

"The Last Frontier, INC" Pilot Episode

By

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COLD OPEN

EXT. VARIOUS - ALASKA - DAY

Slow yet epic string instrumental music plays over a montage of scenic b-roll of the Alaskan wilderness.

MALE NARRATOR has a soothing yet authoritative British voice like David Attenborough of the BBC's "Planet Earth" documentary series.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Alaska. A terrain of uncompromising beauty. With vast mountains, wide streams, and resilient creatures, it's a frozen wonderland. Join us, as we explore a magnificent little place in this infinite expanse, simply know as, The Last Frontier.

TITLE CARD: "THE LAST FRONTIER"

Beat.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Incorporated.

", INC" slides up to join the title card.

EXT. TLF, INC - DAY

The Last Frontier, INC is an indoor tennis club located in Anchorage, Alaska. Several feet of snow on the ground. A dirt road leads up to the club; a small industrial warehouse with a large tennis racquet logo and a sign that reads: The Last Frontier, INC.

BEN, dressed in tennis attire, shovels snow off the club's walkway using a tennis racquet. He's in his mid-20s, somewhat fit and attractive but unenthusiastic; a classic everyman.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Here we have Anchorage's first and only indoor tennis club.

ACT ONE

INT. TLF, INC - LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

The lounge has several old leather couches, a small wooden bar, and large glass windows that looks over the tennis courts.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The lounge. Something of a lion's den, the lounge serves as The Last Frontier, INC's events center, tennis stadium, and today, meeting quarters.

SETH, the 'Director of Tennis', a pale, Caucasian man, mid-30s, with a greasy comb-over and his shirt tucked into his high-riding shorts, sits on a couch.

The rest of the staff files in and sits down: ALMA, a beautiful 20 year old Latina community college student, DANNY, mid-20s, gay, black male, and DOUG, a tall, lanky Caucasian male janitor, early 40s, monotoned, sarcastic, hates life.

INT. TLF, INC - SETH'S OFFICE - LATER

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Comfortably rooted on his perch, the undisputed leader of the pack addresses his employees.

SETH

Listen up, team. That's right. I said team. I know you might think, 'Oh, Seth's the new director of tennis, he's a one man army.' But you're wrong. I'm just commander-in-chief. And President. Without you guys, I can't run a successful tennis club, and I definitely can't host a big time tennis tournament. We gotta prove that Alaska loves tennis!

DOUG

It doesn't.

SETH

A great tournament is what we need to keep this going strong.

Ben, red faced and out of breath, enters Seth's office.

(CONTINUED)

SETH (CONT'D)

Ben the man! Finished up that shoveling?

BEN

Yup.

Ben notices Doug.

BEN (CONT'D)

Wait, Doug's here?

DOUG

Just physically.

BEN

Then why was I shoveling? You're the janitor.

DOUG

I'm a custodial engineer. Idiot.

BEN

Okay.

SETH

Coulda saved you some work and just had Alma stand outside.

BEN

What?

SETH

You know, cause she'd melt the snow.

ALMA

I used up all of the salt yesterday.

SETH

No, I mean, she'dve melted it, without trying.

Seth raises his eyebrows up and down.

SETH (CONT'D)

Right?

BEN

Right. I get it. Because she's hot.

(CONTINUED)

SETH

My man!

Seth puts his hand up for a high five. Ben complies as he and Alma exchange a subtle smile and a glance.

SETH (CONT'D)

Anyway, enough goofing around. I was saying that, yes, I may have incredibly good hearing. And incredibly good eye sight. Both doctors actually asked to do a study on me. But we have three big courts to patrol next month. And that's where you come in. I've been doing this a long time. The players get too competitive, the parents get unruly. Heck, I'm sure it's gotten crazy out here too.

DOUG

It did. Lot of bloodshed last year.

SETH

See what I'm saying.

BEN

No, there was literally bloodshed, from a bear attack. It was really bad.

