

PUCKTOWN: Franko-American

"FACE-OFF"
(the pilot)

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PUCKTOWN "FACE OFF" (The Pilot)

COLD OPEN / PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - CLOSE UP OF TV MONITOR

Through the monitor we see a simple two person sports commentator set for a segment called "Franko Flash".

The first person we see is UNCLE FRANKO (55, male), who at this moment is bizarrely dressed in an oversized knit cap and lumberman's shirt with suspenders.

The second person is KATHARINE (mid-30's female), a huge contrast to Uncle Franko, she's well dressed, pretty and for some reason not upset by what the man beside her is saying.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - FRANKO FLASH SET

As the camera moves to the side of the monitor we see that what is on screen is also live.

UNCLE FRANKO

Look, playing good hockey is like making love to a woman, you know?

KATHARINE

Trust me, I don't.

UNCLE FRANKO

It takes skill, knowledge and passion. You have to know her surfaces, control yourself on her corners and be able to find the crease once in a while.

KATHARINE

It doesn't hurt if you have a big stick either.

UNCLE FRANKO

What I'm saying is you can't fake it.

KATHARINE

Trust me, you can.

UNCLE FRANKO

I'm talking hockey, okay? I know all about you and your escalades! The point is, my stupid brother-in-law can't run this team because its not in his blood. He counts beans, and for dis game to work it's the puck that counts.

KATHARINE

Everyone needs a good puck now and then.

UNCLE FRANKO

Now... my niece, eh? Eh?

KATHARINE

She's very pretty.

UNCLE FRANKO

She breathes this game! She knows how to handle a puck.

KATHARINE

And many of the players from what I hear.

UNCLE FRANKO

I'm talking on the ice.

KATHARINE

Some people are into that, sure.

INT. EXTRABREW BOARDROOM - NIGHT

Suddenly the large screen television on the wall of this well appointed New York boardroom goes dark taking with it the segment we were just watching.

B-J (male, 60's), The President of Extrabrew, a large multi-national conglomerate, turns from the display to address the various executives assembled.

B-J

How do they get away with that? Down here the FCC would be all over us with fines.

From the desk top speaker phone we hear TOM.

TOM (VOICE ONLY)

It's Canada, B-J. We're a bunch of degenerates, remember?

B-J

I'm serious, Tom.

TOM (VOICE ONLY)

It's just harmless banter. Actually, no, it's more than that. It's the number one draw each game.

The other Executives around the table nod in agreement. B-J starts to wander around the boardroom, looking out the windows at the New York skyline.

B-J

He attacked you a lot last season. We can't help but think it's one of the reasons you had that heart attack.

TOM (VOICE ONLY)

Franko's been attacking me since I
married his sister and his father gave
me a share in the team.

B-J

He takes his fight to the public,
that's not good for the brand.

The boardroom window is in a part of the building jutting out from the rest. B-J looks out this narrow side window at another office on the other end of this face that does the same. What he sees draws his attention and he moves closer to the window for a better look.

B-J (CONT'D)

How can we fix that?

TOM (VOICE ONLY)

Give him what he wants.

B-J

He wants you out.

TOM (VOICE ONLY)

He wants my daughter running the team.

B-J gets right into the corner and can clearly see the other office now.

EXT. BUILDING - OPPOSITE OFFICE WINDOW - NIGHT

A half dressed young woman is pressed against the window while a young man is making love to her.

INT. EXTRABREW BOARDROOM - NIGHT

B-J is shocked and appalled.

B-J

Oh... Joy!

Another Executive pipes up behind him taking over the call while B-J stands transfixed at the glass.

BRANDON

Tom, it's Brandon. Melodie is a bit young to be running a professional hockey team, isn't she?

TOM (VOICE ONLY)

She's effectively been doing it for the last seven months. Besides, it's the only thing that'll make Franko stop the attacks. Otherwise you're sending fresh meat to the slaughter.

Yet another Executive, LIAM, rises and moves along side B-J to see what's upset him so much.

BRANDON

Do you think she's up for it, Tom?

