

CANUCKS - PILOT EPISODE (DRAFT II)

Written by
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INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Soapy suds bubble to the top of the beer can lined bathtub in the candle-lit room.

Red-haired firecracker CLAIRE SEARY (25) sloshes around, pouring another pint and wailing along to a classic Newfoundland ballad, GREY FOGGY DAY, playing on a small speaker.

NOTE: Claire's Newfoundland accent waxes and wanes depending on the circumstances, her emotional state and sobriety.

CLAIRE

(slurred singing)

It's been more than a long, long
time. Since I held you and called
ya mine. And we waited for the sun
to shine. On a grey foggy day.

She reaches across the tub and exuberantly clinks a full beer glass taped to the hand of a water-logged female mannequin.

CLAIRE

Just you and me, Dorothy.

She slugs back a healthy sip.

CLAIRE

Is that your foot, ya scoundrel?

Claire splashes her bath buddy and pries something loose from underneath her butt. Dorothy's leg floats to the top of the water.

Claire settles back into the tub and soaks in her life.

CLAIRE

Lord, I needs a friend.

She chugs back the rest of her beer and grabs her phone from the floor, beside the tub.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

JOSH FRIEDMANN (23), neat and a little nerdy, stands transfixed like a millennial zombie watching a clip of comedian JOHN MULANEY performing on his phone.

His phones BUZZES as a TEXT MESSAGE pops up.

INSERT - CELL PHONE TEXT

"CLAIRE: You still coming? Call me."

BACK TO:

HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

JANICE FRIEDMANN (29), a career woman balancing a grease-soaked bag of donuts on top of a tray of coffees, hustles past Josh with her phone pressed against her ear.

Josh scrambles to catch up as she barges through a set of double doors.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Janice hands off the tray to Josh without breaking her stride or phone conversation.

JOSH

You auditioning for ER? You've got the doctor walk down pat.

She silences him with a finger as she barks into the phone.

JANICE

That's not the price, Randy. It was a mistake.

JOSH

I need 30 CCs of aspirin to go with this coffee, stat!

A death stare from Janice.

JANICE

One of our new kids. He's been dealt with.

(beat)

No, we don't take AMEX. Jesus! We're selling condos not flat-screens.

Still striding down the hall, Janice hangs up and hands Josh two pills from her purse as the hospital intercom bursts to life.

HOSPITAL INTERCOM

Code blue. Code blue.

JANICE
I'm going to say this to you
because I love you like a brother.

JOSH
I am your brother.

JANICE
You're a liability at the office.
Clueless. Real estate is not for
you.

Her phone RINGS in her hand as several MEDICAL STAFF rush
past.

JOSH
I think you need to work on your
constructive criticism.

JANICE
Thanks to you, three deals fell
through last week. This new
"helpful" you, it's annoying. You
tell jokes, all day, every day. Go
do that.

JOSH
It's not that simple.

JANICE
It's not that hard. And you can't
hide from her forever.

JOSH
I'm not hiding from Claire

JANICE
Now that's funny.

She takes back the tray of coffees, answers her phone and
bumps the door for ROOM 1404 open with her butt.

JANICE
What, Eric? No, you're picking up
the twins at soccer. The schedule's
on the fridge!

INT. ROOM 1404 - CONTINUOUS

Josh and Janice enter as the annoyed medical staff exit past
them.

MEL FRIEDMANN (64) sits upright in bed, reading glasses on and clipboard in hand.

MEL

We need to get it under 30 next time. Sarah, I'm looking at you. Last one in again!

Janice, still on the phone, plops down into the chair and bites into a greasy donut as Josh grabs the remote and walks over to the TV, blaring SPORTSCENTRE in the background.

"Bailey benched by blaze" crawls across the bottom of the screen over footage of the L.A. KINGS MASCOT botching a jump through a fiery hoop.

Josh hits mute and turns to his dad.

JOSH

Y'know you can use the call button if you need something.

MEL

Gotta keep them sharp. My health is a priority.

Mel pulls a powdered, grease-stained jelly donut out of the bag and tears it apart like a lion into a gazelle.

JOSH

Heart attack has a way of pointing that out. You going for a second?

MEL

I'm already here. How's the routine?

JOSH

Rough.

MEL

Claire?

No answer.

MEL

Right. Maybe it's time to get back out there? Get dirty, cut up, bleed a little.

Josh doesn't feel himself. The headache is making him dizzy.

JOSH
Sounds more like Fight Club than
comedy.

MEL
Here.

Mel hands Josh a ONE-WAY TICKET from Toronto to Los Angeles.
Josh is stunned.

JOSH
Dad, I can't. Booking my shows,
hotels, you do too much. I need to
do this on my own.

MEL
I want to help. You think Mel
Brooks would have been anything
without Carl Reiner or Sid Caesar?
If you really feel something,
you've got to risk it.

JOSH
Whoa, I feel something...

Josh wobbles, searches for balance as Mel prattles on.

MEL
Like he said, "Hope for the best,
expect the worst. Life's a play,
we're unrehearsed."

JOSH
(to Janice)
What kind of pills were those?
They're good!

Janice looks in her purse and realizes her mistake.