SETH

But the show went on!

BEN

It didn't. Eight people were hospitalized and the tournament was canceled.

MR. HOFFBRIDGE, a fat, old white man in an overcoat and fedora, raspy voice, enters the room, several papers in hand.

Seth gulps.

SETH

Mr. Hoffbridge, hi, I was just about to call you bu-

MR. HOFFBRIDGE

Phone calls are for commis; I told you to come see me, and you refuse. Well here I am.

(CONTINUED)

SETH

Can this wait til after my employee mee-

MR. HOFFBRIDGE

Seth, month after month you short me on the rent. I've had enough. You'd better start earning some real money, or this place is gonna be an ice hockey rink quicker than America won the Cold War.

Danny and Alma look at each other, worried. Ben stays cool.

BEN

..So like 40ish years?

MR. HOFFBRIDGE

What was that, boy?

BEN

Oh, no, nothing.

MR. HOFFBRIDGE

Nothing is what you'll be earning if that damned tennis tournament doesn't make a killing.

Doug smiles.

DOUG

It nearly made a killing last year.

SETH

Mr. Hoffbridge, can I call you Hoff?

MR. HOFFBRIDGE

Absolutely not.

SETH

Look at these young faces. We can't take jobs from them. There's nothing else for them here.

MR. HOFFBRIDGE

Listen, I didn't become an Alaskan Real Estate Tycoon by handing out jobs. I became one because I had wealthy parents that made weird investments. But I want to stay wealthy. If your tennis tournament isn't a hit, the ice hockey guys take over next month. End of story.

(CONTINUED)

Seth's phone rings.

SETH

This is one of my sponsors calling
right now, actually.

MR. HOFFBRIDGE

AA or NA?

SETH

What?

Seth answers the phone.

SETH (CONT'D)

Joel! I'm coming out.

Seth hangs up.

DANNY

(under breath)

Wouldn't surprise me..

Ben, Alma, and Danny chuckle.

SETH (CONT'D)

Alright, everybody follow me.
Joel's here.

Mr. Hoffbridge tips his hat.

MR. HOFFBRIDGE

I have other business to attend to.
Good day.

EXT. TLF, INC - CONTINUOUS

JOEL, early 40s, Native Alaskan, leans against the hood of a
freshly washed 2004 Honda Accord. His fiance, ELLEN, sits in
the front passenger seat. She is Caucasian, early 40s, ratty
hair, leopard print spandex, and constantly chews bubble
gum.

The group files outside.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Joel, a local Alphasmale, and his
prized companion, are greeted by
the Frontiersmen.

(CONTINUED)

JOEL

What do ya think? Picked her up
this morning. Gonna be my black tie
affair ride from now on.

SETH

Wow! She looks even nicer than in
the Craigslist pictures.

JOEL

Just like Ellen. 2 and 0 on
Craigslist. Ain't that right, babe?

Joel winks at Ellen. She doesn't notice.

SETH

Man, you must be doing well. What'd
she cost ya?

Joel points to Ben.

JOEL

Probably half of this guy's annual
salary!

Ben tilts his head, 'why me?'

SETH

8,000 dollars?!

Ben gives a lame thumbs up.

DOUG

Wouldn't stand a chance against a
moose.

JOEL

The way she drives, they wouldn't
be an obstacle.

DOUG

Meese are *always* an obstacle.

Doug storms off.

SETH

Anyway, gang, Joel's Indian has
agreed to be the title sponsor of
the tournament.

JOEL

Yup, so make it great.

Ellen knocks on the window from inside the car.

ELLEN

Can we go?!

JOEL

Hey, we're gonna hit the road. Come by in a few hours. We'll chat business.

SETH

Can't wait! And hey, treat that road like a lady.

Beat.

SETH (CONT'D)

Don't hit her.

Seth smiles at his employees. They stare blankly, then go back inside the club.

