

BALLERS

Spec Script

Written By

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Based on HBO's "BALLERS"

INT. SPENCER'S OFFICE - DAY

Spencer leans against his desk patiently. Jason sits across from him, fumbling with his laptop.

JASON
Just one minute.

SPENCER
You need someone to show you how to turn it on.

JASON
Just hold your horses, alright.
Just downloading the video from my email.

Joe walks in.

JOE
You show him yet?

JASON
Ah, got it.

SPENCER
You already know about this?

JOE
Hell yeah man, professional wrestling. Old school WWF. I used to idolize those guys

Jason puts his laptop on the desk.

JASON
Take a look at this.

He plays a clip of an amateur, professional wrestling match taking place in a rec center gymnasium. Low budget, grungy, and in front of a riotous crowd.

The main attraction - the humungous BRYAN WARNER, 6'4" maybe taller, early 20's, built like a powerlifter.

Bryan faces off against another low-rent wrestler STEVE "STITCHES" SANDUSKY, mid 20's, 6'2", whose gimmick is an escaped convict wearing a prison uniform covered in stitches.

Bryan and Stitches face off in a bloody ladder match, full of head bashing, body tossing, and downright dirty fighting.

JOE

Look at this guy go, that's a superstar in the making if I've ever seen one.

The crowd cheers as a blood covered Bryan celebrates at the top of the ladder.

JASON

See, pretty impressive stuff, right?

SPENCER

He is quite the showman, I'll give him that.

The video shows a Blood covered Bryan picking up a kid from the crowd and putting him on his shoulders - to the delight of everyone in the gymnasium.

JOE

I loved every second.

SPENCER

Still, we aren't exactly actively looking to take on any professional wrestlers, no matter how great, as clients right now.

JASON

Yeah, Spence, you've said that about fifteen hundred times. But this kid's the next John Cena, Dave Bautista. And you could be the one guiding him along the way. He's not one of these losers whose going to wash out of the WWE after two years of getting booed by the audience.

Joe nods.

SPENCER

Watch your mouth

Joe begins shaking his head.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Those are hard working men and women. Show some respect.

JOE

Yeah, what he said.

JASON

Take it easy. Only thing that matters is you get ahead of this before he blows up.

SPENCER

What's his name again?

JASON

Bryan Warner, today he's a nobody. Two years from now he's starring in Spider-Man six. You ever seen superhero money.

JOE

Oooh, Spencer we could meet Downey.

SPENCER

I'm willing to meet him, but no guarantees.

Jason stands up, ecstatic.

JASON

I'll set it up. This is exciting. I'm excited, you're going to love him.

Jason leaves.

JOE

He's got a point about this guy. He's a star. You see him crack that guy's head against that ladder.

SPENCER

He's definitely got talent. But we'll see.

JOE

You're such a spoil sport.

Spencer tosses a football shaped stress ball at Joe's head.

JOE (CONT'D)

Ow

SPENCER

Get out.

INT. RICKY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Dennis sits at the table reading the paper, eating a bowl of cereal. TTD sits across the table with his bong, smoking a bowl of weed.

Ricky walks in.

RICKY

Aye, TTD, I'm going to need you to make yourself scarce today. Amber's pissed, me not being around enough this last month. I'm treating her to a surprise day. And your presence tends to, well, bug the shit out of her.

TTD

Are you fucking serious. Ricky, we were supposed to hit up that pool party with Vernon and Reggie later.

Ricky opens the fridge and starts gathering some fresh fruit for breakfast.

RICKY

No can do on that.

DENNIS

You think you are so fucking smooth, don't you son.

RICKY

You know what pops, I do actually.

TTD

Bring Amber to the party, I'm sure she still looks banging in a bikini, even after the baby.

Dennis smacks him in the head with the paper.

TTD (CONT'D)

Damn Dennis, chill.

DENNIS

So what do you have planned, son? How are you going to treat this woman today?

RICKY

Probably hit up the spa. Get some massages.

(MORE)

RICKY (CONT'D)

But later on I got us reservations
for that new spot Alessandria's.
Supposed to be incredible.

DENNIS

Sounds like you are treating her
right.

TTD

Pool party still sounds better to
me.

RICKY

Then why don't you get going then.

TTD

Damn man, give me a minute, shit.

TTD smokes out of his bong.

RICKY

I'm really trying pops, its not
enough to be a good father, I need
to go above and beyond. Be the
example for my daughter of how a
man treats a lady.

TTD

You really think you're the best
role model. Wasn't you known as
the king of fucking bitches.

RICKY

Never call me that again. That's
all over now. Forever. Monogamy has
changed me. For the better.

DENNIS

I'm proud of you. Finally stepping
up.

RICKY

Well, we all got to grow up
sometime. (looks at TTD)

TTD

Oh, fuck off.

Amber walks in.

RICKY

Good morning, my beautiful queen.

AMBER

Morning.

RICKY

I hope you're ready because I have
a whole day planned just for you.

Before she can answer-

TTD

Hey, Amber. Quick question. Do I
annoy you?

Ricky gives him a dirty look.

AMBER

Only when you speak

Dennis laughs

TTD

Whatever.

