

JOBBER

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INT. SPORTS ARENA - NIGHT

Thousands of FANS are packed into a sports arena set up for a WRESTLING EVENT. There is a low buzz of crowd noise, as people wait for the next match to begin.

A lone figure, BILL BARNES, late 30s, stands in the corner of a darkened wrestling ring, waiting for his opponent, wearing standard issue wrestling tights and a plain-looking robe.

BILL BARNES (V.O.)
Back in ancient times, people would
come from miles around for a chance to
see the gladiators battle it out at
the coliseum.

Bill warms up his muscles, bounces around and stretches.

BILL BARNES (V.O.)
It was the hottest ticket in town, and
everyone who was anyone showed up to
see the spectacle - royal families...

An OBESE FAMILY on the front row wearing FACE PAINT and matching T-shirts with their favorite wrestler sit patiently for the next match to begin.

BILL BARNES (V.O.)
Foreign dignitaries...

A HISPANIC MAN holding a giant beer in one hand takes a bite of a hot dog with the other.

BILL BARNES (V.O.)
Popes...

A haggard-looking OLD MAN in a trucker hat takes a drag off his cigarette.

BILL BARNES (V.O.)
All came to witness these epic
battles.

Bill paces back and forth in the ring. He looks FOCUSED.

BILL BARNES (V.O.)
Today, they show up to see my ass.

An ANNOUNCER wearing a bad tuxedo steps into the ring with a microphone and reads from a card.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, our next bout is
one fall, thirty minute time limit.
Introducing first, from Knoxville,
Tennessee, weighing in at 230 pounds,
Bill Barnes.

Bill raises his hand with the announcement. The CROWD barely
acknowledges the introduction.

BILL BARNES (V.O.)

And just like in the olden days, its
all about giving them a good show.

MUSIC starts blaring from the sound system. The crowd ROARS.

A handsome, muscular MAN in a glittering robe emerges from a
smoke-filled tunnel.

ANNOUNCER

Entering the ring now from Dallas,
Texas!...weighing in at 237
pounds!...The Humaaaaaaan
Hurrrrrrrrrrrricane!

Fans line the entrance ramp, trying to slap fives with THE
HUMAN HURRICANE as he slowly makes his way to the ring.

Hurricane completes his entrance with a flip over the ropes
and into the ring, which elicits more cheers from the crowd.

Bill is unmoved by the hoopla, staring down his opponent.

BILL BARNES (V.O.)

Every so often, an unlikely hero rises
up and stuns the sporting world,
pulling off the unthinkable...

Bill takes off his robe to reveal a DOUGHY, PALE PHYSIQUE.

BILL BARNES (V.O.)

The Miracle on Ice, Buster Douglas
knocking out Tyson, that little dude
from Notre Dame sacking the
quarterback...

The bell rings. The two men circle each other and then
CLENCH in the middle of the ring.

BILL BARNES (V.O.)

...and when it happens, the world is
never the same.

The Human Hurricane suddenly PICKS BILL UP, lifts him over his head and SPINS him around.

BILL BARNES (V.O.)
This is not one of those times.

FREEZE FRAME ON Bill in mid-spin.

BILL BARNES (V.O.)
My name is Bill Barnes, and I'm a
Professional Wrestling Jobber.

UNFREEZE as the Human Hurricane SLAMS Bill down on to the mat, eliciting a ROAR from the crowd.

The Human Hurricane picks Bill up and throws him against the ropes. Bill rebounds off and catches a drop-kick in the face, sending him crashing to the canvas.

Bill gets up and punches Hurricane, who stands there unmoved by the blows. Bill punches him again. No reaction. Hurricane catches the third punch, crushes Bill's hand, and throws his own punch, which sends Bill flying out of the ring.

A SPECTATOR dumps beer on Bill's head as he regains his composure outside the ring.

Hurricane SUPLEXES Bill back into the ring, climbs to the top turnbuckle, and executes a perfect backflip, landing squarely onto Bill, who's lying motionless on the ground.

The referee pounds the mat three times and the match is over. The referee raises Hurricane's hand. The crowd goes WILD.

INT. ARENA BACKSTAGE - LATER

Bill and the Hurricane, AKA SHANE, enter the corridors of the arena beneath the stands. Production staff mill around the area, preparing for the next match. The crowd is still cheering. Shane is ELATED.

