

Ray: Not last year.

Maggie: Probably not next year.

Ray: Who do you think'll take it?

Maggie: My money's on Tampa.

Ray: Yeah.

Maggie: Sure wouldn't have taken you for a fan.

Ray: I'll tell you all about it sometime.

Maggie: Well, aren't you chipper.

Ray: They're releasing Ian to the ward. They figure I'll be able to take him home. Week or two at most.

Maggie: Seriously?

Ray: Yup. Said he's out of the woods.

Maggie: Oh that's wonderful news Ray! I'm gonna miss you guys around here.

Ray: It is so hard to believe. This has been such a long haul...

Maggie: I know hun.

Ray: I really thought he was done you know?

Maggie: I know.

Ray: That I was done./ Right from, oh God, it must have been back in the fall before he was really visibly sick you know? I remember I wheeled him out for some air. I think he was right in the middle of all the treatment. He had all these tissues balled up on his lap because his nose was so runny all the time. So the wind picks up and the tissues go flying everywhere and I go running to get them and just before I grab the first one he screams out my name. *Ray!* And I look up,

thinking something is wrong with him and I see him holding out a hospital glove. *Don't touch that. You have to use a glove.* And I say *don't be silly Ian, nothing is going to happen* and he says *no Ray, you have to use the glove.* I burst into tears and he says, *babe, come here, I gotta show you something.* Next thing I know, he's lifting up his robe and I'm thinking *oh lord his dick's falling off or something.* But instead what I saw were these two giant, I mean grapefruit sized, balls. I mean grapefruit sized not a word of a lie.*

Maggie: I know. *It happens.

Ray: I wish it'd happened when we were still healthy enough to screw. I mean, they were massive! ...So he looks at me and said *you have to use the glove* and I slapped him right across the face. When he ended up in the ICU I just knew it was over. I gave up completely. But not Ian, never Ian. He said right from the get-go that he'd be out in time to celebrate our third and sure as shit... He's such a strong man Maggie. Truly strong. I so admire him for that. (Pause.) Did I say something?

Maggie: No, it's nothing.

Ray: No, it's something. What is it?

Maggie: I'm sorry. It's just... today's my friggin' anniversary.

Ray: Oh. Oh no Maggie,/ I'm so sorry.

Maggie: It's stupid. Just stupid./ I'm so happy for you Ray, I really am.

Ray: I'm buying you a Timmy's.

Maggie: What?

Ray: And a doughnut. Fruit filling. / I insist. There's nothing a little fruit can't fix.

Maggie: Oh Ray you don't have to do that. Really... Really...

Ray: Look! Tampa scored. See? Things are looking up already. Come on. You been so good to us, it's the least I can do.

(Shift. Transition to Tim Horton's where Ray is rolling up the rim.)

Maggie: He says, *Kandahar.* I'm like, *Kandahar, where the hell is Kandahar?* It all seemed so exotic. Never hardly been anywheres. I mean I thought friggin' Toronto was exotic when we first got out here. Christ. Stupid thing is I married a soldier but I never thought he'd end up in an actual war. I never thought we'd end up in an actual war. Should'a listened to my mother. She warned me you know. She knew first hand too with my Dad too. But it's like I tell her, Mother, I practically grew up on the base. Who the hell else was I supposed to meet in Happy Valley-Goose Bay?

Ray: I won. Free coffee.

Maggie: You're one of those aren't you?

Ray: One of what?

Maggie: I never win anything.

Ray: Really? I win all the time.

Maggie: So explain something to me. You said “third.” I didn’t know you were married.

Ray: Yup.

Maggie: I didn’t know you *could* get married.

Ray: Yup. Only in some of the provinces though. We’re still fighting the good fight for the rest of the country.

Maggie: Geez. Newfies never gonna go for that.

Ray: Oh yeah, they’re too busy clubbing the seals.

Maggie: Hey!

Ray: Kidding, kidding. We actually got married in Vermont though. Civil union. Was all you could do at the time.

Maggie: Really.

Ray: Ever been? It’s pretty.

Maggie: Naw. Never really got the chance to travel. After we got married I came straight out to nursing school and then Jimmy got shipped to Kandahar almost right after. Next thing I know...

