

PUCKTOWN
Episode 2A

Pilot: "Franco-American"

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Based on, Pucktown
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PUCKTOWN - "Frano-American"
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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

MONTAGE - CLIPS FROM PAST SEASONS

As stirring music plays we see a dynamic series of clips and pictures from past hockey seasons, starting with a young man in black and white and progressing with him from season to season. Each series of photos and clips jump many years, evident in both style of photography and the man's age. They also end with him smiling while standing beside or holding a Trophy. This continues until the final two series. Now, although the image is Hi-Def, the clips show the team losing, the old man yelling in frustration, and there are no shots of him with the Trophy. This whole sequence takes less than 20 seconds.

The 'FRANKO FLASH' logo zooms past between each "era" of hockey with the audio of someone yelling "He shoots, he scores!" and each time it gets slicker and sexier. The final version zooms to the middle of the screen with theme music as we hear...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

It's time for "FRANKO FLASH" with Uncle Franko. Brought to you by "Rise Up" the erectile drug that gives you a little lift. And now... Uncle Franko...

INT. FRANKO FLASH STUDIO

Logo fades to reveal simple two-person set. UNCLE FRANKO (55, male) and KATHARINE (mid-30's female) sit against backdrop with "FRANKO FLASH" logo on the wall. Franko is dressed in a bizarre suit, presumably relating to some holiday or event that only he cares about.

FRANKO

Let me tell ya somethin'... When my grandfather started this team he had one thing in mind... winning games! So he'd be turning in his grave right now at what's been going on these last five years. Eiy!!

INT. DAD'S FLORIDA APARTMENT

Jump cut to a different segment. The clothes on Franko are even wilder than before. From this point on the camera begins to slowly TRUCK BACK revealing that we're watching this on a TV.

FRANKO (O/S)

So, now they're moving the Lava's head office across the river. Eiiy!

KATHARINE (O/S)

Oh, come on, Uncle Franko. How can that have any affect on how the team plays?

DAD (O/C)

Yeah, putz. How?

FRANKO (O/S)

Well, I'll tell ya! The farther this team gets from its roots, the more it loses games. I mean, come on! All the good players come from Quebec, same with the staff. And the stupid owners, they are too blind or ignorant to see that!

DAD (O/C)

You mean stupid 'brother-in-law' don't cha?

By this point the camera is far enough back that we start to see part of the room around the Television. As another segment starts - with Franko wearing an even wilder outfit if possible (maybe a Political mask for Halloween which he pulls off because he's laughing so hard) we see Franko reading from a piece of paper.

FRANKO (O/S)

Here's a good one! What do the Lava and possums have in common? Both play dead at home and are killed on the road. Ha-ha. Oh, here's my favourite...

JUMP CUT:

Another crazy outfit. By this point the camera has pulled back enough that we see the wall and room around the TV.

On the wall are posters for the LAVA Hockey Club and newspaper clippings. Out the window are sunshine, beach and palm trees. On the opposite wall are "Get Well" cards, balloons, etc. There are also family pictures of a middle aged woman and a young woman, the daughter, at various ages, and always wearing hockey gear.

FRANKO (O/S) (CONT'D)

I blame the Anglos! You can't put
an Anglo in charge of a French team
and expect it to work.

(TO KATHARINE)

No offence...

Katharine rolls her eyes as she shrugs in disbelief.

KATHARINE

(SARCASTICALLY)

Why would I take offence to
that...?

FRANKO (O/S)

But it's like putting Diesel gas in
a snowmobile. Notice how well we
did these last few weeks with my
Niece running things. Now, that's
progress!

DAD (O/C)

She's half Anglo, you idiot and you
can put diesel in a snowmobile!

By this time the camera has pulled back enough to see the silhouette of the man we've been hearing. He is sitting in a comfy chair facing the TV when the phone rings. The man lowers the volume of the TV and answers the phone.

DAD (O/C) (CONT'D)

(WEAKLY AT FIRST)

Hello?... Hi Jim... (BEAT) Yes,
I'm positive, she's earned it...
(BEAT) The damn fool's been pushing
for it for years. (BEAT) Maybe
this'll shut him up... (BEAT)
What?