SHANE
Man, I haven't gotten a response like
that in years!

BILL BARNES
What'd I tell you? A little
preparation goes a long way.

Shane high fives Bill.

SHANE
I didn't come down too hard on you
with that flip, did I?

BILL BARNES
Naw, you stuck that landing like a
champ.

SHANE
Thanks buddy. Nobody sells an ass
whippin' as good as you.

They come to a locker room entrance. Shane pushes the door
open. Bill stops short. Shane turns back to him.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Come grab a beer with me.

BILL BARNES
You sure it's okay?

SHANE
Yes...no one cares.

INT. ARENA BACKSTAGE LOCKER ROOM - LATER

A DOZEN WRESTLERS are lounging around, getting massages,
playing cards. A buffet of food is spread out on a catering
table.

Bill darts his eyes around nervously as he and Shane make
their way over to the table and grab two beers from an ice
chest.

Moments later, an imposing older man in a suit, GORDON
STEELE, enters and makes his way through the locker room.

GORDON STEELE
Good crowd out there, people! You
lose weight Bam Bam? Love the new
outfit, Diablo...

He spots Shane and Bill at the buffet table.

GORDON STEELE (CONT'D)
Nice match Hurricane! I didn't know
you could still move like that.

SHANE
Thanks boss. I gotta give Bill most
of the credit for coming up with the
routine.

GORDON STEELE

Bill...

BILL BARNES

Barnes, sir, Bill Barnes.

GORDON STEELE

Right, right...you've been in the business for a while?

BILL BARNES

Uhh, yes sir. Going on seventeen years now.

GORDON STEELE

You a local guy?

BILL BARNES

No, sir, Knoxville. Made it here in just under four hours.

GORDON STEELE

That's a hell of a drive for a two minute match.

BILL BARNES

My rule is, if I can get there on a full tank of gas, I'm wrestling.

GORDON STEELE

I like your attitude, son. Say, we need someone to take a dive against the champ next week in Birmingham. Is that a tank of gas away?

BILL BARNES

Absolutely!

GORDON STEELE

The guy we had lined up for it just lost four fingers working on a deepwater rig.

Gordon raises a fist simulating a gnarled hand, then laughs.

GORDON STEELE (CONT'D)

Gotta have fingers to make in this business!

BILL BARNES

(Shows his fingers)

I got all ten of mine.

GORDON STEELE
Super, call my assistant and give her
your info.

Gordon hands Bill his CARD.

GORDON STEELE (CONT'D)
Have you met the champ before?

Bill shakes his head NO.

GORDON STEELE (CONT'D)
Hey Colt! Colt!

COLT WALKER, late 20s, is across the room wearing a full
length fur coat and shades, bobbing his head to the music on
his oversized headphones.

He finally sees Gordon waving at him. He lazily takes his
headphones off and walks over to Gordon, Shane and a clearly
STAR STRUCK Bill.

GORDON STEELE (CONT'D)
Colt, I want you to meet Bill Barnes.
He'll be your chump, er, opponent next
Wednesday.

BILL BARNES
It is an honor, Champ. I've seen all
your movies - Maximum Vengeance,
Extreme Punishment I and II...

Colt stares at Bill expressionless, then turns to Gordon.

COLT
He's a jobber?

GORDON STEELE
Well, yeah, but-

COLT
Then what the hell's he doing in
here!?

GORDON STEELE
Look champ, it's no big deal.

COLT
My ass it's no big deal! This is a
VIP lounge, not some chump hangout.

SHANE
Hey, take it easy, kid.

COLT
No, you take it easy old man! You
wanna go? I'll bring the pain right
here! Right now!

Shane and Colt go chest-to-chest.

BILL BARNES
Guys! Guys! Chill out. I was just
about to leave anyway.

Colt sneers at Shane and backs away.

BILL BARNES (CONT'D)
So, uh, Colt you wanna just touch base
later in the week about rehearsal?

Colt ignores him and walks over to the bathroom to take a
leak at one of the urinals. Bill follows.

BILL BARNES (CONT'D)
Just hit me on my pager when you want
to set it up - 865-WRESTLE...

Bill hands him a business card which reads: BILL BARNES
PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING PROFESSIONAL 865-WRESTLE.

