

"MONGO WRESTLING ALLIANCE"

BRIANNA BEAUTIFUL BUTT BALLERINA

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FADE IN:

EXT. WEST TEXAS CULTURAL CENTER - ESTABLISHING - EVENING

Well-dressed patrons are in line to get into the concert hall. Booter, Rusty, Stack, and Balt join the line.

INT. WEST TEXAS CULTURAL CENTER - LATER

Booter, Rusty, Stack, and Balt sit reading "Swan Lake" playbills. The audience members behind them strain their necks to see past their bulky bodies.

RUSTY

All right! Let's do some culture!

BOOTER

What is it, a movie?

RUSTY

No, it's like a movie but with live people.

BOOTER

Wow, the things they can do nowadays!

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Could you please keep it down?

RUSTY

No! This is America, asshole.

Rusty cold cocks the audience member.

BALT

Hey, it's starting!

ON STAGE

A beautiful ballerina, BRIANNA, enters and starts dancing.

ON RUSTY AND HIS FRIENDS IN THE SEATS

BOOTER

Who's that there girl in the clingy long johns?

RUSTY

(RE: PLAYBILL) Her name is Brianna Witlow-Jones and she's one of the swans.

BOOTER  
 (GASPING) Like a goose?! My first  
 girlfriend was a goose.

RUSTY  
 No, this is a tragic love story.

BOOTER  
 That was tragic also! She came  
 apart in two and we ate her for  
 Christmas dinner.

RUSTY  
 No no, this girl is playing a lady  
 that turns into a swan but is still  
 a lady.

BOOTER  
 You mean a lady what's a goose  
 what's still a lady?! So you can  
 love her without folks making fun?

Booter starts vibrating and moaning uncomfortably.

STACK  
 (SARCASTIC) Real stroke of genius,  
 Rusty, bringing a hillbilly to a  
 show that includes unusual human-  
 animal interaction!

Booter snorts like a bull and charges the stage. Rusty  
 follows behind him.

RUSTY  
 Booter, no! Excuse me! That's my  
 friend! Don't mind me. Excuse me.

ON STAGE

Booter charges on to the stage and grabs Brianna (the  
 ballerina). She screams.

Rusty, Stack and Balt rush on stage and drop kick Booter's  
 legs out from underneath him. Everyone goes tumbling into  
 the orchestra pit, except Rusty and Brianna.

We hear the sounds of screaming and tumult and instruments  
 breaking in the pit, then silence followed by a few low  
 rhythmic tuba blasts.

STACK

(PEEKING UP FROM ORCHESTRA PIT)  
Don't worry, everything's gonna be  
okay. Booter's busy becoming  
intimately acquainted with a tuba.

More tuba blasts. Rusty puts Brianna back on the ground.

RUSTY

(TO BRIANNA) Interesting, I  
imagine when you gather your wits,  
you're going to want to have "thank  
you, hero" sex with me. So, I'm  
going to put my phone number  
underneath my customary "Rusty  
Kleberkuh breast-o-graph."

Rusty signs Brianna's breast. She is completely freaked out  
and runs away. Rusty is transfixed by her ass.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

Impressive gluteal fold for a non-  
wrestler.

We hear police sirens.

STACK

We best get out of here.

INT. QUADRUPLE CROSS RANCH - NEXT DAY

Rusty, Balt, Stack, Alice and Booter huddle around a  
newspaper. The newspaper headline reads: "BIZARRE RIOT  
ERUPTS AT BALLET".

BOOTER

(EXCITED) You didn't tell me that  
the Swan Lake show was gonna end  
with the police shootin' at me!  
That's what I call interactive  
entertainment! (THINKS, THEN) Was  
that the internet?

STACK

No, that wasn't the internet. That  
was an exciting piece of  
entertainment, but it wasn't the  
internet.

BOOTER

When something's the internet,  
you'll let me know, right?

RUSTY  
I wonder why she hasn't called.

BALT  
Who?

RUSTY  
Brianna beautiful butt ballerina.

BALT  
Maybe you wrote one of the numbers  
on her nipple and she couldn't read  
it.

RUSTY  
She could have dialed all ten  
possibilities. What kind of woman  
wouldn't dial all ten  
possibilities?

STACK  
Retarded.

BALT  
No fingers.

BOOTER  
Innumerate.

ALICE  
Lesbian!

RUSTY  
Nah, she's probably just shy and  
intimidated. I'm gonna have to  
blow her mind with some thick,  
greasy slabs of Rusty Kleberkuh  
charm.

Rusty sprays himself five too many times with cologne  
labelled "Horse". Everyone winces and rub their eyes.