RICKY

Come on baby, lets go chill in the
living room. It's a bit too crowded
in here.

TTD shrugs at him.

AMBER

Yeah, might be time to kick out a
certain roommate.

RICKY

You read my mind.

TTD

You know its rude to talk about
people like they aint here.

DENNIS

Man, shut the fuck up.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Charles walks through the lobby of a quiet, small town
airport.

He approaches the counter to check in his bags for his flight
back to Miami.

ATTENDANT

Good morning and where are you off to today?

CHARLES

Headed home to Miami.

Charles shows the ticket on his phone. The attendant scans it.

ATTENDANT

Beautiful.

The attendant types a few things on the computer while Charles waits patiently. The attendant's face turns sour.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to have to tell you this Mr. Greane, but it looks like first class for this flight was accidentally oversold.

CHARLES

Okay, well what does that mean?

ATTENDANT

Unfortunately, the only other seats available are in coach.

CHARLES

Are there any other flights later I could take.

ATTENDANT

Lets see. (typing) Hmm looks like the next flight to Miami isn't until Monday. (whispers) This isn't a very good airport.

CHARLES

Alright, I get it. I'll take coach. I'll just make do with what I got.

ATTENDANT

Okay, let me just get this all squared away. Would a middle seat be okay?

Charles just stares right through him.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY - LATER

Charles squishes his large, 6'6" body through the small aisle of the airplane. He walks past a small group of people all seated in first class, disappointment in his eyes.

Looking at his ticket, he walks through and finds his seat. An elderly man, FRED, with double hearing aids sits in the window seat, while his elderly wife, ROSE, sits in the aisle seat.

CHARLES

Um, excuse me, mam. I'm really sorry, but I'm actually in the middle seat.

ROSE

Oh my, look at you, aren't you a big one. Well don't worry we can squeeze you on in. (smiles)

Rose stands up slowly to let Charles pass by.

Charles plops into his seat. Fred groans with irritation and squishes himself close to the window. Rose sits back down.

ROSE (CONT'D)

My husband, Fred is the one next to you. Don't take it personally though, he hasn't spoken much since his hearing went. My name is Rose.

Charles shakes her delicate, old hand.

CHARLES

Charles, pleasure to meet you. Are you sure you wouldn't rather sit next to your husband?

ROSE

(laughs) oh lord no, he may not talk much but he loves to yell. Its nice having you here, like a great big wall between us.

CHARLES

Oh, okay.

FRED

(YELLS) What did that mouthy woman say?!!!

A shocked Charles jolts in his seat.

ROSE
Nothing! Go back to sleep! Sorry
about that.

Charles smiles awkwardly.

INT. WRESTLING GYM - DAY

Spencer and Jason enter Bryan Warner's training grounds:

An old school pro wrestling gym. - Filled with tons of exercise equipment and a few regulation sized wrestling rings. Amateur wrestlers fill the gym, building muscle, running on treadmills, and practicing/perfecting their takedowns on each other.

Training in a ring: A big man slams another big man's head into the mat. He stands up, blood gushing from his forehead. He grasps the other man's hand and brings it in for a half hug.

BIG MAN
(to his buddy) Now that's how its
done, don't you ever hold back on
these pussies.

JASON
This place has a real charm to it.

Spencer holds his phone to his ear.

SPENCER
Joe, where the hell are you? Jason
and I are already here. Literally
standing in the gym.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

JOE
Yeah, so, I'm kind of dealing with
a little bit of a fender bender
here. Might be a little bit.

Joe stands next to his totaled car. A young husband JAMES consoles his wife JANE next to their wrecked vehicle.

JOE (CONT'D)
Yeah, yeah, I'm okay. My car on the
other hand. Well lets just say if
it wasn't for all this near death
adrenaline, I'd probably be crying
right now.

INT. WRESTLING GYM

SPENCER

Alright, take care of it. Just meet us down here when you can.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD

JOE

Yeah, okay, yeah, will do. (Hangs up)

A police car drives up.

JOE (CONT'D)

Oh, for fucks sake

OFFICER VINCENT and OFFICER HUTTON step out of the car.

OFFICER HUTTON

Alright everybody, who hit who.

James and Jane walk over.

JAMES

He came flying through the intersection and slammed into us.

JOE

You're out of your mind pal, you ran the stop sign. I had the right of way.

JAMES

My wife and I could've been killed.

JOE

Look, masal tov on the young marriage okay. My wife's already dead. So cry me a river, guy. It wasn't even that bad.

OFFICER VINCENT

Lets all just calm down. Everyone feeling okay. Any injuries.

JAMES

I think we are okay. Just a little shaken up.

Jane cries into his shirt.

JOE
Jeez, dramatic much.

OFFICER HUTTON
Pipe down over there, baldy.

JOE
Wow, baldy huh. Very professional.
I can only imagine what you call
black people.

OFFICER HUTTON
Something you'd like to say, sir?

JOE
Nope, just want to get a tow truck
out here and get going.

OFFICER VINCENT
Understandable. Make sure you take
pictures for your reports. Have you
two exchanged insurance information
yet?

JAMES
Well, the thing is, I don't know
how up to date our insurance is.

JOE
Are you fucking kidding me dude?

