

BOMAYE

Written by

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CLICK. HUM OF A GENERATOR.

FADE IN:

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL GYM - DAWN

WARMING LIGHTS reveal an EMPTY BASKETBALL COURT. The BUZZ RISES THEN FALLS for a long beat as we find peace in the renewed silence and...

CUT TO:

A GREAT BLACK RING POST

It's set atop a BLACK MAT by a pair of WRESTLERS. ANOTHER POST is placed eighteen feet away under ANOTHER MAT. MORE WRESTLERS connect the posts with a SUPPORT BEAM.

This is REPEATED until there're FOUR POSTS, all connected by FOUR BEAMS, surrounding the court's center logo.

CUT TO:

SEVERAL EIGHTEEN FOOT WOODEN BOARDS

They're LAID over MORE SUPPORT BEAMS connecting those attached to the posts. FOUR SHEETS OF PLYWOOD are placed over the boards, then layered with a thin sheet of FOAM PADDING.

ANGLE ON THREE BLACK TOATS. WRESTLERS remove from them the CANVAS, ROPES, and TURNBUCKLE PADS. We SEE THESE ITEMS SET INTO PLACE THROUGH A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS before we...

CUT TO:

A FULLY ASSEMBLED WRESTLING RING

GUARD RAILS and PLASTIC CHAIRS surround it, creating a path on one side that stretches to the free throw line.

There, TECHNICIANS prop up TWO SCAFFOLDS with a THIRD hooked to their tops. They strap several BLACK CURTAINS to it, marking the entrance way for the wrestlers. A SIXTY INCH TELEVISION SET is then coupled to the top scaffold.

FRONT ANGLE ON THE TV. It FLASHES ONCE. FLICKERS TWICE. Then settles on a BLACK and YELLOW LOGO that reads:

NORTH CALIFORNIA PRO-WRESTLING

ZOOM IN TOWARDS THE SCREEN, the sound of a CHEERING CROWD growing LOUDER and LOUDER as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

THE SHOW - THAT NIGHT

THREE FEMALE WRESTLERS and a REFEREE stand in the ring, surrounded by a crowd of A HUNDRED PEOPLE. LIGHTS FLASH and an UPBEAT HIP HOP TUNE BLARES over the SPEAKERS. ANGLE ON THE WRESTLERS as ONE (30's) finishes her entrance.

BACKSTAGE - CURTAIN - CONTINUOUS

**LILITH RENEE LOCKHART, AKA "STONE FIST" ADIRA LONER (22)**, stands alone amongst the dark, enclosed by curtains. She's large with an athletic build, lean like an MMA fighter. She wears her hair down, light brown with black highlights.

Her attire consists of a BLACK, SLEEVELESS SHIRT, BLACK SINGLET, and BLACK MOTORCYCLE BOOTS with BLACK ATHLETIC TAPE on her fists. The shirt's marked with her LOGO: a RED SILHOUETTE OF HER LIKENESS with the fists raised in the air.

CLOSE ON HER EYES. They're doubtful. Almost submissive. She breathes rapid, hopping up and down to bounce out her nerves.

LONER  
(under her breath)  
Shit. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

THE SHOW - CONTINUOUS

The LIGHTS DROP to great approval from the crowd. They CHANT:

CROWD  
LONER. LONER. LONER.

BACKSTAGE - CURTAIN - CONTINUOUS

Loner punches the air, bouncing in a fighting stance as her THEME ("CAN'T HOLD ME BACK" BY CONMAN ECONOMY) SOUNDS THROUGHOUT THE GYM and the crowd EXPLODES.

LONER  
(under her breath)  
Fuck. Fuck. Come on.

She slaps herself several times.

LONER  
 (under her breath)  
 Let's go, goddammit. Let's go. Come  
 on.

THE SHOW - CONTINUOUS

The LIGHTS RAISE and Loner BURSTS THROUGH THE CURTAIN to a  
 WAVE OF ADULATION.

CONMAN ECONOMY  
 (singing)  
 "I walk in through this sheltered  
 light."

She stands in a t-pose with her arms and legs spread, soaking  
 in the cheers before making her way to ringside. Over the  
 speakers we HEAR:

RING ANNOUNCER (O.C.)  
 Our final competitor in this  
 contest hails from San Francisco,  
 California. Standing at five foot  
 ten, she weighed in this morning at  
 one hundred and seventy pounds. She  
 is: "STONE FIST" ADIRA LONER.

She climbs the ring post, pumps her fists in the air, and  
 EMITS A WAR CRY which THE CROWD RETURNS.

CONMAN ECONOMY  
 (singing)  
 "Don't want to tell me it's too  
 hard.' ('Tear me down')."

She SWAGGERS INTO THE RING as One charges and gets hit with a  
 STIFF FOREARM TO THE FACE, FALLING TO THE MAT before ROLLING  
 OUT THE RING. TWO (30's) then charges and GETS THROWN OVER  
 THE ROP ROPE TO THE FLOOR BELOW.

Loner turns to WRESTLER THREE (20's) and stares her down.  
 Three fakes a handshake and SLAPS LONER IN THE FACE, then  
 gets SLAPPED TO THE GROUND HERSELF.

Loner lifts her into a vertical suplex position and DROPS HER  
 ON HER HEAD. The crowd SCREAMS:

CROWD  
 BRAIN BUSTER.

Loner covers Three for the pin.

REFEREE AND CROWD  
 (in unison)  
 One. Two. Three.

The crowd CHEERS until Wrestler One RETURNS and STOMPS ON LONER'S HEAD. Loner no-sells it and rises to her feet. She gets hit with TWO FOREARMS, but sells neither, then GATOR ROLLS INTO ONE'S LEGS and TAPS HER OUT in a knee bar.

Wrestler Two REENTERS and Loner charges. She ducks a clothesline and rebounds off the ropes to hit a SUPERMAN PUNCH. She moves to the corner and slips down her knee pad as the crowd CHANTS:

CROWD  
 BOM-AY-E. BOM-AY-E. BOM-AY-E.

Loner sprints as Two stands and NAILS HER WITH A RUNNING KNEE TO THE FACE. The crowd CHEERS WILDLY as she makes the cover.

REFEREE AND CROWD  
 (in unison)  
 ONE. TWO. THREE.

The BELL RINGS and LONER'S THEME HITS. The referee raises her hand and she climbs the middle rope, pumping her fists in the air as she and the crowd YELL IN TRIUMPH.

RING ANNOUNCER (O.C.)  
 Ladies and gentlemen, your winner:  
 "STONE FIST" ADIRA LONER.

CLOSE ON LONER'S FACE as she beams with pride.

BACKSTAGE - CURTAIN - MOMENTS LATER

She parts the curtains and strolls to the three wrestlers. They bump fists and dap each other up.

LONER  
 Thanks for the match, girls.

WRESTLER ONE  
 Thank ya, sista.

WRESTLER THREE  
 Good job out there, Loner.

LONER  
 (to Wrestler Two)  
 Any notes?

## WRESTLER TWO

Not really. Everything seemed good. Of course, it's a short match, but crowd loved it obviously. And that's all that really matters right? Only thing I can say is just slow down a little bit. You seemed to rush yourself somewhat and your strikes were pretty stiff, but that's nitpicking, so I wouldn't worry too much about that. Otherwise...

(extends hand)

...it was fun. Hopefully, I'll see you on a bigger stage next time.

## LONER

(shakes hand)

That'd be great.

## BACKSTAGE - PRODUCTION - MOMENTS LATER

She approaches **TIM ROCKHOLD (37)**, owner of N.C.P.W. He stands five eleven, two hundred pounds, and moves with a slight but noticeable ache, evidence of his twenty years in pro-wrestling.

His thinning hair's slicked stylishly to the back. He wears a WHITE SHIRT with BLACK DRESS PANTS and RED SUSPENDERS, SHOES, and SUNGLASSES as well as a CHEAP, SILVER WATCH and FAUX DIAMOND RING.

He speaks to THE CHAMPION (30's):

## ROCKHOLD

(excitedly)

Now when you get there, make sure to let Brady sell that shit. He's the best we got. You give him time to sell it and I guarantee the people'll go nuts when you finally feed for that comeback. And imagine how pissed they'll be when you fucking beat him. You're gonna be *hated*, man. Mega-heel shit. You feel me?

(beat for response)

Aight. You got this. Remember: fifteen minutes. Hook em good, go home with the O'Conner Roll. Hands on the tights. Any questions?

(beat)

(MORE)

ROCKHOLD (CONT'D)

Aight. Go get em. Hey, you got this, brother. You got this.

He spies Loner as The Champion SWAGGERS OFF.

ROCKHOLD

(excited)

Hey-hey, Stone Fist. What's shakin'?

LONER

(fist bumps him)

Hey, Tim. You watch my match?

ROCKHOLD

Nah, brother. I've been busy, but I know you're getting there, without a doubt. Your stuff's been looking legit and that crowd sounded pretty hyped from back here.

LONER

Yeah it felt great. Val told me I was rushing a bit, but everything else was good.

ROCKHOLD

Sure's easy when you've got the world cheering you on, huh? But you'll settle in. I've got faith in you, kid. Now go get changed and enjoy yourself. I'll see you after tear down.

MERCH TABLE - TEN MINUTES LATER

Loner takes a seat behind her MERCH TABLE stationed along the gym wall, now in SHORTS, SHOES, and a MISFITS T-SHIRT. The table's decorated with VARIOUS SHIRTS, CAPS, and HOODIES, all for sale.

DOZENS OF FANS migrate toward it and buy her products throughout the show. She speaks gracious. Takes pictures. Signs autographs.

INT. THEATER OFFICE - AFTER THE SHOW

Loner ambles in while Rockhold sits feet up behind a PAPER LITTERED DESK and counts a HANDFUL OF CASH.

ROCKHOLD

Aye. Was-sup, Loner? How's things out there?

LONER

Everything's done. Tommy left with the trailer couple minutes ago.

ROCKHOLD

That's good. Now we can get to more important matters. I got a bleezy waiting for us in my car. Lets make like the fourth and spark up.

LONER

You go ahead. I'm just gonna head home. I work at ten and I'm tired as hell.

ROCKHOLD

(joshing)

Well, maybe there's some shit we need to discuss, my dude. It can't wait another day.

LONER

I'll come by after work and we'll talk then.

(beat)

What kinda shit is it?

ROCKHOLD

Wrestling shit, but don't worry about it yet. We'll get to it tomorrow.

(handing over her pay)

What time are you off?

LONER

(counts money)

Three thirty.

ROCKHOLD

Aight. I'll see you then. Stay safe, champ.

(beat)

And don't get too dangerous on me.

EXT. LOCKHART MANOR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Loner parks her DENTED BUICK LESABRE in front of her father's MANOR. She STEPS OUT with GYM BAG in hand and shuffles towards the front door.



INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She tosses her bag on the sofa and stands before a wall of FRAMED PICTURES. Some are large, others small, but all depict her father during some business achievement. Acquisitions. Award ceremonies. All his triumphs.

HIGH ON LONER as she gazes at a specific photo.

ANGLE ON THE PHOTO: her as a child at one of her father's events. She holds his hand, bright smiles on their faces.

HOME OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

LOW ON **DR. DAYMEAN LOCKHART (59)** as he TYPES FURIOUSLY into his KEYBOARD. He's the living manifestation of human will, a fiery specimen of business ingenuity. No bullshit, take no prisoners kind of guy. Devoutly unapologetic.

He dresses exclusively in THREE-PIECE SUITS, never one for less. He wears THIN RIMMED SPECS over scorching eyes. A white, jagged beard covers his jaw and upper lip, though he's bald otherwise.

SIDE ON LOCKHART as LONER DRAGS INTO FRAME and stands rigid outside the doorway.

LONER  
(hesitant)  
Hi, dad.

No response. He just KEEPS TYPING.

LONER  
How's it going?

Still no response. More TYPING.

LONER  
My--The match went good tonight--

LOCKHART  
--I don't care, Lilith.  
(to himself)  
I don't care.

She turns to leave.

LOCKHART (O.S.)  
Hey.

She leans back in.

LOCKHART

I love you.

LONER

I love you too.

She DISAPPEARS as he CONTINUES TO TYPE.

FADE OUT:

SMASH CUT TO:

"STONE COLD" STEVE AUSTIN

He power-walks down the entranceway to THUNDEROUS CHEERS. He shakes his head with pissed-off vigor and TALKS SHIT under his breath.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

By Gawd, it's the Texas Rattlesnake. He's pissed and after what happened to him last week, I'd say he's spoiling for a fight.

He ENTERS THE RING and KICKS HIS OPPONENT IN THE GUT. He grabs them by the head and DROPS TO HIS ASS, DRIVING THEIR THROAT INTO HIS SHOULDER, then rises and flips them off as he TALKS SHIT in their face.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

STUNNER. GOOD LORD, WHAT A STUNNER. AUSTIN STANDS TALL. AUSTIN STANDS TALL.

PAN BACK TO REVEAL THAT THIS IS ALL JUST A RERUN ON LONER'S TELEVISION, which sits atop an OLD COFFEE TABLE inside her CRAMPED, SCANTY BEDROOM. She lies asleep in BED next to a SMALL NIGHTSTAND, covered under a WEIGHTED BLANKET.

Her room's a complete mess, cluttered with WASHED and UNWASHED CLOTHES. Above and around the TV are POSTERS of AUSTIN, the band SLIPKNOT, and Stanley Kubrick's THE SHINING, ALL LIT BY THE MORNING SUN SHINING THROUGH HER WINDOW.

Her DIGITAL CLOCK hits 8:00 a.m. and the ALARM SOUNDS. She rolls out of bed and stares admiringly at the TV as she changes into WORK CLOTHES.

HIGH ON HER as she takes one last look at the screen and MARCHES OUT.

PAN TO and ZOOM IN ON THE TV as AUSTIN climbs a turnbuckle and pumps his fists in the air. THE CROWD GOES CRAZY.

INT. BUICK LESABRE - AFTERNOON

Loner pulls in front of TIM'S SPLIT-LEVEL HOME and parks next to his BLACK and GOLD DODGE CHALLENGER. HER PHONE SOUNDS and she checks it. Her eyes widen.

EXT. TIM'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

She runs to the FRONT DOOR and KNOCKS TEN TIMES, TERMINATOR THEME STYLE. Tim opens not long after, TWO BLUNTS behind his ears like pencils.

ROCKHOLD

(excited)

About time you showed up.

FRONT ANGLE ON LONER as she holds her phone up. It shows an email from "Red Sun Pro-Wrestling."

LONER

Please, tell me this is real.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The two sit together on a SOFA as they SMOKE the first blunt. On the television plays A VIDEO FROM RED SUN PRO-WRESTLING, cast from Loner's phone. She leans with heightened interest.

We see WRESTLERS (mostly Japanese) STRIKE, SLAM, and THROW EACH OTHER. We hear CROWDS CHANT and STOMP. TROPHIES and CHAMPIONSHIP BELTS are lifted in the air. CONFETTI rains on VARIOUS WINNERS as OTHERS leave, tears of loss in their eyes.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

So, you want to be a wrestler?  
Now's. Your. Chance. Red Sun Pro-  
Wrestling has invited you to their  
first ever tryout on American soil.  
Led by Head Trainer Katsuyori  
Suzuki, you will study under one of  
the best in the world for the  
chance at a full-time contract. Do  
you have what it takes? Enter now  
and stake your claim. The R.S.P.W.  
expansion is here.

LONER

(beat)

This is real?

ROCKHOLD

Seems like it. Check the link.

Loner clicks the link and the screen moves to the R.S.P.W. WEBSITE. It shows the REGISTRATION as well as more information about the tryout.

ROCKHOLD

That's their site. I think it's legit.

Loner jolts up and paces about. She struggles to breathe a beat, then giggles and pumps her fists in triumph.

LONER

I...I don't know what to say.

ROCKHOLD

Don't say anything. Congrats, kid.

She beams with pride and reads more of the website.

LONER

"Head Trainer Katsuyori Suzuki."  
(Rockhold chuckles)  
What?

ROCKHOLD

That's a bad motherfucker, right there.

LONER

Suzuki?

ROCKHOLD

Yes. Suzuki. You've never seen him before?

LONER

(shakes head)  
Only passing mentions. What'd you know about him?

ROCKHOLD

Oof. He's like...the absolute greatest. So much fun to watch. The dude's done this shit for over thirty years. Used to do MMA too-- and back in the olden days, no less. Son of a bitch submitted Ken Shamrock in a shoot fight back in 94', then again a few months later.

LONER

Tapped out Shamrock.

ROCKHOLD

Yup.

LONER

In a shoot-fight.

ROCKHOLD

Uh-huh.

LONER

(hits blunt)

(beat)

Pull him up.

CUT TO:

TELEVISION SCREEN - MINUTES LATER

It shows **KATSUYORI SUZUKI (51)**. He's five foot ten, two hundred and fifteen pounds. He wears **BLACK BOOTS** and **TRUNKS** with **SPIKED HAIR** and **TAPED WRISTS**. A straight-forward attire for a straight-forward man.

We watch him **SLAP A WRESTLER INTO OBLIVION**. They lie defenseless on the mat, but he just **KEEPS WAILING ON THEM**, **CEASING** only to stare into the camera and **LAUGH**.

ANGLE ON LONER and Rockhold. They watch the highlights as **SUZUKI'S STRIKES** are **HEARD O.S.**

LONER

(horrified)

Jesus. He beats the shit out of people.

ROCKHOLD

Yeah. Kinda like a certain someone I know.

LONER

How old's this guy?

ROCKHOLD

Fifties. Maybe late forties.

LONER

Fucking Christ. And he moves like that?

ROCKHOLD

Yeah. He's been smart with his body. Hopefully something he'll teach you more of.

LONER  
Hit hard in safe spots?

ROCKHOLD  
Something like that.

LONER  
Didn't seem too safe with that slap  
spot.

ROCKHOLD  
Maybe. Having second thoughts,  
superstar?

LONER  
(smiles)  
Never.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

We're in an ARID, BLEAK LOOKING WAREHOUSE devoid of any  
equipment save for a DIGITAL CLOCK on the north wall.  
SUNLIGHT SHINES through the FACTORY STYLE WINDOWS and exposes  
the DUST FLOATING ABOUT THE AIR.

Loner SAUNTERS IN with GYM BAG over her shoulder, dressed in  
SHORTS and a RED TANK TOP. She joins the TWENTY-NINE OTHER  
WRESTLERS (MALE and FEMALE) and sits cross-legged on the  
floor, speaking to no one.