Ray: Right. (Beat.) So-

Maggie: Accident. Just an accident. They were on a training exercise and...just a stupid fuckin’ accident.

Ray: Wow.

Maggie: Anyways, I’d love to do some travelling.

Ray: Why don’t you? You should, it’d be good for you.

Maggie: I don’t know...money...time...nobody to travel with.

Ray: You don’t need to go with anybody. Where’s the adventure in that?

Maggie: Adventure! Ha! I just... I haven’t moved any of Jim’s stuff you know? Not one stitch in two years. His friggin’ sweater’s still hanging on the back of the closet door just how he left it, waiting for game day.

Ray: Fuck, Maggie, move on.

Maggie: That feels like such a betrayal to me. Like there’s a limit on it or something. I think somewhere in my mind I can make him come back you know, if I don’t change anything? It’s so Goddamn pathetic I know but I play into this fantasy: I’ll put the game on in the living room and crawl into bed. When I’m dozing off, just before sleep or just wakin’ out of it, I feel right happy because I know he’s just in the other room catchin’ the game and I can fall right back to sleep. It’s like this way I have to keep him alive and I know how pathetic it is and stupid it is but I can’t help myself. The whole thing.

Ray: You think this is how he’d want it?

Maggie: Why the hell should I care? He left me you know? You know what I mean. I have a Goddamn right to be mad. Who are they? Who are they to me?! But then I think about all those people over there and I feel like a real asshole for being so mad. Then I think of my mother. I swear I can hear her all the way from the rock saying, *well I told you so honey. You can't say I didn't warn you!* Then I want to kill the old bat but ultimately I think she's right. What the hell was I thinking marrying a soldier? Either way, I mean what the hell are we doing over there?

Ray: You think we should leave.

Maggie: That's not what I'm saying. I feel bamboozled is all.

Ray: Bamboozled? Awesome.

Maggie: You know it was like 9-11 and then Iraq and we said *no* and then somehow, the next thing I know, we're fighting the Taliban in Afghanistan ...and Jim's there in the middle of it...and then.... I feel duped.

Ray: You think we should never have been there in the first place - You know that women can't be treated by male doctors over there? They've banned it!/They just let them die.

Maggie: What? The evildoers?

Ray: It's pretty evil. And women can't go to school so ...it wasn't for nothing. We have a responsibility to –

Maggie: Oh don't you talk to me about responsibility. I listened to that shit my whole Goddamn life. Funny how the people who haven't lost nothin' are so easy to talk about our responsibilities.

Ray: We play a part. I'm just saying.

Maggie: I'm just saying we were duped.

Ray: I don't think so. I think there was an opportunity and we seized it. We didn't go into Iraq. We should already have been in Afghanistan. It was a win-win.

Maggie: Going to war is not a win-win. I didn't win. Jim certainly didn't win.

Ray: And if we stopped. What do you think would happen? It would be slaughter. And not only the women. The minorities. *The gays*. You know they beat those two drag queens to death-

Maggie: But they're not the only place like that. I mean they're still castrating women in...in...wherever that place is for Chrissake!

Ray: Somalia?

Maggie: Sure...Somalia! What about them?!

Ray: So we should throw in the towel on the Afghanis because we're not doing anything for the Somalis?

Maggie: That's not what I'm saying.

Ray: What then?!

Maggie: Oil!/ We wouldn't be there if there wasn't something America needed.

Ray: Oh God, not this! They don't have any oil!

Maggie: Fine, the pipeline! You know what I mean! We're in this* because it's the only way the American's can control the –

Ray: God I hate that. NO! We're in this because –*America is in this because there have been major MAJOR human rights violations, violations/ against women so unimaginable, against minorities, against –

Maggie: Oh come on! No way! Don't be so naïve! Americans would have created the holocaust to prove that Hitler was a bad man

Ray: Hitler was a bad man!/ What does Hitler have to do with this?!

Maggie: I'm not saying he wasn't it's just you can't – you have to acknowledge that America is not in this for the right – that we were duped...no forced into this *fight* and it is over oil not human rights. That's just the facts! (Beat.)

Ray: You hate Americans. You really think that about Hitler and Americans and the Holocaust? What about the Jews?

