

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

JEFF sips a mug of coffee.

JEFF
(to himself)
I don't think I like coffee?

RYAN slips out of his bedroom. Sees Jeff.

RYAN
Heeey.

JEFF
There he is.
(egging him on)
How was the blind date?

RYAN
Whew. It started out fine-

JEFF
Wait- this *was* the girl who had
only group photos on her profile,
right?

WE SEE 3 OR 4 CONFUSING GROUP BUMBLE PICS WHERE WE CAN'T TELL
WHICH GIRL'S PROFILE IT ACTUALLY IS.

A serious pause.

RYAN
Yeah, I felt like I was trying to
solve a Rubik's Cube to figure who
I'm actually talking with.

JEFF
I like how they always have a
little kid or a baby in a photo.

RYAN
(doing a Valley Girl
voice)
"This is NOT my kid!" Haha then why
do you have it on your main profile
pic!

JEFF
I mean, I have a dog in my pic, and
I don't have a dog...

RYAN

Oh, of course. You *have* to have the dog shot!

* WE SEE QUICK SHOTS OF PHOTOS OF JEFF (ALWAYS SHIRTLESS AND WITH A DOG), AND PHOTOS OF RYAN POSING WITH COUNTLESS DIFFERENT DOGS, NONE OF WHICH ARE THEIRS. A PHOTO WITH A BABY SNEAKS IN WITH A SIGN AROUND IT'S NECK "NOT MY BABY, BUT I LOVE KIDS!"

JEFF

So, what happened? How did it go?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. RESTAURANT

A cute, funky establishment. Ryan and MEGAN sit across from each other at a table.

MEGAN

I know this is gonna sound dumb, but I am so glad you look like your picture.

RYAN

Was just thinking the same thing... So what kind of stuff are you into-

A WWE RING ANNOUNCER appears in the corner of the coffee shop, booming an announcement into a mic:

RING ANNOUNCER

WEIGHING IN AT 223 POUNDS, HE HAILS FROM THE MEAN STREETS OF-

Ryan death glares at him and motions to cut it out! Megan does not quite notice, she thinks it the radio.

RYAN

So, yeah, like, what kind of stuff are do you like? Tell me about *you!*

MEGAN

Well...I make my own jam now.

RYAN

Wow, that is really different!

A SERVER refills Megan's water as an OLD TIME BOXING COACH (think Mickey from ROCKY) forcefully rubs Ryan's shoulders.

MEGAN
 (to Server)
 Oh, thank you.

COACH
 (to Ryan)
 Yer doing great. Keep yer
 head up! Attack, attack,
 attack!

He squirts a huge stream of water into Ryan's mouth, tosses the water bottle back in his bucket and shuffles off.

Megan catches the tail end of this as she looks away from the server and up from her drink.

MEGAN
 Oh...cool, is that, like, how they
 do shots here?

RYAN
 Uhh-- yeah, no, um... So, I would
 love to hear more about your jam.

MEGAN
 Oh, okay. The reason I started
 doing it is because-

An OBNOXIOUS WRESTLING FAN appears at the table kitty corner from Ryan. He's holding a sign that says "**YOU SUCK!**" (huge letters) directly in Ryan's eye line.

FAN
 Boo! Boooooooooo! You suck! Your
 character is boring!

Ryan shakes his head, as if to say, *Just ignore him.*

MEGAN
 (referencing the football
 game on the tv)
 Wow, people are really into this
 game. Um, so, yeah, everyone's
 favorite so far is my raspberry.

RYAN
 I love raspberry...everything. I
 would really like to try that
 sometime.

MEGAN
 ...Do you like strawberries?

RYAN
 Of course!

MEGAN
 I make strawberry jam, too.

We hear the HISS of steam. The door to the kitchen opens and emits a cloud of smoke.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
I'm gonna run to the bathroom real quick. Be right back.

Megan saunters off to the restroom, barely noticing all the smoke. As the smoke clears we see a fierce LUCHADOR, front and center, poised to attack. Ryan does not see him.

The Luchador screams and starts sprinting toward their table.

At the last second, Ryan puts up a fist. The Luchador runs directly into it, and takes a huge bump to the floor. He lays there, dazed and in a heap.

Megan returns and sees the Luchador laying on the floor. She shrugs it off.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
People in LA are crazy. You're *that* drunk at, what, 8pm? Not into it.