TOM (VOICE ONLY)

Absolutely.

EXT. BUILDING - OPPOSITE OFFICE - NIGHT (MCU)

A medium close up of the other office. We can now clearly see that a young man has the nearly disrobed young woman pressed against the glass as he thrusts energetically into her from behind.

LIAM

(WHISPERING TO B-J)

Good Lord, B-J. Is that your daughter?

B-J

(WHISPERING BACK WHILE GRITTING TEETH)

And my office...

INT. EXTRABREW BOARDROOM - NIGHT

B-J turns from the window for a moment and yells.

B-J
That bastard!

All pause for a moment while B-J turns back to the glass.
Brandon hesitantly continues the call.

BRANDON
Tom, you know how it is. We need to
protect our interests.

TOM (VOICE ONLY)
What do you have in mind?

BRANDON
An On-site representative. Someone
from Extrabrew.

TOM (VOICE ONLY)
They're not going to like that.

BRANDON
If we don't get that team turned
around this season we may have to walk
away.

TOM (VOICE ONLY)
That would kill us, Brandon and you
know it.

BRANDON
I'm sorry, but the rest of the company
doesn't exist to support a losing
team.

TOM (VOICE ONLY)

Who were you thinking of sending?

BRANDON

Someone with sports experience, one of
our rising stars...

Liam turns from the window and leans into the speakerphone.

LIAM

We're going to send you a guy named
Owen Post.

Brandon's eyebrows go wide in surprise at the outburst, he reaches forward and hits the mute on the speakerphone.

BRANDON

Owen? Really?

LIAM

Absolutely.

BRANDON

Does he even know where Canada is? I
mean, that last campaign went south,
sure, but if we send him up there he's
liable to get eaten by a bear or
something.

EXT. BUILDING - OPPOSITE OFFICE - NIGHT (ECU)

An Extreme Close Up as the young man appears to be doing unspeakable things to the young woman.

INT. EXTRABREW BOARDROOM - NIGHT

B-J turns from the window with steely resolve.

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B-J
Sounds perfect.

FADE OUT.

MAIN TITLES AND THEME

ACT ONE / SCENE A

FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING IN NICE NEIGHBOURHOOD-DAY

Cars pass by, and shoppers shop, in a nice urban neighborhood in Ottawa.

INT. MELODIE'S APARTMENT

Young, early 30's, sophisticated in dress, cosmopolitan in style, and yet full of energy with a wild-eyes willingness to get into the boards, MELODIE is heavily focused on a large screen TV on which she is currently playing a computer hockey game.

Her Avatar slaps a virtual player into the boards, and like so many gamers her body moves around the room as though doing the actual act.

MELODIE

Take that, Marcel! Smart ass.

The phone rings. Melodie engages her headset. Part of the monitor changes to reveal a Picture-In-Picture on her TV display.

MELODIE (CONT'D)

Bonjour, Hello?

Without taking her eyes off the game, or paying attention to her increasingly erratic movements around the apartment, Melodie carries on a conversation with her Dad.

MELODIE (CONT'D)

Papa! How is the sunshine state

treating you?

MELODIE (CONT'D)

Caught any snowbirds yet?

(MAKES A SEXUALLY SUGGESTIVE
NOISE)

Um... yeah, I can get everyone

together for tomorrow.

(MORE)

MELODIE (CONT'D)

(SHE PAUSES LONG ENOUGH TO
PUSH INTO A HIT ON A VIRTUAL
PLAYER)

Take that, play-ah! (PAUSE) What's
up?

(WHATEVER IS SAID IS ENOUGH
TO GET HER TO STOP PLAYING
AND START PACING)

It's not that bad, is it? (PAUSE) Oh
mon dieu!

She looks at TV screen and realizes her virtual character is getting pummeled. She rushes back into play, aggressively pressing the controls, trying to recover.

MELODIE (CONT'D)

Batârd! Think you can play dirty,
I'll show you how's it's done in the
real world!

