

PUCKTOWN  
Episode 2B

"Icing"

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Based on, Pucktown  
By  
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PUCKTOWN: Frano-American - "ICING"  
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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

The parking lot for the offices of the Outaouais Lava Hockey Club is half full. Four matching sports cars zoom in and circle around an open area and park in spots as though synchronized. The four drivers exit and spontaneously break into a quick game of street hockey with their sticks and a tennis ball as they head for the front door.

INT. GM'S OFFICE - DAY

Uncle Franko dominates the room. Melodie continues to fume while George plays intermediary between him and Owen, the new American assigned to save their hockey team.

FRANKO

How in des Hells does America get  
to own this team, eh?

Melodie grabs the contract from Owen and hands it to Uncle Franko.

MELODIE

My mother sold her shares.

Uncle Franko quickly reads the document while Melodie walks around the room as though looking for a solution in the carpet. Owen studies Uncle Franko strategically while George stands before him as though waiting for him to charge someone like a rogue elephant.

FRANKO

(MUTTERING)

Et tu, Marie? Et tu...?

Uncle Franko tosses the contract to the ground and then mimes spitting on it before defiantly announcing...

FRANKO (CONT'D)

I ain't working for no Yankee  
Doodle dandy!lion!

MELODIE

So that's your official  
resignation, is it?

Melodie turns to Owen while Uncle Franko sputters.

MELODIE (CONT'D)

FRANKO

(TO OWEN)

(TO MELODIE)

Do you know anything about  
Hockey?

The last thing this team  
needs is the American  
business model, Enroning us  
into the ground.

OWEN

(TO MELODIE)

Is that the game on Ice with the  
sticks and the flat black thing or  
the one with the big... uh, rock  
and the brooms?

MELODIE

(TO OWEN)

Wait here.

(TO FRANKO)

You made this happen. You better  
get used to it.

Melodie charges out.

FRANKO

Me? How's dis somehow my faults?

Uncle Franko steps closer to Owen, uncomfortably close,  
eyeballing him.

FRANKO (CONT'D)

Don't you have a sub-continent to  
invade or something?

OWEN

Hey, that's not nice. I've got  
relatives over there.

FRANKO

I've no pity for self-inflicted  
wounds.

GEORGE

Now there's the pot calling the  
kettle black.

UNCLE FRANKO

Eh?

GEORGE

The only reason he's here is because you engineered Melodie into the General Manager slot. If you hadn't been campaigning for the last two years to get her Dad out of that job... well, old friend, you got rid of Tom alright...

(POINTS TO OWEN)

But at what cost?

OWEN

I'm in the room, you know?

Uncle Franko looks at Owen suspiciously. Owen steps forward, oozing his very relaxed manner as he puts his arm around Uncle Franko's shoulder and tries to buddy up to him.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Don't worry about it, old man. I'm going to make sure your segment is the most watched thing on television.

FRANKO

It already is.

OWEN

Right. (PAUSE) I've noticed that and I want to work with you...

(HANDS HIM A BOTTLE OF BEER)

In a way that going to be a beautiful synergy for everyone.

Uncle Franko takes the bottle and glares at him suspiciously before mockingly reflecting the insincere smile Owen has on his face. Uncle Franko then takes a big swig of the beer, holding it just for a second, before spitting it out dramatically.

FRANKO

Blah!!! Yeck! What in hell's Hades is this?

OWEN

Soda Beer, it's new, from Extrabrew!

FRANKO

It tastes like baby poop. Blah. Agh, (cough) mek!

OWEN

Alright, so maybe Cream Soda and hops aren't the best mix, but when your audience sees you holding that they won't be able to keep it on the shelves in the store the next day.

FRANKO

And they won't be able to keep off the toilets the day after. Sorry, but I don't do product placement on my segment.

OWEN

Sure you do Buddy. I saw it last week with those little toys.

FRANKO

That was to raise money for [name of recent headline disaster relief].