INT. TLF, INC - COURT 1 - LATER

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Alas, the tennis clinic. It is here that youngsters learn the skills necessary for survival in The Last Frontier, Incorporated.

Tennis Courts 1, 2, and 3 are separated by see-through, mesh curtains. Alma feeds kids tennis balls from a wobbly basket. She has three young kids on her court. They stand in line, and rotate every three hits.

ALMA

Good, remember to use that semi-western grip we talked about. Next up! Come on, keep going, just a few more!

Alma feeds the last two.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Alright, awesome guys. Balls up! You have one minute!

The kids sprint around to pick up tennis balls. Alma picks up tennis balls as well.

INT. TLF, INC - COURT 2 - CONTINUOUS

Ben has three young kids on his court. He slowly feeds them tennis balls.

BEN

Good. Nice shot. Good. Out. Bad shot. Good.

Ben feeds the last ball from his basket.

BEN (CONT'D)

Balls up.

The kids all sit on the side and drink water.

BEN (CONT'D)

Or water break, that's cool.

Ben leans against the net post nearest Court 1 and starts to text. Alma leans against the net post nearest Ben.

ALMA

Oooh look at me, I'm so cool, texting and acting all lazy with my lessons.

Ben looks up.

BEN

Look at me, I'm Alma. I pretend that six year olds understand what a semi-western grip is.

ALMA

Hey, their parents pay for lessons, so why not teach them?

Ben shrugs.

BEN

Cause they don't care.

ALMA

So? Teach them to care.

BEN

Listen. The parents just want us to babysit for an hour, and the kids would rather be playing hockey, or basketball. And I'm fine with that.

(CONTINUED)

ALMA

I can't even imagine how bad you
are at tennis.

BEN

Oh yeah?

ALMA

If you're playing is anything like
your lessons...yikes.

BEN

You wouldn't get a game off me.
Probably not even a point.

ALMA

Ha! Prove it.

BEN

Sorry kiddo, I just teach now.

Ben's cell phone rings.

BEN (CONT'D)

Hold on. Can you watch my court for
a second?

Ben walks off the court.

BEN (CONT'D)

Hey babe, yeah I can talk.

ALMA

Sure..

Alma looks over at the kids on Ben's court.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Court 2! Pick up the tennis balls,
now! 30 seconds!

The kids scurry around to pick up tennis balls.

INT. TLF, INC - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Danny sits at the front desk. Ben walks out to the lobby,
snaps his finger at Ben, and points to his cell phone.

DANNY

Hey, don't you have 15 minutes left
on court?!

(CONTINUED)

BEN
I'm just talk-

DANNY
You wanna get fired?!

BEN
Alright, alright. Babe, HR is
yelling at me. I'll call you later.
Love you.

Ben hangs up.

BEN (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Danny chuckles.

DANNY
Life of a breeder. I salute you,
sir.

BEN
Yeah...

DANNY
But for real, you do have 15
minutes left.

Doug walks by. He stares down Ben as he exits the lobby for the tennis courts. Ben follows Doug in.

INT. TLF, INC - COURT 2 - CONTINUOUS

The tennis balls are all picked up.

Doug walks over to Ben's basket, casually tips it over, and walks away. Tennis balls roll in every direction. Doug puts his pointer finger on his bottom lip.

DOUG
(baby-like)
Oopsy.

BEN
..Why?

Doug shrugs with a sly smile.

A ball rolls up to Ben's feet. He kicks it back with his heel, into Doug's crotch. Doug falls over with a groan.

(CONTINUED)

BEN (CONT'D)
Alright, water break.

Alma looks at Ben, then down at the ground. Ben walks off the court.

INT. TLF, INC - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Ben reenters the lobby.

DANNY
Again?

BEN
Yup.

DANNY
Yeah BTDubs, you should really stop calling him a janitor.

BEN
I always forget you're gay until I hear something like BTDubs.

DANNY
Hey, also don't forget, I run HR.