Suddenly realizing she's dropped her earpiece, Melodie pauses the game and picks up the earpiece, resetting it.

MELODIE (CONT'D)

Sorry, papa. (PAUSE) Absolument.
(PAUSE) Non, count on me. I'm your
star player, remember? (PAUSE) Je
t'aime!

She rings off and picks up the controller slowly moving in place before the screen.

MELODIE (CONT'D)

(angrily)
C'mon, Habonear, I will show you.
Take this.

She resumes the game and less than a second later knocks something breakable off a nearby pedestal with a crash.

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MELODIE (CONT'D)

Merde! (PAUSE) Shit!

FADE OUT.

END OF SCENE A

SCENE B

FADE IN:

EXT. RESTO BAR - ST. JEAN QUEBEC - DAY

A busy, old-style bar on the industrial side of Montreal.

INT. RESTO BAR - DAY

Uncle Franko is there with his sister ANNIE (Melodie's mother) and a young, hot guy, named HABONEAR (HABO) who is too busy wolfing down a sandwich to pay much attention to anything else.

ANNIE

Oh, Franko! Why can't we meet
downtown? Someplace nice.

(TO HABONEAR))

Habo, honey. Chew with your mouth
closed, if you please.

FRANKO

Annie, you mistake fancy for nice.
This place has been home to our
famille for four generations, they
know us, and you can't get much nicer
than that.

Annie holds up a glass Tumbler.

ANNIE

But Franko, a merlot... in a proper
wine glass... is that too much to ask?

(TO HABONEAR)

Habo, cheri, elbows off the table, if
you please.

Franko motions to Habonear while he simultaneously signals
for another beer.

FRANKO

What happened to Guy? You get tired
of your episode of blonde?

ANNIE

(GLARES AT FRANKO)

He wasn't blonde!

She softens her tone as she reaches out to Habonear, trying to fix a stray lock of his hair.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Besides, this one is more my type.

FRANKO

As I recall he was your daughter's
type too, eh?

Annie waves him off dismissively.

ANNIE

She's too young for this.

(TO HABONEAR)

Habo, cheri. Sit up straight, if you
please.

A BYSTANDER appears beside Habonear with a menu in hand.

BYSTANDER

Excuse me. Aren't you Number 16,

Marcel Habonear, of the Outouais Lava?

Habonear smiles and nods between chews.

BYSTANDER (CONT'D)

Can you sign my menu?

Habonear nods excitedly, wipes his hands on his shirt and takes the menu, then looks around, lost. Annie hands him a pen as if anticipating him asking for one. Habonear then starts signing the menu.

OWNER
(IN BACKGROUND)
Hey! That's bar property!

A cranky sounding cell phone rings. Franko shuffles himself repeatedly, as though suddenly having ants in his pants, trying to get at something in the pocket of the oversized coat he has draped over the chair he's sitting on.

On finding what he's looking for he pulls the item up revealing one of those old-style brick-sized, cell phones. He turns it on.

FRANKO
Bonjour? (PAUSE) Ah, Melodie, how's
my favourite niece? Kicking Anglo ass
I hope! (PAUSE) Tabarnac! Are you
serious? (PAUSE) But the season
doesn't start for another... (PAUSE)
Yes, yes, I can be there. (PAUSE) Nine
ay em tomorrow. (PAUSE) Of course.

(DISCONNECTS CALL AND FUMBLES
PHONE AWAY)
Tabarnac! Those crazy Anglos have no
joie de vie! Who calls an emergency
meeting two days before...? Unless...

(HE REALIZES SOMETHING AND
STARTS CACKLING AGAIN)
Oh, Annie... Maybe! Maybe this is
it!

ANNIE
Sorry?

FRANKO
I think the new part owners finally
cashed the ticket on your Ex!

(MORE)

FRANKO (CONT'D)

I'll bet that's what this meeting is about, no? And Melodie is the one gathering everyone together.

(CROWS WITH LAUGHTER)

I think it finally worked, my sister. The team is back in the hands of family.

ANNIE

My husband was family.

