

# REDBELT

A screenplay by

David Mamet

FADE IN:

1

INT. "STREETFIGHT" ACADEMY - NIGHT/RAIN

1

Interior of a shabby, small, one-room fighters' gym. A scarred windowsill, on it an old tin mess kit cup. Next to it a blue rubber practice knife and a small pile of "student application" forms. A man's hand comes into the shot, rattles the cup and pours out of it three marbles, one black and two white. Sound of RAIN.

PULL BACK to see the plate glass window, bearing the logo (seen backwards) "STREETFIGHT MARTIAL ARTS, REAL-WORLD SKILLS" and a depiction of a hip-throw.

The man who took the cup is MIKE TERRY, a tough-looking fellow perhaps in his forties, in a T-shirt and worn khakis.

CAMERA FOLLOWS him onto the old, red mat. Around the man are six or seven other men who look like police, firemen or bouncers, fighters. Mike points at one, JOE RYAN, who stands. We see he is wearing a shoulder holster with a pistol in it. He puts on the windbreaker he is carrying, and comes to the center of the mat, as the other men look on.

There is a huge burst of wind and rain on the plate glass and Joe half turns. He turns back. Mike holds up the cup, shows the three marbles, puts them back in the cup, holds the cup over his head. Joe reaches in, and comes out with a white marble. Mike nods, reaches in, and comes out with a black. He holds the cup to another of his students who comes up, quickly, to take it.

This student replaces the cup on the windowsill, the door to the Academy blows open in the wind and rain, and the student closes it with some difficulty, as the door is old and doesn't want to latch. On the glass of the door we read "JIUJITSU, SELF-DEFENSE, CONDITIONING" in old, peeling paint.

He turns back to see that Joe is taking a set of handcuffs off the ledge, and begins to handcuff Mike. Behind his back.

We PAN over the group of men, looking very intently at the two fighters on the mat. Mike, now handcuffed, faces the group, as if to address them. He then turns back and explodes in a grab for Joe's pistol. Joe moves to retain the gun, and off-balance, Mike sweeps him off his feet. Joe goes to the mat.

Mike advances on him, as Joe scrambles to get to his pistol.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

YOU WALK ON THE MAT YOU TAKE YOUR EYES OFF ME? Don't you take your eyes off me... Oh, you want to get the gun? You should of shot me sooner.

Joe gets his pistol out as Mike goes to the man and kneels on Joe's gun arm. Mike sweeps Joe off of him.

MIKE (cont'd)

Good...

Joe comes to his feet. Mike is still on the mat, next to the pistol. Mike scissors Joe back to the mat.

MIKE (cont'd)

I'm gonna keep myself between you and that gun, aren't I...? At which point...

The door opens, letting in the rain and wind. It scatters a few small, white, cheaply printed flyers off of the windowsill. SONDRRA TERRY, a dark, very beautiful woman, enters, carrying a package and several other pieces of mail. She bends to the floor to pick up the mail, which we see, is all bills.

She gathers the bills back into a stack, and rises. She passes around the edge of the mat, and several of the men nod respectfully to her.

MIKE (cont'd)

What is the lesson? You got fixated on the gun. Keeping the gun...

He gestures, and Joe unlocks his handcuffs.

MIKE (cont'd)

...thank you... fighting for the gun...

Mike kneels to pick up the pistol, which, we see, is a blue, hard rubber training gun. Mike replaces the pistol next to the cup and the training knife on the windowsill. As he rises, he nods to Sondra, who nods back.

MIKE (cont'd)

I didn't have no hands... how was I going to shoot you? How many hands did he have? NOT two, ONE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (cont'd)

One hand was wasted trying to get to his gun. All right.

CAMERA GOES with Sondra Terry, keeping the scene on the mat in the b.g. She passes through a dilapidated, rough shower area. Various martial arts GIs hanging on wooden pegs with patches on them, reading "STREETFIGHT-PROFESSIONAL."

MIKE (cont'd)

(in the b.g.)

The gun was not the issue. The fight was the issue. What did I do? I USED HIS WEAPONS. ...point was not "who's got the gun"? Point was: "who walks out of the alley..." All right.

ANGLE, ON JOE RYAN, who is bent over, trying to catch his breath.

MIKE (cont'd)

Oh, you tired...?

Mike points to another fighter, who attacks Joe from the back. Joe grapples with this fighter, as Mike circles, watching the action.

MIKE (cont'd)

Insist. Insist...

We see Joe throw his opponent to the mat, and begin to submit him. As he does so, and begins to stand, Mike gestures to another fighter, who attacks Joe from the back, and they begin to grapple.

2

INT. OFFICE AREA - NIGHT/RAIN

2

CAMERA FOLLOWS Sondra through the shower area into a rough office area. A filing cabinet, a desk, a computer. A mess of papers on the desk. She sighs. Puts down part of the burden she has been carrying, which, we see, is two fabric sample books. Puts the rest of the mail down on the desk, and begins straightening the mess on the desk.

3

INT. "STREETFIGHT" ACADEMY - NIGHT/RAIN

3

MIKE

That's the only point. Administer the fight. Who imposes the terms of the battle, imposes the terms of the peace. Insist. Insist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (cont'd)

And put that motherfucker down.

This motherfucker...?

(congratulating the  
student)

Head-butt him. Elbow-in-the-face,  
knee him.

Joe glances over his shoulder at the wall clock, showing five minutes to six. Mike sees Joe looking at the clock.

MIKE (cont'd)

The mugger don't care, the mugger  
don't car...you looking at the  
clock, I'll fuckin kill you  
myself... How long we been  
together?

JOE

Eleven y...

He points to another fighter who begins grappling with Joe.

MIKE

Take over...

(to Joe)

Ya wanna test for a black belt? Ya  
wanna test for a fucken black  
belt...? Give him his wish...

Mike proceeds into the back room.

The door to the outside blows open in a gust of wind. And Mike directs one of the men around him to close it.

MIKE (cont'd)

...Snowflake...?

SNOWFLAKE, an older, smaller fighter, much scarred, nods and goes to the door, and closes it. It comes open again, and he pulls it shut. Snowflake begins exhorting the fighters.

4

INT. OFFICE AREA - PASSTHRU WINDOW - NIGHT/RAIN

4

Sondra Mike reacts to the BANG. We see her through a small "pass-through" window let into the Academy mat area. On the wall, on the Academy side, is a large metal plaque showing a representation of the L.A. Police badge, and the words "PRESENTED TO MICHAEL TERRY IN APPRECIATION..." et cetera.

ANGLE - ON SONDRA

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

as she turns on the desk light. Over the desk is a photo of an old man, in a GI, held together by a red belt.

Sondra turns on the computer which displays the logo "STREETFIGHT-PROFESSIONAL."

From her side of the small pass-through window we see the two students on the mat.

On a display wall, we see, pictures, in ascending order: white, blue, purple, brown and black belts, and, above that, a redbelt. On the shelf - many new and old martial arts books and pamphlets.

Angle, On Sondra, opening her mail, all bills, and looking at the bank balance she has just punched up on the computer. We see the logo "Street Fight - Professional" and the bank balance.

Mike moves next to her, and rummages in a drawer in which we see various new belts.

Sondra scrolls through the bank balance on her computer, shaking her head. She looks up to Mike.

MIKE

Blackbelt - I'm awarding Joe the blackbelt.

SONDRA

We're out...

MIKE

We're out?

Sondra indicates the computer screen. Mike looks in another drawer.

5 INT. AUTOMOBILE - NIGHT/RAIN

5

Looking through the windshield, as the heavy gusts blow the rain. The windshield wipers cannot keep up with them.

LAURA BLACK, a professional-looking woman in her late twenties, driving, trying to make out the road ahead. She is scanning the street.

6 ANGLE - HER POV - THE RAIN-SWEPT STREET

6

Then we see she sees what she is looking for. Her gaze settles on the small, rundown pharmacy at the corner.

7 INT. AUTOMOBILE/RAIN

7

She glances at her watch, showing 5:58. She looks down, into her purse, roots around, and her hand finds a crumbled pack of cigarettes and a prescription.

We hear a CAR HORN, nearby, and sustained.

In the b.g. We see the lights go out in the pharmacy, the owner locking the door and beginning to close the accordion gates.

Laura looks up, terrified, to see she has swerved over the line, and is in the oncoming lane. She wrenches the wheel over.

8 EXT. STREET - RAIN

8

From outside, we see Laura correcting the car back, as it is drenched by the spray thrown by the oncoming car. Her car loses control, begins to plane, and sideswipes a parked car.

9 ANGLE - ON LAURA - RAIN STOPPED

9

Stopped outside the pharmacy. Her car stopped. She collects herself. She moves the car to a metered space, in front of the car she has sideswiped.

She gets out of the car in the pouring rain. CAMERA TAKES her to the curb. On a boarding, next to an abandoned building, we see a large, garish, multicolored poster, reading DASILVA FEDERATION, MIXED MARTIAL ARTS: JOAO DASILVA VERSUS TAKETA MORISAKI, MANNHEIM STADIUM AND PAY-PER-VIEW.

And Laura stands next to this, under an overhang, as she searches in her purse for something. We find it is an empty prescription bottle. She finds it, and holds it tightly.

And now CAMERA TAKES HER the several steps, through the rain, to the pharmacy.

We take her to the pharmacy door, where she stops, looking down. We see she is looking down at the prescription in her hand. Laura now looks on, the rain soaking her.

ANGLE - ON THE POSTER

as Laura walks, slowly back into the shot, and stands under the overhang.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beat. She starts back toward her car. She sees that she has creased its side, and, as she walks toward the driver's side, about to get in, she looks back and sees she has, also, creased the car she swiped.

She closes her driver's door, and walks back to look at the ten-year-old car she has damaged. The rear quarter is creased. She digs in her purse and takes out a notebook and a pen. Then she looks down, and sees, on the rear window of this car, an old decal, reading "STREETFIGHT," and showing the Streetfight logo. She looks around, and we see, over her, at the end of the block, the "STREETFIGHT" storefront.

10 INT. STREETFIGHT ACADEMY - BACKROOM - NIGHT

10

Angle, on the work area in the back. Sondra, on the phone speaking with a slight Brazilian accent, as she looks at the invoice in her hand showing "American Martial Arts Supply."

SONDRA

(to phone)

Hello. This is Sondra terry with Streetfight Jiuujitsu. I have your invoice number 20903... You indicate you did not receive our payment.

11 INT. STREETFIGHT ACADEMY

11

Angle, back on the gym. The students, sounding off. Joe sits on a bench changing. In the bag on the bench next to him we see his police badge.

The bag also holds a locked pistol, which Joe opens with a key.

SNOWFLAKE

(to departing students)

You're gonna have to train, f'you want to beat Joe.

Snowflake, taking his leave. Looks back to Mike.

SNOWFLAKE (cont'd)

(meaning, am I done...?)

Mike...?

MIKE

You want the officer to walk you to your car? It's rough out there...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SNOWFLAKE

(exiting)

Now after he gets his black belt he  
can walk me to the car... Cause  
that would make me feel secure...

MIKE

How's the belt gonna make you feel  
secure?

SNOWFLAKE

I know his fuckin pants won't fall  
down.

Snowflake exits. As Joe Ryan tightens his shoulder rig,  
replacing the handcuffs into the off-side pouch.

MIKE

By the way, weren't you going to  
buy a new rig?

JOE

Yeah, I'm thinking about it.

MIKE

Oh. You're "thinking" about  
it...Take some of that good off-  
duty money, lose the shoulder rig.  
Why...? Look here:

Joe is about to fit his pistol into the shoulder rig. Mike  
gestures not to do it, to wait, and beckons Joe out onto the  
mat.

He grabs Joe by the shoulder harness, and begins a hip-throw,  
stopping before it is fully executed...

Beyond them, Laura Black, soaked by the rain, comes into the  
Academy, pushing past the last exiting student.

