

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

KINGDOM

"Loss and Effect"

S04E01

Written by

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1st Draft Spec

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TEASER

EXT. NAVY STREET - DAY

CLOSEUP on a car pulling into the lot. It stops and OUT STEPS a guy.

He's big. Strong. A goatee covers his face giving him a serious look.

This is ADAM. Fighter of Navy St. 195 pounds. Strong. Inexperienced.

He looks at the gym and there is a nervousness about him. He's not new to the gym, but today is the fucking day.

He pulls a bag out of the car and puts it around his neck. He closes the door and WALKS.

A calm, steady walk. He is taking his time. Enjoying the moment of the morning.

He walks into...

INT. NAVY STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Navy St. gym. There are already fighters putting in the work. They've been there for hours.

There is NOBODY at the front desk. He walks right by. His head is on a swivel. He's looking for someone as he walks.

He continues through the gym.

ADAM
(to a group)
Hey, you seen coach?

The group all shake their head.

Adam keeps walking. He NODS to a few people, but never breaks stride.

He heads toward one of the offices. This was ALVEY'S OFFICE. He knocks on the door a couple of times.

He opens the door.

INT. OFFICE - NAVY ST. - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Adam POPS his head in the office. It is empty. Doesn't look like anybody has been there.

INT. NAVY STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Adam closes the door on his way out and now is starting to look annoyed. He scans the entire gym, but doesn't see anyone.

A GUY IS HITTING THE HEAVY BAG just off to the side.

ADAM
(to the guy)
Hey!

The guy STOPS and looks over at Adam.

ADAM (cont'd)
You seen coach?

The guy puts his hands up in the air and shrugs.

ADAM (cont'd)
Fuck, man.

Adam keeps walking. Now he is making a direct B line to the other office across the gym.

He's annoyed. Frustrated. Even a little pissed right now.

KAYLA, a gorgeous little thing, comes out from the back lockers. She walks up to Adam.

ADAM (cont'd)
Where's coach?

KAYLA
Good morning to you, too.

ADAM
You seen coach?

KAYLA
No.

ADAM
Son of a bitch.

Adam keeps on walking and Kayla stops in her tracks and is offended as shit.

KAYLA
(softly)
Well, fuck you, too.

Adam heads to the office and KNOCKS on the door and ENTERS before hearing anyone invite him in.

INT. CHRISTINA'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

CHRISTINA KULINA sits at the desk filling out paperwork and looking over schedules.

ADAM
Hey.

Christina looks up at him MORE THAN ANNOYED. This isn't the first time.

CHRISTINA
Shit. Come on in, Adam.

ADAM
Sorry. I'm sorry. You seen coach?

CHRISTINA
He was here this morning.

ADAM
He's not now?

CHRISTINA
No. He's not.

ADAM
(like a child)
Shit.

CHRISTINA
Was there something I could do for you?

ADAM
We were going to get some work in before tonight's fight.

CHRISTINA
Then you probably should have been here on time.

ADAM
I'm sorry. I got caught up last night. I couldn't sleep.

CHRISTINA
You nervous?

Beat.

ADAM
No. I'm agitated. I just want to
fight.

CHRISTINA
And you've got one tonight.

Adam is fucking nervous no matter how he tries to hide it.
His shoulders keep bouncing and he's stretching his neck.

CHRISTINA (cont'd)
Adam.

ADAM
Yeah.

CHRISTINA
Relax. Go get stretched out. He'll be
back any minute.

ADAM
Right.

Adam is walking out of the office.

CHRISTINA
Shut the door. And don't barge into
my fucking office again.

ADAM
Got it.

Adam smiles like a child that got into trouble. He closes
the door gently as if that is what will earn him his
forgiveness.

INT. NAVY STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Adam stands at the door and doesn't move. He cracks a smile
and is about to laugh until...

COACH (O.S.)
You're late.

Adam turns and puts his hands up and makes a face like he's
sucked on a lemon.

ADAM

I know. I'm sorry, coach. I couldn't
sleep last night.

WE MOVE ACROSS THE FLOOR, ACROSS THE GYM AND SEE ADAM'S NAVY
STREET COACH.

It's JAY KULINA.

JAY

You feeling good?

ADAM

Yeah, just need to get a sweat going.

JAY

Go get warmed up. I'll be there in a
minute.

Adam nods and jogs over to the cage.

Jay watches Adam jog away and then looks around the gym. He
takes it in. It is his. It is all his.

SMASH TO TITLES AND OPENING CREDITS.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. NAVY STREET - CAGE - DAY

Jay and Adam are in THE MIDDLE OF A SESSION. Jay is wearing the pads and ADAM is hitting them with force.

JAY
Relax. Relax.

Adam throws a couple of JABS and then a HOOK forcing Jay's hand to FIRE BACKWARD.

JAY (cont'd)
Shit, relax. No power right now. I want movement.

ADAM
Power is what is going to get me wins, coach.

JAY
Really? Because that same fucking power you're hunting for is what's gotten you to be 1-4. Speed. Speed. Then power.

ADAM
If I can hit him--

JAY
(loud)
You can't hit him because he's got speed. His fucking fists are going to hit you in the face before you can load up that shit power.

Adam paces around the cage. He nods his head because he knows it is the truth, but isn't ready to accept it.

JAY (cont'd)
Let's go. Light jabs. Light cross. Speed. Relax your shoulders.

Adam circles his shoulders over and over again. He drops his head to his neck and then to the other side.

JAY (cont'd)
Fucking relax.

ADAM
I am relaxed. Shit.

JAY
Then let's go.

Adam charges at Jay and is now throwing quick, light punches, trusting in Jay's coaching.

He throws them. One after the other. Quick. Not as much power, but the speed he punches with creates the force.

He ends with one hard hit.

JAY (cont'd)
Yes! Fucking yes! That's it you
fucking man child!

Adam SCREAMS in a wild, beast of a man competitive drive.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTINA'S OFFICE - DAY

Christina sits in the office drinking a water. She leans back in her chair and is staring straight ahead at something. Then we see...

Jay sitting on the couch in her office. Tired. Worn out. Annoyed. His head is dropped back on the couch and he stares up at the ceiling.

Christina smiles.

CHRISTINA
You're starting to look like him.

JAY
Stop.

Jay holds up his finger and waves it at his mother. He never looks at her. He just waves it. Slow at first, then faster.

CHRISTINA
It's true.

JAY
(looking now)
We don't talk about that. And we've
talked about that.

CHRISTINA
You're right.

JAY
Don't ruin what could be a beautiful
day.

CHRISTINA
You're right. I'm sorry.

JAY
It's beautiful.

BEAT.

JAY (cont'd)
(accepting the truth)
Fuck. It's not beautiful.

CHRISTINA
He's not ready?

JAY
No, he's ready. He's ready to get his
fifth loss.

CHRISTINA
Maybe not.

JAY
He is going to get his ass pummeled.

CHRISTINA
Maybe he just needs more work.

JAY
That's the problem. If he loses
tonight, he won't get anymore work.
This is it. It is win or he's out of
here.

Jay HATES that he said it out loud. His head drops.
Christina looks away as well. There's an elephant in the
room. Navy St. ain't what it used to be.

CHRISTINA
It isn't your fault, Jay.

JAY
Mom.

CHRISTINA
It isn't.

JAY

I know it isn't, but that doesn't solve anything.

Jay clenches his fists. He wants to put them through the wall. He SHOOTs TO HIS FEET and reaches back to throw a punch, but he STOPS.