Maggie: This isn't about the Jews! Some of my best friends are Jews.

Ray: Well some of mine are Americans...like say...take me for instance.

Maggie: You said you were from out west.

Ray: Yeah. California is west last time I checked.

Maggie: For real?

Ray: Yes. For real. (Silence.) Truth? I was a pot smoking, tree hugging hippie before I met Ian. Long hair and the whole nine yards.

Maggie: Really. What happened?

Ray: I don't know. I guess the Alberta rubbed off.
(Silence.)
You haven't even had a bite of your doughnut.

Maggie: I'm not hungry.

Ray: ...So, what are you gonna do?

Maggie: I don't know.

Ray: Want to know what I'd do?

Maggie: No.

Ray: Well, I'm American. So I'm going to tell you anyway. Fold up the jersey. Sell the house. Pack a bag and go on an adventure for God's sake! Do something! Fight back! What? What are you laughing at?

Maggie: You!

Ray: Me? Why?!

Maggie: I'm just picturing you with a big ol' shaggy mullet!

Ray: It was not a mullet!

Maggie: (Clearing up the garbage and heading towards the ICU.) I gotta get back.

Ray: I'm very serious. It was never a mullet!

(She exits, amused. He gathers up his belongings and heads out for home... *not* amused.)

SCENE 5

(Pengrowth Saddledome.)

Douglas: I like doughnuts very much. Tim Horton's is my favourite but we don't got one of those out here so I don't get to have them very much. Sometimes Jasmine brings some back for us when she hitches into town. She always gets me fruit filling which I like very much. I also like maple but not as much as I like fruit filling. *There's nothing a little fruit can't fix.* My Mom used to say that when we were having a bad day. I always remember that. Cause you gotta keep a positive attitude when things aren't going your way. You gotta put the bad behind you and play the next twenty, no matter how far down you are. That's what Iggy always does. If you do the little things, you'll get rewarded eh? Sometimes a good doughnut can help give you the extra courage you need to get out there too. In my opinion that's what Iggy does all the time. Like that fight with Lecavalier? That was just as good as a fruit filling doughnut in my opinion 'cause it made everybody want to battle it out to the end. Gave them that little extra courage. That's what you gotta do eh? That's what you gotta do.

SCENE 6

(June 2004, Stanley Cup Playoffs. A watering hole in a town somewhere between Edmonton and Calgary. Bill and Lou are watching the game.)

Bill: (Indicating his Blue.) Hit me.
Louise: Oh man that's gotta hurt.
Bill: Looks good on him. Should'a had his head up.
Louise: He got nailed from behind. Head up or down wouldn't make no difference.
Bill: Just part of the game Lou.
Louise: Cherry would agree with ya.
Bill: Good man.
Louise: Shit, so would Ron MacLean.
Bill: They don't come better than that.
Louise: Can't argue with you there Billy.
Bill: Take the Romans. Gladiators were created by the Roman Empire because its citizens were a society of warriors. In times of peace, they had to give the warriors something that would hold their attention. Keep 'em from getting antsy. See, they're gonna go. /Look, look.
Louise: I still think it was a cheap shot.
Bill: Cheap shot?
Louise: That's a penalty./He should get the extra.

Bill: A penalty! Oh Christ no. Penaltys gonna kill the game Lou.
You mark my words./ Jesus, don't tell me you're one of those.*

Louise: I know what you're saying, but that one should be a penalty.
*One of what?

Bill: No I'm just saying... all I'm saying is it's that bleeding heart kind
of attitude is gonna kill this game./ (Beat.) It's unpatriotic.*

Louise: So I'm a bleeding heart cause I don't like cheap shots? *I'm
unpatriotic 'cause I don't like a cheap shot!

Bill: No, that's not what I'm saying I'm just saying that they're
always going on about how it's barbarism but anybody who says
that doesn't really watch the game.

Louise: I watch the game.

Bill: You know what I'm saying.

Louise: No Billy, I don't. Explain it to me.

Bill: Don't worry about it. I know what I mean.

Louise: No, no. Explain it to me. I want to learn.

Bill: Well maybe it's just not...I mean...you're probably a separatist
right?