JAMES
Hey, back off, my wife might need
therapy because of your shitty
driving.

JOE
So you can afford therapy but not
car insurance?!

OFFICER VINCENT
Now everyone calm down, I'm going
to need you all to stay where you
are and hold on a minute.

JOE
How long do you think this will
take, I really have somewhere to
be.

OFFICER HUTTON
It will take as long as it takes,
sir.

(MORE)

OFFICER HUTTON (CONT'D)
Is there going to be a problem with
that. (leans sunglasses down, looks
at Joe)

JOE
Nope, none at all.

Joe takes out his phone and texts Spencer.

INT. WRESTLING GYM

Spencer and Jason watch from the side of the ring while Bryan Warner tosses around another wrestler, JEFF.

Bryan tosses Jeff around like he's nothing. Bryan wraps his arm around Jeff's neck, hops up and slams his body to the mat.

BRYAN
On that last move, really yell, ya
know, like you're in pain and
you're fucking angry about it. Let
the audience know.

JEFF
(SCREAMS IN ANGUISH) Kind of like
that?

BRYAN
Exactly like that. Sell that shit.

Bryan spots Jason and Spencer.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Jason! (waving)

Bryan climbs out of the ring and walks over to them.

Bryan and Jason shake hands.

JASON
Bryan, good to see you man. You're
looking great out there.

BRYAN
Well, its all for the fans

JASON
I'd like you to meet my good
friend, Spencer Strasmore.

BRYAN
Damn, he's ginormous.

Spencer smiles and laughs as they shake hands.

SPENCER

You're pretty ginormous yourself.
You throw these guys around like
they're nothing.

BRYAN

(laughs) Yeah, I'm a big believer
in core strength. And Olympic
weightlifting.

SPENCER

Core is key. I didn't really know
what to expect, but I have to say,
I am impressed.

BRYAN

Well, thank you very much. Means a
lot. So, I hear you're a financial
manager. Just so you know, I'm not
exactly rolling in cash at the
moment.

SPENCER

Don't worry, I remember what that's
like. But one day very soon you are
going to be handed the first in
what is going to be a long series
of very big checks. And that is
where I come in.

BRYAN

You're there to whisper in my ear
and snatch ten percent.

SPENCER

Not at all, I'm just here to make
sure you don't blow it all on
speedboats and red meat.

BRYAN

I'm flattered and all, you know big
timer like yourself coming down
here for me. But I'm not too
worried about it.

SPENCER

A lot of guys think that going in,
only to wash out of the WWE a few
years later, bruised, broken, and
bankrupt. I can help you avoid all
that and even help negotiate in
your favor.

JASON

Spencer's a good guy, you can trust him to take care of you.

BRYAN

I've heard the horror stories, guys. I know the WWE runs like a slaughterhouse. But, frankly, crowds love me and I really don't see that changing once I'm in the big show.

SPENCER

One hundred percent agree. But doesn't mean their won't be pitfalls. One bad investment, a serious injury, my partner and I can save you from all that grief.

BRYAN

And where is this partner?

SPENCER

Stuck in traffic, he'll be here when he can.

BRYAN

Well, so we've got some time to kill. So what's say you and me jump in the ring together, Spencer. See what all those muscles can do.

SPENCER

I think I'm going to have to pass.

BRYAN

Come on Spence. I'll show you what to do. Maybe you can show me a few things.

JASON

Sounds like a fun idea to me.

BRYAN

Don't worry, you're next, Jason.

Jason puts his phone to his ear.

JASON

(pretending to talk to someone)
Hello, oh hey Ma. Yeah let me just walk outside.

Jason walks out.

BRYAN

So, what do you say Spencer, give me some time to think over your offer.

SPENCER

If it can smooth this deal out, fine. Lets do it.

BRYAN

Fuck yeah. But not wearing that. Nah, come on back, we'll find you something fit for a real wrestler.

SPENCER

God (laughs) I fucking hate the sound of that.

Bryan laughs.

EXT. POOL PARTY - DAY

A fancy pool party full of rich people, caterers, and beautiful women.

Sipping a screwdriver, TTD chills near the pool with Vernon, Reggie, and Big Nate.

REGGIE

Damn, Ricky could've brought her along. I'm sure she looks banging even after the kid .

TTD

(finishes his drink) that's exactly what I said.

VERNON

You guys need to cut Ricky some slack, he's got his mindset right. Treating his lady right. I hope I find someone special like that one day.

A an attractive Waitress brings TTD another drink.

TTD

(eyeballing the waitress) I think I just found her.

He winks at her.

WAITRESS
(rolls her eyes) fuck off.

She walks away.

Vernon, Reggie, and Big Nate laugh at TTD.

REGGIE
You are one sorry motherfucker.

TTD
Man, whatever. (sips drink)

REGGIE
I know one thing, I'm wondering
where they're hiding the weed.

VERNON
I thought you said it was going to
be lit, Nate.

BIG NATE
(smiles) well follow me, gentlemen.

INT. POOL HOUSE - CHILL ZONE

Big Nate leads the guys into a hazy, smoke filled room full
of plush, leather couches, bongs, hookahs, and tons of
marijuana.

A few sexy women in bikinis smoke from a humungous bong.

