

The Wrestler

by  
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FADE IN:

Over OPENING CREDITS, a montage of WRESTLING-MAGAZINE PHOTOS. Action shots of RANDY "THE RAM" ROBINSON from his '80s WWF heyday. Bodyslamming opponents. Taking a boot to the face. Headbutting a folding chair held by a fan in the front row. Raising his arms in glorious, exhausted triumph.

The sounds of a SCREAMING, CHEERING CROWD overwhelm us. Over the images, we hear RINGSIDE ANNOUNCERS booming commentary:

—"Oh, my! A devastating piledriver from the Ram!"

—"I've never seen a guy get fired into a buckle that hard!"

—"Ram taking it to Mr. Magnificent outside the ring!"

—"He's getting up! I don't know how he can keep going!"

The last five or six photos in the montage are from a match against a keffiyeh-wearing heel named THE AYATOLLAH before 70,000 screaming fans in the Hoosier Dome...

—"Ohh!! Powerbomb!"

—"Ram absorbing tremendous punishment from The Ayatollah!"

—"Randy 'The Ram' Robinson is giving absolutely everything he's got... This is the very definition of heart!"

—"Just listen to this crowd! The entire Hoosier Dome, 70,000 people, are on their feet!"

—"Ram climbing to the top rope... The crowd going absolutely wild... They know what's coming..."

A PHOTO of Randy standing on the top rope, his bent arms pressed against the sides of his head like RAM'S HORNS.

—"Uh-oh... The horns are out... Here it comes..."

We FREEZE on a final image of Randy FLYING HIGH ABOVE THE CANVAS, horns out, poised to crash down on The Ayatollah.

—"Ram Jam!! Lights out!"

Over this, the sound of the crowd GOING CRAZY.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EAST WILMINGTON HIGH SCHOOL - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Present day. Post-match. Randy, pushing 50 but still sporting the same long dyed-blond mane, sits on a bench in the boys locker room of a high school in Wilmington, Delaware.

He pulls off his purple spandex wrestling tights. Lime-green ram's horns run up the sides. They're the same kind of tights as in the '80s pics—and may well be the actual same pair.

Naked except for a jockstrap, Randy takes a breath. Achy, sweaty, saggy, exhausted. A battered warrior. Scars all over his body. Despite the rough shape he's in, it's clear he's just given it his all in the ring. He swigs down a few Vicodins with a beer.

SCOTT BRUMBERG, the event's promoter, a heavyset, goateed man in a Mets jersey with *BRUMBERG - 44* on the back, approaches.

BRUMBERG  
Great show, Ram. You turned it out.  
(a little sad)  
As always.

He hands Randy a modest wad of cash. Randy looks at it.

BRUMBERG (CONT'D)  
Sorry about that, man... I was sure  
the gate would be bigger.

Randy shrugs with a resigned grunt.

EXT. EAST WILMINGTON HIGH SCHOOL - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy, changed into his street clothes, limps out of the school, each step labored and painful. Waiting near the entrance are TWO FANS—both men in their 30s.

FAN #1  
Hey, Ram. Think you could...?

Fan #1 holds out a SHARPIE and an old WRESTLING PROGRAM from the '80s. On the cover is a shot of Randy wrestling CORPORAL PUNISHMENT, a heel in a drill instructor get-up.

Randy takes the program, happy to oblige. The fan looks at him admiringly as he signs.

FAN #1 (CONT'D)  
I was there.

Randy smiles. He hands back the program. FAN #2 hands him a MINI-POSTER. The faded, mid-'80s poster features Randy, biceps bulging, crushing a head of broccoli between his fists. Across the top, it says "EAT YOUR VEGETABLES, PUNK!"

FAN #2  
(as Randy signs)  
My first match ever was you versus  
Davey Diamond at the Spectrum.  
(MORE)

FAN #2 (CONT'D)

(beat)

My dad took me... I was eight.

The fan gets a little emotional at the memory. Randy hands back the poster. He looks at Randy, a part of his boyhood.

FAN #2 (CONT'D)

(nostalgic, vaguely sad)

You were awesome.

A melancholy fills the air. The two fans, muttering thanks, drift off into the Delaware night.

Randy is left standing alone, still holding Fan #1's pen.

EXT. EAST WILMINGTON H.S. - PARKING LOT - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy limps through the parking lot. He comes to a beat-up old CONVERSION VAN.

INT. VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy is driving. On the van's dashboard is an old ACTION FIGURE OF HIMSELF from his WWF days. Same purple tights.

Randy pulls into the PARKING LOT of a DAYS INN. He parks.

EXT. DAYS INN - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Randy gets out of the van. He goes around to the back and climbs in, shutting the doors behind him.

INT. BACK OF VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy painfully, laboriously eases himself down onto a scrunched-up mattress on the floor. He lets out an exhausted breath. This is where Randy sleeps.

The wall is decorated with a MINI-SHRINE Randy has built to himself. Old magazine and newspaper clippings, mini-posters, etc. A few changes of clothes lie in a heap in the corner.

INT. BACK OF VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy, lying on the mattress in his underwear, can't fall asleep. He hurts too much. He grabs a bottle of Vicodin and pops a few, washing them down with a beer.

INT. BACK OF VAN - LATER

Randy is finally asleep.

INT. VAN - NEXT MORNING

Randy is peering out the window of the van.

RANDY'S POV: A HOUSEKEEPER walks out of a room. She leaves the door open.

EXT. DAY'S INN - MOMENTS LATER

Randy slips into the room. He heads for the BATHROOM, where he turns on the shower.

INT. DAY'S INN - BREAKFAST AREA - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy, nice and clean, is helping himself to the motel's complimentary CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST. He loads up a plate with mini-cereal boxes, stale danishes, coffee, etc.

INT. VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy is driving north on I-95. Off in the distance to the side, the Philadelphia skyline is visible. GUNS 'N' ROSES' "ROCKET QUEEN" blasts on the van's stereo.

The song fades out. He pops "Appetite For Destruction" out of the tape deck and tosses it on the passenger seat. On it is a messy pile of cassettes. Skid Row. Mötley Crüe. AC/DC, Ozzy. He grabs a Cinderella tape and pops it in.

EXT. PASSAIC VFW HALL - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy, driving along Route 21, pulls the van into the parking lot of a VFW hall. He parks. In front is an EVENTS BOARD:

3/12 - PANCAKE FUNDRAISER BRKFST - NOON

3/12 - BINGO - 8 PM

3/13 - NJWF WRESTLING - 3 PM

Randy checks his watch. It's just past 1 PM. His eye drifts to something across the street...

CHEETAH'S, a strip club. A sign in front touts the club's FREE LUNCH BUFFET 11-4.

INT. CHEETAH'S - SHORT TIME LATER

MUSIC: BIRDMAN & LIL WAYNE - "STUNTNIN' LIKE MY DADDY"

A half-full, not very glamorous strip club. Over at the buffet, Randy grabs a plate and some silverware. He loads up on low-grade buffalo wings, egg rolls, mac-and-cheese, etc.

He takes a seat at a table facing the stage. Onstage, a STRIPPER of no more than 22 works the pole, grinding lewdly to "Stuntin'", a Dirty South/crunk hip-hop song. Randy has a bored, faraway look on his face. He finds the stripper, like the song, crude and soulless.

The song ends. The girl slips back on her dress and exits.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Give it up, people, for Tangelique!

Randy looks up at the plexiglass-enclosed D.J. BOOTH overlooking the stage. In it sits D.J. FREDDIE TEE, a black guy in a tight, ribbed T-shirt and mirrored shades.

D.J. FREDDIE TEE  
And now, for your viewing  
pleasure...

A new song comes on: MOTLEY CRUE - "GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS"

D.J. FREDDIE TEE (CONT'D)  
...please welcome to the Cheetah's  
stage...

Randy perks up at the song. This is more his speed.

D.J. FREDDIE TEE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
...the lovely Cassidy!

CASSIDY (38), a sexy, aging rocker chick with TATTOOS (skulls, Chinese symbols, barbed-wire roses), emerges through a CURTAINED DOORWAY and heads toward the stage.

Randy immediately takes notice. She's right up his alley.

A MAN nearby heads to the buffet for seconds.

Randy's eyes are glued to Cassidy as she works the pole. Her moves are mechanical and perfunctory, but Randy doesn't seem to notice. *This is a real woman.*

As Cassidy dances, she makes brief eye contact with Randy. She gives him a strip-club-meaningless smile. He smiles back.

Randy reaches into his pocket and pulls out a few crumpled bills. A five and two ones. He stares at the money, trying to decide. He puts the ones back in his pocket.

Randy "irons" the five against his leg with his palm, neatening it up for presentation. Crisply folding it lengthwise, he strides up to the stage and slips it into Cassidy's garter, subtly making sure she sees it's a five.

CASSIDY  
Thanks, hon.

Randy gives her a magnanimous "You got it" wink and returns to his seat. He takes a big, satisfied bite of his egg roll.

CUT TO:

INT. PASSAIC VFW HALL - CAFETERIA - SHORT TIME LATER

A makeshift locker room/staging area. Half an hour to showtime. Randy and 20 or so other WRESTLERS are gathered before MIKE MIGLIORE (30s), a tracksuit-clad promoter.

MIGLIORE  
All right, listen up, only saying it once: Nick Storm, you're up first against D-Day. Second, Tommy Anvil and Funkmaster Garry B. Slick. Third, Frankie Cirillo and Rob Dynamo versus J.T. Hammer and The Ultimate Freak. Fourth, Teddy Brewski and Lex Lethal. Fifth, Greg Woodson and The Patriot. After that, intermission. Six, Samoan Savages versus the Disco Brothers. Seven, the Irish Warrior and Vyper. Eighth, "Sandman" Steve Sambuca versus Hollywood. Last, for the strap, Kid Loco versus Randy "The Ram" Robinson. Got it? Good.

INT. CAFETERIA - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy sits alone a table toward the back. He takes a roll of athletic tape out of his duffel bag and starts WRAPPING HIS HANDS AND ANKLES. He does it in a slow, methodical manner. It feels almost ritualistic.

INT. CAFETERIA - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy is going over things with his opponent, KID LOCO (30). Wiry and muscular, Kid Loco is wearing shiny vinyl pants adorned with the Puerto Rican flag.

RANDY

Whatever spot you wanna call there.  
Invert atomic drop, double reverse  
hiptoss... It's your lead. As long  
as you give me that tap when you're  
ready to post.

Kid Loco nods, deferential to the legend.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Then it turns. You go to town.

Randy looks Kid Loco in the eye.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Don't hold nothing back. Give me  
everything you got.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. THE RING - SHORT TIME LATER

An ANNOUNCER stands in the middle of a rickety ring. Behind him, a banner hangs reading *NEW JERSEY WRESTLING FEDERATION*.

ANNOUNCER

Aaand now, please welcome to the  
ring...

MUSIC: AC/DC - "IF YOU WANT BLOOD (YOU GOT IT)"

The song's hard-charging riff begins. The BLUE-COLLAR CROWD of about 60 rises from their chairs and look toward a CURTAIN in anticipation.

A man kneeling in front of the curtain pulls the top off a plastic cooler, releasing DRY ICE into the air.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN:

Randy inhales deeply, breathing in a final moment of calm.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

From Hackensack, New Jersey,  
weighing in at 232 pounds... The  
former WWF superstar and wrestling  
legend... The one, the only...

(beat)

Randy "The Ram" Robinnnnsonnnnn!

Randy steps through the curtain into the...

INT. MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Randy emerges, full of fire and energy and showmanship.

He does a lap around the outside of the ring. His right hand is raised high in the air, index finger and pinky curled into a set of RAM'S HORNS. People in the crowd do the same.

Fans rush toward Randy, reaching out for HIGH FIVES. He obliges each and every one.

Numerous fans hold out METAL FOLDING CHAIRS in front of him. (Just like in the opening wrestling-magazine montage.) He "rams" each of the chairs with his forehead.

AC/DC  
*If you want blood... You got it!*

HARD CUT TO:

INT. THE RING - SHORT TIME LATER

Kid Loco lies on top of Randy. Sweat drips from Randy's every pore. Kid Loco clenches tight around Randy's arms, holding him to the canvas while they catch their breath.

The REFEREE drops to the canvas and checks that Randy's shoulders aren't to the mat.

Kid Loco lifts Randy up. They're both on their knees, chest-to-chest. Randy pretends like he's all groggy and out of it. Kid Loco steps to his feet, lifting Randy with him.

Kid Loco tightens around Randy's arms, arches his back, presses out his chest and... WHAM!! He and Randy fly with a LATERAL DROP. Randy's head hits the canvas hard as he slams down on his back. As Randy writhes on the mat, Kid Loco HEADS FOR THE TURNBUCKLE.

RANDY'S POV: Kid Loco is untying the turnbuckle's padded cover.

Randy, clutching his back, discretely reaches into the waistband of his tights and pulls out a RAZOR BLADE. Hiding the blade between two fingers in his cupped palm, he clutches his woozy head. He runs the blade along his hairline, pre-cutting his head. No one sees it happen.

Kid Loco heads back to Randy. He picks up him by the hair and drags him to the turnbuckle, throwing him HEAD-FIRST into the exposed metal post beneath. BLOOD STREAMS DOWN Randy's forehead. The crowd is electrified.

Kid Loco slams Randy's head into the metal post again. Again. Again. Randy slumps over the corner ropes.

Kid Loco cockily struts around the ring.

KID LOCO  
(pointing at Randy)  
Look at this loser! How pathetic!

The taunting stirs something in Randy. A look comes over his face, like he's Bruce Banner about to turn into the Hulk.

Kid Loco saunters back over to Randy. He grabs his head for another post smash but HE CAN'T. Randy's neck and arm muscles are bulging. His neck veins pop like he's suddenly super-charged. A look of terror comes over Kid Loco.

Randy reaches over his shoulder and grabs Kid Loco by the hair. He pulls him in close.

RANDY  
(under breath)  
Let's go home.

Randy juts his hips back and bends over, gaining the leverage he needs for a throw. Kid Loco shakes his head, begging "no".

Randy straightens his legs, raises his lower back, and yanks down on Kid Loco's head. Kid Loco's feet fly off the canvas as his head gets BURIED INTO THE MAT. He gets stuck UPSIDE DOWN with his feet over the ropes.

Randy, holding onto the top rope with both hands, thrusts his knee into Kid Loco's stomach. He does it again. Again.

Kid Loco somehow manages to untangle himself from the ropes. He scurries away, running for his life. But the relentless Randy hunts him down.

Randy hits Kid Loco with everything he's got. Dropkicks. Elbows. Bodyslams. He pours it on, unstoppable.

Randy drags Kid Loco into the middle of the ring. He looks out on the crowd.

RANDY'S POV: A trio of fans are chanting.

TRIO  
*Ram Jam! Ram Jam! Ram Jam!...*

Randy cups his hand to his ear. The chant quickly spreads.

WHOLE CROWD (O.S.)  
*RAM JAM! RAM JAM! RAM JAM!...*

Randy "mulls" things over. He looks at his laid-out foe. He looks toward a corner, pondering a Ram Jam.

Randy, heading for the corner, climbs to the top rope. He looks around at the crowd like he's still a little undecided.

RANDY'S POV: The fans are wild with anticipation.

Randy bends his arms, pressing them against the side of his head like ram's horns. Just like in the photo in the opening montage.

He LEAPS.

The leap is not especially high or graceful. He crashes down onto Kid Loco horns-first. Kid Loco's whole body convulses.

The fans lose it. That's what they wanted. The Ram Jam. The money shot.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - LATER

Randy, on a post-match high, sits in a chair as a GUY seals up his forehead razorblade gash with KRAZY GLUE.

A FELLOW WRESTLER walks past.

WRESTLER  
Ram, man, you *popped* that crowd.

RANDY  
You weren't so bad yourself, T.

The wrestler, smiling appreciatively, keeps on walking.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
(shouting after him)  
You doin' Parsippany next weekend?

Randy clearly is.

INT. HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Duffel bag in hand, Randy limps down the hallway to the exit.

MIGLIORE (O.S.)  
Yo, Ram.

Randy turns and sees Migliore, the event's promoter.

MIGLIORE (CONT'D)  
Got a sec?

Randy's all ears. Migliore looks at him with an excited grin.

MIGLIORE (CONT'D)  
Do you realize what's coming up?  
(beat)  
May 6th...

Randy racks his brains. No idea.

MIGLIORE (CONT'D)  
20th anniversary of you and  
Ayatollah at the Hoosier Dome.

RANDY  
(amazed, not realizing)  
Holy shit...

MIGLIORE  
I know... Time fuckin' flies.  
(beat)  
I'm doing a Fanfest thing down in  
Florida that weekend, I wanna  
headline it with you two. Big 20th  
anniversary rematch. Q&A, banquet,  
the works...

RANDY  
(excited by the prospect)  
Yeah?

MIGLIORE  
How sick would that be?

RANDY  
I don't see Bob getting back in  
there.

MIGLIORE  
He's in.

RANDY  
Yeah? You talked to him?

MIGLIORE  
Called him first. I figured you'd  
be down.

RANDY  
(wry smile)  
You figured right, my friend.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARADISE OAKS TRAILER PARK - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A trailer park somewhere in North Jersey. Randy's van pulls  
through the entrance gate.

EXT. RANDY'S TRAILER - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy parks in front of his TRAILER. He gets out and heads over. To his surprise, the door is PADLOCKED. He gives the lock a hard shake. He tugs at the door. No dice.

EXT. RANDY'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Randy is trying to push open a window on the side of the trailer. No dice.

EXT. VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy unlocks the van's back door and climbs in.

INT. BACK OF VAN - NEXT MORNING

Randy, in his clothes from the night before, is still asleep. Next to the mattress are SIX CRUMPLED \$20s and a cheap, plastic NJWF TITLE BELT.

He's stirred awake by the sound of kids YELLING and BANGING on the outside of van. He slowly sits upright, massaging his pain-wracked knees. Every inch of him feels like shit.

The banging continues.

KID'S VOICE (O.S.)

Ram!

Randy looks toward the front of the van. He sees TWO 10-YEAR-OLD KIDS, boosted by TWO OTHER KIDS, peering through the windshield at him.

EXT. PARADISE OAKS TRAILER PARK - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy is playfully tussling with five or six kids. He picks one of them up and "bodyslams" him.

RANDY

(announcer voice)

Oh, my... Look out!

He picks up another kid and fake-drops him on his head.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Suplex!

He slams another kid.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Tombstone piledriver!

The kids are squealing with delight. They love Randy. Randy sees a car drive up and park by the MANAGER'S OFFICE.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Catch you guys later.

The kids groan in disappointment as Randy heads off.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Randy stands helplessly before Len, the trailer park's stone-faced MANAGER.

RANDY  
Come on, Len.

LEN THE MANAGER  
You'll get in when I get my rent.

RANDY  
You know I'm good for it.

LEN THE MANAGER  
If you were good for it, there  
wouldn't be a lock on your door.

Randy can't argue with this logic.

RANDY  
I need to get in there. All my  
shit's in there.

LEN THE MANAGER  
Don't worry, it's safe. Nobody's  
gonna break in and steal your  
priceless valuables.