BEN
Five people work here. You know Seth just says that so he can tell people we have an HR department.

DANNY
You know that. And I know that. But my future employers don't. Hell, that kinda thing worked for Seth.

BEN
What do you mean?

DANNY
Nothing, nothing.

BEN
Come on...If you tell me, I'll get froyo with you.

DANNY
Really??

(CONTINUED)

BEN
Probably not. But come on, like you
said, five people work here. How
often can you gossip?

Seth exits the bathroom, located just beyond the front desk.
He pauses behind the corner.

DANNY
Ughhh. Okay, so you know how Seth
moved here from Connecticut?

Seth smiles at the mention of his name.

BEN
What?! No, I didn't know that. Why?

DANNY
Yeah, so get this. He was the only
one that applied for this job.

BEN
You're saying he moved *here*, from
there, for *this* job?

Seth frowns, near tears.

DANNY
Yeah, I don't know, I guess he's
been unemployed for a long time.
His only reference was his Mom.

BEN
Wow. At least he didn't live with
her..

Danny grits his teeth with a smile.

DANNY
They had the same return address...

BEN
Oh...

DANNY
Yeah. Pretty sad.

Seth, eyes welled with tears, turns the corner, appears
right next to the front desk. He points at Danny.

SETH
Fired.

Seth points at Ben.

SETH (CONT'D)

Fired.

BEN

Hey, Seth, no, we were just, talk-

SETH

Cut the horsebeef. You're outta here.

BEN

Come on, Seth.

DANNY

I can't be fired. You're supposed to come with me to that party downtown tomorrow.

SETH

I said you're fired. Need some ice for that burn? Good thing we live in Alaska. Now go. And don't even think about high fiving me, Ben.

BEN

Good luck finding another tennis instructor in Alaska.

DANNY

But-

SETH

No buts, Danny. Great gay joke in there, but no. *Get out. Leave. Right now.*

DANNY

Are those JoJo lyrics?

SETH

It's the end of you and me.

BEN

You gonna just keep-

SETH

It's too late.

BEN

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

SETH

And I can't wait, for you, to, be gone.

Ben and Danny shake their heads as they exit.

Seth puts his hands on his hips.

SETH (CONT'D)

That's right.

Seth snuffles. A single tear runs down his cheek.

SETH (CONT'D)

That's right...

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

With absolute strength, Seth has eliminated unfit employees from his camp.

ACT TWO

INT. JOEL'S INDIAN - LATER

Joel's Indian is a small "Indian Casino" in a strip mall, which exclusively has video game poker and slot machines, and sells (Asian) Indian food.

A few patrons play the slots. MALE CUSTOMER, fists clenched, walks up to Joel, who sits behind a counter.

MALE CUSTOMER

Excuse me! I thought this place is all you can eat?!

JOEL

Of course it is.

MALE CUSTOMER

I drove over 2 hours, in a freakin' Fiat, mind you, to get all you can eat Indian food for 1.99. Do you know how hard it is to drive a Fiat around here?!

JOEL

It's from 1.99, my friend.

MALE CUSTOMER

But each item has a price.

(CONTINUED)

JOEL

Correct. Our policy is we allow you to eat as much as you want, but you have to pay for each item.

MALE CUSTOMER

So it's just a restaurant.

JOEL

Normal restaurants might eventually cut you off. We'd never do that.

Seth walks in. He has a frown and looks at the ground as he slowly walks up to Joel's counter.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Hey, Seth!

SETH

Hey Joel.

MALE CUSTOMER

Oh my God, how hasn't this place been shut down?!

JOEL

The real question is, what are you doing driving a Fiat in Alaska? I hope it's at least the big one.

Male Customer shakes his head and turns to leave.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Ha, it's not! You hear that Seth?

SETH

Where are you from, Europe?

MALE CUSTOMER

Oh, you just wait for my Yelp review. You just wait.