TTD
I think I'm in heaven.

REGGIE
I know I am. Nate you an angel.

BIG NATE
Bless you, my son.

Vernon picks up an expensive, intricate, glass, dab rig for
cannabis wax.

VERNON
Look at this thing, like a piece of
art. How long you think it took
somebody to make this.

REGGIE
I don't know, but I bet it gets you
high as fuck.

Reggie torches the rig and takes a hit. He exhales smoke.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Now that's smooth.

TTD hits it.

TTD
(blowing smoke) Strong as fuck too.

INT. JEWELREY STORE - DAY

Ricky and Amber hover over a display case filled with a few million dollars worth of jewelry.

A bracelet catches Amber's eye, she points her finger down.

AMBER
Ricky, look at this. Its so beautiful.

RICKY
You want it, its yours, baby. Hell, get a second one to match.

AMBER
I don't know, let me keep looking around. You're really trying to play it extra sweet today, huh.

RICKY
Just trying to appreciate you. Look around as long as you like, got all the time in the world.

A snooty SALESPERSON approaches them.

SALESPERSON
You two make a beautiful couple, is there anything you would like to see?

AMBER
Could I look at this watch?
(pointing)

The snooty salesperson pulls the watch out for Amber.

SALESPERSON
Eighteen karat gold with real rubies. It's an exquisite piece.

She tries it on.

AMBER

Wow, its gorgeous. I love it.

RICKY

Then, we'll take it.

SALESPERSON

Fantastic. Anything, else I can show you?

RICKY

Absolutely. What else you like, baby?

AMBER

This is enough, Ricky. You don't have to do this.

RICKY

Sweetheart, its my genuine pleasure. Just want you to know how much I love, respect, and adore you.

AMBER

Well, in that case. Could I see this necklace right here.

SALESPERSON

Why, of course.

INT. AIRPLANE - IN AIR - DAY

Charles, still crammed into the middle seat, endures his flight.

Fred snores loudly, leaning against the window. Rose, awake as ever, rambles to Charles.

ROSE

So my best friend, Ethyl Lynchburg, comes over to my house a few days ago to let me know that her grandson was just accepted into USC. So, I ask her if he wasn't able to get into UCLA, like my granddaughter, Felicia. And she has the audacity to take offense. It turned into this whole ugly mess. She ended up cursing at me while I threw her out of my house.

CHARLES

Yeah, that does sound messy.

ROSE

Speaking of messy, would you mind waking my husband for me. I need to check his colostomy bag.

Charles rings the bell for the stewardess.

INT. AIRPLANE - IN AIR - DIFFERENT ROW OF SEATS - LATER

The stewardess leads Charles towards another empty middle seat. -

The row is occupied by an Annoyed Businessman named MARTIN sitting in the window seat and a nice young woman named DEBRA in the aisle.

STEWARDESS

I'm really sorry for the trouble, sir. Hopefully this seat will be more accommodating.

Debra smiles at Charles and moves out of her seat to let him pass. Martin grunts in annoyance and tries to ignore Charles.

Charles takes his seat.

DEBRA

Hi, my name is Debra. (extends her hand)

CHARLES

(shakes it) Charles

DEBRA

Nice to meet you.

CHARLES

You too. Flying home to Miami?

DEBRA

Yep, just on my way back from visiting family.

CHARLES

Very nice. Always great to see the relatives. I was away on business myself.

A man named TYLER, carrying a screaming BABY, rushes up next to Debra. Martin, the businessman clasps his hands over his ears to block out the crying.

TYLER

Honey, I'm really sorry could you please take her. I can't get her to stop crying and Jason and Justin keep punching each other.

Debra takes the baby in her arms.

DEBRA

Of course, honey. And tell those little bastards if I have to come over there, it'll be Hell.

TYLER

You got it, hon.

Tyler runs off. Debra is able to quiet down the baby.

CHARLES

So, three kids, huh?

DEBRA

Yeah, it can be a lot to deal with sometimes, but its worth it. Do you have kids?

CHARLES

I have a little girl at home, Kiki.

Charles shows her a picture of his baby on his phone.

DEBRA

Oh, how precious. This little one is named Isabelle.

Baby Isabelle starts crying again.

MARTIN

For Christ's sake could you shut that kid up.

Debra comforts her baby.

CHARLES

Woah, come on now, take it easy, man.

MARTIN

Do you got a problem, because I know Tae Kwan Doe, we can fight right here on the plane, I don't care how big you are.

CHARLES

Jeez, you are really unnecessarily escalating things. Hold on let me try something.

Charles leans his hands gesturing to hold the baby.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

May I?

DEBRA

Oh, sure.

Debra hands her crying baby to Charles.

He starts to make a series of funny faces at Isabelle. She calms down and stops crying.

MARTIN

Thank God.

CHARLES

Always works on my daughter.

DEBRA

You are incredible with her

CHARLES

Thanks, I..

Baby Isabelle gurgle and projectile Vomits all over Charles' shirt. The baby starts to cry again.

DEBRA

Oh my God, I'm so sorry

She grabs the crying baby from a stunned Charles.

MARTIN

Oh, fuck. The smell

Martin gags and suddenly throws up all over Charles' shoes.