An exasperated sigh from Randy. He's not winning this one.

RANDY  
Could I at least park in back?

Len looks at Randy's pitiful, helpless expression. A wave of mercy comes over him.

LEN THE MANAGER  
Gimme twenty bucks.

INT. OGDEN'S GYM - NOON

A dank, no-frills bodybuilding gym. Peeling paint. Bad lighting. No treadmills or elliptical machines, just raw iron. Randy is BENCHPRESSING. He grunts loudly as he squeezes out one more rep, his SPOTTER urging him on.

SPOTTER  
C'mon, push it out. You got this.

INT. OGDEN'S GYM - LOCKER AREA - SHORT TIME LATER

Workout over, Randy is in the locker room. He casually hands a FELLOW GYMGOER some cash in exchange for a small PAPER BAG.

INT. TOILET STALL - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy, underwear pulled down, plunges a needle into his ass cheek.

EXT. SUNSATIONS TANNING SALON - LATER

A strip-mall tanning salon. Randy enters.

INT. SUNSATIONS TANNING SALON - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON a tanning pod. INSIDE THE POD, Randy is lying naked, baking under the intense UV lights.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - LATER

Randy dumps a big armful of clothes into a laundromat washing machine.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy moves his wet laundry from a washer to a dryer. He pours in some coins and hits start.

Nearby, a cute little RED-HAIRED GIRL (5) is running around a folding table, amusing herself while her mom does laundry. She giggles with glee as she breathlessly circles the table.

Randy makes eye contact with her as she passes. He smiles at her. She gives him a sweet, shy smile back. Her smile makes him happy.

Randy settles in to a chair in front of the dryer. He watches the clothes as they tumble. Among the various jeans and socks and T-shirts is his purple wrestling tights. He gazes at the tights as they randomly, helplessly, symbolically tumble about. A vague sadness comes over him.

INT. BACK OF VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

ANGLE ON a pile of freshly folded jeans and T-shirts on the van floor.

Randy lies on the mattress. In his hands is an OLD, WORN-OUT PHOTO (we can't see the image). He gazes sadly at it.

He flips the photo over. On the back are a bunch of scribbled PHONE NUMBERS. They're all crossed-out but the last one. The numbers get progressively less faded from top to bottom, as if they've been written down over the course of years.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy stands at a phone booth. He dials the not-crossed-out number from the back of the photo. The phone rings.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
(faintly through phone)  
Hello?

Randy is frozen. He can't bring himself to speak.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Hello?

Randy hangs up.

INT. CHEETAH'S - LATER THAT NIGHT

A melancholy Randy sits at a table near the stage with a whiskey. The place is way more lively and crowded than the previous afternoon. A stripper leaves the stage to applause.

Up in the D.J. booth, Freddie Tee leans into the mike.

D.J. FREDDIE TEE  
And now, for your viewing  
pleasure...

Randy looks toward the curtained doorway in anticipation.

D.J. FREDDIE TEE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
...please welcome to the Cheetah's  
stage, the lovely...  
(beat)  
...Mercedes!

Randy winces in disappointment as a hot young ASIAN CHICK emerges through the curtain to some thumping R&B SONG.

He takes a restless swig of his drink, looking around.

INT. CHEETAH'S - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy is walking the perimeter of the club, sneaking discrete peeks into the various private SIDE ROOMS. He passes the curtained-off CHAMPAGNE ROOM. From inside, he hears:

DUDE #1 (O.S.)  
We said the other one.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Trust me, babe. You're gonna be happy.

Randy slows to listen.

DUDE #2 (O.S.)  
We wanted the blonde chick.

DUDE #1 (O.S.)  
With the belly chain.

Randy peeks through a break in the curtain. He sees Cassidy, in a white spandex dress, with a pack of six fratboy-ish BACHELOR-PARTY DUDES (20s). The BACHELOR is in a chair.

CASSIDY  
I'm sorry, but she's on break.

DUDE #1  
Well, I'm sorry, but we don't want you.

BACHELOR  
How old are you, anyway?

The bachelor snickers.

BACHELOR (CONT'D)  
You're, like, my mom's age.

Stifled laughter from the others.

RANDY:

His anger builds as he watches these assholes disrespect Cassidy.

INT. CHAMPAGNE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cassidy, trying hard to salvage the gig, seductively straddles the bachelor.

CASSIDY

There's nothing like experience...  
(leaning into his ear)  
I've done things your little  
fiancee's never dreamed of.

BACHELOR

Yeah, like graduate in 1982.

This cracks his friends up.

Randy, furious, BURSTS THROUGH THE CURTAIN. Everyone is taken aback by the appearance of this hulking stranger—including Cassidy.

RANDY

Apologize to this lady.

BACHELOR

Who the hell are you?

Randy stands menacingly over the bachelor.

RANDY

You speak to her with respect.

The bachelor scuttles backwards in his chair, scared. Cassidy wedges herself between Randy and the guy.

CASSIDY

I got this. It's okay.

RANDY

No, it is *not* okay. This is  
definitely not okay.

DUDE #4

Let's go someplace else.

The guys all head for the exit.

DUDE #2 (O.S.)

I told you we shoulda hit the city.

DUDE #3

Fuckin' Jersey titty bars...

Just like that, they're GONE. Randy looks at Cassidy, expecting a hearty thank you for his heroism. He instead gets a pissed-off SHOVE.

CASSIDY

Thanks a lot, asshole.

Randy is totally taken aback.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)  
That was \$300 dollars just walked out.

RANDY  
I'm sorry. I was just trying to help.

CASSIDY  
Did I *ask* for help? Did I *need* help?

RANDY  
C'mon...  
(charming grin)  
Ain't it the thought that counts?

CASSIDY  
No, it's the \$300.

RANDY  
Look, let me make it up to you.

CASSIDY  
You're gonna give me \$300?

RANDY  
No, I'm gonna buy you a drink.

CASSIDY  
(laughing)  
Gee, that's original.

Randy winces at his lame effort.

RANDY  
Lemme try again...

He looks into her eyes, hand over his heart.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
(deliberately, charmingly  
cheesy)  
Do you have a Band-Aid? 'Cuz I just scraped my knee falling for you.

Cassidy rolls her eyes.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
No? Do you have a *map*, then? 'Cuz I keep getting lost in your eyes.

Another eye roll.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Huh. No map, either... Are you from Tennessee? 'Cuz you're the only ten I see.

This one gets a groan.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Are you a light switch? 'Cuz looking at you—

CASSIDY  
Thank you. That's plenty.

RANDY  
I can go on.

A tiny, amused smile crosses her face.

CASSIDY  
I have no doubt.

CUT TO:

INT. T.J. POOLE'S - LATER

A local watering hole. Randy and Cassidy sit at the bar drinking beers.

RANDY  
So how long you been a dancer?

CASSIDY  
Eighteen years.

Randy is taken aback. But impressed.

RANDY  
Wow... long time.

An ambivalent "It is what it is" shrug from Cassidy.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
That's gotta feel amazing.

CASSIDY  
What does?

RANDY  
Being up there on stage, rocking a crowd with just your body...

Cassidy chuckles, amused by the interpretation.

CASSIDY

That's one way to look at it.

RANDY

You don't like it? Even a little?

CASSIDY

I'm so fuckin' over it.

RANDY

So how come you still do it?

CASSIDY

Let's see: Gas, electric, rent,  
food...

RANDY

There's other ways to make money.

CASSIDY

*Stripper* money?

RANDY

To hell with money.

Cassidy chuckles at his naive idealism.

RANDY (CONT'D)

If you could do anything in the  
world, what would it be?

She thinks about the question for a moment and shrugs.

RANDY (CONT'D)

There must be *something*.

She suppresses an embarrassed chuckle.

RANDY (CONT'D)

What?

CASSIDY

Nothing. I'm just laughing.

(changing subject)

What about you? What do you do?

RANDY

Me?

Randy loves being asked this.

RANDY (CONT'D)

(coy smile)

I guess you could say I'm in the  
sports-entertainment industry.

CASSIDY  
"Sports entertainment"?

RANDY  
I'm a professional wrestler.

CASSIDY  
(surprised, impressed)  
Like as in Hulk Hogan wrestling?

Randy nods coolly.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)  
Really? That's wild.  
(beat)  
Have you ever, like, been on TV?

RANDY  
Lots of times.

CASSIDY  
So you're big.

RANDY  
If you consider having your own  
doll big.

CASSIDY  
Your own doll?

RANDY  
Posters, trading cards... They  
merch the shit out of ya.

Cassidy is impressed.

CASSIDY  
So, like, somebody who's into  
wrestling would know who you are.

RANDY  
(like he's understating)  
That'd be a pretty safe bet.

CASSIDY  
Wow, cool... Kick-ass.

RANDY  
Hey, I try.  
(explaining joke)  
To kick ass.

CASSIDY  
I got it. That was good.

RANDY

Thanks. I thought so.

They share a small smile. There may be some chemistry here.

CASSIDY

(glancing at her watch)

I should get going.

RANDY

Aw, c'mon. It's early.

CASSIDY

I really gotta.

Randy sees she means it. He sighs in disappointment.

EXT. T.J. POOLE'S - PARKING LOT - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy and Cassidy are in out the parking lot by her car, a black, beat-up old '94 Camaro Z28.

CASSIDY

That was fun.

RANDY

Yeah, me too.

Randy cringes at his mild conversational screw-up. They look at each other. A tentative moment.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Maybe we could do it again  
sometime.

She nods vaguely, a little hard to read.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Could I get your number?

CASSIDY

You know where to find me.

Randy shrugs okay, not sure if he's getting the blow-off.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

Maybe I could see you do your  
thing.

RANDY

Wrestle?

CASSIDY

If anything's coming up.  
Meadowlands, the Garden...

Randy hems and haws. She thinks he's still big-time.

RANDY

There might be some... I also sometimes do, like, local places.

CASSIDY

(not quite following)

Oh, okay...

RANDY

I'll let you know.

CASSIDY

Right on... Cool.

A brief lull in the conversation. Cassidy looks at him.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

By the way. My real name's Pam.

(beat)

Pam Casidio.

Randy smiles. He shakes her hand.

RANDY

Pleased to meet you, Pam Casidio.

(Note: For remainder of script, Cassidy is PAM.)

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - AFTERNOON

It's Friday. Randy is driving west on I-80. On the passenger seat is his duffel bag.

INT. MULTIPURPOSE ROOM - MULTIPURPOSE ROOM - EVENING

A makeshift locker room/staging area. Randy and 15 OTHER WRESTLERS are huddled around a LINEUP CARD taped to a wall.

Randy scans the list for his name. The final match, at the bottom, is *RANDY THE RAM VS. THA GRIMM REEFER*. He is puzzled.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

All right, listen up.

The wrestlers turn and look toward the door. Standing there is FRANK, the event's promoter.

FRANK

This is a family event. No blood, no cursing, no cheap heat. Got it?

The wrestlers mutter and nod yes. Frank, nodding "good", exits the room. Randy follows after him.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Randy catches up to Frank as he heads down the hall.

RANDY  
Yo, Frank.

FRANK  
What's up, Ram?

RANDY  
Who's this Grim Reefer?

FRANK  
He's good... He's pretty new.

Randy smells something fishy here.

RANDY  
How come I never heard of him?

Frank shrugs vaguely.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Where'd you find him?

A sheepish pause from Frank.

FRANK  
Through my sister.

RANDY  
Your sister?

FRANK  
It's her son.

Randy is totally taken aback. Offended even.

RANDY  
Frank, that's the money match.

FRANK  
He's a quick study. Show him the ropes, he'll catch on.

RANDY  
You're headlining me with your nephew? What kinda rank-amateur shit is that?

FRANK  
(pulling rank)  
Would you like to get paid?

Randy falls deferentially silent.

INT. MULTIPURPOSE ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy is suiting up for the match, steaming inside.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - THE RING - LATER

CLOSE-UP on Randy in the ring, mid-match, wearing a frustrated, pissed-off expression.

THA GRIMM REEFER (21), a doughy, zit-faced punk in homemade tights covered with skulls and marijuana leaves, is holding Randy by the hair.

RANDY'S POV: The fans are restless and bored. A few BOOS are heard.

Tha Grimm Reefer throws an unconvincing punch that clearly doesn't connect with Randy's face. Randy does his best to sell the punch, but it's not easy. Tha Grimm Reefer throws another bad punch. Randy falls to his knees.

THA GRIMM REEFER  
*That's what I'm talkin' bout!*

FAN (O.S.)  
You suck!

THA GRIMM REEFER  
(in direction of shout)  
No, you suck!

Tha Grimm Reefer charges toward the ropes. He bounces off, hurtling toward Randy. He attempts a flying dropkick to his face, but his boot winds up awkwardly glancing off Randy's shoulder. It's ugly. Randy has no choice but to hit the mat.

RANDY'S POV: Standing against a back wall is Frank. He looks pained.

Tha Grim Reefer stands tauntingly over Randy.

THA GRIMM REEFER (CONT'D)  
Prepare to be...  
(mimics hit off a joint)  
...smoked.

Tha Grimm Reefer heads toward a corner. He climbs up, his legs wobbly as he tries to keep his balance on the ropes. He finally gets to the top. He spreads his arms dramatically, bending slightly at the knees, poised for take off. He thrusts his body upwards and...

...WIPES OUT, his feet slipping off the ropes as he tries to take flight. He crashes to the mat face-first.

The crowd roars with laughter. A chant instantly begins.

FANS  
*You fucked up!... You fucked up!...  
 You fucked up!...*

Randy is mortified to be part of this amateurish spectacle. The derisive chant burns in his ears.

Determined to salvage the match, Randy drags Tha Grimm Reefer to the middle of the ring and lifts him to his feet. He bounces off the ropes and goes airborne with a VERTICAL SPLASH, leaping stomach-first across Tha Grimm Reefer's chest and slamming him.

Randy pops right up and follows this with a SUPLEX, lifting Tha Grimm Reefer high up over his head and falling backwards with him, slamming Tha Grimm Reefer's back into the mat.

RANDY'S POV: The sequence wins back the crowd a little. Some cheers.

Randy pops up again, hellbent on giving the fans their money's worth. He picks up Tha Grimm Reefer and flips him upside down, his head between his thighs.

THA GRIMM REEFER  
 What are you doing?

Randy drops him with a PILEDRIVER.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORY - MEN'S ROOM - LATER

An enraged Randy is yelling at Frank in the bathroom.

RANDY  
 Never again, Frank!

Randy punches a stall door. It nearly comes off the hinges.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
 That kid was greener than goose  
 shit!

Frank just takes it. He knows Randy is right.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
He had no business being in the  
ring with me. *None.*

FRANK  
(genuinely remorseful)  
I'm sorry, Ram.

Frank reaches into his pocket. He peels off some bills.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Hope this maybe helps...

Frank puts the money in Randy's palm. Randy looks at it. He  
DEFIANTLY THROWS IT on the floor.

Frank shrugs. There's nothing more he can do. He walks out.

Randy stands there alone, looking at the bills scattered all  
over the floor. He bends over and starts picking them up.

EXT. ARMORY - HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy limps down a hallway toward the armory exit. He hears  
SOMEONE CLAPPING.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Whooo!

Randy looks up and is surprised to see Pam by the exit doors.  
He had no idea she was there.

RANDY  
What are you doing here?

PAM  
(walking toward him)  
Nice job.

RANDY  
How'd you...?

PAM  
Pam has her ways.  
(coming clean)  
I had my friend check you out on  
her computer. This came up.

RANDY  
I can't believe you actually saw  
that piece of crap.

PAM

What are you talking about? It was great.

RANDY

It was shit.

PAM

All that running and jumping? That flip thing?

RANDY

Trust me. It was shit.

PAM

Whatever... I was impressed.

Randy looks at her. He's happy to see her.

RANDY

Thanks for coming.

PAM

(casual, no big deal)  
It was a 15-minute drive. Straight shot on 80.

A tentative pause. A "Now what?" hangs in the air.

RANDY

You hungry?

EXT. THE SADDLE BROOK INN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy chivalrously holds the door open for Pam at the Saddle Brook Inn, a fancy restaurant in a rustic barn. The sort of place parents take their kids after college graduation.

PAM

Sure this is where you wanna go?

INT. THE SADDLE BROOK INN - MOMENTS LATER

Randy and Pam wait by the maître d' stand. The MAITRE D' returns, taken aback by the blue-collar duo standing there.

MAITRE D'

Good evening.

RANDY

(trying to be proper)  
Um, yes, hello. We would like a table for two.

As much as he'd love to, the maître d' can think of no good reason to refuse them.

INT. THE SADDLE BROOK INN - LATER

Just seated, Randy and Pam are looking around, taking in their classy surroundings.

PAM  
This is all right...

RANDY  
It's great. I'm here all the time.

Pam smiles wryly, not buying it. The WAITER comes over.

WAITER  
Good evening, my name's Eric, and I'll be your server. Can I start you off with something to drink?

Randy gestures for the lady to go first.

PAM  
Jameson, neat.

Randy is impressed with the choice. He thinks for a moment.

RANDY  
I'll do the same.

INT. THE SADDLE BROOK INN - LATER

Randy is in the middle of a great old wrestling story. Pam is cracking up, loving it.

RANDY  
We got a show in Tucson in two hours, and the only one sober enough to drive the bus is the fuckin' midget.  
(beat)  
Which is fine by us, except he can't even reach the pedal.

PAM  
(amazed, riveted)  
What'd you do?

RANDY  
Me, quick thinker that I am, I grab Billy Bob Banjo's 2x4 and tie it to the midget's leg with The Pharaoh's whip.

PAM

No.

RANDY

Swear to God.

PAM

You're like fuckin' MacGyver!

RANDY

The Leprechaun-vict drives us a hundred miles through the desert with a 2x4 strapped to his leg, gets us to the arena with five minutes to spare.

Pam, dabbing a tear of laughter from her eye, applauds.

PAM

That is classic.

RANDY

Stick around. I got a million.

She looks at him with a flirty smile.

PAM

I might have to.

Their entrees arrive. They've both ordered the pork tenderloin. They both look at their plates nodding, pleased and impressed.

Randy stares at one of his side dishes, an odd, fancy-looking puff-type thing. He pokes it with his fork.

RANDY

What's this?

Pam stares at the item, equally puzzled.

PAM

I think potato.

She takes a bite, analyzing as she chews.

PAM (CONT'D)

Or maybe, like, turnip?

They both take another bite, determined to solve the mystery.

PAM (CONT'D)

I have no friggin' idea!

She laughs. Randy does, too. It's a little bonding moment.

INT. PITCHER'S PUB - LATER

A local dive bar, much more their speed. Pam and Randy are sitting at a table. A BARMAID comes over.

BARMAID  
What can I getcha?

PAM  
Jameson, neat.

RANDY  
Jack on the rocks.

The woman heads off. Randy turns to Pam, pleased.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
You're a Jameson woman.

PAM  
When it comes to whiskey, I'm monogamous.

Randy nods in approval. This is his kind of woman.

A song comes on the jukebox: POISON'S "NOTHIN BUT A GOOD TIME." Randy smiles.

