

March 27, 2015  
Writer's Draft

**BENDERS**

"Pilot"

S100

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FADE IN

EXT. CHELESEA PIERS, SKY RINK - DAY

Establishing the city's twin ice rinks that sit three stories above the Hudson River.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME

About 12 players in various states of dress prepare for an upcoming Division 8 men's league ice hockey game. They wear cheap white jerseys with the name, BULLETS, on the front.

RANDY SEBALOS, 28, Asian, enters with a hockey bag slung over his back.

ANTHONY PETTITE, team captain, 29, good looking, neurotic - not the brightest bulb, sees Sebalos. He's not happy.

RAPID FIRE LOCKER ROOM TALK FOR REST OF SCENE:

SEBALOS

Sorry I'm late. Today was the last day of school so all the teachers went out to celebrate.

DICKIE

Yeah but you ain't a teacher.

Sebalos looks at DICKIE BLITHOLTZ, 32, a husky hedge fund manager, with thinning hair. He's wearing training compression shorts with a pouch for his penis that leaves little to the imagination.

SEBALOS

For the record, I'm part of the administration since I basically run the IT department.

DICKIE

And none of them realize you don't know shit about computers?

SEBALOS

(fake Asian accent)

Ah, yes. White racists too scared to question technical wisdom of Asian master!

Ad lib a few laughs and groans from the group.

SEBALOS (CONT'D)

And what the hell is with the shorts?

DICKIE  
They add stability to my core. I  
got 'em from this chick I met on  
Chunder.

SEBALOS  
Chunder?

ANTHONY  
It's chubby Tinder.

SEBALOS  
Jesus, Shitholtz you stoop that  
low?

DICKIE  
Who you calling Shitholtz? It's  
Blitholtz.

SEBALOS  
I'm talking to your comb over.

Dickie chucks a roll of tape at Sebalos.

ANTHONY  
(to Dickie)  
You need to work on filling up that  
pouch dude. Take a cue from  
Rosenberg.

The team's best player, PAUL ROSENBERG, 29, a bit Jappy and  
metrosexual looks up. He's an accountant and runs the  
logistics of all things concerning the Bullets.

Beside Paul sits a really thin, almost emaciated player,  
BRYAN BEALE, 32. Bryan, the cousin of Paul's wife, Karen, is  
subbing in for this game. Anthony leans in next to him.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
(re: Paul's shorts)  
Don't get too close Bry. They call  
it the virgin killer. That thing  
has toes and an elbow.

PAUL  
Blow me.

SEBALOS  
That would be suicide.

BRYAN  
So...Is this like an all gay hockey  
team? I mean it's cool if it is.  
I can change somewhere else.

A beat, some eyebrows raise as if to say, "Who is this guy?"

DICKIE  
 (to Bryan)  
 So you play a lot of hockey?

BRYAN  
 Not so much right now, but I played  
 in college.

The guys seem impressed. Bryan coughs hard.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
 Sorry, I just threw up in my mouth  
 a little.

ANTHONY  
 (disgusted)  
 Are you alright, dude?

BRYAN  
 Yeah I'm fighting. I'm a fighter.

Anthony makes a face like "that's weird".

ANTHONY  
 Hey Sebalos, you got any hot MILF  
 teachers who sleep with their  
 students at your school?

PAUL  
 Technically I think they'd be  
 called TILFS.

SEBALOS  
 Sorry, no TILFS. Got a couple of  
 bull dyke tech teachers though.  
 And an Indian guy. If you're into  
 that kind of thing.

Anthony shakes his head "No", stands to address the team.

ANTHONY  
 Ok, a couple things fellas. Dickie  
 has generously offered to pay for  
 new jerseys once we decide on a new  
 team name.

A round of applause. Dickie soaks in the attention.

DICKIE  
 Costing me 2 G's. It's nice to have  
 friends with some scratch, right  
 bro?

PAUL  
 It's the only reason you're on the  
 team, asshole.

ANTHONY

This is a huge game. I cannot stress enough. We win and we lock up a playoff spot. Bryan Beale's subbing for us on Dickie's line.