BILL BARNES (CONT'D)
I'm pretty wide open next week...

Colt looks at the card for a beat, then tosses it in the
urinal and pisses on it.

BILL BARNES (CONT'D)
Yeah, you don't need that...it's easy
enough number to remember.

Bill awkwardly backs out of the bathroom as Colt continues to
piss on the card.

BILL BARNES (CONT'D)
All right, I will just wait to hear
from you, champ.

INT. ARENA CORRIDOR

Bill exits the locker room and continues down the hall. He
comes to another door with a sign - JOBBERS - taped to the
front.

INT. JOBBERS LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bill enters the poorly lit, dank room. Two other Jobbers, JAKE and TRAVIS, change out of street clothes and into standard issue wrestling tights.

BILL BARNES
Evening fellas.

Travis notices the beer in Bill's hand.

TRAVIS
Where'd you get the beer?

BILL BARNES
I stopped in the main locker room to chat with the other guys.

TRAVIS
You're so full of shit.

BILL BARNES
Actually, Travis, I'm full of imported beer and shrimp cocktail. They got a hell of a spread in there.

JAKE
You mean we can go in there?

BILL BARNES
I wouldn't recommend it...it's mostly for superstars and veterans of the sport such as myself.

TRAVIS
Don't listen to this joker. They wouldn't so much as let him clean the commodes in that locker room, let alone hang out and shoot the shit.

BILL BARNES
Really? Then where do you suppose I got this?

Bill shows them the card Gordon gave him. Travis reaches for it, and Bill immediately slaps his hand away.

BILL BARNES (CONT'D)
This was personally given to me by the president of this company! You think I want your greasy paws all over it!?

The two jobbers admire the card for a beat, until Bill puts it away.

JAKE
So why'd you leave?

BILL BARNES
Because, the uh...

Bill scans the room looking for an excuse.

BILL BARNES (CONT'D)
Water pressure is much better in this
locker room.

Bill walks over to the shower area which consists of multiple shower heads on three posts in the middle of a grimy tile floor. He turns one of them on and is immediately sprayed with FREEZING cold water.

BILL BARNES (CONT'D)
(Shivering)
OOOHHH YEEEEAH! That's the stuff!

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Free weights and outdated Nautilus equipment litter the interior of what looks like a converted industrial warehouse. A handful of PEOPLE mill around a wrestling ring located in the back corner.

Bill stands behind the front counter, along with RANDY PUDWILL, 30's, reading a wrestling magazine. Randy has the shifty look of a guy who's one bad decision away from getting busted in one of those pedophile sting operation set up by DATELINE NBC.

On the cover of the magazine is a picture of Colt dressed as Rambo. The caption reads - Colt Walker, Hollywood's Next Big Action Star?

RANDY
How do they want it to go down?

BILL BARNES
I don't know. The show's two days
away and we haven't even rehearsed.

RANDY
How much are they paying you?

BILL BARNES
None of your damn business, since you
won't be getting a cut of it.

RANDY
What!?

BILL BARNES
I booked this gig myself.

RANDY
At a show that *I* got you involved in.

BILL BARNES
That *Shane* got me involved in. You
just happened to pick up the phone
when he called.

RANDY
Hey, there's a lot more that goes into
being a manager than just booking
gigs.

BILL BARNES
Such as?

RANDY
Confirming match times, printing out
directions to the shows, securing
endorsement deals...

BILL BARNES
Who the hell is going to endorse me?

RANDY
Someone just offered me \$50 bucks to
put the name of their business on the
seat of your tights.

BILL BARNES
Who?

RANDY
The Backdoor.

BILL BARNES
That gay bar over on Henderson!?

A YOUNG MAN enters and approaches the counter.

YOUNG MAN
Excuse me, I'm here for the wrestling
academy?

RANDY
Fill out this release and head on back
to the ring.

Randy hands the man a clipboard and a pen.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Don't worry, I told them anything less
than \$100 was a flat out insult.

BILL BARNES
I'm not stitching the name of a gay
bar into the ass of my tights.

RANDY
Well, we could use the money. This
place is falling apart.

BILL BARNES
This place is fine. It's got
character, that's all.
(To the young man)
You wearing a jock?

YOUNG MAN
No sir.

