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EXT. UNDER A HIGHWAY BRIDGE - DAY

A group of casually dressed individuals gather around a square table with two chairs across from each other. Some of the audience are sitting in folding chairs and others stand.

JAMES (mid 20's) wears a double breasted sports coat and a long jacket, and stands next to ADAM (also mid 20's) who is dressed in similar attire.

JAMES

I can't believe this guy made it all the way to the semis.

ADAM

From what I've heard he's been training pretty hard.

JERRY (35) wears a sweat suit, with the hood pulled over his head. He is skinny but strong, built like a runner. Behind a chair around the table, he runs in place, throws punches, and avoids ghost punches, as he waits for the match to begin.

JAMES

Well, it's certainly paid off. He's half the size of some of these guys.

Jerry's trainer comes over to him and asks...

TRAINER

Are you ready.

JERRY

This guy doesn't scare me.

Jerry's opponent, BROCK, emerges from the crowd. He is huge--twice the size of Jerry--and bald, but it might just be shaved, and he has a goatee.

Brock stands in front of his chair, with his arms crossed, towering over Jerry, who doesn't seem to be scared.

CROWD MEMBER #1

Let's go, Brock!

CROWD MEMBER #2

I got 5 big ones on you, man. Don't let me down.

A referee steps forward from the crowd. He wears a black and white striped shirt and has a whistle around his neck.

He motions the two players to take their seats at the table.

When both competitors are sitting the difference in size really comes into perspective. Jerry looks forward and sees Brocks chest, and Brock's forearm is about the size of Jerry's head.

ADAM

I do not see this ending well for Jerry.

REFEREE

Alright boys, let's have a good clean fight. No twisting the wrist, no kicking under the table, no biting, and elbows on the table the whole match. Are we clear.

JERRY

Crystal clear.

BROCK

I know the rules. Lets get it on.

Jerry and Brock look like they are about to shake hands, but instead they grab each other's hands, and get ready to arm wrestle.

CROWD MEMBER #2

You got this, Brock! Show him whose boss.

The Referee holds Jerry's and Brock's hands at even center.

REFEREE

Left side ready?

JERRY

Ready.

REFEREE

Right side ready?

BROCK

Oh yeah!!

The referee blows his whistle and lifts his hand. The match begins.

CROWD MEMBER #2

Tear his arm out.

CROWD MEMBER #1

Beat him. Crush him. Kill Him.

For a moment Jerry puts up a decent fight. He forces Brock hand back about 3 inches. Brock lets out a war cry.

BROCK

You ain't got nothing, Toothpick!

With a surge of energy Brock forces Jerry's relenting arm onto the table.

The crowd erupts with cheers. Everyone but Adam and James rush to Brock, pat him on the back, and wish him a good job.

CROWD MEMBER #1

I knew you had it in you.

CROWD MEMBER #2

You're the man, Brock.

Jerry sits at the chair letting defeat sink in.

Adam and James look at one another, then at Jerry. They have nothing but respect for this man.

Filled with admiration, Adam and James begin a slow clap. At first, as the claps are still quiet and spaced by about a second each, people start to look at them funny.

As the claps grow faster and louder a few members of the crowd join in.

As more of the audience join in, the claps grow into more of an applause.

After a moment crowd members #1 and #2 join in, and lastly Brock himself begins to clap.

Jerry looks up and realizes what the applause is for. He smiles.

Brock stands up, and offers Jerry a hand shake. Jerry accepts it, as the applause breaks out into a full standing ovation.

BROCK

You are a great competitor, Jerry

JERRY

You too, Brock. Good luck in the finals.

BROCK

Thanks.

Jerry gets up and acknowledges the audience. He waves, and half bows.

He grabs his gym bag from his trainer, and walks towards his car as the applaud starts to dies down

BROCK (CONT'D)
Hey, Jerry.

Jerry turns back to Brock.

BROCK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I called you Toothpick.

JERRY
Don't worry about it, Brock. Don't
you worry about it one bit.

Jerry's trainer opens the car door for Jerry, then goes around to the driver side. Jerry looks out the window at the group of spectators. He catches eyes with James and Adam, and smiles at them.

The car drives off, and the next semifinal match begins between two guys Brock's size.

The End