A DOOR SLAMS O.S. and ECHOES ACROSS THE ROOM. The wrestlers  
turn their gazes toward it as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

KATSUYORI SUZUKI - CONTINUOUS

He strides with intense purpose, dressed in a BLACK and RED  
TRACKSUIT. His **TRANSLATOR (40's)** follows, sporting the same  
attire with "R.S.P.W" stitched across their hearts.

He glowers the wrestlers up and down, sizing them up as if  
ready to fight at the first sign of insolence. His translator  
steps forward, hands behind his back.

TRANSLATOR  
(fluent English)  
Good morning. My name is Kota Ishii  
and I will act as translator for  
the honorable Katsuyori Suzuki.  
(MORE)

## TRANSLATOR (CONT'D)

You are here because myself and many others have spent countless hours studying tapes of each and every one of you. Tapes of your matches. Your promos. They speak for themselves. All of you can work. All of you can wrestle. That much is clear. Therefore, rather than conduct a tryout over skills we know you have, today will be a test of heart and your desire to be a true professional. If you cannot manage, simply exit the building and be gone. If you can...

(beat)

...stay.

(beat)

Let us begin. Your warm up shall consist of three hundred hack squats. Spread yourselves out and begin.

Loner and the others hop to their task, rising and falling in perfect air squat form. They pace themselves and focus their breath with deep intent, trying not to burn out.

ANGLE ON THE SUNLIGHT BEAMING THROUGH THE WINDOWS. The heat radiates amongst the dirt and dust before we...

CUT TO:

THE CLOCK: 10:00 A.M.

HOLD a beat as it FADES TO 10:05.

ANGLE ON LONER and THE OTHERS, still at their squats. Sweat covers their skin, their breath at steady rates. Another beat before we...

CUT TO:

THE CLOCK: 10:10 A.M.

The last wrestler finishes his squats, his face a soaked, red balloon. The rest BREATHE HEAVY, though not as bad as him. Loner stands with hands on hips, a bit winded, but fine. She stares at Suzuki and his translator, prepared for more.

## TRANSLATOR

You will now begin your run. Take off along the walls. I will tell you when to stop.

They start across the warehouse, some more hesitant than others. TRACK WITH LONER as she trots amongst the wrestlers.

FADE TO:

THE CLOCK: 11:02 A.M

Most jog slow at this point and wheeze like asthmatics. Four or five have stopped altogether, GAGGING with hands on their knees. They PUKE ONTO THE CONCRETE, almost passing out from the effort.

ANGLE ON LONER, blown up to hell. Sweat drips from her body and soaks her tank top, rising and falling with rapid breath. She puts her hand to her side as cramps pierce her oblique and causes AUDIBLE WINCES with every step.

ANGLE ON SEVERAL WRESTLERS as they WALK OUT. They leave with tears in their eyes, still struggling to catch their breaths.

CUT TO:

THE CLOCK: 11:10 A.M.

All appear near death, including Loner. It seems they could collapse at any moment when the translator yells:

TRANSLATOR

Chūi. Come to me.

The wrestlers halt before Suzuki and his translator, neither having moved since the tryout began.

TRANSLATOR

You may take a break for water, if you wish. We will soon begin the final examination.

ZOOM CLOSE ON LONER'S FACE, a hint of doubt in her eye.

STAIRWELL BOTTOM - MINUTES LATER

Everyone's gathered at the bottom of a stairwell, Suzuki and his translator above them on the second step.

TRANSLATOR

In your final trial, you will pair together and take your partner upon your back, sprinting up and down these seven floors a total of three times.

(MORE)



## TRANSLATOR (CONT'D)

They will then do the same with you. When they are done, they will hold your ankles as you wheelbarrow up and down another three times and vice versa. After both of you have finished, you may sit and await further instruction. Any questions?

(beat)

Make two lines before me.

(beat as they line up)

First two will begin on my mark, the next following when I say. This continues until all have begun. Understand?

## WRESTLERS

(murmuring)

Yes.

## TRANSLATOR

Pair one, begin.

The first two get into position and begin their climb. When they reach a sufficient distance, the translator says:

## TRANSLATOR

Pair two, go.

TRACK WITH LONER as she moves forward in line. The two in front of her go as she picks up her partner, a SIX FOOT AMAZON OF A WOMAN (we'll call her **JAX (23)**, for future reference). Loner STRAINS and REDDENS under her weight.

## TRANSLATOR

Pair six, go.

She dashes up the first flight of steps and leaves a TRAIL OF SWEAT behind her.

We WATCH LONER COMPLETE THE FIRST HALF OF THE TRIAL. The VESSELS in her forehead PULSE with each heart beat. She WHEEZES every step of the way and struggles to run and keep Jax on her shoulders, almost falling several times.

ANGLE ON SEVERAL WRESTLERS as they leave the premises. They stagger DOWN THE STAIRS, past Suzuki, and OUT THE DOOR. Loner notices, but pays no mind. Just keeps moving.

She collapses when she reaches the stair bottom a third time and Jax rolls off her to the concrete.

## JAX (O.S.)

Ow, goddamn it. Be easy. Jesus.

A PAIR OF BLACK SHOES step before Loner. She peers up and makes eye contact with Suzuki as he looms over her. Her eyes are defiant, his a black nothing. A poker faced glare. She stands to continue after a beat.

CUT TO:

LONER WHEELBARROWING - MINUTES LATER

She scales on her hands up the stairwell. Jax holds her ankles as she goes, creating a wheelbarrow look.

HER STRAINS BOUNCE OFF THE WALLS. She pauses at points to wipe sweat from her eyes. At others she DROPS FACE FIRST INTO THE STAIRS, arms having given out. She runs on fumes, though her father's fire is seen at all times.

STAIRWELL BOTTOM - MINUTES LATER

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF LONER, sprawled on her back. ZOOM CLOSE ON HER RUBY COLORED FACE as it DRIPS WITH SWEAT. She'd appear dead, if not for the massive rise and fall of her chest.

MINUTES LATER

The remaining wrestlers (half the original thirty) stand gathered around Suzuki like a band of undead disciples, gazing hazily at their leader.

TRANSLATOR

I congratulate you on completing your tryout here for Red Sun Pro Wrestling. As you now know, it is not for the weak of heart. You are the start of what will be the first class of students to train at our new San Francisco dojo. I hope you understand just how high an honor this is. Day one of training will begin at eight a.m. Monday morning. You will meet at the R.S.P.W. Dojo a half hour prior, dressed and ready for warmups. We will send directions later tonight. You are free to go. Do not be late.

I/E. BUICK LESABRE - WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Loner hobbles across the lot towards her car. Her legs are sore to the point it looks like something's stuck up her ass.

The others walk similarly around her, a mutual, comedic march of agony.

She can barely lift her arms as she opens the door and STEPS INSIDE.

INT. POOKIE'S APARTMENT - LATER

BACK ANGLE ON **BRETT "POOKIE" SHAPIRA (22)** as he SMOKES A BLUNT in his tiny, cheap-rent apartment. It'd look much larger if not for the clutter of TRASH, VAPOR JUICE, and GENERAL WEED PARAPHERNALIA set about.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR (TERMINATOR STYLE) SOUNDS O.S. and he stands, blunt sealed between his lips.

POOKIE

Coming.

We get our FIRST CLEAR SHOT OF POOKIE. He's a lanky, beer gut sporting young man in SHORTS, SANDALS, and a T-SHIRT. He's about six one with a care-free swagger, always cool and composed. A seemingly regular, heart-of-gold stoner boy.

He opens the door and beckons Loner in with a bro handshake.

POOKIE

Hey, hey. Whassup, Elle? Hey. Hey. What's shakin', my dog? What's shakin'? You're lookin' extra sensitive today.

She STAGGERS IN and the two sit and SMOKE.

LONER

I'm sore as all fuck, Pook. Need me a little pick me up before I leave this side of town.

POOKIE

I can see that. You're in luck. Got some new shit grown. Cheaper than any of that dispensary shit around here. Tastes good, doesn't it?

LONER

(exhaling smoke)  
Not bad.

POOKIE

Yeah yuh. It's Stardawg crossed with Purple Champagne.

LONER

Hell yeah. I'll take a quarter, if that's cool.

She sets her MONEY on the TABLE as Pookie weighs her order.

POOKIE

Absolutely, my bro. Absolutely. So what've you been doin' today? Get in a car crash or somethin'?

LONER

(chuckling)

Nah, I had a tryout for this new promotion. All the way outta fucking Japan.

POOKIE

Ooo. Word, bitch. Word. You make the team?

LONER

(uncertain)

Yeah, I'm in for now.

POOKIE

Well, congratu--fuckin'--lations, my dude. You're a natural Steve Austin.

LONER

Since when do you watch wrestling?

POOKIE

I don't, but who hasn't heard of Steve Austin?

LONER

Well, thank you. I appreciate that.

POOKIE

Hell yeah.  
(takes hit)  
How was it?

LONER

Oh, it was fucking hell. Hardest thing I've ever done. For sure.

POOKIE

(laughing)

I bet. The Japanese are some crazy motherfuckers.

LONER

Yeah, I'll be finding out all about that these next few weeks.

POOKIE

Well, good luck with that. I'm sure you're gonna need it. Ya know, if you're really needin' a pick me up, I'm slinging oxy's too now. It'll help with that--uh--everywhere pain you seem to have.

LONER

I'm good, Pook. I'm good. Thanks for the offer, though.

POOKIE

Don't mention it, dog.

He hands her her WEED in a ZIPLOCK BAG.

POOKIE

(British accent)

There you are, madam. Pleasure doing business with you.

LONER

(British accent)

Pleasure. Fine pleasure, love..

She TAKES A HIT and EXHALES as we...

MATCH CUT TO:

LONER SMOKING - TIM'S LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAY

She sits awkwardly with BLUNT in hand. Rockhold stands in front of her and TEXTS on his PHONE.

LONER

Get me some more Ibuprofen would you?

TIM

Bitch, I've given you like five of them suckers already.

LONER

And I need another one. Help a sista out. I'm stiff as a board over here.

TIM

I ain't getting you no more fucking  
Ibuprofen. Just suck on some more  
of that sticky icky icky. Ain't no  
better relaxer than that.

LONER

(hits, looks at the blunt,  
sighs)  
I'll get it myself.

She rises and HOBBLER INTO THE KITCHEN. Tim makes no effort  
to stop her.

TIM (O.S.)

Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize my  
prized-student was such a damn  
pussy.

LONER

What can I say? I'm a product of my  
trainer.

She removes TWO PILLS from a cabinet, then downs them with a  
glass of water and RETURNS TO THE LIVING ROOM.

LONER

Did you go through anything like  
that when you were training?

Tim sits down next to her. He takes his CONTROLLER and TYPES  
into the TV: "RAZOR RAMON VS. 1,2,3 KID. RAW 5-17-93."

TIM

Nah, we never did anything to that  
level. A lot of rope running. Lotta  
rolls. Lotta of bumps. But never  
just pure cardio like that.

LONER

Sounds nice.

TIM

I wouldn't say that. It was pretty  
fucking rough, man.

LONER

At least you actually got to learn  
about wrestling.

TIM

At least you got the chance to hit  
big with this, unlike my beautiful  
self.

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

You're luckier than you think, Miss Ungrateful Dead.

(hits blunt)

Plus, it was a fucking tryout. They won't be sticking with that shit much longer, if at all.

(coughs)

You'll get your wish soon enough.

LONER

(hits)

You're right. I should be thankful. I'm sorry.

TIM

Now you're getting it.

LONER

(frustrated)

Just wish I wasn't so goddamn sore.

TIM

It'll fade. You know that.

LONER

I sure hope so.

INT. R.S.P.W. DOJO - 8:00 A.M.

They're in the R.S.P.W. DOJO, a spacious, state of the art performance center. There're a total of THREE RINGS as well as a PLACE FOR WEIGHTS and a TRACK that surrounds both areas, all of it RED and BLACK.

SUZUKI glares over his FIFTEEN STUDENTS, arms crossed on the apron. His TRANSLATOR stands next to him INSIDE THE RING.

TRANSLATOR

Your warmup will be a total of five hundred hack squats and fifty laps around the track. We'll begin as soon as you're done. You may start now.

SUZUKI

(in Japanese)

START NOW.

Suzuki hops off the apron as the trainees begin their squats and BERATES THEM IN JAPANESE. He moves about like an angry dog, spit flying from his mouth.

TRACK UP and DOWN WITH LONER as she squats. She sets her pace and remains there. Focused. Steadfast.

CUT TO:

LONER RUNNING - MINUTES LATER

TRACK WITH LONER as she sprints around the track.

CUT TO:

LONER RUNNING THE ROPES - INSIDE RING - MINUTES LATER

She bounds off the ropes and runs to the other side, rebounding off those ropes and back across. ANOTHER TRAINEE does the same perpendicular to her and they continue for a long, long beat.

Suzuki stalks them outside and SHOUTS through the ropes.

SUZUKI

(in Japanese)

FASTER. FASTER. DON'T SLOW. SO YOU  
WANT TO BE WRESTLERS? YOU WANT TO  
WRESTLE? WE WILL SEE, YOUNG BOYS.  
WE'LL SEE IF YOU CAN TAKE IT.  
WE'LL SEE HOW TOUGH YOU ARE.

The translator stands between the rings, all of them crowded with wrestlers either running the ropes or running in place outside. He motions to the BLACK TRASH CAN beside him.

TRANSALTOR

When you puke, you will puke here.  
When you do, you will be done for  
the day. But do not take this as an  
excuse to slow down.

CUT TO:

INSIDE RING - LATER

Loner throws herself back-first onto the mat and LANDS WITH A THUD, then jumps to her feet and DOES IT AGAIN. And AGAIN...and AGAIN...and AGAIN...

Four others stand in the corners and bound over the ropes IN and OUT of the ring. One of them ROLLS OUT and jogs to the trash can. We HEAR THEM THROW UP as the others continue.



SUZUKI  
HARDER. SMACK MAT HARDER. MORE  
INTENSE.

MINUTES LATER

Loner bounds IN and OUT over the ropes, just as the others did before. She drips with sweat and her chest heaves with each second passed.

Several trainees gather around the trash can. One PUKES, then ANOTHER.

MINUTES LATER

Loner runs the ropes as Suzuki steps up onto the apron.

SUZUKI  
Front bump.

Loner flips in the air and LANDS ON HER BACK, then gets up and continues.

SUZUKI  
Quarter roll.

Loner ROLLS, then goes back to running.

SUZUKI  
Back bump.

She FALLS TO HER BACK.

SUZUKI  
Face bump.

She FALLS TO HER FACE and STOMACH.

SUZUKI  
Roll to corner. Jog in place.

Loner FRONT ROLLS into the corner, then runs in place, hands on the turnbuckle.

More trainees wobble to the trash can and VOMIT INTO IT. Those who've finished lie soaked and sore on the cement. Just Loner and JAX continue, both in separate rings. The translator stands with Jax, Suzuki with Loner.

TRANSALTOR  
 (collected)  
 Drop down. Leap frog. Back bump.  
 Start running. Redirect...

Suzuki gets in Loner's face on the ring apron. She stares past his menacing scowl and blocks his taunts from her mind.

SUZUKI  
 So you want to be a wrestler, huh?  
 Drop.

She DROPS TO HER STOMACH, then gets back up and continues to run in place.

SUZUKI  
 You think you can fight with the best? Drop.  
 (Loner drops)  
 We will find out. We will find out.  
 (beat)  
 Drop.  
 (she DROPS)  
 Drop.  
 (DROPS)  
 Drop.  
 (DROPS)  
 WHAT ARE YOU MADE OF, GIRL? WHAT'S GOING TO MAKE YOU BREAK, HUH?  
 (beat)  
 ANSWER ME.

Loner SHRIEKS with FEAR, PERSEVERANCE, and RAGE.

LOCKER ROOM - AFTER CLASS

She's the last one there, a stiffened, aching girl who fights to put on her AMY WINEHOUSE T. She finally succeeds and hooks her GYM BAG over her shoulder, then WINCES WITH EACH STEP toward the door, her back in a slight hunch.

BACK ANGLE ON HER as she WOBBLER OUT and the door SLAMS SHUT.

INT. POOKIE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Loner and POOKIE sit on his COUCH and SMOKE WEED from a GREEN BONG. He lounges, cool and relaxed, while she crouches, stiff and uncomfortable.

POOKIE  
 No can do, homie. I'm 'bout outta green. Got only a couple G's left.

LONER

I'll take whatever's left, then.  
Just weight it and let me know what  
I owe you.

POOKIE

Sure thing. I have those oxy's too  
still, if you want some of them.

LONER

I don't know, man. I probably  
shouldn't even be spending money  
right now.

POOKIE

One or two here and there never  
hurt nobody. Just take one for  
tonight and take a load off. First  
few's on the house.

LONER

I don't know, Pookie. I think I'll  
just stick with weed for now.

POOKIE

I get that, dawg. Just let me know  
if you ever need any. Like I said:  
first few's on the house.

LONER

Thanks, Pook.

POOKIE

No problem, G.

He hands her her WEED BAG.

POOKIE

Here's your care package. Hope you  
get to feeling better soon.

LONER

Thank you much, friend. I better  
get going. Get some sleep before I--

She freezes and GROANS as she stands.

LONER

(beat)

You know what. On second thought, I  
think I'll take one of those oxy's  
after all. One here and there won't  
hurt, right?

POOKIE  
 (chuckling)  
 I thought you were in need.

He removes a WHITE, ROUND PILL from an ORANGE BOTTLE and hand's it over. She eyes it a beat, then asks:

LONER  
 Can I borrow your water?

POOKIE  
 Oh, no, don't pop that now. Lemme get you a baggie. Wait until you get home to do that. I don't want you driving on it if you've never took one before.

LONER  
 Good call. Better safe than sorry.  
 (taking the extra bag)  
 Thanks, Pook.

They dap each other up.

POOKIE  
 Don't mention it, blood. Don't mention it.

INT. BUICK LESABRE - LOCKHART MANOR - LATER

Loner TAKES A HIT from her ONE HITTER and CHOKES ON THE SMOKE as she COUGHS VIOLENTLY.

INT. KITCHEN - LOCKHART MANOR - MINUTES LATER

She removes a BOWL of MACARONI from the MICROWAVE and holds a BAG OF ICE to her neck with her other hand. She sets it on the counter while she collects her SILVERWARE, then stops to look at something.

HER POV: THE WHITE PILL on the countertop.

She picks it up and stares at it a beat, then takes it to a cabinet and drops it inside a BOTTLE of IBUPROFEN. She then grabs her food and ice pack and HOBBLER OUT THE ROOM.

TRACK WITH LONER FROM THE KITCHEN TO THE...

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She sits on the SOFA and reclines back, bowl in her lap. She positions the ice pack behind her neck and grabs the REMOTE, then CLICKS ON THE TELEVISION.

