

"Super Fight Camp"

By

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COLD OPEN

A MONTAGE OF VARIOUS CLIPS FROM THE SERIES:

OVER THE MONTAGE WE HEAR:

NARRATOR (V.O)

The Super Fight Championship boasts some of the most skilled, talented, and deadliest fighters on the planet. They've all moved onto better things now, but what we're left with is pretty good fighters delivering OK fights. But now we've opened the door to the world and invited eight mixed martial artists to battle it out to become the next fighter to grace the octagon. They will live together and train together, until only one is left standing to be named the Super Fight Camp winner. Split into teams of four and coached by two seasoned heavyweight veterans in Tim Di Marco...

TIM TALKING HEAD

TIM

(late 30's; New Yorker)

It's gonna be a war. I'm not a very good coach so I really hope these guys already have the pre-requisites to be good fighters. If not I can't see Team Tim coming away with the big V to be honest.

NARRATOR (V.O)

...And Clint Westwood.

CLINT TALKING HEAD

CLINT

(30's; Mississippi origin)

I'm looking forward to meeting the guys and seeing what I've got to work with. I heard a lot about these fighters, none of it's been very good, but I'm looking forward

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLINT (cont'd)
to seeing if any of its true and
getting paid to shout at people a
lot.

INT. GYM - DAY

MMA gym with a cage in the middle. Approximately twenty or so bored looking spectators watch a fight in progress. Amongst them owner, GEOFF BLACK, dressed for business. Besides him his assistant CHUCK ABBOT, smaller, glasses. Also present are ring girls JANINE RUSSO, 20's, drinking problem, unattractive. BRENDA MACDONALD, late thirties, pockets of fat hanging off her. None of them display the usual glamour of ring girls but are dressed in next to nothing.

GEOFF & CHUCK

GEOFF
How long left in this round?

CHUCK
(looks at watch)
A minute I think.

GEOFF
How long's that dude been lying on
that other dude?

CHUCK
Erm that would be four minutes...I
think.

GEOFF
Jesus.

CAGE

BOBBY MARCH, overweight, no muscle tone, all fat, lays on top of another fighter. The fighter's eyes are gone, struggling for breath.

GEOFF & CHUCK

GEOFF
This is not what I had in mind when
I started this.

(CONTINUED)

CHUCK

It's out first one. It'll get better.

GEOFF

Better? Have you seen the ring girls the agency sent us?

JANINE & BRENDA

Brenda is filing her nails. Janine holds up a mirror plucking small hairs from under her nose.

GEOFF (CONTD) (O.S)

They're so bad they threw one in for free.

CHUCK (O.S)

Which one?

GEOFF (O.S)

It doesn't fucking matter which one.

Brenda sneezes mucus into her hand. Not knowing where to dispose it, she "plays" with her hair.

GEOFF & CHUCK

CHUCK

Why are they so old?

GEOFF

That's you with your fucking budgets and financial control. I said I wanted hot ring girls. Every championship has hot ring girls. People see this and think they've tuned into a bad episode of Maury Povich.

CHUCK

(jokes)

He the baby daddy.

GEOFF

Not now. I'm not in the mood.

(re: fight)

Why isn't the ref doing anything? There's like no action.

CAGE

(CONTINUED)

Despite no movement of the fighters whatsoever, the ref eagerly pounces from side to side ready to move in.

GEOFF & CHUCK

GEOFF
What's his name?

CHUCK
The ref?

GEOFF
Why would I give a fuck what the ref's name is? Free Willy over there.

CHUCK
(scans clipboard)
Bobby. Bobby March.

GEOFF
God this is fucking awful and it's the best fight yet. Nobodies gonna tune in to watch gay humping.

CHUCK
Gays? Might open new doors for us.

GEOFF
(shouts to ref)
Hey ref, stand em up...CUMON

CAGE

The ref just keeps bouncing. Eventually the clapper goes for the end of the round. Bobby gets up. His compatriot looks flattened but doesn't move.

