Hallmark Presents: A Winter Classic Christmas

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Hallmark Presents: A Winter Classic Christmas

by LiarsandThieves22

Summary

Hallmark makes a movie loosely based on their life. Ilya contemplates suing; Shane seems oddly delighted by the whole thing.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

THIS CHRISTMAS, ONLY ON HALLMARK. . .

Hudson Marks and Connor Wilson star in A WINTER CLASSIC CHRISTMAS. When two long time hockey rivals find themselves on the same team for the yearly All-Star Winter Classic Game, everyone is expecting drama. But neither of them were expecting a different kind of spark to fly. When rivalry turns to something more, they'll have to figure out what matters the most – love for each other, or love for the game?

WORLD PREMIERE On December 1st!

—

Barrett dropped the link in the player group chat with a simple message: *group watch at the Hollanov house?*

"What the fuck is *this* shit?" Ilya muttered under his breath, reading the description. "Hollander! Get in here!"

Shane dutifully appeared from the other room thirty seconds later. He was in workout gear and a little sweaty — Ilya must have interrupted yoga. For Shane to *be* interrupted, Ilya must have sounded more desperate than he thought he had.

"What is it, what's wrong?" Shane asked, radiating concern. Ilya wordlessly handed him the phone. This was exactly the type of thing that would send Shane into a spiral. It had been a good start to their first season together – they were winning more than they were losing, and Shane had scored a hat trick in two games already. Most of the articles about them by were positive, pointing out how well they worked together and how electric the Centaurs seemed. That woman on ESPN, Cheryl something, had called them the most fun team in hockey. But not all the press had been positive, and the negative stories weighed heavy on Shane, Ilya knew. The ones that suggested that the losses were due to them being distracted by their personal lives; the ones that implied that Shane played better on Montreal — that he'd been more *disciplined* then, was letting himself go in Ottawa — those rattled him, sometimes for days.

Privately, Ilya thought Shane had never played better. Had never *looked* better. The macrobiotic diet had gone out the window, but with it Shane's shoulders had relaxed a little, and he'd gotten a little softer around the edges. Ilya was obsessed with him, even more than he already had been.

Still, this was sure to be the type of thing that set Shane off. Bringing their relationship back into the spotlight and making it into a *rom-com*. A *CHRISTMAS* rom-com! The idea was making *Ilya* a bit sick, and he wasn't even the one of them who was still touchy about public displays of affection!

(Shane would argue he was not touchy about *all* public displays of affection, and that there was a key difference between holding hands while walking or kissing at a restaurant and Ilya trying to make out with him after every single game they won, right there on the ice. But whatever — Ilya was right. Hollander was uptight!)

But Shane did not freak out. Instead Shane did something else — he burst into ridiculous little giggles.

Ilya gaped at him. His expression just made Shane laugh harder, nearly doubling over with it.

"Oh my god," Shane said, when he finally caught his breath. "*Winter Classic Christmas!* That's so funny. Do you think they know that the All-Star game happens after Christmas? Or that the Winter Classic has nothing to do with the All-Star Game? Do you think anyone who wrote this even knows how to play hockey? Will there even be any hockey in it?"

"This is what you care about?" Ilya asked, still stunned. "They are making *movie about our lives* and you are concerned the hockey part won't be accurate enough?"

Shane shrugged. It had been, admittedly, a bit of an adjustment for Ilya to get used to this newer, looser Shane. The one who let himself be happy more openly, who didn't tie himself up in all these ridiculous expectations of himself. It was the same Shane he'd fallen in love with, of course — it just used to be harder to crack through that exterior shell. But now Shane showed that part of him everywhere — in their home, of course, but on the ice too, in the locker room, out on the street, in front of the cameras.

Still: he hadn't changed *that much.* The other day he'd rewatched three hours of game footage after dinner. All of the books on his shelf were still about hockey. And all the stories about their relationship still pissed him off. He hated the speculation and the gossip about their lives that flooded the internet — he'd banned anyone from ever mentioning the words *TMZ* to him.

This should be driving him crazy. It was the exact speculative nonsense on their relationship that he hated. Hell, it was driving *Ilya* crazy. Why wasn't Shane mad?

"It's not *really* about us," Shane pointed out. "It's not like they called them Shane and Ilya. Instead they're uh," he double checked the phone, "Chase and Anatol."