We see her search for and find "RSPW GLOBAL," the promotion's international streaming service, and signs in.

ANGLE ON THE TELEVISION. SUZUKI EXCHANGES STRIKES WITH ANOTHER WRESTLER as SWEAT FLIES FROM THEIR BODIES. He whips his opponent into the ropes, then charges and BLASTS HIM IN THE FACE WITH A DROPKICK.

FRONT ANGLE ON LONER as she flinches away from the screen.

SUZUKI (O.S.)  
(accented English)  
GOTCH STYLE. PILEDRIVER.

ANGLE ON THE TELEVISION as he picks his opponent up and puts his head between his legs. He wraps his arms around the opponent's leg and lifts him in the air, then JUMPS ONTO HIS ASS and SPIKES HIS HEAD INTO THE MAT.

ANGLE ON LONER as she recoils from the maneuver.

BACK ON THE TELEVISION as Suzuki covers.

REFEREE  
One. Two. Three.

CLOSE ON LONER as the BELL RINGS and the announcer sounds:

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
(in Japanese)  
Winner by pin fall. SUZUKIII,  
KATSUYORIIIIII.

ANGLE ON THE HALL as LOCKHART stares at the TV and sighs, his nose curled.

LONER  
(sees him)  
Hey, dad.

No reply. He just strides on. She sulks a beat, then turns back to the screen.

ANGLE ON THE TELEVISION as Suzuki takes a MICROPHONE from the TIMEKEEPER and shoves him away.

SUZUKI

(in Japanese)

(subtitled English)

QUIET DOWN. Quiet down. As you heard earlier, Shibata Tetsuya will not be able to compete against me in San Francisco. I have no opponent for "Time Bomb: U.S.A.," but that will not last for long. Red Sun Pro-Wrestling has granted me the right to pick my opponent personally. Do you want to hear who it is?

(pauses for cheers)

That is too bad. I have not picked him yet. However, rest assured that this wrestler will be in the same category as the greatest on Earth, because I settle for nothing less. Nothing less than the best for Suzuki Katsuyori in the main event of our first United States show. Because that is who I am. That is what I do. I will scour the globe, tear down homes, and do whatever it takes to find this wrestler and when I do, I will be out for blood. I am looking for a fight in San Francisco and I will get one. Soon, you have my answer. Soon, you have my victim.

He DROPS THE MIC and EXITS THE RING, then storms up the ramp and THROUGH THE CURTAIN.

Loner sits silent a beat, then rises and HOBBLER OUT.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She removes the OXYCODONE from the BOTTLE and holds it for a long beat. She stares with a glint in her eye, then swallows it with a CUP OF WATER.

CLOSE ON HER EYES, an uneasy furrow in her brow.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She repositions the ice pack behind her neck and resumes her meal.

ANGLE ON THE TELEVISION as SUZUKI STANDS BACKSTAGE, surrounded by REPORTERS. They FLASH PICTURES and hold their RECORDERS toward him.

SUZUKI

(in Japanese)

(subtitled English)

I knew this would happen. You do not want to talk to me. You just want to know who I am facing. That angers me. If I hear one more question about my opponent it will be the last that person ever asks. Understand? I am the man you should ask questions about. I am the man you should speak of. Now, are there any questions about me?

No one responds.

SUZUKI

(accented)

Motherfuckers.

POW. He SLAPS A REPORTER TO THE GROUND and STORMS O.S.

SUZUKI (O.S.)

(in Japanese)

OUT OF MY WAY, FUCKER.

We HEAR a CRASH OF FALLEN EQUIPMENT as the broadcast CUTS.

ANGLE ON LONER as she PAUSES THE SHOW. She shrugs her shoulders back and forth as if to regain lost feeling, then takes her PHONE and PULLS UP HER MESSAGES.

ANGLE ON THE PHONE SCREEN. She finds a conversation with Tim and TYPES:

LONER

(through text)

You hear Shibata's out of the Pay-Per-View? Suzuki's picking a new opponent.

Tim begins to TYPE BACK. THREE DOTS FLOAT IN A WAVE by his name, then DISAPPEAR. The words "Read 9:06 pm" appear underneath LONER'S MESSAGE. She frowns and moves to type, but thinks better of it and sets her phone down.

She grabs the remote and PULLS UP A "SOUNDS OF THE RAINFOREST" VIDEO ON THE TV. The room is FILLED with various sounds of WATERFALLS, CHIRPS OF BIRDS, ETC. A soothing mix of nature in its purest form.

Loner looks about in a haze. She shifts on the sofa and shrugs her shoulders without a wince. She lifts her right fist and stares at it as HER PUPILS CONSTRICT TIGHTER BY THE SECOND.

HER POV: HER FIST UP CLOSE. THE WRINKLES ON HER KNUCKLES WAX AND WANE ACROSS THE SCREEN. THE BLOOD VESSELS AUDIBLY PULSE IN SLOW MOTION.

HER GAZE SHIFTS TO THE VIDEO ART ON THE TELEVISION. IT'S A STILL SHOT OF A VIBRANT FOREST, ALMOST SWIRLING TO LIFE. THE ACCOMPANYING SOUNDS CHURN AND DEAFEN ALL AROUND, mixed with THE TICKS AND TOCKS OF THE VINTAGE STYLE CLOCK ON THE WALL.

HIGH ON LONER. Her muscles relax and she sinks into the couch, guided by the weight of the DISTORTED, PONDEROUS NOISES pushing her down.

Her eyes flicker open and shut once, twice, three times, then close for good. HOLD a long beat as her chest heaves peacefully up and down and she starts to SNORE.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE NEXT MORNING

Loner lies on the sofa, mouth agape as DROOL crawls out her bottom lip. She's barely moved since the night prior, the ice in her icepack since MELTED and SEEPED FROM THE BAG.

A SHADOW LOOMS OVER HER as the autoplay on the television TRANSITIONS TO A NEW VIDEO of GREGORIAN CHANTS.

LOCKHART (O.S.)

Lilith.

Loner snorts.

LOCKHART (O.S.)

Lilith. Wake up.

LONER

(waking up)

Wha...?

LOCKHART

What are you doing? Why is my couch wet?

LONER

(hazy)

I...

(MORE)



LONER (CONT'D)

(beat)  
...What time is it?

LOCKHART  
Seven thirty.

LONER  
(urgent)  
Seven thirty?  
(jolts to her feet)  
Oh, fuck--  
(sore as hell)  
--Ow. Fuck. Ow. Damn it.

She collects her bowl and bag of water.

LOCKHART  
You're late for work?

LONER  
Training.

LOCKHART  
Training?

LONER  
Yeah, I got invited to this--

LOCKHART  
--You're still on this wrestling  
thing, huh?

LONER  
(beat)  
It's not a thing, dad. I really  
have a shot at this.

LOCKHART  
(skeptical)  
Okay.

LONER  
(holding back frustration)  
Bye, dad.

She SLINKS OUT as Lockhart scrutinizes behind her.

EXT. R.S.P.W. DOJO - MORNING

LONER'S BUICK PULLS INTO THE LOT and SKURTS TO A STOP. She  
JUMPS OUT with her GYM BAG in hand and runs towards the dojo.

LONER  
 Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck

INT. R.S.P.W. DOJO - CONTINUOUS

She BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR and looks about the place. The TRAINEES run the track while SUZUKI and his TRANSLATOR stand watching between the rings. Suzuki spies her and points to the ground before him.

SUZUKI  
 (accented)  
 HERE. NOW.

She drops her bag and sprints toward him.

SUZUKI  
 (accented)  
 SQUAT. NOW.

Loner stops before him and squats as he circles and BERATES HER IN JAPANESE.

TRANSLATOR  
 He says he's insulted by your tardiness. You're to complete one thousand squats as well as one hundred laps before entering a ring. If you puke, you're done for the day. He hopes you understand how gracious he's being.

LONER  
 (still squatting)  
 Yes, sir.

ANGLE ON JAX as she runs the track, a smug grin on her face.

ANGLE ON SUZUKI as he SHOUTS IN JAPANESE. HOLD a beat before we...

CUT TO:

LONER RUNNING - MINUTES LATER

TRACK WITH HER as she drips with sweat, her breath a WHEEZE, all the while Suzuki examines her from afar.

SUZUKI  
 (accented)  
 FASTER.

CUT TO:

LONER WALKING - MINUTES LATER

She approaches the TRASH CAN with hands on her head and chest heaving. She grabs the rim, then leans her head in and GAGS. Suzuki SHOUTS SOMETHING O.S.

TRANSALTOR  
 Are you going to be sick?

Loner collects herself.

LONER  
 No, sir.

TRANSALTOR  
 Then get in the ring.

She rises and stumbles her way INTO A RING where Suzuki stands waiting. He points to her, then to Jax who stands across the ring.

SUZUKI  
 Begin.

Loner exhales, then approaches Jax and they lockup.

INT. BUICK LESABRE - MOVING - LATER

Loner PACKS HER ONE HITTER as she drives. She LIGHTS UP and breathes the smoke, then gives a DEEP EXHALE.

LONER  
 (pained, under her breath)  
 Jesus.

HER RINGTONE SOUNDS and her PHONE SCREEN COMES TO LIFE. THE CALLER is TIM ROCKHOLD. She PUTS IT ON SPEAKER and PACKS ANOTHER ONE HITTER.

LONER  
 Hey.

ROCKHOLD (V.O.)  
 (excited)  
 What's good, Loner? How're you feeling?

LONER

Dead.

ROCKHOLD (V.O.)

(laughing)

Yeah, I fucking bet.

LONER

Tim, is this important or could you just text me? I really don't want to talk right now.

ROCKHOLD (V.O.)

Oh, this is important. I've got, as you say, an offer you can't refuse.

LONER

Don't say that. It sounds like you're gonna fucking whack me.

ROCKHOLD (V.O.)

No, I ain't gonna whack you. But do you know who is?

LONER

Who?

ROCKHOLD (V.O.)

Guess.

LONER

Fucking tell me, Tim. I'm not in the mood.

ROCKHOLD (V.O.)

Friday night. You in the semi-main vs. Destina Patrina. You want it?

LONER

(beat)

(clarifying)

CSW's Destina Patrina?

ROCKHOLD (V.O.)

Yup. She's coming in and personally requested you. What do you think about that?

CLOSE ON LONER'S FACE. She grimaces with a conflicted shake of the head.

ROCKHOLD (V.O.)

You still there?

LONER  
(hesitates)  
That sounds cool.

ROCKHOLD (V.O.)  
Uhhh. Fuck yeah it does. What do  
you think? Are you down?

LONER  
(still hesitant)  
Yeah, I'm down.

ROCKHOLD (V.O.)  
You're goddamn right you are. I'm  
fucking stoked. Going to be an  
instant fucking classic. How do you  
feel about getting some color in  
the match? I think it'll really add  
to the drama.

LONER  
I don't know, man. We'll see on the  
night. Who's going over?

ROCKHOLD (V.O.)  
Patrina. You pass out in the vice  
after a valiant effort, just a hair  
short of the victory.

LONER  
Alright.

ROCKHOLD (V.O.)  
Alright?

LONER  
Yeah. Sounds good.

ROCKHOLD (V.O.)  
Alright. I'll call Patrina and let  
her know you're down for business.  
Talk to you later, killer. Let me  
know if you need anything.

LONER  
You too.

She HANGS UP and thinks something over, then PULLS UP HER  
SNAPCHAT and TYPES IN POOKIE'S HANDLE.

LONER  
(through Snap)  
Can I swing by for a second?

INT. BUICK LESABRE - LOCKHART MANOR - NIGHT

Loner HITS HER ONE HITTER and puts it away, then grabs an ORANGE PILL BOTTLE from her console.

ANGLE ON THE BOTTLE and the FOUR PILLS inside.

She stares a beat, then opens it and ejects one into her hand. Hesitates, then ejects a second to go with it. She swallows both simultaneously and drinks.

INT. HOME OFFICE - LOCKHART MANOR - MOMENTS LATER

SIDE ANGLE ON LOCKHART, door open in the b.g. He TYPES INTO HIS KEYBOARD as LONER APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY.

LONER

Hey, dad.

No response.

LONER

Dad.

LOCKHART

Not now, Lilly. I'm busy.

LONER

Just one minute, please. It's important.

Lockhart STOPS TYPING and turns his chair to face her.

LOCKHART

What do you need?

LONER

What are you doing Friday?

LOCKHART

Why do you ask?

LONER

(beat)

I--

(beat)

--I want you to watch me wrestle.

LOCKHART

(scoffs)

You can't be serious.

LONER

No. Dad, I--

(beat)

--It would mean a lot, if you came.  
I know wrestling's not your thing,  
but...it's a big night for me so...

(beat)

...It'd just mean a lot, if you  
came.

LOCKHART

(frowns)

(runs it over in his mind)

What time?

LONER

Nine o'clock.

LOCKHART

(annoyed)

How long?

LONER

Thirty minutes.

LOCKHART

I don't know, Lilith. I can't--

LONER

--Please.

LOCKHART

(thinks)

(sighs)

Okay. Okay. I'll attend your little  
wrestlin' show this one time. But,  
I swear to god, you better not  
embarrass me, Lilith. You better  
not make a fool out of me. I'm a  
man of class and I will not  
associate with anything or anyone  
that doesn't fit to that standard.

(beat)

Absolutely no one.

(beat)

Do you understand?

LONER

(long beat)

Yes, sir.

LOCKHART

You had better. Where is it?

INT. BACKSTAGE - CURTAIN - FRIDAY NIGHT

LONER'S POV THROUGH THE CURTAIN: THE RING and RINGSIDE PLUS SURROUNDING STANDS. She SCANS THE CROWD FOR LOCKHART. A HOUSE OF FIVE HUNDRED take their seats and their CHATTERS create an AUDIBLE BUZZ about the place.

LONER (O.S.)

Shit.

SIDE ANGLE ON LONER as she holds the curtain open.

LONER

(nervous)

Whoa, that's a lot of people.

ROCKHOLD (O.S.)

Hey, Loner.

Rockhold bounces towards her. Beside him strides DESTINA PATRINA (33), a thickset Latina of six foot, a hundred sixty-five pounds, dressed in VERSACE from head to toe. CHAIN. SHADES. SHOES. SWEATS. All of it.

Her gaze is aloof as she steps, uninterested in anyone's existence but her own.

ROCKHOLD

Your dance partner has arrived.

(hyping)

Adira Loner, I introduce you to  
"The World's Baddest Latina"  
Destina Patrina.

Loner extends her hand.

LONER

Nice to meet you.

Her words and handshake go unnoticed a beat as Patrina remains apathetic to all. Finally, she notices and takes her hand.

PATRINA

Oh. How're you doing.

LONER

I've been better. But I'm excited  
to work with you tonight.

PATRINA

(uncaring)

Yeah.



Beat for awkward effect.

ROCKHOLD

(trying to save it)

Well, anyway, we're all extremely happy to have you here, Patrina, and we're looking forward to seeing you two in the ring together. It's going to be a barn burner of a fucking match, *no doubt*, but I'm going to need you to keep it inside twelve minutes. Alright? I don't need you to put on no twenty-five minute classic out there. We're saving that for the main event. Otherwise, you guys've got free--

A TECHNICIAN ENTERS FRAME.

TECHNICIAN

--Hey, Tim. There's a problem with one of the monitors. Could you come look at it real quick?

ROCKHOLD

Yeah, brother. Be there in a second.

He moves to leave, then turns back.

ROCKHOLD

(to Loner and Patrina)

Remember. Twelve minutes. Patrina over with the shmutz. Otherwise, it's your canvas, sisters. Have some fun out there.

He EXITS FRAME WITH THE TECHNICIAN. Patrina looks about the place, nose curled in distaste.

PATRINA

I hate coming to this town. You from here?

LONER

(unsure how to respond)

Yes.

PATRINA

Don't know how you stand it. You couldn't pay me to live in this shit sty.

LONER  
 Just used to it I guess.  
 (beat)  
 What do you want to do out there?

PATRINA  
 (disinterested)  
 We'll just call it in the ring. If  
 you need me, I'll be in my car  
 outside.

Loner balks as Patrina adjusts her shades and STRUTS OFF.

LONER  
 (confused/annoyed)  
 Okay. I'll see you out there.

Loner watches her go a beat, then returns to the curtain and opens it a crack.

LONER  
 (beat)  
 (sighs)  
 Fuck.

BACKSTAGE - CURTAIN - HOURS LATER

Loner shadow boxes. She BREATHES OUT with each strike, quick and smooth.

Patrina RAPS to a song on her HEADPHONES, wearing a BLACK and GOLD SINGLET with ELBOW and KICK PADS as well as a CHAIN and VERSACE SHADES. The LATIN SYMBOL FOR INTELLIGENCE is airbrushed on her singlet, HUED BRIGHT SILVER.

Loner takes a break and peeks through the curtain. We HEAR A CRASH OF THE MAT and POP FROM THE CROWD, followed by a "ONE. TWO. THREE." and SWELL OF CHEERS AMONGST MUSIC.

TECHNICIAN (O.C.)  
 Loner. Patrina. You're up next.

LONER  
 (disappointed)  
 Son of a bitch.

Patrina approaches and lifts the headphones from her ear.

PATRINA  
 Hey. What do you think about  
 getting some color out there?

LONER

What?

PATRINA

(annoyed)

Color. Do you wanna get some color?  
You know.

(motioning)

Bleed a bit.

LONER

(caught off guard)

Uhh. I didn't bring a blade  
tonight.

PATRINA

Don't worry. I'll get you some hard  
way. You won't feel a thing.

LONER

I--I'm good for tonight. My...

(beat)

...dad's here and I don't think  
he'd appreciate--

PATRINA

--How old are you?

LONER

(again, caught off guard)

Uhh. Twenty-two.

PATRINA

And you still let your dad run your  
life?

LONER

I'm...

(beat)

...I'm not getting color tonight.

PATRINA

(nods scornfully)

Aight.

She puts on her headphones and SWAGGERS AWAY, then throws  
some shadow punches of her own. Loner remains where she is a  
beat, not knowing what to say or do.

TECHNICIAN (O.C.)

Loner. You're out in one minute.

She SIGHS, then resumes to box air.

LONER  
 (psyching herself up)  
 Lets go. Come on.

THE SHOW - CONTINUOUS

LOCKHART LUGS HIMSELF INTO THE CROWD and approaches the front row. He finds a spot clear of others and stands, his arms folded across his chest.

He's still dressed in his GLASSES and THREE PIECE SUIT, juxtaposed by the SHORTS, SWEATS, JEANS, and T'S worn by the fans around him. He surveys them with a disgusted frown, like a gem amongst shit.

