

FAKE

Written by

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INT. CAR - NIGHT

Slicked hair. Toothpick. Sunglasses. Jersey all day. This is ROY (30s) riding on the passenger side of a car, looking at the Atlantic City night life.

Lights. Club lines. Scantily dressed women.

ROY (V.O.)
Ever since I could remember, I
wanted to be a gangster.

Roy certainly looks the part.

EXT. ASBURY PARK - NIGHT

Roy's watching from the window of a piece of shit car. Not something a gangster would be in.

The car turns off the main strip. The glitz and glamor of AC turns into hopelessness as they pull into a desolate lot.

ROY (V.O.)
Not to start my story off by
ripping off Henry Hill, but it's
true. John Gotti Tony Soprano,
Scarface, Al Capone. These guys
were my guys. My heroes.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The man driving Roy has a fitted hat and busy eyes is named COCO (40s). Another aging Jersey shore guido/weirdo with a white tank top, random tattoos, and cigarette mouth.

ROY (V.O.)
They were the epitome of what I
thought any red-blooded American
male should be.

COCO
There they are.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A VAN in the desolate parking lot flashes their lights.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Coco tries to flash his lights, but they aren't working.

ROY (V.O.)
But after 30 years of this shit, no
pension plan, no health insurance -

COCO
What the fuck do I do?

ROY
We've done this twelve fucking
times, and you guys still can't
figure it out.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Two men of low character sit in the van waiting for Coco to flash his lights. Let's call them LOU and HARRY. They watch as Coco waves his camera phone flashlight.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Comically slow, the cars approach each other.

ROY (V.O.)
Like I was saying, no pension, no
insurance, dealing with dumbfucks
all day. Makes me think this wasn't
the best career choice.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Roy and Coco get in the back of the van. They hand Roy cash.

ROY (V.O.)
But here I am, living the dream.

Then Coco pulls out a zip lock bag of weed but he accidentally spills the weed all over the floor.

COCO
Fuck!

Coco opens the door, but more weed spills to the floor. Roy pinches his nose. Lou and Harry run outside to help.

ROY (V.O.)
For gangsters, I'm not even a last
of the dying breed.

Roy sees all three of their ass cracks as they pick the bits of weed off the floor. Disgusted.

ROY (V.O.)
I'm a walking corpse.

SMASH CUT:

INT. WRESTLING RING - DAY

A FLUORESCENT LIGHT BULB is smashed over a PRO WRESTLER'S HEAD. The crowd goes nuts as the wrestler gushes blood.

Roy & Coco walk through the crowd. Coco has a very pronounced limp. We can see their character uniform.

Roy always in sunglasses, slicked back hair, and a toothpick. Coco always in a fitted hat, white tank top, and cigarette.

ROY (V.O.)
In New Jersey, pro-wrestling is like Texas high school football. Even if you don't watch, you at least know someone who works in pro-wrestling in some way.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Roy and Coco walk past a line of pro wrestlers who are being treated for their wounds.

No doctors. No EMTS. Just wrestlers stitching other wrestlers. Bloody towels spread across the floor.

WRESTLER
Coco! Coco! I think Smash Mouth really needs to go the hospital!

Smash Mouth is covered head to toe in blood, à la Nicholas Cage in *Mandy* with thumbtacks in his head.

COCO
(shrugs)
If he goes, he's paying for it.

The Wrestler and Smash Mouth look at each other.

SMASH MOUTH
Fuck it. I'm good bro.

Then Roy and Coco swing into the back room just as Smash Mouth collapses.

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

Roy and Coco sit with an old carny lady with proptosis (bulging eye disease) named DOLORES (50s) counting money.

COCO

How much?

DOLORES

We're four hundred dollars away from hitting the bar minimum.

Coco rubs his chin.

COCO

We need something to get the crowd buying drinks.

(then)

I know. Tell Smash Mouth to take a weed wacker to the stomach.

DOLORES

Last I saw him he was -

COCO

He's fine. Give him orange juice and a slice of cheese -

INT. CROWD - DAY

WAT-WAT-WAT-WAT-WAT-GUUUUSSSSSSSSSHHHH

The crowd is sprayed with blood as a WEED WACKER shreds Smash Mouth's torso.

The crowd pounds their beers in excitement and go to get more. Coco nods in the crowd. His plan worked.

Roy notices blood on his shirt, gets annoyed with it, and wipes it off.

Then a PEAR-SHAPED wrestling fan with a pathetic attempt at a hipster haircut awkwardly approaches Roy.

PEAR-SHAPE

Hey, Roy, what happened to the Giants last night?

Roy doesn't even look at him, which is easy since he never takes off his shades.

ROY

If you can't handle betting like a man, get the fuck out of here.

Roy continues to watch the match as Smash Mouth bleeds more. Pear-Shape stares at Roy like he's about to kill him.

ROY (V.O.)

You'd think he'd slug me, right? Nope. I know these guys from a mile away. Lived his whole life compromising. Job he hates. Ugly wife. Stupid kids. All that is running through his mind now. But he's too weak or dumb to admit that to himself. So instead, cognitive dissonance kicks in and he -

PEAR SHAPE

What about Thursday night's game?

Roy fights a smile as he runs his TOOTHPICK through his mouth.

ROY

It'll cost ya, 'cause you annoyed me.

Pear Shape slips Roy a wad of cash as we -

INT. SHARK TOOTH BETTING OFFICES - DAY

A shitty, small, wood-paneled room filled with smoke. 30 years earlier, maybe it would be cigar smoke, but now it's weed.

Also, what would usually be *Scarface* mounds of cocaine on each desk has been replaced with small piles of marijuana.

Also on the tables are copious amounts of cell phones. Blackberries, iPhones, etc. Some broken. Some charging.

It's like an updated version of an illegal gambling back room from the 1970s with modern day technology.

ROY (V.O.)

The wrestling is a solid business. But it's mostly for fun. This is where the real action is. Sports picks.

INSERT - Outside the door is a sign says "SHARK TOOTH SPORTS".

ROY (V.O.)

Me and Coco, we call the richest, dumbest people we can find in the south - and we berate them until they want to prove a point and pay us out of sheer dignity - then we give them our picks.

(then)

Then if we win we hit them up for more money.

A team just intercepted the ball. Coco PUNCHES the table.

COCO

Goddamn it!

Roy bites his toothpick, breaking it in half.

ROY (V.O.)

And if we lose... We hit them up for more money.

Roy's on the phone with a "rich farmer".

ROY

Go fuck yourself. Go fuck your mother. I can't believe there still isn't a law for allowing stupid fucks like you to breed. I knew you didn't have any goddamn money or balls. I thought I was dealing with a real man and -

(then)

Wait what was that?

Roy starts snapping his fingers at Coco. Coco waddles over with a credit card machine.

ROY (CONT'D)

Start all over. What's those first few numbers of your credit card again?

Roy types in the numbers as he tosses another toothpick in his mouth. Winner. Winner. Chicken dinner.

ROY (V.O.)

I'll take the money anyway you got it. Paypal, Venmo, Cash App, Wire Transfers, UPS, anything.

INSERT AS HE SAYS THEIR NAME - PAYPAL, VENMO, UPS CASH APP, WIRE TRANSFERS.

ROY (V.O.)

Then I take that money and put it into the ads on Instagram and Twitter. Who are constantly trying to block me because they think I'm a scam.

Roy looks directly into the camera. Into our souls.

ROY

I'm not a scam. And don't you ever forget that. I offer a deal, you pay me, and I tell you the team to pick. Whatever happens after that, that's up to the sports gods. I'm here for entertainment purposes only. If you don't like that, go kick rocks.

(then)

Plus, soon gambling will be legal in NJ and all this scam business will go away. I'll be as legitimate as the super market.

Roy returns to his phone call.

ROY (CONT'D)

Thanks, bud. Yeah, do the three-team parlay, the over, the spread, and the -

EXT. ROY'S HOUSE - DAY

Roy's standing outside of his suburban middle class home in his boxers shorts and a Hawaiian shirt.

He's holding an empty brown box.

ROY (V.O.)

The worst is when a degenerate sends you an empty box that was supposed to be filled with 10k.

Roy shakes his head and tosses it.

EXT. UPS TRUCK - DAY

Roy yells at the UPS Guy.

ROY

Hey! Asshole! Come here! Let me talk to you real quick!

ROY (V.O.)
 Sometimes it's the UPS guy,
 sometimes it's someone at the
 processing center. Sometimes the
 dudes just send me an empty box and
 never gets back to me. It's the
 price of doing business.

The UPS Guy sees Roy and jumps in his truck and drives off.
 He throws the empty box at the truck.

ROY
 Second fucking time this month!

INT. ROY'S BED ROOM - NIGHT

Roy's SNORING. His bedroom door slightly opens. Someone
 creeps inside. Then, very carefully, puts a GUN in his mouth.

Roy wakes up.

ROY
 (muffled)
 What the fuck?!

CHILD'S VOICE
 BANG! BANG!

Roy's son TYSON (7) laughs with a toy gun.

CHILD'S VOICE (CONT'D)
 I KILLED YOU, DADDY!

ROY
 Oh! You didn't kill anything! Daddy
 can never die!

Roy ROARS and wrestles his son off of the bed.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Roy comes downstairs for breakfast. His wife TANYA, (30s) an
 African American fox with sharp eyes that cut deep feeds
 Tyson and their daughter Ali.

ROY
 I'm going to go meet up with Coco.

TANYA
 It's 7:15am, who is betting on
 sports at 7:15am?

ROY
It's fucking business! OK?

Tanya shakes her head and gives Ali a mouthful as Roy opens a door to the basement. We follow him down stairs until -

INT. BASEMENT/SHARK TOOTH OFFICES - DAY

We realize the smoky Shark Tooth Sports offices is really just Roy's basement. Coco is already at a table. Rolling.

COCO
You're late again. Somehow.

ROY
You're a bitch for being early.

LATER

They're watching a game, screaming at the screen. Roy grabs the controller and LAUNCHES it at the TV, breaking it.

The TV falls off the hinges and crashes on the floor.

ROY (CONT'D)
For fuck's sake.

EXT. ROY'S HOUSE - DAY

Roy and Coco drag the big screen outside to the garbage.

INT. SHARK TOOTH OFFICES - DAY

Roy and Coco open a closet door filled with as many flat screens that you can stuff.

They hang the flat screen on the wall.

ROY
Turn the screwdriver right.

COCO
This is right.

ROY
Not if you're screwing from behind.

COCO
Oh, true.

Roy rolls his eyes.

INT. SHARK TOOTH OFFICES - LATER

It's been a long day of phone calls. Roy can barely keep his eyes open. He's tired, but he keeps pitching.

ROY

Ah. How about this. Nice guy deal.
\$200 and I'll give you 16 games for
next week.

(then)

OK. Call it \$100.

(then)

I'm not going lower than \$100.

(then)

\$50? Deal.

He hangs up. Sighs. Turns off ESPN and puts on pro-wrestling.

Then he looks over at Coco.

He's passed out with the phone between his ear and shoulder, cigarette hanging from his lips. Roy wakes him.

ROY (CONT'D)

We need more dutches. Let's go for
a ride.

INT. ROY'S CAR - NIGHT

Roy drives as Coco lights another cigarette.

ROY

I gotta make more money.

COCO

I feel like we do OK.

ROY

I'm not sending my kids to public
school. I went to public school,
and look where that got me. They
need better.

COCO

What? You don't want Tyson
following you in your footsteps?

ROY

Fuck no. I would be a failure as a
father if my son didn't surpass me
in every way.

(sigh)

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

At this point, I don't know if that would be too hard.

Beat.

COCO

I need a place to live.

ROY

Coco, I have real problems. I have kids. You just don't want to live with your mom anymore. You actually have the reverse of a problem. You have two places you can live. You can live with me or in the office -

COCO

It's not an office, it's a basement.

ROY

It's a basement to me, because it's my house. But to you, it's your office, cause that's where you work.

COCO

You can't just throw some Ikea tables in and call it an office.

ROY

Bro, shut the fuck up, it's an office. You fucking work there -

COCO

HOLY SHIT!

WHAM!

ROY FUCKING FLIPS A DUDE OVER WITH HIS CAR!

HE HITS HOOD, THEN WIND SHIELD, THEN ASPHALT!

LANDING RIGHT ON HIS FACE!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Roy and Coco step from the vehicle to find a BEARDED MAN with tattoos screaming in agonizing pain.

Roy and Coco stand over him, not helping.

ROY
Coco! What the fuck!

COCO
I wasn't driving!

ROY
This is your fault!

COCO
I wasn't driving!

ROY
Yeah, I was designated driver
because you were way too high to
drive, making you implicit!

The Bearded Man VOMITS blood, almost hitting Roy's alligator shoes.

ROY (CONT'D)
Fuck this. Let's get out of here.

Roy and Coco scramble back into the car.

ROY (CONT'D)
No! You drive now! I'm not driving.

Coco and Roy switch seats. Coco slams it in reverse when -

INT. ROY'S CAR - NIGHT

Coco watches from the rearview mirror as the Bearded Man clings to the bumper of the car, bloodied like a zombie.

COCO
What the fuck is he doing?

Roy tries to step on the accelerator himself.

COCO (CONT'D)
No! Stop! Stop!

This dude is spitting blood, clinging onto the bumper with all his life, screeching.

BEARDED MAN
I'm fucking dying! I'm fucking
dying, man!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Bearded Man is on the side of the curb like road kill as he talks to Roy & Coco. No more screaming. He's normal.

BEARDED MAN

You really should look where you're driving. I mean, it was an empty street, you could have easily seen me. But don't worry. We don't have to call the cops. Just give me whatever cash you got and we can just call it a wash.

COCO

Is that fake blood?

BEARDED MAN

What?

COCO

I know real blood when I see it.
And that's not real blood.

The Bearded Man stands-up. Cleans himself off and wipes the fake blood from his face.

