

PINNED

by

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SUPER: Two weeks 'til Slam Jam.

INT. WRESTLING ARENA - NIGHT

A REFEREE'S hand slaps the mat.

CROWD

One! Two! Three!

Ten thousand people go berserk in their seats. RON "THE DON", wrestler, 30s, rolls off his defeated foe.

Ron's sweaty chest heaves in and out as the lights shine down on his smiling face. He takes in the crowd's love.

CROWD

Ron - The - Don! Ron - The - Don!

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

He's done it! The Don's done it!
It's official! Ron The Don will
meet Big Man Dan in two weeks, April
second, at Madison Square Garden,
for a shot at the heavy weight title!

Ron struggles to his feet. Most of the crowd hushes. Ron raises his fist in the air... then lifts his pinkie finger.

They go insane over the gesture. Ron's THEME MUSIC starts.

INT. LUXURIOUS BEDROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: One week 'til Slam Jam.

The lights are off. Expensive items, but untouched. A museum feel. Light from a bathroom doorway cuts through the darkness.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The faint sound of a television. A commentator of some kind.

The toilet sits on its side. A large TUNNEL in its place. Deep inside the man size rabbit hole lies an open HATCH.

INT. HATCH - NIGHT

A wrestling shrine. Figurines, posters, lunch boxes, and other collectibles. An old television plays a dated match.

In the back of the small temple, a chair with a tall backside swivels from left to right in front of a wide computer screen.

Beside the computer, a locker which holds two HUMAN SKINS. They drape over hooks like garments. One skin, the wrestler, Ron. The other, an older man, RON II.

The chair turns toward a note written in a foreign language.

Translation: "BIG DAY. APRIL SECOND. 10PM."

A PURR comes from the hidden BEING in the chair, followed by high spirited clicks of the tongue.

A BUZZ. Information comes in on the enormous screen.

Translation: "LATE NOTICE AS USUAL. INFILTRATE ORGANIZATION TODAY. 3 AM. NO LATER. NO EARLIER."

Typing. The screen goes black. A USB drive in the computer is removed. The chair spins to the locker of skins.

Ron II is yanked down.

EXT. NATIONAL GUARD HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A van pulls up across the street. Ron II, 60s, lanky figure, all black attire, stares at the building.

INT. NATIONAL GUARD HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Ron II types away at the HEAD COMPUTER. He taps enter. Waits. Enter again. Ron II glares at his inserted USB stick.

He gives it a nudge.

Red coding fills the computer screen. Alarms sound. 'VIRUS ALERT' flashes on the screen. Ron II hurries out his seat.

INT. HATCH - NIGHT

SUPER: Big Day

Smile on his face, Ron's theme music plays on a small radio. Ron adjusts the skin on his fingers as if fitting a glove.

BUZZ. Foreign letters flash on the gigantic computer screen.

Translation: 'URGENT NOTIFICATION'

Ron leans over and clicks the e-mail alert. He scrolls down. Stops. Zooms in on a specific set of alien lettering.

His eyes fly open. Ron jumps in his chair. His fingers clatter against the keyboard. Ron sends the e-mail. Waits. An alert pops up. His eyes scan the text.

Translation: "PERSONAL AFFAIRS ARE INSIGNIFICANT. FAILURE TO COMPLETE MISSION WILL LEAD TO IMMEDIATE DEPORTATION."

...Ron's face is stuck in shock. His eyes, glued to the screen. Ron slowly falls back in his seat...

But he stands and smashes his knuckles against the keyboard. He tears all of his wrestling collectibles off the walls.

Ron stops. Falls to his knees, out of breath. Glares down.

A poster of "The Don" stares back at him. Pinkie in the air. He gazes into his own eyes. Ron gets up. He glares at the email, then at the deflated balloon-like, Ron II.

He drags his feet to the locker. Grabs Ron II. But stops. Thinks...

Ron bolts out the room.

Ron II lies on the ground.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Brute fingers clatter against a keyboard. Ron, stuffed in Ron II's black clothes, enters the virus into a computer.