A look of sheer disbelief across his face, Charles pushes the button for the stewardess.

INT. UBER CAR - ON THE ROAD - DAY

Joe sits in the backseat of his uber, talking on the phone to Jason.

JOE

I'm in the uber now, I'll be there soon.

INT. WRESTLING GYM

JASON

Hurry up and get over here, I don't think you are going to want to miss this.

Spencer, now dressed in a wrestling singlet, walks out of the back towards the ring.

BRYAN

YES! Now you look like a real champion.

SPENCER

Well, I feel beyond fucking ridiculous so I hope its worth it.

BRYAN

Lets see how you do in the ring first.

Bryan holds the ropes of the wrestling ring open for Spencer to climb through.

INT. UBER CAR - ON THE ROAD

JOE

Hey, do you think we could try to get there a little quicker.

DRIVER

Buddy, you see this traffic.

JOE

Its just that my friend is about to fight this pro wrestler and frankly I'm not even sure who's gonna win.

DRIVER

Can't help you, pal.

JOE
 Couldn't you just cut in front of
 this lady right here.

Driver looks back at Joe

DRIVER
 I'll get you there when I get you
 there, I'm not breaking any laws
 for you.

JOE
 Look out!

DRIVER
 SHIT!!

The uber suddenly crashes into a nearby Police Car.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
 Oh, you have to be fucking kidding
 me.

Officer Hutton and Officer Vincent step out of the vehicle,
 looking pissed off.

JOE
 Oh, you have to be fucking kidding
 me.

Joe smiles and waves as the police approach the car.

INT. WRESTLING GYM

Bryan and Spencer warm up with a few stretches.

BRYAN
 Soon as you are all warmed up, I'll
 show you a few things.

SPENCER
 I'll try to go easy on you.

BRYAN
 Please don't.

Jason claps.

JASON
 Looking great up there, Spence.

Bryan holds Spencer's head locked under his arms and slams
 him to the mat.

Bryan picks himself up and helps Spencer back to his feet.

BRYAN
That was clean, man. So how did
that feel?

SPENCER
Real Shitty, if I'm being honest.

BRYAN
Well, its your turn, go ahead take
your revenge. Slam me just like I
slammed you.

SPENCER
No need to tell me twice.

Bryan laughs as Spencer locks his arm around his head.

BRYAN
Okay, three, two, one.

Spencer slams Bryan violently to the mat.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
I'm going to feel that tomorrow.
Great job!

Spencer helps him back up.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
You want to try some DDT's next?

SPENCER
Lets cool it with the neck alright.
We're not all as young as you.

BRYAN
Jeez, you old guys. Alright, you do
me.

Bryan helps Spencer get him in the right position.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Don't worry, I'm going to help you.
Just don't be afraid to fall on
your back.

SPENCER
Jesus Christ.

BRYAN
And three, two, one.

Joe walks in just in time to see Bryan inverted on top of Spencer's shoulder as they both crash to the mat on their backs.

Jason is recording the whole thing on his phone.

JOE
Holy fucking shit sandwich!

JASON
Fucking world star gold.

Spencer and Bryan stand back up.

SPENCER
You got here quick.

JOE
Are you kidding, I ran along the side of the freeway just to see this.

SPENCER
Bryan Warner, I'd like you to meet my partner in crime, Joe Krutel.

Joe waves at them from the side of the ring.

JOE
Hey, how's it going. Just wanted to let you know that I love everything about this. Everything.

Bryan grabs Spencer's shoulder.

BRYAN
Can I tell you something. He really isn't what I was expecting.

Spencer laughs.

INT. AIRPLANE - MID AIR - DAY

Charles walks out of the airplane lavatory, having changed into some spare clothes. He carries his vomit soaked shoes and clothing in a plastic bag. There is a look of defeat on his face.

The stewardess leads Charles to another new middle seat.

STEWARDESS
I sincerely apologize for all the trouble, Mr. Greane.
(MORE)

STEWARDESS (CONT'D)

Perhaps you will find this seat
more accommodating.

Seated in the row, by the window, KYLE, a mean looking teenager with air-pods blasting music as he ignores everything. In the aisle seat, FOREST, an odd man dressed in a sweater vest.

FOREST

Oh, pardon me.

Forest grins as he stands up to let Charles into the row.

CHARLES

Thanks.

The punk, Kyle, shoots Charles a dirty look as he settles into his seat.

Forest sits back down and extends his hand.

FOREST

Hello, my name is Forest.

Charles shakes his hand, but doesn't smile.

CHARLES

Charles.

FOREST

Pleasure to meet you, Charles.

CHARLES

You too.

FOREST

Charles, do you know what I find most fascinating. The human body.

CHARLES

Okay...

FOREST

Particularly the skin. Did you know, that once removed, the entirety of the skin on the human body can fit neatly inside of a medium sized jar. If you would like to come over to my home sometime, I could show you.

Forest begins to cackle in a high pitched maniacal laugh.

Scared out of his mind, Charles presses the button repeatedly for the stewardess.

INT. ALESSANDRIA'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

At a beautiful, candlelit dinner, Ricky and Amber sit across from each other.

