

GLOW

SPEC Season One - Ep 05

INT. GLOW GYM - SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Silence.

Sam sits behind his desk facing TWO MEN, BYRON and JIM wearing slick suits.

Sam's fingers twitch.

Byron jots something down on a swatch of PAPER.

Jim shifts his TOOTHPICK from one side of his mouth to the other.

BYRON

The production company needs your answer, Sam.

SAM

Ok, let me get this straight. You're asking *me* to direct a studio flick--

JIM

(correcting)
Film. Franchise.

SAM

You somehow make that sound dirty.

Sam glances back and forth between them.

SAM (CONT'D)

You know I make my *own* movies, right.

Byron smirks.

BYRON

Been a while.

SAM

It's called a hiatus. I'm launching a new project.

Jim glances around, sizing things up.

JIM

Yeah, but we have a budget.

Jim motions to Byron who slides the piece of paper in front of Sam.

SAM
For real? You guys are doing the
slide the paper move? There's
nobody else in the room. Just tell
me--

Byron nudges with a nod. Jim's smirk continues.

SAM (CONT'D)
Fine.

Sam grabs the paper, rubs his stubble, glances at the suits, looks back at the paper, and plunks it down on his desk.

SAM (CONT'D)
Ok, why me, fellas?

BYRON
The studio wants somebody they can
work with.

JIM
Somebody who gets the genre.

SAM
It's comedy.

BYRON
That's your genre.

SAM
My movies aren't comedies.

JIM
They're not?

Awkward pause.

Sam stands up and begins to pace.

INT. GLOW GYM - STAIRWAY TO SAMS OFFICE

Justine makes her way up the stairs, and cautiously approaches the office door. She hesitates and listens.

JIM
The studio loves you. They think
you're their guy.

BYRON

We're already in preproduction.
It's a six month commitment. It
starts now.

Jim spins a finger in the air.

JIM

Pretty sure whatever little side
project this is, it can wait.

BYRON

This is a film offer you don't want
to refuse, Sam.

Sam notices Justine and tosses his hands in the air.

SAM

Do you mind? How do you do that?
What are you, a Ninja? Pretend you
respect doors and I'm slamming it.

The producers turn to look at Justine. Her eyes dart.

Flustered, she turns and scurries back down the stairs.

BYRON

Sam, we need an answer. Are you in?

Sam looks out his office window just as the gym door opens
and the GLOW floods in, lively and ready to work.

Ruth glances up at the office and spots Sam. She puffs up and
offers him a perky salute.

Sam lingers on Ruth for an moment then turns back toward the
suits with a sneer...or is it a smile?

CUT TO:

GLOW Opening Sequence

INT. GLOW GYM DAY - LATER

The ladies practice MOVES in and outside of the ring.

Bash enthusiastically bursts through the front door. Flor
follows close behind carrying a LAWN CHAIR, FOLDING TABLE,
and a LADDER.

Excited to see the ladies practicing, Bash jumps up onto the
side of the ring.

BASH

Oh good. You're all warmed up. This is great. I've got a surprise.

Sam barges out of his office.

SAM

Hey, woah, woah, woah. Break's in 10. What's with the Sherpa?

Flor attempts to wave.

BASH

Oh yeah, haha, no, I know. But you're gonna love this.

Bash urgently motions to Flor who precariously maneuvers the items into the ring.

Sam storms down the stairs from his office.

SAM

Hang on. Ok. Let's move Bob the Builder outside. We're not breaking ground today.

BASH

Sam, just check this out. You know how everybody has their costumes...which look amazing, btw.

The ladies pose and blush and flaunt. Bash applauds.

BASH (CONT'D)

But these...(indicating the items) are going to take your match to a whole new level.

Flor unfolds the table inside the ring. He looks around and smiles.

FLOR

Epic battle moves.

BASH

Yes! So good. Go get the rest.

Flor hurries off, doing as he's told.

Bash enters the ring and addresses the ladies like he's sharing the best secret.

BASH (CONT'D)

Ok. There are costumes and then
there are props. Big props...

He picks up the chair and holds it over his head.

BASH (CONT'D)

You can hit with.