BOOTER/BALT/STACK/ALICE  
Ow./Ow./Goddammit!/Open a window!

INT. WEST TEXAS CULTURAL CENTER - LATER

MARCUS, a choreographer of ambiguous sexuality, leads a bunch  
of thin ballerinas, including Brianna, in ballet exercises.

MARCUS

And one, and two... You girls are getting to be wide loads. I'm taking you all off carrots and putting you on cigarettes and water.

Rusty, Balt, Stack and Booter walk on stage.

BRIANNA

(SCREAMS) Ahhh! It's that monster hillbilly!

BOOTER

You ain't gotta worry about me. I'm wearing special underpants now and if I get too excited I shock my shorts!

We see Booter has two car batteries on his belt with wires leading into his pants. He looks at one of the ballerinas then shocks himself.

BOOTER (CONT'D)

(PAINED MOAN)

MARCUS

I don't know about you, but I could use a breather. (FANNING HIMSELF)  
Take five everybody!

Marcus and the ballerinas disperse. Rusty button-holes Brianna.

RUSTY

Now, to the business portion of our visit. (TO BRIANNA) You'll be excited to know that I've decided to take you out to dinner as a prelude to marathon sex.

BRIANNA

Hey, thanks, yeah I'm not interested in dating body builders.

All the wrestlers burst out laughing.

RUSTY

I'm not some body building scum, I'm the flower of creation, a professional wrestler.

BRIANNA

Yeah, my last boyfriend was a theater critic.

RUSTY

In addition to being really good looking, I'm also really smart. Ask my college professor, Mrs. Williamson, who gave my paper, "Marcus Aurelius: the First Ass-Kicking Pussy Hound", a satisfactory plus. And, check this out.

Rusty pulls out and opens two books, one in each hand.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

I can read two books at once. I train my eyes to work independently.

His eyes are moving in opposite directions, reading both books.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

Every time I do this, I get a little queasy.

Rusty bends over with his hands on his knees and vomits. Some of the vomit dribbles out of his mouth as he speaks.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

So, what do you say, pick you up at eight?

Brianna jumps off the stage and runs away.

BALT

How does it feel? The mighty Rusty, rejected by a woman.

STACK

He's still better than you in every possible way.

Stack hits Balt with a kendo stick.

RUSTY

It's obvious what to do. Where's Chumpski? Yo, Chumpski!

Marcus crosses over to Rusty.

MARCUS  
My name is Marcus.

RUSTY  
(TO MARCUS) Yeah, I'm gonna call you Chumpski. So, Chumpski. You the big cheese here?

MARCUS  
I'm the choreographer.

RUSTY  
Right. I want to be the lead in this ballet show.

MARCUS  
Mr. Kleberkuh, one doesn't simply demand the lead in a production in which dancers have trained for years at some of the finest--

RUSTY  
I'll let you take naked pictures of me.

MARCUS  
(GAY AND EXCITED) Welcome aboard.

Rusty has a quick confab with his friends.

RUSTY  
Next step -- dogging her relentlessly through her every waking moment!

INT. PRETENTIOUS RESTAURANT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Rusty, Balt, Booter and Stack enter and see Brianna at a table with two artsy friends, MILES and JAMES.

RUSTY  
There she is. (CALLING OUT) Yo, Brianna!

BRIANNA  
Oh, God. Those wrestlers!

Rusty and friends walk over to the table.

RUSTY  
(SOTTO) Okay. The path to my victory is clear.  
(MORE)

RUSTY (CONT'D)

We must simply show up these two twiggy friends of hers and make it clear that the superior male specimen is me.

BALT

Right!

STACK

It's a plan! Let's dap on it.

Rusty, Balt, Booter and Stack fist bump and sit down at the table with Brianna.

RUSTY

Nice to see you, Brianna. Now that we're in the same dance thing together, we better get to know each other. Waiter, three bottles of your finest wine, please! And one of everything on the menu.

BALT

Make that two.

RUSTY

So what are you guys talking about?

BRIANNA

James and I were just discussing feminism and colonialism and how they relate to post-modernism.

RUSTY

(BEAT) Well, Balt and I were just discussing asmagadadism and canawatabism and how they are necessary for patarabala and gablxablaha.

BOOTER

Good point, Rusty!

STACK

Most articulacious!

Brianna stares at him.

RUSTY

So what are you guys having?

BRIANNA

Merlot and chicken paillard. Why?

RUSTY

Observe!

Rusty grabs three bottles of wine, chops off the necks with a knife and drinks them. Stack and Balt applaud.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

I won talking. I won drinking!  
Now watch as I and my teammates  
dominate at the eating portion of  
the evening!

Rusty, Balt, Booter and Stack consume vast quantities of food.

