

# **INDY SLEAZE**

**WRITTEN BY: MIC VAN DE VOORDE**

## **Indy Sleaze Episode 1 Act 1 (Today)**

Opens: Present Day 2009

Miles sets in a half empty locker room by himself, not paying attention to the men in tights and spandex around him. His body sore all over. Right elbow searing from the “superplex” off the top rope, left shoulder feeling like he tore a muscle after the “death valley driver. Times like this his body feels older than it is. He stares off in the direction of a wall, behind which hundreds of fans all screaming together as one. Still in his wrestling gear, he thinks and rethinks about the match he just performed minutes ago. His memory hits it like a tutorial, going from point A to point B.

Point A: Miles coming out working the crowd (getting a reaction by your character), his memory speeding up moments and slowing them down, without a camera he mentally rewinds time. Seeing his match from a fan’s view, the “universal” (a spot starting with the two opponents tying up, one taking the head (in a standing head lock), they “work” back to the ropes, shooting the “controller” of the head lock, off, he comes back, knocking the other man down with a shoulder block. Like a VCR tape it fast forwards, to the person still standing shooting him off of ropes, the opponent “tries” to trip him by shooting under him, he runs over, hits other ropes, comes back, opponent will “leap frog” (jump over), person running will duck under (helping him) continue off ropes coming back and there the “spot” is open for change, it usually ends with bad guy taking a “bump”. (Bump-fall to back) This time, Miles eats a high leg kick.

He knows something was “off” as usually he can find the mistakes he made and to be mad at, tonight no mistakes and inside he just feels empty. Not even a little happiness, just the payday, it’s just seems to be missing something. The times that made it are not there anymore, as he is alone. In another far off federation from the guys, his brothers, that started it all with him years before. Somewhere behind him a masked wrestler buys some “gas” (steroids) from an “out of stater”. (Wrestler who lives in another state.) A usual occurrence at most pro wrestling shows, just not something that’s meant to be seen. The crowd counts, “1...2...3! They scream and Miles hears nothing, only thinking of his “career” in professional wrestling, and where it led the other two, CJ and Javier.

Point Z: The finish, the only moment that really matters in a match. Tonight’s had him get his opponent disqualified for using a weapon, by trickery. Using “Jim-Jim” his “stick” (in reality it’s a length of cpvc pipe wrapped in black athletic tape) as though he’s going to hit his opponent when the referee’s back is turned, he stops, tosses it to his opponent, and “bumps”, pretending to

be hurt. The referee turns back around, seeing the weapon in his opponent's hands, he is immediately disqualified. The crowd immediately reacts with anger.

Its moments like this you really do see how far away one person can go in just a couple of years, and how not being around "family" can change you. He's performed this "finish" numerous times; usually he would get a childish giggle out of the reaction of the fans, tonight though, nothing. The door opens, and the crowd gets loud as one of the wrestlers limps in, tired and looking sore, he waits for his opponent to enter, and together they will share a sweaty man hug. Miles can tell by the reaction from the crowd, it was "good".

Faces beam with smiles, opponents from moments ago, now thank each other for the beating they both suffer threw. There was a time when Miles would openly compete for "Best Match" with the other workers on the show, now there is no "fire" in him for that childishness. Music blares again, and the crowd reacts to the heel (bad guy) coming out. That "empty" feeling has been around for awhile now, it's just moments like this, it hits him harder.

The moment the baby face's (good guy) music hits, time stops and he goes back in time mentally, to when it was fun. A time when it meant something again, to do what he does. A time when he was younger and still learning this "business". A time in which, he got to live out his dreams, traveling the Midwest. Every show was something new and amazing, the life of a pro wrestler and with it, all the bumps and bruises. Nights of staying in cheap motels or even making the long trek home after a show hours away. Sacrificing you're family and friends every other weekend just to live out the dream, for another show or two. Times of having to chose one or the other, food or gas, to get home. His journey was different than most in this "business" though, as he started it with the two people who mattered more than anyone else in his life, and the ones who used to make all "this" mean something, his brothers.

### **Indy Sleaze Episode 1 Act 2 (Car Ride to Cedar Rapids)**

**Day-** Friday

**Time-** 6pm, 2006

**Location-** Interstate 380, South of Iowa City IA

**Bell Time** – 7:00pm (Doors open at 6:30)

**Show Location-** Mason Hall, Cedar Rapids Iowa

**Miles Away** – 22 from destination

**Situation:** 1 hour late, and another 30 minutes of drive time

**Setting:** Middle of winter in Iowa, it's more bitterly cold but there is snow on the ground, the outside temperature is in the teens. It's dark as night already and the three main characters have already worked an 8 hour shift at their respective jobs before leaving their home town of Fairfield Iowa to make it to their wrestling show. Being late isn't something their characters are "new to", as their "rush" to make it on time only makes their stories of the road that much better.

## **Opening Scene**

Shot: A blue 1995 Dodge Escort Wagon is racing down interstate headed for another professional wrestling show. In the car, are 3 of the shows "mid card talent" for the evening. At the wheel is Javier Lopez, (AKA: "Javy D") a large Mexican, whose "in ring work" amazes people given his size, and who smokes cigarettes as fast as he drives. Sitting in the passenger seat is Chris Jones, (AKA: "CJ Swift") a goofy, long-haired, white boy nervously buckling his seatbelt, as he watches the driver with unsure eyes. In the back, not paying any attention on "reality", watching a wrestling tape from the previous show is Miles Martin. (AKA: "Miles Martin") Whose build is not your typical look for someone in their business: short, bald, small, but still in shape.

These three have known each other for years and have a brotherly bond unlike most, they share a secret. From a passion to "perform", to a love, unlike ANY other love, along with the trade secrets of a "business" that touts of "squared-circles", and all of illusion and deception in between. These men are "Pro Wrestlers".

**Narrator (In Miles voice): Our story didn't start here, in a small,-crappy,-on its last leg, '95 Dodge Escort,-wagon rushing to another wrestling show. No, sadly this IS'NT the beginning. In fact "our story" started years before, when we were just out of high school. No, I think we'll start this story right BEFORE everything CHANGED. What changed, you ask? Answer: The ONLY thing that should have mattered, OUR friendship.**

The wagon driving faster than what is "good for it" weaves in and out of traffic. Javier is paying more attention to Miles NOT "loading a bowl of marijuana" than the road. CJ is more concerned with showing up late at ANOTHER show. Miles is unconcerned as his eyes focus on "mistakes" from their matches.

The Speed is hitting 80mph...85...90. The car sounding worse with every 5 mph increase. Javier pushes it, looking back at Miles. As he's thinking of saying something about that bowl, he sees Miles squint and react. A mistake. Knowing how Miles "is", and how hard he strives to BE a better "performer", he closes his mouth and refocuses on the road.

Miles watches in slow motion a spot being performed, then rewinding it again to make sure he saw it right. Focusing on how CJ's shoulder lands awkwardly, he realizes the mistake is HIS, and how CJ has been "gimpy" the past two weeks is HIS fault.

Miles "My bad on the tornado, last show."

**Narrator (in Javier's voice): A in ring maneuver called: Tornado DDT. One person has head of opponent hooked under arm, the opponent picks up person who has them, spins them up in the air, still attached to them, then drops them to his back as they both go to ground, opponent "lands" on head.**

CJ (Over reacting) "I KNEW it was YOU'RE FAULT! You've wanted ME out of the picture for YEARS MARTIN! We'll I'm not going...."

Javier cracks the window to drown out CJ's "promo, and to ash his cigarette, which stops CJ in mid sentence. Javier KNOWS he'll get the "stink eye" from CJ, but to these three you ALWAYS heel turn on each other, CONSTANTLY, no matter what. At this point in their friendship they've been "performers" in backyard wrestling for four years, as "pros" they've been in it just 1 full year after training. Their friendship is at the 10 year mark at this point.

**Narrator (in Miles voice): "Turn heel"(heel turn) is to do whatever a "bad guy" would do in a movie or show, a cheap shot, an insult, a kick to the groin when you're down, whatever, to get "heat".**

**Narrator (in CJ's voice) "Heat": a reaction of anger/intensity, USUALLY from the crowd, but sometimes from each other.**

Miles laughs as CJ's flip-out moment is drown out by the rushing air. Javier looks to CJ with a confused look on his face, pretending he can't hear him. CJ tries to continue as Javier rolls the window down even further; which makes CJ's performance pointless as none of them can hear a thing. Ending his act with an overly angry taping of his wrist watch, CJ glares at Javier shaking his head.

Javier doesn't notice the time, but remembers to look at his phone. Complete shock as he THEN realizes just how late they really are. They've been late before but it's never a "good thing" for your reputation with promoters, especially when you're just 12 months in. Javier knows it's up to "him" to make it on time for ALL of them. "One for all...." A year ago, "wrestling" was just something they USED to do for fun, but then Miles and CJ had to go and PAY for his training, so they ALL could go, together. "...All for ONE." His eyes focus and fixed, much like a NASCAR driver intent on making it on time.

CJ "You know... if you two hadn't lolly-gagged smoking your pot we would have been there by now."

Javier and Miles make eye contact through rear view mirror. Miles looks away smiling.

Javier “Yeah, well if you didn’t suck so much at wrestling I would have a better opponent for tonight!”

CJ (overreacting) “I’ll trade places with the midget, RIGHT NOW... C’mon Miles, Switch me Spots.”

CJ pretends to start climbing into the back seat. Miles stays glued to camera, not paying him any attention.

Javier “Simmer down Pot roast, Call Virgil, let him know we are running late.”

Javier takes a long inhale, flicks cigarette out the window, and then rolls up the window. The car warms again as the bitter cold air is finally cut off. All three, by now are prepared for road trips involving “the wagon”. Miles wears multiple layers of clothing, and jackets. CJ plugs in and wraps himself in an electrical blanket and Javier’s body is “evolved” to deal with the harsh cold of smoking while driving during the Iowa winter months. CJ looks at Javier with a look of amusement, and then Javier looks at CJ.

CJ “Dude... I’m not the reason WERE going to be late...that would be YOU two...so maybe one of YOU TWO can call him. Let him know why were running late. I’m sure they’ll just love hearing that gem!”

CJ’s phone rings. He reaches into his pocket and grabbing the phone.

CJ “Steve? ... hello? Dude I don’t know. I don’t live in Cedar Rapids. How do I know what exit you should take?”

Javier surges ahead as Miles starts to break out some marijuana, loading a fresh bowl, his eyes still fixed on camera.

**Narrator (in CJ’s voice): To Miles and Javier smoking marijuana is not about illegal or legal, it’s about relaxing and enjoying life even when there isn’t a lot to enjoy. Both Miles and Javier have smoked marijuana for years, never touching ether of the “norm” drug habits in Iowa: Alcohol or Meth. For them, and how late they are to everything, weed would be my natural guess of what drug they do, and the only drug they use, and really considering all the drug use in pro wrestling today, I know for a fact, that neither of them would or will ever “move on” to newer-cooler drugs, it’s just part of who they are.**

CJ (to Steve on phone) “Where are you guys now? ...Yeah...we might actually see you guys... Why are you so late...Jeez, I thought we were running late but you too? ...Yeah... Yeah... Well Steve it’s because I have a Mexican driving.”

Javier looks at CJ and Miles passes him the bowl. Javier takes a hit and passes it back to Miles, while giving Miles a look of “heads up”. Miles not exactly knowing what’s coming, but years of friendship with these two, he knows CJ isn’t ready. Sitting up he braces himself, trying not to let CJ notice.

CJ (not noticing, still on phone with Steve) “Yeah... Yeah... I know he sucks but what am I going to do? Deport him?”

**Narrator: (in Miles voice): In the years of our friendship, talking “smack” about each other was the norm. ANYTHING was fair game as long as you didn’t “mean it”. So, racist-insensitive and degrading smack-talk that would shock most people, only made our small group of misfit friends grow closer threw laughter. It’s hard to explain, I know, just go with it and some day, I’ll explain everything.**

Just then Javier swerves hard to the left, jumping lanes. CJ’s head bounces off passenger window. A solid thud echoes thru the car as CJ’s eyes go wide blinking away the stars he sees. CJ’s phone flies threw the air, flipping shut, ending his call with Steve.

CJ “OOOHHHH!”

Javier and Miles laugh, as CJ “sells” his head. Eyes closed, holding his head as he stomps his feet. Eyes opening, an evil glare shoots towards Javier, CJ tries to sell Javier and Miles on an intense anger, but they both know CJ, and they both know his bark is worse than his “bite”.

CJ (pointing a finger in Javier’s face) “You wait until show time.”

Miles starts recording CJ from the back seat, catching CJ in mid promo.

**Narrator (in Javier’s voice): Miles has known CJ longer than me, and both shared a “rivalry” for years, hundreds of matches, and you can really get to know someone, threw their character, threw their willingness to make YOU look good, you get to know a lot about someone by the character they portray. Miles knew CJ when he was just “Chris”, so the evolution of not only “Chris to CJ” but “CJ into the entertainer he is now, is something only Miles can see and be proud of. See he knew the CJ before wrestling, so the CJ you see now is someone completely different. This journey is really all a process of evolution. An evolution of “us”.**

CJ (CJ lifting his foot so Javier can see) “You see this foot Javier!?!...” CJ stops in mid sentence surprised to notice Miles filming him

CJ “This foot... (Showing foot to camera)... Yeah, it’s going in your mush! I just want you to

know right now, I expect a thank you when I beat the “brown disease” out of you”

Javier is paying attention to the road and not CJ.

Javier “Where did you say Steve was? ... I think... yeah, that’s him!”

Miles quits filming CJ and Javier, and starts filming the car in front of them. Zooming past CJ, still mugging for the camera.

Miles films as Javier pulls up behind Steve’s car, a Toyota Camry. Accelerating past 75 to 80 mph Javier pulls in close. Driver (Steve) looks in rear view mirror, then back at the road.

**Narrator (in CJ’s voice): Steve (AKA: “Steve Sinclair”) is a professional wrestler around the same age as us, but has had a couple of more years “in” the business. Steve helped train the class that had Javier and Miles, and me, and ever since they have made it a “one up” game of who can pull the bigger prank on Steve. Steve has the body you wouldn’t expect a lot of physical talent from, being bigger and a little on the “chubby” side, but Steve can do the “basics” flawlessly, and has an amazing mind for the business at such a young age.**

Javier brightens, then honking the horn in an uneven pattern. The passenger in the other car is William “Will” King (AKA: “Billy Phoenix”) (Who is riding co-pilot with Steve on this weekend’s “double shot” weekend. (“Double shot” means Friday-Saturday night shows) Will turns around, looks over and recognizes CJ, Miles and Javier. Will, flips them the “peace” sign while laughing.

Will looking as if he’s telling Steve who is riding him. Steve shaking his head accelerates buying some distance between him and Javier. All three can imagine Steve’s response, “Oh NO, they’re not beating US to the show! Not TODAY!”

The Escort eats dust as Steve’s Camry speeds up. The wagon’s engine losing power, a normal occurrence for Javier. Not something they worry about as they have stalled out in cold weather before. They go to shows together in CJ’s wagon, Javier the driver of EVERY show as CJ lost his license the year before. Javier drives EVERYWHERE. (His pittance for free wrestling training.)

Javier “Mother .....

CJ (cutting Javier off in mid sentence) “C’mon Javier! They’re SMOKING US! It should be, like the other way around!”

Javier shooting a glare at CJ, shifts gears hard and the wagon lunges back to life. Miles is thrown back not expecting the surge, little weed embers rain down on him as he desperately tries to put them out before they burn.

The wagon closes in on Steve's Camry as they race at over 80 mph. CJ and Miles can see in Steve's car, Will is already talking trash to them that only he and Steve can hear. Miles films, laughing at the intensity in Steve's eyes. (That this is a race with the "rooks" that he cannot lose.)

CJ "You DO remember we have a show we're already running late for right? I mean if we get pulled over, I'm pretty sure IF I were to roll on you two I MIGHT get out in time for a match after intermission."

Miles (to Javier) "I don't think I like the cut of his jib."

CJ (to Miles) "OH! ... You're stealing MY LINES!?"

Miles (talking to CJ, still focused on camera) "Stab US in the back if we get pulled over, that's ok, but if I use something you're DADDY heard back in the 50's then BY-GOD I'M the bad guy?!"

CJ (In Defiant tone) "I POSTED IT on the message board, MILES! You can't go and make it cool in front of Javier, like YOU came up with it!"

**Narrator: (In Javier voice) "CJ is right, he DID post the phrase, "I don't like the cut of his jib" a couple of weeks previous on the HAWA message board (HAWA: Higher Alternative Wrestling Alliance, the wrestling promotion they work for) a site checked by all the wrestlers, fans and "family" of the company, and yes, Miles DID reuse it here.**

Javier grabs at himself, finally finding his vibrating phone.

Javier (answering Will's phone call) "Yeah? Of COURSE I do...What do you mean you're LOST?"

Miles (To CJ) "When you have enough money to buy the rights to that, I would suggest saving it and moving out of your parents place..."

CJ "My ROOMATES place...you mean..."

