

STANLEY'S CUP

PILOT EPISODE

"CRACK OF DON"

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1st Draft

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TEASER

CLOSE ON THE GLEAMING SIDE OF HOCKEY'S GREATEST TROPHY.

Coloured lights dance off the side. Is this the triumphant end of game seven? A pair of thick hands pour champagne into the top bowl, maybe it's the party in the dressing room-

1 INT. CAT'S MAW GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT 1

-Nope. Hockey's greatest trophy is at a low end strip joint.

CANDY, (20) exotic dancer, waitress, and 3rd year law student performs a difficult dance move beside the pole, as ALEXSKI DWIER, (28) Eastern European hockey player, pours more champagne from a bottle to the bowl of the trophy. He drinks deep from the bowl.

STANLEY, (38) keeper of the one true cup, adjusts his white cotton gloves, and eyes up the mess he'll have to clean.

ALEXSKI

You dance like princess! Everyone thinks you is princess!

Alexski looks for others to agree but the bartender is occupied, tossing a bottle behind his back and catching it and the manager doesn't look up from his crossword puzzle book. They seem disinterested in Candy's performance.

CANDY

You're so sweet!

ALEXSKI

But how come the sad eyes?

CANDY

Not sad just tired. Long day. Lost my keys and it ruined my day.

ALEXSKI

Day is not over! Come drink with me!

Alexski belches, and tries to make his best flirty face.

ALEXSKI (CONT'D)

My team demolished everyone. I get greatest trophy for one night. Maybe you want come rejoice?

Candy pastes her best smile on. He's the high roller and she works for tips.

CANDY  
Well Alexski I...

Candy watches as Alexski's false teeth slide out and plop into the bowl. Alexski hears the plop.

ALEXSKI  
(swears in Russian)  
Why now tooths!?

He dumps the bowl and snatches his champagne soaked dentures.

ALEXSKI (CONT'D)  
(covering his mouth)  
Back in a moment. I go pee room.

Alexski rushes off and Candy relaxes a bit. Stanley steps in and gives the Cup a quick polish.

LORD BEAVERTON's face(40s) A spirit trapped in the trophy for over a hundred years, appears on the side of the trophy.

LORD BEAVERTON  
Enough Stanley. The mystery is solved. We have a damsel to save!

Stanley leans in.

STANLEY  
What are you talking about?

LORD BEAVERTON  
The maiden in front of you!

Stanley looks up to Candy. She's not paying attention instead she's looking at the front door.

STANLEY  
Candy?

LORD BEAVERTON  
Yes Candy, She's being stalked. When she was undulating on stage she looked to the door seven times.

Stanley nods thinking...

STANLEY  
She also mentioned losing keys to Alexski.

LORD BEAVERTON

And don't forget the dance on stage  
was actually a variation on an  
aikido kata.

Stanley shakes his head. He missed that.

STANLEY

Nervous, new keys, practicing  
martial arts. So who's the stalker?

LORD BEAVERTON

My guess is the man coming at her  
this second with a knife!

It's slow motion. Stanley looks at the bad guy and is frozen  
for a moment.

STANLEY'S CHILDHOOD COACH (V.O.)

(echoy flashback)

Hurry up Stanley! I can time you  
with a calendar! Quit being a baby  
and fight!

Stanley shakes off the memory, grabs the cup and jumps  
between Candy and the STALKER.

STANLEY

Zap me Lord Beaverton. This guy  
looks serious.

The cup glows in Stanley's hand.

LORD BEAVERTON

By the power of the one true cup! I  
summon the abilities of the good to  
fight evil!

Suddenly Candy glows, the Bartender glows, and the manager  
too. The glow shoots to Stanley who glows three times more.

The stalker freaks and runs outside. Stanley chases him while  
holding the cup.

2

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

2

The stalker runs with Stanley hot in pursuit.

LORD BEAVERTON

Stanley! Leave me with Candy!

STANLEY

Forget it Beaverton. The powers  
only work when you're with me!

LORD BEAVERTON

But I think she liked me!

The stalker throws a trash can behind him and rounds a  
corner. Stanley and the Cup jump the can.

3 EXT. EMPTY STREET - NIGHT 3

The stalker runs through the street into a playground.

4 INT. CAT'S MAW GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT 4

Alexski comes out of the bathroom with a big smile.

ALEXSKI

Big stud is back with tooth all  
together!