GEOFF (O.S)
Is he dead?

Ref checks the laid out fighter. No signs of life so he waves fight over. The fighter shows no life as paramedics rush in. Bobby walks around the rings hands aloft in victory.

BOBBY
(pumped)
Yeah! Ain't nobody gonna beat this.
I'm the greatest.

GEOFF & CHUCK

(CONTINUED)

GEOFF

Yeah well done fatty. You believe
this guy?

Chuck just shrugs.

INT. GYM - LATER

Emptied out gym. Chuck and Geoff stand together as the eight winning fighters file and line up in front of them. They include, Bobby March, JIM CRANE, Australian, drunkard mess of a man. BRADY FREEMAN, all American Christian fanatic. DARREN BURGESS, British with bad teeth. MILES HOWARD, Afro-American, tiny, dwarf of a man, war veteran. CJ DULWICH, white conservative trailer trash with a ponytail. PEDRO SANCHEZ, Latino-American, and LEANDRO SILVA, intimidating Brazilian with homosexual overtones.

Heavyweights so weigh between 206-265 lbs. None of them look fighter-fit - Bobby March and Jim Crane the worst of them.

GEOFF

(quietly to Chuck)

Are these really the best eight?

CHUCK

They won.

GEOFF

I know they won, but we couldn't
find a better pool to start with?

CHUCK

They're the only ones who
applied...whaddaya want?

GEOFF

I wanted fighters Chuck...not diet
dodgers.

The fighters lined up. Geoff & Chuck still go at it.

GEOFF (CONTD)

Is it too late to pull the plug?
This'll make us look bad. We can
pull the plug.

CHUCK

We can't pull the plug, we've
invested too much now.

(CONTINUED)

GEOFF
We can pull the plug.

CHUCK
Sssh. Geoff no.

GEOFF
I'll get another loan. Cover the expenses.

CHUCK
We already paid for the house up-front. You know how much that cost?

GEOFF
How much?

CHUCK
It doesnt matter now. We're here. Talk to them, for fucks sake the cameras are rolling.

GEOFF
(reluctantly; to fighters)
Guys. Well done on getting through to the house. You eight men are the best....non-losers of your respective bouts so will spend the next six weeks training with each other, socializing together, eating together, cooking together, sleeping together...well you get the point...it's gonna be a tough six weeks...the toughest thing you'll ever do...I hope you're ready.

Jim puts his hand up.

GEOFF
Jim yes.

JIM
(thick Australian accent)
What about me Sir? I'm married to my wife.

GEOFF
What's your point?

JIM

Well she's a bit of a "tard". I have to wait on her hand and foot.

GEOFF

Sorry tard? I don't it..

JIM

Sorry retard. Yeah she's in a wheelchair.

GEOFF

This will absolutely be tougher.

JIM

(to fighters around him)
Tougher than being married to a 'tard'? Fuck.

Miles puts his hand up.

GEOFF

Alright well this wasn't supposed to be question time, but yes Miles.

MILES

I just came back from a tour of Afghanistan, it gonna be tougher than that?

GEOFF

You bet your ass.

MILES

Really?

GEOFF

Yeah.

MILES

Afghanistan?

GEOFF

Sure.

Chuck nods along agreeably.

MILES

I nearly died when my unit lost communication in the middle of Baghdad.

(CONTINUED)

CHUCK
Isn't Baghdad in Iraq?

MILES
No.

CHUCK
I think it is.

MILES
(agressive)
You tryin-a tell me I don't know
where I be at?

Chuck recoils.

GEOFF
It will be harder than that.

MILES
I watched two of my men get blown
up by a suicide A-Rab. I was stuck
in a rabbit hole for four days,
sleeping in my own shit.

GEOFF
That is pretty fucked up. Well OK
for all of you with the exception
of Miles, this will be the toughest
six weeks of your life.
(beat; to Miles)
What did you eat?

MILES
You really wanna know?

Geoff looks to Chuck for counsel. He shakes his head.

GEOFF
No.