JANICE
(into the phone)
Shit. Gotta go, honey.

Josh wobbles and passes out, face first, onto the floor.

MEL
Just like that! You got it kid!

INT. AIRPLANE - MID FLIGHT

Josh wakes up with a start in a window seat with the blind
drawn.

A LARGE SWEATY MAN sits next to him, with a guilty, sheepish grin.

SWEATY MAN
I ate your snacks. Sorry.

Several empty wrappers are crammed into Josh's seat pocket.

In a groggy haze, he notices the white envelope on his lap. He pulls out a GET WELL SOON CARD and opens it.

INSERT - INSIDE THE CARD

Underneath an image of a sad bunny standing next to a grave holding a droopy flower, the message reads: "At least you're not dead."

The first handwritten note reads:

"\$500 to get you started. Get back on stage. Love you, Dad."

Just below reads:

"Sorry about the Ambien. Love, Jan."

BACK TO:

AIRPLANE

Josh pulls a WAD OF CASH out of the envelope as the INTERCOM bursts to life.

PILOT (O.S.)
Good afternoon. Captain Simms speaking, we are making our final approach and will be landing in Los Angeles in about ten minutes. Temperature is 78 degrees with clear skies.

Josh opens the blind and watches the hazy sprawl of LOS ANGELES circle below.

JOSH
Oh boy.

END COLD OPEN

ACT I

EXT. PALISADE APARTMENTS - DAY

A well-used FORD F-150 with "FITZSIMMONS PROPERTIES" written on the drivers side door crawls down the street. Loaded with lawn maintenance tools and garbage cans, the truck lurches to a stop in front of a grey stucco three-story building.

Palisade Apartments is rated two stars; the residents inside, one-and-a-half.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

ALANA FITZSIMMONS (30), oozing free-wheeling hip-hop cool despite the comfortable tan coveralls with "FITZY" stitched onto her chest, pops her shades onto her crew cut hair and checks her side mirrors.

In the reflection she spots GORDON, a balding middle aged white male, lugging two overloaded bags of groceries up the street.

She smiles. Down come the shades.

EXT. PALISADE APARTMENTS

Fitzy exits the F-150, intercepting Gordon.

FITZY
Hey, Gordon.

He freezes.

FITZY
Whatchya got there? Oh, look at that! Cheerios, family size?! Big spender. They're my favourite.

She takes the box, opens it and munches on a few.

FITZY
You know what day it is, Gordon?

GORDON
Tuesday?

FITZY
Tuesday. And do you know what day rent was due?

He swallows hard as Fitzzy circles him.

GORDON

Tuesday?

FITZY

Tuesday! That's right! Two weeks ago. Now, Gordon, my friend, there are other ways --

Gordon drops his groceries and runs.

FITZY

Oh come on, Gordon!

Fitzzy throws the cheerios into the truck through the open window and chases after him.

EXT. LA-X AIRPORT - ARRIVALS TERMINAL - AFTERNOON

A duffle bag lands with a THUD on the curb. Josh plops down on top of it and takes out his phone, the sun scorching his Canadian skin.

A PRIUS SCREECHES to a halt in front of him. From inside the car, a familiar voice squeals at him.

VOICE

How's ya gettin on, b'y!?

JOSH

Claire?

Josh pops up to see the beaming, freckled face of Claire.

CLAIRE

Get in here ya streel. Fella behind is on me arse like he wants a date.

The unfiltered nature and accent gives Josh a smile. He grabs his bag and piles into the Prius.

INT. PRIUS - CONTINUOUS

Claire barges her way into the heavy traffic with several HONKS and insults hurled her way.

She acknowledges them with a one finger salute out the window.

JOSH

What are you doing here?

CLAIRE
Yer dad called. Real sweetheart.
That's some funny wha he did.

JOSH
Or illegal.

CLAIRE
Nicest thing me dad ever did for me
was tie me off on the boat when we
went fishing. Least you didn't beat
no one to death or wake up in the
desert, naked.

JOSH
Yeah, well I'm no Hunter S.
Thompson.

CLAIRE
Who's that?

Josh stares at Claire for a moment, then smiles.

CLAIRE
Wha?

JOSH
Just... real nice to see you.
(beat)
What's a streel?

A disoriented, curly-haired GUY ROBICHAUD (27) emerges from the trash filled back seat like the undead, his arm around Dorothy. He uses her hand to tap Josh's shoulder.

GUY
Water...

Josh SCREAMS.

CLAIRE
That's a streel.

INT. PALISADE APARTMENTS - APARTMENT 506

Fitzy enters the empty bachelor apartment, closes the door and dry heaves at the putrid smell.

She skips over a blood-stained chalk outline in the middle of the room to the window, throws it open and gasps for fresh air.

The apartment door opens behind her and a shamed Gordon lumbers in, holding all the tools of a painter. The odor hits him immediately.

GORDON
Gah! Man, what died?

He notices the crime scene on the floor and puts a rag over his nose.

GORDON
Whoa...

Fitzzy, turns and sits on the window frame, looking through the glass at him.

FITZY
(yelling)
Hey, Gordon! To answer your question, Miss Watson. Don't worry. She ain't here... cats took care of that. Do the whole place, get the stink out, we're even.