**Narrator: (In Miles voice) "CJ has lived with his parents most of his life, now you would think that would be ok for some, well CJ's dad is a pig farmer. Part of CJ's daily chores was to feed all of the pigs. They have lots of pigs. So many so, that over the years, CJ lost his sense of smell because of all the manure. CJ can NOT smell ANYTHING. Barbeques or body order, it has no effect on old "CJ Swift". Even to this day it frightens me still, that he truly cannot tell just how horrible he smells, I wonder if anyone has told him yet.**



Javier (still on phone with Will) (Smile in his voice) “Yeah... Yeah... it’s THIS one... yeah... uh-huh...”

Steve’s car turn signal flashes, as he slowly exits off the interstate. Will turns back, still on phone, looking back to the station wagon. Javier stays on the interstate. Miles still films laughing as they catch a confused look on Steve and Will's face, as they drive on.

Javier “Ha-Ha!... See you at the show! (Javier flips phone shut)

Miles (To CJ) “No... I mean you’re MOM and DAD.... SHERRYL and RON.... I feel sorry for those two.... How OLD are you??!!...”

Javier (to no one in particular) “That’s how “V2” role son!”

**Narrator: (In CJ’s voice) “V2” or I should say “version 2.0” was something Miles came up with after most of our backyard fed dissolved. It was just a name we gave ourselves, like WE were going to be the ones out of “our fed” to MAKE IT. Well, we all wanted to anyway, “Version 2.0” was the name we called our “clique”. It was different, and most of the “vets” (veterans) that trained us, liked us because we tended to think outside of the box in terms of the “business”. In Indy wrestling, the state of Iowa isn’t the most respected because there’s a lot of “carny” federations here (“carny”: bad professional wrestling, untrained wrestlers) so there’s wrestlers always hungry for open spots on a roster, rolling together we made sure to watch each other’s back, in and out of the ring, making sure NO ONE stole OUR spots.**

CJ (To Miles) (In a indifferent voice) “I don’t LIKE the cut of YOU’RE JIBB!”

### **Meanwhile at Mason’s Hall (Location of show)**

Promoter Jeremy Larmer, a funny looking man, unassuming of power to the naked eye is the controller and the financial backer of tonight’s show, standing next to him, the trainer/ main event wrestler, “Virgil Caesar”(AKA: Matt Daub, real name). Virgil and Jeremy have been business partners for the last seven years, and friends even longer. Jeremy has had problems with “legally” running a wrestling promotion before, but Virgil’s loyalty is the reason H.A.W.A. is still running shows. From paying the state athletic commissioner out of his own pocket to hauling the ring on a trailer over 200 miles away, there is no distance to far or cost to high for Virgil to quit on H.A.W.A. Jeremy nervously cracks open another beer as they watch as ring and arena is getting its finishing touches done before doors open. Jeremy’s pacing, 4 beers deep and on the “before show” anxiety roller coaster, again.

Jeremy “Did they say HOW late they’d be??...”

Virgil, eyes everything from the chairs to the “gimmick stand”.

**Narrator: (In CJ’s voice): “Virgil has spent the last 10 years roaming the Midwest. From Minnesota to Kansas. From Ohio to Wyoming and everywhere in between, now he’s in his late 30’s. He lives in North-West Iowa, far away from most shows. He’s married, and has had a daughter in the time since he’s started working with Jeremy. H.A.W.A. IS his family away from his family. Every young worker here, he trained, and all the “vets” have worked with him to the point of him knowing their actual family members names. He is the leader, the “decider” of what goes and what doesn’t. Virgil is the ONE person in the company that garners the most respect when it comes to training students of pro wrestling in Iowa. His love for Pittsburg Steelers football is second only to his love of beer, and before, during and after any show you can usually find Virgil with a beer in hand, always in control mind you.”**

Virgil (Not paying attention to Jeremy) “No....it’s no big deal” (cracking open a beer) “Just push back opening doors 15 minutes...we’ll be ok.”

Jeremy (Over acting as if a bombshell had just been dropped) “OH.....just that easy! You know it’s funny, I thought it would be harder than that but wow, guess *I’m* the idiot...Ha-Ha!”

**Narrator (in Miles voice): Virgil at this point, knows Jeremy so well that these little “freak out moments” are bits of comedy for Virgil. Knowing how Jeremy gets so worked up before a show, even in a show that HE has no part of, still gives Virgil some extra gas to bust his chops.**

Jeremy (Slightly buzzed stares at Virgil waiting for a response.) “You know...that’s sarcasm....I don’t know if you heard me or not”...

Virgil (Not looking in Jeremy’s direction) “I heard, but I’m not dignifying you with a response.”

Jeremy laughs nervously, not even listening as they part ways without saying another word. Virgil heads towards a group of workers and students. Jeremy heads to front door to do a “head count” on fans wanting “in”, really he is secretly checking the parking lot to see if Miles and Javier are there yet, so he can smoke the “special smoke” that helps get rid of the “before show jitters”.

**Back to “Version 2.0” still driving on interstate.**

Steve and Billy are seen getting back on interstate, not far behind Miles, AJ, and Javier.

Javier (To CJ) “Seriously dudes...call Jeremy, tell him we’ll be there on time, but Willy and Steve...hahahaha!!! (Javier breaks into laughter as he sees Steve passing him on the left.)

Steve speeds past Javier; Will makes goofy face at Javier as they pass. Steve has determined to win look on his face as Javier and Steve begin to race each other. Speeds hitting 75-80-85 mph.

CJ (To Javier) “Ehh.....the next exit is ours....”

Javier paying more attention to the race, than CJ.

Javier “Uh..huh...”

Javier checks blind spots, and rearview. Miles is filming race from backseat. Getting a good shot of Steve and Will in the other car just inches away.

Juan “Don’t you worry you’re pretty little head of hair, SWEETY, Daddy’s got you....”

Both cars edging to stay in the lead. Steve looks over, mouthing the words, “I hate you”. Javier accelerates hard taking lead before hitting turn signal, and exiting too fast for exit. Steve braking hard, has to jump over a lane, to follow Javier on the exit.

CJ grabs his phone, hitting redial he’s soon on the phone with Billy

CJ (Grabbing phone and hitting redial to “trash talk” as soon as possible to Will)  
“WHAT...was....THAT??!!....”

Miles “You guys just got beat by an ESCORT-WAGON...THAT...JUST HAPPENED!”

CJ “You heard THAT? Yes, IT DID just happen!”

Miles turns around filming Steve and Will from back seat. CJ continues talking trash.

CJ (To Will on phone) “I don’t know what year you’re car is...but it sucks....we’ll it MUST SUCK if OUR wagon can beat it!”

**Narrator (in Javier’s voice): Just before the stop sign, Steve zooms past us. I mean, he seriously passed us on the shoulder, right before a stop sign, that’s how bad he wanted to beat us. I was forced to brake hard. The force of momentum-stop lunges Miles out of his seat in the back, while CJ was a little more prepared, holding onto the dashboard. I was ready, been “racing” a couple of years previous, to me it was just a “dick-move” on Steve’s part. Of course Will is talking trash from lead car, Steve looked confident, but only for a second as he realized, he now has to lead, and he has no clue of where to go.**

From tail car, CJ, Miles and Javier can see Steve is unsure, looking around as he's driving. Javier follows 2 car lengths behind. They all know Steve is from Des Moines and Cedar Rapids to the untrained driver is a horrible experience, especially in the winter and especially while racing friends who are "cut-throat" about winning at everything.

Miles "Where is HE going?"

CJ "He has no clue...."

Javier "Is he turning around?"

**Narrator (in Miles voice): Looking as though Steve is heading out of town, he takes a left into a warehouse parking lot, to turn around. Javier pulls into the 1<sup>st</sup> driveway, as Steve had missed the first and went into the second driveway. Both cars fall in line for a collision course, I saw it, but it all happened so fast, and the last time I was in a car accident was when I was 5. So, Steve is looking behind, Javier is more focused pulling up next to Steve, to get directions, and it just...happened. Steve was making distance faster than "Javy", like he wanted to get on his left side, but time wise could only make it to the right, it was like they were magnets attracted to each other.**

Steve's wide turn, and Javier's sharp turn angles the collision for the passenger's side, rear door.

Javier "What the ...!!?!?"

CJ "MOVE!! MOVE!!"

**(CRASH!)**

CJ "STE-EVE!"

Everyone is confused and staring at each other. Miles rattled, checks the camera making sure the "all important-memory catcher" is alive and well. Focusing the still filming camera from the backseat, zooming in on Steve's face. Steve's eyes wide, looking at Miles filming him. Steve mouths the words, "Son..of a..BITCH!"

Miles (Starts laughing at the situation they now have to face) "This is gonna be the best weekend....ever!"

CJ and Javier look back at Miles with confusion. Steve slowly backs car up, parking it, they all

get out assessing the damage.

CJ “Yeah.... it’s SO GREAT...my car is probably RUINED!”

**Narrator (in CJ’s voice): “So, we all get out. Check the cars, Steve’s front bumper is totaled, MY car, NOTHING not even a scratch, well, ok there was a dent in the passenger door, that’s it! THAT’S an American made car for you. Steve should think about that next time he buys one of them “foreign-rice burners.”**

Miles “It was already ruined dude.... he did you a favor.... and we got it on tape!”

All five meet in a circle around the cars. Javier, the only mechanical person in the group immediately checks Steve’s car, worrying about how much this might cost him.

Will “Oh my GOD...that was AWESOME...you got that on tape?!.... NICE...if he doesn’t pay you CJ, SUE HIM.... I was a witness!”

Steve looks at Will with deflated anger, shaking his head with dismissal as they check out the damage. Steve’s driver side headlight completely smashed. Hood, dented, and the grill, busted out. The light in the headlight, still burns. Only the passenger door on CJ’s car is dented.

Steve “Duuuuuuuuuddde! HOW did this HAPPEN!!??”

Javier (Starts laughing as he checks CJ’s wagon, shaking his head in disbelief) “Sucks to be you, buddy! Look almost NO SCRATCHES...just a dent...I can pop it out when we get back...”

**Narrator (In Javier’s voice): I’m checking the cars over, and sometime in there I notice Miles filming CJ. I’ve known these two evil pricks for a long time, so I keep Steve’s attention, knowing full well, if I keep my mouth shut, and just let it happen, I know there will be something that makes us laugh all the way to the show.”**

Miles still films quietly, catching a devious look on CJ’s face. Miles films CJ walking over to Steve’s car with the camera. Steve is pacing, overreacting and upset about the accident. Javier grabs a cigarette, noticing CJ is up to something, lights up keeping Steve’s attention. Will laughs while he shakes nervously, adrenaline still coursing through him, no one watches Miles or CJ. CJ checks everyone one last time, and turns his back to camera. Steve is completely unaware of any douche-baggery a foot, and right behind him.

Javier (To Steve) “You got insurance right? There’s nothing to worry about...”

Steve (To Javier) “Yeah but that’s MY FAULT!”

CJ makes sure Steve isn't watching, and begins to relieve himself on Steve's broken headlight.

Steve (To Javier) "I mean...I can't blame WILLY!"

Miles, still filming CJ relieving himself on Steve's car, a steady stream now runs off the car, steam rising off in the frigid air. CJ shaking his head in a "yes", you can almost hear his long awaited sigh of relief.

Miles (to CJ) (In fear of being caught, just loud enough for CJ to hear) "Hurry it up..."

CJ (Whispering to Miles.) "Trying...I REALLY have to go...."

CJ finishes relieving himself on Steve's car. Steve still not paying attention, distracted by Javier, laughing at his situation.

Will (On phone with Jeremy) "Yeah...yeah...DUDE, we were JUST in a accident.... Yeah.... We'll be there.... in like.... 5 minutes....WHAT?!.... Oh CRAP! Guys! Doors are opening!"

Javier (To CJ and Steve) "Alright, exchange insurance stuff later, we got to roll!"

The five pile back into their cars, Miles still filming as Javier takes the lead. Miles films Steve driving, still shaking his head from behind. Both cars pull up to a stop light, Miles still filming, zooms in on Steve's broken light, which is now smoking.

Miles (To CJ) "Dude.... you set his car on fire!"

CJ (Turning in seat) "REALLY?hahahaha!"

Miles continues to film as CJ continues talking trash to Steve, hanging out passenger window. Miles zooms in on Steve's face the camera catches a complete confusion.

CJ (Hanging out window, to Steve) "That's RIGHT! We wreck you're car! Then we set it ON FIRE! (Shaking fist back at Steve)

**Narrator (In Javier's voice): "....And I was right."**

CJ (To Steve, who cannot hear him) "Steve! I PEE'ED on your CAR! By OUR rules, that means...I-OWN-IT! HAHAHAAAAHA!"

**Narrator (In Miles voice): "So...CJ's hair is now completely messed up, he gets back in and were all laughing so hard, because just to think 1 year ago, we had "given up" on wresting. Here we are, on our way to another show, I mean were still "cutting our teeth" and all, but we already have all these amazing stories. Just living in that time period of our lives, it was so much**

**better than what we would have been doing if not for wrestling. I don't even want to think about that. Granted were not "rich" because of it, but just getting to live out something people told us we couldn't do, made every weekend we had a show priceless."**

**("Cutting Teeth": wrestling term meaning learning as you go in your first couple of years in the business.)**

Javier speeds to the show, rushed now he realizes he has to lead, and also beat Steve to the show. Everyone's spirits are lifted, as Miles turns around in his seat, filming Steve in the car behind. Smoke rises from Steve's broken headlight in the dark Iowa cold. The city of Cedar Rapids rushes by as the endorphins kick in, the feeling of "show time" sink in. CJ tries to clear his mind of any thoughts of negativity by helping Javier get to the show by internet directions, but does just the opposite. After a couple of missed turns, they find their way. Eventually seeing the "Mason Hall" and the crowd outside, it hits them harder than the cold outside. That "change" into "superstar".

Miles films Steve driving, with an exhausted-defeated look on his face, looking directly at Miles's camera, he mouths, "I hate you."

### **Indy Sleaze Episode 1 Act 3 (Show time)**

Location: Cedar Rapids, Mason's Hall  
Time: 6:30 pm

Scene opens: Promoter, Jeremy Larmer is seen bouncing from person to person. Confirming details, and tying up loose ends. A crowd of 30-40 people stands just outside the gymnasium in a packed hallway, trying to get in out of the cold, the line extends outside. Fans try to peak in the entryway windows covered by show posters.

**Narrator (In CJ's voice): "To explain Jeremy would take forever, let's just say he's one of the best guys to have as a boss, he takes care of his boys, always an abundance of beer on hand. Oh, and he's freaking hilarious, I mean not just his voice, but he's one of us, one of the "boys".**

Jeremy's voice, a comedic version of a drunken "Kermit the Frog", as he speaks to both competitors of the opening match. Always in control of the show, but times he has so much to worry about, the actual details of "winners and losers" for the night momentarily escape him.

Jeremy "Ahh....ah...ah....ahh ...freakin...I don't know....you (pointing to one of the wrestlers)...wait...you're going over (pointing to the other wrestler) ....yeah..."

.freeeeakin ...hit you're one thing....."

Jeremy mimics with his hands, the motion of the move he's thinking of. Both wrestlers look at Jeremy with blank expressions on their faces. There are times in wrestling where people can communicate a "spot" or move in wrestling without having to actually explain in its full detail. This is not one of those times.

Jeremy (Frustrated, giving up at this point) "Just...make sure it doesn't suck!"

Jeremy walks away towards the front door. As Virgil finishes working out with a couple of students in the ring. Virgil's "cackle" laugh is heard after someone cracks a joke. From the front door Jeremy tries to get Virgil's attention in the ring, as he is wanting to open doors, Virgil doesn't take notice, helping a couple of students in the ring work on basics as Miles, CJ, Javier, Billy and Steve burst in through the back door. Hustling, they make their rounds with introductions, shaking hands with any worker on their way to the locker room.

**Narrator (In Javier's voice): "Rule #1. Introduce yourself properly, shake everyone's hand, you know, give respect. Even when you're late, it's just proper etiquette."**

They all line up to say their hellos to Virgil and some of the "vets" around ringside. Steve trips Javier, and takes his place in line before Virgil notices. Javier retaliates with a stiff smack to the back of Steve's head. The smack echoes, Steve can't help but grab his head just as Virgil extends his hand for the "shake". Javier sneaks in and steals Steve's handshake from Virgil.

Virgil jokes with the late workers, as Miles hands his bag off to CJ. Miles heads over to begin the process of setting up the tripod and camera. He knows he's the only worker that actually takes the time to film any and all of his work, which is the best teacher for learning the "business".

**Narrator (In CJ's voice): "Catching each moment, the good, the bad, the ugly, it all matters. It's all something to learn from, even years in the future. I mean, you have so many matches that over time you forget so much. With the amount of weed Miles smoked, no wonder he wanted to film everything, he was going to forget it anyway, taping it just covers all the bases with little hassle, AND he could make tapes for everyone!"**

### **In Locker room**

Gathering in a small room, all the wrestlers enter; their conversations radiate and fill the room with laughter as conversations include anyone walking by. Everyone is in a great mood, all wanting the same thing, to "steal the show". (To be the match most remembered by the fans as the "best") Wrestlers stand around in a small room, in their gear, their towels from home, in their underwear. The smell of baby oil, sweat, multiple colognes clog the air. Wrestling gear populates floors, backs of chairs on tables. Elbow pad and knee pads getting pulled up and put



on. Men wrap their wrist, their ankles, and their knees in different colors of athletic tape, preparing for previous injuries to remind them how human they are. Every wrestler has some form of injury from the past, with every “bump” you take, and every bruise you walk away with, you risk falling awkwardly, twisting or tearing something, all for “entertainment” of others. The lineup for the night is posted on different walls, so everyone can see at anytime what’s going on. Men stand in underwear talking to men wearing spandex, like it’s a “normal”.