Jim puts his hand up again.

GEOFF (CONTD)
(patience thinning)
Jim!

JIM
Well alluding to my previous point
really. I'm just not sure you're
really grasping how difficult it is
being married to a retard.

(CONTINUED)

GEOFF

No I do not...you're right.

JIM

Well it's not easy. I've had to leave her alone in Oz sat next to a toaster and two months supply of pop tarts.

GEOFF

Look it doesn't matter.

JIM

(offended)

It matters to her.

GEOFF

No that's not what I meant.

JIM

(realizes something)

Now that you keep bringing her up, I've just realized I haven't even made provisions for her to number one or number two. God knows what misery I'll be going back to when I'm done here.

GEOFF

No the overall point I was making wasn't that--

JIM

Do you know how humiliating it is for her? Before I left she had one request, and that was to feel like a proper woman...you know what I did?

GEOFF

Is this relevant?

JIM

I think so.

GEOFF

Alright well you're gonna tell me.

JIM

I came in a cup and threw it over her.

(CONTINUED)

GEOFF

Excuse me?

JIM

That's right. I came in a cup, and tossed it over her. Cos that's the kind of man I am. I'm a good husband to a beautiful wife.

Now Geoff double face palms.

GEOFF

Alright it's not tougher than being married to a...

(struggles to say the word)

CHUCK

Retard.

JIM

(calms)

Thank you. That's all I wanted.

JIM & BRADY

BRADY

What's up with your woman man?

JIM

Nothing really...she's just a fat cow.

BRADY

I'll pray for her.

JIM

Nah don't...I like her that way.

BACK TO SCENE

LEANDRO

(Brazilian accent; no irony)

I grew up in a favela. I was shot four times before I was ten years old and everyday I had to go seven miles for some clean water with no shoes. Is it tougher than that?

Geoffs drained.

GEOFF

Bring out the fucking coaches.

Tim and Clint walk out to some applause from the fighters.

(CONTINUED)

GEOFF (CONTD)

Alright we've taken the liberties of splitting the teams for you. So on Tim's team, we have Jim Crane, Brady Freeman, Darren Burgess and Miles Howard.

The four join Tim, shake his hand & receive a jersey. They put it on. Emblazened is the logo: "TIT".

BRADY

Is this a joke?

TIM

Apologies guys, that's a typo. We're gonna clear that right up. You boys are not "Team Tit". But don't worry they got Clint's jersey all fucked up too.

GEOFF

And so it remains on Clint's team we have CJ Dulwich, Bobby March, Pedro Sanchez and Leandro Silva.

They receive their jerseys but on reading the logo they groan and are reluctant to put it on.

GEOFF (CONTD)

You gotta put em on boys.

CJ

Cumon man. I aint no--

BOBBY

Hey I am not no...one of these. I object.

CHUCK

We're sorry. We didn't know the guy at the printers, it was his last day. He wanted to go out with a bang or something. Don't worry it didn't cost us a thing.

BOBBY

Well fuck you very much...had me worried for a second.

MILES

Since when did we refer to Team names by first name anyhow?

(CONTINUED)

GEOFF

We're being revolutionary. Now just
put em on.

They put them on. The jerseys are emblazoned "CLIT". Team
Tim snigger quietly trying not to laugh.

CLINT

Now we all know y'all are no clits.
I would not coach a bunch of clits,
so get the clit reference out of
your mind. We don't wanna start
with a mental disadvantage.
Remember, the other teams a bunch
of tits so we ain't got nothing to
be afraid of.

GEOFF

Alright Team Clit...CLINT. I meant
Clint...and Team T...Tim...you'll
be going to the house now. And once
again congratulations and do
yourself proud. You only get one
chance at this so don't blow it.

They all clap and whoop.

INT. FIGHTERS HOUSE/HALLWAY

The eight men boisterously charge into the house. In awe of
the large house complete with a pool table & outdoor pool.
Various references to the fancy surroundings.

BRADY

Oh man this is sweet.