OWEN

Orphans, refugees, Beer. What's the difference? In fact, I was thinking that big space across the front of your desk would be perfect for the logo, "Soda Beer: new from Extrabrew!"

Uncle Franko looks at Owen like a Roman Catholic priest would if the devil himself appeared before him in a sudden cloud of brimstone and sulphur. He suddenly clutches his heart.

FRANKO

Oh God, this is it... This is the big one...

(LOOKS UP)

I'm coming darling!

Uncle Franko begins staggering around the room, one hand clutching his heart, the other raised high like a Baptist Gospel singer. He calls up to the ceiling dramatically, as though a stage actor preparing for his death scene. Owen watches in horror as George rolls his eyes.

UNCLE FRANKO

Oh Weezie, I'm coming to you, honey.

Owen turns to George dumbfounded by the spectacle.

OWEN

What the hell is he doing?

GEORGE

Faking a heart attack. It's from an old T.V. show I think. If you haven't clued in by now he's a bit melodramatic.

(PAUSE)

It's rather childish, really.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

SCENE A

INT. GM'S OFFICE - DAY

While Uncle Franko continues his fake heart attack (ad lib) Owen suddenly shakes his head in surprised recognition.

OWEN

Oh my god! He's doing Sanford and son?

GEORGE

(SNAPS HIS FINGER AT OWEN AND NODS)

That's the one! I could never remember which show it was.

OWEN

But he's got the wrong name! Weezie was the wife on the Jeffersons! Elizabeth was Fred Sanford's wife...

Uncle Franko suddenly collapses in a heap on the floor.

Alarmed Owen rushes to kneel beside Uncle Franko.

OWEN (CONT'D)

I this part of his schtick?

GEORGE

Not normally. No.

OWEN

What do we do?

GEORGE

Nothing. Why would we do something?

(LOUDER AND DIRECTLY TO FRANKO)

He's just being a big baby.

Owen leans in listening for breath.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Oh get up, Franko! You look like an idiot!

Owen has his ear right over Uncle Franko's mouth. He's very focused. Melodie returns with some hockey gear in her hands.

MELODIE

What are you doing to my Uncle?

OWEN

I don't think he's breathing.

Melodie's expression changes to alarm. She looks at George for explanation. Could this be real? George shrugs.

GEORGE

Don't look at me! The Yank's arrival was the shock.

Melodie drops the gear like a player about to start a fight on the ice and quickly kneels, pushing Owen aside as she climbs on Uncle Franko's chest and starts her own version of CPR.

MELODIE

C'mon, Uncle. Don't die on me now!

Owen is alarmed at the pressure she's putting on him. He tries to interrupt her.

OWEN

It's not a heart attack! He's not breathing.

Melodie stops and looks at him, bewildered about what to do.

GEORGE

Give him mouth-to-mouth!

Melodie makes a face of disgust.

MELODIE

Ugh! I can't do that, he's my Uncle!

GEORGE

I didn't say kiss him! Give him the breath of life!

Owen drops beside her and loosens his tie.

OWEN

Get out of the way! I'll do it!

While Melodie climbs off Uncle Franko's chest Owen reaches into his pocket and pulls out a Binaca Breath Spray and squirts his mouth twice, returns the cap, and then leans in.

Without opening his eyes Uncle Franko's hand comes up clutching Owen by the throat and holding their faces less than a foot apart.

UNCLE FRANKO  
(MENACINGLY)  
That tongue isn't getting no where  
near my mouth! Kapeesh?

Owen pulls away and looks at the others. Melodie gets up and admonishes Uncle Franko.

MELODIE  
That wasn't funny! You had us  
worried.

Uncle Franko starts to get up.

UNCLE FRANKO  
I passed out.  
(GRUNTS AS HE STRUGGLES TO  
RISE)  
Thanks for noticing.

As he rises he clutches his chest.

UNCLE FRANKO (CONT'D)  
Eiii! My chest feels like an  
elephant was bouncing on it.