GORDON
No way. This place has bad energy. There is evil here. A gateway. It's like that apartment in the first Ghostbusters.

FITZY
Are you serious?

GORDON
Sixth sense. Mom had it too. I'd rather work some extra shifts at the club than paint the gateway to hell. Can't afford the bad karma.

He turns and walks out with the supplies.

FITZY
(yelling after him)
You can't afford the rent! Gordon?!
I need the paint!

She plugs her nose, ducks back inside the window and hustles after him, slipping on the stain on her way out.

INT. PRIUS - AFTERNOON

Guy finishes chugging a bottle of water and tosses it into the rest of the mess in the back seat.

He hangs into the front seat between Josh and Claire, his French accent as thick as his five o'clock shadow and the reek of the previous nights beverages.

GUY

Not da bess but she like my set.
Her name is Stacey? Tracey? She
gonna text me. Oh, an' I got
audition too mon buddy. Check that.

Guy hands Josh a business card emblazoned with the logo L.A. LIVE on it.

JOSH

Wow. That's huge...

Josh holds back his envy while peeking at Claire for a reaction.

CLAIRE

An' I got a show tomorrow. Banquet.
Could be a time. Thinking of using
Dorothy. She was gettin' fousty in
the bag so gave her a bath.

JOSH

Sounds like you guys got it under
control. How's the place?

Claire turns off West Adams Boulevard down a side street.

GUY

Just like home.

As they pull up to the Palisade Apartments, Claire spots the Ford F-150 parked in front.

CLAIRE

Fitzzy's here. She's gonna be some
rotted.

JOSH

Who's rotten? Why?

INT. PALISADE APARTMENTS - APARTMENT 211 - LATER

The door swings open to reveal the disgusted look of Josh surveying the disaster zone from the hall.

GUY

Welcome to the north pole!

A smiling Claire and Guy show off the place.

There is a simple kitchen connected to a living room and two bedrooms off a short hallway. Lightly furnished and heavily cluttered, this place would make a university dorm look tidy.

CLAIRE
Waddya think?

Josh spots a gaudy display on a shelf in the living room.

JOSH
Is that a beaver?...

INT. APARTMENT 211 - LIVING ROOM

At the centre of a souvenir shrine to every tacky tourist hot spot in L.A. is a BIG MOUTH BILLY BASS and a STUFFED BEAVER SMOKING A CIGARETTE holding an oversized TIM HORTONS MUG.

GUY
It's laugh jar. I tell joke, you
laugh, you pay. You don't, I pay.

Josh takes a closer look at the buck-toothed rodent.

CLAIRE
Press the button on the fish, b'y.

Josh presses the red button on Big Mouth Billy Bass. "DON'T WORRY BE HAPPY" plays.

Josh turns to see Fitzy exit the bathroom holding a pipe wrench and fixing her pants behind a dancing and oblivious Claire and Guy.

FITZY
You gettin freaky with the fish
again?

CLAIRE
Fitzy!

Claire spins and gives Fitzy a hug. Guy backs away.

CLAIRE
Fitzy here got me the gig tomorrow.
(to Fitzy)
This the other lad I was telling
you about.

JOSH
Hey.

FITZY

This a funnyman too? Whatchya got?

Fitzy is ready to be entertained. Josh clears his throat.

JOSH

(Arnold Schwarzenegger
voice)

Get to the chopper. Get down. Now!

A blank stare from Fitzy.

JOSH

(Arnie voice)

I'll be back?

Nothing.

JOSH

It's Arnold Schwarzenegger.

FITZY

I know. But he ain't funny.

JOSH

It's an impression.

FITZY

Gonna have to do better than that
if you wanna make one.

She gives Guy a wave.

FITZY

I see you mocha! Alright, Canada.
Welcome to the great U.S. of A.
Where the us stands for me and the
A means ain't nothing for free.
Since there's three of you now, I'm
gonna need \$1800 next month. And
you still owe me \$1,000 this month.

GUY

Tabarnac!

FITZY

This one's cute, especially when
you're mad, guy. A honey like you
could make a killin modeling.

GUY

It's Guy, like ski! Not guy...

CLAIRE
We got it sorted. Right, Josh?

She looks to Josh, the weight of his financial reality realized.

JOSH
Yeah. Right. Sorted.

Josh pulls out the envelope and hands it to Fitzy. She counts it.

FITZY
You're five short.

JOSH
It's all I have. I just got in.
Sorry, the drugs haven't quite worn off.

Fitzy looks to Claire, who thinks fast.

CLAIRE
We'll get you the rest tomorrow.
It'll give him a chance to, y'know,
drop off his luggage.

Josh awkwardly plays along.

JOSH
That's right. Couple kilos up the,
uh, chute.

FITZY
You a mule? Alright, Canada. I see
you. You're full of surprises.
(Arnie voice)
I'll be back.

Blank stares from Josh, Guy and Claire.

FITZY
See. Not funny.

She heads for the door, pauses.

FITZY
Oh, and you're out of toilet paper.

She exits.

CLAIRE
That's all you have?!

JOSH

I thought you guys had the first two months covered. That's the landlord?!

CLAIRE

She's fine.

