

Erin Alexis

Writer | Television • Narrative • Character Driven

Writing that leads with voice, lands jokes cleanly, and knows its characters.

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Contents

Professional Television Writing

- *WOW – Women of Wrestling* (Wrestler Bios)

Short-Form Writing

- 1 Chapter from my Book: *Casual Sex and Cigarettes*

Web Series

- *Influenced* (1 Episode of a 10 Episode Comedic Web-Series)

Personal & Published

- Personal Essay – *LA Times*

Resume

Wow-Women of Wrestling Character Bios

Dr. Pam Demonium

Born out of chaos and raised in calamity, Dr. Pam Demonium never knew a normal day in her life. To survive, she wore masks. Every smile, every tear, every scream was just another performance. But when she found her true calling in the laboratory, science gave her something her family never could: control.

One day, an experiment backfired, fracturing her soul. Now she walks the razor's edge between Comedy and Tragedy; cackling like a hyena one second, weeping the next. The world calls it madness, she calls it balance.

There is only one place twisted enough to contain her chaos: the WOW Wrestling ring. It did not take long for Samantha Smart to recognize a dangerous brilliance in Dr. Pam Demonium. Now, as part of the Enlightened crew, she is prescribing nothing but pain, so pray you are not her next experiment!

Destiny Diesel

From the sun-scorched streets of Chula Vista to the electric heart of San Diego, Destiny Diesel isn't just driving to the ring, she's blazing her own road to greatness!

Once trapped in the cold steel cage of the corporate world, Destiny played the game smiling, nodding, "Yes, Ma'am-ing" her way through life, all while a storm of fury rumbled beneath the surface. But every boiler has a breaking point. When her boss crossed the line, the engine inside her exploded. The old Destiny was left in the wreckage. What emerged? A high-octane powerhouse fueled by fire, fury, and a hunger for the WOW World Championship!

Destiny drove trip after trip to the WOW training center in Los Angeles, barreling through grueling sessions that left her exhausted, but never broken. Like the little engine that could, Destiny refused to quit.

Destiny isn't here to play nice, she's the roaring freight train of WOW, pure muscle and combustion, ready to run straight through anyone standing in her way. So look both ways before you cross, because when you hear that "CHOO CHOO"... it's already too late.

Catalina Speed

Hailing from Miami, Florida, Catalina Speed carries the torch of her family's journey. Her father braved the ocean, slow drifting on a raft from Cuba for seven long days to reach America. Catalina chose a different path. She hits life in overdrive, racing full throttle toward every opportunity. With pure velocity, she burst onto the WOW stage and has been nothing but fast and furious since the moment she arrived.

Athleticism runs in her blood. Her father earned a coveted spot on the Judo National Team and his determination fueled Catalina's own drive. Armed with a background in rugby and amateur wrestling, she proved herself smart enough, tough enough, and fearless enough to turn her talents into education, opportunity, and now glory inside the squared circle.

The engine inside her is always revving, and WOW has become the open road for her destiny. As a proud first-generation Cuban-American, Catalina knows every step she takes in that ring is bigger than herself. She fights to show the world that if she can make it, so can you.

But don't mistake her heart for softness. Once the bell rings, Catalina Speed transforms into a force not even Nascar could hold on its tracks. She'll drive her opponents straight into a wall of hurt, because in her world there are no brakes. Catalina is all gas and no mercy. Red lights are only suggestions, and Catalina Speed is on a highway to the finish line.

Drucilla Blade

Drucilla Blade grew up in Kokomo, Indiana, a small town that never embraced her. Half Filipino, half white, Drucilla faced prejudice, isolation, and ridicule. Sports couldn't save her. Acceptance never came. So darkness began to stir. When sword fighting entered her life, the steel spoke to her and she listened.

A figure from her past weapons training, Genesis, brought Drucilla to WOW - Women Of Wrestling. Needing a bodyguard, Genesis sought out "The Ultimate Weapon" and Drucilla Blade was the only person Genesis could trust. Don't get it twisted, each Superhero stands on their own, but in a world as cutthroat as WOW, Genesis was forced to bring in backup.

Inside the WOW ring, Drucilla doesn't just swing a sword. She is the sword. She isn't here to play nice. She is here to carve her legend, slash through the competition, and leave the roster in pieces.