Richie Phoenix (AKA: Derek Miller, real name) has a group listening to his story, on how he broke his ankle in a match years before. The match most students have seen as part of their training, the topic of that day’s lesson: “Know you’re limitations”. Richie Phoenix is one of the H.A.W.A. trainers; a big brother to most of the students, every word that comes out of his mouth is a test to most who know him to see if he can “work you”. (“Work” in this case is to pull a rib on person) His charm and physique can still woo the female fans, but its love of everything 80’s that makes him so unique. “Hair metal” bands, million dollar physique, and spandex you got “Richie Phoenix”.

Lance Reaver (AKA: Marcus Benson, real name) is breaking out a folding camping chair he brought from home, and setting in a corner by himself. He “gears up” by going through the motions of shorts first; knee pads second, kick pads third, and last boots.

Glenn Leetch (AKA: “Trent Grunge”) laughs along with a story being told by Ike Reloeugh (AKA: “Mr. Death”). They’ve shared so many shows and stories they both can finish any story the other started. When the casual fan thinks of “wrestlers” those are the guys most think of. There the guys who “look” the part of a pro wrestler. Reloeugh is a mammoth of man, standing over 6 ft 4 he looks the part of NFL “linebacker”. While Leetch has a different level of “professional” than most around Iowa are used to. He is the one who came the closest of the guys, in this locker room to “making it” after getting a match for a major company “down south” a couple of years before.

Jeremy peaks his head in the locker room just long enough to yell, “Doors are open!”

Miles heads to a corner that CJ and Javier have claimed as their territory. A small 5 foot section is all they need as Javier grabs and unfolds a couple of chairs.

Will, sprays his hair down with water, while running his fingers threw his hair, thinking to himself about the promised push he got from Jeremy last week. Not even 21 yet and they’re talking about giving him the world title already. Son of a preacher, so young and so innocent, the world of pro wrestling will chew him up sooner than anyone would ever expect.

Menace (AKA: John Harper, real name), the giant 6 foot 9 monster, with no talent bends over lacing up his boots. Going over his match mentally, he loses himself and has to restart. Just that feeling before shows, make him so nervous he can’t remember the simplest things. It frustrates him and in these moments, it turns to anger, the anger mixing with his “cycle” will lead to little temper tantrums that people have gotten used to ignoring, as part of him dealing with stress. He’ll knock over a chair to break chain of confusion in his head. Most in the locker room wouldn’t even have the balls to confront him on the steroid issue.

**Narrator (In CJ's voice): "Fans flood in the arena, rushing to ringside to get the best seats. Then like cattle they'll heard to the gimmick tables buying pictures, posters, DVD's. They walk by "the door", the one where the wrestlers come out of. "Backstage" as we call it, the fans know not to cross that line. That's the line where reality quits existing, and the illusion of the show takes over. The curtain sways; they'll crane their necks to see just a glimpse of the locker room, a flash of someone's arm here , a second of someone in black tights walking by is all they'll get, most of the time."**

Turning on his ipod, Miles sits down, starting to undress, he clicks threw songs till he finds, "Comfortably Numb" by Pink Floyd. All sound escapes, except, "Comfortably Numb" by Pink Floyd.

Virgil pulls all the younger guys towards the center, for a "before show pep talk". He could completely lie to each one of these kids and tell them they're going to make it one day, but he never has. His words are worth gold and he takes special care in mentoring the next generation of "H.A.W.A. Superstars".

Virgil "You know.... you really have to be thinking at all times in your matches...this isn't some freaking ballet.... you know...we do this "entertaining stuff"...and it's great! Even when it's not...but you really have to be there for everyone, every second in this business...the promoter.... you're "crew"...even the fans...not just show-casing who you are...but you have to showcase WHO you CAN be...and who you're opponent can be.. You each have a job to promote each other and to promote all of us together; because without the company, you're just some losers "who does that gay wrestling stuff". You each have a duty to show everyone, everyday, just how special you guys are..."

Miles gets ready, exhaling slow and long, trying to calm himself down, looking around at locker room, at Javier bent over, lacing up boots. Listening to Billy rattle off spots (moves he wants to hit in the match). Miles sees Virgil sitting with his previous students, putting on his masked gimmick (masked wrestler he also performs), getting ready for the first of his two matches, laughing at someone's joke.

As the music continues, Miles tries to push out all of the anxiety he's feeling by doing some push-ups, to get the arms to look "pump" ("pump": to look more chiseled). Hindu squats to his legs stretched.

CJ already dressed, in his "biker shorts" that look similar to Miles, but just in different colors. Miles and CJ were never given any "push" (storyline in the shows that promote characters), so they opted to do a tag team instead. Their strongest ability is making their opponents look "better", by hiding the things they cannot do, and maximizing the things they do well. CJ starts to stretch, as Will walks up, not waiting for the right moment, or even discussing where he wants to add spots, he starts listing more moves he wants to hit.

CJ makes eye contact with Javier, as both feel that same thought at each other, "Oh

god...Willy...” Will being so young, doesn’t realize just how he comes off looking. There are a certain percentage of wrestlers, who want all the focus and attention they can garner in each and every match, Will happens to fall in this category.

Miles jumps up, jumping up and down, looking past everyone including Will, who’s listing off moves to Miles. Miles, not trying to be a “prick”, but knows Will and how he gets right before matches, this is nothing new, as William will forget most of what he rambles off before matches. It’s just an anxiety thing; you can forgive him for that.

Miles (Interrupting Will, with lyrics of the song) “You’re lips move...but I can’t hear what you’re saying...”

Will has a displeased look on his face as Miles walks away, starting his routine of pacing, and trying to focus. Will continues listing off spots. Will’s partner, Rex Sonna makes eye contact with Javier with a, “I’m sorry” look. Sonna (AKA: Tyler Randolph, real name) was, in the beginning one of the worst guys to Miles, CJ, and Javier. He and his two brothers, Jon Carlyle (AKA: Jim Randolph, real name) and “Maniac Marc”, (AKA: Brian Randolph, real name) are all professional wrestlers, who were all trained by Virgil. Just these three were the ones who “didn’t get” what this business is all about. These three lived by believing that they were as bad as their characters were portrayed. In doing so, they left their scars on two generations on students, now leaving them with less and less allies to “make them look good”.

The crowd noise grows louder; Mile’s nervousness makes him pace trying to block out any negative thoughts, or spots involving Sonna. Javier begins stretching, still listening to William rattling off moves involving him. CJ placates Will, pretending to listen but really mocking him while his back is turned. Everyone involved in the match, already tired from listening to William trying to make himself more important than he should be.

Wrestlers are rubbing themselves down with baby oil. Water is sprayed in mists all around the locker room. Some wrestlers don’t even notice the “murmur” of the crowd, or even when Jeremy peaks his head in the locker room threw the curtain.

A goofy smile crosses his face before he yells, “SHOW-TIME!”

### **Indy Sleaze Episode 1 Act 4 (Match Time)**

Right before their match, Miles, Javier, CJ, Sonna, Will and another opponent, Lance Reaver (AKA: Marcus Benson) all wait together behind the curtain with impatience. Introductions, announcements, the national anthem make them wait. Opening the show is a job saved for “rooks” and people not in storylines, tonight Miles, CJ and Javier are just happy to be in a match, together. Random spots listed off by everyone to anyone listening, chaotic confusion as they rush to get their words out before music drowns out all sound.

Will (Explaining the “hot tag” (near climax of match, involving the baby face taking over the match) of the match to Miles, then to CJ) “...Yeah...then I come in.... Yeah! Yeah! C’mon people! Boom, inzaguri (kick to the head of an opponent) on you, CJ, I catch YOU! No...not today....Boom...Over Drive!” (“Over Drive”: name of a move William hits, involving a big “bump”.)

Reaver (To Sonna) “...THEN, you take my arm...start working that...I’ll cut you off with something cheap....” Reaver was trained along with Miles, CJ and Javier, but was a “different breed” of wrestler. They all share the “backyard” past, but their paths never crossed, and their attitudes towards others in the business are completely different. Reaver was someone who always seems to have a chip on his shoulder, and is very anal about wrestling. Never fully “getting along”, their relationships are always one wrong comment away from crossing the line. Tonight will be a test to all involved, to see if they all can work together as the egos and personalities have proved, in the past to be a road block.

Miles (To Javier, in brotherly-private conversation) “Just relax...Don’t WORRY...You get lost, tag one of US in, make it look like you want us get our asses kicked...”

Sonna (To CJ, trying to portray their characters to be “gay” tonight) “I think you guys can get some REAL heat tonight if you do the gay gimmick...”

Miles (Listening to Sonna, but talking to Javier) “Is he trying to get us to do the gay gimmick...AGAIN?”

Jeremy (Announcing in Ring)

“OUR NEXT MATCH THIS EVENING IS A 3-WAY-TAG TEAM MATCH!”

(Crowd reacts, sounding interested in a “different” style of match)

Javier (Pumping himself up, and trying to pump up everyone else involved in the match)

“Alright fellas.... let’s rock this house...”

Juan bumps fists with everyone involved. Saving Miles for last, Javier fakes the fist bump, then pulling Miles in for a big hug. Javier’s already covered in sweat, and most of it rubs off on Miles. Miles inhales the stench of body order covered by cologne.

Javier (To Miles) “Good luck...TIGER!”

Sonna (To Miles) “YOU’RE the one in a tag team named, “S and M”!” (S and M standing for “Swift and Martin”, but playing off the initials)

Miles (To Sonna) “It’s SWIFT-MILES! We save the “gay” for the “shooters.” (“Shooters-shooting” to “act” real, or not do as much “acting”)

Jeremy (In Ring) “From Vancouver, British Columbia, and from Red Deer, Alberta, Canada, this is Miles Martin and C-J-SWIFT...S and M!”

Sonna (To Miles, faking a serious face) “I’ll show YOU smooth, when I lick the sweat off that SMOOTH lil-ASS of YOU’RS!”

After the “initiation process”, Sonna tried making up for all the little barbs he sent Miles way. The endless “constructive” criticisms of Miles performances, the cheap shots behind his back, and the advantages taken on him in matches, all leading to an unfavorable view. His first impression of Sonna was that of someone who thought he was better than everyone, or someone who was intimidated by the talent shown by the next generation, either way Miles couldn’t tell where the real problem laid.

Sonna cracking a smile, Miles heads towards curtain. CJ already heading toward curtain, Will catches him before he can go out, slapping his ass hard, making CJ “jump” threw curtain. CJ’s first impression on the fans tonight is him seen hoping and selling his ass then, into his natural swagger as the “heel” character.

Will (Laughing to no one in particular) “GOOD GAME!”

Miles, backing up to the curtain, preventing any attempted Ass-Slap.

Miles (To Sonna, trying to keep the serious look on his face) “Oh yeah? I don’t want to steal any gimmicks YOU make look real”

Miles pivots on right foot, looking at Sonna for a second. Seeing his rib landing on Sonna’s face, he appears to “spin” out of locker room, breaking through the curtain, while yelling, “All you people WANT me!”

Miles (looking directly at female fan in a sea of male fans) “I KNOW I’m a deep dish of sexy baby....you don’t need to remind me...”

The female fan shakes her head, yelling something derogatory, Miles turns back at her.

Miles “...No, SWEETIE...I wasn’t talking to YOU....I was talking to YOU’RE MAN, I saw him wanting a “buck-fifty” slice of Miles!”

The boyfriend shakes his head “NO”, as his buddies taunt him. Before female fan can come back with an insult, Martin spins away, towards CJ, who is winding up to “bump knuckles” with Miles. Before their knuckles touch, an imaginary force field pushes their fists away from each other. CJ sells his fist, shaking out the pain, as a fan yells,

“What? You get arthritis from JERKIN him OFF??!!....”

Fans all around who hear comment laugh out loud, good heel heat to start off with. CJ hears, wanting to really work the closest fans, he stops to stare at the fan with wide eyes and an evil look on his face.

**Narrator (In Miles voice): “CJ has always been great at reacting. Whatever fans come up with saying towards him, he always is so quick with something to yell right back at them. The magic though, is the way he says it, so convincing, like he really believes what he says.”**

CJ (To fan) “If you saw what HE was packing down there, YOU’D get arthritis TOO!...”

The fan completely caught off guard, lost and not knowing exactly what to say at this point, not expecting that comment. As CJ tries turning the insult back on the insulter, waiting for his moment he knows is coming.

Fan (caught off guard) “No, no I wouldn’t...”

CJ “Oh...you WOULD’NT would you? (Nodding his head in a patronizing manor) You look like you’ve been jerking guys off, all your life! .

CJ continues to stare at fan. Fans laugh, as the fan with arthritis comment is now part of the spot light, without really wanting to be.

CJ (To Fan)”That’s why you don’t talk trash to big boys; we put you back in your place! Boom, Daddy!” (CJ struts away, letting the fans know he won the battle of wits)

Miles jumps over the ropes and into the ring, immediately talking trash to the referee, and Jeremy for no reason. CJ, knowing at all times where Miles is, tries to cut his trash talking short so their “pose” can get remembered. The entrance is just as important as the finish, as it’s the moment you really show case you’re character without someone taking the moment from you.

The fan now embarrassed by CJ, wanting to get a moment of respect back in front of all these strangers, flips CJ the bird. Fans around him notice and wait for CJ to react, if he even sees at all, as CJ jumps to apron.

CJ (Barely looking towards fan, but says insult directly towards) “No...you can’t have BOTH of us!”

The crowd around the fan, explode with laughter as CJ steps threw middle rope, spinning and pivoting on his left foot, in sync with Miles together they climb ropes on opposing corners, posing as their music hits it chorus.

Jeremy stands in the center of ring, with referee, a half smile on his face. He knows there’s magic with these two together as a team, Miles walks up talking what looks to be trash, while shadow boxing his gut.

Jeremy (trying hard not to laugh) “AND NEXT...from Players, New Mexico, and.... Detroit Michigan.... We have...JUA VY-D and....Lance-REAVER!”

Javier comes out waving a Mexican flag, as Reaver follows, faking a strike at a fan. The

reaction is mixed, with some fans not caring enough to react. Overall Javier and Reaver establish themselves as people not to root for.

**Narrator (In CJ's voice):"Javier's strength isn't the working of the crowd, so much as it's his "in ring" work, the bumps he takes and his ability to get back up after making something look so devastating, that's where he gets over."**

Javier talk's trash to fans, as Reaver looks like he just hates being there. Making their way to the ring, Javier climbs the ropes and waves his flag, yelling random Spanish at the crowd, none of it makes sense, but the Iowa fans don't seem to notice. The crowd yells racist insults as their music ends, most of it directed at Javier. The anger in the crowd only makes the next couple of seconds work even better, as they wait patiently for the team that represents "them". The team to come out and gives both of these teams what they need, an "ass whooping".

Jeremy "...AND last...we have from Ft. Dodge and Indianola, IOWA.... This is Willy Phoenix AND REX-SONNA!"

Music hits. Crowd goes nuts, as "Guerilla Radio" by "Rage Against the Machine" blares. The music, so loud it forces people to get up and care. Sonna appears with an American flag waving it as Billy bursts out yelling, "C'MON PEOPLE!"

Sonna and Will make their way to the ring, only after "high-fiving" everyone in the first 5 rows. The presence of the American flag always gets complete support of the fans, in any town. Sonna agreeing with some fans, turns to his opponents show casing the flag like its bullet proof receives a huge "pop" from the crowd. ("Pop" moment of reaction, very loud)

### **Highlights of match:**

Miles and CJ double team Willy, Willy "comes back" firing punch after punch, bumps both Miles and CJ (crowd getting really excited) only to be crushed when Javier cuts off Willy from behind, doing the "hair pull bump" as Willy hits the ropes. (Grabbing Willy by the hair as he comes off of ropes closest to Javier, pulling him down to the ground, Willy sells the pain.) Crowd reacts with anger.

Reaver and Javier work together, before colliding into each other, Willy makes another comeback. Crowd grows louder with each punch thrown; CJ and Miles sneak in the ring, behind Willy's back, as Willy turns to run off ropes, CJ catches him perfectly for their tag team finisher. A "spine buster" (CJ grabs and hoists person in air, jumping bump for person taking), the same time, Miles spring boards (jumps into ring, by jumping from outside apron and then jumping off of top rope) into the ring from the outside apron. Miles catches Willy with a "reverse bulldog" (Grabs opponent around head and flowing with spot in progress, drives" back of opponents head into ground) as CJ is brings him down in the "spine buster". A perfect bump, the crowd "oohs" as Miles and CJ work the crowd for heat, their spot perfect, and catching the important eyes of their superiors.