RANDY  
Shit, yeah.

Pam nods along. Randy looks over toward the bar's DANCEFLOOR. He stands up, extending a hand to Pam.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Care to dance?

She gets up and takes his hand. He chivalrously leads her out to the dancefloor like it's the ballroom at the Plaza.

They start joyously rocking out to the hair-metal classic.

PAM  
They don't make 'em like they used to.

RANDY  
Eighties, man. Best shit ever.  
Ozzy... Gunners...

PAM  
Def Lepp... The Crüe...

RANDY  
Then that Cobain pussy had to come around and ruin it all.

PAM

Like there's something wrong with  
having a good time. Mopey asshole.

RANDY

(mocking Cobain)

"Ooh, look at me! I wear flannel!  
I'm all depressed!"

PAM

"I'm from Seattle! I like rain!"

They share a laugh. Randy shakes his head.

RANDY

Nineties fuckin' sucked.

PAM

No shit...

We get the sense they mean more than just the music.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE of Randy and Pam ROCKING OUT on the dancefloor to  
'80s METAL CLASSICS, singing along with the choruses:

GREAT WHITE:

RANDY AND PAM

*My, my, my! I'm once bitten twice  
shy, baby!*

DEF LEPPARD:

RANDY AND PAM (CONT'D)

*Pour some sugar on me-ee!*

GUNS 'N' ROSES:

RANDY AND PAM (CONT'D)

*Take me down to the Paradise City!*

AC/DC:

RANDY AND PAM (CONT'D)

*You! Shook me all night long!*

They look at each other, pointing as they sing.

RANDY AND PAM (CONT'D)

*Yeah, you! Shook me all night long!*

Randy pulls her in tight, leaning into her ear.

RANDY  
(deliberately cheesy,  
running joke)  
Excuse me, I'm new in town. Could  
you give me directions to your  
apartment?

Pam laughs.

EXT. PAM'S HOUSE - SHORT TIME LATER

A run-down, suburb-wannabe neighborhood. Vinyl siding. Ratty American flags. Toys strewn across lawns. Randy and Pam make out as she drunkenly, fumblingly unlocks her door.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy and Pam are fucking like animals on her bed.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy and Pam lie together in a post-coital daze. She takes in his heavily scarred body, amazed.

PAM  
Look at all these... I thought  
wrestling was fake.

RANDY  
Can't fake a chair whackin' your  
face. Can't fake falling through a  
folding table from 20 feet up.

Pam's eyes fix on an ARM SCAR. She lightly traces its raised ridge with her fingertip.

PAM (CONT'D)  
What's this one?

RANDY  
1986. Denver Coliseum. Billy Bob  
Banjo hit me with his two-by-four.  
Loose nail tore the bicep open.

PAM  
Ow. Fuck.

She traces a COLLARBONE SCAR.

PAM (CONT'D)  
And this?

RANDY  
 1988. Orlando Arena. Mr.  
 Magnificent tossed me out of the  
 ring. Landed on my shoulder,  
 clavicle snapped in half.

Pam winces.

PAM  
 The pain doesn't bother you?  
 Doesn't it hurt?

A knowing smile crosses Randy's lips.

RANDY  
 Not while they're going crazy for  
 you...

He goes off someplace blissful in his head.

RANDY  
 Best feeling in the world.

Pam gazes at his scarred body in soulful silence.

PAM  
 "He was pierced for our  
 transgressions, He was crushed for  
 our iniquities. The punishment that  
 brought us peace was upon Him, and  
 by His wounds we were healed."

RANDY  
 (intrigued)  
 What's that?

PAM  
 It's from "Passion of the Christ".

Randy nods his head, pondering the quote. He likes it.

PAM (CONT'D)  
 You never seen it?  
 (he shakes his head no)  
 Dude, it's amazing. So inspiring.  
 They throw everything at Him.  
 Whips, arrows, rocks... but He just  
 never gives up. It's, like, such a  
 great lesson for life.

RANDY  
 Huh. I'll have to check it out...

Pam brushes her palm over his torso, taking in three decades  
 of battle scars.

PAM  
The sacrificial Ram...

Randy chuckles, amused by this. He gets out of bed, naked except for socks.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Where's the bathroom?

PAM  
By the kitchen.

He notices, amongst the clothes strewn on the floor, a USED CONDOM. He casually picks it up and exits the room.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Condom in hand, Randy heads toward the bathroom. He opens a door. It's a broom closet. He's about to try another one when he hears the FRONT DOOR UNLOCKING.

The door opens. In walks a boy of about 12 in baggy jeans. The boy is freaked to see a huge, naked man standing there.

Randy reflexively covers his crotch with his hands. The cum-filled condom dangles between his legs like a flaccid latex penis. He and the kid stare at each other, totally frozen.

RANDY  
Hey...  
(beat)  
What's up?

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Randy is hurriedly putting on his pants.

ANTHONY (O.S.)  
(audible through wall)  
What the hell, mom?

PAM (O.S.)  
You weren't supposed to be here!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pam is in the living room with Anthony.

ANTHONY  
Yeah, well, I came home.  
(edgy)  
I live here.

PAM

You said you were sleeping over at  
Matt's. If I had any idea...

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Randy hurriedly puts on his shoes as the fight continues.

ANTHONY (O.S.)

So who is he?

PAM (O.S.)

A guy.

Shoes on, Randy grabs his coat.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Randy heads down the hallway from the bedroom.

ANTHONY (O.S.)

Where'd you meet him...

(disgusted sneer)

Work?

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Randy slows at the entrance to the living room.

PAM

Monkey, c'mon...

Pam and Anthony look up at Randy. The PHONE RINGS. Pam, grateful for the interruption, picks up.

PAM (CONT'D)

Hello?

Anthony eyes Randy with barely concealed contempt. Randy smiles back weakly.

PAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh, hi, Matt's mom.

Anthony, hearing this, shifts his attention from Randy to the phone conversation.

ANGLE ON Pam, listening with surprised dismay.

PAM (CONT'D)

He did what? Oh, my God...

(listening)

Is the cat okay?

Pam glares at her son with extreme displeasure.

PAM (CONT'D)  
No, he did *not* mention that.

Anthony dodges her eye contact.

PAM (CONT'D)  
I'm *so* sorry, Mrs. Langan. He and I  
will definitely be having a little  
talk about that.

Randy, wanting no part of this scene, gives Pam an awkward, hurried goodbye wave as he makes a beeline for the exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAM'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Randy climbs into his van. Pam emerges from the house in an open coat with no shoes. She jogs across the lawn, to Randy.

PAM  
I'm really sorry.

RANDY  
Hey, it's cool, no worries...

PAM  
I should've told you I—

RANDY  
It's fine. Go deal with your stuff.

Pam nods, needing to go. She takes a pen and scrap of paper from her pocket and scribbles down her number for him.

PAM  
Call me sometime.

Randy looks at the scrap, nodding vaguely.

RANDY  
Sure.

Pam gives him a brief, awkward goodbye kiss.

INT. VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy is driving, digesting what just happened. He shakes it off with a chuckle. That ends that.

CUT TO:

INT. OGDEN'S GYM - DAY

Randy, dripping sweat, is kneeling over a bench doing dumbbell rows. He grunts loudly as he pulls the heavy free weight to his chest.

EXT. OGDEN'S GYM - LATER

Randy exits the gym. En route to the parking lot, he passes a pay phone. He slows. He takes out Pam's number.

Randy looks at the scrap of paper. He crumples it up and flings it in the nearby trash.

Randy starts to walk off, but then he stops. He fishes the number out of the trash. Sticking it back in his pocket, he heads off toward his van.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - DAY

Randy is driving along the Belt Parkway in Brooklyn. He's flipping radio stations. He comes across WHITESNAKE'S "HERE I GO AGAIN", just starting.

WHITESNAKE

*I don't know where I'm going/ But I  
sure know where I've been/ Hanging  
on the promises in the songs of  
yesterday/ And I made up my mind/ I  
ain't wasting no more time/ But  
here I go again...*

Randy nods along soulfully, really connecting with the words.

WHITESNAKE (CONT'D)

*Though I keep searching for an  
answer/ Never seem to find what I'm  
looking for/ Oh Lord I pray you  
give me strength to carry on...*

Randy passionately sings along as it builds to the chorus.

RANDY AND WHITESNAKE

*'Cause I know what it means/ To  
walk along the lonely street of  
dreams*

*(chorus)*

*(MORE)*

RANDY AND WHITESNAKE (CONT'D)

*Here I go again on my own!/ Going  
down the only road I've ever known/  
Like a drifter I was born to walk  
alone/ And I've made up my mind/ I  
ain't wasting no more time/ But  
here I go again...*

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SHORT TIME LATER

The van pulls up to a two-family house in working-class OZONE PARK, QUEENS. A very large man steps out. He looks familiar: It's Lex Lethal (we saw him earlier at the Passaic VFW Hall show). Lex climbs into the van. They exchange a hand clasp.

LEX LETHAL

Thanks a lot, man.

RANDY

No prob. You're right on the way.

INT. VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

The van heads down the Southern State Parkway on Long Island.

RANDY

So how big's this place?

LEX LETHAL

Nice. Two, two-fifty...

(beat)

You've been there. That's where  
they did the Nicky Whipsaw memorial  
benefit.

RANDY

That place? Right on.

LEX LETHAL

Should get a good gate. Bill says  
he's gotten like 20 calls the last  
two days alone.

A knowing, sardonic chuckle from Randy.

RANDY

God bless hardcore.

INT. DOLLAR TREE - SHORT TIME LATER

A strip-mall 99-CENT STORE. Randy and Lex browse an aisle. Randy is holding a TIN CAKE PAN. He bangs it against his forehead. It makes a LOUD CLANG.

RANDY  
What do you think?

Lex takes the pan, testing it against his own head.

LEX LETHAL  
The cookie trays were better.

Randy, thinking, nods in agreement. Lex puts the pan back.

INT. ANOTHER AISLE - SHORT TIME LATER

Lex spots something promising on a shelf.

LEX LETHAL  
Yeah...

He grabs a pack of STEEL-WOOL PADS. Randy nods in approval.

Lex tosses the steel-wool pads into the SHOPPING BASKET Randy is holding. It's full of all sorts of "supplies": cookie trays, lightbulbs, thumbtacks, cheese graters, wire hangers, cutlery sets, pizza cutters, etc. They head off.

RANDY  
Let's see if they got extension cords.

CUT TO:

INT. NORTH BABYLON COMMUNITY CENTER - GYM - LATER

MUSIC: AC/DC - "IF YOU WANT BLOOD (YOU GOT IT)

Randy stands BEHIND A CURTAIN as his song plays. He sneaks a peek at the scene on the other side.

RANDY'S POV: A ROWDY CROWD of about 150 fills a COMMUNITY-CENTER GYM. The vibe of the crowd is rougher, more bloodthirsty than at previous events. Fewer women and children. Almost an underground, "Fight Club"-type feel.

A banner on the wall reads *ECHW - EAST COAST HARDCORE WRESTLING*. Pressed against the outside of the ring are a FOLDING TABLE and a 12-FOOT METAL LADDER.

In the middle of the ring, an ANNOUNCER stands alone with a microphone.

ANNOUNCER  
Aaaand now...

Randy closes the curtain. He shuts his eyes, listening.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Please welcome... From Hackensack,  
 New Jersey... Weighing in at 235  
 pounds... A true legend and  
 superstar... Randy "The Ram"  
*Robinnnnsonnnnn!*

Randy explodes through the curtain.

THE GYM:

Randy enters to wild cheers.

AC/DC  
*If you want blood, You got it!/  
 If you want blood, You got it!*

He does a lap around the perimeter of the ring, doing his ritual head-butting of chairs.

AC/DC (CONT'D)  
*Blood on the streets, Blood on the  
 rocks/ Blood in the gutter, Every  
 last drop/ If you want blood, you  
 got it!!*

Randy climbs into the ring. He does a few neck rolls and knee bends, loosening up. The song dies down.

A NEW SONG rises to take its place... CELTIC FROST - "DOMAIN OF DECAY". Ugly, plodding hardcore death metal.

ANNOUNCER  
 And his opponent...

The boos begin to rain down.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
 From Kinston, North Carolina,  
 weighing in at 325 pounds...  
*Hellbilly Cannibaaaal!*

Through the curtain, HELLBILLY CANNIBAL emerges. A huge, overalls-wearing, mangy, wild-eyed masochist. Crumbs cling to his scraggly beard. He's dragging a heavy CANVAS SACK.

A booing TEENAGER in the crowd holds up a sign reading *HELLBILLY CANNIBAL SUCKS A FAT DICK.*

Hellbilly Cannibal climbs into the ring with his sack and a folding chair. He heads to the center of the ring, where Randy awaits. They sit down on chairs, facing each other. Under Hellbilly Cannibal's chair is his canvas sack. Under Randy's is his Dollar Tree plastic bag.

Hellbilly Cannibal punches Randy. Randy punches Hellbilly Cannibal. They take turns punching, each punch escalating a little. It's like a violent version of the game "slaps".

After a stretch of this, Hellbilly Cannibal reaches into his sack and pulls out a can of BUG SPRAY. He SPRAYS it in Randy's face. Randy falls off his chair. He staggers around the ring clutching his face, howling in agony.

His foe temporarily blinded, Hellbilly Cannibal smashes Randy over the head with his chair. Randy falls to his knees. Hellbilly Cannibal reaches into his sack and pulls out a FLUORESCENT LIGHT TUBE. Wielding it like a bat, he SMACKS RANDY in the side of the face. The tube explodes with a pop.

Hellbilly Cannibal picks up Randy by the hair and drapes him over the ropes. He grabs a fork from his sack and, leaning against Randy's back, starts REPEATEDLY STABBING HIM in the same spot on his forehead. He really works the fork in. Twirls it. Grinds it. BLOOD starts to pour from the spot.

RANDY'S POV: The fans push forward, excited to get a look.

Hellbilly Cannibal drags Randy back to the center of the ring. He reaches into his sack and pulls out a BOX OF SALT. He pours liberal amounts of the salt onto Randy's forehead wound, grinding it in with his hand.

Grabbing a folding chair, Hellbilly Cannibal charges toward Randy. He takes a flying leap, riding the chair like a boogie board. Just as he's about to crash down on Randy, Randy ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY. Hellbilly Cannibal's spine gets a violent jolt as the chair hits the mat.

Randy reaches into his Dollar Tree bag and pulls out a COOKIE TRAY. He smacks Hellbilly Cannibal across the face with it. The tray makes a fantastically loud METALLIC CLANG. He hits him a bunch more times.

Randy is starting to get winded. His heartbeat speeds up.

He picks up Hellbilly Cannibal and throws him toward the ropes. Hellbilly Cannibal bounces off the ropes and ducks Randy's awaiting forearm. He bounces off the opposite ropes and crashes into Randy knee-first.

Hellbilly Cannibal grabs Randy by the hair and smashes his face into the corner post. He scoops him up and flips him over the top rope, out of the ring. Randy lands hard on the concrete floor.

Hellbilly Cannibal hops out of the ring with the folding chair. He whales Randy in the face with it. Randy stumbles backwards toward the metal barricade between the ring and the fans. Hellbilly Cannibal kicks him in the chest. Randy flips over the barricade into the crowd.

The crowd, suddenly finding itself in the midst of these two brawling giants, scatters in an exhilarated panic.

Hellbilly Cannibal throws Randy into a row of empty chairs. Randy goes sprawling. Chairs fly in every direction.

Randy's heart is beating LOUD and FAST.

Hellbilly Cannibal grabs a metal GARBAGE CAN from the SNACK-BAR AREA. He shakes out the contents over Randy, showering him in trash. Hellbilly Cannibal sticks Randy's head into the can and falls on it, ass-first.

Hellbilly Cannibal grabs the ladder resting along the base of the ring. He pounds the garbage can with it, making an UNHOLY RACKET. Hellbilly Cannibal jerks Randy out of the can and drags him back to the ring by his hair, carrying the ladder in his other hand.

Plopping Randy down on the mat, Hellbilly Cannibal sets up the ladder in the middle of the ring. He heads back out and grabs the folding table, setting it up by the ladder. He then reaches into Randy's Dollar Tree bag and pulls out a BOX OF THUMBTACKS. He scatters the tacks all over the table.

Hellbilly Cannibal grabs Randy and drags him up the ladder. They stand at the top, perched high above the table. Just as Hellbilly Cannibal is about to push off, Randy unexpectedly hits him with a vicious head-butt. Hellbilly Cannibal is stunned. Randy head-butts him again. He PUSHES OFF, reversing their positions in mid-air. Hellbilly Cannibal CRASHES THROUGH THE TABLE with Randy on top of him.

Hellbilly Cannibal rolls around the mat in a daze, his back bloodied and covered with tacks. He staggers to his feet. Randy promptly levels him with a dropkick.

Randy's heartbeat is DEAFENING. All other sounds drop out.

Randy pulls Hellbilly Cannibal off the mat. As he gears up for another dropkick, his KNEES BUCKLE. A strange, scared look comes over his face. He DROPS TO HIS KNEES, one hand on the mat for support.

Randy grabs his arm. He massages it. He FLOPS OVER, clutching his chest. He lies on his back gasping for breath, sucking desperately at the air.

RANDY'S POV: The fans are unaware that anything is wrong. They think it's part of the act.

Hellbilly Cannibal sees a look of FEAR in Randy's eyes. He knows this is real. He looks out at the crowd.

HELLBILLY CANNIBAL  
Is there a doctor?

Only a few people look around. Most of the fans still think this is a gag.

Among those who sense it's real is JERRY DIFUSCO, the event's promoter. He climbs into the ring. He kneels over Randy.

DIFUSCO  
Randy. You okay?

Randy is just gasping. DiFusco looks at Hellbilly Cannibal.

DIFUSCO (CONT'D)  
Call 911.

Lex Lethal and some of the other wrestlers climb into the ring. They huddle around Randy.

DIFUSCO (CONT'D)  
Let's get him up.

With no small effort, they lift Randy. They carry him toward the ropes and pause, unsure how best to get him through.

LEX LETHAL  
Put him down.

They lower him to the mat. Lethal hops out of the ring and grabs Randy's ankles. Several of the other guys, following his lead, hop out of the ring, supporting Randy's underside as they carefully, clumsily pull him out.

By now, the crowd realizes this is real. The push forward as DiFusco and the wrestlers carry Randy toward the exit.

DIFUSCO  
Get back, get back, get back.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They carry Randy down a long hallway, trailed by curious and concerned fans. Lex is closest to Randy's head.

LEX LETHAL  
You're okay, buddy. Hang on.

They reach a door and enter. The wrestler holding Randy's feet shuts it behind them, keeping the gawkers out.

INT. LOCKER ROOM/STAGING AREA - CONTINUOUS

The "locker room". Randy, eyes rolling back in his head, is carried over to a table, where he's carefully laid out. Lex Lethal squeezes his hand, trying to keep him conscious.

LEX LETHAL  
Stay right here, man. Stay with us.  
Help's coming.

