

GABLE

BASED ON TRUE EVENTS

Based on the gripping true story of legendary wrestling icon, Dan Gable

SELF-TAPE INSTRUCTIONS

1. Review the attached scene and familiarize yourself with DAN's lines. When you're ready to record your audition, ask a parent or friend to read CHUCK'S lines to you **off camera**.
2. Find a space to record your audition. While it is not necessary to film your audition in a professional studio, it's important your environment is well-lit and quiet.
3. Record the following videos in **separate video files**:
 - Video 1: A full-body shot while stating your name, height, home-base location, and age. Say a few sentences about your wrestling and/or MMA experience. (1 min max)
 - Video 2: Your Audition Scene (attached)
 - Video 3 (Optional): Feel free to include an existing wrestling/sparring clip. Please do not prepare a wrestling clip for this audition.
4. Create a **FREE [Actors Access/Breakdown Express](#)** account
5. Upload your files before Friday, February 13th.

Congratulations, you're done!

All submissions will be reviewed by Casting

***It's free to audition. Do not pay any service to submit your videos**
Vimeo, Facebook & YouTube links will not be accepted***

Questions? Email: gablecasting2026@gmail.com

Jan 15

45.

Please read lines for DAN

INT. WATERLOO SEWER – MOMENTS LATER

The sewer is hot and humid, with thick steam leaking from rusty pipes that criss-cross the walls.

Dan is jumping rope, partially lit by a string of amber bulbs overhead. He's sweating heavily, working off a few pounds of water before bed. Chuck is on the cement platform behind him, guzzling a tallboy beer.

START SCENE

CHUCK
Gillespie wasn't kiddin' about that
buck up on Farm Acre, boy. Sammy
they call 'em. Ya shoulda seen 'em,
Gabes. He's gotta be... I dunno,
maybe four hundred pounds?
Apparently the ornery sonovabitch
busted through the gates and shoved
an antler clean through the
farmer's dog. Dropped 'em dead,
like a sack of potatoes.

Dan looks annoyed as the rope whips past his face, attempting to tune out Chuck's blather.

Dan stops jumping, SLAMMING THE ROPE TO THE GROUND.

DAN

Dammit! I don't wanna hear this crap, alright? Ya got enough trouble on your hands already, don't ya? Look... We need ya on the mat, Chuck. But with all the fightin' and partyin' ya been doin', you'll be lucky to make it through the season without gettin' kicked outta school.

Chuck shrivels, humbled by Dan's tone.

CHUCK

(sheepish)
I was just talkin', Gabes. I wasn't gonna do nothin'.

Sharp pangs of guilt run through Dan, watching his friend stewing in shame.

DAN

I'm sorry, Chuck. You didn't do nothin', and I shouldn't be gettin' on ya like that. Somethin' ain't right with me...

Chuck nods, feeling Dan's discomfort.

CHUCK

What's goin' on?

DAN

I don't know... It's like, I got all these weird thoughts.

CHUCK

Is it... about your sister?

Dan picks up the rope, avoiding the question.

He looks over to see Chuck, slumping forward, dropping his face down into his hands.

DAN

Hey, ya alright, pal?

Chuck looks up at Dan with watery tears filling his eyes.

CHUCK

I'd give anythin' for ten minutes with that sonovabitch.

DAN

Who?

CHUCK

The one who done it.

The mention of Kyle freezes Dan in place.

The muscles along Chuck's jawline tighten as he continues, gnashing his teeth.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I'd start by chokin' 'em unconscious. And then I'd slap 'em around a little, just to wake 'em up, ya know?

Dan is listening closely now, seduced by the grotesque imagery, reveling in brutality and retribution.

Dan spins away suddenly, slapping himself in the head, trying to pull himself out of a dark place...

DAN

Uh-uh. No. That ain't it.

...he turns back to Chuck, looking him directly in the eyes.

DAN (CONT'D)

Winning's the way, Chuck. It's the only way. As long as we keep winnin' all the bad stuff disappears. And all we gotta do now is stay focused.

Chuck nods, accepting the order like a soldier. He pounds down the rest of his beer, crushing the can and tossing it up the tunnel into darkness.

END SCENE

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