BEARDED MAN

You got me. Sorry about that.

Bearded Man walks away like nothing ever happened.

ROY

Hey! I should kick your fucking ass
for that!

Roy grabs the Bearded Man by the arm, spinning him around.
The Bearded Man SCREAMS like a little girl.

It was such a high-pitched scream, Roy can't help but smile.
The Bearded Man is terrified, covering his face.

Then Coco notices the Bearded Man's shirt.

COCO

Is that an ECW shirt?

Bearded Man looks at his chest. Then does the infamous reneged pro-wrestling company chant.

BEARDED MAN

E-C-Dub. E-C-Dub. E-C-Dub.

Roy and Coco look at each other. A wrestling fan?

ROY
Who are your favorite wrestlers?

BEARDED MAN
Cactus Jack and Great Muta.

Roy and Coco nod in approval.

ROY
Ric Flair and Sandman.

COCO
Undertaker.

BEARDED MAN
Undertaker doesn't count. Everyone
loves the Undertaker.

COCO
You are right. That was a trick
question. I'm an Abdullah the
Butcher guy.

The three of them just became BFFs.

INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

CHYRON: YEARS LATER.

Roy's handcuffed to a table sitting across TWO FBI AGENTS.
His slick hair has been shaved. His confidence has been
zapped. He's been through some shit.

AGENT COHEN (30s) a prickly fellow with a comb over. Wants
nothing more than to move up in ranks.

AGENT RICCA (30s) less prickly, more ham andegger. Just
wants to go home.

AGENT COHEN
I gotta tell ya, Roy. I've arrested
some serious gangsters in my time.
And compared to them - selling weed
and giving out sports picks - I'd
say this is laughable. But I'm
impressed with how hard you try to
be that guy.

Roy squirms. Agent Cohen is enjoying this.

AGENT COHEN (CONT'D)
But let's continue. After meeting
Gary...is that when you would say
everything changed?

Roy shifts uncomfortably.

ROY
Things always change. No matter
what you do. With or without Gary.

INT. SHARK TOOTH OFFICES - NIGHT

Gary, Roy, and Coco are watching pro wrestling smoking pot.

ROY
Put the game on.

Roy switches it to football. Saddens Gary.

GARY
I don't get football. Never did.
They aren't even born and raised in
the states they play for. You would
think they would be.

ROY
Football's fake. Everyone knows
that. It's all about entertainment.
Selling ads.

GARY
It's fake?

COCO
It's not fake. Don't listen to him.

GARY
Can you bet on pro-wrestling?

Coco and Roy laugh.

GARY (CONT'D)
What's so funny? I see it promoted
on gambling websites sometimes.

ROY
Yeah, those sites just do that to
bait people. They always put money
limits on everything so you can
only bet like \$10.00.

COCO
 Plus, you can only bet on match
 length. Not actual winners.

Gary watches football, thinking.

INT. SHARK TOOTH OFFICES - DAY

Gary's on the phone with Roy and Coco coaching him.

ROY (V.O.)
 Once Gary understood what we did to
 make money, he wanted to try it.

Gary struggles through his pitch...

GARY
 Yes, take the cardinals - plus -
 three - you -

Gary and Roy make eye contact. Roy nods to keep going.

GARY (CONT'D)
 You - you - pussy?

Roy and Coco nod approvingly.

ROY (V.O.)
 He wasn't as good at first, but
 once he got it -

Gary's SCREAMING into the phone like a lunatic.

GARY
 You mother fucking pussy mother
 fucker from the country of no balls
 living in the city of bitch, with
 an address of 1-2-3 I'm a big bitch
 dot fucking com! Take the fucking
 over or I hope to god you never
 have offspring! Because it will
 bring down the genetic code of the
 entire species with how goddamn
 soft you are -
 (changes tone)
 Oh, I'm sorry, can you start from
 the top again?

Gary types in a credit card number as Coco and Roy look at each other and shrug. *Not bad.*

EXT. UNCLE CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Coco, Gary, and Roy stand outside of another middle class suburban house. Then the door opens.

UNCLE CHARLIE, (60s), an older man that looks exactly like Al Pacino, with glasses. Seriously, like Al Pacino.

UNCLE CHARLIE
Come in, boys.

ROY (V.O.)
This old guy who looks just like Al Pacino? That's my Uncle Charlie. An old school gangster. Taught me everything I know. Just don't talk to him about his doppelgänger. Not a fan.

INT. UNCLE CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

They walk through the house; it's filled to the brim with marijuana plants.

He takes them to a back room where there are multiple computers being rebuilt.

They pass the joint and yuck it up watching ESPN. Uncle Charlie, though, is watching Gary. He's not sure of him.

Gary does his best not to make eye contact.

UNCLE CHARLIE
Who's the new guy?

ROY
That's Gary. He's alright. Right, Gary?

Gary nods.

GARY
I love drugs.

Weird. But Uncle Charlie will take it. He turns back to the screen.

ROY
How's the weed business?

Uncle Charlie digs into a computer.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Old news. It's all about mining for
crypto coin now.

Uncle Charlie love taps a computer with a hammer. Not too
hard to destroy it, but hard enough to show it who's boss.

UNCLE CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Problem is, mining crypto coin
burns these hard drives out fast.

Roy watches as Uncle Charlie bangs on the computer.

UNCLE CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I'm getting too old for this shit.

GARY

Anyone ever tell you you look like
Al Pacino?

The room gets quiet.

Uncle Charlie is now staring at Gary with a hammer.

GARY (CONT'D)

What?

ROY

Fuck.

Uncle Charlie goes off, a lot like Al Pacino, swinging his
hammer at Gary.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Al Pacino is an actor playing a
fucking gangster! He's a thespian!
He reads poetry! He grew up in the
arts! I grew up selling cocaine!
I've had friends die in my fucking
arms! Al Pacino looks like fucking
me! You got that? When you see Al
Pacino in a movie - you say - Hey,
that guy looks like the last mother
fucker I want to see before I die -
Uncle Charlie. Not the other way
around. You got it?

Gary gets it. He nods. Scared.

UNCLE CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Good.

INT. SHARK TOOTH OFFICES - DAY

Roy rips a teddy bear open with a small hatchet. Money falls out of it. We push back, and the room is FILLED with gutted teddy bears.

ROY (V.O.)
I started asking clients to fill
teddy bears with money so UPS guys
couldn't steal it from me.

They're counting the money while pro-wrestling is on TV.

INT. INDY WRESTLING SHOW CROWD - NIGHT

Roy, Coco, and Gary watch a wrestler use a STAPLE GUN on another wrestler. The crowd goes wild.

Gary leans into Roy.

GARY
You wish you ever did it?

ROY
Nah. I'm good.

GARY
Come on. We all did. My name was
going to be "Horrible Gary" and my
gimmick was that I go up to kids
and spit in their mouth.

Roy can't believe Gary just said that.

A wrestler grabs a chair from the audience but before he can use it, Coco limp-charges him.

COCO
No! No! No! Not the arena's chair!
Grab the chairs from under the
ring!

Coco SNATCHES the chair from the wrestler's hands and points to the ring, as Roy and Coco stay back.

ROY
Pretty boy.

GARY
Huh?

ROY

That was my name. Pretty Boy Roy. I wanted to come out in a velvet robe.

GARY

What happened?

ROY

I got a job as a salesman. Found out I could do that better than anyone. You?

GARY

Horses.

ROY

What?

GARY

I fucking hate horses.

ROY

What does that have to do with -

GARY

I trained to be a wrestler. They wanted me to be a cowboy in my first match. So went into the stall before the show to get to know the horse. I never rode a horse in my life. It went crazy and bit me.

Gary shows him the scars on his shoulder.

ROY

What. The. Fuck.

GARY

Then it tried to kick me, so I tackled it, and stuck my fingers in its eye. Screaming in its face. By the time the trainer found us. I was hugging the horse, crying, in a pool of its own blood.

Roy can't even speak.

GARY (CONT'D)

I fucking hate horses.

Coco comes back.

COCO
Fucking guys. Never listen.

Then a wrestler goes for a chair again -

COCO (CONT'D)
GODDAMN IT! STOP WITH THE CHAIRS!

INT. DINER - NIGHT

It's 2:00AM at a NJ diner. Gary, Roy, Uncle Charlie, and Coco are cutting it up having a good time.

GARY
How did you become a handicapper?

ROY
I was 19 years old. No college education. Like legit nothing. I was doing nothing. Pro wrestling wasn't going to happen for me. I saw an ad in the paper that said, "LIKE SPORTS?" And it was either that or work at UPS. I answered the ad. Went to work at an office. Made 7k my first week and never looked back.

GARY
And you?

COCO
Not by choice. Unlike you two, I had the balls to be a pro wrestler. I just fell off the top of a cage -

INSERT - SHAKY VHS FOOTAGE - COCO FALLS OFF THE TOP OF A CAGE AND HITTING A GUARD RAIL HARD AS FUCK - LEG FIRST.

HIS LEGS SPINS AROUND TERRIBLY. HE'S SCREAMING. PEOPLE ARE CRYING. IT'S TERRIBLE. A REAL HORROR SHOW.

COCO (CONT'D)
What about you? What did you do before you were hustling people by getting hit by a car?

ROY
No, no, no. Trust me, no more stories from this guy. His horse story was enough for me.

They laugh as the night's ball-busting continues -

INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

We're back to Roy handcuffed to the table with two FBI Agents.

AGENT COHEN

So you're all swinging your dicks around, acting like a bunch of tough guys making money.

(then)

Do you feel like a cliché?

Roy squirms. He didn't like that.

AGENT COHEN (CONT'D)

Jersey kid. Slicked-back hair. Toothpick. Salesman. Let me guess. What's the over/under how many times you watched *Wolf of Wall Street*? 100? 150?

AGENT RICCA

I'll take the over at 100.

Roy smiles.

ROY

Never heard of it.

The FBI Agents smile at each other.

AGENT COHEN

You want anything to drink? I feel like it's going to be a long day.

ROY

Whole milk please.

Agent Cohen leaves, Agent Ricca leans in.

AGENT RICCA

Keep going...

ROY

Well, everything was going great until...

INT. ROY'S HOUSE - DAY

Roy gives his kid a NEW LARGER TOY GUN. Tyson takes it, spins it around on his father, and shoots him -

But Roy ducks quickly.

ROY
Whoa! Told you! Daddy can never
die!

INT. ROY'S NEW HOUSE - DAY

Roy and his family stand in front of a new, bigger, gaudier house that has a "SOLD" sign outside.

INT. NEW SHARK TOOTH OFFICES - DAY

Shark tooth offices have improved. It's still in a basement, but now it feels like a cigar lounge. Leather couches. Old school pro-wrestling, boxing, and gangster paintings.

Roy's enjoying life. Smoking weed. Watching the news.

Across the news ticker we see New Jersey Governor Phil Murphy has announced that gambling is legal in NJ. Roy smiles.

He puts on pro-wrestling then pulls his blunt when Tanya comes downstairs and sits next to him.

She kisses him on the cheek and whispers.

TANYA
I'm pregnant.

Roy smiles. He opens a safe. Stacks of money. He turns to us, with a wad of cash in hand.

ROY
Can you believe it? Same day I find out I'm having a third kid, gambling becomes legal in NJ. I was finally going to be all the way legitimate. This would open the flood gates to those pussies out there who were too scared to bet because it was "illegal".

INT. DINER - NIGHT

It's night. Everyone's having a grand time again. Uncle Charlie, Roy, Gary, and Coco are having a toast.

UNCLE CHARLIE
TO ROY AND HIS THIRD KID!

They down their milk while a waitress brings them cake.

GARY

I feel like having two desserts today.

ROY

Fuck it. We'll just make more money.

They laugh as they dig into more cake.

ROY (V.O.)

Making money with your boys, smoking weed, doing whatever you want. I was having my cake and - well - you know how that saying goes.

INT. NEW SHARK TOOTH OFFICES - DAY

Roy's sitting in a robe drinking milk in the morning, with a blunt in his hand.

Then he checks his Paypal. It's zeros. All zeros.

He's confused. He calls them.

ROY

Hello? Paypal? Yeah. It looks like my money didn't go through?

Then we cut to Roy calling Venmo. Getting increasingly more worried.

ROY (CONT'D)

Venmo? Yeah? My money -

ROY (CONT'D)

CashApp? Hello? For some reason -

ROY (CONT'D)

What do you mean illegal activities. I'm not illegal. I'm not gambling. I'm for entertainment purposes only. Like pro-wrestling.

SHOTS OF ROY SLAMMING THE PHONE OVER AND OVER.

ROY (CONT'D)

What the fuck.

He picks up the phone again, and calls even more angrily.

ROY (CONT'D)
Let me talk to your manager.

ROY (CONT'D)
OK, fuck you, who is above you?
Elon Musk? Let me talk to him you
rat fuck -

We freeze on Roy mid flip out. Foam from his mouth. Toothpick flying. Blunt smoke.

ROY (V.O.)
Apparently, after NJ legalized
gambling, they cracked down on all
the little guys. They said they
were cleaning out the scammers.
Scam artist. Can you believe it?
I'm a scam artist? There are
millionaire companies on wall
street just face fucking the
economy and I'm the scam artist?

INT. ROY'S NEW LIVING ROOM - DAY

Roy and Tanya look over a stack of bills. She's super pregnant. Mortgage. Car payment. Hospital bills.

She kisses him.

TANYA
I know you'll figure this out.

She heads up stairs as Roy is left to his stack of bills, burying his head in his hands.

EXT. LOW INCOME APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Roy smokes a blunt outside of an apartment building somewhere off of a highway in east bumble fuck New Jersey.

It's depressing as hell.

He's in a robe and boxer shorts. Not unlike Henry Hill at the end of *Goodfellas*, Roy's looking into the camera.

