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Ready to Rumble

By Steven Brill

It is safe to assume
that professional wrestlers...
...are universally recognized
as the greatest athletes of all time.
Sammartino, Blassie,
Gorgeous George...
...George "The Animal" Steele,
Superfly Snooka...
...Andre the Giant, Hulk Hogan.
These are heroes of history.
Superior athletes...
...superior men.
Giants come and go in this great sport
of ours, but there is only one king:
Jimmy King.
Jimmy King is the greatest
wrestler of all time.
He's undefeated,
and he holds the record...
...for the longest winning streak in
the history of professional wrestling.
King says, and I quote:
"People said I was a dreamer...
...an idiot, and a waste of life,
and I will never amount to anything."
Hey, jackass.
You're a waste of life. Why don't you
go amount to nothing somewhere else?
And I told you little turdlets not to
park your junk in front of the shop!
Wrestling is for retards!
"Jimmy King's the greatest!"
You guys are as dumb as paint.
Really dumb paint.
Gentlemen, I'm sorry.
Listen, Jimmy King is
the people's champion.
He's immortal, timeless.
He can raise the dead!
Can he really raise the dead? My dog,
Skipper, is buried under my sandbox.
Well, I don't know
about your dog, Skipper.
But don't worry,

because tomorrow night...
...Jimmy King is gonna whup
Diamond Dallas Page's ass.
We're gonna be there.
Right, Gordie?
Gordie?
Gordie?
What do you want, boob?
Purple sugar slush, king-size.
That'll be \$1.26.
\$1.25. That's all I got.
That's just not good enough,
now, is it, you little boob?
You little Jimmy the King fan boob!
Jimmy King's a big fat loser!
He's a sissy in tights!
There's a lot of glare coming off
that dome of yours, squirrel nuts!
Listen, sunshine...
...I'm gonna open up a fresh can
of whup-ass on you, boy!
Bring it on!
Tag me! Tag me!
Now you're gonna get it!
You messed with
the "Macho Man" Randy Savage!
I'm gonna get you! Yeah!
Bam! Bam! Bam!
King!
One! Two! Three!
Gordie?
Whoa, serious brain freeze.
That icy sugar locked up my nog-nog.
What about me, guy?
I was thirsty too.
I'll get you a refill.
No, don't sweat it.
The guy's a moron.
Come on, I feel bad.
Hey, Gordie?
Yeah?
Why does it look like you have
your finger in your butt?
Because I do.

Jerko, what do you want?

- I need a new sugar slush.

- Why?

There's something wrong
with this one. Smell it.

That's awful.

I know.

Smells like...

- Like...

- Like my ass, right?

- Or maybe your ass. It's weird, huh?

- Like a bitter, sour ass!

Like you poured it from your butt.

I will get you another one ASAP.

- Thanks.

- It's so bad.

How could you drink that?

I struggled through most of it, but
the butt-fruit settled at the bottom.

Freeze, loafer!

Come on. Keep your hands
where I can see them.

Come on, you know the drill.

You got any stuff on you?

Whoa. What's this?

My nuts.

Listen, pal, wouldn't you rather
be on the other side of this search?

You want me to grab your nuts?

Whoa. Yeah, you too.

Come on, sweetheart. Join the party.

Keep your hands where I can see them!

Dad, you gotta cut the crap
with the shakedowns.

You're gonna be a good cop, Gordie.

It'll change your life.

Look what it's done
for your mom and your sister.

What is this crap?

Wrestling?

Wrestling's fake.

Wrestling's not fake!

I like wrestling.

Are you gonna be a wrestler?

You got trouble...
...wrestling your wee-wee out
of your trousers to take a leak.
It's not that I have trouble.
Just sometimes I don't see the point.
Gordon.
Wrestling's a game for little boys.
Police work's for men.
Come on, let's bounce.
Wrestling's for dirtbags
and lily-pickers.
You'll be back.
The badge'll be waiting!
- My dad sucks, man.
- At least you got one.
Right, sorry. It's just that he's
always on my ass about getting a job.
I mean, he's making me
take that cop exam.
- You have a job.
- I know.
I should decide what
I want to do with my life.
- That's right.
- Like Jimmy King says:
"This is America.
I can be anyone I want!"
He actually says,
"I can beat up anyone I want."
- Really?
- Yeah.
But who cares, bro?
What's tonight?
Monday Night Nitro!
Live, baby, live
Live, baby, live
This'll be awesome.
It'll be out of control.
Page vs. King
and it's not a pay-per-view?
Oh, yeah!
Hey, shit-boys!
How's the shit work?
Excuse the mess.

My aim's a little off.
I've been using the jackhammer.
All done. We did it.
Good job, Gordie.
You too.
Little too much coffee for me today.
- Don't do it.
- What?
Don't "what" me.
You know what. Don't do it.
- Friends don't do it to friends.
- Okay.
If you do it, Jimmy King'll
get hurt tonight. Don't.
Don't worry. I won't.
Gordie?
Nothing can hurt Jimmy King.
Stop it!
Gordie, stop it, please!
I'm gonna kick your ass!
Make it stop!
Sorry, man, I couldn't help it.
Sean, are you okay, man?
Sean!
Couldn't help it?
I can't help delivering a suplex!
Get off me!
Welcome to EZ Take-Out Burger.
How may I help you?
Sean wants Brittany's taco,
with cheese all over it.
Stop!
I should have smelled it was you.
What do you guys want?
Hi, Brittany, I'm sorry.
Can I please have...
...a cheeseburger maxi-meal...
- And a Brittany bare-ass buffet...
- Please! Please!
What?
He said that he wanted the Brittany...
Stop it!
- Did you say...?
- We'll pull up now.

Why?

Why don't you just ask her out?

How does my hair look?

Is it the Finesse?

You're driving a truck of ass-juice.

Don't worry about your hair.

I cannot deal with these losers.

I'm gonna work with the cheese.

Hi, Gordie.

- Sean.

- Hi, Wendy.

- Where'd Brittany go?

- She switched to cheese.

Sean, you think King's gonna put
a hurting on Diamond Dallas Page?