RING ANNOUNCER (O.C.)  
 Ladies and gentlemen. Your semi-main event of the evening is about to begin.

The LIGHTS DROP and the fans CHEER, though LOCKHART remains stoic. Unmoved.

ANGLE ON THE CURTAIN as the TELEVISION above it comes to life and LONER'S GRAPHICS FLY ACROSS THE SCREEN. Her CONMAN THEME SOUNDS and the crowd rises to their feet.

The music BUILDS TO THE VERSE and LONER SWAGGERS THROUGH THE CURTAIN. She makes her entrance much the same as before and climbs the turnbuckle to SCREAM and raise her fists.

The fans CHEER and MIMICK HER POSE as she HOPS INTO THE RING, then circles the inside several times and stretches her neck on a turnbuckle.

Her MUSIC FADES and she climbs the middle rope. She looks amongst the fans and SPIES HER FATHER. They stare awkwardly a beat as she raises a hand and he nods without expression.

She steps down with a slight smile and we HEAR PATRINA'S THEME PLAY: A HEAVY TRAP NUMBER RAPPED ENTIRELY IN SPANISH.

PATRINA STORMS THROUGH THE CURTAIN to a CROWD REACTION AS BIG OR BIGGER THAN LONER'S. She pauses a beat to look cool as she's announced to the people.

RING ANNOUNCER (O.C.)  
 And her opponent. From San Diego, California. Weighing in this morning at one hundred and seventy-six pounds, she is "The World's BADDEST Latina" DESTINA PATRINA.

She STRIDES INTO THE RING and immediately gets in Loner's face who leans into it, not backing down. The crowd CHEERS WILDLY as they shove each other back and forth and the REFEREE fights to separate them.

Finally he does and Loner circles the ring, TALKING SHIT THE WHOLE TIME. Patrina tosses her shades to the announcer and CURSES LONER IN SPANISH. The ref checks if they're ready and calls for the bell.

DING. DING. DING. They charge right out the gate and exchange PUNCHES. Loner's shoved to her back, then rolls and charges once more. She TRADES MORE PUNCHES, then gets shoved to the mat again.

Again she charges and punches, but Patrina ducks and takes her back.

PATRINA  
(whispers)  
Watch the German.

She heaves Loner in the air and TOSSES HER ON THE BACK OF HER HEAD, German Suplex style. Loner lies dead a beat and grips her neck as Patrina TAUNTS THE CROWD.

ANGLE ON LOCKHART. The fans POP, but he doesn't.

Loner gets to a knee and Patrina BOOTS HER IN THE HEAD. Patrina mounts and LANDS SEVERAL BLOWS TO HER BROW, then lifts and whips her into the corner. Loner WHISPERS when Patrina approaches:

LONER  
Lighten up.

THWACK. She's PUNCHED AGAIN ON THE BROW.

SLOW MOTION CLOSEUP ON LONER as her head whiplashes and bounces back into ANOTHER PUNCH. ONE MORE BLOW FROM PATRINA and Loner's eyes roll to the back of her head.

She hangs half conscious on the buckle a beat, STILL IN SLOW MOTION. A SMALL CUT FORMS OVER HER BROW from which BLOOD LEAKS INTO HER EYE. She shakes her head and puts her fingers to it. ALL COME AWAY WET WITH CRIMSON.

She stares at the blood a beat as Patrina leans back for another punch.

PATRINA  
(slow motion)  
(whispers)  
Duck.

RETURN TO NORMAL TIME as Loner ducks the punch and LANDS A HARD UPPERCUT TO THE JAW. Patrina drops to a knee and SPITS, knocked loopy. Loner grabs her head and winds up.

LONER  
 (under her breath)  
 I said.  
 (PUNCH)  
 Lighten.  
 (PUNCH)  
 Up.  
 (PUNCH)

Patrina stumbles a beat, then leans in and KICKS LONER BACK INTO THE BUCKLE. She climbs the middle rope, then PUMMELS HER CUT as Loner tries to cover.

ANGLE ON LOCKHART, hatred in his eyes.

PATRINA  
 (whispers)  
 Shove me. Fire up.

Loner shoves Patrina to the mat as her eyes flare with anger and BLOOD GUSHES FROM HER WOUND. Patrina rises and is met with a FLURRY OF RIGHTS and LEFTS, MUCH TO THE DELIGHT OF THE AUDIENCE. Loner KNOCKS HER DOWN and mounts, PUNCHING HARD.

ANGLE ON LOCKHART as he grinds his teeth.

PATRINA  
 (whispers)  
 Charge. Watch the head-butt.

Patrina pushes Loner to the side and gets to her feet. Loner charges and walks straight into a HEAD-BUTT.

PATRINA  
 (whispers)  
 Watch the line.

Patrina WRECKS LONER WITH A CLOTHESLINE as the crowd CHEERS. Loner grasps her neck as Patrina drags her by the hair to the middle rope and leans her on it throat first.

PATRINA  
 You've done it now, bitch.

She puts her knee to Loner's back and pushes forward, using the top rope for leverage. Loner CHOKES and GAGS as she struggles to free herself, FACE NOW COVERED IN BLOOD.

PATRINA  
 What're you gonna do? What're you  
 gonna do, huh? Tell me.

She reaches over the rope and SLAPS LONER SEVERAL TIMES.

PATRINA  
 Big, bad, tough girl. Ain't so  
 tough now, are ya?

Again she grabs Loner's hair and PUMMELS HER BROW. Loner  
 tries to block, but is unable. BLOOD'S EVERYWHERE. It RUNS  
 OFF HER FACE and INTO HER TEETH, then TO THE MAT BELOW.

ANGLE ON LOCKHART as he hangs his head, neck tensed.

CLOSE ON LONER as the two lock eyes. She reaches for him.

ANGLE ON LOCKHART. He stands a beat, then shakes his head and  
 storms out. HOLD ON HIM as he STOMPS THROUGH THE CROWD.

CLOSE ON LONER, face drooped in defeat.

LONER  
 (whispers)  
 No.

Patrina yanks her violently back to the middle of the ring as  
 she reaches for her father.

LONER  
 NO.

SMASH CUT TO:

BACKSTAGE - CURTAIN - MINUTES LATER

Loner and Patrina shove each other back and forth as Rockhold  
 and SEVERAL TECHNICIANS rush in to separate them.

LONER  
 The fuck's your problem?

PATRINA  
 You best get off me or Imma slap  
 you upside your head.

LONER  
 I told you I wasn't getting color.

PATRINA  
 It was an accident, bitch.

LONER

You took advantage of me, you  
fucking cunt.

ROCKHOLD

(trying to separate them)  
Guys. Guys. Guys. Guys. Guys.

PATRINA

You don't talk to me like that. I'm  
Destina Patrina. I'm a fucking  
star. Who the fuck are you?

LONER

I'm the bitch that's about to knock  
you the fuck out.

PATRINA

You even try and you're gonna lose  
a lot more than blood tonight.

LONER

Bring it, motherfucker.

The technicians drag them apart as Rockhold restores order.

ROCKHOLD

Goddammit, Loner, calm it. Quit  
making a fucking scene.

LONER

She took advantage of me out there.

PATRINA

You know what, fuck this place. I'm  
not gonna be disrespected by some  
three day rookie. I'm out this  
bitch.

She moves to leave, but Rockhold stops her.

ROCKHOLD

No. No. No. Don't be drastic,  
Patrina. We've agreed to three  
months worth of dates.

PATRINA

Done. Over with.

ROCKHOLD

But you're already advertised.



PATRINA

What about the words "I'm fucking done" don't you understand?

LONER

Tim, just let it go. She's a conniving bitch. We can't trust her here.

PATRINA

Excuse me?

ROCKHOLD

Okay, she didn't mean that. She's just fired up, ready to prove herself like you--

PATRINA

--I have proven myself.

ROCKHOLD

(buttery)

I realize that. You're a star, baby. As big as they come. Why do you think I approached you in the first place, huh? Right? Come on now. Let's talk in my office for a bit. Just you and me. We'll work something out and everyone's gonna be happy. Alright?

Patrina stares a beat, then TRUDGES OFF with Rockhold.

LONER

(slighted)

Tim.

ROCKHOLD

(stopping)

Loner. Let it be. Okay? We'll talk tomorrow.

He FOLLOWS PATRINA as Loner watches them go.

EXT. LOCKHART MANOR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Loner SLAMS HER CAR DOOR SHUT and strides toward LOCKHART MANOR, GYM BAG over her shoulder. There's a BANDAGE on her brow and DRIED BLOOD on her SHIRT and SHORTS.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She sets her bag on the couch as a MUFFLED BANG IS HEARD UPSTAIRS. She looks to the ceiling in confusion and lurks on.

LONER'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

She LURKS IN as Lockhart RIPS HER POSTERS OFF THE WALL. He KICKS A PILE OF CLOTHES and THROWS A LAMP INTO THE CLOSET DOOR, then locks eyes with Loner for a long beat, a glower on his face.

LOCKHART

(blunt)

Pack your shit.

LONER

(beat)

What?

LOCKHART

(temper flaring)

I said pack your shit. Get the fuck out of my house. What's not to understand?

LONER

Dad...

(beat)

...you can't be serious.

LOCKHART

I've never been so embarrassed in my goddamn life. Out there besmirching my good name. Dressed like a two dollar hooker. Bleeding all over the place like a stuck pig.

LONER

It wasn't supposed to happen like that.

LOCKHART

How could you think that was a good idea? How can you hate yourself like that?

LONER

Dad, it wasn't supposed to happen like that.

LOCKHART

Just go. GO. I can't believe what you put me through. My own daughter. Living like a carnie. Looking like Carrie off a fucking street corner.

LONER

Dad, it wasn't supposed to--

LOCKHART

--STOP MAKING EXCUSES. I'M SO SICK OF EXCUSES. YOU'RE A GROWN WOMAN. FUCKING ACT LIKE IT.

LONER

I do act--

LOCKHART

--DON'T INTERRUPT ME. This ends right now. You're done. You hear me? Done. Get the fuck out of my house.

LONER

(aghast)

You can't kick me out. What do you expect me to do?

LOCKHART

How about pull yourself up by your bootstraps. Like I did. How about grow up and quit playing fake wrestler like some five year old. How about wake up and protect the good name I've built for you. How about QUIT SMOKING WEED LIKE A GODDAMN CHIMNEY, SMELLING UP MY BEAUTIFUL HOUSE.

LONER

(stung)

Dad, please, can't you just--

LOCKHART

--Can't? Last I checked, this was my place. I pay the bills around here. Not you, you punk. I've spent four decades of hell building my reputation as a respectable businessman.

(MORE)

LOCKHART (CONT'D)

Decades of a million sleepless nights and I'm not going to allow anyone to disgrace that by getting high with their friends, trying to be some D-list celebrity. There's *nothing* in it for you and there never will.

He glares at Loner, then strides to the hall before:

LONER (O.S.)

I'll quit. You win.

He stops a beat, then PROWLs BACK IN.

LOCKHART

You'll quit what?

LONER

Wrestling. I'm done.

LOCKHART

You're done?

She nods.

LOCKHART

You're gonna change your tune?

LONER

Yes.

LOCKHART

You're gonna try to actually make something of yourself?

LONER

Yes, sir.

LOCKHART

(nods, skeptical)

Good. Start by making your bed. Then clean this shit up.

He turns to leave, then stops in the doorway.

LOCKHART

And Lilith.

She looks up.

LOCKHART

Take a bath.

FRONT ANGLE ON LONER as she cries on the floor. PAN BACK THROUGH THE DOOR a beat as we...

FADE TO:

MONDAY - BEFORE SUNRISE

Loner lies under her WEIGHTED BLANKET and stares out the window through which MOONLIGHT SHINES ONTO HER. Her room's cleaned of all but the BED, NIGHTSTAND, and ALARM CLOCK.

HER POV THROUGH THE WINDOW: THE MOON. HYPNOTIC. POWERFUL.

HIGH ON LONER, still gazing into the light. ZOOM CLOSE ON HER FACE before she throws her blanket off and rolls out of bed.

MINUTES LATER

She shoves her WRESTLING GEAR into her GYM BAG, dressed in WORK ATTIRE. There's a CREAK AT THE DOOR and she freezes a beat, then resumes when the coast's clear. We SEE HER TOSS THE BAG OUT THE WINDOW and WATCH IT FALL TO THE YARD BELOW.

FRONT DOOR - MINUTES LATER

She creeps toward the door for a long, long beat. She stops to listen. The house is soundless. She proceeds forward and grips the knob. Pauses. Starts to turn, then...

LOCKHART (O.S.)

Going out?

She freezes, eyes wide.

ANGLE ON LOCKHART as he STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

LOCKHART

Not to your gay, little fight club, I hope.

(beat)

Where are you going?

LONER

Wearing my work uniform, aren't I?

LOCKHART

(approaching)

You're working this early?

LONER

Yep. Thought I'd take your advice  
and asked for more hours.

LOCKHART

(closing in)  
Is that so?

LONER

You think I'm lying to you?

LOCKHART

(looming over on her)  
Are you lying to me?

LONER

No, sir. I'm not lying.

LOCKHART

I hope so, Lilly.  
(stepping closer)  
You better get going. Don't want to  
be late, do you?

LONER

No, sir. I'll get going.

She opens the door and worms around it.

LOCKHART

You be good, Lilly. Don't get hurt.

She pauses a beat, then CLOSES THE DOOR behind her. Lockhart  
is stone still all the while.

INT. RING - R.S.P.W. DOJO - LATER

Loner approaches Jax by the ropes and grabs her wrist.

LONER

(whispers)  
Reverse. Sidewalk.

She whips Jax, but gets reversed. She rebounds off the ropes  
and runs into a SIDEWALK SLAM. Jax covers for the pin.

JAX

(during the count)  
(whispers)  
Crawl to the corner.

Loner kicks out and crawls to the corner. Jax follows and  
STOMPS her chest.

ANGLE ON SUZUKI OUTSIDE THE RING, watching as the STOMPS CONTINUE.

CLOSE ON LONER as Jax presses her foot into her throat. Loner holds the foot at bay, but her face reddens as anger builds.

INT. BUICK LESABRE - AFTER CLASS

Loner steps into the driver's seat as she PANTS and DRIPS WITH SWEAT. She chugs a WATER BOTTLE, then OPENS HER MESSAGES and FINDS TIM. Waits a beat, then TYPES:

LONER  
(through text)  
Lets talk.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TIM'S HOUSE - LATER

She sits on the COUCH with BLUNT in hand as SMOKE TRAILS FROM HER MOUTH. Rockhold stands across the room, also with BLUNT in hand. He TEXTS on his PHONE, half listening.

LONER  
When I said lets talk, I didn't mean about another match.

ROCKHOLD  
Why not? Always got to look out for that next paycheck, baby.

LONER  
Cut the shit, Tim. I'm fucking serious.

ROCKHOLD  
Loner, you know you're my girl. You're the future of N.C.P.W. You're my pet project.

LONER  
(offended)  
I'm not a pet, dude.

ROCKHOLD  
Calm down, kid. It's a figure of speech.

LONER  
If I'm such a pet project, why'd you treat me like a fucking jabron Friday night?

ROCKHOLD

I have no idea what you're talking about.

LONER

You know exactly what I'm talking about. Don't bullshit me. Destina Patrina took advantage of me out there and you sucked her dick for it.

ROCKHOLD

I did not suck her dick.

LONER

Pretty close to it. You blew me off to go "talk business" with that fucking diva.

ROCKHOLD

Loner, Loner, you got it all wrong, kid. It ain't nothing like that. Patrina's a draw. You saw how many people were in the crowd that night. I don't like her, but I've got to do what's best for business and, in business, sometimes you have to eat shit and like the taste of it. That's just how it is. I'm not trying to slight you. I'm just trying to do business and take care of my talent.

LONER

(exclaiming)

You didn't take care of me at all that night. You didn't punish Patrina. You didn't come see me when I got this...

(pointing to her brow)

...cleaned up. Hell. You never even gave me my pay for the night.

ROCKHOLD

(ashing)

I'll get it in a second.

LONER

No. I want it now. It's the least you can do to--

Rockhold's RINGTONE SOUNDS.



ROCKHOLD  
Hold on a minute.

LONER  
No. Tim, I swear to god--

ROCKHOLD  
(answering the call)  
--Hey, hey, Jay C. How's it going,  
my man?  
(leaving the room)  
You ready to rock? Got you and  
Loner set for next weekend. It's  
going to be killer...

LONER  
(to herself)  
Son of a fucking bitch.

INT. R.S.P.W. DOJO - MORNING

Loner approaches ONE OF THE RINGS, inside of which stands Jax with her back turned. Loner wears a thousand yard stare, lost in thought.

She climbs the apron as Jax backs into the ropes and smacks into her, CATAPULTING HER TO THE FLOOR where her ankle TWISTS. Jax and SEVERAL TRAINEES rush to help.

JAX  
(concerned)  
Oh, my god. I'm so sorry. Are you  
okay?

She helps Loner to a leg, but gets SHOVED OFF.

LONER  
(on one leg)  
Get off me.

JAX  
I'm sorry. I wasn't paying  
attention--

LONER  
(gets close)  
--Bullshit. You've been trying to  
take me for a bitch since the  
tryout. Admit it.

Jax SHOVED her back.

JAX  
Back up. I haven't done shit.

They SHOVE EACH OTHER as the trainees get between them.

LONER  
You're a shit wrestler.

JAX  
You're about to get knocked the  
fuck out.

Loner swings on her, but Jax avoids it and throws a punch of her own. She CLOCKS Loner on the jaw who continues to struggle, unfazed as the trainees separate them.

SUZUKI and his TRANSLATOR sprint over with concern.

SUZUKI  
(in Japanese)  
STOP. STOP. STOP.

The pair cease when they hear his voice. Suzuki stops and stares a moment, then SPEAKS IN JAPANESE.

TRANSLATOR  
(to Jax)  
You are to run for the next hour,  
then resume your training. Go.  
(to Loner)  
You will spend the remainder of  
class in the trainers' room. Suzuki  
will speak to you when he is done.

Loner HOBBLER OUT with a trainer by her side. Suzuki stares after her a beat, then STRIDES OFF in the opposite direction.

TRAINERS' ROOM - LATER

Loner sits on a MASSAGE TABLE, her LIP SWOLLEN and ankle WRAPPED IN ATHLETIC TAPE. She stares at the ground a long beat and shakes her head. Someone enters: THE TRANSLATOR and a TRAINER, CRUTCHES in hand.

TRANSLATOR  
Come with me.  
(takes the crutches)  
You'll need these.

LONER  
(stands)  
It's not that bad.