PEDRO

Hunny, I'm home.

JIM

Hey Leandro, is this what your
favelas are like?

BOBBY

Goddamn it's like a hotel but you
get to sleep in it.

INT. KITCHEN

Bobby runs to the fridge. Almost bursts with excitement.

BOBBY
Guys, guys. You see how much
fucking food they stacked up in
here?

He clambers around the cupboards, excitement growing with each discovery of more food.

BOBBY (CONTD)
Holy shittttt.

BRADY
The good lord has certainly blessed
us.

BOBBY
Fucking A he has.

Jim enters the kitchen.

JIM
Hey what's the alcohol situation?

Opens fridge.

JIM (CONTD)
I don't see any beer. There's no
fucking beer.

BOBBY
(re: cupboard)
In here.

Jim rushes over.

JIM
It's bloody warm.

BOBBY
Put it in the freezer.

JIM
Good idea.

Jim gets to it.

JIM
(to Brady)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIM (cont'd)

Oy Brady. Thank Jeebus for the warm fucking beers from me. Tell him to get his finger out in future.

BRADY

The lord is complicated Jim. Beers aren't top of his agenda.

JIM

Can I have a copy?

Jim puts the beers in the fridge.

CJ

Sorry?

JIM

The agenda. Can I have a copy?

CJ

Well there's no physical--

JIM

There's...there's...there's no physical agenda...cos you've just made it up you moron.

Jim leaves.

INT. LIVING AREA

Miles and Darren sifts through some DVD's by the TV.

MILES

This'll pass some of the downtime. They got some good ones.

DARREN

Swingers. Love that film.

MILES

Things to do in Denver...very nice.

DARREN

They got Best of the Best? Any Bruce Lee films? Get some pre-fight tips.

(CONTINUED)

MILES

In how to pull your groin?

They share a laigh.

MILES (CONTD)

Nah man...Dirty dancing, Sleepless
in Seattle...Oh snap, White Chicks.

DARREN

Never saw that one...but the twins
in it are hot.

Miles comes to one DVD and begins repeatedly screaming.

DARREN (CONTD)

Miles, Miles mate, what's up?

No good. Miles fixed on this DVD continues.

Spotting the DVD Darren takes it out of his hand. CLOSE ON
'Full Metal Jacket'. Instantly Miles stops and returns to
normal oblivious.

DARREN (CONTD)

What the fuck. What was that?

MILES

What?

DARREN

That. That mental screaming. What's
up with you?

MILES

Whatcha on about man?

DARREN

You fucking nutter. You just blew
my eardrums screaming.

MILES

What? Don't be stoopid.

Miles gets up to leave.

MILES (CONTD)

Why everywhere I go people always
talking about screaming and shit.

INT. BEDROOM

Topless with rucksack and beer in hand, Jim chooses a bed and puts belongings beside it. As he does he spills beer on the bed. Looks around. Nobody in sight. He moves his belongings to another bed.

JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM

Why am I here? Well I need the money more than anything. Don't have much talent, or any skills, or any qualifications or a family, or a wife. No wait I have the last one. But can't make any money off her. She's far too fugly. The only thing I know how to do is fight. I didn't always this body of Zeus so why not make the most of it whilst I'm on top of my game. So figured I'd come here and see what all the fuss is about. Looking around at the competition...yeah I'd say I've got a good shot.

INT. BEDROOM

CJ is posting pictures of his children above his bed. Pedro is lying on the next bed. Brady approaches.

BRADY

These your children?

CJ

Yup. These my babies.

Approximately ten pictures have gone up.

BRADY

(jokes)

Building up quite the montage huh. You know you only need the one pic for each kid.

CJ

I know. I am.

(CONTINUED)

BRADY

Uh-huh.

Leandro approaches.

LEANDRO

Hey man. Your kids?

CJ

Yup.

LEANDRO

Who are these women above the kids?

CLOSE ON pictures. Babies are grouped with a different woman above each respective group.

