

Navy St.

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FADE IN:

EXT. VENICE BEACH, CALIFORNIA - MORNING

Dawn. Venice Beach. On the path along the ocean we FIND...

ALVEY HENDERSON, mid-forties, average height, average build, handsome blunted features, on his morning run. He checks his WATCH, accelerates, faster, faster, gets anaerobic, wheezes, has to stop. Doubles over. Exhausted.

ALVEY

Fuck me...

He spots a public RESTROOM --

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC RESTROOM - MORNING

Alvey slams into the stall and DRY HEAVES over the toilet. Violent convulsions. It finally passes, he wipes tears, gathers himself. Fuck getting old.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Alvey emerges, pale and clammy. Steadies himself.

MAN (O.S.)

Excuse me, sir?

Two Latinos, CARLOS and HECTOR, approach -- early 20's, gang ink, shaved heads, scary.

CARLOS

Can you help us out?

ALVEY

What's up?

Carlos pulls a PHOTO of a young girl from his wallet.

CARLOS

It's my baby sister's quinceañera today. That's her right there.

Alvey looks at the photo.

ALVEY

You two must have your mother's forehead. Looks like a nice girl. Congratulations.

CARLOS

She's my angel. I want to get her a cake, but it's hard times so we're out here trying to raise a few bucks.

ALVEY

Sorry, guys, I don't have any cash.

Alvey tries to leave, but he's cut off.

CARLOS

Hold up. You can't give me a couple bucks to buy my baby sister a cake?

ALVEY

I'm on a run. I don't have my wallet.

CARLOS

Then check your fucking shoes.

Carlos flashes a KNIFE. Hector circles. Escalating. Alvey takes off his shoes and socks. Shakes them out. No money.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Take your clothes off.

ALVEY

Guys...

CARLOS

I seen dudes in county treat their assholes like a FedEx truck. Maybe you left a twenty up there and forgot about it. Can't hurt to look, right?

No choice. Alvey undresses revealing several tattoos. He palms his junk for modesty. Humiliating.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

White boy's inked up.

Carlos traces "LISA" inked on Alvey's pec with the knife.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Yo, snowflake fucked up and got a bitch stamp. "Lisa."

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)
 (then)
 Bitches come and go, man.

Carlos pulls off his shirt -- heavy gang/prison ink -- "BROWN PRIDE" letters his entire chest.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
 (re: Brown Pride)
 But this shit's forever. And you're
 in the wrong neighborhood.

Carlos holds the blade to Alvey's throat.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
 Now the three of us are gonna go
 back to your house and get that
 wallet. Then you can introduce us
 to "Lisa."

CRACK! Alvey snaps a headbutt -- explodes Carlos's nose. Then nails Hector with a back-kick to the gut. Hector crumples, wheezing for breath.

Carlos lunges but Alvey shoots low, gathers his legs and slams him to the pavement. The knife skitters away. Alvey controls him, puts him on his back, mounts, left hand pins him by the neck while the right beats him to a bloody pulp THUD, THUD, THUD, THUD, THUD, followed by nasty elbows. Carlos goes limp.

Fast, brutal, beautiful.

Alvey stands up, out of breath, still buck naked, surveys the carnage. Hector crawls for air. Carlos moans through blood-bubbles.

Alvey puts on his clothes, scans for witnesses, then jogs off down the beach with the rising sun as we SMASH TO TITLES:

EXT. NAVY STREET MMA GYM - DAY

A gritty storefront gym in Venice. SIGN: Navy Street Mixed Martial Arts.

LISA HENDERSON, 27, natural California stunner, toned Type A, exits the gym trailed by three BEAUTIES (early 20's) in sports bras and spandex -- bored shitless.

LISA
 I want fliers in every business,
 coffee shop, bar and car from here
 to Hollywood.

She grabs a BOX of FLIERS from her PRIUS. Unpacks them.

FLIER: A glossy promo for Navy Street MMA with a photo of smiling Alvey.

LISA (CONT'D)

Lindsay, you have Venice. Madison's got Santa Monica to Westwood and Carmen you have Hollywood. Start at Runyon Canyon and work your way back.

CARMEN

(whiny)
Dog shit park. Awesome.

LISA

Hey. Tits up, Carmen. And remember the pitch.

Lisa offers Carmen the flier. Shows her how it's done.

LISA (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Lisa. Would you like to try a free week at Navy Street MMA? We offer Brazilian Jiu-jitsu, wrestling and Muay Thai boxing. It's an amazing workout, you'll get to train with Mixed Martial Arts legend Alvey Henderson and if you come to Navy Street MMA, you just might get to fuck a girl like me one day.

Alvey pulls up on his old DUCATI. Parks behind the Prius.

ALVEY

Good morning, ladies.

The girls grab stacks of fliers. Alvey takes one. Lisa notices his scuffed hand from the fight.

LISA

What happened to your hand?

ALVEY

Hurt it running.

LISA

How?

ALVEY

That's not the flier, is it?

LISA

Yes.

ALVEY

No, Lisa, I hate this picture. You know that.

LISA

It's cute.

ALVEY

I thought we were using the other one.

LISA

You mean the one where you're glaring at the camera with your cheeks sucked in?

ALVEY

It's better than this. This -- I look like a motivational speaker. Or a dentist. And what's all that neck shit? Do I look like that?

Alvey juts his chin. Tightens his loosening neck-skin.

LISA

Are you asking me if you look like a picture of yourself?

Alvey studies the picture. The sad truth.

ALVEY

What happened to me? I'm a monster.

LISA

(off his vanity)

God, you're like a teenage girl.

He drops the flier, kisses her good morning.

ALVEY

Is Nate here?

LISA

He's taping up.

INT. NAVY STREET MMA GYM - DAY

A sweaty, spartan Mixed Martial Arts gym buzzing with the slaps, thuds, chatter and grunts of FIGHTERS at work: They "roll" Brazilian Jiu-jitsu (BJJ) on the large practice mat.

Muay Thai Kickboxing with hand-mits and heavy bags. Explosive training with plyos and thick ropes. Others sit together on the mat, taping hands, stretching, bullshitting.

The gym is a community. A refuge.

In the center of it all, where the boxing ring should be, is a CAGE OCTAGON.

INT. NAVY STREET MMA GYM - CAGE - SAME

Alvey, barefoot with shorts and a "Navy Street MMA" T-shirt, circles, dissects, critiques, affirms two of his fighters, NATE, 22, and JOSE, 25, as they "roll" through the fluid positional transitions of BJJ. Nate (on his back) pulls guard from the bottom.

ALVEY

Very nice, Nate. Very nice. Stay active. Keep working. Triangle! Triangle!

Nate tries to slings his leg up over. Jose blocks it. Nate tries again. Blocked again.

ALVEY (CONT'D)

Okay, it's not there. That's fine. We're not panicking. We know exactly what to do, yes? What's our transition?

Nate pops Jose with a couple ineffectual jabs.

ALVEY (CONT'D)

You're not doing any damage from that position, Nate. So, what do we do? We transition into an Omoplata, right? Break the grip and sink your hips.

Nate squirms -- seems unsure.

ALVEY (CONT'D)

Stop. Stop. Stop.

Alvey takes Nate's position under Jose to demonstrate (Alvey will execute each motion as he describes it).

ALVEY (CONT'D)

(to Nate)

You're here. Break his grip. Sink your hips -- push out. Now you're in dominant position.

(MORE)

ALVEY (CONT'D)

If you can't get the triangle, pass the left leg and sit up into an Omoplata.

In a single fluid movement, Alvey transitions from under the teammate who is now face-down on the mat with his right arm cranked up by Alvey's leg.

ALVEY (CONT'D)

Now he's got two choices: tap or snap.

Jose taps on the mat and Alvey releases him.

ALVEY (CONT'D)

Let's see it. On your feet.

Nate and Jose stand and square.

ALVEY (CONT'D)

(to Jose)

Take him down.

Jose shoots and Nate pulls him on top into his guard (Nate on his back, Jose on top just like before). They jockey for position then Nate explodes into a perfectly vicious Omoplata. Jose taps vigorously. Alvey rushes in and pulls them apart. Grabs Nate by the headgear.

ALVEY (CONT'D)

Very nice! Excellent work. Make sure you control his left arm so he can't strike on your roll.

Off Nate as he listens attentively...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The SOUND of piss on plastic...