ROY
You know the end of *Goodfellas* when
Henry Hill looks at the camera and
says he's a nobody? He asked for
pasta with marinara sauce, and got
ketchup and egg noodles? Well,
that's me.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

(then)

I was at the end of my movie. Just like that.

(then)

What the fuck.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Roy and Tanya are in the middle of a bad fight. His son is chasing his daughter with a toy gun. Baby, crying.

TANYA

The deal was I take care of your children and you work! Go get a normal job!

ROY

I don't know how to do anything else!

TANYA

You're so fucking delusional! Your life isn't a gangster movie, Roy! You can get a normal job and just be a normal person!

INT. KITCHEN - ROY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Roy's on the phone at a kitchen table. This is a cramped kitchen within an even more cramped apartment. From where he's sitting, he can see Tanya leaving with the kids.

TANYA

I'm going to my mom's for the weekend. When I get back, you better have a job.

Roy gives her the finger as she leaves. He returns to his phone conversation.

ROY

So what do you say?

VOICE (O.S.)

I'd love to pay ya! But there ain't no way to send you the money. Paypal keeps denying my payments.

ROY

You can mail it in a teddy bear.

VOICE (O.S.)
 What is this, a fucking scam? Teddy
 bears?

ROY
 What did you call me?

VOICE (V.O.)
 I don't feel comfortable with this.
 Is this a scam?

ROY
 I don't care if you don't feel
 comfortable but I need to make
 clear this is not a scam -

He hangs up on Roy.

ROY (CONT'D)
 FUCK!

Roy looks at his phone on a job search website - he finds a
 listing for "SECURITY GUARD".

INT. SECURITY TRAILER - DAY

Roy sits across from a hulking SECURITY GUARD inside a shitty
 trailer. Behind Roy is a man mopping the floor.

SECURITY GUARD
 So you say you ran your own
 business in...sports?

ROY
 Yep.

SECURITY GUARD
 What did you do exactly?

Roy sniffs.

ROY
 I gave out sports picks.

SECURITY GUARD
 Oh yeah? Who do you got tonight?

Roy gets into the zone. He hasn't been asked this in a while.

ROY
 I'd take a three-game parlay, with
 the Yankees +2, Dodgers laying 3,
 and the over on the Marlins game.

Security Guard nods, writing everything Roy's saying. Roy notices the stain on the floor that's being cleaned.

ROY (CONT'D)
Had a little spill?

SECURITY GUARD
The last guy who had your job, got shot in the head. Right in the chair your sitting in. Don't worry, though. He's still alive.

The Security Guard finishes writing the bet, not noticing Roy's horror.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Job's yours if you want it.

He extends his hand to Roy, but Roy's already gone. We hear the door shut and his car start outside.

INT. UNCLE CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Roy looks around. The weed is less plentiful. Uncle Charlie is freaking out.

UNCLE CHARLIE
Can you believe it? They legalized gambling and weed and I lost half my fucking revenue in a week? Do you know how hard vape pens are to make? That's all these kids want is to fucking vape! And none of these goddamn computers can mine fucking coins.

He realizes Roy's in the room with him.

UNCLE CHARLIE (CONT'D)
The fuck do you want?

ROY
I wanted to see if I could move some weight for ya.

Charlie swings a hammer at a computer, the side paneling pops off, allowing an avalanche of weed to cascade.

UNCLE CHARLIE
Take as much as you want. But you ain't going to sell shit. Everyone goes to a "doctor" to get high now.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Roy's standing on the corner selling to HIGH SCHOOL KIDS.

HIGH SCHOOL KID

Hey, aren't you a parent? I saw you at my little brother's basketball game.

ROY

Get the fuck out of here, kid.

HIGH SCHOOL KID

Dude. Get your life together. Why are you dressing like a bad guy from the 80s?

ROY

This is how real men dress, OK?

HIGH SCHOOL KID

Whatever you say, weirdo.

Then the kid takes a hit from his vape while walking away with his friends. Judging the shit out of Roy.

INT. INDY LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Coco stands in front of all the wrestlers in the locker room holding two types of chairs. One plastic. One metal.

COCO

These metal chairs.

(bangs on metal)

Will be under the ring. You can use these. These chairs.

(bangs on plastic)

Will be in the crowd, for the audience only, and if we break one, we have to pay for it. Do you understand?

Roy watches from a seat when he's nudged by a wrestler with a FACE TATTOO.

FACE TATTOO

You're in my seat.

ROY

What?

FACE TATTOO

Ya heard me, ya fucking scam artist. Move.

ROY

What the fuck did you just call me?

FACE TATTOO

You're a fucking scam artist.

ROY

You're a thespian who pretends in tights to fucking fight every weekend, and I'm the fucking scam artist?!

Roy gets into Face Tattoo's face, and they grab each other, and start fighting. It's a big commotion and we -

EXT. INDI WRESTLING ARENA - NIGHT

Roy's being dragged out of the arena by security and the wrestlers. Coco's just watching. There's nothing he can do.

They toss Roy to the floor. He hits the asphalt hard. Then when the mob clears, Coco helps him up.

COCO

What the fuck was that about?

ROY

Ah. Fuck that guy.

Roy spits blood, then sits on the curb. Coco sits next to him. They can hear the crowd roar from the inside.

ROY (CONT'D)

I'm hurting. Like for real. I think I sold weed to 12 year olds this morning.

Coco hands Roy a pre-rolled blunt.

COCO

I've been skimming off of the top of everyone's pay to make ends meet. It's only a matter of time before the wrestlers notice.

ROY

You back at your moms?

COCO
 She's driving me crazy, bro.
 Breakfast. Lunch. Dinner. Every
 day. It's delicious.

ROY
 What's wrong with that?

COCO
 You know what that does to a grown
 ass man? It infantilizes me. I'm
 turning into a baby. You know, I
 almost asked her to help me pick
 out my clothes this morning.

ROY
 We gotta figure something -

COCO
 THE FUCK!

Coco charges the arena with a furious limp as he sees someone
 using a PLASTIC CHAIR.

COCO (CONT'D)
 I TOLD YOU NOT TO USE THOSE GODDAMN
 CHAIRS -

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Roy's selling drugs in the street again. A group of TEENAGERS
 come to him, but these seem like nefarious characters.

Without him realizing, one of them WHACKS him in the knee
 with a bat, then they jump him, stealing his weed and cash.

They try taking his phone, but he won't let them.

ROY
 No! No! I'll fucking claw your eyes
 out before you take my phone!

TEENAGER
 Fuck it! Just go! Just go!

They run off, leaving Roy on the floor.

INT. DELI - DAY

A bloodied Roy enters the deli. Opens the fridge. Grabs a
 gallon of milk and chugs it.

DELI OWNER

Hey? Are you going to drink that?
Hey? HEY! HEY! You hear me?!

Roy just keeps chugging the milk. Spilling over his face -

INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Roy's downing his glass of milk. Then lets out a satisfying burp. Both FBI Agents look at him like he's disgusting.

ROY

That time in my life, really
sucked. Worse than now. Trust me.
I'll trade this day over that day
any day of the week.

EXT. INDY WRESTLING SHOW CROWD - DAY

Roy watches as a wrestler is slammed through a stack of fluorescent light bulbs. The smoke and glass explode into the air. Kind of reminds him of life blowing up in his face.

Everything goes into slow motion.

The glass exploding in the sky. The crowd roaring. The blood dripping. The beer spilling.

Roy sighs.

Then a familiar voice gets in his ear.

GARY

You trying to hit this blunt?

It's fucking Gary. He's cleaned up. Trimmed his beard and hair. He has a professional shirt on, with the WWE on it.

(If we can't get WWE, we can use a fictional company that implies the most powerful wrestling company on the planet)

ROY

Holy shit!

Roy and Gary hug.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Gary and Roy are eating dessert, catching up.

GARY

So yeah, after gambling became legal, I applied to work at WWE. I'm their events manager. I was in town, so I decided to visit some old friends.

(then)

How have you been?

Roy squirms.

ROY

Not great. To be honest.

GARY

Yeah man, I miss it. I used to make so much more money... I miss you guys. Legit. Miss you guys. Intensely.

(then)

How's Tanya?

ROY

At her Mom's with the kids until further notice, which means until I can afford a mortgage again.

GARY

And Coco?

ROY

Back with his Mom.

GARY

Fuck.

Waitress brings the check. Gary pulls out a WAD of cash.

GARY (CONT'D)

Don't worry I got it.

Roy watches this wad of cash.

ROY

WWE treating you well, huh?

GARY

Not really, I actually wanted to talk to you about -

(then)

FUCK!

Gary turns to the television.

ROY

What?

GARY

Raiders just traded for a bum ass
linebacker. Again.

ROY

I thought you didn't get football.

GARY

When I was making 3k a week, I
learned to love it. Sad what
happened to New Jersey though.

Gary looks around, like he's about to tell a secret.

GARY (CONT'D)

I've been gambling a little on pro-
wrestling too.

Roy leans in, interested.

ROY (V.O.)

That's when Gary told me his
scam...

INT. WWE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

A real professional sports locker room with real athletes.
Nothing like the downtrodden independent wrestling company
Coco operates.

Gary walks in, seeing the familiar stars. Gary seems nervous.
Making other people weird about his aura.

Just the way he is.

ROY (V.O.)

When Gary got his job at WWE, he
didn't exactly fit in.

WRESTLER

Hey? Who's that weirdo in the
corner?

Gary is literally standing in the corner with his hands cross
over his chest like Dracula, like a nervous weirdo.

Everyone looks at him. He runs out of the locker room.

EXT. SPORTS ARENA - NJ - DAY

Gary's outside, smoking a blunt. Trying to calm.

Then he notices another wrestler outside hiding in the shadows. Just as nervous. Smoking a blunt as well.

GARY

Hey man, are you OK?

A wrestler steps from the shadows. He isn't jacked. He has a dad bod and a receding hairline. Standing outside in the cold shivering in tights. He's just as pathetic as Gary.

This is... THE HUMAN BULLDOG.

HUMAN BULLDOG

First day?

GARY

Yeah.

HUMAN BULLDOG

Me too. What do you do?

GARY

I think people throw their laundry at me.

HUMAN BULLDOG

Better than me. I'm a jobber.

CHYRON: JOBBER DEFINITION: A WRESTLER WHOSE ONLY JOB IS TO LOSE TO OTHER WRESTLERS. A PROFESSIONAL LOSER.

GARY

What's your gimmick?

Human Bulldog puts on a dog collar.

HUMAN BULLDOG

I'm a bulldog. But I'm human.
Human. Bulldog.

He growls. It's not scary at all. It's sad.

ROY (V.O.)

But like most jobs, you just got to find like-minded people.

INT. VKM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Gary opens the door for Vince K. McMahon's office.

GARY
Excuse me? Mr. McMahon?

MR. MCMAHON (O.S.)
NOT NOW!

Gary shuts the door.

(Again, if we can't get Vince McMahon, use a fictional character that implies leader of the wrestling world.)

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF VKM'S OFFICE - DAY

Gary waits. Waits. Waits. Waits.

Finally, Mr. McMahon steps outside. He sees Gary. Not sure what to make of him.

GARY
I'm sorry, Mr. McMahon. I just wanted to say when I was hired, I didn't know I would be just doing laundry --

Vince is confused. He looks at a HANDLER.

VINCE
Do you have cancer?

Gary is taken back.

GARY
No. I don't have cancer.

Vince gives him a once over.

VINCE
You're not a Make-A-Wish kid?

GARY
No, Mr. McMahon, I work for you.

Vince smells the air.

VINCE
You smell like marijuana. I hate smokers. You're fiiirree -

HANDLER
Vince, take a look at last night's ratings.

The Handler distracts Vince with a phone call, while looking at Gary with eyes that say "GO AWAY IF YOU WANT YOUR JOB".

INT. WWE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Gary stands in the corner of the locker room as wrestlers throw their dirty towels on him.

ROY (V.O.)
It wasn't the most glorious job.

Human Bulldog pulls the towel off of him. Then gives Gary a comforting pat on the shoulder.

AGENT (O.S.)
Hey! Human Bullshit! We need you!

Human Bulldog runs out of the locker room, but as he does, he passes a chalk board with the matches and winners.

But more importantly, the TIMES allotted for each match.

Gary cocks his head, then takes a picture with his phone.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Gary's cleaning a toilet when a wrestler named MASSIVE (30s) bursts in. They call him that because, well, he's massive.

Massive kicks the door open, then rips Gary out of the stall.

MASSIVE
MAKE A HOLE!

Massive finishes taking a disgusting shit. Then flushes. Gary waits outside patiently.

MASSIVE (CONT'D)
All yours.

Gary looks inside. The horror. Oh, the horror.

MASSIVE (CONT'D)
You may have to flush again.

Massive does a line of cocaine as Gary approaches the stall.

INT. ARENA - PHILLY - NIGHT

Gary is outside the arena, smoking weed, suffering from PTSD for what he just cleaned. Then he finds Human Bulldog crying.

GARY

What's wrong?

HUMAN BULLDOG

I just got reamed by Vince. He said I'm literally the worst piece of shit he's ever seen. Including actual shits he's taken. Then he pulled out his phone and showed me actual photos of pieces of shits he took, and said they all lived more fulfilled lives than I ever will.

(then)

This place sucks.

Gary sits next to him.

GARY

Yeah, I thought this could be a dream job.

HUMAN BULLDOG

I'm probably going to be fired. I'm not even good at losing. That's how much of a loser I am.

GARY

Yeah. Me too.

(then)

No reason why we can't make a little money while we're here though.

Gary leans over to show his phone.

GARY (CONT'D)

Don't worry, it's not pictures of my shit...

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

An AGENT writes the match times on the chalk board. Human Bulldog and Gary give each other a knowing look.

Human Bulldog vs. Jason Sic - 3 minutes.

An Agent comes inside.

AGENT

HEY! Human Shithead. You're next.

Human Bulldog taps the board as he leaves.