JAY (cont'd)

Fuck! Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

CHRISTINA

It isn't your fault!

JAY

Dad used to take these lame ass fighters and turn them into fucking warriors. I can't do that.

CHRISTINA

I thought we weren't going to talk about him.

Jay tilts his head and is waving the "Don't talk about Alvey" white flag.

CHRISTINA (cont'd)

Okay.

JAY

It's me. I can't do this.

CHRISTINA

You want to know a secret?

JAY

No.

CHRISTINA

Your dad didn't turn every lame ass fighter into a warrior. Sometimes he fucking failed.

JAY

Yeah, but it didn't matter if he failed, he had Ryan Wheeler to save the day.

CHRISTINA

And he had you.

BEAT.

CHRISTINA (cont'd)

And Nate.

Jay loves the mention of his brother's name. It brings back memories that he wished weren't just memories.

JAY

Yeah. He had us. It didn't matter what else was out there.

CHRISTINA

Not always.

Jay looked at his mom needing her to pick him up one more time in his life.

JAY

What does that mean?

CHRISTINA

Ryan was in prison for almost five years, Jay. Nate was still just a kid learning this stuff and you...

JAY

Should have been dead in a fucking ditch somewhere.

CHRISTINA

Exactly.

JAY

Fuck you.

CHRISTINA

Hey, we both should have been.

Jay nods his head. He smiles, but it is just sad.

CHRISTINA (cont'd)

But the point is Alvey didn't always have you three to rely on. He had a lot of lame ass fighters that he had to coach and teach. And not all of them turned into warriors. Some are just average fighters and that's okay.

JAY

He needs a win. We need a win.

CHRISTINA

Then do your job and make sure he's ready.

Jay smiles at his mom. He's already feeling better.

JAY

I love you, mom.

CHRISTINA

I love you too, sweetie.

Jay walks to the door but stops.

JAY

We were in pretty bad shape back then, huh?

CHRISTINA

We were.

Jay looks down and is reliving those days. Christina not so much. She doesn't want to look back at their drug days.

CHRISTINA (cont'd)

It's been a pretty good year and a half.

JAY

Yeah...still need a win, though.

Jay opens the door and walks out. The door closes slowly as Christina shouts to him...

CHRISTINA

We'll get it!

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - DAY

It is a beautiful day in LA, as if that is ever NOT THE CASE. The sun is shining, the temperature is perfect to be doing ANYTHING outside.

RYAN WHEELER is in the best shape of his life. He jogs BY THE SCREEN and then we follow him down the street. He's drenched in sweat practically at the end of his run. Barely huffing and puffing.

He turns down the street and starts jogging up to a gym. His NEW GYM.

The sign on the building says F.I.S.T. FIGHT GYM. He runs by a couple of people hanging out by the door. They say hey to him, but he ignores them and runs inside.

INT. F.I.S.T. FIGHT GYM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Ryan keeps his jog up through the gym until he gets toward the back and then stops and slows down. There are TWO GUYS sitting at the table hanging out.

They are both tiny guys. Want to be fighters, but aren't any good. They just like to hang out at the place.

AARON and HECTOR are brothers. They sit and drink their protein shakes.

HECTOR
What's up, Ry?

AARON
Hey, Ryan.

Aaron punches Hector in the arm for calling him "Ry." Ryan doesn't notice any of this.

They look at Ryan and notice he has earbuds in. Hector motions to his brother that Ryan can't hear them.

HECTOR
(loud)
Hey, Ryan!

Ryan barely hears it and pulls his earbuds out.

RYAN
What?

HECTOR
Hey.

Ryan in the middle of an eye roll responds like he doesn't know who the fuck they are, because he really doesn't.

RYAN
Hey.

Ryan looks at them and tries to recognize them, but isn't able to. He glances up at the TV and his eyes GET BIG.

RYAN (cont'd)
Turn that up.

HECTOR

What?

RYAN

Turn the fucking volume up.

Aaron grabs the remote and turns the volume up. All three of them watch intently.

It is a SPORTS SHOW. An MMA TALK SHOW. There are two analysts being interviewed on a split screen.

REPORTER

Tonight's King Beast main event sees Ryan Wheeler's return to the championship picture.

ANALYST 1

It's a joke.

REPORTER

(laughing)

Okay. Well, let's get right into it. It is a joke, why?

ANALYST 1

Ryan Wheeler is on a two fight losing streak. He has no business challenging Romero for the championship. This should be a new challenger. Somebody who is winning fights. Somebody who deserves it.

RYAN

(watching)

Jesus Christ.

ANALYST 2

Now come on, Ryan Wheeler is a great fighter.

ANALYST 1

He is, but tell me I'm wrong. Should Ryan Wheeler be competing for a championship after two straight losses?

ANALYST 2

No. You're not wrong. He should not be, but he is.

ANALYST 1

It's a disgrace.

ANALYST 2

No, that's where we disagree.
Disgrace isn't the right word.

ANALYST 1

It is. It is a disgrace to fighters.
It's a disgrace to the King Beast
promotion and Lisa Prince should be
ashamed that this is happening.

REPORTER

So, why is this happening? Because
like you said, there are maybe other
fighters who deserve this
opportunity, but Lisa Prince and King
Beast are headed back to the well
with Ryan Wheeler. So...why?

ANALYST 1

I'll tell you and I'll tell you the
honest to God truth if you and
everybody at home can stomach it.

When he says the following, the TV broadcast BLEEPs the
"fucking."

ANALYST 1 (cont'd)

Ryan Wheeler and Lisa Prince are
fucking.

REPORTER

Whoa!

ANALYST 2

Come on, man.

ANALYST 1

What! It's true.

REPORTER

Okay, that is as good a place as any
to take a break.

TV OFF.

Ryan stares at the black screen. He's holding the remote.

Aaron and Hector slowly turn to him, but they don't want to
look at him long and turn their heads away.

HECTOR

You think Lisa Prince saw that?

Ryan looks at the kid for a lingering second.

RYAN
Fuck you, man. Who the fuck are you?

Ryan quickly walks out of the kitchen.

HECTOR
What'd I say?

AARON
You're an idiot.

CUT TO:

INT. LISA PRINCE'S OFFICE - DAY

LISA PRINCE, still as beautiful and powerful as ever, is in the middle of a meeting with two very well dressed, rich men.

One of them wears a BLUE SUIT and is tall and lean, the other man wears a GREY SUIT and is shorter and not as handsome.

LISA
I can assure you guys that after tonight you are going to want to open those checkbooks.

BLUE SUIT
We aren't disagreeing with you, Lisa, but it is something we need to see before signing anything.

LISA
I know, I know. But twenty-four hours from now we'll all be back in this office wishing we had the last twenty-four fucking hours of our lives back.

GREY SUIT
That is a good problem to have.

KNOCK KNOCK on the door. Lisa's secretary enters the room. It is none other than SHELBY. She is in great shape, dressed in business attire - it is a different world from when she was the front desk girl at Navy St.

SHELBY
Lisa -

LISA
Shelby, I'm in a meeting.

SHELBY
I know, I'm sorry.

LISA
(annoyed)
I told you not to interrupt.

SHELBY
I'm sorry. It's about tonight.

LISA
What about tonight?

SHELBY
Ryan's on the phone.

Lisa looks at the two men in her office and smiles so fake.

LISA
Gentlemen, I'm sorry, but that will
have to be the end of this
discussion.

BLUE SUIT
I hope everything is alright.