"*Anatol*," Ilya said flatly. "You are sitting here and arguing that gay hockey movie about rivals, one of whom has Russian name, is somehow *not about us?*"

"How did you use 'whom' correctly but still drop an a in that sentence?" Shane asked, mildly. "Sometimes I think you do that on purpose, you know."

"Who are you and what have you done with Shane Hollander," Ilya demanded, poking him in the chest. "Shane Hollander would be freaking out about this!"

Shane rolled his eyes. "It's a *Hallmark* movie. They make dumb crap like this all the time. They're all called, like, 'Happy Ex Mas' or 'Bringing Home Mr. Christmas' and they're all totally ridiculous. It's not like this will be up for *Oscars.* It's really not a big deal." He moved

towards Ilya, wrapping him into a hug. Ilya, admittedly, *loved* when Shane did little things like this — after years of every fleeting touch being heavily scheduled, it was nice to just stand with his arms around his husband sometimes. Still, now it felt a bit like Shane was trying to *console* Ilya, which meant Ilya seemed genuinely upset to him. Which was weird, that he was the only one upset. Or that he was upset at all, maybe? "It's not like the gossip articles suggesting you married me for citizenship or those horrible conservative talking heads who call us a disgrace or whatever. It's just . . . it's silly. It doesn't mean anything."

"Right," Ilya said. He was oddly unconvinced.

Shane pressed a kiss into his cheek. "I'm sure no one will even notice it exists."

"*Barrett* noticed," Ilya pointed out.

"You should ask him what he was doing on the Hallmark Channel website in the first place," Shane said. "Seriously. I'm not worried about it. You shouldn't be either."

Still — Ilya couldn't shake it. Couldn't shake the weird pit in his stomach about the whole thing. "I think we should sue them," he said, pouting.

Shane laughed. "I think that would bring *more* attention to it, not *less.* Also what would we sue them for? They don't actually say it's based on us."

"Yes but everyone *knows* it is," Ilya pointed out. Even he could admit he was starting to sound a bit whiny. "Everyone will watch this movie and go *that is exactly what happened with Hollander and Rozanov* even though we never even *played* stupid Winter Classic against each other!"

"This is really upsetting you," Shane observed. "Why?" He was so genuine with it — he really wanted to know.

"I don't know!" Ilya admitted, pulling himself away from Shane and throwing his hands up. He couldn't explain it, not really. Just that it *was*. It was driving him insane, and it was driving him even *more* insane that it didn't seem to be driving *Shane* insane at all. He'd spent so long wanting to be the public one, the open one, while Shane was the more nervous and paranoid of them that this role reversal was, in and of itself, disorienting. It made him feel like he'd woken up in some bizarre other world — a mirror universe where Shane Hollander was *relaxed* and Ilya Rozanov was sitting around panicking about what other people thought of him. *Backwards!*

"Well, why don't you try? Just — say what it makes you feel?" Shane spread his hands out wide. "You know me, Ilya, I'm not going to judge you."

Ilya did know that. He clawed a hand through his hair and tried to gather his jumbled thoughts into something that made sense, pacing away from Shane as he did so. "It's — it's just *stupid!* People are going to watch and think this is how it was with us! That all we did was hold hands in fake snow and shoot yearning looks across the ice at each other." He scoffed. "They will not know what it was like, really, that it was — that it was *important*.

That it was *heavy,* that it wasn't . . . wasn't," he threw his hand into the air, at a loss for the word.

"Frivilous?" Shane offered. "Like, not serious."

"Yes, that!" Ilya said, feeling triumphant. "They will think it was easy. They will think that it did not *matter.* When it mattered more than *anything.*"

Is it agony for you, too? Shane had asked him once. And it was — it had been. Loving Shane had felt like the end of the world right up until he'd said it out loud. All that weight he'd carried around for so long, all that fear — Hallmark would miss all of that. They would take something beautiful and precious and *sacred* and make it a poorly lit joke that people made GIFs out of. And people would think that *was* the story, that was *theirs.* The way Shane had been afraid that the story would just become about the sex, how illicit it all was, Ilya was afraid it would become some less interesting, dulled out romance. It would lose all its edge. It would lose all its *weight.*

Shane crossed the room and took Ilya's face into his hands. "To be fair," he said softly. "There were a lot of yearning looks across the ice with us, I think."

