

BRUISER DYNASTY - PILOT - EXCERPT

Written by

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EXT. HERMOSA BEACH STREETS - DAY

Gianni and Jack walk away from an ICE CREAM PLACE with triple scoops in waffle cones. They do a light cheers so as not to spill. They start licking.

GIANNI
So worth the splurge.

Both continue along the strand. Gianni and Jack observe million dollar beach front houses.

GIANNI (CONT'D)
This gonna be us.

JACK
Drinks on the balcony, surf n' turf every night.

GIANNI
Stuffed closets.

JACK
(re "stuffed closets")
Designer.

GIANNI
Rodeo Drive frequent shoppers.

JACK
Oh, that's gonna be our street.

Long beat, eating brownie batter and cookies and cream ice cream.

JACK (CONT'D)
Okay, so when we make it big, what's the first thing you're buying?

GIANNI
Audi S5. Orange. Red leather interior. Black optic package. Black out the twenty inch rims. Oh, my sweet, sweet baby.

JACK
I should've known.

GIANNI
What would you get?

JACK

Ooooooo.

(small beat)

A French designer suit for my
Golden Retriever.

GIANNI

What?

JACK

To live in my white paint, glass
wall, beachfront house, of course.

GIANNI

Fire.

The Bros chuckle.

JACK

We're gonna show 'em.

Beat. Jack checks out a few Cali girls roller blading by.

GIANNI

First check I think you're getting
some roller blades.

JACK

Shut up, prostitute perv.

Both chuckle and shake their heads, just playing with each other. Suddenly, a GIRL in an oversized LA Kings jersey soars by, startling the Bros. She crosses over in and out of everyone with wild speed and agility, dirty blonde hair flowing back.

JACK (CONT'D)

Holy shit, she cookin'.

LATER

Gianni and Jack are further away from the boujee houses, exploring new territory. Their ice creams are nearly finished.

JACK (CONT'D)

...It's basically work on the
beach. And Kenny and the crew are
soooooo chill. Real supportive too.

(beat)

How about you?

GIANNI
It's this little food truck,
Flippin' Awesome Burgers.

JACK
Are they flippin' awesome burgers?

GIANNI
Oh they're the best I've every had.
The patties melt in your mouth and
the cheese makes the toasted bun a
little soft. Ugh. But anyways. The
owner, Kendra. She's kind of a
hardass.
(beat)
But, like, in a way that made me
feel good. In a loving way, you
know? And I ended up cookin' with
the promo, I felt like a marketer
for a minute.

JACK
G-Man, same here. I felt
comfortable and some of it started
coming back to me. Felt good.

GIANNI
Marketing alphas right here.

Gianni and Jack dap each other up. They laugh.

JACK
You get any free food?

GIANNI
Oh I steal fries like every fifteen
minutes.

Both laugh. A large, old building appears to the Bros' left
across from the beach.

JACK
Yo, what's that?

The Bros approach the building and walk through the parking
lot, which contains only a few cars. The musty gray structure
is stained with rust and paint has begun to peel. A sign
plagued with dirt reads "Sunshine Rink."

JACK (CONT'D)
Looks like the Marvel Motel Rink.

GIANNI
Rink is a rink.

INT. SUNSHINE RINK LOBBY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Bros walk past a deserted box office booth into a deserted lobby that hasn't been swept in months. The person at the stand selling plastic popcorn and chips is buried in their phone. The Bros hear a whistle and the sound of carving ice and the crack of a puck on sticks. The Bros follow the noise down a tunnel until they run into a MAN. He wears a black fleece track suit and a hat that reads "Hermosa Beach Sunshine." He fiddles with a skate blade sharpener, his head hung low.

MAN

What are you kids doing?

GIANNI

Hi! We just heard skates and sticks and-- Is there hockey here?

MAN

Hardly.

GIANNI

But there's hockey? That's sick!

JACK

We're huge hockey fans!

GIANNI

This is so exciting! I can't believe we didn't know!

MAN

I don't blame you.

GIANNI

What do you mean?

MAN

Team is the Hermosa Beach Sunshine. For decades they used to be the most exciting thing in So Cal. Heart and soul of the community. Fans filled the seats every night to watch us play, and god we were something special. Players with multi point games, hammering teams night in and out. Dekes and dangles to make even the most elite defensemen dizzy. Goalie would always play way out of his crease and flash the leather with silly flare, but everyone loved it and it ran deep into the opponents' head.

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

From the 60's to 2005, we made thirty championship runs, won twenty.

JACK

Sheesh, that's incredible!

GIANNI

You know a lot.

MAN

(beat)

I'm the skate sharpener.

JACK

So what happened?

MAN

Changed management, heaven knows why. Whole philosophy changed and everyone lost heart and passion. Then that manager got fired and the team was turned over to someone even worse. Whole organization stopped giving a shit. Management crumbled. Team began losing. Fans resented us. We're a forgotten about joke.