Gary stands in the corner, making his bet on the phone.
Someone throws the towel on his face, but he doesn't mind.

The towel slowly slides off his face as he keeps betting...

We follow the bet...

From his phone...

Through the internet...

Into a Vegas computer...

Taking the bet.

EXT. ARENA - BUFFALO - NIGHT

At the end of the show, wrestlers are leaving the arena.

What they don't see, is Gary paying Human Bulldog his fee in the cut of an alley way.

INT. WWE LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

They keep throwing towels at Gary, but he doesn't mind. He's smiling. Happy to do his job while placing bets on his phone.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

We're back with Roy and Gary at the diner.

ROY (V.O.)

The real problem is Gary couldn't place enough bets fast enough to make real cash.

GARY

So, maybe you could help me out. You have all these gambling connections and I was thinking...

INT. UNCLE CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

There's less marijuana plants, but a lot more computers.

ROY (V.O.)

I know exactly the guy to get multiple bets in at the same time...

INT. COCO'S BACK ROOM - DAY

Coco has his computer open with Roy looking over his shoulder. Then Roy speaks directly to us.

ROY

Coco and I had all these credit cards numbers between fans buying tickets and people gambling. We would place the bet with their card. Charge the card. Put the money back, keep the winnings, all before they noticed or call their bank. And just to make sure, we put in a little extra something in there, so they definitely wouldn't call the bank.

INT. UNCLE CHARLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Uncle Charlie, Coco, and Roy surround the TV watching Human Bulldog lose a match. Everyone's counting down as the referee is counting...

1...

2...

3...

Everyone EXPLODES with cheers.

COCO

MONEY!

They jump to their computers, checking their bets.

MULTIPLE COMPUTERS - PAYING OUT THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS.

Roy lights a big fat victory blunt, the fattest blunt you ever seen, and blows a fat cloud into the air.

They dance and give each other high fives in this jungle of marijuana plants and computers.

Uncle Charlie even busts out a weird old man dance that's all elbows. Then the rest of the guys join in and do the same.

EXT. TANYA'S MOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Roy, looks like he got his groove back, slicked-back hair, nice clothes, shades, toothpick in his mouth. He knocks on the front door.

Tanya opens it with the baby in hand.

They make eye contact. She takes one look at him, and knows he fixed everything.

Roy smiles. She smiles, but before she can say something -

TYSON

Daddy!

WHAP! Roy is shot at with a nerf ball, but ducks. He stumbles over. Then his kids charge him, with a hug, knocking him over. It's a sweet moment.

INT. WWE RING - DAY

The Human Bulldog is having a match with a masked wrestler, called SUGRA, jacked, covered in tattoos. A real star.

Sugra has Human Bulldog in a headlock.

ROY (V.O.)

It wasn't perfect though at first.
Mainly because Human Bulldog had to
hit that time mark every time.

The REFEREE leans into the both of them.

REFEREE

Take it home boys.

Human Bulldog speaks from the rear chin lock.

HUMAN BULLDOG

What? It's early? They said we had
seven minutes?

REFEREE

They said take it home. They need
more time for the main event.

SUGRA

Shut up, kid. We get paid the same
regardless.

HUMAN BULLDOG

What, no, don't -

UNCLE CHARLIE

We need a dutch.

Coco reaches into his pocket and gives Uncle Charlie a dutch cigar. (Used for rolling blunts, if you don't know).

UNCLE CHARLIE (CONT'D)

No. Dutch. Dutch betting. That's when you apply multiple bets so if you win or lose, you still guaranteed some type of profit. We can't rely on this Human Shih Tzu - whatever the fuck his name is - we need another wrestler on the pay roll.

COCO

What happens if they both lose?

Uncle Charlie slams his fist on the table.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Find a wrestler that knows how to tell time!

EXT. ARENA - BOSTON - DAY

Gary's on the phone with Roy outside the arena.

GARY

Another wrestler?! You do realize no one likes me. All they do is throw their laundry at me.

ROY (V.O.)

Coco said he knows someone. He's fucked up. It'll be perfect.

GARY

I feel like too many people are part of our plan already. I don't feel good about this.

ROY (V.O.)

Do you want to make real money? Or not?

Gary watches as a famous WRESTLER pulls up in a limo, get out with beautiful WOMEN and enter the arena.

ROY (V.O.)

Gary? You there?

Gary's just watching.

ROY (V.O.)
Gary?

GARY
Yeah, I'm here.

ROY (V.O.)
What do you think?

GARY
Let's do it.

INT. WWE BACKSTAGE AREA - DAY

Gary pushing his laundry cart through the arena, passing the wrestlers. They're throwing their dirty towels into his cart. He winks at them. They look at him weird.

Then he notices Massive waiting for him in the shadows.

Gary pushes his cart to him, and tries to speak in code.

GARY
(heavily hinting)
Would you like... your laundry...
done?

MASSIVE
I already gave you my tights.

GARY
Oh. I mean. Would you like me to...

Gary has resorted to simply winking at him, but he looks like he's having a seizure.

GARY (CONT'D)
Catch my drift?

Massive sighs. Pulls Gary into a janitor's closet.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - DAY

It's really tight. 80% massive. 20% Gary. Like canned sardines. Except one sardine is actually a whale.

MASSIVE
So, Coco told me we could work
together?

GARY

Yeah. We've been making a little bit of side money. It's a six-way split -

MASSIVE

Six way split? I thought it was five.

GARY

We have another wrestler on the payroll. He can't guarantee his match times, so we need you for back-up.

MASSIVE

Back up? Nah. Fuck that. I can hit those times easy. Vince knows not to fuck with my match length. Plus, I'm a big guy, I do nothing but squash matches. Easy 3-5 minutes and I'm out.

Chyron: SQUASH MATCH DEFINITION SHORT MATCHES WHERE ONE WRESTLER ANNIHILATES ANOTHER WRESTLER TO LOOK STRONG.

GARY

I really think it's good to keep everyone happy.

Massive hovers over Gary, real intimidating.

MASSIVE

You want to keep everyone happy? Or make money?

Gary's scared.

INT. WWE RING - DAY

Massive SQUASHES a jobber with a huge splash. The referee counts, 1,2,3.

ROY (V.O.)

Not only could Massive time the match perfectly, but we were able to pretend to lose some bets, so the betting website wouldn't flag all the sharp money coming in.

Massive points his finger at the camera, growling -

INT. UNCLE CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

On Massive growling on the screen, we watch as Uncle Charlie, Coco, and Roy celebrate again.

COMPUTERS GOING OFF WITH WINNINGS.

ROY (V.O.)

It was like as if *Goodfellas* had a sequel where Henry Hill went back to being a gangster, got his wife back, dropped his drug addiction, and all was well.

Roy sits with a huge glass of milk, a slice of chocolate cake, and big fat blunt. He's happy.

Everyone's celebrating around him.

He did it.

Life is good again.

ACT #2B**INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - DAY**

Gary's paying Massive his cut inside of a very tight janitor's closet.

ROY

After we got Massive, we realized we didn't need Human Bulldog anymore. Even better, before Gary had to have an awkward conversation with Human Bulldog, he was fired. Human Bulldog even sucked at losing. Go figure.

EXT. ROY'S NEW NEW HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Roy's playing war with his kids in the backyard, shooting each other with toy guns.

Then Roy sits with Tanya at the table. She's sunbathing.

ROY

Alright, kids, let Daddy hang out with Mommy for a while.

The kids run off.

ROY (CONT'D)

Hey, I was thinking maybe we could sleep in the same bed tonight and -

TANYA

No.

Roy's confused.

ROY

What? I got us back on our feet. We got a house. We're good.

Tanya lowers her sunglasses.

TANYA

We'll see.

ROY

What is that supposed to mean? You see the house? We're in a house. A nice house. I did it. House. Equals. Win. Equals me not being in the dog house anymore.

TANYA

Roy, I've been through this before with you. Everything's good until it isn't, and when it's not, it's really fucking bad. So I'll take this home, and this little vacation from things being bad, but you know it's only a matter of time before things swing the other way.

That breaks Roy.

ROY

Why would you even say that?

Roy knocks on the wood. Crosses his heart.

ROY (CONT'D)

Don't put bad luck on us.

TANYA

Because the one thing you taught me about gambling.

(then)

The house always wins.

Push in on Roy's face -

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Massive lays out a line of cocaine for Gary.

GARY
I only smoke the grass.

Massive gives him a look.

MASSIVE
What are you, a NARC?

Massive grabs Gary by the back of his head and forces him to do a line of cocaine. As powder goes up his nose -

HE SNEEZES -

WHITE POWDER FILLS THE ROOM -

INT. INDY WRESTLING SHOW - NIGHT

WHITE SMOKE fills the wrestling ring as RING CREW guys put out a fire in the ring. That fire being a pro-wrestler that was set on fire.

COCO
Put him out! Put him out!

The crowd cheers the chaos.

FAN
LET EM' FUCKING BURN!

Roy watches from the crowd, actually enjoying himself.

INT. INDY WRESTLING SHOW - BACK ROOM - DAY

Roy and Coco sit in the back room. Coco is covered in fire extinguisher powder.

COCO
No more skimming off the top. I can actually pay everyone what they're owed.

Coco doesn't realize the door was open when he said that. Someone may or may have not heard that.

COCO (CONT'D)
Close the door, would ya?

Roy kicks it the door closed from his seat.

ROY

We're on track to doing better than
when gambling was illegal.

COCO

Not only have I moved out of my
Mom's house. I'm helping her pay
her mortgage. As long as people
keep paying with their credit
cards, we can do this for a while.
A long while.

There's a KNOCK. It's Dolores with her bulging eyes.

CARNY OLD LADY

Um. Someone is using a plastic
chair again.

Coco thinks about it. Looks at Roy. Then decides.

COCO

Fuck it. Let them.

She's confused.

CARNY OLD LADY

You sure?

Coco leans back on his chair. Making a clucking noise with
his tongue. Then looks at Roy.

COCO

You want to do it?

ROY

Do what?

COCO

E-C-Dub style. Make it rain chairs.

Roy smiles.

INT. INDY WRESTLING SHOW - CROWD - NIGHT

Roy and Coco give each other a knowing glance. They both grab
plastic chairs and -

THROW THEM INTO THE RING.

Fans look over at them like *whatthefuck?*

Coco grabs another chair.

COCO

What's wrong with you guys? Make it
rain CCCCHHAAAAAIIIIIRRRRSS!!!!

It doesn't take long for the fans to grab their own chairs
and throw them into the ring. The wrestlers in the ring
quickly duck and cover as hundreds of plastic chairs fill the
air and land in the ring.

ROY (V.O.)

Unlike other gangsters, I wasn't
hurting anyone. Nothing to weigh my
conscious down. Everyone got their
money back. And everyone was making
money.

INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Agent Cohen stare at Roy incredulously.

AGENT COHEN

So stealing credit cards numbers is
OK in your mind?

ROY

You kidding me? You're the FBI.
Look at those letters on your
chest. They're covered in blood.
Real blood. Real tragedy. So if
we're going to do this, get off
your high horse. You aren't good.
You just have leverage. Power. You
have real power. I'm just a kid
from New Jersey trying to survive.

AGENT COHEN

I think it's much more than that,
but we can continue...

Roy notices Agent Ricca is drinking from a YANKEES MUG.

ROY

Yankees fan?

AGENT RICCA

Whole life.

ROY

They play tonight, right? The
over/under is 8 runs?

Agent Ricca nods. Roy smiles.

ROY (CONT'D)
Take the under.

The FBI Agents look at each other.

AGENT COHEN
We don't gamble. We're not allowed
to.

Roy winks.

ROY
Your secret is safe with me.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Massive and Gary walk towards the hotel bar where a bunch of the wrestlers have congregated after the show.

GARY
I'm telling you, everyone thinks
I'm a weirdo. I won't be accepted
into the tribe. And I'm OK with
that. It's just who I am. You know?
I realized in high school that -

MASSIVE
Will you shut the fuck up? You're
with me now. You'll be fine, kid.
Trust me.

GARY
No, I'm telling you, I won't be.
Please don't make me go -

The wrestlers turn from the bar.

WRESTLER
Hey! Massive!

Then they see Gary, standing there, super awkward and nervous.

WRESTLER (CONT'D)
Who is this guy?

GARY
Um. I wash your underwear.

Weird. Massive saves him.

MASSIVE
He's with me.

The wrestlers shrugs their shoulder.

WRESTLER

Shots?

Massive pushes Gary into the crowd of wrestlers for shots. Gary smiles to himself. He's part of the group.

He's handed a shot and DOWNS IT -

It's 4 or 5 shots later. The wrestlers have circled Gary, chanting his name. He's drunk, but he loves the attention.

EVERYONE

GARY! GARY! GARY!

He DOWNS another shot. Then slams it on the bar.

GARY

FUCK YEAH!

Massive gives him a fist bump. Then a WWE AGENT puts his arm around Gary.

WWE AGENT

Hey man, you aren't bad. We got a position opening up. Events coordinator.

GARY

Uh. That is my job title.

WWE Agent blinks at Gary. This is awkward.

WWE AGENT

Then why are you doing everyone's laundry?

GARY

I don't know. People started throwing me their dirty laundry, so I started washing them.

Again, everyone looks at Gary weird, for a beat then -

Everyone LAUGHS.

WRESTLER

We love this guy! Where did you find him?!

INT. COCO'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY

Coco's in his new apartment with a smoking hot female wrestler named BESSY THE BEST (20s). Hot, gothic, athletic, covered in tattoos, but heavily damaged emotionally.

COCO

Goddamn it. Gary isn't picking up his phone again. Fucking weirdo.

Coco sits on the couch next to Bessy.

BESSY

Fuck it. You want to smoke and fuck?

She lights a blunt.

COCO

Now you're speaking my language.

Coco nuzzles her neck.

BESSY

Did you think about letting me win the world title at your next show yet?

COCO

Oh, you can win so many world titles, baby.