Yes, I most certainly do.

Hey, Brittany! How's the weather
in there? Cold today, hot tamale?

Leave me alone, loser!

Au corvair. Would a loser
have two tickets...

...to Monday Night Nitro,
live from Cheyenne, tonight?

Yes.

Brittany, listen.

Let's go out again.

We'll go out.

We won't talk about wrestling.

We'll talk about us...

You should give up on Brittany.

No way. She's my dream girl, bro.

Come on.

Well, what about Wendy?

She digs you.

No. She's too much
like one of the guys.

- That's bad?

- That's gay.

Right.

Look what I made.

Oh, wicked.

No. It stands for something.

W-W-K-D.

"What Would King Do?"

When I got a problem
and don't know what to do...
...I look down, and I look at it

and I think:

What would King do?
Man, that rocks.
I made two.
That rocks hard, man.
Mrs. MacKenzie!
Ready for that big match tonight?
Oh, yes, boys. Jimmy King is gonna
bitch-slap Diamond Dallas.
We're gonna be there.
We're going.
Get me a T-shirt.
A really tight one.
That's gross, Mrs. MacKenzie.
Freeze!
Your sister shot her first perp today.
That's nice, Gabby.
She put one shot in his right buttock.
Just doing her job.
That's great. See you guys later.
Whoa, whoa, whoa!
You better be back by 11.
You got a police admission
seminar tomorrow.
I've given that a lot of thought...
See you at 11.
Kid, move your fat head!
I can't see!
Sorry, Uncle Billy said
they were good seats.
Uncle Billy sucks!
He lost his right nut in Nam.
Kick him in his left nut
when you see him. These seats bite!
Hey, if you only have one left...
...is it still your left nut?
Let's get closer.
King's coming up.
Nitro girls, dead ahead.
There's Chae. She's the best.

Do not concur.
Sasha is the best of the best.
How you doing, Booker?
How you doing, boys?
Look, King's late again.
I don't know what to do.
I'm so sick of this shit.
- What's the finish?
- The finish is gonna be...
He'll pile-drive you, crown you,
and he's gonna get the win.
Works for me.
I'll tell the King.
Nice to see you, Billy.
Dallas, I want to talk to you.
Forget what I just told you.
Remember I told you
I'd take care of you?
Tonight's your night.
- Tonight?
- Tonight.
Works for me, bro.
Ladies and gentlemen...
...here we go with tonight's main
event for the WCWheavyweight crown.
Page vs. King! Page vs. King!
- Hell, yeah!
- Page vs. King!
Diamond Dallas Page!
It's time, folks.
It's finally here.
King vs. Diamond Dallas Page.
Come on, Diamond Dallas.
Take it like the punk bitch you are!
The King of Rock
is holding court tonight.
Here's the reigning WCW Heavyweight...
...Champion of the World:
Please welcome Jimmy King!
Behold the King!
Yeah, baby!
All night long.
Here comes Jimmy.
Look at that. With all the majesty

and flair befitting a true king.
Hello, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
We're gonna rule some ass tonight!
I want to welcome you
to the royal ass-kicking...
...of Diamond Dallas Page!
You wanna see me make
Diamond Dallas Page...
...one of my ladies
in waiting tonight?
You wanna see me take
Diamond Dallas Page...
...down into my dungeon...
...and make him my medieval
puppy-dog bitch tonight?
Yeah! That's what I thought!
- I'm the...
- Sing it, man!
I'm King of Rock
There is none higher
Sucker emcees just call me sire
To rule my kingdom
You must use fire
I won't stop rocking till I retire
I love that shit!
Look and listen
to this capacity crowd...
...and the reaction we would
expect for Titus Sinclair...
...who's in the ring.
Glad you made it.
- Boo!
- You suck, Sinclair!
For chrissake, Titus,
you're hogging my spotlight.
Your spotlight?
I invented you, you idiot.
This is mine.
You seem to have forgotten that.
Count your money, midget.
You know, Jimmy...
...you're still the same dumb trailer
hitch I discovered 14 years ago.
I just want to have

this final moment together.
The bell sounds
and the battle is underway.
What, Elvis? Won't be on time
with the rest of us?
Traffic, baby, traffic.
Come on, come on!
You're not too good today, King.
- What you got?
- Hammerlock, baby.
Good God!
The King's showing
what's made him the champion.
Ready?
Good sound effects.
Double neck-breaker.
Both men are down!
What a vicious move that is!
King goes for the cover.
He's trying for an early win.
He didn't get it.
- Three!
- You do your job, I'll do mine.
Okay, Pagey. Hip toss, baby.
Oh, did you see that elbow?
Down goes Jimmy King!
What the hell was that?
Jimmy's in trouble!
This is as vicious as we've
ever seen Diamond Dallas Page!
- What are you doing?
- Get out of my face!
Why?
Boss's orders, fat boy.
- Kick his leathery ass!
- Destroy him!
And Jimmy King is not done yet!
A pair of shots from King
has DDP on the defensive.
See you!
He broke the table!
Oh, my goodness!
King down on the floor,
trying to get up to a knee.

Come on, fat boy.
Let me help you back in. Come on.
Out of nowhere, Jimmy King with a
foreign object to the head of DDP!
King mounting the corner.
I think he's gonna
go up for the crown.
- Crown him, King!
- Prepare to be varnished!
Here's a move we've seen before.
Very familiar. Diamond Dallas...
...motioning to the crowd that
it's time for the diamond cutter.
King caught him!
That will stop anything, including
the diamond cutter, I'll tell you.
Both men down!
Wait a minute!
Here come Page's goons,
led by Sid Vicious!
They're the biggest, meanest men
in our sport, coming to help Dallas.
Watch out, King!
Power bomb by Sid Vicious on King!
The double diamond cutter!
No! No!
Toss him out!
Here they come! Finally, the King's
men have come to bail him out!
- That's right!
- Oh, yeah!
The wrestlers are surrounding King.
I don't know what's going on here.
Wait a minute.
They're all attacking Jimmy King!
They turned on him!
Sinclair must have got to them.
What's wrong with you?
DDP motioning to his goons
to head up to the top rope.
King!
This is what you get when you
suck your money down the toilet!
- You jinxed him!