JACK

No one has tried to save the team?

MAN

Like I said, no one gives a shit and the team is literally the worst team in existence. The league is probably going to terminate them at the end of the season.

Gianni and Jack look at each other and shrug their eyebrows.

JACK

(pointing to the rink)

Can we?

The Man steps aside.

INT. SUNSHINE RINK RINK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Bros enter to see ten thousand empty seats except for about ten people. Down on the ice, the team in white and navy jerseys (SEATTLE) skates circles around the team in yellow and orange (HERMOSA BEACH), looking like traffic cones.

A pre-2000's scoreboard reads "SEA 9 - HB 0". A SEATTLE PLAYER dangles a HERMOSA BEACH PLAYER and sits him on his ass. The Seattle player moves in and goes bar down on the HB TENDY who's left the glove side completely exposed.

CLOSE ON: THE SCORE BOARD. IT TICKS UP FROM 9 TO 10. WE SEE IT'S ONLY LATE IN THE SECOND PERIOD.

JACK
Holy ass cheeks.

GIANNI
Do we even beat teams this badly in
Chel?

The game a bus fire, the Bros can't help but stay and watch the disaster. Any time the puck lands on a HB player's stick, it's immediately lost to a stick lift. Lazily skating with their heads down, HB players take big hit after big hit.

GIANNI (CONT'D)
Pass to the guy on your left. Guy
on your left. Guy on your--

A HB Player is leveled open ice after not passing. He turns over the puck.

JACK
These snails gonna back-check?

Seattle is on a two on one.

GIANNI	JACK (CONT'D)
L one R one.	L one R one.

GIANNI (CONT'D)	JACK (CONT'D)
Slide. Cut off the pass!	Slide. Cut off the pass!

The HB player stands still. The Seattle player dishes the puck tape to tape, easy cross crease for a tap in. 11-0.

CLOSE ON: THE BROS' JAWS DROPPED.

The game resumes and Hermosa Beach continues to suck it.

CLOSE ON: SEATTLE PLAYERS THROWING HITS ON HB PLAYERS.

The game begins to slow down. Extraneous noise fades until it's just the echoing sound of skating and bodies smashing against the boards.

CLOSE ON: SEATTLE PLAYERS THROWING HITS ON HB PLAYERS.

CLOSE ON: THE BROS LOOKING DOWN AT THEIR HANDS.

CLOSE ON: THE BROS HANDS, SLIGHTLY EXTENDED, IN A POSITION AS IF HOLDING THEIR PS4 CONTROLLERS.

CLOSE ON: A BIG CLAPPER FROM A SEATTLE PLAYER.

The game returns to normal speed and all noise fades back in. The Bros look at each other. They look at the scoreboard then back at each other.

GIANNI (CONT'D)
This is our God-given opportunity.
(small beat)
No time to fuck up.

INT. SUNSHINE RINK LOBBY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Gianni and Jack return to the skate sharpening Man.

JACK
(walking up)
Yo. Skate sharpener. Where can we
find the team owner?

INT. SUNSHINE RINK HALLS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Bros walk through another hallway, admiring framed black and white photos of players from years past. They come across framed jerseys and framed sticks. They start up a flight of stairs. Jack abruptly stops and sticks his hand out to stop Gianni. They peek carefully at the SECURITY GUARD. The Bros' silently chuckle, noticing he's asleep, a bag of food next to him and fries across his stomach. They carry on. Gianni snags a fry.

Gianni and Jack poke their heads into long empty suites collecting dust and missing furniture. They find a plaque that reads, "LARRY THOMPSON, OWNER". A MAN is inside the room. The Bros step back.

GIANNI
Destiny awaits.

Jack holds his hand out for a bro-five.

JACK
Let's ride.

Both bro-five. Gianni knocks on the door.

MAN
What?

GIANNI
Excuse me, are you Mr. Thompson?

MAN
Who's asking?

GIANNI
Gianni--

JACK
--and Jack.

The Man is silent. Jack steps into Larry's office.

JACK (CONT'D)
(louder)
We'd like to ask about a job
opportunity.

The Man spins around with a squeak in his chair. He wears a thrifty suit that has never seen the cleaners. His face scrunches up.

MAN
How'd you two get here?

JACK
Security let us through. Now about
that job.

MAN
We're not hiring.

JACK
Seems like you should be.

The Man is silent for a moment.

MAN
All right. Who the hell are you
two?

Jack extends his hand.

JACK
(shaking hands)
I'm Jack.

GIANNI
(shaking hands)
I'm Gianni.

LARRY
(hesitant)
Larry.

JACK
And together we're going to save
your team.

GIANNI
We attended Loyola Marymount
University for four years, studied
marketing--

JACK
--Earned our graduate degrees.