Ilya huffed a small laugh and closed his eyes. Shane leaned forward to kiss him — so soft. Like Ilya might break. He felt like he *might* break actually. He was a bit embarrassed, suddenly, about how strongly he felt about this stupid movie. "I just," he said. "It will not be as romantic as it was in real life. It will not be as good as it was for real." He shrugged. "I know that is stupid, but it is important to me. That people know how much it mattered. How much you matter."

"It mattered," Shane said softly. Ilya kept his eyes closed, but he could feel Shane knock their foreheads together, gently. "It still matters. More than anything."

"I know," Ilya said. For a moment, they just sat there in silence, breathing the same air.

Finally, Ilya opened his eyes, Shane was looking at him thoughtfully. It was the face Shane made whenever he was coming up with a new play — Ilya had no idea what it meant here. "Maybe," Shane said, slowly, "there's a way we can make people realize that the movie isn't really about us? That it's . . . inspired by us, but not accurate? That our story — our *real* story — is the one that matters? And not this stupid, frivolous movie?"

"How do we do that?" Ilya asked. "You hate airing our laundry, or whatever."

"I can make an exception," Shane said with a grin. "For the greater good. And I sort of have an idea, actually, but you might hate it."

"I like all of your ideas," Ilya lied, and Shane laughed and kissed him again.

—

[Start Video]

[SHANE HOLLANDER and ILYA ROZANOV sit together on a grey couch. Their knees are touching. Both are wearing horrendously ugly Christmas sweaters.]

Shane Hollander: Hi. I'm Shane Hollander.

Ilya Rozanov: And I'm Ilya Rozanov.

SH: And we are here to watch, uh, *A Winter Classic Christmas—*

IR: And tell you how bad it is.

SH: [Laughing] It might be good!

IR: [Staring directly into camera] It will not be good.

[TITLE CARD: THE OTTAWA CENTAURS PRESENT: MOVIE NIGHT]

[CUT TO CLIP]

Two blandly handsome men in generic off-model hockey gear stand on an ice rink in face-off position. One is brunette and one is blonde. They are both white. There are edited-in sounds of cheering, but the wide shots of the stadium show the place is suspiciously empty.

Chase: So, Anatol . . . guess we'll be on the same team for the Winter Classic.

[CHASE's eyes rake up and down ANATOL's body. It is not subtle.]

Anatol: [In a deeply bad Russian accent] I guess so.

[CUT TO: Shane and Ilya on the couch. Ilya's jaw has dropped. Shane has doubled over in laughter.]

SH: [laughing] Oh my *god—*

IR: [overlapping] I do not sound like that! That is not how I sound! [to Shane] Hollander! Stop laughing! This is not how I sound!

SH: [laughing continues]

IR: [to camera] This is what I put up with. Everyone calls me asshole, and this is how my own husband treats me.

SH: [calming down] Sorry, sorry. That was just. Wow. A choice that he made.

IR: Offensive choice.

SH: Speaking of, I guess this *isn't* based on us, because they made me white. Should I be mad that they made me white?

IR: You should be mad that they made you less handsome.

SH: You think I'm hotter than that guy?

IR: I think you are hotter than all guys. But *especially* that guy.

[CUT TO CLIP]

An older white woman with blond hair speaks to Chase — his mother KAREN. She is angrily opening and closing cabinets, but never appears to take anything out or put anything away. There are pots on the stove that are obviously empty. Chase drinks from a mug that is also obviously empty.

Karen: I just don't understand why the league is making you play with that jerk!

Chase: I don't know. I don't think he's that much of a jerk. It's mostly just an act, right?

[CUT TO: Shane and Ilya on the couch.]

SH: I actually said that about you once.

IR: Really?

SH: Yeah, to Hayden. [beat; then, more flirtatiously] Told him you were all talk.

IR: [flirtatiously] I think you know I am more than talk by now, Hollander.

Harris Drover: [offscreen] Guys, come on, what did I say — keep it *PG*!

[CUT TO CLIP]

Anatol and Chase are now in the same off-model hockey uniform. Various extras in the same uniform skate around.

Chase: So we're on a line together. . . *teammate*.

Anatol: [somehow even worse Russian accent] Yes we are . . . *Captain*.

Both men stare into each other's eyes for longer than is strictly comfortable. Finally, another man skates up — Chase's teammate, MARTY.

Marty: This guy giving you trouble, Chase? [to Anatol] In case you didn't get the memo, we're on the same team now, dude. Why don't you lay off?