(SITS UP)

Good lord, you can't be serious.
(BEAT) Yeah, I know you've got
majority stake, but... (BEAT)
That's not gonna go over well...
(BEAT) Yeah, I can get everyone
together. (BEAT) Tomorrow? Okay.

Dad hangs up and then sits back. The camera pulls back in tight on the TV as we hear the Dad say...

DAD (O/C) (CONT'D)

Oh, Uncle Franko, you're not going
to like this one bit. Ho-ho.
That'll teach you! Ha-ha-ha-ha...

Dad breaks into coughing fits as he picks the phone up and starts to dial it between gasps for breath and fits of laughter.

FADE OUT.

MAIN TITLES AND THEME

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

EXT. OTTAWA - APARTMENT BUILDING IN NICE NEIGHBOURHOOD-DAY

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

INT. MELODIE'S APARTMENT (MELODIE)

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

MELODIE

Take that Marcel! You 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)

Hello, Bonjour?

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)

Dad! How is the sunshine state treating you? Caught any snowbirds yet?

(MAKES A SEXUALLY SUGGESTIVE NOISE)

Um... yeah, I can get everyone together for tomorrow.

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

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

(MORE)

MELODIE (CONT'D)
(WHATEVER IS SAID IS
ENOUGH TO GET HER TO STOP
PLAYING AND START PACING)
It's not that bad, is it? (BEAT)
Geez!

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

MELODIE (CONT'D)
You bitch! 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. (BEAT) Absolutely.
(BEAT) No, count on me. I'm your
star player, remember? (BEAT)
Love you!

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

MELODIE (CONT'D)
C'mon, Habonear, you piece of
garbage. Let's show you how it's
done.

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

ON BLACK

MELODIE
Merde! (BEAT) 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 MARIE (Melodie's mother) and a young, hot guy, named MARCEL who is too busy wolfing down a sandwich to pay much attention to anything else.

MARIE

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

(TO MARCEL)

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

FRANKO

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

Marie holds up a glass Tumbler.

MARIE

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

(TO MARCEL)

Marcel, honey, elbows off the table, if you please.

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

FRANKO

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

MARIE

(GLARES AT FRANKO)

He wasn't blonde!

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

MARIE (CONT'D)

Besides, this one is more my type.

FRANKO

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

Marie waves him off dismissively.

MARIE

She's too young for this.

(TO MARCEL)

Marcel, honey. Sit up straight, if
you please.

A BYSTANDER appears beside Marcel with a menu in hand.

BYSTANDER

Excuse me. Aren't you Number 16,
Marcel Habonear, of the Outouais
Lava?

Marcel nods between chews.

BYSTANDER (CONT'D)

Can you sign my menu?

Marcel nods excitedly, wipes his hands on his shirt and takes
the menu, then looks around, lost. Marie hands him a pen as
if anticipating him asking for one. Marcel 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? (BEAT) Ah, Melodie,
how's my favourite niece? Kicking
Anglo ass I hope! (BEAT)
Tabarnak! Are you serious? (BEAT)
But the season doesn't start for
another... (BEAT) Yes, yes, I can be
there. (BEAT) Nine ay em tomorrow.

(MORE)

FRANKO (CONT'D)
(BEAT) Of course.
(DISCONNECTS CALL AND
FUMBLES PHONE AWAY)
Tabarnak! Those crazy Anglos have
no joi de vive! Who calls an
emergency meeting two days before...?
(BEAT AS HE REALIZES
SOMETHING AND STARTS
CACKLING AGAIN)
Oh, oh! Maybe Marie! Maybe this
is it!

MARIE
Sorry?

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

MARIE
My husband was family.

FRANKO
(SCATHINGLY)
Blood - family.
(CHUCKLING AGAIN)
Oh yes. I can forgive interrupting
my vacation with this news.
Certainly! (BEAT) Tomorrow is a
new chapter for the Outouais Lava,
mark my words, Marie!

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

ANGLO
Excuse eh moi? Parlez vous Angels?

