

The Cactus
Written by
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EPISODE 1: PILOT

Reader's Note: Italicized scenes are bright shots with dynamic camera movement. Plain text is more muted, single camera.

TITLE: THE CACTUS
TITLE: "PILOT"

WOMAN (V.O)
A pilot? Really?

EXT. DINER - DAY

DOLORES, a woman, and a WW2 PILOT, a man, are smoking. There is no music accompanying them, just the sounds of the noiseless streets around them.

PILOT
Yes ma'am. Best on two wings. That's according to the president at least.

DOLORES
Oh wow, a humble pilot at that. I imagine there aren't many like you out there.

PILOT
You imagine correctly. If there were, this gosh darn war would be over by now.

The pilot flicks his cigarette on the ground and the two share a moment, observing the scene around them.

PILOT
Listen, Dolores...

The Pilot turns to her.

PILOT (CONT'D)
I'm going back to France soon, and I... I can't say for sure that I'm coming back. And I know we just met but-

Dolores puts a hand on his chest.

DOLORES
Listen Mr. Pilot Man. I don't want you talking like that.

She straightens his uniform.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
These last couple of days have been the best of my life, and, sure, you

being a pilot comes as... a bit of a shock. But you're dreaming if you think I won't wait for you to come back. Why, if it weren't for this war, I'd have half the mind to marry you right here.

The Pilot snorts and looks away.

PILOT (CONT'D)
You don't mean that.

Dolores gently grabs the pilots face and stares into the his eyes, showing that she very much does. The perfect end to this heartfelt moment.

FADE OUT

INT. YOUTUBER BRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

BRIAN, a YouTuber, appears on the screen. He addresses the camera.

BRIAN
So, what are you waiting for? Go ahead and download my full film down in the description! Remember, for this competition, you just need to score the film, no sound effects. We're looking for the next big composer. The winner gets to intern for me, and get their career started! So come on! Sign up ends June twenty fi-

INT. CHESTER'S HOUSE - CHESTER'S BEDROOM - DAWN

At his desk, CHESTER, 22, hits a key on his laptop and the video pauses. Around his laptop is his MIDI keyboard, a mic, and a monitor displaying his music editing software. He sits, staring blankly at the paused video. THE CACTUS, the never satisfied voice in his head, chimes in.

THE CACTUS (V.O)
You heard the guy. Sign up... SIGN UP.

Chester sits, unfazed by the Cactus's interjection.

THE CACTUS (V.O)
Pussy.

The default Samsung alarm blares and jolts Chester out of his

daze. He looks at his phone.

CHESTER
(groggily)
Oh god damnit.

INT. CHESTER'S HOUSE - CHESTER'S BEDROOM MIRROR - CONTINUED

Chester takes time in the mirror to make sure that his dystopianly drab golf shirt is tucked in properly. He then moves onto attempt the perfect level of bedhead. Once not fully satisfied by his appearance, he grabs the name tag placed beside his mirror. He clips it on; CHESTER, it reads.

EXT. THORNVALE GOLF COURSE - PARKING LOT - DAWN

Chester bikes past the Thornvale Golf Course sign and dismounts before he comes to a stop, walking the bike the final stretch. He walks until he comes to a stop at a small shop. He props his bike up against the nearest wall and walks towards its door. He grabs the handle, takes a deep breath, and opens it.

EXT. THORNVALE GOLF COURSE PRO SHOP - ESTABLISHING - DAWN

The dawn sky is a pinkish blue behind the small pro shop that overlooks Thornvale Golf Course.

INT. THORNVALE GOLF COURSE PRO SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Chester enters the pro shop. There is a warm light, which makes the golf clothes on display and vase fillers seem even more colorful. RICKY, 23, a dick, MESSY, 40, curmudgeonly, and RONNIE, 17, an idiot, are throwing a football around.

RICKY
I'd easily drop 50 in the WNBA! Who's gonna guard me when I-

Messy throws the ball off the mark. Ricky catches it, but only by hurtling himself into some vases. Messy looks at Chester, unbothered.

MESSY
Why are you late?

CHESTER
I'm not late, it's 6:30.

MESSY
I bet by the time I finish chewing you

out it won't be. What were you doing
this morning Mo?

Ricky gets up from the mess he's made, merchandise falling
off him as he gets up. In the background, we see Ronnie
picking up vase fillers and putting them in his mouth.

RICKY

He was probably recovering from last
night. We got pretty crippled and Mo
here was getting really weird with the
band.

CHESTER

I wasn't being weird with the band.
They just had a good sound.

RICKY

"Oh, you guys are so awesome. Oh, that
G spot to start your solo? I'm wet."
God, I didn't realize giving you a
tramp stamp would turn you into such
an arteest.

Chester stares at Ricky for a moment and runs over to a
mirror to check his lower back. Surely enough, in crudely
written sharpie, reads the message 'Free Parking' with an
arrow pointing to his butts hole.

CHESTER

Ricky, what the hell?

RICKY

It's cool man, you gave me one too.

Ricky reveals his lower back with the same tattoo, except his
reads 'Well Worn Path'.

MESSY

Is this what you guys do when you
hangout?

RICKY

Well, we were at our buddy Ry-

MESSY

I don't actually care.
(Messy turns to Chester)
Mo, you remember that new hire I was
telling you about?

Chester is still flustered from the tramp stamp reveal.

CHESTER

(still flustered)

Yeah, Riley something or other. The golf prodigy, right?

MESSY

Right, or something. He's starting up here today. In the shop.

CHESTER

Damn, really? The members are gonna smoke him.

MESSY

I know, so someone's going to have to train him. And since nobody here has met him before, and we don't want to be unfair, I thought it'd be best if we flipped a tee. Last guy for it to land on has to do it.