RYAN REVIS, 29, clean-cut, all-American handsome. He pisses in a LABELED CUP. Carefully screws the top on. Washes his hands. Lingers for a moment over the RAZED SCARS on his wrists -- a constant reminder.

MAN (PRE-LAP)

Number one: You will not own, use or have in your possession a firearm or any other object considered a weapon by the State of California.

INT. CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS - PAROLE DIVISION - DAY

Ryan sits by the desk of his parole officer, MARK DANTZLER (48), who notes Ryan's FILE. CUP of piss cooling.

DANTZLER
Is that understood?

RYAN
Yes sir.

DANTZLER
Number two: As a condition of your parole you will be completing an in-patient drug and alcohol rehabilitation program at Ocean Hills Recovery in Huntington Beach.

RYAN
Yes sir.

DANTZLER
So, if I come down there you're gonna be where you're supposed to be?

RYAN
Yes sir.

DANTZLER
What about work?

RYAN
Nothing yet. But I'm looking.

DANTZLER
Get a job. Fill your days out right. Can't stress that enough. If at any point your employment changes, you have 72 hours to notify me.

Ryan nods.

DANTZLER (CONT'D)
Got a wife?

The question stabs Ryan. Dantzler's seen it a million times.

DANTZLER (CONT'D)
Guess five years is a long time to wait.

RYAN
We weren't married.

Dantzler flips through the file.

DANTZLER
Goodness gracious, what a mess
you've made.

Ryan's stoic.

DANTZLER (CONT'D)
You got any kind of support system
out here?

RYAN
There's some people I still know.

DANTZLER
Family?

RYAN
No sir, just some old friends.

DANTZLER
Get some new ones. Find a church.
Fellowship. Accept Jesus Christ as
your personal savior and get your
shit together because if you fuck
up, you drink a beer, you don't
show up for work, any kind of
hiccup, I'll lock your ass right
back up. We clear?

RYAN
Yes sir.

Dantzler doubts it. He shuts the file, grabs the piss cup.

DANTZLER
Alright then, Mr. Revis. I'll be
randomly collecting your urine once
a month. Keep it clean, we won't
have a problem. Let's take a
couple pictures, we'll see you next
month.

CUT TO:

INT. CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS - PAROLE DIVISION -
DAY

FLASH!

Ryan, shirtless, stands against the wall -- athletic, raw-bone strength, expensive ink -- "DESTROYER" inked large across his abdomen. Dantzler snaps digital photos.

DANTZLER

(re: tattoos)

Godalmighty, you look like an Iron Maiden poster. Used to love them.

(then)

Turn for me.

Ryan does and we FLASH to a SERIES OF STILL SHOTS of Ryan's abraded body, front, back, profile, face, one last FLASH --

CUT TO:

INT. NAVY STREET MMA - CAGE - DAY

Nate flops on the mat, spent, starts unwrapping his hands. Alvey beside him.

ALVEY

It's very simple, Nate. You've had a great camp, you're healthy, cardio's there, you're exactly where you need to be. Now it's about trusting the process. Stick with the game plan, do what you do and beat the balls off this kid. He can't stay with you. You're too explosive. Yes?

Nate nods.

ALVEY (CONT'D)

Okay. How's your weight?

NATE

Heavy.

ALVEY

Start cutting. You're two days out. Get after it. Let's go.

A sudden energy surges through the gym. Alvey and Nate look over as...

Ryan Revis enters to a hero's welcome. Fighters flock to him. Moths to a flame.

Alvey approaches and the celebration stops. Tense silence -- a lot of history between them. Alvey's the alpha. A beat.

ALVEY (CONT'D)
(to the fighters)
You guys start training or get the
fuck out of my gym.

The fighters scatter leaving Ryan and Alvey alone.

RYAN
You haven't changed.

ALVEY
Why should I?

Ryan wisely doesn't answer.

ALVEY (CONT'D)
When'd you get out?

RYAN
Yesterday. They got me at a rehab
place in Huntington.

ALVEY
You fuck it up yet?

RYAN
(humble)
That's all behind me, Alvey. It's
different now. I'm not here to
cause problems.

ALVEY
Then why are you here?

RYAN
So I don't put a bag on my head and
play hopscotch across the 405.

Alvey sizes him up. Warms up.

ALVEY
I guess that's a pretty damn good
reason. Welcome back.

Alvey flashes his big smile. Bear hugs him.

ALVEY (CONT'D)
Come on in, tell me where your
head's at.

Nate watches. Unsure what to make of Ryan's return.

INT. NAVY STREET MMA - ALVEY'S OFFICE

Alvey's cramped cluttered office. The decor is Ode to Alvey: BLACK BELTS he's earned in BJJ, MUAY THAI BOXING, KEMPO KARATE mounted on the walls next to old framed fight PHOTOS. The glory days.

Alvey kicks his feet up on his cluttered desk. Ryan across.

RYAN

Was that Nate in the cage?

ALVEY

Oh yeah, we're wrapping up camp.
He's on the Long Beach card.

Alvey passes him the FLIER for the LONG BEACH FIGHT NIGHT.

RYAN

Long Beach. That's big time.

ALVEY

UFC's sniffing around.

RYAN

Yeah?

ALVEY

If he beats Walker and looks good
doing it, he's in the conversation
at one-fifty-five.

RYAN

I knew he'd be a killer.

ALVEY

Kid's tough as a coffin nail. Game
too.

RYAN

Like his old man.

ALVEY

Except I never got paid.

(then)

He's the real deal. And I'm not
just saying that because I'm his
dad. I've never had an athlete in
my camp with his kind of ability.

Alvey catches Ryan's eyes on a PICTURE on the desk: Alvey and Lisa in Cabo -- wet, sunny, sandy, in love.

ALVEY (CONT'D)

At least, not since you were here.

They let it lie for now. Ryan gestures to another PICTURE: a post-fight photo. A bloody, but smiling Alvey with his two sons, Nate (6) and Jay (9) from sixteen years ago.

RYAN

(moving on)

How's Jay doing anyway?

ALVEY

Jay? Don't even ask.

(pointing to an empty spot
on his desk)

He stole my computer, if that tells
you anything.

RYAN

Is he fighting?

ALVEY

Not in two years.

RYAN

I heard he was tearing it up. What
happened?

ALVEY

He keeps pulling out of fights.
Three in a row. Making me look like
an asshole.

RYAN

Is he getting fucked up or what?

ALVEY

He's getting fucked up. He's
fucking shit up. He's a fuck-up.
Kid can't make it through a camp
without stepping on his own dick.
I had to eighty-six his ass from
the gym. I'm not gonna let him
poison Nate's camp. Not with a
fight like this coming up.

RYAN

Maybe I could talk to him.

ALVEY

Can't reason with a drunk or a
crazy person. But let's talk about
you. What's up? You look good. You
in shape? You want to fight?

RYAN

I'm not even thinking about that.

ALVEY

You're still young. Five years off saved you a lot of wear and tear.

RYAN

It's more about what can I handle... emotionally.

ALVEY

Gotcha.

RYAN

Kinda have to ease back into things.

ALVEY

Say no more. I get it.

RYAN

But I was thinking maybe I could help out around here. Coach the guys up. Whatever you need.

Alvey considers it. Big risk, big reward.

ALVEY

I'll be honest with you, Ryan, I'm sucking wind though my asshole right now.

RYAN

I'm not asking for money. I'd do it for free. Fit in wherever I can.

ALVEY

You are the best goddamn wrestler I've ever seen. Might be good for Nate.

RYAN

Give me two days, I'll tune him up.

Alvey leans back in his chair, considers it for a beat.

ALVEY

Let's do it. You can finish up Nate's camp with me, we'll take it from there.

RYAN

Yeah?

ALVEY
It'll be fun.

They shake hands.

ALVEY (CONT'D)
I'm glad you're well. Hey, I wanna
show you something.

As Alvey heads for a closet, we go to...

INT. NAVY STREET MMA - GYM - DAY

Nate, dressed in full sweats, on the stationary bike. Lisa
walks up.

LISA
Where's your dad?

NATE
Office.

LISA
Doing what? He doesn't even have a
computer.

NATE
He's with Revis.

LISA
(stunned)
Ryan's here?

Nate nods. Lisa's pissed. Storms the office.

INT. NAVY STREET MMA - ALVEY'S OFFICE

Alvey's pulled out several FRAMED POSTERS of RYAN: Magazine
one-sheets of Ryan at the height of his fame -- FIGHT!
Magazine, WORLDWIDE MMA, TAPOUT -- all with exalting
HEADLINES: "This Will Hurt" "Ryan Revis. Can Anyone Beat
Him?" "Relentless."