JOEL

Ooh, please don't rate me lower than the other Indian Restaurant in town. Oh wait, there is none. Bye.

Male Customer storms out.

SETH

What a jerk.

(CONTINUED)

JOEL
Seth, walk with me, talk with me.

Seth and Joel stroll around the casino. Seth looks around quietly.

JOEL (CONT'D)
Something wrong, chief?

SETH
How could you tell?

JOEL
My tribe leader kindly taught me physical cues to perceive sadness and shame.

SETH
You're in a tribe?

JOEL
Well, the government would say it's technically A.A., but we're all Natives.

SETH
I just had to let a few employees go today.

JOEL
That's never easy. What happened?

SETH
You know, budget stuff. Had to trim the fat.

JOEL
Well there's nothing you can do about that, man. Cheer up. You were just being a great boss.

SETH
Yeah?

JOEL
Hell yeah. You axed 'em!

Joel and Seth chuckle. Seth grins.

SETH
By the way, did you hear what block Danny and Ben just moved to?

Joel shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

SETH (CONT'D)
The chopping block!

Seth does a karate chop. They chuckle.

SETH
You sell Indian food now?

JOEL
Yeah. I mean I named it Joel's
Indian kinda like Sal's Famous, in
that movie *Do The Right Thing*, you
know?

SETH
Never heard of it.

JOEL
Well this guy Sal has a pizza shop,
and it's so famous that he doesn't
even need the word *pizza* in the
name.

SETH
Wow!

JOEL
Yeah. So I was hoping that'd happen
with my casino. But instead we kept
getting calls from people ordering
Indian food.

Ellen walks in.

ELLEN
Joel! Where's the clap crea- Oh, hi
Seth.

JOEL
Babe, I'm in a meeting.

ELLEN
Yeah, well, my lady parts are
reminding me why I hate Nevada.

JOEL
I left it in the cup holder on the
'You Are Millionaire, Now' machine.

ELLEN
Thanksss!

Ellen walks off.

(CONTINUED)

SETH

Hey speaking of doing the right thing, how's life with the fiancée?

JOEL

As good as ever. Takes owning a casino for this old Native Alaskan to bag a mainlander, am I right?!

They chuckle.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Yup. Plucked her right out of Cali-forn-i-a, and continental America ain't gettin' her back.

SETH

That's my man! So you were saying, Indian food?

JOEL

You know me, what do I do best?

SETH

Dog-sledding. Which I still think the Olympics should add back. More like animal discrimination than animal cruelty.

JOEL

But besides that, business. I'm a business man. So a couple of months ago, I said, you know what, let's embrace it. I have an old recipe from a friend. And now we got the best Chicken Tikka Masala in Anchorage. Saget rated.

SETH

That's great! Do you mean Zagat rated?

JOEL

Nope, Bob Saget was in town and loved it.

Joel points to a cardboard cut out of Bob Saget with a thumbs up and a plate of Chicken Tikka Masala in the other hand.

Seth shakes his head with a smile.

(CONTINUED)

SETH
Classic Joel.

JOEL
And that friend, who gave me the
Chicken receipe, is a nice Indian
guy named Raja, who actually used
to run tennis tournaments at your
place about 10 years ago. I'd
sponsor some, we'd do the
advertising together. And he gave
me the green light to use our old
fliers.

SETH
What a guy! So, why'd he get out of
the tennis directing game? That's
like hitting three sevens and
handing back the jackpot.

JOEL
Please, do not say that word in
here.

SETH
Which word?

JOEL
(whispers)
Jackpot.

SETH
Oh my God, I wasn't even thinking.

JOEL
Between you and me, half the slots
don't even work. But, correct me if
I'm wrong, doesn't that just add to
the gambling aspect?

SETH
Genius.

JOEL
But yeah Raja is far from out of
the game. He moved his business
down to Juneau, capital city.
Warmest weather in Alaska.

SETH
Great move.