BILL BARNES
Go get one out of the bin.

Bill points to an awful-looking bin of WORN OUT, DIRTY JOCK
STRAPS.

INT. GYMNASIUM RING - LATER

A handful of young men of all shapes and sizes stand around
the ring. Bill steps up on the ring apron, walks along the
edge a few paces, then turns and faces the men, like a drill
sergeant inspecting the troops.

He then puts both hands on the top rope and FLIPS over into
the ring, but instead of landing on his feet, he lands on his
BACK, with a resounding THUD. He lays there for a beat, then
gets up and addresses the group.

BILL BARNES
That, is what pro wrestling is all
about. You can have all the muscles
and athletic ability in the world, but
if you don't know how to take a fall,
you won't last a day in this business.

Bill falls backwards again and stays on the ground.

BILL BARNES (CONT'D)
Head, neck, shoulders, back all hit
the mat at once, arms by your side,
palms down.

Bill gets up.

BILL BARNES (CONT'D)
Now spread out and practice that fall.

All of the students begin to spread out, except for one.

STUDENT
Hey man, I didn't pay \$75 dollars to
flop on a mat.

BILL BARNES
Excuse me?

STUDENT
I said, I didn't pay \$75 dollars to
learn how to fall on my ass.

BILL BARNES
I suppose you wanna jump off the
turnbuckle, do dropkicks, suplexes and
cool shit like that.

STUDENT
Yeah, exactly.

BILL BARNES
Sorry buddy, that's not the way the
game works. You got to learn the
fundamentals before you start flying
around the ring.

STUDENT
Says who?

BILL BARNES
Says a seventeen year veteran of the
world of sports entertainment, that's
who.

STUDENT
Bullshit. I ain't never seen you on
TV.

BILL BARNES

That's because you're not watching
close enough. I've been in the ring
with all the greats.

Bill walks over to a wall next to the ring and points to a
series of framed autographed action photos.

BILL BARNES (CONT'D)

Here's me going against Macho Man
Randy Savage...

Bill points to a picture of Macho Man flying off the
turnbuckle with his elbow out-stretched, ready to land on a
lifeless Bill in the middle of the ring.

BILL BARNES (CONT'D)

Here I am going toe to toe with The
Rock.

The Rock holds Bill overhead, ready to slam him down in the
middle of the ring.

BILL BARNES (CONT'D)

And this is me versus Stone Cold.

The photo shows STONE COLD STEVE AUSTIN ready to perform a
Pile Driver on someone. There's no way to tell that its
actually Bill in the picture.

BILL BARNES (CONT'D)

And the list goes on and on...

STUDENT

Looks to me like you're getting your
ass kicked in every one of them.

A few of the other students snicker.

BILL BARNES

To the untrained eye I can see how it
could look that way, but I can assure
you that's not the case.

Bill circles the ring, eyeing the student.

BILL BARNES (CONT'D)

You see, pro wrestling is an art form.
There are no winners or losers, you
either put on a good show or you
don't. And if you don't put in the
time to train and learn the techniques-

Bill FLIPS and lands on his back again.

BILL BARNES (CONT'D)
...then the art is lost.

The student shakes his head, still not convinced. Bill picks himself back up again.

BILL BARNES (CONT'D)
I've put in my time, which is why I've
been hand picked to wrestle The
Heavyweight Champ this week.

The students suddenly perk up.

STUDENT #2
You're wrestling Colt Walker?

BILL BARNES
Yep, Wednesday night in Birmingham.
One fall, winner take all.

Student 1 leans over to Student 2.

STUDENT
More like one fall, chump takes a
dive.

Bill suddenly hooks his arm under the student #1's arm and
TOSSES him over his hip, causing him to land flat on his
back.

BILL BARNES
Not bad! Now get up and do it again,
chump...

The stunned student climbs to his feet and gets in line.

INT. BIRMINGHAM ARENA BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Bill paces back and forth nervously as Randy stands nearby.
The muffled sounds of CROWD NOISE emanate from the entrance
to the arena.

BILL BARNES
Where the hell is he? We've been here
four hours.

RANDY
Maybe he forgot your number.

BILL BARNES
How do you forget 865-WRESTLE?

RANDY
Maybe he thought you said RASSLE.
Sometimes it sounds like you're saying
RASSLE.