ALVEY
I was supposed to toss these, but I
thought you might want'm.

Ryan holds up one of the posters. Lifted by past glory.

Then Lisa SLAMS in.

LISA
(to Ryan)
What the fuck are you doing here?

ALVEY
Lisa --

LISA
Shut up, Alvey.
(to Ryan)
Why are you here? What could you possibly be doing in this gym?

RYAN
I just came by to see everyone.

LISA
I'm sorry, is this your triumphant return? Because we've all been waiting for Ryan and the big fucking rapture.

ALVEY
Lisa, relax --

LISA
No, you fucking relax.

Alvey backs off. She's too hot.

RYAN
I guess I should've called.

LISA
You should've called? You think I'm pissed because you didn't call ahead? Are you fucking psychotic?

Alvey winks at Ryan -- don't worry about it, she'll calm down.

LISA (CONT'D)
I fucking saw that, Alvey.
(to Ryan)
Goodbye.

RYAN
Okay.

Ryan's civil. Politely leaves. Lisa slams the door.

LISA
I can't believe you.

ALVEY
Me? How am I in trouble?

Off Alvey in the crosshairs --

INT. NAVY STREET MMA - DAY

Ryan heads for the door. Sees Nate packing up his DUFFEL.

RYAN
Big Nate.

Nate greets him with a half-hug. Always been awed by Ryan.

NATE
What's up, Ryan?

RYAN
(sizes him up)
Shit, man, you're a big-ass one-
fifty-five.

NATE
One-seventy-one right now.

RYAN
And you're fighting in two days?
(off Nate)
Gonna be nasty cut. Can you do it?

NATE
Better. Else my dad's gonna kill
me.

RYAN
You'll be alright. I cut twenty
pounds every time I fight.

Nate's clearly concerned.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Your dad said you've had a great
camp. You feel ready?

NATE
Yeah, yeah, for sure.

RYAN
You're staying away from the girls,
right? No pussy during camp. Pussy
steals your Chi.

Nate smiles, painfully shy. Ryan hears Lisa's muffled RANTS from the office. Better leave.

RYAN (CONT'D)
You heading out?

Nate grabs his bag and follows Ryan...

EXT. NAVY STREET MMA - CONTINUOUS

Ryan and Nate stop outside the front door.

NATE
So, are you back now or what?

RYAN
Maybe. I don't know.

NATE
My wrestling needs some work.

RYAN
Your dad and I are talking. We'll work it out. I'll get you tuned up.

NATE
That'd be cool.

Ryan clocks a BUS pulling up across the street.

RYAN
Shit. I gotta get back to Huntington. We'll hit it tomorrow.

Another hug. Then as he's running across the street.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Seriously, bro, put on your big boy shorts. We're gonna work.
(then)
Hey, and give your brother a shout. Tell'm I'll call him.

Nate nods, then watches his one-time idol board a bus. As the bus lurches away, Nate pulls on his hat and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE STREETS - DAY

Nate, Vans, skull-cap, HEADPHONES, glides through the streets of Venice on a LONG-BOARD passing, bars, liquor stores, marijuana pharmacies, taco stands, SURFERS, GANG-BANGERS -- ghetto on the beach.

Nate skates on, impassive, quiet, serious, self-contained, calcified rage, a killer in the cage.

He veers down a low-rent residential street...

EXT. JAY AND NATE'S HOUSE - DAY

CHUI, 30, skate rat, stoned on a shitty COUCH on the front porch of a small run down BUNGALOW. SURFBOARDS and SKATEBOARDS lean against the house... MUSIC blares from a party inside. Chui fires a GLASS BONG. Monster hit.

Nate rolls up...

CHUI
(holding it in)
Sup, Nate?

NATE
My brother here?

Chui exhales a think plume.

CHUI
Inside somewhere.
(then)
Oh, dude. I'm probably bringing
that chick to your fight.

NATE
What chick?

CHUI
Rina's cousin from Torrance, chunky
one, kind of looks like a... kinda
like a cartoon deer but... without
any fur...obviously.

Nate notices a scrap of PAPER on the ground. Picks it up.

PAPER: RENT??? LATE AGAIN!! LAST CHANCE!!!

CHUI (CONT'D)
She's way hotter than she sounds.
But, so, can you put her on the
list?

Nate ignores, folds the paper in his pocket, walks inside.

INT. JAY AND NATE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nate steps through the party; GUYS and GIRLS (19 up to late 20's) get fucked up, weed, booze, video games, music, flop-house, crash pad. "What up, Nate!" He knows them all and nods his hellos as he heads down the...

HALLWAY

... to a closed BEDROOM DOOR. He opens --

INT. NATE'S ROOM - SAME

JAY HENDERSON, 26, wire skinny, sleeved tattoos, sweaty banshee fucking a GIRL from behind.

JAY
(still fucking)
Not now!

Nate looks away. Annoyed, but calm. Jay looks up.

JAY (CONT'D)
(still fucking)
Shut the fucking door, man!

NATE
You're in my room, Jay.

Jay stops fucking. Scans the room. Sure enough...

JAY
Shit...

The girl looks up at Nate.

GIRL
(sheepish smile)
Hi, Nate.

Nate nods.

JAY
My bad, dude. Gimme a minute?

He's fucking again, before Jay's out the door.

INT. JAY AND NATE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Nate BLENDS a protein SHAKE. Several CONTAINERS of supplements on the counter; Whey Protein, Jacked, branch-chain amino acids. Nate pours his shake and sits at the kitchen table across from CASEY, 22, pretty, blissfully stoned, half-cashed bulb-pipe of heroin beside her. She watches through slits...

CASEY

What are you drinking?

NATE

A shake.

CASEY

Like a vitamin shake or something?

Nate shrugs.

CASEY (CONT'D)

You're so good.

Casey leans into him, syrupy...

CASEY (CONT'D)

How come you never talk?

NATE

I do.

CASEY

No, you don't. You don't talk to anyone. You just work out and drink smoothies and eat fucking celery and don't talk.

She slinks off her chair onto her knees, crawls between his legs.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Some of the girls... they think you might be a fag.

NATE

Who thinks that?

CASEY

Just some stupid girls. But I don't think that. I think you're probably just shy.

She starts for his pants, but Jay enters, still sweaty in just a towel.

JAY
Party's over. Everybody get the
fuck out!

He knocks on the kitchen window leading to the backyard.

JAY (CONT'D)
Out! Let's go, let's go, let's go!

He pulls Casey to her feet, hands her the heroin pipe.

CASEY
The fuck, Jay?

JAY
Ándale! Let's go.

Nate suddenly storms out. Jay turns to Casey.

JAY (CONT'D)
Fuck did you say to him?

CASEY
Nothing. You're brother's a freak.

JAY
Yeah and what the fuck are you? Off
you go!

Jay kicks her in the ass, nearly losing his towel.

INT. ALVEY AND LISA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A small but stylish Manhattan Beach cottage.

Lisa pours a glass of wine, still fuming. Alvey follows her around the kitchen pleading his case.

ALVEY
The kid deserves a second chance.

LISA
Ryan's had plenty of chances.

ALVEY
Why is this bothering you so much?

LISA
Because it's not bothering you.

Lisa lights her cigarette and takes her wine outside.

EXT. ALVEY AND LISA'S HOUSE - PATIO

Alvey joins Lisa on the beach-front patio.

ALVEY

Yes. The fact that he used to fuck you does give me pause. But we're solid. I trust you.

LISA

I thought we put this to bed, Alvey.

ALVEY

We did. I'm fine.

LISA

Bullshit. You feel guilty. That's what this is.

ALVEY

Hell yeah I feel guilty. We got together while he was in prison. I stole you, and I'm glad I did but, how am I supposed to feel good about it?

LISA

You stole me? What am I, a fucking bicycle?

ALVEY

That's not what I meant, but that's what happened.

LISA

Your ego is just fucking beautiful. And huge. And dumb as a fucking manatee.

ALVEY

Thanks, honey.

LISA

How many times do I have to beat this into your head? I didn't leave Ryan for you. I left him for me. He's toxic waste. He uses people until there's nothing left to use and then he moves on. Have you forgotten what he did to you?

ALVEY

It's the past. Let it go.