Melodie looks at George and Owen with a flash of guilt, then quickly recovering she moves to Uncle Franko and helps him into a chair.

MELODIE  
Elephant? (PAUSE AND RECOVERS) What  
the hell brought this on?

GEORGE  
The Yank wants Franko to hawk beer  
during his segment.

FRANKO  
Next thing I'll be standing on the  
street corner flashing my legs.

GEORGE  
No one wants to see that, Franko.

Melodie stands back, hands on hips.

OWEN

The bottom line sucks, we need to  
add sponsors, and we need them  
where people are watching.

(SPECIFIC TO MELODIE)

Speaking of which, how many yards  
of ads can I cover?

MELODIE

There are no yards in Hockey!

OWEN

Metres, fathoms, whatever you call  
them.

MELODIE

Look, before you do anything we're  
going to regret, you're coming down  
to the ice.

Owen looks at the gear and starts laughing.

OWEN

No, no, no. I don't do ice.

MELODIE

You need to learn a thing or two  
about this game before you destroy  
everything.

OWEN

Darling, the only ice I've ever  
touched was in a glass of gin,  
okay? I'm not getting on anything  
frozen, not for you or anyone...

END OF SCENE A

SMASH CUT:

SCENE B

INT. HOCKEY ARENA - ICE

Melodie steps onto the ice and begins to glide easily as she slips an oversized LAVA jersey over her head. Behind her, Owen uneasily walks onto the ice trying to follow.

OWEN

Is this really necessary? I'm more of a boardroom person.

Melodie glides around him handily, turns and skates backwards as she speaks.

MELODIE

No one is going to listen to a stupid thing you say until you learn something about this game. You got that?

OWEN

I saw a television upstairs, surely you have all this on video, DVD, PowerPoint. A brochure? Whoops!

He slips, somehow she's there to catch him.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Hey... you're warming up to me.

(CHECKS HER OUT AS SHE  
SKATES AWAY)

And you're fast and flexible, too. I like that.

MELODIE

Ugh! Don't you ever turn that off?

Owen smooths out his ruffles.

OWEN

You never know if there's a crack in the armor until you're already inside. Know what I mean?

Melodie shakes her head at his obvious innuendo. She glides over to the blue line and points.

MELODIE

Do you know what this is?

OWEN  
(SHRUGS)  
The blue line?

MELODIE  
Oh, so you're not as stupid as you  
look.

OWEN  
Not really. I'm just pointing out  
the obvious.  
(POINTS TO CENTER LINE)  
That's the red line, right?

MELODIE  
Center ice, actually.

OWEN  
Oh, how novel.  
(PAUSE)  
Look, I get that you Canadians love  
this game. I dig that. But it's  
not a real sport to Americans.

MELODIE  
Yeah, right.

OWEN  
Look we love sports, we've got  
lumberjack competitions on ESPN 15  
or something. Any competition is a  
good one, but Hockey's never really  
caught on with us. Haven't you  
wondered why?

MELODIE  
Because a black puck on white ice  
isn't high enough contrast for you?

OWEN  
We don't like games with goalies.

MELODIE  
And here I thought it might be a  
stupid reason.

OWEN  
Oh, come on! You have games with  
scores of what? Three to one.  
That's boring! And why are your  
scores so low?  
(MORE)

OWEN (CONT'D)  
Because there's a guy in front of  
the net slowing things down. It's  
the same with Soccer. You want  
Americans to watch that then the  
first thing you need to do is get  
rid of the guy in the net.  
Otherwise it's just a bunch of  
dudes skating around with sticks.

MELODIE  
Okay, that's it! Showdown!

Owen looks at her bemused.

SMASHCUT:

INT. HOCKEY ARENA - ON ICE AT HOME GOAL

Owen is fully decked out in goalie gear, pads, goalie stick,  
the full outfit. Shot after shot rockets at him, most  
bouncing painfully off him but many going right past. The  
pace of the shots seem superhuman.

The only person shooting at him is Melodie.