JOEL

Yup, the guy's good. Speaking of which, lemme show you our fliers.

Joel and Seth walk towards the back of the casino and enter Joel's office.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ordinarily, two Alphas would battle for top rank, but in this civilized society, it seems they have formed an alliance of sorts.

INT. JOEL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Joel's office is small, with a desk, one guest chair, an old, clunky desktop computer, and a thick TV with a built-in VHS player mounted in the top corner.

Joel rummages through his desk, then pulls out a floppy disk and a VHS.

JOEL

I can't believe I still have this. We made a commercial and got it on the local station. Check this out, and when you watch it, imagine it in print form, but with *your* name and *your* face plastered all of over it.

Seth beams with a smile. Joel plays the VHS tape.

TV COMMERCIAL:

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Bright blue chroma key background. RAJA, a thin Indian man, mid 30's, corny plaid suit and bowtie, speaks to the camera. He has a moderate Indian accent and speaks quickly.

Upbeat, 90's funk instrumental music in the background.

RAJA

Hello! I'm Raja! Do you like playing tennis?!

Children's chorus of "yeah!"

(CONTINUED)

RAJA (CONT'D)
Do you like spending money?!

Children's chorus of "no!"

RAJA (CONT'D)
Then *curry* up, and register for my
Raj Mahal luxury tennis tournament!

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY - TV COMMERCIAL CONTINUES

A tennis court with cracks, a broken net, and a rusty fence.
Snow all around.

RAJA (CONT'D) (V.O.)
This is the Raj Mahal where I host
my *luxury* tennis tournaments.

Children's chorus of "ooooh!"

INT. STUDIO - DAY - TV COMMERCIAL CONTINUES

RAJA (CONT'D)
So *Patel* all of your friends!

The word "Patel" flashes in neon lights, screen left. The
word "Pa-tell" flashes in neon lights, screen right.

Floating head of Joel acting as ARUN, an (Asian) Indian man
mid 30s, pops up screen left.

ARUN
Are you *Shah* it's a good idea?

Raja turns to Arun.

RAJA
Of course I'm Shah! Don't *Arun* your
bank account with silly sports like
ice hockey.

Arun/Joel disappears. Joel, with a turban, acts as Indian
man NIKHIL KAPOOR. His head appears screen right. A lower
third reads "NIKHIL KAPOOR" on the bottom left.

NIKHIL KAPOOR
But I'm too Kapoor.

Rishi Gupta gives a pouty lipped frown and looks down.

Children's chorus of "awwwwww"

(CONTINUED)

RAJA
Nobody's too Kapoor!

The "poor" in "Kapoor" is crossed out with a swiggly red line. Nikhil Kapoor smiles.

Children's chorus of "yay!!!"

INT. STUDIO - DAY - TV COMMERCIAL CONTINUES

RAJA
So *Singh* up now!

The words "Singh up" flash on screen left and right. A phone number appears across the bottom.

END COMMERCIAL. BACK TO OFFICE:

INT. JOEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JOEL
So...

SETH
It's, definitely not what I had in mind.

Beat.

SETH (CONT'D)
But I love it! Show me those fliers then let's print those bad boys out.

ACT THREE

INT. TLF, INC - LOBBY - LATER

Alma sits behind the front desk. Seth enters with a smile.

SETH
We're gonna be Alaskan tennis legends! Wait, why are you working the desk?

ALMA
Danny asked me to cover him.

Seth gulps.

(CONTINUED)

SETH
Oh, right, yeah.

Danny walks in and up to Seth.

DANNY
Seth, I'm really sorry about what happened earlier. But I love it here and you're so great to work with. So please, just please think about taking me and Ben back.

SETH
Where's Ben?

DANNY
Oh, I, I couldn't get him to come.

SETH
Taking it pretty hard?

DANNY
Something like that. I wouldn't check your email..

ALMA
Wait, Seth, what's he talking about?