The two men stand up and so does Lisa. She SHAKES THEIR HANDS and escorts them to the door where Shelby takes over.

LISA
Everything is fine. I will see you
gentlemen tonight and please be ready
to pay up handsomely tomorrow
morning.

Once they are out, Lisa closes the door and leans her back up against it.

LISA (cont'd)
(to herself)
Shit. Shit.

Lisa walks over to the phone, staying on the guests side of her desk, and sits in the chair the suited man was sitting in. She picks up the phone.

LISA (cont'd)
Ryan, what's going on?

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

INTERCUT BETWEEN LISA'S OFFICE AND RYAN'S CAR.

RYAN

Did you see the fucking news?

LISA

I've been in meetings all day trying to make you a very rich man so no, I haven't. Why?

RYAN

Well, maybe you should stop doing things for me.

LISA

What does that mean? What the fuck is going on?

RYAN

Those assholes are saying we're fucking on national TV!

LISA

What? Who?

RYAN

I don't know, some jerk off on that MMA Good Morning show or whatever the fuck it is. I'm going to fucking go after this guy.

LISA

No, you're not. Fucking calm down. Where are you?

RYAN

I'm driving.

LISA

Okay. So, calm the fuck down so you don't drive off a bridge and drive home. Go get some rest.

RYAN

Lisa -

LISA

Ryan, do you have a fight tonight?

RYAN

Yeah.

LISA

Then focus on that. Go the fuck home.

Ryan squeezes the phone and then takes a long breath.

LISA (cont'd)

Okay?

RYAN

Okay. You're right.

They both are silent for about ten seconds. It is like they both have more to say but nobody is saying anything.

LISA

Okay. Goodbye, Ryan.

RYAN

Lisa.

LISA

What?

RYAN

Did you talk to Jay?

LISA

Please, focus on your fight.

RYAN

I will. I just want to know.

LISA

No, Ryan. Not since the last fucking time I asked him. He's not interested.

RYAN

He will be.

LISA

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

RYAN

You'll see.

LISA

Ryan, please, focus on your fight. Go home. Rest.

RYAN

I am. I'm focused. Because I got to win tonight if I want to get Jay to come out of retirement.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ARENA BACKSTAGE LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Adam is off in the back SHADOW BOXING.

JOE DADDY, Navy St.'s longtime trainer watching him and CHATS HIM UP, motivates him.

Jay is off to the side on the phone. He stops talking and hangs up when Christina ENTERS the room.

CHRISTINA

Hi.

JAY

Hey.

Jay kisses her on the cheek. He steps back and notices she doesn't look too excited.

JAY (cont'd)

Don't do that.

CHRISTINA

What?

JAY

Don't come in here looking all fucking nervous.

CHRISTINA

I always get nervous before fights, you know that.

JAY

No, not anymore. Not since you took over for Lisa. You're not a concerned parent anymore. You manage fighters.

CHRISTINA

And as their manager, I have a right to be fucking nervous.

JAY

No, you don't because it fucks with their head. Now knock that shit off.

CHRISTINA

Fine. I just wanted to wish you good luck. I'm going to get a drink and grab my seat.

JAY
Alright. Thank you. Where's Kayla?

CHRISTINA
I don't know. She was right behind me.

JAY
Jesus.

CHRISTINA
Stop. She's young.

JAY
And stupid.

CHRISTINA
(sharper)
Good luck!

Christina WALKS OUT OF THE LOCKER ROOM. We follow her.

INT. ARENA BACKSTAGE HALL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Christina smiles politely at a few people that are standing around working security or press or other managers. It's crowded.

She smiles again and then turns to keep walking and almost RUNS INTO Lisa.

They startle each other, but then...it is all smiles. SMILES?! What the hell?! These two? What the shit has happened over the last year and a half?

CHRISTINA
Hi!

LISA
Hey. Were you just with Jay?

CHRISTINA
I was. Are you going back there? He isn't pleasant.

LISA
Is he ever?

They laugh. They're friendly. It's weird.

LISA (cont'd)
Yeah, I need to ask him something.

CHRISTINA

Anything I can do for you?

LISA

No, it's fine. I shouldn't even be asking. Ya know what, I'm good. I'm not going to bug him right now.

CHRISTINA

What is it?

Lisa wants to walk away. She doesn't want to confess.

CHRISTINA (cont'd)

Lisa, what's the problem?

LISA

There's no problem. It's...it's Ryan.

CHRISTINA

On, shit. Not again, Lisa. Not this shit again.

LISA

I'm sorry. He asked me to ask.

CHRISTINA

You've asked. Ryan's asked. The answer is no.

LISA

I know. You're right. I'm sorry.

CHRISTINA

Do not bother him with this shit tonight.

LISA

I won't.

Now they both look annoyed. Lisa takes a quick second and relaxes. She looks back at Christina whose nerves haven't calmed.

LISA (cont'd)

How's Navy St.? How're you?

CHRISTINA

It's good. Things are going really well. We could use a win.

LISA

A few wins.

CHRISTINA

(annoyed)

Yeah, a few. Hoping tonight is the night.

LISA

I do, too.

CHRISTINA

Anyway. You're probably busy Ms. King Beast.

LISA

I'm glad that nickname is sticking. Really.

CHRISTINA

You earned it.

BEAT.

LISA

I'm glad you and Jay are doing well. It couldn't have been easy. You could have...

Christina looks at her deeply.

CHRISTINA

Spiraled out of control?

LISA

(softly)

Yeah.

BEAT.

LISA (cont'd)

How is-

CHRISTINA

(talking over Lisa)

I'll let you get back to work. I've got to find my seat.

LISA

(accepting it)

Okay. Good luck tonight.

CHRISTINA

Thank you. And, Lisa, I'm serious. Don't fucking bug Jay with this.

LISA

I won't.

Christina smiles. They're friendly, but there is always that little edge to their relationship that a little disagreement can bring the tension back.

They shake hands and then walk in different directions. Lisa stops and looks back at Christina. She decides to take her advice and then walks in the OPPOSITE direction from where Jay is.

INT. ARENA BACKSTAGE LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Jay watches ADAM punching the pads that JOE DADDY is holding. He's sweating. He's breathing hard. He's good to go.

Kayla ENTERS the room and quietly watching Adam work. She sits down on the couch and keeps her eyes squarely on them.

JAY

(to Kayla)

Where you been?

KAYLA

What? Around.

A WORKER pokes his head into the room quickly.

WORKER

Jay, you're up.

Jay waves to the worker and that guy leaves the room just as quickly as he entered.

JAY

You ready?

ADAM

Ready.

JOE DADDY

He's good.

JAY

Let's fucking go.

ADAM

I'll be right out.

Jay and Joe Daddy stop and watch Adam walking back toward the bathroom.

JAY
What, you gotta shit?

ADAM
No, man. Fuck, I'll be right out.
Give me a second.

Joe Daddy smacks Jay on the shoulder and LEAVES the room.

JAY
Hurry the fuck up.

Jay looks at Kayla.

KAYLA
Good luck.

Jay LEAVES THE ROOM.

Adam steps into the bathroom, but when Jay and Joe Daddy leave, Adam walks back into the room and over to Kayla. She SPRINGS to her feet and runs at him.

They KISS. Quickly. Not much passion. It's fight night. Keep it short and sweet.

KAYLA (cont'd)
Good luck.

ADAM
I'm sorry I was a dick to you this morning.

KAYLA
It's fine.

ADAM
No, it's not. I'm sorry. I was stressed, but that is no excuse.