BILL BARNES
I've never once in my life said
RASSLE, you nitwit.

RANDY
Maybe you got bumped.

Bill looks at Randy for a beat, then walks over to a PA
standing nearby.

BILL BARNES
Excuse me, do you have tonight's line
up?

The PA looks at his clipboard.

PA
We've got...Conrad the Barbarian vs.
Hot Rod, Viper vs. T-Bone, Bam Bam vs.
Diablo, Colt vs. some Jobber...

BILL BARNES
Hold on, hold on...who's the Jobber?

PA
I dunno...does it matter?

BILL BARNES
Hell yes it matters!

The PA scans a few pages for the information.

PA
Bill...Bates?

BILL BARNES
Barnes, Bill Barnes.

PA
Says here Bates.

BILL BARNES
It's Barnes alright? I'm a seventeen
year veteran of the sports
entertainment industry!

PA
(Sarcastic)
Right, got it. I'll make sure the
ring announcer mentions that.

BILL BARNES
Any idea where Colt is?

PA
He usually shows up about ten minutes
before his match.

BILL BARNES
Ten minutes!? How are we supposed to
rehearse a match worthy of a title
defense in ten minutes?

PA
Dude, says here the match is scheduled
to last ninety seconds, and then he
takes you out with a Six Shooter.

BILL BARNES
The Six Shooter!?! That's a very high
risk maneuver that requires hours, if
not days, of preparation!

PA
Look, I'm sure there's a dozen shmoes
we can call to get pummeled by the
champ for two hundred dollars, so do
you want the gig or not?

Bill looks at the PA sternly for a beat, then NODS his head.

PA (CONT'D)
Great - scheduled match time is 8:05.

The PA exits. Randy approaches Bill who's clearly AGITATED.

RANDY
Hey, don't let that guy get to you.

BILL BARNES
*A dozen schmoes...*there isn't a
wrestler in all of Birmingham that can
put a guy over the way I can!

RANDY
Damn right! No one sells an ass
whipping like you, BB.

Randy starts to rub Bill's shoulders to calm him down.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Hey, uh, you think I could get an
advance on tonight's managerial fee?

BILL BARNES
(Pulls away from the
massage)
Absolutely not.

RANDY
C'mon, man. Nachos are like, \$7.50
here.

Bill storms off down the hallway.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

Bill turns around and pauses for effect.

BILL BARNES
I've got a title match to get ready
for.

Cue the first few bars of EYE OF THE TIGER.

DUNT! DUNT DUNT DUNT!

EXT. LOCKERROOM

Bill unzips a gym bag and takes out his standard issue black
wrestling tights and boots.

DUNT DUNT DUNT!

Puts on the wrestling tights.

DUNT DUNT DUUUUUUUUUHHHHH!

Pulls the laces tight on his boots.

The montage and music end abruptly as Bill walks back out of
the locker room, now wearing the tights and boots.

INT. ARENA BACKSTAGE - LATER

Bill watches a match from behind the curtain near the
wrestlers' entrance. He hears some commotion and turns
around - Colt and his entourage have finally arrived.

Colt's is flanked by his agent, ALAN LIEBERMAN, who's in the middle of a phone call.

ALAN

...yeah we're interested, what award would he present?...Favorite TV Sidekick? No way - it's gotta be a category people give a shit about. What else?

(To Colt)

Are you willing to get slimed?

COLT

Did The Rock get slimed last year?

Alan nods. Colt nods his consent.

ALAN

Yeah, we'll let you dump green shit on him - so long as it's classy...All right, we'll be there.

Alan hangs up.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You're confirmed for the Kid's Choice Awards, presenting with some underage pop star so watch yourself.

Bill sees an opening to approach Colt.

BILL BARNES

Champ! How's it going, bud-

ALAN

Whoa! Whoa! Who are you!? Who said you could make eye contact with the champ?

BILL BARNES

I'm Colt's opponent tonight.

ALAN

(Chuckles)

"Opponent" is a little bit of a stretch, don't you think, pal?

BILL BARNES

Listen champ, I know our lines got crossed somehow and we weren't able to rehearse, but I've got a few cues I'd love to go over with you.

PA
Five minutes, Mr. Walker!