BESSY

Yeah? How many?

They turn and kiss and we cut -

INT. ROY'S NEW NEW OFFICE - NIGHT

Roy's sitting in his office looking over numbers.

ROY (V.O.)

We were running out of credit cards we could charge. We couldn't keep re-using the same cards because that would raise too many red flags. So Coco decided he would run shows in some new areas, get some new cards, and I would start calling rich southerners again.

Roy picks up his phone.

ROY

Hey, Archie? It's me, Roy. Yeah. I got a big game for you. But let's handle the payment differently this time. How about you just give me your credit card numbers, and I'll charge ya later if it wins. But listen, there maybe a small fee taken out at first, but it'll be put right back in -

Roy realizes standing at the door, in fancy lingerie, is Tanya.

ROY (CONT'D)

In fact, let me call ya back Archie...

The couple moves towards each other...

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - PENNSYLVANIA - DAY

Coco limps towards the gym with Bessy. They're in the middle of nowhere. Rural PA. Dirty, fat, neck beard fans line-up.

BESSY

So, I'm main event tonight?

COCO

We talked about this. You're the opener. That's the next best spot if you're not main eventing.

BESSY

But honey, I'm too hot to be opener. I should be in the main event. You said I could win the belt.

COCO

I know, I know, we'll talk about it later.

She stops, furious. We see a crazy look in her eye.

BESSY

That's what you said last time.

COCO

I can't just make you win the title out of nowhere. We need to build you up. Fans will reject you. Wrestlers will hate you.

(MORE)

COCO (CONT'D)

They'll say you only got what you got, because you're with me.

BESSY

What do you think they'll say when I tell them you've been skimming off the top for the past year.

Bessy storms away. Coco chases after her.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Gary does a line of cocaine with the wrestlers. He looks at them crazy. Red eyes. Foaming from the mouth.

GARY

FUCK YEAH!

Massive laughs while chomping a fat cigar. Gary then does another line.

GARY (CONT'D)

SNIFF ME MORE!

Then another line. Then another line. Then another line, until we -

CUT TO:

MONTAGE SET OVER AC/DC'S HIGHWAY TO HELL (OR ANY HARD ROCK YOU WILL HEAR AT WRESTLING SHOWS LIKE IT)

INT. ROY'S NEW NEW OFFICE - NIGHT

Tanya straddles Roy in his office.

INT. INDY WRESTLING SHOW - PA - NIGHT

Bessy the Best WINS the world title in front of the crowd.

The fans are a little confused.

Even the referee holding her hand doesn't know what to make of it.

Coco shakes his head from the back.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Gary doing karate kicks losing his damn mind, à la Charlie Sheen in the beginning of *Apocalypse Now*.

INT. UNCLE CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Roy drops off stacks of money for Uncle Charlie. They hug.

INT. WWE RING - NIGHT

Massive SPLASHES another wrestler. The referee counts, 1-2-3.

INT. ROY'S NEW NEW HOUSE - NIGHT

Roy action movie dives over his couch with his son as they shoot nerf guns at each other.

INT. INDY WRESTLING SHOW - PA - NIGHT

Coco watches as wrestling fans swipe their credit cards at the entrance. Bessy hugs him from behind, kissing his cheek.

He swallows his pride.

EXT. PRIVATE SCHOOL - DAY

Roy and Tanya drop off their kids at a fancy private school.

INT. ROY'S NEW NEW OFFICE - NIGHT

Roy's on the phone, writing a new credit card number.

MONTAGE ENDS WE HEAR LAUGHTER AND WE -

CUT TO:

INT. STEAK & CIGAR RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Gary, Massive, Coco, Uncle Charlie, and Roy are having steak and cigars. Massive is in mid-story.

ROY (V.O.)

I couldn't have dreamed a better life. WWE was in NJ so we decided to have a business meeting with everyone involved.

MASSIVE

And this little shit tries telling me he's hurt and he can't continue to match, and I'm like fuck that, you at least got another two minutes, so I sit on his back and say, "YOU AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE OR I'M BREAKING YOUR GODDAMN BACK".

They laugh, but Massive has a mean streak to him. Charlie doesn't love him.

ROY (V.O.)

We were a real business. My kids were in private school. Things were going great.

MASSIVE

But I was talking to Gary, and we were thinking we could expand. Make even more money. I got a few more wrestlers that I trust we can bring in and maybe double or triple our load.

Everyone's gaze meets. They smile with their eyes. Saying yes. Except for Uncle Charlie. He looks away.

ROY

What are you thinking?

Coco gets a CALL from Bessy before Massive can answer.

COCO

Excuse me boys, I gotta take this.

EXT. STEAK & CIGAR RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Coco's outside arguing with Bessy.

COCO

Holy shit! I'm not with anyone. I'm having dinner with the boys. It's a business meeting. That's why you can't come.

(then)

I didn't mean it that way. You are my business. You're right.

(then)

Yes, I know. You understand business good, too.

(then)

I know. I'm sorry.

Bessy hangs up on Coco.

COCO (CONT'D)

FUCK!

Roy and Gary come outside.

ROY

You always knew how to pick 'em.

COCO

You talk to Massive about expanding?

ROY

Yeah, we worked it out. Sounds like a solid plan.

The three of them look at the NYC skyline from NJ.

ROY (CONT'D)

Who would have thought that us three would be making money in pro wrestling and gambling? Dream come true.

GARY

I think we need to start talking exit plan.

ROY

What?

GARY

If shit hits the fan. We need a plan.

Roy leans over and knocks on a tree.

ROY

Why would you say that? Don't put that bad juju in the air. Everything is going great.

GARY

If shit hits the fan, I'm going to go to Venice Beach and be a homeless person on the beach. I'll eat restaurant leftovers, work out, get a tan, and sell pet rocks to tourists. They're the happiest homeless people I have ever seen.

ROY
You think they won't find you?

GARY
I'm really good at hiding. I once played hide and seek so well, I got a janitor fired. I hid in the school basement for weeks. They thought he was a pedophile.

Off of Coco and Roy's look we cut -

INT. SUIT STORE - DAY

Uncle Charlie and Roy are trying on expensive suits. Roy looks like a real *Goodfella* now.

ROY
Not bad. Right, Charlie?

Uncle Charlie looks at Roy, sad.

UNCLE CHARLIE
You're spending a lot of money.

ROY
Can't spend it when you're dead.

UNCLE CHARLIE
You know why everyone got caught at the end of *Goodfellas*? 'Cause they got greedy. Take it from me. Not my first big score, but this will probably be my last. Do not get greedy.

Uncle Charlie leaves the suit behind as he exits.

ROY
What are you doing? Suit's on me!

UNCLE CHARLIE
I'm old as fuck, what the fuck am I going to wear a suit for?

Roy looks at the suit Uncle Charlie left behind.

ROY
Fuck it. At least one suit won't hurt.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Massive and Gary walk through the hotel hallway looking cool as fuck. Shades. Strutting. Like a real team.

You can just hear "Hold on, I'm coming" by Sam & Dave playing. Or a song like it.

 MASSIVE
So just be cool.

 GARY
I'm always cool.

 MASSIVE
You're not. You may be the *most*
"opposite of cool" I ever met.

 GARY
You don't think I'm fucking cool?
Watch this cool ass strut.

Gary starts Ric Flair strutting down the hallway.

 GARY (CONT'D)
WOOOOOOOOOO!!!

 MASSIVE
Oh?! You trying to Ric Flair strut
battle?

Massive starts strutting with Gary. They both strut so fucking hard that you can't even fucking believe it. Changing it to different styles. Spinning and woo-ing.

They both Ric Flair strut and WOO all the way to the room -

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Massive and Gary WOO their way into the room. There's a wrestler injecting a STEROID NEEDLE into the bare ass of another wrestler.

No one cares or think that's strange except for Gary.

 WRESTLER
Massive! What's up brother?

The needle goes in the wrestler's ass as Gary watches. Intently. Too intently.

Too...

Intently...

INT. FBI OFFICES - BATHROOM - DAY

Agent Ricca takes a piss while he's watching the Yankees game. His partner comes in. He hides the phone.

Agent Cohen takes a urinal.

AGENT COHEN
So what do you think?

AGENT RICCA
These scam artists are all the same.

AGENT COHEN
Yeah, nothing he's saying is tracking. And what's up with his name? Roy? Is that even Italian?

SPORTS ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
THAT'S A HOME RUN!

AGENT RICCA
Fuck!

Agent Ricca scrambles as he turns off his phone.

AGENT COHEN
You can't be serious, Ricca.

AGENT RICCA
What? I didn't bet. I just wanted to see if he's any good.

Agent Cohen shakes his head and washes his hands.

AGENT RICCA (CONT'D)
I'm telling the truth. I would never bet.

AGENT COHEN
Get your shit together.

Agent Cohen leaves.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The wrestlers shake Gary's hand. We may recognize some from Gary's towel throwing days.

MASSIVE

So here's the deal boys. Gary's going to help us all make a little bit more money. So everyone has to listen to him.

Massive turns to Gary. Gary is not ready for this. He's not ready for any kind of speech at all.

GARY

Hey.

They stare.

Massive gives him a look to start.

Gary gives him a look.

They continue to give each other looks until finally Massive gives up.

MASSIVE

OK, what Gary wanted to say is we're going to be working together to hit our match times. Once we decide it's 3 minutes, it's 3 minutes, no matter what the production truck says. I don't care if we get in trouble. We'll take the tongue-lashing, because the cut is juicy, boys. Real juicy. Especially if we play this right. Anything you want to add, Gary?

GARY

Steroids.

MASSIVE

What?

GARY

I want to do steroids.

MASSIVE

You're fucking nuts.

GARY

Let me try it. I want to try it.

The wrestlers look at each other weird. Then a jacked wrestler we recognize as Sugra shrugs.

SUGRA

I mean if he wants to try it, I can inject him. I got everything here.

GARY

I want to try it while doing cocaine at the same time. I want to feel like a God.

Gary's bent over, with his ass hanging out. Sugra's holding a STEROID NEEDLE two inches away from his ass.

Gary does a BUMP of COCAINE then they JAB his ass with the needle and he SCREAMS.

GARY (CONT'D)

GOD LIKE POWERSSSSS!!!!!!!!!!

INT. WWE LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

The Wrestlers stare at their times on the chalk board.

ROY (V.O.)

Problem is, everyone got involved, it became too big to handle.

INT. GORILLA POSITION - ARENA - NIGHT

Massive stands at the gorilla position (the area behind the curtain, next to the entrance) with another WRESTLER.

A WWE Agent comes up to him.

WWE AGENT

Hey, your match got cut down to two minutes.

The Wrestler looks at Massive. Massive takes a deep breath then pulls the agent around the corner.

MASSIVE

The match is going to be five minutes. OK?

ROY (V.O.)

It's very hard to time out multiple matches on multiple live shows. But Massive was handling it. He was our on-field coach.

Massive slips the agent a couple bucks.

INT. ROY'S NEW NEW OFFICE - NIGHT

Roy's on the phone.

ROY (V.O.)

I kept doing what I do best:
getting those credit card numbers.

ROY

Take the Pats tonight, and after
they cover, you can pay me. But
right now, let me get your credit
card number. There'll be a small
charge, but you'll get it right
back.

INT. UNCLE CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Roy drops off the money to Uncle Charlie.

ROY (V.O.)

After a while. We stopped counting
the money, and just started piling
it and dividing it. I knew 10k was
about the height of my fist.

Charlie takes the money. Puts his fist to it. Seems right.

INT. ROY'S NEW NEW OFFICE - DAY

Roy's back in his office. It's FILLED with cash.

ROY (V.O.)

We were making more money than we
knew what to do with.

He notices there's SMOKE coming from one of the piles.

ROY

Oh, shit! Fire!

He knocks the pile down to the ground. To find Coco smoking a
blunt. His face covered in bruises.

COCO

Dude. She's crazy. And she sucks at
wrestling. Fans hate her. Wrestlers
can't stand her. I don't know what
to do.

ROY

She hit you?

COCO

She woke me up this morning by hitting me in the face with a frying pan.

(then)

I can't go back to my own apartment. I'm scared of her.

ROY

Fuck it, bro. You can always stay here. You know that.

Roy tucks in Coco on a couch surrounded by piles of money. Then Roy looks around at his office. More than anyone could ever want.

ROY (V.O.)

I'm not going to lie. I was feeling pretty good about myself. I finally did it. I was a gangster. After losing all that money, I was able to have my own sequel where the gangster actually won.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Roy buying expensive jewelry with cash.

INT. ROY'S NEW NEW HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Roy gives Tanya the jewelry. She loves it. Gives him a hug.

Then he gives Tyson a MASSIVE TOY GUN.

TYSON

WHOA!

Tyson rips it open, and points the gun at his dad. Not realizing, Roy has his own MASSIVE GUN hiding behind his back.

Roy shoots Tyson before he can get a shot off.

ROY

SURPRISE YOU LITTLE BITCH!

The nerf ball bounces off Tyson's head as he runs off. Roy chases him around the house with the gun.

INT. MORTON'S - NIGHT

Roy, Tanya, Coco, Bessy, and Uncle Charlie sit around a very expensive steak dinner.

ROY (V.O.)

I took everyone out for steak dinner for my birthday. Most expensive steak I could google because fuck it.

ROY

I just wanted to thank everyone for being here today. It really means a lot to me. This last year has been pretty crazy, but because we all stuck together - we're all in a better place than we were a year before.

Roy lifts his glass.

EVERYONE

Salute -

BESSY

Yeah, I just wanted to say thank you to my little Coco for seeing the talent I have to be the world champion for his company.

Coco forces a smile.

COCO

Yeah.

ROY

OK, let's dig in.

Dinner's over. Everyone is nice and stuffed. Roy takes out a blunt and sparks it. The WAITER comes right over.

WAITER

I'm sorry, sir, but we don't allow smoking here.