INT. LOCKER ROOM/STAGING AREA - SHORT TIME LATER

EMS WORKERS, helped by Lex Lethal and some of the other wrestlers, lift Randy onto a GURNEY.

RANDY'S POV: Randy watches through blurry, half-closed eyes as he's wheeled out of the room. He can see and feel somebody squeezing his hand.

LEX LETHAL (O.S.)  
C'mon, buddy, you got this.

We continue from RANDY'S POV as he is wheeled down a hallway, past the throngs of fans who still haven't left.

EMS WORKER (O.S.)  
Clear a path, folks!

INT. BACK OF AMBULANCE - SHORT TIME LATER

Lex Lethal rides in the back of the ambulance with Randy.

LEX LETHAL  
You're gonna be fine. Hang on.

Randy goes completely unconscious.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SUFFOLK COUNTY HOSPITAL - RANDY'S ROOM - NEXT DAY

Randy lies unconscious in a hospital bed hooked up to all sorts of monitors.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. RANDY'S ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Randy's eyes slowly open.

INT. RANDY'S ROOM - LATER

Randy is watching "All My Children" on the wall-mounted TV.

DR. TARACHANDANI (O.S.)  
Mr. Ramzinski.

Randy looks up toward the door, at DR. TARACHANDANI, a forty-ish, accentless Indian-American man. The doctor enters.

RANDY  
Call me Randy.

The doctor nods. In his hands is Randy's folder. He opens it, taking a look. It's full of test results.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
So how we lookin'?

DR. TARACHANDANI  
We did a balloon angioplasty to open the blockage. Then we put in a defibrillator to prevent any rhythm disturbance in the future.

RANDY  
Okay, cool... So I'm okay.

From the look on the doctor's face, it's not that simple.

DR. TARACHANDANI  
Your heart is very weak.

RANDY  
Says who?

DR. TARACHANDANI  
Your echo, your cardiac cath, your EKG...  
(beat)  
The cath shows extensive atherosclerosis in all the vessels.

RANDY  
Fine, so how do we fix it?

DR. TARACHANDANI  
You're unfortunately not a candidate for bypass. The damage is too extensive.

RANDY  
So what then?

DR. TARACHANDANI  
You're gonna need to make some serious lifestyle changes. Cut some things out.

RANDY  
Like...

DR. TARACHANDANI  
Fatty foods, cigarettes, alcohol,  
drugs...  
(beat)  
The wrestling...

Randy shoots him an edgy glare. He doesn't like this.

DR. TARACHANDANI (CONT'D)  
Mr. Ramzinski, a man your age—

RANDY  
*Randy.*

DR. TARACHANDANI  
Randy... a man your age with your  
heart should not be flying around a  
wrestling ring.

RANDY  
I thought exercise is good.

DR. TARACHANDANI  
Regular, moderate aerobic? Yes.

RANDY  
What are you saying?

DR. TARACHANDANI  
That you need to stop wrestling.

Randy's nostrils flare in anger.

RANDY  
With all due respect, Dr...  
(reading off name tag,  
mispronouncing)  
...Trachanani, I'd like a second  
opinion on that.

DR. TARACHANDANI  
Of course. But I promise you, any  
doctor I showed your file would say  
the exact same thing.

RANDY  
Glad you think so.

DR. TARACHANDANI  
Mr. Ramzinski, you almost died. The  
next time, you won't be so—

RANDY  
I want a second opinion.

DR. TARACHANDANI  
Your heart is—

RANDY  
I want a second opinion.  
(slamming fist)  
I WANT A SECOND OPINION.

INT. SUFFOLK COUNTY HOSPITAL - ADMISSIONS DESK - NEXT MORNING  
Randy is checking out of the hospital.

ADMISSIONS-DESK WOMAN  
This is your copy.

The ADMISSIONS-DESK WOMAN hands him some paperwork. He folds it up and tucks it in a jacket pocket.

NURSE  
Oh, this was left for you.

She hands him an ENVELOPE. Randy opens it. Inside is a note:

*YOU EARNED IT DUDE... YOUR A WARRIOR!!  
REST UP, FEEL BETTER.  
—JERRY DIFUSCO  
PS... IF YOUR UP BY THE 23RD, I GOT SOMETHING IN YONKERS*

Randy reaches into the envelope and pulls out something else: THREE \$100 BILLS.

He looks at the money, chuckling ironically. It's his biggest payday in years.

EXT. SUFFOLK COUNTY HOSPITAL - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy steps out of the hospital into the bright light of day. He squints, his eyes adjusting. When they finally do, he just stands there looking around, a lost animal.

INT. TAXI - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy sits in the back of a cab, gazing blankly out the window at the passing strip malls.

INT. VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy sits in the van in the otherwise empty parking lot of the North Babylon community center.

In his hands is the photo with the phone numbers on the back.

INT. VAN - LATER

Randy sits parked on a residential block in a working-class neighborhood. He looks out the window, at a modest one-story house across the street. A light is on in the living room. The silhouette of a woman is visible inside.

Randy is watching the silhouette. He looks like he's thinking about ringing the bell. He drives off.

EXT. PARADISE OAKS TRAILER PARK - NEXT MORNING

Randy pulls into the entrance of his old trailer park.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy watches as Len the manager counts his cash.

EXT. RANDY'S TRAILER - SHORT TIME LATER

Len removes the padlock from Randy's door.

LEN THE MANAGER  
Welcome home.

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - KITCHENETTE - SHORT TIME LATER

A messy, sparsely decorated trailer. Randy sits at the table in the kitchenette. On the table is a Walgreens pharmacy bag. He opens the bag and takes out FOUR PRESCRIPTION PILL BOTTLES. We catch a glimpse of the drug names on them: *PLAVIX. COREG. LIPITOR, LISINOPRIL.*

Randy gazes at the patient name on them. They all say *RAMZINSKI, ROBIN.*

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Randy flops down on the bed, exhausted.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - BATHROOM - NEXT MORNING

Randy is taking a shower. On his chest is a SURGERY BANDAGE. He soaps up, taking special care not to get the bandage wet.

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy, standing shirtless before a mirror, gingerly removes the bandage. Underneath is a new TWO-INCH SCAR where the defibrillator was inserted.

Watching himself in the mirror, Randy does a JUMPING JACK. He does another. Another. A few more.

Randy feels himself getting a little winded. He feels woozy. Faint. He sits down.

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - LATER

Randy lies on the bed. He is restless, bored. He gets up and heads over to the TV.

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - SHORT TIME LATER

ANGLE ON an ancient NINTENDO GAME SYSTEM on the floor in front of the TV. The game in the console is *WRESTLEMANIA '88*.

Randy sits on the floor, eyes glued to the TV as he plays.

ON TV:

Cyber-Randy is wrestling The Ayatollah at the Hoosier Dome before 70,000 fans. The graphics are late-'80s crude.

Randy flies all over the ring, devastating his foe with a series of acrobatic leaps and kicks and flips.

RANDY:

Randy wears a look of vague dissatisfaction as he plays the game. What he'd hoped would be a cathartic, vicarious thrill is just making him more aware of his real-life limitations.

ON TV:

Cyber-Randy drops The Ayatollah with a knee to the chest. He heads to a corner and climbs to the top rope.

He raises his arms, sticking his elbows out, pressing his fists to the sides of his head to form a SET OF RAM'S HORNS. (Just like in the opening photo montage.)

Randy JUMPS. He flies high in the air, soaring over the mat before crashing down on The Ayatollah, horns-first. He pins The Ayatollah as the ref counts to three for the victory. The cyber-crowd goes wild.

RANDY:

Randy flings the controller aside.

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy sits leaning against a wall, SOBBING. Angry, bitter, frightened tears roll down his cheeks.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAM'S HOUSE - DUSK

Randy stands on the front steps of Pam's house. She opens the door just slightly. She looks at him coldly.

RANDY

Hey...

PAM

(terse)

Hey.

RANDY

I'm sorry I kinda been AWOL.

PAM

Yeah, well. Shit happens.

Pause. She stares at him.

PAM (CONT'D)

Can I help you with something?

RANDY

I wanted to see you again.

PAM

Look, we had some fun. Why don't we just leave it at that.

RANDY

I'd like to hang out again.

PAM

Why?

RANDY

Why? I dunno... 'Cause I do.

Pam looks at Randy as he stares mournfully at a spot on the ground.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
I had a heart attack.

He looks up at Pam, vulnerable and scared.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
They say I can't wrestle no more.

Pam's expression softens a little. She opens the door just a bit wider.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Randy sits awkwardly at the table, watching as Pam and Anthony finish the frozen PEPPERONI PIZZA they were eating when he showed up. He's like an invisible observer.

PAM  
Did you tell Mr. Wexler?

ANTHONY  
(groaning)  
Yess. I was like, "Matt was drawing in my book! I was just telling him to stop!" And he was like, "Well, Anthony, how come these disruptions always seem to involve you?"

PAM  
He's kinda got a point there.

ANTHONY  
But I wasn't doing anything!

Pam notices Randy eyeing the two remaining pizza slices on the serving plate.

PAM  
You can have one if you want.

RANDY  
I'm not allowed.  
(beat)  
They gave me this sheet.

Pam nods. Oh. A brief, awkward pause. She returns to her conversation with Anthony.

PAM  
I'm sure you weren't. *This time.*

ANTHONY  
He totally hates me...  
(brooding)  
He's such a dick.

PAM

Look, he's just looking for excuses  
to bust you. So don't give him any.

ANTHONY

I can't be, like, perfect.

PAM

(lovingly teasing)

Of course you can. You are.

She gives him a playful "my little angel" hair scruff, which he dodges. She chuckles. He scowls.

Randy watches the intimate parent-child exchange with discomfort—and envy.

INT. KITCHEN - SHORT TIME LATER

ANGLE ON the two pizza slices, still on the serving plate. Nobody's at the table. Just the uncleared plates and glasses.

RANDY (O.S.)

Well, see ya 'round, man...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Randy, flanked by Pam, is standing over Anthony, who sits on the floor in front of the TV playing "Scarface" on his PlayStation 2. Anthony, engrossed in the game, ignores Randy.

RANDY

(fishing for a goodbye)

Take it easy...

Still no response.

CYBER-TONY MONTANA

(from screen)

Say goodnight to the bad guy!

This is followed by loud MACHINE-GUN FIRE. Randy sighs.

EXT. PAM'S HOUSE - SHORT TIME LATER

Pam walks Randy out to his van. He looks at her, tentative.

RANDY

So...?

PAM

So what?

Randy makes a "you and me" gesture.

PAM (CONT'D)  
We'll see...

Randy nods in acceptance. He leans in to kiss her goodbye, not sure what he's going to get. He gets a cheek.

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - MIDNIGHT

Randy lies awake in bed, unable to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. TEMPLE BETH EL - LOBBY - DAY

Randy walks through the lobby of a suburban synagogue with Scott Brumberg, the promoter from the Wilmington show. He's wearing the same Mets jersey as the last time we saw him.

BRUMBERG  
So you're all right?

RANDY  
Yeah, nah, I'm fine.

Brumberg, nodding, leads him toward a set of double doors.

BRUMBERG  
Right this way.

He opens the door for Randy. They enter...

INT. TEMPLE BETH EL - SOCIAL HALL - CONTINUOUS

A sports-card/comics show. GEEKY COLLECTOR DUDES browse a few dozen VENDOR TABLES of baseball jerseys, "Spawn" figurines, etc. Randy follows Brumberg as he cuts across the floor.

BRUMBERG  
So you're still good for Utica?

RANDY  
Why wouldn't I be?

BRUMBERG  
I don't know, I heard it was kinda  
scary. A few people said they heard  
you might even have to—

RANDY  
*I'm fine.*

Brumberg sees he's hit a raw nerve here.

BRUMBERG  
(backing off)  
Okay, okay. Just checking...

INT. TEMPLE BETH EL - SOCIAL HALL - LATER

Randy is sitting at an AUTOGRAPH TABLE. Next to him is HIROSHIMA (47), a ragged, overweight Japanese guy in a WHEELCHAIR. He and Randy sit staring off as people walk past—no one is at the table.

ANNOUNCEMENT (O.S.)  
*Your attention please... Just another reminder, Randy "The Ram" Robinson and Hiroshima are still available for autographs at Table 11. Come on by and get a signed 8x10 glossy or have your picture taken with a wrestling legend for just five dollars.*

Randy looks around... Not much reaction to the announcement. He looks over his shoulder. Standing behind him is Brumberg, holding a Polaroid camera. Brumberg shrugs sheepishly.

Randy looks at the stack of 8x10 GLOSSIES in front of him. It's a high-flying, mid-air Ram Jam photo from the height of his '80s glory. The contrast between the shot and his current surroundings depresses him.

Randy looks over at Hiroshima's 8x10, which seems to date from roughly the same era. His photo, like Randy's, shows him flying high through the air. Hiroshima was a sculpted, fearsome specimen back then.

Randy looks over at the current-day Hiroshima, a sad sight in his wheelchair. Attached to his calf is a URINARY LEG BAG.

Randy's head fills with dark thoughts.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARADISE OAKS TRAILER PARK - TRASH AREA - LATER

Randy is throwing out all of his wrestling stuff. His tights. His boots. The 8x10s. Everything.

EXT. PARADISE OAKS - PAY PHONE - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy stands at a PAY PHONE, ringing phone cradled to his ear. In his hands is his DAY PLANNER.

ANGLE ON well-worn book, open to a page heavily marked up with upcoming gigs.

RANDY  
Yo, Brumberg. Ram.  
(beat)  
Ah, same old same. How you doin'?  
(beat)  
Good, good...  
(deep breath)  
Listen, you're gonna have to count  
me out for Utica...  
(momentous pause)  
I'm retiring.

EXT. PAY PHONE - MOMENTS LATER

Another call.

RANDY  
Hey, how ya doin', Frank?  
(beat)  
Good. That's good.  
(deep breath)  
Listen...

EXT. PAY PHONE - MOMENTS LATER

Another call.

RANDY  
I mean it, Migs. I'm done. I'm out.

INT. FOREST HILLS HIGH SCHOOL - TEACHERS LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Mike Migliore, the promoter of the Passaic show and Fanfest, is on his cellphone in a TEACHER'S LOUNGE. He's in the button-down shirt and khakis of a high-school teacher.

MIGLIORE  
C'mon, Ram, you just had a little  
scare.  
(trying to tempt)  
Reunion rematch. 20th anniversary.

EXT. PAY PHONE - CONTINUOUS

Randy stands his ground.

RANDY  
It's been a great ride, but it's  
over. Time to move on...

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - LATER

Randy lies on his bed. In his hands is a bright-orange FLYER. ANGLE ON flyer as he stares at it...

MIKE MIGLIORE PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS  
\*\*\*\* "LEGENDS OF THE RING" FANFEST IV \*\*\*\*  
MAY 5-6, 2007

JACKSONVILLE AIRPORT RAMADA - JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

Q&A's, AUTOGRAPH SESSIONS, PHOTOS WITH THE STARS,  
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MEET THE BIGGEST NAMES IN WRESTLING HISTORY  
UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL!!

SCHEDULED TO APPEAR:

EDDIE RUCKUS, THE MORTICIAN, DEAN "THE DREAM" GIGUNDA,  
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REX STEELE, CORPORAL PUNISHMENT, CHRIS COLUMBO...  
AND MANY MORE!

AND FEATURING, THE MAIN EVENT...  
IN A 20TH ANNIVERSARY REMATCH OF THEIR LEGENDARY EPIC  
MAY 6, 1987 HOOSIER DOME WWF TITLE BOUT...

RANDY "THE RAM" ROBINSON VS. THE AYATOLLAH

RANDY:

Randy FLINGS THE FLYER AWAY. It just winds up floating back down onto his chest. He leaves it there, closing his tired eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - KITCHENETTE - MORNING

Randy sits at the table eating a bowl of "Smart Start" Healthy Heart cereal. In front of him is the paper, open to the WANT ADS. He scans it closely.

INT. SHOP RITE - CHECKOUT AREA - LATER

A suburban supermarket. Randy is sitting on a ledge by the gumball machines, filling out a clipboarded JOB APPLICATION.

INT. SHOP RITE - MANAGER'S OFFICE - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy hands his application to a MANAGER. The manager gives it a quick once-over, making sure everything's filled out.

MANAGER

Okay, great... We'll let you know.

Randy nods. He feels good about himself.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - CORRIDOR - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy walks down a mall corridor. He comes to a GAME STOP store. He enters.

INT. GAME STOP - CONTINUOUS

He browses the game titles in the PlayStation 2 section.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Anthony, holding a WRAPPED GIFT, looks up warily at Randy. Pam stands behind her son, looking on.

RANDY

(more excited than  
Anthony)

Open it.

Anthony opens it. It's a PlayStation 2 game called *LEGENDS OF WRESTLING*. Anthony doesn't explode with joy like Randy hoped.

ANTHONY

Thanks.

RANDY

It's supposed to be awesome.

Pam is touched by Randy's gesture—certainly more than Anthony. She gives her son an enthusiasm-prodding poke.

PAM

How cool is that?

RANDY

(wink-wink grin)

And I hear they got some *incredible* wrestlers.

PAM

Are you in there?!

RANDY

(shrugging, "clueless")

I don't know...

(to Anthony)

Only one way to find out...

All eyes are on Anthony.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy and Anthony are sitting on the living-room floor playing the game.

ON TV:

Billy Bob Banjo is wrestling against the Ram. Billy Bob Banjo scoops up the Ram and climbs to the top rope with him. He drops him with a high-flying reverse BODYSLAM.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Randy, playing himself, winces at the slam.

RANDY

Oof!

Anthony's eyes are locked intensely on the screen, determined to inflict damage on his opponent. His demeanor contrasts Randy's loose, playful "Let's just have fun" vibe.

ON TV:

Billy Bob Banjo kicks the Ram in the head with a flying dropkick.

ANTHONY (O.S.)

Boo-ya.

Billy Bob Banjo falls on the Ram's face with his elbow. He kicks the Ram repeatedly as he lies helpless on the mat.

ANTHONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What a pussy.

ANTHONY:

Anthony smiles maliciously as Billy Bob Banjo pours it on.

ANTHONY

You shouldn'ta picked that guy...  
He sucks.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Pam, spying on them from the kitchen, looks pained by her son's behavior.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Randy and Pam, both dressed, lie on the bed together. Randy is staring up at the ceiling.

PAM  
I'm sorry about that.

RANDY  
Hey, it happens.

Pam shakes her head, lost in troubled thoughts about Anthony.

PAM  
He can be tough with guys.

Randy nods vaguely, not sure what to say.

RANDY  
Kids...

PAM  
He's had some trust issues.  
(beat)  
Ever since his asshole dad  
bolted...

Randy grows visibly uncomfortable. Looking for a distraction, his eyes wander over to a shelf above the bed.

ANGLE ON shelf. On it, we see a bunch of books: *INTRODUCTION TO DEEP TISSUE MASSAGE*; *SECRETS OF SHIATSU*; *FUNDAMENTALS OF THAI MASSAGE*; *HEALING HANDS*; *THE SWEDISH WAY*.

RANDY  
Look at all those...

Pam follows Randy's eyes up to the shelf.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
You're really into massage.

