

REGULARS

"JETS VS. SHARKS"

Written by

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**ACT ONE**

INT. REGULARS BAR - DAY

The Regulars have decked out the bar in Winnipeg Jets decor, preparing it for a watch party of the NHL Conference Finals. Bart, Jake, Flo, Eugene, Shawnee and Muse all wear Winnipeg Jets gear. Tricia wears sweats. A thunderstorm brews outside.

Percy barges into the bar wearing a New York Jets jersey.

PERCY

Let's go Jets baby! Sanchez to  
Crotchery, touchdown!

Percy imitates making a one-handed catch, then spikes the imaginary football.

EUGENE

Percy, it's May.

PERCY

So?

JAKE

Football season ended in February.  
And wasn't his name Cotchery?

FLO

Yeah, until he got crabs.

Everyone groans... except Eugene. He thinks it's funny.

BART

It's the biggest Jets game in  
years! The last time the Jets were  
in the conference finals, Tricia  
was only on boyfriend number six.

Trica gathers her things and makes way towards the exit.

BART (CONT'D)

What? Tough crowd?

TRICIA

Actually, I've got better things to  
do?

MUSE

What could be better than this?

TRICIA

A bar downtown is hosting Dancing  
With the Bars. I'm going to watch.

BART

That's alright. We've got Dancing  
with the Pucks. Size, speed,  
coordination... with skates! Not  
ballet shoes.

TRICIA

That's what you need in the  
bedroom, Bart. Some size, speed,  
and coordination.

SHAWNEE

If he could ever make it to the  
bedroom. He's walking woman  
repellant.

Bart sits down. Dejected.

Jake grabs an umbrella from behind the bar. He holds it out  
towards Tricia.

JAKE

You're gonna go out in this storm  
without an umbrella?

TRICIA

Oh, thanks.

Tricia takes the umbrella from Jake, as their eyes meet and a  
subtle grin stretches her face. She exits.

PERCY

Aw man, I wanna dance!

Jake sees Tricia off through a window. In the distance, he  
spots a large group of familiar silhouettes heading towards  
Regulars. He squints to get a better look.

He waves the other Regulars towards him.

JAKE

Uh, hey guys?

The remaining Regulars look towards Jake and approach,  
looking out the window.

SHAWNEE

Ugh, the Normies.

BART  
Even worse, *Sharks fans*.

EXT. REGULARS BAR - MOMENTS LATER

BLAKE (mid-20s), a muscular version of Jake; KAREEM (70s), a man full of wisdom; BOOZE (early 20s), a screenwriter; RONNIE (50s), a boss-woman; GLO (70s), Kareem's wife who looks like she'd give comforting hugs; CLARK (40s), a firefighter; and MERCY, a dog line the street all dressed in Sharks gear. It's a standoff.

Notably, LISSA (mid-20s), a clumsy ditz; is missing. None of the Normies are carrying an umbrella.

There's a different WOMAN with them, however. This is MARIA (40s), Clark's stunningly attractive sister. Bart locks eyes with her through the crowd.

JAKE  
And what do you think you're doing here?

BLAKE  
Trying to watch the Sharks pummel the Jets. Like *this!*

Blake shadowboxes the rain. Bart snaps back into focus.

BART  
You can take that talk right back to Normies!

BLAKE  
No can do. Lightning blew right through the roof, so we're closed for the night.

BART  
Well, you can go find somewhere else to watch the game!  
(pointing down)  
This is a Jets bar!

Bart stomps his foot into a puddle just in front of him.

Clark stomps right back.

Bart tap-dances his feet through the puddle.

Clark follows suit.

Bart snaps his fingers and sways from left to right.

Clark does the same.

BART (CONT'D)

Enough of the games. How about this: if y'all can beat us in a dance-off, then you can watch the game here. In Regulars.

Clark looks to the rest of the Normies. They nod and smirk arrogantly.

CLARK

Deal!

Bart and Clark rhythmically snap their fingers in synchronization with their respective crews.

Everybody struts, taps, and spins towards the middle of the street until the Regulars and Normies are at a face-off.

REGULARS

Mambo!

NORMIES

Mambo!

REGULARS AND NORMIES

Go!

The Regulars and Normies merge, with each member engaging in a DANCE-OFF with their respective counterpart:

Flo and Glo are doing The Twist.

Eugene and Kareem are doing The Mashed Potato.

Muse and Booze are shaking their bodies randomly, without coordination.

Percy gracefully pirouettes into a Calypso leap through the downpour. It's an elegant sight. Mercy sits and wags his tail in amusement.

Shawnee and Ronnie do The Sprinkler.

Blake does a Frat Flick. Jake watches on for a moment, unsure of what dance move to do. He mimics Blake, flawlessly nailing the Frat Flick.

Bart and Clark shuffle throughout the dance partners. Moving from one end of the dance-off to another, the partners all begin to rearrange.

Bart steps aside from the dance-off. He takes a moment to breathe until he loses focus, locking eyes with the Maria through the chaos.

As if it's destiny, the dance-off parts in two, opening a lane by which Bart and Maria can meet.

They run towards each other, until an imposing voice brings everything to a halt.

OFFICER SKRUPKE (O.S.)  
Break it up you punks!

Bart's superior, OFFICER SKRUPKE, arrives wearing a raincoat and flashlight in hand.

BLAKE  
Well, if it isn't Officer Skrupke.

NORMIES  
Top of the day, Officer Skrupke!

OFFICER SKRUPKE  
Boy, what you bars have done to this neighborhood... Bart!

Bart steps forward with soldier-like posture.

BART  
Yes sir, Officer Skrupke.

OFFICER SKRUPKE  
You've got to take this mambo inside. Can't have ya dancing in a storm like this.

BART  
But sir, look at them! Look at *those people!*

Bart points at the Normies.

BART (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
*Sharks fans!*

Bart shivers as he says it.

BART (CONT'D)  
They can't come in here.