CHESTER

Sounds fair to me. You got a tee?

RICKY

Yeah, we already flipped it.

All of them stand there in silence. Chester needs a second for it to sink in.

CHESTER

Oh, Messy come on.

MESSY

Yup. What you get for being late. And Ricky, set up the putting green.

RICKY

Make Donnie do it.

Ronnie loudly throws up several vase fillers.

INT. THORNVALE BACKSHOP - MORNING

Chester has a golf bag in each hand and adds them to an organized pile of other bags. When he puts the bags down, he gets a phone call. He picks up.

CHESTER

Hey.

SPLIT SCREEN. We see Chester's sister STACY, 20, in a busy Pearson Airport.

STACY

Hey. Are you still picking us up from the airport? We're just getting on our flight.

CHESTER

Shit, sorry I completely forgot about that. I'm at work. But I can see if I can get off early-

STACY

No, don't worry about it. We'll get an Uber.

Their DAD, 50s, white, dad bod, pops beside Stacy.

DAD

What'd he say?

STACY

He's working today.

DAD

What the hell? Tell him to get off early.

CHESTER

(offended)

What'd he say?

STACY

(to Chester)

Nothing.

(to Dad)

We can just Uber.

Their Dad huffs in annoyance as their MOM, 50s, Japanese, small but mighty, takes the phone from Stacy.

MOM

(in Japanese)

Have you watered the plants?
Also, is the door locked?
Remember in grade three when
you left the door unlocked?

CHESTER

(in Japanese)

I watered them... I locked
the door. It's fine. It's
fine.

Oh my god, and you're at work?

Stacy takes the phone back from her Mom.

STACY

(in Japanese)

Can you relax? Just, go to the gate,
I'll meet you guys there.

Mom mumbles an apology and Dad mumbles his annoyance as they walk away.

CHESTER

So how was the vacation?

STACY

I wouldn't exactly call a campus tour with Mom and Dad a vacation, but it was good. It's right on the waterfront, which is really nice. Plus, there's something like seven habitats that we get to study first term, which is cool. Dad took a bunch of pictures.

CHESTER

Huh... I always thought schools in the states were supposed to be exciting.

STACY

Uh, I said seven habitats.

CHESTER

No, I got that.

STACY

Whatever. How was home?

CHESTER

Whatever. Work sucks.
(blink 182 impression)
I know.
(normal voice)
I don't know, mostly just drank with the boys. Worked on my music.

STACY

(mockingly)

Ah fuck yeah, the boys.
(normal voice)

Did you sign up for the competition yet?

CHESTER
Yeah... well no, not really.

STACY
(disappointedly)
Chester.

Chester quiets down, now afraid someone is going to hear his conversation.

CHESTER
Alright relax. I was going to sign up for it, but then work cut me off. It's hard to come up with something good enough for the competition when I'm here working all the time.

STACY
So just quit then.

CHESTER
(laughing it off)
Yeah, right.

There's a pause, as the two just stand there for a little bit. Chester looks at his phone, and brings it back to his ear.

CHESTER
Is that it?

STACY
What do you mean? I gave you my thoughts and you laughed it off.

CHESTER
Yeah but-

STACY
What else do you want me to say?

CHESTER
I can't just quit, I need money if I'm going to pursue my music thing.

STACY
You also need to pursue your music thing to pursue your music thing.

Ricky and Ronnie's voices come in from the distance, and Chester looks up, kind of frantically.

CHESTER

Look, I gotta go, the course is opening up. I'll see you when you get back.

STACY

Alright. Oh also can y-

Chester hangs up the phone, and turns around to face the incoming boys.

INT. THORNVALE GOLF COURSE BACKSHOP - MORNING

Ricky and Ronnie walk into the backshop to see Chester by a sea of golf bags. Chester is inspecting the different bags, while holding a clipboard. He looks at Ronnie.

CHESTER

Can you grab Mr. Guilfoyle's clubs? He called in and he's playing with Mr. Dale this morning.

RONNIE

Oh, ok.

Ronnie walks off as Chester scans the clubs.

CHESTER

And where's the Mrs. Sims group?
2'o'clock? I could've sworn I saw their bags. Could you go and check th-

RICKY

Oh, does your clipboard say where the gun is?

CHESTER

(genuinely curious)
What gun?

RICKY

The one I'm going to kill myself with.

CHESTER

(over it)
Alright.

Ronnie comes back with a golf bag in hand.

RICKY

I mean seriously! We've been so boring recently. All we've been doing is work.

CHESTER

(sarcastically)

Yeah, crazy right? At work.

RICKY

Right? So what can we do? There's gotta be something... we've got that new hire coming in right? We can use that. What do people usually do when a new person gets hired?

Ronnie steps up bravely.

RONNIE

They prank them, Ricky.

RICKY

Yes, Donnie, that's it. Ok, aw-

RONNIE

I'm Ronnie.

Ricky looks offended at the interruption.

RICKY

What?

RONNIE

I'm Ronnie. Donnie's in this afternoon. And Lonnie was in-

CHESTER

Donnie, no one asked shut up. Also, count me out. You guys do what you want, I'm gonna get ready to train this guy.

RICKY

You're not actually doing that.

CHESTER

(confused)

Yeah I am. Messy told me to.

Chester grabs his water bottle, and sprays it in his mouth. He quickly spits it out, revolted by its contents. As Chester

tries to recover, Ricky shakes his head disappointedly.

RICKY

Mo man, you know how the old saying goes. You don't help out with pranks, you get a water bottle full of piss.

CHESTER

(disgusted)

When did you even have time to do this?

RONNIE

Oh we did it first thing this morning.
(proudly)
The pee is mine.