CJ

These are my baby mommies.
Sometimes I lose track. Don't wanna
forget while I'm in the house.

Pedro now gets up and pays more attention.

PEDRO

I love kids man. I'm glad I'm next
to you...I get to look at these
cuties all day too.

CJ

Yeah man. They're my motivation. So
you like kids huh?

PEDRO

Sure bro. I love going to kids
birthday parties and shit. Going on
the bouncy castles with them,
playing with them, pushing them on
swings you know. Running around and
getting all sweaty.

BRADY

How many kids you got?

PEDRO

Oh I don't got no kids. I just like
going to their parties.

Awkward. Worryingly Pedro looks intensely at the kids pictures. Brady about turns and exits. CJ's not sure how to take it. Leandro's mentally lost.

CJ TALKING HEAD

CJ

I gotta lotta kids yeah. So I need the contract more than these guys. That's why this is so important for me. I'm hungrier than the guys in the house...literally. I can barely afford food. Child supports killing me. Where's the change Obama? Where's the change?

EXT. POOL

The fighters sit around the pool. Most with beers in hand, Darren's sat next to Leandro who has a giant cocktail with all the trimmings, umbrella et al. Bobby's not present.

BRADY

So who do you think will fight first?

PEDRO

I think they'll flip a coin.

BRADY

There's eight of us.

PEDRO

So they'll flip three coins.

CJ

I think they'll pick Bobby.

MILES

Why?

CJ

He didn't take much damage so they figure he's fresh.

MILES

I don't care, I'll fight anyone, I'm just glad we're here.

LEANDRO

For real. It's so nice out here hey. We get to sit around the pool, all guys, all topless and looking all fine. It's nice huh?

Long beat.

(CONTINUED)

MILES

Sure.

Bobby topless comes in giant hot dog plus filling.

DARREN

I thought Jim's diet was bad.

BOBBY

Muscle fuel motherfucker. Ima need it for my run later.

DARREN

You're gonna run on a full stomach?

PEDRO

Which stomach are you referring to Darren. I see four.

A few of them laugh.

BOBBY

Laugh it up. That's why you Brits will never win shit in this sport. Quit worrying about my pre-workout regime, and worry more about your game.

DARREN

Not worrying mate. Praying I get you first.

BOBBY

Oh it's on.

DARREN

Like Donkey Kong.

Bobby fist punches Darren. Leandro smells something off.

DARREN (CONTD)

Hey if you need a top up on that dog give me a shout.

Leandro dips into his shorts and pulls out a mint handing it to Darren.

DARREN

What's that?

LEANDRO

For you.

(CONTINUED)

DARREN
Nah I'm good.

LEANDRO
Please. Take one.

DARREN
Dude I don't want no fucking
chewing gum.

LEANDRO
Oy va.

CJ
Leandro meet British man. British
man meet Leandro.

BOBBY TALKING HEAD

Out of breath; Long beat before he has the air to talk

BOBBY
Getting here was tough.

Long beat, still gassed; points to something O.C

BOBBY (CONTD)
Who's fucking idea was it to put
some stairs over there? This shit's
hard enough without having to do
cardio every two minutes.

INT. OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM

The camera rushes to catch the action as a repulsed Pedro
frantically escapes the bathroom.

PEDRO
Oh my god that's disgusting!

BOBBY TALKING HEAD

BOBBY
Growing up was tough. I never grew
up with no privileges you know. I
grew up in a really rough area, it
was do or die, but that's the
nature of living in Orange County.

(CONTINUED)

(tearing up)

It was hard...I could have easily gone off the rails but one day I came across a mixed martial arts gym and really needed somewhere to pee. So I went in there you know, and that was it, I was hooked. I thank the seven eleven clerk who didn't skimp on the slushy, cos if I didn't nearly piss my pants that day, then I wouldn't be here. He just kept pouring and pouring man, no regard for profit margin. I don't know if that Vietnames fuck even knows what profit margin is. Or Chinese. I dunno. They all look the fucking same to me.