A hat and glasses conceal his face.

Ron tugs at the snug shirt then glances at the time. 9:41. Sweat drips down his face as he works to put in the code.

Ron uses his hat to wipe his face. His glasses fall, but he quickly recovers them. Ron hits enter. Coding. Sirens blare.

The empty chair spins.

EXT. WRESTLING ARENA - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ron whips his van into a reserved spot. He hops out. His fists pound on a backdoor. Distant SIRENS catch his attention --

But a BODY GUARD opens the door. Ron rushes in.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

In the security booth, TWO AGENTS stare at a freeze-frame of Ron putting on his glasses. The AGENTS turn to a TV where Ron's famous picture is being broadcast for the main event.

The Agents exchange confused looks.

INT. WRESTLING ARENA - NIGHT

A CROWD OF STYLISTS prepare "The Don" as he trots down a dark hallway. Muffled music swells as Ron heads further in.

His MANAGER shouts, but Ron pays him no mind. He's focused.

Ron comes to stop at a black sheet draped in front of him. The music, clear now. Ron's theme song.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
 ...you've been patiently waiting
 for, Ronnn the Donnnnnnn!

The cheers of twenty thousand fans embrace Ron as he steps from backstage. A spotlight hits him. Fireworks go off.

Already in the ring, BIG MAN DAN applauds in a cocky way.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
 And here he is! The main event will
 now commence! The Don versus the
 Big Man himself! Have you ever seen
 a crowd so electrifying!

Ron slowly inhales... then rushes to the ring. The bell starts. The wrestlers exchange blows. The fight commences.

Despite the punches, Ron smiles. He enjoys every bit of it.

EXT. WRESTLING ARENA - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A line of BLACK SUV's with 'US GOVERNMENT' tagged on the side, come to a screeching halt.

INT. WRESTLING ARENA - LATER

Ron's SLAMMED on the mat. The crowd "oohs" Big Man Dan targets Ron's head with a leg drop. -- But Ron jumps up. He snags Big Man Dan's leg. A POWER SLAM puts Dan down.

Big Man Dan's dazed. Ron pumps up the crowd. They go wild.

But Ron's joy is cut short. He gawks at his thrilled fans.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
 Looks like The Don has the drop on
 Big Man Dan, but something in the
 crowd's got him spooked.

Ron gapes at an AGENT pushing his way through the crowd. He spins around. Another one. Dozens of suits maneuver through the crowd in every direction. Ron searches for an opening.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
 What is going on in the mind of Ron
 The Don, Paul? He looks like he's
 seen a ghost.

Ron spots a clearing in the crowd. He stares back at Big Man Dan, groaning, gaining awareness. Ron's eyes dart back to the opening. Still clear.

Ron starts toward the ropes.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

I'm not sure what's going on, but he
doesn't look too happy.

Ron steps one foot out the ropes. He peers back at his foe,
perfect for the pin... but Ron continues out the ring.

Big Man Dan holds his head as he struggles to look around
the ring. Empty. Big Man Dan starts to his feet --

-- But a pair of boots fly off the top ropes and an ELBOW
DROP digs into Big Man Dan's brawny chest.

Ron pulls Big Man Dan's leg up for the pin. The referee
dives to the mat.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

This is it! This is Ron The Don's
big chance! Will he take the title?!

CROWD

One!

Agents stop at the barricade between the ring and the crowd.

CROWD

Two!

An Agent spots Ron's former escape route and fills the gap.

CROWD

Three!

Ron's music rips through the stadium. Cheers buzz throughout.
Ron rolls on his back. Drained. But with the grandest smile.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

He's done it! He's done it, folks!
Ron The Don has gone this far, and
it's payoff time, Paul! He is the
new - World - Heavyweight - Champion!

Agent's climb over the barricade. Ron raises his fist.

CROWD

Ron - The - Don! Ron - The - Don!

Ron pleases the crowd one last time with his signature pinkie.
The audience is his. Ron loves it. Agents close in on him.

But Ron has no worries. This is his day. His big day.

BLACK