Bryan nods to the team.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna lie Bryan, there's a lot riding on your performance. It's do or die tonight.

PAUL

We still have another game Tuesday.

ANTHONY

Ok fine, it's not do or die, but you want the truth?

PAUL

Ah, no. Not really.

ANTHONY

You can't handle the truth! We live in a world that has walls, and those walls have to be guarded by men with guns. Who's gonna do it? You? You Sebalos?

Anthony is impassioned, Paul rolls his eyes.

PAUL

(to Sebalos)

A Few Good Men was on cable last night.

ANTHONY

I have a greater responsibility than you can possibly fathom. You weep for Santiago and you curse the Marines.

Everyone looks on quizzically at him. Paul cuts him off.

PAUL

Ok Mr. Nicholson, we get it. A little off point but...

(to the team)

What I think he's trying to say is...let's play hard, look for the open man and play tight D.

With that some players start to head out. Sebalos takes a quick hit of weed from his vaporizer.

ANTHONY  
Really Sebalos?

Sebalos offers him a hit but pulls back when Anthony shoes him away. Paul walks over.

PAUL  
Maybe you should take him up on it  
and chill out a little.

ANTHONY  
Screw that. It's been 10 years of  
missing the playoffs for one reason  
or another. This hippie punk is  
messing with one of the most  
important games of my life. And  
what's up with Bryan? The guy's  
built like a fishing pole.

PAUL  
He's Karen's cousin. He'll be  
alright.

ANTHONY  
Fine. But he's your  
responsibility. Let's do this.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

The team trudges in dejectedly, obviously they lost. Anthony throws his gear at his bag. Even though a somber air fills the locker room, Bryan enters wearing a huge smile.

BRYAN  
(to Anthony)  
Hey thanks, that was a blast!

ANTHONY  
Which part? The part where you  
went offside 6 times or the part  
where you knocked the puck in our  
own net?

BRYAN  
The whole thing man. It's just  
what I needed.

No one responds. Paul leans over to Bryan.

PAUL  
I thought you said you played  
hockey in college.

BRYAN  
I did. Right until I graduated.

PAUL  
What school was that again?

BRYAN  
University of Phoenix.

PAUL  
Wait, isn't that an online school?

BRYAN  
I think they have a campus  
somewhere, but I'm not sure.

PAUL  
(sotto)  
Son of a bitch.

Paul turns to see Anthony staring daggers at him.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
What's up?

ANTHONY  
Listen to me, we're going to The  
Quarter King for some beers and to  
figure out a new name for the team.  
Make sure that AIDSy-the-dipshit  
isn't there. He's dead to me.

INT. QUARTER KING - NIGHT

The Quarter King is the local bar where the guys hang after every game. Other teams here too. Nothing fancy - pool table and darts in the back. The team sits at a large table as Bryan hits on a CUTE WAITRESS with a small tattoo peaking out of her top.

BRYAN  
(to WAITRESS)  
Are your legs made of Nutella?  
Because I'd love to spread them.

WAITRESS  
WOOOOOOOOW, what an amazing line!  
Hold on. I gotta go wring my  
panties out.

Anthony, Paul, Sebalos, and Dickie watch.

ANTHONY  
What a tool. I thought I told you  
to lose him.

PAUL  
I tried but I forgot he follows me  
on Find My Friends.

SEBALOS

Well he looks like he found you through the Dallas Buyer's Club. If I had two of him I could eat a bowl of rice.

ANTHONY

Douchebag scores on our own goal. He cost us the game.

PAUL

What are you talking about? We lost 11-1.

ANTHONY

Yeah but that was the first goal. Totally changed the momentum.

SEBALOS

True dat.

PAUL

You might wanna pipe down Snoop. You were blown out of your socks.

SEBALOS

I play better when I'm high. It slows the whole game down for me.

PAUL

It only slows YOU down. You looked like a traffic cone out there.

DICKIE

(re: Bryan)

He doesn't stand a chance with her or her trashy tit tat.

SEBALOS

You don't like the tit tat?

DICKIE

You ever rub silly putty on a comic strip, then stretch it out? That's what a tit tat looks like ten years down the road.