MIKE (cont'd)

(throwing it away, as he  
turns to Laura)

Shoulder rig? ...nothing but a  
handle. Behind-the-hip, only  
place.

She looks around. Unsure.

LAURA

I. Uh...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

It's all right. Come in...

He picks up the tin cup with the marbles, and puts them on the windowsill, near the blue plastic training pistol, near Laura.

LAURA

I, um, I believe I...

MIKE

Take it easy, come in...

LAURA

Yes, thank you. I was driving...

MIKE

Come in, take off your coat. How can we help you...?

Mike reaches out toward her.

LAURA

(softly; backing off a half-step)

Please don't touch me...

She moves to take a brochure from a small display. It shows "STREETFIGHT-JIUJITSU."

MIKE

(turning back to Joe; not hearing Laura)

Get the new leather.

(to Laura)

Come in...

Mike moves behind her and puts his hands on her shoulders, to take off her drenched raincoat. Laura screams, and turns into him, clawing at his face, contorted with fury, as Mike moves to her side.

MIKE (cont'd)

It's all right...it's all right...  
it's all right...

In the b.g. we see Sondra, looking out of her office. Mike gives her a hand meaning, "I have it under control."

Joe moves toward her, fishing his credentials case out of his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE  
(stretching his hand  
toward her)  
It's all right... Miss...? Miss...?

LAURA  
(screaming)  
STAY AWAY FROM ME, DON'T TOUCH  
ME...

She moves past him, and, as he approaches, holding out his hands, she starts for the door.

HOLD ON LAURA, trying to open the door, hyperventilating.  
Panicked. As we hear Joe's voice in the b.g.

JOE  
It's all right...it's all right...

We see his arms come into the frame, trying to turn her.

ANGLE - XCU, as she casts about, shaking her head, like a wild animal.

ANGLE - THE GYM BAG

The pistol in the pistol rug. Her hand comes into the case.

LAURA  
No.No..No... DON'T TOUCH ME.

She turns, toward Joe, who is reaching out toward her, and fires the pistol. It shatters the plate glass behind him. He steps in. Bats her arm up, and disarms her, and, strikes her in the face, driving her back to a sitting position on the bench.

Beat.

Joe takes the pistol, checks it, and holsters it.

He looks behind him to Mike, and, in the b.g. Laura. Mike walks forward.

JOE  
(almost to himself)  
...I'm a police officer.

He shows her his badge, and puts it in his pocket. He exchanges a look with Mike who comes and stands by the girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door opens, and Snowflake comes in hurriedly. Looks around. Looks at the girl. Beat.

Mike gestures him to take it easy, that he, Mike, is in control.

The girl looks up at Mike. She looks at the plate glass, shattered. Mike gestures that it's all right to move away from the window, which she does. She stands. She looks at Joe retrieving the shell, and at Sondra in the b.g., coming forward, holding a small towel.

MIKE  
(softly)  
...are you hurt?

He motions to his face, indicating that that's where she has been struck.

She touches her own face, as if unable to comprehend what she has done.

Laura sees Sondra and steps toward her, and Sondra, motioning to Mike that she will take care of it, ushers her toward the back room. Sondra turns to look at the shattered window. Laura turns and looks back at the tableau of the shattered window, and the two men standing there.

ANGLE - INS. THE EJECTED BRASS SHELL CASING, ON THE RED MAT

Joe turns to Snowflake.

LAURA  
(to self)  
...what have I done...?

Laura kneels and picks up the spent shell casing from the floor and puts it on the window ledge. Beat. All look at Joe.

JOE  
The rain. Blew something. In  
through the window...

SNOWFLAKE  
...the rain...blew it in the  
window...?

JOE  
Yes.

ANGLE - ON SNOWFLAKE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

as he looks at the ejected shell on the windowsill.

Joe follows his gaze. Snowflake looks back through the pass-through window at Sondra comforting the girl.

Beat.

SNOWFLAKE

Sure, sure thing... Y'all okay...?

MIKE

Yeah. We're fine...

Beat. Then Snowflake exits.

SNOWFLAKE

(exiting)

Yeah, well. You wan me to get the board-up people?

ANGLE ON Joe.

MIKE

Yeah, thank you, Snow...

Snowflake exits. Mike looks around.

JOE

What'm I gonna say, "She tried to kill a policeman"?

MIKE

...you're sure...?

Joe looks around, at the Academy.

JOE

Yeah. I'm sure...

HOLD ON JOE, as he looks down at the brass shell casing. He looks around.

JERRY

It's okay.

He picks up his bag and exits.

12

INT. STREETFIGHT - BACK ROOM OFFICE - NIGHT

12

Sondra and Laura turn, as Mike enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XCU ON LAURA, and her questioning look. Mike stands next to the photo of The Old Man in the GI, and the red belt.

LAURA

I'm...I'm an attorney, I... I can't...

MIKE

...the. Uh. Officer, thinks it didn't happen.

(She starts to speak. Mike holds up his hand.)

...he thinks it didn't happen.

All turn to see, through the small pass-through window, Joe, leaving, holding the gym bag.

13

EXT. STREETFIGHT ACADEMY - NIGHT/RAIN

13

Joe, turning his collar up, against the rain, moves past the huge, multicolored poster showing PAY-PER-VIEW, MANNHEIM STADIUM, MIXED MARTIAL ARTS, THE FIGHT OF THE CENTURY JOAO DASILVA VS. TAKETA MORISAKI.

Joe breathes deeply, to calm down. He takes his pistol out of the holster, and checks the load. He replaces it. As he does so, we see on the poster, a huge depiction of a thick, golden belt. Pictured around Morisaki. And the words: "Honored by the Emperor."

Stops, under the overhang. Breathing deeply. He looks at his watch. Looks down the street, and starts across the street, where we see the neon sign of a rundown bar. In the b.g. we see Laura Black, having exited the Academy, walking to her car.

CAMERA PANS onto Mike, who has come out, and is looking at the window. He starts toward the curb, and, then, sees an old station wagon which comes to the curb.

14

ANGLE - THE DRIVER

14

A woman in her late twenties, GINI RYAN, a harried mom, with a toddler in the back seat, drives to the curb, and Mike goes over. The window goes down.

MIKE

I thought you were going to the mountains...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINI

No, that's funny...  
(as she looks around)  
Joe? Joe still inside...?

MIKE

He just left.

GINI

Left?

MIKE

Maybe he went to the Club.

GINI

(she quiets the toddler,  
crying in the back seat)  
Quiet, Baby...

MIKE

Weren't you going to the mountains?

GINI

Why would he go to the Club?

MIKE

Isn't he working tonight?

GINI

(shushes baby)  
The Club? No. He hasn't worked at  
"The Club" in months... I, um, I  
have to talk to him...

(the baby cries; she looks  
around)  
Okay, Baby...it's okay... Got to  
get Bobbie home to feed her.

(looks around)

Tell him...

MIKE

Why?

GINI

Why what?

MIKE

Why hasn't he been working there?

GINI

...Yeah, no. I got to get my kid  
home...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike steps back, and the station wagon drives away.

15

INT. STREETFIGHT ACADEMY OFFICE - NIGHT

15

Sondra is at the desk, the Yellow Pages open to "Windows-Board-Up Services." She is holding the phone up to her ear.

SONDRA

Officer Joe let the girl walk.

She holds up the spent shell.

MIKE

Yes. I suppose he did.

SONDRA

That was generous of him.

MIKE

I think so.

SONDRA

Why did he do that?

MIKE

He didn't want to bring dishonor on the Academy... I need a blackbelt for him...

SONDRA

Yes, of course, no...he "didn't want to bring dishonor on the Academy"...

(into phone)

Thank you.

(dials again)

(to Mike)

The car...?

MIKE

...the car...?

SONDRA

The girl drove into your car...?

Pause.

MIKE

(remembering)

I didn't look at it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONDRA

(looking up; explaining  
her phone call)

They want cash to get the window  
boarded up. Do you have any cash?  
(pause)

And on your business...?

(refers to the bank  
balance displayed on the  
computer)

For which you have no cash...?  
(into phone)

We need: to replace the  
window...your check bounced...

MIKE

My check?

SONDRA

To the martial-arts supply...  
(gestures at the computer  
and holds up the  
"American Martial Arts  
Supply" bill)

We're short... You have no cash...  
If we pay the window, I can't make  
the rent...

(into phone)

Hello?

(now, in Portuguese)

Hello, Cardo. I need to talk to  
Joao. G...Good. I'm fine. Good.  
No, not to Hector - to Joao - is he  
there...? Mike is coming over,  
he's coming over right now to talk  
to him. Thank you.

(now, in English to Mike)

You need to ask Joao for a loan.  
You go ask him for a loan.

16

INT. SAO PAULO CLUB - OFFICE SUITE - NIGHT

16

Very contempo. Low Moroccan leather sofas, teak coffee  
table, large, black-and-white action photo of JOAO DASILVA,  
in a fight.

Angle, on a large hi-def T.V. a Sports Talk man around forty,  
DYLAN FLYNN, speaks soundlessly, behind him footage of a  
Japanese fighter, just defeating an opponent. A handler  
brings out a large gold belt, and the Japanese fighter holds  
it about his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now, on the screen behind Flynn, JOAO DASILVA, a moviestar handsome, dark man in his thirties, just defeating an opponent on a mat, with multitudes cheering him.

HECTOR DASILVA comes into the shot, wearing a very expensive suit. A man in his late thirties, similar looking to Joao, but slimmer, not a fighter, a businessman. He glances at the screen.

HECTOR DASILVA

We have a deal, or we don't have a deal...?

ANGLE - ONTO MARTY BROWN, a businessman around fifty, a tough-looking fellow, looking at an artist's rendering of Morisaki and his gold belt and the text "A Fight for the Belt."

MARTY BROWN

We have a deal, but what good is a deal if nobody's making money...

HECTOR

Joao won't do it...

MARTY

What, is he "too pure"...?

Hector shrugs.

MARTY (cont'd)

Okay. You make the fucken point of the thing "he insulted my wife"...

(Hector shrugs again, meaning, "it won't fly")

Oh, what? It's not "elegant...?" That elegant life he leads? How long's it gonna last? You ask him that...

HECTOR

Morisaki gonna do it...? This bullshit?

MARTY

(as he refers to a copy of the DaSilva-Morisaki poster on the coffee table in front of them)

Morisaki's a whore. He's gonna do whatever the fuck I tell his people. F'he did this, he'll do anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marty passes the depiction of the diamond-studded gold belt, to Hector. Who reads the text.

HECTOR

"The gold and diamond-studded belt.  
Worth one quarter of a million  
dollars. Presented to Taketa  
Morisaki by the Emperor of  
Japan..." ...s'he on the level...?

MARTY

The fucken belt's on the level.  
Worth a quarter of a mil...

HECTOR

He's going to give it to Joao, if  
he loses...?

MARTY

It's publicity...it's publicity,  
okay. It's something. To. Tell.  
The. Papers. It's a story. "I am  
a samurai, should this 'gaijin'  
defeat me, I will surrender my  
fucken belt."

HECTOR

And will he...?

MARTY

Listen to me: The tickets aren't  
selling. Sell the tickets, sell  
the show, and figure that out on  
the way to the bank. Point is, we  
have to sell the show. He's doing  
his part, you have to do yours...  
Joao has to do his... Where the  
fuck is he...?

ANGLE - ON A HUGE TV SCREEN

On the wall of the office we see TAKETA MORISAKI, the  
Japanese fighter, in a ring, in a "no GI" competition. The  
Japanese referee signals the beginning of the fight, and  
Morisaki and the other fighter bow, and the fight begins.  
Dylan Flynn gives commentary. The other fighter advances on  
Morisaki, who punches him several times. The other fighter  
kicks to Morisaki's head, the kick is deflected, and Morisaki  
steps in and punches.