Colt nods and starts to make his way over to the entrance. Undeterred, Bill follows Colt and continues.

BILL BARNES
If I tap my right knee, that means I'm going to throw a right cross so you can catch the punch in mid air. If I come off the ropes with my left hand up, that means I'm looking for you to clothesline me. Now, when I-

COLT
How about this...

Colt takes off his shades and looks down at Bill.

COLT (CONT'D)
Go out there, get introduced like the chump everyone knows you are, and just be thankful that you got to be in the same ring with the greatest heavyweight champion this organization has ever seen. Leave the entertainment portion to me.

BILL BARNES
You got it, champ. Just wanted to make sure-

COLT
Would someone get this jobber out of here!

Three burly members of Colt's entourage pick Bill up and toss him out the wrestler's entrance into the arena.

INT. ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Bill tumbles down the entrance ramp a few feet, does a barrel roll and pops up to his feet, in a poor attempt to look like this entrance was planned.

Fans watch with indifference as Bill makes his way to the ring.

Randy, in a section near the end of ramp, waves Bill over.

RANDY
You can do it, buddy.

He slaps Bill on the butt.

Bill nods in appreciation and continues toward the ring.

Reveal - Randy slapped a barely visible sticker that reads THE BACKDOOR - KNOXVILLE'S #1 ALTERNATIVE NIGHTCLUB on his tights.

INT. RINGSIDE - LATER

Two television announcers, TEDDY P. and GENERAL LEE, come back from a commercial break.

TEDDY P.
Welcome back fans! Teddy P. ringside
along with my partner, former
wrestling great General Lee.

GENERAL LEE
Hoo boy, we got a great one coming up
next!

TEDDY P.
You're absolutely right, General.
Colt Walker, the heavyweight champion
of the world, will put his title on
the line. What are your thoughts on
Colt's career so far?

GENERAL LEE
Ted, he's got everything you could ask
for in a champion - strong, athletic,
charismatic, Caucasian...

TEDDY P.
(Uncomfortable)
...yes! Colt is quite a specimen. So
what can we expect to see in this
match against veteran...
(Looks at his notes)
Bill Bates?

GENERAL LEE
Well, Bates has got his work cut out
for him. He's going to need to use
all the experience and cunning he's
learned through the years to stand in
there with the champ. Even then, he's
probably going to look like a Mexican
running from the INS when that bell ri-

TEDDY P.
Okay! Let's go to the ring announcer
for the start of this match!

INT. - WRESTLING RING

The RING ANNOUNCER addresses the crowd as Bill stands in the corner nearby.

ANNOUNCER
Our next match is for the Heavyweight
Championship of the Woooooorrrld!

The crowd CHEERS.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
First, weighing in at 230 pounds, from
Knoxville, Tennessee, Bill Bates!

Bill cringes when he hears "Bates", but raises his hand in acknowledgement anyway.

The house lights dim. Bad RAP ROCK music starts blaring from the speakers. The crowd goes CRAZY.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
And now! Entering the ring from
Tallahassee, Florida. Weighing in a
245 pounds. The heavyweight champion
of the world - COOOOOLT
WAAAAAAAAALKERRRRRR!

Colt emerges from the entrance wearing the championship belt to fireworks and confetti blasts.

TEDDY P. (O.C.)
He here he comes! Wrestling superstar
and Hollywood leading man Colt Walker!

Bill looks up at the jumbotron, which cuts to various shots of crowd members holding up homemade Colt Walker signs. The shot lingers on one particularly enthusiastic fan - RANDY.

Colt enters the ring, climbs to the top of a turnbuckle and shows off the belt. The crowd eats it up.

Finally the hoopla dies down. Bill comes out to the middle of the ring to shake hands.

The bell rings and Colt immediately runs out and TACKLES Bill. The crowd goes nuts.

BILL BARNES

Hey, man!

TEDDY P. (O.C.)

And Colt is on him early! The Champ looks like he's in peak physical condition tonight.

GENERAL LEE (O.C.)

I would not want to be Bill Bates right now.

Colt stands over Bill and gives him a few fake punches to the head. Some of the punches CONNECT.

BILL BARNES

Watch the punches, brother!

Colt ignores him, picks him up and tosses him across the ring, causing Bill to land awkwardly.