- No, God, no!
- Get off of me!
- This isn't even a pay-per-view!

Four men.

There's four wrestlers
on the four corner posts.

- A four-post massacre!
- No one can survive this!

No!

It's a four-post massacre.
They all come up at the same time!
Incredible!

Come on, get up! Count him out!

Count him out!

Count it, ref.

One! Two! Three!

Ladies and gentlemen.

Your winner and new WCW...

...Heavyweight Champion

of the World:

Diamond Dallas Page!

Ladies and gentlemen.

You have witnessed the demise...

...of Jimmy King.

He will never, ever...

...fight for the WCW again.

Long live the new king
and reigning champion...

...Diamond Dallas Page!

Feel that, Jimmy?

That's your spotlight fading.

- Why?

- Why?

Why not?

You're through. I'm done with you.

Rest in peace.

Damn allergies.

Yeah, me too.

Damn stupid allergies.

Unfair, bogus allergies!

Unfair, cheating, blind ref!

Bogus Sinclair allergies!

Damn Diamond Dallas Page!

Right, Sean, let it out, man.
Damn it! Damn it! Damn it!
Our Father, who art in Heaven,
hallowed be Thy...
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done...
Oh, my God.
We made it!
We're alive!
Would that be raw sewage I'm smelling?
Yeah. I kind of
always liked the smell.
Yeah, me too.
Kind of smells like French toast.
What? French toast dipped in shit.
Damn it, Jim.
We're firemen, not janitors.
We sure as hell
aren't gonna clean this up.
Shit!
What're the odds of that?
That truck and that business were
all my dad left me when he died.
That's all I've got
to remember him by.
I'll remember my dad by the epic
beating I get for coming home late.
We got no jobs, Gordie.
State police, here I come.
I can't believe how much we suck!
Everything's changed overnight.
Yeah, but if Jimmy King
can win the title back...
- Gordie.
- What?
You heard what Sinclair said, right?
He kicked Jimmy King out of the WCW.
A lifetime ban. No rematch.
It's over, Gordie.
Jimmy King's dead, okay?
- Sean?
- What?
You think things
happen for a reason?

What could possibly
be the reason for this?
All right. Don't you think
it's a little strange...
...that we were in Cheyenne
the same day Jimmy King...
...was cheated out of his title
and banned from the WCW for life?
Don't you think it's strange that
we crashed the truck on the way home?
It's a little strange,
but what are we supposed to do?
Exactly.
What?
What would King do?
I don't know, Gordie.
What would he do?
I'll tell you.
He'd fight to make it right.
You just let me know when he
shows up and does that, okay?
There's a part of King inside me,
telling me we got one choice.
We gotta find Jimmy King.
This must've happened for a reason.
It's gotta be some kind of test.
We gotta find the King.
We gotta find the King?
You and me?
Things happen for a reason, man.
We gotta find the King.
What do you say?
How far is Atlanta from here?
Sir, it's cold.
Jerk!
- Oh, yes.
- Thank God.
Hey. We're trying to get to Atlanta.
We're headed to Daytona.
Atlanta's on our way.
Come on in, boys.
Hallelujah.
Kumbaya, my Lord
Kumbaya

Kumbaya, my Lord
Kumbaya
Michael, row your boat ashore
Alleluia
Michael, row your boat ashore
Alleluia
- Do you guys know any Van Halen?
- No.
No.
No.
Running with the devil
Running with the devil
Break it down, mama.
I live my life
Like there's no tomorrow
All I've got I had to steal
She stole it.
I don't need to beg or borrow
Yes, I'm living at a pace that kills
Running with the devil
Running with the devil
Oh, yeah
- Thank you.
- See you later.
You chicks rock!
Hey, bro, I know we just
got all this religion...
...but I got a question,
and I need a serious answer.
- Swear to God?
- Swear to God.
Did you fart in that van?
It wasn't me. Swear to God.
Me neither. Swear to God.
Oh, my God.
They were the farting nuns.
Bingo!
Let's do this.
I will rule you!
Gonna be a while.
Me and Jimmy King don't lose.
Down with King?
Big Jimmy King fan?
King is king.

Bullshit what happened.
Makes me wanna puke. But my dad
says puking's for pussies.
I puke all the time
and I'm not a pussy.
Listen, me and my associate...
...we're on a quest to find King.
You know where his mansion is?
I heard he lives in a castle.
I never seen it, though.
I could probably find it.
You can find Jimmy King?
I can find anyone on the Net.
I'll search the Web for info
on King's whereabouts.
Good. Smart.
You're the King!
- Oh, yeah? I will rule you!
- Dude.
Dude, my dad'll hear you.
Sorry, man. I'll keep it down.
Thanks.
Give it to you two times!
Sorry.
I found a site. "King, Jimmy.
Wife, Eugenia."
Hey, and you're in luck.
Here's the address.
Sir Isaac,
you've served your king well.
My loneliness is killing me
I must confess I still believe
Give me a sign
Hit me baby one more time
It's not exactly a castle.
Eugenia King?
- Jimmy King's wife?
- Yeah.
The queen.
Front and present.
We're looking for the King.
Is he home?
What are you, high?
He hasn't been home in two years.

All I got to remember him by
is an itchy crotch.
You ever seen crabs up close?
You wanna see?
- Fantastic.
- Wait, no.
I got this.
Ma'am...
...could you say who
his associates are?
Yeah. They're all scumbags.
You could try Louise.
And Louise is...?
A whore. She's a whore.
Good. Whores.
Scumbags and whores. Great.
Thank you. You've been a lot of help.
If you find him...
...tell him he owes me child support,
alimony and dental bills.
Tell him I hope his diddly turns black
and falls in the crapper.
It's the prince.
You looking for my dad?
Yeah. We're on a quest.
Prince Jimmy!
I'm Frankie.
Are you bounty hunters?
I'll help you find him
if you split the reward with me.
- Know where we can find him?
- No.
I haven't seen him for months.
Mama says he's gotta pay
for my braces...
...otherwise they're gonna
repossess them.
Nice.
My research shows he has three kids...
...two illegitimate, two wives
and has filed for bankruptcy 3 times.
This doesn't make sense!
Jimmy King wouldn't do that stuff!
It's a conspiracy, all right?