ANGLE - ON HECTOR AND BROWN watching the TV screen

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The girl leaves the room, both turn away from the TV screen. Marty Brown picks up a small framed photo of Joao, as a younger man, off the desk. Standing next to the young Joao is his father, "The Old Man," in the GI with the red belt. The Old Man has his arm around Joao, who is smiling.

MARTY (cont'd)

Fucken pay-per-view is cutting back promotion. They turn it on its head: a) the public hasn't seen him? True, so the new viewers just don't care. b) It's his last fight? Where's the rematch? Either way you're fucked. Now:

(as he looks down at the  
photo of The Old Man)

Okay. Joao: Brings The Old Man up from Brazil. "He fights for the honor of his father." His father's honor has been impugned by Morisaki... Morisaki brings the belt. He fights for the Emperor... Your man will not be dishonored, in front of his father... So what do you get? A grudge match. That's the back to the 30's black against white, Irish against Jew. A racial grudge match. See if we can't get some velocity. Eh? Velocity. Or else it's just two monkeys in the ring...

17

INT. BAR AREA - THE SAO PAULO CLUB - NIGHT

17

A BRAZILIAN GIRL on stage sings a song in Portugese.

Mike Terry makes his way to the bar. He comes over to an old BARTENDER, obviously an old fighter. They slap palms and touch fists in a fighter's salute. Mike points up and gestures "telephone." The bartender nods, picks up a phone and dials.

A fellow next to Mike jostles him. Mike turns to find a JAPANESE AMERICAN GUY around thirty, walking up to the bar. He limps slightly and walks with a cane, which he hangs on the lip of the bar. He tries to get the bartender's attention.

JAPANESE AMERICAN GUY

Hey, Billy...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The bartender motions he's busy, on the phone. Hangs up the phone, and comes back toward Mike. A barely clad, very beautiful blonde girl slithers past Mike and gives him the eye. He nods respectfully.

BILLY  
(points upstairs)  
He's sorry, he's busy, five  
minutes...

MIKE  
Joao said that?

BILLY  
Hector, Joao's out.

The pretty blonde girl looks back, acknowledging his gaze. She smiles at him.

MIKE  
(respectfully)  
Good evening.  
(Mike looks around,  
scanning the room.)  
Y'ain't got no bouncer.

BILLY  
Just weekends, now.

MIKE  
Officer Joe...?

JAPANESE AMERICAN GUY  
Okay, Billy, Billy, Billy... Gonna  
roll you for the drinks...

He takes a poker dice outfit out of his pocket, a small leather cup and three dice cubes.

They watch footage of Joao on screen with the Brazilian singer in the b.g.

BILLY  
...I hardly think so... Joey-the-  
Cop...?

MIKE  
Yeah.

BILLY  
He quit...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAPANESE AMERICAN GUY

Roll you for the drinks.

(to Mike)

You check the dice...

He passes the three poker dice to Mike.

BILLY

Fuck you... This motherfucker...

where you been, the cruise

ships...?

(to Mike)

He's working the cruise ships.

The Japanese American Guy smiles, rolls back the sleeves of his shirt, to show he has nothing concealed (revealing in the process, on one arm, a large, beautiful tattoo of a yellow parrot on one arm). He then reaches behind the bartender's ears and extracts an egg. Then another one.

BILLY (cont'd)

...yeah... yeah, yeah...

MIKE

Why'd Joe quit...?

The Japanese American Guy says, "Hey, hey, hey," to get their attention, shows his hands empty, claps them, and removes an orange from between them... He puts it behind the bartender's head, and it changes, on removal, into an egg.

JAPANESE AMERICAN GUY (JIMMY KANAKA)

I'm fucken fantastic, y'ever see  
that...? Buy me a fuckin drink...

MIKE

Joe-the-cop... why'd he quit...?

BILLY

What?

MIKE

Why did he quit?

BILLY

...cause Hector wasn't paying him.

(pause)

They never paid him...

MIKE

...they never paid him...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike starts away from the bar. In the b.g. Billy pours the magician a drink...

18

INT. SAO PAULO CLUB - OFFICE SUITE - NIGHT

18

On the large TV screen. A "round girl," clad in basically nothing, is walking around the ring, holding a card showing "Round Four." The screen shows a Japanese fighter, looking fairly tired, rising, and meeting Morisaki in the middle of the ring, with Dylan Flynn giving commentary. As Morisaki throws a punch, then steps in, and takes the opponent to the mat.

ANGLE - XCU ON MORISAKI, on the mat, choking the other fellow out, the other fellow's hand tapping furiously and Morisaki springing to his feet in barely controllable triumph.

Now a Japanese talking head comes on (the TV is silent) and obviously explains the fight, with diagrams. As CAMERA PANS onto Brown and Hector.

Brown, walking and talking, as he comes up with ideas. He stops behind the desk, and picks up the snapshot of Joao and his father.

MARTY

We have The Old Man come up from Brazil... Before the fight, he... The Old Man is in the office, Morisaki busts in, he insults The Old Man, he "strikes" The Old Mmm...He hits The Old Man...

HECTOR

Morisaki hits the Old Man?

MARTY

You better find some fucken gimmick.

HECTOR

Joao will never...

MARTY

Morisaki's a businessman. Are you?

They turn, as the door opens and Mike enters, with the Brazilian girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAZILIAN GIRL  
(in Portuguese)  
I told him you were busy...

MIKE  
(in Portuguese)  
No, please excuse my discourtesy...

HECTOR  
Yeah, no, we'll speak English here,  
in front of my friend, Marty Brown.  
This is my broth-in-l...

MIKE  
(extends his hand)  
Mike Terry.

Hector gets called to a phone.

MARTY  
Marty Brown. A pleasure...

MIKE  
Hector...

MARTY  
...I've heard of you.

MIKE  
I'm honored.

MARTY  
You're a fighter, Mike.

MIKE  
Well, that's right...

MARTY  
S'he fighting on the undercard?

HECTOR  
He don't compete.

MARTY  
Now, how come you don't compete...?  
Fight on the undercard - you got a  
month, what does he have, a month  
to train?

HECTOR  
He can't stand the sight of money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

Is that true?

HECTOR

Yeah. It takes the edge off his  
insatiable lust for poverty.

(to Mike)

Joao was called out.

MIKE

Could I have a word with you...?

19 INT. SMALL "STUDY" OFF THE OFFICE

19

Dylan Flynn, and his sports show "About Fighting" on a big  
screen TV. The Morisaki fight is replayed in SLO MOTION.  
Hector cuts off the TV. This room is, in effect, a male  
boudoir.

HECTOR

I'm trien to do business, Mike...

CAMERA FOLLOWS him to a few poster ideas for the DaSilva  
Morisaki fight.

MIKE

I've got to talk to you about  
money...

Hector holds a mock-up poster of the undercard.

HECTOR

Hey, yeah, you're short some money,  
tell you what. Fight on the  
undercard. I'll put you on the  
undercard... round robin, winner  
takes home fifty grand, you got a  
good chance to take home the  
money...

MIKE

(beat)

Joe Ryan.

(pause)

The cop.

(pause)

HECTOR

"Joe-Ryan-the-cop."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE  
Your bouncer?

Hector shrugs, meaning, "How would I remember someone like that...?"

MIKE (cont'd)  
He worked here several months...?  
(pause; jogging his  
memory)  
I put him up for the job.

HECTOR  
...all right.

MIKE  
You ever pay him...?

HECTOR  
Did I pay him?

MIKE  
Yeah...

HECTOR  
(pause)  
What the fuck do you care?

MIKE  
Did you pay him?

HECTOR  
No, I heard you, but what business  
is it of yours?

MIKE  
He's got a family...

HECTOR  
And now what the fuck are you  
saying? This guy's got a "family"  
and I owe him some "money," and,  
what? It's some business of  
yours...?

The telephone RINGS. Hector goes to it.

HECTOR (cont'd)  
(in Portuguese)  
What?  
(pause)  
When...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HECTOR (cont'd)

(pause)

Alone? Alone. Without his guy.  
Without his wife...

He goes to a small security T.V., which looks out and down at the floor, and specifically at the bar area, where we see a very good-looking, movie star-looking tough guy has just entered and is moving toward the bar, and drawing stares.

HECTOR (cont'd)

(in Portuguese)

Yeah. Okay.

He hits another button on the phone.

HECTOR (cont'd)

(into phone; in English)

Chet Frank just walked into the bar. Without his wife. Without his guy...no. Get a news crew outside... who'd they get the tip from? Some cabby driving by, the fuck do I care? And call the newspapers...

He hangs up the phone, and looks on the T.V. at the scene at the bar. People clustering around CHET FRANK.

Hector now walks Mike out toward the main office and the exit.

HECTOR (cont'd)

Thanks for stopping by. How's my sister...?

20

INT. SAO PAULO CLUB - OFFICE SUITE

20

We take them into the main office, where Marty begins making his good-byes to Mike. In front of the TV showing Morisaki, being interviewed by a Japanese talking head. Morisaki, proudly displaying his broad gold belt. And a string of Japanese characters streaming underneath the image.

MARTY

(as he watches the image,  
which changes to  
Morisaki, fighting a new  
opponent; holding up the  
"undercard" mock-up)

...how come you aren't fighting on  
the undercard? Your brother-in-law  
won't give you a shot...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Morisaki executes a vicious move on his opponent.

MARTY (cont'd)  
Ooohhh... Goddammit he's good...  
Who do you like, him or Joao...?  
You free to say...? Or izzat  
"inside information"?

In the b.g. Hector goes to the phone, making a call regarding Chet Frank.

21 INT. SAO PAULO CLUB - BARSIDE - NIGHT

21

Chet Frank, at the bar, the magician around the elbow of the bar, having a drink. The parrot prominent on his forearm. The pretty blonde girl from the earlier sequence is near Chet Frank, and there is a small cluster of bar patrons around them.

CHET FRANK  
(re: the pretty blonde)  
...I'll be glad to buy that girl a  
drink...

BAR PATRON  
How you doing these days, Chet...?

CHET FRANK  
(slurring his words a bit)  
You know, it's a constant fucken  
struggle.

This is treated, politely, as wit, by the bar patrons. The bartender makes the drink, and passes it to the pretty blonde girl.

BILLY  
(to Chet)  
The lady thanks you...

CHET FRANK  
...anything for beauty...

BAR PATRON  
Nobody's "tough" when it comes to  
beauty, huh, Chet...?

CHET FRANK  
(as he drinks his drink)  
"Huh," indeed...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHET FRANK (cont'd)

(indicates to bartender  
that he'd like another  
drink)

And another for the lady...

A large MAN IN A GUAYABERA SHIRT steps up to the bar.

GUAYABERA SHIRT MAN

No, I'm gonna buy this one...  
(to Chet)

She's a friend of mine.

The bartender makes the second drink, and the Guayabera Shirt Man takes it.

CHET FRANK

Well, I admire your taste.

The Guayabera Shirt Man, taking the drink to the girl, turns back.

GUAYABERA SHIRT MAN

What...?

He turns to a similarly clad, similarly tough-looking fellow, obviously a companion, near him. Meaning, "Did you hear that...?" He turns back to Chet.

GUAYABERA SHIRT MAN (cont'd)

I'm sorry, what did you say?

CHET FRANK

I said, "I admire your taste"...

GUAYABERA SHIRT MAN

Yeah, I heard what you said. I don't know what it means.

CHET FRANK

...All right...

GUAYABERA SHIRT MAN

What does it mean?

CHET FRANK

It means whatever you want, pal. I've had a tough day.

GUAYABERA SHIRT MAN

...and what the fuck is that to me...?

22

23



Billy, the bartender, dialing the phone.

Chet Frank, against the bar, a small space in front of him, dominated by the Guayabera Shirt Man. Chet obviously just having been shoved into the bar, puts his hand to his face, which is bruised.

CHET FRANK  
Hey, look:

GUAYABERA SHIRT MAN  
Where's your "protection," tough  
guy.