Reaver and CJ whip Willy into a corner the heel teams working together. Reaver then whips

(throws person running towards a direction) CJ towards Willy. Willy already selling in corner gets a moment of energy, catching CJ with a boot to the face. CJ sells back, Willy runs towards CJ, jumps towards CJ grabbing him for one of his spots, a “tornado DDT”, (Willy would grab CJ, arm wraps around CJ’s head, CJ lifts Willy in air, swings him around, then take a front bump as Willy lands on his back, this spot hurts CJ not Willy) as CJ lifts Willy up and swings him towards Reaver, Willy’s feet, still kicking, catches Reaver in the head, Reaver “not expecting”, bumps and sells. CJ turns with Willy still attached to him and front bumps, CJ sells his head as Willy’s “tornado DDT” electrifies crowd. Willy still down, selling the beating he’s suffered threw, CJ and Reaver sell their heads, as all 3 men sell, the crowd is at its loudest. Sonna’s “job” is to get the crowd behind Willy enough to where Willy can tag him in. He paces back and forth, waving his hands to get as much noise as possible; Sonna’s fired up in the corner, the crowd WILLING Billy to make the tag. Willy crawls, as the crowd is yells. Willy crawls, selling the pain, the crowd louder, even more desperate for him to make the tag. Just as Reaver gets up to stop him, Willy jumps with all of his energy, making the tag to Sonna. Crowd goes nuts, as Sonna comes in on “fire”. Throwing everything he has into the punches the crowd reacts louder and louder, seeing how their energy is channeling threw Sonna.

**Shoot to: (Locker room)** Steve watching match from behind the curtain, street clothes on over his gear. Pacing, as he hears the reaction from the crowd, jealousy takes hold as he wants a way to get back at Javier, Miles and CJ. Then it hits him, he remembers a prank pulled years ago. Going over to “Ver. 2.0’s area, he starts grabbing all of Miles, Javier and CJ’s street clothes, any clothes he can find of theirs, and starts stuffing everything into his sports bag. Other wrestlers talk, not paying attention as they plan out their respective matches. Steve looks over his back, making sure no one paid attention to him, grabbing his keys he heads for his car threw a side door. Walking past the fans threw the crowd; no fans notice him with his hood covering his head. Walking as fast as possible to not attract attention, Steve hurries to his car, unlocking the trunk. An evil smile on his face as unloads the contents of the bag, quickly closing the trunk and getting back inside before anyone notices he’s missing. Steve laughs out loud, knowing he is alone outside and no one will see his prank coming, and he just wished he could be there when they come back after their match and realize they got ribbed.

**Shoot to: (Match)** Willy in the ring ducks a clothesline from Miles. Miles misses, and spins, Willy picks him up, then dropping him with a “sit out scoop slam”. (Picks Miles up on shoulder, flips him onto his back as Willy goes to ass) Crowd pops loud, as CJ comes running over. Willy already waiting, hits his “inzaguri kick” spot (Kick to opponent in which person delivering kick turns in mid air, using opponent to push off of point to land kick) on CJ. Crowd pops as Willy yells to crowd, hulking up.

CJ and Miles, both selling on mat, they both know Willy reversed the spot, it was supposed to be saved for Miles, and instead of hitting it on looking at each other and mentally converse about Willy changing the “spot”.

Miles (To CJ, mentally in subtitles): “F\*@king IDIOT!”

CJ (To Miles, mentally in subtitles): “I KNOW! Have him do the kick AGAIN...on you!”



Quick!”

Miles (To CJ, mentally in subtitles): “You SUCK as a tag partner! I hate you!...”

CJ has hurt look on his face as he sells his head. Miles slowly sells up, as Willy has his back turned, checking on Sonna, who’s getting attacked on the outside by Javier and Reaver. Crowd screams louder for Willy to “turn around” as Miles creeps up from behind, ready to attack. Willy hears their screams, spins and hits Miles in the face with a stiff (stiff: hard blow not pulled) “spinning back punch”.

Miles groans loud in pain, turning away he tries covering his nose as blood pours out. Willy doesn’t notice and immediately uses Miles for his “izaguri kick”, which misses Mile’s head, but Willy’s left foot (which is used to “climb” opponent during move”) pushes Miles down, the kick misses its mark, as Willy’s weight forces Miles down and away, making the spot look “off”.

Crowd sees the “miss”; some react as if an actor has missed his spot, some fans who don’t notice the mistake still pop. Miles rolls away in anger, holding his nose, but instinctively selling back of head, for the sake of the moment.

CJ rushes towards Willy, Willy catches CJ reversing quickly he maneuvers CJ into his “Over-Drive” spot. (Spot in which Willy catches CJ running towards Willy; Willy grabs and pulls CJ into his body spinning it one way, while his body contorts the other way, CJ bumps to his back, while Willy bumps to his ass) The mere second it takes to perform the spot the entire crowd is silent, waiting, watching the move as it happens, then they explode in unison as CJ sells in pain. Willy’s up, still selling the beating he’s been taking, motioning to the crowd for the top rope. Fans start to stand together, getting their cameras ready for an amazing picture, Willy climbs the ropes

Steve walks back inside, watching the action in the ring as he heads for the locker room. Willy works the crowd, as he climbs the ropes, slowly getting to a standing position on the top rope. The crowd screams, wanting, needing Willy Phoenix to hit this, for America. Finally readying himself Willy waits for the last possible moment to jump, the crowd eyes wide open, some gasp as he propels himself completely forward, flipping through the air, lights flashing from the crowd, he lands stomach on stomach onto CJ. More flashes go off, as Willy’s in mid air hitting his “450 splash”, perfectly. Camera flashing ceases, the crowd ecstatic, counting in unison with the referee.

“1.....”

Javier quits selling and climbs to the top rope, watching the action he knows his timing for this is everything, because if he doesn’t hit this right, it will screw up everything. He knows what “everything” is an instant, his immediate future, this match, his “push”, and more importantly his reputation. His feet steady, no wavering.

“2!”

The crowd barely waits for “2”, not noticing Javy D, pushing down off the top rope, propelling himself across the ring in mid air. His arms back, knees bent, feet back fans gasp. The referee’s arm held in the air, what seems like an eternity before the trajectory brings it downward. Javier tilting forward, keeping his joints bent, he brings elbows and knees together, trying to land as little of the weight as possible on his “friends”.

Javier lands just as some in the crowd count “3!” Referee Don Gabriel (AKA: Don Gabriel) arms comes down a second slower than the crowd. The weight and momentum of a 250 pound man landing on another 200 pound man covering another man have an immediate ripple effect on everyone involved. The force pushing the referee up off the mat, for a second he floats. CJ, on the bottom of this car wreck, takes immediate weight in his mid section; his face contorts as the air is compressed out. Willy’s head jerks back and air is pressed out of him quicker than an air compressor.

The crowd gasps, scared, frightened, that their boy just got screwed, or worse “hurt”.

Javier peels Willy off of CJ, and rolling him up. No life in Willy Phoenix they know it’s over. Some still look for the “miracle”, but Sonna still laying on the ground is nowhere near.

The crowd together screams, “NO!” They call Javier a “Cheater”, a “Border jumper”, a “Piece of shit”. There’s always that one fan who says the swear word they all collectively think, usually it’s the one with the lowest I.Q. A real live anger coming from the fans now, Javier stares at one fan with a determined look as pins Willy Phoenix.

Referee counts, “1...2...3!”

All is silent until the crowd Boo’s echo throughout the gymnasium. For a couple of seconds their anger shows just how bad they wanted a face to win. Javier gets up slowly, living in this moment, his moment. Reaver and Javier exchange looks of satisfaction, breaking character only a worker would see to marvel in “what they just did”. Miles selling on the outside, almost smiling at the beauty, the anarchy they just created. The fans still acting wildly as Javier and Reaver’s music cues up, most are drowned out with in the first seconds. Some fans stand and clap some still taunting the heels.

Willy lies dead in the ring, still selling gasps for air. Sonna crawls over to him, he tells him, “Good job kid.” with the referee, they check over him as Javier and Reaver walk away, victorious. On the apron, Javy D and Reaver look back at the fallen faces, making sure as many people, together they laugh out loud. Reaction from the crowd is heated but mute to the loud music as the winners walk to the back, arms raised and talking trash to anyone close.

Miles staggers up and crawls in the ring, trying to pull the still selling CJ across the mat. CJ goes “dead sell” (completely dead weight, no movement at all) as Miles attempt to pull him out of the ring fails. Miles works the moment by falling to his ass, not moving CJ an inch. Jeremy notices Miles giving the crowd something to laugh at once again, a trait not many would do in a moment like this, “keeping the moment theirs” for as long as possible.

CJ “comes to” gasping for air and asking Miles loud enough for people around to hear, “Did I get pinned?” Miles returns with a head shake “no” and CJ collapses celebrating, like they won the match. A moment not lost on the fans, which only gets them angry again. The music dies off and the fans can talk trash to the wrestlers, and Miles and CJ feel the wrath of their anger all the way to the back. They disappear selling threw the curtain as a fan yells, “Go back to Canada!”

Willy lies, still selling in the ring. Milking the moment for all its worth, his job as a baby face is to make them care about him, William knows how long to ham this up without making Willy Phoenix look “weak”. Slowly sitting up, he shakes his fist in anger, a “sorry I let you down” look on his face. The crowd sees their hero ashamed of himself, they applaud his effort. Sonna helps him to his feet as they clap for the match they just witnessed. It’s not “ROH” (Ring of Honor- wrestling federation with work-rate that makes this look like child’s play.), but the fans tonight appreciate it for what it was, letting the wrestlers know. Within 5 minutes Willy quits selling and is up on ropes posing as Sonna and Will’s music plays. Sonna sees the reaction is for “the kid” and not him, gets his America flag, waving outside the ring, with the fans. Some fans “high five” him, he continues to wave as Willy standing on the 2<sup>nd</sup> rope looks down, noticing Sonna “taking the crowd from him”. Timing the music as the chorus hits, he poses one last time, the “Willy Phoenix pose” he pulls them in. Their egos colliding after the match, as Sonna stands under Phoenix on the ground waving the flag high, almost cutting Phoenix out of the view of fans. The move only backfires as fans rush to get the shot, a perfect shot of Willy Phoenix posing as the American flag waves in and out of shot. Sonna, thinking the moment also involves him, keeps waving, only fueling the flashes of light.

Only a worker would notice this clash of egos in an opening match, Jeremy laughs as the older worker, working so hard to steal the moment, only fueled it. He watches from the sidelines, at the amazing promo picture he can now make money off of promo picks with. (8 x 10 pictures sold as “promo picks” usually wrestler will sign) The crowd pops for the losing baby faces, but mostly for this kid, “Willy Phoenix”.

### **After match in Locker room:**

All 6 men gather to talk, apologize, give criticism, and feedback. Miles adjusts his nose, blood seeps out. Willy apologizes, again. A minute later they shake hands, some hug it out, all head their separate ways all agreeing to a “decent match”, “crowd loved it”.

Jeremy starts announcing the next match as Miles, CJ and Javier head for their bags, not listening, knee deep in their own conversations as Steve’s music is cued up. Steve, at the curtain, doesn’t make any eye contact, trying to focus on his match, he steps threw the curtain to a chorus of boo’s. Miles walking up to his area is first to notice. Everything is gone, their clothes, all of them, are missing.

Miles (to Javier and CJ) “OUR STUFF!....”

Javier (confused) “What?... WHICH stuff?...”

Miles “Our clothes!...MY clothes are gone...My shoes...My brand new Puma’s....GONE!...”

CJ (checking his bag) “All mine...well,..Not all mine...I still have a SOCK...for some reason....”

Javier (checking over his bag he shakes his head “no”) “My cologne....who?!....Son of a .....

Miles, Javier and CJ all make eye contact at the same time, knowing who perpetrated this rib, all three at the same time say, “STEVE!”

Javier (eye balling the smile on Virgil’s face) “You have something to do with THIS OLD-MAN-RIVER?!”....

Virgil (smiling) “Who? Me?” In his best innocent tone, “No...but...I did see a certain...Steve take his things out to his car...wonder why he would do that?”

CJ “His things?”

Virgil (wrapping his wrist in athletic tape) “Or maybe it was someone else’s....I don’t know...I am OLD and all...can’t see too well...”

Will (chiming in as he looks over an area where he thought he left his gear) “They got me too!”

Reaver (To Will) “No one got you...”Kelso”...you put your stuff in the locker NEXT TO MINE!”

Reaver opens said locker, revealing all of William’s clothes. In the heat of the moment, the stupidity of William’s comment adds the extra “kick to the groin” that most ribs deliver. Everyone in the locker room, wrestlers, managers, ring crew all watching and laughing at their expense. Javier grabs a cigarette wanting to storm outside and freak out without making a scene, he stops himself.

Will (embarrassed at himself) “OH...yeah....”

CJ (Trying hard not to sound like a “rook” to Virgil) “So...ha-ha...funny joke on the green horns...so are we expected to go out ...in our gear?”

Virgil smiles back at CJ, not responding.

CJ “...To the bar?!?!...”

Virgil (smile widens) “You know what...I’m just you’re trainer...not you’re stylist...or you’re daddy.... figure it out...I got more important things to do, I gotta go beat up some baby faced

chump named...”Glenn Beetch!”

Leetch overhears his name and comes over laughing, still wrapping his wrist in black athletic tape.

Leetch (chimes in, nodding with Virgil) “Yeah...beat his ass...He married some hot chick named “Vivian”...He probably deserves it!”

Virgil and Leetch have such a history together at this point; they don’t even talk out matches together. If they do, it’s usually really quick and it’s just moments of time, but for them, it maps everything else out for them. The start, the finish, the “come back”, the “heat”, everything in between spoken without words between two “vets”. They walk off together, talking about Virgil’s daughter.

Miles smiles to himself, as his mind plots their revenge on Steve. Javier picks up the smile wanting “in” on Miles plan already, knowing how badly Miles takes to “losing”.

Javier (Smiling asking Miles) “What? I know that evil little smile...”

Miles (Talking so only Javier and CJ can hear) “His keys...he couldn’t, he wouldn’t leave his keys anywhere but in here (motioning around locker room) “Were not defeated yet...Find his keys...we find our stuff, just play along ...we can turn this back on him!”

CJ (Jumping in to finish the trio’s thought) “...And move his car!”

Miles, CJ and Javier all laugh, sharing the same thought as they separate in different directions to find Steve’s keys before his match is over and their time runs out to “audible the rib”, get their stuff back and to make Steve sorry he messed with them tonight.

## **Indy Sleaze Pilot Episode Act 5 (Morning After)**

Time 10:00am

Location: Hotel room in Cedar Rapids

The walls, a color of yellow that makes you not want to stay in the room longer than you have to. The curtains, blue, are drawn. The light barely creeps in at the edges, with the snow reflecting off the ground, its brighter than it should be outside, making the room darker. The television on “Sports Center”, the volume turned to low to hear. Cigarette and weed haze fill room as blanket drapes across picture window, shielding away outside morning light. Weed spread out on table, empty beer cans spread across room. Miles and CJ share one of the two beds in the room, both in a deep sleep, as Javier sleeps on the other by himself. CJ and Miles both hug the edges, lying on opposite ends of each other. Javier’s sound asleep, snoring, sprawled out across his bed. Will

asleep on floor with a girl, no one can name. The faint smell of sex still lingers in the air.

Alarm buzzes waking Miles up, he swings at it incoherently with his fists and feet. Knocking it over, it stops buzzing as Miles throws a kick nowhere near its mark. CJ squints, with eyes still closed. Javier still snores.

Miles sits up slowly feeling his hangover mixed with last night's bumps kick in; Miles reaches for what's left of his "Gatorade". Not noticing a cigarette butt floating in his drink, Miles chugs. His head weaves, as he nonchalantly pulls the wet butt from his mouth, tossing it on CJ's back. It sticks only to wake CJ.

CJ (growls, voice gruff from night before) "Awwwww...What's wet on my back?"...

Miles ignores, walking to bathroom, he sees the opportunity and a prone William lying asleep. Making sure his pace isn't hampered in any way, kicking Will in the head along the way.

Will (snapping awake out of anger) "Dude, my head!"

Miles (responding with just as much anger) "Dude, my nose!"

Miles continuing to the bathroom flipping William off without turning around. Not waiting for a reaction, he closes the door and locking it for his 10 minutes of "alone time" this weekend. Just enough time to shit, shower and shave. Miles turns on the shower, wanting the hot water on his sore body as soon as possible

CJ still on the bed stirring, he finally gives up getting any more sleep. Deciding to wake up, and deal with the aches and pains. His world blurry, forcing him to reach for his glasses. His hangover strong, but with his eyes being forced to see all the light creeping in, it intensifies, forcing him to keep his eyes closed.

CJ "Willy...you're just like...lucky I don't come over there and take a dump on you, for last night!"

Will (Lying awake but with his eyes closed) "What...what did I do...last night?"

CJ "You don't remember?"

### **CJ's Flashback to bar, night before:**

Wrestlers at bar, everyone having good time. CJ is talking to a girl. (Who is now lying on floor with Will.) Will comes into group, buys everyone shots (even though he isn't drinking age yet) and proceeds to work the "young-innocent-local wrestler" angle with said female. CJ gets pushed to side and forgotten within seconds.

CJ “Seriously...dude...how COULD you NOT remember that?!?...”

Will (still laying with his eyes closed) “I don’t remember...wait...I remember...”

**Will’s Flashback to bar, night before:**

Javier taking shot after shot, with any and all wrestlers, the “Dance Off” between Javier and Richie Phoenix. A crowd of 20 or more gathered to watch a 35 year old “Superstar of the 80’s vs. a 22 year old 250 pound Mexican who can “Free Style” and can “Beat-Box”. Will, setting at bar barely notices, working his “young-suave” gimmick, as CJ tries to rebound with said girl. The crowd impressed with Javier’s “skills” steals everyone else’s attention long enough for Will to surprise said girl with a kiss. CJ was more interested in Javier and Richie.