EXT. GARDEN

Looking bloated and struggling, Bobby jogs around the pool. Pedro comes out to confront him.

PEDRO

Hey man...sup?

BOBBY

Just doing some laps around the pool. It's deceptive man, a lot bigger than it looks.

PEDRO

How many you done?

BOBBY

Second...on the way to the third I think.

PEDRO

You look a little sick there.

BOBBY

Didn't leave enough time after my pre-workout carbs. The nachos are still working their way down.

PEDRO

Alright man, well keep it up. Hey did you block the bathroom earlier?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

Oh yeah. I gave it a few flushes
but those babies weren't budging.

PEDRO

Were you planning on cleaning it
up?

BOBBY

It still there?

PEDRO

Well yeah...

BOBBY

Thought it would have been cleaned
up by now.

PEDRO

Well look can you try and unblock
it? The smells starting to seep
into people's clothes.

BOBBY

Yeah yeah course man.

PEDRO

Alright man.

BOBBY

Alright.

PEDRO

Thanks.

Pedro departs. Bobby attempts to jog again but instead of
going around the pool jogs straight onto a sun lounger and
collapses.

BOBBY

Fuck this...my cardio rocks.

INT. KITCHEN

Miles and Bobby in the kitchen. Miles mixes a protein shake.
Bobby's bustling around.

MILES

You cleaned up that stink in the
toilet yet?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

Yeah, yeah...I did it, I did it. No big deal, took me but a few minutes.

MILES

What you been eating to create that?

BOBBY

God everyone's obsessed with my diet. I'm here aren't I? Same place as y'all. Don't be worrying about my diet. I'm here to win.

MILES

Just saying homey.

BOBBY

I'm gonna have to kick a whole lotta ass if y'all keep this bullying up.

MILES

Ain't nobody bullying man chill.

Pedro enters with a plunger.

PEDRO

Hey I found the plunger bro. Thought you could use it.

BOBBY

Ah I don't need that, I cleared it right up.

PEDRO

Without the plunger?

BOBBY

I didn't need no fancy twenty first century gadgets, I got in there and just dealt with it.

(holds up fists)

These weapons ain't just for the ring.

Pedro and Miles look mortified. Silence as Bobby manhandles a large baguette and picks a pickle out of a large pickle jar. Nonchalantly puts the jar back in the fridge. Then he takes out a some large steaks using his hand. Inspects and smells them, then puts them back in too.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

(as he leaves)

Im gonna treat y'all tonight.
Bobby's cooking for the house.

PEDRO TALKING HEAD

PEDRO

I came to this country when I was little. Probably shouldn't say but my mum got me and my sister over the border. We're legal now but the first few years were a struggle. Heck getting into the country was hard man. I don't remember all of it, but certain things I can't shake. They still haunt me today. I just remember my moms helping me and my sister over the fence. We were doing so good...we thought we'd made it, but my mom didn't jump the fence yet. Me and my sister stood waiting for her to come over.

(emotional)

Then the police came out of nowhere man. They were on her and the others in no time. We screamed at her to get over but she couldn't. She made me and my sister run. RUN NINO RUN she cried. I remember turning back...

(anguish)

...MOMMY. MOMMY I screamed. I wanted to go back.

Somebody off screen hands him a tissue as he begins crying.

PEDRO (CONTD)

My sister was strong. She grabbed me and we ran. But I just remember looking back at her. MOMMY, MOMMY. The look in her eyes. That look when a mother and her son separate, both going on to lead completely different lives, never to see each other again. I still see that look every-day. Every-day I think of that moment and that's what got me through to this stage.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PEDRO (CONTD) (cont'd)
She escaped five minutes later and
caught up with us but that time in
between motivates me man.

LATER

Pedro still crying. Inconsolable.

PEDRO
Mommy.
(angrily to someone O.C)
What do I gotta do to get a fucking
tissue around here?!

INT. DINING ROOM

Dinner. All fighters present sat around a large dining table
discussing technique. Leandro has some dungarees on with no
undergarments, and a sailor's hat. Jim's his usual
near-drunken mess.