Bryan rejoins the group.

BRYAN

Tit tats. Sounds like candy.

SEBALOS

I heard this sex expert, Dr. Chang, talking about tit tats on the radio.

PAUL

I've never heard of an Asian sex expert.

SEBALOS

You're looking at one right here. Anyway, this woman with a tit tat came in and said she couldn't find anyone to have sex with her.

ANTHONY

And what did Dr. Chang say?

Sebalos squints his eyes, sticks out his teeth and puts on a fake Asian accent whenever Dr. Chang speaks.

SEBALOS

"Ok you take off awr yaw crows." So she does. Then he says, "Now get on frawrs and crawl across room vewy fast." So she crawls across the room. "Now turn round and crawl backwah." So she crawls backwards and Dr. Chang says, "You have vewy sewious pwobwem." The woman looks scared and says, "What is it?" "You have Exacry Disease." She says, "Exactly Disease? What is that? And Dr. Chang says, "Yaw face rook exacry rike yaw ass!"

The table cracks up in laughter.

BRYAN

I don't get it.

ANTHONY

Shocking. Can we talk about some important team business? Bryan, you don't have to stick around for this.

BRYAN

It's ok. I have nowhere to go.

ANTHONY

How about home?  
(to everyone else)  
We need to settle on a new team name.

SEBALOS

How about we call ourselves the Flairs and our logo is a picture of Nature Boy Ric Flair? WOOOO!

PAUL

Sebalos you're a grown man. Either shut up about wrestling, or learn the name of one current wrestler.

DICKIE

I'm paying for the jerseys so if I have anything to say about it, the logo is going to be a bullet. For sentimental reasons.

PAUL

How about the Valkyries?

DICKIE

Boring!

PAUL

Maybe that's cause you don't know what it means.

(to the Waitress)

Excuse me, could I get the Uncle Chubby's brownie sundae?

DICKIE

I'll take a Chubby too.

PAUL

I bet you will.

Paul flips Dickie's baseball cap up, revealing his hair again. Dickie scrambles to get it back on quickly.

DICKIE

Why ya gotta be a dick?

SEBALOS

Bald is in style bro. You don't have to hide it.

ANTHONY

Wait a minute. Uncle Chubby's! That's the name.

PAUL

Suddenly the Flairs isn't so bad.

ANTHONY

I'm serious. It's funny.

DICKIE

And memorable. It's the best dessert in town.

Everyone starts to nod in agreement.

ANTHONY  
Exactly. It says something.

PAUL  
Yeah that we're a bunch of fat  
humps who like the dessert at The  
Quarter King.

The guys laugh and clink beer bottles. It's settled.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Later that evening, Paul finishes telling Sebalos' joke to his sleepy wife, KAREN ROSENBERG, 29. She's pretty but quirky and unpredictable at times. She has a respectable job in publishing but can speak her mind like a truck driver. Their small two bedroom is littered with toys belonging to their seven year old son.

PAUL  
Exacry rike yaw ass!

KAREN  
(laughing)  
It seems so much more racist coming  
from an Asian.

PAUL  
That's why it's funny.

KAREN  
C'mon, let's go to bed. My vagina  
is screaming 'Last Call.'

Karen walks toward the bedroom. Paul follows after her. As she passes the bathroom, we notice Paul's hockey gear hanging from the curtain rod, sink, etc. As they talk, they reach the bedroom, ultimately landing on the bed.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
It's bad enough I get the play by  
play of every game, but do I really  
have to smell it too?

PAUL  
The whole reason I air it out is so  
it doesn't smell.

KAREN  
And then our bathroom towels absorb  
it. Then you complain when my  
cooch smells like a hockey glove.

PAUL

That's gross. Instead of complaining about my stuff, you should be thanking me for letting your cousin play tonight.

KAREN

Was it bad?

PAUL

I don't know. Is it bad that he scored on our own net? Did you know he graduated from an online college?

Karen wraps her arms around him.

KAREN

You're losing your window.

PAUL

You did know.

KAREN

You did the right thing. I mean, with his cancer and all, you letting him play allowed him to take his mind off the inevitable.