CHESTER

See, this is what I'm talking about. It's this, the god damn tramp stamp. I mean last week, you actually hit me with your car. That's not even a prank man, grow up.

RICKY

Can you relax? We can literally do anything here, and shit always figures itself out. Also, listen to yourself. 'Grow up'? Are you really in such a rush to be old and boring? Like Greg?

GREG, old and boring, in the same uniform as the boys, walks by just as Ricky says this. He stops, doesn't say anything, looks really sad, and leaves the way he came.

CHESTER

I'd rather die then become Greg. But we run pranks every day. Now I don't care what you and Donnie do-

RONNIE

Donnie's in this afternoon.

Chester fully ignores Ronnie.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

-but I'm gonna train the new guy today. I'm gonna get my life started.

RICKY

Jesus man, seriously?

Chester shrugs, not budging.

RICKY

Alright, I'm not worried. You'll be on board by the end of the day.

CHESTER

Believe what you want. I'm just gonna get this shift over with.

Chester takes another swig of his water bottle, only to remember that it's still full of urine the hard way. He spits it out, stares at Ricky, who is trying his best not to laugh. Chester lunges at Ricky and the two standing wrestle unathletically. Chester starts to lose, and he tries to worm his way out.

CHESTER

Alright! Alright!

Both Ricky and Chester get out of the tangle and straighten their shirts. Chester's tramp stamp is exposed.

RICKY

It actually suits you.

EXT. THORNVALE GOLF COURSE STAGING AREA - MORNING

Chester is pushing a couple of push carts, on his way to add them to a carefully crafted formation. As he approaches his destination, he passes MR. WATSON, old, white, probably racist.

MR. WATSON

I SAID EXCUSE ME!

Chester jumps at the sudden outburst and drops the push carts. He looks up at the member.

MR. WATSON

I was calling your name for twenty minutes. Are you deaf?

CHESTER

Sorry sir, I was lo-

MR. WATSON

HUH!?

Chester sighs, but then puts on a smile.

CHESTER

What can I do for you Mr. Watson?

MR. WATSON

I was saying you have to bring my clubs up at the end of the day. I'm playing golf in Cancun tomorrow with that bitch wife of mine.

CHESTER

Well, that's exciting! Of course, sir. Your bag will meet you-

MR. WATSON

(annoyed)

Just do it, alright?

The member hobbles off slowly, mumbling to himself.

MR. WATSON

God damn Orientals, should've left them in nam...

Chester is left with only the company of his push carts, looking fed up.

THE CACTUS (V.O)

Fuck this man. You're better than this.

With a look of determination, Chester pulls out his phone, and with a couple of taps and swipes, pulls up the competition video from earlier.

BRIAN

(from phone)

Sign up ends June twenty first. All you need to do is go to my website, and hit-

INT. THORNTON GOLF COURSE - BACKSHOP - CONTINUED

Chester is sitting on the counter watching a video on his phone when Ricky sprints into the backshop and grinds to a halt right in front of him.

RICKY

We don't have much time. Get rid of this.

Ricky grabs Chester's phone and hurls it across the backshop,

to which Chester gives a non-verbal 'what the fuck'.

RICKY

Ok, basically, the plan is, I'm going to pretend to arrest the new guy. I'm gonna put on my cop costume, I told you it would come in handy by the way, and when the new guy comes in, I'm gonna be like 'I think you're a criminal', handcuff him, and stuff him in the back of my car. Then, I'm gonna drive him to Mt. Pleasant cemetery, and put him in front of an open grave. Then something hilarious will probably happen.

CHESTER

(fake enthused)

Alright. I can tell a lot of thought went into this one. I'm not helping you.

Ricky continues, paying no heed to Chester's refusal.

RICKY

BUT the stupid guy at the graveyard is wondering why we need an unmarked, open grave. And because I told him you're the brother of the deceased, I need you to come up with a reason why.

CHESTER

Ok, counter offer - No. Why did you think I would agree to th-

Ricky turns towards the way he came, and cuts Chester off.

RICKY

John, over here!

JOHN, 60s, portly, waddles into the backshop.

JOHN

Ah, there you are. I thought I lost you for a second.

RICKY

Sorry, I just had to find this one here. He tends to mourn and grovel in this dingy basement these days. You know, since the passing.

JOHN

(disingenuously)

Of course, you must be Mr... Gaylard.
I'm so terribly sorry for your loss.

Chester stares daggers at Ricky, who urges Chester to speak. After a split second of a fight, Chester gives up and looks back at John.

CHESTER

(with no commitment)

Uh yeah, that's me. The death has been
real hard, especially on me and my
parents.

JOHN

Your friend here told me that you two
were orphans in the business of
training carrier pigeons.

Chester pauses.

CHESTER

Yes, I meant parents more in the
metaphorical sense, I guess?

Chester looks at Ricky with a 'what do you want me to do look', to which Ricky responds with a 'dude what the fuck?' look. John, tapping into this, allows his smugness to grow.

JOHN

Look, I see right through this. You're
a couple of, how should I put it, un-
ambitious gentlemen, who think it is
hilarious to get a rise out of people
with actual responsibilities.

RICKY

(dramatically)

What could you possibly mean by that?
We are in deep mourning. The deepest
of mournings.

JOHN

Spare me. And please grow up. You two
are not only bad at this, but also
seem far too old for such childish
games. Excuse me.

John starts to leave, and Chester looks pissed at the patronizing tone John took on. He looks at Ricky, who gives

Chester a knowing look. A faint smile flicks across Chester's face, and he slides off the counter.

CHESTER

Well, John, you come across very aggressive, unprofessional, and if I can be honest, quite insensitive. To a man in mourning, no less.

John did not expect this intensity from Chester, and turns around.

JOHN

Excuse me?