CJ “Yeah....that’s one way to remember it....”

Javier snores loud momentarily breaking the tension, long enough for CJ to beam a half empty pack of cigarettes at Javier, hitting him square in the face. Javier quits snoring, eyes still closed; licking his lips he rolls over, staying asleep.

Forgetting last night completely, in the middle of his shower, Miles yells, “We got our clothes....RIGHT?!...”

**Flashback to Steve’s match, night before:**

Javier looking in the rusted lockers came across Steve’s keys within a minute. Grabbing their bags, they hurry outside. Locating Steve’s car, Miles and CJ grab their stuff, cramming as much in as fast as possible. Javier in the driver seat waits impatiently for the trunk to close and he can park Steve’s car some place “perfect” for their prank.

**Narrator (In Javier’s voice): “When Miles gets “burnt” by someone with a prank or a cheap shot, he’s not the type of person to just lose. No...no...that little prick is evil. I tell you this because I know, I’m one of his friends...ha-ha ha I’ve known him longer than most. So needless to say, when we got burnt that time, I knew he would be the one to come up with something better. To make it even, and then some.”**

CJ started his wagon even before Miles returned with the rest of their stuff. He liked to think of himself as “professional” in the form aft of “pranking”. This moment, in his car he “wills” Miles to close the door, speeding up the time and efficiency of their “mission”. Miles shoots him a “sorry” look. Their conversation mute, but Miles is informed of his insubordination.

Parking and turning Steve’s lights off, it’s completely dark. No light, and no cars for at least 3 blocks in any direction, Javier exits after turning on the emergency flashers and locking the door. The flashers signaling, like a beacon just where Javier is, and how far away he’s parked, CJ and Miles pull up and without words CJ jumps over and Javier gets in and drives back to the show.

### **Back to Morning After:**

CJ cracks the door open long enough to say “yes” then closes it without looking in. Will is already asleep again, snuggling next to the unknown girl. Javier stirs, his eyes closed he blindly reaches for his smokes, pulling one out and putting it to his lips he pauses. Patting the bed CJ stops Javier by walking by and flicks his lighter close to Javier’s cigarette. Pretending to light Javier’s cigarette for him CJ amuses himself by watching the comedy of the moment. Javier pulls hard off the cigarette that’s not lit and stretches, his eyes still closed. He knows, by past experience, that if Javier’s eyes are not open, then he is not awake. CJ takes note of the: “if cigarette was lit, how many things would have gotten burnt list”. The blanket Javier’s wrapped in, check. The bed Javier is still asleep in, check. The wooden head board, Javier drags the cigarette across, which would have rained little embers onto the pillow in which Javier’s head lay, check.

CJ yelling to Javier, “TONS O FUN, get up!”

Javier’s head and body jerk away, still asleep; not wanting to be woke up yet he rolls away. Which only fuels CJ as he jumps up on the bed, hanging over Javier he can’t decide on whether to attack or tease. The unknown girl is awake now; she has no clue of where she is, or who has his arm around her.

CJ (To Javier in placating voice) “Ja-vier....sweetie....I got some “ho-ho’s”...and their all for you! You just have to open those pretty little peepers.”

Javier scratches his neck, licking lips; he shakes his head “no” and tries falling back into a deep sleep. CJ sets on the bed cross legged facing Javier, poking him with his lighter, when that go no reaction, he started lighting matches, letting them burn out; then tossing them onto Javier, still nothing.

Will sets up, only his head visible, “You seriously got “ho-ho’s”? I’ll take ‘em if he doesn’t want ‘em....”

The toilet flushes and CJ reacts quicker than the unknown girl, who didn’t realize she was naked with four guys staying in one room. As Miles comes out of bathroom, CJ heads in without any words or any cues. The girl only stops when Will wouldn’t give up on the sheet barely covering him.

Through the door to Miles, CJ barks, “You wake Javier up...You’re the only one who can do it right! (silence)...Did you clog the toilet?”

Miles “No...but I didn’t flush...”



CJ “Hope you get mauled by a bear. That’s just wrong”...

The unknown girl retches and Miles smiles at her, “I paid for the room, what about you?” Miles turns his back to her and gets dressed, trying to ignore her as much as possible as the shower kicks back on. Will stirs to life as the unknown girl tries getting dressed as fast as possible.

Will coming to life notices the girl and remembering the night before all in one instant, “Oh...hey babe...”

Girl looks at Will with confusion, “I’m not you’re “babe”....I have a boyfriend...”

**Narrator (In CJ’s voice): “Miles knows the trick of “Waking the Sleepin Mexican”. He’s done it so many times, let’s see; he did it when they worked together every day for two years in Fairfield. Then let’s see, they moved to Texas together, so I’m pretty sure he did it there for another six months. Oh and then there’s the time we all lived together in Iowa City, and I’m positive Miles did it everyday up there...so...yeah....let Miles handle this is what I have learned.”**

Miles breaks up a nugget of marijuana, a beautiful orange haired indigo, it’s something they usually cannot afford, but for a double shot weekend, it’s a weekend of fun and all expenses are pooled. The unknown girl watches Miles uncomfortable, not knowing what illicit drugs are being broken out. Miles loads the bowl, sparking a hit, and blowing directly it in Javier’s face.

Javier’s eyes blink wide open right after he smells the weed; he reaches for pipe and tries to acts like someone more awake. Miles pulls pipe away, making Javier reach and then set up, when Javier is setting upright, Miles gives him the pipe.

Will unsure of himself and his “game” at this point, he tries getting “back” in her good graces, “You want to get some .....

Before he can finish the sentence with the word “breakfast”, the unnamed girl is out the door, storming out she slams the door, no good byes, not even looking back.

Will “...Breakfast...”

Door closes so hard the security latch locks, the blanket covering the picture window falls, blinding white light reflects in off the snow outside. Miles, Javier and Will all too late to shield their eyes are momentarily blinded.

Will (jumps and “bumps” on Miles bed, selling the blinding light) “...Bitch...”

Javier exhaling enough weed smoke to choke most men, asks, “Who...was...anyone with Steve when he went to find his car?” Will lying on the bed eyes closed thinks back. Miles reaches for

the bowl, shrugs without care. The toilet flushes and CJ yells from the bathroom, “Ok, it went like this:”

### **Flashback to after show:**

Ring “tear downs” takes 45 minutes to an hour, depending on how sore the students are after the show. Some nights it flies by and other nights it’s like pulling teeth to get everyone to work together. Certain people are harder to get through to, as they’re egos give them all reasons for not helping. The Randolph’s setting together, still in character trying to get fans to want their autographs, while they purposely turn their backs to the ring. Willy Phoenix sits around the entrance, signing autographs, posing for pictures, “hamming” it up with fans, pretending not to notice, the group starting to loosen the ropes. Miles just gives Javier the look of astonishment as they work together getting the apron and padding off. Both notice the snickers from fans and some of the boys as all three, still play along with Steve’s joke, haven’t changed out of their gear.

Steve wanting to live in this moment for as long as possible, knowing he had these “rooks” by the balls, no one has pulled a prank like this in a while and wanted to savor every second he “had them”.

Steve (to CJ) “So...someone stole you’re clothes? That’s messed up!”

CJ (Pretending to be annoyed) “Yeah...pretty much...like to find out who did it...”

Steve (nodding his head in a noticeably fake agreement) “Yeah...I’ll bet...that guy screwed you guys good!”

CJ (nodding, trying not to overdo it) “Yeah...a real pro...well...”pros”...I don’t think it was just one guy on the grassy knoll...no...it was a “team effort”....

Steve smiling to himself, inside he’s exploding with happiness, not wanting to wait anymore, all he can think about is the moment he lets everyone know of his genius.

The final components of the ring are staged on the trailer, with tear down time taking just over an hour as only 4 students; Virgil and Richie Phoenix do the work. Phoenix and Virgil strap the ring to the trailer in the frigid cold with only short sleeve shirts on, as Jeremy starts handing out pay. Little white envelopes with your wrestling name on it in black marker, folded closed with the cheapest denomination of cash possible. The bigger bills reserved for “main-eventers”.

Building nearly empty, only workers and crew left cleaning up pop bottles and food wrapper s. The parking lot is empty except the wrestler’s and “tag-alongs” cars. Its oddly quiet compared to just an hour ago, all conversations bounce louder than normal off empty walls.

Steve “So...you guys are actually going to wear you’re gear to the bar?!?....”

CJ (Sincere as possible) “Oh yeah, what else are we going to wear?”

Steve has look of satisfaction across his face.

Jeremy (handing CJ his pay, seriously buzzed by this point) “The bar is...2 blocks down and to the left...the rest of your pay is free pitchers...”

Miles and Virgil, stand together less than a foot away from CJ and Steve’s conversation. Both listen in, knowing the rib being pulled on Steve, but acting casual.

Virgil (Smiling to Miles) “What did you guys do?”

Jeremy (Passing money to CJ and Steve interrupting their conversation) “Here’s your pay...go to the bar...”

Miles (Quietly so only Virgil can hear) “Got his gimmick...moved his heap...turned on the flashers to his car.... he’ll see it...eventually....”

Virgil (Interrupting Miles) “You’re not going to the bar like that though?”

Miles (laughing) “No...but that’s what we want him to think...”

Virgil (laughing) “Oh...I see (nodding with a blank expression) remind me to never cross you pricks...”

All wrestlers watch Steve silently as he says his goodbyes to the workers not making it to the bar. Everyone together, silently in on the real prank as word of mouth by some of the “vets” kept from Steve.

Miles, Javier and CJ wait for Steve to leave the building before rushing to locker room to change back into “going-out clothes”. As Steve heads out front door, some 7 grown men acting like teenagers, giggle as they run out side door, to secretly watch Steve look for his car from the shadows.

Miles, Javier and CJ in the locker room, rush to get their clothes back on and packed. Miles finishes first, kicking CJ’s shoes across locker room floor, they slide 10 feet further with the tiled floor. Miles and Javier laugh like kids, as CJ curses. CJ tries to chase Miles but Miles runs out of the locker room off before CJ can get his pants up all the way.

CJ is almost finishes, but retrieving his shoes he doesn’t notice Javier unzipping his bag, dumping all of his gear over the floor.

CJ (yells) “Prick! Javier!”

Javier runs out of locker room with his stuff as CJ chases close behind.

## Outside:

Steve is seen walking around, confused, holding his keys up, pushing “panic” button with no reaction. The wrestlers silently laugh together, huddled in the shadows and cold watching Steve, yelling, and stomping all alone. His “freak outs” are priceless and everyone who knows him enjoys getting his reactions witnessed by groups. Ever since his start in wrestling, everyone in this company enjoys ribbing Steve, by the end of most the “vet’s are rolling on the ground in tears.

CJ catches up to group.

CJ (Looking at Miles and Javier as he catches up to the group) “Dicks! What did I miss?”

Virgil “Everything, I think he’s about ready to pee himself...or call the cops!”

Steve looking for anyone to help him in this moment of crisis, being stuck in the middle of nowhere, his car stolen he dials on his phone. The wrestlers get quiet, wondering silently who he’ll call. Jeremy’s phone rings, makes him laugh instinctively, giving away their location. Steve looks up in the direction of Jeremy’s phone, noticing the group comes over to find Jeremy.

Steve (completely oblivious to the rib) “Hey there you are! Man...my car...It must have been stolen...first....”

Everyone realizes Steve has not noticed Miles, Javier and CJ completely dressed. They eye him and how long it takes for it to register with Steve.

Steve “I hit these guys earlier, and the little prick was tapes it and it’s my fault...So I have to pay them...Yeah! Hey! Wait...where did you guys?”

Realization hits Steve, as a defeated-ashamed look crosses his face before he can finish his sentence. All the wrestlers laughing as he stops talking, the rib getting turned on him, hits him at once.

Steve “So...duuudes...where’s my car?”....

Javier, Miles and CJ all look at each other, sharing a look in the laughter, holding the moment for dramatic pause.

Javier (To Steve pointing off into the darkness) “You see THOSE flashing lights?”

Steve (squinting) “No (squinting harder, realizing his situation)...yeah...oh god....”

Everyone laughing at Steve’s expense and his “journey” ahead of him, as his car is vaguely seen off in the distance some 2-3 blocks away. Trudging through the snow covered cornfield is the fastest route, but the hardest. Steve crosses the street awestruck by the turn of events.

Jeremy “You better start running if you want to make it before last call!”....

### **Flash back forward to Saturday morning:**

Javier squinting eyes back into focus. Miles stretches, popping neck then sternum. Will tries stretching and getting his eyes adjusted at the same time. The bathroom door swings open, with a horrible pungent smell that CJ created engulfs the room. For a moment, CJ celebrates, making everyone “enjoy”, only to be blinded by the bright light coming in through the window. Not expecting the light, he falls back in mid celebration.

Miles, Willy, and Javier all yell out in disgust, waving hands in front of faces as the smell spreads threw out the room. Miles starts to cough, as tears roll down his face. Will wanting to get to the sink before he begins to puke, runs towards the smell, and its intensity. Reaching the door, he loses it, puking in the sink as Javier stumbles up to leave. (Swing bolt latched when no named girl slammed door) Javier doesn’t notice the swing bolt still latch, frantically begins pulling on the front door. The latch opening it only two inches, Javier puts his mouth to the crack, breathing in fresh air

Willy (yelling as he vomits) “God....I taste it! The smell...is that Creatine? I’m going to puke again, open the door!”

Willy puked again in the sink, CJ directly under Willy, lying on the ground, his knees under him, he’s folded on himself, still writhing in blinded pain. The sound of Willy puking makes Javier queasy, he starts to feel cold sweat on his forehead, and a moment later he’s dry heaving. Miles buries his face in blankets, his face completely covered trying to block out the smell. In the panic of the situation, Javier yanks on the door, not stopping to unlatch it, Miles runs towards the noise in an escape attempt, still blinded by the blankets.

Javier finally stops and unlatches the door, as Will comes running out of bathroom, he’s pale and covered in sweat. All of Javier’s attention focused on the emergency evacuation, doesn’t notice Will as he swings open the front door. Will reaches Javier, as Javier swings the door back, catching Will directly between his eyes. Will drops to the ground, knocked out, as Miles tries to stumble outside, tripping over Will. Javier makes a huge scene, finally getting outside to fresh air, only to have Miles trip over Will, making him fall forward towards Javier. Miles arms outstretched in an attempt to catch himself before hitting the ground, reaches out for anything, his hands catching the waist band of Javier’s track pants. The fall rips them from around Javier’s waist, as Javier’s exit attracts onlookers he only can look around at everyone, frozen in the moment as people laugh. CJ moans in pain, still on the ground, as he rubs his eyes, as Will lays unconscious less than a foot away. Miles tries to get up, still holding Javier’s pants as Javier tries to snatch them back as fast as possible, a couple of people now laughing, take in the entire “event”.

## Indy Sleaze Pilot Episode Act: 6 (Delta, Iowa)

Wrestlers all gather at the local Pizza Ranch, a tradition they now share to gorge themselves on its buffet table the day after a show. Miles, Javier, Will and CJ arrive last, as Jeremy, Richie, Steve, Ike and Virgil all sit around stuffing their faces like cavemen.

Jeremy (Talking so everyone at table can hear, his voice gruff) “So....STEVE...what time did you get your car to the bar last night? I don’t remember seeing...”

Steve (Pretending to be mad, he cuts Jeremy off) “I got A beer...yeah...awesome, and thanks again guys!...You know, its nights like last night that make me question just why I allow myself to be put thru hell....”

Everyone at the table share a good laugh, as Steve continues to “work” the hurt angle.

Steve “Yeah...good times...everyone laughs”...

Reaver sees a moment in the humor to include Jeremy in the joke. “I’m surprised you remember last night!”

Making eye contact, Miles holds Javier’s attention long enough for Miles to mouth the words “Kiss Ass”.

Jeremy remembering bits and pieces:

Shot of Jeremy doing shots. Yelling

Shot of Jeremy buying rounds. Yelling.

Shot of Jeremy dancing, horribly. Yelling.

Shot of Jeremy smoking weed with Miles and Javier in their car. Jeremy falls out of car, spilling drink all over the ground. Upset, he yells as Miles and Javier try to quiet him down, not wanting any attention thrown their way.

Shot of Jeremy in the bar happy again, getting more shots and making strangers take, he bounces around the bar from conversation to conversation, with a beer stain running down his shirt.

Shot of Jeremy, dancing with shirt off, laughing hysterically, and yelling some more as the music drowns out any sound, he throws his arms in air, celebrating life.

Jeremy (Trying to remember last night) “Yeah....I don’t ...actually...”

Miles (To CJ) “I’m watching what you’re eating...There’s no way I’m smelling any more of your special “nerve gas” today...”

Virgil (Chiming in on Miles and CJ’s private conversation) “Yeah...I heard something about “Creatine” to, what does that have some extra effect on your gas?”

Will keeps his head down, hiding the bruise on his forehead from the door, just makes a sarcastic face, not wanting any part of any attention thrown his way.

Jeremy (To Will) “Ha-ha...sooo...Willy....If you’re getting abuse from these guys (breaking into laughter) ....I can get you your own room”...