RYAN
You know what I *am* into? That you make your own jam! I have always wanted to do stuff like that. I just never focus and take the time!

Then two more WRESTLERS appear in the doorway. They both come rushing at Ryan. Ryan sighs heavily. The jig is up.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Listen, Megan, I have to say something.

Ryan keeps talking to Megan as he uses pro wrestling maneuvers to dispose of his two opponents while barely moving from his chair.

We see Megan for the first time truly see the action. She's in shock. We have no idea what she's thinking.

RYAN (CONT'D)
I know they say online dating is weird, but I'm glad I tried it.

The Obnoxious Wrestling Fan screams and boos at Ryan throughout this sequence.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Honestly, I think you're really *normal* and cool...

A MAKEUP ARTIST steps in front of Ryan as he is speaking. We only see his hands motioning as he speaks.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 ...and interesting! And I'm really
 glad we went out.

A HUGE WRESTLER appears in the doorway. He's like the boss character in a video game. He takes menacing steps toward Ryan. Megan sees the huge wrestler.

MEGAN
 Um, yeah, you, uh... seem
 interesting *and* normal, too.

The Makeup Artist leaves to reveal Ryan's full face of wild pro wrestling make-up. Ryan stands and tears off his shirt. He's all jacked and oiled up.

RYAN
 Would you maybe want to go out
 again sometime?

Megan stares in awe.

MEGAN
 Ye-yeah, sure...

The Huge Wrestler attacks Ryan, but Ryan uses his own force against him, picking him up and slamming him through the dinner table. Ryan goes down with him as they both CRASH through the actual wood of the table. Glasses, napkins and silverware go flying!

Ryan slowly gets back up to his feet.

Megan's switch officially turns on- there is a fire in her eyes. She LOVES this.

She grabs a wine bottle, smashes the top of it, and points it at the Huge Wrestler on the ground.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
 COME ON! GET UP! GET UP, I DARE
 YOU! YOU THINK YOU'RE TOUGH, YOU
 PIECE OF SHIT?

RYAN
 Megan, what are you doing?

MEGAN
 Huh? W-what do you mean? I was just
 getting in to it, y'know?

The Huge Wrestler lifts his bloodied head up from the ground.

HUGE WRESTLER
Dude, is that real glass?
(shaking his head)
Not cool.

SERVER
You're acting like a crazy
person...

MEGAN
He just bodyslammed a man through a
table!

RYAN
(matter of fact)
It was a suplex.

The MANAGER approaches her.

SERVER
Miss, we're going to have to ask
you to leave. You're being very
disruptive, and some of the other
patrons have complained.

MEGAN
This is insane! How am I the crazy
one here?

HUGE WRESTLER
You know how girls get! Like really
emotional, or whatever?
(whispering to Ryan)
Maybe she's on her period.

MEGAN
That is UNBELIEVABLY sexist! Maybe
you're on *you're* period!

BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

JEFF
(kind of impressed)
Wow. She really did that? Damn.
So... I take it we won't be meeting
this one, either. Heh heh.

RYAN
Well, actually...

Ryan's bedroom door opens, and Megan slips out, wearing a giant men's t-shirt and not much else. Jeff is confused.

MEGAN
Hi, I'm Megan.

RYAN
Hey, show him that move I taught you.

MEGAN
(cute as can be)
Okay!

She pulls out a Luchadora mask and puts it on real quick.

JEFF
Wait, show me the what- ?

She shoots in and takes him down, putting him in Daniel Bryan Yes-Lock. His arm and head are trapped in the hold. He can't move.

JEFF (CONT'D)
(screaming in pain)
Owww! Owwwww! Aghhhh!

RYAN
Just tighten your grip a little bit.

Jeff yelps like a girl.

RYAN (CONT'D)
There you go, babe. Perfect.

Megan smiles, seriously proud of herself.

JEFF
This hurts so impressively much!
I'm so conflicted...do you have a sister?

MEGAN
Yeah! Brittany. She's great. She pickles stuff- beets, eggs, whatever!

JEFF
I love beets. We should go on a double-date- AGHHHHH, OWWWWW!

MEGAN

Aww, that'd be so fun! I'm totally into it.

RYAN

Yep. Sounds great, man. I have the perfect place in mind-

SMASH TO BLACK