

THE WRESTLER

Written by

Robert Siegel

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 front-row fan. Raising his arms in glorious, exhausted triumph.

The sounds of a SCREAMING, CHEERING CROWD overwhelm us. Over the images, RINGSIDE ANNOUNCERS boom 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 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, still with the same long, dyed-blond mane, sits on a bench in the boys locker room of a high school in Wilmington, Del.

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.

Show promoter SCOTT BRUMBERG, a heavysset man in a Mets jersey with *BRUMBERG - 44* on the back, approaches.

BRUMBERG

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

He hands Randy some cash. Randy counts it. It's not much.

BRUMBERG (CONT'D)

Sorry, man. I was sure the gate'd
be bigger.

Randy just shrugs resignedly.

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

Yo, 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.

FAN #1 (CONT'D)

I was there.

Randy 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.
(nostalgic)
1985...

Randy smiles to himself. He remembers, too. He hands back the poster. Fan #2 looks fondly at Randy, a part of his boyhood.

FAN #2 (CONT'D)
(vaguely sad)
You were awesome.

Randy nods, a bit uncomfortably, embarrassed by how far he's fallen. 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.

Randy pulls into the PARKING LOT of a DAYS INN.

EXT. DAYS INN - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Randy gets out of the van. He walks around to the BACK OF THE VAN 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.

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 grabs a bottle of Vicodin and pops a few, washing them down with a beer. He closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - NEXT MORNING

Randy peers out the window of the van.

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

EXT/INT. DAY'S INN - ROOM - 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 - LATER

Randy is driving north on I-95. Out the left-side window, 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 sifts through the selection, one eye on the road.

INT. VAN - LATER

Randy, driving along Route 21, passes Cheetah's, a STRIP CLUB. He keeps an eye on it as he drives by.

He pulls into the parking lot of a VFW HALL.

INT. PASSAIC VFW HALL - CAFETERIA - SHORT TIME LATER

A makeshift locker room/staging area. Randy and 20 or so other WRESTLERS stand before a tracksuit-clad PROMOTER.

PROMOTER

Listen up, only saying it once. Vic Storm, you're up first against D-Day. Second, Rick Legend 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. Intermission. Six, Samoan Savages versus the Disco Brothers. Seven, the Irish Warrior and Vyper. Eighth, "Sandman" Steve Sambuca versus Hollywood. Last but not least, for the strap, Kid Loco versus Randy The Ram. 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, a wiry Puerto Rican kid (22) whose shiny vinyl pants identify him as KID LOCO.

RANDY

After you post, the whole shit turns. I'm fuckin' undestructable.

Kid Loco nods, deferential to the legend.

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...

A song rises from the room's speakers.

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

The hard-charging rock-n-roll riff kicks in. The BLUE-COLLAR CROWD of about 60 rises from their chairs and look toward a CURTAIN in anticipation. They know whose song this is.

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 stands silent and still, head lowered slightly.

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" Robinnnnnsonnnnn!

INT. MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Randy explodes into the hall, full of fire and showmanship.

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

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

Various people 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 makes like he's 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, running the blade along his hairline. No one in the crowd 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!

ANGLE ON Randy. The taunting stirs something in him. A look comes over him, like he's Bruce Banner about to become 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 bulge. His neck veins pop like he's suddenly super-charged.

A look of fear comes over Kid Loco. He knows the tide is about to turn.

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. Again. Again.

Kid Loco somehow manages to untangle himself from the ropes. He scurries away. Randy relentlessly 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 upon 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 spreads.

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

Randy "mulls" it over. He looks at his laid-out foe. He looks at the corner.

He heads for the corner.

Randy 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 terribly high or graceful. He crashes down onto Kid Loco horns-first. Kid Loco's whole body convulses.

The fans lose it. This is what they wanted. The Ram Jam. The money shot.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - LATER

Randy sits in a chair as a GUY seals up his forehead 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 guy keeps on walking toward the door.

RANDY (CONT'D)

(shouting after him)

You doin' Parsippany next weekend?

Randy clearly is.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHEETAH'S - PARKING LOT - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy gets out of his van and heads toward Cheetah's, the strip club he eyed earlier. Standing outside is a BOUNCER.

BOUNCER

Whassup, Ram? How you been?

RANDY

(friendly shake, entering)

Yo, Big Chris.

INT. CHEETAH'S - SHORT TIME LATER

A crowded, not very glamorous strip club. Randy stands over by the bar. The female BARTENDER slides him a beer.

RANDY

Thanks, hon.

Randy takes a swig of his beer, looking around the club.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Cassidy around?

BARTENDER
(glances toward back)
I think VIP.

Randy, nodding oh, takes his beer and settles in at a table facing the STAGE.

ON STAGE:

A YOUNG STRIPPER (22) works the pole, grinding lewdly to a Dirty South/crunk hip-hop song.

RANDY:

Randy watches her for a while, but he soon grows bored. He finds the stripper, like the song, crude and soulless.

He gets up and heads off toward the BATHROOM. En route, he passes the curtained-off VIP ROOM. From inside, he hears:

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

Randy slows, listening in.

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

DUDE #2 (O.S.)
The dark chick. With the belly
chain.

Randy peeks through the curtain into the VIP ROOM. He sees CASSIDY (38), a sexy, tattooed, aging rocker chick in a white spandex dress. Surrounding her are six hair-gelled, goombah-wannabe BACHELOR-PARTY DUDES (20s). The BACHELOR is sitting in a chair in the middle.

CASSIDY
Sorry, guys, she's on break.

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

DUDE #3
(looks her up and down)
How old are you, anyway?

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

Stifled laughter from his buddies.

OTHER SIDE OF CURTAIN:

Randy's anger builds as he watches.

VIP ROOM:

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

CASSIDY
There's nothing like experience.
(leans 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 BURSTS THROUGH THE CURTAIN.

RANDY
Apologize to this lady.

Everyone is taken aback--including Cassidy.

BACHELOR
Who the hell are you?

Randy steps menacingly toward 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's *not* okay. This is
definitely not okay.
(turns to the bachelor)
(MORE)

INT. T.J. POOLE'S - LATER

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

CASSIDY
So you been workin' a lot?

RANDY
Yeah. Lot of New England, Philly...
Not too much local.

CASSIDY
I was gettin' a little worried. I
thought maybe I lost a customer.

RANDY
You kidding?

CASSIDY
Maybe you started goin' to
Babydolls or something.

RANDY
Naver. I can't stand that fuckin'
Tatiana pit.
(Russian accent, derisive)
Hello, would you like a lap dance
from me?

Cassidy chuckles. A song comes on the jukebox:

BUSH - "GLYCERINE"

Randy looks toward the JUKEBOX, where he sees an Abercrombie
& Fitch FRATBOY nodding soulfully to the grunge ballad.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Speakin' of can't stand...

Cassidy groans in agreement with Randy. Randy stands up,
fishing a \$5 bill out of his pocket.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Excuse me.

He purposefully marches over to the jukebox, brushing the
fratboy aside.

Randy starts to flip through the selection of CDs. He slows
as something catches his eye. He smiles at the jukebox.
That's more like it.

RANDY'S POV: The album is POISON - "OPEN UP AND SAY... AHH!"

CUT TO:

INT. T.J. POOLE'S - SHORT TIME LATER

MUSIC: POISON - "NOTHIN' BUT A GOOD TIME"

Randy and Cassidy are on the bar's pseudo-dancefloor, JOYOUSLY ROCKING OUT to the hair-metal classic.

CASSIDY

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

RANDY

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

CASSIDY

Def Lep, The Crüe...

RANDY

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

CASSIDY

Like there's something wrong with having a good time. Fuckin' mopey douchebag.

RANDY

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

CASSIDY

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

They share a laugh. Randy shakes his head sourly.

RANDY

Nineties fuckin' sucked.

CASSIDY

No shit.

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

CUT TO:

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

GREAT WHITE:

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

DEF LEPPARD:

RANDY AND CASSIDY (CONT'D)
Pour some sugar on me!

GUNS 'N' ROSES:

RANDY AND CASSIDY (CONT'D)
Take me down to the Paradise City!

AC/DC:

RANDY AND CASSIDY (CONT'D)
You! Shook me all night long!
 (pointing at each other)
Yeah, you! Shook me all night long!

Cassidy notices something intriguing over Randy's shoulder.
 Randy turns to see what she's looking at.

RANDY'S POV: Standing by the bar is a MAN.

He turns back to Cassidy.

RANDY
 Who's that?

CASSIDY
 A.J.
 (beat)
 My old coke dealer.

Randy nods oh. A slightly weird moment between them.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
 I don't do that anymore.

RANDY
 Me neither.

They exchange a look.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

A single-person bathroom. Randy and Cassidy are doing BUMPS OF COKE.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy is FUCKING Cassidy from behind over the bathroom sink. Cassidy MOANS LOUDLY.

CASSIDY
Oh, Gawddd...

There's a KNOCK at the door.

WOMAN (O.S.)
(through door)
Could you fuck someplace else? I
gotta piss.

INT. BACK OF VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy and Cassidy are fucking on the mattress.

INT. BACK OF VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy and Cassidy lie together in a post-coital daze. She's looking at the old wrestling pictures of him on the wall.

Cassidy looks at Randy's body, taking in his heavily scarred torso.

CASSIDY
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.

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

CASSIDY (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.

CASSIDY

Ow. Fuck.

She traces a COLLARBONE SCAR.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

And this?

RANDY

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

CASSIDY

How can you take all that pain?
Don't it hurt?

RANDY

Not when they're going crazy for
you.

Randy goes off someplace blissful in his head.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Best feeling in the world...

Cassidy's eyes drift back to the wall. She fixes on one of
the pictures, gazing at it in soulful silence.

CASSIDY

"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 nods, pondering the quote. He likes it.

RANDY

What's that?

CASSIDY

It's from "Passion of the Christ".

CASSIDY'S POV: A wrestling-mag mini-poster of Randy standing
atop a corner turnbuckle, arms spread wide, Christ-style.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
You never seen it?

Randy shakes his head no.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
Dude, you gotta. It's amazing.
(beat)
It's, like, so inspiring. They
throw everything at Him. Whips,
arrows, rocks... Beat the living
fuck out of Him for, like, the
whole two hours straight. And He
just takes it.

RANDY
I heard it's good. I'll have to
check it out...

Cassidy brushes her palm over Randy's torso, taking in three
decades of battle scars.

CASSIDY
The sacrificial Ram...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARADISE OAKS TRAILER PARK - FRONT ENTRANCE - 4 A.M.

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 to
it. A "What the fuck?" look comes over his face.

RANDY'S POV: The door is PADLOCKED.

He tugs on the lock. He tugs on 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 climbs into the back of the van.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK OF VAN - NEXT MORNING

Randy is asleep in his clothes from the night before. Next to the mattress are SIX CRUMPLED \$20s and a PLASTIC 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.

KID'S VOICE (O.S.)

Ram!

RANDY'S POV: Through the front windshield he sees TWO 10-YEAR-OLD KIDS, boosted by TWO OTHER KIDS, peering in.

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. Randy sees a car drive up and park by the MANAGER'S OFFICE.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Catch you li'l maniacs later.

The kids moan in disappointment as Randy heads off.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Randy looks pleadingly at Len, the trailer park's 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. 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.

RANDY
Could I at least park in back?

Pause. A wave of pity comes over Len.

LEN THE MANAGER
Twenty bucks.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOP-RITE SUPERMARKET - DAY

Randy enters a suburban Shop Rite.

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

Randy knocks lightly on a door marked *MANAGER'S OFFICE*.

MANAGER (O.S.)
Yeah?

Randy enters. Sitting behind a desk is the MANAGER.

RANDY
Hey, Jim.

MANAGER
What's up?

RANDY
I was just wondering if you had any
extra shifts you could maybe throw
my way.

The manager reaches for a looseleaf binder. Randy watches anxiously as he flips through it.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Anything weekday...

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOP RITE - REAR LOADING DOCK - DAY

Randy, working alongside a few MEXICAN GUYS, lifts a HEAVY STACK OF BOXES off the back of a Boar's Head delivery truck.

INT. SHOP RITE - BACK OF STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Randy carries the boxes through a rubber-strip curtain, into a WALK-IN COOLER. He puts them down and heads back out again.

EXT. DELIVERY DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Randy grabs some more boxes.

INT. OGDEN'S GYM - DAY

A dank, no-frills bodybuilding gym. Randy is BENCHPRESSING. He grunts loudly as he squeezes out one more rep, his SPOTTER urging him on.

SPOTTER
Push it out! You got this!

INT. OGDEN'S GYM - LOCKER ROOM - TOILET STALL - SHORT TIME LATER

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

INT. SUNSATIONS TANNING SALON - LATER

A strip-mall tanning salon. Randy breezes in, nodding hello to the FRONT-DESK WOMAN, who's on the phone.

RANDY
How ya doin', Glor?

FRONT-DESK WOMAN
(cupping phone)
Hey, babe. Four's open.

INT. SUNSATIONS TANNING SALON - SHORT TIME LATER

ANGLE ON an upright tanning pod. INSIDE THE POD, Randy is standing naked, baking under the UV lights.

INT. THE MANE EVENT - SHORT TIME LATER

A hair salon. Randy, freshly tanned, sits in a chair as a female STYLIST wearing latex gloves BLEACHES HIS ROOTS. His hair is full of plastic clips.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - AFTERNOON

Randy is driving west on I-80.

INT. PARSIPPANY ARMORY - MULTIPURPOSE ROOM - EVENING

A makeshift locker room/staging area. Randy and 15 OTHER WRESTLERS huddle around a LINEUP CARD taped to a wall. He searches for his name.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
All right, listen up.

Standing by the door 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, exits.

Randy returns to scanning the list. The last match at the bottom is *RANDY THE RAM VS. THA GRIMM REEFER*.

He seems puzzled.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Randy chases after 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
How come I never heard of him?

Frank shrugs vaguely, averting eye contact.

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

Pause.

FRANK
Through my sister.

RANDY
Your sister?

FRANK
It's her son.

RANDY
You're headlining me with your
nephew?

FRANK
He's a quick study. He'll catch on.

RANDY
What kinda rank-amateur shit are
you--

FRANK
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 hand-drawn skulls and marijuana leaves, is holding Randy by the hair.

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

Tha Grimm Reefer throws an unconvincing punch that clearly doesn't connect. 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
(to crowd)
That's what I'm talkin' bout!

FAN (O.S.)
You suck!

THA GRIMM REEFER
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. Randy has no choice but to hit the mat.

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

Tha Grim Reefer stands tauntingly over Randy.

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

Tha Grim Reefer heads toward a corner. He climbs up, his legs wobbly as he struggles to keep his balance on the ropes. He 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 slip off the ropes as he tries to take flight. He crashes to the mat face-first.

The crowd ROARS with laughter. A chant begins.

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

The chant burns in Randy's ears. He is mortified to be part of this amateurish spectacle.

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: A smattering of 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
(scared)
What are you doing?

Randy drops him with a PILEDRIIVER.

CUT TO:

INT. PARSIPPANY ARMORY - MEN'S ROOM - LATER

Randy pokes an angry finger at Frank.

RANDY
Never again, Frank!

Randy paces the floor, steaming mad.

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

Frank just takes it. He knows Randy's right.

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

FRANK
I'm sorry, Ram.

RANDY
I don't care if he's your fuckin'
first-born, I will not put on a dud
show.

Frank reaches into his pocket.

FRANK
Maybe this'll help ease your pain.

He counts off some TWENTIES and sticks them in Randy's palm.

Randy gazes at the money in his hand. He THROWS IT BACK at Frank. The bills scatter all over the floor.

Frank exits the bathroom with a shrug. Randy stewes alone.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Yo, Ram.

Randy looks toward the bathroom door. A FELLOW WRESTLER is sticking his head in.

WRESTLER
There's some chick lookin' for you.

RANDY
Who?

WRESTLER
(shrugging)
Some chick.

The wrestler leaves.

Randy looks at the bills scattered on the floor. He bends down and starts picking them up.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Randy emerges from the bathroom. His expression darkens.

RANDY'S POV: Standing there is a plain, heavy-set WOMAN (22).

Their eyes meet in tense silence.

CUT TO:

INT. IHOP - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy and the woman sit uncomfortably across from one another at a booth in an iHop. In front of her is a black coffee. Randy is drinking a large Coke.

RANDY
How you been?

WOMAN
Okay...

An uneasy pause. Randy tries to think of something to say.

RANDY
You still with that guy?

She throws him a "What guy?" look.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Tall dude... With the beard...
(beat)
Kinda looked like Bin Laden...

She has no idea who he's talking about.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Never mind. I'm probably confused.

Another uncomfortable pause. They're off to a bad start.

WOMAN
So you're probably wondering why I came.

RANDY
(small grin)
You didn't come to see me wrestle?

The woman, vaguely annoyed with his jokiness, takes a deep breath.

WOMAN
I wanted...

The WAITRESS comes over with a plate of pancakes and bacon. She puts it down in front of Randy.

RANDY
Thanks, hon.

The waitress heads off. Randy preps his pancakes, dousing them in BUTTER, BOYSENBERRY SYRUP and SUGAR.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Go on.

An irritated pause from the woman.

WOMAN
I'm here because...
(beat)
I came to make amends.

RANDY
Amends?

WOMAN
I'm supposed to talk to people I've harmed.

Randy looks up at her, unsure what that means. He looks at the cup of black coffee in front of her.

RANDY
Ohh...
(slight smirk)
AA.

WOMAN
(bristling)
NA.

Randy takes a big bite of pancakes.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
I've had so many bad thoughts about you. Really negative thoughts.

RANDY
That ain't too surprising.

WOMAN
(almost rehearsed)
It's been a very destructive thing in my life, this anger I've carried. And I know that if I'm gonna move forward, I need to let it go.

She pauses. This is not easy for her.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I want you to know that I forgive
you, I release you, I set you--

He CHUCKLES. She glares at him edgily.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Something funny?

RANDY

(amused grin, mouth full
of pancakes)
12 step.

WOMAN

Please be respectful. I need to say
this.

RANDY

I thought this was gonna be about
how you hurt *me*.

WOMAN

It is.

(beat)

It's about letting go of my anger
toward you. For walking out on me
and Mom.

This is STEPHANIE, Randy's daughter.

RANDY

She left *me*.

STEPHANIE

How can you leave somebody who was
never there?

RANDY

She knew the deal when she signed
on.

STEPHANIE

I didn't sign on. I didn't ask to
grow up without a dad.

RANDY

Being a father... I just wasn't cut
out for it. That's not what I was
put here to do.

STEPHANIE

(bitter)

That's right, you were put here to
"rock a crowd".

Randy just shrugs.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

You never felt that missing from
your life? Having family? Being a
dad?

No response.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

...Human relationships?

RANDY

Are we almost done with this?

CAROLINE

This what?

RANDY

(hits table with fist)

This ATTACK.

Randy's soda SPILLS from the table-rattling hit. People at
other tables look.

RANDY (cont'd) (CONT'D)

I was a shit father. What do you
want me to do about it now?

CAROLINE

I want you to help me let go. To be
free from all the hurt of the past.

RANDY

I would if I could.

Stephanie looks at him with disappointment and bitterness.

STEPHANIE

But you can't so you won't.

Randy, dodging her eye contact, flags down the waitress.

RANDY (cont'd)

Could I get a new Coke?

CUT TO:

INT. OGDEN'S GYM - DAY

Randy, dripping sweat, is kneeling over a bench doing dumbbell rows. He grunts loudly with each rep.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy is in the gym locker room with a huge BODYBUILDER. In Randy's hands is a SMALL PAPER BAG, which he looks at with displeasure.

BODYBUILDER

I'm tellin' ya, bro, it's identical to the German.

RANDY

No, it ain't. Know how I know? Because I cycled Mexican sus once, and it gave me bitch tits.

BODYBUILDER

It was probably something else you were stacking.

RANDY

No, it was your Tijuana Titty Sauce.

(eye contact)

Now I got a lot of gigs comin' up, and I cannot be lookin' like Jessica Simpson with balls. So please take this back and go find me some decent German, okay?

(shoves bag back in guy's hands)

Thank you.

INT. SUNSATIONS TANNING SALON - DAY

Randy stands naked in a tanning pod, baking under the UV lights.

INT. VAN - ANOTHER DAY

Randy is driving over the Throgs Neck Bridge.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SHORT TIME LATER

The van pulls up to a two-family house in working-class Queens. A huge dude steps out. It's LEX LETHAL. (We saw him earlier at the Passaic VFW Hall show.)

INT. VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

The van heads down a highway entrance ramp, Lex Lethal riding shotgun.

LEX LETHAL
Thanks again for the lift, man.

RANDY
No prob. You're right on the way.

Randy merges into traffic on the Long Island Expressway.

RANDY (CONT'D)
So how big's this place?

LEX LETHAL
Nice. Two, two-fifty...
(beat)
You been there. Where they did the
Ricky Whipsaw memorial benefit.

RANDY
That place? Right on.

LEX LETHAL
Should get a good gate. Bill says
he's gotten like 30 calls the last
two days alone.

Randy chuckles knowingly.

RANDY
God bless hardcore.

INT. DOLLAR TREE - SHORT TIME LATER

A Long Island 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
Whatcha think?

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

LEX LETHAL
The cookie trays were better.

Lex puts the pan back.

INT. ANOTHER AISLE - SHORT TIME LATER

Lex spots something exciting on a shelf.

LEX LETHAL
Hell, yeah...

Lex grabs a pack of STEEL-WOOL PADS. Randy grins in approval. Lex tosses them into the SHOPPING BASKET Randy is holding.

ANGLE ON basket. It's full of all sorts of "supplies": cookie trays, lightbulbs, thumbtacks, cheese graters, wire hangers, cutlery sets, pizza cutters, etc.

RANDY
Let's see if they got extension
cords.

They head off.

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 than 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 ring, an ANNOUNCER stands with a microphone.

ANNOUNCER
Aaaand now...

BEHIND THE CURTAIN:

Randy closes his eyes, head lowered.

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

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 trademark 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, limbering up. The song fades 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 295 pounds...
Hellbilly Cannibaaaal!

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

A KID 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 shopping 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 "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 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 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, pressing against Randy's back, REPEATEDLY STABS HIM in the same spot on his forehead. He really works the fork in. Twirls it. Grinds it. BLOOD starts to pour.

RANDY'S POV: The fans push forward, eager 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 scatters in an exhilarated panic.

Hellbilly Cannibal throws Randy into a row of empty chairs. Randy goes sprawling. Chairs fly everywhere.

Randy's heart is beating LOUD and FAST.

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

Randy grabs the ladder resting along the base of the ring. He pounds the garbage can with it, making an UNHOLY RACKET.

With the can still over his head, Hellbilly Cannibal staggers to his feet. He HEADBUTTS RANDY WITH THE CAN. Randy, stumbling around dazed, is headbutted again. Hellbilly Cannibal throws off the can and drags Randy 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 scared look comes over his face. He DROPS TO HIS KNEES, one hand on the mat.

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 anything is wrong. They assume 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 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 to 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 hop out of the ring, supporting Randy's underside as they carefully, awkwardly 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 to a table, where he's carefully laid out. Lex Lethal squeezes his hand, trying to keep him conscious.

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

INT. LOCKER ROOM/STAGING AREA - SHORT TIME LATER

EMS WORKERS 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 at the door. DR. TARACHANDANI (40) enters the room.

RANDY
Call me Randy.

The doctor nods. In his hands is Randy's folder.

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

DR. TARACHANDANI
(very slight Indian
accent)
We did a balloon angioplasty to
open the blockage. Then we put in a
defibrillator to prevent any rhythm
disturbance in the future.

RANDY
So I'm okay.

DR. TARACHANDANI
The cardiac cath shows extensive
atherosclerosis in all the vessels.

RANDY
In English that means...

DR. TARACHANDANI
Your heart is very weak.

RANDY
But you can fix it.

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

RANDY
So what do we do?

DR. TARACHANDANI
Well, for starters, you're gonna
need to make some serious lifestyle
changes.

(beat)
Cigarettes, alcohol, drugs, fatty
foods...

(beat)
The wrestling...

RANDY
What about it?

DR. TARACHANDANI
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 eyes flash with anger.

RANDY
With all due respect, Dr...
(reading 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 lets out a skeptical snort.

DR. TARACHANDANI (CONT'D)
Mr. Ramzinski, you almost died. The
next time, you won't be so lucky.

RANDY
I want a second opinion.

DR. TARACHANDANI
Your heart's been through a lot.
Even before the--

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

INT. SUFFOLK COUNTY HOSPITAL - ADMISSIONS DESK - 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
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 back into the envelope and pulls out \$300.

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. He 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.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARADISE OAKS TRAILER PARK - NEXT MORNING

Randy pulls into the entrance of his 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, junk-filled trailer. Randy sits at the table in the kitchenette. On it 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, LISINAPRIL.*

He gazes at the patient name on them: *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, careful not to get the bandage wet.

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - SHORT TIME LATER

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

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy lies on the bed, restless and bored. He gazes off. Something catches his eye.

RANDY'S POV: On the floor in front of the TV is an ancient NINTENDO GAME SYSTEM. The game in the console is *WRESTLEJAM '88*.

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy sits on the floor playing the game, eyes glued to the TV.

ON TV:

Cyber-Randy is wrestling The Ayatollah at the Hoosier Dome before 70,000. 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 should be a cathartic, vicarious thrill just reminds him 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 and 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, standing before the mirror, does a JUMPING JACK. He does another. Another. A few more.

He feels himself getting a little winded. A little woozy. He sits down. He sits perfectly still, trying to slow his heart.

He starts to CRY.

Angry, bitter, frightened tears roll down his cheeks.

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy sits on his bed, sifting through a messy, junk-filled shoebox. He pulls out an OLD PHOTO.

ANGLE ON photo: It's a mid-'80s shot of Randy and his infant daughter Stephanie in front of the family Christmas tree. Randy, wearing a Santa cap, is smiling and laughing, Stephanie perched on his huge, steroid-pumped bicep.

He flips the photo over. On the back are a bunch of scribbled PHONE NUMBERS. They're all crossed-out except 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. PARADISE OAKS - PAY PHONE - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy stands at a PAY PHONE with the photo, ringing phone cradled to his ear.

STEPHANIE'S VOICE
*This is Stephanie, you know what to
do.*
(answering machine BEEP)

Randy hangs up.

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy lies on his bed, bored and lost and lonely.

INT. VAN - AFTERNOON

Randy gets out of his van. He walks through a parking lot,
toward CHEETAH'S.

INT. CHEETAH'S - CONTINUOUS

Randy enters the club. He does a thorough scan of the place.

RANDY'S POV: A LUNCHTIME BUFFET CROWD loads up on greasy
buffalo wings and egg rolls as an R&B/RAP HIT blares on the
speakers.

Randy heads over to the bar. A female BARTENDER comes over.

RANDY
Is Cassidy around?

The bartender looks toward the stage.

D.J. (O.S.)
And now, for your viewing
pleasure...

RANDY'S POV: A STRIPPER is putting on her dress and getting
off the stage.

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

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

Randy looks toward the curtained entrance to the dressing
area.

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

Cassidy steps through the curtain. She takes the stage.

Randy watches as she works the pole with rock-n-roll energy.

As she dances, she spots Randy watching her over at the bar. She gives him a little smile. He smile-winks back.

She does a spin around the pole, landing in a split. She makes eye contact with some other RANDOM GUY, giving him an identical smile.

Randy notices. It upsets him a bit. He knows it shouldn't, but it does.

INT. CHEETAH'S - SHORT TIME LATER

As "Girls Girls Girls" fades out, Cassidy puts on her dress and steps off stage. She heads over to Randy at the bar, a little surprised to see him.

CASSIDY
What's up, hon?

She gives him a friendly little peck on the cheek.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
Whatcha doin' here on a weekday?

RANDY
Ah, I was just in the
neighborhood...

Cassidy nods at the vague answer.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Listen, I was wondering...
(beat)
Would you maybe like to have dinner
with me tonight?

Cassidy chuckles.

CASSIDY
You sound like you're asking me on
a date.

Randy smiles coyly at her.

RANDY
Maybe I am.

She looks at him strangely. This is not how they operate.

RANDY (CONT'D)
What, you don't eat dinner with
people?

CASSIDY
Not with customers.

Randy nods. He gazes off, clearly troubled about something.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
What's up?

A pause from Randy.

RANDY
Something happened.

EXT. VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy and Cassidy sit in the front of his van.

CASSIDY
Jesus...
(beat)
That sucks, dude.

Randy nods. Sure does.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
How you feelin'?

RANDY
Like I just had a heart attack.

She puts a consoling hand on his shoulder.

CASSIDY
I'm so sorry...

RANDY
(nodding)
Thanks.

CASSIDY
You got it. Anytime.

RANDY
(small chuckle)
Apparently not.

CASSIDY

Look, Randy, I feel terrible about what happened, but you and me...

She shakes her head.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

I got a whole other life that's got nothing to do with this.

RANDY

Guess I just thought I was in it a little bit.

CASSIDY

I hate to sound like some cold hard bitch, but... You're not.

RANDY

Sure seemed like I was when I was fucking you.

CASSIDY

Fucking is not knowing.

RANDY

I know you.

CASSIDY

No, you don't.

(beat)

You don't even know my name.

Randy looks at her with surprise.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

Pam.

RANDY

Pam?

CASSIDY

Pam Casidio. That's my name. That's who I am.

Randy looks off, feeling embarrassed and naive.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

Look, Randy, I like you. I have fun with you. But I got a whole life outside of this. Family. Friends. Plans.

RANDY
What kinda plans?

She hesitates answering. Then, she pulls out her CELLPHONE.
She holds it up to him, scrolling through some photos of an
UNDER-CONSTRUCTION CONDO BUILDING.

CASSIDY
It's down near Trenton. Should be
ready early next year.

RANDY
You're moving?

CASSIDY
I'm almost 40. It's time to hang up
the clear heels.

RANDY
Why move?

CASSIDY
It's way cheaper down there. And
the schools are good.

Randy looks at her oddly. Cassidy realizes her slip-up.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
For my son.

RANDY
You got a son?

Cassidy nods. Yup.

RANDY (CONT'D)
What's his name?

She doesn't answer, just smiles.

RANDY (CONT'D)
How old is he?

No answer.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Is he into wrestling?

CASSIDY
Randy...

RANDY
Does he know who I am?

CASSIDY
He doesn't know I know you.

Randy nods, trying not to seem hurt.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
We all got our personal lives.
People we protect.

RANDY
Of course...

Pause.

CASSIDY
I gotta go pay for some
countertops.

Cassidy reaches for the car door.

RANDY
Wait.

He tears the Randy The Ram action figure off the dashboard.

RANDY (CONT'D)
For your kid.

She looks at it, unsure if she should take it. She does.

CASSIDY
Thanks.

RANDY
You're welcome. Pam.

CASSIDY
Cassidy.

She gets out of the car.

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Randy lies awake in bed. Restless. Depressed. Lonely.

CUT TO:

INT. OGDEN'S GYM - DAY

Randy, dressed in street clothes, sits on a exercise bench
chatting with a 'ROIDHEAD BUDDY who's doing bicep curls.

'ROIDHEAD BUDDY
When'd you go off?

RANDY
Like maybe a week and a half ago?

'ROIDHEAD BUDDY
Cold turkey?

RANDY
Pretty much.

'ROIDHEAD BUDDY
Dude, that ain't good. You got no
testosterone in your system.
(beat)
Are you depressed?

RANDY
Oh, yeah.

'ROIDHEAD BUDDY
How's the libido?

RANDY
Pam Anderson could rub her pussy in
my face, I wouldn't notice.

The guy, finishing his set, drops his weights to the floor.

'ROIDHEAD BUDDY
I think I got something should
help.

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Randy sits at the table. On it is a small glass vial and a
syringe. He picks up the syringe. Draws liquid from the vial.

CUT TO:

INT. RAHWAY RECREATION CENTER - GYMNASIUM - DAY

An autograph show. TEN FOLDING TABLES are set up around the
perimeter of the gym, each one manned by a WORN-OUT, OLD
WRESTLER (40s to 70s). One guy is asleep. Another looks
borderline homeless. Less than 15 FANS mill about. It's
pretty pathetic.

At one of the tables is Randy. He looks around at the other
tables.

RANDY'S POV: Directly across from him is a Japanese guy of about his age in a WHEELCHAIR. Attached to his calf is a URINE BAG. A feeble stream of urine trickles through the catheter into the bag.

Randy looks down 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. It saddens him.

INT. RAHWAY RECREATION CENTER - GYMNASIUM - LATER

The show is over. The wrestlers are packing up their wares.

Randy closes up the folding table. He sticks his 8x10s and match tapes into his duffel bag.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
When're you gonna get a friggin'
cellphone?

Randy looks up. Coming his way is a successful-looking man in a sportcoat over a polo shirt. This is promoter NICK VOLPE (55).

NICK VOLPE
I been tryin' to find you forever.

Randy, surprised to see him, gives him a warm man-hug.

RANDY
What's up, man? Long time.

NICK VOLPE
How you feelin', bro? I heard you
had a little incident.

RANDY
Yeah, nah, I'm fine, I'm fine...
(beat)
Whatcha doin' here?

NICK VOLPE
You're what I'm doing here.
(beat)
Do you realize what's coming up?

Randy thinks.

NICK VOLPE (CONT'D)
May 6th...

Randy racks his brains. He has no idea.

NICK VOLPE (CONT'D)
 (singing "Sgt. Pepper's")
It was 20 years ago today...

RANDY
 I dunno, man. I give up.

NICK VOLPE
 20th anniversary of you and
 Ayatollah at the Hoosier Dome.

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

NICK VOLPE
 I know. Time fuckin' flies.
 (beat)
 So listen: I'm doing this big
 Fanfest thing down in Virginia that
 weekend, and I wanna headline it
 with the two of you. Big 20th
 anniversary rematch.

Randy nods, a little vaguely.

RANDY
 Wow...

NICK VOLPE
 How sick would that be?

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

NICK VOLPE
 He's in.

RANDY
 You talked to him?

NICK VOLPE
 Called him first. I knew *you'd* be
 down.

RANDY
 I don't know... Maybe.

NICK VOLPE
 "Maybe"?

RANDY
I gotta think about it.

NICK VOLPE
You're fucking with me.

RANDY
That match... I mean, that was
legendary. Maybe we don't wanna
mess with that.

NICK VOLPE
Are you kidding? The fans would go
apeshit.

RANDY
Ya just don't wanna... Sequels are
never as good.

NICK VOLPE
What the fuck's with you? It'd be
insane.
(enticing smile)
And the payday. We could be talking
a lot. Three, four...

RANDY
Hundred?

NICK VOLPE
Thousand.

Randy is momentarily taken aback.

RANDY
I gotta think.

Volpe stares at him, baffled.

NICK VOLPE
You sure you're Randy The Ram?

INT. VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy sits in the van, gazing at the ripped-off section of
the dashboard where the action figure was.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEPHANIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Randy stands at the doorstep of a modest lower-middle-class house. He rings the bell.

A WOMAN (22) opens the door in an oversized T-SHIRT and PANTIES.

RANDY
(a little thrown)
Is Stephanie home?

The woman looks coldly at Randy.

WOMAN
Who may I say it is?

RANDY
Her father.

The woman, sneering, heads into the house. A few moments later, Stephanie appears at the door. She crosses her arms.

STEPHANIE
What's up?

RANDY
I just wanted to say I'm sorry.

STEPHANIE
For what?

RANDY
Everything.
(beat)
Everything I done or haven't done
since 1985.

She looks at him in unnerving silence.

STEPHANIE
I was born in '86.

Randy privately winces at his mistake.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
Just out of curiosity...
(beat)
When's my birthday?

RANDY
Your birthday?

Randy, caught off guard, struggles to think.

STEPHANIE
(offering hint)
October...

RANDY
25th.
(beat)
October 25th.

STEPHANIE
November 26th.

She tsks in disgust.

RANDY
C'mon, Steph. I'm trying here.

STEPHANIE
Trying to *what*?

RANDY
Y'know... talk to you.
(beat)
I wanna try to be a father.

STEPHANIE
It's too late. I needed one then,
not now.

RANDY
Everybody needs a father.

STEPHANIE
Not me.

RANDY
How 'bout just a friend, then?

STEPHANIE
I got plenty of those, thanks.

Randy doesn't know what else to say.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
You just feel guilty. Don't worry,
it'll pass.

WOMAN (O.S.)
(from inside house)
Steph! It's on!

Randy looks into the house.

RANDY
Who is that?

STEPHANIE
Somebody in my life.

Randy nods defeatedly. He's not getting anywhere here.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
I gotta go. *Lost's* on.

With this, she closes the door on him.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOP RITE - MORNING

Randy walks toward Shop Rite. A sign in the front window piques his interest:

NOW HIRING - FULL/PART TIME - EARN UP TO \$14.25/HR.

INT. SHOP RITE - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy knocks on the MANAGER'S DOOR.

MANAGER (O.S.)
Enter.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Randy enters. The manager is at his desk.

RANDY
That sign out front... What's \$14.25?

MANAGER
Deli counter.

RANDY
It pays that much more?

MANAGER
That's a very important, high-traffic position.

RANDY
So, like, up-front, working with
customers?

MANAGER
Prepping, slicing, serving...

Randy looks tempted but reluctant.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
You thinking about taking the
challenge?

INT. EMPLOYEE ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

Randy slips into a DELI COAT. He tucks his hair into a
hairnet. Pulls a Shop Rite baseball cap over the hairnet.

He walks over to a mirror to see how he looks in his new
uniform. He feels a little silly and embarrassed.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Here ya go.

He turns and sees WAYNE (40), the buzz-cut, beady-eyed DELI-
DEPARTMENT MANAGER. Wayne hands him something. Randy looks at
the item in his hand, bothered.

RANDY
I thought it was gonna say Randy.

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

WAYNE
(shrugs)
Guess they got it off your W-4.

RANDY
Do I really need to wear one?

WAYNE
Are you going to be interacting
with our valued customers?

RANDY
I mean, yeah, but--

WAYNE
Then yes.

RANDY
Could they maybe re-do it?

He gives Randy an unsympathetic shoulder pat.

WAYNE

Just wear the darn thing.

Wayne walks off. Randy pins the name tag to his apron. He takes another look in the mirror, a sour expression on his face.

Randy heads toward a RUBBER-STRIP CURTAIN leading to the deli counter. He pauses a moment, gathering himself like before a wrestling match. He steps through. Showtime.

INT. DELI COUNTER - DAY

ABOUT 10 CUSTOMERS hover in front of the DELI COUNTER clutching Take-A-Number tickets.

Randy, manning the counter, hands an OLD GUY in a WORLD WAR II VETERAN baseball cap a packet of roast beef. The guy shuffles off. Randy looks up at the Take-A-Number sign.

RANDY

Seventeen.

A woman (60s) steps forward holding a 17 and a SHOP RITE CIRCULAR. She surveys the TURKEY-BREAST SELECTION in deli case.

WOMAN

The Hudson Acres, are they all on sale?

Randy looks into the deli case, clueless.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(holding up circular)
It's really not clear.

She hands the circular to Randy to take a look.

RANDY'S POV: It says *HUDSON ACRES TURKEY BREAST - \$5.99/LB.*

OLD LADY

I'd rather the maple-glazed, but if it's full price...

RANDY

I'm not sure.

Randy catches eyes with another customer, a BIG-HAIRED, SEMI-HOT PARTY CHICK in her forties. The kind of woman Randy might hit on in a bar. He dodges the eye contact.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Hang on, let me...

Randy picks up a phone behind the counter.

RANDY (CONT'D)
(into phone, over
speakers)
Wayne, please come to the deli
counter.

He cringes a bit as his voice booms over the store speakers. He hangs up and returns to the customer.

RANDY (CONT'D)
It'll just be a minute.

The woman, nodding, looks into the deli case again.

WOMAN
Which is the best smoked ham?

RANDY
(no idea)
I mean, I guess it depends...

WOMAN
I tried the Apple Valley Farms
once, and it was very salty. Do you
find that?

Randy glances self-consciously at the party chick, embarrassed.

INT. DELI COUNTER - LATER

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

RANDY
Forty-six.

A WOMAN (35) in workout clothes steps forward with a 46.

WORKOUT WOMAN
Could I get a half-pound of the
pesto pasta salad?

RANDY

Sure.

(grabs plastic container)
Pesto change-o.

The woman smiles a little. This pleases Randy.

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

WORKOUT WOMAN

Wow. You're good.

RANDY

Hey, that's why I get the big bucks.

She chuckles. Randy slaps a price tag on the container.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Can I get you anything else?

YOUNG WOMAN

That's it.

He hands her the container.

RANDY

You have yourself a nice day.

YOUNG WOMAN

I will. You, too.

The woman heads off with a friendly smile. Randy's spirits are lifted by the exchange.

INT. DELI COUNTER - LATER

Randy looks up at the Take-A-Number sign. It says *NOW SERVING: 57*.

RANDY

O-57.

A HOUSEWIFE-TYPE steps forward with the number.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Bingo!

The housewife smiles, amused.

HOUSEWIFE
What's my prize?

RANDY
Anything in the case, sweetheart.

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

RANDY
I think that can be arranged...

He grabs a plastic container and throws it in the air,
catching it behind his back.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - EVENING

Home from work, Randy drives through Paradise Oaks. His mood
is light. This changes as he comes to his trailer.

RANDY'S POV: Sitting on his front step is Stephanie.

He gets out of his van and walks toward her. They look at
each other in silence.

STEPHANIE
I think it's my turn for a sorry.

EXT. POINT PLEASANT BOARDWALK - LATER

Randy and Stephanie walk along the boardwalk. It's a charming
little Jersey-shore boardwalk/beach lined with skee-ball
games, ice-cream parlors, T-shirt shops etc. It's a bit cold
and not very crowded, still out of season.

RANDY
Remember when we used to come here?

STEPHANIE
Kinda. I was really young.

RANDY
There used to be that funhouse.
(chuckles)
The Monster Motel...

Stephanie doesn't seem to recall.

RANDY (CONT'D)
They had this cheesy-ass skeleton
that popped out of a coffin.
(makes hydraulic air-blast
sound)
You'd get scared to death, every
time. You loved it.

Stephanie chuckles at the non-memory.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Whenever we'd get to that room,
you'd hop on my foot and wrap your
arms around my leg. I'd have to
walk you through like that.

STEPHANIE
I totally don't remember.

He looks at her sweetly.

RANDY
I do.

EXT. BOARDWALK - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy and Stephanie sit on a bench eating mint-chocolate chip
ice-cream cones.

RANDY
I'm really proud of you, dealing
with your stuff.
(beat)
It ain't easy quitting.

STEPHANIE
I don't feel like I've quit.

RANDY
You have.

STEPHANIE
I struggle every day. I think about
using all the time.

RANDY
It's a fight. When something's in
your blood...

Randy can relate.

STEPHANIE

I just don't know if I can really do it.

RANDY

So fake it.

STEPHANIE

What do you mean?

RANDY

Pretend you're fine and there's nothing wrong.

Stephanie looks at him, puzzled.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Lie to yourself long enough, you'll start to believe it. You'll be fine.

Stephanie mulls this over.

STEPHANIE

I can't tell if that's great advice or horrible.

Randy looks at her with a knowing smile. He shrugs.

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy and Stephanie stand by her car. Randy's van is parked a few spots away. They look at each other in tentative silence, neither one sure what to say.

STEPHANIE

Anyway...

They hug, a little awkwardly.

RANDY

Thanks for letting me talk to you.

STEPHANIE

(nods)

No problem...

She looks like she wants to say something more.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

I don't know if you're interested, but...

(MORE)

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I got, like, this medallion
ceremony coming up. My six-month
"cleaniversary".

RANDY

When? Definitely.

STEPHANIE

You totally don't have to. I don't
even know why I--

RANDY

(firm)

I'm there.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARADISE OAKS TRAILER PARK - PAY PHONE - DAY

Randy stands at the pay phone, ringing phone to his ear. In
his hands is a well-worn DAY PLANNER open to a page of phone
numbers.

RANDY

Yo, Nick. It's Ram.

INT. NORFOLK CIVIC AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Nick Volpe is on his cell in an EMPTY 3,000-SEAT AUDITORIUM.
A few other guys mill about in the background.

(Intercut as necessary.)

NICK VOLPE

How you doin', man? What's up?

RANDY

Good, yeah, I'm fine. Listen...

(beat)

I'm sorry, bro.

Volpe grimace-groans.

RANDY (CONT'D)

I can't do it.

NICK VOLPE

Come on, man...

(announcer voice)

The date: May 6, 2008.

(MORE)

NICK VOLPE (CONT'D)
The place: The Norfolk Civic Auditorium. Ram-Ayatollah II! The War At The Shore!

RANDY
 I'm done.

NICK VOLPE
 I'm in the place right now.
 (looks around)
 It's fuckin'... You'll feel like you're back at the Hoosier Dome.

RANDY
 I'm sorry. I'm done.

NICK VOLPE
 What do you mean you're done?

RANDY
 I mean I'm done. I'm retired.

NICK VOLPE
 Randy The Ram can't retire. He's gonna be wrestling when he's 98.

RANDY
 No, he ain't. It's over, Nick. I'm out.
 (air of finality)
 Time to move on.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLMARK STORE - DAY

Randy is in the greeting-card aisle of a Hallmark store. He's browsing the CONGRATULATIONS cards. He grabs a card, checking it out.

RANDY'S POV: The front of the card says *WAY 2 GO!* in a big, crazy font.

Randy grabs the matching envelope. Glancing up, he notices STUFFED ANIMALS all along the top of the greeting-card rack.

INT. VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy is driving. Riding shotgun is a HUGE PLUSH MOOSE.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEETAH'S - NIGHT

Randy sits at the bar drinking a whiskey. He raises his glass in the direction of someone across the room.

RANDY'S POV: Cassidy, just finished giving a lapdance, sees Randy looking her way.

INT. BAR - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy and Cassidy sit at the bar together. The bartender slides her a drink.

RANDY

A toast...

Randy raises his glass. He smiles.

RANDY (CONT'D)

To loved ones.

They clink and drink.

CASSIDY

Anybody in particular?

RANDY

My daughter.

CASSIDY

(surprised)

I didn't know you had a daughter.

Randy gives her a wry grin.

RANDY

(quoting her)

We all got our personal lives.
People we protect.

She nods. Touché.

CASSIDY

How old is she?

RANDY

22.

CASSIDY

Oh, wow.

RANDY

She'll be 23 on November 26th.

Cassidy isn't quite sure why he added this.

CASSIDY

You guys close?

RANDY

We weren't for a long time. But we
been getting closer lately.

CASSIDY

That's great.

RANDY

She's in N.A.

CASSIDY

Oh, wow, okay...

RANDY

That's kind of her big thing right
now.

(beat)

I've been helping her.

CASSIDY

That's great.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

We talk about her problems, have
conversations about stuff...

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

Good for you.

RANDY

Thanks. Yeah, it's been good...

He thinks of something. He raises his glass again.

CASSIDY

What are we toasting now?

RANDY

My new job.

(beat)

At a major Tri-State supermarket
chain.

CASSIDY

Look at you. Congrats.

She clinks his glass.

RANDY
Thank you.

He downs a gulp of whiskey.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Whaddaya say you help me celebrate?
(beat)
Do you like shrimp?

She throws him a look.

CASSIDY
Randy...

RANDY
What?

CASSIDY
You know what.

RANDY
(edgy smile)
Y'know, I'm starting to take this a
little personal.

D.J. (O.S.)
Give it up, y'all, for the lovely
Devon!

Randy and Cassidy look toward the stage, where DEVON is
getting off.

D.J. (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And now, please welcome to the
stage...

A new song comes on. WARRANT - "CHERRY PIE".

CASSIDY
(to Randy, getting up)
Don't go anywhere.

D.J. (O.S.)
Cassidy!

Cassidy takes the stage.

ANGLE ON Randy watching her dance. She's really putting on a
show. He looks around the club, taking in VARIOUS PATRONS
ogling her...

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

--A man smiles at Cassidy as he slips a dollar into her garter.

--A man unconsciously licks his lips as Cassidy does a split.

--A pair of men watch hypnotized as Cassidy, twirling around the pole, FLIPS HERSELF UPSIDE DOWN, slowly SLIDING DOWN THE POLE with her legs spread wide.

Randy's mood visibly darkens.

INT. BAR - SHORT TIME LATER

Cassidy's dance has just ended. She returns to the bar to find Randy looking glum. Borderline surly.

CASSIDY
What's up?

RANDY
Nothing.

Randy stares off broodingly.

CASSIDY
Something...

Pause. He looks out at the crowd.

RANDY
Guess I'm just a little jealous.

CASSIDY
You've seen a hell of a lot more of me than they ever will.

RANDY
Not of them. Of *you*.

Cassidy seems a little confused.

RANDY (CONT'D)
I'd fuckin' kill to pop a crowd again.

Cassidy needs a moment to process this.

CASSIDY
You're jealous of *me*?

She LAUGHS, finding this perversely amusing.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
You'd make a great stripper.
(beat)
You're used to wearing spandex...
You don't mind dudes touching your
thighs...

Randy scowls, not amused.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
All you need's a size 52 G-string,
and you're good to go.

Randy takes out a \$20. He holds it out to her.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
What's that?

RANDY
For a lapdance.

He sticks the money in her hand. She flings it on the bar.

CASSIDY
I'm not giving you a lapdance.

RANDY
Why not?
(mean)
You're a stripper.

CASSIDY
What's your problem?

RANDY
Nothing. I just want a lapdance.

CASSIDY
No.

RANDY
You're refusing a customer?

CASSIDY
Cut the shit, okay?

RANDY
What, I'm not a customer? That's
what I am, right? I'm a customer,
and you're a stripper.

CASSIDY
I think you should go.

RANDY
I want a lapdance.

He picks up the \$20 off the bar, holding it out to her.

RANDY (CONT'D)
C'mon, shake your tits in my face.

CASSIDY
Fuck off.

He SLAMS the \$20 down HARD.

RANDY
I WANT A LAPDANCE!

People turn and stare. The bouncer looks toward them, ready to act if necessary.

Randy storms out of the club.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOP RITE - DELI COUNTER - DAY

Randy puts a block of swiss cheese onto the slicer. A few strands of hair are sticking out of his hairnet. He stuffs them back in and starts slicing.

WAYNE (O.S.)
(disapproving tone)
Randy...

Wayne drifts over, shaking his head and tsk-tsking. Randy doesn't know what he did wrong.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
We cannot be touching our hair
while handling the food.

RANDY
Oh. Shoot. Sorry.

WAYNE
(condescending smile)
That's all right. Go wash up.

Randy goes over to the sink and washes his hands. He returns to the counter.

RANDY
Can I help who's next?

An OLD LADY steps forward.

OLD LADY
A pound of German potato salad,
please.

Randy leans into the case to scoop potato salad.

CUSTOMER (O.S.)
Excuse me...

Randy looks up and sees a CUSTOMER looking at him smugly.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)
Do you think I could get my cheese?

The customer throws a look toward the block of swiss over Randy's shoulder.

RANDY
Oh, shoot. I apologize, sir.

Randy hustles back to the slicer. He slices the cheese, weighs it, wraps it up and hands it to the customer.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Thank you, sir. Have a nice day.

The man huffily walks off with his cheese.

Randy grabs a container from the case and starts scooping potato salad for the old lady. He puts the container on the scale. It reads 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 puts a little more in. The scale reads 1.05.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)
A little less.

Randy, trying to contain his aggravation, takes some out. The scale reads 1.00. The old lady nods in approval.

Randy slaps a price sticker on the container and hands it across the counter.

RANDY

Thank you, ma'am. Have a nice day.

Nodding, she shuffles off.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Can I help who's next?

A GUY (40s) steps forward.

CUSTOMER

Hi, could I get a...

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

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

Are you...

(studying Randy's face)

Randy The Ram?

Randy is deeply embarrassed to be spotted here.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

What are you--?

He cuts himself off, not wanting to be disrespectful.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

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

RANDY

(awkward nod)

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 low-sodium?

Randy 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.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - LATE NIGHT

Randy, unable to sleep, sits shirtless on the couch, staring glassy-eyed at the TV.

ON TV:

An NBA HIGHLIGHT CLIP of a FEROCIOUS DUNK. The crowd goes wild. The player roars as he runs back up court, full of testosterone and swagger.

RANDY:

Randy's eyes drift downward 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.

Randy grabs a pec in each hand. He hunches over, gathering up as much chest flesh as possible in each palm, trying to form a pair of tits.

He is disgusted with his body. With himself.

His eyes drift to something on the floor in front of the TV...

RANDY'S POV: An ancient NINTENDO GAME SYSTEM. The game in the console is *WRESTLEJAM '88*.

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy sits on the floor playing *WrestleJam '88* with edgy intensity. Next to him is a bottle of red wine.

ON TV:

Randy The Ram climbs the ropes. He crashes down on The Ayatollah with a back-flip moonsault.

RANDY (O.S.)
Motherfucker.

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy, standing near his bed, takes a big swig of wine, polishing off the bottle. He pops a cassette into his BOOMBOX. 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 starts to prowl the floor, like a wrestling ring before a match. He waves his arms, exhorting the crowd on the song as if their cheers are for him.

RANDY
(cups 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.

Randy grabs the top rope and gives it a hard shake. Loosening up with some neck rolls and trunk twists, he heads to the center of the ring.

RANDY (CONT'D)
(announcer-like)
Folks, we are ready to rumble...

The song, which starts with a slow, bluesy guitar intro, kicks in. 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 his opponent 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 frenzied, chant-like CHORUS:

GUNS 'N' ROSES
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.

CUT TO:

INT. NINTH INNING COLLECTIBLES - DAY

A strip-mall sports-card/comic-book shop. Tacked to the wall by the entrance are FLYERS for various events--card shows, autograph signings, etc.

Behind the counter is Scott Brumberg, the promoter from way back at the Wilmington, Delaware show. He's wearing the same Mets jersey as last time.

The door opens. He looks up.

BRUMBERG
 There he is... Randy The Retired.

ANGLE ON Randy, bristling at the name. He heads over and gives Brumberg a hello handshake.

BRUMBERG (CONT'D)
 How's life? What brings ya by?

RANDY
 I was thinkin'...

BRUMBERG
Uh-oh, that's never good.

RANDY
I was thinking about maybe doing a
reffing gig.

Brumberg chuckles cynically.

BRUMBERG
What was that, two weeks?

RANDY
(irked)
Just reffing. I'm retired.

BRUMBERG
Suure, suuure...

RANDY
This'd just be for fun. A little
taste.

BRUMBERG
Just a taste. Just a *teeny* taste of
coke.

RANDY
(walks off, pissed)
Fuck off. Forget it.

BRUMBERG
Come on, man.

Randy heads for the door.

BRUMBERG (CONT'D)
Come back.

RANDY
If you're gonna be a fuckin'
asshole.

BRUMBERG
C'mon, come back.
(beat)
I was just playin'.

Randy reluctantly slows.

Brumberg reaches down and grabs out a beat-up old SPIRAL
NOTEBOOK with event flyers sticking out. He holds it up to
Randy.

BRUMBERG (CONT'D)
I'm sure we got something.

Randy looks at it, tempted. He heads back to the counter.

CUT TO:

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', ref?

RANDY
Hey, 'sup, bro?

They hug hello.

BOOKER D
Me and McPride was going over spots, and we got this dope idea how to work you in.

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

BOOKER D
You're gonna love this, check this out. So McPride--

RANDY
That's okay.
(beat)
You guys do your thing.

Booker D looks at him, surprised and puzzled.

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

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

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

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

ANNOUNCER
And his opponent...

The crowd looks to 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...
(beat)
Shawn McPriiide!

ANGLE ON Randy's face as he watches McPride enter the gym to loud cheers. Cheers that are normally for him.

Stocky sparkplug SHAWN MCPRIDE, an upper-tier indie guy, climbs into the ring.

He and Booker D warily circle each other, feeling each other out. Booker D hits McPride in the face. It's on.

Booker D hits McPride with a flurry of punches. McPride stands there absorbing the blows like they have no effect. He throws Booker D a look that says "*That all you got, chump?*"

The crowd is eating it up.

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

ANGLE ON Randy 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.

ANGLE ON Randy, watching, itchy 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 follows.

OUTSIDE THE RING:

McPride lifts Booker D and hits him with an elbow 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 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.

Booker D pulls a can of MACE out of his boot and SPRAYS MCPRIDE IN THE FACE. McPride howls in agony. Booker D scurries off.

McPride, clutching his blinded eyes, staggers to his feet and stumbles toward Randy.

MCPRIDE

Did you see that?! He maced me!

RANDY

I didn't see it!

MCPRIDE

You must be blinder than me!

The crowd LAUGHS at the line.

Meanwhile, Booker D is sneaking up behind McPride with a FOLDING CHAIR.

MCPRIDE (CONT'D)

(to Randy, oblivious to
Booker D behind him)

What kinda ref are you?

(angrily shoves Randy)

You *stink*!

Randy gives McPride a HARD SHOVE BACK--at the EXACT MOMENT Booker D is bringing the chair down. The chair misses McPride, hitting Randy RIGHT IN THE FACE.

Randy FLIES BACKWARDS, tumbling under the ropes, onto the HARD FLOOR outside the ring.

Booker D, taking advantage of the ref-less ring, MACES MCPRIDE AGAIN. He starts beating him senseless.

Randy, who doesn't see the macing, staggers to his feet and climbs back into the ring, where Booker D is pinning McPride. Randy drops to his knees for a count.

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

Ding-ding-ding! The match is over.

Booker D raises his arms in victory. McPride is wild with outrage.

RANDY'S POV: The pro-McPride crowd hurls boos and expletives and plastic cups at the ring.

Randy grins slightly to himself. He got a little taste.

CUT TO:

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

Randy, Booker D, and McPride are SHOWERING in the open shower area. They're on a post-match high.

BOOKER D
What a screwjob.

MCPRIDE
Crowd was pissed.

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

MCPRIDE (CONT'D)
The master...

BOOKER D
(wags finger at Randy)
Just reffing, my ass. I knew you'd
get in there.

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

MCPRIDE
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. They're all well on their way to being drunk.

RANDY
(mildly shocked)
You never heard the shit-pit story?

	BOOKER D	MCPRIDE
Tell it!		Tell me!

RANDY (CONT'D)
1990. Rage In The Cage II,
Nashville Coliseum. I'm in the
locker room shaving when behind me
one of the stall doors opens. I
turn and there's Chris Columbo on
the can taking a dump. He goes,
"This is for Petrov", and he *wipes*
his ass, takes the shit-covered
toilet paper and *rubs it in his*
armpit. Five minutes later, he's in
the ring with Petrov in a headlock,
fuckin' Petrov stuck there in CC's
pit lookin' like he's gonna puke.

McPride and Booker D roar with grossed-out delight.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Fuckin' classic...

Booker D spots something intriguing by the bar entrance.

BOOKER D
Uh-oh...

Randy and McPride follow his eyes there.

RANDY'S POV: TWO WOMEN--late 30s, frosted hair, tight denim miniskirts--just walked in the bar. He catches the twosome stealing a glance in their direction.

BOOKER D (CONT'D)
(elbows Randy)
Ring rats, twelve o'clock.

Randy seems to agree with Booker D's assessment.

INT. HOTEL BAR - LATER

MUSIC: BLACK CROWES - "HARD TO HANDLE"

The wrestlers are dancing with the women, MELISSA and ALYSSA, on the bar's dance floor. 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 coy smile.

ALYSSA

I know who you are...

Alyssa slowly runs her hands up Randy's sides.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

My brother used to have your poster
on his door.

Randy seems pleased by this. She pulls him in for a KISS. They start MAKING OUT. Sloppy, wet, lots of tongue.

She pulls back and looks at him, eager for a verdict.

RANDY

Thank you. I enjoyed that.

Looking into Randy's eyes, she clacks her tongue ring. Runs it suggestively along her teeth.

ALYSSA

I live pretty close to here.

Randy gives her a drunken, heavy-lidded grin.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN.

RANDY'S POV: His eyes slowly open. Staring down at him from a cheap stucco ceiling is a poster of a HUNKY, SHIRTLESS FIREMAN with a pair of suspenders stretched across his oiled-up six pack. Across the bottom it says *FIVE-ALARM FIRE*.

Randy looks around, disoriented. He is NAKED, in bed, in a STRANGE BEDROOM. His clothes lie on the floor next to a large glass bong.

INT. KITCHEN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy, wearing only a pair of bikini briefs, stumbles into a KITCHEN. A WOMAN (23) in a Tweety Bird nightshirt is pouring herself a bowl of Honey Nut Cheerios. She looks up at Randy with a casual head-nod.

WOMAN

Wassup. Alyssa's in the shower.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy emerges from Alyssa's building in last night's clothes, squinting at the blinding sunlight.

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy enters his trailer, chuckling self-amusedly. He tosses his keys on the table.

His cheery mood suddenly FADES. A look of DISMAY comes over his face.

RANDY'S POV: On the table is the stuffed moose, gift-wrapped. Taped to it is the card.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEPHANIE'S HOUSE - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy stands at Stephanie's door with the moose under his arm. He rings the bell. Stephanie's "friend" answers the door. She looks at Randy edgily.

RANDY

Is she...?

She glances over her shoulder.

INT. STEPHANIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Randy enters the house to find Stephanie curled up on the living-room couch watching TV.

RANDY

I'm so sorry. I totally,
completely...

He looks at her guiltily.

STEPHANIE

It's fine. I'm not upset.

Randy is thrown. She really doesn't seem upset.

RANDY

I missed your ceremony. I wasn't there.

STEPHANIE

(nonchalant shrug)

You can't miss what you never had.

Randy is privately devastated. He looks at the large wrapped gift under his arm.

RANDY

This is for you.

He hands her the gift.

STEPHANIE

Thanks.

RANDY

You're welcome.

Randy waits for her to open it.

RANDY (CONT'D)

You can open it now if you want. Or not. Whatever you like...

She puts it down. She stares blankly at the TV. She seems a little out-of-sorts.

RANDY (CONT'D)

You okay?

STEPHANIE

Not really.

She starts flipping channels.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

(eyes on TV, flipping)

I relapsed.

RANDY

When?

STEPHANIE
'Bout a week ago.

Randy looks distraught--and full of guilt.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
Don't worry. You're not the reason.

RANDY
Yeah, I am.

She looks up at him.

STEPHANIE
You give yourself way too much credit.

Randy doesn't know what to say.

RANDY
What are you gonna do?

STEPHANIE
What I *should* do is get the fuck to rehab.

RANDY
But...

STEPHANIE
But \$4,200.

Randy is taken aback by the figure.

RANDY
It's that much?

She nods. Yup.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Maybe I could help.

Stephanie chuckles.

STEPHANIE
You can't even afford a phone.

RANDY
I could figure something out.

STEPHANIE
(super-sarcastic)
That's great! I'm saved! Thank you
so much!

RANDY
C'mon, Stephanie.

STEPHANIE
Make the check out to Horizon House
Drug And Alco--

RANDY
Stephanie...

STEPHANIE
What?

Randy is silent.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
What?

CUT TO:

INT. SHOP RITE - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Randy enters the manager's office.

MANAGER
Yes?

RANDY
I was just wondering if it was
possible to... if maybe I could get
an advance.

MANAGER
How much of an advance?

RANDY
Like maybe three months?

The manager gives him a patronizing smile.

MANAGER
I don't think so.

INT. SHOP RITE - DELI COUNTER - LATER

ANGLE ON Take-A-Number sign. It reads *NOW SERVING: 54*

A crowd of AGGRAVATED CUSTOMERS wait at the 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 are Randy and two other DELI WORKERS. Randy is putting a block of Havarti onto the slicer. He moves a bit lackadaisically. Wayne, noticing, heads over.

WAYNE

(two quick claps)

C'mon, let's pick it up. Rush hour.

Wayne walks off. Randy adjusts the machine's setting and begins to slice. He isn't moving much faster.

CUSTOMER #1 (O.S.)

While we're young...

CUSTOMER #2 (O.S.)

Any year now...

Randy keeps right on slicing at his unhurried pace. He gets in a nice, meditative groove.

Slice... slice... slice... slice... slice...

He WINCES, his body JERKING BACKWARDS. He looks down at his 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 quickly spreads.

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

Randy!

Randy turns and sees a shocked 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 roughly shoves him away. Wayne stumbles backwards.

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

Somebody call security.

Randy, turning toward the onlookers, raises his thumb to his face. He dramatically smears the BLOOD ACROSS HIS MOUTH.

Customers GASP. A few women SHRIEK.

Randy drags the gash across his cheek. He SMEARS A LINE OF IT under each eye like WARPAINT.

RANDY
(strikes wrestling pose)
Let's get it onnn!

WAYNE (O.S.)
Security!

Randy ROARS at Wayne. 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. He dodges ANOTHER SHOPPER, purposely and dramatically crashing into the shelves again.

FRONT REGISTER AREA:

Randy charges past the cashiers, out of the supermarket.

INT. VAN - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy sits in the van in a PARKING LOT (not the Shop Rite one). He gazes at himself in the rear-view mirror, dried blood caked on his face. He likes how it looks.

He looks at the empty space on the dashboard where the Randy The Ram action figure used to be.

A thought is taking shape in his head.

CUT TO:

INT. NICK VOLPE'S CAR - LATER

Nick Volpe is driving in his Lincoln Navigator SUV. His cellphone rings. He picks up.

NICK VOLPE
Hello?

EXT. PARADISE OAKS TRAILER PARK - PAY PHONE - CONTINUOUS

Randy is on the pay phone.

RANDY
\$4,200.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - DAY

Randy is digging through a pile of clothes in a closet. He pulls out his wrestling tights.

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - BATHROOM - LATER

Randy is SHAVING HIS CHEST. The hair has grown in since he last wrestled.

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - LATER

Randy stands in just a pair of bikini briefs. In his hands is a product called TAN IN A CAN. He gives the can a good shake and starts spraying his torso.

INT. RANDY'S TRAILER - BATHROOM - LATER

Randy, wearing rubber gloves and a towel around his neck, combs peroxide through his hair.

INT. VAN - EVENING

A freshly bleached and tanned Randy is driving. On the passenger seat is his travel duffel bag.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEETAH'S - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy enters the club. He spots Cassidy at the bar casually chatting with the bartender. He heads over.

RANDY
Hey...

She looks at him coldly. The bartender heads off, giving them their privacy.

RANDY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I was such an asshole.

She shrugs.

CASSIDY
Shit happens.

RANDY
I got upset. I shouldn't've... I
didn't mean any of that.

She nods silently.

RANDY (CONT'D)
I'm going away this weekend.
(beat)
I doing a match.

CASSIDY
You're wrestling?

Randy nods.

RANDY
For my daughter.
(beat)
She relapsed.

CASSIDY
(sincere)
I'm sorry to hear that.

RANDY
She needs money. For rehab.

CASSIDY
What about your...?

She glances at his chest.

RANDY
I'll be fine.

CASSIDY
I thought the doctor...

RANDY
They always say that.
(beat)
(MORE)

RANDY (CONT'D)

"You go back in there with that knee, you're gonna get permanent blah-blah-blah..."

CASSIDY

A heart, that's not a knee.

RANDY

If I listened to doctors every time I got banged up, I wouldn't have had a career.

CASSIDY

Yeah, but a heart...

RANDY

I know what I'm doing. I've done this a million times.

CASSIDY

There's gotta be some other way to get money.

RANDY

Why don't you come watch?

CASSIDY

That's okay.

RANDY

Have you ever been to Virginia?

CASSIDY

Randy, I really don't think--

RANDY

Bring your kid. You could make a weekend of it.

CASSIDY

Randy...

RANDY

I'm sure they got, like, waterparks and shit down there.

She looks at him with sympathy.

CASSIDY

I'm sorry.

He shrugs "casually".

RANDY
Hey, that's cool, your loss...

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Randy is driving south on I-95.

INT. CASSIDY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cassidy comes home from work to find her SON (9) on the floor playing with the Randy The Ram doll. He has the doll climb up the couch's armrest. The doll takes a flying leap off the couch onto a robot laid out on the floor below. The son makes an EXPLOSION SOUND as Randy slams down on his foe.

EXT. I-95 - SIDE OF THE ROAD - MIDNIGHT

The van is pulled over on the side of the interstate.

INT. BACK OF VAN - CONTINUOUS

Randy is catching a nap as 18-wheelers barrel past.

INT. VAN - NEXT MORNING

Randy is driving along I-64. A sign reads *NORFOLK - THIS EXIT*. He gets off.

INT. NORFOLK CIVIC AUDITORIUM - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy stands at a CHECK-IN TABLE signing an injury-release form. The guy manning the table hands him a Fanfest T-shirt.

Randy looks around. DOZENS OF FANS mill about. Some steal glances at him. He basks in the scene.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

A bunch of WRESTLERS, mostly men in their 50s, mill about. They chat amiably as they get dressed, catching up.

Randy puts his duffel bag down on a bench. Across the room, he spots a huge, dark-skinned man of indeterminate ethnicity.

Randy heads over. The man 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. This is THE AYATOLLAH.

RANDY
What's up, Bob?

THE AYATOLLAH
Hey, Ram. What's shakin'?

They shake hands, more cordial than chummy.

THE AYATOLLAH (CONT'D)
You ready to do this?

RANDY
I believe so.

THE AYATOLLAH
Should be a hoot.
(chuckles)
Though the wife ain't too happy.
"You're doing *what?*" She thinks I'm
going off the top rope or
something.

Randy bristles at his flip attitude.

THE AYATOLLAH (CONT'D)
So how ya been?

RANDY
I'm all right.

THE AYATOLLAH
Cool. Yeah, things are good with
me. Business is rockin'. Just
opened up a third dealership.

RANDY
(not very interested)
Wow...

THE AYATOLLAH
Two in Columbus, one in Dayton.
(beat)
If you're ever in Ohio, drop by.
I'll make you a nice deal on a G6.

Randy chuckles politely.

RANDY

When you get settled in, we should
over things.

THE AYATOLLAH

What things?

RANDY

The match. Y'know, hash it out.

THE AYATOLLAH

(dismissive wave)

Ah, we can wing it.

RANDY

We should know the basic spots.

THE AYATOLLAH

It'll be fine.

He can see Randy is not happy with this plan.

THE AYATOLLAH (CONT'D)

How's this: I'm the heel, you're
the face.

(chuckles)

Done.

Randy walks off, annoyed. He heads back to where he put his
duffel bag.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yo, Randy.

Randy looks toward the locker-room door. Sticking his head in
is Nick Volpe.

NICK VOLPE

There's some chick out here to see
you.

RANDY

Who?

Volpe gives him a "beats me" shrug and disappears.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Randy steps out of the locker room.

RANDY'S POV: Standing there is Cassidy and her son. The son
is wearing a T-shirt of some current wrestling star.

He looks at Cassidy, touched.

RANDY

You came.

She nods yup. Randy looks at her son.

CASSIDY

This is Daniel.

Randy shakes the kid's hand.

RANDY

Pleased to meet you, Daniel.

Daniel smiles shyly at the giant.

CASSIDY

He's a big wrestling fan.

RANDY

All right. Good man.

Randy holds up a hand for a high-five. Daniel high-fives him.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Ever been to a show?

Daniel shakes his head no.

RANDY (CONT'D)

(gleam in his eye)

You're gonna see one tonight.

A slightly NERVOUS LOOK comes over Cassidy's face. Randy notices.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Relax. I know what I'm doing.

(sly grin)

Besides...

Randy covers Daniel's ears.

RANDY (CONT'D)

(to Cassidy, with a wink)

It ain't like it's real.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy, sitting on the bench in just a jock strap, tapes up his knees. He is quiet, intense. Reflective.

He slips on his tights. Pops a Vicodin and washes it down with some beer.

EXT. HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Randy is at a PAY PHONE in an empty hallway, ringing phone cradled to his ear.

STEPHANIE'S VOICE

This is Stephanie, you know what to do.

(answering machine BEEP)

RANDY

Hey. It's me. Your dad.

(beat)

I just wanted to say... I'm sorry I wasn't better.

(beat)

I love you.

(beat)

I'm gonna fix everything. I promise.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - SHORT TIME LATER

The announcer stands in the ring. 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 292 pounds... The
Tehran Terror, the Beast Of The
Middle East...

(beat)

The Ayaaa-tooo-laaaaaah!

The Ayatollah bursts through the curtain waving a big IRANIAN FLAG. Enraged fans curse and give him the finger.

FAN #1

Suck a goat dick!

FAN #2

Camelfucker!

The Ayatollah waves his arms, egging them on. For all his locker-room nonchalance, he knows how to work a crowd.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Randy sits on the bench, hunched over in quiet reflection.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
(from auditorium)
And his opponent...

Through the wall, we hear a familiar song come over the auditorium speakers.

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

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

TRACKING SHOT of Randy as he walks through the 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, offering words of luck.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
A true wrestling immortal...

Randy slows at the entrance curtain.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
One of the greatest of all time...
Randy "The Ram" Robinnnnnsonnnnn!

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Randy bursts through to HUGE CHEERS.

INT. COMMENTATORS' TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Seated at a ringside table are the match's COMMENTATORS, a pair of wannabe Marv Alberts in their 20s. A sign taped to the table reads *MID-ATLANTIC WRESTLING NETWORK*. Next to the table is a VIDEOCAMERA 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
History about to be made here at
the Norfolk Civic Auditorium.

Randy takes a long lap around the ring, ramming chair after chair. The fans love him. He loves them.

COMMENTATOR #2 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It was 20 years ago today.

Randy climbs into the ring, where The Ayatollah awaits.

The cheers continue. Loving, appreciative, sustained cheers. Randy stands there soaking it in. It finally dies down.

He grabs the mike from the announcer. Looks around at the crowd.

RANDY
I just got one thing to say to you
people...

He takes a long, dramatic pause.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Thank you.

The crowd cheers loudly. He puts his hand over his heart.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Thank you.

MORE CHEERS. The cheers die down.

All eyes are on Randy, who stands there silently in the middle of the ring. He is pensive, soulful. Finally, he speaks:

RANDY (CONT'D)
You take your lumps and bruises in
this game. But you know what? It's
all worth it. Because of you guys.
(beat)
Your cheers keep me young. They
make me feel alive.
(MORE)

RANDY (CONT'D)

No matter how crappy I'm feeling,
no matter how bad my knee's
twisted, how sprained up my neck
is, how bruised my ribs are, when
I'm in that ring doing my thing for
you, and you're out there doing
your thing for me, I'm feeling no
pain.

(beat)

There ain't no anaesthesia like a
cheering crowd.

CHEERS from the crowd. Randy takes another pause.

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 people has always made
me feel 10 feet tall. And that's
the way it's always gonna be.

(beat)

Forever.

He lowers the mike, finished. MORE CHEERS, the loudest yet.
Randy stands there nodding appreciatively at the crowd.

As he nods, The Ayatollah SNEAKS UP BEHIND HIM with a folding
chair. The fans scream, trying to warn Randy. The Ayatollah
SMASHES HIM OVER THE HEAD. Randy goes down.

The match is on.

The Ayatollah picks up 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, 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 (CONT'D)

(under breath)

You're working pretty light.

Randy gets up and grabs The 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, pressing 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 braces for something good, but all he gets is a feeble CHEST SLAP. Randy grabs The Ayatollah and puts him in a headlock.

RANDY
Anytime you wanna join in.

Randy scoops up The Ayatollah and drops him over his knee with a BACKBREAKER. The Ayatollah grimaces in pain as he hits the mat. Before he has a chance to get up, Randy hits 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 as Randy did to him.

THE AYATOLLAH
That better?

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

One!... Two!...

Randy KICKS OUT. As Randy "recovers", The Ayatollah jumps out of the ring. He grabs 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 through the ropes and OUT OF THE RING. He hits the concrete floor, crashing against the metal barricade.

IN THE CROWD:

Cassidy winces, feeling Randy's pain. Daniel is loving it.

THE RING:

The Ayatollah hops out of the ring. He stands over Randy, kicking him repeatedly. He grabs his Iranian flag, waving it tauntingly at the crowd.

FAN #1 (O.S.)

Terrorist!

FAN #2 (O.S.)

Fat piece of shit!

The Ayatollah looks down at Randy.

THE AYATOLLAH

Pathetic!

("spits" on Randy)

Pitiful godless infidel!

IN THE CROWD:

Boos rain down on The Ayatollah. An 11-YEAR-OLD in the front row gives him the finger.

KID

Go fuck Osama, ya towelhead fag!

The kid's FATHER gives his son a proud high-five.

JUST OUTSIDE RING:

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.

COMMENTATORS' TABLE:

The two commentators look on in outraged shock.

COMMENTATOR #1
The Ram being choked!

JUST OUTSIDE RING:

The Ayatollah jerks upward 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. The ref flies over the barricade.

COMMENTATORS' TABLE:

COMMENTATOR #2
He can't do that!

COMMENTATOR #1
He just did!

JUST OUTSIDE RING:

The Ayatollah releases Randy from the choke. Randy crumples to the ground, gasping for air. The Ayatollah picks up him by his hair and throws him back in 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 falls limply to the mat.

Randy's heart is BEATING FAST.

The Ayatollah takes a few steps back. He charges toward Randy, kicking up his legs as he goes airborne.

COMMENTATORS' TABLE:

COMMENTATOR #1
Atomic drop...

THE RING:

At the last possible second, Randy ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY. The Ayatollah slams HARD INTO THE MAT, ass-first.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)

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 right back.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

They're *fighting on their backs!*

COMMENTATOR #2 (O.S.)

Incredible!

The crowd noise has reached a fever pitch. The Ayatollah rolls on top of Randy, punching him repeatedly.

THE AYATOLLAH

(between punches, under
breath)

Wanna take it home?

RANDY

It's time.

THE AYATOLLAH

All you, bro. Lead on...

Randy, giving him a discrete, appreciative nod, flips The Ayatollah over. Randy struggles to his feet. He picks up The Ayatollah and levels him with a dropkick.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)

Dropkick!

(a second one)

And another!

(a third one)

Another!

Randy's heart is POUNDING out of his chest. He picks up The Ayatollah and BODYSLAMS him.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Body slam!

Randy stands over his laid-out opponent. 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.

CROWD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ram Jam! Ram Jam! Ram Jam!...

COMMENTATOR #2 (O.S.)
Just listen to this crowd!

The Ayatollah can hear how labored Randy's breathing is.

THE AYATOLLAH
 We don't need the big finish.

Randy searches out Cassidy in the crowd. He finds her. She looks worried.

CROWD (O.S.)
Ram Jam! Ram Jam! Ram Jam!...

Randy looks around at the crowd, chanting, hungry for the Ram Jam. He is torn. He looks The Ayatollah in the eye.

RANDY
 Let's do this.

Randy gets up. He lifts 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 gets up. His HEART LURCHES.

He goes back down to his knees. Puts his hand to his chest. Something definitely just happened.

Randy looks out at the crowd. The whole place is on its feet.

CROWD (O.S.)
Ram Jam! Ram Jam! Ram Jam!...

Randy's heart LURCHES AGAIN. The Ayatollah sees this.

THE AYATOLLAH

You okay?

Randy is clearly not.

THE AYATOLLAH (CONT'D)

Just pin me, man.

Randy looks out at the crowd again.

RANDY'S POV: The fans are in a frenzy. A guy in the front row is shaking a a *WE WANT BLOOD* sign.

CROWD (O.S.)

RAM JAM! RAM JAM! RAM JAM!...

THE AYATOLLAH (O.S.)

C'mon, finish it.

Randy is torn. He puts a hand to the canvas. He... GETS UP.

Randy STAGGERS to the corner. He climbs to the top rope, 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.

BA-BLOOM, BA-BLOOM, BA-BLOOM...

Randy takes a long look around the room, lingering on the fans' faces, savoring their cheers.

He finds Cassidy in the crowd. Their eyes meet. He gives her a small smile.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)

Here we go...

BA-BLOOM, BA-BLOOM, BA-BLOOM...

He LEAPS.

FREEZE on Randy in mid-air, glorious and immortal.

END.