Will fake laughs, a bruise between his eyes is clearly visible. William looks as if his nose is broken, but no one wanting to have “that conversation” with him. Everyone sets around one table, like a family. Miles, CJ, and Javier all set together at the end, as William and Reaver set around Virgil. Around the other end of the table sets Richie, Steve, Jeremy and Ike at the end of the table, setting like the father of the family.

Ike (To younger wrestlers) “So...newbs...ready to do it all over again?”

Each students face tells a different story or sore and tired.

Reaver, his left eye swollen shut from last night’s “brawl” on the outside with Sonna. CJ, hung over, a massive headache gives him a permanent squint and a small limp from rolling his ankle.

Javier, sore, tired looks haggard as he holds his right arm in tight, not wanting to pop his shoulder out of place again.

Miles, stoned, his nose still swollen, giving him the look of a fighter, he stares off into the distance, in his mind he watches all the events that go into making a show happen, and having to do it all again.

Will’s, face bruised, has a blank stare as he tries to remember last night and forget this morning. He knows with a bruised face it will be harder for him to get laid, with his pretty face not looking normal, to which he can only be mad at himself.

They all take a deep breath at same time, collectively in different worlds, not wanting to be where they are at that moment. Living the life a pro wrestler has its moments of greatness and its moments you have to gut out, this being one of the latter, as some of the students think to themselves what they could be doing today if it wasn’t for “Delta, Iowa”. The look on each students face, tell the “vets” all they need to know without anyone saying a single word, the vets burst out laughing.

### **Explanation of Delta, Iowa:**

Delta, Iowa

Population: 900-1000

Town over view: The towns central park has a Cannon from civil war, one grocery store, one gas station, one car wash, and one bar in town. There are 2 working pop machines outside so people can get something to drink when their stores close early. One main road runs thru the heart of town and less than 15 side roads connect off of it. Its home to less than 10 businesses’, even less are legit. For mail delivery it has one building in which everyone in town has a private mailbox

the one mailman comes every couple of days to get and take the mail. Policing the town is a sheriff, who comes once a week to check on things. (This is 2004, mind you)

The reason “we” come: It also has a rundown gymnasium that’s used for everything from flea markets, to farmer co-ops, from election voting to town hall meetings and it also serves as a “home” for a pro wrestling company. Once a month this place gets “transformed” back into something that people of the town come out for. The building complete with asbestos insulation on the ceiling, should have been bull dozed years ago, but by fluke, miracle or karma, H.A.W.A. has one of the best weapons in the business; a place that makes you money, and is “yours”.

The next show is in Delta, Iowa. Population 1000, estimated crowd (approximately) 250. Delta is a 2 hour drive from Cedar Rapids, going west towards the middle of nowhere Iowa. It’s a taxing drive, along with 1-hour of ring setup, seating, and sound. Time they reach Delta; 12:00pm, the doors won’t open for another six plus hours, as the show time starts at 7:00pm.

**Narrator (In Miles voice): “Delta is special to H.A.W.A.; this small backwater town is “home”. Every month, H.A.W.A. packs a small 300 seat “community center” for 2 + hrs of entertainment that this town LOVES. The “crazy’s” come out of the woodwork, yelling and screaming the entire time. Delta has: 1 gas station, 1 grocery store, 1 water tower, 1 park (with cannon) its “main drag” usually as quiet as a ghost town, and all the roads in need of repair.”**

**Narrator (In Javier’s voice): “At ONE time it was a nice small town, lately its home to counter fitter rings, meth-dealers, and a police force of 1 cop, who stops by town once a week. But once a month, WE rock this town back to life. Local celebrities, the town’s people talk about us and our shows at the gas station like were the only wrestling they watch.”**

“You going to the next show?” A man asks another man as they’re getting gas, “...I hear they got a kid, just as big as the “Big Show”! My son Rod, here, said he already saw him! Hell, he’s on the posters!”

You go to the one grocery store; you’re the only customer and the cashier knows you before you know her. “You one of them, wrestlers?” She’ll ask, like she doesn’t already know the answer, so you work her.

“No, ma’am...” You say, “...just passing thru.”

“Uh-huh....you LOOK like one of them...Oh what’s his name....”

You forget the conversation as soon as you hit the door. In this town there’s thousands of conversations like this every weekend, you really let the fans know where you stand with how you respond.



Every time there's a show, the town COMES TO LIFE. Shops open up. Businesses make money off of everything wrestling. 8x10's of yourself, you didn't even know were made, are being shilled in the parking lot. Fake tickets sold before the show. If there's money to be made off of anything wrestling related in this town, rest assured someone is already trying.

**Narrator (In CJ's voice): "Every time we show up, the owner of the car dealership always gives out free car washes to the wrestlers, and Jeremy, just as long as he gets tickets to the show for his family and Jeremy gets his photos sold at the car wash. It's all about making money and promoting "us". The bar scene after a show, it's like partying with the "Hell's Angels". Women, alcohol, free games, drugs, you name it, and we can get it. Just think about it, 10-15 guys the size of small gods, who by the way have you're back, it's like you're untouchable. No one in their right mind will ever mess with you. That's one of the "pay offs" in wrestling, and that is when you feel like a rock star, but sadly, that is 11 hours away..."**

Wrestlers leave the "Pizza Ranch" together, everyone in a great mood. Steve blindsides Miles and body checks him into a random car. Miles bounces off of the car, laying on the ground he over sells to cover just how much air was actually driven out of him. Steve runs away, laughing not noticing Javier as he chases Steve down, and tackling him hard on the concrete. Miles walks over slowly, as Javier is wrestling Steve. Miles walks past Steve and Javier, heading towards Steve's car. With his attention on Javier, Miles pisses on Steve's driver side door handle, and walks away as the entire crew laugh hysterically. Steve doesn't notice as he is wrestling with Javier. Miles gives Javier the pat on the back, letting him know to let up. Baffled and a little shaken, Steve staggers to his car, noticing now, that everyone is watching him. William already setting in car, is screaming and rolling with laughter in Steve's passenger seat, when he gets in and sets down to drive off. Wrestlers getting in their cars can't hold it in, watching Steve get in his car, unaware of what Miles had just did. Miles looks back and clearly reads Steve say; "what?" to Will. Everyone works together to get their vehicles lined up so they can leave together in a row. Steve is seen smelling his fingers by Jeremy who loses all bodily control laughing so hard it makes Reaver, his driver crane his neck to see.

Virgil with Ike, Richie, and DJ Billy-Bob, lead with the Ford Tahoe and trailer, carrying the ring. Then, Jeremy, Reaver and Menace follow in Jeremy's Ford Taurus. Steve paying more attention to smelling his hand then driving cuts off Javier. Miles, Javier and CJ all stop, letting Steve drive right on by, as they gave themselves time to laugh till they all were crying.

A couple of miles outside of Cedar Rapids Javier passes Steve hurling insults threw closed windows at each other. Javier waits for his moment, and then as he passes Reaver, Jeremy tosses a tennis ball from his car to CJ's car. Miles sees a second of Jeremy celebrating as Reaver shakes his head.

Only Virgil ahead and their devious minds go to work as CJ begins to pull his pants down. Miles grabs a black magic marker; and begins writing on CJ's exposed buttocks. Miles makes sure the camera is ready to film, as CJ still with his pants down sticks his ass out

window as they begin to pass Virgil. The cold floods the car, and the howl of the wind is so loud no noise is audible. Javier begins laughing so hard he literally has to fight to drive straight. Miles begins filming, trying to focus the camera on Virgil's face for his reaction.

Virgil in his own world, driving safe notices Javier trying to pass him. With the wide open road ahead, he slows lets him take it. His look over at the passing car with a "promo face", ready to give the "rooks" a look of "wtf?" when out of nowhere there is a bare ass, looking back at him. Everyone in the Tahoe begins roaring with laughter as Virgil slowly reads out loud "Virgil....was.....here"

With CJ's bare ass hanging out the window they take the lead, Javier honking for extra salt in the wound. Miles films Virgil looking at the car surprised and embarrassed, but laughing at the absurdity. Threw the camera Miles gets a momentary connection with Virgil. Getting his reaction, but also getting what looks like everyone in the Tahoe talking and laughing at the prank Virgil accepting of his ribbing with a "they got me" look on his face, still shaking his head taken back. He salutes Miles as they pull away, everyone in the Tahoe is physically rolling with laughter.

With the window still open, CJ fixes himself with a flash of confidence he challenges anyone to "top that". The wind drowns him out completely, but Miles films anyway, wanting to put sub titles in when they edit the weekend's trip.

Reaver catching up to Javier, tries to pass as Jeremy demands his ball back. Handing CJ the camera, Miles teases dropping it out the window, Jeremy's face changes to horror at the thought of losing that ball, his "good luck" tennis ball. Javier and Reaver mean mug each other, as Javier tries taunting him with engine revs. Jeremy climbs over the seat into the back, as Reaver takes the lead. Trying desperately to get his ball back before they reach Delta, Jeremy leans out the window, pleading for Miles to "throw it back", and "carefully". With the margin of error angle getting steeper and steeper with every second, Miles holds off on throwing the ball back. Jeremy looks threw the back window like a child robbed of his chance to go to a theme park. CJ films Jeremy slowly shaking his head at them, like someone scorned and now out for revenge. Reaver speeds away with a smug smile on his face, knowing Jeremy's car is "superior" to their junk wagon, and they now have Jeremy's "good luck" tennis ball, and until Jeremy gets it back before they reach Delta, those three are "dead to Jeremy". Jeremy over reacting, and angry CJ tries to filming as much as possible until the camera can't pick up the shot. Turning his attention back to Miles with the camera from behind the view finder you hear CJ say "nice job".

In a line, they turn off the exit for Delta together. Reaver pulls over fast as Jeremy rolls the back window down, he begins yelling and waiving at CJ's car for the ball. Miles rolling his window down, throws a perfect lob toss, Jeremy jumps back inside to wait for the ball. The ball sails in threw the window as Javier speeds by, not even slowing down to look back. Jeremy celebrates silently as everyone passes; the "ball toss" is a tradition every time they've rolled together to Delta. Jeremy holds the ball with a clinched fist, but inside he "knows" that tonight will be a "good drawing show". The caravan of cars roll in just minutes after 3, all heading in one direction they come in town then taking a left towards the "Delta Community Center". The small group works together getting the ring set up, starting with the corner posts that weigh so

much it takes 2 people to take one of them in at a time. Then comes the apron cross posts, which also take 2 people to connect to the corner posts, under the ring 2 chain links cross connecting and reinforcing the ring. The inner steel supports go on after making a skeleton for the ring then the 16 foot 2 x 4's go on giving the ring a loose structure to walk on. The ropes are added, one at a time then tightened. Inch thick foam padding is then placed over the boards and taped into place, before the canvas is rolled over the ring. Turn buckle padding and apron skirting is the last pieces added as someone brooms out any dust on the canvas. With the final touches being made, chairs are set up around the ring and concession tables are put into place.

On the stage, a plastic curtain shields the all important locker room away from the fans; small peep holes decorate the wall so the wrestlers can watch the action. The music and sound system gets tested from behind the cheap wall, echoing throughout the small arena. The sound vibrates the building so much, little pieces of asbestos insulation fall from the ceiling into the ring. Someone somewhere has to grab a broom and clean up as the wrestlers head out to get their free car wash a block away.

Still in the mood for another prank, and with the feeling of an impending rib getting pulled on them, they prepare in advance. CJ hangs around at the car wash; with all the other wrestlers distracting them and making sure none of them leave or find out about their next prank. Miles and Javier walk a block down to the local grocery store, looking for the one thing to pull off their prank. Helium balloons, and in a town like Delta, this one thing is a lot harder to come by than you might think.

Miles and Javier head inside as a door bell rings, letting the owners know they have customers. Miles heads toward the back, looking at the wall he sees what he needs within seconds, Javier goes over to the clerk to ask.

Javier "Do you have any helium balloons?"

Before the 70-year-old clerk can answer the innocent question, Miles already spotting the balloons, grabs 3.

"No... we don't... we have normal balloons though..."

Miles shakes his head looking right at the deflated "Helium" balloons in need of filling in his hands, as the clerk still oblivious to the situation.

Miles "We'll take these 3."

Javier (looking over at Miles) "It will only work with helium Virgil said."

Miles (Rolling Eyes) "Yeah I know."

The old clerk taken back goes to get "Tom", the other 70 year old male clerk, who handles the "hardware" section here.

Miles (To Javier) “Bet my payday “Tom” gives us a shitty look for disturbing the ball game...”

Javier (To Miles) “Bet MY payday “Flo” here will give us a HUGE smile followed by one of them “hawk-eyes”. You know you’re rolling with one of “them darkies”.

“Tom” comes out of office, looking at Miles and Javier; he shakes his head out of anger. “Flo” comes up with a smile on her face from ear to ear, “Just one moment...”

Miles and Javier smile back, not saying a word. While waiting for the balloons to get filled, Javier and Miles grab snacks and water.

At the counter Tom waits, balloons float around him tied down to sand filled weights, “You’re not gonna huff these are you?!...Cause I don’t have to sell ‘em to ya if ya are!”

Miles (laughing to himself) “No...it’s our buddies birthday...this is just part of the surprise.”

Still not convinced “Tom” replies, “Uh-huh...”

Miles looks back at Javier still getting snacks, as he pays for his purchases.

Miles (To “Flo” and “Tom”) “Yeah...also were getting him a male stripper...You guys sell baby oil right?”

Javier 10 ft away and not paying attention only hears the last words, looking up he catches Miles eyes. A devious smile stretches across his face as he exits threw the door. “Flo” and “Tom” at the counter, just stare back with blank expressions. All three left in the store are speechless as Javier pays. No words to explain the real situation,

Miles heads out door laughing at a joke only he can laugh at as CJ pulls up. Javier still inside stuck in an embarrassing moment with “Tom” and “Flo”, pays in an awkward silence as their minds wonder what drug filled, gay male dancing night these two young men have in store for themselves. Tom and Flo just stare at Javier as he leaves; in silence they give each other a look as Tom heads to the door.

Outside, Miles doesn’t even break stride getting in the backseat of the wagon. Javier rushes quickly to get a shot off on Miles for his prank, misses the timing as Miles gets in without pain from Javier kicking his knee. Getting in the front passenger seat Javier can’t control his mixed feelings of anger and laughter at Miles.

Javier (To Miles) “Thanks a lot...thanks to you; they wouldn’t even offer me a bag!”

Oblivious, CJ asks “What?” to no one in particular.

From behind the glass door Tom flips the “open” sign to closed, looking out at the blue station wagon, staring back from the car Miles laughs looking at a scared 70 year old man. CJ now desperately wants “in” on the joke, with a demanding, “What?!” Javier just shakes his head

looking out the window as he lights a cigarette.

Javier “Nothing...”

Time: 6:25pm

Location: Delta Community Center

Fans pack outside, huddled together for heat, little clouds of cigarette smoke creep up into the air above. Hundreds of cars line streets blocks away, some people tailgating, sell food, beer, or anything associated with wrestling. 200 + people mull around outside like cattle. Talking, drinking, smoking and wearing WWE shirts, WCW shirts, N.W.O. shirts, some wear H.A.W.A. shirts. Some even wear H.A.W.A. “Super-Stars” apparel.

Inside behind locked doors, chairs get straightened; pictures and shirts get reorganized at the gimmick table. Concessions stand workers scrambling to make the nacho cheese and hamburger meat cook faster.

Miles, Javier, and CJ follow Virgil from behind the plastic curtain carrying helium balloons. Virgil with a beer in hand, CJ carries Steve’s singlet stuffed under his shirt. Climbing into the ring, Virgil goes to a corner to watch as an “innocent bystander” as CJ hands Miles the singlet.

Miles “Ewe... It’s still wet.”

CJ “How do you think I feel? (Looking ashamed) Steve sweat... on my belly”

Javier watches from outside the ring, laughing, “That’s not the first time I’ve heard that from you.”

Miles and CJ work together to tie the balloons to Steve’s singlet as fast as possible. Meanwhile in the locker room, Steve starts throwing everything out of his gear bag in a rush to find his singlet. Confusion on his face, he starts to freak out as clothes and gear fly over his shoulder.

Steve “No.No, no, no, no...Dam it.”

Wrestlers around locker room look confused at Steve as he begins to “spaz”.

Steve “My gear! I left it...at the hotels...wait. No I didn’t.

Back in the ring, Miles, CJ, and Virgil laugh together as the balloons carry Steve’s singlet to the ceiling. They bounce on the ceiling; a little asbestos breaks off, floating down in slow motion. Everyone in the arena watches with laughter, as Steve’s signature attire hangs above their heads. They rise slowly to the ceiling, as the group leaves the ring in unison. Laughing and making sure Steve isn’t coming out to ruin the prank, they let others in on the joke.

In the back, Steve begins going through CJ’s bag in a rush to find the culprit. Javier’s bag

already opened, his clothes strewn across the floor.

Steve “Those little....mother.....”

Javier comes in the locker room, stopping Steve from finishing his sentence.

Javier “Hey what’s your problem?”

Steve “My problem is you 3 snakes stole my singlet. What am I going to wear?!”

Miles, CJ and Javier all play dumb, a trick they’ve learn to perfect with their endless ribbing.

CJ “Steve, what are you talking about?”