RICKY

You know that you are the most beautiful woman I've ever laid eyes on.

AMBER

I mean, I do, but it's always nice to here you say it out loud.

RICKY

Do you know why I love you?

AMBER

Tell me.

RICKY

Its not just your beauty, its everything about you. The way you love our child, the way you put up with my bullshit, the way you look at me with love in your eyes even when I don't deserve it.

AMBER

You always deserve it, baby. And that's why I love you.

RICKY

I love you too, beautiful.

Ricky and Amber kiss. While they're kissing, TTD, Vernon, Reggie, Big Nate, and a gang of beautiful women enter the dining room.

Ricky and Amber stop kissing, staring into each other's eyes with love.

TTD

Damn! This place is swanky as Hell!

REGGIE

Motherfucker, you know I'm ordering lobster tonight!

Ricky looks over at them.

RICKY
That stupid Motherfucker.

AMBER
Uh, what the fuck is TTD doing here?

RICKY
I don't know, baby. You mind if I go over to say hi to Vernon.

AMBER
Whatever, I have to use the bathroom anyway.

Amber gets up and walks off.

RICKY
Love you.

She looks back, she does not look happy.

Ricky wipes a serious look onto his face and marches over to TTD's table.

The table laughs loudly and obnoxiously as Ricky approaches.

RICKY (CONT'D)
What the Fuck do you think you're doing?

TTD looks up at Ricky, stoned as hell, with red, bloodshot eyes. Everyone at the table looks just as stoned.

TTD
Ricky, what the fuck are you doing here, man?

TTD laughs like an idiot.

RICKY
Fucker, I told you I was bringing Amber here tonight.

TTD
Shit, I knew I'd heard of this restaurant before. Vernon wanted to come, man.

VERNON
What's good, Ricky, you just hear about this place too. Food is supposed to be fucking incredible.

RICKY

Yep, yeah I had the same idea. Look man I'm trying to treat Amber like a queen tonight and she's really not happy y'all showing up like this. Especially this jackass.

Ricky slaps TTD on the chest.

TTD

Ow, what the fuck!

VERNON

Man, I hear you loud and clear. We'll keep it down, try not to get too wild. We'll be as quiet as church mice.

RICKY

I appreciate it, man.

REGGIE

You can count on us, get back there and treat that queen right.

Ricky smiles and nods. He walks back towards his table. -
Vernon's table quickly erupts into loud laughter.

Looking pissed, Ricky gets back to his seat.

He puts on a happy face as Amber walks back to the table and takes her seat.

AMBER

So, how is everyone.

RICKY

I'm sorry baby, Vernon heard about this place and that idiot, TTD, was kicking it with him. I'll make it up to you, I swear.

AMBER

There's nothing to make up for. This whole day has been amazing, from the jewelry store to the couples massage, not even TTD can ruin this.

RICKY

I'm so happy to hear you say that.

A sudden burst of loud laughter echoes through the restaurant as Vernon and TTD laugh so hard at something that they have to clutch on to each other for balance, nearly falling out of their chairs.

Amber eats quietly, trying to ignore the noise. Ricky looks defeated.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - WRESTLING GYM - NIGHT

Joe hangs out in the locker room, looking over the photographs and history of past wrestlers hanging on the walls.

Spencer changes back into his work suit while Bryan throws on some jeans and a t-shirt.

JOE

(looking at a picture) holy shit, Spence you got to check out this guy's mustache. It reaches down to his nipples.

SPENCER

That's great, Joe. But let's not forget why we are here. Still got some business to discuss.

BRYAN

Don't worry, odds are looking good in your favor.

SPENCER

So is that a yes? You'll sign on with us?

JOE

Help you navigate the WWE. Make sure that bloodsucking vampire McMahon pays you everything your worth.

BRYAN

I really like this guy a lot, Spence.

SPENCER

He does have a way with words.

JOE

Like a poet.

SPENCER
So what do you say?

BRYAN
I'll tell you what. You guys come
by later on tonight.

Bryan grabs a wrestling match flyer from his locker and hands
it to Spencer.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Come by the match and we can talk
about making things official.

Joe grabs the flyer from Spencer.

JOE
Oh, Hell yeah, are you fucking
serious. I am fucking stoked.

BRYAN
I fucking love this guy.

SPENCER
I guess we'll see you there.

Spencer shakes his hand.

JOE
Fuck yeah we will.

Joe shakes his hand.

BRYAN
Excellent, well I'll see you two
tomorrow night.

SPENCER
Count on it.

INT. AIRPLANE - IN AIR - NIGHT

The stewardess lead Charles to the last available seat she
has to offer.

Charles looks at what appears to be a dead body in a sealed
bag strapped in a seat.

CHARLES
That's not what I think it is.

STEWARDESS

Unfortunately this row of seats was purchased by the family of the deceased. But due to your extraordinary circumstances, I can let you sit in the row if you would like.

CHARLES

This is a joke right. That's not real.

STEWARDESS

Unfortunately these are the circumstances.

CHARLES

Really?... You know what, I get it. It's okay. I'll sit here. Thank you for all your help today. You've been great.

STEWARDESS

Hope you enjoy the rest of your flight, Mr. Greane.