He pushes him again.

CHET FRANK  
(referring to the lovely  
scantily clad young woman  
next to the man in the  
guayabera shirt)  
Hey, look, I didn't realize...

GUAYABERA SHIRT MAN  
You insulted the young woman. Then  
you insulted me...  
(pause)

CHET FRANK  
Look, fella...

GUAYABERA SHIRT MAN  
You think this is your private  
fuckin "domain," or something...?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CHET FRANK

All right? Look?

GUAYABERA SHIRT MAN

...and I asked you, if you think,  
there's something, makes you fuckin  
exempt...

CHET FRANK

(turning away, under his  
breath)

Hey, you know what? Fuck you...

GUAYABERA SHIRT MAN

(to his friends)

"Fuck you"...fuckin tough guy in  
the movies...

CHET FRANK

(turning back)

Okay, lookit: I came in here...

GUAYABERA SHIRT MAN

Well, maybe you came to the wrong  
fuckin place you little cunt. What  
do you think about that?

(pushes him again)

What do you think about that,  
fuckin pussy-hound? You come in  
here, you're hitting on the  
woman... Don't you have a wife?  
Didn't I read you have a...

Chet throws a punch at the man. The man hits Chet in the stomach, Chet is driven back, and a colleague of the Guayabera Shirt Man holds him, as the Guayabera Shirt Man steps forward to hit him again several times. He hooks him to the head, snapping his head back, and is about to throw another punch, when he is whirled around by Mike Terry, who has put a choke-hold on him.

MIKE

That's all.

(to the crowd)

Make a lane...

He starts moving the Guayabera Shirt Man, who breaks free, and lunges at Mike. Mike strikes him several times, and puts another come-along hold on him and moves him forward.

The second man in the guayabera shirt moves toward Mike. Mike half turns to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (cont'd)  
Back off. Fight's over.

This second man makes a move to free his friend. Mike drops the first man and kicks the second man, who brings out a knife and slashes at Mike.

24 ANGLE - IN THE SMALL OFFICE "BOUDOIR" ROOM

24

Marty Brown, watching on the security T.V., reacts to the sight of the knife.

Hector is on the phone.

HECTOR  
...yeah, your guy's here, you  
better get down...

MARTY  
(involuntarily; re: Mike)  
Oh, Jesus... that sonofabitch can  
fight...

Hector comes over and they look at the T.V., as the fight has moved away from the bar, and the area is vacated by the patrons.

25 ANGLE - ON THE FLOOR

25

The man with the knife forces Mike back against the bar. The man thrusts at Mike and cuts his cheek. He thrusts at Mike again and backs Mike against the bar. Mike's hand finds the cane Jimmy Kanaka has left there. He whips the cane toward the man with the knife, who steps back and then into Mike.

Mike uses the cane to strip the knife out of his hand. He sweeps him to the floor with the cane and uses it to choke the man out. The man loses consciousness, and falls to the ground. Mike kicks the knife out of the way.

MIKE  
Stay down, pal. Stay down. You just  
had a bad fight...

We hear far-off SIRENS, and the patrons start for the door. Mike looks around, and sees the bartender, Billy, is helping Chet Frank through a small door behind the bar. He gestures Mike to follow.

26

ANGLE - SMALL STORAGE ROOM BEHIND THE BAR

26

Liquor cases, a utility sink, several old fight posters, showing Joao DaSilva, as a younger man, all gathering dust.

Mike closes the door, and he and the bartender sit Chet on a crate. The bartender begins caring for Chet Frank. Mike looks at his slight cut in an old steel mirror. Notices that his jacket is bloody. He feels the bartender's gaze, and turns back and says:

MIKE

...I'm okay...

He opens an old, dusty first-aid kit, and puts some iodine on his cut. In the b.g. the bartender is dealing with Chet.

BILLY

Hey, baby. You can hear me... you can hear me...

Mike comes over, replacing the bartender, and Mike looks at Chet. The bartender goes to an old utility sink, and begins soaking a bar towel.

BILLY (cont'd)

...ambulance...?

MIKE

(checks Chet's vital signs; shakes head)

He's okay, but, if he's got a "guy" or something...

BILLY

I'm sure they made the call.

MIKE

(as he examines Chet)

Why'd you come out alone, Brother...? Hey...? You looking for trouble...?

Chet Frank turns to regard Mike.

MIKE (cont'd)

(to bartender)

...he's all right...

(to Chet)

You come lookin for trouble, pal...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We hear the sound of SIRENS screaming up and stopping. Mike stands.

MIKE (cont'd)  
Yeah, I better get out of here...

The bartender nods. Goes to the back door, and opens it to peer out. Mike stands, and finds himself by a portrait of The Old Guy, with the red belt, covered with dust. He wipes some of the dust off with the towel.

MIKE (cont'd)  
(pause; to self)  
...they banished The Old Man down there...

BILLY  
(at the back door)  
You're okay...

The door from the bar to the back room opens, and a very fit POLICE OFFICER enters, warily. He surveys the scene.

Beat. To the bartender:

OFFICER  
...I thought Joey was on the door...

Bartender shakes his head.

OFFICER (cont'd)  
...Hey, Mike...

MIKE  
...Lenny...

The phone rings. Billy answers.

BILLY  
(holding phone; to Chet)  
Your guy is coming down...

OFFICER  
...what the fuck happened...?

MIKE  
(shrugs)  
Some kinda a... "bar fight."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door to the bar area opens. We see several policemen out there--a DETECTIVE talking to Hector, and another DETECTIVE, who has just opened the door, and comes into this utility area. This detective surveys the scene.

The Detective looks up at a black-and-white video screen showing, from a POV over the bar, the scene we have just seen, with Hector and the police officers, that is, the action occurring just outside the closed door.

DETECTIVE  
...show it to me.

Billy goes to this surveillance area, and rewinds the image, which, we now see, is a continuous tape of the action at the bar. Billy now presses "play," and we see the scene of the man pushing, and egging Chet on. We see Mike come into the fight, attacked by two men, Mike putting the other man down, and so on.

The detective reacts to a spectacular cane move by Mike.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)  
(involuntarily)  
Jesus Christ...  
(he looks over at Mike)

In the b.g. we see Mike looking down at Chet, and commenting, for the sake of the Detective.

MIKE  
You got it on tape. Never threw a  
punch. I'm a stone-cold victim.

The Detective comes over and looks at Chet and Mike, asking for help in framing his explanation.

DETECTIVE  
...what happened to the other  
guys...?

MIKE  
(shrugs)  
How would I know?

DETECTIVE  
...And what about you?

MIKE  
(as he exits)  
Nobody knows who I am...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Detective nods. Mike exits.

ANGLE - TIGHT ON CHET FRANK

as he looks up, at the departing man who has just saved him.  
The phone is handed to Chet.

CHET  
(on phone)  
Yeah, Jerry... I'm fine...

ANGLE - ON BARTENDER

as he deals with Chet. Chet turns to see Mike, disappearing,  
through the door. As the bartender goes back into the bar  
area, where we see the two assailants being helped to their  
feet.

27 ANGLE - FROM THE ALLEYWAY

27

Mike walking out, turns into the alley - blue police lights  
flashing.

DISSOLVE:

28 INT. TERRY HOME - DAWN

28

Mike is kneeling on the mat. In front of him is a 1950's  
style, large book, by Carlos DaSilva, showing DaSilva as a  
young man. The book is in Portuguese, and, in front of  
Mike, there is also a Portuguese dictionary. The book  
features various jiu-jitsu moves in black and white photos,  
and Mike is making notes.

A kitchen-office area, in an obviously very small, but neat  
apartment. A computer lay-out, various graphics "SONDRA  
BRAZILIAN TEXTILES," showing various beautiful batiks, and  
native-looking prints adorn the space, hung from rollers on  
the ceiling and draped over a worktable. Various sample  
books of fabrics showing, on their covers, "SONDRA." A  
sewing machine, and various swatches of fabric on the table.

Sondra, in pajamas, comes into the kitchen and sees Mike's  
bloody jacket, soaking in a bowl of cold water.

SONDRA  
...you didn't get the loan...

ANGLE - MIKE, in a GI, a black belt around his waist, getting  
up from the mat. The cut on his face visible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA TAKES him to a low bench.

MIKE

Joao wasn't there.

SONDRA

Did you ask Hector for it...?

She holds out the small flyer for the "Professionals Only" competition.

SONDRA (cont'd)

...you didn't ask for it... Are you afraid of money?

He turns away. He starts into the kitchen. She follows him.

SONDRA (cont'd)

You tell me, how we can run your Academy without money. You tell me that, so I can do it, and not disturb you in your purity... How'm I going to run my business, all of the time you need me, all the time, all of my money's going into yours?

She motions to a photo of The Old Man, the red belt, as a younger man, black-and-white photo. He is wearing a GI, and smiling, obviously having just won a competition.

SONDRA (cont'd)

(gestures to the photo)

My father made money... my brothers make money... and you are, somehow, too pure. You are too, what? Too pure to compete...

MIKE

"It..."

SONDRA

"It weakens the fighter"...

MIKE

...that's correct...

SONDRA

Because "A competition is not a fight."

MIKE

That's right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONDRA

And what about the fighter's family? What do they eat, while he's being so pure...? I have to take money from my business.

(holds up fabric sample)

Which is making money...

(knocks on wood)

She shakes her head.

SONDRA (cont'd)

You replace the window, you can't pay your rent.

MIKE

The insurance will replace the window.

Sondra goes to the computer, takes out a form, glances at it, confirming her suspicions, and hands it to Mike.

He starts to speak.

SONDRA

You want to turn your friend in? Your precious friend? The officer...?

MIKE

I...

SONDRA

Your "prize" student...? The policeman?

Mike, remembering something, goes to his desk and begins rummaging through it.

SONDRA (cont'd)

The hero: the girl tried to kill him, and he let her go...? Not to "embarrass the Academy"...

MIKE

The girl, he turned her in, the cops would have said it was attempted murder...

SONDRA

...and wasn't it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

She's "disturbed," all right? The girl was "disturbed."

SONDRA

And now what? You're her doctor?

(pause)

She walks into your "Academy" and, so, you take responsibility for her "crime"?

MIKE

They would have prosecuted her, she would have gone to jail. It would have ruined her life. And so, yes. The man gave her a pass.

Mike opens a drawer in which we see, brand new, wrapped belts: white, blue, brown, purple and black. Mike extracts the black belt and closes the drawer.

SONDRA

And, you think it was "noble."

(pause)

"The Code of the Warrior." You think it's noble.

MIKE

No. I think it was correct.

Mike goes to an old gymbag, labeled "Streetfight", and puts the folded blackbelt inside it.

SONDRA

Well, that's fine. Except, as we report "the wind blew in the window" it...

(reads the paper from the computer)

...was an "act of God," and not covered under our specific policy, and, so, until we find the money, we have to live with the window boarded up. And you tell me how that brings money into your business...?

The phone RINGS. She goes to the phone.

SONDRA (cont'd)

(into phone)

Hello...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONDRA (cont'd)

(then, in Portuguese)

Hello, Nikki. I, uh, no, I can't,  
 I can't order the new fabric...  
yet. "Yet." Yes, of course I plan  
 to...

(picks up the fabric book;  
 in English)

Yes, of course I'm going to  
 reorder... But I can't, I can't, I  
 can't reorder now...

She holds up a swatch of beautiful gold fabric.

She covers the phone, and then, in English, to Mike, who is  
 reading the insurance form.

SONDRA (cont'd)

And now I have to fix the window...  
 You tell me where I'm getting the  
 cash, to buy the new fabric for my  
 business without which we cannot  
eat.

She is now all dressed. Beat. To Mike:

SONDRA (cont'd)

How did you get that cut...?

Beat. Mike starts to speak.

Sondra hears the doorbell.

