

**WWE SHORTS ENTERTAINMENT:**

**MAKE IT, REIGNS!**

Written by

Justin Shady

INT. SPORTS ARENA (MERCH STAND) - NIGHT

We hear the muffled SCREAMS of fans coming from the seats.

On the concourse, ROMAN REIGNS (30) glances over a wall of WWE Superstar and Diva merch. A SALESMAN (30s) stares in silence for a long beat as he waits for Reigns to speak.

ROMAN REIGNS  
Am I outselling Cena?

The salesman SCOFFS at Reigns' ridiculous question. Then--

MERCH SALESMAN  
Yeah. Right.

Frustrated, Reigns SNAPS his fingers: "Damn!"

ROMAN REIGNS  
What about Rollins?

The salesman picks up a piece of paper and silently counts out hashmarks on the sheet. After a beat--

MERCH SALESMAN  
Just barely.

ROMAN REIGNS  
(ecstatic)  
Yes!

Beat, as they awkwardly stare at each other. Then--

MERCH SALESMAN  
So... can I help you with something  
or what?

ROMAN REIGNS  
One Reigns shirt. Medium.

MERCH SALESMAN  
(handing it to him)  
Twenty-five bucks.

Romans digs through the numerous pockets on his vest, pulling out random two-dollar bills and handfuls of change. He counts the money out, and then after a beat--

ROMAN REIGNS  
I only have \$18.72 on me.

MERCH SALESMAN  
 (sighing, rolling eyes)  
 Fine. *This time*. But *next time* I'm  
 gonna need--

His thought is cut off by ROMAN REIGNS' THEME MUSIC.

Reigns dumps the money on the counter and grabs the shirt; he takes off running. The salesman shakes his head and pools the pile of change into his open palm.

After a beat, Reigns returns.

ROMAN REIGNS  
 Hey, you don't know where the  
 backstage entrance is, do you?

MERCH SALESMAN  
 For the hundredth time, Reigns, no.

Again, Reigns snaps his fingers: "Damn!" Again, he takes off.

The salesman watches him go.

#### CONCESSION STAND

REIGNS' MUSIC continues to play as he hurriedly runs past; FOOD SERVICE EMPLOYEES track him as he passes.

But as Reigns passes, he notices a sign: "ONE PRETZEL, ONE HOTDOG, ONE SODA: ONE DOLLAR."

After a beat, Reigns returns and approaches a TEENAGER working behind the counter.

TEENAGER  
 (wide-eyed)  
 Can I, uh... help you or something?

ROMAN REIGNS  
 (re: sign)  
 Is that one dollar each, or one  
 dollar for everything?

TEENAGER  
 Everything.

ROMAN REIGNS  
 Wow. That's a great deal.  
 (digs for more change out  
 of his numerous pockets)  
 I only have sixty-two cents.

TEENAGER

Uh... 'kay?

The teenager hands Reigns his pretzel/hotdog/soda. Reigns drops his handful of change into the kid's hand, and then sucks down the entire soda in one long sip. Then--

ROMAN REIGNS

Where's the backstage entrance?

TEENAGER

There's a backstage?

Reigns rolls his eyes and takes off with his t-shirt, pretzel, and hotdog.

### RESTROOMS

Reigns runs past as his MUSIC still plays loudly in the background. After a beat, he returns and enters the--

### MEN'S RESTROOM

Reigns hurriedly approaches a urinal and starts to do his business. Beside him (doing *his* business) is a FAN (20s).

FAN

(noticing, star-struck)  
Holy cow.

ROMAN REIGNS

I just downed a big soda.

Beat.

FAN

Can I have a--

ROMAN REIGNS

(interrupting, takes a  
bite of hotdog)  
Do you know how to get backstage?

FAN

Uh... no. And I really don't think you should be eating food in a public restroom. It's kinda gross. Just saying.

ROMAN REIGNS  
 You're not the boss of me!  
 (flushes urinal)  
 Believe that!

Reigns finishes, then walks over to the sink and washes his hands. He leaves.

FAN  
 (to himself)  
 At least he washed his hands.

### CONCOURSE

Reigns runs past a lone SECURITY GUARD (40s) as his THEME MUSIC continues to play, and fans continue to CHEER.

After a beat, he returns.

ROMAN REIGNS  
 Hey, you know how to get backstage?

SECURITY GUARD  
 I just work here, man. But if you  
 need to get to the ring--  
 (points at curtained  
 entrance)  
 --you can get to it through there.

Reigns SIGHS and rolls his eyes.

ROMAN REIGNS  
 (to himself)  
 Vince is gonna kill me. I swear,  
 this happens *every time*.  
 (to Guard)  
 Thanks, man.

Reigns walks to the curtain and pauses. He hypes himself up for a beat, and then--

### STANDS

--enters from behind the curtain. The crowd goes WILD. He makes his way to the ring via the stairs (his usual M.O.) as FANS pat him on the back.

As he makes his way down to the ring, he hands his pretzel and half-eaten hot dog to a LITTLE GIRL (8), and the t-shirt he bought to a XXXL MAN (30s). By their reaction, you'd think they were receiving water and wine from Jesus Christ himself.

RING

Reigns enters and butts heads with his opponent for the evening: SETH ROLLINS. They ham it up for the fans for a few beats, and then--

                  SETH ROLLINS  
                  (under his breath)  
                  You couldn't find the backstage  
                  entrance again, could you?

                  ROMAN REIGNS  
                  (under his breath)  
                  Seriously, where is it?!?

The bell DINGS as Reigns and Rollins start to go at it.

After a beat--

STANDS

--we cut back to the XXXL Man, whose attention isn't on the action going on in the ring, but on the tag in the t-shirt Reigns gave him.

                  XXL MAN  
                  (to himself)  
                  A medium?!? Seriously?!?  
                  (to Reigns, loudly)  
                  Come on, man!

THE END