A Chapter from my Book:
Casual Sex and Cigarettes

Diamonds Really Are a Girl's Best Friend

"It's hard to be a diamond in a rhinestone world." – Dolly Parton

When I was home for Christmas this one year, my mom decided it was time to bequeath me with some of her diamonds. Now, I don't know if your momma was as lavish as mine, but man am I grateful she decided back in the '90s to spend all my dad's money on jewelry! Yes, Carol! A+ work! Teenage Erin didn't understand the appeal. My dad, aka Joe, would always joke, "These will be yours one day." And I'm sure I said something crude, made a face, and stomped off to my room. But for some reason, December 27, 2018 was that DAY! And ladies, what they say really is true: "Diamonds ARE a girl's best friend."

I was having a particularly rough Christmas. As all good snowbirds do, my parents moved from Pennsylvania to go and retire in sunny Florida. Since I'm an only child, with no husband or children of my own, it is my sole obligation to go home and visit Joe and Carol for Christmas each and every year. On this visit, I just so happened to have been dating a guy that I left behind back in LA. Now, I'm not one to typically care about going away for five whole days, but I was having severe anxiety about the situation. Mostly because I could feel him pulling away. He wasn't being communicative about it, though, leaving me to jump to all of the conclusions. Hard to do from 3,000 miles away, but I'm a woman; I could do it from the adjacent room if I had to. I was in such a state I was completely unable to eat. It was terrible. I found my mom's stash of clonazepam and popped one on Christmas morning. Now that's a good drug. I felt like I was walking on damn clouds the whole day. I'm pretty sure I fell asleep on the couch around 8 p.m. Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night.

The next day, Carol and I, and a friend of hers, decided to do the one activity that you do when you are retired and living in Tampa, Florida: you go to the casino.

I was definitely coming down from my cloud and feeling it hard, and the lack of text messages, Instagram story views, and Facebook likes between the guy and me had sent me over the edge. I was in a state. We all split up to find our slot machines whose juju called to us. There I am in a maze of plunking coins and wheelchairs and suddenly, I start to cry. Just tears flowing from my eyeballs at such a rapid rate that there was literally no stopping them. Like an Elon Musk Hyperloop straight from Cali to Vegas. I didn't know what to do. I felt so lost and so alone and so isolated from the world, and then I remembered my mom was there. I started frantically tearing through the casino looking for, crap, a small, round, silver-haired woman. DO YOU KNOW HOW

HARD THAT WAS? I was in the silver-haired capital of the world. I gained three more silver hairs just by entering the state of Florida. Finally, I see her.

“Mom,” I say in the most pathetic, quivering voice I don’t even like to admit that I had, “I need you to please come hug me.”

Hahahaha! Wow! There is nothing like having a complete emotional breakdown at the age of 37 in the middle of a casino. I was crying with such ferocity, I’m sure people walking by thought I had just lost my life’s savings. But I’ll tell you this: having my mom there to hug me and tell me everything was going to be all right made me actually feel it and believe it. Carol’s friend must have felt bad for me. She gave me a \$20 bill and told me to go play. I won \$168 on the Wonder Woman slot machine, go figure, and was ready to call it a day.

Now, I’m not going to attribute my full-on breakdown to the fact that the next day, as I was packing up and getting ready for my exodus from retirement land, Carol decided it was time to share her diamonds, but I will say: A. It doesn’t matter and B. It sure helped. She knocked on my door and came in with four tiny boxes. “Don’t tell your father (which is always my favorite start to any conversation), but do you want to take home some of my old rings and jewelry? They don’t fit me anymore.” She opened up the boxes and it was like nothing else in the world existed in that moment. I was stunned. I remembered those rings. I remember being there the day she bought them. A tanzanite ring encircled in diamonds, earrings and a necklace to match, and the shiniest of rings. Oh, the diamond shine. I put them on and they fit perfectly. As I looked down at my hands that were dripping in diamonds, I thought to myself, screw men. Who needs a man when you have diamonds?

I made it back to LA, diamonds in tow, and went straight from the airport, luggage in hand, to meet some of my favorite gal pals. We ended up having quite the night. I never heard from that guy again. The one I was supposedly dating. And yes, it really stung, and it sucked for a bit, but when I look down at my hands and look up at my friends, I know that all I really need are diamond rings and sparkling friendships. That, and a big ol’ hug from my mom.

INFLUENCED
EP. 3: "THE LAST TIME MY MOM ASTRAL PROJECTED..."