FRANKO

(SCATHINGLY) Blood - family.

(CHUCKLING AGAIN)

Oh, yes. I can forgive interrupting my vacation with this news.

Certainement! (PAUSE) Tomorrow is a new chapter for the Outouais Lava, mark my words, Annie!

The main door opens and an AMERICAN COUPLE enters. The Husband moves to the counter.

AMERICAN

Excuse eh moi? Par-lez vous Angels?

OWNER

Mon Dieu!

(WAVES THEM BACK TO THE DOOR
WHILE SPEAKING ENGLISH)

The McDonald's is down the road.

Trust me, it's more your style!

AMERICAN

Oh. Thank you. (PAUSE) Mercy.

As soon as they are outside the Owner forcefully closes the door behind them and then marches back to the counter mumbling...

OWNER

[IN FRENCH]

Why do those people even bother trying to speak French? They make such a mess of it. I'd rather watch Mike Duffy eat a sandwich!

ANNIE

(WHISPERING AS SHE ROLLS HER EYES)

Incroyable, soyez gentille.

Franko rises, clumsily pulling his coat off the back of the chair as he readies to leave.

FRANKO

Lots to do if I'm going to make it to Ottawa in time.

Annie stands and 'air kisses' Franko.

ANNIE

Give my best to my darling, Melodie.

FRANKO

You two still not talking?

ANNIE

(LEANS IN AND GRABS ONTO HABONEAR)

Not since I took up with this one.

Franko leans into Habonear.

FRANKO

Don't eat too much; we need you

'quick, quick' on the ice. N'est-ce
pas!

ANNIE

(PURRING) Oh, he'll burn it off.

(SHE WIPES THE CORNERS OF
HABONEAR'S MOUTH)

Won't we, cheri?

Habonear nods agreeably. Franko is disgusted by the show.

FRANKO

Holy Virgin Mary on a Motorcycle! If
you two don't stop that I'm gonna be
three colours of sick!

FADE OUT.

END OF SCENE B

SCENE C

FADE IN:

EXT. PLANE - DAY

Commercial passenger liner travelling through the air.

PILOT (VOICE ONLY)

Ladies and gentlemen. We're now on
final approach to Ottawa.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Standing in a sleek and well tailored suit is OWEN POST, mid-30's, tall, all-American male. He is currently chatting up FLIGHT ATTENDANT, a pretty mid-20's female.

OWEN

So what say you show me the sights,
your House of Parliaments... your
world famous Museums... your bedroom?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Does that line ever work?

OWEN

Absolutely, but only because I have
copious amounts of charm.

The Flight Attendant actually chuckles at this. An elderly passenger in one of the front rows has been eyeballing him throughout and finally rises approaching them.

ELDERLY PASSENGER

Excuse me, young man. But shouldn't
you be up front right now?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(FLIRTING) Oh, I think he's being very
up front right now.

ELDERLY PASSENGER
(ANNOYED) Flying the plane!

OWEN
Good Lord! I'm not the pilot!

(POINTS)
My seat is two back of yours, dear.

A BING is heard, then...

PILOT (VOICE ONLY)
Attendants, take your positions.

OWEN
(TO FLIGHT ATTENDANT))
Hey! I can recommend a few of those...

She smiles and pats him as she turns to do her job.

EXT. PLANE - DAY

The plane is seen landing on the runway at Ottawa International with the high pitched squeal of a jet careening overhead.

SMASH CUT:

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

The sound of the screaming jet and screeching tires on tarmac easily blend into the orgasmic yelling of the Flight Attendant on her back, beneath lumpy, moving sheets, as she hits a crescendo. In the background the TV is on, barely audible but playing a woman's hockey game.

The sheets rustle and then Owen's head pops into view. He kisses her passionately.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Holy mother tongue! [Where did you
learn to do that??]

OWEN

Hmm... [University. I dated this bisexual chick in my third year]

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Your tongue should be bronzed!

Owen stops and considers that compliment, and then decides he likes it.

OWEN

Really? Could I get that in writing?

