

# Sleep Fighter

An Amatures Webisode

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Story by

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**INT. JON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The sound of heavy SNORING as we PAN across the bedroom and end on Jon lying face downwards in bed, his head buried in a pillow and his ass raised in the air.

He abruptly springs out of bed and heads to the door--

**HALLWAY**

He zombie-walks down the hallway (*Weekend at Bernie's* style), still asleep.

**LIVING ROOM**

Kyle and Jayson play a late-night gaming session on the couch. Jon walks right past them, snoring loudly. They watch him curiously as he sleepwalks out the front door.

JAYSON  
Uhhhh....

KYLE  
The hell?

They throw their controllers down and follow Jon.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - SECONDS LATER**

Kyle and Jayson step outside and scan the parking lot. Jon's car drives past camera, the sound of harsh SNORING trailing behind it.

Kyle and Jayson run to their car.

**INT. KYLE'S CAR - MINUTES LATER**

They hang back, cautiously tailing Jon's car.

JAYSON  
Where could he be going??

KYLE  
I don't know, dude. This is weird -  
even for Jon.

**INT. JON'S CAR**

Jon snores loudly while maneuvering his car on the road. His head is cocked upwards, drool dripping from his gaping mouth.

**EXT. BURGER PALACE, DRIVE-THRU STATION - MINUTES LATER**

Jon pulls up to a fast food joint.

FEMALE VOICE  
(filtered)  
Welcome to Burger Palace, what can I  
get you?

JON  
(snoring)  
ggnnhhggnnhh...

FEMALE VOICE  
You want fries with that?

JON  
gghh!

FEMALE VOICE  
\$4.93. Second window.

Jon pulls around to the window. The DRIVE-THRU ATTENDANT (20s, emo) greets him. Jon holds his credit card up and flings his limp arm out the window.

DRIVE-THRU ATTENDANT  
Any dipping sauce?

JON  
nnnggghhhhh...

DRIVE-THRU ATTENDANT  
(beat)  
... What did you say?

JON  
nnnggghhhhh...

Her shoulders drop -- she clutches her heart, smiling, as if given the most extreme flattery imaginable.

DRIVE-THRU ATTENDANT  
Wow... No one's ever said that to  
me...  
(beat)  
Thank you.

She hands him his bag of food.

DRIVE-THRU ATTENDANT  
(flirting)  
I get off at eleven... Maybe I'll see  
you then?

JON  
gggnnh!

**INT. JON'S CAR - MINUTES LATER**

Jon scarfs down his burger while driving and sleeping.

**INT. KYLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Kyle and Jayson continue to tail him, puzzled and curious.  
They too eat burgers.

JAYSON  
Wait, he's pulling into here!

**JAYSON'S POV**

Jon turns on his blinker and pulls into the parking lot of a  
dive bar.

**EXT. EDDIE'S WATERING HOLE, PARKING LOT**

Jon's car parks and he slides out. He heads around to the  
back of the bar.

**EXT. BACK DOOR**

A bouncer lets him in. Seconds later, Jayson and Kyle greet  
the bouncer. They're let inside, oblivious to what they're  
getting into.

**INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER**

Jayson and Kyle descend the dark stairwell towards the  
basement. The sounds of a raucous CROWD grows louder, as  
does HEAVY METAL MUSIC.

Increasingly confused, the two push on.

**INT. FIGHTING ARENA - MOMENTS LATER**

They emerge into a full-blown fighting arena and join a crowd of audience members. They hug the back corner nervously, taking in the activity from a safe distance.

A REF enters the arena stage. He grabs a pull-down mic hung from the ceiling.

REF  
 Tonight... our challenger is an ex-Navy Seal. He sleeps on a bed of nails. He eats granite counter tops. He fucks great white sharks! I give you: BALL CRUSHER!!

A towering, rock-solid man enters the ring. This is BALL CRUSHER (30s). The crowd BOOS.

REF  
 And now... our returning champion. The unstoppable, mysterious warrior of the night. Who is he?? Where did he come from?? He is an artist of ass-kicking. A poet with punches. Please welcome: The SLEEP FIGHTER!!

Jon enters the ring, still sleepwalking. The crowd CHEERS. Jayson and Kyle turn to each other with puzzled expressions.

The Ref holds a mic up to Ball Crusher.

BALL CRUSHER  
 I'm gonna stomp over your dead dick! Your puny little balls will pop like pinatas. You're finished, Sleep Fighter!!!

REF  
 Champ, you have anything to say to that?

He holds the mic up to Jon.

JON  
 (snoring)  
 ggggnnnnnhhhhhhh...

The audience "oooo's" at the ultimate diss.

A BELL DINGS. The two fighters engage in combat.

At first they circle each other, Ball Crusher analyzing his opponent for weaknesses.

He throws a quick jab -- Jon easily sidesteps it. More circling. Ball Crusher throws another jab -- Jon dances around it like a butterfly.

Ball Crusher gets angry. He unloads punches, kicks, furious attempts at landing a blow. Jon swerves and glides past all of them with sleepy limpness yet incredible agility. He's in a state of flow that cannot be bested. The crowd responds with every deft maneuver.

BALL CRUSHER

Come on!!!

He hurls himself at Jon, who dances around behind him. Jon launches a *quick karate chop* to Ball Crusher's shoulder -- his opponent drops to his knees in agony.

SMACK-SMACK -- two jabs to Ball Crusher's face.

Dazed, Ball Crusher swings his arms trying to land a blow -- Jon flails his body around them and then *elbows Ball Crusher in the nose*. Blood sprays into the first row of the crowd.

*Jon unleashes a flurry of lightning-fast punches.* FAST CUTS of landing hits, explosive reactions.

Finally, Jon grabs Bone Crusher by the shoulders -- he's HURLED through the air like a rag doll and lands out of the ring.