Sinclair set up King to make him
lose face in front of his own family.
And I found his parents.
Maybe they can help.
Kid's wasted his entire life.
Wrestling.
He could have been a doctor.
Well, an ambulance driver, at least.
Jimmy was never very bright.
Left school in 10th grade.
I beg to differ.
According to his authorized biography,
King worked very hard in high school.
And after you died in a plane crash,
he went to community college.
And he supported you
while he held two jobs.
I ought to kick your ass, freak!
We saw him last week.
He came and "borrowed" our motor home.
We haven't seen him since.
The big shit!
Yes. Jimmy King received a speeding
ticket, driving a motor home.
He gave them an address.
St. Francis Motor Court.
- Space 14.
- Get off the phone, you pussy!
I gotta go. My dad says yakking
on the phone is for pussies.
Let's go. That's not the King,
just some weird lady.
Oh, my God.
That's her.
I mean, that's him. That's the King.
Are you telling me the King's a queen?
There's gotta be an explanation.
But we came all this way.
He needs us.
It's another plot. A "rouge."
- King! Jimmy King?
- Yeah, baby.
Jimmy King!
- Who's there? Who's there?

- It's us.

The nice boys from the pharmacy.

Leave my husband's medicine on the top step. I'll tip you next time...

- No, no. No pharmacy.

- We're your most loyal "surgeons."

- Why are you doing this?

- It's us!

- You're a chick?

- Give me the stuff or I'll crown you!

- It's him!

- It's him! King!

Jimmy King!

We're your biggest fans.

- You're fans?

- Yeah.

I ought to break your geeky necks.

We're on a quest

to restore your throne!

- We believe in you, Jimmy King!

- Piss off!

There's hope.

See, he's got some fight left in him.

Could we come in? Five minutes

is all we ask of the King.

Please?

How much money you got?

- Thirty dollars.

- Show it to me.

Personal appearance fee.

Thirty dollars, five minutes. Enter!

- You were right.

- I told you.

Things happen for a reason.

It's a conspiracy. We know

this isn't you. You're our king.

This is a disguise. I'm hiding out from a couple of people.

You're hiding out from Sinclair.

I ain't scared of that circus freak.

You understand me?

I made that league and he knows it.

I put the butts in the seats.

- I know.

- He's done exploiting me...
...so he plots a massacre with his
sissies and kicks me out for good.
- That's so unjust.
- That sucks.
It's not like the rest of my life
been a bowl of cherries either.
But I just try and play
the cards that's dealt me.
Keep my chin up.
Even though my wife just left me...
...and my little boy's
confined to a wheelchair.
And my mommy and daddy just passed.
We met your wife.
And she says that you left her.
Not how I remember it.
And your son's not in a wheelchair.
Your parents aren't dead anymore.
Good Lord! I am blessed!
Praise Him, in all His mercies!
Piss off! Five minutes are up.
Get out!
Wait.
- Get out!
- Wait, wait.
Can we do something for you?
We can go on a beer run, right?
We can go on a beer run for you.
Beer is good. Beer.
Get me two sixes.
You try and skip out with my money,
I'm gonna find you...
"I will find you..."
"I will find you" and...?
- "I will rule you!"
- Yeah.
Give us a "rule you," please?
- Wait, no.
- Come on!
Give us a "begone."
Yeah, please?

How about this:

Go get my damn beer,
you frigging morons!

- How are we gonna get back to Lusk?
- What do you mean?
- Knock, knock.
- Who's there?

Drunk Jimmy King in a dress.
We're out of here.
Wait, no, no. Sean, we can't.
He needs us now more than ever.
My hope...
...is that you two figured out that
I ain't the fella you came to see.
It's been a pleasure sitting with you.
Thank you for getting me
two boxes of beer.
Shut the door on your way out.
I know what's going on here.
You need to get back into the ring.
Never happen.
Sinclair created and owns
my character. It's over. Cheers.
Sinclair?
So what? You're the King.
You can beat anyone.

- Beat anyone?
- Yeah.

Y'all know it's just a show?
Best show in the world.
It's like dancing, you know?

- It's a circus show with dancing.
- Right.
- Dancing clowns.
- We got you.

Honk, honk.
A little soap opera thrown in.
This clown just got fired, that's all.
No more wrestling.
Listen to me, you dumbshits!
I ain't no king!
There never was no king!
The King is a fake creation.
I ain't a has-been. I'm a never-was.
You got it, stupid?

Now, get the hell out of my house!
I'm done with you. Get out!
Come on.
Get. Get out.
Know what I don't get?
How can you be phony
if we believe in you?
We need you, King.
Your fans need you.
We need you to rise above this
and take Sinclair down.
I wouldn't mind taking a swing
at that turd bump.
That's what we're talking about.
You'll get as many swings as you want.
I'm a little banged up.
I don't know.
Oh, please! You fought
with a broken back before.
You were paralyzed, you hopped out
of a wheelchair and whupped Canyon!
Sting broke six bones
in your neck with a bat.
In two weeks, you came back and ruled!
- Come on!
- Come on, man! This is nothing!
What's the matter?
Come on! This is nothing!
- Let go!
- Show us some of that old King!
- Let go or...
- Or what? Or what?
Or I will rule you!
Crown us!
Crown us, come on!
- Please, crown us!
- Crown us!
That was great, man!
You happy now?
Wakey, wakey, hands off snakey.
- Guess what?
- What?
Taking you up on your offer to get
one good swing at Titus Sinclair.