Anatol: [not breaking eye contact with Chase] I got memo, Marty. Do not worry. I will be *extra nice* to your good friend Chase. In spirit of Christmas. [eyes raking up and down Chase's body, again, not subtly.] See you on the ice, Chase.

He skates away. Chase stares after him, longingly.

Marty: What a jerk, man.

[CUT TO: Shane and Ilya]

SH: I don't think we were ever *that* obvious.

IR: Da. Someone would have noticed if we spent that long gazing into each other's eyes, no?

HD: [offscreen] I mean, you kissed him on the cheek at your All-Star game, Ilya. That is a thing that happened. And, you know, our official account gets tagged in a *lot* of videos of you two just *staring* at each other during games—

IR: Harris, *stop talking*. You are not even in video!

[CUT TO CLIP]

Chase and Anatol are walking around a Christmas market. It is, again, suspiciously empty, although there a few extras walking around. The men arrive at a medium sized Christmas tree that is, apparently, meant to be the centerpiece of the market. It is snowing; the snow was very obviously added in post.

Chase: I always loved this time of year.

Anatol: Winter classic game?

Chase: [laughing] *Christmas*, Anatol. It's just. . . so magical. Feels like the one time of year where anything can happen. It's . . . romantic**.**

Chase is looking at the tree. Anatol is looking at Chase.

Anatol: You . . . ever bring girl home? For Christmas?

Chase turns to Anatol.

Chase: No, I've. . . never brought a girl home.

The music swells. For a moment, the men lean towards each other like they might kiss. Then a snowball hits Anatol. The camera cuts to Marty, fists in the air triumphantly.

Marty: Got you, you jerk! Chase, come on, stop letting this guy drag you around and come get a beer with us!

[CUT TO Shane and Ilya]

IR: I do not like Marty.

SH: That is *not* surprising to hear.

IR: They are always about to kiss and then not kissing in this movie. Is this not a rom-com? Why are they not kissing?

SH: It's how these movies work. It builds tension. They get like, one big kiss at the end. The important one.

IR: [scoffing] Stupid. We kissed all the time.

SH: [softly] Not every time.

IR: [turning to Shane, with surprise] No? I did not kiss you enough Hollander? [leaning forward, voice dropping] I can make up for it now.

SH: [laughing] Ilya, *stop*—

IR: [leaning into Shane] Harris, cut the camera, need a minute—

HD: [overlapping, offscreen] Oh, Jesus Christ you two—

[CUT TO BLACK]

[CUT BACK TO Shane and Ilya on the couch. Both are slightly more disheveled. Shane's face has gone bright red.]

HD: [offscreen] You said you could handle this, Rozanov.

IR: I will be good now. Not my fault romantic movie makes me want to kiss my beautiful husband.

SH: You think this movie's actually romantic?

IR: No. The movie sucks. We were much more romantic than this. But, to be fair, everything makes me want to kiss you.

SH: [shoving Iyla's shoulder] Sap. [Ilya drapes his arm across Shane's shoulders, where it remains for the rest of the video.]

[CUT TO CLIP]

It's the Winter Classic game. There are a lot more people on the ice now. The hockey is extremely unrealistic. Some of the extras barely know how to skate. No one is holding a stick right at all.

[CUT TO Shane and Ilya]

IR: This is what Hollander was afraid of. *Bad hockey*.

SH: I think this is the first time they've bothered to show any hockey at all. I sort of wish they hadn't.

[CUT TO CLIP]

Chase has the puck. Anatol is grinning at him. Chase is grinning back. Neither of them is really skating — they are very clearly standing in front of a green screen with a fake background added in. Then, abruptly, a man topples into Chase. The film cuts to a stunt double hitting some boards. Then it cuts to Chase on the ground. The physics of how the "hit" happened do not track at all.

Anatol: Chase!

He skates to Chase. There are no medics anywhere. Anatol takes off his gloves and cradles Chase's face in his hands. No other players on the ice seem to notice this happening.

[CUT TO Shane and Ilya. Shane is pointing off screen, presumably at the TV. Ilya looks genuinely upset.]

SH: Now, see, we don't hurt each other during the All-Star game, because it's all fun. Although I guess this is the Winter Classic. That's unclear. But where are the medics? This would never happen in— [noticing Ilya] Hey, are you okay?

IR: [unconvincing] Fine.