Owen drops the stick and starts waving surrender then pulls  
his face guard up.

OWEN  
This is crazy. What is this  
supposed to prove?

Without warning her stick hits the ice and another puck  
rifles past his head.

OWEN (CONT'D)  
Whoa! A little warning there. You  
could hurt someone.

MELODIE  
Exactly. That's the point. It's a  
violent game.

OWEN  
I'm not arguing that. Can we go  
upstairs now?

Melodie starts skating around the crease in front of Owen,  
deftly handling the puck.

MELODIE

But it's more than that, dipshit!  
Two teams come here, on blades,  
with sticks, and they clash. The  
game is less about the scoring than  
the tension of each charge, as one  
team pushes past the defences of  
the other, in their attempt to  
reach their target, and defeat  
their opponent.

OWEN

Oh, so, it's sort of like Star  
Wars?

Melodie whips another one past him into the net and skates  
off.

MELODIE

How can anyone be so thick?

OWEN

Look, it's a game, maybe even a  
good game, but it's not a great  
game... like Football.

MELODIE

You're right. Football starts and  
stops too much to be a real sport.

OWEN

Hey!

MELODIE

Oh, sorry. I forgot, you were 'All  
American' back at Yale. What  
position did you play, again?  
Tight ends? A really manly game I  
presume.

She slaps a shot off his shoulder and takes him out. After  
he gets back up Owen moves out of the goal area.

OWEN

Okay, maybe you have a point about  
this?

MELODIE

Maybe?

OWEN

But it doesn't matter. I'm not here to reinvent the game, just the way you've been selling it, the way you're running things.

MELODIE

You want us to win more?

OWEN

Only because I want you to turn profit. And the faster this team gets to profit the sooner I get to go home.

Melodie looks at him suddenly realizing he may want to leave almost as badly as she wants him to go.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Give me a chance, let me do what I do best and then, maybe we'll both get what we want.

MELODIE

Maybe... (PAUSE) What are you doing tonight?

Owen brightens up. Is he about to get lucky after all?

FADE OUT.

END OF SCENE B

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE C

FADE IN:

EXT. SWANKY APARTMENT BUILDING IN UPSCALE MONTREAL - DAY

Something very unique to Montreal happens in front of the building distracting the viewer from the location.

INT. MOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door opens to reveal Marie, she is distracted putting on ear rings as she dresses up for a night on the town.

MARIE

Franko! What a pleasant surprise.

FRANKO

We need to talk.

Marie turns and continues to struggle with her earring.

MARIE

I don't need a chaperone.

She smiles at him warmly, even mischievously, but her expression sours quickly when she sees his.

MARIE (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

FRANKO

Et tu, Marie? Et tu, my sister, my blood?

MARIE

What's wrong with your blood, mon frere?

FRANKO

You know very well how long I was trying to get rid of your Ex. If you wanted to betray me why didn't you just pick up something sharp and stab me with it, eh?

(WAVES THE CONTRACT AT

HER)

Why sell your shares?

Marie straightens up, taking umbrage with his accusation.

MARIE

Oh, pish-posh. I never sold my shares.

FRANKO

Eh?

MARIE

I gave Extrabrew my proxy.

FRANKO

Is that sexual? Nevermind, I don't want to know.

MARIE

Extrabrew offered to represent my interests for an annual fee.

FRANKO

What are your interests, Marie?

MARIE

The dividends from the team are my only income.

FRANKO

Aside from the divorce...

MARIE

Of course, but seeing as I only get money when the team is profitable, well...

(HER HANDS SWEEP THE HORIZON AS THOUGH CALLING ATTENTION TO THE OPULENCE JUSTIFIES EVERYTHING)

A girl's gotta eat. N'est pas?

Uncle Franko begins to stroke his chin as a plot hatches in his head.

FRANKO

So if the team still loses money even with the Yank in charge then you'll kill the proxy?

MARIE

If that boy can't turn things around then I may as well sell the shares.