SONDRA (cont'd)

(into phone; in English)

Nikki, I'll see you in ten  
 minutes...

She starts out the door speaking to herself, copiously, in  
 Portuguese. Opens the door to the apartment. Bends down,  
 picks up a small package and shows it to Mike.

SONDRA (cont'd)

(of the package, looking  
 at the label)

...it's for you...

She hands him the package and finishes the last touches to  
 her makeup, as Mike opens the package. Mike takes a small  
 card out of the package and reads it. Sondra senses  
 something, and asks.

SONDRA (cont'd)

..what is it...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE  
It's an invitation.

SONDRA  
Who is it from?

MIKE  
From Chet Frank.

SONDRA  
Oh, from "Chet Frank."

He hands her the invitation.

MIKE  
We're invited to his house. For  
dinner tonight...

SONDRA  
(unbelievably)  
...to Chet Frank's house...?

She takes the invitation and we read, in an INSERT, on a  
small card, embossed ZENA AND CHET FRANK, and, handwritten:

Dear Mr. Terry,  
We are in your debt. Thank you.  
We would be very pleased if you and  
your wife could join us for dinner  
this evening, 20394 X Road, Malibu,  
R.S.V.P., etc....

ANGLE - ON SONDRA

as she looks up astounded. She makes a mark, drawing her  
finger down her cheek, as a knife slash, looking a question  
at Mike.

MIKE  
...that's right.

SONDRA  
(softening)  
...Chet Frank...

She looks at him, admiringly.

MIKE  
...that's right...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She, impulsively, embraces Mike. Looks down at the card. Looks at him with respect, shakes her head with wonder, and exits.

Mike now reopens the box, and looks down at it, its contents unseen by the audience.

29 INT. POLICE STATION - GYM - DAY

29

A small, old-fashioned, empty gym, a boxing gym. Speedbags, old iron freeweights in old-fashioned racks. Sound of a HEAVY BAG.

Mike enters the gym, holding the "Streetfight" gymbag. A cops, going out the door, stops to greet him, and claps him on the shoulder.

ANGLE - MIKE'S POV.

A couple of very sweaty, muscular COPS working out, circling each other on the mat. One holds a large Maglight flashlight, like a club. One, SAMMY, greets him.

SAMMY

Hey, Mike...

MIKE

Joey...?

SAMMY

(holding the flashlight)

Mike. Mike...

(re: his partner)

Tell him...tell him. "Best weapon in the word's a flashlight..."

Sammy mimes several strikes, to his partner, using the flashlight.

MIKE

...that's right...

SAMMY

Tell 'im why?

MIKE

"So you can look deep into the other fellow's eyes..."

SAMMY

Show 'm...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike climbs into the ring, takes the Maglight, takes a practice knife from the other cop's belt and hands it to him, then uses the Maglight to disarm the cop with the practice knife.

Sammy laughs, with his partner, sharing the joke.

MIKE

...Joey...?

Sammy points.

30

INT. POLICE STATION - DRESSING AREA

30

Joe Ryan. Finishing getting into his crisp uniform, which he is adjusting to perfection in an old, dusty mirror. He turns as Mike enters.

JOE RYAN

Hey Mike...

(sotto)

You come down cause of "the thing"...?

MIKE

...the "thing"? What thing...?

JOE

What happened to your cheek...?

MIKE

Yeah, I cut myself shaving... I got something for you...

Sammy puts his head in the door.

SAMMY

I heard they had a dust-up at the Sao Paolo last night.

MIKE

Is that right?

SAMMY

Yeah. Two motherfuckers, ran into a Cuisinart...

MIKE

Well, you can't believe everything you hear...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMMY  
Fuckin, Lenny and Loomis saw the  
tape... Said it was better than  
"Titanic."

Sammy takes an article from his locker.

SAMMY (cont'd)  
(to Joe Ryan)  
...we gonna ride, or you still  
getting pretty?

JOE  
Be right down.

SAMMY  
(exiting)  
Wisht I was there, Mike.

He exits.

JOE  
Yeah. I wish I was there, too.

Pause.

Joe starts to close his locker. Mike stops him, opens his  
gymbag and presents him with the blackbelt.

JOE (cont'd)  
...I don't deserve it.

MIKE  
...it's overdue.

JOE  
I...

MIKE  
Belt is just symbolic. This belt,  
as Snowflake says... is just to  
hold your pants up.

They exchange the fighter's abbruzzo. And Joe executes a  
small fighter's version of a bow.

JOE  
(ceremonially)  
Thank you...

Mike bows back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE  
...what thing...?

JOE  
What?

MIKE  
You said, "Did I come down about  
'the thing'?"

JOE  
(sotto)  
That "thing with the girl..."

MIKE  
Oh. Yeah. You were there when the  
rain blew the window in... don't  
worry about it, we're getting it  
fixed up.

Mike starts to exit.

JOE  
(looks down at the black  
belt; to self)  
...I don't believe it...

MIKE  
(remembering)  
...Oh yeah.

He takes the small package we saw, earlier, at his apartment  
out of his pocket, and hands it to Joe, who starts to open  
it.

MIKE (cont'd)  
...open it later...

JOE  
...what is it...?

Joe opens it, and we see it is a very expensive-looking,  
diamond-stubbed, solid gold man's wristwatch, on a thick gold  
band.

MIKE  
Apparently it's a "wristwatch."

JOE  
Yours? Whose is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

It's yours. I set you up with a  
job... with my people, who,  
 apparently stiffed you, f'r which I  
apologize.

(of the watch)

That thing, take it and pawn it,  
 take your fam'ly to the  
mountains...

JOE

I...

(as he tries to give the  
 belt back)

MIKE

(cutting him off)

...what does the black belt mean?

JOE

...that I represent the Academy.

MIKE

Then respect your teacher...

JOE

Always, Mike...

(re: the black belt)

I will never bring disrespect upon  
 it.

Mike exits, leaving Joe looking down at the watch and the  
 belt. He puts the watch box aside, closing it, and looks  
 down, smiling at the new black belt.

31 EXT. "STREETFIGHT" ACADEMY - DAY

31

Mike, getting out of his battered car. He looks at the  
 crumbled fender, and sees a new, ritzy "Plate Glass" truck by  
 it. Parked in front of his Academy. As he comes closer, he  
 sees that there is a painter on a scaffold, repainting the  
 "STREETFIGHT" logo, onto the new plate glass. Glaziers are  
 puttying in the new glass.

Mike looks inside the Academy, to see two more workmen  
 cleaning up the old board-up, and a foreman standing with a  
 clipboard. Mike enters. He looks up at the new plate glass,  
 crisp, and perfectly painted. Going up, he sees Snowflake,  
 in the corner, sweeping up, holding a broom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE  
(to Snowflake)  
Who...who ordered this, who's  
paying for this?

Snowflake looks over Mike's shoulder. Mike turns. It is  
Laura Black.

32 EXT. COFFEEHOUSE - ACROSS THE STREET

32

In the b.g. we see the plate glass truck, and the Academy.  
On the near side of the street, outside the cafe, a Bentley  
convertible. Mike is sitting at a sidewalk table with Laura.  
She has a glass of white wine in front of her.

LAURA  
(beat)  
I am. Heartily. Ashamed of what I  
did. I'm so sorry. I...

Mike starts to speak, and she stops him.

LAURA (cont'd)  
I will, of course, make it well.

She slips an envelope across the table to him.

LAURA (cont'd)  
Here is a check, for the damage I  
did to your car, and I would like  
to contact the police officer. To  
thank him... For what he did.  
(pause)  
I'm...Mr. Terry? I'm an attorney.  
I know what...the officer...did.  
He, out of courtesy, refrained from  
actions which...which might have  
sent me to jail. Or to an  
institution. I...um

She opens her purse, and takes out a vial, and thinks, and  
takes a pill.

A LARGE, very tough-looking MAN around sixty, coming out of  
the coffeehouse, holding a flyer for the Morisaki fight,  
showing Joao, Morisaki and the Gold Belt. He comes over to  
Mike.

LARGE MAN (RICHIE)  
Hey, Baby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Richie...

RICHIE

Who do you like in the Morisaki  
fight...?

MIKE

I'm sure one of 'em's gonna win.

RICHIE

"Little word from a little bird..."

MIKE

I don't play that.

The waitress brings over two coffees to Laura and Mike.

RICHIE

If you did, who would you like...?

MIKE

...can't help you, Richie...

Richie is called to a back table. We see Richie nod, and return to a table, at which are various older, tough, wealthy-looking men. One of them nods toward Mike, and Richie confabs with them. Richie drops some money on the table, and returns, past Mike's table, where we see Laura taking her pill.

RICHIE

You're sure...? Cause, you help me,  
I'm gonna help you...Cause a word  
to the wise...on this fight, is  
sufficient...put some money in your  
back pocket...

MIKE

You know as much as me...

Richie shrugs, meaning: of course - your thing is your  
thing...and proceeds, and we see him the b.g. walking to his  
Bentley.

HOLD ON LAURA AND MIKE as Mike turns back to her to see her  
taking her pills. The check is brought. Mike and Laura both  
reach for it. She recoils.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA  
(a beat, then,  
confessionally, as she  
finishes taking her pills  
and puts them away)  
Mr. Terry...? I. Well, as you  
see... I have a problem...I...I  
have a real problem....

MIKE  
(tentatively)  
...is there some way I could help  
you...?

HOLD.

33

INT. ACADEMY - DAY

33

A white space. CAMERA PANS to show, on a white wall,  
projected, by the sunlight, the letters "JiuJitsu." And  
keeps PANNING to come onto the face, XCU, of LAURA. She is  
looking at something, expectantly.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Mike Terry, some few feet away from  
her, on the mat. Laura backs up a bit, and finds herself  
standing by the Los Angeles Police Department plaque,  
honoring Mike. She tries to put off the confrontation. And  
refers to the plaque.

LAURA  
You work with the police...

MIKE  
I've trained the police...

He moves toward her, and she takes another step to her side.  
Which brings her up by the pass-through window, where we see,  
laid out, the various colored belts which Sondra unpacked  
previously.

LAURA  
What...what do the belts mean...?

She starts breathing a bit heavily, running out of  
conversation. He tries to calm her.

MIKE  
White is a beginner. Black means  
someone the teacher recognizes as  
fit to instruct. In the middle we  
have blue, purple and brown...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She moves again, and sees, on the back wall, a photo of the man in the red belt.

LAURA

And, what do you have to do to earn  
a red belt?

MIKE

(smiles)

...there's only one...

He moves toward her, meaning, now we will proceed. Laura becomes a bit agitated as Mike walks toward her.

MIKE (cont'd)

No, I'm not going to touch you...

He stands very near her.

MIKE (cont'd)

But: If I were to hold you. Could  
I strike you? If you put your arms  
around me, and held me? Could I  
strike you?

LAURA

Www...with your knees.

Mike nods that this is reasonable, and demonstrates, as he speaks.

MIKE

If you turned your body slightly.  
And grasped me, could I strike  
you...? From there...?

LAURA

Nn...

MIKE

What?

LAURA

(beat)

No.

He steps back, and walks some eight feet away from her on the mat.

MIKE

Can I strike you now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA

No.

MIKE

Where can I strike you...?

She thinks, and then, walks tentatively forward to some four feet from him. He nods.

MIKE (cont'd)

(explaining it simply)

Don't stand there.

He shrugs, meaning, it's as simple as that. He walks to the pass-through to the office area. We see, beyond him, the framed photo of the red belt. He takes a form, and brings it to her. As she looks around, at several photos of Mike, and others, training and fighting, on the walls, he picks up her purse and jacket.

As she tries to calm herself down, Mike hands her the purse, jacket and form he has brought from the office. She looks at him, and he explains.

MIKE (cont'd)

An enrollment form. Should you elect to continue your instruction.

Beat.