GUY

She call me guy. That disrespect. It's Guy! Guillame Andre Robichaud!

JOSH

Wait. Does she really think I'm a drug mule?

CLAIRE

We don't come up with some dollars, we're gonna be.

JOSH

We? If you didn't notice, I was drugged and put on a plane.

GUY

Wait, so, you is a drug mule?

JOSH

No! I had no plan to be here. And now, somehow, I owe a thug money?

CLAIRE

And there it is. So you weren't coming. You were just gonna get in on out of it and not tell us?

JOSH

It's not like that. I thought... I thought you two... were doing fine. You didn't need me.

CLAIRE

Well, we do.

They stare at each other as their reality sets in.

JOSH

So, what now?

END OF ACT I

ACT II

INT. L.A. GUN RANGE - DAY

The barrel of a COLT 1911 PISTOL takes aim and fires in quick succession.

The smoke clears to reveal Claire's face and exuberant smile. She hits a nearby button to recall her paper target from the range.

INT. GUN RANGE - LOBBY - SAME TIME

Josh and Guy watch Claire from behind the safety glass wearing a dumbfounded look.

GUY
She good shot.

JOSH
Deadly. Scary, really.

Josh peaks over his shoulder at an unclothed Dorothy leaned against the wall, sporting a fully painted face with two targets painted on her breasts.

JOSH
Dorothy freaks me out.

GUY
She stink again too.

They watch as Claire proudly holds up the target shaped like a man. There is a large tattered hole where the crotch used to be.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY

The Ford F-150 floats with traffic down the strip, an ugly duckling amongst the high-end restaurants and shimmer of West Hollywood.

INT. TRUCK

Fitzy, wearing a few new paint splatters, longingly surveys the scene. Important people, fancy clothes, fancier food, valet parking and most of all, deals being made.

The CB on the dash bursts to life with a female voice, ripping Fitzzy from her reverie.

FEMALE VOICE
Are you coming or not, child?
Wasting all day by the pool waitin
for you. Over.

Fitzzy picks up the CB receiver.

FITZY
On the way, ma.

Long Beat.

Fitzzy rolls her eyes and relents.

FITZY
Over.

FEMALE VOICE
Park on the street. That truck's an
eyesore. Over.

Fitzzy rumbles down a side street as her boulevard of unbrokered dreams fades in her rearview.

INT. GUN RANGE - LOBBY

Guy looks at Josh, who smiles and gives Claire a thumbs up as she shows off another tattered target.

GUY
You like her, yeah?

JOSH
What? No, I--

GUY
Relax, mon buddy. Is correct. I
keep your secret.

JOSH
But weren't you... and her...

Guy laughs as he checks his buzzing phone.

GUY
That one time, mon buddy.

INSERT - CELL PHONE TEXT

"STACEY: You coming over?"

BACK TO:

GUN RANGE - LOBBY

Guy smiles at the message.

GUY

Me, I'm free agent. After audition today, gonna be big star. Get my own Late Show with Guy Robichaud and real famous, crazy girlfriend with big problems.

(gestures to his chest)

An' we get three kids from Vietnam, then I go too far, make the rehab, write book, get talk show on CBC.

JOSH

Nice career arc. You forgot the messy divorce.

GUY

Ah, oui! But Claire, man, she like you. You gotta be like lion. Guy knows. You should tell her.

CLAIRE

Tell me wha?

Claire takes off her goggles and headphones as she enters the lobby. She tucks her Colt into her back waistband like a boss.

Josh panics.

JOSH

My act. It's rough. I haven't worked on it since I bombed in Oshawa.

GUY

You bomb Timmins too, and Thunder bay --

JOSH

Thank you.

CLAIRE

Rough's when dad got on the beers
and come at ya like a three-eyed
stooge. The voices, ya gotta find
the funny or ditch 'em.

GUY

She right, mon buddy. Your accent
real bad.

JOSH

(sarcastic)

Everyone's so honest, It's just so
great.

CLAIRE

You got to get on the go, back on
the stage. This is L.A. Make a
ruckus. Take yer shot!

Claire pulls out her gun and mimes popping off a few rounds
as Josh and Guy hit the deck.

The main door pops open and Gordon enters wearing an L.A. GUN
RANGE STAFF SHIRT

GORDON

Hey!!

(beat)

You the comic? They're ready for
you.

Claire lights up with excitement, takes a deep breath and
hands Josh her phone.

CLAIRE

Best kind! Film the set for me, luv
and grab the missus. Good luck with
yer audition, Guy.

Josh struggles to pick up Dorothy and follows Claire.

JOSH

Thanks, guy.

GUY

Bon chance, Simba!

Guy mimes a tiger roar at Josh, picks up a small duffel bag
and exits.

EXT. GRANDVIEW MANOR - DAY

Fitzzy's F-150 pulls off La Cienega Boulevard up to a modern building with spacious balconies on a fastidiously maintained, shaded property.

The sign out front reads: "GRANDVIEW MANOR - RETIREMENT LIVING WITH GRACE"

INT. GRANDVIEW MANOR - POOLSIDE - DAY

Four ladies in their 80s lounge poolside in their smart bathing suits, stylish hats and designer sunglasses. Their skin; sun soaked and oiled.