KAYLA
Adam, it's fine. Now go knock this guy on his fucking ass.

ADAM
You got it.

KAYLA
And then you can fuck mine.

ADAM

If that's my reward, this will be
over in record breaking time.

KAYLA

Then I'll see you soon.

ADAM

(to her ass)

See you soon.

Adam SLAPS her in the ass and then LEAVES THE ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. ARENA OCTAGON - NIGHT

We cut to seconds before the fight. The arena is packed,
there is a buzz in the air.

Adam is on one side of the cage. His opponent is on the
other. The guy is just as big and as tough looking as Adam.
The guy is covered in tattoos.

Adam isn't a tattoo guy. He's clean. His skin glistens.

The referee stands in the middle of the cage between both
men.

REFEREE

Fight!

The fight BEGINS. Adam QUICKLY runs to the other side and
goes after his opponent. The other fighter steps to the side
and lands a HAYMAKER OF A PUNCH on Adam's cheek.

Jay and Joe Daddy are on the side of the cage coaching him
up.

JAY

Oh, fuck!

Adam stumbles off to the side and regains his composure. He
SHAKES IT OFF and stares at the other fighter.

Adam's opponent smiles at him and is feeling cocky.

This INFURIATES ADAM. He, again, quickly shoots toward the
guy. Adam starts swinging powerful, slow punches. He's
trying for the knockout.

JAY (cont'd)
Speed. Relax. Stop swinging!

Christina WATCHES from the crowd. Her hands are close to her face. She's filled with fear. Kayla is NEXT TO HER and isn't sure if she should be nervous or excited. She doesn't know fighting enough.

Adam SWINGS AND SWINGS and each swing is a miss. The other fighter is side stepping and ducking and moving back and watching Adam become winded.

The fighter moves in to hit Adam, but Adam DUCKS and LIFTS the opponent into the air and slams him to the ground. HARD.

JAY (cont'd)
Fuck yeah!

Adam is on top and throws a couple of forearm shots to his opponent, but he's too slow and trying to throw too much power. The other fighter rolls out of Adam's grasp and to his feet.

Adam, exhausted already, stands to his feet.

The blocks CLAP CLAP CLAP. Ten seconds left.

Too much time.

Adam's opponent starts swinging and connecting. He hits a body shot and then a couple of jabs.

JAY (cont'd)
Angle out! Angle out!

Adam attempts to step to the side and get away but as he does...

A HIGH SWINGING BACK KICK lands to Adam's head. He's out before he hits the ground. Adam's body THUDS and his head bounces off the canvas.

The referee calls for the bell and this one is over in the first round. The place goes NUTS. What a fucking kick!

Jay lowers his head and can't even watch.

JAY (cont'd)
Fuck!

Jay looks up at his fighter, Adam, lying in the middle of the ring.

CUT TO:

INT. ARENA OCTAGON - NIGHT

We are in the middle of the winner announcement.

The referee stands in the middle with Adam on one side and the winner on the other side. Adam looks disgruntled and HUMILIATED.

Kayla looks at him sadly, but he won't look up. Adam STARES at the mat.

Jay stares at Adam for a long moment before he looks up into the audience.

Jay and Christina connect eyes. Christina can do nothing to make him feel better. She smiles, but realizes she's lost Jay's attention.

Jay looks PAST HER and at the end of the aisle. Jay's eyes get big and then he gets upset.

He looks at a MAN in BLACK with a hood over. He's got facial hair, not a lot. He's scruffy. It's...Alvey?

Jay watches as the man leaves his seat and walks out of the arena. Jay CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO CONTROL HIS EMOTIONS.

Jay sprints past Adam and doesn't wait for the announcement of the winner. HE DARTS out of the cage and down the aisle. There is a murmur in the crowd now.

Adam doesn't even look up.

Christina watches her son do this.

INT. ARENA MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jay enters the lobby where people are still hanging out and drinking before the main event. Many didn't take their seats for Adam's loss.

Jay LOOKS ALL OVER, every which way until he sees the man. The man wasn't rushing out. He was rushing to the bar.

He pulls his hood down and starts talking to a girl next to him at the bar. It isn't Alvey. It doesn't look anything like Alvey.

INT. ARENA OCTAGON - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Christina stares back down the aisle realizing Jay probably isn't coming back.

She takes her phone out and hesitates before opening up her messages.

She opens up the conversation with ALVEY.

WE SEE there are about seven messages that Christina has sent to Alvey lately, but he's never responded.

"Where are you?"

"Fuck you"

"Are you ever going to explain yourself" are just a few of the messages we see.

She's starts typing...

"Losing one son should have pushed you to find your other. You're a fucking disgrace."

She doesn't hesitate. She sends it. She closes the app and puts her phone away.

Kayla looks upset. Christina puts her arm around her and they hug.

ADAM walks out of the octagon a loser.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ARENA BACKSTAGE LOCKER ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ryan Wheeler is PACING in the bathroom. He STOPS AND LEANS forward on the sink. He looks in the mirror.

He is calm. He is a nice guy. Caring. The same guy that cared for and loved Keith and helped take care of his dad.

He has kind eyes. A loving heart.

And then.

He flips the SWITCH. His eyes turn BEADY. His killer instinct activates.

He FUCKING SNAPS.

Ryan starts SMACKING HIMSELF in the head. Over and over he keeps hitting himself.

He turns away from the mirror and SCREAMS. He YULPS. He's barbaric.

He walks out into...

INT. ARENA BACKSTAGE LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

the rest of the locker room where his NEW TRAINER, CARL, is standing.

CARL is older. Mid sixties. Been doing this a long time. He's seasoned. Experienced. He doesn't appear to take shit from anybody.

Carl simply nods to Ryan knowing he is ready.

As they walk toward the door to exit the locker room IT OPENS.

LISA PRINCE enters.

CARL
Not now, Lisa.

LISA
Fuck you, Carl. I need five minutes.

Carl stops and looks at Ryan. Ryan nods.

CARL
You've got three.

Carl nods to Ryan and then shakes his head at Lisa. He doesn't smile. He just LEAVES annoyed with her.

LISA
I'm sorry.

RYAN
It's fine. What is it?

Lisa looks around the room, not looking for anyone, but afraid to say what is on her mind.

RYAN (cont'd)
Lisa, the fight.

LISA
Yeah...

BEAT.

LISA (cont'd)
Ryan. You need to win this.

RYAN
What?

LISA
I took care of that stupid fucking show, but people are going to keep talking if you don't win. If you lose this fight, there is no coming back. Three in a row and the third of those being a title fight that people think you don't deserve.

RYAN
(annoyed)
Are you seriously fucking saying this to me right now?

LISA
Yes.

RYAN
(fucking angry)
Are you out of your fucking mind!?

LISA
Is this bad time? Are you fucking mad?

RYAN
Yeah it's a bad fucking time.

LISA
Then use it. Go knock this fucking
guy out or you are **done!**

Lisa LEAVES the room right away leaving Ryan to think about that for a minute. She pissed him off. She motivated him.

RYAN
(suddenly calm)
Alright.

Ryan LEAVES the room. We see outside the door is CARL

CARL
(as the doors closing)
Come on, come on.

INT. ARENA OCTAGON - NIGHT

The fight HAS ALREADY BEGUN. RYAN is getting PUMMELED by his opponent, MAX.

MAX is hitting him with continuous jabs backing Ryan up against the CAGE.

Ryan's eyes are both cut, blood falls down the left side of his face.

MAX swings hard for a knockout, but Ryan DUCKS and shoots on Max. He takes Max to the floor. Ryan takes control on top.