Louise: What?! I'm probably a separatist. Why? Because I'm French?
I'm from Quebec so I must be a separatist?

Bill: Well aren't you?

Louise: Not everybody from Quebec is a separatist Bill. Osti! I'm a
separatist, I'm unpatriotic *and* I'm a bleeding heart.

Bill: That's not what I meant.

Louise: All because I think he took a cheap shot?

Bill: Well, you probably loved that asshole Trudeau.

Louise: You probably love that asshole Ralph Klein./ And for the record
Trudeau was not a separatist.

Bill: Hey now don't be gettin' on Ralphie. He's took good care of us out
here. Looked out for us. We got standards 'cause he's took care of his own.

Louise: Sacrament Bill what the fuck are you talking about? What
does Klein have to do with any of this?

Bill: You brought it up

Louise: You're fuckin' crazy man. You're cut off.

Bill: Hey, hey now, you don't gotta go all drastic on me. I understand if you don't
want to discuss you're political views. Fine. We'll just drop it. We'll just
change the subject.

(Beat. Indicating the game.)

Jesus that black bastard can fight.

Louise: I thought you said they weren't built for playing ice sports.

Bill: I'm gettin' awful dry over here.

Louise: You're gonna get even dryer if you don't smarten up.

Bill: I said he could fight. Didn't say he could skate. Being able to fight don't make you a hockey player.

Louise: Oh yeah? You looked at his stats?

Bill: No, I haven't looked at his stats. I'm not sayin' it's a bad thing. Look. It's like I'm always telling Douglas. A man's gotta be able to stand up for himself. Can't stand up for yourself in this world, you're gonna have some troubles and that black bastard can sure stand up for himself. It just don't make him a hockey player.

Louise: Let's just have a look at his stats.

Bill: What?
(She exits. Calling after her.)
No! What for? What do you want to do that for?
(Lou re-enters carrying her card collection.)
What the Christ is that?

Louise: You never seen that?

Bill: Never seen what?

Louise: This. My card collection.

Bill: Nope. (He looks.)

Louise: No?

Bill: (He looks closer.) Holy shit.

Louise: I can't believe I never showed you that. I got about fifteen thousand cards in that collection. (He gives a whistle.) Pretty cool eh? I started when I was twelve. Me and this kid from my block would go down to the dep first thing Saturday morning. She was probably my only friend back then eh. Wasn't a very pretty girl. Kinda fat with these thick fuckin' glasses but she liked hockey cards too so we got to be real good friends.

Bill: Geez./ My boy would go nuts over these.*

Louise: I can't even remember that girl's name anymore. *Oh yeah? Dougie into cards? You gotta bring him by some time. I'll show him.

Bill: Oh yeah?

Louise: Oh yeah sure Billy, no problem. Sacramento, I didn't think about her in ages./ What the fuck was her name?

Bill: He'd appreciate that boy, that's for sure. Geez you got a lot of em.

Louise: Oh yeah. Some of them are pretty valuable too eh? (Showing him.) Like I got a 1979 Tops, number *eighteen*, Wayne Gretzky rookie card. (He gives another little whistle.) Yeah, that one's worth quite a bit. I got a 1970 Bobby Hull.

Bill: Wow.

Louise: Yeah, that one's pretty valuable too. But the best for me, the *best*, my piece-de-resistance, is my full set nineteen-seventy, seventy-one Montreal Canadians including Ken Dryden and Guy LaFleur.

Bill: Lemme see that. (She shows him "the good set".) That's something Lou.

Louise: Yeah. It's in mint fuckin' condition too. It's not the most valuable there, money wise, but it is to me you know? That one I would never sell anyway.

Bill: I guess not.

Louise: This one? This one is my favourite.

Bill: *LaFleur*.

Louise: You know they called him The Flower? The fuckin Flower, man. And he was beautiful like that too you know? They said he just had a gift.

Bill: Oh my God.

Louise: Yeah, the fans loved him too eh. Every time the guy touched the puck the whole Forum would shout his name, *Guy! Guy! Guy! Guy!*

Bill: Where did you get your hands on a thing like this?

Louise: What's that?

Bill: Dave Semenko. Well, you can say a lot about Frenchmen but they do love their hockey.