BALT

(GIGANTIC BURP) This is where I  
shine!

JAMES

I think you guys should go.

RUSTY

I was so hoping you'd say something  
like that.

Rusty clotheslines James and Miles. Stack sets off fireworks. The restaurant bursts into flames. Rusty shoots Brianna a look: "Impressed?" She rolls her eyes.

INT. WEST TEXAS CULTURAL CENTER - LATER

CHYRON: SWAN LAKE REHEARSAL

Music is playing. Ballerinas, including Brianna, are dancing. Suddenly, Rusty cartwheels in like a jackass, wearing ballet tights. He lands next to two ballerinas and lifts them up from behind and starts juggling them.

ANGLE ON: Balt, Stack, Booter and Alice.

STACK

Now this is a motherfucking ballet!

BALT / BOOTER

Woo!

Rusty grabs Brianna and starts doing muscle-man poses. She struggles to get out of his grip.

BRIANNA

Let me go!

Rusty puts her down.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Look, I've tried to be polite, but I think you're creepy. You're all weirdly orange and those big words you used aren't real words! I think professional wrestling is a disgusting sport and you're a psychotic moron!

Brianna crosses off. Rusty crosses over and sits on the front of the stage, in front of his gang.

RUSTY

Wow! Definitely rejected by a woman. This must be how you feel all the time, Balt! Why don't you kill yourself?

BALT

I am. Slowly, with pizza.

ALICE

Rusty, you fail because you know nothing about women.

RUSTY

Grandma! I've gotten v.d. thirteen times! I think I knows a thing or two about women!

ALICE

These women not like your ring sluts. They don't just go have sex in a toilet. These are fancy, upper class women. Evil! Souls created in hell by devil himself! All they care about is power!

RUSTY

Power? She's a ballerina.

ALICE

So? She want power over all these other ballet bitches! She want to be top ballet bitch! She want to make all other bitches cry, shove their faces in dirt, make them smell her fart!

RUSTY

I get it! I want to be on the top of the wrestling world. She wants to be on the top of the ballet world! She's just like me, only wrong. Thank you, Grandma. (THEN) My skull is heating up, I can feel it. I think I'm about to have a brain plan.

INT. WEST TEXAS CULTURAL CENTER - LATER

Rusty stands in a lead position next to NATASHA, the lead swan. He picks her up and throws her into the rafters.

SFX: CRASH

ALL

Ooooooh.

Rusty holds out his arms to catch Natasha, she falls on the other side of him, hitting the ground hard.

ALL (CONT'D)

Ooooooh.

INT. WEST TEXAS CULTURAL CENTER - LATER

Marcus addresses the ballerinas.

MARCUS

As we all know, ballet can be dangerous. When something like this happens, we just have to put it behind us and someone else has to step up. Please our support for our new lead ballerina...

ANGLE ON: Brianna looking hopeful.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Tatiana!

SMASH CUT TO:

Rusty suplexes TATIANA.

SMASH CUT TO:

MARCUS (CONT'D)

...Olga!

SMASH CUT TO:

Rusty piledrives OLGA into the ground.

SMASH CUT TO:

MARCUS (CONT'D)

...Nancy!

SMASH CUT TO:

Rusty dropkicks NANCY hard into the ground. She lifts up her head.

NANCY

I'm okay.

Balt, Stack and Alice rush onto the stage and start kicking her. Alice takes a swig of tequila and spits it over a match, breathing fire at Nancy.

SMASH CUT TO:

MARCUS

...Rachel.

We pan over to RACHEL, who is next to a dozen injured ballerinas.

RACHEL

(SCARED) No thanks. I'm really clumsy. I'm bad at dancing. No.

MARCUS

Well, let's see who's left.  
(SCANNING THE BALLERINAS) Please give your support to our new lead ballerina, Brianna!

Brianna smiles and cries like Miss America.

BRIANNA

Oh my God, this is the happiest day of my life! All my years of hard work have paid off!

She hugs Rusty.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)  
(TO RUSTY) You're my good luck  
charm.

INT. DUBOSE OFFICE - LATER

We open on a close-up of "West Texas Culture Monthly". The cover features an article on "Swan Lake". Listed as the leads are "Brianna Wittlow-Jones and Rusty Kleberkuh".

We pull out to find Damien Mercury and Johnny Dubose looking at the magazine. The Denucci Brothers lurk in the background.

DAMIEN MERCURY  
Rusty Kleberkuh's in a ballet? How  
come I'm not in a ballet?

DUBOSE  
(SEETHING AT DAMIEN'S IDIOCY) And  
you're mad about that, right?

DAMIEN MERCURY  
Yeah, I'm mad about that!