As Marie turns to a mirror to put on the final touches of make-up.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Extrabrew has offered a very large  
sum of money for them.

Uncle Franko stews at that before storming off.

END SCENE C

SCENE D

EXT. HOCKEY ARENA - NIGHT

The lights in the parking lot and around the stadium say it all, it's Hockey Night!

Against the sound of the in arena organ and an enthusiastic crowd we hear the Announcer.

ANNOUNCER (V/O)

It's a capacity crowd here at "Vesuvius Arena" for the opening game of the Outouais Lava's 57th season.

INT. HOCKEY ARENA - ANNOUNCER BOOTH

The ANNOUNCER handling play-by-play continues. Beside him is the COLOUR COMMENTATOR, an Andy Rooney like gentleman hunched over so badly he can barely see out the booth.

ANNOUNCER

But the big question is whether this year will be the turn around Lava fans have been impatiently waiting for or just another season of bitter disappointment.

The Announcer turns to the Colour Commentator so he can weight in on the subject. The Colour Commentator leans into his microphone and says...

COLOUR COMMENTATOR

Have they started playing yet?

INT. HOCKEY ARENA - HALL FROM CHANGING ROOMS TO HOME BENCH

Melodie is standing there, in her lucky Jersey, chewing gum while nervously looking at the expectant crowd. Beside her is Owen, wearing a parka and shivering while looking as out of place as anyone could be.

George is in the box in his customary suit. He nods on occasion to people in the stands he recognizes as he walks over to the hall and leans into Melodie.

GEORGE

You need to calm down.

MELODIE

You calm down!

GEORGE

Your nervous energy looks less like energy than nerves. If the team sees that it'll be contagious.

The sounds ratchets up as the Announcer introduces the team.

Melodie leans back, nodding as each player comes out, slapping them each on the butt as they move to the bench.

All except Marcel who comes out to the loudest fanfare from the stands but the least reaction from the GM. Owen notes this.

CROSSFADE:

INT. ARENA

Later in game.

INT. HOCKEY ARENA - ANNOUNCER BOOTH

The Announcer is on the edge of his seat with excitement.

ANNOUNCER

Three minutes to go in the second period and the Lava are hot tonight, leading the Peterborough Vanguard two, nothing.

He leans back as the Colour Commentator leans forward.

COLOUR COMMENTATOR

I spilled my pop.

INT. HOCKEY ARENA - SEATS BEHIND HOME BENCH

Melodie jumps up from her seat screaming in pleasure as the LAVA score again. Owen is looking around as though Jane Goodall studying the Great Apes.

MELODIE

We've got this one clinched!

Owen smiles weakly.

OWEN

Couldn't they turn the heat up a little?

MELODIE

Oh, man up! Will you?

OWEN

I think it's colder in here than  
outside right now.

Melodie rolls her eyes, what a buzz kill.

MELODIE

Go for a walk then.

Both are relieved as Owen rises and climbs over Melodie heading for the hall to the dressing room. As he starts down the hall he has to jockey past a guy in a ratty old orange foam Mascot costume.

For the life of him Owen cannot figure out what the outfit is supposed to represent. Intrigued he follows the lumpy figure that looks rather like a cat's hairball back toward the ice.

The horn sounds ending the second period and the crowd cheers as the players leave for the dressing room congratulating each other. Then the Mascot skates on the ice to begin his hijinks.

Owen shakes his head and leaves.

CROSSFADE:

INT. ARENA

Late in the third. The score is three to one. The teams battle it out on the ice to the roar of an appreciative crowd.

ANNOUNCER (V/O)

And the Lava score again!

INT. HOCKEY ARENA - ANNOUNCER BOOTH

ANNOUNCER

I haven't seen this team fired up  
like this in years.

COLOUR COMMENTATOR

I love it, but then I love  
wrestling naked in the mud.

INT. HOCKEY ARENA - SEATS BEHIND HOME BENCH

Owen is shivering, he looks at Melodie.