Fitzzy approaches and stops in front of them. She waits.

She clears her throat. She waits some more.

FITZY

Hey, ma!

The most decadent of the bunch, LOUISE "LOU" FITZSIMMONS (80), jumps without spilling a drop of her margarita.

LOU

Child, you gonna give someone a heart attack sneaking up like that.

Fitzzy looks at the other three ladies, lifeless, open-mouthed and sizzling.

FITZY

Looks like cholesterol beat me to it.

She hands the envelope to Lou. She counts out the cash inside and gives Fitzzy a look.

LOU

You're too soft. No room for soft in business.

FITZY

Roughin people up when they miss rent, that isn't business. I went to University.

LOU

And how you think I paid for that? I built this for you with the sweat off my brow.

FITZY

I want to build something of my own
not mow lawns and fix toilets. I
can use my degree, work in
entertainment, connect people.
Isn't that what you taught me, use
my talents?

Lou sits up and takes off her sunglasses.

LOU

When your momma ran off, she left
me with you. I fed you. Dressed
you. Schooled you. Now you wanna
hang at the clubs, sipping
cocktails looking for the next
Eddie Murphy leaving my properties,
our family business, to ruin?

Lou puts her glasses back on and picks up an oversized bell
and rings it. The noise rouses the other three tanning
grannies.

LOU

(screaming)

Julio!

(back to Fitzzy)

You wanna use your gift, child?
Find me someone for art class
tonight.

An oily, toned WAITER in a speedo and bow tie glides over to
Lou and hands her a fresh margarita. The other ladies paw at
him as he passes.

FITZY

What's wrong with him?

LOU

Julio's been running off his tushy
all day. Isn't that right?

Lou snaps the waiter's speedo on his bum. He giggles and
scampers off as the other grannies lunge at him.

LOU

Besides, the girls want something
fresh.

GRANNY #1

A dirty white boy!

GRANNY #2

Oh! One of those pale skinned
writer types.

LOU

Damn girl! Good idea. Oh, and the
chute is clogged again at the place
off Jefferson.

Fitzzy resigned to her duty, turns and walks off.

INT. GUN RANGE - BANQUET ROOM - DAY

Stern, vested men are seated at neatly arranged banquet
tables staring intently at Claire, who holds court on stage
with her sarcastic, exuberant, physical style.

A banner behind her reads: "GOOD GUYS WITH GUNS! FALL
SOCIAL!!"

CLAIRE

So I read this book, Men are from
Mars, Women are from Venus. It said
if you want to support your man,
make him feel safe, you need four
magic words; "it's not your fault."
That's bullshit. You know what four
words a man really wants to hear?
"Wanna see my guns?"

Nothing. Dead quiet.

Josh films Claire with her phone and winces from the side of
the room.

CLAIRE

This is probably a good place to
find a fella that's committed. Not
the crazy kind but the kind that
shows up every week and blows paper
people to pieces just in case a two-
dimensional bad guy robs you. What
happens if the bad guys... stand
sideways?

Claire stands upright, rigid and sideways. The crowd's arms
stay crossed, their gaze narrows.

Josh is visibly in pain for Claire.

CLAIRE

"Good guys with guns." That's cool but bad girls with boobs is way more dangerous. They're the ultimate weapon. People will do anything for a good set. If I robbed ya at boob-point, none of you would do anything about it, 'cept maybe take a picture.

The crowd stays silent.

Desperate, she hauls Dorothy on stage, spins her towards the crowd, target painted breasts front and centre.

CLAIRE

Take my friend, Dorothy here. She's got a killer set of guns.

Claire pulls her gun, puts it to the mannequins back and BANG!! She blows a huge hole through Dorothy's chest.

The entire crowd hits the deck, pull their guns in unison, and scream "drop it" and "freeze" at each other.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A shirtless Guy lays under the covers in bed with a satisfied smile on his face. STACEY, a young pretty blonde, dozes on his shoulder.

Guy sits up at the sound of a door SLAM. A voice bellows from down the hall.

VOICE (O.C.)

Stacey?! Sweetheart?

STACEY

Shit. My dad's home.

GUY

Your dad?! Ah, merde!

Guy knows the routine. He hops out of bed and enters evacuation mode.

GUY

I thought you were manager not a minor, esti!

STACEY

Yeah, well, I thought you were
French not French Canadian. Hurry
up!

Barely wearing pants, he throws his clothes and duffel bag
out the window and jumps out after them.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

A TAXI pulls into a shaded spot on the side of the road next
to a five foot privacy wall.

Lunch break. The cabbie pulls out a massive sub and prepares
to take the first bite.

A duffel bag flies over the wall and plops onto the sidewalk.
Then a pair of shoes and a shirt.

The cabbie looks up to see a shirtless guy, dangling over the
wall. He loses his grip and plummets to the ground.

Winded, he grabs his stuff and crawls into the taxi.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Guy slams the back door shut as a pair of skates fall out of
the unzipped duffel bag.

GUY

(winded)

South Park. Arena. Go! Now!

The cabbie looks in the rearview and sees the skates.

CABBIE

You some sort of hockey player?