Louise: Did you know that he's the all-time points leader for the Habs? He's also the first player in NHL history to score fifty goals and one-hundred points in six consecutive seasons.

Bill: Fuckin' LaFleur

Louise: He was crazy too eh. This one time, after he won the cup, he just borrowed it for the weekend to bring it home and show his friends.

Bill: Crazy bastard.

Louise: Yup. The guy put the Stanley Cup on the middle of his front fuckin' lawn for everyone to see! Didn't give a shit what nobody thought that guy. He was fuckin' fearless man.

Bill: Different style though.

Louise: Fuckin' fearless.

Bill: The Frenchmen I mean. You take old Cement Head here eh. That's what they called him eh. He was a real average guy you know? Less than average. A real goon but he knew his place. Knew what his job was and he did it good you know? Protect The Great One. That's it. Protect The Great One. That's what I'm saying about Douglas eh? I tell him all the time you know? *You ain't overly smart and you ain't athletically inclined but look at old Semenko. No hell of a hockey player but knew his place and it got him all the way to the NHL.* Now

I'm not sayin' Douglas gonna make to the NHL or anything, Might be only baggin' groceries at Safeway or workin' an oil patch or whatever eh but the world needs that too.

Louise: World needs all kinds.

Bill: The world needs that too. Now my Ian, he was the talent in the family there's no doubt about it.

Louise: How is he?/ He ever comin' home for a visit?*

Bill: Pretty good I think. *God knows. Always been that independent type you know. (Pulling out his wallet.) Sent me this picture awhile back.

Louise: He looks good.

Bill: He looks older.

Louise: Always was a good lookin' kid./ (Indicating the picture.) Who's that?*

Bill: Yeah took after his old lady. *Oh that's an old buddy a his. They met back in the day plantin' trees. Headed out to the Big Smoke after that and been there ever since.

Louise: Hey, you hear about that thing out there?

Bill: What thing?

Louise: This is the most fucked up thing I ever heard. Was on the news earlier. This woman, like 35 years old, jumps in front of the subway. But she doesn't jump just herself. She jumps carrying her newborn baby in her arms. The baby dies. She gets rushed to the hospital and lives. I mean, *calice*, I was raised Catholic and killing yourself is wrong blah, blah, blah. But it makes you wonder what kind of God would let that happen. She lives and the baby dies? Makes you wonder if there is a God at all.

Bill: Typical. Don't know how that makes news out here. Entire province could drown in the Bow river we'd be lucky to get a mention out there. Anyway, don't know how anybody can live in that Christing city. I'd jump in front of the Goddamn train too if I had to live there.

Louise: Ever been?

Bill: Naw. Not my bag. Not much of a traveler. Most traveling I ever did was back in the day with Ian.

Louise: Oh yeah?

Bill: For his hockey eh. Used to take him to all his games and video them. Never missed a single one. Kid was a darn talented goaler. Jeez this one time back oh my God he must have been playin' in Tykes...it's the queerest thing you ever saw. I'm tapin' away and all of a sudden I see these two boys going after Ian. The one little guy gives him a bit of a shove eh? Well, he wasn't having any of that so he shoves back and then grabs this kid by the shirt and hauls him down on

the ice. Then he goes after the second kid. This other kid was bigger too. Kid practically had a mustache but Ian didn't care. No fear in that boy. It was like a bloody brawl I tell you. You can't do nothin' either as a parent eh. Not for my Ian anyway, he woulda killed me. You don't get involved. That's my philosophy. I can't stand those parents who are all up screaming at their kids "do this, do that, tie your laces, wipe your ass", a boy's gotta learn to stand up for himself. That's just how it is in this world. Can't stand up for yourself in this world you're gonna have some troubles.

Louise: That is a fact my friend. That is a fact.

Bill: Geez I haven't thought about that in years. Sure takes me back though. Those were the days you know? Pretty wife, young kid, good hockey player. Didn't have Douglas back then to worry about eh. Not that I'd...well you know it's just hard sometimes with Douglas since the old lady passed on. Back then we didn't have no worries like that, we were on top of the world. Even the Oilers couldn't be beat. Nothin' like the Oilers back in the day. The good ol' dynasty days.