Alexski notices the air of confusion. The manager sits at the  
bar staring absently at the crossword he was working on...  
The bartender tries to pour a drink but misses the glass.  
Alexski approaches the stage. Candy stands, confused on  
stage.

ALEXSKI (CONT'D)

Maybe you can dance for hockey  
champion.

CANDY

I... don't know how.

ALEXSKI

(off the missing Cup)  
Wait! Where is Trophy!? I get only  
one day alone with hockey symbol!

Candy points to the door and Alexski goes full sprint out!

5 EXT. PARK - NIGHT 5

Stanley corners the stalker by a tether-ball pole. He puts  
the cup down carefully.

STANLEY

Do you know a ten letter word for  
what's about to happen?

STALKER  
Fisticuffs?

STANLEY  
Good word but I was thinking ass-  
kicking.

STALKER  
Isn't that two words?

STANLEY  
It's hyphenated.  
(to himself)  
Why do I know that?

Stanley's worried.

LORD BEAVERTON  
Watch out!

STALKER  
(flick open his knife)  
I'm gonna cut you, and you're gonna  
bleed!

Stanley runs at the stalker and at the last minute dodges to the tetherball pole. He does a perfect stripper spin knocking the knife out of the stalker's hand and does a couple spin flourishes.

He hops off the pole, does a little strut, a spin and tears off his shirt.

That's when he realizes he doesn't have the powers he thought he had.

STANLEY  
Crosswords and stripping! Those are  
the superpowers you gave me!?

LORD BEAVERTON  
Don't look at me I just say the  
words. I saw three abilities...

STALKER  
Who're you talkin' to?

STANLEY  
None of your business!

The stalker finds a bottle on the ground and whips it at Stanley, who catches it and does a really cool bar trick, before throwing it back at the stalker bouncing it off his head with a clunk.

STANLEY (CONT'D)  
(to Lord Beaverton)  
Flair bartending? Great! So I'm a  
stripping, flair bartending,  
crossword enthusiast?

The Stalker takes that moment to punch Stanley in the gut.

LORD BEAVERTON  
They were the only good people in  
the bar.

ALEXSKI (O.S.)  
My hockey stud trophy!

Alexski grabs the cup and raises it over his head in triumph.

STANLEY  
(points at Alexski)  
What about him?!

LORD BEAVERTON  
He had 417 penalty minutes last  
season! He may not be good enough.

STANLEY  
Well try!

Stalker holds Stanley and is trying to deliver a big punch.

Lord Beaverton locks his gaze on Alexski. He glows like the others.

Alexski suddenly can barely hold up the cup and after a moment the cup bounces off his head and rolls onto the street.

Stanley breaks the hold and grabs the front of the stalker. He feeds him ten quick shots to the face, hockey-style.

ALEXSKI  
That is my moves!

Stanley pulls the shirt over the stalker's head and ties up his arms.

STANLEY  
Alexski! He took your trophy!

Lord Beaverton passes the power back to Alexski. The stalker looks real worried.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

6 INT. HOCKEY HALL OF FAME BACKROOM - DAY

6

Close on a tablet screen. It's the hockey news.

'Stripper Stalker Stopped by Hockey Super Star" with a pic of Alexski posing in front of the bound stalker and the cup.

Below that story is about a large drug bust being announced at City Hall.

Stanley reads headline with pride. Beside him is the Cup.

STANLEY

Even with those abilities, we still saved the day.

Lord Beaverton comes into being in the cup.

LORD BEAVERTON

I can't believe we didn't go back.

STANLEY

I'm not taking you alone to a strip joint. Besides, Alexski had you till morning.

LORD BEAVERTON

I have needs. My soul may have been trapped in this cup for five score-

STANLEY

Here we go...

LORD BEAVERTON

What?

STANLEY

You crack out the Abraham Lincoln school of counting every time you want to go to strippers.

LEIGH (O.S.)

Strippers? Who are you talking to St. Clair?

At the door to the backroom is LEIGH DURANT. (38) She's Stanley's unflappable boss.

STANLEY

Just wanted to remind myself to get some of the... strippers of microcloth to polish the cup.

LEIGH

Strippers of Microcloth?

STANLEY

Is that not the right word?

Walks over to the paper Stanley's reading.

LEIGH

Let's hope you don't mess up this one.