Pam nods. Yup.

PAM  
I used to do it on the side. Out of  
the house.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

PAM (CONT'D)  
I'd put flyers up around town,  
classifieds in the Record.

RANDY  
That's awesome. Why'd you stop?

PAM  
I usually just got all these gross  
guys looking for a hand job.

Randy shakes his head, disgusted at these pervs.

PAM (CONT'D)  
To be a masseuse at a legit place,  
without the assholes, you gotta  
have a degree.

RANDY  
So get one.

PAM  
It's, like, two years, 900 hours of  
classes.  
(defeated "pfft" sound)  
There's no way...

RANDY  
There's always a way.

Pam is not buying it. Randy, unbowed, reaches around and rubs a spot under his shoulder blade. He winces exaggeratedly, as if suddenly in pain.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
I got this nasty little knot...

Pam rolls her eyes good-naturedly. She's seen this move before.

INT. BEDROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy, fully dressed, lies face-down on the bed as Pam, straddling him, gives him a massage. He MOANS with pleasure.

PAM  
This is a deep-tissue technique.

Pam skillfully works a spot under his shoulder blade with the heel of her palm.

PAM (CONT'D)  
It's great for releasing toxins.

More BLISSED-OUT MOANS from Randy.

RANDY

Anytime you wanna practice, just  
let me know.

Pam smiles. She clearly loves doing this. And is good at it.

RANDY (CONT'D)

I won't even ask for a happy  
ending.

Pam digs her thumb into Randy's lower back, eliciting LOUDER  
MOANS, almost orgasmic.

RANDY (CONT'D)

I think I just had one.

Pam gives Randy a playful, scolding smack on the ass.

PAM

Nasty.

She glances over at the bedside clock radio. It's 7:25 PM.

PAM (CONT'D)

I gotta get to work.

RANDY

You are at work.

Pam unstraddles Randy, abruptly ending the massage.

PAM

Up.

RANDY

C'mon...

PAM

I'm serious.

She heads for the closet. Sighing, he gets up.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOP RITE - EMPLOYEE ROOM - DAY

WAYNE (late 30s), the buzz-cut DELI-DEPARTMENT MANAGER,  
stands before a wall of MINI-LOCKERS, tapping one.

WAYNE

This is you. All your personal  
effects, this is the place.

Randy nods.

INT. EMPLOYEE ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Wayne is standing before the store's ELECTRONIC TIME CLOCK.

RANDY

You get in, first thing you do is  
punch in your employee PIN number.

Randy nods.

INT. EMPLOYEE ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy sits on the bench in front of his locker. Above his head, an instrumental Muzak version of BETTE MIDLER'S "WIND BENEATH MY WINGS" pipes in on the store speakers. As he reaches to open the locker, Wayne comes over.

WAYNE

(handing him something)

Here ya go.

Randy looks at the item in his hand, surprised and bothered.

ANGLE ON item, a Shop Rite NAME TAG. The name on it is *ROBIN*.

RANDY

I thought it was gonna say Randy.

WAYNE

(shrugging)

Guess they got it off your W-4.

Wayne walks off. Randy looks down unhappily at the tag.

Time to suit up. Randy reaches into his locker and takes out a DELI COAT. He slips it on, pinning the tag to the lapel. He tucks his hair into a hairnet and pulls a Shop Rite baseball cap over the hairnet. The whole thing feels like a strange, alternate-universe version of his pre-match ritual.

A new song comes on the store speakers: a gentle, elevator-music version of AC/DC'S "YOU SHOOK ME ALL NIGHT LONG".

Randy walks toward a RUBBER-STRIP CURTAIN leading to the deli counter. He steps through. Showtime.

INT. DELI COUNTER - SHORT TIME LATER

About HALF A DOZEN CUSTOMERS hover in front of the glass case waiting to be helped. Randy, manning the counter with another deli guy, hands an OLD MAN a container of potato salad.

RANDY

Can I help who's next?

A WOMAN gestures toward the turkey-breast area of the case.

WOMAN

Hi, pound of the honey roast, half-pound of the low-sodium.

RANDY

Certainly, sir.

Randy leans into the case and reaches for the honey roast turkey breast. As he leans, some STRANDS OF HAIR slip out of his hairnet. He tucks it back in and grabs the turkey. He carries it over to the slicer.

ANGLE ON Wayne, hovering nearby, observing the new hire.

Randy puts the meat on the slicer. Wayne comes over.

WAYNE

(shaking head, tsk-tsking)

Randy.

Randy doesn't know what he did wrong.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

You can't touch your hair while handling the food.

It takes Randy a moment to realize that he did this.

RANDY

Oh. Shoot... Sorry.

WAYNE

That's okay. Go wash up.

Randy heads over to the sink.

INT. DELI COUNTER - LATER

Randy is slicing swiss cheese. Wayne comes over.

WAYNE

She said thin, right?

RANDY

Yeah.

Wayne points to the slicer setting. It's on 4. He turns it to 2. Randy shakes his head in self-disappointment.

RANDY (CONT'D)

I knew that.

The head shake knocks a strand of hair loose. Randy reflexively tucks it back in. Wayne notices. But before the words can even come out of his mouth, Randy holds up his tainted hand and walks over to the nearby sink.

WAYNE  
(nodding, impressed)  
Very good.

Randy turns on the tap. He looks at Wayne, proud of himself.

RANDY  
I never make the same mistake three times.

INT. VAN - THAT EVENING

Randy, feeling good about himself, is driving south on the Garden State Parkway with Pam.

RANDY  
It was great. Piece of cake.

Pam smiles, happy for him.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Ever use a slicer? They're cool as hell. "Bzz, bzz, bzz..." It's like a copy machine for meat.

Pam chuckles at the image.

INT. MARTELL'S TIKI BAR - SHORT TIME LATER

A boisterous tropical-themed bar-and-grill on the Jersey shore. Patrons groove along as a cover band enthusiastically bangs out "Brown-Eyed Girl".

Over by the window, Randy and Pam sit at a table overlooking the Point Pleasant boardwalk/beach. Randy grabs a bottle of red wine off the table and pours each of them a nice, tall glass.

RANDY  
(jokily admiring)  
Red wine... good for the heart.

PAM  
Such a good patient you are.

RANDY  
Hey, just following my American Heart Association orders.

Pam chuckles. Randy raises his glass. Pam raises hers.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
To new beginnings.

They clink and drink. Pam looks at him coyly.

PAM  
(re: toast)  
Work, right?

He looks at her with a knowing smile.

RANDY  
Among other things...

EXT. POINT PLEASANT BOARDWALK - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy and Pam stroll the boardwalk after dinner. It's a charming little boardwalk, lined with skee-ball games, ice-cream parlors, T-shirt shops etc.

It's a bit chilly and not too crowded, still a little out of season. Randy chivalrously takes off his coat and wraps it around Pam.

Randy slows at a "Ring-The-Bell" carnival game. The grand prize is a giant, plush PINK PANTHER. He looks up at the bell at the top. He takes the sledgehammer from the guy manning the game. He raises it high above his head.

INT. BACK OF VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

ANGLE ON the giant, plush PINK PANTHER, shaking.

PAM (O.S.)  
Oh, godddd...

CAMERA PANS OVER to the mattress, where we find the cause of the shaking: Randy and Pam are FUCKING, doggystyle.

PAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Fuuck.

Conscious of his heart rate, Randy takes a hand off Pam's hip and presses it to his neck. He slows his thrusts just a bit.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOP RITE - DELI COUNTER - DAY

ANGLE ON Take-A-Number sign. It says *NOW SERVING: 19.*

Randy, in a loose, jokey mood, looks across the deli case to a WOMAN (50s) waving a 19.

RANDY  
What can I get you?

WOMAN  
Quarter pound of lox, please.

RANDY  
Sure, which kind? We got Master lox  
and combination lox.

The woman looks thrown by the punning.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
I'm just messing around.  
(grabbing lox from case)  
How would you like that sliced?

INT. DELI COUNTER - LATER

ANGLE ON Take-A-Number sign. It says *NOW SERVING: 46.*

A YOUNG WOMAN in workout clothes holds up a 46.

YOUNG WOMAN  
I'm next.

RANDY  
What can I getcha, Next?

YOUNG WOMAN  
(chuckling politely)  
Pound of whitefish salad.

Randy scoops whitefish salad into a plastic container,  
carefully measuring it with his eye. He puts the container  
onto the scale. It reads *1.02 LB.*

RANDY  
Bam. I am good.

YOUNG WOMAN  
(playful back)  
Very impressive.

Randy slaps a price tag on the container.

RANDY  
Can I get you anything else, Next?

YOUNG WOMAN  
Nope, that's it...  
(glancing at his tag)  
...Robin.

The cute little exchange is unexpectedly derailed. He hands her the container, slightly drained of spirit.

RANDY  
Have a nice day.

The woman heads off. Randy, determined to bounce back, looks up at the Take-A-Number sign. It says *NOW SERVING: 47.*

RANDY (CONT'D)  
G-47...

An OLD LADY steps forward with the number.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Bingo!

The old lady smiles big. She looks like the Bingo type.

OLD LADY  
What's my prize?

RANDY  
Anything back here, gorgeous.

OLD LADY  
How about a pound of chopped liver  
and a half a pound of egg salad?

RANDY  
I think that can be arranged.

Randy reaches into the case and grabs a scooper. As he does, a strand of hair falls in his face. He reflexively swipes it. He puts down the scooper, good-naturedly exasperated.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
(to old lady)  
Be right back.

INT. EMPLOYEE ROOM - LATER

Shift over, Randy takes off his coat, cap and hairnet. He catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror. He goes over to it. He gathers up his hair and hides it behind his head.

Randy gazes at his short-haired self.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Randy sits on a chair in the middle of the living room. His hair is washed, and he's got a towel wrapped around his neck and chest. Pam stands before him with a scissors. Anthony hovers nearby, observing.

Randy stares at his long blond locks in a hand mirror. He takes a deep breath.

RANDY

Okay. Let's do it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

ANGLE ON Pam's excited face.

PAM

You look so fuckin' hot.

Randy is taking in his new, SHORT-HAIRED SELF in the mirror. It's a jarring sight for him. It's been decades.

RANDY

You like it?

PAM

It's awesome.

Randy looks at himself some more. He's not quite sold.

PAM (CONT'D)

You look like when James Hetfield  
cut his hair.

Randy chuckles, a little sourly.

RANDY

That's when Metallica started to  
suck.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANTHONY'S FRIEND'S HOUSE - EVENING

Randy, with Pam, pulls the van up to the curb of a house. He honks. Anthony appears from inside. He scampers toward the van, climbing in back.

ANTHONY

Could we *please* get McDonald's?

INT. MCDONALD'S - SHORT TIME LATER

Pam, Randy, and Anthony are eating dinner at a booth. Sipping his soda, Anthony makes a face.

ANTHONY  
Does this taste like diet?

He passes the soda to Randy for an opinion. Randy, taking a sip, looks unsure.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
They gave me diet.

RANDY  
(sliding out of booth)  
I'll switch it.

Anthony nods appreciatively. Randy heads off to the counter.

THE COUNTER:

Randy gets in line. In front of him is a RED-HAIRED WOMAN (early 20s). She takes her tray and turns around. Their eyes meet. Randy recognizes her. He's like a deer caught in the headlights.

RANDY  
Hey...

The woman calmly, coldly puts down her food and walks straight out of the restaurant.

THE BOOTH:

Randy returns to the table.

PAM  
What was that?

Randy didn't know Pam saw.

RANDY  
Her?  
(fumbling beat)  
She's the girlfriend of this guy,  
who got hurt wrestling me.  
(beat)  
She thinks it's my fault. It  
totally wasn't.

He sees Pam looking at him with suspicion.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
It's true.

PAM  
I'm sure.

RANDY  
Why you saying it like that?

PAM  
Like what?

RANDY  
Like you don't believe me.

PAM  
I believe you, I believe you...

They look at each other with uneasy smiles.

INT. VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy, Pam, and Anthony are driving home. Pam stares off distractedly, still thinking about the episode at McDonald's.

RANDY  
No way, dude. *Burger King*.

ANTHONY  
BK fries taste like ass.

RANDY  
McDonald's are like skinny friggin' pencils.

ANTHONY  
It's called *crispy*.

RANDY  
And they got no salt.

Anthony snorts in vehement disagreement. Randy pulls up to the curb in front of Pam's house. Anthony opens the door.

ANTHONY  
BK sucks!

Anthony dashes off toward the house, getting the last word. Randy turns toward Pam. He smiles.

RANDY  
We got a good thing going here.  
(beat)  
I think we've been good for each other.

PAM

So do I.

Randy looks at her with vulnerability.

RANDY

I never really ever tried this.

PAM

What?

RANDY

Being involved. With people's lives  
and stuff.

Pam can feel Randy's deep sincerity. His earnest struggling.

PAM

You never wanted it?

Randy shrugs vaguely. He looks off, his mood darkening.

RANDY

I've done some things I regret.

(beat)

But I feel like I'm finally growing  
up. Getting my shit together.

Pam, not feeling the need to pry details out of him, just  
smiles.

PAM

Good.

CUT TO:

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Pam sits on the bed, watching Randy as he heads toward the  
night table.

PAM

Colder...

Randy, adjusting his direction, heads toward the closet.

PAM (CONT'D)

Warmer...

He heads for the dresser.

PAM (CONT'D)

Warmer...

He opens a drawer. It's full of Pam's socks.

PAM (CONT'D)  
(he opens another drawer)  
You're burning up.  
(another drawer)  
You're on fire!

ANGLE ON Randy, looking into the drawer. Taking it in, processing the meaning. He smiles a little, excited.

ANGLE ON drawer. It's EMPTY.

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - DAY

Randy stuffs a bunch of clothes into a plastic shopping bag.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Randy carries his box of possessions into the living room. Sticking out of the top is his Nintendo.

RANDY  
Now we got both.

Anthony eyes the prehistoric game system with disdain.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Hey, be nice to the old man.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Randy and Anthony sit on the floor playing WRESTLEMANIA '88 on the Nintendo. Other games scattered on the floor include MIKE TYSON'S SUPER PUNCH-OUT, JUDGE DREDD, and NFL '90.

ON TV:

Mr. Magnificent climbs up the ropes. He crashes down on Randy with a back-flip moonsault.

ANTHONY (O.S.)  
BAM!

ANTHONY:

He cackles with glee. His happy, edge-free demeanor is miles from when they last played a wrestling videogame.

ANGLE ON Pam, sitting behind them in the recliner doing a Sudoku puzzle. She looks down at the boys playing nicely on the floor. The picture makes her happy.

ON TV:

The ref is counting Randy out.

CYBER-REF  
One... Two... *Three!*

*Ding-ding-ding!* The match is over.

ANTHONY:

Anthony stands up, arms raised. He taunts Randy with a cocky little VICTORY DANCE. Randy scowls like he's all upset.

RANDY  
Siddown!

PAM:

Pam smiles as she watches this.

RANDY (O.S.)  
You got *lucky*, broski.

ANTHONY (O.S.)  
Yeah? Care for a rematch?

ON TV:

The screen says *CHOOSE YOUR WRESTLER*. Anthony scrolls through the choices: Mr. Magnificent. Billy Bob Banjo. Romeo Dynamite. The Ayatollah. C.C. Apollo. He comes to Randy.

ANTHONY:

He looks at the real Randy, a little nervous to ask.

ANTHONY  
Could I be you?

Randy smiles, flattered.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Randy and Pam lie in bed together.

PAM  
(marveling)  
You're really good with him.

Randy feels good. Proud.

PAM (CONT'D)  
I've never seen him like that with  
a guy.

RANDY  
(deflecting praise)  
Ah, he's a good kid.

PAM  
But you're good. You've got a way.

She snuggles in tightly to him.

PAM (CONT'D)  
I think you missed your calling.

Randy tenses up just slightly. He forces a chuckle.

INT. BEDROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy and Pam lie asleep spooning.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Randy smacks the alarm clock. It says 8:10 AM. He stretches, gathering up the strength to climb out of bed.

From the adjacent bathroom, he hears Pam LAUGH.

PAM (O.S.)  
Oh, my God.

RANDY  
What?

Another small chortle from the next room.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
What?

Pam enters the bedroom, toothbrush dangling from her mouth. She's hiding something in her closed fist. She looks at Randy, who's still in bed.

PAM  
C'mon, time to get up...  
(amused grin)  
Robin.

She opens her fist, revealing one of Randy's prescription bottles.

PAM (CONT'D)  
*Robin Ramzinski?*

RANDY  
Gimme that.

PAM  
That's your real name? You never told me!  
(announcer-like)  
"Ladies and gentlemen... *Robin "The Ram" Ramzinski!*"

Randy scowls. He's getting pissed.

RANDY  
It's not funny.

PAM  
Come on... it is a little.  
(chanting)  
"Ro-bin! Ro-bin! Ro-bin!"

RANDY  
(snapping)  
Cut the shit. It's not funny.

Pam is caught off guard by the flash of anger.

PAM  
(hands up, backing off)  
Okay, okay. I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOP RITE - DELI COUNTER - LATER

Randy is scooping macaroni salad for an OLD LADY. Randy weighs the container. The scale says 1.12 LB.

OLD LADY  
A little less.

Randy scoops out a little and weighs it again. The scale reads .94 LB.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)  
A little more.

Randy, trying to contain his aggravation, puts a little more in. The scale reads 1.05. The lady stares at the scale.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)  
Just a tiny bit less.

INT. DELI COUNTER - LATER

Randy stands at the deli counter. It's slow at the moment, no customers. A GUY (40s) comes over.

RANDY  
Can I help you?

CUSTOMER  
Hi, could I get a—

The guy, looking at Randy, does a surprised DOUBLE-TAKE.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)  
Are you...

Randy glances at the T-shirt peeking out from the guy's unzipped coat. It's an old *SUMMERSLAM '98* tee.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)  
Randy The Ram.

Randy is deeply embarrassed to be spotted here by a fan.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)  
What are you—

He cuts himself off, not wanting to be disrespectful. Randy shrugs sheepishly.

RANDY  
Ah, just... Y'know...

Randy has no idea what to say. The fan feels awkward and awful, realizing how he put Randy on the spot.

CUSTOMER  
Nice to... I'm a big fan.

RANDY  
Thanks, cool...

A painful pause. Both of them just want this to be over.

CUSTOMER  
Could I get a half pound of  
Virginia ham and a half pound of  
the Jarlsberg lite?

Randy, humiliated, reaches into the case and pulls out a ham. He brings it over to the slicing machine and goes to work.

ANGLE ON ham as Randy slices. There's only a SMALL CHUNK left. The chunk dwindles, getting smaller and smaller. The meat separating Randy's fingers from the blade grows thin.

Randy watches as his thumb gets perilously close to the blade. He stares at the blade, transfixed.

He almost seems tempted.

DELI COWORKER (O.S.)  
Yo, Randy.

The voice snaps Randy out of his trance. He turns and sees a COWORKER holding the deli-department phone.

DELI COWORKER (CONT'D)  
For you.

INT. DELI COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

Randy is on the phone.

RANDY  
Hey, what's up?