DUBOSE  
Because you hate Rusty Kleberkuh  
and you're a big rival of his.

DAMIEN MERCURY  
Yeah, man, totally a rival.

DUBOSE  
And if your rival gets something  
that you don't have, what does that  
make you want to do?

DAMIEN MERCURY  
Uhhh, uhhh, no fair, man! I didn't  
know there was going to be a quiz  
today.

DUBOSE  
You want to take the thing he has  
from him and ruin it for him.

DAMIEN MERCURY  
Yeah, right man, that's what I was  
gonna say. You made me all  
nervous. I'm not good at tests.

DUBOSE

Shut up.

We slowly push in on Damien.

DAMIEN MERCURY

(INARTICULATE) Right, let it be known man, that from this day forward I'm totally gonna ruin the thing that Rusty Kleberkuh totally likes and that I hate because he's my rival. Ballet, bro. Right, man?

DUBOSE

(GROANS)

INT. WEST TEXAS CULTURAL CENTER - LATER

The hall is filled with excited patrons. The orchestra warms up in the pit.

ANGLE ON: A concession stand selling white wine, water and programs. A CONCESSIONS GUY stands behind the counter. Balt, Stack and Booter approach the stand.

STACK

White wine and water? I don't think so. Slappy, from here on in you're going to be selling foam "number one" fingers, nacho cheese and rotisserie swan.

Booter pushes in a multi-spit rotisserie, filled with roasted swans.

BOOTER

Where'd you get swans?

STACK

Took one of them paddle boat rides in the park, I scooped them up for free.

BALT

Genius!

STACK

(TO CONCESSION STAND GUY) We'll be back later for the money. And you better put some ice on that eye!

## CONCESSION STAND GUY

What? Why?

Stack pokes him in the eye.

INT. BEHIND CURTAIN/WEST TEXAS CULTURAL CENTER - SAME TIME

Rusty and Brianna wait for the curtain to go up.

## BRIANNA

Thanks, Rusty. You opened my eyes!  
I couldn't have done this without  
you.

She gives him a hot kiss. The curtain rises. Rusty holds a microphone and cuts a promo.

## RUSTY

I got something to say! You are  
all privileged to watch the  
emergence of me, Rusty Kleberkuh,  
as a dance guy! As well as Brianna  
Witlow-Jones, whose ass is among  
the most smoking ever seen by man!

Balt, Stack and Booter cheer wildly. The rest of the audience looks at them like they're nuts.

## AUDIENCE MEMBER #2

This isn't how Swan Lake begins.

## RUSTY

Fuck you, it's how it begins  
tonight! Because Rusty Kleberkuh  
and Brianna Witlow-Jones said so!  
Now start the motherfucking music!

The music starts. Brianna starts dancing. Suddenly, a loud crash is heard. A large monster truck smashes through the wall of the hall. Damien Mercury is behind the wheel and a dozen injured ballerinas are in the bed of the truck.

## DAMIEN MERCURY

Not so fast, Brianna Witlow-Jones.  
I bet you never expected Rusty  
Kleberkuh's rival, Damien Mercury,  
to arrive with an army of fucked-up  
ballerinas! All wanting revenge  
and whatnot!

The ballerinas brandish weapons: trash can lids, two by fours, steel chairs, and chains.

Damien drives through the audience onto the stage, churning through the orchestra pit. Brianna grabs the mic from Rusty.

BRIANNA

(HUGE AND BOMBASTIC) No asshole's going to ruin my night, because Brianna Witlow-Jones said so! I'm not a skanky Russian toothpick, or some leaping French whore! I'm a one-hundred percent American ballerina! (ANGRY SCREAM)

Brianna throws down the mic. She does a ballerina leap into the cab of the truck, clawing at Damien's eyes.

DAMIEN MERCURY

Take it easy! Not my face!

The truck revs it's engine and starts doing donuts, out of control. Ballerinas fly out of the bed of the truck across the ballet hall. The truck flips over and rolls into the crowd, exploding into a huge fireball.

Brianna emerges from the fireball, covered in blood and soot, with an expression of crazy blood lust on her face. She runs up to Rusty.

BRIANNA

I get it, Rusty. I've never felt so alive! You pro wrestlers have it right! I love you. What do you say we run off and have some of that marathon sex you've been talking about?

Rusty peels her hands off of him, disgusted.

RUSTY

Yeah... I'm sorry Brianna. You've acquired a hard edge somehow. I prefer Ludmilla here.

He grabs another ballerina and kisses her.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

But you know, good show tonight.

Damien crawls out of the wreckage.

DAMIEN MERCURY

I'll bang you. I'm not too proud!

Brianna kicks him in the head.

FADE OUT.