The Flight Attendant suddenly tenses up, lifting the blankets to glance downward.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(EYES GO WIDE AS SHE LOOKS UNDER COVERS)

What the hell is that?

OWEN

(SMUGLY) The second act.

Her eyes go wide as she reaches under the sheets to hold something.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Good lord!

(BLUSHES IN ANTICIPATION)

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EXTREME CLOSE UP OF TELEVISION:

The game reaches its own climax.

ANNOUNCER (VOICE ONLY)

And she shoots and she scores for the second time tonight!

FADE OUT:

END OF SCENE C

ACT TWO / SCENE D

FADE IN:

EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

Clearly one of the nicer Hotels in downtown Ottawa.

INT. HOTEL - MORNING

The room is in disarray. The billowing blanket on the bed is a lumpy shambles showing signs of repeated struggles.

An annoying BEEPING starts. It's coming from Owen's watch. After a moment a large corner of the blanket fly back as the FLIGHT ATTENDANT pushes them away and yells without opening her eyes.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

If that alarm isn't warning us about
the pending arrival of the four
horsemen of the apocalypse there's
gonna be hell to pay!

She opens her eyes to see OWEN, fully dressed, picking up the watch and turning off the alarm as he slips it over his wrist.

OWEN

Sorry, luv.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(ALARMED THAT HE'S ALREADY
DRESSED)

Early day?

OWEN

Unfortunately.

The Flight Attendant rolls over and watches him as he finishes preparing for departure.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

What do you do anyway?

OWEN

What do you think I do?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Well, you could make pretty good money
as a gigolo, if you ask me.

OWEN

I'm an efficiency expert.

(LEANING IN AND KISSING HER)

I figure out how to do things better.

She smiles broadly, reaches under herself and then winces.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I can believe that.

He picks up his briefcase and heads for the door.

OWEN

Are you okay letting yourself out?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

You trust me in here alone? What if I
go through your stuff?

OWEN

If you can find any of my stuff, feel
free. I travel light.

(HOLDS OPEN DOOR AND FLASHES
HER A SMILE)

Ciao!

Owen departs.

FADE OUT.

END OF SCENE D

SCENE E

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

A taxi pulls into the nearly empty parking lot, moves past the sign that reads "Head Office for the Outouais Lava Hockey Club" and pulls up to the sidewalk that leads to the front door of a three story office building in the middle of an industrial park.

Melodie steps out of the taxi as her phone rings. She is not wearing her Bluetooth earpiece. She struggles to pull her phone from her pocket and answer as she climbs out of the cab.

MELODIE

Bonjour, Hello?

She reaches back into the cab to grab her things and then puts them back down to get the money out of her pocket to pay the cabbie. Realizing she only has two hands she stands outside the cab and then in a fit of desperation puts her coffee cup on top of the cab.

MELODIE (CONT'D)

Hello Papa. (PAUSE) I'm just
outside.

She drops her keys.

MELODIE (CONT'D)

Merde! (PAUSE) Shit.

She scoops up her keys and then she leans into pay the cabbie, nodding for him to keep the change as she grabs her briefcase and other papers before stepping back out of the cab.

MELODIE (CONT'D)

No. I'm still here. (PAUSE) Just
clumsy.

She stops a foot from the cab and looks around in alarm. She will look back at the cab and we will see the coffee cup still on top of it, but her focus will be the empty lot.

MELODIE (CONT'D)

Where are you? The lot is empty.

(PAUSE) What are you still doing in

Florida? (PAUSE) But the Doctor's

said you'd be fine. You are fine,

aren't you? (PAUSE) You're kidding!

(PAUSE) They can't do that! (PAUSE)

Bloody hell!

She fumbles to retain everything as she makes her way to the front door of the building where she puts her briefcase down so she can grab the door. Then with a grace that doesn't seem possible, she manages to hook the door open with her foot and pivot, readjusting the items in her hands, as she turns to enter the office building. At the last second she stops and looks back in alarm as...

The taxi pulls away with her coffee cup still on the roof.