He leans onto him and jockeys for position. He LANDS A RIGHT ELBOW. ANOTHER.

Max tries to roll onto his side, but Ryan rolls the opposite way and sinks in a rear chocking headlock.

He isn't able to sink it in. Max SLIDES out and rolls away. Ryan is first to his feet and is being aggressive. He steps toward Max, but as Max is GETTING UP he SWINGS and connects a hard uppercut onto Ryan.

Ryan stumbles back and hits the floor.

The CLAP CLAP CLAP ten seconds left.

Max steps toward Ryan as Ryan is on the floor, Ryan pulls his leg back and jams it forward pushing his HEEL into Max's CHIN.

Max is now the one to fall backward onto the floor.

Ryan rolls up QUICKLY and is about to finish it, but the BELL RINGS. END OF ROUND 1.

Ryan is pissed. So close. So fucking close.

Carl enters the cage and Ryan goes to his corner. They sit down and Carl leans down in front of him.

RYAN

Fuck.

The other trainer starts working on Ryan's cuts.

Carl gives Ryan water.

CARL

You did great. That was great.

RYAN

I had it.

CARL

Fuck 'had it.' Go get it. Take it slow. He's good on the ground. He's good standing.

RYAN

Well, shit.

CARL

You're better. You're fucking better. Don't force it. Take what comes. Take what you get and finish it.

Ryan nods.

Carl STANDS UP and pulls the chair. Ryan waits as everyone leaves the cage.

Max is confident on the other side. A few cuts, but RYAN LOOKS WORSE.

Ryan almost has a confident smirk to it. He knows it is his.

The bell RINGS. Round 2.

Both fighters move forward. Ryan HOLDS OUT HIS glove first. Max accepts. Tap.

They start circling. Ryan is patient. He's not looking to attack. Max wants to make the action happen.

He starts moving toward Ryan throwing a couple of jabs.

Ryan blocks them and moves out of the way. He steps to the side.

Max shoots on Ryan, but Ryan again is able to push him to the ground.

Max stands up and SLAMS his fists together. He starts jabbing again and Ryan again is moving out of the way.

Max LANDS one jab and then throws a strong hook but Ryan ANGLES OUT.

Max JUMPS IN to take Ryan's legs out.

Ryan JUMPS UP and LUNGES his KNEE at Max.

CRACK. Right on the fucking nose. Max's body momentum pushes him forward but the force of the knee SNAPS his head back.

He COLLAPSES to the ground like RUBBER.

It's OVER. The ref calls for the bell and waves his arms.

The place is in SHOCK.

CARL (cont'd)
(running to door)
Let's go! Fuck!

The doors open and the team and media flood Ryan and the other competitors.

Ryan is sprinting around the cage. He jumps up on one end and THROWS HIS FIST in the air. He JUMPS down and hugs Carl.

CARL (cont'd)
That was fucking beautiful.

RYAN
(holding Carl's face)
Thank you. Thank you.

CARL
You did it.

Ryan hugs him and continues celebrating.

Ryan runs over to Max and makes sure he is okay. He taps him on the shoulder and turns away.

CUT TO:

INT. ARENA OCTAGON - NIGHT

EVERYONE is in the middle of the ring as they announce Ryan as the NEW KING BEST CHAMPION.

Lisa Prince puts the belt around him as the ANNOUNCER, dressed handsomely, steps over to Ryan.

ANNOUNCER

Ryan, Ryan. I got to say man-

Ryan grabs the microphone away from him.

RYAN

I'm sorry, but, there are a lot of things I've got to say and I'm sure I'll answer your questions.

Ryan lowers his hand and can't believe he's won. It washes over him again. The place APPLAUDS HIM. He is overcome with joy.

RYAN (cont'd)

First of all, fuck! Fuck this feels good to have around my waist again.

BEAT.

RYAN (cont'd)

And that brings me to my second of all, for everyone on that show, yeah, you know what show I'm talking about, and anybody here who believes that shit, I'm here because I fucking deserved it. I deserve this. Look. I won. I'm the God damn champ. So if you think I'm fucking my way to the top, fuck you. Fuck anyone who thinks that. I'm the fucking Destroyer and now the Destroyer is the champ! Again!

Ryan laughs. There are some boos, but still mostly cheers.

RYAN (cont'd)

But now what I really want to say. I'm not sure if he is listening or if he is even still her but...Jay Kulina. Yeah. Jay Kulina. My friend, my brother, my blood, we got to finish this. Round three. Let's settle this once and for all.

(MORE)

RYAN (cont'd)

And I promise you, man, we're going to get paid out of our ass for this. They've already told me. Lisa's been having meetings about this man. And you're going to hate me for this, hopefully you're going to want to kick my ass over this, but do it in here. Do it right here. I'm calling you out. Wheeler. Kulina. Round three. For this fucking belt. Come on, man.

Ryan hands the microphone back to the announcer, but then grabs it again quickly.

RYAN (cont'd)

Sorry - thank you. Thank you everyone for coming tonight and for all of you guys who supported me leading up to this fight. You rock. I love you. Thank you.

Ryan hands the mic back to him again.

CUT TO:

INT. LISA PRINCE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lisa sits on the couch staring at nothing. She's somber. Not happy or energetic, but not sad. She's just winding down.

She sips at a glass of whiskey. The sip turns into a big drink though and then before she can blink - she's finished the drink.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

Lisa sets the glass down and heads over to the door.

She doesn't seem to be surprised that someone is knocking at her door near one in the morning.

She opens the door and standing on her front porch is the new champion, Ryan.

When the door is open, they just stare at each other. It isn't awkward. They aren't searching for words. They're enjoying the sight of each other.

Ryan SMILES bright like he's picking up his prom date and already smashed a few in the limo.

LISA
How was the party?

RYAN
(clearly drunk)
It was fun.

LISA
Yeah?

RYAN
Yeah.

LISA
And now what, you think you're coming
in here?

RYAN
Yeah.

LISA
Yeah?

RYAN
Yeah.

He starts nodding and steps closer to her. She backs up, but reaches out and grabs his hand.

She PULLS him along with her.

They move slowly. No more words. Just eye contact. Beautiful, passionate eye contact.

LISA
Take your shirt off.

Ryan smiles again. He lets go of her hand and removes his shirt.

She looks at him.

LISA (cont'd)
(smirking)
Take mine off.

Ryan can't take it anymore. He lunges at her and lifts her up into his arms.

They kiss PASSIONATELY.

He feels around for the furniture and when he finds the couch he drops her onto it and falls down on top of her.

They kiss like they haven't been together in years. But they have. This isn't the first time they are back together.

Ryan sits her up and pulls her shirt off. They both SMILE again like giddy first time lovers.

They fall back onto the couch and start going at it more.

Fade to black:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. NAVY STREET - DAY

It is early. The gym is empty save for a couple of morning trainers.

Kayla is at the front desk cleaning things up and making sure everything is stacked nicely for the day.

Christina ENTERS the gym and shoots her a look, not angry, but "on to her."

CHRISTINA

You didn't come home last night.

KAYLA

I'm sorry.

Christina stops AND REMOVES HER SUNGLASSES.

CHRISTINA

You don't need to apologize to me.
I'm not your fucking mother.

KAYLA

I know, but you're kind of the reason
I moved out here so --

CHRISTINA

No, pussy was the reason you moved
out here. Pussy and money. But that
is behind us now. I'm not your den
mother or actual mother. I'm your
friend. I'm your roommate.

