

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. MURICA CAFÉ - EVENING

SUPER: Nolensville, Tennessee  
20 miles outside of Nashville  
1981

A restaurant in rural Tennessee. A FEW CARS are parked in the parking lot.

INT. MURICA CAFÉ - CONTINUOUS

ERIC RILEY (Late 20s/early 30s, All-American-boy looking, in very good shape) opens the bathroom door slightly and sticks his head out, looking into the main section of the restaurant.

ERIC  
(quietly)  
Aw hell, they're still out there.  
(loudly)  
Don't worry, folks, I'm gonna be  
takin' care a business right now.

INT. MURICA CAFÉ, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eric closes the door. We're in a small, dingy bathroom. There are two urinals and one stall. Maybe the bathroom was cleaned last week? Maybe it was mopped last month?

ERIC  
Dammit, Oscar. I'm gone for six  
months and I can't get through one  
day-one meal-without getting in  
trouble with you.

At the bathroom urinal is OSCAR GUERRERO (late 20s/early 30s, Mexican-American, also in good shape).

OSCAR  
Sorry, brother. I thought this  
place'd be far enough away.  
Everyone around here's a damn mark.  
I'm not even wearing the damn  
turban.

ERIC  
(looking around the  
bathroom)  
No windows. We gotta go through  
'em.

OSCAR  
Sullivan's gonna be pissed.

ERIC  
(nodding)  
Sullivan's gonna be pissed.

Oscar flushes the urinal, walks to the sink, and washes his hands.

OSCAR  
It's good to have you back, Eric.

ERIC  
Missed you, too, brother. New York  
just didn't have the same vibe.

OSCAR  
Yeah, but I bet you could eat with  
whoever you wanted to and not have  
to fight your way out.

ERIC  
Because no one cared. Not like  
around here.

OSCAR  
(drying his hands)  
Okay, let's do this.

Oscar and Eric move toward the bathroom door. Eric grabs Oscar by the collar.

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
It's cool, brother. I got this.

Eric smiles and removes his hands from Oscar's collar.

ERIC  
Whenever you're ready, Sheik.

Oscar bristles at being called "Sheik."

INT. MURICA CAFÉ - CONTINUOUS

Oscar explodes through the bathroom door and into the main section of the restaurant. There is A CROWD of people excitedly watching this all go down.

OSCAR  
(with a Middle Eastern  
accent)  
How dare you touch me, you American  
dog!

Eric follows through the bathroom door.

ERIC  
I'll do more than touch ya, ya  
damn, dirty A-rab!

Eric and Oscar lock up and begin pushing and pulling each other toward the front of the restaurant. They're pretending to punch and kick each other as THE CROWD cheers Eric and jeers Oscar.

REDNECK CUSTOMER  
(to Oscar)  
Git the hell outta my country!

The Redneck Customer takes a legit swing at Oscar. Oscar ducks the punch and throws one of his own, which CLEARLY connects. Redneck Customer stumbles backward, wildly crashing into a table and sending food, plates, and utensils everywhere.

OSCAR  
(in his own voice)  
Screw you, you redneck piece of--

Eric grabs Oscar and spins him around. Oscar is ready to start swinging again when he and Eric lock eyes. Eric gives him a knowing glance and Oscar's hard expression softens.

ERIC  
I think it's time for you to go.

Eric puts Oscar in a headlock and they walk to the front door of the restaurant.

OSCAR  
(quietly to Eric)  
Hey, Sullivan wants us at the show  
no later than five.

ERIC  
(quietly)  
Got it.

OSCAR  
(quietly)  
Need a ride?

ERIC  
(quietly)  
Naw, I'm good. Thanks.

Eric kicks open the front door and tosses Oscar outside onto the concrete.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
And don't ya ever come back ta this fine dining establishment.

OSCAR  
(with a Middle Eastern accent)  
I won't forget this. I will get you, Lawman. And then I will get all of you!

Oscar spits on the ground and quickly "limps" away.

KID CUSTOMER (10 years old) walks up to Eric.

KID  
Lawman, you really back in town?

Eric looks at the Kid and then at the CROWD in the restaurant. He puffs up and goes into "show mode."

ERIC  
That's right, lil partner. Eric "The Lawman" Riley is back and I'm gunnin' for that Nashville Championship Wrestling Heavyweight Title. So make sure y'all get yer tickets for tomorrow night's show at the Walker Memorial Auditorium. Cuz when I get into that ring, someone's gonna be servin'...

ENTIRE RESTAURANT CROWD  
Hard time!

Eric turns his fingers into guns, "shoots" them into the air, "spins" the guns, "holsters" them in his pockets, and gives a million dollar wink and smile to the crowd.

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS

George O'Connor 2019