CHESTER

Oh, I think you heard me. My brother and I, we took our pigeon training very seriously. After we were orphaned, the Brotherhood of Squab was all the family we had. And, as you obviously do not know, many pigeons die without recognition, nor do they die with their loved ones. So out of respect, neither do we in the Brotherhood. Hence, the unmarked grave.

Ricky snorts and turns away from John in an attempt to hide his laughter. Chester continues.

CHESTER

(emotional)

As you can see this is an emotional time. For everyone. So I apologize, John, if our rituals are a little strange for your liking. I suppose we can always find another cemetery, and let everyone know that you turned us away because of our beliefs and-

JOHN

No!

John loses his smug demeanour, and replaces it with that of a salesman.

JOHN

Absolutely no need for that. We just wrapped up that whole Jewish debacle, I just wanted to... make sure we were

on the same page is all. I will continue to work through the proper paperwork with Mr. Ricky here. I apologize for any offense, Mr. Gaylard.

John begins to leave.

CHESTER

Not at all John. And also-

John turns around.

CHESTER

-it's pronounced Gaylord.

John shifts uncomfortably and nods at the correction.

JOHN

Of course.

RICKY

Why don't you prepare the paper work by your car John? I'll be right with you.

John nods again, and makes for the way he came in. Chester and Ricky watch him leave, after which Ricky looks at Chester in awe.

RICKY

Dude... that may have been your best yet.

CHESTER

May have been? I DiCaprio'd that bitch! What next? We definitely have to set the new guy up with a lady uniform, we have a ton of those. Aw, he's gonna look so dumb-

Chester stops himself as he sees Ricky grinning a massive grin the more Chester talks.

CHESTER

You tool.

RICKY

You can't deny your nature Mo. Just join the cause.

CHESTER

No man. I'm telling you, I'm out.

RICKY

Yeah, seems like it. I'll see you in phase two.

Ricky skips off, very pleased with how that interaction went, leaving Chester alone.

RICKY (O.S)

I'm taking the lady uniform idea!

EXT. THORNVALE GOLF STAGING AREA - NOON

RICKY

Ok, then what do we do? I think we hire a real actor to come and fake shoot me-

CHESTER

Dude, stop following me.

Chester and Ricky walk by Messy, arms crossed, observing something in the distance.

MESSY

Where the hell were you guys? You know we don't leave the triplets alone. God, just look at him.

Beyond a sea of bags is Ronnie, dragging two more bags. He trips and takes several bags down with him.

RICKY

Yeah, someone should really help him. But not us. We got an emergency. Right Mo?

CHESTER

(reluctant)

Yup. Code red.

MESSY

Shut up. Ricky, go deal with the tee sheet, get these people on the golf course and out of my life. Mo, stay here with me and figure out these bags.

RICKY

Ok. Sidenote, do you know anything
about making a fake death certificate?
I need one ASAP.

Messy ponders on this.

MESSY

There's a number on my desk. Call it.

RICKY

Seriously?

MESSY

No. Fuck off.

Ricky looks pissed but walks off while Messy and Chester
start looking at the bags.

MESSY

I don't know which one of you set
these up this morning. It's shit.

CHESTER

(laughs nervously)
Yeah, totally.

The two continue to sort bags, when Chester suddenly pauses
and looks at Messy.

CHESTER

Wait, why does Ricky need to cover the
tee sheet? Greg's here.

MESSY

Greg was here. He quit.

CHESTER

Seriously?

Messy doesn't look up from the bags as he responds.

MESSY

(impatient)
Yeah, he came told me like an hour
ago, and just left. 'This isn't what I
want to be doing with my life. I have
greater ambitions for myself'. Are you
kidding me? At least finish your
fucking shift...

CHESTER

*Jesus. I mean, what do we do then?
It's not like-*

Messy now looks up at Chester, fully flustered about the subject matter.

MESSY

(fully flustered)

I don't know Mo. There's no time to plan, there's no time to find a replacement, and now we're gonna be short handed for days, at least. What would you do if one of your employees, with no warning, just quit mid shift? Seriously, I'm all ears. I mean if you're gonna quit, wait till the end of the season.

CHESTER

Yeah, I hear that...

Messy gets back to rearranging clubs, and Chester quickly follows suit. Chester looks up nervously.

CHESTER

But you can't, like, really be mad at the ambitions thing, right? I mean that sounds pretty reasonable.

Messy looks up once again from his work.

MESSY

You gonna quit to?

CHESTER

Pshaw, as if.

Chester goes back to nervously rearranging bags.

EXT. THORNVALE GOLF COURSE PUTTING GREEN - AFTERNOON

Chester is alone, surrounded by buckets full of practice balls. He grabs the buckets two by two, and places them around the putting green.

THE CACTUS (V.O)

Jesus. What's the plan? Stay here forever?

(little pause)

Also, you're not gonna get a better chance to quit than that. He literally

asked you if-

Chester reaches into his pocket and pulls out his headphones. He puts them in his ears, and scrolls on his phone.

THE CACTUS (V.O)

Classic. Right when things start
getting real, you always just go back
t-

With a decisive click, 'Planetarium' starts playing. The Cactus immediately gets drowned out.

As he works, the music starts to build and build. Chester is more at peace then we've seen him so far, surrounded by his music. As Chester closes his eyes, a smile creeps onto his face, and the golf course fades to black. With each flute note, a shower of light. With the strings come an explosion of fireworks. The light show builds as we get to the climax, and we start seeing various movie scenes play in the background. Giant gestures of love, people dancing, pairing perfectly with the grandness of the score.

The fantasy ends when Chester gets bumped by a small Filipino man cutting the putting green grass.

CHESTER

Oh, sorry.