LISA

You got him to the UFC then he left your ass for Albuquerque as soon as Greg Jackson batted his eyelashes. Self-absorbed little star-fucker dropped you like a bad habit.

ALVEY

He messed up. He knows that now.

LISA

He doesn't care. He doesn't care. You don't know him like I do.

Lisa takes a drag. Alvey knows she's right but...

ALVEY

He's good for the gym.

LISA

Alvey.

ALVEY

You know how it works, Lisa. A gym's only as good as its fighters. Few years ago, it was Militich out in Iowa. Now it's all about Jackson -- he's got St. Pierre, Jon Jones. If I want to be relevant, I need a star in my camp.

LISA

You have Nate.

ALVEY

And Nate's special but, unless he wins Long Beach, he's just a prospect. Ryan is a star. Three-time All-American, UFC champ, and he's only 29 years old -- there's a lot of fights left in him.

LISA

Does he even want to fight again?

That little problem. Alvey's working on it.

ALVEY

He will.

(beat)

Fighters love him. They find out he's in my camp they'll be knocking down the door to train.

Lisa doesn't like the logic.

ALVEY (CONT'D)

You see the books just like I do. Financially, we're hanging by a thread. Guys like Ryan don't come around everyday. I can't turn him away.

A beat. Lisa takes one last drag.

LISA

It's a mistake.

Lisa puts out her cigarette and goes inside. Off Alvey...

LATINO MAN (PRE-LAP)

(flat-line monotone)

The behaviors that precede an addict's relapse follow a standard pattern.

INT. REHAB/HALFWAY HOUSE - COMMON AREA - NIGHT

A rundown old boarding house. No air conditioning.

A COUNSELOR (female, 40's, battle-ax) presides over seventeen miserable recovering ADDICTS -- all shapes and sizes -- sitting in a circle sweating through their clothes and reading a HANDOUT.

Lots of bouncing legs, fidgeting, explosive pent-up male detox aggression.

Ryan quietly follows along as another patient JAVY (24, Latino, small) reads aloud.

JAVY

Those patterns include: isolating oneself from others, refusing to talk about one's own thoughts and feelings, doubting one's ability to stay obstinate.

MICHAEL

Abstinent, you dumb motherfucker.

Scattered laughter. Ryan locks eyes with the heckler, MICHAEL (31, brute, inked). Holds it for a beat then breaks.

COUNSELOR

You're reading next, Michael. I wouldn't get too cocky.

(MORE)

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)
 (to reader)
 Keep going, Javy.

JAVY
 Becoming overwhelmed by ordinary
 problems. Avoiding people who give
 honest feedback and the last one is
 outbursts of anger.

Javy looks up from the handout.

COUNSELOR
 Okay, let's take a break.

They scatter.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)
 Fifteen minutes, guys.

Ryan files outside with the others...

EXT. REHAB/HALFWAY HOUSE - BACK PATIO/REC AREA - NIGHT

Ryan pours coffee at the refreshment cart. Michael, the
 heckler, approaches with two of his BOYS (20's, hard). He's
 got a pair of BAG-GLOVES from the rec-area (both righthands --
 one blue, one red).

MICHAEL
 Yo, I hear you're like a fighter or
 some shit?

Ryan tries not to engage.

RYAN
 That was a while ago.

MICHAEL
 Must've been. 'Cause now you don't
 look like shit.

Others sniff conflict and gather, including an ex-con turned
 security guard, RODDY (40's, bald, old prison ink).

RYAN
 I'm gonna head inside.

Michael stops him. Shoves a gloves in his chest.

MICHAEL
 Hundred bucks says I hit harder
 than you.

RYAN
I don't have a hundred bucks.

MICHAEL
(baiting)
Then you better win.

RYAN
We'll both get written up, man.
It's not worth it.

MICHAEL
Roddy, you cool with this?

RODDY
Long as y'all both agree, I'm cool.
Shit, I wanna see it.

Michael looks back to Ryan.

MICHAEL
We're all good, homie. I'll even
let you go first.

A beat, then Ryan pulls on the glove. It's on. They square up -- Michael's got four inches and forty pounds on Ryan.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Anytime, motherfu --

THWACK! Ryan crushes him across the face. Michael stiffens and hits the refreshment table -- out on his feet. The crowd goes wild with HOWLS and "Oh Shits!"

Ryan takes off his glove. Gives a little NOD to Javy. Javy nods back. Ryan takes his coffee and walks inside.

EXT. JAY AND NATE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The backyard is half beer garden, half MMA gym: A SPARRING DUMMY, HEAVY BAG, TRUCK TIRE, SLEDGEHAMMER, mingled with EMPTY BEER CANS, LIQUOR BOTTLES and a BONG.

Jay grills a steak for himself, skinless chicken for Nate. Nate sits at the patio table watching Youtube highlights of his upcoming opponent, CLAY WALKER on his laptop. The overwhelming power and speed concerns Nate.

NATE
Walker's got heavy hands.

JAY

That's *all* he's got. It's his whole game.

NATE

I don't know, he's been in Albuquerque --

JAY

Same motherfucker, bro.

Jay sits with the food. Takes a bite of steak. Nate keeps watching the computer, anxiety grows. Jay shuts the laptop.

JAY (CONT'D)

It's a highlight reel. They're not gonna show you the times he got his ass whipped.

NATE

He's won seven in a row.

JAY

Against fucking nobody. Yeah, he'll come out throwing bombs, and you'll eat a few, but then you'll gobble that shit up and when he sees you're still standing there, BOOM -- he'll break. Smash his game. That's how I beat his ass, and that's how you will too.

NATE

Three years ago.

JAY

Same motherfucker, bro.

Jay eats. Nate pulls the late rent NOTE from his pocket.

NATE

This was on the porch.

Jay, stops eating, forgot about the note.

NATE (CONT'D)

You said you paid the rent.

JAY

(downplays)

Couple hundred short. He's trippin'. Don't worry about it.

Jay tosses the note on the grill, digs into steak.

NATE

What happened to the money from my last fight?

JAY

It's gone.

NATE

Where'd it go?

JAY

Rent, bills, supplements, shit's expensive --

NATE

Do we even have any money?

JAY

Yes, we do.

NATE

Seems like we're always short.

JAY

Nate, we're fine. I'm eating a fucking steak right now. Come on.

Nate's not convinced.

JAY (CONT'D)

Hey, haven't I always taken care of you? Huh?

NATE

Yeah...

JAY

Yeah, thank you. I don't recall us ever sleeping on the beach, right?

Nate nods.

JAY (CONT'D)

Focus on the fight. That's all you should be thinking about.

Jay knows best. Nate let's it drop. Eats his chicken.

JAY (CONT'D)

You wanna spar tomorrow?

NATE

Dad doesn't want you at the gym.

JAY
You got a key, right?

Off Nate, wary...

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

A Mexican house party in full swing. Latin hip hop THUMPS.

Hector (one of the bangers that jumped Alvey in the teaser) is on the front porch getting fucked up with FRIENDS. Despite the black eye Alvey gave him, he's having a nice evening.

CAMERA FINDS a BLACK IMPALA parked on the street out front.

INT. BLACK IMPALA - NIGHT

CLOSE ON CARLOS behind the wheel, eyes rolled back in his battered scuffed up head, getting a loud sloppy blowjob from MURIEL (20's). He's got a hand full of her hair.

CARLOS
Take the head, baby. Work that
fucking hog... there you go...

He pushes her down. She struggles.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Choke it down, baby. That's it...
yeah... shit yeah... ah shit.

He cums and convulses. Accidentally hits the windshield wipers on. As they move back and forth, we notice a FLIER stuck beneath the blades.

Muriel sits up. Unhappy with the treatment.

MURIEL
That's too rough, Carlos, damn.

But Carlos's eyes ping-pong with the flier.

He reaches out the window and grabs the flier.

FLIER: Navy Street MMA. Alvey's smiling face beams back at him.

CARLOS
Motherfucker.

MURIEL
You can't treat me like that --

CARLOS
Shut the fuck up!

Carlos rolls down his window and calls out to --

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Hector!
(showing the flier)
Look who I found.

Off Alvey's smiling face --

EXT. VENICE -- SIDEWALK - MORNING

Alvey and Ryan walk and talk toward the gym. TRAINING BAGS over shoulders and COFFEES in hand.

ALVEY
Finish up the cardio, then I want you and Nate to roll for a half-hour or so -- see where he's at.