TRANSALTOR  
Suzuki insists.

Loner stares at the crutches a beat, then takes them in hand.

OFFICE ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The translator opens the door as Loner HOBBLER IN on her crutches. Suzuki sits behind a DESK stacked with PAPERS, all in perfect order.

TRANSALTOR  
How are your ankle and your chin?

LONER  
They're fine.

TRANSALTOR  
And your pride?

LONER  
(hiding uncertainty)  
Stable.

TRANSALTOR  
That is good. You have proven quite admirable in terms of heart throughout these sessions. Suzuki praises your fighting spirit. It is one not displayed from a trainee of ours in quite some time. Despite certain flaws and your relative inexperience, the scale of your potential cannot be denied or overlooked. He has seen your tapes and seen you in person, so...

(beat)  
...after careful deliberation, Suzuki-san has elected to make you his opponent in the main event of our "Time Bomb: U.S.A." Pay-Per-View. The first of our kind on U.S. soil.

Loner's eyes widen and her neck tenses, though Suzuki remains expressionless.

TRANSALTOR  
You will report to the Cow Palace Arena three hours before the five o'clock start time. Once there, you will await further instruction in the locker room.

(MORE)

## TRANSALTOR (CONT'D)

(beat)

Suzuki hopes you understand the magnitude of this decision, trusting you with the main event. And while you are trusted and will be in great hands, do not take this situation lightly. You want to be a wrestler? Here's your chance to become one. From here on, you are a professional and will behave as such or suffer severe consequences. Do you understand?

LONER

Yes, sir.

INT. GARAGE - LOCKHART MANOR - DAYS LATER

Loner WATCHES R.S.P.W. ON HER PHONE as she sits against the garage door.

ANGLE ON THE PHONE SCREEN as AN IMAGE OF SUZUKI APPEARS and SETTLES ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE SCREEN. ONE OF LONER then DOES THE SAME ON THE LEFT. Below them CUTS IN THE WORDS: "LONER VS. SUZUKI."

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

...It has been announced that at "Time Bomb: U.S.A." the incomparable Katsuyori Suzuki will go one-on-one with an opponent of his choosing and that wrestler is none other than San Francisco's own: "Stone Fist" Adira Loner. Never heard of her? Here's an important first look at what could be a star in the making here in R.S.P.W.

CUT TO:

VIDEO PACKAGE - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON LONER as she sits in a DIRECTOR'S CHAIR under a POOL OF CAMERA LIGHTS. She wears BLACK JEANS and BOOTS as well as a MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE T under her LEATHER JACKET.

DIRECTOR (O.C.)

(subtitled)

So tell us a little bit about yourself.

LONER

My name is "Stone Fist" Adira Loner. I'm from San Francisco, California and I've been wrestling for six years.

DIRECTOR (O.C.)

(subtitled)

How old are you?

LONER

Twenty-two.

DIRECTOR (O.C.)

(subtitled)

And why do you call yourself "Stone Fist?"

LONER

(blunt)

Because I knock people the fuck out.

INSERT CUTS OF HER WRESTLING AT VARIOUS INDEPENDENT SHOWS. SHE KNOCKS SOMEONE TO THE MAT, then pounces and RAINS FISTS as OMINOUS MUSIC PLAYS all the while.

LONER (V.O.)

And if my fists don't do the job...

CLOSE ON HER in her chair.

LONER

...I run my knee through their face.

INSERT CUTS OF HER NAILING PEOPLE WITH HER RUNNING KNEE. They FLY THROUGH THE AIR as she lands it.

CROWD (V.O.)

BOMAYE.

ANGLE ON SUZUKI, also in a DIRECTOR'S CHAIR.

DIRECTOR (O.C.)

(in Japanese)

(subtitled English)

Why'd you choose Adira Loner to be your opponent at "Time Bomb: U.S.A.?"

Suzuki smiles sinisterly as the MUSIC STOPS.

SUZUKI  
(in Japanese)  
(subtitled)  
Fresh blood.

INSERT MORE CUTS OF LONER BEATING PEOPLE UP as the MUSIC RESUMES.

DIRECTOR (O.C.)  
(subtitled)  
Why'd Suzuki pick you?

LONER (V.O.)  
I don't know and I don't care. All I know is I'm in the spot I've wanted to be in since I was little girl...

ANGLE ON HER in the chair.

LONER  
...and the man who's put me here is the same man who stands in my way.

INSERT CUTS OF HER CELEBRATING WITH/HYPING UP CROWDS.

SUZUKI (V.O.)  
(in Japanese)  
(subtitled)  
I've been scouting this young Loner for some time and I see a fierceness in her. A warrior dying to prove herself. To show the world just how good she really is. And I believe that, if given the chance, she will rise to the occasion.

ANGLE ON HIM in the chair.

SUZUKI  
(in Japanese)  
(subtitled)  
Let's hope she does.

INSERT MORE CUTS OF LONER WRESTLING.

LONER (V.O.)  
I'm ready to fight...

INTERPERSE CUTS OF SUZUKI WRESTLING AMONGST THOSE OF LONER.

SUZUKI (V.O.)  
(in Japanese)  
(subtitled)  
She's young...

LONER (V.O.)  
...I'm ready to take my shot...

SUZUKI (V.O.)  
(in Japanese)  
(subtitled)  
...She's hungry...

LONER (V.O.)  
...I'm ready to prove that I  
belong...

SUZUKI (V.O.)  
(in Japanese)  
(subtitled)  
...Ready to take on the world...

LONER (V.O.)  
...There's no turning back now...

SUZUKI (V.O.)  
(in Japanese)  
(subtitled)  
...I will take her to her limits...

LONER (V.O.)  
...I'm treating this like a war...

SUZUKI (V.O.)  
(in Japanese)  
(subtitled)  
...I will make her hurt...

LONER (V.O.)  
...At "Time Bomb: U.S.A...."

SUZUKI (V.O.)  
(in Japanese)  
(subtitled)  
...She will be tested...

LONER (V.O.)  
...My time...

SUZUKI (V.O.)  
(in Japanese)  
(subtitled)  
...She will be bested...

LONER (V.O.)  
 ...This day of reckoning...

SUZUKI (V.O.)  
 (in Japanese)  
 (subtitled)  
 ...There's no escaping it.

LONER (V.O.)  
 ...is here.

ANGLE ON HER in the chair as THE MUSIC STOPS.

LONER  
 ...Either I win and beat Suzuki or  
 I die trying.  
 (beat)  
 There's no in between.

LOW ON HER IN HER GEAR as she stares the camera down and a  
 LOW BASS NOTE SOUNDS. It PEAKS and FADES before we...

CUT TO:

END VIDEO PACKAGE - CONTINUOUS

HIGH ON LONER, back in the garage. She SHUTS OFF HER PHONE  
 SCREEN, then sighs and SAUNTERS O.S.

DISSOLVE TO:

SHORT MONTAGE

LONER GOES ABOUT OUT HER BUSINESS THROUGH SEVERAL DAYS AND  
 NIGHTS. She massages her ankle in her ROOM and TAKES PILLS.  
 She LEAVES THE HOUSE and SMOKES IN HER CAR.

She DRIVES BY TIM'S HOUSE and sees he's home, but CONTINUES  
 ON. She PASSES THE COW PALACE and SULKS, then POPS HER LAST  
 PILL and watches it DISAPPEAR FROM VIEW.

She buys another BOTTLE from POOKIE while the two SMOKE and  
 LAUGH in HIS APARTMENT. They LIGHT UP and SMOKE MORE. TAKE  
 PILLS and watch TV.

She DRIVES ALONE ON THE FREEWAY. BLURRED LIGHTS PASS HER BY  
 as she SWERVES ALONG. Her eyes flutter shut. Open. Shut. Open  
 as she GASPS and CORRECTS HER PATH, then CONTINUES ON.

END MONTAGE as she RETURNS HOME. She hobbles toward her BED,  
 but passes out and falls face first with a THUD, just short.



SIDE ANGLE ON HER FACE as she SPITS and GAGS. HOLD a beat, then PAN TO THE OPEN WINDOW and SETTLE ON THE MOON as we...

FADE TO:

INT. BUICK LESABRE - MOVING - NEXT WEEK

Loner pulls behind a RUN DOWN HIGH SCHOOL and PARKS. She looks around, then POPS A PILL and looks again.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - CONTINUOUS

She hobbles through the GYM and passes WRESTLERS and TECHNICIANS alike. A VOICE calls from INSIDE THE RING:

VOICE (O.S.)  
Stone Fist. Hey, Stone Fist.

JAY C. (18) ROLLS OUT THE RING and jogs to Loner.

JAY C.  
(shaking hands)  
I'm Jay C. We're working tonight.

LONER  
Yeah. Yeah, I know.

JAY C.  
(excited)  
I can't wait. Tim says you're a blast to be in the ring with. We're really going to get after it.

LONER  
Yeah. Yeah, thanks. I appreciate that.

JAY C.  
(smiling)  
Yeah. So what all do you want to do tonight? I can't do a whole lot yet, so if we could keep it kinda slow and simple that'd be great.

LONER  
Uhhh. I'll think up a couple of spots, but I'll probably call most of it in the ring. I bummed my ankle last week, so I'd like to set my own the pace. That way it doesn't get any worse. Is that cool with you?

JAY C.

(elated)

Yeah, that's cool. I'll be sure to stay away from it. It's that one, right?

LONER

Yeah. That one. Yeah.

HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

TRACK WITH HER as she trails Rockhold down the hall.

LONER

(angry)

You gave me a rookie?

ROCKHOLD

He's not a rookie.

LONER

Fuck that. He said he barely knows anything. He might as well have been wrestling for three days. I thought you were getting me ready for the main event?

ROCKHOLD

I am getting you ready for the main event.

LONER

Then why the hell'd you book me with this kid? Huh?

ROCKHOLD

Sometimes part of being a main eventer's taking a nobody and making them look good. Like they're a contender. Ric Flair did it every day of his goddamn life, for crying out loud.

LONER

Oh, bullshit. I'm not at that level yet. I'm not Ric Flair. I can't carry motherfuckers and shit five star classics out my ass. If I'm going to get there, I need to work with people equal or better than me. People I can learn from that can make me better.

(MORE)

LONER (CONT'D)

Not some three day rookie who  
doesn't know what the fuck he's  
doing.

ROCKHOLD

He knows what he's doing. Alright?  
He's no jabroni. He's got a lot of  
skill and a lot of potential. Now,  
Loner, I understand your  
frustration, but I need you to work  
Jay tonight. If you do, if you do  
me this solid, I'll owe you one.  
Alright? I'll owe you one.

LONER

(suspicious)  
You'll owe me one?

ROCKHOLD

(extending his hand)  
You have my word.

Loner looks to his hand, then back to him.

LONER

Fine.

She leaves him high and dry and storms off down the hall.

INT. BUICK LESABRE - MINUTES LATER

Loner COUGHS UP SMOKE. She POPS A PILL and DRINKS SOME WATER,  
then slaps herself in the face.

CLOSE ON HER EYES. They're BLOOD SHOT. DILATED.

THE SHOW - LATER

JAY C. DANCES INTO THE RING and plays to the crowd. He  
settles in the center and waits for Loner as HIS MUSIC ENDS.

The crowd CHANTS FOR LONER, then DESCENDS INTO AWKWARD  
SILENCE when she doesn't come out. They look to each other in  
confusion as Jay tries to distract them.

JAY C.

(exclaiming)  
Come on, Loner. What are you,  
scared? Come out here and fight me.  
Come out and meet your maker.

He turns to the REFEREE who shrugs before...

MUSIC SOUNDS, but it's not Loner's.

BACKSTAGE - CURTAIN - CONTINUOUS

Rockhold paces back and forth. Loner stands slumped in her street clothes as another WRESTLER shrugs his arms out.

WRESTLER

(angry)

I've already worked tonight.

ROCKHOLD

I'll pay you twice. Just get out there.

WRESTLER

What do you want me to do?

ROCKHOLD

Whatever you want. Just call it. He'll be fine.

WRESTLER

(as he goes through the curtain)

Jesus.

ROCKHOLD

Fuck.

LONER

(tearing up)

I'm sorry, Tim. I'm so sorry.

ROCKHOLD

What the fuck is wrong with you? Is this just to get back at me?

LONER

No, I--I was just angry and went to my car and...

ROCKHOLD

Got too fucked up.

(she nods)

I knew it. I fucking knew it. You're on something. You're fucking on something. What is it?

LONER

(sputtering)

I--I--I smoked before. Just like you used--

ROCKHOLD

(grabs her)

--No. No. No. No. No. This isn't weed. This isn't that shit. This is something else.

LONER

(struggling)

Fucking--Let go of me.

ROCKHOLD

Are you taking pills?

LONER

(still struggling)

I said let go of me.

ROCKHOLD

(furious)

I can't fucking believe you, of all people.

LONER

Help me--

ROCKHOLD

--Nobody move. She needs to learn a lesson.

LONER

(bawling)

I'm sorry.

ROCKHOLD

Don't tell me that. Tell that to Jay. Tell that to the fans. Tell that to everyone here.

LONER

I didn't mean to--

ROCKHOLD

--You are so fucking hypocritical. You know that? Last show, you were whining and bitching about being big-leagued. How I blew you off and was sucking Patrina's dick backstage. Well tonight, what you're doing is a true example of big-leaguering. Politicking for a bigger match. Getting high in your car. You're pathetic. A drug-addicted punk and--

LONER

(shoves him)

--Fuck you, Tim. You don't know anything about me.

ROCKHOLD

I don't know you? I've been training you six years. I know your vices, your loves, your life fucking dreams. I know more about you than you know yourself.

LONER

You're wrong. You say you've trained me six years? You've *used* me for six years, giving me promises you can't fulfill, keeping me in your back pocket just to--

ROCKHOLD

(mocking)

--Oh, wa, wa, wa. It's called business, Loner. I've got a business to take care of--

LONER

--But not me, right? You don't have to take care of me or my health--

ROCKHOLD

--Get out. I--I can't even look at you right now. Just go. Go home. I don't care anymore.

LONER

I thought you were my friend.

ROCKHOLD

I said get the fuck out, Loner. You're a fuck up. You've fucked up here just like you'll fuck up with R.S.P.W.--

Loner SPITS IN HIS FACE and STOMPS OUT. Rockhold CURSES HER as the WRESTLERS restrain him.

EXT. BUICK LESABRE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Loner storms to her car and SLAMS THE DOOR. She takes a FULL BOTTLE OF PILLS from her console and DOWNS SEVERAL without hesitation, then shoves it in her jacket and SQUEALS OUT OF THE LOT.

EXT. LOCKHART MANOR - LATER

THE BUICK SLIDES TO A HALT and Loner THROWS THE DOOR OPEN. She limps toward the Manor and mutters to herself.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LOCKHART MANOR - CONTINUOUS

Loner SLAMS THE DOOR and WANDERS IN to find a RED SUITCASE on the floor. She halts and stares a beat.

LONER  
(concerned)  
What the fuck?

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Loner wanders toward her FATHER'S OFFICE. She grips the knob and turns it.

LONER  
(opening the door)  
(whispering)  
Dad...  
(beat)  
...are you in here?

THE ROOM'S EMPTY. She pauses a beat, then breathes and moves on.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

TRACK WITH HER as she creeps on toward her room. The steps GROAN beneath her.

LONER  
(whisper)  
Dad?

HER POV: THE DOOR, open just a sliver.

LONER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She opens the door and STEPS INSIDE.

LONER  
(unsettled)  
Dad.

ANGLE ON LOCKHART as he stares out the window. Her room is COMPLETELY EMPTY, stripped bare around him.

LONER

(beat)  
What's going on?

LOCKHART

(beat)  
It's a cold, cold world, Lilith.  
Unfaithful fucks at every turn.  
Can't even trust your own...  
(turning)  
...family these days.

He faces Loner, a predatory glare in his eyes.

LOCKHART

You lied to me, Lilly.

He tosses a handful of PHOTOS toward her. She picks them up.

HER POV: IMAGES OF HER WRESTLING, LEAVING THE DOJO, POPPING OXYS, ETC. A TEAR HITS THE TOP PHOTO and ROLLS OFF TO THE FLOOR.

LONER

(betrayed, crying)  
W--Where'd you get these?

LOCKHART

I got a P.I.--and a fucking good one at that. Followed you day and night since I gave you that ultimatum...  
(beat)  
...And you wasted no time in making me look like a fucking buffoon.  
(anger rising)  
Like a cunt who can't control his own child. A child that blatantly disobeys him at every turn. A child that GOES BEHIND HIS BACK, THROWING HER LIFE AWAY FOR SOME WHITE TRASH SIDESHOW, ALL FOR THE APPROVAL OF A BUNCH OF NOBODIES.

LONER

(offended, still crying)  
Well, god knows I don't get any approval around here. Can't even walk through the fucking hall without looking over my shoulder, afraid you're going yell at me for some stupid reason--



LOCKHART

--Oh, boo--fucking--who. Poor Lilith Lockhart. Can't stay on her own two feet despite being given everything she ever could've of wanted--

LONER

--Except a father that fucking loves her.

LOCKHART

(scoffs)

Love's overrated. You know what isn't? Tough love. You don't need people to love you, because at the end of the day the only person there for you is you. You need to love yourself, but it's very clear that you don't give a fuck about your own success. About setting up a career.

LONER

(indignant)

I have a career set for me and that's pro-wrestling.

LOCKHART

Bullshit.

LONER

(insisting)

I do. I'm in the main event of "Time Bomb: U.S.A." It's their first show in the U.S.--It's on Pay-Per-View!--

LOCKHART

--WRESTLING IS NOT A CAREER. IT'S A DAMN FREAK SHOW.

LONER

(temper building)

No it's not, dad.

LOCKHART

Don't even start. I'm done listening to you. Get your shit and get out.

LONER  
(yelling)  
I paid to stay through three  
months.

LOCKHART  
(exclaiming)  
You can stay in a jail cell for  
three months.

No response.

LOCKHART  
(blunt)  
Get out. And don't come by here  
again.

LONER  
(quietly)  
Fine.

She feigns apathy as he walks by, then grabs him by the arm.

LONER  
(anxious)  
Dad, wait--

He spins and pushes her off.

LOCKHART  
Get your fucking hands off me. I've  
given up on you. What about that  
don't you understand?

He turns to leave, but she grabs him again.

LONER  
You can't throw me on the streets  
like this--

He SHOVES LONER TO THE FLOOR.

LOCKHART  
(outraged)  
The fuck I can't. This is *my* house  
and I'm through listening to your  
woe is me soap opera bullshit. Get  
the fuck out or I'm going to throw  
you out myself.

LONER  
(defiant)  
No.