But the man doesn't notice, and moves along. Chester looks around, taking in his surroundings with a clear head. His eyes land on the pro shop, and after a breath he makes for it.

INT. THORNTON GOLF COURSE PRO SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Chester enters the pro shop right as a GIRL, around Chester's age, looks like she could have an attitude, enters. Messy, behind the counter, fully ignores Chester.

MESSY

Good morning miss. How can I help you today?

GIRL

Morning. And I guess you can start by showing me how to do this job.

Messy and Chester look confused by the request.

MESSY

Most people go for a different approach when applying for a job, but we're not hiring righ-

GIRL

Oh no. My dad set this all up, so you should've gotten my resume and everything.

CHESTER

Wait, you're Riley?

She looks at Chester.

GIRL

I normally don't go by my middle name, but I guess. I'm Eleanor. I'm going to be a pro here.

MESSY

Pro shop assistant. And yeah, right. Let me just see if I can find your papers here.

(pokes around on table)

Uh, this here is Mo, he's arguably our least incapable backshop guy, but that's definitely up for debate. He's going to be training you today.

Chester is staring at Eleanor in confusion, for a little too long.

ELEANOR

(gives a "what do you want" look)
Hello Mo.

CHESTER

Yeah, sorry. Hi, I'm Chester.

Chester shakes Eleanor's hand.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'm not normally a starrer, I just thought you were going to be a dude.

(panics)

I mean obviously not that it's, uh, bad that you're, you know, a woman-

ELEANOR

Yup. Got it.

Awkward. Chester looks uneasy as the silence goes on for a little too long. He looks at Eleanor who is staring right back at him, and he quickly looks away. Messy looks up from his resume hunting.

MESSY

Here we go. Eleanor Riley Hunt, 23, scratch golfer, four team championships at Stanford Golf? Jesus. No wonder I thought you were gonna be a-

Eleanor raises an eyebrow.

MESSY (CONT'D)

- uh... too good to work here... But sexism isn't cool Mo. Women are athletes too.

CHESTER

Right, because that's definitely what I meant by-

ELEANOR

Sorry, why Mo?

Eleanor stepping on Chester's line throws his timing off. Luckily, Ricky rounds the corner, dressed in a very cheap looking cop costume.

RICKY

Because he molests people. Chester the Molester. Mo for short. Nicknames are kind of my thing here.

CHESTER

I've never molested anyone before, it's important to me that you know that.

Eleanor is now even more confused. She looks at Chester and Messy.

ELEANOR

I'm sorry, and the stripper?

RICKY

I only strip when the occasion calls

for it.
(winks)
I'm Ricky. I'm in charge of the back
shop and this clown.

Ricky points to Chester, who nonverbally disagrees.

RICKY
And the costume is a part of my master
plan.

CHESTER
Ricky, thi-

RICKY (CONT'D)
(to Eleanor)
The plan, is an elegant one.
Basically, this new guy's starting
today, and when he comes in, I'm gonna
pretend that he's getting arrested.
Then, we're gonna take him to the
cemetery and act like we're gonna put
him in an open grave. And because he's
gonna be an idiot, he's gonna fall for
it. Pretty good right?

Eleanor is listening intently.

ELEANOR
(sarcastic)
Mm hm, that all makes sense. But one
question, why are you so sure that
this new hire's going to be an idiot?

RICKY
Oh, I mean, I hear the guy's decent at
golf, right? And he's, what, gonna be
working here? As pretty much a retail
worker? The only way that makes sense
is if he's an idiot. Hell, I'm
probably a better golfer than him too.

CHESTER
Alright Ricky, this is -

ELEANOR
You wanna find out?

RICKY
I will if this dumbass ever shows up.
He's gonna be late for his-

CHESTER

Oh my god! Ricky, this is Eleanor,
she's the new hire. This was painful
like five minutes ago.

Long silence. Awkward again. No one knows what to do.

RICKY

Wait, but you're - ok, but if...

While Ricky is failing to compute, Ronnie walks in holding a
package of clothing. He looks at Eleanor.

RONNIE

Hi! Who are you?

ELEANOR

(annoyed)

I'm Eleanor, the dumbass that's
starting here today.

RONNIE

Wait, you're the new hire? Oh boy...

Ronnie starts giggling and tries to stifle his laughter. He
holds out the clothes to her.

RONNIE

(holding back laughter)

Here's your girl's uniform. It's uh...
It's all we have.

He is cracking up as she takes it, while everyone else looks
ashamed to be in the same room together. Eleanor looks around
and sighs.

INT. THORNTON GOLF COURSE - BACKSHOP - AFTERNOON

Chester and Ronnie are cleaning clubs, while Ricky is sitting
on the counter. He's not looking happy.

RICKY

Alright, so we can all agree that this
is not where we saw our days going
right?

CHESTER

Ricky, I swear to god if you go into
another speech right now...

RICKY

(fully ignoring Chester)

I mean this is ridiculous. Ludicrous, even. Today had all the makings of another productive day, and now here we are, doing our jobs because Lady Hitler told us to. So now it begs the question-

Ricky is finding his stride with this speech, and Ronnie is in awe. Chester continues to clean.

RICKY

-what do we do make sure she likes us enough to let us continue to do what we want? I mean, we've been not working for time and no one's said anything. I can only assume it's because they know how awesome we are. We just need to make her see that side of us. We need a plan...

After a moment, Ronnie steps up bravely once again.

RONNIE

We prank her, Ricky.

RICKY

Ronnie, you're on one today. Get a bucket of water, dirt, and-

CHESTER

Guys, seriously? How could you possibly think that this is the play fo-

The conversation ends as Eleanor walks into the backshop. She walks up to the boys.