ROY

I just dropped 3k on a dinner. You sure you want to screw with your tip?

The Waiter looks back at the MANAGER. The Manager lets it go.

WAITER

Of course, sir. Enjoy the rest of your night. Would you like an ash tray?

ROY

Would love one, actually. Also, one big glass of your best whole milk.

WAITER

Of course.

Everyone at dinner looks at Roy like he's the man. Except for Uncle Charlie. Who shakes his head to himself.

TANYA

I need to use the little girls room. Do you want to come, Bessy?

BESSY

Would love to. We'll be right back.

Tanya and Bessy leave Roy, Charlie, and Coco to themselves.

ROY

So Charlie, is this the biggest score you ever had?

UNCLE CHARLIE

Biggest? No. But close. You don't know this, but I was in the porn industry in the 70s.

ROY

No shit. My hero.

COCO

Love this guy.

UNCLE CHARLIE

You guys may be too old for this, but there was a blockbuster porn movie called *Deep Throat* that was breaking all the records.

ROY

Yeah, I heard of it. I didn't know you worked on it.

UNCLE CHARLIE

I didn't work on it. I worked on all the rip-offs after it.

(MORE)

UNCLE CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Problem was, states were cracking down on porn shoots, so I had to do a lot of them illegally. But porn theaters couldn't get enough new porn at the time. Porn theaters were big business. We made a killing. Basically printing money.

ROY

Fucking love it.

COCO

What happened?

UNCLE CHARLIE

What always happens. People got greedy. Which leads to people getting sloppy. Didn't know when to get out.

ROY

But you knew when, right?

UNCLE CHARLIE

I did a year in jail for sex trafficking.

The table grows quiet.

ROY

I didn't know that.

UNCLE CHARLIE

What goes up must come down.

Waiter comes with the milk.

WAITER

Here's your milk, sir. Would the other gentleman like anything?

UNCLE CHARLIE

I actually think I had enough.

Uncle Charlie says this while staring at Roy. Roy gets the message. At this moment, the girls return.

TANYA

So boys, me and Bessy were talking. We were thinking of going dancing tonight? What do you say?

ROY
Coco can't fucking dance, Tanya. He
has a bum leg.

COCO
I dance better than you.

Coco takes Bessy and spins her around.

COCO (CONT'D)
Come on, Bessy. Let's show him.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Coco, Roy, Bessy, and Tanya are dancing in the club, Tanya and Bessy being the best dancers. Even with the limp, Coco's not half bad. But Roy, he's off beat - but no one cares. Everyone's having a great time.

AGENT COHEN (V.O.)
What about Roger Wagner?

INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Roy's confused.

ROY
Who?

Agent Ricca is distracted by his phone. Agent Cohen shoots him a look.

ROY (CONT'D)
They covered, didn't they?

AGENT COHEN
Don't answer that.

Agent Ricca puts his phone away.

AGENT RICCA
Just my wife asking if I'll be late
for dinner tonight.

ROY
Sure thing, pal. But yeah, I never
heard of this Roger Wagner guy.
Don't know what you're talking
about.

AGENT COHEN
Roger Wagner. The Human Bulldog.

This changes Roy's body language.

ROY

Can I get another glass of whole
milk?

INT. INDY WRESTLING SHOW - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Coco and Bessy are arguing while Roy pretends to not be there, counting the money.

COCO

Bessy! You just can't beat
everyone! You eventually have to
lose! That's how wrestling works!

BESSY

Hulk Hogan never lost!

COCO

Hulk Hogan was raking in millions!
We barely break a grand a show!

BESSY

Fuck you and your little fake
gangster boyfriend in the corner.

Roy just keeps counting the money, minding his own business.

COCO

The boys are saying the reason why
you never lose is because of me. If
you're going to be champion, the
locker room needs to respect you.
Plus, I'm losing face with them.

BESSY

Maybe they want to hear about how
you ripped them off for a year?

COCO

You can't just keep bringing that
up. Every promotor skims. It's part
of the business.

BESSY

Or maybe the fans want to know how
you're running their credit -

Coco quickly covers her mouth. Roy stops counting.

COCO

Don't say another word.

Bessy BITES Coco's hand.

BESSY

Fuck you.

Bessy storms out of the office. Coco chases after her, but Dolores is outside the door.

CARNY OLD LADY

Hey, there's this guy in the parking lot, who says he needs to talk to you.

COCO

Tell him I'll talk to him later.

CARNY OLD LADY

He said it's serious. He said he used to work in WWE.

COCO

So did half the guys in this locker room. So what?

CARNY OLD LADY

He said his name is Human Bullfrog?

Coco and Roy look at each other. *Fuck.*

INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Roy takes a big gulp from his glass of milk. As he does this, Agent Cohen lays out photos of Human Bulldog.

His face is FUCKED UP. Roy gags, almost spitting the milk.

ROY

The fuck you showing me this for?

Agent Cohen smiles.

AGENT COHEN

Just wanted to make sure we're on the same page moving forward.

EXT. INDY WRESTLING SHOW - PA - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Coco and Roy are in the parking lot. Looking around.

ROY

Don't see him.

Then headlights flash.

COCO
There he is.

Coco heads towards the car, but Roy isn't moving.

COCO (CONT'D)
You're just going to stand there?

ROY
I'm not going.

COCO
You're not going to walk over?

ROY
No.

The headlights flash again. More aggressively. Roy and Coco just look, not moving.

Then after a beat the car door opens. It's the Human Bulldog, and he doesn't look good at all. Life has been hard on him.

He walks over like a whipped dog.

HUMAN BULLDOG
Hey, so I heard through the
grapevine you guys were doing well.

Roy spits. Coco looks.

HUMAN BULLDOG (CONT'D)
Don't worry guys. This isn't a
shake down. I just want what's owed
to me.

Roy spits. Coco looks.

HUMAN BULLDOG (CONT'D)
I was thinking 20%.

ROY
Fucking guy...

COCO
Go fuck yourself.

HUMAN BULLDOG
I'm sure people at WWE would like
to know what's happening.

ROY

Three percent, and that's me not considering how many matches you fucked up cause you don't know how to tell time.

HUMAN BULLDOG

I'M NOT TAKING 3%! THIS WAS MY IDEA! I SET THIS WHOLE THING UP! AND NOW I DON'T HAVE SHIT! I'M LIVING OUT OF MY CAR WRESTLING FOR POPCORN DINNERS! I DESERVE BETTER!

Roy takes in Human Bulldog's outburst, and counters.

ROY

5%.

HUMAN BULLDOG

20% and a world title run in your company. Your girlfriend will have to lose the belt to me. Help rebuild my brand.

COCO

You're a fucking jobber. Nothing can help rebuild your brand.

ROY

Fuck this guy, Coco. Let's go.

COCO

Go ahead. Tell WWE. You'll be blacklisted and never wrestle again. Fucking idiot.

Roy and Coco walk away, when they hear a CLICK of a gun.

They turn around and -

Human Bulldog has a GUN pointed directly in Roy's face.

HUMAN BULLDOG

I'm not leaving here without the money.

COCO

OK. Calm down. It doesn't need to be this way.

Roy's scared. Staring down a barrel. Not like his kid's toy guns. A real life, cold gun.

HUMAN BULLDOG

You two made it this way. You could have just treated me with respect, but no. You had to be mean. Maybe if I pull the trigger then you'll see me differently? Huh?

Roy is scared. Really scared.

ROY

Think about what you're doing.

HUMAN BULLDOG

I am! First time in a long time I'm thinking clearly!

ROY

OK, we'll give you the 20%. That's fine.

HUMAN BULLDOG

And the world title.

Coco nods.

HUMAN BULLDOG (CONT'D)

I want you to say it.

COCO

And the world title...

HUMAN BULLDOG

I don't believe you. Give me a down payment of five thousand. Right now. Go to your back room and I'll stay here with Coco.

COCO

I can't do that. We didn't make that much -

BANG

Freeze frame. The muzzle flash lights up the parking lot. Our characters are silhouetted. We can't see. We have no idea what is about to happen.

ROY (V.O.)

You know how they say when something crazy happens to you, everything slows down? For me, this was the complete opposite. Everything went fast. Faster than anything I ever felt before.

Everything happens quickly. Comically transactional almost.

Roy DUCKS the bullet like he ducks his son's bullets.

Human Bulldog looks at his gun, just as shocked as anyone that it went off -

But even worse -

He doesn't see -

The RIGHT HAND coming from Roy -

CRACKS HUMAN BULLDOG.

His head BOUNCES OFF OF THE CURB -

HE'S CONVULSING -

A beat on Roy and Coco taking in everything that just happened as Human Bulldog shakes.

ROY
FUCK! WHAT DID YOU DO?!

COCO
You hit him!

Roy looks at his hands.

ROY
FUCK! I THOUGHT YOU HIT HIM!

COCO
NO! YOU DEFINITELY HIT HIM!

ROY
FUCK!

COCO
Stay here. I'll get the car.

Coco limps away. Roy looks at Human Bulldog still convulsing.

ROY
You mother fucker! Stop fucking shaking!

Roy KICKS him in the face -

Coco pulls up with the car -

Coco & Roy put Human Bulldog in the trunk -

INT. ROY'S CAR - NIGHT

They're about to leave when Bessy waves them down.

BESSY

Hey! Where are you going? The show is about to start?

COCO

Oh, fuck my llllllllifffffeeeeee.

ROY

Just go, bro, just go, just go, just go.

Coco rolls down the window.

ROY (CONT'D)

Oh, for fucksake.

BESSY

Where are you two going?!

COCO

Something came up, and we gotta go.

BESSY

What about the show?

Coco thinks about it. It almost pains him.

COCO

You're in charge.

She smiles wickedly.

ROY

Let's go!

Coco SLAMS the accelerator -

INT. ROY'S CAR - NIGHT

They're speeding, cutting people off, driving like crazy people. Roy is on his phone.

ROY

Fuck! Gary isn't picking up his phone.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Roy and Coco leave Human Bulldog in front of a hospital, then
DRIVE OFF.

INT. ROY'S CAR - NIGHT

Roy's driving now. Coco's looking back with the phone to his
ear.

COCO

Why the fuck isn't Gary picking up?

ROY

We're so fucked up.

COCO

(into his phone)

Gary. It's Coco. Call me back.
Right fucking now. It's serious.

ROY

We're so fucked.

COCO

No. No. We're not fucked. Let's
think about this. If he wakes up,
with his bills paid from an
anonymous wrestling fan - fans do
that all the time so the hospital
won't think it's weird - he'll know
it's us, and maybe he won't snitch.

ROY

What if he fucking dies, Coco? Huh?
Then what?

COCO

Then no one will know what we did.

ROY

We'll be convicted of murder. We're
not fucking criminal geniuses. They
can probably get my fucking DNA
from his tooth. It's only a matter
of time before we got caught. God
knows if there were any cameras out
there. We're so fucked. We're so
fucked. Gary was right. We needed
an exit plan.

EXT. COCO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Roy drops Coco off at his apartment.

ROY
You got one hour. I'll text you
where to meet.

INT. ROY'S NEW NEW HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Roy bursts into his home. Roy finds Tanya in the middle of giving his three children dinner.

KIDS
Daddy's home!

TANYA
Your home early.

One look from Roy's face and Tanya knows.

TANYA (CONT'D)
Hey kids, go upstairs and wash up.

The kids run upstairs.

ROY
You gotta -

TANYA
Don't worry. I never unpacked.

She yells upstairs.

TANYA (CONT'D)
Hey kids, we're going to grandma's!
-

She looks at Roy for an answer for a time.

She doesn't need him to say another word; she can tell by his eyes. Roy is really scared, which makes her scared.

TANYA (CONT'D)
Tonight. We're going to grandma's
tonight. Right now actually, so get
ready.

We can hear the children scream joyfully.

INT. ROY'S CAR - GRANDMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Roy drops his kids off. Tanya and Roy watch them run towards Grandma's house. Roy then hands Tanya a DUFFLE BAG filled with cash.

ROY

Bury this in the backyard. Only use it for essentials. Food. Diapers. Things like that. If the cops come, you've been here for days and you haven't seen me.

Tanya looks through the money. It's a lot of money.

TANYA

Roy...

She looks at Roy. This is serious. For the first time in the movie, Roy is scared. He's vulnerable. She feels for him.

ROY

It's...

She puts her finger to his lips.

TANYA

Roy - I don't want to know.

Her eyes fill up with tears. Roy wipes his eyes. She kisses him, and she kisses her back. They really love each other.

ROY

OK. I gotta go.

TANYA

I love you, Roy.

INT. COCO'S NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

Coco enters his apartment. Everything is dark. He reaches into a closet and pulls out his own money-filled duffle bag.

BESSY

Where do you think you're going?

Fuck. The lights turn on.

Bessy is standing in the room. Pissed.

COCO

I gotta go.

Bessy looks especially crazy right now.

BESSY
What is it? Another girl?

COCO
No! For fuck's sake. I just gotta go.

BESSY
Who is it? One of these slutty valets? Or is it a fan?

She takes a step towards Coco and we realize she has a fluorescent light tube in hand.

COCO
Bessy. What are you doing?

BESSY
Who are you leaving me for, Coco?

Coco can't do it anymore.

COCO
You crazy bitch! I'm not leaving you for anyone! I just gotta go! OK! So just back the fuck up!

Bessy SMASHES the light bulbs over her own head.

COCO (CONT'D)
Fuck!

She takes the edges and carves her forehead open with it.

BESSY
Tell me who you are fucking, Coco!!!!!!

She looks absolutely insane as she looks him dead in the eye while carving her face open.

BESSY (CONT'D)
If you leave, I'm calling the cops and telling them you did this to meeeeeeeeeeeee -

EXT. COCO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Coco limp-runs out of the apartment with his duffle bag.

Bessy SCREAMS from the window with a bloodied face.

BESSY
FUCK YOU!!!!!! YOU CRIPPLED GIMP!