SETH
We had a little disagreement, and now he's working at the unemployment office.

DANNY
No he's not...

SETH
Wait that's a real place?

DANNY
Yeah..where unemployed people find new jobs.

SETH
Oh. No, I mean he's fired.

ALMA
You fired Ben!?

Danny looks around then waves at Alma.

ALMA (CONT'D)

And Danny?!

SETH

Strictly budgetary, you wouldn't understand.

DANNY

Listen, I truly am sorry, that's all I came here to say. And the invitation to join me downtown tomorrow is still there. Not as co-workers, but as friends.

SETH

I'll think about it, but don't hold your breath.

Beat.

SETH (CONT'D)

Because you might suffocate.

DANNY

Yeah, got it.

The door slams open. CHET, a buff hockey player, storms in. He sees Danny first.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

In enters a competing Alpha, known to exhibit aggressive behaviors of extreme douchebaggery.

CHET

Oh look, it's Danny! I don't know whether to make fun of you for being gay or for being black.

DANNY

I'd go with gay, it's a hot topic.

SETH

Can I help you?

CHET

Shut your mouth!

SETH

Excuse me, there, chucklehead?! This is *my* club.

(CONTINUED)

CHET

Not for long. Coach sent me to scope this place out. Gonna be turned into a hockey rink any week now.

SETH

I think maybe you should go down to the nearest library and check your facts. We're gonna have the tournament of the century next month.

CHET

Library's are for tennis players.

SETH

Yeah, because we're smart, so, thanks for the compliment.

CHET

No, it's cause you can't take a hit.

Chet pretends to headbutt Seth.

ALMA

Stop!

Chet turns to Alma.

CHET

Alma, I didn't even see you there.

ALMA

What a surprise.

CHET

So when's our next date, baby girl?

ALMA

Meet me at the library.

CHET

Oooh, la gata still has her claws. That's why we were such a good couple.

SETH

Is this punk bothering you, Alma?

(CONTINUED)

ALM
Yes, he is, actually.

SETH
Don't make me call the cops.

CHET
Psh, I'm above the law.

SETH
Ha, you're no Sarah Palin. I suggest you get to steppin' before the authorities remove you.

Chet takes out his phone.

CHET
You know what, let's see what the authorities have to say.

Chet dials. Seth tilts his head.

CHET (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Hey Dad. Just checking out the new ice hockey club.

Beat. Chet looks at Alma.

CHET (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Yup, she's still hot.

Chet hangs up the phone.

CHET (CONT'D)
Next time I see you ball lovers, this club will be mine.

Chet laughs and walks out, slams the door shut.

Alma, Seth, and Danny look at each other nervously.

TAG

NEXT WEEKEND:

EXT. DOWNTOWN ANCHORAGE - DAY

Seth and Danny stand on the sidewalk. They both wear tye-dye shirts.

Seth eats an ice cream cone.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

In uproarious protest, the
homosexual stands his ground in
celebration of Anchorage Pride.

DANNY

Cold day for froyo.

Awkward silence.

SETH

Yup.

Beat.

DANNY

Am I really still fired?

SETH

As the old British proverb goes,
jobs don't last forever, friendship
never ends.

DANNY

Spice Girls?

Seth nods, then sighs.

SETH

We'll see. So..this is the party?

DANNY

Yup. Double last year's turn out.

Seth and Danny look around.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I feel like I'm not really helping
the cause, though.

REVEAL: Danny and Seth are surrounded by 4 orange cones,
which are caution-taped like a cage. A police car stalks
them from across the street as the local news crew films.

INT. CHET'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Chet watches Danny and Seth on a TV News Program. On the TV, Chet's Dad, a COP, approaches Danny and Seth with handcuffs.

CHET
(to self)
Yeah, get 'em, Dad! Good luck
having your stupid tennis
tournament from jail, ball lovers!

Chet laughs to himself.

END OF SHOW.