ELEANOR

GUYS! Are you serious? Ok, first of all, Ricky, was it? If you see me, Messy, or any member walk into the backshop, you stand up.

After a short yet heated staring contest, Ricky begrudgingly slips off of the counter. Eleanor shifts her attention to Chester and Ronnie.

ELEANOR

And second, you two. Why are you using

a rag? That doesn't even come close to cleaning the clubs.

CHESTER

Oh, well I-

She walks over and inspects the clubs that Chester is cleaning.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

You-

(she points to Ronnie)

-do these all again. And use the machine this time. Chester will give me a tour. When we're back, I'm gonna come by and check how clean they are, so don't put them away.

With that, Eleanor walks away. The boys all look at each other, Ricky looking the most pissed off among them.

RICKY

I'm telling you. Lady Hitler.

CHESTER

Why, because she's doing her job? How can you possibly be mad at her for caring?

ELEANOR (O.S)

Chester? The tour?

Ricky salutes, Nazi style, to which Chester purses his lips at, then leaves.

EXT. THORNVALE GOLF COURSE - 18TH HOLE - AFTERNOON

Chester and Eleanor pull up to the 18th green in a golf cart. There are a few groups on the course, and Chester and Eleanor look over them. Chester taps the wheel nervously.

CHESTER

And that brings us to eighteen, over there is the backshop, where the magic happens. If you consider getting yelled at by white people and vaping to be magic...

Eleanor is not listening to Chester.

ELEANOR

Look, I'm not here to just work a summer job, alright? I'm trying to make it as a pro, and get my life started. I'm going to make a difference here.

Chester is thrown by the sudden change in tone.

CHESTER

Yeah, you uh, you should do that. Totally.

Eleanor isn't listening.

ELEANOR

I actually want to do something, Chester. This... can't be it for me. In life, there are people who never do anything, and people who start. People who just wait until they die, and people who take their life and do something with it. Are you getting me?

A look of knowing grows on Chester's face. Finally, someone talking his language.

CHESTER

I'm going to do something with my life.

ELEANOR

Ok, good. Because as hard as this is to say, I can't do it alone.

CHESTER

Yeah... wait what?

ELEANOR

I'm going to need your help in having this place run better with me here, than it did without me.

Chester takes in the comment, confused by the direction the conversation has taken.

CHESTER

What do you mean, like be your number two?

ELEANOR

More than that. I need you to be the number one of the backshop.

Chester nods slowly.

ELEANOR

That means not joining or retaliating at the other guys dumb pranks.

CHESTER

Oh, no stress on that side at all. I've been avoiding their dumbass schemes all day. But-

ELEANOR

Glad to hear it. I honestly don't know how anyone puts up with people like that at all. Especially Ricky, he seems like just an idiot.

Chester hesitates on this one.

CHESTER

Yeah... well actually, Ricky's a really good guy. He gets weird around new people though.

ELEANOR

(unconvinced)

Yeah, I bet. I've seen a million Ricky's. They're all the same. If it were up to me, he'd have been fired the second I saw him in a cop costume. This goes for the smaller one too.

CHESTER

Yeah, well Ronnie is clinically dumb, I'll give you that.

ELEANOR

Good. Well since we're on the same page there, here are other things I'm going to need you to do.

Eleanor reaches into the back of the golf cart and pulls out a thick binder. Chester side eyes her judgmentally as she flips through it. She lands on her desired page.

ELEANOR

So as the backshop manager, no pay

raise by the way, you will need to lead by example. That means no shortcuts, showing up on time, and asserting yourself as th-

Chester's gaze wanders as this quickly becomes the most boring thing he has heard all day. His gaze stops at the backshop entrance, where he sees Ricky and Ronnie having a ball. They are putting a bunch of equipment; a helmet, golf clubs, golf balls, and beers in the back of a golf cart.

ELEANOR

Hey, are you listening? Is this making sense?

Chester looks back at Eleanor who is now holding a piece of paper with several graphs on it.

CHESTER

Yeah. Crystal.

EXT. THORNTON GOLF COURSE - DRIVING RANGE - AFTERNOON

Birds peacefully chirp as Chester stands, holding a driver in one hand, a beer in the other. He faces Ricky, who takes a swing and launches the ball.

RICKY

(at the ball)

You stupid bitch.

The boys are disappointed as the outcome they are wanting doesn't happen. Ricky steps off and grabs his beer off the ground. Chester sets up for his drive.

CHESTER

And then she's like 'you need to stop hanging out with the guys if you want to be my sidekick'. So then I was like 'uh, ok' and came straight here.

RICKY

Dude, what did I tell you? This woman is the worst, and needs to be inconvenienced.

Chester sets up and hits his drive. Chester watches this one intently while Ricky checks his phone. Chester "oohs", as once again they don't get the desired outcome. Ricky sips his beer.

RICKY
(without looking up)
Oh, that wasn't even close.

CHESTER
What do you mean? It had way more of a
chance than yours did!

*Chester steps off and Ricky lines up his drive. Ricky sighs,
genuinely distraught by a thought.*

RICKY
She's just like everyone else man.
Trying to get life started or
whatever. Who are you kidding, you
know? Your 20's are for drinking
beers, and rinsing chicks. Why is
everyone trying to speed that up?

*Ricky takes swings at the ball, but doesn't really pay
attention to the shot.*

RICKY
And you know, not a lot of people can
say they made the most of their 20's.
I mean, think about all those thirty
year old's, having kids, doing
insurance or whatever. They'd kill to
be drinking at work with their best
buddy. So, sorry, but I'm not gonna
stand for her selfish behavior in
trying to turn this into a
professional, functional work
environment.

*Chester is clearly moved by Ricky's words but tries to hide
it.*

CHESTER
Yeah man, I get it. You don't have to
convince me.