Karen gives him a kiss good night and rolls over facing away from him.

PAUL

Where you going? I thought your vag was on last call.

KAREN

Sorry honey, I'm drier than a wheat thin from this cancer talk. I'll take a rain check.

PAUL

Why do you need a rain check? It's not like I ever say no.

She clicks off the lamp.

EXT. BROOKLYN HOUSE - DAY

Anthony is high up on a ladder, hammering the gutter of a row house in Brooklyn. His cell phone rings.

INTERCUT the following phone call as needed:

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

Paul's on his phone.

PAUL

Ant, remember Bryan from the other night?

ANTHONY

I already told you he's dead to me.

PAUL

He's dead to all of us. He died this morning from his cancer.

ANTHONY

You let a guy with cancer play for us? Are you crazy?

PAUL

That's your response?

ANTHONY

Was it brain cancer?

PAUL

Throat. Why?

ANTHONY

Cause he seemed a little retarded.

Anthony climbs down the ladder.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

How could you not tell me about this? The playoffs are hanging in the balance.

PAUL

I know. I promised Karen I wouldn't tell anyone.

ANTHONY

Listen, I'm not gonna tell you how to live, but you gotta stop taking orders from your wife. That's why your son is named "Declan".

PAUL

Who are you to talk? Your mother still does your laundry. We were just trying to take his mind off his treatments.

ANTHONY

And look what good that did for us.

PAUL

This was about him, not us. The guy was in the dumps. He got cancer, then his wife left him because of it.

ANTHONY

I met the guy once. And I guarantee you this, her leaving him had less to do with the cancer and everything to do with the fact that he was a huge douche.

PAUL

Regardless I can't make Tuesday's game.

ANTHONY

What are you talking about?

PAUL

Karen's all broken up. She's gonna want me around to comfort her, you know?

ANTHONY

No, I don't know. I don't know shit. As far as I'm concerned, this is all your fault. Us losing, cancer boy fucking up our schedule. You're our best scorer. Christ, you're our only scorer. And you missing Tuesday night's game ain't gonna bring Bryan back. And even if it would, all the more reason to make the game. I gotta run, the guys just got here with my Bacon Ranch from Subway.

Anthony gets handed a sandwich from a WORKER, takes a bite.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

(chewing)

Oh that's so good.

(back to Paul)

You figure this out.

END INTERCUT

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's Tuesday night and Paul is texting on his phone. Karen looks visibly upset as she tidies up the kitchen.

PAUL

Anthony says they couldn't find a sub for me. So that means I'm leaving the guys high and dry.

Karen is preoccupied and doesn't answer.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Hello?

KAREN

I need you to watch Declan in the morning.

PAUL

Tomorrow?

KAREN

Yes, that's when the morning arrives Paul. I made an appointment with my acupuncturist. I need something to calm me down.

PAUL

I'd say so.

KAREN

I'm having a hard time dealing with this. Everyone said HPV has such a high rate of recovery, I just don't understand it.

PAUL

I thought he had throat cancer.

KAREN

He did, but he got it from the HPV virus.

PAUL

You mean the pussy eating cancer Michael Douglas was complaining about? How'd he catch that?

KAREN

My guess is from eating pussy. His ex had it.

PAUL

Ew. How did she get it?

KAREN

It's pretty common. Most people have it and don't even know. We could have it.

PAUL

Oh my God! I just assumed  
Catherine Zeta Jones had a dirty  
pussy because she's Welsh!

KAREN

Maybe you should go and play hockey  
tonight?

PAUL

You'd be ok with that?

KAREN

You're so annoying I would cherish  
the peace and quiet. Just don't  
drink too much. You snore when you  
drink.

Paul opens the closet and starts grabbing his gear.

PAUL

I don't have to drink every time I  
go to a game, you know.

KAREN

You play hockey with men who skate  
like toddlers. The whole point is  
drinking.

PAUL

So true. I'll just have one.

INT. QUARTER KING - NIGHT

The team celebrates what was obviously a victory. Paul is  
sloshed. A round of shots arrives, Anthony raises his glass.