You're gonna pound Sinclair?
Oh, yeah. I'm driving first leg.
Here tonight, in a hard-core match...
...Sid Vicious is gonna
be locking up with Sting.
Plus in his very first title offense,
Diamond Dallas Page...
...faces none other than the Disco
Inferno. Should be interesting.
Out of the way!
- Excuse us!
- Smells like poop in here.
We're almost in position.
When we have access to Sinclair,
Gordie will call.
When you hear that, jump out
and we'll have our meeting.
Sit tight, King.
Have you back on that throne
in no time. Come on.
Here, girls.
Here, here, here.
Oh, my goodness!
- Look!
- Naked things.
The naked, naked things.
- All the naked things.
- Naked. Naked.
Oh, extra-naked.
Excuse me.
Boys.
Can I help you?
No. We were just
checking out your breasts.
We're checking the pipes in the wall.
See, they're round and large.
Well, thanks.
That was Sasha. Perhaps the
Nitro-est Nitro Girl of them all.
Mr. Page? Got 60 seconds.
I want to start tight on the belt,
then reveal us, pulling back.
About time you put it on me.
Anybody's better than Jimmy King.

Ungrateful tub of lard,
that's what he was.
I know that. You know that.
I don't get what
these kids dig about him.
Let me tell you about these kids.
They're morons.
They love who I tell them to.
"I'm Jimmy King! I will rule you!
I will reign supreme!
As soon as I finish
these here beers."
Funny?
Let's roll. We'll do it.
Five. Four. Three. Two.
Page, what do you really feel
about Jimmy King?
Yo, snapper-head, up here!
Jimmy King, he doesn't know
a wristlock from a wristwatch.
As far as being
in shape is concerned...
...that boy was so out of shape,
in the ring it was like fighting...
...a harpooned whale.
That's sweet, man. What a bum.
Jimmy King is not a...
I ain't no damn bum!
King's not in the script!
Foreign object!
Fatty just made you
his shithouse bitch!
Who are you guys?
- We're fans!
- Jimmy King's, asshole!
Get them off of me!
King!
Is that all you got?
- Do your job!
- You went down!
One. Two. Three.
The winner by pinfall, Jimmy King!
We have a new champion!
Jimmy King rules!

No!

That was unsanctioned!

And per the bylaws of the WCW,
that belt cannot be passed.

- You give me what's mine, you freak!
- You can't ambush your opponent.
- Any match, anytime, baby!
- You heard him.

Any match, anytime!

You want a match, you got one match.

- One match, you name it!
- The steel cage.

Steel cage? Done! When?

- He doesn't even have to win.
- He's not gonna win.
- No, he's gonna win.
- All you have to do is survive.

You survive and you get this belt.

Plus \$1 million!

But if he loses...

...you forfeit your crown
and never be able to wrestle again.

- It's a deal!
- You got a match, baby!

Hold on, baby. Hold the damn phones.

Ladies and gentlemen,
you heard it here.

A new first. Four weeks from tonight,
MGM Grand, pay-per-view.

- Be there!
- We're gonna reign supreme!
- Good, save it! Save that emotion!
- Save it!

Tonight we rejoice! We rejoice!

- With the King in his motor castle!
- Party!

Sasha.

Oh, my God.

I'm Gordie.

I saw you in that brawl tonight.

Pretty awesome.

Got a beer?

- Dick!
- Thanks.

I got your poster up in my room.
Really?
Which one?
Is it...
...this one? Or wait.
- That one?
- No, it's this one.
- That's my favorite.
- Me too!
You're really sweet.
And masculine.
I really like how
you stood up to Sinclair.
We did it for that guy right there.
Isn't he the best?
He's the best. There's no better.
Growing up in Cody, Wyoming,
I lived to watch Jimmy King fight.
You're from Cody? No way!
- I'm from Lusk!
- Really?
Oh, my God!
You wanna dance?
Do people think I'm sexy?
I think you're sexy, Gene.
Really I do.
But right now, I'm gonna train
for this freaking death match, baby.
A little pure protein,
send me on my way.
No goddamn way, baby!
Oh, my God.
How'd you know
where to find him?
We're in the business.
Found him in drainage tunnel 14.
He didn't want to leave.
We'll take care of him from here.
Good luck.
Do your magic.
You cannot run away.
You got a fight,
major responsibilities.
I got news for you.

I sucker-punched Page last night.
It was a fluke!
How can you say that?
We got you this far!
We're gonna get you a trainer.
Trainer?
I don't need a trainer.
I need a safe house, baby.
Or a new identity from the FBI.
Or a fast car.
Jimmy King is not scared.
Jimmy King does not back down.
Don't you get it?
Sinclair wants to kill me.
End my life.
So I'm dead and buried in the ground.
Little tiny bugs feasting on my ass.
No bugs are gonna feast on your ass!
You'll win the money and get
your belt back. That's our mission.
I'm scared, baby. I'm scared.
We can help. Sean, sing the song.
I don't want to sing.
Sing the song for Mr. King! Come on.
Jimmy King is the best wrestler
He's the best-ler
Better than all the rest-ler
- He's got class
- He's really fast
- He'll rule ass
- He'll rule that ass
Jimmy, Jimmy King
- It's not done.
- We're still working on it.
Where are you taking me?
It's a surprise. Don't worry.
Hello?
What the hell is that, baby?
I got three words for you, baby,
9-1-1.
Stifle!
Sal Bandini.
Wanna wrestle?
Sal Bandini?

This is an honor...

Tap out, son.

This is who you called about?

I've seen you.

You're big, tough. You don't

know shit about wrestling.

Always worried, what,

about TV time and endorsements?

- Well...

- Stifle. You talk too much.

Mr. Bandini, he's ready

to listen and learn.

Good. I'm just finishing up with

the local high school wrestling team.

All right, whackers, go home.

You did real good today.

But remember what I told you.

Apply pressure until

you hear cartilage snap...

...or they crap in their pants.

Come on, wuss, move it!

And you, work on that for tomorrow!

Gentlemen, step into my office.

Just take it easy.

Come on, Jimmy.

Show me one of your fancy moves.

Come on, King.

- That's not good.

- Come on. It's embarrassing.

Tap out, punk.

I seen you favor that leg.

Lesson one:

Never reveal your weaknesses.

Bite me, old man.