She points to the side of the photo. Stanley's hand is seen.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

You know the rules Stanley: Stay out of the photos.

Stanley can't believe it. That's a rookie mistake.

STANLEY

It'll never happen again.

LEIGH

Good. You're due at City Hall. The coach is getting the key to the city. And St. Clair, stay out of trouble this time.

Stanley pulls on his white cotton gloves.

SNAP TO:

7

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

7

Stanley wheels a large box containing the cup through the front doors. Stanley notices a large police presence. He is met by the COMMUNICATION DIRECTOR.

COMMUNICATION DIRECTOR

You the guy of the Cup?

STANLEY

Stanley St. Clair.

They shake hands.

COMMUNICATION DIRECTOR  
We're running a bit behind. You'll  
be on after the police conference.  
Follow me.

The Communication Director leads Stanley down a long hallway.

8

INT. POLICE PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

8

Stanley gets inside waits at the back. A large contingent of  
Press snap photos at the CHIEF OF POLICE at the lectern.

CHIEF OF POLICE  
-And after four years of  
surveillance and the overdose death  
of three drug sniffing dogs I'm  
able to report our largest seizure  
of crack in our city's history!

The Chief nods to an OFFICER beside a tarp covered table. The  
Officer pulls off the tarp with a little flourish.

The Chief of Police is stunned... the table is full of copy  
paper. The press continues to snap photos.

CHIEF OF POLICE (CONT'D)  
What in the holy hell happened to  
my table of crack!

ANOTHER OFFICER clears his throat and stands on the other  
side of the lectern. He's in front of another tarp covered  
table. The Chief nods to him.

He checks under the tarp first and winces. The Chief glares  
until the other officer pulls off the tarp. The table is  
empty.

Stanley at the back is stunned like everyone else.

LORD BEAVERTON (O.S.)  
(muffled in box)  
What am I missing?

STANLEY  
(quietly to case)  
Somebody's stolen a table full of  
drugs.

LORD BEAVERTON  
A mystery? And you have me in this  
felt lined coffin? Are you mad?

A reporter notices Stanley talking to a case.

STANLEY  
(quieter)  
Quiet.

CHIEF OF POLICE  
Lock down City Hall. No one leaves  
until we've found our drugs.

The police stand in front of the doors and reporters get on their phones.

9

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

9

Press, public servants, and some regular folk pace and make small talk. Stanley polishes the Cup on the side. Lord Beaverton watches the crowd with a suspicious eye.

STANLEY  
They pulled back the tarp and the  
drugs weren't there.

LORD BEAVERTON  
So one of these people may have  
stolen illicit booty.

STANLEY  
Yeah, but who?

LORD BEAVERTON  
We need to see the scene of the  
crime, maybe-

COACH REIMER (O.S.)  
Finally something good!

Lord Beaverton's face disappears as Coach Reimer (60s) Old school coach pushes his way through the crowd. Stanley steps in front of the cup.

STANLEY  
Hello Coach Reimer. I'm Stanley St.  
Clair, the keeper of the cup.

COACH REIMER  
So?

STANLEY  
I've brought the cup here for a  
photo op.

COACH REIMER  
Yeah, for me.

STANLEY

I just put a special polish on it  
for photos.

COACH REIMER

Why do you think I care?

STANLEY

(quietly)

You're hands'll turn green if you  
touch it.

Coach Reimer is put off.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

If you want to hold it then I'll  
have to take the... lustre liquid  
off.

Stanley checks his white gloves are on securely and pick the  
cup up.

10

INT. POLICE PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

10

The familiar lectern and table are still set up. Stanley  
sneaks in with the cup.

LORD BEAVERTON

Lustre liquid? What kind of lies  
are you spreading?

STANLEY

You want to be manhandled all day,  
or do you want to solve this  
mystery?

LORD BEAVERTON

Wait, what's that?

Stanley looks to where Lord Beaverton is staring.

STANLEY

The table?

LORD BEAVERTON

Not the table blast it, on the  
leg...

A dark scuff of what looks like paint.

STANLEY

Looks like grease.

Suddenly the jangle of keys and the sound of the lock on the door.

STANLEY (CONT'D)  
Quick give me a power!

LORD BEAVERTON  
I can't just whip one up! We need  
someone with a true heart and a  
skill.

The door opens and they hold their breath. They hide behind the lectern. They can see the floor only from their spot.