ANTHONY

To our savior who scored the game  
winner and returned us to the  
playoffs, Paul 'the elephant'  
Rosenberg!

Everyone cheers and drinks.

PAUL

To Bryan Beale, may he rest in  
peace.

The guys raise their glasses.

ANTHONY

I never knew anyone who died from  
macking on pussy.

DICKIE

I imagine there's worse ways to go  
than eating a bad clam.

The revelry is broken by the appearance of RAJON TUCKER, 30, African-American, great looking and supremely confident. He's their former goalie and also assistant manager at the rink. Now he plays on a team consisting of rink employees.

RAJON

Congratulations on finally making  
the playoffs guys.

ANTHONY

Thanks Rajon.

RAJON

Too bad there won't be a game if  
you don't get your league fees in.

PAUL

We're all paid up.

RAJON

Not your boy Sebalos. Still 150  
short.

Everyone looks at Sebalos like "WTF".

SEBA

How about we give you Dickie's  
shoes and call it even?

Dickie points to his \$1600 Cleverly Oxford Brogues.

DICKIE

Not a chance. These cost more than  
all your outfits put together.

RAJON

Please pay up ASAP. You got us in  
the first round and it's going to  
be a pleasure to personally send  
you boys packing on Friday.

PAUL

The game is Friday? I can't play  
Friday. We need to reschedule it.

RAJON

No can do, I'm heading to the  
Delaware Water Gap to go white  
water rafting first thing Saturday  
morning.

DICKIE

How many white hobbies do you have?  
I bet you own a frisbee.

SEBALOS

I call bullshit. You can't even swim.

RAJON

You assume that because I'm black?

SEBALOS

I assume that because I know you can't lift your arms over your head. Why do you think we dropped you from our team?

RAJON

I quit your team 'cause you're a bunch of benders who can't skate.

PAUL

Uncomfortable racist jokes aside, my cousin's wake is on Friday.

RAJON

I wouldn't care if it was Bobby Orr's wake. P.K. Subban's wake would be another story. The game isn't moving.

Rajon shakes his head and walks off. Paul looks sick.

PAUL

I can't miss the wake.

SEBALOS

Maybe you can reschedule the wake.

ANTHONY

Good idea. No one wants to go to a wake on a Friday anyway. It's more of a Monday or Tuesday night activity.

PAUL

I don't know guys.

ANTHONY

Sleep on it. In the morning you'll make the right decision. To play in the game.

More shots arrive, Paul grabs one and slams it down.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

Paul is extremely hung over as Karen gets ready to leave. Karen hands him a to-do list.

KAREN

I need you to email these people the info for Bryan's wake. And call Aunt Martha before she leaves today to make sure we have everyone who needs to be notified.

PAUL

She's driving today?  
(he sees an opening)  
Maybe we should push the wake back a day to give her some more time?

KAREN

(matter-of-factly)  
So you can play hockey Friday.

Paul looks up, surprised she's on to him.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Anthony left a message saying "don't be a pussy and get the wake changed."

PAUL

I'm not a pussy. I'm just trying to be sympathetic to your loss.

KAREN

No, you're a pussy. Do you really think I care when the wake is? You wanna move it, move it. Just make sure whenever it is, you're at my side. That reminds me, you need to call O'Donnegan's and tell them the small room will be ok. I guess Bryan didn't have many friends.

PAUL

Surprising for a guy who ate pussy like he did.

KAREN

It's not the time for your sarcasm. Maybe you should get all the guys from the team to come.

PAUL

Our playoff game is Friday night, there's no chance they're coming.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I don't understand why Christians drag out death with all these events. Wakes, funerals. Drunken fights afterwards.

KAREN

And Jews are better?

PAUL

Damn straight we are. We bury the body quick. Shit, sometimes we bury them in the backyard to save money.

KAREN

Just send the emails.

She kisses him, heads out the door.

PAUL

Will do. All three of them.

INT. ACUPUNCTURE OFFICE - DAY

Karen is relaxed and spread out on a table while her Chinese acupuncturist, LILLIAN CHAU, 40's, inserts lines of needles along the length of her spine. And for the record, unlike Sebalos, Chau speaks with a real broken English accent.