SH: [softly] Hey. I was fine. [he places a hand on Ilya's knee]

IR: [softly] All things they could steal from our lives, I would not have picked that moment.

SH: [Speaking in Russian, untranslated.]

IR: [Speaking in Russian, untranslated.]

[CUT TO CLIP]

Chase is leaving a hospital with Karen. It is fake snowing again.

Karen: I'll go get the car.

She walks off screen. Chase sighs and looks up at the sky.

Chase: [sadly] Well. Merry Christmas to me, I guess.

Suddenly, Anatol appears. He is carrying a poinsettia, for some reason.

Chase: [surprised] Anatol. I didn't think . . . you didn't come to see me.

Anatol: [really, unspeakably bad accent] I wanted to. I wasn't sure you wanted to see me.

Chase: I always want to see you.

Anatol: Really? [walking forward. He puts the poinsettia down. It is, frankly, a bit awkward.]

Chase: Of course.

Anatol: Chase. . . I [accent suddenly gone] Love you.

Chase: Anatol . . . I love you too.

They kiss. When they pull apart both grin.

Chase: Come home with me. For Christmas.

Anatol: [accent back and twice as bad as it was] Of course. All I want for Christmas is. . . how you say? You.

Chase smiles. They kiss again. Generic Christmas music plays as the camera pans out and THE END in gold script fills the screen.

[CUT TO Shane and Ilya]

IR: Ridiculous. Why did he quote Mariah Carey?

SH: Mariah Carey?

IR: See, now I think you are messing with me. You cannot not know who Mariah Carey is, Hollander. This I don't believe.

SH: [laughing]

HD: [offscreen] Well, what did you think of the movie?

IR: Awful. Nothing like how it really happened. Much better in real life. Two stars.

SH: [laughing] I didn't think it was that bad. It was kind of sweet.

IR: Fine, three stars.

SH: You're raising it a whole star because I kind of liked it?

IR: [exaggerating accent] How you say . . . happy wife, happy life?

SH: [laughing] Oh my *god*, who taught you that? You're a menace.

IR: [smirking] Menace you *love*.

SH: [softly] Yeah, yeah. Menace I love.

[CUT TO: Title Card: THE END]

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COMMENTS:

@HaydenPike: Why do I feel like I need to sue this movie for slander

> **@IlyaRozanov81:** I thought it was very accurate portrayal
>
> **@HaydenPike:** just for that I really am gonna throw a snowball at you next time i see you

@LucaHaas: totally inaccurate. you guys flirt way worse than that in the locker room.

> **@CentaursGirlie1995:** Luca I fear we may need an anecdote here

@LucaHaas: After our last win Ilya actually shoved Shane against the wall to kiss him the moment we got into the locker room

@BoodMeister: rozanov's phone background is hollzy and their dog asleep together on the couch and he regularly makes us and the local reporters look at it and confirm they are both "the cutest ever"

@WyattHayesGoalie: literally any time the phrase "stick handling" comes up it's the end of the world

@IlyaRozanov81: i will kill all of you

@MeggyMarx: this is the cutest video i have ever seen what the fuck. did they really take a mid-video break to make out with each other??? @HarrisCentaurs you are a saint.

@HarrisCentaurs: my job is very hard.

@BoodMeister: I feel like you're really leaving rozanov open on this one Harris.

@ IlyaRozanov81: ;)

@HarrisCentaurs: NOOOOOOOO

@PrettyLucy: wait what was the russian they were speaking to each other???

@KiraPines: shane said i love you and then ilya said i love you back but then i think i might be rusty bc it sounded like ilya called shane his little spatula, which can't be right

@shanehollanderhockeyplayer: Nope, that was right.

@ IlyaRozanov81: <3

@PrettyLucy: you guys are such weirdos i'm obsessed with you both

@KiraPines: 10000%. hallmark did not come close to capturing the weirdo-ness of you guys IRL

@ IlyaRozanov81: funniest part of this is no one will believe it was shane's idea

@shanehollanderhockeyplayer: You were right though. Not as romantic as real life. Not even close.

@ IlyaRozanov81: <3 <3 <3 <3 <3

End Notes

can you believe after all this time i’m back posting and it’s bc of the gay hockey show. love that for me.

the idea for this came to me watching those drew gooden videos where he watches bad christmas movies and then i had to write it. happy holidays and happy almost season finale!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!