34 INT. CHET FRANK'S HOUSE - MALIBU - NIGHT

34

Sondra Terry. Looking magnificent, in a very abbreviated dress of one of the batiks we saw earlier, in her sample book. She is about to sit, a chair pulled out for her by a uniformed waiter.

ZENA FRANK, a gorgeous woman in her late thirties, casual chic in tight black jeans and white t-shirt, addresses her.

ZENA

And: excuse but I have to ask, but where did you get that dress?

SONDRA

...I made it...

ZENA

She "made" it... Does she cook, "too"....?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

General laughter. PULL BACK to show the end of an intimate dinner party, six people, around a perfect modern table in the most beautiful Malibu home anyone has ever seen. On the terrace, candlelight, the Pacific Ocean beyond. Coffee is being poured.

ZENA (cont'd)  
(as she feels the dress)  
...and where did you get the fabric?

SONDRA  
The fabric. I made that, too...

ZENA  
You made that? The designs...? the batik?

SONDRA  
...since I was a kid in Rio...

LUCY  
You made the fabric?

SONDRA  
...I have a company...

ZENA  
No. I don't believe it. Jerry...  
Show them the book. Show them the book.

Angle, on Jerry at a T.V. Watching an old black and white WWII film and holding a script called "HIGH WATER MARK". He's also on his cell phone.

JERRY  
(on phone)  
...I'm looking at scene fifteen-A.

Camera takes Jerry to the coffee table, where we see a very large coffee table book, titled "COTTON AND WAX: THE STORY OF BATIK. BY ZENA FRANK."

CHET  
(to the female butler, in a rendition of a tux, who is directing the service of the hors d'oeuvres)  
Murphy...?

Murphy directs one of her underlings toward Jerry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jerry brings the book toward the table. Murphy directs the underling to bring it and put it in front of Sondra.

SONDRA  
(...of the book)  
This is beautiful...

LUCY  
(of the book)  
...we have a company...

35

EXT. CHET FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

35

Chet and Mike, walking down the deserted beach. Chet smoking a cigar. They walk in silence.

CHET  
You don't compete.

MIKE  
No.

CHET  
Because...?

MIKE  
(pause)  
Competition is weakening.

CHET  
(reflectively)  
...competition is weakening.

MIKE  
Formal competition is weakening.

CHET  
Because it's fixed. Two guys in a ring, people betting money...?

MIKE  
It may be fixed. Any one fight may be fixed.

CHET  
But that's not your objection...?

Their walk takes them below the beach house. We see the women, on the terrace, talking animatedly, by candlelight. They stop, as Mike tries to express his thoughts perfectly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHET (cont'd)  
...you train people to fight...

MIKE  
No.  
(pause)  
I train people to prevail. In the street. In the alley. In combat: bodyguard, the cop, the special ops guy. One rule: put the other guy down. You have to train to do that. Any staged contest. Must have rules...

They hear feminine LAUGHTER. And look up to see Zena and Lucy reacting to something Sondra has just said.

CHET  
Your wife's a beautiful woman.

MIKE  
...yes...she is...

CHET  
(beat)  
Women...  
(pause)  
Hey, what, in this life, doesn't get you in trouble...?

MIKE  
(shrugs; smiles)  
Turn to the side. Woman has a force, man has a force... Embrace it or deflect it - why oppose it?

CHET  
Embrace it or deflect it.

He turns his body somewhat, making a "deflecting" gesture. Chet considers for a moment. Mike spreads his hands, meaning, "you see?" Chet nods at the concept. Beat.

CHET (cont'd)  
How's the face? You healing up?

MIKE  
It's doing fine...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHET

Yeah. Well. You're young.

Good...

(smiles)

36

INT. STUDY, CHET FRANK HOUSE - MALIBU - NIGHT

36

We see, through the open door, the three women, out on the terrace. Talking intently.

Jerry is still talking on the phone, on his lap a script titled "High-Water Mark." Quietly, turned away from the camera. A bottle of brandy next to him. On a large TV screen next to him is an old black-and-white Pacific War movie.

JERRY

(into phone)

...no. No. Look.

He turns around as Murphy shifts out a full ashtray for an empty one, pours brandy into his snifter, and retires. As Chet and Mike come up the stairs, and into the study. Chet pours them both brandy and they watch a hand-to-hand scene in the old movie.

There is a judo move in the old black-and-white film of G.I.s landing on a beach.

JERRY (cont'd)

...you in the Service...?

MIKE

Yes, I was.

They move toward the ladies, who are sketching, busily, on various pieces of paper, the "batik" book next to them.

ANGLE - ON THE LADIES

Murphy is replacing an empty bottle of wine with a full one.

ANGLE - INS. SONDRAS, drawing on the paper, a pattern.

SONDRA

So, so. If your "repeat" on the fabric, is one foot...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY  
(shakes head)  
...repeat of one foot? Too  
costly...

SONDRA  
...not from my people in Brazil...

They look around to see the men walking toward them.

CAMERA PANS them toward the entrance, where we see Murphy motion to an "outside" servant--a man in a valet costume. The large double doors open to show a vast expanse of walled grounds, and several very expensive cars parked down the way, and one inexpensive car, Mike's.

The women come to the door, a little unsteadily. Discussing the drawings which they are still absorbed in.

LUCY  
(re: Zena's dress)  
You can get this material...

SONDRA  
Absolutely...I can have it to you  
in a week.

Zena and Lucy exchange a look of pleased wonder.

ZENA  
(as she holds out her book  
as a gift to Sondra)  
Tomorrow... I want to see you  
tomorrow...

SONDRA  
(of the book)  
Thank you...

They are at the doorway. Murphy picks up a beautiful hammered copper bowl. We see that it holds various sets of car keys. She hands it over to the valet, who is reaching for it.

Sondra gestures to Mike to tell the story, as she, perhaps, has had too much to drink.

MIKE  
The fighters, before a fight.

SONDRA  
...three marbles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Each fighter, two out of three  
odds, to pick the white marble.  
White marble's a pass.

JERRY

White marble's a pass...and if he  
picks the black marble...?

MIKE

...he gets a handicap...  
(to Zena)  
Thank you so much, for a beautiful  
evening.

JERRY

Show me.

Mike picks up two white and a black stones from a planter,  
and places them in his hand.

We see Chet complete his call, and give the telephone to  
Murphy, and come forward, and look at the demonstration Mike  
is giving.

CAMERA concentrates on this, as the women make their  
farewells.

Chet now walks to the group of the women.

CHET

(whispers to Jerry)  
Sondra. Lucy...

SONDRA

Thank you for having us to your  
lovely home.

JERRY

(to Mike)  
I want you to come down to the set  
in the morning. Can you do  
that...?  
(to Chet)  
He's coming to the set this  
morning...

He puts down the marbles and scribbles on a piece of paper.

ANGLE - ON ZENA, who is scribbling on her own piece of ivory  
notepaper with her name on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHET  
 (to Mike and Sondra)  
 ...what a pleasure meeting you...

ZENA  
 (to Sondra)  
 ...here are all my numbers.

DISSOLVE:

37

EXT. FILM SET - DAY

37

The set is made up of many tents in rows. Several World War Two vintage warplanes, under camouflage netting. A "command" tent, with maps in it, and, behind it, the trucks, the trailers, and the cranes. And crew parking. A large barricade, beyond the set. Some onlookers and news people outside. Many guards. A police cruiser. A barrier lowering as Mike's car drives through.

We see Mike getting out of his car, which now has placed on it a set I.D. plate on its dashboard reading "High-Water-Mark-Crew," and being directed toward the set. Also on the car's dash is a copy of the World War II era jiu-jitsu manual "Kill or be Killed."

CAMERA TAKES him through the extras, getting suited up by the costume folks, and past a group of ten very fit young men, in vintage khakis, sitting around, watching an older man, in modern sweats, demonstrating unarmed combat against a bayonet thrust.

George puts Mike in a headlock.

GEORGE  
Who's the best looking man in  
 martial arts...?

MIKE  
You are.

GEORGE  
What?

MIKE  
You are, George...

George lets Mike go, laughing. As they turn to the various stuntmen who have been enjoying their, obviously, long-running gag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

George throws the sword back to the Asian stuntman.

GEORGE

(to Mike)

...what the fuck are you doing  
here...?

MIKE

Jerry Weiss...

George points at the command tent, where Jerry is standing,  
and they begin to walk toward it.

GEORGE

You comin on the show...?

MIKE

(glancing at Jerry)

No, I think your guy "just got all  
wannabe."

GEORGE

He ask you "were you in the  
military...?"

MIKE

Yeah.

GEORGE

...you tell him what you did?

MIKE

He didn't ask.

George nods, as Jerry comes up to them.

JERRY

He's a little bit late, he's a  
little bit late, whatta we need to  
make you comfortable.

(to an assistant)

Give him a script.

The assistant hands a copy of "HIGH-WATER MARK" to Mike as  
Jerry is called away.

JERRY (cont'd)

(to Mike)

Somebody show our guest to Mr.  
Frank's trailer...anything you want  
while you're there...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike hands "Kill or Be Killed" to Jerry.

JERRY (cont'd)  
What...? Oh - Thank you.

Jerry heads off.

ANGLE - ON MIKE

as he walks through the various sets. He looks on as a drill instructor works with actors representing soldiers.

Mike stops by an old C-120 cargo plane, and sits down to read the script "High-Water Mark." As he does so, he hears a HELICOPTER, stands, and looks up to see the helo, flaring to land. And Chet Frank, in military costume, followed by various assistants, gets out of the helo.

We see Jerry and several of his people come forward, and begin talking to Chet, who makes "I know...I know gestures..."

Chet sees Mike, and comes toward him, breaking out of the group.

ANGLE - ON MIKE

as Chet comes up to him.

CHET  
How the fuck are you...?

MIKE  
I don't want to eat up your time...

CHET  
Na, fuck, they're shooting something else...they always got something else to shoot...

He gestures over to where the director is setting up the shot. They look on as the shot is being set up. Chet looks to Mike.

An old, ex-stuntman sort of fellow brings a glass and a small Dixie cup to Chet. Chet takes the Dixie cup, which, we see holds three aspirin, and downs it.

EX-STUNTMAN  
Your "orange juice," Chet...

Chet downs the aspirin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EX-STUNTMAN (cont'd)  
(of the orange juice)  
You going to want another?

CHET  
Ya fucken rummy...what do I want my  
friend to think...?  
(beat)  
Yeah. Bring me another...  
(to Mike)  
You want anything...?

Chet looks over his domain.

CHET (cont'd)  
Yeah, the other-side-of-the-fence.

He sits in the open fuselage door of the cargo plane. He  
lights a cigarette. Gestures out at the set.

CHET (cont'd)  
I never served.

Mike starts to speak.

CHET (cont'd)  
No, of course, "I didn't miss  
anything"... What would you say...?  
But: how would I know...?  
(pause; of himself)  
Fucken, a guy-who-just-got-lucky...

He drinks from his orange juice.

CHET (cont'd)  
I drink too much. I run around...  
You know how hard it is, for a man  
to "step out"? A famous man?  
...And who can you trust?  
(pause)  
And how much longer can I play  
(of his costume)  
this fucken guy? Finally...  
Finally...  
(pause; reacting to Mike's  
unspoken question)  
What?

Mike shakes his head, meaning "it's not important."

CHET (cont'd)  
...what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

What were you doing in the bar?

CHET

I wanted a drink.

MIKE

Why didn't you have your  
protection...?

Chet reacts to the impertinent unexpectedness of the  
question.

CHET

I-was-looking-for-a-fight...

MIKE

Whyn't cha fight him, then...?

CHET

I was looking for a beating?  
(looks intently at Mike)  
What're you, a psychiatrist...?

MIKE

No, I'm a fighter.

The ex-stuntman comes back with another glass of juice, which  
he swaps out for the empty.

CHET

Thank you, Baby...

EX-STUNTMAN

...anything for you, Chet...?