KAREN

God that feels good. You don't how bad I needed this.

CHAU

Yes vevy good. Acupuncture heal body and mind.

KAREN

And the soul.

CHAU

Exacry.

Karen suddenly laughs hearing her pronunciation of "exactly". Chau pulls back thinking she startled Karen.

CHAU (CONT'D)

I pinch you? Sorry.

KAREN

No, no. I'm fine. I just thought of a joke my husband told me.

CHAU  
Oh I love joke. You husband a  
funny man?

KAREN  
Oh no, not at all. His friend is.

CHAU  
Prease. I hear joke.

Chau stops inserting the needles and comes around to face Karen. She sits in front of her smiling.

KAREN  
Ehhh, I don't know. This one might  
be offensive.

CHAU  
No probwem. My kids terr dirry  
joke all time. Terr me.

Karen thinks for a second, 'oh what the hell.'

KAREN  
Uh. Ok. There's this woman who  
can't find anyone to have sex with  
her so she goes to see the world  
famous sex expert, Dr. Chang.

Chau starts cracking up.

CHAU  
Ha ha. Dr Chang. He Chinese.  
Funny.

KAREN  
(starts laughing too)  
Yes. He is. So she tells Dr.  
Chang her problem and he says...

Karen squints her eyes, sticks out her teeth and puts on a fake Asian accent like Sebalas did to Paul, and Paul did to her.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Ok, you take off awr yaw crows.

Upon hearing the fake accent Chau's smile suddenly disappears. Karen notices, loses the accent.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
What's the matter?

Chau gets up, a stern look on her face.

CHAU  
Vewy funny joke. I finish needles.

Chau walks back around to begin inserting needles again. A look of fear overtakes Karen's face.

KAREN  
But that's not the end of the...

Chau jabs one last pin in.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Oww!

INT. O'DONNEGAN'S FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Anthony and Paul stand beside a sign that reads "O'DONNEGAN'S FUNERAL HOME". They talk with VITO, 50's, the "funeral director". He looks like he moonlights as a dock worker.

VITO  
You want me to lose money so you guys can play hockey?

PAUL  
It's actually a pretty important game. It's the playoffs.

VITO  
Congratulations but I don't really give a shit.

ANTHONY  
Look Mr. O'Donnegan, we just...

VITO  
It's Genevese. Vito Genevese.

ANTHONY  
Oh, maybe we should speak to the owner.

VITO  
O'Donnegan went missing about a month ago. He was behind on his bills. Probably a suicide. This is my place now.

Paul tap dances, trying to get in good graces with Vito. We hear Paul's kid off in the b.g.

PAUL  
I love what you did with the place. It's really improved.  
(points to carpet)  
Is this a Berber?

Anthony puts an arm around Paul, looks at Vito.

ANTHONY

I'm gonna give it to you straight. We need this guy right here to be on the ice to make sure we win Friday night. If this wake happens he's got no choice but to stand by his family and miss the game. He's a man of morals after all.

VITO

I can tell.

ANTHONY

So whatta ya say?

VITO

Five thousand.

PAUL

Five thousand what?

VITO

Five grand. That's what it's gonna cost me to make some things happen so we can move it. I'm sure men of such high morals can understand my predicament.

PAUL

We don't have five grand, sir. You wouldn't believe the cost of private Pre-K in Manhattan.

VITO

Then we don't have a deal.

Vito starts to walk away, stops and turns back to Anthony.

VITO (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what. That your construction van outside?

ANTHONY

Yes.

VITO

Five percent of every dollar your company brings in for the next three months.

ANTHONY

To reschedule a wake? That's insane.

VITO

To reschedule the wake plus I'll provide protection.

ANTHONY  
Protection from what?

VITO  
Me. I have a similar arrangement  
with the All You Can Eat buffet  
next door.

PAUL  
I don't mean to offend you Mr.  
Genevese, but this sounds a lot  
like extortion.