INT. UNCLE CHARLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Uncle Charlie hears frantic knocking from his door. It's late and he's in his pajamas. He opens the door to find Roy.

UNCLE CHARLIE
What?

ROY
You gotta hide. Everything is
fucked.

Charlie sighs. He knew this day was coming.

UNCLE CHARLIE
I'm 67 years old. I'm not going
anywhere.

ROY
But...

Uncle Charlie starts closing the door. Mainly because he doesn't want Roy to see him crying.

UNCLE CHARLIE
Don't waste your time on me. I'll
get better health insurance in
prison than out here. Go, young
man.

He shuts the door on Roy.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Coco's hiding in an alleyway waiting for Roy.

COCO
Fuck, where is he? Where is he?

Then he hears a car SKID. Roy's car pulls up.

ROY
Get the fuck inside.

Coco limps towards the car, throwing the duffle bag of money in the back.

COCO
That crazy bitch is going to call
the cops on me!

ROY
Holy fuck! This is so bad! This is
so fucking bad!

Roy's phone blows up with Gary's number. Coco grabs it.

COCO
You mother fucker. Where the fuck
have you been?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Gary is on the phone in a room filled with wrestlers.

GARY
Hey guys, so I wanted to talk to
you guys. Me and Massive have been
talking with some of the wrestlers
and -

COCO (V.O.)
I don't have fucking time to chit-
chat. Shut everything the fuck down
right now. Human Bulldog is in the
hospital and if he's dead we're all
fucked. And he if he wakes up,
we're all fucked. Shut everything
down.

Coco hangs up. Gary turns to the wrestlers with a half-smile.

MASSIVE
What did they say? You tell them we
won't be needing them anymore?

GARY
Sounds like they want out anyway.

INT. SELF STORAGE - NIGHT

The self storage gate rolls up. There's an old, dusty
wrestling ring.

COCO
I paid this place cash for a year.
They don't have my name or
anything. We can stay here until
things die down.

Roy looks around. It's dirty, damp, and pathetic. Roy sits on the disassembled ring. Defeated.

ROY

I can't go on the run. I can't live like this. Look at my hands. They're soft hands. I can't do anything but pick up a phone. What am I going to do? I can't go to jail. I'm not like Henry Hill. I'm not like those guys at all. I can't...

COCO

My mom's going to kill me...

ROY

Fuck. I didn't want this. I was scared. I didn't know. I just saw the gun. I was scared about never seeing my kids again and I just swung. However this shakes out, I'm done, Coco. I'm done. We made enough. Uncle Charlie was right.

COCO

Me too. But right now, I need to sleep.

Coco lays down, using a turnbuckle as a pillow.

ROY

We had everything... Really everything.

COCO

We'll figure it out tomorrow.

Roy pulls out CLIPPERS.

COCO (CONT'D)

What's that for?

ROY

If I'm going on the run, I'm going to have to get rid of my most identifiable feature...

He starts shaving his slicked-back hair -

COCO

Roy, don't -

Too late. There's a streak straight down the center of his head. He continues this painful process of stripping himself of who he was.

Roy lays down a few feet away from Coco. It's actually kind of cute, like two boys having a slumber party.

ROY (V.O.)

I kept thinking I wouldn't be like those other gangsters. I mean who am I kidding. I'm not gangster. I'm just a guy from Jersey. I just wanted to get away with something real quick. A score. I didn't want to kill anyone.

It's the next morning. They both slept through the night. Coco's phone is ringing from a blocked call. He wakes up.

COCO

Hello?

HUMAN BULLDOG (V.O.)

Hey, it's me.

Coco snaps his fingers in Roy's face to wake him. He points at the phone as if to say, "it's him". Coco puts him on speaker.

HUMAN BULLDOG (V.O.)

You can sleep easy. I didn't snitch.

They both let out a sigh of relief.

HUMAN BULLDOG (V.O.)

But I want my 30% and I want a world title run. I get to beat all your top guys at your next shows.

INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Roy's defeated. He did not like telling that story.

ROY

Just like in the movies. When you finally try to leave, when you are really fucking done with this shit, they pull you back in. Human Bulldog left me no choice. We had to keep going. If we stopped, Human Bullbitch would snitch on us. He had us by the balls.

He looks at his empty glass of milk.

AGENT COHEN

I think that's enough for today.
We'll be back tomorrow morning.

Agent Cohen gathers his things and leaves. Agent Ricca looks at a defeated Roy.

ROY

You ever find Gary?

Agent Ricca doesn't say a word. Roy nods. He gets it.

AGENT RICCA

Who do you like in the Pittsburgh
game tomorrow?

Roy looks at Agent Ricca. He's a little disgusted with him for even asking at this point.

#ACT 3

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

They bring back Roy to his cell. He sits on the edge of his cold, hard bed, deep in his own thoughts.

Then, he dips his head like he's ducking one of his son's imaginary bullets. He smiles to himself. Warm memories.

But then the cold takes over.

He buries himself back into his hands.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Massive and other wrestlers have multiple computers set up throughout the room, resembling Uncle Charlie's set up.

But the wrestlers are confused by how to make it work.

Gary's less and less in the picture. In fact, he's in the corner of the room when a wrestler throws a towel at him.

ROY (V.O.)

Massive realized he didn't need us,
and started slowly fazing us out,
using his own group of cronies to
make the bets.

INT. HUMAN BULLDOG HOSPITAL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Coco and Roy enter the room with a duffle bag filled with money.

Human Bulldog looks like shit in his bed with a wired jaw and a neck brace with screws in his neck.

HUMAN BULLDOG
(wired jaw)
Just leave it over there.

Roy and Coco don't say a word. They drop it on the couch. Then they go to leave, but -

HUMAN BULLDOG (CONT'D)
(wired jaw)
Don't forget. I'm your next world champ.

Coco turns around. God, Human Bulldog looks awful. Not a world champion at all.

COCO
Sure thing.

ROY (V.O.)
Now that Massive cut us out, we had to give this asshole our cut from the money we made or he would snitch on us.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Coco and Roy walk out of the hospital.

ROY (V.O.)
Even worse, Bessy kept cutting herself and calling the police on Coco.

TWO OFFICERS approach Coco and Roy.

OFFICER #1
Excuse me, are you Cory Conkers?

Coco doesn't even answer. He just turns around. They handcuff him. Roy watches as he's put in the squad car.

EXT. UNCLE CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Roy knocks on the door.

ROY
Uncle Charlie?!

No one answers. Roy knocks again, harder.

ROY (CONT'D)
Uncle Charlie!

Nothing. Roy tries the door. It's open.

INT. UNCLE CHARLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Everything's been cleared inside. The house has been emptied of the weed and computers. It looks like a normal house.

This sends chills through Roy.

ROY
Uncle Charlie?

Roy looks around. He hears voices from the basement.

INT. UNCLE CHARLIE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

He heads downstairs to find marijuana plants and computers stuffed in the basement.

Uncle Charlie's THREE DAUGHTERS going through his cash. Three firecrackers, just like their father.

His oldest ROSE turns to Roy.

ROSE
What the fuck are you doing here?

ROY
Where's Charlie?

ROSE
Do you know where he got this money from?

ROY
Where's Charlie?

The three daughters look at each other. We can't tell if their red eyes are filled with anger or sadness. Maybe both.

ROSE
He's in the hospital. He had a heart attack.

(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)

We had to clear his fucking living room before the EMT got here. You asshole.

The room is SPINNING -

INT. ROY'S CAR - DAY

Roy speeds to the hospital, wiping his tears.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Roy's car pulls past the spot Coco was arrested.

INT. HOSPITAL - STAIRWELL - DAY

Roy runs upstairs.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Roy runs down the hallway.

INT. UNCLE CHARLIE - HOSPITAL BEDROOM - DAY

He bursts into Uncle Charlie's room. He finds Uncle Charlie hooked up to a bunch of machines. He's stopped before he can get any closer.

ROY

Is he OK?

DOCTOR

Who is this?

ROY

I'm his nephew. Is he OK?

As they tell Roy everything that's happening, everything drowns out. Roy goes from sad to angry. Like really angry. Basically foaming out of the mouth angry. He storms out of the bedroom -

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Roy charges towards Human Bulldog's bedroom. He sees a medical cart left by itself and he grabs a SURGICAL KNIFE.

He walks like a man who's going to seriously hurt someone.

INT. HUMAN BULLDOG - HOSPITAL BEDROOM - DAY

Roy enters Human Bulldog's room. Ready to cut this guy.

Then he hears laughing.

Human Bulldog is surrounded by his family. 5 WHITE TRASH KIDS AND A BIG OLD WHITE TRASH WIFE.

They're counting the money Roy just left them. They look like they really need it.

Then Human Bulldog notices Roy standing their with rage in his eyes. Their gazes meet.

HUMAN BULLDOG

Roy?

Human Bulldog then sees the surgical knife in his hand.

Roy drops it.

ROY

Just wanted to...

Roy doesn't know what to say.

ROY (CONT'D)

Just checking on...

Roy's crying. He wipes his tears.

ROY (CONT'D)

Thought I left something here.

That's all. I gotta go. Be safe.

Roy leaves. Human Bulldog's wife looks at Bulldog like *who the fuck was that?*

INT. UNCLE CHARLIE - HOSPITAL BEDROOM - DAY

Roy sits next to Uncle Charlie. His daughters next to him. They hug Roy.

ROSE

He always considered you his son...

INT. WWE LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Massive sits with his goons in the locker room. They seem mighty proud of themselves. Then -

Vince McMahon appears at the door.

The room quiets. When the cat's away, the mice will play, and the big fucking cat just showed up.

VINCE MCMAHON
Massive, can I speak to you?

Massive fixes himself with the dignity of a man accepting his execution. He puts his shades on and leaves with Vince.

Gary's in the corner watching this happen with a keen eye. He's putting 2 and 2 together.

A WRESTLER throws their towel at him.

But the towel hits the wall.

Gary's gone.

WRESTLER
Hey, where did that towel guy go?

INT. VINCE MCMAHON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Vince McMahon sits across from Massive.

ROY (V.O.)
Problem with Massive and the other wrestlers are they are a little dumb and talk too much. Way too many hits to the head and way too much partying. Bad combination. Only a matter of time before it got back to the big boss. Which in his case was three days.

VINCE MCMAHON
I heard you had been placing a couple of bets with the boys?

Massive gets a good look at Vince and knows he's fucked.

He falls to his knees.

ROY (V.O.)
But can you believe it? The big guy falls to his knees, crying, telling Vince how Gary owed some bad people money, and he was only trying to help Gary, but then he got mixed up with this same crime syndicate. Can you believe that?

(MORE)

ROY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He called me, Coco, and Uncle
Charlie a crime syndicate. He told
him we threatened his life, if he
didn't fix the times for his
matches.

Massive wipes his tears.

MASSIVE
I'm actually really happy you
caught us, Vince. This whole thing
has been weighing on me for a
while. I feel like a weight has
been lifted off of my shoulder.

Vince takes his pen, then looks at Massive.

VINCE
And who was this guy? Gary? Never
heard of him.

EXT. ARENA - NIGHT

Gary is already leaving the arena with his bags.

ROY (V.O.)
Unlike the rest of us, Gary had an
exit plan.

He throws his phone on the floor. Stomps on it. Then he
throws his PHONE into the dumpster.

An UBER RIDE pulls up next to him.

GARY
Airport. Now.

As the uber leaves, WWE Agents and Security rush outside
looking for him.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Roy stands outside the hospital. He has a freshly-rolled
blunt in his hand. He's deciding whether or not it's a smart
idea to spark this in the parking lot until -

He gets a call from Massive.

ROY
Yo.

MASSIVE
Hey, Roy, what's up?

ROY
What do you want?

MASSIVE
Hey, listen, these knucklehead
wrestlers I'm working with. They're
killing me. They don't know a
parlay from a parfait. I was
wondering maybe you and me could
set something up. Let's keep it
small. You, me, and your Uncle.

ROY
My Uncle?

MASSIVE
The one who set the computers up.

ROY
What computers? Who is this?

MASSIVE
Roy, it's Massive.

ROY
Not sure who you are. Do I know
you?

MASSIVE
Roy, I don't have a wire. If that's
what you're worried about.

ROY
I'm confused by this phone call.
I'm not sure who you are, or what
you want. I'm going to hang up now -

MASSIVE
No, Roy, don't -

ROY
Bye -

Roy hangs up. He looks at his blunt. Fuck it. He lights it.
Takes a huge pull in front of the hospital.

INT. VINCE MCMAHON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Vince McMahon watches as Roy hangs up the phone. Vince is
surrounded by his agents and security. All listening.

MASSIVE

I'm sorry, I'll call him back.

Vince stops the call.

VINCE

I've seen enough. Time to call the real authorities.

Massive is ushered out as Vince makes a phone call.

MASSIVE

Wait? Who is he calling? I can't go to jail, Vince. I told you! I'm sorry! Who is he calling?

The Agents DRAG Massive out of the office.

AGENT

Who do you think he's calling?

Then just as the door slams on Massive's face. Vince turns his back on him in the swivel chair and we hear -

VINCE

Mr. President -

Freeze-frame on Massive's face.

ROY (V.O.)

Can you believe that? A bunch of Jersey guys who watched too much *Goodfellas* got the notice of the President of the United States. Talk about flying too close to the sun.

EXT. JAIL - DAY

Coco limps his way out of jail. When he gets outside, there are FBI Agents waiting for him. He doesn't even flinch.

He knows he's fucked again.

He simply turns around and gives them his hands.

ROY (V.O.)

After Vince called in the big boys, we were all arrested. Coco didn't mind. He actually liked being in jail away from Bessy and his mom.

Coco gets in the back of the FBI car.

INT. HUMAN BULLDOG - HOSPITAL BEDROOM - DAY

Human Bulldog is being arrested while his 5 children cry and his WIFE argues with one of the agents.