Chester walks up to his shot. He looks at Ricky.

CHESTER (CONT'D)
You got a little gay there with the
best buddy stuff.

RICKY
Yeah yeah, whatever. Hit your shot.

Chester lines up and smokes a drive. The boys are tracking it. We now see their target, Ronnie in a helmet and no other protective gear, right when he gets clunked in the head with Chester's drive. He falls like a plank backwards. Chester and Ricky go wild.

CHESTER

Dude I knew it! Aw, that felt so good off the face.

RICKY

Alright relax. I'm still up 47-39 on the season.

CHESTER

You do not have 47.

Messy pulls up in a golf cart, looking pissed.

MESSY

Hey! What the hell?

(he walks up)

Are you guys seriously playing Ronnie-Ball without me?

RICKY

We tried to find you. We couldn't wait.

Chester is looking out at Ronnie.

CHESTER

I wonder if he's ok. He's been down for a while.

They all look out to see Ronnie still on his back.

MESSY

Hey Ronnie!? You OK bud!?

DONNIE

(weakly)

I'm Donnie.

RICKY

Jesus. When did they swap out?

Messy shakes his head in a "I don't know and I don't care" kind of way.

MESSY

Alright well I got winner. Gimme that.

He takes the beer out of Chester's hand.

MESSY

Ugh, PBR?

(takes a swig)

DONNIE GET UP!

Chester and Ricky back up as Messy takes some practice swings. Chester takes in his environment: Donnie groggily getting back up, Messy continuing to yell as he sets up his drive, and his best buddy beside him.

RICKY

What's so funny?

CHESTER

Oh nothing... I was just thinking, after all that talk earlier, this is a pretty lame final prank you played on Eleanor.

RICKY

Oh, you think this is the prank?

Chester is about to follow up, but Messy hitting his drive interrupts the conversation. They all stare intently at its trajectory, and after a couple of seconds, we hear a clunk. The boys erupt in excitement.

INT. THORNTON GOLF COURSE BACKSHOP - AFTERNOON

Chester, Ricky, and Donnie walk down to the back shop. They're checking out Donnie's head.

DONNIE

I don't know guys, that last one really hurt.

RICKY

Dude, stop being such a vagina. You had a helmet.

Chester looks closer at his head.

CHESTER

Oh man, there are so many bumps. Figure it out man, you look- oh shit.

As they enter the backshop, they see Eleanor waiting for their return. She is not happy.

ELEANOR

Where the hell were you guys?

Donnie holds the other guys back, in a "I got this" manner.

DONNIE

It's ok. We were playing this game called Donnie ball, where these guys hit golf balls at me, and I st-

Chester slaps Donnie in the back of the head to get him to shut up. Eleanor tries to contain her rage, but fails to do so.

ELEANOR

Let's get one thing clear. I'm better than this, alright? I shouldn't be selling clothes, I shouldn't have to be fake smiling all the time, and I definitely should not have to be baby sitting three children in my day to day. You guys may be happy not caring about anything here, thinking this is the time to be fucking around, but that's not me. So long as I am working here, you guys are going to do what I say. Do not fuck this up for me.

Eleanor stares at the guys, none of them sure what to do. Finally, Ricky sighs.

RICKY

You're right...

Eleanor looks around. Still angry, but now confused as well.

ELEANOR

And, when I say... wait what?

Chester looks at Ricky, confused.

CHESTER

Yeah, what?

RICKY (CONT'D)

No man, she's right.

(looks at Eleanor)

Mo was just talking about your guys'

conversation. About stepping up, getting our lives started and whatever. And, I don't know, I think deep down, I know I'm getting tired of screwing around all the time. I know I'm capable of so much more. And I just... I guess I've never had someone like you to push me like this. So, it may take a while, but I- we, will all try. We'll be better workers, better employees, and hopefully, better people after all of this.

Eleanor is shocked and takes a second to respond. When she does, she can't hide her relief from what she's just heard. She seems almost like another person.

ELEANOR

Oh my god. Thank you so much, that's all I needed to hear.
(she looks at Chester and Donnie)
You guys feel the same way?

The boys agree inaudibly.

ELEANOR

Holy, that's so... Thank you. And sorry about... I just really want to do a good job here. And, you know, iron sharpens iron and all that.

RICKY

Don't I know it? I mean, sometimes it's harder to get people on the same page than it is to get some pepperoni.

Silence. Everyone stands staring at each other.

ELEANOR

What?

RICKY

I said pepperoni... Pepperoni-

Ricky looks at Donnie.

RICKY

Dude, you said if you picked the code word you wouldn't forget it.

DONNIE

Oh right.

Donnie walks over to a bucket of water by the club cleaners, and clumsily brings it over to them. He walks over to Eleanor and throws the water at her. She stands there, in shock, and then Donnie grabs a handful of dirt from his pocket and throws that at her as well. Ricky is dying laughing, and grabs Chester. Chester feigns excitement, but can't help but check to see how Eleanor is doing. As it turns out, she looks so angry that she might cry.

RICKY

Oh man, sorry! It's just this is how we roll down he-

Eleanor cuts Ricky off by turning and walking away, leaving a trail of water behind her.

RICKY

(dismissively)

Ah... she gets it.

(to Chester)

Man I can't believe she bought that grabage. 'I'm capable of so much more'. Are you kidding me?

CHESTER

(laying it on thick)

Yeah man, I mean who actually talks like that? What are we, in 'Glee'?

Ricky throws his hands up, in a "I surprise even myself" type manner.

RICKY

Hey man! It's like I said, things always figure themselves out around here. Now come on, I brought my air horn. Let's hide in the forest and scare some seniors.