OWEN

Which quarter are we in?

MELODIE

Periods. They're called periods.  
And we're in the third.

Owen moans.

MELODIE (CONT'D)

The good news is that means we're  
only four minutes away from the end  
of the game.

OWEN

Really? There's only three  
periods? (Shakes his head) And you  
wonder why no one can figure this  
game out.

MELODIE

If you behave I'll buy you a hot  
chocolate afterwards.

Suddenly the crowd starts chanting "Habo, Habo, Habo". Owen  
bolts upright looking around trying to see why.

OWEN

What's going on?

MELODIE

(SARCASTICALLY)

Well, it's a hockey game...

OWEN

Why are they chanting?

MELODIE

It's what crowds do. They're  
cheering on their star player.

OWEN

Star?

MELODIE

Awww, he's alright. I don't know  
what the fuzz is about, really.

Owen stands, alarmed, looking around. Looking back at the  
crowd, much to the chagrin of the people sitting behind them.  
Melodie rises trying to pull him out of the way.

MELODIE (CONT'D)

Sit down, will you? You're  
blocking people.

The buzzer sounds and the crowd moans en masse. Melodie turns around to face the ice and stomps her foot.

MELODIE (CONT'D)  
Merde! Shit! Look what you're  
doing!

The crowd resumes chanting. Owen whirls like a dervish trying to take it all in. Melodie tries to quickly tug Owen back into his seat.

MELODIE (CONT'D)  
Sit down before we lose the...

The buzzer sounds again.

MELODIE (CONT'D)  
...game.

Owen looks up and sees the score.

OWEN  
Tied game! Great!

MELODIE  
How is that great?

OWEN  
More concession. (PAUSE) Oh, come  
on. The team's on fire, you said  
so yourself. They can't lose,  
right?

FADE OUT.

END OF SCENE C

SCENE D

FADE IN:

INT. GM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Melodie enters and switches on the light and shuffles to her chair at the desk by the window.

Owen follows, tossing his Foam "We're #1" Finger on the table top and then sees a box in the middle of the table. Realizing what it is he gets excited and tries to break the seal without success.

MELODIE

Four to three, that was painful...

OWEN

Not as painful as seeing that guy rip the team colours off his chest.

MELODIE

I think he forgot he wasn't wearing a shirt. (WINCES)

George moves past them to the television and taking the clicker he turns it on.

GEORGE

Let's see how Franko did with the promotion after first period.

He starts rewinding the recording.

Owen pulls out six-packs of beer bottles, if possible the old stubby types. Melodie is looking at him as he arranges that and a whole display of obviously football merchandise with hastily stuck on LAVA Logos.

She rises and moves closer.

MELODIE

What in all get out is that?

OWEN

Some prototype paraphernalia and...

Owen picks up a bottle of beer and opens it for Melodie. Then cracks one for George.

As Franko enters he hands one to him as well. Franko looks at it remembering his earlier encounter, then shrugs and starts drinking.

Owen picks up a Flash Drive with a Lava logo pasted on it.

OWEN (CONT'D)

The trick is to maximize each interaction. These USB flash drives for example auto play an ad each time the user plugs it into their computer, but we can also load an app that'll interface with a website and load scores and news and all sorts of stuff.

Melodie nods appreciatively at that then holds up her beer.

MELODIE

What is this, it's sweet?

OWEN

That's mine.

MELODIE

Yours?

OWEN

My idea. The last project I worked on for Extrabrew before coming here. Like all beverages, beer consumption is relatively stagnant, however we've noticed in other channels that when a novelty beverage is introduced that people don't switch so much as consume more.

Melodie, George and Franko each have a bottle before them.

OWEN (CONT'D)

I came up with the idea of mixing soda pop with beer. But for some reason it hasn't caught on that well.

Melodie has sipped hers with a mild expression of bewilderment. George is downing his with a complete lack of expression and Franko is taking a big swig from another one.