OWNER
(ANGRILY)
Non !
([IN FRENCH])
You are in Quebec, stupid. We
speak French. Why don't you go
home with your fat children you
lousy Americans! Go on!
(MORE)

OWNER (CONT'D)
Scram and take your bloated wife
with you! Stupid lazy pigs!

MARIE
(SOTTO VOCE AS SHE ROLLS
HER EYES)
Vous n'êtes pas fin.

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

OWNER
Bloody tourists!

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.

Marie stands and 'air kisses' Franko.

MARIE
Give my best to my darling,
Melodie.

FRANKO
You two still not talking?

MARIE
(NODS TO MARCEL)
Not since I took up with this one.

Franko leans into Marcel.

FRANKO
Don't eat too much; we need you
'quick, quick' on the ice. N'est
pas!

MARIE
(PURRING)
Oh, he'll burn it off.
(SHE REACHES OUT AND WIPES
THE CORNERS OF MARCEL'S
MOUTH.)
Won't we sweetie!

Marcel nods agreeably. Franko is disgusted by the show.

FRANKO

Aeiiy! I think I may 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 (V/O)
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
(FLIRTATIIOUSLY)
Oh, I think he's being very up
front right now.

ELDERLY PASSENGER
(ANNOYED)
Flying the plane!

OWEN
Good Lord, no! I'm not the pilot.
(POINTING)
My seat it two back of yours, dear.

A BING is heard, then...

PILOT (V/O)
Attendants, take your positions.

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
Oh, my God!

OWEN
Mmm...

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Your tongue should be bronzed!

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

OWEN
Really? Huh, 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

Oh, my God! It's huge!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EXTREME CLOSE UP OF TELEVISION:

The game reaches its own climax.

ANNOUNCER (V/O)

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

FADE OUT:

END OF SCENE C

END OF ACT ONE

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 about
the four horsemen of the apocalypse
there'll 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 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 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 Dad. (BEAT) I'm just outside.

She drops her keys.

MELODIE (CONT'D)

Merde! (BEAT) 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. 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.
(BEAT) What are you still doing in Florida? (BEAT) But the Doctor's said you'd be fine. You are fine, aren't you? (BEAT) You're kidding! (BEAT) They can't do that! (BEAT) 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, 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 and pushing 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. (BEAT) We'll just have to find a way to get around that. (BEAT) Good lord! Who's going to run the team? (BEAT) Me? Yeah, I'm up to it, but... (BEAT) Well yeah, that's a great honour but, Daddy, it won't be the same without you! (BEAT) 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, sil vous plais.

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 babysitter. I've been with this team since I was five years old (BEAT) Is it Cordiere? (BEAT) Burke? (BEAT) Lavallee, then. (BEAT) Well, who? (BEAT) Who the fuck is that? (BEAT) Huh? (BEAT) But wait, I...

(BEAT AS TONE SOFTENS)

Okay, papa. (BEAT) Love you too, bye.

The 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 and jumps to an obvious conclusion.

GEORGE

Oh, you know.

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

I know! 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. (BEAT) 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 fewer sponsor 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 alone 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. Idiot.

She responds, 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!

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.

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.

(MORE)

MELODIE (CONT'D)
(BEAT) 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.
(BEAT) 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 cheques 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 totalling 10% of your ownership. Check!

MELODIE

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

OWEN

Yale. (BEAT) As of yesterday, one Marie Berthier, sold her 15% to Extrabrew, bringing our total up to 51%. Majority share. Check and Mate!

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'm you're only niece.

FRANKO

Of course...

(SLAPS HANDS TOGETHER)

We've done it my girl!

(MORE)

FRANKO (CONT'D)
(WALKS AROUND ROOM
CROWING)

After years of pushing.
(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. (BEAT) Back
where it belongs.

MELODIE
(INCREDULOUSLY)
Where it belongs?

FRANKO
Oh, come on! You can't rob me of
the joy 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.

SMACH CUT:

EXT. LAVA HOCKEY CLUB OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

FRANKO (V/O)
TABARNAK!!

FADE OUT.

END OF SCENE E

END EPISODE