

Sample wrestling promo using basic teleplay formatting (a sample written off-the-cuff)

A little necessary information: the wrestler cutting this promo is a masked Luchador (he learned to wrestle in Mexico but isn't a native; he's from Detroit, Michigan). His name is El Pensador. He is, at the time of this promo, in the middle of a multi-match feud with a guy named Billy "Make Wrestling Great, Finally" McCoy, a guy who has yet to win a single match but who has attacked El Pensador repeatedly with steel chairs, a trash can, and once close-lined him in the parking lot with the assistance of a Lime scooter that he had a fan rent for him. People call Billy "BMac." He is the heel. This will be their 4th match-up.

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FADE IN:

INT. LIBRARY STACKS -- PRESUMABLY NIGHT, THOUGH HOW WOULD ANYONE KNOW IN A LIBRARY BASEMENT.

A figure approaches up one of the long, dark aisles of magazines and old government documents.

El P

Fourteen staples. Uno, dos, tres, catorce. Over two pints of blood spilled, just because Billy No Muy Bien thought it'd make wrestling great if he tore my mask off with a pair of pruning shears.

El Pensador steps into the light. His usual red, white and black mask is stitched crudely with twine from one eyelet to the other, the stitching continuing over the back of his head. He holds in one hand a book that looks as if it is from the turn of the century if not older and in the other a small figurine that looks like a nesting doll. The doll is painted to look like Billy McCoy.

El P

Once, Billy, I told my father-- mi padre, mi héroe-- that I didn't understand these "hardcore" wrestlers. "La basura no es arte," I told him. You know what Papi said to me, BMac? He told me that style didn't matter. A fight is a fight. A Luchador must be ready for battle, even if that battle is with a man who thinks a baseball bat wrapped with barbed wire is a tool of the trade. To be a champion, Papi said, I must remember only one thing...

The camera pulls in for an extreme close-up on El Pensador's mouth, the ragged edge of his mask framing his split lip, a scar slowly healing that runs from the upper corner of his mouth down to his chin.

El P

No.

A beat.

El P

Puedes.

A beat.

El P

Dejar.

A beat.

El P

Que.

A beat.

El P (yelling)

Ganen!

The camera pulls back as El Pensador opens the book, rips out the front page, and drops the book to the floor. A cloud of dust rises as the book hits. He scrutinizes the page.

El P

"You cannot let them win." I know what you want, Billy. You think that if you can rid California Ultimate League District of Elma Southern Athletic Combat of me, you can fulfill your quest to "Make Wrestling Great." What was it you said? No more flippy-little-masked-invaders with their weird traditions of masks and honor?

El Pensador sits the doll down on the table in front of him.

El P

I thought about it.

A beat. El Pensador puts his hand under his chin, posing like The Thinker. He resumes looking into the camera.

El P

What does it mean to be great? ¿Cuál es la maldición de la grandeza? What drives a man who cannot win inside the ring to use sticks, chains, chairs, trashcans... a pair of gardening shears? No creas que no entendí el chiste. Is it

because inside of you there's a sad little boy? A child who is pouting because he cannot have his way? ¿O estás muerto por dentro?

El Pensador opens the top of the nesting doll and dumps out the inner doll: a baby.

El P

Babies break things. Always with the anger, with the inmadurez. Nada más que un soldado de juguete. Play your games, Billy. Bring your toys.

El Pensador holds the page from the book in front of the baby nesting doll--the page is blank on this side. His other hand works behind the paper.

El P

For all your manipulations, for all your violence, you have still never beaten me. Fourteen staples to put my forehead back together. Fourteen stitches to mend the mask Papi gave me when I started on my quest for gold. Bloody, bruised, but not broken. I think you did the calculations wrong, BMac. Nunca fui bueno en matemáticas.

El Pensador flips the page of the book so that it is facing the camera. It's a children's book illustration of a skeleton peering into an empty grave.

El P

Has cavado tu propia tumba.

El Pensador drops the page onto the table. Behind it the baby nesting doll is open. Inside is a tiny skeleton, poking out from the bottom.

El P

You will never be great, Billy. And when I see you again, I'll show the entire CUL DE SAC what it means to think

A beat.

El P

before.

A Beat.

El P

you.

A beat

El P

act.

FADE.