Franko puts the bottle down, smacks his lips a bit as though mocking a wine connoisseur evaluating the palate of a fine vino, then he looks at Owen.

FRANKO

And what's this one?

OWEN  
Rootbeer flavour.

GEORGE  
(HOLDING HIS BOTTLE OUT  
FOR INSPECTION)  
Rootbeer and Beer-beer.

OWEN  
Mixed together. Nice, huh?

GEORGE  
Well, it's 'huh' alright.

FRANKO  
It's better than the other one.

OWEN  
Really?

FRANKO  
Yup, this one's more like baby  
piss.

OWEN  
How do you...? Why do you...? How  
do you know that?

MELODIE  
I can see why no one bought it.

OWEN  
Really?

MELODIE  
The name stinks.

OWEN  
What's wrong with the name?

MELODIE  
I don't know. Soda Beer, it sounds  
like an antacid.

GEORGE  
That's because we don't call it  
soda up here.

OWEN  
Huh? What do you call it?

GEORGE  
We call it 'pop'.

OWEN  
Soda-pop. Pop. Pop, beer?

MELODIE  
Cola beer!

George holds his up.

GEORGE  
Beer Pop.

Owen's head tilts at that. Like he's processing a whole world in his head.

OWEN  
Beer Pop. Hey, I like that.

Uncle Franko is reading the label.

FRANKO  
Mon Deiu! Here's your problem!  
This only has a 2.5% alcohol  
content. It's practically American  
beer.

OWEN  
It is American beer.

GEORGE  
You'll need to double that if you  
want anyone up here to buy it.

Uncle Franko puts the bottle down and walks away.

FRANKO  
Sheesh. It's more pop than beer.  
No wonder I didn't like it.

Uncle Franko leaves.

George turns from the Television.

GEORGE  
Here we go! Let's see if he stayed  
on script...

All eyes turn to the television as the first period ends and the Franko Flash montage starts to play.

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 Extrabrew's new "Sugar & Spice: Cinnamon Aftershave." With 20% less burning sensation, she'll find you both sweet and irresistible! And now... Uncle Franko..

INT. FRANKO FLASH STUDIO

Logo fades to reveal simple two-person set. UNCLE FRANKO and KATHARINE sit against backdrop with "FRANKO FLASH" logo on the wall. On the top front face of the desk before them, just below the counter top surface is a banner ad for another Extrabrew product.

But the big draw is what Franko is wearing. For once you can't see Franko's suit because he's wearing a sandwich board over it with the words "For Rent" on it.

FRANKO

Well, Katharine. It's official. I'm now a corporate whore.

KATHARINE

I can't imagine that, Uncle Franko.

Franko looks at the camera and starts waving it closer while watching a monitor off-camera.

FRANKO

Ugh! I can't stand to look at that. Tom, bring the shot in a bit, will you, please?

The shot zooms in a bit, half obscuring the ad on the desk front.

FRANKO (CONT'D)

A bit more...

It tightens a bit more.

FRANKO (CONT'D)

Don't make me say it, Tom!

The shot zooms in until the ad is completely cut off. Franko then removes the sandwich board and looks at the camera with a devilish wink of conspiracy in his eyes.

FRANKO (CONT'D)

Quickly, before the suits realize I've gone rogue! (PAUSE) What a game, eh? Did I not tell you my niece knew how to win Hockey.

KATHARINE

It's not over yet. There's still two more periods...

FRANKO

Ah, ah, ah!! Don't jinx it, Katharine! I'm telling you, Habonear is on fire tonight and my Lava will start this season off right.

INT. GM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Melodie, Owen and George watching the television with Franko and Katharine doing their segment.

FRANKO (CONT'D)

(ON TELEVISION)

And I swear, Gods as my witless, if I'm wrong then I'll learn to like all the crap our new American owners want me to shrill, even if it kills me!

Owen coyly leans into George whispering.

OWEN

Can I get a copy of that?

Melodie nods her consent.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SCENE D

END ACT TWO

END EPISODE