VITO  
It's simple economics son. I have  
to eat. And the craftsmen who  
design the silk in my coffins have  
to eat. It's the cycle of life.  
(turns menacing)  
So when you use terrible, hurtful  
words like extortion, it makes me  
worry about terrible, hurtful  
accidents to one's balls and  
kneecaps. Those can also be part  
of the cycle.

Paul looks to Anthony, swallows hard.

ANTHONY  
Done. Five percent it is.

VITO  
And I want my logo on every jersey.

PAUL  
No problem.

VITO  
I'm a 3XL by the way.

Anthony nods that he understands, the guys head out.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Paul and Karen pace the living room.

PAUL  
We got it moved to Thursday.  
That's ok with you, right?

KAREN  
Congratulations Paul. I'm so  
relieved. I've got bigger  
problems.

PAUL  
What now? This is a great day.

KAREN  
No, it's not.  
(choking up)  
Chau dropped me as a client today  
after 20 years.

PAUL  
She dropped you, why?

KAREN  
She said the exacry joke was  
racist.

PAUL  
Because it IS racist. You told her  
that joke!!? Did you tell her an  
Asian guy told us the joke?

KAREN  
She didn't care Paul. I shouldn't  
have told her. I knew it was a  
tinge racist.

PAUL  
A tinge?

KAREN  
There are degrees of racism, you  
know? I thought this fell in the  
acceptable range. God I feel  
awful.

PAUL  
(in Asian accent)  
I know exacry how you feel.

KAREN  
You just don't get it, do you?

EXT. O'DONNEGAN'S FUNERAL HOME

Establishing the eerily quiet funeral parlor. Only a single  
bird flies across frame.

INT. O'DONNEGAN'S FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Karen is comforting Bryan's mom, AUNT MARTHA, 60's, off to  
one side of the small room. The only other people here are:  
Bryan, laid out in an open casket; and all of the Chubby's,  
standing right in front of the casket.

SEBALOS

Bryan really was a douche, ya know?  
Dickie, I'm talking to you. Put  
the phone away.

Dickie rests his soda cup on top of the casket.

DICKIE

Hold on, I just got a match  
notification from Chunder. She's at  
the Fro Yo place next door. Check  
her out.

He hands Sebalos his phone.

SEBALOS

Wow, she's really face fucking that  
waffle cone!

DICKIE

You're crazy, give me that.

Dickie tries to grab his phone, knocks his soda into the  
coffin. Sebalos grabs tissues from nearby, begins wiping it  
up but the tissues just fall apart and stick to Bryan's suit.  
Paul approaches, sees Bryan's tissue covered body.

PAUL

What the...forget it, Dickie come  
here.

Dickie and Paul step to the side. Paul hands Dickie a piece  
of paper.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(whispers)

You need to make this change to the  
jerseys.

DICKIE

(looks at the paper)

I'm supposed to pick them up in the  
morning though.

PAUL

Which is why they need to make the  
change now.

DICKIE

But won't it look strange?

PAUL

Dickie don't make me pull rank here  
or your ass will be plastered to  
the bench tomorrow. I'm asking for  
one thing.

DICKIE  
 Alright, alright, let me see what I  
 can do.

A super hot woman in a tight skirt, about 30, enters. She's  
 Bryan's ex-wife NIKKI. Anthony's eyes light up.

MARTHA  
 (disgusted)  
 Oh my God, Bryan's ex, Nikki is  
 here.

KAREN  
 Bryan's not even in the ground and  
 she's ready to kill again.

MARTHA  
 She looks so healthy.

ANTHONY  
 That's the ex?

KAREN  
 The little Welsh sewer-puss in the  
 flesh.

Anthony beelines it over to the guys near the casket.  
 Anthony smiles wide in front of dead Bryan.

ANTHONY  
 Guy's check it out, Brian's ex.

The guys all turn and jaws drop.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
 How the hell did Bryan pull that?

SEBALOS  
 She's diseased, maybe that lowers  
 the bar a little.

DICKIE  
 Not my type.

PAUL  
 Why, because she walks upright?

ANTHONY  
 I'd do her upright, on all fours,  
 you name it. Cancer and all.

Anthony leaves, walks over and introduces himself to Nikki.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
 (to Nikki)  
 I'm very sorry for your loss. My  
 name's Anthony Pettite.