LOCKHART  
GO.

LONER  
Suck my dick.

LOCKHART  
You fucking little--

He grabs her by the arms.

LOCKHART  
LEAVE.

LONER  
(struggling against him)  
NO--

SMACK. He SLAPS HER ACROSS THE FACE.

LOCKHART  
I'M FUCKING SICK OF THIS. YOU'RE  
LEAVING AND YOU'RE LEAVING NOW.

Loner HEAD BUTTS HIM IN THE NOSE and sends him to his ass.  
BLOOD RUNS through his hands and onto his suit.

LOCKHART  
(pissed)  
Ow.

He sits and stares at his bloody hands a beat, then...

LOCKHART  
(enraged)  
FUCK.

He sprints after her as she DASHES OUT.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Loner strides through the hall as Lockhart STORMS IN. She  
looks back and ROLLS HER ANKLE with a LOUD CRACK.

LONER  
(in agony/surprise)  
AHHH.

Lockhart darts toward her. She CRAWLS INTO A SPARE BEDROOM  
and SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT JUST IT TIME. We HEAR IT LOCK as he  
RAMS HIS SHOULDER INTO IT.

LOCKHART

YOU FUCKING BITCH. I'M CALLING THE POLICE. YOU HEAR ME? I HOPE YOU'VE GOT THOSE PILLS OF YOURS HID REAL WELL. THEY'RE GONNA SEARCH THIS PLACE UNTIL THE FUCKING COWS COME HOME. YOU'RE DONE. POSSESSION. JAIL TIME. ALL OF IT. YOU'VE FUCKING RUINED YOURSELF AND MY GOOD NAME...

SPARE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Loner lies on the floor with ankle in hand. She weeps and crawls from the door as Lockhart POUNDS IT OUTSIDE.

LOCKHART (O.S.)

(into the phone)

Yes. Hello. I need Police. My drug addicted daughter just attacked me in my own home. I think she's broken my nose and she's locked herself in a spare bedroom. I need help now.

(beat)

Pacific Heights. 2799 Broadway. I'm Daymean Lockhart. You hear me?

(beat)

THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY, LILITH. I HOPE ALL YOUR LITTLE DRUG BUDDIES CAN BAIL YOU OUT...

Loner hangs her head. She reaches in her jacket and removes the BOTTLE OF PILLS, then opens the lid and stares into it for a long, long beat.

HER POV: THE BOTTLE. ZOOM IN SLOWLY, then--

--BAM. BAM. BAM. LOCKHART POUNDS THE DOOR, still SHOUTING. Loner jolts, then sulks. She looks to the floor, then back to the bottle.

She DOWNS IT ALL AT ONCE and GAGS for what seems like an eternity, then collapses and writhes on the floor. SALIVA BUBBLES FROM HER MOUTH and her GURGLES FILL THE ROOM.

CUT TO:

MINUTES LATER

An Officer KICKS IN THE DOOR as Loner squirms on the floor. Her eyes roll into her head and VOMIT OOZES FROM HER MOUTH.

OFFICER  
(into his radio)  
Get the medics here. Suspect's  
overdosed.

EXT. LOCKHART MANOR - MINUTES LATER

TWO MEDICS WHEEL LONER OUT on a GURNEY and rush for the  
AMBULANCE where Lockhart stands.

MEDIC 1  
(urgent)  
Come on. Come on. We got to get her  
out of here now.

MEDIC THREE gathers his things and opens the driver's door.

LOCKHART  
Um, hello. What the fuck's going on  
here, people? I'm injured.

MEDIC 2  
Your daughter's had an overdose,  
sir. We've got to get her to the  
hospital.

LOCKHART  
I don't give a fuck about her. What  
about me, goddamn it?

MEDIC 2  
You can ride to the hospital with  
us--

LOCKHART  
--I'M NOT SHARING AN AMBULANCE WITH  
THAT HOOLIGAN.

MEDIC 1  
(yelling)  
Steve, we've got to go.

MEDIC 2  
I'm sorry, sir. You'll just have to  
drive yourself.

LOCKHART  
I WILL CALL YOUR BOSS AND I WILL  
GET YOU FIRED. YOU'RE NEGLECTING A  
CITIZEN IN NEED. A CITIZEN WITH  
MORE POWER IN HIS LIMP DICK THAN  
YOU IN YOUR WHOLE BODIES. YOU  
MOTHERFUCKERS ARE...

They SLAM THE DOOR SHUT and SPEED OFF. LIGHTS FLASH and SIRENS BLARE as Lockhart throws a fit in the street.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Medics One and Two connect Loner to a HEART MONITOR. The rapid BEEP, BEEP, BEEP sounds as they clean her face and strap her to an OXYGEN MASK.

MEDIC 1

(frantic)

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. She's really bad.  
Get me an adrenaline shot. Quick.

MEDIC 2

What you mean? She's not dead.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. AMBULANCE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The Ambulance ACCELERATES and WEAVES IN and OUT OF TRAFFIC as the HORN BELLOWS.

INT. AMBULANCE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

HIGH ON LONER as HER FACE TURNS BLUE. Her heart FLUTTERS and FLATLINES as her eyes go blank and stare off into nothing.

Medic One pushes down on Loner's chest several times to no effect. She tries mouth to mouth. Still nothing happens.

MEDIC 1

(frustrated)

Get me the fucking shot.

Two hands her a SYRINGE FULL OF ADRENALINE. She takes it and SLAMS IT INTO LONER'S CHEST, but nothing happens.

MEDIC 1

(punching the wall)

Son of a bitch.

MEDIC 2

(disappointed)

Well. Let's call it then.

MEDIC 1

Not yet.

MEDIC 2  
 (incredulous)  
 What?

One shoves him aside. She pillages through a CABINET and removes ANOTHER SHOT OF ADRENALINE.

MEDIC 2  
 What are you doing?

MEDIC 1  
 (shoves him again)  
 Move.

Medic One PLUNGES THE SECOND SYRINGE INTO LONER'S BREAST and--

LONER  
 (jolting up)  
 (with MORTAL TERROR)  
 AHHHHHHHH. AHHHHHH. AHHHHHH.

One wraps Loner in her arms and pats her on the back as she bursts into tears.

MEDIC 1  
 (mother-like)  
 It's okay, baby. It's okay. You're safe. You're safe.

CLOSE ON LONER. Crying. Shaking. Slobbering.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Loner sits slumped in BED, connected to a HEART MONITOR and I.V. DRIP. She stares at the floor, a despondent furrow in her brow.

SOMEONE ENTERS O.S. and she lifts her head to find a MIDDLE AGED, AFRICAN DOCTOR as he shuffles towards her.

DOCTOR  
 (smiling)  
 Good morning, Ms. Lockhart. I see you're awake.

She looks to the floor as he sits on the BED next to hers.

DOCTOR  
 How are you feeling?  
 (gets no response)  
 You're very lucky to be alive, you know. Tanya saved your life last night.

LONER  
I realize that.

DOCTOR  
Have you thanked her?

LONER  
Not like I can go anywhere is it?

DOCTOR  
No. I guess not.  
(checking his clip board)  
You overdosed on oxycodone.

LONER  
You don't say?

DOCTOR  
Tell me why you'd do such a thing.  
A young girl like yourself. Got  
your whole life ahead of you.  
(beat)  
What do you do for a living?

LONER  
(hesitates)  
I'm a wrestler.

DOCTOR  
(smiles)  
You're a wrestler?

LONER  
(beat)  
Yeah. A pr--  
(coughs)  
--pro-wrestler.

DOCTOR  
(beaming)  
Well, I used to love wrestling when  
I was a kid. Of course, I haven't  
watched it in over a decade--or  
probably longer than that even--but  
I was a big fan of The Rock back in  
the day. Rock and Ric Flair. "The  
Nature Boy." Wrestling was the  
thing to watch back then.

LONER  
Gee. Thanks.

The Doctor moves to speak, but stops himself.



DOCTOR

(beat)

Look, all your vitals are in check. You're hydrated. I'm going to release you here pretty soon. Stop by the cafeteria. Get yourself something to eat. Sign some papers and you can leave. Now, I don't know what you've got going on. What you're looking for out of yourself...

(beat)

...but I hope you find it.

Loner looks him in the eye for the first time. Each behold the other for a beat.

DOCTOR

Have a nice day.

He rises from the bed and SHUFFLES OUT. Loner watches him go, then stares at her ankle. It appears normal.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Loner DRAGS OUT THE HOSPITAL. She stops a beat, then continues on down the sidewalk.

STREET SIDE - MINUTES LATER

She floats amongst the CROWD and bumps shoulders with a PASSERBY.

PASSERBY

(rude)

Watch it.

She moves to respond, but thinks better of it and continues on. She SULKS ACROSS THE CROSSWALK, then stops at the CORNER and stares at something o.s.

HER POV: AN AD FOR "R.S.P.W. 'TIME BOMB: U.S.A." ON DISPLAY. IN THE MAIN EVENT: KATSUYORI SUZUKI VS. SAN FRANCISCO'S OWN "STONE FIST" ADIRA LONER.

HIGH CLOSE ON LONER, eyes still on the ad.

INT. COW PALACE - AFTERNOON

POV AS WE MOVE THROUGH A HALL. WE MAKE OUR WAY INTO THE ARENA where the STAGE and RAMP have been set up. WORKERS CONSTRUCT THE RING. MATS and METAL GUARD RAILS surround it.

ANGLE ON LONER, GYM BAG over her shoulder. Her gaze wanders back and forth over the arena and takes in the thousands of empty seats.

BACKSTAGE - HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

TRACK WITH LONER as she passes JAX with a GROUP OF TRAINEES. They lock eyes and she continues on.

SUZUKI stands ahead, his TRANSLATOR beside him. They spy Loner and wait with annoyed glares.

TRANSLATOR

You were told to wait in the locker room.

LONER

Yeah, I--I'm sorry. Um.

(to Suzuki)

What are we doing tonight?

He looms over her, a scowl on his face.

SUZUKI

How is your ankle?

LONER

(hesitant)

It's fine, sir.

Suzuki stares her down a beat, then motions his head to something o.s. Loner follows him and his translator into an empty room and CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HER.

LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Loner STRIDES IN to find OVER A DOZEN (MOSTLY JAPANESE) WRESTLERS as they change from STREET CLOTHES into their GEAR. Some SPEAK and JOKE. Others remain silent, a subtle intensity in their demeanor.

Loner finds a spot and sits down. She opens her bag and begins to change when she's poked on the shoulder by the LARGE WRESTLER next to her.

WRESTLER  
 (accented)  
 Hmm.  
 (points)  
 Is that you?

Loner turns to a LARGE SCREEN TELEVISION hung on the far wall. On it is a MATCH GRAPHIC FOR THE MAIN EVENT: LONER VS. SUZUKI. THEIR LIKENESSES ARE PHOTOSHOPPED BESIDE THE OTHER and mean mugs the viewer.

CLOSE ON SUZUKI'S LIKENESS, then PAN LEFT TOWARD LONER'S.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 ...Many have expressed disbelief and concern, regarding Suzuki's choice of opponent, deeming the twenty-two year old unready for her spot. Facing a Jiu Jitsu master and one of the world's most dangerous men, the young talent has certainly got her work cut out for her tonight.

ANGLE ON LONER. The color in her face is gone. She hangs her head, then turns to the wrestler who extends his hand.

WRESTLER  
 (accented)  
 Good luck.

Loner nods and shakes his hand, then looks to the floor. She gets her bag and SHUFFLES OUT as the wrestlers watch her go.

THE SHOW - THAT NIGHT

FIREWORKS BLAST ON THE STAGE as the sold out crowd CHEERS WILDLY. THE PYRO ENDS and we hear the announcer exclaim:

RING ANNOUNCER (O.C.)  
 ARE YOU READY FOR RED SUN PRO-  
 WRESTLING???

The crowd responds with an EMPHATIC YES.

BACKSTAGE - LOADING BAY - SAME TIME

Loner pulls on her KNEEPADS and ties her BOOTS, all alone. She wraps her fists in BLACK ATHLETIC TAPE, then bites it off at the strand.

THE SHOW - LATER

A WRESTLER plays to the crowd as HIS MUSIC BLARES OVER THE SPEAKERS. He jumps with excitement and STOMPS ON THE MAT as we...

MATCH CUT TO:

LONER JUMPING - BACKSTAGE - LATER

She lands on an EQUIPMENT BOX, then stretches her ankle about. She stretches her legs, hips, back, and neck, then jogs down the hall as we...

MATCH CUT TO:

ANOTHER WRESTLER - THE SHOW - LATER

He runs under a clothesline and HITS THE ROPES, then rebounds and LANDS A CLOTHESLINE OF HIS OWN. He hops to his feet and YELLS TO THE CROWD.

BACKSTAGE - LATER

Loner air boxes. She punches hard and fast, a HARD BREATH with each strike.

THE SHOW - LATER

A FINAL WRESTLER walks backward up the ramp and waves "Thank you" to the crowd. He turns as THE GRAPHIC ON THE SCREEN ABOVE HIM CHANGES TO THE MAIN EVENT: LONER and SUZUKI.

BACKSTAGE - SAME TIME

Loner sits cross-legged with her hands in her lap, now in her LEATHER JACKET. She breathes slow. Deliberate. A firm, zen-like patience in her posture.

HOLD a beat as we HEAR FOOTSTEPS O.S. She opens her eyes to see SUZUKI'S TRANSLATOR sprint for her and come to a stop a few feet away.

TRANSLATOR  
(gassed)  
Wh--Where--have you been?

LONER  
 (nervous)  
 Here.

TRANSALTOR  
 W--Well--Don't do this...  
 (breathes)  
 ...again...  
 (breathes)  
 ...Stay in the...  
 (breathes)  
 ...Oh, god. Fuck. Ahhh, we must go.  
 You're next.

LONER  
 (rising)  
 Okay.

She strides past him as he grabs her gym bag and regains his breath.

BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

TRACK WITH LONER as she follows the translator THROUGH THE BACKSTAGE AREA. THROUGH THE HALLS and PAST THE LOCKER ROOM. They approach a DARK, CURTAINED OFF SECTION and ENTER.

CONTINUE TO TRACK THROUGH A DARK CORRIDOR dressed with BLACK CURTAINS and a STRAND OF YELLOW CHRISTMAS LIGHTS along each wall. We reach the end where Loner and the translator PASS THROUGH A CURTAIN MARKED "X" WITH WHITE TAPE.

BACKSTAGE - CURTAIN - CONTINUOUS

Loner surveys the room. SEVERAL TECHNICIANS and AGENTS sit with COMPUTERS and HEADSETS on as a DIRECTOR orders them about on a COMPUTER and HEADSET of his own.

SUZUKI air boxes by a SECOND CURTAIN MARKED "X." He wears BLACK BOOTS and TRUNKS as well as a BLACK, ZIP UP HOODIE and WHITE ATHLETIC TAPE on his wrists.

He PUNCHES THREE TIMES. DUCKS TWICE. HIGH KICK INTO A REVERSE. ALL WITH DEVASTATING SPEED. Loner gulps, cheeks sullen as Suzuki spies her and stops. He nods, then RESUMES.

Loner shakes her head and turns toward a MONITOR to watch the LIVE BROADCAST. SHE SEES EXACTLY WHAT THOUSANDS OF FANS ARE SEEING RIGHT NOW, LIVE ON PAY-PER-VIEW.

HER POV: THE MONITOR.

COMMENTATOR 1 (V.O.)  
...It is now time for our main event of the evening. It's the terrifying mainstay of R.S.P.W. Katsuyori Suzuki vs. rising talent "Stone Fist" Adira Loner. Could we be seeing the birth of a brand new star here tonight? Let's see what our competitors have to say.

CUT TO:

VIDEO PACKAGE - CONTINUOUS

HIGH ON LONER as she sits in a DIRECTOR'S CHAIR.

LONER  
My name is "Stone Fist" Adira Loner. I'm twenty-two years old...

SWITCH TO FRONT ANGLE.

LONER  
...and I knock people the fuck out.

INSERT CUTS OF HER as she WRESTLES, POSES, ETC. and a MOTIVATIONAL TUNE BEGINS TO PLAY.

LONER (V.O.)  
(determined)  
Suzuki may think he's given himself an easy win by picking me, but I promise that won't be the case.

FRONT ANGLE ON SUZUKI in the CHAIR.

SUZUKI  
(in Japanese)  
(subtitled)  
Is this going to be easy?  
(beat)  
I hope not.

INSERT MORE CUTS OF LONER.

LONER (V.O.)  
If he expects me to just lay down, he's got another thing coming. I'm not here to bitch out on an opportunity I've waited my whole life for.

SUZUKI (V.O.)  
 (in Japanese)  
 (subtitled)  
 I didn't choose her, because I  
 thought it would be easy...

ANGLE ON SUZUKI as THE MUSIC STOPS.

SUZUKI  
 (in Japanese)  
 (subtitled)  
 (smiling)  
 ...I chose her, because I love to  
 crush the dreams of the young.

INSERT CUTS OF SUZUKI as he BEATS PEOPLE UP, POSES, ETC. THE  
 MUSIC RESUMES and STARTS TO BUILD.

LONER (V.O.)  
 I know who Suzuki is. I know his  
 reputation and I don't care. I'm  
 here to make a name for myself.

MORE CUTS OF LONER.

SUZUKI (V.O.)  
 (in Japanese)  
 (subtitled)  
 She has no idea what's coming. She  
 may be young, but I hold back for  
 no one.

MORE CUTS OF SUZUKI.

LONER (V.O.)  
 I expect nothing but Suzuki's best  
 and he better expect nothing less  
 from me.

MORE CUTS OF LONER.

SUZUKI (V.O.)  
 (in Japanese)  
 (subtitled)  
 I don't care why she's fighting or  
 what she's fighting for. I just  
 care that I beat her within an inch  
 of her life.

SLICE TOGETHER CUTS OF LONER and SUZUKI as they WRESTLE,  
 POSE, ETC. and THE MUSIC RACES TOWARDS A PEAK.

LONER (V.O.)  
I'm going in for the fight of my  
life...

SUZUKI (V.O.)  
(in Japanese)  
(subtitled)  
I am a killer...

LONER (V.O.)  
...There's no turning back...

SUZUKI (V.O.)  
(in Japanese)  
(subtitled)  
...and she will pay for stepping in  
the ring with me...

LONER (V.O.)  
...At "Time Bomb: U.S.A...."

SUZUKI (V.O.)  
(in Japanese)  
(subtitled)  
...At "Time Bomb: U.S.A...."

LONER (V.O.)  
...My dreams...

SUZUKI (V.O.)  
(in Japanese)  
(subtitled)  
...her dreams...