KAYLA

Okay.

CHRISTINA

When I say you didn't come home last
night I'm not fishing for an apology.

KAYLA

Okay. You're right.

Christina walks away and looks back to her.

CHRISTINA

I just hope it was good.

Kayla smiles. She's been found out. She looks away and starts thinking about last night. That makes her smile again.

Christina walks across the training floor and walks up to the office. She knocks a few times and then walks in.

INT. JAY KULINA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

She stops in the doorway and looks at the man sitting behind the desk.

Jay is sitting there. He isn't doing much besides thinking. There aren't any folders open, the TV isn't on, no computer. He's just been sitting there.

CHRISTINA
You are up very early.

JAY
Actually I'm up really late still.

CHRISTINA
You've been here all night?

JAY
I couldn't sleep.

CHRISTINA
This is a different kind of all nighter than the ones you used to pull.

Christina sits down in the chair and shows some concern for him.

JAY
Yeah, and I think this kind gives me a bigger headache.

He looks down. She can sense that. She can see that. Anybody would be able to see that.

CHRISTINA
You're upset about the loss?

JAY
No. Fighters lose. Such is life, mom. I'm upset because of **another** loss.

CHRISTINA
It'll come together.

JAY

I'm upset about another loss. I'm upset because I'm a fighter pretending to be a fucking coach. I'm upset because when I had to concentrate on my fighter I chased some fucking guy out of the arena because I thought it was Alvey.

CHRISTINA

You wanted to see him.

Jay stands up and gets into a fighters stance. He wants to fight something NOW!

JAY

I wanted to beat the fuck out of him. My God if that was him coming to watch one of my fighters, I would have killed him in that fucking lobby.

CHRISTINA

You can't let him get to you anymore.

JAY

Can't let him get to me? I live in his fucking kingdom.

Jay looks around the office and out the window to the gym.

JAY (cont'd)

I can't get away from him.

CHRISTINA

You already have. This is your place now. Your legacy. Your kingdom.

Jay drops his arms, relaxes his shoulders. Those words sounded nice, but he knows they aren't true. He starts shaking his head and waving his finger. He walks back to the desk and SITS.

JAY

No, that is just it now isn't it? This will always be his fucking palace and I'm the slave that's keeping it warm until he gets back.

Christina has nothing to say. Jay puts his hands on his face and falls back into his chair.

INT. LISA PRINCE'S BEDROOM - DAY

It's quiet. The sun is peaking through the shades and casting a light on Ryan's face. He's asleep. For the last moment.

He OPENS his eyes slowly and is blinded by the sun.

He tilts his head away and then rolls onto his back. He rubs his face until he is able to open his eyes fully.

He looks to his right and sees Lisa on her phone.

RYAN

Hey.

LISA

Good morning.

She's tapping away on her device.

RYAN

What are you doing?

LISA

Sending emails. I figured I earned King Beast and its investors some money last night. So I slept in.

RYAN

What time is it?

LISA

Almost ten.

BEAT.

LISA (cont'd)

Are you training today?

RYAN

Fuck no. I'm the champion. Today I live like one.

Ryan rolls to his side and tries to put his hands on her.

Lisa puts her hand on his chest and stops him.

LISA

No, I got to the top a long time ago. I stay on top because I don't pretend to be on top.

Lisa pushes him away softly until he rolls back onto his back.

RYAN

Damn. If that is your way of telling me not to get complacent, message received.

LISA

How about this?

Lisa leans in to him and kisses him on the cheek.

LISA (cont'd)

Don't get fucking complacent...champ.

Lisa stands up and opens her closet. She starts pulling some clothes out and getting dressed.

RYAN

Lisa, I think I'm in love with you.

Lisa STOPS DEAD IN HER TRACKS. She thinks and thinks. Then looks at him.

RYAN (cont'd)

I mean...I've always loved you, you know that. Nothing ever changed with how I felt about you. I just mean like...I'm fully there again and I want this and I need this relationship. I need you. I think we are so good together and I've put all of my bullshit behind me. I am in love with you.

Lisa smiles, sadly. She puts the clothes down and then sits on the bed next to Ryan. She puts her hand on his strong shoulder and then moves it down his arm.

She kisses his lips softly, and then a second time with just a tad more passion.

She leans back and looks into his eyes.

LISA

I'm not there yet, Ryan. I have been so concentrated on me lately and before that I just...I just want to forget the past. All of it. Forget it, but learn from it.

RYAN
I get it. I understand.

LISA
No, you don't, but...I think you will. I love what we have here. Right now. I love it, but I don't love you.

RYAN
Wow.

LISA
At least, not yet.

Ryan looks down. The truth fucking hurts sometimes.

Lisa puts her hands on his face and raises his gaze to hers.

LISA (cont'd)
This isn't a bad thing. Okay?

Ryan smiles and nods to her, even though he doesn't quite believe it can be a good thing.

She kisses him and then stands up to continue getting dressed.

RYAN
(softly)
Lisa.

She stops again and looks at Ryan.

RYAN (cont'd)
Get me that fucking fight with Jay.

She smiles. She knows that he knows what is still important. And it isn't them.

LISA
That's where I'm headed right now.

INT. JAY KULINA'S OFFICE - DAY

Jay and Christina are still sitting in the office but now they are next to each other on the couch.

They are both holding a mug in their hands taking small sips. They're relaxed now.

JAY
Another?

CHRISTINA

Now this reminds me of what our lives used to look like?

JAY

No.

Jay stands up and grabs a bottle of whiskey from one of his desk drawers. He twists off the cap and pours a little into Christina's mug.

He then pours a little bit more into his own.

JAY (cont'd)

We used to have roughly ten of these, a few shots of something else, a couple of beers, and then a line or five of cocaine.

He sits on the couch and they clink their mugs together. Christina drinks.

JAY (cont'd)

Now, we just have one drink in the office the day after a fight.

Jay drinks it ALL down in one gulp.

JAY (cont'd)

Win or lose...win or...lose.

Christina is still concerned about his mental health. He hates to lose.

CHRISTINA

What else is on your mind? Something you are not telling me.

Jay looks at her and then looks out the windows.

FROM JAY'S POINT OF VIEW - we see Kayla cleaning up a few things and from the side is ADAM finally showing up to get in some more work.

When they walk up to each other, they stop and start talking. Kayla nods and then puts her hand on his wrist.

She SLIDES her hand down to his hand and then they walk away from each other HOLDING HANDS FOR A SECOND before letting them drop.

Jay shakes his head. He fucking knew it.

JAY
Kayla and Adam are fucking.

CHRISTINA
Yeah, I know.

JAY
She told you.

CHRISTINA
No. I figured it was somebody around here. She hasn't been coming home. Adam is as good as anybody else.

JAY
Not for long.

CHRISTINA
You're cutting him loose?

JAY
He's not a long term fighter. Not here anyway. He's done.

Christina looks away. She feels for the kid, but she's a good manager.

JAY (cont'd)
You disagree?

CHRISTINA
No. I think you need to cut him. It's just a tough conversation for these kids.

JAY
He's not a warrior.

Jay stares out the window at Adam and then looks at the other fighters.

JAY (cont'd)
None of them are.

CHRISTINA
Maybe you need to stop worrying about creating warriors. Make something for your own self. Make soldiers.

JAY
(laughing)
Soldiers?

CHRISTINA

Or monsters!...or destroyers.

Christina laughs, but Jay gets somber now. The thought of Ryan.

KNOCK KNOCK, Kayla comes into the office.