She nods and walks off.

Charles sits in his seat and looks over at the body bag.

CHARLES

You know, I think you are the best person I've had to share a seat with all day. Hell, you even smell better than most of them.

INT. ALESSANDRIA'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ricky signs the bill and hands it back to the waiter. Vernon's table is still bringing the party.

Ricky and Amber silently walk out ignoring the ruckus at the table and ignoring TTD who waves them goodbye.

EXT. VALET STAND - NIGHT

Ricky hands his stub to the valet and waits with Amber for his car.

RICKY

Hey, I really am sorry our romantic dinner got all messed up.

(MORE)

RICKY (CONT'D)

I promise I'll make it up to you. A million times over if I have to.

She smiles and kisses him.

AMBER

I know you will. But if TTD ever shows up to dinner again, I will disappear in the middle of the night and you will never hear from me again.

RICKY

Baby, he'll be lucky if he's ever even allowed in the house again.

Vernon, TTD, and the gang loudly leave the restaurant and walk up to the valet.

REGGIE

If that wasn't the best damn surf and turf I ever had in my life, God strike me down right now.

TTD

Best fucking lobster mashed potatoes I've ever tasted.

VERNON

You got that right, you know that's why I had to get three orders to go.

Vernon holds up and sniffs his to-go bag.

TTD approaches Ricky and Amber.

TTD

Hey guys, how was dinner?

Amber smiles, being polite. Ricky stares daggers at TTD, like he is going to kill him.

TTD (CONT'D)

Well, my truffle fries were delicious.

AMBER

Those truffle fries were pretty fucking good.

TTD

Weren't they though. Damn, I wish
restaurants let you smoke weed at
the table.

Ricky just shakes his head at him, hate in his eyes.

The valet pulls up with Ricky's car.

RICKY

Y'all have a goodnight.

AMBER

Bye guys.

Ricky and Amber get in the car.

VERNON

You two have a great night.
Blessings to the baby.

TTD

Aye, I'll see you guys at home

Ricky speeds off.

REGGIE

Damn, looks like TTD about to find
all of his shit on the front lawn
when he gets back.

TTD

What? Come on. Ricky aint like
that. You think? FUUUUUUCK.

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT - NIGHT

Julia Greane waits for her husband in the airport.

Finally, walking among all the passengers from his plane, an
exhausted Charles appears.

Charles smiles when he sees Julia and walks over. She runs up
to meet him, kissing him before pulling back.

JULIA

Oh my goodness, honey, you smell
awful.

CHARLES

That would be a combination of
vomit and decaying flesh.

JULIA

What the Hell happened on that plane.

CHARLES

Hell happened, baby. Hell happened. I'll tell you all about it alright, after I take a nice long shower.

JULIA

Well, at least you are back on the ground, safe and sound. That's all that matters.

CHARLES

I don't think I'll ever leave again.

JULIA

Now lets get you home, so that I can run us a nice hot bath.

CHARLES

Oooh I like the sound of that.

She sniffs.

JULIA

After you shower first.

CHARLES

Yeah probably a good idea.

They start to walk out.

JULIA

Uh, Charles, who is that strange man staring at us.

Charles looks over to see his old seat mate, Forest.

FOREST

Great to meet you Charles, see you later.

Forest waves and grins.

CHARLES

Just don't make eye contact. We need to get the Hell out of here.

JULIA

What the Fuck.

INT. WRESTLING MATCH - NIGHT

A roaring crowd of amateur wrestling fans has packed the stands of the rented out gymnasium. Dressed in wrestling merch while scarfing down beer and popcorn, these fans are ready for a real show.

Standing in the hall off to the side of the crowd, Bryan Warner looks out at his fans.

A security guard leads Spencer and Joe to Bryan, he turns around with a huge smile.

BRYAN

Hey! You guys made it.

JOE

You kidding? Wouldn't miss this for the world.

SPENCER

So we ready to make a deal?

BRYAN

Hell yeah, brother. Right after the show. You better go get changed.

JOE

Oh, I love where this is going.

SPENCER

No fucking way, alright. Quit dicking me around here. I'm not going out there. So either we got a deal or we don't.

BRYAN

What can I say, Spence. If its a no deal, its a no deal. But all you have to do is step out on that mat for ten minutes and show these people what you can do. Up to you.

SPENCER

Then I guess it's no deal.

JOE

Wait a minute, just hold on a second. What if I went out there instead?

SPENCER

Are you fucking nuts.

JOE

I'm fucking committed.

BRYAN

As much as I love the thought of throwing your tiny body around like a paper airplane. Unfortunately its Spencer or nothing.

JOE

Come on bud, just do it. Its one night for what could be wheelbarrows of cash. I mean you're a great fucking showman. So go do what you do best. Put on a great fucking show.

SPENCER

I will do it on the condition that Joe comes with me.

JOE

What the fuck now?

BRYAN

Done, my girl, Alice, will get your guys costumes all squared away. And remember, when we get out there, just follow my lead.

Bryan walks out to the sound of a cheering crowd.

JOE

Are you insane, I could die out there.

SPENCER

You volunteered.

JOE

Only to motivate you. I mean you're a gigantic muscle bound Greek demi-god and I'm just a skinny fat little man with the fighting spirit of a frightened possum.