A group of tweakers comes toward Chet, indicating, it is now  
his time to go to work. Chet stands, sighing. He looks down  
at the side of the cargo plane. There is a big dent aft of  
the fuselage door.

CHET

And, though it's not my "place,"  
can we get somebody to get this  
fixed? The plane's supposed to  
look new...

(he reacts to Mike)

What?

MIKE

It's actually authentic. Jumpers  
exit the aircraft.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (cont'd)

Slipstream blows em back against the plane. Every one of these ever made - after five flights? has got that dent, aft of the door.

CHET

(smiling, to his followers)

...and to reiterate, tell the fucken department "attaboy," for getting the plane right. "Well done..."

(to Mike)

You jumped out of planes...?

MIKE

"Only thing falls from the sky is birdshit and fools."

Chet smiles.

The tweakers beckon Chet to come get made up. He shoos them off.

CHET

...I know...

He starts walking with Mike.

Jerry comes up to Mike, walking away from George.

JERRY

You got a copy of that thing? I want to see that thing - the Marine training - your thing with the three marbles...?

GEORGE

"Kill or Get Killed."

MIKE

Yeah?

GEORGE

Props department asked about it. You got a copy?

MIKE

Sure.

Chet looks on at this interchange.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHET  
 (to script supervisor,  
 gesturing, "Write it  
 down")  
 This fucken dent is authentic.  
 (to Mike)  
 ...that yours? "Only thing falls  
 out of the sky is birdshit and  
 fools..."

MIKE  
 No, it's traditional...

CHET  
 (pause)  
 Are you free tonight? You, me and  
Jerry. I want you to meet me at  
 Gino's, after wrap...

He gestures to an assistant, who starts scribbling an  
 address.

CHET (cont'd)  
 (leans in, to Mike)  
 I want you to be my co-producer.  
 On this film.

The assistant hands the scrap of paper to Chet, who hands it  
 to Mike.

38 INT. STREETFIGHT ACADEMY - DAY

38

The desk in the office. The lights come on, as Mike enters,  
 carrying a movie script titled "High-Water Mark," and begins  
 rummaging through his old battered filing cabinet. On top of  
 which he puts down the movie script. He finds the piece he  
 is looking for--an old, typed sheet, with various diagrams on  
 it. He dials a telephone.

MIKE  
 (into phone)  
 Thiz' Mike Terry? Yeah. George  
 Koriani wanted me to send him...  
 No. I found it. Do you... you  
 want me to fax it to you...?  
 (begins writing down the  
 number)  
 No, no. I'm going to fax it,  
 and... I'm going to fax it, and  
 then, I'll come back out to the  
 set...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns to see Sondra entering hurriedly. She looks up, surprised to see him.

Mike, as he goes to the fax machine, shows Sondra the old sheet of paper.

MIKE (cont'd)  
...they want to "put it in the  
movie."

Sondra goes to her sample books of "Sondra, Batik" and picks them up.

SONDRA  
To put what in the movie...?

Mike picks up the movie script, and shows it to her.

MIKE  
It's the Pacific War. A bunch of  
combat. George is doing the  
stunts.

Sondra applies makeup, in the shower area, at the old steel mirror.

Mike begins to fax the sheet. And we read on it, "Rules for Training. Handicap in Combat: One: right arm disabled; two, left arm disabled; three, sightless, et cetera. And we see the diagrams, of various arms roped down to the body, et cetera.

SONDRA  
George is doing the stunts?

MIKE  
That's right.

SONDRA  
Then what do they want you for...?

MIKE  
(as he turns to her,  
unbelieving)  
They want: they want me to be a  
producer.  
(beat)

SONDRA  
What does that mean?

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

To begin: they want to use my  
training idea...

He picks up the cup with the three marbles.

MIKE (cont'd)

(explaining to Sondra)  
Marines. Training for Okinawa. In  
the film, the "Captain"'s training  
them, by... by my training method.

Sondra's cell phone RINGS. She motions "one moment."

SONDRA

(into phone)

Sondra Terry... Lucy. Yes. Yes.  
I'm coming right down.

She hangs up. She looks at Mike.

MIKE

(beat)

They want me to be a producer. I  
have to go back to the set, and  
tonight, I'm having dinner with...

He stops. He looks at the calendar.

SONDRA

What?

MIKE

...who will take my "beginners"  
class?

Mike consults the "board." Sondra puts down the "Batik"  
books she has been holding.

SONDRA

(as she goes to him, and  
embraces him, as a child)  
Oh, baby...  
(pause)

MIKE

(as he realizes her point,  
very softly)  
...oh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONDRA

Baby. Let the wheel come around.  
Just let it come around.

(pause)

Sometimes...

(pause)

Sometimes... you can just let the  
wheel come around.

MIKE

Yes, you're right. But: I can't  
just cancel the beginners.

(pause)

What message does that send...?

SONDRA

You made Joe a black belt.

MIKE

That's right.

SONDRA

...and so he is "qualified to  
uphold the honor of the  
Academy..."?

MIKE

Yes. That's right.

SONDRA

(kisses him)

Let him teach the class. I've got  
to go.

(kisses him)

Good for you. Good for you.

She picks up her "Batik" books, and turns back showing the  
book's back cover with its lovely black & white photos of  
Zena and Lucy.

SONDRA (cont'd)

(unbelieving; as she shows  
the books)

...they're going to take me in  
their company...

She exits.

Mike looks around. Looks at his "HIGH-WATER MARK" script and  
call sheet. Dials a phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE  
 (into phone)  
 Yes. This is Mike Ttt... Yes.  
 Did the fax. Come through...?  
 Good. I'm coming back out to the  
 set. You're welcome...

He hangs up. Mike looks around.

ANGLE - THE PHOTO OF THE OLD MAN, THE RED BELT, UNDER IT,  
 VARIOUS BOOKS.

Mike leafs through them, and lays them out on the desk. They are training manuals, World War Two vintage, "Kill or Get Killed," "Fight to Win," et cetera, showing line drawings and photos of soldiers and Marines demonstrating various moves against Japanese opponents.

Mike starts out of the office, turns back, and takes, lovingly, another book, showing The Old Man (aged, in this photo, around forty), the red belt, on the cover, and in Portuguese, the title: "THE SPIRIT AND PRACTICE OF JIUJITSU, BY GRANDMASTER CARLOS DASILVA."

39 INT. "STREETFIGHT ACADEMY" - ENTRANCEWAY - LOOKING IN 39

Mike comes out of the back room, carrying the books, and stops.

ANGLE - HIS POV

In the doorway, Laura Black. Standing still. Tentative. Brave. Wearing workout clothes. She holds out the "enrollment" form. Beat.

ANGLE - ON MIKE

As he looks at her for a moment, then puts down the pile of books on a ledge, and nods.

He comes toward her. Takes the form, looks at it. He nods, meaning, "Come on, then..."

40 INT. STREETFIGHT ACADEMY - TIME CUT 40

INSERT - THE SIGNED ENROLLMENT FORM, WEIGHTED DOWN BY THE TIN MESS KIT CUP.

ANGLE - ON THE MAT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike, kneeling, on his legs.

ANGLE - ACROSS FROM HIM

Laura, sitting similarly. Beat. She is looking at Mike, for a clue.

LAURA  
(dismissively)  
...Am I supposed to...  
"meditate"...?

MIKE  
No. Just sit for a moment.  
(pause)  
All right.

He stands. Beat. She does so, too.

MIKE (cont'd)  
Good...

LAURA  
I don't understand.

MIKE  
"The first step is the hardest..."

LAURA  
And what is the first step?

MIKE  
Leave the outside, outside.

Laura shakes her head, not wanting to displease, but obviously about to take her leave.

LAURA  
I, um... I...I've come to the  
wrong place...

She goes to her purse and opens it, takes out a vial and begins to take a pill from it.

MIKE  
You conquer your fear, you conquer  
your opponent.

LAURA  
(as she begins to gather  
up her belongings)  
A man, raped me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA (cont'd)

HELD A KNIFE TO MY THROAT. He held a knife to my throat. A man twice my size... and then: he raped me.

MIKE

A man held a knife to your throat.

LAURA

...yes. I appreciate what you did for me, but...

(trying to let him down easily)

...I don't think. There's anything that I could learn here, that...

MIKE

There is NO situation from which you cannot escape... There is NO situation which you cannot turn to your advantage.

LAURA

...a man was going to cut my throat.

MIKE

Come here.

(smiles)

Watch:

Mike picks up the blue, hard rubber practice knife from the counter. He bends it to show it is rubber. And he walks toward Laura. He puts a hand lightly on her shoulder. She stiffens. He smiles, in reassurance. He turns her, so that he is in back of her. He dips the knife in a can of red substance on the windowsill, then turns the knife to let it dry slightly. He slowly puts her neck in a choke-hold, and then moves the knife, so that it is against her throat.

MIKE (cont'd)

He tried to cut your throat.  
...like this...?

LAURA

(meaning, as you see, the situation is hopeless)

YES. That's right.

She starts to struggle against him.

LAURA (cont'd)

...and what am I supposed to do now...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Don't move away. Don't move away.  
There's a knife there. Take your  
hands. Drag his arm. Toward him.  
That's right. Toward him.

She does so.

MIKE (cont'd)

Good. Move into me. Move to my  
side... Now stab me. Stab me with  
the knife.

A beat. She begins, reluctantly, at first, and then, realizing that she has the advantage, she drags the knife - still in the assailant's hand - onto his own chest, and begins, vehemently, to "stab" her assailant with his own knife.

MIKE (cont'd)

That's right. That's right...  
Let's hear it...

Laura now begins vocalizing, as she stabs, covering Mike with bright red paint from the "stab" wounds. She is now screaming. A beat. Then Mike disengages and moves away from her. He hands her the knife.

She realizes someone is watching, and turns to see Snowflake, at the door, looking on. He nods minutely, meaning "Yes, that's right."

Mike resumes his kneeling posture, and motions her to do likewise, which she does, placing the knife in front of her. She looks at Mike, with a kind of wonder.

He points at the photo of the red belt:

She nods. Looks down at the knife. She looks up at Mike, and then begins to weep. She is ashamed, and tries to turn her head away from Mike and Snowflake. He lets her weep for a moment.

MIKE (cont'd)

(softly)

It's okay. There's nobody here but  
the fighters.

41 INT. STREETFIGHT ACADEMY - SHOWER AREA

41

Lightweight blue jacket amidst the GIs hanging on the wooden pegs. Ancient and washed to thinness, shows, on the back, the logo of "STREETFIGHT" - SPIRIT, BODY, MIND. Sound of a SHOWER.

Mike is getting out of the shower, holding a towel, and drying himself. He picks up a cell phone and dials as he does so.

MIKE  
(into phone)  
Mike Terry. I'm running a little late. Would you tell Mr. Frank I'll be out at the set in less than an hour...

Mike looks up. To see Joe Ryan. In street clothes, in the front door. And Snowflake mopping the mat. Several young students in GIs, warming up.

MIKE (cont'd)  
(checks his watch)  
Thanks for coming in. Evening class: white belts. Hip escape, escape-from-the-mount, pass-the-guard, arm-bar...

Mike is dressed, and picks up the pile of books he is to take to the set.

Joe opens his gymbag and takes out his GI and black belt.

MIKE (cont'd)  
What time you go on-shift?

JOE  
I've been suspended.

Mike looks questioningly at him. As does Snowflake. Joe goes in his gymbag and takes something from it. He holds up the empty wristwatch box.

42 EXT. STREETFIGHT ACADEMY - BACK AREA - DAY

42

The area outside the back door. GIs and workout clothes hanging on the railings of an iron fence. Cheap lawn chairs and table. Mike and Joe. Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then Joe begins to speak, then stops. Then starts reluctantly, as if "there is no other way to say this."

JOE  
(of the empty box)  
The wristwatch...was hot.

MIKE  
The wristwatch.