RYAN
I can show him a few things that'll keep Walker's hands off him.

ALVEY
But don't overwhelm him. He's comfortable with the game plan. I don't want you throwing the kitchen sink at him.

RYAN
I'll keep it simple.

They walk a bit more, then Alvey stops him.

ALVEY
I gotcha something.

Alvey pulls a worn BOOK from his bag and hands it to Ryan.

RYAN
(reading the cover)
The Screwtape Letters.

ALVEY

It's about this old demon,
Screwtape, who writes these letters
to this young up-and-coming demon
called Wormwood, basically telling
how to tempt people and lead them
away from God. It's actually funny
as shit.

RYAN

I'm not a big Christian.

ALVEY

Shit, you know I'm a heathen. I got
this book from a retired old whore
in a San Pedro bar.

Ryan laughs.

ALVEY (CONT'D)

You know it's bad when retired
whores are trying to give you
books.

(then)

I'm not preaching. But it does help
to know who you're fighting.

(then)

Anyway, read it or don't. It calmed
me down so I'm passing it on. That
and the Lexapro. They should put
that shit in the water. Solve a lot
of problems.

Ryan puts the book in his bag.

RYAN

Appreciate it. I'll give it a look.

They continue around the corner to find Lisa, stressed and
smoking, in front of the gym.

ALVEY

This can't be good.
(reaching Lisa)
What's wrong?

LISA

Don't freak out.

Alvey hears MUSIC from inside.

ALVEY

(darkens)
Son of a bitch.

Alvey slams inside.

INT. NAVY STREET MMA GYM - CAGE - MORNING

BAD BRAINS cranks from a DOCKED IPOD. Nate and Jay spar hard, trading real punches, snapping kicks, in their element as brothers. They love it.

Jay dances, picks his younger brother apart. Smiles. Taunts. They don't notice...

Alvey, Lisa, and Ryan watching.

Nate's the athlete, throws Jay around. But Jay's got a fighter's mind, slippery, always calm, sees it all in slow motion. Nate shoots, Jay stuffs it. Dances. Nate pursues with a big overhand right, Jay snakes back, counters with a right hook, crazy angle, it drops Nate to a knee.

ALVEY

Hey!

Alvey kills the music. Pissed.

ALVEY (CONT'D)

Are you out of your fucking mind?

Jay and Nate exchange a look -- they're in trouble.

ALVEY (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing!?

JAY

(shrugs)

Training --

ALVEY

Get the fuck out of my cage!

Nate's troubled by the vitriol. Jay senses it.

JAY

(sotto to Nate)

Chin down when you throw that overhand.

Jay touches gloves with his little brother and exits the cage. Alvey grabs him by the arm as he passes.

ALVEY

Your brother's got a fight coming up -- you could've cut him.

JAY
 But I didn't, so chill the fuck
 out.

Jay, manic, upbeat, greets Ryan with a hug.

JAY (CONT'D)
 (to Ryan)
 Rev, welcome back. Hey, have a
 great workout but watch out.
 (sotto for Alvey to hear)
 Alvey's getting nasty in his old
 age. Once the mind goes...

ALVEY
 Jay, I swear to God.

Jay smiles and blows out.

ALVEY (CONT'D)
 (to Ryan and Lisa)
 You two get out of here. Nobody's
 fucking training today.

Lisa and Ryan exit. Alvey heads to the cage.

EXT. NAVY STREET MMA - BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa smokes, frayed from the blowup. Ryan practices wrapping
 his wrists, struggles. There's a lot of history here --
 fucking, fighting, loving, crying. Finally...

RYAN
 You and Alvey...

Lisa smokes, won't engage. Ryan unwraps and starts over --
 knows it's driving her crazy.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 How long's that been going on?

LISA
 Two years -- are you fucking
 kidding me?

RYAN
 Easy. I'm not trying to start
 anything.
 (beat)
 I'm happy for you guys. I love
 Alvey.

LISA
So do I.

RYAN
I can see that.

LISA
And I don't know what he promised,
but we can't afford to pay you.

RYAN
That's fine.

LISA
So what are you gonna do? You gonna
get a real job?

RYAN
Yes, I am. I have to.

LISA
Doing what?

RYAN
I don't know yet, Lisa, I'm still
trying to learn the fucking bus.

He's fallen far. Lisa lays off a bit. Ryan finishes wrapping
his wrist -- it looks terrible.

LISA
(softening)
You're doing it wrong. Here. Give
it.

Lisa unwraps him to start over...

LISA (CONT'D)
Professional fighter and you can't
even wrap your own wrists.

RYAN
Always had somebody do it for me.

LISA
Maybe that's your problem.

Ryan smiles as she takes his hands.

LISA (CONT'D)
Palms up.

She turns his hands over revealing several RAZED SCARS ON
BOTH HIS WRISTS -- an obvious suicide attempt.

LISA (CONT'D)
 (reflexive)
 Holy shit.

She looks up at Ryan. A beat. She hands him the wraps.

LISA (CONT'D)
 (gestures inside)
 I should check on them. Come back
 tomorrow if you want.

Ryan picks up his bag and heads across the street.

LISA (CONT'D)
 (calling out)
 Ryan.

He turns.

LISA (CONT'D)
 Don't fuck with my life.

RYAN
 That's not me anymore. You'll see.

Lisa heads inside.

INT. JAY AND NATE'S HOUSE - NATE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Nate in a deep athlete's sleep. Until...

Casey, topless, thong, bursts through the door. Full panic.

CASEY
 Nate!

NATE
 (bolting up)
 What the fuck?

Casey tries to drag him out of bed.

CASEY
 Your brother -- he's fucking crazy.

NATE
 (not news)
 Go away, Casey.

Nate rolls over.

CASEY
 Please!

GUNSHOTS POP from outside. Nate pushes Casey out of the way and we follow down the hall, out the back --

EXT. JAY AND NATE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Nate runs out, Casey trailing, to find...

Jay, buck naked with a GUN, pumping rounds into the SPARRING DUMMY. POP! POP! POP! A one-man firing squad.

NATE

Jay! Stop it!

Jay keeps going. POP! POP! POP! Nate springs. Puts him in a rear-naked choke. Jay drops the gun.

NATE (CONT'D)

(to Casey)

Get the gun!

She snatches it up. Nate drags his brother to the ground. Jay's about to pass out. Finally, taps his brother's arm. Nate lets him go. A beat, as they both catch their breath.

NATE (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you?

JAY

(re: the dummy)

He was looking at me funny.

Jay, stoned to hell, bursts into laughter. Nate's had enough. Gets up to leave.

JAY (CONT'D)

Come on! It's funny. It's a dummy. We've been brutalizing that rubber idiot for years. I'm putting him out of his misery.

The scales lift from Nate's eyes. Sees his brother for what he is: a cackling junkie. The sad truth.

NATE

I'm going to dad's.

JAY

Nate, come on. Nate. Nate!

But Nate's gone. Jay looks up at Casey. Shrugs and gives a half-hearted laugh. Off Jay, naked on the ground...

INT. NAVY STREET MMA - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Alvey and Lisa stand by as Ryan helps Nate, already in a hooded sweatshirt, into a SAUNA-SUIT (essentially looks like a suit made of shiny garbage bags). Weight cuts are a brutal, sadistic and necessary ritual. Ryan tapes the suit, sealing Nate in. Alvey hands him a JUMP ROPE, hits play on the IPOD.

As MUSIC RISES. Nate jumps, faster, faster, faster --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JAY AND NATE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jay, on the couch hunched over the COFFEE TABLE, crushing OXYCONTIN PILLS into powder. The GUN, a SYRINGE, a SPOON, a LIGHTER and a loose PHOTOGRAPH spread before him.

INT. NAVY STREET MMA - CAGE

Ryan and Nate (still in the sauna suit) grapple under Alvey's direction. Sweat pours off Nate. Lisa watches the intense focused energy.

INT. JAY AND NATE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Jay preps his fix with the same focus. Bends the spoon. Dumps the powder. Cooks the dope.

INT. NAVY STREET MMA - LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nate stares at a torture chamber...

The SAUNA. A SPINNING BIKE placed inside. Alvey waves him in. Nate death-walks inside. Ryan seals the door shut. Nate peddles slow, then explodes to maximum intensity.

INT. JAY AND NATE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Jay sucks the brackish fun into the syringe. Flicks out the bubbles. Ties off his arm. Takes a breath before the rush.