16 EXT. DESERT - DAY 16

A beat up merlot, 2011 Subaru Impreza drives down a dusty road, passing a sign for Joshua Tree.

17 INT. DEE'S CAR - DAY 17

Dee is driving shooting a VLOG.

DEE

Hello, my Doves. I'm currently on my way to see my best friend, aka, my Mom!

The car makes an awful honking sound like it's not going to make it.

DEE (CONT'D)

So, I have to come clean, the Tesla was actually Joels, but I've come back to my good old friend Miss Bernadette Merlot. She might be missing a couple of hubcaps, but she still drives just as smooth as ever.

Dee hits a huge bump, rattling whole car.

DEE (CONT'D)

As most of you know my Mom currently lives in Arizona and does a special Joshua Tree trip once every few years. So I'm on my way to see her. She's one of the most amazing people in the world. She's so fun, and sweet, and has always been such a positive light in my life. She knows exactly what to say to get you out of your worst and darkest moods. When the world tried to kick you down, she's the one you want to call to help pick you back up! Ooop! We're here. Ok my Doves, stay tuned for Desert Days Content!

At that, she signs off.

18 EXT. DEBORAH'S YURT - DAY

18

Dee pulls into the driveway and parks. DEBORAH, who has all the makings of a Palm Springs Earth Mother, comes out dressed in flowy muumuu and turban, finger cymbals in hand. She walks up, arms open, but stops. Using her finger cymbals she disdainfully cleanse Dee's aura, plucking at the air around Dee.

DEBORAH
Oh. Gosh. You look like
you've been dumped.

19 EXT. JOSHUA TREE - DAY

19

Dee and Deborah hike through the desert. Deborah has a ceremonial drum she beats as they walk.

DEBORAH
I have so many exciting and
cleansing activities planned for us
this weekend. We are going to start
with a Yoni steam.

DEE
A what?

DEBORAH
A yoni steam.

DEE
What the fuck is a yoni steam?

DEBORAH
It's a steam for your yoni.

DEE
Your yoni?!

DEBORAH
Your vagina, Dee.

Two people walk by, horror in their eyes. Deborah beats her drum at them.

DEE
Oh my God. I'm sorry I asked.

DEBORAH
After that, we have a sound bath on
the only spaceship made of wood,
the Integratron.

DEE

I'm not even going to ask.

DEBORAH

And then, we end with an ayahuasca ceremony!

DEE

No! Mom!

DEBORAH

What? Why not?

DEE

Mom! Last time you tripped, you broke up with your boyfriend because you astral projected into his room and you saw him cheating on you while he was at a conference in Denver.

DEBORAH

Yeah. The perfect place to cheat. I know. I saw it with my third eye.

DEE

Ok Debbie!

Annoyed, Deborah stops, closes her eyes. She uses her finger cymbal to cleanse herself.

DEBORAH

I told you, my shaman renamed me Deb-or-ah.

DEE

Fine. Whatever. I don't want to do any of this. I don't need a yoni cleanse and an ayahuasca trip in a wooden spaceship. I'm great.

DEBORAH

Well it's pretty clear to me that you are not great. Joel really did a number on you. You know, I never really had a good feeling about him. What'd he do again? I feel like he didn't even know.

DEE

Uh. I've told you this a million times. He is a musician/underwear model/turned producer/writer.

(MORE)

DEE (CONT'D)

He produced "Good Time Guys" and made a bunch of money and he's been in pre-production for his next project since then.

DEBORAH

Pre-production? Dee, that movie came out over seven years ago. What does he do all day? I mean, was he a good partner to you? Did he make your yoni scream?

DEE

Stop! I am so sick of having this conversation. I came out here to get away and hang out with you and now I'm getting shit for my failed relationship!

Deborah starts to walk off.

DEE (CONT'D)

(Quickly shifting)

Oh wait. Before we go any further I need you to take a shot of me for my followers.

20

INT. DEBORAH'S YURT - DAY

20

Dee enters the yurt. Deborah is mid-meditation.

DEE

Mom..? Mom..?

(She rolls her eyes)

Deborah? I'm sorry. I didn't mean to snap at you. I'm actually not really doing that great. I'm freaking depressed. Breakups suck and Joel blindsided me and what I really need is some wine, and TLC, and, and.. Some of your homemade lasagna that you always used to make me to whenever I was sad.

Dee opens her eyes and stand up.