GUY

Yeah. Wayne Gretzky! Go, man! Vite!

The cabbie reluctantly puts down his sub and slams the car
into drive just as STACEY'S DAD falls over the wall, onto his
head, and knocks himself out cold.

Guy watches through the back window as a panicked Stacey runs
to her father's side.

Guy's phone RINGS. The name on screen reads: "CELESTE".

He throws on his shirt, pats down his hair and answers the video call. CELESTE (4), the adorable, spitting image of Guy, smiles at him.

CELESTE
Bonjour Papa!

Guy smiles and waves at his daughter. A stern looking WOMAN (30) enters the frame and crosses her arms in the background of the video.

INT. GARBAGE ROOM - APARTMENT BUILDING

Fitzy zips up a coverall suit, grabs an old hockey stick and hops into the dumpster directly underneath the garbage chute.

She wades through the trash and cautiously peeks up the chute. She jams the stick up the hole aggressively several times. It gets stuck.

FITZY
Aw, hell.

She yanks hard on the stick, freeing a dozen, loose and juicy, garbage bags onto a defeated Fitzy.

INT. GUN RANGE - LOBBY - LATER

Josh and Dorothy stand at opposite ends of a large display case of weapons and ammo for sale.

Across the room, Claire talks to TWO POLICE OFFICERS.

Josh looks over his shoulder at Gordon; manning the register and spellbound by Dorothy, a huge hole in her chest.

JOSH
Don't worry. She's got a great personality.

GORDON
(staring at Dorothy)
Don't lean on the case please, sir.

Claire joins them and puts an official "GOOD GUYS WITH GUNS" t-shirt on Dorothy, breaking Gordon's trance.

CLAIRE
That was some set, wha? I killed.

JOSH

Almost got killed. It was like the Gaza Strip in there.

CLAIRE

Luh, those fellas in there, they was asleep. Now they'll remember that show. An' I uploaded the video already. Better to be known than nuthin.

Like a moth to a flame, Gordon drifts back towards Dorothy.

JOSH

Known by the cops now too.

Claire looks over at the cops. They smile and wave as they exit.

CLAIRE

They thought it was funny. That's your problem, luv. Ya think too much. Why you suppose your Pa put you on that plane? You can't be scared and rigid. Ya gotta feel it, go with it, good or bad.

JOSH

I felt mostly fear and panic.

CLAIRE

If you ain't scared, ya ain't living. Next gig comes along, ya say yes, deal?

Behind Josh and out of Claire's view, Gordon is caressing Dorothy's hair.

JOSH

And if I say no, Rambo?

Claire gives him a playful shove as one of the cops re-enters the lobby and hustles up to her.

COP

Claire Seary?

Josh freezes, expecting the worst.

COP

Could you sign my AR-15?

CLAIRE

Sure!

He hands her his GUN and a WHITE SHARPIE.

COP

It's for my collection. Got about
30. Make it out to Barry?

Claire happily signs it as Gordon seizes Dorothy in the distraction and scuttles towards the exit.

JOSH

Thirty guns? You could take on the
Canadian Military.

COP

You should see my swords.

That irks Josh. Claire hands back his gun.

CLAIRE

You got a berry nice barrel there
Barry.

COP

Thanks! Gonna hang this one in the
living room!

He flashes an awkward smile before rushing out like a kid with his first autograph.

CLAIRE

See! Make a ruckus. I tolds ya!

JOSH

Barry, Barry white cop scary.
Heavily armed and permitted to
carry.

Claire's phone rings. She answers.

CLAIRE

Hey Fitzy! How ya gettin on?

INT. DUMPSTER - SAME TIME

Fitzy sits in the putrid dumpster, phone to her ear.

FITZY

Y'know Red, I swear you're talking
English... How was your set?

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

CLAIRE

Good! Blew it up. Videos online.

FITZY

I'll take a look. Is mocha doll with you?

CLAIRE

Guy? Nah. Buddy's scampered off to some audition. Josh is here.

FITZY

Damn. Wait. The mule?!
(she thinks a moment,
disgusted)
He able to do a, um, modelling gig tonight?

CLAIRE

That's short notice. What's that worth to ya?

FITZY

You hard, Red. I like that.

CLAIRE

Was raised on bologna and salt beef. We knows how to get by.

FITZY

How about we make a deal?

BACK TO GUN LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Claire hangs up the phone and jumps up excitedly.

JOSH

What just happened? Did you just sell me off?

CLAIRE

Better. I gots you a modelling gig an it pays our rent!

JOSH

Modeling? What part of me looks like I'm a model?

CLAIRE

Gig's a gig. You saying you can't do what Dorothy does?

JOSH
Dorothy doesn't *do* anything. She's
a doll...

Josh looks to where the hole-hearted mannequin should be.

JOSH
That can walk away? Dorothy?

END OF ACT II

ACT III

EXT. GRANDVIEW MANOR - EVENING

Josh exits the Prius and takes in the grandeur of the illuminated Manor. A deep breath.

He looks back at Claire, duct-taping a bat to her steering wheel.

CLAIRE

Anti-theft. The locks don't work.

Josh gives her a look.