NIKKI  
I'm Nikki Beale.

ANTHONY  
I know exactly who you are and I  
don't care.

Nikki gives him a flirtatious smile.

EXT. CHELESEA PIERS SKY RINK - NIGHT

Electricity fills the air as PATRONS enter the glass doors to the rink.

INT. CHELESEA PIERS SKY RINK - NIGHT

Karen sits in the stands with Aunt Martha, and other family, friends and girlfriends of players. Nikki sits on the other end of the bleachers in a tight sweater distracting everyone including the Zamboni driver who resurfaces the ice.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

The guys are suiting up and Dickie enters the room with a large box. He opens it, starts passing out the new jerseys.

DICKIE  
Hot off the press boys! Pretty  
cool, huh?

Ad lib positive responses from the guys until they hold them up for closer inspection and read the sponsored by "O'DONNEGAN'S FUNERAL HOME" logo in the back.

SEBALOS  
Why is the funeral parlor logo on  
our jerseys?

Anthony holds up his jersey to reveal the front logo of an angry bullet with UNCLE CHUBBY'S emblazoned above it. Unfortunately the coupling makes the angry bullet look more like an angry cock.

ANTHONY  
Dude is this a penis?

PAUL  
Holy shit it's a giant cock.

DICKIE  
(oblivious)  
It's a bullet you idiots.

INT. CHELESEA PIERS SKY RINK - NIGHT

The guys skate around and warm up wearing their new jerseys. This is the first time we've been on the rink in the pilot and we see they are terrible skaters.

ANGLE ON DICKIE...who notices a large, HEAVYSET WOMAN that looks like Chaz Bono, waving at him from the stands. He smiles up at her, not paying attention to Rajon, who skates by and lightly bumps Dickie, sending him tumbling on his ass. Rajon laughs.

RAJON

Nice jersey Shitholtz!

Vito appears outside the glass in a brand new Uncle Chubby's jersey, dress slacks and dress shoes. He catches the eye of Paul and Anthony who wave to him nervously.

VITO

(re: the jersey)

What the hell's with the dildo on the front of this thing?

PAUL

I'm told it's an angry bullet.

VITO

I have an angry bullet with your name on it if you embarrass me. I moved coffins around to make room for a trophy case.

ANTHONY

We can help you move them back if we...

VITO

You think this is funny? You think I'm a clown?

PAUL

No sir. Anthony was trying to be helpful, right Ant?

Vito storms off, Paul turns to Anthony, smiles.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Was he doing Goodfellas? That was Goodfellas.

Anthony is about to respond just as the REF blows his whistle ready to start the game. Anthony and Paul skate off to the bench, where the team congregates.

ANTHONY

This is it boys. New season right here. It's time to dig deep, time to play like champions. To be known as champions. We've all seen Rocky right? So we all know what it means to be thought of as a champion.

SEBALOS

Isn't Rocky known as more of an underdog?

ANTHONY

No when you think of Rocky you think of a champion.

PAUL

I don't.

DICKIE

Me neither. Everyone he faced was favored.

SEBALOS

And they always beat him the first time.

ANTHONY

Will everyone shut up? The road to being champions starts here. It's a long road, but if we stick together it's a road paved with gold.

DICKIE

Like The Wizard Of Oz.

ANTHONY

No that road was yellow.

PAUL

And it was paved with bricks.

ANTHONY

Screw it. Chubby's on three.

They reach in as a group for a 1-2-3 CHUBBY'S cheer. Paul skates out to center ice and lines up for the face-off.

The Ref drops the puck and the OPPOSING CENTER immediately corals it, skates around Paul and through the defense before firing a shot past the goalie.

Anthony looks on in disbelief. Groans and grunts from the stands. Vito is sickened.

PAUL  
(sarcasm)  
Come on, do it for Bryan.

ANTHONY  
I just signed over 5% of my  
business to move his wake. I'd  
kill him again if I could.

PAUL  
That's awful.

ANTHONY  
Is it?

Anthony skates off, leaving Paul behind and we...

FADE OUT