INT. NAVY STREET MMA - SAUNA

Nate peddles, sheets of sweat, eyes blank, mind gone.

INT. JAY AND NATE'S HOUSE

Jay touches the needle to vein. Then the pierce. Then the plunge. His eyes turtle. Body melts.

INT. SAUNA

Nate peddles past his limit, somewhere dangerous. Eyes roll.

INT. JAY AND NATE'S HOUSE

CLOSE ON the old creased PHOTO: Jay with his MOTHER after his first MMA fight.

Jay's eclipsed eyes lost in memory. He tosses the photo.

Picks up the gun. Feels the weight. Sits up. Puts it in his mouth. Curls his finger around the trigger and --

INT. NAVY STREET MMA - LOCKER ROOM

BOOM! Nate stumbles out of the sauna, severely overheated, heaving, clawing at the sauna suit. Alvey and Ryan strip Nate out of the suit. Sit him against the locker.

NATE
I'm alright...

ALVEY
(to Lisa)
Get him some water.

NATE
No water. Let's just go.

Off Nate getting to his feet --

CUT TO:

INT. LONG BEACH EVENT CENTER - NIGHT

KORN blasts over the PA.

A small stage with a SCALE in the center against a backdrop of SPONSOR LOGOS.

An MC on stage whips up the CROWD flanked by four BIKINI-CLAD RING GIRLS. PRESS, other FIGHTERS, FANS in the audience.

MC

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Long Beach! We've got a hell of a card tomorrow night! Starting at 155 in the lightweight division it's gonna be Clay Walker versus Nate Henderson!

The crowd erupts.

MC (CONT'D)

First up on the scale, Clay Walker!

KORN back up as...

CLAY WALKER (33) steps on stage. A granite head, pit bull of a man. Battle-tested. His ENTOURAGE in tow. Peels off his shirt. Shredded. Steps on the scale. An OFFICIAL from the California State Athletic Commission slides it.

OFFICIAL

154.5.

Clay, howls, flexes, licks his fists then steps to the back of the stage.

MC

Next up. Jay Henderson!

KORN again.

Nate, Alvey and Ryan step on stage. Ryan gets a reaction from the crowd. He's well-known.

Nate strips down. He's a rung out wisp. Sharp contrast to Walker. Alvey holds up a modesty TOWEL as Nate disrobes and steps on the scale.

CLOSE ON THE SCALE as the official calibrates. Every millimeter, a mile. He taps the scale to the brink of 155. The scale finally finds a perilous balance...

OFFICIAL

155.

CHEERS erupts. He made weight.

Nate steps off the scale and squares-up with Walker for pre-fight photos. FLASHES everywhere. Walker snarls in Nate's face. Nate has shark eyes. It's combustible. Goes on forever. Then Walker lunges. But Nate doesn't flinch.

MC

Alright, give it up for Clay Walker
and Jay Henderson.

The crowd is pumped. Walker plays it up. Nate simply walks
off the stage.

INT. LONG BEACH EVENT CENTER - WINGS - CONTINUOUS

But as Nate steps into the wings he collapses, landing hard
on the floor. Alvey, Ryan and Lisa rush to his aid.

ALVEY

Whoa, whoa, whoa, I gotcha --

Alvey tries to lay him down.

NATE

Get the fuck off me! I'm fine!
Fuck! For two fucking seconds,
leave me the fuck alone.
(beat, emotional)
Please. Fuck, man...

As Nate tries to catch his breath. Walker watches from the
stage. Saw his weakened opponent. Blood in the water.

INT. ALVEY AND LISA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lisa sets a big plate of PASTA in front of Nate. Alvey sits
across the small kitchen table.

NATE

Thanks, Lisa.

LISA

Eat up.

Lisa and Alvey exchange a look.

LISA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna jump in the shower.

She leaves them alone. Nate eats. Alvey's not good at this.

ALVEY

It's actually not a bad thing
Walker saw that. He thinks you cut
too much, he'll underestimate you.

NATE

Can we stop talking about it?

Alvey studies him. Nate tries another bite. Can't eat.

ALVEY

What's a matter -- you nervous?

NATE

What if I lose?

ALVEY

You're not gonna lose. You're gonna smash this guy.

NATE

But what if I don't? What if he catches me or I'm gassed? Anything can happen. Then what?

ALVEY

Then you start over, fight your way back up, and hope for another shot.

(beat)

Everybody loses, Nate. That's just part of what we do.

Nate's emotionally drained, raw, his fight lost with the weight cut. Head down, barely there.

Alvey reaches out to comfort him, but Nate explodes, swiping the plate of pasta to the floor. Nate jumps to his feet. A beat. He starts to clean it up, erase his outburst.

ALVEY (CONT'D)

(re: the plate)

Leave it.

Nate looks at his father, tears in his eyes.

NATE

You should let Jay train again.

ALVEY

That's what this is about?

NATE

It's better when he's there. It's better for him and it's better for me.

ALVEY

Forget about Jay. He made his choice.

NATE

Can't you just talk to him?

ALVEY

You can't be thinking about this right now. You gotta fight.

NATE

He's your son and you can't even talk to him? You're a fucking asshole, man.

ALVEY

Hey!

Alvey pops a nerve. Grabs Nate by the throat and slams him against the wall.

ALVEY (CONT'D)

You don't talk to me like that. You're a fucking child.

It's a scary thing when Alvey snaps. He sees the fear in Nate's eyes. Guilt and remorse flood him. He lets go.

Silence... Nate walks out. Alvey's at a loss. He takes the plate to the sink, scrapes the pasta down the disposal, then leans against the sink. Feels like hell. Hates himself.

INT. JAY AND NATE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON JAY, face down on the floor -- the GUN on the floor beside him. A flip-flopped FOOT comes into view. Nudges Jay in the face. Jay stirs, looks up, bleary.

JAY

Revis. What's up, man?

Reveal Ryan standing over him. Jay sits up, confused.

JAY (CONT'D)

How'd you get in here?

RYAN

Your front door's wide open.

Jay surveys the room. Addict filth.

JAY

What time is it?

RYAN

6:30. Grab your board.

Off Jay's yawns --

CUT TO:

EXT. ZUMA BEACH - MORNING

SERIES OF SHOTS: Ryan and Jay surfing. Carving waves. Graceful, aggressive, smooth, peaceful. Been doing this their whole lives and they're very good.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZUMA BEACH - JAY'S PICKUP

Jay and Ryan sit in the back of the Jay's TRUCK overlooking the beach. Jay drinks a beer, smokes a joint.

JAY

(big exhale)

... he's a fucking hypocrite. Nobody put more shit up his nose than my dad. He'd eat the asshole out of a mule if he thought it'd get him high. Now he's coming at Nate saying, 'I'm your dad, I'll look out for you?' Bullshit, where the fuck's he been? I've been raising Nate since I was fifteen.

RYAN

He made mistakes but at least he's trying now.

JAY

That's what's so funny. Now he's got his pills and his shrink and he's like a fucking preacher telling everyone what to do. Of course he never apologizes for anything. Not my mom or anything.

RYAN

Your mom's ill, Jay. That's not your dad's fault.

JAY

Because he fucked with her head. Disappearing with other bitches. Treating her like shit. I watched it happen. She wasn't like that when we were little.

(then)

(MORE)

JAY (CONT'D)

And why are you defending him? If I was you, I'd fuck his ass up, stealing my girl while I'm locked down, jerking off into a sock and shit.

RYAN

I put myself in prison.

JAY

Still. That's fucked up. Lisa's dope.

Jay hits his joint and smiles. Little shit-stirrer.

RYAN

You have no idea how small your world can become. One day you'll wake up and find you're the only one left.

JAY

I love my world.

(gestures to the ocean)

Look at this. I do whatever I want, whenever I want, to whoever I want. My world's the shit, bro.

RYAN

When was the last time you fought?

JAY

I don't know.

RYAN

Two years is what your dad said.

JAY

Fine, two years, who gives a shit?

RYAN

You understand what little respect you have left disappears every day you don't fight? 'Whatever happened to Jay Henderson?' 'Who the fuck cares?' Bro, you don't do anything else. You didn't go to school. You don't have a job. The one thing you're good at is fighting. And you don't even do that. The only thing you do is alienate anybody that's ever made the mistake of giving a shit about your skinny ass.

Jay takes a hit. Always deflecting. Puts out the joint. Makes a big show of it.