CLAIRE

Wha? Dorothy's already been swiped, can't lose the car too.

INT. GRANDVIEW MANOR - ACTIVITY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is well lit with a dozen chatting seniors sitting at easels in a semi-circle surrounding a small riser.

Lou, dressed in another colorful robe, brushes off a bar stool on the stage as Claire leads Josh into the room.

CLAIRE

Who's the missus we see 'bout the fella for the modeling?

Lou turns and gives the visitors a cocked eyebrow.

LOU

You must be the Canucks.

She gives Josh a once over as he takes stock of the wrinkles in the room.

LOU

You're quite pale. That will be a challenge. Dressing room's back there.

(to the room)

Five minutes everyone! Lots of white and pastels, ladies!

The seniors chatter with excitement as they ready their stations for the star attraction.

Claire pulls Josh in the direction of the dressing room.

EXT. WEST ADAMS BOULEVARD - EVENING

In the final golden rays of sun, Gordon, beaming with a true happiness only love can bring, pedals his bicycle down the street peeking past his perfect handlebar passenger; Dorothy.

They glide, effortlessly past the sights and shops of the neighborhood; a mash of graffiti, dereliction and revival.

It romantic as hell and weird.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Claire enters holding two full glasses. Josh bounces around nervously.

CLAIRE

Ya want a drink to calm yer nerves
or a water?

JOSH

Water.

She hands him a glass. He holds two pills in his hand, hesitates, pops them, takes a big swig and immediately starts coughing.

CLAIRE

Sorry. That's mine then. The bar's
fully stocked! Missus out there got
me on the gin.

Barely recovered from the gin.

JOSH

So, I just stand there?

CLAIRE

Supposing so. Or pose. Maybe hold
an apple or something?

JOSH

Pose? In front of the Golden Girls?
I can't do this.

CLAIRE

You don't, we're on the street.
Besides, most of them probably have
Alzheimer's. Won't remember a
thing.

JOSH

Okay. No big deal. Just do a pose.

He does an awkward "thinking man" pose.

CLAIRE

See. Best kind. Ya got this.

(beat)

Be some funny if this was one of them naked modeling things.

Off Josh's horrified look.

CLAIRE

Wha? You're some stunned if that didn't occur to ya.

She smiles and sips her drink.

INT. ARENA - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Guy sits alone, nervously bouncing his knee. He's wearing his skates, a furry costume, and an L.A Kings jersey with the name "BAILEY" on the back.

The door opens and a PRODUCTION ASSISTANT on a headset pops his head in.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

They're ready for you.

Guy takes a deep breath and puts on an oversized LION HEAD and walks toward the door being held open by the assistant.

Forgetting his height, Guy is clotheslined by the door frame.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Watch your head.

INT. PALISADE APARTMENTS - GORDON'S PLACE - EVENING

Dorothy, in a sexy red dress, is propped up on the couch as Gordon enters the candlelit room holding two glasses of wine.

He sits next to her and clinks her glass.

He deftly moves Dorothy's hand onto his knee. He gives her a nervous, shy look. The tension is torment until finally, overcome with passion, he lunges at his date.

INT. GRANDVIEW MANOR - ACTIVITY ROOM

The seniors sit and wait impatiently by their easels.

Lou stands in the middle of the room.

LOU
Come on out.

Josh, fully clothed, sheepishly comes out and walks onto the riser in the middle of the room. Claire watches from the doorway of the dressing room.

JOSH
Here?

LOU
Yes, yes.

He stands there unsure what to do. A sheepish smile.

JOSH
Sorry. Never done this before.

It's awkward. He clears his throat and lunges into "thinking man" pose. Claire holds back a laugh.

LOU
What are you doing?

JOSH
Posing?

LOU
Not with that on you're not. Let's go. Off with it.

Josh hesitates and surveys the silent room of staring seniors. He looks for a lifeline from Claire.

She shrugs her shoulders and mimes shooting a pistol.

Josh squeezes his eyes shut, passes the point of no return and flings off his shirt to reveal a blazingly white chest and a thick unruly carpet of dark chest hair.

He fumbles with his belt as Claire watches from behind. His pants drop like a curtain and he reefs down his tighty-whities.

An audible GASP from the grannies. Claire can barely hold it in, thoroughly entertained.

LOU
Oh my.

Josh stands there, nowhere to look and unsure what to do with his hands.

GRANNY #1
Are we drawing to scale?

GRANNY #2
I'm gonna need more paper.

Josh is dying in his discomfort.

JOSH
Could I get an apple?

LOU
Honey, you gonna need a bushel.

Josh turns to Claire, who's loving every second of this show.

In the background, Fitzy peeks in the doorway, smiles and shakes her head.

INT. ARENA - ICE SURFACE - NIGHT

Guy, dressed as BAILEY THE LION, waits at the zamboni entrance as the PUBLIC ADDRESS ANNOUNCER revs up the L.A. Kings crowd for the intermission show.

Spotlights circle the darkened ice and MUSIC blasts into the stadium.

The production assistant yells into Guy's mascot ear.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Okay, guy.

GUY
Guy! Like ski!

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Sure. That's great. All you gotta do is jump through the Kings logo -- it's just paper -- through the hoop at centre ice, pick up the stick and score on net. You do that, you got the gig.