Right spirit.

Wrong old man to be messing with.

Tap out.

You kicked him in the face, King.

The crazy old bastard was

gonna kill me.

I think you killed him.

What?

How hard did you hit him?

He's an old man!
Only gave him a little flick.
No, you kicked him in the face.
Sal, you all right?
You all right, baby?
You know, kicking me was right.
Seeing if I was okay is wrong.

Lesson one:

till it's scraped off the road.
It's treachery.
Did you have to squash
the possum's nuts?
Stifle.
Buenos nachos, seorita.
I didn't know you spoke Spanish.
Yeah, I took it in high school.
A bunch of times.
Are you fluent?
No. I feel fine.
Got something for you.
Thanks.
Flower guy was closed,
so I picked those up for you.
Great.
Come on in.
Candles and food and everything.
Yeah. I figured, why go out?
We can stay in.
So how's training going?
Pretty good.
Got him a coach, he's starting
to listen. Things are looking up.
A coach? Really?
Do I know him?
Sal Bandini. You heard of him?
No, I don't think I know him.
He's old school.
Yeah, he's a real pro.
Kind of been training alongside him...
...so picking up some really,
really awesome moves.
Awesome moves, huh?
I'd love you to show me

your awesome moves.
Show me what you got, big boy.
Well, I got some moves for you.
Are you sure?
I'm sure.
That was a snap-mare.
Take me to the bedroom.
I meant, why don't we wrestle in here?
Bedroom match.
I'd love to wrestle you in here.
Give it to me, big boy.
I will now unveil my...
...secret weapons.
Foreign objects!
Oh, God!

Dear Dad:

Sean and I are helping Jimmy King
reclaim his lost glory.
King's a good man who just
seems to have lost his way.
Also, Dad, I met this
really, really sweet girl.
And I'm not a virgin anymore.
Sorry about missing
the state trooper's exam.
I'm sure there's another one coming up
that you can force me to take.
Respectfully, Gordon.
Sweetie, I don't think King needs
any other wrestlers.
- I think it's a bad idea.
- You think so, boopie?
Maybe we shouldn't do it.
Boopie thinks it's a bad idea.
We shouldn't do it.
I think that boopie
should keep her mouth shut.
- Don't talk to boopie like that.
- I'm telling you...
...I have a terrible vibe
about this whole thing.
Listen. You need a posse of guys
who are gonna support you.

There he is. Come on.
Oh, hey, Big Bill!
Goldberg, what are you doing?
I didn't know you were in town.
You're looking good.
What's going on? Why are you here?
I'm doing Letterman.
What are you doing here?
Preparing for your execution?
- You think I have no chance?
- Get real.
Sinclair's pissed off,
and he'll make an example out of you.
Face it. You're a second-rate
wrestler and a third-rate man.
You're still sore about
that spot I blew in Akron.
You were drunk.
I'm sorry. I was having
terrible back spasms that day.
You puked on me.
The audience liked it.
I was your partner!
I made you. If it wasn't for me,
you'd be nothing.
Yeah?
Damn.
Mr. Goldberg, that was a nice throw.
How you doing?
We represent Mr. King
in his upcoming pay-per-view.
You are the mack. You are it, man!
His majesty needs you in the corner.
Look, I used to look up to Jimmy
just like you two.
But the fact is, he let me down.
I know. I know. King lost his way.
But he has seen the light.
He's a changed man.
The change is coming!
Please, for a second...?
Whatever's happened in the past
is the past.
But ultimately,

he's your friend, right?
And you can't turn your back
on a friend. Right?
Sorry, guys.
The fact is, I work alone.
That's him.
Sal Bandini. Want to wrestle?
Who's your daddy, bitch?
Who sent you?
Sinclair.
He wants you to stay away from King.
You tell your boss
I'll train whoever I want.
I'm so sorry, Gordie.
It's not your fault, Sasha.
Poor Sal.
Mr. Bandini's a tough old man.
But he'll have to stay here a while.
He's got multiple injuries.
Any questions?
- Can we see him?
- Sure.
I'm gonna get him a Butterfinger.
I have to use the little girls' room.
Can I have a Butterfinger too?
It's over.
It's done.
Now can I please get out of here?
Sasha, take it easy.
You did good.
Titus, I'm wasting my time
at the hospital.
Poor guy should be in the morgue
after what you guys did.
Who do you wuv?
I wuv you.
Now, please, just get me out of here.
Bandini guy's like
100 years old, anyway.
But tell that to
Saturn and Sid Vicious over here.
Morons.
You did great.
So how does head Nitro Girl sound?

My balls are in my throat...
...my prostate is the size
of a melon...
...and I'm crapping tapioca.
I feel like a kid again.
Don't worry about me.
Sit down. Sit down.
Listen to me.
And this is the final lesson.
Always attack a man's strengths.
I think he means weaknesses.
No, I mean strengths.
No one ever expects you to attack
the strongest part of the fort.
Up the middle.
That's where the action is.
And it's the same in life.
Look, I know you got demons.
But don't run away.
Attack them head on as
they're coming to you full speed.
Because that, my friend...
...is living.
Got something for you, Sal.
My favorite!
- Thank you.
- Can we do anything for you?
Get out of town.
This place is no good for a wrestler.
Get back to basics.
I know a place we can do that.
Oh, man!
This town turned my head around.
Forgot our mission,
what was important.
You know what? I'll do what it takes
from here on out to get the job done.
Yes, you are. And I am too.
We're gonna get you that belt back.
Man, I don't know, baby.
What?
What?
What's the matter?
What did Sal just say?

It's about what's in here!
Dude...
...you just crushed
my Butterfinger, baby.
Butterfinger?!
Get in the van now, okay?
Sorry.
Sorry, I had to make a call.
How's Sal?
- He's gonna make it.
- Oh, good.
That's more than I can say for us.
What's going on?
We're going back to basics.
To find our heart.
Well, can I come?
No. Because you don't have one.
I can't believe I met Goldberg.
That's cool, you know?
I know you don't wanna talk
about your fallout...
You're right. I don't.
- Look, I just...
- Mind your own business, all right?
Where we going, King?
There's something I gotta do.
Hello, Eugenia.
Jimmy King.
You are a bastard!
Let me help you up.
I guess I deserved that.
I just had to kick you
in the diddly again.
Jesus!
Oh, the humanity. Make it stop.
How's your diddly?
Hope I broke it.
It's definitely bruised.
What the hell you thinking,
coming back here?
I'm not exactly sure.
I think that the King
is ready to be a man.
Well, how does it feel?