A nice pair of shoes with a scuff comes in and inspects the table. A low chuckle, obviously a bad guy.

The mystery person leaves through a hidden side door. Stanley and the cup pop out.

STANLEY  
Did you see the shoes? Scuffed.

LORD BEAVERTON  
Don't just crouch there. Follow  
him.

STANLEY  
I have no powers.

LORD BEAVERTON  
You don't need them to follow a  
man! Use the power of your feet.

Stanley grabs the cup and silently follows through the hidden door.

11 INT. SECRET PASSAGE - DAY

11

Stanley pokes his head into the hidden doorway. It's all cobwebbed and dusty. It runs behind the wall. It's five feet wide and stretches around a corner.

They hear another door open around the corner. Stanley follows the sound, carrying the cup.

12 INT. OFFICE - DAY

12

They open a low the hidden door and crawl out. It's a very clean office and they are behind a large desk.

Stanley stands and is shocked at the giant pile of missing crack.

LORD BEAVERTON  
Huzzah, The missing illicit drugs.

STANLEY  
Where are we?

LORD BEAVERTON  
We didn't walk that far. I imagine we're still in city hall.

STANLEY  
I know that.

LORD BEAVERTON  
Then why did you bloody well ask?

STANLEY  
I meant, who's office is this?

LORD BEAVERTON  
The guilty party I suppose.

Stanley walks over the front of the desk. He picks up the placard, and reads. Stanley is worried.

STANLEY  
It's the mayor's office!

Stanley looks to Beaverton in shock.

LORD BEAVERTON  
(doesn't even try)  
A mayor on crack... again?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13 INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

13

Stanley and the cup stand at the door in front of the Police Chief, the mayor, and some police officers.

STANLEY

-And I came up here to find a place to polish the cup.

CHIEF OF POLICE

(annoyed)

And you came across the locked door.

STANLEY

And I thought I...  
(thinks fast)  
could smell crack?

CHIEF OF POLICE

Smell crack?

STANLEY

That's right.

MAYOR

This is crazy!

The Mayor pushes to the front and unlocks the door.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Why would I-

Opens the door.

14 INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

14

MAYOR

-Steal crack?

The mayor stops talking when he sees his desk. The cops are astonished. They've found the crack.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

This is a frame up!

Stanley notices the Mayor's footwear. He's in moccasins.

STANLEY

Moccasins?

The Chief looks at Stanley confused before checking out the desk full of drugs.

MAYOR

I didn't steal crack!

The Mayor stomps to the back of the office. Moments from a tantrum.

CHIEF OF POLICE

Then you won't mind us spraying your hands with the liquid that turns blue on contact with hard drugs.

MAYOR

That's a thing? When did that become a thing?

CHIEF OF POLICE

(turns to other police)

I want a guard posted at the door. Call off the lock down and take the Mayor-

Chief of Police turns and points an accusatory finger to empty space. The mayor has run off through the hidden hallway.

CHIEF OF POLICE (CONT'D)

Aw crap.

(turns back to police)

Call off the call off till we find His Worship.

Lord Beaverton appears in the cup to exchange worried looks with Stanley.

15

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

15

Stanley and Lord Beaverton have their back to others and are at the doorway.

LORD BEAVERTON

You need to find the mayor.

STANLEY

I saw his shoes. He didn't do it.

LORD BEAVERTON

Blast it. Of course he didn't, but he knows who did!

STANLEY

In the meantime look for the  
scuffed shoe.

LORD BEAVERTON

Precisely.

The start a bit farther in... and freeze.

A young SHOESHINE KID has a line of people in front of him.

STANLEY

Who the hell let that kid in?

The bored PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER locks his gaze on the cup.

PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER

Look! Something to take pictures  
of!

Stanley and the cup turn away from the Press Photographer.

A thick hand falls on Stanley's shoulder.

COACH REIMER

Bout time you got that cup ready.

The coach reaches for the cup and Stanley moves it over to a  
table.

STANLEY

Let's just get this ready for  
pictures.

Stanley mock polishes and gets face to face with Lord  
Beaverton.

LORD BEAVERTON

There!

Stanley follows his eyes to a police officer and his dog. The  
cup glows faintly as does the police dog.

Stanley is endowed with the super smell of a dog. He jumps  
away from the cup and smells the air.

STANLEY

Cool.

Takes a few more sniffs.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

(to Coach)

You had a pancakes for breakfast...