Steve (Noticeably upset now) “My singlet...where is it!?”

Silence follows as the four men all look at each other confused. The locker room quiet, as no one wants to be the one to let Steve in on the prank. Steve stares at Miles, wanting to see a “tell”. Miles looks back with his poker face, shaking his head in confusion.

Steve “Oh yeah? Well then, if you don’t know, then you won’t mind if I look through your bag... Mr. Martin?”

Steve is confident that his singlet is in Mile’s bag, he moves quickly to snatch Miles bag up and search threw it before Miles can stop him. Miles making no attempt to try and stop him just looks around at everyone in the room with a smile on his face. Steve doesn’t notice as he begins to unzip the bag.

Miles “Steve, why would your singlet be in my bag?”

Steve (Looking back over his shoulder in Miles direction) “Because you stole it, that’s why! The bags and its contents fall to the floor, Steve’s singlet nowhere to be seen. “Dammit! Where is it!?”

Virgil walks into the locker room, a smile beaming across his face as he walks up to Steve. Patting him on the shoulder his simple words calm Steve down, not letting him erupt just yet.

Virgil “Don’t worry... it is here somewhere. Just use someone else’s gear.

Steve reluctantly agrees, believing that Virgil is on his side. Miles, Javier and CJ all watch Steve from different angles, not giving him any indications they clean up and sort their gear.

Javier (In almost a whisper to Miles and CJ) “When is his match?”

CJ “Right after yours. You get to, this time.”

Javier smiles imitating “Mr. Burns” from “The Simpson’s”, as he rubs his hands together “Excellent.”

They continue to watch as Steve is forced to choose between Richie Phoenix’s short-shorts or a pair of pleather briefs with a pink target painted on the backside. Steve can only shake his head in defeat, handing Phoenix his short-shorts back.

### **Indy Sleaze Pilot Episode Act: 7 (Match Time)**

#### **Miles Martin and CJ Swift vs. Rex Sonna and “Dog Pooh Shoe”**

##### **Shots from match:**

Their music cues up, Miles and CJ come out from the back, posing like the “Impact Players” from ECW fame. They talk trash to the crowd the entire way to the ring, before climbing the ropes and posing as their music hits it chorus. Sonna and Dog Pooh Shoe’s music hits, the crowd erupts in a deafening roar, as they “high-fiving” every fan within reach.

##### **Start of Match:**

Miles pushes Dog Pooh Shoe back by his masked face, he climbs the ropes to “pose off” as the crowd boo’s him wildly. Dog Pooh Shoe climbs the ropes in similar fashion, calling to the fans to cheer for him, until Miles attacks from behind just as the crowd reacts for the baby face. Working Dog Pooh Shoe into the corner with his punches, he pauses, letting the crowd get just quiet enough that his next attack, his chops echo threw the arena. After selling Dog Pooh, reverses, punching wildly then chopping Martin hard, the crowd reacts with a loud roar. CJ comes in to make the save for Miles, gets caught by Dog Pooh as he reverses, punching and chopping CJ with the crowd going nuts. Miles selling comes back to Dog Pooh, as Dog Pooh begins hitting his “arm drag spots” on both. Miles takes “arm drag” followed by CJ. Miles and CJ both sell up, taking a Japanese style “double arm drag”. Miles and CJ “powder” to the outside on opposite sides of the ring. The crowd thirsty for blood, yell at Miles and CJ to; “get back in that ring”.

Miles cuts Sonna off grabbing his head and putting directly over Miles, he drops to his knees hitting Sonna with a “jaw breaker”; Sonna sells away. CJ tags in, immediately runs over scooping Sonna up on his shoulders then spinning him off, landing at the same time connecting with a devastating a “Death Valley Driver” style neck of breaker. The crowd “ooh’s” over the new and innovative move, and feel pain for the broken baby face.

Feeling the “moment” CJ starts talking trash to Dog Pooh Shoe, rubbing salt in the wound and letting the crowd get vocal as he milks the moment stomping Sonna back down. DPS anxious and trying desperately to come in and save his partner loses control jumping in. Lunging for CJ, the referee grabs and stops him at the last second shoving him back and admonishing him.

This is the window the heels need, CJ grabs Sonna in a “Cobra Clutch”, looking over at Miles to confirm “tag team delivery of pain”, he steps under Sonna scooping him on his shoulders, then spinning him off they both bump. As soon as they land, Miles gives CJ a second to move, then jumps off the top rope landing a leg drop on Sonna. The referee’s attention still turned to a now irate DPS. Miles gloats to the crowd about how “pretty that was” before sliding out and getting back to his corner. The crowd throws insults at Miles back, but they truly turn irate when CJ puts one foot on Sonna, in a mocking pin attempt.

“Lucky this crowd loves you tonight kid, Sonna thinks to himself, as sells big for CJ, “otherwise I would have taken back over by now”.

CJ lets Sonna sell up; finally letting him get to his feet he grabs him hoisting him in the air a pause just long enough for Miles to spring board off the apron onto the top rope then off, catching Sonna with a “reverse bulldog” as CJ follows thru with his “spine buster”. The spot dead on, the crowd “ooh’s” then go silent as they fear the worst. The ref counts 1, 2....and Sonna barely kicks out, giving hope to the fans, they come back to life.

With Sonna taking a beating all match, the crowd grows louder now than any other time in the match, screaming for Sonna to get up, to fight back, and to make a tag. DPS fires them up by marching back and forth on the apron, waving his hands for Sonna to tag him in. As Miles and CJ attempt a double team, Sonna reverses catching Miles with a quick “DDT”, Miles head bounces off the mat, he sells away as Sonna catches CJ coming over with a “fame ass”. The crowd erupts from the moves out of nowhere and how much of in impact they make on the match. Sonna over sells, letting the crowd scream louder as he crawls across the ring. Taking his time he lets the tag get “big”, as DPS stretches he finally slaps hands, Sonna falls dead selling as he has nothing left as DPS gets in the ring like a “ball of fire”. He lights both CJ and Miles up with punches, the crowd screams with every strike. They cheer every time they bump and pop back up. Miles eats a clothesline bumping so big he sees stars. CJ sells into a “scoop slam”, the crowd reacting like their on a roller coaster as DPS holds CJ upside down, making him “think about it” before getting bumped. Each bump the crowd louder than before, each time DPS works the crowd, keeping “them” involved the match.

Miles sells up walking into an “atomic drop”, he bounces big off of Dog Pooh Shoe’s knee, making the move bigger and giving the crowd even more to love. CJ staggers up as DPS bounce off the ropes behind him, coming from behind he catches CJ with a “bull dog”. Going with the flow CJ throws all of his momentum into making this spot look huge, bouncing his head off the mat so hard his head swims and the sound seems turned down. Looking up, it seems like complete confusion, a train wreck of entertainment, with the crowd screaming for the end. DPS starts pandering to the fans for his finishing move.

The crowd on its feet, expecting the cheating bad guys to lose as DPS picks Miles up. Above the screams, and noise, and beyond the violence for one second all is silent to Miles as he hears, clear as day the words, “take over”. Miles rams his fingers in Dog Pooh Shoe’s mask, raking his eyes. The referee gets blindsided as DPS swings his arms wildly blinded by Miles. With Sonna still hurt the referee down and apparently unconscious and now their opponent blinded, CJ grabs a steel chair from a fan setting ringside. Miles delivers a low blow, stopping DPS in his tracks



long enough for Miles to set up one of “his” spots “the face breaker”. Stick DPS’s head in between Miles legs, he hooks DPS’s arms back, Miles jumps back then goes to one knee, DPS reverses Miles spot and hits his own finisher the “Smelly Shoe”. CJ storms in the ring, the crowd screaming with all their might for DPS to “turn around”. The referee starts to make his way up to his knees, his back still turned to the action as the fans let him hear how “horrible of a ref he is”.

With everything at its fever pitch, CJ waits for DPS to sell up and turn around into “it”. The crowd, the screams, all in a second DPS slowly turns around. The referee using the ropes to pull himself up hears a loud smack of a steel chair with his back turned. CJ waiting for DPS to be standing, smacks the ground with the chair, and then tosses it to DPS. Hearing the sound above the crowd the referee turns around to see everyone down, except DPS, who’s still standing with a steel chair in hand.

Before the crowd can realize what they’ve witnessed the referee is calling for the bell to ring. CJ lies on the ground, acting as if he’s been knocked unconscious, as the referee DQ’s Dog Pooh Shoe and Rex Sonna. All the screams from the crowd, the hate and anger spew out of them, as they witness CJ still hamming up a fake injury. DPS pleads with the referee, begging “no” steel chair still in hand. The crowd all over Miles and CJ as they powder to the outside, some fans shove CJ trying to get the match to continue. Security rushes over, preventing any more attacks from a crowd worked up and madder than they’ve ever been as the screw job finish gets the proper reaction as Sonna and DPS kick the ropes from inside the ring, and issuing a rematch gets the crowd calmed down to move on to the next match.

## **Javy D vs. Willy Phoenix**

### **Shots from Match:**

Javier comes out with Mexican flag, making sure to talk trash to as many fans as possible, while waving flag. Javier poses on ropes as the fans hurl racist comments towards the ring.

Willy’s music cues up, and the fans know to cheer by the tune of music. John “Cougar” Mellon Camp’s “Small Town”, also used by his “brother”, Richie Phoenix, uniting the crowd as “one”. Willy comes out as the crowd erupts waving his American flag, Willy runs around high-fiving any fans holding up their hands. He stops and holds a moment with Javier, staring him down for dramatic purposes as Javier looks down on him from the 2<sup>nd</sup> rope. They hold the crowd in the moment until Willy rushes in the ring, and stomps him down before he can get to his feet. The opening moments, they have the crowd on the edge of their seats, wanting to see “America” prevail. Moving quickly, Javier lays the boots in; making sure the crowd can hear the thuds of his feet hitting Willy in the stomach, and the smacks of his forearms connecting with flesh.

Javier works Willy back to the corner with repeated punches, making sure Willy sells them properly; Javier lays the strikes in even harder. The rush of adrenaline and the reaction of the crowd makes him move quicker, his strikes are thrown with more force. Willy sells to the corner in an attempt to get away from the “potatoes” being thrown at his face, Javier follows, still in

control starts muscling Willy into the turn buckles with his repeated shoulders to the gut, the last one, Javier holds himself in Willy's mid section for the maximum effect, driving all the air out of him.

Javier works the crowd, making sure he has enough "heat" to let everyone in the back know of the crowd hates for him. Pulling Willy out of the turn buckles, he muscles him up into one of his spots; his "Javy- Bomb", pausing he waits for the crowd to realize pain is coming, before hitting his move. Not letting go after the spot, he turns him over and stretches Willy with a "full nelson camel clutch". The crowd feels Willy's pain as he screams out, Javier pulls back, keeping the pressure on his back while holding the submission on, and not letting Willy get an inch closer to the ropes, or freedom from his pain.

Willy comes back to life as Javier slowly picks him up, with wild punches, he stops his beat down. The crowd surges louder and louder with each punch rocking Javier. Expecting something big, the fans are cut back down as Javier stops Willy with a "belly to belly Suplex". Javier can milk the moment, really getting the crowd to hate him also giving Willy time to sell.

Willy "wills" crowd to come back to life for him, waving his arms to show he still has "fight in him" as Javier attempts to finish the match by putting him a "sleeper". The crowd screams for Willy to "fight it" and "not give up", his arms flail. Slower and slower his movements show life dying, Willy Phoenix gets weaker and weaker. Fans scream louder, not wanting Phoenix to lose to a sleeper, they know he will come back after the usual checks by the referee. Referee checks once, his arms falls to his side. The ref checks twice, his arm goes limp. Holding for dramatic pause, the ref checks one last time, Willy's arm falls but jumps back up, showing life and a will not to lose, his arm calls for the crowd for "help".

The crowd gets louder as Willy begins to fight out of the hold. Willy, half the weight of Javier cannot break the hold, so instead he uses any and all momentum to run in a circle around the ring, with Javier still attached. Willy gets free by running into the turn buckle, releasing the hold; Javier "eats" the top turn buckle. With Willy's freedom, the crowd jumps to life, willing Willy to start an offensive attack.

Off the ropes Willy hits a "flying clothesline", knocking the big man down. Off the ropes, he bums Javier again hitting a "spinning heel kick", the crowd with him with him every step of the way.

They roar to life after his "Come on people!" battle cry, hungry for Mexican blood. He grabs Javier, muscling him into his "over drive" finisher. Javier's eyes blink wide right before he sees nothing but brown hairs and arm pit.

**Narrator (In Javier's voice): "Yeah, I hate that moment, you know I tried getting my forehead in his nasty-ass arm pit, but no-no, Billy made sure I got a face full....I'm sure it was a "receipt" for the stiff shots I gave him earlier....prick."**

Pausing for a moment, Willy shakes his head with the crowd, letting them know, "they" were a

“team” and he couldn’t have done it if they didn’t “believe” in him. Quick as a camera flash, he twists Javier and spins them both in mid air. Bumping Javier straight on his face, Willy lands on his back, then spins up, feeling no pain from earlier. The crowd knows “what’s coming next”, even before he points to the top rope.

Almost as if time is standing still, Willy climbs ropes, as cameras flash all around the arena. Javier breaks the fans moment, rushing up ropes out of nowhere, they both exchange punches wildly, jockeying for position. Willy saves the day, shoving with a dramatic fall he lands on his back, perfectly in position.

Even before Willy can register where he’s at, the crowd roars, now knowing “what’s coming next”. Looking around, he wants them to “tell him what to do next” with uncertainty painted on his face. “450!” they scream, “Do it!” they yell, “Come on!” they cry in desperation.

Javier lay on the mat, feeling completely fine, gasps for air he doesn’t need. “Writhing in pain” he lays almost impatient, waiting for the finish as Willy finally decides to stand on the top rope, milking the moment for all its worth, posing for the camera’s flash.

**Narrator (In Miles voice): “Leaning forward and flipping through the air; all sight is upside down, then spins away from any real focus. Reality becomes a programmed memory; you train yourself to believe when performing “top rope moves”. Any slight deviation in momentum, balance, rotation, or timing will completely change the way the spot ends up looking. A move like this has to be perfect. It’s the “big moment”, the climax, it’s when their “jizzin” themselves out there with the cameras and such. A wrestling match is like masturbation, you have the beginning that sets the mood. The “down and dirty time” known as the “heat”, then work your way to the finish. Also known as the “climax”, and this is when, guy’s you know what I’m talking about, if the finish is “off” in any way, you’re climax is completely screwed.”**

Crowd “pops” as Willy lands perfectly on Javier’s stomach. All of his air rushes out of his body as all of Willy’s 190 pound body lands hard. Willy, out of breath, barely has the strength to grab Javier’s leg as the crowd screams in excitement, “1.....2.....3!”

Everyone stands cheering, as the “little hero” winning against the odds, gets helped to his feet by referee, Vance Summers. Waiting a dramatic second, Summers gets a smile on his face, his moment when the crowd actually notices him. They cheer him.

Popping his arm up so fast it making Phoenix wince, the crowd explode with adulation for the performance. Instead of actors bowing, it’s an arm raise, and “end scene”.

Javier stays down, after rolling out of the ring, giving Phoenix as much of the moment as possible. A couple of fans pat Javier on the back, telling him, “good job” and “awesome match” as the rest cheer their new hero and savior. Javier still selling, slowly makes his way over to the entrance, waiting patiently as Willy takes his time, leaving threw the crowd, waiving his

American flag.

Steve's music cues up and he comes out, performing his character. The fans jeer him with insults as soon as they see a pudgy guy in bikini briefs with a bull's eye on his ass. Steve cannot mask his shame behind his character.

Javier still selling walks up to Steve, momentarily pausing his entrance. With a fake smile on his face, Javier pats Steve on the back, directing him towards the ceiling, and a singlet hanging from 3 helium balloons. Making sure to get away before it can register to Steve, Javier leaves it to the fans, giving them the ammo to harpoon him with insults.

Steve looking up, a blank look turning to acceptance, the crowd laughing at him, Steve can only mouth the words, "Mother...Fuckers".

### **Indy Sleaze Pilot Episode Act 8 (After Show #2)**

Location: "Only bar in town" (Bar in Delta)

Time: 10:30pm

Description of bar: Slightly rundown bar with a max capacity of 50 people. 2 pool tables and 3 video games line the outer edge; while a long running bar area is surrounded by 15 tables and booths. The bathrooms both occupy 2 people at a time, and the back entrance is sealed in protection from attempted robbery.

After the younger wrestlers tear down ring, and load trailer with Virgil, everyone else heads to the "Only bar in town". Jeremy begins his celebration, by buying massive amounts of alcohol, screaming in celebration of a "another huge show"

Miles, CJ and Javier are part of the "last to arrive" group, along with Virgil, Will, Reaver and Richie. Virgil, Reaver, Billy, Richie, and CJ head in, as Javier holds door open for everyone else, he and Miles finish smoking their cigarettes. The moment outside, alone with only the silence of a ghost town, they both celebrate life, and getting to live out their dreams, close enough to home to be superstars just hours away from their beds.

### **Inside:**

Stan Pronger sets drinking pitchers with Leetch, and Dog Pooh Shoe at the first table, Reaver jumps in stealing last spot. Their table with 3 full pitches.