DEBORAH

Of course, my sweet baby!

(cupping Dee's face)

It's already in the oven. I love you and just want you to be happy. Come here and give your mom a hug.

The two women embrace. As they separate...

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

But you're going to have to eat it alone though. I have a date with a man named Badger and, well, you can imagine...

Deborah does a weird Hannibal Lector sound.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

... Plus I already paid for the ayahuasca, so I figured he could be my plus one. I mean, my Shaman Earl would be really disappointed if I didn't show up.

Dee's face is both equally in awe and disgust.

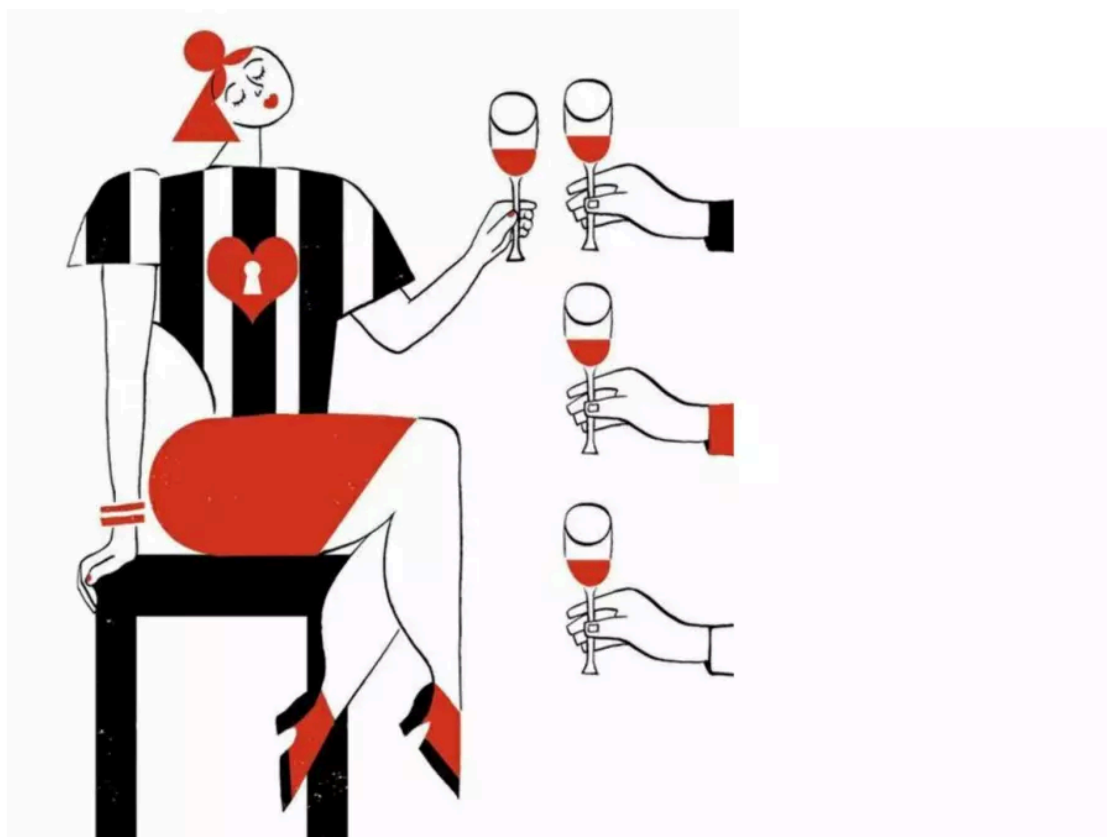
DEE

Great.

BLACK.

END EPISODE.

L.A. Affairs: Why I stopped blaming men for everything wrong in my relationships



It's not that we're terrible people, we just don't know how to commit. (Hanna Barczyk / For The Times)

By Erin Alexis

June 8, 2019 5:30 AM PT

When they say dating in L.A. is hard, they are not kidding.

I moved here with my then-boyfriend, and now ex-fiancé, from New York City. After four years together and four months of being engaged, I ended things. I immediately found myself in a rebound relationship, which I'd promised myself I wasn't going to do, but it felt harmless at the time. Almost like a safety blanket. He was a friend of a friend and five years younger. We met at Jumbo's Clown Room, because I'm a classy gal.

Somehow, another year and a half passed before I realized I needed to get out. The relationship was going nowhere, and so was I. I was finally hurled into the world of dating all over again, but for the first time in L.A, and in my mid 30s.