COACH REIMER

How do-

STANLEY

You washed it down with a double double.

COACH REIMER

Amazing.

STANLEY

And you're wearing the same underwear two days in a row.

COACH REIMER

That's not... relevant.

Stanley notices the police officer with a shirt, letting the dog have a smell. The dog couldn't care less, but Stanley comes running and gives the shirt a big whiff.

STANLEY

Sweat, whiskey, and axe body spray.

POLICE OFFICER

Pardon?

STANLEY

I said nice dog. Excuse me.

The crowd is focusing on the cup and the coach. Stanley walks the perimeter of the room. He stops at a door marked supply closet.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Sweat, whiskey and axe...

He opens the door and jumps inside.

16 INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - DAY

16

Stanley turns on an overhead light and finds the Mayor cowering behind a mop and pail.

MAYOR

It wasn't me! I was framed by the liberal media!

STANLEY

I know you didn't steal the crack, Mr. Mayor.

MAYOR

You do?

As they talk the door closes. Stanley's power suddenly dissipates.

STANLEY

My first clue was the secret- wait  
a sec...

Stanley inhales but realizes the super-smell is gone.

MAYOR

What?

STANLEY

Quickly, who knows about the secret  
passage.

MAYOR

Umm. My wife, my girlfriend, The  
girl named Angela.

STANLEY

Any men?

MAYOR

Once in college, but I was real  
drunk. Superdrunk.

STANLEY

Any men who know about the hidden  
passage?

MAYOR

My Communication Director.

Stanley opens the door. Just outside is a growling police dog  
and officers. The dog barks at the Mayor.

17

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

17

The mayor is cuffed by the Chief of police. The press snaps  
some pictures.

CHIEF OF POLICE

(to a nearby officer)

Bring me the spray.

A police officer hands the Chief a small sprayer.

MAYOR

You gotta believe me. I didn't  
steal the crack.

CHIEF OF POLICE

Why do you keep putting emphasis on  
the stealing part?

MAYOR

Cause I didn't steal it.

The chief reads the side of the sprayer while Stanley grabs  
the cup.

LORD BEAVERTON

Quick use me!

Stanley moves the cup and nudges the Chief's elbow. He sprays  
the man next to the mayor, the Communication Director.

CHIEF OF POLICE

Sorry... I...

Chief notices the blue where the liquid landed.

COMMUNICATION DIRECTOR

No problem.

The Chief of Police sprays him a second time in the hands.  
They glow super blue.

He turns to the Mayor's hands and sprays. They don't turn  
blue except for a smidge on the finger and thumb.

CHIEF OF POLICE

Uncuff the Mayor.

The Communication Director realizes the jig's up.

He snatches the mayor and pulls out a pen and puts it at the  
mayor's throat.

COMMUNICATION DIRECTOR

Backup or the Mayor gets it!

No one backs up.

COMMUNICATION DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

If he gets it, you'll have to go  
through another election!

Everyone backs up.

CHIEF OF POLICE

No! Everyone back up! No one wants  
six months of pointless debates  
again!

Stanley and the Cup exit sneak out through the back door. The  
Communication director goes out the front with the Mayor. He  
locks it behind him.

18 INT. CITY HALL - DAY

18

Stanley and the cup come out a side door. They're in a dark  
corner. A line of people wait to pay fines.

Stanley points to opposite side of the large building. The  
Communication Director drags the Mayor roughly.

Lord Beaverton looks to everyone in line.

LORD BEAVERTON

Let's see here.

STANLEY

Hurry!

Lord Beaverton scans the line; A female plumber, a male  
construction guy, a nun.

LORD BEAVERTON

No, No, No, Wait a sec.

A little kid with a peewee hockey jacket is with his dad at  
the back of the line.

STANLEY

He's getting away!

Lord Beaverton's gaze falls on a little kid.

LORD BEAVERTON

Perfect!

The glow transfers to Stanley, who looks impressed at his  
arms.

Stanley runs to a small magazine stand the middle of the  
foyer. The VENDOR selling fruit is giving change to an old  
lady. Stanley tosses him a couple bucks.

GROCER

Whattya want?

Stanley grabs five apples and a souvenir hockey mini-stick. He gauges how far the Communication Director is and drops the apples in a row on the ground.

He quickly fires off the apples with the mini-stick like it was a five puck hockey drill.