MELODIE (CONT'D)

MERDE!

Then, realizing the party on the other line doesn't know what's happening she trudges into the building lobby as she explains what happened to the other party on the phone.

MELODIE (CONT'D)

No, I just left my coffee on the cab -

again.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

While juggling the phone she attempts to cross the lobby with the increasingly unwieldy items in her hands, get to the elevator, and reach for the button.

Nearby stands Owen, looking at the Directory near the elevator, while trying to figure out where he needs to go. He sees her struggling and breaks off from the Directory to come to her aid. Reaching in he pushes the Elevator button for her with a smarmy smile.

MELODIE

Thanks. (INTO PHONE) They can't get away with that! I don't care how much of the team they think they own. (PAUSE) We'll just have to find a way to get around that. (PAUSE) Mon dieu! Who's going to run the team? (PAUSE) Me? Yeah, I'm up to it, but... (PAUSE) Well yeah, that's a great honour but, Papa, it won't be the same without you! (PAUSE) They're sending what?

The elevator door opens and they both enter.

INT. ELEVATOR

By this point Melodie has somehow handed some of the stuff she's struggling with into Owen's hands. He is looking at her bemused as the doors close.

MELODIE

(TO OWEN) Press three, merci.

She glances at Owen and realizes he's carrying her books. She is about to take them from him when she hears something over the phone that completely overtakes her. In fact, she starts jabbing the air with her finger as though the other person is directly in front of her.

MELODIE (CONT'D)

A yank? Whoa, whoa, whoa! You tell them I don't need a baby-sitter. I've been with this team since I was five years old. (PAUSE) Is it Cordiere? (PAUSE) Burke?

(MORE)

MELODIE (CONT'D)

(PAUSE) Lavallee, then? (PAUSE)

Well, who dammit? (PAUSE) Who the

Fucké is that? (PAUSE) Huh? (PAUSE)

But wait, I... (PAUSE AS TONE SOFTENS)

Okay, Papa. (PAUSE) Love you too,

bye.

She closes the call and stands there stewing, completely ignorant of the difficulties Owen is now having with her stuff.

INT. LAVA FRONT OFFICE - DAY

The front office of the Outouais Lava Hockey Club looks just like any other office anywhere in the world, except for the rather consistent display of marketing and product placement paraphernalia for both the Hockey Club and it's sponsors.

The other obvious difference is the flat panel Television on the wall playing 'LAVA TV'.

At the moment it's a panel show with various Hockey fans talking about what they like the most about their team.

The elevator door opens and GEORGE is standing there with a cup of coffee that he hands over to Melodie as she exits the elevator as though that were normal. A late 40's Male, George is the team Coach. He's in a panic but when he sees Melodie and Owen he jumps to an obvious conclusion.

GEORGE

Oh, you know already.

Waving her hands around dramatically Melodie walks past George without stopping and past the Television without acknowledging what's on it. Owen however pauses to take in some of the details with appreciation.

MELODIE

Oh, I know!

(CHARGES PAST HIM)

(MORE)

MELODIE (CONT'D)

But I don't care who owns the team,
George, I'm not reporting to some piss
ant, M.B.A. American who doesn't know
Hockey from a hickey, let me tell you!

GEORGE

Who said anything about reporting to
him? You're the GM, aren't you?

MELODIE

Damn right I am. (PAUSE) The only
Yank I respect and like is Stephen
Colbert and he's probably a Frenchie
in denial anyway.

INT. GM'S OFFICE - DAY

Much like the outer office, the General Manager's office is decorated with the posters and paraphernalia of the team, although with fewer sponsorship items.

Melodie enters with George in tow and then when Owen joins them she motions him to put her books down on a boardroom table that dominates the room.

MELODIE (CONT'D)

So long as this idiot knows I'm the
one running the team we'll get along
fine.

She stops and then looks at Owen.

MELODIE (CONT'D)

Did you figure out where you were
going?

OWEN

Yes.

She stops and on seeing George's expression she then puts two and two together. She points her finger at Owen.