LONER (V.O.)  
...come true.

SUZUKI (V.O.)  
(in Japanese)  
(subtitled)  
...die.

ANGLE ON LONER as THE MUSIC PEAKS and SUDDENLY STOPS.

LONER  
I've been gifted the biggest  
opportunity I could ever ask for on  
a silver platter. And if I can't  
make the best of it...  
(beat)  
...I don't know where I go from  
here.

ANGLE ON SUZUKI.



SUZUKI  
 (in Japanese)  
 (subtitled)  
 I will take her dreams and crush  
 them before her very eyes. She will  
 know where she stands.

INSERT GRAPHICS OF LONER and SUZUKI SIDE BY SIDE IN SEPARATE  
 FRAMES. They glare into the camera as a LOW BASS NOTE DROPS  
 and RINGS OUT for a long beat.

SUZUKI (V.O.)  
 (in Japanese)  
 (subtitled)  
 (echoing)  
 Time to pay dues.

CUT TO:

END VIDEO PACKAGE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON LONER, jaw clenched, neck stiff. HOLD a beat as we  
 hear the director shout:

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
 (accented)  
 LONER. IN TO POSITION.

THE SHOW - CONTINUOUS

Note: FROM THIS INSTANT TO THE FINAL BELL, EVERYTHING **MUST** BE  
 PRESENTED AS A REAL PRO-WRESTLING MATCH. WE SEE EVERYTHING  
 FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF THE AUDIENCE AT HOME. COMPLETE WITH  
 REAL CAMERA ANGLES, REPLAYS, AND LIVE, ENGLISH COMMENTARY.

The crowd BUZZES WITH EXCITEMENT. Nothing happens for a long,  
 long beat, then...

CONMAN SOUNDS OVER THE SPEAKERS and LONER'S LIKENESS APPEARS  
 ON THE BIG SCREEN. The crowd ERUPTS with UNANIMOUS CHEERS,  
 ALL IN UNISON. What insiders would call an AUSTIN or ROAD  
 WARRIOR POP. Utter MADNESS.

CONMAN ECONOMY  
 (singing)  
 "I walk in through this sheltered  
 light."

She BURSTS THROUGH THE CURTAIN and onto the STAGE as the  
 CHEERS GROW LOUDER.

COMMENTATOR 1  
I THINK THE ROOF'S GOING TO COME  
OFF THE PLACE.

COMMENTATOR 2  
(chuckling)  
I CAN'T TELL YOU THE LAST TIME I'VE  
HEARD THIS TYPE OF OVATION. WHO IS  
THIS KID?

She marches to the ring and climbs the turnbuckle, then raises her fists in the air to ANOTHER HUMONGOUS POP.

CONMAN ECONOMY  
(singing)  
"Don't want to tell me it's too  
hard." ('Tear me down')."

COMMENTATOR 2  
I CAN'T EVEN HEAR MYSELF THINK.  
LOOK. LOOK AT THE CAMERA. LOOK AT  
IT SHAKE.

COMMENTATOR 1  
(as Loner enters the ring)  
THE CAMERAS ARE SHAKING. THE  
BUILDING IS THUNDERING FOR THIS  
TWENTY-TWO YEAR OLD KID. READY TO  
TAKE ON THE WORLD.

She climbs the ropes and poses again, then strides to the center of the ring and glares toward the stage. CONMAN FADES OUT and the crowd BUZZES EVEN LOUDER.

CROWD  
LONER. LONER. LONER. LONER.

She circles the ring after a beat and hypes the crowd even more, then resumes her place and waits a long beat as the chants DIE OUT.

COMMENTATOR 2  
This is the brilliance of a veteran  
like Suzuki. Make her wait. Let her  
wear her own adrenaline off.

COMMENTATOR 1  
Indeed a smart move by Suzuki. A  
mastermind of cerebral warfare.

SUZUKI'S MUSIC HITS and the crowd THUNDERS WITH BOOS. He MARCHES THROUGH THE CURTAIN and stops to glower at the fans, then storms to the ring and CLIMBS IN.

The referee keeps them separated as they size each other up and try to get in the others' head.

RING ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall...

CROWD

(in unison)

ONE FALL.

RING ANNOUNCER

...with a sixty minute time limit and is your MAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING.

(pauses for cheers)

Introducing first, to my right, he hails from Yokohama, Kanagawa, Japan. He weighs in at two hundred and ten pounds. He is THE MOST FEARED MAN IN PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING: KATSUYORI SUZUKI.

Suzuki tears off his hoodie and points at Loner as the crowd HECKLES HIM.

RING ANNOUNCER

And his opponent.

(pause for cheers)

She weighs in at one hundred and eighty-one pounds.

(pause for cheers)

She hails from SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

(pause for cheers)

She is THE FASTEST RISING STAR IN WRESTLING TODAY. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...

(beat)

...I GIVE YOU...

(beat)

..."STONE FIST" ADIRA LONER.

Loner raises her fists in the air and throws them down as the crowd GOES WILD. The ring announcer EXITS and the referee calls for the bell. IT SOUNDS THREE TIMES to MORE CHEERS.

Loner and Suzuki march to the center of the ring and get in each others' face. Eye to eye. Nose to nose. Neither move or blink for a long, long beat, all the while the FANS CHANT:

CROWD  
 THIS IS AWESOME.  
 (CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,  
 CLAP)  
 THIS IS AWESOME.  
 (CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,  
 CLAP)  
 THIS IS AWESOME.  
 (CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,  
 CLAP)

Suzuki chuckles and shakes his head.

SUZUKI  
 What are you doing here?

THWAP. He SLAPS HER ACROSS THE FACE and the crowd BOOS. LOUD.

SUZUKI  
 (beat)  
 (laughing)  
 You don't belong here.

He SLAPS HER AGAIN to MORE BOOS.

SUZUKI  
 (dead serious)  
 YOU'RE DONE, LITTLE GIRL. YOU.  
 BELONG. TO. ME.

He SLAPS HER A THIRD TIME, but she SLAPS HIM RIGHT BACK. HARD. The fans CHEER as she stands defiant, not backing down. Suzuki CHUCKLES and rubs his jaw.

SUZUKI  
 Okay. Okay--

THWAP. Loner SLAPS HIM AGAIN. He glares into her eyes, no longer laughing. He SLAPS HER and she SLAPS HIM BACK. A SECOND TIME. A THIRD. THEY TRADE SLAPS for a long beat as the CROWD GOES WILD.

Loner gains the upper hand and backs him into a corner. She goes to throw him, but he counters and whips her into the opposite corner.

He charges, but she side steps and LANDS MORE STRIKES when he HITS THE CORNER. He falls to his ass and she runs to the other side, then sprints back and DROPKICKS HIM IN THE FACE.

Loner poses as Suzuki ROLLS OUT THE RING to collect himself. The crowd YELLS THEIR APPROVAL.

CROWD  
LONER. LONER. LONER. LONER.

She beckons him to reenter and HE DOES after a long beat. They stare each other down, then lockup.

Suzuki takes her arm behind her back into a HAMMER LOCK. Loner tries to reverse, but he holds strong. She starts to circle around the ring. Suzuki keeps hold as she builds speed and dives for the ropes, which FLINGS HIM OUT OF THE RING.

She strikes a T-pose as the crowd CHEERS LOUDER and Suzuki SMACKS THE APRON in frustration. The CROWD APPLAUDS as Loner raises her fists in the air and stares Suzuki down.

He regains his composure and REENTERS. Loner beckons him to the center and he comes forward. They go to lockup, but Suzuki KNEES HER IN THE GUT as she leans in.

He SLAMS HIS FISTS INTO HER BACK and KNOCKS HER TO THE GROUND, then yells to the BOOING CROWD:

SUZUKI  
SHUT UP.  
(beat)  
(in Japanese)  
I'M GOING TO KILL THIS GIRL.

He picks her up and puts her in the corner, then CHOPS HER IN THE CHEST and whips her across the ring. She SMACKS INTO THE CORNER and stumbles forward into a BOOT TO THE JAW.

SUZUKI  
(to the crowd)  
COME ON.

CROWD  
BOOO.

He takes her back and wraps her up by the waist, then lifts her in the air and throws her over his head. A GERMAN SUPLEX.

She LANDS ON HER NECK and SHOULDERS and crumples to the mat. He turns her over and puts a foot on her chest.

REFEREE  
One--

Loner kicks out and clutches the back of her neck. Suzuki smiles and picks her up. She SHOVES HIM and throws a punch, but misses as he SLAPS HER BACK TO THE MAT.

SUZUKI  
 (in Japanese)  
 Stupid girl.

He pulls her up by her hair and gets met with SEVERAL PUNCHES TO THE GUT. He FOREARMS HER. She FOREARMS HIM BACK. She hits the ropes and rebounds, but he CHOP BLOCKS HER ANKLE.

She goes ass over teakettle and HITS THE MAT as she grips it and CRIES IN PAIN. Suzuki grabs the ankle and stretches it, then sets it down and STOMPS HARD.

LONER  
 (in agony)  
 AHHHHH.

He keeps his foot on it and presses down.

SUZUKI  
 (laughing)  
 Does that hurt?  
 (in Japanese)  
 You've got more coming.

He STOMPS IT AGAIN and puts her back in the ankle stretch as she struggles against him. He DROPS AN ELBOW ON HER ANKLE, then gets up and DOES IT AGAIN and resumes the stretch.

Loner tries to work out of it. She grabs him by the ankle and takes him down, then grapevines his leg into an knee bar. She WRENCHES HARD and he fights to escape. The crowd CHEERS FOR A TAPOUT, but it doesn't come.

He squirms to the ropes and grabs a hold of them. The referee tells her to break and she does, then gets to her feet and shakes the pain out her ankle.

She raises Suzuki in a suplex position, but her ankle buckles under the pressure. She lets him down and he snaps to life. He wraps up her leg and TAKES HER DOWN, then puts her back in the ankle stretch.

SUZUKI  
 (taunting)  
 No, no, no.

He transitions into a spinning toe hold. Loner KICKS HIM INTO THE ROPES after a beat and HEADBUTTS HIS GUT on the rebound. She puts him in a suplex position and lifts. She struggles, but gets him over and SLAMS HIM TO THE MAT.

She GRIMACES and holds her ankle as she stands, but Suzuki spies her limp and charges, then CHOPS HER ANKLE like a shark smelling blood.

He vines the leg and PUNCHES at the ankle as Loner SCREAMS IN PAIN. The crowd REACTS with PAINFUL CRIES OF THEIR OWN.

The referee steps in and tries to pull him off, but Suzuki doesn't stop. The ref tugs with all his might and Suzuki surges to his feet to back him into the corner.

Loner falters to her feet and charges. Suzuki turns in time to see her hop on one leg and FOREARM HIM IN THE NECK. The referee works around them as she LANDS MORE STIFF FOREARMS.

She climbs the middle rope and PUNCHES SUZUKI SEVERAL TIMES before he escapes out from under her and KICKS OUT HER LEG. He then lifts her to the top rope and wraps her leg on the post and leaves her suspended upside down.

She flails her arms in protest, but can't escape. He winds up and KICKS HER IN THE CHEST as THE CROWD GROANS. He winds up and DOES IT AGAIN. Then A THIRD TIME. A FOURTH. FIFTH. SIXTH. SEVENTH. EIGHTH.

He sprints to the opposite corner, then sprints back and NAILS HER WITH A STIFF DROPKICK. He unwraps her from the post and pulls her to the center of the ring. The referee drops as Suzuki covers.

REFEREE

One. Two--

Loner kicks out and the crowd CHEERS. Suzuki grits his teeth, then chuckles and goes back to work.

He STOMPS ON LONER'S ANKLE and HER SCREAMS DROWN OUT AMONGST THE BOOS. He grabs it and twists, then wraps it under his arm and FALLS BACK to SPIKE IT INTO THE MAT.

He takes a walk around the ring and CLAPS as if to say, "This is too easy." Loner KICKS HIM with her good leg to no effect. He CHUCKLES again and gives her a FOOT TO THE FACE.

SUZUKI

Give up, girl. Give up.

LONER

(pained)

No.

He BOOTS HER AGAIN and she KICKS HIM IN THE SHIN. He WINCES, but responds with a STIFF KICK TO THE BACK, then drags her to the center and puts her back in the ankle stretch. She HOWLS IN AGONY and reaches for the ropes.

CROWD  
 LET'S GO, LONER.  
 (CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,  
 CLAP)  
 LET'S GO, LONER.  
 (CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,  
 CLAP)

Loner wrestles up to a leg, but Suzuki ELBOWS HER KNEE. He pulls her to the corner and SMASHES HER HEAD INTO THE BUCKLE. He props her up and throws a strike, but she dodges and ROLLS HIM INTO A PIN.

REFEREE  
 One. Two.--

Suzuki kicks out. Loner tries to get up, but he dives on top of her and RAINS FISTS ON HER NECK and BACK. She covers up and he MOVES HIS PUNCHES TO HER ANKLE.

He drags her to the corner, then SLIDES OUT and wraps her ankle around the ring post. He winds up and SLAMS IT INTO IT. She SHRIEKS IN PAIN and the crowd ROARS WITH ANGER.

Suzuki looks into the stands and smirks. He taps his head knowingly, then grabs her ankle and SLAMS IT ONCE MORE INTO THE POST. Loner drags herself from the corner and whimpers as she rolls about in torment.

Suzuki REENTERS and stalks behind her. She tries to kick, but he works around and puts a knee to her side. He CLAWS HER EYES, then laughs as she writhes on the mat.

He picks her up, but she SHOVES him off and FOREARMS HIM THREE TIMES. He stumbles back into the ropes, but rebounds off and SMASHES HER IN THE JAW with a RUNNING DROPKICK.

CROWD  
 OHHHHH.

Suzuki stands confident and takes his time to cover.

REFEREE  
 One. Two--

Kick-out. Suzuki CLAPS HIS HANDS at the referee, annoyed.

SUZUKI  
 (in Japanese)  
 THAT WAS THREE.

REFEREE  
 (motioning "two")  
 That was two.



SUZUKI  
COME ON. COUNT FASTER.

The crowd starts to CHANT again:

CROWD  
LET'S GO, LONER.  
(CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,  
CLAP)  
LET'S GO, LONER.  
(CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,  
CLAP)

Suzuki puts Loner in a power bomb position and hoists her onto his shoulders, then SLAMS HER TO THE MAT and holds her legs for a pin.

REFEREE  
One. Two--

She kicks out, but he traps her in a submission. She claws desperately for the ropes, but can't get anywhere.

SUZUKI  
(laughing)  
AH HA HA HA. TAP OUT, LITTLE GIRL.  
TAP OUT. IT'S TIME.

Loner crawls closer and closer to the ropes. Suzuki stands when she's inches away and STOMPS HER IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD, then yanks her back to the center and reapplies the hold. The referee slides in and asks:

REFEREE  
Loner, do you give up?

LONER  
(dazed)  
N...  
(beat)  
...No...

REFEREE  
Loner, I said: do you submit.

LONER  
(clearer)  
No.

SUZUKI  
She say yes. Yes, she say.

LONER  
 (loud)  
 No.

SUZUKI  
 TAP OUT.

LONER  
 NO.

She powers out and turns herself over, then KICKS SUZUKI IN THE JAW THREE TIMES. He falls to his ass and both stagger to their feet. Loner pauses a beat, then charges and GETS CLOTHESLINED OUT HER BOOTS. Suzuki falls on top of her.

REFEREE  
 One. Two.--

Kick-out. Suzuki SMACKS THE MAT in frustration. He stops at a knee to CATCH HIS BREATH, then rises to his feet.

He puts Loner in a suplex position, then hoists her onto the top turnbuckle. He climbs the middle rope and positions her for a superplex.

He thrusts, but Loner blocks. She PUNCHES HIM IN THE GUT TWICE and escapes, then HEAD BUTTS him and shoves him off as he CRASHES TO THE MAT BELOW.

BLOOD POURS FROM LONER'S FOREHEAD (from the head butt). She wipes it off and stares at it, then goes back to work.

She stands on one leg and measures the rising Suzuki. He turns as she dives through the air and LANDS ON TOP OF HIM, cross-bodied. She hooks his leg in a cover.

REFEREE  
 One. Two--

Suzuki kicks out and the crowd GROANS. She picks him up on one foot and whips him off the ropes. She tries for a clothesline, but he BOOTS HER ARM and keeps running, then rebounds off the ropes and GATOR ROLLS INTO HER LEGS.

She topples over him in a heap and CRIES IN PAIN. Suzuki sits a beat as the ref reprimands him. He stands and grips her leg, then twists her knee in the air and FALLS TO THE MAT.

LONER SCREAMS. She sits up with knee in hand as Suzuki takes her head and shoves her face into the mat, then rubs it back and forth across the canvas, staining it with blood.

REFEREE

(angry)

Hey, one. Two. Three. Four--

Suzuki stops a beat, then RUBS HER FACE ON THE MAT AGAIN.

REFEREE

(angry)

Hey, what'd I say? One. Two. Three.

Four.--

Suzuki stops. He turns her over, then rebounds off the ropes and STOMPS HER CHEST with both feet. She sits up to regain air, but he KICKS HER BACK DOWN and covers.

REFEREE

One. Two.--

Kick-out. Suzuki SNARLS. He grits his teeth and pulls her to her feet after a long beat.

SUZUKI

(in her face)

Stay down, piece of shit. I FUCKING

MURDER. HEAR ME? I. FUCKING.

MURDER.

THWAP. He CHOPS HER IN THE CHEST AS HARD AS HE CAN and she FALLS TO HER BACK, stunned. He picks her up and gets in her face once more.

SUZUKI

LIFE. ENDS. TODAY.

He CHOPS HER AGAIN, JUST AS HARD, and she FALLS ONCE MORE. He picks her up and growls.

SUZUKI

Last chance. Last chance. STAY

DOWN.

THWAP. A FINAL CHOP PUTS HER ON HER BACK. He looms over her and beckons--dares--her to get up. She doesn't for a long beat. Just writhes in pain on the mat. Suzuki smiles as the crowd chants:

CROWD

LET'S GO, LONER.

(CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,  
CLAP)

LET'S GO, LONER...

(CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,  
CLAP)

SUZUKI  
 (to the crowd)  
 SHE'S DONE.

His expression turns to fury as he feels Loner crawl up his leg, trying to get back to her feet.

SUZUKI  
 (silent)  
 Motherfucker.

He leans in so they're forehead to forehead and bears his teeth.

SUZUKI  
 This what you want? This what you  
 want. YOU. DIE...  
 (rearing back)  
 NOW...