Ricky slaps Chester on the shoulder, and the two leave Donnie, looking concussed and alone in the back shop.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. CHESTER'S HOUSE - FRONT HALL - EVENING

Chester opens the door and walks into his home. As he takes his shoes off, he hears chatter coming from inside the house.

CHESTER
(in Japanese)
Tadaima (I'm home).

MOM (O.S)
(in Japanese)
Okaeri (welcome back).

A de-shoed Chester puts down his backpack and moves into the house.

CHESTER
(in Japanese)
What's dinner?

DAD (O.S)
Your mom made croquettes. You're just
in time.

INT. CHESTER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chester walks into the dining room, where Stacy and his dad sit. His mom is going in and out of the kitchen with dinner. Chester joins the former at the table.

MOM
(in Japanese)
I didn't make them, they were frozen.
Did you wash your hands?

CHESTER
(in Japanese)
Not yet. I will.

Mom puts down the food and returns to the kitchen. Chester raises his hands expectantly, waiting for people to ask about his day.

CHESTER
So?

STACY
Yeah, I'm glad we went. I also forgot
to tell you that we met my roommate.
She was also doing the same
orientation.

CHESTER
Right. Where's she from?

STACY

She actually grew up in Mississauga,
which is cool. We know some of the
same people.

DAD

Yeah, she seemed nice. Even with the
tattoos.

Mom enters the room again.

MOM (O.S)

(in Japanese)

Just don't do drugs with her.

Stacy is clearly tired of her parents.

STACY

It was Henna. She's Indian.

Amidst this conversation, Chester is waiting for his turn to
talk.

CHESTER

Nice, cool that you met her. In other
news, I didn't quit today.

The family pauses, adjusting to the sudden change in
conversation. Mom leaves the dining room, which Chester
notices.

DAD

You were going to quit?

CHESTER

I was going to, but I've decided
against it. At least for a while.

Stacy gives a look of doubt which Chester immediately
addresses.

CHESTER

Shut up. I gave it a lot of thought
throughout the day, then I was like, I
don't want to be old-

He points to his dad, which his dad gets offended by.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

-and think about how much fun I could
have had. Your early 20's are for

drinking and ri- having a good time
with buddies.

Mom enters the dining room again, with more food.

MOM

(in Japanese)

Go wash your hands, the germs are
going to get everywhere.

CHESTER

(in Japanese)

Ok, I will.

STACY

Well, that's a very different take
from what you had this morning.

CHESTER

Yeah well, a lot happened between then
and now. I've decided, for now, I'm
just going to work this dead easy job,
and not worry about anything but
having fun.

Another pause.

CHESTER

And I don't even want to talk about
what this means for my music.

STACY

Why are you being so dramatic? Can't
you do all those things without making
a big deal out of it?

CHESTER

But it is a big deal. Did you not hear
what I said?

STACY

Oh, this is so Ricky talking right
now. You know he's a dumbass, right?

CHESTER

I've been friends with him forever, I
obviously know he's a dumbass, I jus-

DAD

You know what? Easy solution. Continue
to work at the golf course, have fun,

but don't do it because your worried
about what you'll be when your older.
How's that?

Dad meat claws some food in his mouth mid-sentence, muffling the end. Chester is not receptive to the life advice from his dad.

CHESTER
(kind of pouty)
Yeah, that's literally what I just
said I'm going to do...

DAD
Which reminds me, in my French class
last week, this dude named ~Tiger~

Mom walks in again, wiping her hands on her apron. She looks down at Chester with nothing short of contempt.

MOM
(in Japanese)
Go wash your hands! How many times are
you going to make me say it!

CHESTER
(in Japanese)
Ok ok...
(in English)
Jesus...

Chester walks out of the dining room into the kitchen.

MOM
(in Japanese)
What do you mean, Jesus?

INT. CHESTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Chester goes and starts washing his hands. We can hear his family continue talking in the dining room. Chester turns the tap off, dries his hands, and fills a bowl full of rice from the rice cooker. He walks back towards the dining room.

INT. CHESTER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DAD
...so he got deported until he could
prove he wasn't a Chinese spy.

STACY

You could have just said spy. Also,
how does that relate to what we were
talking about?

DAD

What do you mean?

STACY

You started that whole thing with "oh
that reminds me".

DAD

I don't know, that's just a thing
people say when they wanna talk about
their thing.

MOM

(in Japanese)

Mm, this needs salt...

STACY

(in Japanese)

No, it's good.

DAD

You always say this about your
cooking.

Mom glares at Dad.

MOM

(in heavily accented English)

I don't always say that.

This is the conversation Chester walks into. He takes his
seat, puts his rice down, and watches his family. He was
clearly not done with the conversation they were having
earlier. Without changing composure, he picks up his
chopsticks and reaches for dinner.

INT. CHESTER'S HOUSE - CHESTER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Chester enters his room and sighs. He seems tired. He plops
down on his bed and goes on his phone.

THE CACTUS (V.O)

They're right, you know? You're being
dramatic. You know this isn't you.
You're better than just 'having fun'.

Chester scrolls on his phone for a bit and puts his phone down. He glances over and stares at the music gear on his desk.

THE CACTUS (V.O)

Just sign up for it. Why don't you
sign up for it? You literally just
said you're better than this. Do you
even want to make music?

The Cactus persists in its insults. After a while, Chester grabs his weed pen from under his bed, and takes a drag from it. After a bit, the insults layer and blur until it becomes nonsensical noise. Not necessarily unpleasant, but incoherent. This sound builds and builds until-

INT. CHESTER'S HOUSE - CHESTER'S ROOM - DAWN

Samsung alarm. Chester snaps awake, having slept in the same position he was in when he laid down. He looks at his phone.

CHESTER

(groggily)

God damn it.

END OF PILOT