Like Richard Petty ran a stock car
into my balls...
...going 400 miles an hour.
Well, look what the rat puked up.
Oh, Jesus.
You mean "cat," son, don't you?
I ain't your son.
Frankie...
...I came to say I was sorry.
Too late!
Jesus, look at that grill!
I mean, no, son. How you doing?
It's good to see...
Eugenia, please.
I'm sorry that I took off on you...
...when I should've been
taking care of you.
Really. I'm really sorry.
You can fry ice in hell, you bastard!
What's the good in saying you're sorry?
What are you gonna do about it?
What am I gonna do?
Well, I'm gonna get that belt back.
I'm gonna win \$1 million.
I'm gonna pay off all my debts.
I'm gonna do the right thing by you.
That's what I'm gonna do.
And by God, I'm gonna get that boy
a damn good dentist.
Yo, Sean!
Wyoming! We're home, baby.
We're home, baby. Wyoming.
No place like home.
I can breathe out here.
Approach the vehicle, son.
Hi, Dad.
No back talk.
No excuses.
Just get in the car.
- What'd he do?
- Nothing.
You're gonna be a cop, little mister.
No skimpy outfits,
no touching other men.

But I'm destined for other things.
I'm following my dream.
Well, your dream is stupid!
Just because it's your dream doesn't
make it right or noble or whatever.
Charlie Manson was
following his dream.
Joe Stalin, Michael Bolton...
You get my point?
That's a 211, breaking and entering.
Gordie, come on.
We need you, brother. Let's go.
Gordie, we need you, baby.
I need you.
I need you in my corner, man.
I need you to help me pick my posse.
I don't know if I can do this
without you.
- Really?
- Yeah.
You do?
I need you to help us go down to Vegas
and rule ass! Let's go!
Let's begone!
I can't.
I gotta study for this cop exam.
My dad...
It's your dream.
It's your dream. Come on.
My dream's stupid.
Time for me to get rid of
all this junk.
You know, get rid of all my childish
things. Time for me to grow up.
We've come all this way.
Why are you giving up on me now?
I'm sorry.
I can't.
You guys better get out of here.
My dad'll shoot you.
He will.
Next, please.
Hell, everybody knows
wrestling's fake.

That feel fake?

We are Satan's Siamese twins!

You guys aren't really

Siamese twins, are you?

Sorry.

Oklahoma, where the wind goes

Sweeping down the plains

Where the waving wheat

Sure smells sweet

Aren't these the auditions

for Oklahoma?

Oklahoma, okay

Okay, Dawkins, who's left?

First, Fireman Fred.

I'm Fireman Fred,

and I'm gonna hose you!

Those are good, right?

Next, this is The Chewer.

Come on. Last, but not least...

...this is Kitty.

Hi, darling, I'm afraid we need to

take people who can help us in Vegas.

My friends, they call me Pretty Kitty.

What's she gonna do,

boob them to death?

How you feeling, big guy?

- I feel pretty good.

- Good.

Haven't felt this good in a long time.

Good. Keep it up.

You ready for Vegas tomorrow?

Yeah.

I wish Gordie was coming.

Me too.

Thank you.

Thank you.

Thank you very much.

See you, now. Bye-bye.

Hey, Sean.

I saw you on TNT.

What was New York like?

It was good. It was fun.

You know, but I'm not much

of a big-city fella.

My heart's right here in Lusk.
I'll see you, okay?
Excuse me.
Hi, Wendy.
I couldn't stop thinking about
how you were always nice to me.
And I was thinking I should've been a
lot nicer back. I got you something.
Thank you, Sean.
Like it?
It's the greatest.
I have a gift for you too.
Come here.
Really wish I could go with you,
but I can't.
I'm sorry.
I feel like I let you down.
I understand. Really, I do.
And I want to tell you something.
No matter what happens in Vegas...
...I can't thank you enough
for what you did for me.
All right?
Good luck to you, now.
You take care of yourself.
Wait! Stop the car!
Good luck, King!
- You all right?
- Totally.
- I just want to say good luck.
- Thank you.
- I'll see you at the restaurant.
- Definitely.
- Good luck.
- Thank you.
I'll totally be thinking of you. Bye!
Listen to me very carefully.
If you plan to have
any future at all...
...in my business...
...you will not allow Jimmy King...
...to reach that belt.
What?
Excuse me, Mr. Sinclair?

They're ready.
Thank you.
I will kill you if you fuck this up.
Looking good, baby.
Thank you. You're looking good.
Am I?
Are you ready?
Hell, yeah.
Ladies and gentlemen...
- Why did you drag me here?
- Because he sent the tickets.
And welcome to One-Man Suicide!
Tonight the WCW belt...
...is on the line!
One million dollars is on the line!
And one man's life...
...is on the line!
Jimmy King!
You want the belt?
Come on down and get it!
It's on top of the cage of death.
Which is on top of another cage.
Which is yet on top of another cage!
Three cages...
...two warriors...
...one belt.
Triple cage.
Come on down.
Ladies and gentlemen, it's time...
...for the WCW Royal Bash main event...
...for the Heavyweight Championship
of the World!
Coming to the ring first,
from Marietta, Georgia...
Okay, baby, triple cage.
You watch my back.
Keep that posse on standby.
Jimmy King!
Watch out for the pyro!
What was that?
What was that last thing?
Oh, my God, I'm on fire! I'm melting!
I'm melting!
Sweet Jesus, I'm melting!