He smashes the chair toward the ground but kind of hesitates
and it twists his wrist.

He winces and drops the chair, acting like no problem.

RUTH

Wait, you want us to hit each other
with chairs?

Bash flashes his boyish smile.

TAMME

Nuh-hun. I got enough bruising on
my arms from lock holds. You can't
see them cause I'm black but I'm
also blue.

DEBBIE

(steps forward)
Nobody is throwing a ladder at me.

BASH

No, no, no nobody's throwing a
ladder at you. Your...you climb it--

CHERRY

(confrontational)
Where's the spotter?

Holding his ground.

BASH

Well, you wouldn't have a sp--

Sam walks passed everyone towards the exit door.

SAM

Listen up, if Bash says this is
next level...then this is next
level. Some of you need all the
help you can get. So get to work.
Break a leg.

He reaches the door and looks back.

SAM (CONT'D)
Ha. See what I did there.

He opens the door.

JUSTINE
Wait, where are you going?

SAM
Got a...lunch thing...or gonna go
jerk off, I dunno, something
that's...NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!

Ruth steps to the edge of the ring.

RUT
But we need you.

Sam takes a step out the door but stops.

Ruth and the others wait.

Sam lets Flor through with more folding chairs then takes one last look back toward the ring and walks out.

They all look around at one another, unsure of what to do next.

Reggie comes forward, sizes up the table, takes a step back, plunges down into a deep squat and hurls herself at the table, landing flat and smashing it to the ground.

The ladies freeze and wait to see if she's ok.

Reggie's smile reveals that it's ON. Encouraged, Arthie slides over to Reggie.

ARTHIE
How did you--

REGGIE
I don't know.

Reggie looks at the table on the ground.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
But I like it.

Bash steps in.

BASH
This is great. Quick. Set it up again. What else can we smash?

Rhonda approaches Bash. She's unsure but into it.

RHONDA
Uuum, I can hit with my book.

BASH
Of course you can. Show me how you
do it.

Rhonda awkwardly hauls the book back over her head and taps Bash on the shoulder. Bash nods, knowing it needs work.

BASH (CONT'D)
Okay, ok. Let's put some more oomph
behind it and make some doom with
that tome.

Bash scans the ring.

BASH (CONT'D)
Fortune Cookie! Over here. We're
gonna throw the book at you. Haha.

Rhonda giggles. Jenny skips over.

On the floor beside the ring, Justine opens the lawn chair and pinches her finger.

JUSTINE
Ow! Shit.

In the ring above her, Ruth notices.

RUTH
Are you okay?

Justine ignores and scurries off to the dressing room.

Cherry watches Justine leave. Ruth and Cherry share a look. Ruth gives a nod to let Cherry know she's on it. She leaves the ring.

Cherry side-eyes the ladder and turns away. Backing off, she stands beside Debbie who's been tucked in the corner, unimpressed.

CHERRY
What's up, Freedom?

DEBBIE
Liberty Bell doesn't need props.

CHERRY
Then don't use 'em.

Melanie overhears and pipes in.

MELANIE

Yeah, sure, don't use them.

She glances over her shoulder and lowers her voice.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

But wouldn't it be better to have the option...like, just in case Homewrecker ever decides to turn the match in her favor. You know, fool you once, that's on you. Fool you twice...you're a fuckin idiot.

Debbie considers, then scans the ring.

DEBBIE

Gimme that chair.

INT. CHANGE ROOM

Justine inspects her finger as Ruth walks in and positions herself at the sink and mirror beside her.

JUSTINE

Just a blister.

RUTH

Well, don't pop it, it's protecting the sensitive skin underneath.

JUSTINE

Human bubble wrap.

RUTH

Without the cool popping sound.

They share a smile.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Lemme see.

Ruth steps in to examine the blister.

Justine considers Ruth and decides to confide in her.

JUSTINE

Sam had movie producers in his office this morning.

RUTH

Oh yeah?

JUSTINE

I got here early and went to talk
to Sam and ...

Justine trails off. Ruth picks up on it, covering.

RUTH

And get a head start, probably.
Sure. Get some game day advice.