He's handcuffed to his bed, and they cart his bed out of the hospital room.

HUMAN BULLDOG'S WIFE

Hey! Where the fuck are you taking him?!

AGENT

Hey, what's this?

Then an Agent finds the duffle bag of money under his bed. The wife GRABS it from him.

HUMAN BULLDOG'S WIFE

Hey! You can't take that! It's ours!

There is a scuffle for the bag and -

THE MONEY EXPLODES IT IN THE AIR.

Landing on Human Bulldog as he's pulled out of the room. He screams through his wired jaw as he's covered in dollars.

INT. UNCLE CHARLIE'S - HOSPITAL BEDROOM - DAY

Uncle Charlie, who is still under, is being blocked by his THREE DAUGHTERS who are giving the FBI Agents hella shit, Sticking their fingers in their face.

ROSE

Go ahead! Search his goddamn house!
I dare you! You better have a warrant before you do it.

AGENT

We have a warrant -

Rose SNATCHES the warrant from his hand.

ROSE

Let me see that shit.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

We're in beautiful Venice Beach. The most beautiful, most wonderful place in the world. There are people skating, catching tans, working out, the usual.

There's also homeless people on the beach. Selling handmade art, playing guitar. They *do* look happy.

Then there's a HOODED BEARDED homeless person selling pet rocks on the beach.

An UNDERCOVER FBI AGENT grabs him by the arm.

UNDERCOVER AGENT

You're coming with me! Let's go.

The pet ROCKS are flipped over. The man is dragged away and arrested. Then we see his face -

Definitely not Gary.

Then, in the cut, hiding in an alley behind a restaurant with his duffle bag, is Gary, eating from a garbage can, watching.

EXT. BACKYARD - GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Tyson army crawls through the bushes with his gun. Then he sees something. He aims his nerf gun.

TYSON

I got you...

HE SHOOTS.

HE HITS A FBI AGENT RIGHT IN THE EYE.

FBI AGENT

OH! FUCK!

Roy's outside having a big fat glass of milk, when -

TYSON

Daddy! I shot a cop!

He looks to find an FBI Agent holding his eye, with more agents behind him.

HURT EYE AGENT

You're under arrest.

One of the agents takes a SHOVEL and digs in the backyard, looking for the hidden bag.

HURT EYE AGENT (CONT'D)

It would also be easier for your
lawn if you just told us where you
hid the money.

Tanya steps outside with cookies just as Roy is being handcuffed.

Roy shakes his head, too ashamed to look at her.

She sees the shovels, then swallows her pride.

Tanya points to a spot in the ground.

TANYA

It's right there. We didn't bury it
too deep.

Roy's deflated. A shovel hits the ground.

INT. FBI VEHICLE - DAY

Roy's put in the back of the car, but before he does, he looks back at us with an Agent's hand on his head.

ROY (V.O.)

And that was the end of it. That's how it was all going to end. I guess no matter how hard you try, this gangster shit always catches up to you. I'm Scarface being shot up and falling off his balcony. I'm Tony Soprano being offed in front of his family. I'm Al Capone going to jail for tax evasion and dying of syphilis...

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

It's morning. Roy's sleeping. A GUARD wakes him.

GUARD

Someone wants to see you...

Roy sits up, cleaning the gunk from his eyes.

INT. INTEROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Roy sits uncomfortably. A glass of milk is waiting for him in the center of the table. The door opens.

Then Agent Cohen and Agent Ricca step inside.

Then behind them come a small army of WWE Agents and WWE Lawyers. They fill the room. No one sits. They stand against the wall.

Then comes Vince McMahon himself.

He sits directly across from Roy.

They stare at each other for a very long beat, both drinking each other in.

VINCE

I assume you know who I am.

ROY

Jog my memory.

Vince smirks, then opens a folder.

VINCE

I reviewed your testimony last night. Very interesting. Very very interesting. You made a lot of money off of my company and my wrestlers.

Roy doesn't say anything. Vince gives him a good look. Then he shuts the folder.

VINCE (CONT'D)

You really did a number on us. Really made me and my company look stupid. You used us for every last drop. Which made me come to the conclusion that Massive had nothing to do with this.

(then)

I knew Massive was lying to me. He thought we named him Massive because of his size, but it was because he's a massive idiot.

Roy reaches for his glass of milk, but Vince grabs it. Then he chugs the entire thing. Finishes with a satisfying gulp.

VINCE (CONT'D)

I'm not sure if you understand. But if this all came out. This could be a major PR nightmare for me and my company. We're a children's company. We tell stories parents can bring their kids to.

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

Bad guys say mean things, bad guys get punched in the mouth. Getting mixed up with gangsters, well, that would make us the bad guys? And we don't want that.

Roy can't help but smile to himself.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Roy, in the end, we're both just businessmen, aren't we? I look at you, and I see a throwback. An old school guy. Not too different than myself.

Vince then motions over to the FBI, lawyers, and agents with disgust. Vince leans in as if he's totally being secret.

He's very convincing.

VINCE (CONT'D)

We both like to buck authority to get what we want, don't we? We both like to grab life by its throat and squeeze it for every last drop, don't we?

Vince holds the glass of milk over his mouth, and lets the last drop of milk hit his tongue. He smiles.

ROY

You could say that.

VINCE

But I have to ask you, are you a real gangster, or are you a delusional scam artist?

Roy blinks. Vince lays out photos facing down so Roy can't see them.

VINCE (CONT'D)

You see Roy, you forced me to use my connections to call some real authorities. The problem with that, is I can't call this awesome power and waste their time. I tried keeping this in-house, but I had no choice. I hope you understand. But I need to give them something. In return, the FBI promised to keep this whole ordeal under wraps.

(then)

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

But there's two conditions: One,
you give back every last dime.

ROY

And...

Vince flips over every photo. It's Coco, Gary, and Charlie.

VINCE

You tell us whose idea it was.

ROY

You want me to snitch?

VINCE

I want you to put your lifestyle
aside and tell us who did it. That
tape you made for me yesterday.
That was off the record. A favor,
let's call it, so I can understand
what the fuck is going on before
making my decision. But today,
today is on the record. You give
back the cash. You tell me whose
idea it was.

ROY

You want me to tell you who to pin
this on because if you have to
arrest us all, you're going to have
a big mess on your hand?

Vince hits record, then leans back on his chair.

Roy looks over the photos.

VINCE

Just one name, Roy.

Roy rubs his eyes. He can't do this.

ROY

It was...

He keeps thinking. He can't snitch on his friends. He makes
the only decision he can.

ROY (CONT'D)

It was meeeeeeeEEEEEEeeEEEEEEEEEE -

Roy's face lights up as if he got an idea mid-"me".

ROY (CONT'D)

Mmaaaaa- wait a minute - you heard exactly who it was. You want who's idea it was, right? The original idea? Well, it was all right there in the tapes.

VINCE

Huh?

ROY

You heard it. Human Bulldog. He's the one who gave Gary the idea. I was just following along.

Vince looks confused. The room whispers.

VINCE

That piece of shit? Didn't we fire him?

A WWE Agent whispers in Vince's ear.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Well, I'm OK with that answer. You give your money back, and you're a free man.

AGENT COHEN

Wait, no. I wasn't told that was the deal, he's just as guilty if not more, we have tapes -

VINCE

I own those tapes. I can do whatever I want with those tapes. If you have a problem with it, then you can call the President. Which would be a shame, because I was going to just write him a letter of recommendation for the excellent work you two did.

Ricca smiles. Cohen stirs with anger.

INT. FBI'S OFFICE - DAY

Roy's on the phone.

ROY

How's Uncle Charlie doing?

ROSE (V.O.)

He just came out of the coma. He's doing better. What's going on with you?

ROY

Nothing. I think nothing at all.

Agent Cohen FLIPS out in the background.

AGENT COHEN

Get that grease ball the fuck out of here!

As Roy leaves, he leans into Agent Ricca with a wink.

ROY

Take Pittsburg tonight plus three. Thank me later.

Ricca smiles at Roy. He kind of likes this guy.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

Coco is being escorted out of jail against his will.

COCO

No! Honestly! I don't want to go! I'm good here! I'm flourishing!

AGENT

We're not arresting you for anything. We can't hold you.

COCO

I smoke a copious amount of drugs!

EXT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

Roy watches as Coco is being dragged out against his will.

COCO

I swear! I'm going to do something so bad when I get out! I swear!

AGENT

No one cares. Just get out of here.

Roy and Coco make eye contact.

Coco looks at Roy like they both know this will be the last time they see each other for a while.

They nod.

COCO
You know what? Fuck you.

Coco PUNCHES the Agent in the face.

COCO (CONT'D)
How's that for giving you something
to arrest me for? You mother
fucker!

Roy shakes his head, as he gets in his car.

SERIES OF SHOTS OF THE FBI GETTING THE MONEY BACK

ROY (V.O.)
Yeah. I gave all the money back.

- RAIDING COCO'S APARTMENT.
- RAIDING MASSIVE'S LOCKER ROOM.
- RAIDING THE OTHER WRESTLER'S LOCKER ROOM.
- RAIDING ROY'S OFFICE.

ROY (V.O.)
At least the best I could.

- THEY RAID UNCLE CHARLIE'S HOUSE BUT IT'S EMPTY.
- ROY SELLS HIS HOUSE.
- ROY EVEN RETURNS HIS EXPENSIVE SUIT.
- TANYA'S JEWELRY BEING RETURNED.
- A BOX OF TYSON'S TOY GUNS.
- ROY'S BACK TO NOTHING. A NORMAL MAN.

Roy looks us directly in the eye. His hair is growing back in and he's wearing a white tank top and boxer shorts.

He's stripped of everything that made him who he was.

ROY
That's when I realized, you don't
need money, cars, or mansions to be
a gangster. You either have fucking
balls, or you don't. And let's be
honest, I did some gangster shit.

A bunch of clips of Roy doing gangster shit throughout the story.

- Roy YELLING at someone over the phone.
- Roy SMOKING a fat blunt at the steak house.
- Roy in a TRACK SUIT counting money.
- Roy having a GUN to his face.
- Roy PUNCHING Human Bulldog.

ROY (CONT'D)

I guess what I'm saying is, I got nothing to prove. And I'm going to start living my life that way.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Human Bulldog is being sentenced to prison. He's still in a neck brace with his jaw wired shut.

ROY (V.O.)

Better than doing five years of prison.

HUMAN BULLDOG

What?! No! Why?! There's so much proof that it wasn't just me!

ROY (V.O.)

I was right. There were cameras recording the night I punched Human Bulldog in the face, but all they were -

INSERT - SECURITY CAM FOOTAGE OF HUMAN BULLDOG POINTING A GUN SCREAMING AT ROY.

HUMAN BULLDOG

I'M NOT TAKING 3%! THIS WAS MY IDEA! I SET THIS WHOLE THING UP!

The defense lawyers look pleased with themselves as Human Bulldog screams as he's being taken away.

INT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Coco collects money as he watches two PRISONERS fight.

ROY (V.O.)

Coco did two years for attacking a federal officer. But he was right, he thrived in prison. All those years dealing with pro-wrestlers gave him the right amount of training to be a real kingpin inside.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Bessy being arrested on the side of the road as the officers find her money.

ROY (V.O.)

Bessy tried fleeing with some of Coco's money, but she was eventually caught.

Bessy PUSHES the officer and he unleashes his TASER on her. She COMICALLY SHAKES as she hits the ground hard.

INT. UNCLE CHARLIE'S DAUGHTER'S HOUSE - DAY

Uncle Charlie's eating dinner with his family.

ROY (V.O.)

Uncle Charlie eventually got out of the hospital. He moved in with his oldest daughter. They seem to always pay their groceries with cash from that point on. Smart girls.

Charlie winks at his daughters.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

The beautiful orange and purple Venice beach sunsets on FBI Agents searching the homeless on the beach.

ROY (V.O.)

And Gary?

They walk past a STRAW sticking out from the sand.

They disappear over the horizon, looking for Gary. We can hear one of them say-

AGENT (O.S.)
 Today's the last day I'm looking
 for this idiot.

Just when they're far enough, that STRAW shakes. Then, like SWAMP THING rising from the swamp, Gary lifts himself from the sand with a duffle bag filled with cash.

Gary then runs the opposite direction from the agents, disappearing into the purple and orange sunset.

ROY (V.O.)
 Gary was legit never found again.
 Eventually they stopped looking for
 him.

EXT. BACKYARD - GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Roy's kids are playing as he eats his pasta with marinara sauce. The same thing Henry Hill wanted to order at the end of *Goodfellas*.

ROY
 I tried everything I could to be a
 gangster. A real gangster. It
 almost killed me, but it also saved
 my life. I got a job as a mortgage
 salesman. Not so bad. Not the same
 juice, but it's not about that
 anymore. It's not about the score,
 it's about the ride.

Tanya sits next to Roy and kisses him.

TANYA
 Nice to have you back.

Roy smiles.

TANYA (CONT'D)
 We have to get you a new suit. You
 can't go to work looking like that.

ROY
 I'll save some money and get
 something nice soon.

Tanya she slides Roy a wad of cash.

TANYA
 (mimicking Roy)
 Why don't you go to the store and
 get yourself something nice?

He takes the wad of cash, and looks at her.

TANYA (CONT'D)

When you gave me that bag of money,
I figure I'd take the money, put it
on a parlay with the matches, bet
the under, make triple, bury the
original money, and hide our new
money in a new spot. They can keep
theirs and we can keep ours.

Tanya snuggles into Roy's nook as he stares at the money.

TANYA (CONT'D)

Isn't that what you always said,
Roy? House always wins?

Roy and Tanya kiss.

Then Roy's shot in the face with a Nerf ball.

TYSON

I GOT YOU, DADDY!

ROY

You little bitch!

Roy chases after Tyson. Tanya laughs. The entire family
shoots at each other with toy guns as the sunsets.

CUT TO:

THE END