MELODIE

You're this Owen fella, aren't you?

He steps forward with his hand out to shake.

OWEN

Owen Post. Piss ant. M.B.A. Yank
and... Idiot.

She responds, defiantly but diplomatically.

MELODIE

Melodie Sparks. New General Manager
of this hockey team.

OWEN

I must admit. I wasn't expecting to
be working side-by-side with such a
stunningly gorgeous woman.

MELODIE

Ugh! Does that line ever work?

OWEN

Absolutely, but only because I have
copious amounts of charm.

He flashes his pearly whites at her.

MELODIE

Oh, barf! (PAUSE) Seriously?

Owen is taken aback, hurt that his charms have failed. Melodie moves some of the papers and books from the conference table to the desk behind her.

MELODIE (CONT'D)

Maybe the skanks and stewardesses you usually try that on fall all over it...

OWEN

...Flight Attendants. They prefer to be called Flight Attendants...

MELODIE

Well, this isn't downtown Riverside, U.S.A., Mister Post. If you're going to play in the big leagues you need to bring your "A" game. (PAUSE) If I'm going to get this team back on track this organization needs brains, not some dime store M.B.A. with a cute smile but little charm.

OWEN

You think my smile is cute?

MELODIE

I'm getting over it.

OWEN

Well, I graduated top of my class.

MELODIE

Some Community college I presume?

OWEN

(INDIGNANTLY) Yale!

MELODIE

Must've been a shallow year. (PAUSE)

I'm not reporting to you.

OWEN

Actually you are.

MELODIE

I control the budget for this team. I do the hiring and firing. I sign the cheques.

OWEN

Without my second signature none of those checks will clear. In fact, without my approval nothing will be paid or authorized.

MELODIE

Says who?

OWEN

Extrabrew.

MELODIE

That company only owns 26% of this team.

Owen pulls a piece of paper from his briefcase and glances at it before offering it to Melodie for inspection.

OWEN

Over the last three years we bought out nine minor shareholders totaling 10% of your ownership. Check!

MELODIE

That only makes 36%, or didn't they
teach basic math at Harvard? Check!

OWEN

Yale. (PAUSE) As of yesterday, one
Annie Berthier, sold control of her
15% to Extrabrew, bringing our total
up to 51%. Majority share. Check,
and Mate, I think!

Melodie snaps the paper from him for closer inspection.

MELODIE

Aw, Mom...!

Realizing things are going from bad to worse she begins
eyeballing Owen hoping he'll back down first.

Suddenly the door pops open and Uncle Franko enters, his arms
out wide.

FRANKO

Melodie!

Melodie does not turn to greet her Uncle, instead she
continues eyeballing Owen.

MELODIE

Not now, Franko!

He approaches her, arms still out, waiting for the
celebratory hug. She moves away from Owen and walks to stand
behind her desk.

FRANKO

How's my favourite niece!

MELODIE

(DRYLY) I am your *only* niece.

FRANKO

Of course...

(SLAPS HANDS TOGETHER)

Well, we've done it my girl!

(WALKS AROUND ROOM CROWING)

After years of pushing and months of shoving.

(WAVES OWEN ASIDE AS HE TRIES TO PASS)

We've finally driven off the nasty Anglos and gotten this team back in the hands of family. (PAUSE) Back where it belongs, merci dieu.

MELODIE

(INCREDULOUSLY) Where it belongs?

FRANKO

Oh, come on! You can't rob me of la joie to gloat victories I worked so hard for! Tell me, my dear Melodie. Give this old man his pleasure. How does it feel to be in control of our family's legacy?

MELODIE

I don't know. Why don't you ask him?

Franko turns to Owen and looks him over thoroughly, as though trying to place him in a police line up. Finally he shrugs.

FRANKO

I give up. Who the hell is 'he'?

MELODIE

The American that our new owners have
put in charge of this hockey club.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. LAVA HOCKEY CLUB OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

FRANKO (VOICE ONLY)

TABARNAC!!

FADE OUT.

END OF SCENE E

END EPISODE