ALICE walks over to take them to the costumes.

Joe looks embarrassed.

SPENCER

You're going to do great

ALICE
Right this way, guys.

INT. WRESTLING RING - MATCH

Bryan stands in the middle of the ring in front of the excited crowd. He holds a microphone up to his mouth.

BRYAN
You all are in for a special treat tonight, ladies and gentlemen! I'll be taking on one of the most dynamic tag teams in the game. Let me introduce you all to my opponents.

Alice stands with Spencer and Joe, both dressed in brightly colored wrestling costumes.

Joe smells his costume.

JOE
When do you think was the last time these suits were washed?

ALICE
Okay, go, go.

She waves Spencer and Joe to walk towards the wrestling ring.

Spencer and Joe walk out in front of the crowd.

BRYAN
Spencer, the indestructible, Strasmore, and his dedicated sidekick, weak Joe.

The crowd laughs and boos as they walk to the ring.

JOE
Wow, that was just uncalled for.

SPENCER
Just shut up and try to look tough.

Spencer and Joe climb into the wrestling ring.

BRYAN
Here they are!

Crowd boos and cheers.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Now are you all ready to watch me
teach these posers a lesson.

Crowd erupts with cheering.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Well then lets get this show on the
road!

Crowd cheers even louder.

A Referee walks over and takes the microphone from Bryan.
Bryan steps into position across from Spencer and Joe.

The referee waves his hand. A bell dings.

JOE
What the Hell was that, was that
the bell, are we starting?

SPENCER
Yup, go get him.

Spencer shoves Joe towards Bryan.

JOE
Alright, now be reasonable here
man.

Bryan grabs Joe and spins him over his head as the crowd goes
wild.

BRYAN
(whispers) now go limp.

JOE
What?

Bryan flings Joe in the air, slamming him to the mat on his
back. Joe groans in agony.

JOE (CONT'D)
Oh God, I think I'm dying.

Spencer steps over Joe's body and grabs Bryan.

Bryan smiles as Spencer lifts him up and slams him.

Spencer walks around taunting the crowd. Bryan hops to his
feet with a look of genuine excitement.

Bryan and Spencer go at it, putting on a great show.

Joe crawls over to the corner of the mat and just lies there.

Spencer's giant body suddenly SLAMS into the mat right next to Joe's head, scaring the shit out of him. The shock causes him to accidentally roll out of the ring and CRASH through a nearby table.

JOE (CONT'D)

Owwwwwwwww.

Spencer and Bryan wrestle a bit more until finally spencer manages to flip Bryan and slam him to the mat.

Bryan lies on the mat and winks at Spencer.

REFEREE

...six, seven, eight, nine, ten.
The winner, Spencer Strasmore

The referee raises Spencer's arm in the air as the crowd cheers along with some scattered boos.

Joe lies on the broken table, still in tremendous pain.

JOE

We won, no fucking way. YEAH! Ow,
it hurts to yell... and to breathe.

Bryan stands back up and grabs Spencer's hand, raising it high into the air.

BRYAN

Deal's a deal, just show me where
to sign.

SPENCER

Damn right. And by the way, I'm
never fucking doing this again.

Bryan laughs.

BRYAN

Yeah, we'll see.

Spencer laughs as the crowd cheers for them.

EXT. RICKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TTD stumbles up to the front door, pulls out his keys and tries to open the front door. But the keys just won't work.

TTD

What the Hell?

TTD knocks on the door. The porch light shuts off.

TTD (CONT'D)
Ricky, come on, what the fuck? Come
on, let me in.

Quits knocking.

TTD (CONT'D)
Okay, yeah, okay, very mature. This
motherfucker really changed the
locks on me. How long he been
planning this bullshit.

The sprinklers turn on, TTD shrieks and runs away.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Spencer sits at the bar next to Joe, who is holding an
icepack to his head.

The bartender places their drinks in front of them.

Joe sips his drink.

JOE
Oh God, this is so much better than
a hospital. Speaking of which, do
you think I should go to a
hospital?

SPENCER
Just don't go to sleep for a while.

JOE
That's a myth, like the one about
not drinking alcohol with a
concussion.

Joe takes a big sip.

JOE (CONT'D)
See, feeling better already.

SPENCER
Here's to health and success.

Spencer raises his glass, they drink.

JOE
You know, I'm really proud of you,
buddy. You put yourself out there
today.

SPENCER

Don't write yourself off, you took a hit from a professional wrestler. Tiny guy like you, could've killed you.

JOE

Lying there on that mat, for a minute, I thought I was dead.

SPENCER

Bryan's a good kid with a lot of potential. I'm glad he's with us. Even if he does fuck around too much for my taste.

JOE

You loved it, quit lying to yourself. Could I get another please.

The bartender nods and pours him a glass and passes it back. Joe lifts his glass.

JOE (CONT'D)

So what should we drink to.

SPENCER

How about to risking life and limb in the pursuit of business.

JOE

May things never change.

SPENCER

I don't know about that.

JOE

Okay, then may things change slightly but may we never grow apart.

SPENCER

Good enough, cheers.

END OF EPISODE