The brothers Randolph; Sonna, Carlyle, and "Maniac Mark" set huddled together over a game of darts, all arguing and holding almost empty pitchers of beer, still "kay-fabing" the heels.

Virgil and Richie take a booth as Jeremy hands them both a beer. Willy, underage, scoots in to steal the last seat and any free beer.

Gary Chupack sets not drinking with DJ Billy Bob, Steve and “Giant Rain” Jon Harper as old stories get passed around their booth.

Without asking, CJ heading to the bar, to order Miles and Javier and himself drinks, notices both bartenders are cute. One a young girl, seemingly out of place, to this town and even the bar, the other bar tender older, probably in her mid 30’s, looks to be divorced and enjoying it from all the attention from the “wrestlers”. CJ gets a couple of smiles without even ordering.

Steve from across the bar, notices CJ receiving attention, and an evil glare washes over his face, as he remember the humiliation of trying over and over to get his singlet down from the ceiling, as fans laugh. Having to climb the ropes and poke at the balloons with an old pool cue, as asbestos falls all around him.

Miles and Javier come in, walking in “pimp-mode”, they stroll to bar, stoned out of their minds. CJ hands over 2 shots of “Jack Daniels”, and then grabs one himself. They clink glasses, and chug together. Then all 3 grab their drinks, Miles, his Jack and Coke, CJ’s Bush light bottle, and Javier-Shiner Bock bottle and head over to an empty booth. All 3 on top of the world, but it’s all about to come crashing down, as Steve watches Miles, CJ and Javier, not listening to the conversation at his table, just watches, waiting for the right moment to strike.

### **Later in the night:**

CJ’s at bar, flirting with younger bartender as Miles is playing Stan Pronger at “Silver Strike Bowling”, Javier starts playing Sonna at darts. Steve sees his opportunity and decides its “time”. He quietly heads outside to his car, in his glove box, he grabs a bottle of Visine, and heads back inside.

Miles finishing the “Silver Strike” game with the Pronger.

Miles (To Pronger) “Look at that....4 jacks.....I think that’s high score!”

Pronger “Yeah...Yeah...”

Miles “Did I break it? I don’t think this game has ever seen 4 jacks!”

Pronger (upset with himself for losing) “Good game...”

Miles “No...Good game would have been you winning at one of the two, most pins, or best hand, you did nether....next!” (Miles looking around for any competition)

Pronger grabs Miles, picking him up with in a “double are choke slam”, holding him in the air, Pronger tease-threatens putting Miles threw table, instead, sets him back down, and walks away. Miles sells till Pronger is far enough away.

Miles (yells) “4 jacks...that’s...that’s like magic Silver Strike skills!”

Pronger flips Miles off without turning around, as he heads towards bar.

Steve (walking up, wanting to beat Miles at anything) “I got next!”

Miles “Sorry Steve...but loser has to buy drinks with me, son...and seeing how you have to buy a new singlet and all...”

Steve “I got it down....and I can take you on “Silver Strike”...This is my game!”....

Miles “It may be you’re game, but do you have 5 dollars, American, to buy my “jack and coke”? Because when you lose, that’s what I’ll be having...”

Steve smiles, looks around to see CJ still flirting at the bar. CJ, Virgil, Richie and Jeremy all set together, drinking at the bar. His attention bouncing from female to promoter, Virgil and Jeremy “put over” CJ to young bar tender, as Richie starts giving older bar tender a massage behind the bar.

Steve (mutters) “Just wait...”

At the dart board, Sonna sighs, looking defeated at Carlyle, as both have just been beaten by Javier at darts, “their game”.

Javier (yells out) “Ooohhh.... Oohhh! Bulls’ eye! That’s game!”

Sonna (To Carlyle) “Should we roll him?”...

Javier “No...what you should do is, both of you boys roll up to the bar and buy me my 2 shots of Tequila, no chasers...and when you’re done with that...”

Sonna and Carlyle quit listening as they head towards bar, Javier continues talking to their backs as they walk away.

Javier “...if you want to buy me more, you can come back...I’ll give you both rematches!”...

From 5<sup>th</sup> frame on, Steve knows he was losing the game on total pins, but the best hand he still has a chance. Pronger walks up, slamming down Mile’s “jack and coke” on counter, so hard it spills over his fingers, Pronger just stares at Miles.

Pronger “Just so you know, I spit in it...Steve...kick his ass...any means necessary!”

The 6<sup>th</sup> frame, Miles gets a “strike”, his card 7 of clubs, giving him 2 pair. Aces and 7’s. In the 7<sup>th</sup> frame, Steve picks up a spare, his card: King of hearts. Miles rolls his eyes as Steve has a 4 card straight, only needing an Ace.

In the 9<sup>th</sup> frame, Steve picks up spare, his card: Ace of clubs. Miles shakes his head in complete disbelief, feeling the pinch of pressure, knowing his free drink may actually cost him this time.

Steve celebrates as if he's already won, the crowd gathering around to watch the intense game of "Silver Strike" bowling "pops", in favor of Steve.

In the 10<sup>th</sup> frame, Miles gets a strike on 1<sup>st</sup> attempt. His card: a worthless 2 of spades. Miles trying again, with the small crowd gathered around to watch Miles "the shit talker" finally getting beat. Miles rolls another strike, this time his card is a 4 of diamonds. The crowd's reaction is mixed; with all of them feel the win slipping from Miles.

Steve gets right in Miles's ear, telling him he can't hit a 3rd strike, "he'll choke". Miles stops listening, relaxing completely, and pushing every negative thought out of his mind, he looks back at Steve defiantly, before he rolls, Miles tells Steve.

Miles "Every one of my friends and family thought I would choke at wrestling...and here I am...kicking your ass at "Silver Strike", a year later..."

Miles doesn't even look at the screen, his attention focused on Steve; just goes thru the motion, and rolls.

Miles "it's only Steve, I can't lose...god hates you more than me..."

The ball rolls straight down the lane, connecting with all the pins, a perfect strike. The crowd erupts, with mixed reactions of disbelief and celebration. His card pops up, an Ace of diamonds, giving Miles a "full boat" and enough to beat Steve's straight with the last Ace in the deck, on the last shot.

As everyone celebrates, as Steve gets banished to the bar for Miles prize. On his way, Javier stops him, giving him a 5-dollar bill, and tells him to get him a drink to, before slapping Steve's ass and joining the celebration already in progress.

CJ (at bar, looking over at celebration) "That's my boy...my tag partner!"

The younger bar tender stops what she's doing and give CJ a funny look.

CJ (to bar tender) "Not in the gay way..."

Steve walking up ignores CJ and orders Miles and Javier's drinks. CJ just smiles at Steve, wanting to rub in the loss even more.

CJ "It's ok grumpy bear, you got beat by Miles at "Silver Strike" and you're Javier's "beer bitch"...you....you just suck at life..."

Steve glares, looking straight ahead, waiting impatiently for the drinks and an opening to insult CJ back.

CJ "...just tag along with us...We'll show you the ropes kid....Hell...I'll teach you how to drink even! Yeah?!...but first I must piss...this bar tender is getting me drunk!"...

Steve smiles, knowing here is his moment, waiting for CJ to leave, he moves quickly as soon as Miles and Javier's drinks arrive. Squirting just a couple of drops of Visine in their drinks, Steve heads back over to the celebration, handing Miles and CJ their drinks, before catching CJ on his way out of the restroom.

CJ “There you are! (CJ putting his arm around Steve in a brotherly hug) C'mon little guy...let me show you how we drink in Red Deer.....Alberta....Canada...eh!”

Steve goes along with CJ, watching Miles and Javier drink to their doom; he buys more and more shots of hard liquor for CJ. Within a couple of minutes, he watches as Miles and Javier are racing, and fighting each other to get to the one bathroom in the bar.

Javier body checks Miles into wall, as Miles is falling, Miles “drop kicks” Javier's knee. Javier falls, face first to the floor; Miles spins up, holding his butt together, as he scrambles for the bathroom. Entire bar notices the scene, and watches with laughter. Javier grabbing Miles foot, yanking it out from under him, Miles grabs at the door, crawling desperately. Managing to get inside, he swings the door at Javier using it for a weapon. The door hits Javier's arm, knocking him back as Miles scrambles to get to 1<sup>st</sup> stall, Javier right behind him, rushes to get the last remaining stall.

They will spend the next 20-30 minutes on a roller coaster ride of pain-humiliation-relief like no one else at bar, while everyone at the bar laughs, unsure of what they just witnessed.

At the bar, CJ is completely wasted, watches commotion unfold with complete oblivion, as Steve continues feeding him liquor. CJ goes from a 50-50 chance with bar tender to 0% chance of ever getting her as he:

1. Falls off bar stool as Steve hands him another shot.
2. Begins to drool on the bar table, less than 5 minutes after his shot.
3. Falls off bar stool, again.
4. Spills a drink, that's not his.
5. Falls off bar stool, again, this time blaming Steve.
6. Starts to pass out, as Virgil tries to help him up he falls, banging his head on the table in front of him, then recovers his balance as people watch wide eyed.
7. Begins to feel “pukey”, as he tries to head outside, but pukes in a line along his way out of bar, turning back to go to the bathroom, he vomits some more, the entire bar watches in horror, as the smell fumigates the bar.

CJ (stumbles into bathroom, shaking the stall doors while trying to open them)  
“Let...me...in...stalls!”....

Miles “No...can do...”

Javier “Seriously dude...use the women's room!”...



CJ stumbles to the sink, puking then washing his face and mouth out.

Javier (From behind the stall door) “What happened to you?”

CJ “...Steve...”

Silence as they all realize together, that Steve had gotten them back

CJ “What....what the hell, happens...to you two?”

Miles and Javier in different stalls shake their heads and repeat at the same moment: “Steve”.

### **Indy Sleaze Pilot Episode Act 9 (Going Home)**

Sunday morning, time: 10:30 am. Checkout time: 11:00am

Location: Economy Inn, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Miles, Javier and AJ, all barely awake and moving, sore, hung over, and tired Miles tosses Javier a smoke. CJ gives him a look, and Miles tosses CJ one too. CJ lights his cigarette, regretting last night as he smokes. Their faces all show different levels of anger and pain.

Combined together they remember, coming to hotel, and getting the room that Jeremy paid for. Everyone, including the bar tenders party in indoor pool and hot tub area. Jeremy jumping into the pool with all his clothes on, his cell phone still in back pocket. Getting kicked out after sneaking beer into the pool area by the hotel manager, then getting let back in by another manager 10 minutes later. Virgil, Miles and CJ all sneaking up to Steve’s room, to steal “something” together, but not finding his gear or keys they head back down to the pool area. Richie and older bar tender get another room together; quietly they sneak off before anyone misses them. The young bartender and Steve disappear. Pronger sprays the fire extinguisher under his room door, Steve comes running to the door, angry and naked. Steve slams door, before Pronger can coat his door in extinguisher foam. The cops get called, and everyone hides in one room, giggling.

### **Flash forward to Sunday morning:**

Miles (holding head) “Owww...god....my ass still hurts!”

Javier “You, I’m twice you’re size! I got more in me than all of you combined!”

CJ confused, begins looking at the door cards they have.

CJ “Guys? Why do we have 3 door cards?”

CJ, Miles and Javier all look at each other, its then they realize just what they have.

**Flash from night before:**

When Miles, Virgil and CJ are all in Steve's room, Virgil grabs one of Steve's extra door cards. He hands it to Miles, with an evil teenage smile on his face, saying, "Just wait...get him good tomorrow...he'll be so hung over...he won't be expecting it!"...

Miles, CJ and Javier all laugh together as a renewed motivation gives them drive, and a new prank that will even the score with Steve, gives them energy from out of nowhere.

Time: 10:52am

Check out time in: 7 min 52 seconds.

They move quickly, as Miles and CJ pack fast, throwing everything into their gear bags. Javier dresses, heading for the car with as much stuff as he can carry. CJ grabs his and Miles bags following Javier to the car, as Javier pulls up. Miles heads to the front desk to get his I.D. back. After the transaction, Miles runs down hallway, knowing time is of the essence, towards Steve's room. CJ and Javier already outside, getting the car ready, CJ leaves Javier, as he backs it up to the closest parking slot to the door, ready for the getaway.

Miles runs down the hallway, slowing to a tip-toe just outside Steve's door. His ear to the door, listening inside the room, as CJ catches up.

Miles (whispering so only CJ can hear) "Is Javy ready? I think Steve's in the shower..."

CJ "Why are you whispering?"

Miles "Because I know what I'm doing...that's why!"...

CJ slides card in door, quietly as possible it beeps loud in the quiet hallway. CJ slowly opens door, the shower already running. CJ peaks his head inside, catching no one in sight as he and Miles move quickly throughout the room, grabbing any and all of Steve's clothes. CJ throws everything he can grab in Miles's backpack. Within seconds, all of Steve's clothes are rounded up, along with a couple of bath towels.

Miles stops and smiles at CJ. CJ looks confused; knowing that evil smile on his face can only mean trouble, as Miles heads for bathroom. CJ tries to whisper a "No!" but Miles quits listening, ushering CJ to leave. CJ has look of impending danger, and instinctively heads for door, leaving Miles to spring one more prank on Steve. CJ props front door open with one of Steve's shoes, making a quicker escape for Miles as he opens bathroom door.

Steve, in his own, safe protected world is sings out loud, "Don't feel like dancing" by Scissor Sisters.

Miles freezes, wanting to laugh out loud, but holds it in looking back for CJ. CJ in the process of leaving, stops and pokes his head back in the front door, they both make eye contact, at the absurdity of Steve, and in unison shake their heads, trying not to laugh out loud.

Just then the shower shuts off, and both Miles and CJ's eye bulge in a panic. CJ bails, flying threw the hall, and down stairs, laughing with the adrenaline flowing threw him. In an instant Miles rushes the bathroom, grabbing all of the towels, and scooping Steve's dirty underwear up in with the towels.

The shower door opens; Miles and Steve make confused eye contact.

Steve "What the hell!!"

Miles "House-keeping!"

Steve immediately covers his penis, as Miles turns and runs out of the room. Steve, confused, looks around, scanning the situation as quickly as possible. His eyes bulge in an instant, he knows.

Miles flies down hall, feeling like a kid again he laughs hysterically almost running into the maid. The maid doesn't even notice, as she quietly sings to herself.

Steve (screaming to an empty hotel room) "What the hell!?!?"....

Steve bolts out of the bathroom, only taking a second to realize, no clothes, anywhere.

Steve "Miles!"

Steve sprints out of room, completely naked, and pissed. He almost takes the maid out as he spins around her in hallway, continuing his naked chase.

Miles runs by main lobby, wanting Steve to chase and everyone to see, he catches Virgil and Jeremy's attention at the complementary buffet. Steve 15 feet behind starts to catch up, coming down the stairs.

Miles (to everyone in the lobby area) "Heads up!"....

Everyone including innocent patrons looks up in confusion as they watch Miles running out the main door. Steve cuts the distance between them in half taking the side door, and existing into the cold Iowa winter. Javier, watching the moment unfold, races the car towards Miles, unaware of Steve bearing down on him.

As Steve gains ground, people get up to watch the commotion. Miles making eye contact with Javier, he can see a worried look flash across his face, for a second he looks back at Steve nearly 5 feet from him, and coming in fast in an angry naked rush.

Javier guns the car close to Miles, as CJ opens the back passenger door from inside the car. Without stopping Miles throws the towels in first, then dives hard into the back seat, as Steve is within inches of grabbing. The car lunges forward, as CJ closes the door from outside the window, Steve's fingertips brush the car in a frantic motion.

In the chaotic seconds, screams of “GO! GO! GO!” are heard from inaudible voices, as Steve gives up pulling on the door, locked safely from inside, and grabs for CJ.

Javier shifts gears, and the escort wagon jets off, breaking Steve’s grip on CJ and the door. Javier turns hard to the right, pulling out of the parking lot, and taking off.

Steve comes to a defeated stop, out of breath, and now naked in public. He turns to walk back, hoping that someone, anyone will lend him something to wear home, only to see not 1, not 10, but 20 sets of eyes, all watching him, and now laughing and celebrating his naked defeat.

Steve tries to cover up, before running behind cars for cover. People laugh and point at the naked chubby man running outside in the middle of winter. Steve scurries to side door for easier access inside, only to be met by a group of girls, all giggling and pointing at Steve. Moving quickly he has to scunter up stairs, and backs to his room before the maid locks him out, the hotel echoing with laughter.

Making it to his room, the door shut and locked, Steve bangs his head on door, covered in goose bumps, exhausted and defeated. The maid answers the door; her eyes bulge, not knowing what to make of the situation, or what to do. .

Steve (Angry and humiliated) “I HAVE to get my THINGS!”...

Maid letting herself out, leaving before the situation gets any weirder, mutters, “Looks like they already did...”

END: CREDITS

(P.S. SHOT)

Steve is seen driving on interstate, completely nude from head to toe. Shaking his head in defeat, and complete disbelief of what has happened to him this weekend. Cars pass by honking and yelling at him. Using his left hand, he tries to cover his face, and mask his shame, as a bus drives by filled with girls, all laughing and taking pictures of him.

Will (sitting behind driver seat, not wanting to set next to a naked Steve) “Dude...if you would have saw it...like I saw it...you would have rooted for those guys! That was straight up ninja!”

Steve (shaking head, to himself) “I hate you guys.”