The crowd completely loses it. Kyle and Jayson are surprised and relieved.

The Ref holds Jon's arm up in victory.

REF

The winner - and still Champion -  
Sleep Fighter!!

The Ref then presents Jon with a sack full of cash.

REF

And here are your winnings, Sleep  
Fighter.

A beat. Jon just stands there and snores.

REF

.... Go on. Take them.

JON  
gggnnnhhhh....

REF  
Well... Once again, the Sleep Fighter shows us true humility. We'll hold on to them, champ, if you ever change your mind.

Kyle and Jayson eye each other, quickly sensing an opportunity. They rush to the arena, pushing through the crowd.

JAYSON  
Wait! Wait! We'll take that!

KYLE  
We're his managers.

JAYSON  
Yes! We are Sleep Fighter's managers. We handle his money.

KYLE  
(grabbing the earnings)  
All the money. Thank you.

Jayson grabs the mic and speaks to the crowd.

JAYSON  
And I'd like to send a message to alllll you pussies out there who think you've got what it takes to beat Sleep Fighter:  
Put your money where your stupid mouth is.

KYLE  
Yeah, bring your money.

Kyle and Jayson wink at each other.

#### **CUE MONTAGE**

#### **FIGHTING ARENA**

Jon enters another match. Kyle and Jayson stand behind him, white towels over their shoulders, bottles of water at the ready.

Jon's opponent enters the ring: another towering, BURLY DUDE.

The BELL RINGS. FAST CUTS of Jon dodging attacks, unleashing kung fu mastery on his opponent.

#### **ANOTHER FIGHT**

Jon beats another opponent.

The winnings are presented to Jayson and Kyle.

#### **CITY PARK - DAY**

Jon sleep-runs through a park. Kyle and Jayson trail behind him, coaching him from a golf cart. They wear designer clothing and expensive sunglasses.

#### **HILL, CITY PARK - SUNSET**

Jon does training poses as a silhouette against the setting sun.

#### **MORE FIGHTS**

QUICK CUTS of Jon defeating fighter after fighter. More and more bags of cash. The fighters are beaten and hurled around in rapid-succession. (Stunt dummies flying everywhere.)

#### **MORE TRAINING**

Jon punches and kicks a makeshift training dummie that lights up when hit (3 *Ninjas*).

#### **END MONTAGE**

#### **INT. DIESEL DADDY'S DOJO - DAY**

PAN across various karate students training in the background. An ADMINISTRATOR (30s) watches an internet video on a laptop.

In a panic, he stops the video--



ADMINISTRATOR

Hey, Double D! You better come look at this!

In the back area, a massive wrestler-type stops training a disciple. This is DIESEL DADDY (50s; Macho Man Randy Savage past his prime), the reigning Atlanta champion.

DIESEL DADDY

How many times do I gotta repeat it, man?? Never interrupt Diesel Daddy when he's training.

He stomps over to the administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR

Sorry, Double D - but you need to see this.

He replays the video for Diesel Daddy.

**INSERT: YOUTUBE-LIKE INTERFACE**

Cell footage of Jayson at the first match.

JAYSON

And I'd like to send a message to alllll you pussies out there who think you've got what it takes to beat Sleep Fighter:  
Put your money where your stupid mouth is--

**BACK TO SCENE**

DIESEL DADDY

WHAT!!!??

Diesel Daddy hurls the laptop at the wall.

DIESEL DADDY

Nobody calls Diesel Daddy a pussy!! Who is this shit squeak Sleep Fighter??

ADMINISTRATOR

I don't know, Double D. But he's good. Real good. It's a fighting style I've never seen before.

DIESEL DADDY  
 He's squirrel meat! There can only  
 be one world champion of Atlanta.  
 I'll mop the floor with this  
 amateur!!

CUT TO:

**INSERT - INTERNET VIDEO**

Diesel Daddy addresses camera on a computer screen.

DIESEL DADDY  
 Diesel Daddy here - the world  
 fighting champion of Atlanta. I've  
 got a message for the one they call  
 Sleep Fighter:  
 Your nights of victory are over, man.  
 You've been livin' a wet dream 'till  
 now, partner. I'm talkin' 'bout  
 wakin' you up to a new nightmare of  
 pain, yeah. Diesel Daddy's gonna lay  
 you down for a permanent night's  
 sleep, yeah.  
 Don't think I got what it takes??  
 Well, I've got a coool forty dollars  
 here --

He fans out four Hamiltons in his hand.

DIESEL DADDY  
 -- that says you can't beat me mano a  
 mano. Think you got what it takes??  
 I'll see you Saturday night at  
 Eddie's Watering Hole. Come and get  
 it!

He waves the \$40 enticingly.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE BOYS' LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

Jayson sits on the couch, counting a stack of cash. He has  
 slicked back hair and wears an Armani suit. He's become the  
 stereotypical corporate bad guy.

Kyle rushes into the room, carrying his laptop. He's  
 dressed in straight-up pimp attire - diamond rings,  
 flamboyant hat, etc.

KYLE  
Jayson! We've got a challenger!

JAYSON  
Ugh. Kyle, you made me lose count!

KYLE  
This one's big. We're talkin' forty  
big ones!

JAYSON  
(full alert)  
Forty dollars?? Who? When?

KYLE  
I dunno, some pussy. This Saturday.

JON (O.S.)  
What're you guys talking about?

Kyle and Jayson both turn to Jon, who's playing video games  
in his PJ's.

KYLE  
Uh. Nothing. Go back to your games,  
Jonny.

JON  
Hey... where'd you get all that  
money?

JAYSON  
Jon... Quiet. Drink your sleepy  
medicine.  
(turns to Kyle)  
Challenge accepted.

*End of excerpt*