Bill starts to get up, but instead catches a clumsy elbow to the head from Colt, sending him back down to the canvas.

Colt then follows it up with a lazy leg drop across Bill's chest, knocking the wind out of him.

Colt picks an AGITATED Bill up off the matt.

BILL BARNES (CONT'D)

Let's get on the same page here, man. Throw me against the ropes.

Colt slings Bill across the ring. Bill springs off the ropes back towards Colt and raises his left hand, signaling for Colt to clothesline him.

Colt instead DROP KICKS Bill in the head, sending him out of the ring.

Bill lands on the arena floor HARD.

GENERAL LEE (O.C.)

Hoo boy! Bates looks like he got hit by a Mack Truck!

TEDDY P. (O.C.)

You're absolutely right, General, this is total domination right now.

Bill sits up outside of the ring, looking DAZED. We see Colt PREENING to the audience in SLOW MOTION from Bill's hazy POV.

BILL BARNES (V.O.)
The ancient Aztecs used to believe
that every time you did battle with a
great warrior, you would take a piece
of his greatness into future battles.

Bill slowly picks himself up.

GENERAL LEE (O.C.)
I think Bates is seeing double right
now!

BILL BARNES (V.O.)
For seventeen years I've wrestled the
best in the business...

He climbs back up on to the ring apron.

BILL BARNES (V.O.)
Studied their techniques, learned
their moves...

TEDDY P. (O.C.)
It could be all over! Colt's setting
him up for his signature Six Shooter!

Colt crouches down into a three point stance.

BILL BARNES (V.O.)
And sometimes, in the heat of battle,
the mind shuts off and the instincts
take over...

GENERAL LEE (O.C.)
Good night, Bill Bates! Sweet Dreams!

Colt runs at Bill and leaps headfirst into the air, arms
outstretched, pointing finger pistols.

BILL BARNES (V.O.)
...and the force of a thousand
warriors is unleashed.

Bill KNEES Colt in the gut, sending him crashing to the mat,
doubled over, gasping for air.

Bill proceeds to perform a series of old school wrestling
moves on a stunned Colt in a rapid-fire succession,
culminating with an extremely ACROBATIC MOVE that sends Colt
flying on to the canvas.

Bill falls on a him for the pin.

Knowing the match isn't supposed to go down this way, the REFEREE reluctantly slaps the mat once, twice, then hesitates.

REFEREE
(Whispers)
Colt! Colt, get up!

No response. Finally, the referee slaps the mat a THIRD TIME. The bell rings signalling the end to the match.

Bill jumps up triumphantly as the crowd sits there in STUNNED SILENCE.

TEDDY P.
Uhhh, General...?

GENERAL LEE
Folks I'm not sure what just, uhhh...

The referee raises Bill's hand in victory.

TEDDY P.
I guess we've...got a new champ?

Slowly, the realization of what he's just done creeps over Bill's face.

INT. ARENA BACKSTAGE - LATER

Bill and Randy sit on chairs in a hallway outside a conference room. Randy has a BRIEFCASE by his side. Periodic SHOUTS emanate from inside the room.

BILL BARNES
I am so screwed...

RANDY
Are you kidding me? You're the heavyweight champion of the world! Do you have any idea what kind of payday you're in for?

BILL BARNES
Randy, I broke the golden rule of pro wrestling. Never change the outcome of a match - ever.

RANDY
Just let me do the talking when we get in there.

BILL BARNES

We?

The door opens and Gordon walks out. Randy hops up and gives Gordon a hearty handshake.

RANDY

Randy Pudwill, Bill Barnes' manager.

GORDON STEELE

(To Bill)

You have a manager?

BILL BARNES

(Sighs)

I suppose so.

GORDON STEELE

All right, come on in gentlemen.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bill, Randy and Gordon enter the room and sit down. Colt, wearing a NECK BRACE, and his agent, Alan, sit across the table.

ALAN

You're in big trouble, mister! If this keeps him out of next season's Dancing With the Stars, I'm going to sue your ass and everyone associated with you!

RANDY

I'm just here for moral support...

GORDON STEELE

Easy, Alan. Bill, what happened out there tonight?

BILL BARNES

Honestly, sir, I don't really remember. One minute, I'm outside the ring in a daze, the next, the ref is raising my hand in victory.