JAY

Well. You have ruined a beautiful day. Were you raped in prison? Because somebody sure fucked the fun out of you.

RYAN

You're an angry kid. So was I. But don't isolate yourself the way I did.

JAY

I should be so lucky. You're "The Destroyer." King of the shit. Everybody wants to be Ryan Revis.

RYAN

And now I live in a shitbox with a roommate who's on probation for sucking dick behind an Albertson's for a rock of meth. And that dude's not even gay.

JAY

(laughing)
Dude, I don't need to know.

RYAN

I can't even go to your brother's fight because I got a curfew.
(telling him)
But you're gonna be there.

Jay looks away.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Jay, seriously, don't break your brother's heart --

JAY

It's not about Nate. He knows that.

RYAN

Yes, it is. He's the one in the cage.

A beat. Jay shakes his head. Whatever. Takes a long pull off his beer. Ryan snatches the can, throws it in the parking lot. Jay backs down. Knows better than to challenge him.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 Keep your shit together. You gotta
 drive me back to rehab.

Ryan hops out of the back. Off Jay --

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG BEACH EVENT CENTER - NIGHT

Fight Night. KLIEG LIGHTS. TOWN CARS pulling up. FANS stream
 inside.

INT. LONG BEACH EVENT CENTER - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Dead silence. Alvey tapes Nate's hands. Lisa bites nails.
 Other fighters in Navy Street T-shirts pace around. Lots of
 support with one glaring omission -- Jay. Everyone feels it.
 Especially Nate.

Alvey straps on Nate's gloves. Tapes the wrists. Pats Nate's
 hands.

ALVEY
 Let's get lathered up.

The fighters try to pump him up.

Then, as Alvey picks up the HAND-PADS, Jay finally enters.
 The room stops. This could explode. Nobody says a word. Then
 Alvey hands Jay the hand-pads.

JAY
 Come on, man. Get hot.

PUNCH, PUNCH, KICK. Nate works the pads. Crisp. Sharp. Lot's
 of POP. Where he needs to be when he needs to be there.

CUT TO:

INT. LONG BEACH EVENT CENTER - CAGE - NIGHT

THREE THOUSAND FANS ready for blood.

HOLDING AREA

Jay in a Navy Street HAT and T-SHIRT, bounces with
 adrenaline. Jay and Alvey behind him. Everyone's waiting.

The LIGHTS SHUT OFF. Then the opening riff for GUNS AND
 ROSES' "WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE" pulses in. LOUD AS FUCK.

Jay starts jumping up and down. Like he's the one fighting. The MUSIC CRASHES IN and they walk down the aisle toward the cage. Crowd's jacked. Reaching out to touch Nate. Jay's whipping it up. Alvey rubs Nate's shoulders. Keeps him loose. Nate's got his shark eyes. They arrive...

CAGE-SIDE.

Nate pulls off his shirt. CUT-MAN Vaselines his face. REFEREE checks his gloves, body, mouthpiece. Nate taps his CUP. All good.

Alvey puts his arms around his two sons. Pulls them in close.

ALVEY

Hey, listen up. We've been through a lot of shit together, and we'll go through worse. But whatever happens...

(chokes up)

We're a fucking family and that can't change. You boys are my fucking life and I love you.

Jay and Nate keep their heads down. Alvey's their father.

ALVEY (CONT'D)

Now go in there and cave his fucking face in.

JAY

Come on, Nate! Here we go!

Jay slaps the shit out of Nate a few times. Nate enters...

THE CAGE

Nate sprints the cage. Gets a feel. Clay Walker's in his corner. Snarls. Eye-fucks.

Jay nudges Alvey. Points out UFC CEO DANA WHITE sitting cage-side in a \$5,000 suit. Alvey looks to Lisa in the crowd -- big time shit.

TIME CUT

Jay and Walker stand center-octagon, face to face. The crowd's electric. Referee gives instructions.

REFEREE

Let's have a good clean fight. Protect yourself at all times and obey my command. Touch gloves.

They do, then bounce back to respective corners. Alvey and Nate hanging over the cage.

ALVEY

Be first, Nate. It's your cage.

Ref steps in the center.

REFEREE

(to Walker)

You ready to fight?

(to Nate)

You ready? Let's fight!

Walker BLITZES with lightning fast, heavy punches. Nate scrambles. Walker runs him down. Wants to end this fast. Looks like he might. Nate's overwhelmed. Gets caught on the chin and hits the mat.

The crowd EXPLODES. Alvey and Jay -- oh fuck.

Walker pounces on Nate. Mounts him, dropping hammers. Nate tries to weather it. Grab a leg. Anything. Walker's killing him. Nate covers up. The Ref's on it.

REFEREE (CONT'D)

Defend yourself, Nate. You gotta fight back or I'm calling it.

Lisa can't watch. Dana White's smiling. Alvey and Jay are dying. This thing's over before it started.

Ref's about to call it. But Nate digs out. Shimmies up the cage and gets to his feet.

The crowd loves it.

Nate's face is a mess. Big cut. Lot of blood. Walker's blasting him with leg kicks. Chopping wood. Nasty welts rising on Nate's thighs. Walker shoots, takes him down. Nate pulls guard. Tries to survive. Gives up his back. Walker sinks a choke. It's tight. Nate's got no air...

But the HORN sounds. End round one. Got lucky.

NATE'S CORNER

Nate on the stool. Cut-man tends to him. Alvey and Jay corner.

ALVEY

Take some deep breaths. How you feeling?

NATE
(exhausted)
Fine.

JAY
Fucking fight, dude. What are you
doing? Let your fucking hands go!

Nate nods. He knows. Jay gives him water.

ALVEY
That was his round. But you
weathered the storm. Now settle
into your fight. Get him on the
ground and beat him up.

REFEREE
Let's go, Nate!

Jay puts his mouthpiece in for him.

ROUND 2: Walker attacks. Bullies Nate against the cage. But Nate's fighting now. Puts him in a Thai clinch, spins him around, unleashes vicious knees to the mid-section. Walker grimaces, covers up. Nate wraps his legs, scoops him up and SLAMS him down on the mat.

Crowd loves it. Alvey and Jay cheer.

JAY
Smash him, Nate!

But Walker recovers. Pushes Nate off. Staggers Nate with a SPINNING BACK KICK. Nate with a combination. Both fighters let their hands fly. Again, Nate gets caught with an uppercut. Drops to his knees. Walker's on him. Nate pulls guard. Works his BJJ beautifully. Walker's aggressive. Nate looks like he's taking a beating but he baits Walker into a TRIANGLE. Sinks it tight.

Alvey and Jay erupt with the crowd.

JAY (CONT'D)
He's got it. That's deep. Sink it!
Sink it! Finish him, Nate! Come on!

Walker's beet red. But too sweaty to hold. He pops his head out and gets to his feet. Nate's best chance missed.

Jay and Alvey deflate.

JAY (CONT'D)
Fuck me! Fuck.

Both fighters dance a little. The HORN sounds.

NATE'S CORNER

Alvey and Jay tending to Nate, dead on the stool.

ALVEY

(very calm)

I don't know who won that round,
but we're not gonna leave it to the
judges. Yes?

NATE

Yeah.

Nate looks across at Walker jumping up and down in his corner. Fresh as a daisy. Jay pulls him close.

JAY

Hey. You broke him. All that
jumping and shit. It's fake juice.
You broke him in the clinch. He
felt your power and puckered up.

Nate nods. He felt it too.

JAY (CONT'D)

Go take this shit.

Lisa and Alvey trade a look. This is it.

CUT TO:

ROUND THREE

They circle. Trade punches. Then Walker goes for broke with a flying knee. Misses Nate by a hair. Nate manhandles him. Bullies him into the cage. They lean on each other, exhausted. Walker pops a few body shots. Nate answers with some dirty boxing... Then it opens up. Both fighters SURGE and start throwing bombs. Both blasting. Both connecting.

The crowd's hot. This is the moment...

They keep trading. Walker breaks. Drops to his knees, back against the cage. Nate steps back and CRUSHES HIM WITH A KNEE TO THE SOLAR PLEXUS... "OOOOOHHH!" from the crowd. Walker falls to the mat. Nate pounces on him, three big punches to the head. Walker's out. The ref dives between them.

Nate jumps to his feet. Arms up. Exalted. He flies. Perches on top of the cage, arms out to the crowd. A crying, bloody, thrilling mess.