MILES
(to Darren)
So what's your speciality man?

DARREN
Punching, definitely the punching
bit.

MILES
No I mean martial arts?

DARREN
Yeah some martial arts...definitely
some martial arts.

MILES
Any particular kind?

DARREN
Different. Different ones. I think
that's why it's called mixed
martial arts. Cos it's mixed.

DARREN TALKING HEAD

DARREN

Fighting's been my thing from a young age. My mum always said I was punching before I was walking. I grew up in a rough part of London, so you had to know how to use your hands you know. That's what my dad told me before he died. It stuck with me ever since and it's always been my escape, my way out if you like. I promised him I'd do what I could to survive so here I am. He was old school Londoner. A cab driver. Didn't really mesh well with his drinking problems. That's what killed him in the end. They say don't drink and drive and they're right.

(beat; thoughtfully)

Always pull over first. You can't pour a shot and look three ways at an intersection at the same time. It's impossible. We're not spiders...we don't have twelve pairs of eyes.

(beat; to someone O.C)

Sorry I forgot to cry, do you want me to do that again?

INT. DINING ROOM

LEANDRO

What's your thing Bobby? Strong man like you?

BOBBY

Well firstly cut out that flirty, gay shit. I don't dig that shit. And secondly I'm a division four wrestling champ.

BRADY

(feigning being impressed)

Division four, Wow. Didn't know there was a division four.

BOBBY

Yeah it exists. So I like to get my guys to the ground and kinda wind them a lot.

(CONTINUED)

DARREN

Wind them?

BOBBY

Well my cardios not quite up there with the best pound to pound fighters. It's good, but just a teeny bit off. So I find that by lying on them and gassing them out, it evens up the playing field.

JIM

Isn't that a bit boring?

BOBBY

It lacks a little in action I admit, but undefeated so far so you know, who's the bad guy? You have lay and pray right? Well I call this lay and lay. Like I've changed the meaning of the second lay. The first lay is still lay...kinda like a hawk waiting for its prey. But the second lay is lay on them. Like a...a...well I dunno any animal that just sits on their prey, but you get the point.

JIM

Impressive.

BOBBY

What about you Jimmy?

JIM

I dunno. I just like to go in there and see what the fuck happens you know. Just throw shit around. If all else fails kick the fucker in the nuts.

BOBBY

You know that's illegal right?

JIM

Only if you own up to it. You just kind of...

(does an "oops" face)

...do that Betty Boop innocent little bitch routine. If you hit em hard enough you've improved your chances fifty, sixty per-cent.

(to Miles)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIM (cont'd)
What's your game then?

MILES
I come from a hybrid form of
ju-jitsu mixed with karate. It
balances out a solid ground game
with vicious stand up at a
distance. Really hard for opponents
to deal with.

JIM
Yeah. Yeah. That's good, that's
good. I'm not too bad at the karate
myself. Watched all the karate
kids. All six of em. And all the
back to the futures. So I'm pretty
tasty when it comes to all that
fancy shit too.

MILES
(unsure about Jim)
Hey if you don't mind me asking,
how did you get here?

JIM
What to America?
(confused; does a plane flying
in the air with his hand)
Just kind of--

MILES
No no I mean what was your path
into the house?

JIM
Oh right. I thought you meant how
did I...well I applied...they saw
my record and somehow I got a call
to fight here in Vegas for the
prelim.

MILES
So you had a good record in
Australia!

JIM
Yeah pretty much. I don't profess
to be a world-beater yet. That's
why I'm here to improve my
skillset. I was fighting a lot of
upcoming kids which helped you
know?

(CONTINUED)

PEDRO

All young-guns huh!

JIM

Really young. Think the oldest kid I fought was fourteen.

(reminisces)

Boy did he gave me a run for my money. Nearly had me in an arm bar at one point, but luckily his huts were just in reach so I gave them a little Chinese burn. Was easy after that.