COLT

I'll tell you what happened! This chump went off script and hit me with cheap shot after cheap shot.

BILL BARNES

What script? I tried to get a plan in place, but you wouldn't listen.

ALAN

The plan was for you to take a dive, you moron! That's how it works in professional wrestling.

BILL BARNES

With all due respect, but I don't think what Colt does would be considered wrestling.

COLT

Excuse me?

BILL BARNES

You may have the looks and charisma, but you ain't no wrestler.

Colt scoffs at this assertion.

GORDON STEELE

He's right, Colt.

Everyone looks at Gordon, surprised that he agrees with Bill.

GORDON STEELE (CONT'D)

Bill, that was some of the best technical wrestling I've seen in quite a while. What was that finishing move you did at the end there?

BILL BARNES

A little maneuver I picked up during my days on the Mexican circuit. It's called the Pollo Loco.

GORDON STEELE

El Pollo Loco! Now THAT'S the kind of stuff we need to be doing in the ring.

ALAN

What we need to do is arrest this thug for assault!

GORDON STEELE

We'll build a story arc around Bill, then, when Colt has been cleared by the doctors, we'll set up a rematch.

(To Bill)

I want you to work with Colt. Teach him the art of pro wrestling.

COLT
Are you shitting me!?

GORDON STEELE
Report to company headquarters bright
and early Monday morning. We've got a
lot of work to do.

Gordon reaches into a gym bag, pulls out the CHAMPIONSHIP
BELT and tosses it to Bill.

GORDON STEELE (CONT'D)
(Smiles)
Congratulations, champ. But if you
ever change the outcome of one of my
matches again, I'll cut your cojones
off, understand?

Bill nods earnestly. A LAWYER puts a stack of paperwork in
front of him.

LAWYER
Please sign on all the highlighted
lines and initial by the Xs.

Randy stands over Bill as if inspecting the documents and
nods approvingly. He then opens his briefcase, pulls out a
piece of paper and slides it over to Colt.

RANDY
If you could just sign here, please.

ALAN
What the hell is this?

RANDY
(Smiling weakly)
It's for my autograph collection.

Colt crumples up the paper and throws it in Randy's face.

INT. BILL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bill takes clothes out of a chest of drawers and places them
in a dufflebag. Randy sits on the seat of a BOW FLEX
exercise machine, reading Bill's itinerary.

RANDY
This looks pretty intense.

BILL BARNES

I know. Pre-dawn aerobic work outs,
core strengthening, whatever the hell
that is, and then I gotta train with
Colt.

RANDY

What is "character development"?

BILL BARNES

I think that's where they coach me on
my wrestling persona and performing in
front of the camera.

RANDY

That's never really been your strong
suit.

BILL BARNES

I'm aware of that...

RANDY

Remember Wrestlefest '95? You
practically went catatonic-

BILL BARNES

Randy, I know exactly what happened at
Wrestlefest '95!

RANDY

Well, don't worry. I've come up with
some ideas for you.

Randy reaches into his brief case and pulls out a series of
hand drawn pictures of Bill as various wrestling personas.

RANDY (CONT'D)

For example...Buck Wild.

Randy proudly displays the first one - a drawing of Bill as a
deranged lunatic in a straight jacket.

BILL BARNES

Sure, 'cause people love to root for
the deranged lunatic.

Randy flips to the next one - a drawing of Bill in tight
fitting military gear.

RANDY

Tank Hustle?

BILL BARNES
Leader of the gay militia? No thanks.

He flips to the next one - a drawing of Bill looking like a PORN STAR.

RANDY
Bo Flex?

BILL BARNES
Jesus, I'm wrestling not making a porno.

RANDY
Well you need *something*.

BILL BARNES
No, man, no gimmicks. I'm just going to be me, alright?

Bill zips up his dufflebag and heads for the door.

RANDY
How long are you going to be gone?

BILL BARNES
At least two weeks.

RANDY
Man, it's finally happening...

BILL BARNES
I know, crazy isn't it? Look after my fish while I'm gone?

RANDY
You got it. You have a spare key?

BILL BARNES
In that drawer by the door.

RANDY
Fish food?

BILL BARNES
In the cabinet underneath the tank.

RANDY
Lotion?

BILL BARNES
Lotion? What do you need lotion for?