[Are you a veteran of L.A.'s current dating scene? We want to publish your story](#)

I found that the world of dating had changed drastically while I was away from it. There were these things called “Tinder,” and “Bumble,” and everyone I knew was using them. I’m an old-fashioned gal — or maybe I’m just old — but I still have not used a dating app to meet a man.

Instead, I go out dancing to Davey Wayne’s and throw my number out at the dive bar like Skittles: “Here, taste the rainbow!” I take home strangers from bars and consider myself lucky when they don’t end up murdering me.

And worst of all, I always end up dating the one person I always swear I’m never ever, ever, going to date again, a comedian.

[More L.A. Affairs columns](#)

They’re the worst type to date, in my humble opinion. I should know, as I am one, and I’ve dated more comedians than I’d like to admit.

Dating a comic when you’re thirsty is like going to the grocery store when you’re hungry. You’re just going to end up with a bunch of junk you don’t actually want or need.

It’s not that we’re terrible people, we just don’t know how to commit. And not all of them, of course. In my experience, it seems that most of them are just plagued with your classic case of Peter Pan syndrome. They just don’t wanna grow up. Because growing up means changing your ways, and if your ways are going out nightly and making people

laugh, well, that's not an easy thing to give up. Committing to someone else, would mean not being fully selfish. And, as we know, stand-up typically involves just one person.

The first guy I dated, we'll just call him "The Idiot," turned out to be a sociopath for sure. We met on the most auspicious of days, Valentine's Day. He was sitting a bar stool away from me at one of my favorite local haunts, the Black Cat. After three months together, he ended it by ghosting me. This was my first experience with such a thing, and it burned.

The guy after that lived in New York City, but came to Los Angeles for months at a time. He was perfect. No strings needed to be attached.

Then there was the seven-month long "non-relationship." We were comedy buddies who just started making out after shows. On our first date, he told me he did not want a relationship. He had just gotten out of one and wasn't ready for anything serious. I was in an ambivalent place about the whole thing, so I went with it. Of course, I was just fooling myself. Once again, I spent months of time and emotional energy on a relationship that had no future. I got out.

I tried to convince myself that some people just aren't cut out for relationships, even though I'd find myself desperately wanting one.

The problem was, I just couldn't dismiss this as one more bad relationship to blame on a man who was emotionally unavailable.

I finally realized *I* was emotionally unavailable.

I had shut myself off to the possibility of a new love and an actual relationship after breaking up with my fiancé. I wasn't ready. I wasn't ready to invite the possibility of that type of hurt back into my life. I realized that closing myself off to a potentially good and

healthy relationship was actually doing me more harm than good. But I couldn't help myself. I was caught in a loop.

At this point you're probably asking, "*Why? Why is this so hard for you?*" Well, there's an answer to that. And it's one I have tried to avoid, but when it constantly stares me in the face, I have to stare back. I hate to boil it all down to one thing, but I can. I was adopted when I was a baby. And although I was adopted by the two most amazing humans ever, that doesn't discount the fact that I feel "abandoned." I was, after all, left behind. I wasn't chosen.

It doesn't take a therapist to see the dynamic: I try and take the power back by either leaving first, or not opening myself up at all to someone else. That was the reason why I left my fiancé. I would describe him as the love of my life. But I was too afraid to give my heart away. So I sabotaged it. I had an emotional affair with another man. Nothing physical ever happened, but I thought, "If I can feel like this for someone else, then surely I can't get married." I ran back to New York City for a spell, to distance myself from it all, from my fiancé. I went out nightly without him. Anything to not have to face that man, and the truth about how I felt deep down inside, about myself. I kept my heart locked up tight.

So, today, I'm trying. It turns out, I'm still not that good at it. (Don't worry, I'm definitely in therapy.) Part of the problem is, I've gotten rather used to being single, and I must admit, I do like it. I like sidling up to bars and seeing who's around. And I love being able to do what I want, when I want, with whom I want.

Sure, I get lonely. And there are certainly times that I think I'll probably be alone for the rest of my life. But, I know I can always call up a friend to split a bottle of wine with me at Little Dom's on a Monday night. And just when I think I'll never meet anyone again, *bam*, someone enters my life, and there I am, on a third date at Crossroads Kitchen gazing into each other's eyes, and thinking, "Maybe this one will last ..."