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Pam is on the phone, coat on, holding her keys.

(Intercut as necessary.)

PAM  
My fucking car won't start.

RANDY  
Oh, shit.

PAM  
Jade said she can give me a lift to work but I have no way of getting home... Could you do me the hugest favor?

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Randy pulls into a spot in the Cheetah's parking lot. He looks at his watch. It's 11:55 PM.

INT. CHEETAH'S - MOMENTS LATER

Randy enters the club. WARRANT'S "CHERRY PIE" is blasting from the speakers. He looks up and is mildly surprised to see Pam on stage.

Pam, spotting Randy, flashes him a discrete "One sec... I'm almost done" finger.

Randy nods sure. He stands for a moment, then decides to take a seat toward the back. He watches Pam dance before a LARGE, CHEERING CROWD. Pam is putting more energy into her routine tonight, really working the room, taking full advantage of the more lucrative night-shift.

Randy looks around the club, taking in VARIOUS PATRONS ogling Pam...

—A man near the stage sucks on a rum and coke through a little red stirrer, his eyes locked on Pam's breasts.

—A man smiles at Pam as he slips a dollar into her garter.

—A man unconsciously licks his lips as Pam does a split.

—A pair of men watch mesmerized as Pam, twirling around the pole, athletically FLIPS HERSELF UPSIDE DOWN, slowly SLIDING DOWN THE POLE with her legs spread wide.

Randy takes in the crowd, all these men cheering, getting off on the show Pam is putting on with just her body.

His mood visibly darkens.

INT. VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy is driving Pam home. They're each absorbed in their own bad mood.

PAM  
I hope it's not the fucking fuel  
injector again.  
(shaking head)  
He swore it was fixed.

Pam looks at Randy, who's gazing ahead in stormy silence. She can see JEALOUSY all over his face.

PAM (CONT'D)  
What?

RANDY  
Nothing.

PAM

What?

RANDY

*Nothing.*

PAM

Since when do you get jealous?

RANDY

I'm not jealous.

PAM

Yeah, you are. Look at you.

Randy slows at a red light. He is silent.

RANDY

It's hard seeing you up there.

PAM

Randy, it's just a job.

RANDY

All those eyes on you...

PAM

It doesn't mean anything.

He shakes his head mournfully.

RANDY

I'd kill to pop a crowd again.

Pam, confused, needs a moment to process this. She looks at him, surprised and slightly weirded out.

PAM

You're not jealous of them, you're jealous of me.

Pam finds this perversely amusing.

PAM (CONT'D)

You'd make a great stripper.

(beat)

You like wearing spandex, you're used to men grabbing your thighs...

(chuckle)

All you need's a size 52 G-string, and you're good to go.

Randy fails to see the humor.

RANDY

Don't make fun of me.

PAM

You're so sensitive. What's up with you today?

RANDY

What's up with me is you're fucking making fun of me and I don't appreciate it.

PAM

I'm not making fun. I'm *having* fun.

She looks at him.

PAM (CONT'D)

*Jesus. Chill...*

The light turns green. They drive in tense, edgy silence.

CUT TO:

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - 2 AM

Randy, unable to sleep, sits on the couch watching TV.

ON TV:

ESPN "Sportscenter" is on. They're showing an NBA HIGHLIGHT CLIP of a player going skyward and throwing down a ferocious dunk. The crowd goes wild. The player shouts as he runs back up court on a post-dunk testosterone high.

RANDY:

Randy's eyes drift down to his stomach. He's getting a gut. He gives his belly fat a little slap. He clutches it. Kneads the flesh between his fingers.

ON TV:

Another clip, this one NHL. A REF is trying to wedge himself between two brawling players as they try to punch each other.

RANDY:

Randy is watching the hockey clip. His wheels are turning.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTVIEW PLAZA - NEXT DAY

A strip mall. Randy parks the van. He gets out and heads toward a store called NINTH INNING COLLECTIBLES.

INT. NINTH INNING COLLECTIBLES - CONTINUOUS

A sports-card/comic-book shop. Tacked to the wall by the entrance are FLYERS for various events—card shows, autograph signings, etc. Among them is the bright-orange FANFEST FLYER. Randy pauses to look at it.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Shame...

Randy looks toward the store's counter. Sitting behind it is promoter Scott Brumberg, holding a Subway chicken BLT sub.

BRUMBERG

(heaving sigh of regret)

That woulda been awesome.

Randy heads over to Brumberg and gives him a big, manly hug.

RANDY

Whassup?

BRUMBERG

Look at you with the hair, man. I hardly recognized you. What'd ya, get a job at a bank?

RANDY

(chuckling good-naturedly)

Something like that.

Randy gestures toward the Fanfest flyer.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Who's main-eventing now?

BRUMBERG

I heard Robbie Hart and Rick Fury, some lame shit like that.

Brumberg looks at the flyer, chuckling.

BRUMBERG (CONT'D)

Miggy's too cheap to print up new ones. Probably wants people to think you're still coming, Bait-'n'-Switchin' motherfucker.

Randy chuckles, a little sadly. Brumberg takes a big bite of his sub. Mayo drips onto the glass.

BRUMBERG (CONT'D)  
So how's retirement treating ya?

RANDY  
Good, good...  
(beat)  
Actually, I was thinking...

BRUMBERG  
(amused smirk)  
I figured. Here we go, let's hear it...

RANDY  
Not that. I'm done.  
(beat)  
I was just thinking, maybe it'd be fun to do, like, a reffing gig.

BRUMBERG  
(amused chuckle)  
What was that, three weeks?

RANDY  
I'm *not* wrestling. This'd be...  
(searching for the word)  
...an *appearance*.

BRUMBERG  
I think somebody misses the life.

RANDY  
(walking off)  
Fuck off, forget it.

BRUMBERG  
Alright, alright, alright.

Brumberg reaches under the desk and pulls out a ripped, beat-up old SPIRAL NOTEBOOK with event flyers sticking out. It's his all-purpose address book/organizer. He opens it.

BRUMBERG (CONT'D)  
Let's see...

CUT TO:

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - EVENING

Randy and Pam sit at the kitchen table.

PAM  
(troubled and concerned)  
Oh, my God... How'd you hear?

RANDY  
This promoter I bumped into.

PAM  
(shaking head, deep  
concern)  
Jesus... I hope he's okay...

Randy nods soberly.

PAM (CONT'D)  
When's the surgery?

RANDY  
Saturday.  
(beat)  
I'm actually thinking of maybe  
swinging by the hospital. Wish him  
good luck.

PAM  
Oh, you definitely should.

RANDY  
Maybe Friday night after work...

PAM  
Want me to come with you?

RANDY  
Oh, nah... that's not necessary.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - FRIDAY NIGHT

Randy stands at the door leaning into the house. He's holding a MYLAR BALLOON with "GET WELL!" and a teddy bear on it.

RANDY  
I'm going!

INT. VAN - LATER

Randy is driving. In the back seat is the balloon.

INT. VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy parks the van in a lot and gets out. He leaves the balloon behind.

RANDY'S POV: He is walking toward a building. A HIGH SCHOOL.

INT. BRIDGEPORT NORTH HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - LATER

Randy is slipping into a REFEREE UNIFORM. He is approached by BOOKER D (30s), a big black guy in FULL PIMP REGALIA. Though not a pro like Randy, he's upper-tier indie circuit.

BOOKER D  
How you doin', man?

RANDY  
(hugging him hello)  
Hey, wassup, long time.

BOOKER D  
I hear you're our special celebrity  
ref.

RANDY  
I don't know about *celebrity*.

Booker D chuckles a little. He gets to the point.

BOOKER D  
So listen... Me and McPride were  
going over spots, and we had this  
dope idea how to work you in.

RANDY  
I really ain't looking to mix it up  
tonight.

BOOKER D  
But this is hype. Check this out—

RANDY  
That's okay. You guys do your  
thing.

Booker D is really caught off guard by his resistance.

BOOKER D  
We gotta do *something*. With you in  
the zebra stripes, the crowd's  
gonna be expecting a ref bump in  
there somewhere.

RANDY  
I'm just reffing. That's it.

Booker D sees Randy really means it.

INT. BRIDGEPORT NORTH H.S. - GYMNASIUM - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy stands in the middle of the ring in his ref outfit. Next to him is an ANNOUNCER. On the wall hangs a banner that says *CAPW - CONNECTICUT ALL-PRO WRESTLING*.

RANDY'S POV: Golden pimp cup in hand, Booker D struts toward the ring to CURTIS MAYFIELD'S "SUPERFLY". On his arm is his "manager", the bodacious FOXY D. The crowd BOOS lustily.

Booker D climbs into the ring. He removes his fur-lined cape and fedora and hands them to Foxy D. He's wearing purple briefs that say BOOKER D across the ass.

ANNOUNCER  
And his opponent...

The crowd looks toward the curtain as a new song comes on: HOUSE OF PAIN'S "JUMP AROUND".

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
Weighing in at 210 pounds, from  
Hartford, Connecticut... *Shawn  
McPride!*

ANGLE ON Randy's face as he watches McPride burst into the gym to loud, appreciative cheers.

CROWD (O.S.)  
*Shawn Mc-Pride! Shawn Mc-Pride!...*

Stocky sparkplug SHAWN MCPRIDE, another upper-tier indie guy, climbs into the ring. He and Booker D circle each other. Booker D punches McPride in the face. We're underway.

Booker D goes on the offensive, hitting McPride with a slew of punches. McPride stands there absorbing the blows like they have no effect at all. He throws Booker D a derisive, defiant look that says "That all you got, chump?"

Booker D winds up and hits McPride as hard as he can. Still no effect. The crowd is eating it up.

ANGLE ON Randy, standing off to the side, irrelevant to the action.

Booker D throws McPride into the ropes. He tries to clothesline him on the bounce-back, but McPride ducks his outstretched forearm. McPride bounces off the opposite ropes and hits Booker D with a flying boot to the gut.

Randy is itching to get involved.

McPride falls on top of Booker D for the pin. Randy smacks the mat, counting.

RANDY

One!... Two!...

Booker D kicks out. McPride picks up Booker D. He hits him with a chest chop, sending him stumbling backwards into the ropes. McPride hammers him with a forearm. Booker D flips over the rope, crashing headfirst onto the floor outside the ring. McPride hops out of the ring. Randy does, too.

OUTSIDE THE RING:

McPride lifts Booker D up and hits him with an ELBOW SMASH to the face. Booker D stumbles backwards toward the bleachers. McPride drags Booker D up to the top row. Fans scramble to clear a path. McPride punches Booker D a few times, then flips him over his shoulder, SLAMMING HIM hard onto his back. Booker D tumbles down the bleachers.

McPride, taking control of the match, throws Booker D back into the ring. Booker D rolls to a stop in the center of the mat. McPride drops a knee onto Booker D's head. He falls on top of him for the pin.

RANDY

One!... Two!...

As Randy counts, Booker D discretely pulls a can of MACE out of his boot and SPRAYS MCPRISE IN THE FACE. McPride howls in agony. Booker D scurries off, escaping the pin.

McPride, clutching his eyes, staggers to his feet and stumbles toward Randy. He gets right in Randy's face.

MCPRISE

Did you see that? He MACED me!

RANDY

I didn't see it.

MCPRISE

You didn't see that?! You must be blinder than me!

During this exchange, Randy sees Booker D sneaking up behind McPride with a FOLDING CHAIR. Booker D raises the chair high, taking aim at McBride's head.

MCPRISE (CONT'D)

(oblivious to what's behind him)

What kind of ref are you?  
(angrily shoving Randy)

You stink!

Randy gives McPride a HARD SHOVE BACK... at the EXACT MOMENT Booker D is bringing the chair down. The shove causes the chair to miss McPride and instead hit Randy FLUSH IN THE FACE. Randy goes flying backwards, tumbling under the ropes and onto the hard floor outside the ring.

Booker D, taking advantage of the ref-less ring, sprays McPride again with the mace and starts beating him senseless.

Randy, who misses the second macing, staggers to his feet and climbs back into the ring—just in time to see Booker D pinning down McPride. Randy drops to his knees for a count.

RANDY  
One!... Two... THREE!

*Ding-ding-ding.* The match is over.

Randy raises Booker D's hand in victory. McPride is wild with outrage over the gross miscarriage of wrestling justice.

RANDY'S POV: The pro-McPride crowd is outraged, hurling BOOS and EXPLETIVES and PLASTIC CUPS at the ring.

Randy grins to himself.

INT. BOYS' LOCKER ROOM - SHOWER AREA - POST-MATCH

Randy, Booker D, and McPride are SHOWERING (along with a few UNDERCARD WRESTLERS) in the open shower area. The three of them talk as they lather up, on a post-match high.

BOOKER D  
Now that was a screwjob.

MCPRI  
Crowd was pissed.

McPride gives Randy a "We're not worthy" bow of respect.

MCPRI  
The master...

Booker D shakes his head at Randy, grinning a little.

BOOKER D  
Just reffing, my ass... I knew  
you'd get in there.

Randy gives him a mischievous "Hey, what can I say?" shrug.

MCPRI  
Y'all feel like grabbing a drink?

McPride and Booker D both look toward Randy. He's the one they're interested in hanging with.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLIDAY INN BRIDGEPORT - HOTEL BAR - LATER

A hotel bar, lively and hopping with a Friday-night crowd. Randy sits at the bar, holding court with Booker D and McPride, the two younger guys listening to stories at his knee. They're all well on their way to drunk.

RANDY

You never heard that one?

BOOKER D

Tell it!

MCPRIDE

Tell me.

RANDY (CONT'D)

1990. War At The Shore III. I'm in the locker room, shaving. Suddenly, behind me, I see one of the stall doors open. I turn and there's Chris Columbo, sitting there on the can, taking a dump. So he goes to me, "This is for Petrov". I'm like, "What the fuck you talking about?" So he wipes his ass, then takes the shit covered toilet paper and *rubs it in his armpit*.

McPride and Booker D squirm with grossed-out delight.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Five minutes later, Columbo's in the ring with Petrov in a headlock. Petrov's stuck there under CC's arm lookin' like he's gonna *puke*!

McPride and Booker D crack up at the story. Randy smiles nostalgically.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Fuckin' classic...

Booker D spots something intriguing by the entrance: TWO WOMEN—late 30s, frosted hair, tight denim miniskirts—have just walked in. Booker D catches them stealing an admiring glance in their direction.

BOOKER D

Uh-oh...

(mischievous grin)

Ring rats, twelve o'clock.

Randy and McPride follow his eyes to the girls. They seem to agree with Booker D's assessment.

McPride pulls his cellphone out of his pocket.

MCPRISE  
Gonna call the wife, let her know  
I'll be running a little late.

Booker D gives McPride a proud, "You da man" fist tap.

McPride heads off in the direction of the entrance. En route, he passes the two ladies. He gives them a little "What's up" wink. They smile back. It's on.

Randy's head fills with thoughts of Pam. He really should call her. He really shouldn't be here, doing what he may be about to do.

RANDY'S POV: McPride is on his cellphone in the hallway between the bar and the hotel lobby. Next to him is a PAY PHONE, just waiting to be used.

Randy turns away from the pay phone. He takes a swig of his drink, slapping the empty glass on the bar.

RANDY  
(to bartender)  
Hit me baby, one more time.

INT. HOTEL BAR - LATER

MUSIC: BLACK CROWES - "HARD TO HANDLE"

The wrestlers are dancing with the pair of women—MELISSA and ALYSSA—on the bar's little dancefloor. Melissa is sandwiched between Booker D and McPride, grinding and shaking her ass for them like a 19-year-old Spring Breaker.

Alyssa is paired off with Randy, rubbing up against him as she dances. She looks at him with a seductive smile.

ALYSSA  
Guess what?

RANDY  
What.

ALYSSA  
(coy smile)  
I know who you are...

Alyssa runs her hands up Randy's torso. She runs her fingers through his hair.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
My brother had your poster on his  
door.

With this, she pulls him in for a KISS. They start MAKING OUT. Sloppy, wet, lots of tongue. She pulls out and looks at him expectantly, wanting a verdict.

RANDY  
Thank you. I enjoyed that.

Alyssa looks into Randy's eyes. She suggestively clacks her tongue ring, running it along her teeth.

ALYSSA  
I have a room...

Randy is frozen with indecision. He knows he shouldn't.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - ELEVATOR - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy and Alyssa are in the elevator. He looks conflicted about what he's doing. The elevator slows at a floor. Alyssa looks at him with a suggestive smile.

ALYSSA  
This is where we... get off.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Alyssa and Randy stumble drunkenly down the hall. They come to her door. She takes out her room card.

RANDY  
Ah, shit.

ALYSSA  
What?

He pats his jacket pockets.

RANDY  
I think I left something at the  
bar.

She pulls him in for a make-out.

ALYSSA  
Don't be long.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Randy steps out of the elevator. He cuts through the lobby and heads straight out the door.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Randy walks through the parking lot to his van. He opens the rear door and climbs in, shutting the door behind him. A few moments later, the door opens again. A STREAM OF URINE arcs out from inside.

INT. BACK OF VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy lies out cold on the mattress.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Pam, just waking, rubs the sleep from her eyes. She's surprised to see Randy's not there.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Pam is looking around for Randy. He's not in the house.

INT. KITCHEN - SHORT TIME LATER

Pam fixes coffee, worried and upset about Randy's absence.

Anthony emerges from his room. He heads to the fridge and sleepily pours himself a glass of orange juice.

ANTHONY  
Where's Randy?

INT. BACK OF VAN - ALMOST NOON

Randy wakes up. He looks around, not immediately sure where he is. Bright midday light fills the van. He winces. Fuck.

INT. VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy is driving home.

INT. FRONT ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Randy enters the house to find Anthony and Pam on the couch.

RANDY  
(sheepish)  
Hey.

Pam looks up at him, really angry.

INT. ANTHONY'S ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Anthony lies on his bed, listening to the fight through the wall.

PAM (O.S.)  
I had no idea what happened to you!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pam and Randy are standing across the room from each other.

RANDY  
(defensive, eyes lowered)  
I'm sorry.

PAM  
I'm supposed to know you went out  
drinking after and crashed on a  
friend's couch?

RANDY  
I'm sorry.

PAM  
You don't call, you don't have a  
cellphone...

RANDY  
I'm sorry.

PAM  
STOP FUCKING SAYING YOU'RE SORRY.

RANDY  
What do you want me to say?

PAM  
That you hear me. That you get it.

RANDY  
I hear you! I get it!  
(petulant)  
Okay?

Pam just glares at him in pissed-off silence.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pam is asleep. Randy lies awake next to her, filled with self-loathing thoughts. He hits himself in the head.

RANDY  
Stupid asshole.

As he broods, his eyes drift over to Pam's shelf of massage books, faintly visible in the darkness. An idea hits him.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

Randy sits at the table counting a wad of cash. It looks to be about \$140. On the table, open to the "M"s, is the YELLOW PAGES.

INT. VAN - PARKING LOT - LATER

Randy gets out of his van. He heads toward a big, nondescript building. A sign over the entrance says BERGEN MASSAGE ACADEMY.