Louise: Aw now Billy there's only one real dynasty. (Beat.)

Bill: Oh, don't get on about that group of frogs now Lou.

Louise: They may be a group of frogs but they can count.

Bill: What's that supposed to mean?

Louise: It means what it means.

Bill: Well it must be awful hard on those little webbed hands.

Louise: Oh no Billy, they can count all the way to twenty-four. Twenty- four times they won that cup. How many times did Edmonton win it? What's it like five? *Five* Bill?

Bill: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Louise: Why don't you find yourself a nice lady Billy. You're not that old.

Bill: I had a nice lady

Louise: Another nice lady

Bill: Never find one as good. Unless you're offerin'...

Louise: Aw now Billy you know we don't play for the same team.

Bill; Yeah, yeah.

Louise: But if I we're to play on the other team, I'd want to play with you.

Bill: Oh geez, you don't got to say it like that.

Louise: Like what? I thought you were comfortable with my sexuality Billy.

Bill: I'm just sayin' you don't gotta go on about it. Oh geez, would you look at that? My grandmother could have stopped that goal for cryin' out loud!

Louise: Your phone's ringing.

Bill: Geez my Ian should'a kept up with it. League needs more talent between the pipes.

Louise: You're phone's ringing.

Bill: I can hear that Lou. I can can never find the goddamn little thing. Why they gotta make these things so small all the time. There you are you little bastard.

Louise: Hey Billy?

Bill: Yes Lou?

Louise: Yvette.

Bill: What?

Louise: Yvette. That's it. That was her name.
(He stares blankly at her. She smiles.)

Bill: Jesus Christ. Yeellow...Bill speakin'...
(Shift. Transition marking the passage of time. Bill hangs up the phone and sits for awhile. Lou is admiring one of her cards.)

Bill: Would you turn that goddamn tv off? It's giving me a Christing headache.

Louise: All you gotta do is ask.

Bill: Well I just did.

Louise: Ok, ok. And it's off.

Bill: Good. Now give me a fuckin' Blue.

Louise: Calice. What's going on Billy?

Bill: What is your goddamn problem? (He helps himself.)

Louise: I don't know what happened there but you got in a very bad mood now and you're gonna have to go home if you don't take it easy.

Bill: Excuse me but I been coming here since before you started that little card collection of yours there and you're telling me you're gonna send me packin'?

Louise: Well I own it now Bill and what I say goes you hear me? Now I'm asking you to keep it calm. I'm asking you nice. But if you can't do that I'm gonna have to bar you.

Bill: And how you gonna do that? Just theoretically speakin', how the fuck are you gonna do that? You're something else Lou. Lou. What kind a girl calls herself Lou anyway, Lou? What are you doing out here Lou? They not so proud of their little *girl* back in Cuebec? So you come here to pollute my backyard with your sickness and then you think you're gonna give me the bum's rush? That's goddamn funny Lou.

Louise: You threatening me Bill? Is that a threat you just made there? I seriously hope for your sake that it was not because I been threatened a lot in my life and I don't have a very good reaction to it you hear what I'm saying? Now I treat you pretty good eh? Keep your belly full of beer. Buy you a good meal from time to time. Let you run up a pretty good tab? How big is that tab now Bill? What is it like five-six-hundred?

Bill: Aw just take it easy Lou, just fuckin' relax ok?

Louise: I'm real relaxed Bill, I think it's you who needs to relax.

Bill: You don't need to get all hot and bothered over the tab is all, I'm good for it and you know it.

Louise: You just get it under wraps if you want to hang around.

Bill: Ah fuck it.

Louise: Fuck what?

Bill: Fuck you!

Louise: Fuck you too!

Bill: You need a good slap is what you need.

Louise: I fuckin' dare ya to try it you fuckin' piece of shit. I fuckin' dare ya.

Bill: Here's a newsflash for you Lou, nobody gives a fuck about LaFleur, the Habs suck and you're nothin' but a lonely old dyke.

(He dumps his beer on "the good set". Silence.)

You want to know who collects hockey cards Lou? My fuckin' halfwit stepson, that's who. Same goddamn pastime as a fourteen-year-old retard. (Exits.)