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Education

Columbia University, New York, NY

MFA in Acting, Graduation: Spring 2010

Pace University, New York, NY

BFA in Theatre, Graduation: Spring 2003

Qualifications

Creative storyteller and producer with a sharp instinct for original ideas and the follow-through to bring them to life, from first spark to final cut. Skilled at wearing multiple hats and making the most of limited resources, tight timelines, and scrappy budgets without ever compromising vision or quality. Fast-moving, solutions-focused, and endlessly adaptable, I thrive in both collaborative spaces and solo missions, always leading with creativity, clarity, and a sense of humor.

Experience

WOW – Women of Wrestling for Paramount+ TV, Los Angeles, CA

Writer | Season 4 (2025)

- Wrote and developed dynamic wrestler profiles, shaping compelling backstories that fit seamlessly into the WOW universe.
- Adapted and evolved storylines to align with the larger narrative arc, ensuring continuity across seasons while avoiding repetition or inconsistencies.
- Infused scripts with the flair, energy, and finesse needed to captivate both live and broadcast audiences.
- Crafted dialogue and promo material for wrestlers, enhancing character voice and in-ring presence.

Influenced, Los Angeles, CA

Co-Writer | Producer | Lead Actor | In Post-Production (2025)

- Co-wrote, produced, and starred in this upcoming comedic web series exploring influencer culture, authenticity, and absurdity in the digital age.
- Shaped story arcs and character development while collaborating closely with co-creators to craft the show's tone and structure.
- Led casting and hired the full production team, assembling a talented crew and ensemble that brought the project to life.

- Oversaw production logistics, including budgeting, scheduling, and on-set coordination, ensuring a seamless shoot on an indie timeline.
- Currently in post-production, managing final edits, scoring, and marketing prep ahead of launch.

Moderately Put Together, Los Angeles, CA

Producer | Writer | Lead Actor | 2018

- Raised funding for the pilot *Moderately Put Together*, which premiered at SXSW in 2019, and which I also wrote and starred in.
- Managed the full project lifecycle from pre-production to post-production, ensuring timely and budget-conscious delivery.
- Coordinated with director, talent, and crew to develop and execute production plans, schedules, and budgets.
- Supervised the production team, maintaining clear communication and ensuring smooth on-set operations.
- Managed the casting process, securing top talent and negotiating contracts with actors and crew members.
- Secured production locations and permits.
- Developed and managed the production budget, keeping the project within financial constraints while maximizing creative outcomes.
- Collaborated with post-production teams, overseeing editing, sound design, and visual effects to ensure the final product met quality standards.

Red Flag Resurrection, Los Angeles, CA

Writer | Producer | Lead Actor | 2022

- Wrote, produced, and starred in this original comedy-horror short blending dark humor with sharp social commentary.
- Oversaw the full creative process, from concept and script to casting, shooting, post-production, and promotion.
- Awarded Best Comedy Short at the 2022 Portland Comedy Festival for its distinctive voice, tone, and performance.
- Merged genre storytelling with bold comedic timing, creating a project that was equal parts hilarious and haunting.

GifDub, Los Angeles, CA

Content Creator | July 2015 – August 2017

- Conceptualized and crafted original, attention-grabbing content, from punchy captions to short-form scripts, that defined the brand's playful tone.
- Built and managed the company's social presence using humor, trend-savvy writing, and visual storytelling to grow an engaged audience.
- Collaborated closely with developers and designers to align creative messaging with app features and user experience.
- Launched digital campaigns and challenges that encouraged user-generated content and word-of-mouth buzz.
- Acted as the brand's voice online, bringing a human, witty, and relatable energy to every post, push notification, and piece of copy.

Size Matters Productions, Los Angeles, CA

Founder | Writer | Director | Producer | Performer | October 2013 – 2017

- Co-founded a bold, fast-paced sketch comedy collective creating both live shows and digital content with a sharp comedic voice.
- Wrote, directed, and performed in dozens of original sketches, blending satire, character work, and social commentary.
- Led the creative process from concept to screen and stage, developing ideas, scripting, casting, rehearsing, and overseeing final edits.
- Built and managed production timelines, budgets, and teams, ensuring high-quality output on indie resources.
- Shaped brand identity and tone across all platforms while promoting shows and releases to cultivate a loyal, growing audience.
- Fostered a collaborative environment that encouraged risk-taking, comedic experimentation, and meaningful representation.