INT. BERGEN MASSAGE ACADEMY - CONTINUOUS

Randy strides purposefully over to a reception desk. Sitting there is a receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST  
Hi, can I help you?

RANDY  
Yeah, hi... I wanna buy somebody  
some massage classes.

RECEPTIONIST  
(a little thrown by his  
approach)  
Okay... Do you have one of these?

She slides him a Bergen Massage Academy INFORMATIONAL BROCHURE. He picks it up.

ANGLE ON cover collage of dynamic massage action.

He opens the brochure.

ANGLE ON inside spread, dense with course listings and descriptions. And, most significantly, TUITION INFO.

Randy's face goes south as he gazes at the numbers.

RANDY

So these are the prices?

RECEPTIONIST

(nodding)

It's a four-quarter, thousand-hour certification program. Tuition's \$3,650 per quarter, plus about \$500 for books, equipment, and lab fees.

RANDY

(grasping at straws)

Do you have anything, like, a little smaller?

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, that's the program.

Randy looks down at the brochure again.

RANDY

Okay, thanks...

(nodding to self)

I'll have to think about it.

RECEPTIONIST

Mm-hm. Certainly.

Randy slinks off with the brochure, feeling stupid.

CUT TO:

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - EVENING

Pam enters the house, tired and cranky from a long day at the club. Her face unexpectedly brightens.

PAM'S POV: In front of her on the floor is a vase containing a DOZEN ROSES.

She picks up the vase. There's a POST-IT NOTE attached...

*IM GONNA TRY AND DO BETTER. —R*

She is touched.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - ANOTHER EVENING

Pam, coat on, car keys in hand, is sifting through a bunch of Swanson frozen dinners in the freezer. Randy stands behind her, listening attentively.

PAM

There's the chicken one he likes.  
(more sifting)  
Or the ravioli.

Randy nods. Got it.

INT. FRONT ENTRYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Pam and Randy stand by the front door. Anthony is sitting on the living-room floor playing PlayStation.

PAM

Make sure he works on that book report.

Randy nods. Got it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Anthony, parked in front of the TV, plays "Scarface". Randy sits on the couch behind him, looking bored.

RANDY

How much more to the end of the level?

Anthony is too engrossed in the game to respond.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Can't you do something two-player?

No response. Randy, sick of watching, leaves the room.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Randy lies on the bed. In one hand is the Fanfest flyer. In the other a bottle of RED WINE. He takes a big, edgy swig.

The room thumps with HEAVY BASS. A 50 CENT SONG is blasting through the wall. Randy scowls in annoyance.

RANDY

Lower that!

Randy waits for a response. None comes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Randy enters the living room. Anthony is playing "Scarface", 50 Cent playing loud.

RANDY

Would you please turn down that P.  
Puff Diddly-Dang Dipshit crap?

ANTHONY

(eyes glued to TV)  
It's not Diddy. It's Fiddy.

Randy waits for something more. Nothing. He heads back toward the bedroom with a grunt.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Randy takes a big swig of red wine, polishing off the bottle. He pops a cassette into his boombox on the floor. The tape is GUNS 'N' ROSES - USE YOUR ILLUSION II.

Randy cranks up the volume and hits PLAY...

GUNS 'N' ROSES - "GET IN THE RING"

The song begins with the sound of a ROARING STADIUM CROWD. A chant begins:

CROWD (ON THE SONG)  
*Guns and Roses!... Guns and  
Roses!...*

Randy begins to prowl the floor like a wrestling ring before a match. He waves his arms, exhorting the crowd on the song like their cheers are for him.

RANDY

(cupping hand to ear)  
What's that?

Randy works the crowd: He points at a fan in the back row. Flexes theatrically. Bangs his head on pretend chairs.

ANTHONY (O.S.)

Lower that shit!

Randy grabs the top rope and gives it a hard shake. Loosening up with some neck rolls and trunk twists, Randy heads to the center of the ring.

RANDY

(imitating announcer)  
Folks, we are ready to rumble...

The song, which starts with a slow, bluesy guitar intro from Slash, kicks in to its main part. FAST, RAGING HARD ROCK.

Randy stares down his invisible opponent. The opponent SUCKER PUNCHES him. Randy drops to the ground.

Randy lies on the ground getting kicked and punched. He knocks his opponent down with a leg sweep and pops up.

Randy hits his opponent with a flurry of backhand chops.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
I've never *seen* such determination!

Randy immobilizes him in some sort of headlock.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Sleeper claw!

Randy flips his opponent upside down, his head between his knees, and drops him headfirst onto the bed/mat.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Piledriver!  
(mimics roaring crowd)  
Just *listen* to this place!

Randy scoops up his opponent again and slams him to the mat on his back with another fancy move.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Powerbomb!

The song, meanwhile, reaches its screaming CHORUS:

AXL ROSE  
Get in the ring! Get in the ring!  
Get in the ring! Get in the ring!

Randy joins in, standing tall and pumping his fist.

RANDY AND AXL  
Get in the ring! Get in the ring!  
Get in the ring! Get in the—

Randy unexpectedly FREEZES. He looks toward the bedroom door. Standing there watching is Anthony.

RANDY  
(a little embarrassed)  
Hey.

He gazes awkwardly at Anthony, who just stares back.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
What's up?

ANTHONY  
(cocky sneer)  
I'll get in the ring...

Randy thinks it over.

RANDY  
Bring it, punk.

Anthony excitedly enters the room.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Shoes.

Anthony pulls off his shoes. They start circling each other.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
(announcer-like)  
Here we go... The match you've all  
been waiting for. Randy "The Ram"  
Robinson versus Anthony Montana.

Anthony smiles. He likes the name. He lunges at Randy with a  
forearm, clubbing him in the head. Randy goes down.

ANTHONY  
(announcer-like)  
Oh! What a shot by Montana!

Anthony picks Randy up, "slamming" him onto the bed.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
Montana with the Scarface Suplex!

Randy squirms in mock pain. Anthony stands up on the bed  
looking down at him tauntingly.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
(thick accent)  
I'm Anthony Montana! Ju fuck with  
me, ju fuckin' with the best!

Randy grabs Anthony's ankle, yanking him off his feet.

RANDY  
Look at this!

Randy scoops him up and bodyslams him onto the bed.

RANDY  
Huge backbreaker!

Though not nearly active as Anthony, Randy is definitely  
getting carried away. He can feel his heartbeat speeding up.  
He checks his pulse. Pausing a moment to collect himself, let  
his heart slow a little, he resumes the match.

Randy tries to crash down on Anthony with an elbow, but  
Anthony rolls out of the way. Randy smashes into the bed face-  
first. He shudders, howling in faux-pain.

Anthony straddles Randy's back. He wraps his arm around his neck in a chokehold.

ANTHONY  
Uh, oh... the Cocaine Clutch!

Randy writhes like he's suffocating.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
Yeah? Ju like that, maricón?

Anthony lets go. Randy collapses to the bed. Anthony grabs him and props him against the bed's headboard, draping his arms across the top like it's the top rope.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
What's Montana doing?

Anthony heads to the other side of the room.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
Uh-oh...

Randy's head lolls to the side like he's barely conscious.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
Here we go...

Anthony CHARGES toward the bed. Just as he's about to take flight, he slips. He SMACKS HIS HEAD into the corner of the dresser. He lies on the floor, clutching his head.

RANDY  
You okay, guy?

Randy goes over to him, not too worried.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Lemme see.

Anthony, squirming and grimacing, moves his hands. There's a BLOODY gash on his forehead.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Ooh. Good one.

Randy gives him a proud pat on the back.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Congrats. You popped your cherry.

To Randy, this is a real bonding moment.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
C'mon, let's get you patched up.

INT. VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy is driving Anthony, who presses a wad of toilet paper against the wound. Anthony, frightened and traumatized, is on the verge of tears.

RANDY  
(trying to calm)  
You're okay, big guy.  
(beat)  
You're tough.

Randy gives him a playful, winking smile.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
The girls at school are gonna be  
all over you. Chicks love scars.

Anthony chuckles, calming down a little.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - WAITING AREA - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy sits in an ER waiting room looking up at the TV. Pam bursts through a set of doors. Her coat is covering her stripper dress.

PAM  
(frantic)  
Where is he?

RANDY  
They're just finishing stitching  
him up. He'll be out in a minute.

PAM  
What happened?

RANDY  
He's fine.

His casual air pisses her off.

PAM  
What do you mean he's fine? He's in  
the fucking hospital.

RANDY  
I've had a million of these. It's  
no big deal.

PAM  
No big deal? My son's in the  
fucking emergency room and this is  
no big deal?

Pam's anger catches Randy by surprise. Just like after his night out with the boys.

RANDY  
Take it easy. He just cut himself.

PAM  
How?

RANDY  
Nothing. We were just messing around, he hit his head. It's fine.

PAM  
(really furious)  
What the *fuck*, Randy?

Pam smells something on his breath.

PAM  
Have you been drinking?

RANDY  
What? No.

PAM  
Are you drunk?

RANDY  
No.  
(beat)  
I didn't even ask him to wrestle.  
He wanted to. It was *his* idea.

This really sets Pam off.

PAM  
Randy, you're the grown-up. You're supposed to take care of *him*. It's called being a responsible adult.

Pam gazes at him, shaking her head in disgust.

PAM (CONT'D)  
"It was *his* idea."

Randy doesn't know what to say.

PAM (CONT'D)  
Grow the *fuck* up.

The E.R. DOOR opens. Anthony, his head bandaged up, is led out by a DOCTOR. Pam turns and sees him.

PAM (CONT'D)  
*Monkey.*

Anthony runs into his mother's arms. He starts to cry.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - SHORT TIME LATER

Pam leads Anthony toward the hospital exit, her arm around him. His cheeks are streaked with tears.

Randy trails a few feet behind, his tail between his legs.

INT. VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy is driving home from the hospital by himself.

RANDY'S POV: Pam's car is directly in front of his. Anthony is with her.

The light up ahead turns yellow. Pam makes it through. Randy gets caught at the red. He watches Pam's car disappear into the distance.

INT. VAN - DUSK

Randy sits parked in front of Pam's house, brooding over what he did. He's been out there for about half and hour.

Pam comes out of the house and walks over to the van. She taps on the window. He unlocks the passenger-side door. She climbs in.

PAM

Hey.

RANDY

Hey...

Pause.

PAM

Look, I'm sorry I snapped. I got a little crazy. My kid was hurt.

Randy nods understandingly.

RANDY

You didn't do anything wrong. It was me.

PAM

It's okay.

RANDY

This is what I do.  
(shaking head darkly)  
I hurt people.

PAM

It was a freak one-time thing.

Randy gazes off, filled with resignation and guilt.

RANDY

I don't know how to do this stuff.

PAM

What stuff?

RANDY

All of it. Any of it.

Pam isn't really following.

PAM

Look, just come in the house.

RANDY

Why?

PAM

Because you live there.

Randy lets out a tiny, knowing chuckle that unnerves Pam.

PAM (CONT'D)

Just come in the house, okay?  
(no response)  
Okay?

Randy takes out his wallet. He pulls an old photo out of it. It's the one with the crossed-out phone numbers on the back.

He passes it to Pam. She gazes at it, a little unsure what she's looking at.

ANGLE ON photo: It's a mid-'80s shot of Randy and a RED-HAIRED 6-MONTH-OLD GIRL, taken backstage at some arena. Randy is smiling and laughing, the baby perched on his steroid-pumped bicep.

RANDY

The woman at McDonald's.

Pam looks up from the photo.

PAM

Your daughter?

Randy nods.

RANDY  
Stephanie.

He looks away from Pam, guilty and ashamed.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
We don't talk.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Randy sleeps cradled in Pam's arms.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOP RITE - DELI COUNTER - SHORT TIME LATER

ANGLE ON Take-A-Number sign. It reads *NOW SERVING: 54*

A crowd of AGGRAVATED CUSTOMERS wait at the deli counter. A FAT GUY in a motorized cart clutching a 71 throws a fellow customer a *"Do you believe these morons?"* eye roll.

Behind the counter, Randy is putting a block of Havarti cheese onto the slicer. He moves slowly. He seems distracted, almost dazed.

Wayne, standing nearby, notices Randy's spacey, lackadaisical air. He heads over.

WAYNE  
Where are you today?

RANDY  
Sorry.

WAYNE  
(two quick claps)  
Let's pick it up. Rush-hour traffic.

Wayne walks off. Randy adjusts the machine's setting and begins to slice. He doesn't seem to be moving much faster.

CUSTOMER #1 (O.S.)  
While we're young...

CUSTOMER #2 (O.S.)  
Any year now...

Randy, oblivious to the grousing, keeps right on slicing at his unhurried pace. He gets in a nice, meditative groove. Slice... slice... slice...

He WINCES, his body jerking backwards. He looks down at his hand.

ANGLE ON hand. He's CUT HIS THUMB. Badly.

Randy stares at the deep gash, watching as blood pulses out in crimson surges. He smiles strangely at it.

He raises the thumb to his face, tasting the blood with his tongue. It tastes familiar and good. An old friend.

A customer, seeing this, GASPS. A commotion spreads.

ANGLE ON Wayne, standing nearby, appalled.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Randy!

Randy turns and sees Wayne rushing toward him. Wayne takes Randy's arm and tries to lead him into the back.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

(conscious of customers  
watching)

Let's get that patched up.

Randy shoves him away, a little roughly. Wayne stumbles backwards.

WAYNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Somebody call security!

Randy turns toward the crowd of onlookers. He raises his thumb to his face. He slowly, dramatically smears the BLOOD ACROSS HIS MOUTH.

The customers GASP. A few women shriek.

Randy, pleased by the reaction this gets, drags the gash across his cheek. He SMEARS A LINE OF IT under each eye like WARPAINT. He strikes a wrestling pose.

RANDY

Let's get it onnn!

WAYNE (O.S.)

Security!

Randy turns toward Wayne, standing a safe distance away. He ROARS at him. Wayne JUMPS BACK, frightened.

Randy rumbles out of the deli area, LAUGHING.

SUPERMARKET AISLE:

Randy dashes down an aisle. He dodges a WOMAN PUSHING A SHOPPING CART, purposely "over-dodging" her so he CRASHES INTO THE SHELVES and sends stuff flying.

A little further down the aisle, he dodges ANOTHER SHOPPER, again purposely and dramatically crashing into the shelves.

FRONT REGISTER AREA:

Randy charges past the cashiers and out of the supermarket.

INT. VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy sits in the van in a shopping-plaza parking lot. He gazes at himself in the rear-view mirror, dried blood caked on his face. He likes how it looks.

He looks at the action figure of himself on the dashboard.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy dials the phone. In his hands is his day planner.

RANDY  
Hey, what's up, man? It's Ram.  
Listen...

INT. BEDROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy is packing up his stuff.

INT. FRONT ENTRYWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

The door opens. Pam enters to find Randy sitting on the living-room couch, a PACKED BAG in his lap.

PAM  
What's up?

Randy looks up at her with an air of sad finality.

RANDY  
I'm sorry.  
(beat)  
I can't do this.

Pam is totally taken aback. Randy looks around the room.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
This life... It's not me.

PAM  
Are you breaking up with me?

RANDY  
It's not you. It's me.

Pam snorts at the cliché.

PAM  
Fuck you.

Randy is calm in the face of her rising anger.

RANDY  
I know who I am. I'm the Ram.

PAM  
Great, fine. Go be the fuckin' Ram.

RANDY  
I really tried. I swear.

Pam shakes her head scornfully, not buying it.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
I'm no good here in the real world.

PAM  
Randy, you're 49 years old. It's time to move on.

RANDY  
It's not that easy.

PAM  
Yeah, it is. You just do it.

RANDY  
(sarcastic chuckle)  
Like you?

PAM  
What the fuck's that mean?

RANDY  
How long you been trying to shake Cassidy, 18 years?  
(beat)  
And you don't even like her.

His words strike a nerve.

PAM  
(controlled fury)  
That's totally different.

RANDY  
I can't be like that.

Pam points to the front door.

PAM  
Get out.

RANDY  
Split in half.

She grabs the bag off his lap and flings it at the door.

PAM  
Get the fuck out!

RANDY  
I wanna be *one* person.

She grabs him, trying to drag him toward the door.

PAM  
Great! Go be the Ram! Go die!

RANDY  
I'm dying right *now!* Suffocating!  
Rotting on the inside. Eventually,  
I'm gonna fill you up with that  
same rot. Happens every time.

She lets go of him. Randy's eyes well up with tears of self-loathing.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
My whole life, only place I ever  
hurt anybody was outside the ring.  
In there, I know how to not mess  
somebody up. Fuck 'em up. But out  
here...  
(beat)  
I don't know any of the moves.

He shakes his head, gazing off with vast sadness and regret.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
I don't know the moves.

Pam looks at him in silence. She knows he has to go back.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTHONY'S ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy enters Anthony's empty room. He puts something on the bed and walks out.

ANGLE ON bed. It's the dashboard Randy The Ram action figure.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - SHORT TIME LATER

Pam watches through the window as Randy walks to his van.

EXT. PAM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Randy, climbing into the van, takes one last look at the house before driving off.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - LATER

Randy is parked across the street from the same one-story house as earlier, the one with the silhouetted woman inside.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Randy stands at the door of the house. Taking a moment to steady himself, he knocks.

A woman comes to the door. It's the red-haired woman from McDonald's. This is Randy's daughter, STEPHANIE.

RANDY

Hey.

She looks at him coldly. Guarded.

STEPHANIE

What do you want?

RANDY

I just wanted to say I'm sorry.

STEPHANIE

Oh-kaay...

RANDY

I know I ain't exactly been the world's greatest father.

STEPHANIE

(bitter chuckle)

Gee, really?

RANDY

Being a father, I just wasn't cut out for it.

STEPHANIE

So you just walked out on your wife and one-year-old.

RANDY

We all got our purposes in life.

Stephanie's eyes flash with anger.

STEPHANIE

(imitating The Ram)

*Understand something, broski: Randy  
The Ram was put here on this earth  
for two purposes... Kickin' butt  
and takin' names!*

RANDY

I was shit. A shit father. A shit  
husband.

Stephanie doesn't seem to disagree.

RANDY (CONT'D)

I wish I coulda been different. I  
tried. I tried to be Robin  
Ramzinski, but I just couldn't. I'm  
not him. I'm Randy The Ram.

He looks at her sorrowfully.

RANDY (CONT'D)

I can't change what happened. Or  
who I am. Only thing I can do is  
say I'm sorry.

(heartfelt)

I'm really sorry.

She looks at him in stony silence.

STEPHANIE

That all?

RANDY

That's all.

Stephanie nods slowly.

STEPHANIE

Okay.

She closes the door on him.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - DUSK

Randy is driving south on I-95. A passing billboard for  
*RICHMOND SPA & POOL - VIRGINIA'S JACUZZI CHOICE!* tells us  
where he is.

EXT. I-95 - SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

The van is pulled over on the side of the interstate.

INT. BACK OF VAN - CONTINUOUS

Randy is catching a quick nap as 18-wheelers barrel past.