Alvey and Jay go wild. Embrace, then jump into the cage. Nate hops down into their arms. Sobs. Lisa's there too. Everyone's immersed in...

Raw, primal, love and joy. An absolute celebration.

CUT TO:

INT. REHAB/HALFWAY HOUSE - RYAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cramped, muggy, dorm style room. Two twin beds and a shared dresser. Lights still on.

Ryan lies on the bed reading THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS. His ROOMMATE snores in the other bed. KNOCK KNOCK. Roddy, the guard, appears in the doorway.

RODDY

Lights out.

Ryan puts the book down as Roddy kills the light. Ryan lies there for a beat, sweating and restless. Then pulls a CELL PHONE from under his pillow. Contraband. He shields the glow. He lingers on the screen, conflicted.

Then starts texting.

INT. ALVEY AND LISA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A CELLPHONE BUZZES a text alert on the nightstand. It's Lisa's. She checks it.

PHONE: "Hey. -RR"

ALVEY (O.S.)

Who's that?

Lisa startles. Alvey exits the bathroom.

LISA

My sister.

ALVEY

Did you tell her about Nate?

LISA

I just did. She's thrilled.

ALVEY

What a fucking night.

She turns off the phone.

LISA
It better not be over.

ALVEY
Yeah? You wanna roll with the big dawg?

LISA
I want you to shut your mouth and pound the fuck out of me.

ALVEY
You're a filthy girl.

LISA
Then I need to be punished.

ALVEY
I love you.

Alvey leaps across the room, scopes her up, pins her against the wall. He rips down her underwear and as they kiss and claw and fuck we --

CUT TO:

INT. PAWN SHOP - LATER

Jay hoists Alvey's COMPUTER on the counter. The CLERK counts out the CASH. Maybe \$150. Good enough. Jay takes the cash and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. JAY'S TRUCK/CITY STREET - NIGHT

Jay creeps down a sleazy Los Angeles street. Red Light District without all the light.

He finds what he's looking for. Pulls up to a couple HOOKERS (40's). He rolls down the window as one of the women, CHRISTINA, approaches, scans the street for cops.

CHRISTINA
(not looking at him,
scanning)
You want company?

Jay can't answer.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Yes or no? You're gonna get me in trouble.

Jay looks up at her.

JAY

Mom. It's me.

She finally looks at his face. Her big troubled eyes light up.

CHRISTINA

Jay! Hey, baby!

JAY

Get in.

She looks away. Steps back a little. He knew she wouldn't come. Still kills him.

CHRISTINA

(smiling)

It's good to see you, baby.

Jay hands her the cash from pawning the computer.

JAY

Get some food. Love you.

She takes the money. Nothing else to say. He pulls away.

Christina watches as his tail lights fade around the corner.

INT. NAVY STREET MMA - CAGE - DAY

Sun pours into the gym. Fighters train. Everything hums.

Nate's battered smiling face watches...

Jay sparring with another FIGHTER. Doing his thing, picking the guy apart, back in his element.

Nate loves it. He looks lighter than we've ever seen him. Like the kid he truly is. It's cut by Alvey's loud WHISTLE.

Alvey enters the gym with Dana White and a LAWYER. The whole gym stops.

ALVEY

Nate! Someone's here to see you.

DANA WHITE
 (smiling)
 How you doing, kid?

Jay and Nate exchange a look -- Dana Fucking White.

CUT TO:

INT. NAVY STREET MMA - ALVEY'S OFFICE

Alvey, Dana White, and the lawyer stand over Nate sitting at the desk signing his contract. Jay snaps PICTURES.

DANA WHITE
 (shaking Nate's hand)
 Welcome to the UFC.
 Congratulations, kid. You got a big
 career ahead of you.

Celebration. Nate hugs his father. Jay watches. Love trumps envy. Jay pulls his brother in close.

Dana pulls Alvey aside.

DANA WHITE (CONT'D)
 I heard a rumor you're training
 Ryan Revis.

ALVEY
 Word travels fast.

DANA WHITE
 (intrigued)
 How's he looking?

Alvey's got a bite. Get him on the boat. Plays it cool.

ALVEY
 Little ring rust but... he's still
 Revis.

Dana grins.

DANA WHITE
 Guy's a fucking beast. I'd love to
 get him back in the cage.

ALVEY
 He's game, no doubt about that, but
 I'm bringing him along slow. Let
 him ease back into things.

DANA WHITE

Is he clean?

ALVEY

Total one-eighty. He's handling himself like a man. Living like a monk. I've been very impressed.

Dana's not sure he believes it, but hands Alvey his CARD.

DANA WHITE

We should keep talking.

Alvey takes the card. Jay catches the exchange. Sees something mercenary in his father. Lets it go. For now.

INT. REHAB/HALFWAY HOUSE - COMMON AREA - DAY

Group therapy. Visiting FAMILY mixed with patients -- including Michael the heckler, still chastened with a big WELT on his face next to his dejected PREGNANT GIRLFRIEND.

Ryan speaks, eyes fixed to the floor.

RYAN

It was about six years ago. I had a place in Hollywood at the time. Living like a savage. Drinking, snorting, fucking anything that wasn't nailed down. I knew it was bad when I got ejected from an In and Out Burger at noon on a Sunday. Literally walked in during brunch and yelled 'If you don't want to get fucked, you better freeze. 'Cause I'll fuck anything that moves.' On a Sunday afternoon.

Scattered laughter.

RYAN (CONT'D)

But I was the champ. I'm doing what I want to do and if you disagree, fuck you. I'll knock you out or cut you off. You serve at my pleasure. That was my mentality.

(beat)

One morning I come home, still wasted, and there's my parents, and my sister and my girlfriend all sitting in my living room. Right away I know it's an intervention. And I'm having none of it.

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

I cuss'm out, I'm throwing shit, trying to leave. But my dad... steps in my way... You don't do that to me...

(overcome)

And, uh... I threw him down, he fell wrong... hit his head on the tiles... on the kitchen floor... Killed him.

Silence in the room. Ryan regains his composure.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I spent my first two years in prison trying to figure out how to kill myself with a pair of rubber sandals.

(shows his wrists)

Almost got lucky with a melted down toothbrush... Self-destruction is self-obsession, and I'm getting pretty fucking sick of myself. So, it's time to change.

Ryan looks over to see...

LISA standing in the doorway. She heard everything. Ryan takes her in. She's a light for him.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Guys, this is Lisa.

Javy stands to give Lisa the seat next to Ryan. She sits.

COUNSELOR

Thank you, Ryan. Anyone else?

Off Lisa, beside Ryan. Sucked in.

INT. NAVY STREET MMA - DAY

Nate heads for the door with his SKATEBOARD. Jay catches up, out of breath from training.

JAY

Where you going? I thought we were gonna roll.

NATE

Taking the day off.

JAY

To do what?

NATE
I'm going surfing.

Nate smiles. Jay's proud.

A FIGHTER calls out from the cage. Ready to spar.

FIGHTER
Jay, what's up? Let's go.

Jay gives his brother a hug.

JAY
(to Nate)
Tomorrow. Tomorrow, I'm gonna kick
your ass.

Jay taunts him as he jogs back to the cage.

EXT. NAVY STREET MMA - CONTINUOUS

Nate steps out into the Venice sun. IPOD in his ears, he hops on his board and...

We go WIDE as he weaves S's down Navy Street. Peace in Venice.

ANGLE ON the BLACK IMPALA COMING FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

The Impala suddenly accelerates and VEERS INTO NATE... Nate hits the windshield, rolls over the top of the car and lands hard in the middle of the street.

Carlos, TIRE IRON in hand and Hector, ALUMINUM BAT, jump out. Both wear masks. Nate tries to crawl away but Hector SMASHES his legs CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, relentless. Carlos pushes Hector away and rolls Nate onto his back. Stands over Nate. Lifts his mask. Recalls Alvey's words...

CARLOS
Must have your mother's forehead.

He smashes Nate's face with the tire iron. Nate's out, blood pools around his head.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Tell your dad what's up.

Carlos spits in his face.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Punk ass little bitch.

Hector drags him back to the Impala and they tear off.

Silence except the low wet GROWL of Nate's lungs filling with blood.

PANDA BEAR'S "You Can Count On Me" RISES...

CAMERA goes HIGH above Nate -- lifeless in the middle of Navy Street.

Jay, Alvey and other fighters pour out of the gym. As Alvey takes Nate in his arms we --

FADE TO BLACK.