He chops, but Loner dodges and LANDS A HARD FOREARM TO THE NECK. He staggers back as she winds up and FOREARMS HIM INTO THE CORNER. She tries to whip him, but he counters her into the opposite corner.

He SHOUTS and charges, but she side-steps and he RUNS FULL SPEED INTO THE TURNBUCKLE. She puts him in a Full Nelson and thrusts him over her head, which SPIKES HIM ON HIS HEAD and NECK as the crowd CHEERS.

Loner SHAKES WITH ADRENALINE and falters to her feet. She motions to the fans and they CHEER HER ON.

CROWD  
 (CLAPPING ALONG)  
 LONER. LONER. LONER. LONER.

She limps toward Suzuki, now at a knee, and KICKS HIM IN THE CHEST. He falls to his back.

LONER  
 (motioning for him to  
 rise)  
 GET UP. GET UP.

He crawls to a knee, then GETS KICKED AGAIN and falls a second time.

LONER  
 (still motioning)  
 I SAID GET UP. GET UP,  
 MOTHERFUCKER.  
 (KICKING)  
 HEYYYYYYYYAAAAAHHHHHHH.

THWAP. She KICKS HIM DOWN A THIRD TIME. She raises her fists in the air and SHOUTS as the fans RETURN HER CRY. He staggers to his feet and throws a palm strike, but she ducks and SLAPS HIM BACK TO THE MAT.

She mounts, not missing a beat, and RAINS STIFF FOREARMS ONTO HIS NECK. The referee tries to pull her off, but she DOESN'T STOP.

REFEREE

Loner. Loner. Get back. Come on.  
Come on. Let's go. Keep it clean.

She hobbles and YELLS AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS. The fans POP WILD for her spirit and pump their fists in the air. She hunkers by the ropes and motions for him to stand. He stumbles to his feet, mouth wide, eyes dazed.

Loner limps/sprints for him. He throws a clothesline, but she ducks. She rebounds off the other side, then leaps on one leg and BAM. She SMASHES HIM IN THE JAW WITH A SUPERMAN PUNCH and they both drop to the mat.

Suzuki writhes on the canvas, barely conscious as THE CROWD GOES WILD. Loner drags herself to the corner and gets to a knee, then motions again for him to stand.

Suzuki starts to rise and Loner shudders with anticipation. The crowd begins a SLOW CLAP. He gets to a foot, then falters to a knee as THE CLAPS GET FASTER.

Loner looks near seizure and shakes like an animal. THE CLAPS REACH THEIR PEAK as she limps/sprints towards him and leaps as high as she can and PLANTS HER KNEE ON SUZUKI'S JAW.

CROWD

(in unison)  
BOMAYEEEE.

THE ARENA SWELLS WITH JOY as she rolls him over, ankle in hand. The referee drops down.

REFEREE AND CROWD

(in unison)  
ONE. TWO. THR--

Suzuki KICKS OUT.

CROWD

(in disbelief)  
--NOOOOOOOOO.

CLOSE ON LONER FROM A CAMERA OUTSIDE THE RING. She appears near tears, hands on her head...

...But the crowd BEGINS TO BUZZ, still alive with hope.

CROWD  
(clapping along)  
LONER. LONER. LONER. LONER.

Her disbelief turns to rage as she grits her teeth and furrows her brow. She POUNDS THE MAT and gets to a foot, then looms over Suzuki.

LONER  
Who's the killer now, Suzuki? HUH?  
WHO'S THE KILLER NOW, BITCH?

Suzuki climbs her to his feet and she grabs the back of his head. She rears back and BASHES HIM WITH A FOREARM. He stumbles back in a fighting stance, then comes back and she HITS HIM AGAIN, dropping him to a knee.

Loner SMASHES HIM WITH THREE MORE FOREARMS, but Suzuki SPITS IN HER EYE to a CHORUS OF BOOS. She staggers back and wipes her face as Suzuki KICKS OUT HER ANKLE and sends her ass over teakettle.

He wastes no time. He picks her up and puts her in a piledriver position, then wraps up her bad leg and raises her in the air. He DROPS HER ON HER HEAD and her body stiffens as she HITS THE MAT.

The arena goes DEAD SILENT as he covers her lifeless body.

REFEREE  
ONE. TWO. THREE--

LONER KICKS OUT.

CROWD  
(elated)  
YEAAAAAAHHHHHH.

Suzuki gapes at the referee who motions "two" to him.

REFEREE  
That was two, Suzuki. That was two.

Suzuki stares about the arena as it COMES UNGLUED. JOYOUS CHEERS FILL THE COW PALACE. FANS IN THE FRONT ROW SMACK THE GUARDRAIL IN QUICK RHYTHM WHILE THOSE BEHIND CLAP ALONG. They soon join together to CHANT:

CROWD  
LET'S GO, LONER.  
(CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,  
CLAP)  
(MORE)

CROWD (CONT'D)

LET'S GO, LONER.

(CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,  
CLAP)

LET'S GO, LONER.

(CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,  
CLAP)

Suzuki walks about the ring, hands on his hips. He stops a beat, then approaches Loner and stands over her, bending down. He stares another beat, then winds up and OPEN HAND SLAPS HER ACROSS THE FACE.

CROWD

(in shock)

OHHHH.

He rears back with his other hand and SLAPS HER AGAIN. THIS CONTINUES FOR A LONG, UNCOMFORTABLE BEAT as the crowd SCREAMS, ENRAGED AT THE PROCEEDINGS. The ref steps in and tries to pry him away, but SUZUKI WON'T STOP.

REFEREE

(concerned)

Suzuki, stop. Stop it now.

Suzuki SHOVES HIM OFF and RESUMES WITH THE SLAPS. The ref comes in again.

REFEREE

(pulling)

I said stop. That's illegal.  
Suzuki, you--

He's SHOVED a second time. Suzuki KEEPS SLAPPING.

REFEREE

(back on Suzuki)

That's enough, Suzuki. That's  
enough. ONE. TWO. THREE. FOUR--

Suzuki SHOVES THE HIM A THIRD TIME and stalks him around the ring.

SUZUKI

(intense)

Count me out. I dare you, boy.  
Count me out.

He stares the ref down a beat, then drags Loner to a corner and raises her onto the top turnbuckle. He climbs the middle rope and TAUNTS THE CROWD, then grabs her by the head and puts it in position for another piledriver.

He grips her leg and pulls, but she PUNCHES HIM THREE TIMES and he lets go. She lands a FLURRY OF STRIKES that rock him, then SHOVES HIS HEAD INTO THE TURNBUCKLE and holds it there.

Loner wipes the blood from her eyes and wraps her arms around his waist. She pauses, breathes, then flips over his back and holds on to POWER-BOMB HIM STRAIGHT TO THE MAT. He HITS and ROLLS to the center of the ring as the crowd POPS LOUD.

Loner wipes the blood from her eyes once more and puts Suzuki in her sights. She gets to a knee and sizes him up. Suzuki hobbles to his feet as the fans CLAP HARD and FAST, driving her on.

He turns to face her as she flies at him like a bat out of hell. She leaps, but--

--SUZUKI DODGES THE KNEE and ROLLS HER UP INTO A PIN.

CROWD  
(frantic)  
NO.

REFEREE  
ONE. TWO. THREE--

LONER KICKS OUT. She COUNTERS INTO A PIN OF HER OWN.

REFEREE AND CROWD  
(in unison)  
ONE. TWO. THREE.

CROWD  
(ELATED)  
--YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH.

Loner raises her fists and falls to her back, exhausted, as CONMAN PLAYS THROUGHOUT THE ARENA.

COMMENTATOR 2  
(amazed)  
AHHHHHH.

COMMENTATOR 1  
YES. THAT'S IT. LONER. LONER IS THE WINNER. LONER HAS DONE IT. SHE'S ACHIEVED THE DREAM OF A LIFETIME. HER DREAM. HERE IN HER HOMETOWN OF SAN FRANCISCO. MY GOD, WHAT A MOMENT.

COMMENTATOR 2  
WHAT THE HELL JUST HAPPENED?



COMMENTATOR 1  
 HISTORY. HISTORY'S JUST HAPPENED.  
 ADIRA LONER HAS BEATEN KATSUYORI  
 SUZUKI.

COMMENTATOR 2  
 I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

Suzuki sits in shock, exasperated at what's happened. He holds two fingers to the ref.

SUZUKI  
 THAT WAS TWO.

REFEREE  
 That was three.

SUZUKI  
 THAT WAS TWO.

The referee raises Loner's arm as she bursts into tears and THE CROWD GOES BATSHIT. Suzuki STORMS OUT and CURSES.

Loner limps about the ring, her fists raised in the air. She climbs the turnbuckle and raises her fists once more as she takes in the MASSIVE OVATION.

LONER  
 (overwhelmed)  
 THANK YOU.

The crowd CONTINUES TO CHEER. She SHOUTS IN TRIUMPH, then steps off to find Suzuki waiting in the middle of the ring. CONMAN STOPS and the crowd GOES QUIET.

She approaches and they stare each other down. She takes a fighter's stance as Suzuki steps forward, but instead of fighting, he extends his hand for a handshake.

Loner stares at it a beat, then looks around to the hopeful, APPLAUDING fans.

CROWD  
 (chanting)  
 YES. YES. YES. YES.

She looks at his hand once more, then into his eyes. He nods and she accepts the handshake to GREAT ACCLAIM.

SUZUKI  
 (shaking hands)  
 (accented)  
 You very good.

LONER  
 (shaking hands)  
 Thank you.

Suzuki CLIMBS OUT THE RING. Loner CLAPS with the crowd as he walks up the ramp toward the stage. He stops once there and turns to face her once more, then stands straight, bows, and LEAVES THROUGH THE CURTAIN.

The TIME KEEPER hands Loner a MICROPHONE through the ropes. She raises it only to be DROWNED OUT BY CHANTS OF:

CROWD  
 (CLAPPING ALONG)  
 LONER. LONER. LONER. LONER.

She smiles ear to ear, fresh tears in her eyes. She wipes them and gathers her breath, then raises the mic as the CHANTS DIE OUT.

LONER  
 Thank you. Thank you all so much.  
 This right here is the greatest  
 moment of my life...  
 (pointing around at the  
 crowd)  
 ...and it's all because of you.  
 (pause for cheers)  
 I've never felt more loved in  
 twenty-two years of living than I  
 do right now and I...really don't  
 know how to feel about that.

CROWD  
 YOU DESERVE IT.  
 (CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,  
 CLAP)  
 YOU DESERVE IT.  
 (CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,  
 CLAP)  
 YOU DESERVE IT.  
 (CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,  
 CLAP)  
 YOU DESERVE IT.  
 (CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,  
 CLAP...)

LONER  
 (smiles)  
 You all are the best. I--I can't  
 thank you enough. I'm...sure you  
 must be wondering what I plan to do  
 now that I've won tonight. Now that  
 I've...arrived.  
 (MORE)

## LONER (CONT'D)

(pause for cheers)

Well...to tell you the truth...I've got no fucking clue. I've got no clue where I'm going. No clue where I want to go. I don't even have a clue what the hell's happened to me these last few months. Things've been hard and...I didn't know if I was going to make it out as myself...Yet I'm still here standing in front of you. A winner.

(pause for cheers)

And I don't know how that's even possible. I shouldn't be here right now and I'm not even sure I deserve to be...but this moment is all I've ever wanted and it's better than I could've asked for.

(pause for cheers)

I don't know what the future holds. But whether I go on to have a career here in R.S.P.W. or whether it all ends tonight, I am eternally grateful for this...

(pointing around to the crowd)

...for the people here in my hometown of San Francisco...

(pause for cheers)

(into the hard cam)

...for all you fans watching live on Pay-Per-View...

(pause for cheers)

...and for Katsuyori Suzuki. For giving me this opportunity...Maybe we'll do it again sometime.

(pause for cheers)

So goodnight. Bless all you lovely people. Get home safe. Take care of each other. This is "Stone Fist" Adira Loner signing out. I'll see you when I see you.

She DROPS THE MIC and the crowd APPLAUDS. She raises her fists in the air as CONMAN PLAYS and THE STAGE ERUPTS WITH AN ENORMOUS FIREWORK PRESENTATION. EXPLOSIONS FILL THE AIR for a long, long beat and END WITH A DRAMATIC CRESCENDO.

CLOSE ON LONER as she stares o.s. toward the stage, still struck by the display of fireworks.

BACKSTAGE - CURTAIN - MINUTES LATER

Loner STRIDES THROUGH THE CURTAIN to find the backstage area FILLED WITH PEOPLE: WRESTLERS, AGENTS, and TECHNICIANS alike, all there to applaud her performance, giving her a STANDING OVATION.

TRACK WITH HER as she shakes their hands and gives her thanks. She comes across JAX in the middle of the pack and they stare each other down.

JAX

That was one hell of a match out there.

(extends her hand)

Congratulations.

Loner looks into her eyes and takes her hand.

LONER

Thank you. That means a lot.

BACK ANGLE ON LONER as Jax steps aside. HOLD as she continues on and DISAPPEARS IN THE MASS OF PEOPLE.

BACKSTAGE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She makes it to the hall where the translator waits.

TRANSLATOR

Come with me.

BACKSTAGE - OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

They find Suzuki plopped behind a RED DESK, still in his gear. He motions to a CHAIR set in front of it.

SUZUKI

Please. Sit.

Loner takes her seat as the translator moves to his side. He SPEAKS TO HER IN JAPANESE as the translator translates.

TRANSLATOR

Suzuki says he's very pleased with how tonight has gone. Ever since your tryout, he's seen you for what you are: a star in the making and, against everyone's wishes, he chose you to be his opponent here tonight. He took a chance on you and you have proven him right.

(MORE)

TRANSALTOR (CONT'D)

For that, he thanks you.

(beat)

The company is prepared to sign you to a multi-year contract. Our people'll be in touch within the next week to discuss terms. We trust you'll do what's best for you and your family.

Loner nods.

TRANSALTOR

Do you have any questions?

LONER

(shaking her head)

No.

TRANSALTOR

Then you may go. Congratulations, young one. You've made it to the big time. Until we meet again.

She and Suzuki rise from their chairs and bow to one another.

LONER

Thank you, Suzuki-san.

SUZUKI

(genuine)

No. Thank you.

LOCKER ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Loner LIMPS IN and takes a seat by her GYM BAG. She removes her boots and knee pads, then leans back on the locker. She takes a deep breath and looks about the place.

HER POV: THE EMPTY LOCKER ROOM. No trash. No bags. Nothing.

CLOSE ON LONER'S FACE. She takes another breath and ruffles her hair. ZOOM IN ON HER EYES for a long beat as she stares across the room, then...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT - WEEKS LATER

WIDE SHOT OF A THREE ROOM APARTMENT. BLUE WALLS with DARK RED CARPET. Loner STEPS INTO FRAME and surveys the place. We HEAR A BUZZ in her pocket and she pulls out her PHONE.

HER POV: THE PHONE SCREEN. A MESSAGE from TIM.

ROCKHOLD  
(through text)  
Do you have time to talk?

LOW ON LONER. She pockets the phone and SIGHS.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Yep. Nothing special.

A REALTOR (30's) stands by the door.

REALTOR  
Just enough room for someone your  
age, but it's a place and it'll  
suit you just fine until you're  
ready to move on.  
(beat)  
So what do you think?

BACK ANGLE ON LONER as she turns to face us and the realtor.

NIGHTS LATER

FRONT ANGLE ON A BRAND NEW TELEVISION and ZOOM IN as it  
SHUFFLES THROUGH CHANNELS: A SOAP OPERA. A DRUG COMMERCIAL. A  
HORSE RACE. Then a NEWS SHOW.

LEAD ANCHOR  
...in other news, a San Francisco  
business mogul died today at the  
age of fifty-nine, suffering a  
massive--

HOLD a beat as THE TELEVISION SHUTS OFF, then...

CLOSE ON LONER. Her eyes water and her lip quivers as she  
lowers the REMOTE. She lifts a BLUNT to her lips and a tear  
rolls off her cheek as she inhales. She gives a deep, deep  
exhale, then shakes her head.

She ashes the blunt and rises o.s.

FADE TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

FRONT ANGLE ON A MIDDLE AGED, JAPANESE MAN dressed in a SUIT  
and TIE. He speaks to us through a MICROPHONE behind a RED  
PODIUM with the R.S.P.W. LOGO on it.

PAN BACK to expose a conference room FULL OF REPORTERS, their attention solely on the stage.

TWO LONG TABLES sit on both sides, one of which houses "STONE FIST" ADIRA LONER in her JEANS, MISFITS T, and NEW LEATHER JACKET (BLACK). She sits amongst the company's BOARD OF DIRECTORS, all dressed in EXPENSIVE SUITS.

SPEAKER

(accented)

...and that is why we are here today. To celebrate what will be a very long, very storied career for one of the brightest, young talents in pro-wrestling today...

SIDE ANGLE ON LONER. She pays no mind as reporters SNAP PICTURE AFTER PICTURE of her. Just stares absentmindedly at the table before her.

SPEAKER

(accented)

...She has made her name seemingly overnight and taken our business by storm after defeating the incomparable Katsuyori Suzuki at "Time Bomb: U.S.A." Our first show on American soil...

HIGH ON SUZUKI and ZOOM IN as he watches offstage, arms crossed.

SPEAKER (O.S.)

(accented)

...And how fitting it was being headlined by a talent from right here in San Francisco.

The speaker beams with joy and he grips the podium.

SPEAKER

(accented)

So without further ado. I introduce to you the woman of the hour. Here to sign to the R.S.P.W. brand, I give you:...

(motioning toward her)

..."Stone Fist" Adira Loner!

He and the others APPLAUD. The man next to her pats her on the shoulder as she stands and treads to the podium.

The speaker extends his hand and she shakes it. They pause for the cameras as DOZENS OF SNAPSHOTS ARE TAKEN. She looks into them stone faced, the speaker with a wide smile.

She positions herself behind the podium and takes a STACK OF PAPERS (HER CONTRACT) from an ASSISTANT. She stares at it with a glint in her eye.

HER POV: THE CONTRACT, a slight shake in her hands. HOLD a beat, then...

OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT ON LONER. The reporters gaze up at her, waiting.

LOW ON LONER'S FACE. She flips through the stack of papers and stops.

HER POV: THE CONTRACT. FINAL PAGE.

LOW ON HER FACE, then...

ANGLE ON THE SPEAKER as he nods her on.

HIGH ON SUZUKI as he watches.

LOW CLOSE ON LONER'S FACE.

HER POV: THE DOTTED LINE.

CLOSE ON HER EYES and ZOOM IN for a long, final beat. She blinks several times, still staring with no emotion. WE'RE AS CLOSE AS WE CAN GO when a CAMERA FLASHES and we...

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END