KAYLA

Hey. What are you guys doing?

CHRISTINA

What do you need, Kayla?

KAYLA

Shit. Jay, Mario Goldsmith has called like five times.

JAY

Why?

KAYLA

He was hoping you would give him a comment on Ryan's post fight challenge.

JAY

No. Don't fucking ask again.

KAYLA

That's what I told him.

Kayla is about to leave, but as she turns Lisa SNEAKS INTO THE DOORWAY AND SMILES.

JAY

Speak of the fucking devil.

LISA

Good morning to you, too.

KAYLA

(to Lisa)

He said not to fucking ask again.

LISA

I never ask.

Lisa guides Kayla out of the office and closes the door. She can feel Jay and Christina's eyes burning holes through her. She sits down in one of the chairs in front of Jay's desk and STARES back at them.

LISA (cont'd)

How much money did you make last night?

CHRISTINA

Lisa. Jesus.

LISA

Stop. Both of you. Just stop and give me five minutes to fucking speak without you cutting me off. For once. You know that I would have dropped this three weeks ago if I thought it was bullshit, but it isn't so I am here. But you two haven't given me one fucking opportunity to tell you what's what.

JAY

She brought a firey passion with her that only somebody who got laid last night could possibly have this early in the morning.

LISA

Fuck you.

JAY

Was it good?

LISA

It was great.

JAY

Was it Ryan?

Lisa stares at him for what seems like hours. Jay is fishing for an answer, but he looks away because he feels he ALREADY GOT THE ANSWER.

LISA

How much did you get paid for Adam's fight last night?

JAY

I got shit for it.

LISA

And your last fight a few years ago? Do you remember how much you got for that?

JAY

A little more than shit.

LISA

Jay, you and Ryan were two of the hottest fighters in the last decade. Forget what you did in the ring, think about your stories. What you guys had to go through and overcome. That was a story.

JAY

It was a tragic story.

LISA

And the tragedy alone should have made you rich but Garo fucked up. He didn't want to get anybody rich except himself.

JAY

Where is this all going, Lisa?

LISA

Your fights with Ryan were the highest paid events in King Beast history. And everyone knows Ryan wasn't a hundred percent the first time and you weren't a hundred percent the second time.

Lisa looks at Christina who doesn't appear to be into the idea.

LISA (cont'd)

Wheeler-Kulina three will be bigger than the first two fights combined. Both healthy. Both at the top of their games.

JAY

I haven't fought in over two years.

LISA

And look at you. You've never been in better shape physically or mentally.

JAY

That is true. Thank you for the compliment.

CHRISTINA

But Lisa--

LISA

And the meetings I've been having lately, the calls and emails I've been drowning in lately have all been about you and Ryan and this potentially happening.

JAY

It's nice to know people haven't forgotten about me.

Lisa leans out of her chair and in front of Jay.

LISA

People haven't forgotten about you. They're screaming your name. They're chanting for you.

JAY

That's beautiful...I've moved on.

LISA

Jay, those meetings were with UFC advisors and consultants. UFC wants to sponsor this fight under the King Beast promotion as a "Future of the Fight" tag. You'd be fighting in the main event of a UFC sponsored fight.

Jay's attention is caught. It's fucking taken. Christina's eyes almost pop out of her head. Her and Jay look at each other. Christina's smile almost pulls tears from her eyes.

Jay sits up and leans into Lisa.

JAY

Don't you fuck with me.

LISA

Jay, you and Ryan are going to sign a one fight contract with the UFC for 1.6 million dollars each.

CHRISTINA

Oh my God.

LISA

With the winner receiving a \$500,000 cash prize.

JAY

And the loser?

LISA
You planning on losing?

JAY
No fucking way, m'am.

LISA
The loser gets \$200,000.

JAY
Holy shit.

Jay stands up and paces around the room. He can't believe it. He's stoked and excited and nervous and amped up and prepared and unprepared and SO MANY FUCKING EMOTIONS.

But one thing sticks in his head. ONE THING and it stops him in his tracks. That joy escapes his face.

CHRISTINA
What is it?

JAY
I need a coach.

Jay looks at Christina and she nods her head. She knows exactly what he is thinking and what the problem is.

Lisa on the other hand smiles.

LISA
I figured you'd say that and I kind of already took care of it.

Lisa pulls out her phone and opens up the text messages.

She was texting with Alvey.

She sent him:

JAY IS GOING TO FIGHT FOR THE UFC.

Alvey responded:

WHEN?

Jay looks at it and then looks shocked.

JAY
He responded.

LISA
Yeah, he did.

CHRISTINA
(annoyed)
Fucking asshole.

JAY
(to Christina)
I need him.

CHRISTINA
I know you do.

Jay takes another lap pacing around the room. He's got thoughts shooting through his head and then stops again.

JAY
I need to meet with him.

LISA
I'll text him when and where.

JAY
Now.

Jay smiles and then puts his hands on his head and keeps looking around.

JAY (cont'd)
Holy shit.

LISA
We'll sign the contracts and we'll
get a press conference set up.

Jay nods. He's fucking excited. Something he hasn't felt for a long time.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. LOCAL DINER AND CAFE - DAY

A small, old fashioned diner serving everyday eats, coffee, etc. Usual, typical looking place.

It's got tables, booths, and a counter for people to eat at.

There are a few open spots, but it is decently busy for the morning.

CLOSE UP on the feet of somebody ENTERING the diner.

We FOLLOW the feet as they walk through the diner.

Finally, they get to a booth and WE STOP.

The feet step into the booth and then we MOVE UP and see it is Jay.

WE can see that somebody was ALREADY sitting in the booth and waiting. Jay stares at this person.

It is like he is controlling his anger. It's under the surface, but we can see it and sense it.

WE SWING AROUND to see that ALVEY KULINA is sitting in the booth with his son now.

Alvey has looked better. He's still in good shape, but just appears sloppy and drunk. His hair is messy, his facial hair is starting to get shaggy and out of control.

Alvey has seen better days.

ALVEY
So, you're fighting?

BEAT.

JAY
(softly)
That's it?

ALVEY
What?

JAY
That's how you're going to start this conversation?
(MORE)

JAY (cont'd)

I haven't talked to you or even seen you in over a year and you're going to ask me if I'm fighting?

ALVEY

Yeah. Are you fighting?

JAY

Are you drunk?

Alvey looks away and shakes his head. He can't believe it. Part of him wants to get up and walk away.

A WAITRESS comes to the table. She's an older woman. Been serving for far too long.

WAITRESS

Can I get you gentlemen anything?
Some menus?

JAY

No, thank you. We are okay. Please don't come back.

The waitress is pretty offended by that...but she's heard worse. She doesn't pretend to smile and just walks away.

Jay stares at Alvey some more.

JAY (cont'd)

Are you high? How fucked up are you right now?

ALVEY

What you've never had a drink with breakfast?

JAY

Oh, I have. I had one this morning in your fucking office with my fucking mother to celebrate last night's fight. But I'm not drunk. I'm not high.

ALVEY

To celebrate? I thought I saw your boy lost. You celebrating a loss?

JAY

Yeah, I am. Because life has been a whole hell of a lot worse. You're living proof of that right now.

ALVEY
Fuck you.

JAY
Excuse me?

ALVEY
(a little louder)
Fuck you, Jay.

JAY
No, not me. Fuck you! Fuck you,
Alvey. Where the fuck have you been?
You told me one day to look after
things for you and then you were
gone. I'm running your fucking gym.