INT. VAN - LATE NEXT MORNING

Randy is driving along I-95. A sign reads *JACKSONVILLE - THIS EXIT*. He exits. As he hugs the curve of the exit ramp, the modest Jacksonville skyline appears before him.

EXT. JACKSONVILLE AIRPORT RAMADA - NOON

Randy pulls into the parking lot of the Airport Ramada.

INT. AIRPORT RAMADA - CHECK-IN AREA - MOMENTS LATER

A check-in area manned by Migliore. Randy signs an injury-release form as Migliore searches a box of Fanfest T-shirts.

MIGLIORE  
(annoyed)  
It's all XL and smaller.

Randy looks around. Dozens of fans mill about. Some steal glances at him. He basks in the scene.

INT. GREEN ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

A bunch of WRESTLERS, along with various MANAGERS, GIRLFRIENDS/WIVES, PROMOTERS, and WRESTLING-WORLD INSIDERS mill about. The wrestlers, mostly paunchy men in their 50s, chat amiably with one another, catching up.

Randy is over by the DRINKS TABLE, pouring himself a cup of Pepsi. With him is Brumberg, who made the trip down.

Across the room, Randy spots a huge, dark-skinned man of indeterminate ethnicity. THE AYATOLLAH.

Randy heads over. The Ayatollah is wearing tan khakis and a polo shirt with a BOB ZAYID PONTIAC logo embroidered on the right breast. From his appearance, we sense he's made a more successful transition to post-wrestling life than most of the others in the room.

RANDY  
What's up, Bob?

THE AYATOLLAH

Hey, Robin. What's up, man?

They shake, more cordial than chummy.

THE AYATOLLAH (CONT'D)

Ready to do this?

RANDY

I believe so.

THE AYATOLLAH

Should be a hoot.

(chuckle)

Though the wife ain't too happy.  
"You're doing what?!" She thinks  
I'm going off the top rope or  
something.

The Ayatollah chuckles again. Randy bristles at his flip, casual attitude.

THE AYATOLLAH (CONT'D)

So how ya doin', man?

RANDY

I'm all right.

THE AYATOLLAH

Good, good. Yeah, things are good with me, too. Business is rockin'. Just opened up a third dealership.

Randy nods disinterestedly.

THE AYATOLLAH (CONT'D)

That's two in Columbus, one in Dayton.

RANDY

Great...

THE AYATOLLAH

If you're ever in Ohio, drop on in. I'll make you a nice deal on a G6.

Randy forces a chuckle-smile. He does not like The Ayatollah.

INT. STARLITE ROOM - 1:30 PM

A Q&A session. Randy, The Ayatollah, and FIVE OTHER FORMER WRESTLERS—Corporal Punishment, Billy Bob Banjo, etc.—sit in folding chairs before about a hundred fans.

EDDIE RUCKUS  
 (wrapping up an answer)  
 When Dynamite tried that ref-bump  
 garbage again, I basically said,  
 "That's it, I've had it with this  
 jobroni. It's whoopin' time!"

Fans nod, pleased with the answer. A PANEL MODERATOR, roaming the crowd with a mike, heads over to a fan raising his hand.

FAN  
 Um, yeah, this is for Ram. At  
 Judgment Day II, when Furioso threw  
 you off the top of the cage, did  
 you know he cut the net?

RANDY  
 I'll tell ya this much, I sure as  
 heck did when I hit that floor.

The crowd laughs.

FAN  
 Did you know your ribs were  
 cracked?

RANDY  
 Second I landed, bro. I could *hear*  
 it. Probably could out in the  
 parking lot.

The audience chuckles. Randy nods, happily reminiscing.

RANDY  
 That's an all-time Daffy Duck bump  
 right there.

The moderator heads over to ANOTHER FAN raising his hand.

FAN #2  
 Hey, hi, this question's for  
 Corporal Punish—

RANDY  
 You take your lumps and bruises in  
 this game. But you know what? You  
 guys make it all worth it. There's  
 nothing I wouldn't do if it gets  
 your blood pumping and puts a smile  
 on your face. 'Cause it's an honor  
 you choose to come out and spend  
 your hard-earned money to see me in  
 that ring on a Saturday night. It's  
 an honor you cheer for me.

(MORE)

RANDY (CONT'D)

So when you go to a show and see that name Randy "The Ram" Robinson printed on that card, you can be sure you're gonna get everything I got. 'Cause that love, it's a two-way street. Every time I take a bump and it gets you off, that gets me off. The yells, the cheers, that's the only thing that makes me feel alive.

The audience and moderator are moved. Randy's getting a little choked up.

RANDY (CONT'D)

In 1982, the year I wrestled my first professional match, I was six-foot-one. By 1993, I was five-foot-eleven. Seven back surgeries in 11 years knocked two full inches off my height. But let me tell you something, broskis. I may be down to five-eleven, but performing in front of you guys has always made me feel 10 feet tall. And that's the way it's always gonna be.

Randy is done. The fans are silent for a moment, jarred by the unexpected emotional outpouring.

An awkward smattering of applause.

INT. ATLANTIC ROOM - 4 PM

A somewhat bigger room, filled with circular tables for a late-lunch banquet. At the tables are 100 OR SO FANS who paid \$30 to eat their choice of chicken, beef, or salmon in the presence of their childhood heroes.

At the head of the room, facing them, is a LONG DAIS. Randy sits in the middle of the dais flanked by a half dozen of his fellow wrestlers on each side. It looks like a strange, steroid-enhanced version of "The Last Supper".

CUT TO:

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pam is getting dressed, getting ready for work.

As she puts on her shoes, she notices something in Randy's empty, partially-open dresser drawer. She heads over and grabs it. It's a brochure for the Bergen Massage Academy.

Pam looks at it with puzzlement. How did this get here? Did Randy pick this up for her?

She opens it, taking in all the photos and information. Despite the high cost, it's exciting and inspiring.

She thinks of Randy. She's touched.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT RAMADA - HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - 5 PM

Randy is in a hotel room, taking a pre-match bath. He is peaceful, contemplative.

CUT TO:

INT. PAM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Pam is driving to work, lost in her head.

INT. CHEETAH'S - DRESSING AREA - SHORT TIME LATER

Pam sits looking into the dressing-room mirror, absorbed in her thoughts. A song comes on in the main room:

MOTLEY CRÜE - "SAME OL' SITUATION"

She stands up. Showtime.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEETAH'S - CONTINUOUS

Pam is onstage, working the pole to the Mötley Crüe song. She has a bored, faraway look in her eye.

MOTLEY CRÜE  
*It's the same ol', same ol'  
situation/ It's the same ol', same  
ol' ball and chain...*

As she dances, her eye roams the crowd. About 20 MEN are there watching her.

She abruptly WALKS OFF mid-song.

She heads toward the dressing room, disappearing through the curtain.

D.J. FREDDIE TEE  
(trying to cover)  
Cassidy, baby, where's the fire?

INT. DRESSING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Pam opens her locker, grabs her stuff, throws on her coat, and heads back out. It barely takes a minute.

INT. CHEETAH'S - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pam steps back through the curtain with her stuff. She cuts across the empty stage and heads toward the front door. Freddie Tee trails after her, confused and concerned.

D.J. FREDDIE TEE  
What's up? What happened?

She keeps right on walking.

D.J. FREDDIE TEE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Pam!

She steps through the front door...

EXT. CHEETAH'S - CONTINUOUS

Into the night.

PAM  
Pam.

She smiles to herself as she walks off, never to return.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT RAMADA - WRESTLERS' ROOM - 7 PM

The card is just underway. Randy sits on a bench taping up his knees. Draped over the bench, we see a new pair of PURPLE TIGHTS to replace the pair he threw out. There are no rams horns running up the sides.

He takes a deep breath, readying himself for what is to come.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy, suited up, walks through the locker room, following the sound of The Ayatollah's voice.

THE AYATOLLAH (O.S.)  
 Last few months have been crazy.

Randy turns a corner to find The Ayatollah talking to Billy Bob Banjo as they get suited up near each other.

THE AYATOLLAH (CONT'D)  
 (lacing up his curly-toed  
 Aladdin boots)  
 We've moved more Grand Prix's this  
 spring than all last year.

Billy Bob Banjo, putting on his trademark overalls, nods politely, not too interested.

The Ayatollah looks up and sees Randy waiting to talk to him.

THE AYATOLLAH (CONT'D)  
 What's up, Ram?

RANDY  
 Just wanted to go over things.

THE AYATOLLAH  
 (almost as if surprised)  
 The match?

RANDY  
 We still need to hash it all out.

THE AYATOLLAH  
 Ah, we can wing it.

RANDY  
 We gotta know the spots.

THE AYATOLLAH  
 (nonchalant wave)  
 It'll be fine.

The Ayatollah sees Randy is not happy with this plan.

THE AYATOLLAH (CONT'D)  
 How's this: I'm the heel, you're  
 the face. Done.

Randy stalks off, highly annoyed. The Ayatollah turns back to Billy Bob Banjo.

THE AYATOLLAH (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, no, it's rollin'. Honestly,  
 12 months from now, I'd say Cincy's  
 not out of the question.

INT. GREAT HALL - SHORT TIME LATER

The announcer stands in the ring, mid-intro. Boos rain down from the crowd of 300 as ARABIC MUSIC blasts on the speakers.

ANNOUNCER

From the Islamic Republic of Iran,  
weighing in at two-hundred ninety-  
two pounds... The Tehran Terror,  
the Beast Of The Middle East...

(beat)

The Ayaaa-tooo-laaaaah!

The Ayatollah bursts through the curtain carrying a big IRANIAN FLAG. He WAVES IT TAUNTINGLY at the crowd. Enraged fans give him the finger and hurl all sorts of racial slurs.

FAN #1

Suck a goat dick!!

FAN #2

Camelfucker!!

The Ayatollah, basking in their anger, waves his arms, egging them on. For all his locker-room nonchalance, he knows how to work the crowd.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Randy sits on the bench, hunched over in quiet reflection. His eyes are closed.

ANNOUNCER

(through the wall)

And his opponent...

A familiar AC/DC song begins. Randy opens his eyes. He rises.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

TRACKING SHOT of Randy as he walks through the locker room, passing VARIOUS WRESTLERS along the way.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

From Hackensack, New Jersey,  
weighing in at 246 pounds...

The wrestlers pat Randy on the back and offer words of luck.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

A true wrestling immortal...

Randy comes to a closed curtain.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

One of the greatest of all time...  
Randy "The Ram" Robinnnnsonnnnn!

INT. GREAT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Randy bursts through to HUGE CHEERS. Loving, appreciative, thunderous, sustained applause.

INT. COMMENTATORS' TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Seated at a ringside table are the match's COMMENTATORS, a pair of geeky wannabe Marv Alberts in their early 20s. A sign taped to the table reads *FWN - FLORIDA WRESTLING NETWORK*. Next to the table is a CAMCORDER on a tripod.

COMMENTATOR #1  
There he is, folks! Randy The Ram!

Randy raises a set of ram's horns high in the air. Fans do the same in tribute.

COMMENTATOR #2 (O.S.)  
History about to be made here at  
the Jacksonville Ramada.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)  
As Sergeant Pepper once said, it  
was 20 years ago today...

Randy takes a long lap around the ring, ramming chair after chair, savoring each one. The fans love him. He loves them.

Randy climbs into the ring, where The Ayatollah awaits. The bell RINGS. The match has begun.

The two men circle one another, feeling each other out. The Ayatollah stops circling. He extends a hand to Randy.

THE AYATOLLAH  
(cartoonish Arab accent)  
Good luck, my friend.

Randy eyes the hand with wariness and suspicion.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)  
The Ayatollah extending a hand in  
good sportsmanship.

COMMENTATOR #2 (O.S.)  
I wouldn't trust him as far as I  
could throw him...

Randy, "falling for it", shakes his hand. The Ayatollah jerks downward on Randy's hand, sending his head hurtling into his bent knee.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)  
A cheap trick by The Ayatollah!

COMMENTATOR #2 (O.S.)  
What did I say!

The Ayatollah grabs Randy and throws him into the ropes. Randy bounces back toward The Ayatollah, who lazily puts up an elbow for Randy to run into. Randy practically has to lead his face to the elbow. Hitting the mat, Randy pops back up and grabs The Ayatollah.

The Ayatollah, out of shape and phoning it in, throws Randy into the ropes again. This time, The Ayatollah has a raised knee waiting for Randy. Randy runs into it, doing his best to sell the shot.

RANDY  
(under breath)  
You're working pretty light here.

Randy gets up and grabs Ayatollah's arms. With a nifty move, he flips The Ayatollah over his shoulder, slamming him hard into the mat. Randy falls on top of him, grinding his face into the canvas.

THE AYATOLLAH  
Jesus. Relax.

Randy flips The Ayatollah over onto his back, pinning his shoulder blades. The ref swoops in for a count.

REFEREE  
One! Two!...

The Ayatollah KICKS OUT. They both get up. The Ayatollah jogs toward the ropes. He bounces off. Randy gets ready for something good, but all he gets is a feeble CHEST SLAP. It's borderline girly. Randy grabs The Ayatollah and puts him in a headlock.

RANDY  
(highly irritated)  
Anytime you wanna join in...

Randy scoops up The Ayatollah and drops him over his knee for a BACKBREAKER. The Ayatollah grimaces in pain as he hits the mat. Before The Ayatollah has a chance to get up, Randy smashes him with a FLYING ELBOW DROP.

The Ayatollah gets up. He is pissed.

Randy goes for a dropkick, but The Ayatollah catches his ankles in midair. He jerks upward on Randy's legs, sending Randy crashing to the mat on the back of his head. The Ayatollah falls on his throat with his knee. He grinds Randy's face into the canvas like Randy did to him.

## THE AYATOLLAH That better?

Randy is a little staggered.

RANDY  
Yes.

The Ayatollah picks up Randy and throws him into the ropes. Randy bounces back, flinging himself sideways at The Ayatollah. The Ayatollah catches him in mid-air, cradling him in his arms. The Ayatollah drops Randy onto his bent knee. Randy falls to the canvas, clutching his side in pain. The Ayatollah falls on top of him.

THE AYATOLLAH  
(under breath)  
I forgot how much fun this is.

The ref swoops in for a count.

REFeree

Randy KICKS OUT. As Randy "recovers", The Ayatollah jumps out of the ring to grab a folding chair.

The Ayatollah props up the chair in a corner. He picks Randy off the mat and flings him at it. Randy vaults over it, sailing over the ropes and out of the ring. He hits the concrete floor and crashes against the metal barricade.

The Ayatollah, hopping out of the ring, stands over Randy, kicking him repeatedly. He grabs his Iranian flag, waving it proudly, inflaming the crowd.

FAN #1 (O.S.) FAN #2 (O.S.)  
Terrorist! Fat piece of shit!

The Ayatollah looks down at Randy with pity.

THE AYATOLLAH  
Look how pathetic! Godless infidel!

Boos rain down on The Ayatollah. An 11-YEAR-OLD in the front row gives him the finger.

FAN  
Go back to Osama, ya towelhead fag!

The Ayatollah takes the butt end of the flag pole and JABS IT into Randy's side. Randy grimaces in pain. The Ayatollah unties the flag from its pole and WRAPS IT around Randy's neck.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)  
The Ram being *choked*.

The Ayatollah jerks up on the flag, lifting Randy off the mat by his neck. Randy thrashes around, struggling to breathe.

The ref tries to break up the choke, but The Ayatollah casually SHOVES HIM, sending him flying over the barricade.

COMMENTATOR #2 (O.S.)  
Did you see that? He can't do that!

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)  
He just did.

The Ayatollah releases Randy from the choke. Randy collapses to the floor, sucking air. The Ayatollah picks up him by his hair and throws him back into the ring.

**THE RING:**

The Ayatollah grabs the folding chair from the corner. He smashes Randy over the head with it. Randy's forehead is bleeding. The Ayatollah hits him again, taking aim at the forehead cut. More blood. Randy crumples to the mat.

His heard is beating fast.

The Ayatollah takes a few steps back. He charges toward the laid-out Randy, kicking up his legs as he goes airborne.

COMMENTATOR #1  
Atomic drop...

Randy ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY. The Ayatollah slams hard into the mat, tailbone-first.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Oh, my.

The Ayatollah squirms on the mat. Randy, lying next to him, reaches for the folding chair, but The Ayatollah beats him to it. Barely able to lift his head, he smashes Randy in the face with it. Randy snatches the chair out of The Ayatollah's hands and does the same back right to him.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
This is incredible!

COMMENTATOR #2  
They're fighting on their backs!

The crowd noise has reached a fever pitch. The Ayatollah rolls on top of Randy, punching him as they convene.

THE AYATOLLAH  
Wanna take it home?

RANDY  
It's time.

THE AYATOLLAH  
All you, man. Lead the way...

Randy, giving him a small, appreciative nod, flips The Ayatollah over. Randy rises to his feet. He picks up The Ayatollah and promptly levels him with a dropkick.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)  
Dropkick!  
(a second one)  
And another!  
(a third one)  
And another!

Randy's heart is POUNDING out of his chest. Determined to give the fans every last ounce he's got, he picks up The Ayatollah and BODYSLAMS him.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Body slam!

Randy stands over his laid-out opponent, seemingly pondering his next move. A chant rises from the crowd:

CROWD (O.S.)  
Ram Jam! Ram Jam! Ram Jam!...

Randy falls on top of The Ayatollah, putting him in a rest-move headlock. The Ayatollah can hear how labored Randy's breathing has become.

THE AYATOLLAH  
If you're hurting, we don't need  
the big finish.

Randy considers it for a moment. But then he shoots The Ayatollah a look that says "I won't hear of it".

RANDY  
Let's do this.

Randy gets up. He pulls The Ayatollah off the mat, locking up with him chest-to-chest. He arches his back and thrusts his hips. The Ayatollah's feet fly off the canvas as his legs whip into the air. His body does a complete flip as he slams onto his back. Randy stays with him, his body contorting in a tight BACK FLIP as he CRASHES DOWN on top of him.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)  
Lateral drop!

Randy's HEART LURCHES.

He puts his hand to his chest. Something definitely just happened.

RANDY'S POV: The whole crowd is on its feet chanting.

CROWD  
*RAM JAM! RAM JAM! RAM JAM!...*

His heart LURCHES AGAIN.

RANDY'S POV: The fans are in a frenzy. A guy in the front row is shaking a *WE WANT BLOOD* sign.

CROWD (CONT'D)  
*RAM JAM! RAM JAM! RAM JAM!...*

Randy, struggling for air, STAGGERS TOWARD THE CORNER. He climbs to the top rope, standing high above the ring. His heartbeat is unnatural and deafening.

*BA-BLOOM, BA-BLOOM, BA-BLOOM...*

He raises his arms and sticks his elbows out, pressing his fists to the sides of his head to form a set of RAM'S HORNS.

COMMENTATOR #2 (O.S.)  
Uh-oh! The horns are out...

The fans are on the edge of their seats, primed to see their hero do his trademark finishing move.

Randy takes a good long look around the room, lingering on the fans' faces, savoring their cheers.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)  
Here we go...

*BA-BLOOM, BA-BLOOM, BA-BLOOM...*

He LEAPS.

FREEZE FRAME.