I said, "Watch out for the pyro."
And now, making his entrance
to the ring...
...DDP...
...Diamond Dallas Page!
I heard Sal was just too beat up
to make the trip.
And now the triple cage is
in place and ready.
The challenger and champion are ready.
Are we ready?
For the thousands in attendance...
...and the millions watching
around the world...
...ladies and gentlemen...
...we are...
...ready to rumble!
See you in hell.
There's the opening bell. You can feel
the electricity and the emotion...
...in this great arena.
Come on, let's do this!
You can't spit!
Yeah, that's it!
Oh, jeez, God, that's bad.
Come on, King.
Let me give you a hand, buddy.
Page!
You idiot! That stuff doesn't work.
A diamond upside down is a pussy!
- Come on, King!
- Son of a bitch!
King positioning the ladder
in the ring.
Hurry up! Come on!
He's headed up to the second cage.
Get him now!
Who are these two guys that are
coming out? That's Juventud Guerrero.
Juventud Guerrero just
drop-kicked the ladder!
Who's that other masked wrestler?
- The crown!
- King's going for the crown!

Come on, King.
Smack him around like
a toothless crack whore!
Everybody out here now!
All of you, let's go! Come on!
Four men are coming out.
Of course, it's DDP's goons.
Look out, Jimmy!
Yeah, baby! That's it!
That's what I'm talking about!
Don't, Dad, don't!
Don't do it, Dad.
Why did Jimmy King stop?
What's going on here?
He just stopped in his tracks.
Son?
Jesus, what the hell are you doing?
Paying you back!
Now Jimmy King's the recipient
of a horrible beating.
And it all started with his own son.
Yeah, baby!
Here comes relief.
Look, it's Goldberg.
It's the Disco Inferno...
...Kidman and Booker T.!
There's no way they can
get through the gate.
Mike, what is this?
What's this right here?
- Get him good!
- You want to turn that crap off?
My son almost threw away a career
for that nonsense.
Your son's starting a career
with that nonsense.
Hit him, hit him.
Come on. You can do it.
Come on, King!
Son of a bitch!
Get up and get that belt!
That's my best friend.
He's not really a cop, though.
Harpoon his ass!

That's my boy!
Nice spear, kid.
Who you calling "kid"?
You hear me?
Go in there and get them!
Jimmy King has made his way
up to the second cage.
You have the right to an attorney!
If you cannot...
- Good to have you back, brother!
- Good to be back, brother.
Did you check it out?
Do you like my deal?
You're such the Ponch!
Gordie, you look great
in that uniform.
And the fans love you.
I think we should get back together.
I could never forgive you
for what you did to Sal.
You're a mean lady.
Shut up, Sean!
You shouldn't...
- stand so close to the ring
when there's a ladder match going on.
Now both Diamond Dallas Page
and Jimmy King...
...have made it up to the second cage.
The further you get up,
the tougher it is...
...and they are wasting each other.
Can you imagine the intensity?
This thing has turned into
a hard-core street fight.
DDP is headed up. He's made his way
into cage number three.
He just sent Jimmy King down
all the way to cage number one!
It's Sting! He nailed
Diamond Dallas Page!
What are you doing, freak?!
Sting is helping Jimmy King!
Can you believe this?
This is a shocker!

Jimmy King's all right by me.
You love Jimmy King.
I love Jimmy King.
We're men.
And we're not afraid to say
that we love other men.
I love you.
Me too, man. Hit me! My turn!
It's even. It's back to square one.
They're fighting their way up
the side of the cage toward the top.
Who the hell are you fighting for?
Me!
You got it, King! You got it!
Come on!
Diamond Dallas Page has taken
a horrible fall!
He's down!
Yeah! Come on, buddy!
And Jimmy King has the belt!
He did it!
Jimmy King is the champion!
Yeah, baby!
You did it!
Yeah! That's right!
What a struggle, what a battle!
Jimmy King has overcome all the odds,
Mike! He's the champion!
You suck, Sinclair!
Get out of here!
What are you talking about?
I made wrestling! Me!
I made them all!
You didn't make wrestling!
We made wrestling!
Yeah, geek.
The people, the fans made wrestling.
We want King! We want King!
In the most amazing battle ever
witnessed, ladies and gentlemen...
...the undisputed WCW
Heavyweight Champion of the World:
Jimmy King!
You regained the heavyweight title.

What about tag-team belts?
Any thoughts about unification?
Excuse me. Jimmy, looks like
you need a tag-team partner.
What do you say?
Bill, I appreciate it. Really, I do.
But I think I already got me
a tag-team partner out here somewhere.
Where is he?
There he is. That's him right there.
My new tag-team partner.
That's Gordie Boggs, a.k.a. The Law!
I will bust you!
That's it! That's it!
Right here's our new manager...
...Sean "Sugar Daddy" Dawkins!
I love you, Sean!
I love Sean!
So you see...
...dreams can come true.
Yeah, but it was a one-time deal.
Like you'll really manage King,
and Gordie's gonna wrestle.
Can you say it now?
I'm your bitch and you're my daddy?
Rolled right off his tongue.
That should teach you
to be nice to kids.
Gentlemen...
...we've gotta go.
God bless America!
You like Samoan butt sex?
There's a lot of glare coming off
of that dome of yours, anus-breath!
There's a lot of glare coming off
of that dome of yours, booger-face!
I know. It smells like you poured it
right from your butt.
Smells like you poured it
right from your butt. Sorry.
Wait, I forgot the line.
Now I'm gonna get you!
Oh, shit, man!
Michael got himself a whore

Sorry.

That was quite a thrill.

How you...?

That's my hand. It's broken now.

Come on, this is nothing!

You remember when Macho Man

threw you off the rail?

Go. Start again.

Come on, this is nothing!

You remember when Macho Man

threw you off the rail?

No, that's bad. One more time.

Come on, this is nothing!

- Sorry.

- Shut up.

Yeah, and he broke five ribs
and dislocated your shoulder...

...but you broke...

You broke five ribs

and dislocated your shoulder!

You still came back to whip all three!

He's worthless.

He can't do it.

Breasts. Jugs. Hooters.

I can't stop looking at them!

Terrifying.

Oh, the humanity!