ALVEY
Oh, boohoo.

JAY
Boohoo?

ALVEY
Boo-fucking-hoo.

JAY
Wow, you're a drunk and a child.

ALVEY
You told me to leave you alone. You
told me that we weren't really a
family. You, me, your mom. We weren't
family. I was some fucking guy who
trained you to fight and that was
over so I was over. Right? Isn't that
what you fucking said?

JAY
Yes.

ALVEY
So, I left. You should be thanking
me. I gave you gold.

JAY
You gave me...excuse me?

ALVEY
Gold. I gave you fucking gold. You
weren't doing shit with your life.
You quit fighting for some fucking
reason that nobody understands.

(MORE)

ALVEY (cont'd)
Amy left you. You can't keep a needle
out of your arm. You can't keep a
job. I gave you a fucking gym.

JAY
I didn't want your gym.

ALVEY
Then stop it. Stop it all. Walk the
fuck away and burn that place to the
ground.

JAY
Burn it to the ground? Burn Navy St.
To the ground? Just like that? Fuck
everything you've built. Me. Ryan.
Fuck it all. Everything Nate did.

Alvey slams his fist to the table. Then he's calm. He points
up at Jay.

ALVEY
Don't.

JAY
Don't what? Mention your son's name?
Nate? Don't mention Nate? Nate!

Alvey can't look at Jay. He wants to break down and cry. He
wants to rip off Jay's head and, fuck, he wants to rip off
his own fucking head.

JAY (cont'd)
Here's a fucked up thing - right - I
should blame you. I should blame you
for everything that happened that
night. I should blame you for me not
having a fucking brother to walk
through life with right now. That
should all, **ALL**, be on your fucking
head...

Jay points at his father. Wishing it was a gun that he was
pointing at him...but he relaxes. He lowers his hand.

JAY (cont'd)
But I don't. You said what you said
when you were drunk and, in a really
fucked up way, I know how much you
loved him.

Alvey is doing whatever he can to hold back from crying...
but a tear FALLS down his cheek.

JAY (cont'd)

So...I don't blame you. Nate was shot by a bouncer at a fucking cowboy bar. What the fuck is that? He was shot by a cowboy.

Jay puts his hands up, and for a brief moment finds some humor in that and starts to laugh. It was the first time he was able to laugh about what happened...it helps him.

Alvey, still looking down, starts to laugh too. It is bonding for them. It won't last long.

ALVEY

I loved him very much. The person he was, not the boy I thought he was.

JAY

I know.

ALVEY

I loved you both. You're my sons.

Jay immediately starts shaking his head.

JAY

No.

ALVEY

What? I can't say that.

JAY

No. That's not this. **This** isn't **that**. Whatever could have been salvaged when Nate died was fucking thrown away the second you disappeared for a year.

ALVEY

I just...I just needed time.

JAY

You needed fucking help. But like I said...this isn't that. That is done with. Over. **Gone**.

Alvey hates to hear it. It is tearing him up, but he gets it. He understands. He knows what their relationship has always been.

JAY (cont'd)

You are my coach. I need a coach. For 1.6 million reasons, I need a coach.

(MORE)

JAY (cont'd)

We don't have family dinners, we don't have personal conversations or fucking heart to heart talks. You are my coach. You tell me who to hit and how hard to fucking hit them. That's it.

ALVEY

How's your mother?

Jay hears it and his head flips to the side. He is fuming that Alvey just ignored the rules. His nod is fast ticking like a time bomb.

JAY

She's good. She's managing the gym.

ALVEY

No shit.

JAY

You didn't hire Lisa's replacement before you took your...sabbatical. She's doing really great.

ALVEY

No, that's good. I'm glad you're keeping her away from all the dicks and pussies.

JAY

Well, she's still got her side hustle, but she's doing it her way. Legal shit. Makes a few hundred grand a month.

ALVEY

Holy shit.

JAY

She's tough, man.

ALVEY

I know that.

JAY

And she wants nothing to do with you anymore.

ALVEY

I know that, too.

JAY
So?

ALVEY
So what?

JAY
Will you coach me?

ALVEY
Yeah. Of course I'll coach you, yeah.

Jay sits for a minute, but their conversation is done. He got what he wanted. He's happy. He starts to leave, but then stops and sits back down.

JAY
You're my coach. This time. Not Ryan's. You are in my corner. You are coaching me. I'm your fighter.

ALVEY
Ryan left Navy St. And your my son.

JAY
No. Fuck that. I'm your fighter.

Jay stands up.

JAY (cont'd)
(as he walks away)
That son bullshit didn't even put you in my corner last time.

Alvey isn't sure what to think...probably because he's too fucked up to feel anything.

ALVEY
(to waitress)
Can I get a coffee to go? Thanks.

Alvey pulls out a flask from his jacket pocket. He untwists it and takes one quick drink.

ALVEY (cont'd)
1.6 million. Fuck.

He takes another shot.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The room is a mess. Clothes are everywhere. There are empty cans and bottles spread out all over the place. It is a shit hole.

Alvey ENTERS the room and closes the door behind him.

This is a familiar hotel for him. It is Hawaii themed. It's a place he's stayed before and enjoys the company of the owner.

It looks like he's been living there for the entire year and a half.

He drops his jacket on the floor and falls down onto the bed.

He pulls his phone out and pulls up Christina's contact information. His thumb HOVERS over the call button, but instead he TURNS THE PHONE OFF and tosses it down.

He CLOSES his eyes.

INT. LISA PRINCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Lisa is ON THE PHONE finishing up a conversation.

LISA
Yes, I will get in touch with both
fighters and we will get a deal
signed. Thank you.

Lisa hangs up the phone and wants to scream in excitement.

KNOCK KNOCK on the door. Shelby ENTERS.

SHELBY
Lisa, you have a visitor.

LISA
Not now, Shelby.

Ryan POKES HIS HEAD IN and looks a little FREAKED OUT. A little NERVOUS.

Lisa stands up and walks to them.

RYAN
I'm sorry.

LISA
No, it's fine. Come in. Thanks,
Shelby.

Shelby LEAVES and CLOSES THE DOOR.

LISA (cont'd)
What's wrong? My God is this about
this morning because I can't--

RYAN
No. No, it's not.

LISA
Okay. Do you want to sit down?

RYAN
Sure.

Ryan sits down in one of the chairs and Lisa walks around the desk and sits in her chair.

Ryan's knee is bouncing up and down and he is tapping his leg.

LISA
You're freaking me out. What the fuck
is going on?

RYAN
Okay, it is kind of about this
morning.

LISA
Fuck, Ryan.

RYAN
Just listen.

BEAT.

RYAN (cont'd)
Please.

Lisa nods for him to continue.

RYAN (cont'd)
I fucked up in the past. I know that.
We've moved on, but I don't want to
forget why things got so bad between
us. I wasn't honest.

LISA
You were a piece of shit.

RYAN
I was a piece of shit that wasn't honest. I don't need you to love me right now, but I am prepared to build to that if you're prepared to hear me out.

She shrugs. Again - for him to continue.

RYAN (cont'd)
You want honesty and truth and respect and fairness. I want all of that too. So...there is something I need to tell you.

LISA
Ryan, we aren't exclusive.

RYAN
No...it's not that. Lisa.

Ryan has no other choice but to simply blurt out whatever he is keeping inside of him or he will never be able to say it.

LISA
Ryan. What is it?

RYAN
I killed my dad, Lisa. I...I fucking killed him.

CUT TO:

BLACK

END OF SHOW