The fighters are in unanimous disbelief.

MILES

How did you win your fight to get into the house? You were up against a training partner of mine...Guy Bosch right? I mean...he's tough.

JIM

Ah that wasn't too taxing. I warmed up pretty well, did all the stretching and usual stuff you do for a fight. Had a good gum shield and everything. Then the bell went but he slipped on something and snapped a ligament in his knee or something. I tried to claim technical knock, out but they weren't having it. Winnings the main thing though hey.

Jim nonchalantly takes a large swig of beer.

WE HEAR a door opening.

BRADY

Was that the door?

CJ

Who's here now?

Enter Geoff, Chuck, Clint and Tim welcomed warmly by the fighters.

GEOFF

Evening guys. Sorry to interrupt dinner. Finish your dinner and when you're good and ready, we'll meet you in the other room.

INT. LIVING AREA

Clint and Tim talk to Geoff quietly.

CLINT
So we agreed?

TIM
I'm good.

GEOFF
Alright that's settled.

Tim & Clint take a seat. The fighters file in and join them.

GEOFF
Alright here's how we're gonna do this. Since none of the coaches picked a fighter first, it follows no fighter can pick the first fight. So instead we're gonna put it out to you guys to see who wants to put themselves forward for the first bout.

The fighters look around, no-one willing to make the first move.

GEOFF (CONTD)
Cummon, don't be shy.

Long beat. Still no movement. Eventually;

JIM
(drunk; hand up)
Fuck it I'll go first if these lot are gonna wuss out.

GEOFF
Alright we have one fighter from Tim's team. So over to Clint's team.

Without hesitation, CJ, Bobby, Leandro and Pedro shoot their hands up. Then a mini battle ensues as they try to lower each other's arm to no avail.

BOBBY
Pick me Sir.

PEDRO
Oh grow up. No me, I put my hand up first.

(CONTINUED)

CJ
Did not.

PEDRO
Did too.

LEANDRO
(licks lips seductively)
I'll go first Big Boss.

GEOFF
OK you're weird. Well we gotta
decision on our hands. All four
guys wanna fight. There's only one
way to settle this.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

The four participants are entangled on a twister map.

GEOFF & CHUCK

Chuck holds the twister board and spins.

GEOFF
Bobby, left hand blue.

BOBBY
Fuck me. I can't even see blue.

DARREN (O.S)
Behind you.

BOBBY
Left?

DARREN (O.S)
No.

BOBBY
So right?

DARREN
Kind of.

BOBBY
Fucking hell Darren...how do you do
directions in England?

(CONTINUED)

DARREN
It's a weird angle.

BOBBY
Well right or left?

DARREN
Not really any...just kind of--

BOBBY
STOP FUCKING WITH ME MAN.

As he shouts he collapses. Pedro and CJ follow, but a nimble Leandro remains looking very comfortable.

GEOFF
And we have a winner. Leandro Silva versus Jim Crane.

CJ
(re: Leandro)
Get me away from this guy...there was no need for him to be sniffing my crotch.

LEANDRO
We play again?

GEOFF
Alright bring it in boys.

Leandro and Jim square off in the kitchen, Jim looking like he could keel over any second. They put their fists up.

CHUCK
Boss, should we be doing this now?

GEOFF
The fight announcement. That's when we do it.

CHUCK
I know, but we're in a kitchen. We could leave it to the weigh-ins.

GEOFF
Alright.

Geoff pats to the two on the back, which is enough for Jim who collapses face down to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (V.O)
(over clips of next week's
episode)

Next week on Super Fight Camp,
Miles nightmares of combat keep the
fighters awake at night - Jim wakes
up hung-over and doesn't remember
volunteering for the fight - Darren
forgets his toothpaste but decides
not to purchase any - CJ learns
he's a father for the eleventh time
- And Brady's religious ramblings
grate the other fighters.

All that as Leandro and Jim prepare
to square off in our first
heavyweight bout. Join us next
time.

END CREDITS