GIANNI
Stored up a bank of knowledge for
promoting a successful brand and
business--

JACK
--and we are both recently employed
part-time to do so for those
respective businesses.

GIANNI
We've watched hockey for years on
tv--

JACK
--and played together when we were
little.

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)
We play hockey video games too.
Manage our own custom team. Which
is more insightful than people
think.

GIANNI
Point being, we know and love
hockey.

Larry's eyes go back and forth between the Bros.

LARRY
You two have resumes?

GIANNI
(digging through his
pocket)
I might...
(small beat)
Here you go.

Gianni hands Larry a pocket crumpled piece of paper. Larry looks it over.

LARRY
No previous work experience?

GIANNI
Not until now.

LARRY
And your closest experience with
hockey is video games?

JACK
Y-- Yes.

LARRY
How old are you two?

JACK
Twenty four.

GIANNI
Twenty four.

Both make a basketball shot motion with their hands.

JACK (CONT'D)
Kobe.

GIANNI (CONT'D)
Kobe.

LARRY
Now why do you two want a job?

JACK
For starters, we want to survive on
our own, get out of our hell-tel in
Torrance.

GIANNI
But we want to make it big, and
it'd be great to be doing something
we love.

Larry twiddles his fingers.

LARRY
Ok. I can offer you two positions
as janitors or ticket salesmen.

JACK
Actually... We were hoping for the
position of GMs.

Beat as Larry stares blankly at the Bros.

LARRY
Son, are you shitting me?

Jack and Gianni are silent, affirming that they are serious.

LARRY (CONT'D)
I would NEVER give such a
prestigious job to experience-less,
homeless KIDS.

GIANNI
Mr. Thompson, we know how to
rebrand a company and we know
hockey.

JACK
Players, plays, play styles,
positions, team management.

GIANNI
And we care about this.

JACK
We're here to bring the heat.

GIANNI
Energy.

JACK
Fire.

GIANNI
Exci--

LARRY
Enough! I don't care. Leave my
office.

GIANNI
Mr. Tho--

LARRY
Leave.

Jack fixes his hair.

JACK
(calmly)
Gladly.

Jack guides Gianni outside Larry's office. They huddle up.

JACK (CONT'D)
I don't know about you, but I am
fucking sick and tired of people
doubting us, hating us, not
believing in us. We ARE worth
something, we ARE talented. And I'm
not gonna let yet another person
discount us.

Jack holds his hand out.

JACK (CONT'D)
We mopping floors or we running a
hockey team?

Gianni and Jack dap each other up. They march back into
Larry's office.

JACK (CONT'D)
Larry!... Listen the fuck up.
(dramatic beat)
We have been pushed around,
doubted, rejected more times than
one can count. Our car's been
burned, we've witnessed murder and
we've almost been shot. So don't
think we're going to get shoved
around by some entitled white guy.

Larry's eyes are now spread wide.

JACK (CONT'D)
Your team sucks. The Hermosa Beach
Traffic Cones allowed as many goals
as they have "fans" in attendance.
I don't even know how that's
possible. Six Helen Kellers could
beat you.

GIANNI
End of this season, you and the
team are toast.

JACK
And as far as we can see, your
solution is to stick your thumb up
your ass and ignore the issue.

GIANNI

No one is going to want to help
this runaway train fire, but we
are.

JACK

You should be on your knees,
thanking God that people with
passion, knowledge and capability
have come to you to help.

Larry continues to stare wide eyed at the Bros, jaw slightly
dropped.

GIANNI

(more rational)

Look, if you don't hire us, the
team dies. If you do hire us, the
team still could die, but there's
the chance they could survive.

(beat)

Give us a month, two months,
whatever you want. If you don't
like us, you can fire us. Simple.

Larry quietly clicks his tongue.

GIANNI (CONT'D)

We'll start for free.

Larry slowly nods his head.

JACK

(aggressive whisper to
Gianni)

What the fuck?

GIANNI

(to Larry)

Excuse us a second.

The Bros turn away and whisper-negotiate.

GIANNI (CONT'D)

You want the job or not?

JACK

Yeah, but I want out of fuckin'
Torrance.

GIANNI

He's buying it. This is just the
sacrifice we have to make.

(beat)

(MORE)

GIANNI (CONT'D)

Once we show him what we can do,
we'll be making bank. Houses, cars,
girls, designer brands...

JACK

All right.

GIANNI

(to Larry)

We're set.

All three form a triangle of anticipatory stares. Larry sits upright in his chair and adjusts his suit.

LARRY

I do admire your passion, you two.

(beat)

And yes, the organization maybe
isn't in it's finest condition
ever. We've been struggling to win
on or off the ice.

(beat)

You said you'll do this for free?

JACK

Yes.

Larry takes a deep breath.

LARRY

Two months. GM box is two doors
down on the left.