Guy looks at the obstacle course set up for him on the ice through his oversized mascot head.

GUY
I can't see Esti! An' is real hot in here!

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Yeah. I bet.

P.A. ANNOUNCER
Ladies and gentlemen, Bailey the
Lion!

The crowd cheers.

GUY
Hey. What happened to the last guy
who do this job?

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Burned out.

Two ON-ICE CREW light the hoop on fire at centre ice.

GUY
Tabarnak.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Good luck.

Guy stares down the ice, resigned to his fate.

He gets a running start and sprints onto the ice, quickly hitting full stride on his skates and bursting through the Kings logo. The crowd roars as he zeroes in on the flaming hoop at centre ice.

At top speed, he leaps, a-la Superman with mane in full flow, through the hoop. The jump and landing is clean but the synthetic, and quite flammable, mane grazes the fire.

Unaware of the quickly spreading fire on his head, Guy stickhandles the puck down the ice towards the net.

As he's about to shoot, the flames engulf his head. He panics, toe-picks, and slides into the net; a furry, fiery heap.

The crowd roars it's approval as several on-ice staff rush to his aid, dousing him with extinguishers.

INT. PALISADE APARTMENTS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gordon, arm in arm with Dorothy, walks slowly down the hallway.

He stops at a hatch marked "GARBAGE". He faces Dorothy and kisses her, gently, on the cheek.

GORDON
Goodnight, sweet doll.

He makes sure the coast is clear, opens the hatch and gruffly stuffs Dorothy down the chute.

Gordon recomposes himself and walks calmly down the hall, back into his apartment.

Seconds later, Claire and Josh, eating a cookie and holding two large Tupperware containers, enter the hall from the opposite stairwell.

JOSH
(mouth full)
I've never seen so much meatloaf.
And these cookies!

Josh pops the last of an oatmeal cookie into his mouth.

CLAIRE
They was some keen on ya. They
haven't seen that much hair and
skin since Woodstock.

Claire flips out her keys and unlocks their apartment door.

INT. APARTMENT 204 - CONTINUOUS

Claire enters and flicks on the lights, followed by Josh

JOSH
Sorry about Dorothy.

CLAIRE
I'm some rotted at that. Y'know I
nevers been picked up at the club?
But my fausty friend with a hole in
her chest? No problems.

JOSH
Some people like the strong silent
type. And that was more like theft
or kidnapping?

A smile from Claire melts Josh a little.

JOSH
Thanks for today. It was... fun.
And real.

CLAIRE
This ain't no real life, comedy. To
do what we do, we gotta do some
things, but that's fodder for the
stage.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
You done the hard part and you're a
right good friend for that.

Not the label Josh was going for.

The door bursts open and a disheveled, sweaty and slightly
charred Guy enters holding his duffel bag.

JOSH
Whoa. What happened to you?

CLAIRE
How'd it go?

Guy plops onto the couch, a little stunned.

GUY
Me, I was on fire. Not da best.

Josh and Claire's questions are interrupted by A LOUD KNOCK
on the door.

FITZY (O.C.)
Open up, Canada!

JOSH
What's she doing here? I thought we
were even?

CLAIRE
I asked her to come.

FITZY (O.C.)
I can hear you!

Josh opens the door to reveal Fitzzy leaning in the doorway
with a painting of a him, naked, holding a bowl of apples.

FITZY
You got some apples on you, mule. I
respect that.

She hands Josh the painting and enters the apartment, holding
a hockey stick in her other hand. She spots a roughed up Guy.

FITZY
Whoa Mocha! You so hot you burst
into flames?

CLAIRE
Fitzzy's agreed to represent us!
She's gonna be our agent!

Guy and Josh are stunned.

JOSH
Her? Why?!

Fitzzy's slightly insulted.

FITZY
What you think I do all day? I
chase down people and make them do
something they don't wanna do. Like
watch you do comedy...

GUY
You just a thug, no offense.

FITZY
Nah. Persuasive.

JOSH
That's your skill? You're pushy?!

Fitzzy steps up to Josh casting her shadow over his scrawny
frame.

FITZY
Real persuasive.

JOSH
Okay. I'm in. What's the catch?

FITZY
Help me out with the properties.
Odd jobs. It'll lighten your rent.

Josh , Guy and Claire look to each other.

CLAIRE
Can't be any worse than what you
just did with them apples.

Josh looks at the fresh painting.

FITZY
Waddya say, Canada? You wanna shot?

She smiles and offers Josh the hockey stick.

INT. GARBAGE ROOM

Guy and Claire, dressed in coveralls, are standing knee deep
in garbage in the dumpster. They're holding up Josh on their
shoulders, who's almost entirely up the garbage chute with
the hockey stick.

JOSH

Gotta say, I prefer the modelling.

CLAIRE

It's right fausty in here.

GUY

Tabarnac! Look out.

Several bags of garbage followed by a mannequin WHOOSH down, toppling Josh onto Guy and Claire in the sea of trash.

Claire comes up for air first. She recognizes the doll face.

CLAIRE

Dorothy!

She swims over and gives her stinky friend a hug.

END EPISODE