Justine appreciates the cover.

RUTH (CONT'D)

So, how do you know they were movie
producers?

JUSTINE

Because it was Byron Donovan and
Jim Martin.

RUTH

From all of the Camper High movies.
Talk about a lot of bad acting.

JUSTINE

I think the acting's really good.

Ruth scoffs.

RUTH

If that's good acting then I'll eat
my bonnet.

Justine looks at Ruth like, what?

RUTH (CONT'D)

The margarine commercial? The tiny
sheep herder lady says, "I'll eat
my bonnet."

Justine has no idea.

JUSTINE

Anyway, I think it's good acting.

RUTH

Thank you.

Ruth realizes she didn't mean her.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Oh. Right. The movie. Sure.

Ruth turns on the tap.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Here, run it under some cold water.

Justine complies. Ruth primps a bit in the mirror.

RUTH (CONT'D)
So Camper High...

JUSTINE
They're making a sequel.

RUTH
Camp counsellors in distress. I
could play that.

JUSTINE
They offered Sam a picture deal.

Ruth laughs.

When Justine doesn't laugh along, Ruth quickly shifts.

RUTH
Right. Why wouldn't they?

JUSTINE
Do you think he'd leave us for a
movie offer?

Ruth looks Justine straight in the eye.

RUTH
He'd leave us for a Klondike bar.

Justine looks at her like, what?

RUTH (CONT'D)
C'mon, what would you do for a
Klondike...no?

Justine shrugs.

INT. CAR - LATER

Sam drives and smokes. The radio is on, playing "Come on Eileen".

Sam gets a whiff of something. He opens the window to see if it's coming from outside. The car starts to chug, and smoke appears from under the hood.

SAM
Shit.

He takes a haul of his smoke.

EXT. AUTO GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Sam's car labors into the driveway.

INT. SAM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sam jolts back and forth as the car jerks toward the garage.

SAM
Come on, Eileen.

The car dies and emits a puff of black smoke from the hood.

Exasperated, Sam shakes his head and his eye catches the slip of paper from Jim and Byron. It's folded but we can definitely see ZEROES. Sam smirks.

SAM (CONT'D)
Hooray for Hollywood.

He gets out of the car and walks into the shop.

INT. GYM - LATER

Paired off, the ladies work on their big prop hits with chairs. It's timid and tragically awkward.

BASH
(encouraging)
Ok, ok, so let's move on to the ladder.

Bash stands at the base of the ladder and slowly ascends.

BASH (CONT'D)
You climb it to grab something suspended above the ring. Something of value. Something your character really wants or everybody wants. Like money, or a belt.

MELANIE
Better be Gucci?

BASH
(super excited)
More like a championship belt. It's a tag team move. We'll show you.

Flor takes hold of the ladder and Bash climbs to the top.

Bash pumps his guns and swipes high for an imaginary object, causing his foot to slip and he slides down the ladder and ricochets off his own chin.

The ladies rush to him. He masks the pain to remain positive.

BASH (CONT'D)
Ow. Ok, Don't do as I do--

STACEY
Honey, we've got this.

Dawn and Stacey move in.

STACEY (CONT'D)
No problem.

Stacey holds the ladder, Dawn climbs, playing it up, and swipes for an imaginary item.

DAWN
(from the top)
I'm grabbing the keys to my new
pink Cadillac.

Dawn grabs them triumphantly.

Everybody cheers.

She descends the ladder and she and Stacey aggressively bump bellies.

BASH
(encouraged)
Nice. Ok, Cherry. You're next.

CHERRY
No I'm not.

The ladies react, confused. Cherry's always game.

BASH
What? No, seriously come on. Who do
you want to hold the ladder?

CHERRY
Nobody. I ain't climbing.

BASH
But--

CHERRY

I said no!

Cherry exits the ring. Debbie follows.

BASH

Ok. You know what. Hunger pains.
Everybody take a break. Let's call
it lunch!

Debbie follows Cherry out the gym door.

EXT GYM - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Debbie finds Cherry leaning on a car.

DEBBIE

I don't get it. You're the one
always telling us to do the moves.

Cherry is turned away, holding back tears.