They fly amazingly far.

The Communication Director is surrounded by a cadre of cops who have him cornered.

COMMUNICATION DIRECTOR

I told you to-

SMACK! An apple hits the pen out of his hand. SMACK! Another hits him in the side. He turns in time to get one to the face and two to the junk!

The cops cuff him.

POLICE OFFICER

(yells)

Who threw those apples?

The vendor points to where Stanley was but it's empty. He and the Cup have slipped back through the door.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

19 INT. HOCKEY HALL OF FAME BACKROOM - NIGHT

19

Stanley holds his phone up. He's FaceTiming with Grandma. She's MARGARET ST. CLAIR. Behind her are pictures of Stanley in bright silver frames.

STANLEY

I'm not supposed to be in the pictures.

MARGARET

Well you're so handsome in this one.

STANLEY

It's my hand Grandma. Literally just my hand.

MARGARET

Your handsome hand. I printed it out and got a nice silver frame for it too.

STANLEY

Okay, I gotta go. It's getting late and I still have to polish the cup.

MARGARET

Look, see this?

Margaret holds up another picture too close to the camera. Just a fuzzy out of focus picture.

STANLEY

(lying)  
Wow. Yeah. Beautiful. I gotta go.

MARGARET

(happy)  
Do you mean it?

STANLEY

Absolutely.

MARGARET

I'm so happy to hear you say that!

STANLEY

Well, terrific.  
(fake yawns)  
I'll talk to you later.

MARGARET

Her name is Sharlene. She's a single girl from my church. I'll give her your number. Bye.

STANLEY

Wait! I couldn't really-

The screen goes blank. Lord Beaverton shows himself.

LORD BEAVERTON

She's quite the matchmaker.

Stanley begins pulling on his coat.

STANLEY

We'll talk in the morning.

LORD BEAVERTON

Don't leave. The night is young and so are we.

STANLEY

You're not young.

LORD BEAVERTON

I'm Five score-

STANLEY

Nope. Forget it. No way.

LORD BEAVERTON

But we solved a mystery and kept an innocent man out of jail!

STANLEY

Innocent?

LORD BEAVERTON

Yes. Of stealing illicit drugs.

STANLEY

I said no.

LORD BEAVERTON

You're a terrible horrible person. I hope you and Sharlene have ugly babies.

A knock at the door.

STANLEY

Hold that thought.

Stanley opens the Door. It's Candy from the strip joint.

CANDY  
Hi again.

STANLEY  
Glad you could make it.

CANDY  
So a dance?

STANLEY  
Is that weird?

CANDY  
Not as weird as getting rid of that  
creep yesterday.

STANLEY  
Alexski was the real-

CANDY  
You're the hero.

Stanley digs in his pocket.

CANDY (CONT'D)  
Don't. Like I said, I owe you one.

STANLEY  
Terrific.

Stanley starts to leave.

CANDY  
Where are you going?

STANLEY  
It's not for me. It's for him... I  
mean the cup.

Candy looks inside. Sure enough the room is empty except for  
the cup.

CANDY  
Just when I thought it wasn't going  
to be weird...

Stanley let's the door close as Candy starts playing music on  
her phone. Stanley smiles.

20 INT. SPORTS CHANNEL OFFICE - DAY

20

A MYSTERY MAN dressed in a brown sport coat and matching slacks. His hair is feathered and blow dried. The office is dark but the walls are plastered in hockey memorabilia.

NEW'S ANCHOR (V.O.)

(on TV)

With a room full of press, police, Coach Reimer, the mayor, and even hockey's one true cup, The Communication Director of the city was arrested after stealing drugs in order to frame the mayor.

MAYOR (V.O.)

As I told the police. I didn't steal crack.

NEW'S ANCHOR (V.O.)

The mayor went on to thank police for their amazing work.

The Mystery Man slams the TV off.

MYSTERY MAN

Idiots! It wasn't the Police! It was the one true cup, and his loser, keeper.

The Mystery Man picks up a dart and whips it.

It lands on a picture of the one true cup picture. The dart looks like it missed. Then we see. The dart actually hit the hand of Stanley.

MYSTERY MAN (CONT'D)

Soon, loser. Soon, you'll be cupless and I'll be the most powerful man in the universe.

The Mystery Man laughs as another dart hits the picture. This one lands right where Lord Beaverton's face would have been.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE