

TURNING HEEL

"Pilot"

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**OVER BLACK**--It's dark, but not quiet. Then--

CROWD (V.O.)  
Ass-hole! Ass-hole! Ass-hole!

The thunder of fifteen thousand voices chanting "asshole" hammers the screen. A slight Southern drawl retorts - COLT.

COLT (V.O.)  
(into a microphone)  
Thank you.

The CROWD BOOS loud.

**TITLE:**

**Heel Turn: A dramatic change of persona from a heroic face character to a villainous heel.**

COLT (V.O.)  
I think it was Vince Lombardi who said, "show me a good person from Worcester, and I'll show you a loser." His words not mine.

The CROWD BOOS louder.

**Chyron-- Worcester Centrum - Worcester, Massachusetts - June 17th, 2004**

COLT (V.O.)  
And speaking of losers - Paco Garcia, or the former Total Wrestling Federation Champion, not only lost *my* title last night in Baltimore, but he lost... **Shut up!**

The CROWD BOOS louder than that.

COLT (V.O.)  
But he lost his courageous career as well. And as we customarily do here in the TWF, we honor one of our befallen stars with a ten-bell salute.

CROWD (V.O.)  
Ass-Hole! Ass-Hole! Ass-Hole!

COLT (V.O.)  
(with venom)  
And you know I'm going to enjoy giving that faggot his!  
**Ring the goddamn bell!**

RINGSIDE BELL RINGS. The CROW BOOS insanely loud. Bell rings again. And again. Suddenly--

MUSIC EXPLODES-- So, the music doesn't *have to be* Metallica's "For Whom the Bell Tolls," but it should be fucking awesome.

AN EXPLOSION OF CHEERS, or POP, is 14,800 people simultaneously losing their shit.

A hillbilly Kathleen Turner, LEEANN CONNERS, cries out--

LEEANN (V.O.)  
 Momma needs a new pair of panties  
 because it's Paco!

And we're off~

SMASH OPEN TO:

**INT. ARENA - NIGHT - 2004**

We're spinning like a tripping hippie at a Phish show. The CROWD is a potpourri of guys named Todd; people wearing baggy Manny Ramirez Red Sox jerseys; hickabillies, and people who love the band Ratt. All are GOING NUTS. Many are holding signs: "Garcia is a Gay God!"; "It's Judgement Day!"; "Sully 4:20", etc.

This is an episode of the Total Wrestling Federation's, or TWF's, *Thursday Night Throwdown!* Signage is littered everywhere. Especially those three letters, TWF. Speaking of three...

Inside of the ring are THREE SHARP-DRESSED PEOPLE. We'll get to them. But first, outside the ring are the Spanish Announcers.

Doing the play-by-play is iconic Fútbol commentator, JULIO CAESAR MARQUEZ. Beside him doing color-commentary is legendary luchador, CHAVO "EL PSICOPATA" GONZALEZ. Each sporting bonito cabello.

JULIO  
 (in Spanish)  
 Praise the Lord! It's Paco!

CHAVO  
 (in Spanish)  
 And I bet he's pissed.

Adjacent to them are our hosts. First, the aforementioned LeeAnn Connors. She's a former Miss Arkansas and Channel 7 Little Rock news anchor.

LeeAnn adores pro wrestling and SEC football. Which is funny because her skin could make a football.

LEEANN

It can't be! Is Paco Garcia really here?

LeeAnn's partner is former six-time TWF International Champion, "SEXY" SCOTT SIMMONS. From a distance, Sexy Scott looks like a porn actress twenty-years after her final cut. He also has a propensity to gawk at the camera like he's a drunk creep. Which he is.

SEXY SCOTT

If he is, I bet he's pissed!

All eyes are on the TRAPEZOID SCREEN above the entrance. Except Sexy Scott. He's looking at us.

**ON TRAPEZOID SCREEN--** A vignette of PACO GARCIA. Paco is a half-Black, half-Mexican, really into The Sopranos, mountain of a man. Paco is slathered in baby oil and snarling as flames burn behind him.

**INTO CAMERA--**

LEEANN

Friends, if you weren't part of the record-breaking one-point-one million people who purchased last night's pay-per-view, Burn In Hell...

**INSERT--** STILL PHOTOS OF A WRESTLER WITH HIS BACK TO US HOLDING PACO UP IN A VERTICAL SUPLEX; THIS GUY THEN DROPPING PACO ON THE BACK OF PACO'S NECK; AND FINALLY, PARAMEDICS PUTTING A STRAPPED TO A BACKBOARD PACO ONTO A STRETCHER.

LEEANN (V.O.)

The Judge brutally, barbarically--

SEXY SCOTT (V.O.)

--It was a clean move--

**BACK TO SCENE--**

LEEANN

--It most certainly was not--

SEXY SCOTT

--You're such a candy-ass!

**ON TRAPEZOID SCREEN--** BOOM! There he is, LIVE (recorded), Paco Garcia. The Crowd's POP registers on the Richter Scale.

Paco makes his way, sporting a Velcro neck brace, through the back entrance of the arena. And he's pissed.

LEEANN  
 (trying to scream over the crowd)  
 He's here! He's here!

SEXY SCOTT  
 What?

LEEANN  
 He's here! The former five-time TWF Heavyweight Champion, Paco Garcia--

SEXY SCOTT  
 --Six is still more than five the last time I checked LeeAnn!

Sexy Scott winks and gawks.

LEEANN  
 Yes, Sexy Scott Simmons, we get it, you're the former six-time TWF International Champion. But on this day - the tenth anniversary of the worst day of his life - I'm witnessing a resurrection because Paco Garcia has just risen from the dead!

SEXY SCOTT  
 What on Earth are the Carmichaels thinking right now?!

**IN RING**-- The CARMICHAELS, the First Family of pro wrestling. The man in the Armani suit is COLT. The TWF is his church. The ring is his pulpit. And the crowd is his congregation.

Beside Colt is his son KEITH. He sports a fedora and scarf hoping that Justin Timberlake is watching.

And finally, CONSCIENCE or CONNIE. She's the youngest. Connie's a wrestling savant who could be a vixen if she wanted to - she doesn't.

KEITH  
 (in Colt's ear)  
 Really milking this entrance, ya?

Colt gives a slight smirk. Keith returns with a look of "what do you think you know?"

**ON SCREEN**-- Paco takes a turn, and the camera loses him. The CROWD SWELLS.

**IN RING**-- Colt swaggers over to the ropes, sits on the middle one - a gesture to invite Paco in. Connie approaches Colt.

CONNIE

Sure you should be doing this?

Colt, softly--

COLT

Listen to them...

Colt admires the apoplectic Crowd. Tears form in his eyes. The MUSIC BUILDS as the CROWD CHANTS--

CROWD

PA-CO! PA-CO! PA-CO!

Connie scans and smiles - it's quite the sight. Colt looks at her again, she looks back.

COLT

I have fifteen thousand people  
chanting for a gay, half-Black,  
half-Mexican man.

(beat)

I'm sorry, bisexual.

Colt gives her a smirk and shifts his focus to the entrance. Connie seethes. She turns, and sees Keith glaring at her.

COLT (CONT'D)

(to himself)

This is the greatest moment of my  
life.

Connie, irate, stares at her father. Then, right as the MUSIC hits its apex and you'd assume Paco would make his grand entrance--

COLT (CONT'D)

(jumping up)

Let's fucking go!

Nothing. The Carmichaels are dumbfounded.

Suddenly, Paco TEARS UP THROUGH THE RING right behind them, and he's got a steel chair. The CROWD FREAKS!

LEEANN

He has risen!

SEXY SCOTT  
Carmichaels! Turn around!

The Carmichaels are clueless, staring foolishly at the entrance. Paco rips off his neck brace, throws down the chair, spins Keith around, and grabs him by the throat. They share a soft exchange of the eyes. Paco's harden--

PACO  
Eeeuppaah!

Keith jumps, and Paco executes his finisher, the Throat Clamp Slam -- a chokeslam/powerbomb. The CROWD JUST ORGASMED! Colt grabs Paco's chair and swings straight for the back of Paco's skull.

CONNIE  
No!

Paco turns, snatching it effortlessly from Colt. Colt, confounded, pleads for his life.

COLT  
Peter, por favor.

Paco's eyes turn white-hot. Connie half-heartedly kicks Paco in the ass. Paco turns to hit her with the chair, catches himself. Colt goes to sucker-punch Paco. Connie nods. Paco spins, and Paco TOMAHAWKS Colt right on the side of his head.

**SILENCE**-- Colt's lifeless body SLAMS to the mat. Silence becomes a HIGH-PITCHED RING. We CLOSE-IN on a perfect profile of Colt. Eyes slit, and you'd swear he's grinning.

LEEANN (O.S.)  
Oh gracious God -- Colt Carmichael  
was just leveled by his brightest  
star!

SEXY SCOTT (O.S.)  
You can say that again!

Blood trickles down Colt's face. It's coming from his ear.

PROSECUTOR (O.S.)  
Colt Carmichael, you're about to be  
leveled by your brightest star...

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY - 1994**

The ambiance of a live audience has been replaced by the sucking sounds of an OXYGEN TANK. Colt - ten years younger and kinder - is on the stand. He has the same sorta grin on his face.

COLT

Pardon...

**Chyron: New Castle County Courthouse - Wilmington, Delaware - Ten Years Earlier**

PROSECUTOR

I said you're about to be leveled  
by your biggest star.

The PROSECUTOR, who doesn't look cheap - is pointing to an emaciated MAN sitting at the Prosecutor's table. Pat Hester, early 40's but looks like he's in his late 70s. He's unrecognizable, but that is, was, the iconic BRICK BRONSON. Brick is seated beside a young CLERK.

The Courtroom consists of A JUDGE, TWELVE JURORS, and a BAILIFF. At the Defense table is Colt's young attorney, XANDER. Xander likes hair gel, Drakkar Noir, and plea bargains.

Behind the Defense in the front-row is KATRINA CARMICHAEL. If Beth Dutton and Claire Underwood were a lesbian couple and able to reproduce...Katrina's legs are crossed, and the leg doing the crossing has lost her patience with the Prosecutor.

Beside Katrina is a thirteen-year-old TEENAGE CONNIE. Her exhausted-from-crying eyes are locked in on her dad.

Other than that, there is no gallery. No one behind Brick.

COLT

And I'm searching for a question in  
that there statement.

PROSECUTOR

(smirking)

Sure, how does it feel?

(facing the Jury)

How does it feel to know that a  
man...

Points to EXHIBIT A -- a 27x39 of 8-Time TWF Heavyweight Champion Brick Bronson. 6'6, 300 pounds, holding two bricks like they're chalkboard erasers. He's sporting an electric blue tank-top that says, "*I Must Break You! Brick by Brick!*"



PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)  
Who helped you build *your* company  
into a billion-dollar empire--

COLT  
--Billion dollar empire?

The Prosecutor marches over to her table, plucks a stack of meaningless papers, and waves them at the Jury.

PROSECUTOR  
A man who took your wrestling ring  
from the parking lot of your  
daddy's--

COLT  
(agitated)  
--Daddy?

COLT and KATRINA gives BRICK a hard stare.

PROSECUTOR  
Yes, from your daddy's auto  
dealership to the world stage--

COLT  
--Let's get this clear if we do  
anything here today - my father was  
no daddy. He was my father. And I  
loved him dearly--

Brick either COUGHS or SCOFFS or BOTH. Colt and Katrina smirk.

PROSECUTOR  
That's sweet. However, this man,  
your companies grandest champion...  
(points to Brick)  
Is now suing you for everything you  
have--

COLT  
--Glad you clarified because the  
missus recorded last night's Mad  
About You and--

Katrina CACKLES. Judge GAVELS.

PROSECUTOR  
And I want to know, and frankly, we  
all do - how does that feel?

COLT

If we're discussing feelings; feels  
a smidge like extortion.

PROSECUTOR

(chuckling)

Extortion? Because you gave my  
client cancer?

Colt's stunned. He looks over to Xander. Xander offers an encouraging fist-pump. Colt looks at Katrina who does nothing but stare back.

COLT

Well, I *object* because a person  
cannot give another person cancer--

PROSECUTOR

--Really? Tell that to smokers.

COLT

And the *truth* is your client did  
drugs, a whole lotta drugs. And if  
he's claiming someone, other than  
himself, is responsible for *his*  
cancer - well, maybe he should be  
suing his daggum dealers instead.

PROSECUTOR

But you encouraged it, no?

COLT

I encouraged him, yes, ma'am. But I  
only encouraged him to be the best  
Brick Bronson he could be.

BRICK

Oh, eat a dick, dude!

Judge GAVELS.

JUDGE

Mr. Hester, that type of talk will  
not be tolerated, you hear me?

BRICK

(coughing)

Sorry, Judge.

The Prosecutor walks over to her table and lays her hands on the sick Brick's shoulders. Colt admires the theatrics. Meanwhile, Xander looks like he's enjoying front-row seats to a courtroom drama.

PROSECUTOR

Mr. Carmichael, do you attribute your success to men like Pat Hester?

COLT

If you're insinuating I own a wrestling company, and its primary assets are the wrestlers, then of course. However--

PROSECUTOR

Then why if any of your wrestlers, including your greatest champion...

Points to Exhibit A.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

Misses just one match, no matter their reason or condition, they may find themselves disbanded from your notorious company? Why is that?

COLT

Find me one instance--

PROSECUTOR

--Gladly...

The Clerk holds up a FILE, and the Prosecutor snatches it like a dog seeing a ball. She reads--

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

Do you recall meeting with the Plaintiff at TWF Headquarters on November 30th, 1991?

COLT

Probably not as well as you.

PROSECUTOR

No worries, we all forget. That's what reminding is for.

Colt squints, "where are we going with this?" He looks at Katrina; she shrugs. Xander, meanwhile, is excited to find out.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

My client requested two weeks off to spend time with his wife and kids. He just finished his sixth year in a row of over three hundred matches.

(MORE)

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

(to Jury)

Six years of a life lived on the road. And all my client asked was to share the holidays with a wife who barely loved him, and his kids who barely knew him...

(to Colt)

And what was your response?

COLT

By all means, remind me.

PROSECUTOR

You said, and I quote - "If you take two weeks, consider that your notice" unquote. Does this elicit any memories?

Colt glares hard at Brick. Brick's eyes are glued to the floor.

COLT

Instead of asking me that, you should ask your client why he really wanted those two weeks off. It wasn't to play Santa for his kids. I remember that much.

PROSECUTOR

While that may answer a question, it doesn't answer my question.

Colt squirms.

COLT

This is pointless.

PROSECUTOR

Excuse me?!

The Prosecutor's appalled. She looks at the Judge, to the Jury, even to Katrina. Finally, she's back on Colt.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

(fired up)

Pointless? How many of your wrestlers make it to sixty years old, sir? Fifty? Forty? How many people run into your company with a dream only to crutch home at thirty with a drug addiction and no future as their pension?

COLT

Ma'am, do you know, every single year, what the two most-watched television programs are?

PROSECUTOR

(smugly)

Probably not as well as you.

Colt smiles.

COLT

A football game and an award show devoted to telling the pretty how fucking pretty they are!

The limited Courtroom GASPS. The Judge GAVELS. Katrina smiles.

JUDGE

Order!

(to Colt)

Mr. Carmichael, this is not one of your locker rooms. Understood?

COLT

Yes, your honor.

Colt sighs, looks at Brick. Brick looks back. Colt looks at the Prosecutor. She, too, is staring at him. Colt glances at Xander, he's catatonic. Finally, he looks at Katrina and Teenage Connie. All eyes are on Colt and this is when he shines.

COLT (CONT'D)

We live in a world where the exceptional are lionized. And in this world, our industry, the entertainment industry, it's littered with cautionary tales. Is this coincidence? No. Because sometimes you have to sacrifice your life to live your dream. Because it is, by many, considered the cost of being exceptional.

Colt drops his head, rubs his eyes like he's emotionally exhausted. But in reality, it just helps redden them. He looks up. It worked. Katrina smirks.

PROSECUTOR

Do you believe that's the price?

Colt takes pause. He's processing.

COLT

Maybe. I just know Brick Bronson, Pat Hester, is one of the strongest, bravest, most exceptional men to not only step foot into a TWF ring but to walk into my life. And he's dying.

Colt and Brick lock eyes. They're the only two people in the room.

COLT (CONT'D)

Did he do steroids? Yes. Did he consume copious amounts of painkillers and cocaine? Absolutely. Did he use them to enhance his performance and persona? Without question. Why? Because this is what the audience demands, and this is what the audience expects. And whatever happens here today won't change that.

(chokes up)

Brick Bronson did what he thought was best for Pat Hester. And if I'm guilty of anything, ma'am - I'm guilty of being a bad friend.

Other than the sounds of Brick's oxygen, there's silence. Until a sobbing Brick breaks it. He coughs; He wheezes; He struggles. The Prosecutor attempts to settle him.

COLT (CONT'D)

Can someone get him a glass of daggum water!

BRICK

(gasping)

I'm fine. I'm fine!

PROSECUTOR

(to Judge)

Your honor...

JUDGE

Let's recess for the day. Reconvene tomorrow morning, 9am.

GAVELS.

BAILIFF

All rise.

EVERYONE STANDS, except Colt and Brick.

**INT. SIDE ROOM - COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

It's just Colt and Xander. Xander shuts the door. Colt grabs a cup of coffee and sits. He's distracted until--

XANDER  
We were awesome.

COLT  
Where's Katrina and Connie?

XANDER  
She told me to tell you that she  
had to go take care of something...

Colt sips his coffee while his eyes drive daggers into Xander's skull.

COLT  
Keith said you were a "ninja  
negotiator."

XANDER  
Keith?

COLT  
My son.

XANDER  
Oh, Keeeith. Ya, I--

COLT  
--Ya, I don't have time for you.  
Go.

XANDER  
(rattled yet smug)  
You have me on a \$25,000 retainer.

COLT  
Son, I've spent that on strippers  
in Montreal...

Xander sneers. Colt stares.

COLT (CONT'D)  
Boy, I will fist fuck you in the  
face.

Xander snorts, grabs his leather briefcase, and starts to leave.

COLT (CONT'D)  
 One last thing, for my 25k - inform  
 Brick his presence is requested.

Xander shakes his head and opens the door.

COLT (CONT'D)  
 Oh, and Lionel Hutz...

Xander stops and turns annoyingly slow.

COLT (CONT'D)  
 Sans legal representation.

Xander leaves. Colt's alone. His knee trembles.

COLT (CONT'D)  
 (to himself)  
 Daddy...

He pulls out his Nokia cell phone.

COLT (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Ya, it's was Keith.  
 (beat)  
 Well, she sure as shit didn't stop  
 him.

Colt hangs up, and right as he puts his phone away - the door  
 opens; it's Brick.

CUT TO:

**EST/EXT. ROSSI HOUSE - RUTLAND, VERMONT - DAY**

Small house, not much of a yard. Out front is a beat to shit  
 1982 black Pontiac Trans-Am. Yes, the same car as KITT from  
 Knight Rider. If KITT had pancreatic cancer.

**INT. ROSSI HOUSE - JOEY'S BEDROOM - DAY**

The house is buzzing with NOISE. Pots banging, kettle  
 whistling, Italian-Americans speaking way too loudly to each  
 other. Meet JOEY ROSSI. He's unconscious.

His walls are littered with posters of Cindy Crawford and  
 "Sexy" Scott Simmons. Crawford looks stunning. Simmons looks  
 like a groupie for Poison.



MARIE (O.S.)  
 (yelling)  
 Joseph!

Joey snaps his head up, leaving behind a puddle of drool and knocking over a plate of rigatoni.

ROCCO (O.S.)  
 (yelling back)  
 He's sleepin'!

Joey moves slowly. His body CRACKS and POPS like a bowl of Rice Krispies. He's pretty cut, completely shaved, he has razor bumps all over his chest.

MARIE (O.S.)  
 (still yelling)  
 Who asked ya, huh? I know he's  
 awake!  
 (to Joey)  
 Joseph! You awake?!

JOEY  
 What?

**INT. ROSSI HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Standing in her work attire - waitress at the local travel lodge - stirring spaghetti sauce is MARIE ROSSI or Ma.

Sitting at the table dipping toast into heavily creamed coffee wearing his Blow's Auto Shop (slogan is There's no job like a Blow job) work shirt is ROCCO ROSSI or Pop. His bushy-browed eyes are reading the sports section of the Rutland Herald.

MARIE  
 (to Rocco)  
 Told ya. Stupid-ass.

Rocco blows her a quick kiss and goes back to his paper.

MARIE (CONT'D)  
 (yelling to Joey)  
 Joseph, get down here and eat  
 something, would ya!

**INT. ROSSI HOUSE - JOEY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Joey is busy scoping the disgusting bruise on his forearm.

**INT. RUTLAND ARENA - WRESTLING RING - PREVIOUS NIGHT**

Quick shot of Joey wrestling in the corner of the ring with a MASKED MAN. Joey goes to smash him with a forearm. Masked Man ducks and Joey smokes his arm on the steel post behind the turnbuckle. Joey grabs it instantly.

**BACK TO JOEY'S BEDROOM**

Joey gives an exasperated gasp. Smiles. He loves it.

MARIE (O.S.)  
(yelling)  
Hey, you deaf?

Joey gets up, puts some shorts on, and heads downstairs.

**INT. ROSSI HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Joey comes in all smiles, kisses Marie on the cheek.

JOEY  
Something smells good.

She brushes him off while smirking.

MARIE  
Oh, shut up.

Joey pours himself a cup of coffee.

JOEY  
How'd the Mets do, Pop?

ROCCO  
How the hell do you think they did?

Marie goes to hand Joey a plate of eggs, bacon, and toast. Joey shrugs because he's got his hands full. She doesn't budge. He puts down the pot. Grabs the plate. Marie grabs, lights and takes a drag from her Cactus Jack 100's.

MARIE  
You're welcome.

ROCCO  
Bonilla's a bum. The Mets are going to regret the day they signed this goddam prick.

Marie SMACKS Rocco across the back of the head.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

What?

MARIE

What? Language!

She blesses herself.

ROCCO

Sorry if I want to cheer for a  
champion.

Joey hears his father's words. Marie looks over to Joey,  
noticing his arm.

MARIE

That's cute.

JOEY

No biggie.

MARIE

No biggie.

(to Rocco)

No biggie, he says.

(to Joey)

What about the next time it is a  
biggie? You and this rasslin'.

(to Rocco)

You see the stuff they do?

Joey looks at Rocco, Rocco gives a subtle shrug.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Why wrestling? I don't get it! You  
spent all this money training and  
for what? Fifty dollars a night?

JOEY

Twenty-five.

MARIE

(scoffs)

You're twenty-two and--

JOEY

--And I thought you said chase your  
dreams because who the hell else  
will.

ROCCO

We did--

MARIE

(to Rocco)

--Stop talking.

(to Joey)

First, I don't believe I said hell.  
And God forbid you get a job at the  
GE like Mary Lou's boy, Matthew.

JOEY

Mattie "The Mook" Marconi?

MARIE

The Mook has his own place!

(takes a long drag)

Do you know how embarrassing it is  
to have a son your age living at  
home?

JOEY

That why you're kicking me out?

ROCCO

Nobodies kicking you out--

MARIE

--I just want you to get a *real*  
job. Meet a nice girl, and give me  
some grandkids. That too much to  
ask?

JOEY

Yes.

MARIE

Wise-ass.

ROCCO

(to Joey)

How'd you do last night?

MARIE

Don't encourage him.

JOEY

I won.

MARIE

Oh, what determined that; rock,  
paper, scissors?

JOEY

Coin-toss.

(to Rocco)

TWF scout was there last night?

MARIE  
Here we go.

ROCCO  
Oh ya? For what?

JOEY  
Guy named Benny Blitz. Can't  
wrestle a lick, but he's a burly  
fella. Used to bounce at Flubb's.

ROCCO  
And?

JOEY  
I wrestled the match before his.

Rocco stops reading the paper.

ROCCO  
And?

Joey gives a subtle shrug, smirks, and sips his coffee. Rocco offers a slight raise of his sheepdog brow.

MARIE  
What's that?

She shrugs.

MARIE (CONT'D)  
Is that guy code for health  
insurance and matching 401k?  
(shrugs)  
Hmm?  
(shrugs again)  
No?

Marie takes a long drag, exhales, and we hear an OXYGEN TANK--

**INT. SIDE ROOM - COURTHOUSE - DAY**

Brick's sitting across from Colt. Colt's is honed in on Brick. Brick's locked in on not making eye contact. Brick is a gentle giant with a nasty little temper.

The only sound is manufactured oxygen.

COLT  
(re: oxygen tank)  
Is that thing--

BRICK  
--I'm forty-two--

COLT  
--And how old were you when...

Brick's head snaps up, looking Colt dead in the eyes. Colt takes pause. The eyes of a dying man are much less common than those of a living man.

BRICK  
I'm forty-two years old.

COLT  
(calmly)  
And I'm asking, Pat, how old were you when you first snorted meth? Thirteen? Fourteen?

That triggered Brick.

BRICK  
There it is. Right there. You may have 'em fooled, you do. But I see you.

Brick leans in, sucking in as much artificial air possible.

BRICK (CONT'D)  
You are, and you will always be, the serpent son of Woody Carmichael.

That landed, and Brick knows it.

COLT  
What do you want--

BRICK  
--A hundred million.

COLT  
Brick, two things - One, you know good and daggum well I ain't worth no billion dollars...yet.

BRICK  
Maybe I should wait.

Colt gives him a look like, "you ain't got that type of time." Brick nods.

COLT  
And two - you wouldn't trust you  
with no hundred mil.

Brick snickers. Laughs a little. Colt smiles. It's good to see Brick smile.

BRICK  
That's for damn sure.

Brick struggles. Colt gives him a second.

COLT  
Let me help. What can I do for you--

BRICK  
(choking)  
--My name.

COLT  
Excuse me?

Brick catches his breath.

BRICK  
You own my name. A name I built--

COLT  
--You most certainly did, Brick by  
Brick--

BRICK  
--Stop.

COLT  
Yes, sir.

Brick pulls himself together, sits straight up, and with as much dignity as this broken man can muster--

BRICK  
You give me my name...

Brick made his offer. Colt extends his hand.

COLT  
I'll give you your name, Brick.

Brick reaches out his frail hand. Colt's mitt wraps it like a blanket swaddling a dying pet.

COLT (CONT'D)  
And five million dollars.

Brick's bloodshot eyes burst open. He smiles and shakes the shit out of Colt's hand. Tears form in Brick's dying eyes.

BRICK

Shit, I shoulda asked for ten!

Colt's head turns like a confused dog. "Doesn't he appreciate what I just did?"

COLT

On second thought...

Brick perks up even more; thinking Colt may give him that ten million.

COLT (CONT'D)

Maybe in our next life.

Brick nods. He's glowing. Colt's lips smile. His eyes, however, they burn.

**EST/EXT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

TWF HQ is a gorgeous eight-story building on the outskirts of Wilmington. Its landscape is beautiful, with hydrangeas and roses. Prominently featured at the top middle of the building is the TWF logo.

**Chyron-- Total Wrestling Federation Headquarters -  
Wilmington, Delaware**

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - SALES DEPARTMENT - DAY**

Phones are buzzing, and there's a cacophony of sales pitches being made. We stop at one office--

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - KEITH'S OFFICE - DAY**

**Keith Carmichael - Junior Account Executive**

A young KEITH, meticulously dressed, sits in an 8x8 office/cell. He's got a desk, computer, phone, and a TWF calendar featuring a Samoan beast named The Tsunami. Keith's reading "Uncapped Potential" by the Guru to God, Antoine Collins.

He could be listening to "Give It Up" by Public Enemy on his Sony Discman.

PHONE RINGS-- Keith grabs it instantly.



KEITH  
Keith Carmichael.

**INT. KATRINA'S CAR - DAY**

Katrina is driving as Teenage Connie is reading this month's edition of TWF the Magazine featuring Pitbull Jackson on the cover asking "Has this dog lost his bite?" Katrina is on the car phone.

KATRINA  
He's going to settle. If you have a plan B, I suggest you either use it or move to Montana.

She hangs up.

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - KEITH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Keith turns pale. He looks at his Movado watch. He stands. He sits. He picks up the phone. He hangs it up. He gets up and leaves.

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - SALES DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Keith stops when he sees his Sales Manager, JERRY ALLEN. He's a miserable mustached prick who wears short sleeves with a thin tie.

KEITH  
Jerry--

JERRY  
--Keith.

KEITH  
You haven't talked to my dad, have you?

JERRY  
You sell Foot Fanatics yet?

KEITH  
Not yet. It's just--

JERRY  
--Then why are you here?

Jerry waddles off. Keith stewes and starts to head back to his office. He stops, turns, and heads in the opposite direction.

**DING**-- Elevator doors open, and we're in the--

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - EXECUTIVE OFFICES - DAY**

A RECEPTIONIST behind a beautiful marble-top curved desk is answering the phone. The TWF logo is perfectly positioned on the wall behind her. Next to it is a framed portrait of the reigning TWF World Champion, SUPER NOVA. He's a knockoff of the villain from Superman IV. It's tragic.

RECEPTIONIST

Good morning, Total Wrestling Federation. Yes, please hold. Good morning, Total Wrestling Federation. Yes, please hold.

She sees Keith march by, acknowledges him with a flirtatious smile. Keith is unfazed. He walks through the double-glass doors and heads towards another office.

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Keith turns the corner and slams into a mighty man, BARRY "PITBULL" JACKSON. PITBULL is in his late 30's but a very weathered late 30's. He's a handsome, affable, black man. Proudly wearing a Pitbull Jackson t-shirt, Zubaz pants, and a leather fanny pack.

Next to him is his son, PETER. But you'll come to know him as PACO. Yes, him. He's eighteen and soaking this all in. He's sporting a pair of baggy blue jeans and a tight-fitting white t-shirt.

KEITH

Whoa! Did I hit an iceberg or the iconic Barry "Pitbull" Jackson?

PITBULL

(instantly in character)  
Keith Carmichael, the proud prince of professional wrestling! Have you met my boy, Petey? I mean, Peter?

PACO

I prefer Paco.

KEITH

Well then, Paco it is. What you bench, three hundred, three twenty-five?

Paco's impressed with his accuracy.

PACO  
Three fifty, five reps, no assist.

Keith's impressed.

KEITH  
Gonna be a wrestler like your old man?

PITBULL  
Who you callin' old?

Keith and Pitbull share a laugh. Paco, all smiling

PACO  
Actually, I am--

PITBULL  
What you am is goin' to college next month. Goin' to the University of Alabama to be a surgeon! You believe that? Gonna study under a Dr. James Andrew--

PACO  
(not happy)  
--Andrews. And I haven't committed--

KEITH  
--Well, I hope for your sake you got your father's surgical skills. Because nobody can operate like this man in a wrestling ring. Am I right?

Pitbull's natural enthusiasm fades.

PITBULL  
Right. Speaking of, you see the king of this castle?

KEITH  
He expecting you?

PITBULL  
Oh no. Just had to cut a promo for my upcoming angle with The Convict, and Petey--

PACO  
--Paco...

PITBULL  
 (gives a look)  
 Wanted to tag along. So, I figured  
 why not introduce him to the boss--

KEITH  
 --Say no more. When I see him, I'll  
 mention--

PITBULL  
 --Would ya? It would only be a  
 moment.

KEITH  
 For you, anything.  
 (to Paco)  
 Paco, hope to see you again.

PACO  
 You will.

Keith again is impressed. He smiles, nods, and takes off.  
 Once Keith is out of eye-sight, Pitbull grabs Paco, firm.

PITBULL  
 (pissed)  
 What the hell is wrong with you,  
 huh? You trying to embarrass me in  
 front of my bosses kid? Huh?

Paco snatches his arm back.

PACO  
 You expecting something different?

Paco walks off. Pitbull gives it a second.

PITBULL  
 Where you going? It's this way.

Paco, feigning competence, turns and heads back by. Pitbull  
 gets in his face. They don't say a word. Pitbull walks off  
 and Paco trails.

#### **INT. RUTLAND ARENA - RENTALS - DAY**

It's the room where they sharpen and rent ice skates. Sitting  
 with a cash box and adding machine calculator is KARL PINKUS,  
 30's. He reeks of Marlboros, provolone cheese, and virginity.  
 Karl hands Joey twelve dollars and fifty cents.

JOEY  
 What's this?

Karl lights a cigarette and takes a long, whistling drag.

KARL  
For the blow job.

JOEY  
Seriously, this is only half.

KARL  
Because you only gave half an effort.

Joey shows Karl his forearm.

JOEY  
I smashed my ulna against your steel post thirty seconds in! And I still delivered a solid match!

KARL  
You smashed your what?

JOEY  
Come on, man...  
(leans in)  
You have no clue how much I need to move out of my parents house.

Joey leans back, and gets a good look of Karl.

JOEY (CONT'D)  
Or maybe you do.

KARL  
Then I suggest the next time you don't smash your ulna.

Joey just stares. Nothing. Turns to walk out, stops and snaps.

JOEY  
Fuck you, you sloppy fat fuck! I'm done!

KARL  
(indifferent)  
Well, bye.

Joey just stands there.

JOEY  
That's it? No, "hey, let's talk about this?"

KARL  
I'm good.

JOEY  
Why not?

Karl takes a long drag.

KARL  
Cause, ain't nobody ever gonna pay  
to watch you wrestle.

Karl blows smoke all over Joey's face and dreams.

**EXT. RUTLAND ARENA - DAY**

Joey is trying to start his beat to shit Trans Am. It's not obliging.

JOEY  
One break! Can I just get one  
fucking break?!

HARRY (O.S.)  
Think you flooded it, kiddo.

HARRY CASH, 60's. Harry is the talent scout for the TWF. He's straight from central casting for the role. Has an English accent.

JOEY  
Go fist yourself, kiddo--

Joey looks up and realizes who it is.

HARRY  
Okay, well, best of luck, mate.

JOEY  
Oh marone! You're the guy from the  
TWF.

HARRY  
Harry Cash.

JOEY  
Joey Rossi, or Joey Power.

HARRY  
Powers?

JOEY  
No, I only got the one.

Joey lets that linger.

HARRY  
Ya, that's terrible.

JOEY  
I like it.

HARRY  
Hey, it's your career, right?

Harry lets that linger.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
How's the arm?

JOEY  
It's fine. Thought it didn't affect  
my performance, but apparently--

HARRY  
--Kiddo, you can wrestle--

JOEY  
--Shut the fuck up.

HARRY  
Cheeky cunt personality, though.  
Anyway, I stopped by to ask Jabba  
if you're on tonight's card.

JOEY  
What about Benny Blitz?

HARRY  
(disheartened)  
Ya, pro wrestling has undoubtedly  
discovered there's no shortage of  
gargantuan men in this world.  
(focused and serious)  
Wrestlers are athletes. And Benny  
Blitz is no athlete. Sure, people  
come to see guys like him. But they  
don't come to watch guys like him.

That lands on Joey's soul.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
But I have to ask you this before I  
do anything...You sure you want  
this life?

JOEY

Beside my pop, the Mets and Cindy Crawford; my love for wrestling is the only thing I know.

Harry smiles.

HARRY

Okay then, there's only one more question - who you wrestling tonight?

**INT. RUTLAND ARENA - RENTALS - DAY**

JOEY

I'm so sorry about what I said. It's envy. It's my guilty sin. I know, I'm working on it. I bet you make babies smile. You do, don't you? You charming son of a bitch you.

Karl starts to unbuckle his pants. Joey looks like he's about to throw up.

KARL

Relax. Just crushed a sausage, pepper, and onion.

Karl unbuckles and exhales. He takes a moment and smugly sticks out his hand, palm up. Joey shakes his head and hands back the cash. Karl's hand stays out. Joey stares for a beat. Karl stares back. Joey acquiesces and digs into his pocket for the quarters.

KARL (CONT'D)

Ain't paying you for tonight neither.

JOEY

(scoffs)

That's a double-negative. And just know, you're genuinely an asshole, Karl.

KARL

(chuckling)

You're a special sorta stupid Joey Power. Tonight ain't about pay, it's about an opportunity. Your one chance to show what you got.

Joey nods.



KARL (CONT'D)  
Just don't fuck it up.

Joey turns pale.

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - COLT'S RECEPTIONIST - DAY**

Keith is walking up to Colt's receptionist, DONNA FOX. She's a sponge and probably on the spectrum.

KEITH  
Hey, Donna.

DONNA  
Keith, did you know that there is a tropical fungus that can infect an ant's mind so much that it actually turns the ant into a zombie?

KEITH  
Zombie ants?

DONNA  
Ophiocordyceps.

KEITH  
Are you having a stroke?

DONNA  
It's the fungus.

KEITH  
My dad here?

DONNA  
No. LeeAnn, Glenn, and CASEY are in there waiting for him.

KEITH  
Can I?

She waves him in.

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - COLT'S OFFICE - DAY**

Keith slips in. LeeAnn, you met her earlier; she's there. LeeAnn is so tan she glows.

Beside LeeAnn is her current on-air partner, "GORGEOUS" GLENN BIXBY. Former two-time TWF Tag-Team Champion with his partner Flyin' Freddy Ryan - The Shockers.

Glenn has it in his contract that he can't be photographed without a hat or bandana on.

Last and most certainly least, CASEY MONOHAN. Casey is Humpty Dumpty - fat and fragile. He's the booker, the one who sets up and writes the main event matches.

CASEY  
Just do it, LeeAnn!

LEEANN  
I'm not a goddamn slogan, Casey!

GLENN  
I feel like this is directed at me.

CASEY  
It's not always about you, Gorgeous Glenn.

LEEANN  
Casey--

CASEY  
--LeeAnn.

LEEANN  
You honestly want me...  
(points to Glenn)  
Us, to tell a better story when calling a match between a crazed chiropractor and a crazed Christian.

GLENN  
Don't Christians think science isn't real?

CASEY  
See!

Glenn puts his arms around LeeAnn in a creepy way. He tells Casey--

GLENN  
I'll see what we can do.

LeeAnn gets away from his muscular yet morphing to fat arms.

LEEANN  
Can we wait for Colt? He's the pro.

CASEY  
Ya? Since when?

LEEANN  
He built this--

CASEY  
--No, fuck that! Brick built it!  
And Colt is sinking it.

GLENN  
Fucking Harry Cash hasn't found a  
star since, well, me.

CASEY  
Again, we should just sell to  
Diego!

LEEANN  
Absolutely not--

KEITH (O.S.)  
--How bad is it?

They all turn.

GLENN  
(to Keith)  
Shouldn't you be selling something?

CASEY  
(to Keith)  
Have you been watching?

KEITH  
No.

GLENN  
Least he's honest.

LEEANN  
(to Keith)  
Attendance is down fifty-four  
percent. Merchandise is down for  
the seventh consecutive quarter. TV  
ratings are steady at two point  
nine. And Jesus, our last pay-per-  
view buy rate--

GLENN  
--Because our world champion is a  
selfish, talentless, prima donna  
prick--

CASEY

--Rumor has it that UWN's attorneys are searching for ways to void our tv contract--

GLENN

--Some spineless scumbag keeps leaking stories to that douche Doug Hollins--

LEEANN

--All while one of the biggest names in our industry sues us--

COLT (O.S.)

Settled with us.

Colt comes in, shoulders back and chest out.

KEITH

(startled)

What?

COLT

(to Keith)

Don't look so disappointed.

(to the group)

Brick retains exclusive rights to his name. We still get a taste of any merch.

LEEANN

That's it?

COLT

Oh, LeeAnn, never underestimate the value a man puts on his moniker.

CASEY

No, that's smart. When Brick dies, people will buy the shit out of his stuff and we will bank huge!

COLT

And you said I haven't had any big ideas.

Silence. Colt struts in. Keith spreads his arms out wide to give his dad a hug. Colt just pats his boy on the chest and makes his way over to his desk. He sits, leans back, and addresses his troop.

COLT (CONT'D)

So what we got going on here? We having a creative meeting? Outstanding. Each of you, pitch me an idea right now and let's see who still has a job when we're done. A loser leaves town match.

More silence. But instead of looking at his team, Colt burns his rays on Keith.

**KNOCK, KNOCK--**

COLT (CONT'D)

(yells)

Yes?

Door opens. It's Donna.

DONNA

Mr. Carmichael. There's a Mr. Pitbull inquiring about whether you have a moment to spare?

COLT

(cheerfully)

Absolutely! Anything for the superstars of the TWF. And loyal.

(beat)

Donna, give me two minutes, please.

DONNA

Yes, sir.

Donna leaves. Colt gets up and walks around to the front of his desk, and in front of his team.

COLT

A young boy was caught in a fire at his school. His burns were so severe; he wasn't expected to live. But he did. He was told he would never walk again. But he did. He was told he'd never run again. But he did. Eventually, this boy who was supposed to die or, at the very least, be crippled for life became Dr. Glenn Cunningham and would run the world's fastest mile inside the most famous arena in the world, Madison Square Garden.

They all look around at each other.

COLT (CONT'D)  
 I ain't ever selling. So, you can  
 either leave and die or stay and  
 create inspiration. But you need to  
 do what got you into this room.  
 Starting now--

Glenn jumps up like an attempting to be earnest child, and  
 shakes Colt's hand.

COLT (CONT'D)  
 Do a job.

GLENN  
 Yessir.

Glenn grabs his Cowboy hat, nods and walks off. Casey rises,  
 nods, and departs with Glenn. LeeAnn, on the other hand--

LEEANN  
 These characters just don't get  
 over like they used to.

COLT  
 LeeAnn, if we want them to be  
 better, then we maybe need to be  
 better.

LEEANN  
 That wasn't an answer, that was a  
 fortune cookie.

She gives the smallest of smirks and leaves, uninspired. It's  
 just Colt and Keith. Keith walks over, smiles.

KEITH  
 That was spectacular, dad--

THWACK! Colt crushes Keith with a vicious slap to the face.  
 Keith, startled, looks Colt dead in the eyes. Colt then  
 SMOKES Keith with another. Keith falls. Colt's not happy he  
 had to do this. He walks over to the bar, pours and drinks.

COLT  
 I have a question...

Keith leaps up, standing upright, not knowing whether to  
 scream or cry or fight. Colt makes Keith a drink.

COLT (CONT'D)  
 When my attorney came down with mad  
 cow, and I hired your "buddy" as a  
 favor to your mother because she  
 said you wanted to help...

Colt goes to hand the glass to Keith. Keith puts his hands in his pockets. Colt chuckles.

COLT (CONT'D)  
At what point did you see this as  
an opportunity?

Keith's fist clinch. Colt smiles. Then, Colt's brain downshifts.

COLT (CONT'D)  
Or is it something else?

Keith flinches. Colt notices.

**KNOCK, KNOCK--** The door opens. It's Donna with Pitbull and Paco.

DONNA  
Sir?

Colt and Keith are in it, deep. Pitbull is all smiles. Paco observes.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
Mr. Car--

Snapping around with a smile that could power a blackout--

COLT  
There he is!

Colt skips over to Pitbull. Pitbull extends his arm. Colt blows right by it and gives him a bear hug. Pitbull is a little taken, then smiles and gives one right back. Paco beams. He definitely wants to work for this man one day.

Until Paco looks over to Keith, who's walking away with his father's palm print still clearly on his face, Paco recognizes the countenance of a son just struck by his dad.

COLT (CONT'D)  
(whispers into Pitbull's  
ear)  
You good?

Pitbull looks at him in the eyes.

PITBULL  
Ya, brother. Solid as a sequoia.

COLT  
No shit?

PITBULL  
Would I lie to you?

Colt pulls back.

COLT  
You couldn't if you had a gun to your head. You're one of the strongest, bravest, most exceptional men to not only step foot into a TWF ring, but to walk into my life. And loyal.

Colt turns to Paco and sticks out his hand.

COLT (CONT'D)  
Peter right? But you prefer to be called Paco?

Keith can't watch. He goes to leave.

COLT (CONT'D)  
(to Keith)  
Stay.

Keith stop, turns, grabs his drink and downs it. Colt doesn't even blink before he's back on Paco.

PACO  
Yes. Yes, sir. Paco. Paco Jackson.

COLT  
I like that.

Colt pulls Paco closer as if he's presenting him to Pitbull.

COLT (CONT'D)  
You see that Pitbull? Your boy is so daggum proud of that name you built, he mentions it like I don't have you standing right the hell next to me.

Colt gives a quick glance over to Keith.

COLT (CONT'D)  
How can you not love that?

Colt then snaps his head back and leads them in a contrived belly laugh.

PITBULL  
And while I am next to you, sir--



COLT  
Of course, sit. What we drinking?

Colt takes a slug from his and goes to fill it up. Paco looks at Pitbull. Pitbull doesn't look back.

PITBULL  
No sir, we good.

COLT  
Cut the sir shit, Pitbull. I ain't that much older than you. And I asked what you wanted to drink.

PITBULL  
(chortles)  
Whatever you're having.

Colt gives a look to Keith to sit as well. Colt wants his son to learn. Paco is noticing how Colt treats people. Keith notices Paco noticing. Paco catches Keith watching him.

COLT  
Scotch and Amaretto. So, what can I do you for, Pitbull?

Colt hands Pitbull his drink and sits beside him.

PITBULL  
Thank you. Well, speaking of my age, and the mileage I've been racking up on this here body--

COLT  
Say no more. I got a few jobbers who could use the work. Play the hits, and let's go home happy and healthy - it'll be beautiful.

PITBULL  
It ain't the matches. I mean, when I'm in the ring, I want the best. You know that.

COLT  
Then what can I do for you, Pitbull? Name anything.

PITBULL  
I need some time away. Casey got me scheduled for three hundred shows this year, and things...  
(rubs his head)  
Things just ain't right.  
(MORE)

PITBULL (CONT'D)  
And I don't want no ten bell  
salute. I, I just think I need, I  
need--

COLT  
(devoid of emotion)  
I can't.

Pitbull, Paco, and Keith all sit up. Colt looks over to a  
PICTURE on his desk.

PITBULL  
Come again...

Colt is still looking at the picture. Keith, confused, looks  
at Colt wondering what the hell his dad is looking at.

PITBULL (CONT'D)  
Colt--

Colt snaps his head around.

COLT  
You're the second biggest draw in  
the company. You're merchandise  
consistently sells. Kids worship  
you. Parents love that their kids  
love you. Hell, even the Klan's  
kids chant your name.

Colt gets up and sits right next to Pitbull. Paco's knee  
trembles.

COLT (CONT'D)  
And I have to be truthful with you  
Barry, times are tough.

PITBULL  
How tough?

Paco leans in, looks directly at his father. Pitbull won't  
look back.

COLT  
As tough as a two-dollar steak. I  
need you, son. Just for a little  
bit longer.

Keith's lips part, like he wants to say something. He  
doesn't. However--

PACO  
Did you even hear my father?

COLT  
 I don't believe I asked you a  
 daggum thing, Petey.  
 (to Pitbull)  
 For me.

Pitbull nods. Tears are starting to form in his eyes. He needs this time away. Hell, he may need to walk away. But right now, his loyalty, well, he's a loyal man.

PITBULL  
 I got nothing without you.

COLT  
 Ditto.

Colt offers his hand, Pitbull shakes it. They hug. Paco jumps up and storms out of the room.

Seeing all this and not knowing what to make of it, Keith follows Paco out into reception.

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - COLT'S RECEPTIONIST - CONTINUOUS**

Paco is pacing around. Donna is on guard. But her demeanor tells us this isn't the first time a large man has been pissed off in front of her desk.

Keith comes out. Donna picks up the receiver of the phone and gives Keith a look. He waves it off. She hangs up.

KEITH  
 Paco--

Getting in Keith's face.

PACO  
 I don't need a white savior, son.

Keith puts his hands up.

PACO (CONT'D)  
 He didn't hear him.

KEITH  
 He did.

PACO  
 He. Did. Not.

Keith puts his arm behind Paco. Paco balks at the touch. Keith points to the chairs. They walk over and sit. Keith leans in.

KEITH  
He did. And he can't care.

PACO  
That mother fucker...

KEITH  
This stays between us.

PACO  
How do you know you can trust me?

KEITH  
I don't.  
(whispers)  
The company is hemorrhaging. And if my dad gives your dad a leave of absence, there may be nothing for him to come back to.

PACO  
Legit?

KEITH  
Word.

PACO  
Don't.

KEITH  
Sorry.

PACO  
So, how do I know I can trust you?

KEITH  
You don't. Just don't call me son.

Paco smirks. Keith offers a sly grin of his own, and we see the eyes of a focused Colt. He is his father's son.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
We will be the gods we choose to be, not those who have been. Who I was is not who you will be--

PACO  
We must be better.

Keith and Paco lock eyes. They have a moment; we just don't know what that moment is yet. Then--

Katrian and Teenage Connie, consume the airspace.

DONNA  
Good afternoon, Mrs. Carmichael.

KATRINA  
What's so good about it, Donna?

KEITH  
Hey, mom.

Katriana walks over to Paco.

KATRINA  
Katrina Carmichael.

Paco stands-up.

PACO  
Paco Jackson, ma'am.

KATRINA  
(to Keith)  
Pitbull's kid?

Keith nods. She looks Paco up and down. She approves. Katrina notices Keith's cheek. Goes to touch, Keith pulls away.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
Warned ya.

She leaves, and Teenage Connie hops in.

TEENAGE CONNIE  
You're Pitbull Jackson's son?

He leans in with a big smile.

PACO  
I sure am--

She SCREECHES like a teenager at New Kids on the Block concert! Paco jumps back.

KEITH  
(to Paco)  
Ya, this is my sister Connie. Your dad is--

Pitbull and Colt walk out of Colt's office, and Teenage Connie SCREECHES again.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
Favorite.

COLT  
 (to Pitbull)  
 Pitbull, meet your biggest fan, my  
 daughter Conscience.

Pitbull goes over and picks her up. Their noses almost touch.

PITBULL  
 Hi.

TEENAGE CONNIE  
 You can call me Connie. Did you  
 know you were the first black man  
 to ever become International  
 Champion?

PITBULL  
 I did.

PACO  
 Never world champion...

TEENAGE CONNIE  
 No black man has ever become world  
 champion. But I think--

PITBULL  
 --I think you and I should have a  
 staring contest.

TEENAGE CONNIE  
 (she beams)  
 Go!

They start the contest. It's great.

COLT  
 (to Katrina)  
 Hey, babygirl--

Colt goes to kiss her on the cheek, and she makes her way  
 straight into his office. Colt looks around.

COLT (CONT'D)  
 (to Paco)  
 Pleasure to meet you, young man.  
 (to Keith)  
 Watch your sister.

Colt kisses Teenage Connie on the cheek and rubs the back of  
 her head. She's clearly his favorite. Teenage Connie, on the  
 other hand, has a contest to win.

COLT (CONT'D)  
 (to Donna)  
 Hold my calls.  
 (to Pitbull)  
 Pitbull, make good choices...

Colt gives a nod. Pitbull looks over with eyes indicating he's not all-in, nods back.

TEENAGE CONNIE  
 I win!

They all laugh, except Colt. Instead, he offers a tight-lipped grin and heads into his office.

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - COLT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Colt comes in, and Katrina is in Colt's chair. Colt slowly closes the door.

COLT  
 So--

KATRINA  
 --Five fucking million?

Colt is frozen.

COLT  
 There were two people in the room--

KATRINA  
 --I need you to stop--

COLT  
 Like you stopped Keith?

She smiles.

KATRINA  
 Didn't you say we have to allow  
 them to fail?

Colt gives her a look like, "seriously?"

COLT  
 And if he didn't?

Katrina gets up and walks over to her husband. She takes his hand and walks them to his couch.

KATRINA  
 Competition creates champions. Back  
 to the five million--

COLT  
 --It would've cost us more.

This is the first time we see Colt dejected. He looks over to  
 a PICTURE ON HIS DESK.

COLT (CONT'D)  
 Do you think I'm the serpent son of  
 a sleazy car salesman?

KATRINA  
 Wrestling loves alliteration--

COLT  
 Katrina...

Katrina sees him being vulnerable. Gets right in his face.

KATRINA  
 Colton Gabriel Carmichael.

He shakes his head. She knows how much he hates that. She  
 doubles down by grabbing his chin and looking him dead in the  
 eyes.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
 First, fuck him.

She points to the picture.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
 And second, you're the God of a  
 world where baby-oiled men roll  
 around with each other. Think  
 about that.

She smiles. He smiles. Then she gets serious.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
 Unfortunately, your world, our  
 world, is one more piece of bad  
 press from extinction--

COLT  
 Hadn't noticed, Katrina.



KATRINA

Good, Colt. Because, right now, more people are getting off from reading their horoscope than watching your show. So, what the fuck are we doing here?

COLT

Moses.

KATRINA

(sardonically)

You praying?

Colt jumps up and paces.

COLT

I need a Moses. Someone people will follow into hell just on the promise of hope. I need another Brick.

KATRINA

Honey, Brick Bronson is having a hard enough time breathing, let alone walking through that door. And what exactly does he know--

COLT

Brick was doing meth at thirteen! I saved that man!

Katrina puts her hands up.

KATRINA

So the plan is Moses?

COLT

A great head of hair.

KATRINA

And Jesus Christ didn't?

COLT

Moses parted the Red Sea. Name one thing J.C. did nearly as epic?

KATRINA

He came back from the dead.

COLT

So, he's a zombie? Donna will convince you he probably ate some tropical fungus.

Colt walks over to love on Katrina. She grabs his wrists, putting them behind him like he's being cuffed. She twists. Colt's eyes close. He loves it. Katrina leans in, twisting harder. Colt inhales the pain.

KATRINA  
(whispering)  
Have you considered expanding your product beyond men named Cooter?

Colt reverses into a REAR WRISTLOCK. Katrina salivates as Colt's lips brush her ear.

COLT  
(whispers back)  
Boys that never grow up are my core demo, babygirl. Like porn.

She smirks. Goes to kiss Colt, stops--

KATRINA  
(whispers even softer)  
Porn has a wider demographic than you think.

He liked hearing that, and she liked telling him.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
(still whispering)  
Babe, you need to either create your Moses with that hillbilly band of creatives, or you go find him--

That killed it. Colt releases her.

COLT  
No fucking shit, Katrina! But where?

**INT. ROSSI HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

MARIE  
Are you out of your moronic mind!

Joey and Rocco are sitting at the table eating the sauce Marie was making in the AM. There's a big loaf of Italian bread in the middle. Rocco keeps cutting slabs of butter and slathers 'em all over the warm bread. Joey dumps Romano cheese all over his ziti.

Marie sips coffee and smokes.

ROCCO  
Who you wrestling?

MARIE  
Don't encourage him.

ROCCO  
Okay, Marie. I won't encourage our  
son's pursuit of his passions?

MARIE  
His passions are dumb.

JOEY  
(to Rocco)  
Benny Blitz.

ROCCO  
And?

MARIE  
Benny Blitz. Who works with a guy  
named--

JOEY  
--Not getting paid for tonight.

MARIE  
So, you're an intern?!

JOEY  
Didn't get paid for last night  
neither.

Marie stubs out her cig, gets up, and storms away.

ROCCO  
Can you have a good match?

JOEY  
Gonna have to.

MARIE  
You're damn right you're gonna have  
to. Because if this doesn't work...  
I'm done.

ROCCO  
Done?

MARIE  
I'm over it. He's out. I can't. I  
just can't. He's gotta grow up--

ROCCO  
--Will you settle--

MARIE  
No!

Joey just keeps eating. It's the biggest night of his life, and this is happening. Marie assumes his silence is apathy.

MARIE (CONT'D)  
(in his face)  
I work at a diner, you're father works in a garage. It's time to grow up and get rid of your toys--

ROCCO  
--Marie--

Marie covers Rocco's mouth with her cigarette holding hand. Her cigarette singes his bushy brows.

ROCCO (CONT'D)  
Goddamn it, Marie!

MARIE  
(to Joey)  
Ya hearing me? If this doesn't work tonight, it's over.

Joey shovels a couple forkfuls of ziti.

JOEY  
So, don't set aside a ticket for you tonight?

He throws the ziti into his mouth. Chews. Silence.

JOEY (CONT'D)  
No? Okay. Gotta go.

Gets up, kisses his Marie on the top of his head.

JOEY (CONT'D)  
Thanks for believing in me, Ma.

Rocco grabs Joey's hand.

ROCCO  
(to Joey)  
Be great.

Joey nods and walks out. Marie won't look at her husband, who's glaring at her. She lights a cigarette.

ROCCO (CONT'D)  
He's our only--

MARIE  
--He needs to become a man. And you  
ain't doing it, so I'm doin' it for  
you. You're welcome.

**INT. JACKSON HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - DUSK**

GLADISE GARCIA JACKSON is a lovely and spicy lady. She's cutting veggies for dinner. Watching Ren & Stimpy is her child daughter ALEXA.

Paco SLAMS in. He marches straight through the kitchen.

GLADISE  
Hola, mi hijo. How did it...

Paco goes upstairs and is out of sight. Gladise takes a deep breath, puts down the knife. Then, she wraps it in a hand towel and slides it into her apron. In comes Pitbull.

PITBULL  
Hey, beautiful.

GLADISE  
Barry...

PITBULL  
Don't?

GLADISE  
Don't what Barry?

PITBULL  
Gladise...

GLADISE  
(to Alexa)  
Alexa, honey. Turn that off and go  
upstairs to check on your brother.

The little girl does just that.

PITBULL  
Not before I--

He goes over and starts wrestling with her. She loves it.

GLADISE  
--Please don't wrestle in the  
house.

He doesn't stop. Alexa is screaming with laughter.

GLADISE (CONT'D)  
 (furious)  
 I said stop wrestling!

They stop. Silence. Pitbull puts Alexa down and just stares at his irate wife.

GLADISE (CONT'D)  
 Alexa, vamos.

She runs off. Gladise is now locked in on her husband.

GLADISE (CONT'D)  
 Pious Pitbull--

Pitbull goes over to the fridge and grabs a beer.

PITBULL  
 --Gladise--

GLADISE  
 --If I wanted to marry a pussy--

PITBULL  
 --Gladise, don't--

GLADISE  
 --I woulda been a lesbian!

PITBULL  
 (looking down)  
 So, now I'm not a man?

GLADISE  
 You promised! You were standing right here when you said you weren't going to take no for an answer, Barry!

He puts the bottle of beer on the counter, turns and we see the man who scolded Paco. Except a hulked up version of him.

PITBULL  
 (eyes wide)  
 And you're telling me, me! I'm not a man?!

She takes a breath. Her hand starts to reach into her apron, but instead, she gathers herself and goes to love on him.

GLADISE  
 Papi, I'm not ready to lose you--

He grabs her by the throat. His, and her eyes, are bulging out of their heads.

GLADISE (CONT'D)  
(choking)  
Papi...

PITBULL  
(snarling)  
I'm not a man?!

His face is turning red. She can't get away.

GLADISE  
(choking)  
I can't...The  
baby...can't...breathe...

He won't stop squeezing. He towers over her. Her knees are starting to buckle. She is a doll to this man. She's fading. Her arm flails and hits the bottle of beer--

SMASH! Paco comes flying downstairs. Alexa is right behind him.

PACO  
(to Alexa)  
Go back upstairs.

She does. Paco runs over.

PACO (CONT'D)  
Dad! Stop! Stop Dad!

Paco tries to pry his father's grip off of her and sees the look in his father's eyes. Paco instantly gets behind his father and puts him in a rear-naked-choke.

Pitbull squeezes her throat tight. Paco matches with squeezing his father's neck. Then, after one last squeeze, Pitbull releases. Gladise chugs as much oxygen as possible.

GLADISE  
Peter, por favor.

Paco is still squeezing, and Pitbull is still choking. Pitbull's knees give and his eyes are about to pop out of his skull.

PACO  
(whispering; to Pitbull)  
She's right. You're not a man.

Then, after a good squeeze, Paco releases.

Pitbull takes massive gulps of air. He looks at Gladise. She's terrified. Pitbull looks at Paco. Paco is ready to fight. He sees Alexa frozen in the doorway. Pitbull sees his reflection off the stainless steel fridge. He looks disfigured. He looks at his hands. They're throbbing. He's a monster.

PITBULL

I...I don't know how to ask for help.

Pitbull's eyes show that he is completely lost. He goes for the door and leaves.

**EXT. JACKSON HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS**

Pitbull exits out the door and hops into his truck. He peels off. Gladise is at the door and can only watch him disappear.

**MUSIC STARTS**-- Maybe "Zombie Stomp" by Ozzy Osbourne.

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - COLT'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Colt is sitting at his desk, rummaging through pictures of wrestling prospects. It's a bunch of guys in their getups, like contestants for a beauty pageant or headshots for actors.

These characters are just that, characters. The outfits rival Vegas Showgirls, and the gimmicks range from the absurd to the hysterical to the horrific.

Colt just can't anymore. He puts the last one down, a guy dressed like a Dinosaur. Calls himself "The Wrestling Raptor."

Colt eyes scan his office. He sees all the years gone by on the walls that surround him. Championship belts. Pictures of monumental matches with iconic men. Then he stops at the picture on his desk.

**THUNDER RUMBLES**-- This picture is Colt, much younger, and his father, WOODY CARMICHAEL. It's at his father's auto dealership. They're in business suits, distanced, expressionless, cold.

Colt closes his eyes. He's exhausted. Then--

**KNOCK, KNOCK**-- His eyes burst open.



**INT. RUTLAND ARENA - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT**

Sitting at a decrepit locker is Joey. He's got his tights and boots on and is taping his hands. His fingers are extended as he wraps. Then, like someone just pressed an "on" button, his hand starts to vibrate. He clinches his fist. He exhales and hears LAUGHTER.

He looks across the locker room and sees a couple OTHER WRESTLERS and a BIG BALD GUY. The other wrestlers look like cigarette machines with heads - short and stocky. They're showered and finished for the night. They're knocking back a bottle of tequila with a guy who has the word "Blitz" on his gigantic ass. This is BENNY BLITZ.

Blitz looks over Joey's way and slugs a good three-second swill. Then belches in Joey's direction. The wrestlers laugh. Joey closes his eyes. He blocks out the laughter. Then--

**RING BELL RINGS**-- His eyes explode open.

**EXT. STREETS OF BALTIMORE - NIGHT**

Pitbull's truck speeds through the streets.

**INT. PITBULL'S TRUCK - NIGHT**

Pitbull is driving through the streets of Baltimore while slurping from a bottle of bourbon.

Pitbull stops at a red light. Alongside him pulls a MOTHER with her LITTLE GIRL riding shotgun. The Little Girl looks over and waves to Pitbull. He smiles. She smiles. He makes the gesture like he's crazy and crosses his eyes with his tongue sticking out. The Little Girl laughs. He laughs. The Mother's car pulls away. She's gone.

Pitbull's smile dissipates, he closes his eyes - silence. Then--

**HONK, HONK**-- His eyes slowly open.

**INT. CARMICHAEL MANSION - NIGHT**

A BEEP goes off on the oven. In the kitchen, getting dinner squared away for her, and Teenage Connie is Katrina. They're watching Entertainment Tonight. Katrina's drinking, not sipping, drinking a glass of wine.

BROADCASTER (V.O.)

And on this season in San Francisco, the show will have an HIV Positive gay man. Leaving some to wonder if this is nothing more than a ratings ploy.

Katrina's eyebrows raise as she takes a solid sip. She looks over to her daughter, noticing graphs and numbers everywhere.

KATRINA

What you working on, algebra?

TEENAGE CONNIE

I'm compiling a comprehensive spreadsheet of Pitbull Jackson's victories in both single and tag competition. I'm going to give it to Mr. Pitbull the next time I see him.

Katrina grabs the bottle and refills.

KATRINA

(sarcastically)

That's so awesome...

Teenage Connie flashes a huge buck-toothed smile.

**ON TV--**

BROADCASTER (V.O.)

*We interrupt this broadcast with Breaking News.*

**INT. ROSSI HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Marie and Rocco are in the middle of a heated exchange. They're watching Jeopardy!

MARIE

Why do I always have to be the bad guy? Huh?

ROCCO

He's my son!

MARIE

Ya, I was there, too! Remember, I'm the one he came out of.

ROCCO

Then act like it!

MARIE

I am! I will not be the mother of a  
forty-year-old son living at home!

She goes to light a cigarette.

ROCCO

It's his life!

MARIE

And he's fucking it up!

That stops them.

**ON TV--**

BROADCASTER (V.O.)

*We interrupt this broadcast--*

**INT. JACKSON HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT**

Alexa is playing Sonic the Hedgehog. Alexa looks into the kitchen and sees Paco pacing behind Gladise.

PACO

You need to call the cops!

GLADISE

He's a pissed-off black man in  
Baltimore. They'll shoot him.

PACO

Good!

GLADISE

Don't say that in front of your  
sister! He'll calm down and--

PACO

--And he'll do it again! Stop  
acting like you don't know this!

She sees her throat in the mirror. She can't. She grabs for a scarf.

GLADISE

He needs help.

PACO

He needs a fucking bullet in the  
head!

ALEXA

Stop!

GLADISE

Enough!

**KNOCK, KNOCK**-- Their heads turn.

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - COLT'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

The door opens, and standing in the doorway is Keith. Keith points towards reception.

KEITH

Are you seeing what's--

COLT

--I've been working, Keith. What can I do for you?

Colt goes back to his "prospects." Keith goes to leave.

COLT (CONT'D)

Good talk.

Keith stops, takes a deep breath.

KEITH

(to himself)

There is no courage without fear.

COLT

What's that?

KEITH

(to Colt)

You know what Cronus did before he killed his father?

COLT

Gave him Vincent Gambini as an attorney?

Keith turns around, exuding confidence--

KEITH

No, he cut off his dad's testicles, tossed them into the sea, and let the son of a bitch bleed.

Colt looks up. He wasn't expecting that.

**RING BELL RINGS**--

**INT. RUTLAND ARENA - SHOWTIME - NIGHT**

In the ring is Joey and Blitz. Joey hits him with a forearm, and Blitz doesn't sell it. Joey bounces off the ropes and tries to give a running clothesline. Blitz just stands there. Blitz is drunk and going to puke.

The sparse CROWD MURMURS. Sitting among them is Harry.

HARRY

Come on, mate. Show me something.

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - COLT'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

COLT

It's been one hell of a day, and the last thing I need is--

KEITH

--Oh, I believe this is precisely what you need.

Colt looks slightly perplexed; who is this cocksure kid?

**INT. RUTLAND ARENA - SHOWTIME - NIGHT**

Joey tries to do a "collar and elbow" lock-up. But Blitz is too drunk to know what that is. Blitz grabs Joey's waist. Joey has no clue what's happening, and they look like two eighth-graders at their first semi-formal dance.

Off to the side is Karl, shaking his head. The CROWD MOANS with disappointment.

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - COLT'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

KEITH

You demand greatness from everyone else in your life...

Keith walks right up to Colt's desk and leans in.

KEITH (CONT'D)

When was the last time you did anything that resembled great?

Colt looks at the picture of him and his father. Then he slowly chuckles, which rises to full-on laughter and even slight applause.

**INT. RUTLAND ARENA - SHOWTIME - NIGHT**

Joey backs Blitz into the ropes. The REF walks up to them.

REF

Will you guys fucking do something?

JOEY

(whispers to Blitz)

Come on, man. Arm drag, hip toss, dropkick, get it again.

BLITZ

Huh?

Joey looks scared as he attempts to whip Blitz across the ring into the ropes. But watching Blitz run is just sad.

The CROWD LAUGHS.

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - COLT'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

KEITH

Something funny?

COLT

Did your motivational maharishi put you up to this? Never mind. Anyway, to answer your question, yes. The fact there are times I wish your mother gave me a blowjob the night you were conceived - I find that to be quite comical on a quotidian basis.

That landed.

**INT. RUTLAND ARENA - SHOWTIME - NIGHT**

The CROWD CHANTS--

CROWD

Bo-ring! Bo-ring! Bo-ring!

Seeing this, Joey runs to the ropes on the right side of Blitz, jumps, and springboards off the top rope for a flying punch which actually connects with the side of Blitz's face.

The CROWD SARDONICALLY APPLAUDS.

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - COLT'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

KEITH

Excuse me?

COLT

No, I don't think I will.

Colt jumps up and goes to make a drink.

COLT (CONT'D)

That woman, your mother - she can suck a jackfruit through one of those little red swizzle straws.

Colt gets lost for a moment.

COLT (CONT'D)

Hasn't she told you? I thought you two shared everything.

Keith flinches.

**INT. RUTLAND ARENA - SHOWTIME - NIGHT**

BLITZ

Hey! You hit--

Before Blitz can turn, Joey hits him with a standing dropkick, pushing Blitz backward. Blitz goes to get his balance. Joey does a kip-up, runs and springboards off the ropes again; delivering a gorgeous cross-body splash.

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - COLT'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Keith punches back--

KEITH

What's funny is how some men realize their greatest legacy is their children. And then there's you. And you have absolutely no interest in that, do you?

COLT

Sometimes, and when I say some, I mean often - I find myself wondering what my greatest creation was: you, your sister, or the TWF?

Colt hands him a drink, Keith looks at it.

**INT. RUTLAND ARENA - SHOWTIME - NIGHT**

The CROWD jumps up and is going NUTS. Even Harry stands.

Joey then delivers a squatting spin kick to the back of Blitz's head, slamming Blitz's face into the mat.

With the agility of a cheetah, Joey jumps up to the top turnbuckle and delivers a picturesque 360-degree flip splash. His landing is so gentle; it's as if he were covering Blitz with a down comforter. Harry notices--

HARRY

Atta boy.

Joey rolls Blitz over. And with his hand counting along with the Ref and Crowd--

CROWD

One, two...

JOEY

One, two...

**KNOCK, KNOCK--**

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - COLT'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Colt's right in Keith's face.

COLT

And next time, before you call Doug Hollins...

Keith tilts his head, confused.

COLT (CONT'D)

Remember that Cronus was then killed by his son, Zeus. And I'm the mother fucking Zeus of this mother fucking world.

Keith's fist is clenched so tightly it's turning blue. Colt's face is almost turning the same color.

COLT (CONT'D)

Do it!

Keith exhales and unclenches his fist. A grin comes across his face.

**KNOCK, KNOCK--**

Keith takes the drink from his Colt.



KEITH  
Not yet, Woody.

Oh, that fucking landed.

COLT  
(to the door)  
Ya!

Door opens. It's Donna.

DONNA  
Mr. Carmichael.

COLT  
(all charming)  
Donna, why the heck are you still here?

DONNA  
Because you're here, sir. Gladise Garcia Jackson is on the phone for you.

COLT  
Thank you. And Donna, go home.

DONNA  
Yes, sir, when you do.

She leaves. Colt looks at Keith. Keith isn't blinking.

**EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

There's a CROWD OF PEOPLE surrounding Pitbull's truck. It rests underneath a fading and flickering lamp post. Must be a bunch of people getting autographs.

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - COLT'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

COLT  
(to Keith)  
We ain't finished.

KEITH  
Sure thing, dad. And just know you're favorite has always been this federation. And that's why I'm going to take it from you and destroy it.

Keith sips his drink. Colt goes to his desk and picks up the phone. He actually is a little happy to see his son being a fighter.

COLT  
 (into phone)  
 Gladise, my all-time favorite  
 wrestler wife - how are you,  
 beautiful?

**EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Through the front windshield, we see inside of Pitbull's truck. He's hunched over, and there's a massive exit wound coming out of Pitbull's back. A PIECE OF PAPER rests on his dash. A GLOVED HAND grabs it.

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - COLT'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Colt's countenance drastically shifts. Keith looks up from his drink and sees this.

**KNOCK, KNOCK**-- In comes LeeAnn, Casey, and Glenn. Colt hangs up the phone. He looks like he's about to vomit.

CASEY  
 Colt...

Colt is catatonic.

LEEANN  
 Sir...

Colt can't breathe.

GLENN  
 Colt, Doug...

CASEY  
 It's Doug Hollins, Colt.

GLENN  
 Is it true? Did, did Pitbull...

COLT  
 Is Doug Hollins--

LEEANN  
 --He's in the lobby, sir.

Colt, like a zombie, heads to his door.

KEITH

Dad?

That sorta snaps Colt out of it. He stops, turns, looks up--

**INT. RUTLAND ARENA - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT**

Sitting there fresh from a shower is Joey. He's packing up. The Other Wrestlers come by, shaking his hand, slapping him on the shoulder, all saying, "good job out there," and that sorta thing.

HARRY (O.S.)

Saved from the pit of despair...

Joey beams. That's the voice he's been dying to hear. He looks up--

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - COLT'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

KEITH

What did Gladise Jackson just say to you?

COLT

She told me that Pitbull shot himself in the heart with a twelve-gauge shotgun.

It's Keith's turn to become pale.

COLT (CONT'D)

She also said he left a note. It mentioned nothing about her. Nothing about Paco or Alexa. Not even a word about the child they're expecting...

Colt chokes up. No one has ever seen him this weak.

**INT. RUTLAND ARENA - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT**

Joey is face to face with Harry. Harry sticks out his hand.

JOEY

Does this mean you're about to tell me the words I've waited my whole life to hear?

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - COLT'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

KEITH  
What did it say?

**INT. RUTLAND ARENA - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT**

HARRY  
If you're sure you want it - I'd like to cordially offer you a developmental contract with the Total Wrestling Federation.

Joey is about to explode.

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - COLT'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

COLT  
It said to tell Colt to check my head cause I ain't right. And wrestling did this to me.

The room is speechless. Glenn chokes up. He battled with this man.

Colt goes to leave, stops, turns--

COLT (CONT'D)  
This is easily the worst moment of my life. So, if you don't mind, I'm going downstairs to tell Doug Hollins that I'm stepping down as CEO of the Total Wrestling Federation, effective immediately.

The room is shocked. LeeAnn has to sit down.

**INT. RUTLAND ARENA - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT**

HARRY  
Now go tell everyone you know.

That hits. Because we know who JOEY can't wait to tell.

JOEY  
(genuinely)  
Thank you.

HARRY  
 Sure thing, kiddo. Just remember,  
 don't go patting yourself on the  
 back too long...

Harry puts his elbow right under his chin as if he were patting himself on the back.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
 Because you're in a prime position  
 to choke yourself out.

Joey laughs but sees the seriousness on HARRY's face. Joey opens the door--

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - COLT'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Colt opens the door--

KEITH  
 Dad...

Colt looks over his shoulder.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
 Connie.

Oh shit. Colt knows how much this will devastate her.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
 I'll tell her.

COLT  
 (genuinely)  
 Thank you...I know I'm a horrible  
 father...

Colt turns, with his back to them all--

COLT (CONT'D)  
 But it's your show now.

He leaves. They all look at Keith. Keith didn't want it this way.

CASEY  
 We. are. fucked.

**INT. JACKSON HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT**

Gladise is shaking, crying harder than you ever want to see a human cry. Alexa has her face buried into her mother's pregnant belly.

The POLICE OFFICER goes to console Gladise. She chops his hand away. She's had enough of men touching her. She looks over to Paco.

Paco is off to the side, staring at a picture of a smiling Pitbull with his arm around a smiling Colt.

**A RINGBELL RINGS. RINGS AGAIN. RINGS AGAIN.**

Paco's eyes are dry. Paco's eyes are white-hot.

**EXT. ROSSI HOUSE - NIGHT**

Joey pulls up in his beat to shit 1982 Pontiac Grand Am.

**INT. JOEY'S CAR - NIGHT**

Joey turns the ignition off. He goes to open the door, stops. He starts to squeeze his fists, letting out a silent scream of joy! He starts to choke up and cry. He grabs a napkin from the glovebox, wipes his face.

JOEY  
(to himself)  
You fucking did it.

Joey collects himself and his gear and opens the car door.

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

A door opens, out comes Colt. The hallway is filled with posters of wrestlers from the past and present. Colt is at the entrance to the Lobby when he sees a Pitbull Jackson poster. He stops.

Colt shakes a little, starts to sob. He slides down, and sits below the poster of Pitbull. He pulls out a monogrammed handkerchief and wipes his face dry. Colt smacks himself in the face. Then again.

COLT  
(to himself)  
Poor little baby Colt.

Colt puts his handkerchief away and pulls out a vial of cocaine. He proceeds to bump a little "straightener." He stands and opens the door to the lobby.

**INT. ROSSI HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The door opens, and no one is in there.

JOEY  
Ma? Pop? Where are you?

He puts down his gear and goes for the fridge.

ROCCO (O.S.)  
In here.

JOEY  
(to himself)  
I love how I'm supposed to know  
where here is.

He grabs a big stick of pepperoni, a block of cheese, and a knife and heads towards the living room.

**INT. ROSSI HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Joey walks in, sees something, and looks a little confused.

JOEY  
What the hell are you two watching,  
car chases?

Marie and Rocco are transfixed with whatever is happening on the screen.

MARIE  
Go into my purse and grab my  
cigarettes.

JOEY  
Ya, I'm good.

Marie and Rocco look over. Joey takes a bite of cheese and pepperoni.

JOEY (CONT'D)  
(to Rocco)  
I won.

Joey glares at Marie. He walks out.

BROADCASTER (V.O.)  
*He's saying he just wants to go home. We have a crew waiting at his Brentwood estate...*

**INT. TWF HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - NIGHT**

Walking in, big-chested and composed, is Colt. Staring at his beeper is DOUG HOLLINS. He looks like a wrestling writer.

COLT  
 Doug Hollins, good to see you, my friend.

DOUG  
 Ya, that's horseshit. Listen, my pager is exploding. You got a phone?

COLT  
 Sure thing, but first, I want to give you a--

Colt stops as Doug's buzzer goes again. A AMBULANCE SIREN WAILS, coming from outside the building.

DOUG  
 Yes?

Colt's eyes are devoid of emotion as he looks out.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
 You want to give me...

COLT  
 A phone, let's get you a phone.

The wailing increases as it drives by. Colt sees it go before he's locked on us.

LEEANN (V.O.)  
 Someone call a damn ambulance! Colt Carmichael looks lifeless!

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF PILOT**