JOE  
The gold watch the guy gave you,  
you gave me.

MIKE  
It was hot?

JOE  
Two-dollar pistol.  
(pause)

MIKE  
You pawned it.

JOE  
I did. ...the pawnshop called it  
in, and the Captain, the Captain  
wants to know: "What am I doing  
with a hot fifty-thousand dollar  
watch?"

MIKE  
What'd you tell him?

JOE  
I told them, I got to tell im  
tomorrow...and they suspended me.  
(pause)

We hear the sound of a HEAVY BAG. And both turn to  
Snowflake's voice exhorting the students.

SNOWFLAKE  
Come on, come on ...you wanna hit  
him with your purse...? Come on...  
Show me something...

We see, through the pass-through window, a class of white  
belts, men in GIs, one hitting the heavy bag. Several  
grappling.

ANGLE - ON JOE AND MIKE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

You told him where you got the watch.

(pause)

JOE

(pause)

I didn't want to hurt the Academy.

(pause)

How could I say that you gave me a hot watch?

MIKE

Well, no: that's easy: I'll ...lemme clean it up. It's easy...

JOE

It's easy?

MIKE

(smiles)

These guys: I'm sure: Guy gave me the watch? He got stiffed. Easy. I'm sure he'd want to know...

(pats him on the shoulder;  
beat)

You take the class. Sweat it out. Sweat it out... it's okay...

Joe considers, then walks back into the Academy area. Snowflake retires, Joe takes stage.

Beat.

43 EXT. GINO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

43

Posh, but simple Italian restaurant. Very high ticket cars outside. As Jerry gives his Aston Martin to a valet and enters, gesturing "keep it here". The valet gestures "of course" as Jerry palms him a bill.

44 INT. GINO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

44

Mike, in a sport coat, sitting alone at a banquette. Looks up, as Jerry takes his seat.

JERRY

(slipping into the  
banquette)

Sorry I'm late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY (cont'd)

Chet might be shooting 'til dawn.  
He wraps, he'll come down. He  
sends his regrets. Here's what he  
wanted to talk to you about. And  
you should get a lawyer, because he  
wants to make a business  
arrangement with you. He's got  
some big ideas, some of em might  
even be mine... Here's one of em.  
This could be "money"...

A YOUNG WOMAN walks by.

JERRY (cont'd)

Luccha, Luccha...

(to Mike)

What do you want to drink...?

Mike points to the water in front of him.

JERRY (cont'd)

(to Luccha)

...the Pinot...

She moves off.

JERRY (cont'd)

You don't drink...?

MIKE

Used to...

JERRY

You don't anymore...?

MIKE

Jerry: there's a mistake. I need  
you, to help me work it out.

JERRY

Of course.

(pause)

MIKE

It's difficult for me to say it.

JERRY

Best way I know? Spit it out.

The waiter arrives with the wine cooler, and a bottle, and  
begins to display it. Jerry waves him away. The waiter  
retires. Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Chet. Sent me a lavish gift.

Jerry nods.

MIKE (cont'd)

A lavish gift. I was short of  
money...

JERRY

...All right....

MIKE

...and I asked a friend to pawn it.

JERRY

...to pawn it.

MIKE

And, I'm sorry.

JERRY

Chet gave you a wristwatch...

MIKE

Yes.

JERRY

And you pawned it...

(pause)

Hey, look, look, Chet gave it to  
you. It was yours to do with as  
you want...

MIKE

...thank you...

A WELL-FED, bronzed, well-dressed COUPLE comes by the table.

WELL-FED MAN

...hey, Jerry, how you doing...?

JERRY

Hey, Billy, hey, Sue... Good to see  
you.

WELL-FED MAN

You have one minute...?

JERRY

I'll catch up with you...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WELL-FED MAN

I got a thing I think Chet would like.

The couple moves on, taking the table behind them.

JERRY

...I'm coming right over...

Jerry turns back to Mike, still looking for the point of the story.

JERRY (cont'd)

...somebody "pawnd" the watch Chet gave you.

MIKE

And he was told that the watch was stolen.

(pause)

JERRY

Was stolen...?

MIKE

Yes.

JERRY

(shakes his head)

Sonofabitch. Some motherfucker.  
Sold him a hot... They sold Chet a  
hot watch? Goddamn it...

He takes out his cell phone. Luccha comes by, and shakes an admonitory finger at him.

JERRY (cont'd)

Yeah, okay. I'm sorry. I use the phone at the front...?

She nods "Do of course."

JERRY (cont'd)

...I'm gonna clean this up right now...

Jerry gets up, hurriedly, shaking his head. The waiter motion, "Can I open the wine now..." And Jerry nods "yes." Jerry proceeds toward the front of the restaurant. As another waiter brings two mini portions of some appetizer and puts a plate in front of each of their places. Obscuring, for an instant, Mike's view of Jerry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike turns to the waiter to thank him. He looks back. And the area at the podium is empty. Beat.

DISSOLVE:

45 INT. GINO'S RESTAURANT - LATER 45

The table behind Mike and Jerry, where we saw the well-fed couple sit, is now being bussed as the couple gets up and walks by the Well-Fed Man handing back the check to the waiter. A new tablecloth is being put down on the couple's table as Mike sits alone at his table.

ANGLE - AT THE PODIUM

The young woman, Luccha, is seating a couple, in the now fairly deserted restaurant. She looks over at Mike.

46 EXT. GINO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT 46

Beat. Mike gets up. Walks out to the curb. Jerry's car is, of course, gone.

47 EXT. FILM SET - DAWN 47

A truck moving through the barricade, and security men and police cruisers.

Mike's car, behind them. He comes to the barricade. Presents his windshield pass, the set I.D. card, showing "High-Water-Mark-Crew." And points to it.

The guard looks at it, consults his clipboard, and shakes his head at the clipboard.

Mike gets out of the car, and walks toward the guard. We see the guard and Mike talking. The guard nods, and makes a phone call. He talks to the person on the other end. Beat. Hangs up, and then comes back to Mike, and we see that Mike is being told, he is not to be admitted. Mike tries again, the guard shakes his head "no." The police become aware of the goings-on and start toward Mike. Mike now walks back to his car. Beat. As he sits there, another car comes up to the barricade, and is admitted to the set. HOLD ON MIKE.

48 INT. TERRY APARTMENT - DAY 48

Low shadows, the various Sondra Batik fabric books, near the sewing machine. Sondra on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Holding the list on the ivory notepaper marked Zena Frank she was given by Lucy the night previously.

SONDRA  
(into phone)  
But...she gave me this number.  
(pause)  
She... Mrs. Frank gave me this  
nnn... I. I called the other  
number... it is "out of service"...  
(pause)  
It's. Out. Of. Service...

She looks up at Mike, entering the apartment.

SONDRA (cont'd)  
(to Mike)  
Their numbers are all out-of-  
service.

He looks at her, not quite following.

SONDRA (cont'd)  
Zena Frank. Lucy...

Mike picks up the invitation from the party of the night before.

MIKE  
Their home...?

SONDRA  
(pause)  
They've changed the number.

MIKE  
What?

SONDRA  
They've changed. The. NUMBER.

Mike nods, meaning, he understands.

SONDRA (cont'd)  
What? WHAT? THEY'VE CHANGED THE  
NUMBER. I've ordered thirty  
thousand dollars worth of fabric...  
I placed an order to Brazil. For  
thirty thousand dollars of...

She gets an idea. Starts looking through the Yellow Pages.  
Finds the number. Dials.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONDRA (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
Lucy Weiss please.  
(pause)  
"She's. On. Vacation."

She hangs up the phone.

MIKE  
You placed an order to Brazil, for  
thirty thousand dollars...

SONDRA  
Yes.

MIKE  
Why?

SONDRA  
(cutting him off)  
Zena told me it was a "done deal."  
We were going to use my fabric in  
their shop, their dress shop...

MIKE  
How did you get the credit...?

SONDRA  
What?

MIKE  
How did you get thirty thousand  
dollars credit?

SONDRA  
(softly)  
I paid cash...

MIKE  
What?

SONDRA  
I paid cash, are you DEAF, do you  
know what's happening to my life?

MIKE  
Where did you get the cash?

SONDRA  
I, uh...I took out a personal loan.  
(pause)  
For two weeks...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONDRA (cont'd)

I was going to get the fabric.  
 "We"--I was going to be part of  
 their company...

She gestures to the "Batik" book.

MIKE

You took out a thirty thousand  
 dollar loan for two weeks? From  
 whom?  
 (pause)

SONDRA

It was a DONE DEAL...

MIKE

Yes. But now, it's not a Done Deal  
 "now," so...

SONDRA

I wasn't even going to need it for  
 two weeks. They told me, they'd  
 write me a check today for...

MIKE

Who gave you the loan?  
 (pause)  
 Who. Gave. You. The. Loan...?

Pause. She leans in and whispers to him.

MIKE (cont'd)

Are. You. Crazy...?

49

INT. BAR - NIGHT

49

The banquette of a red leather banquette, old style  
 "connected" looking restaurant. Several tough-looking,  
 connected-looking fellows in their sixties. Looking over at  
 the bar.

ANGLE - AT THE BAR

Richie, talking, in low voices, to Mike.

MIKE

...she spent it.

RICHIE

...she spent the thirty grand I  
 gave her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

That's right.

(pause)

RICHIE

She said she wanted the money for  
two weeks.

(pause)

He rubs his face, trying to figure out the problem. He  
sighs.

RICHIE (cont'd)

She spent the... What the fuck'm I  
gonna do...?(he realizes this is not  
the point)What can you give me?

MIKE

I...

(raises his hands meaning,  
I don't get it)

RICHIE

How soon could you get it to me...?

He looks back over his shoulder at the men at the banquette  
and sighs. He turns back. Mike is watching the television  
over the bar.

RICHIE (cont'd)

...oh, shit...

MIKE

Richie, look: If you could carry  
me...

RICHIE

The money ain't mine, Mike. The  
money ain't mine. I gave it out on  
my word - but I owe that money to  
my guys.(gestures over his  
shoulder; beat)What do you got you could turn to  
cash? What do you got that you  
could liquidate?We see the backdrop logo of the DaSilva-Morisaki fight and a  
TALKING HEAD in front of it, it's DYLAN FLYNN the  
Sportschannel-type guy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DYLAN FLYNN (ON TV)  
 ...versus Morisaki. Yesterday, the promoters, the DaSilvas, and Morisaki's company Asian-fight-forms made this, to put it mildly, "interesting" announcement. Here's what he told me today.

The image shifts to Hector DaSilva in his office, standing in front of two posters, one of Joao and one of Morisaki. He is being interviewed by Dylan Flynn.

HECTOR  
 ...to recreate the ancient, Samurai tradition of  
 (in Japanese)  
 "Choice..."

DYLAN FLYNN  
 And that means "choice"...

HECTOR  
 It means "choice". It is an ancient samurai training technique going back...

Hector takes three marbles out of his pocket, two white and one black.

HECTOR (ON TV) (cont'd)  
 Every fighter in the tournament. Each match, each fighter will choose. Should he choose the white marble, he will be given a pass. Should he choose the black, he will be given a handicap. When...

DYLAN FLYNN (ON TV)  
 (interrupting)  
 ...we have heard there is actual bad blood between Morisaki and Joao DaSilva... We hear that Morisaki has been insulted, and...

HECTOR (ON TV)  
 That is correct... It's unfortunate but this competition has turned into a grudge fight...

Richie looks at Mike, who is staring intently at the screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHIE

What do you got that's worth  
money...?

50 INT. MARTY BROWN'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

50

Laura Black, in her lawyer clothes, is holding forth, reading from a yellow note pad.

LAURA BLACK

...under the laws of "intellectual  
property," the copyright, that is  
the possession of

(reads)

"the idea, and all profits derived  
from its exploitation" belong to  
Mr. Terry. The three marbles,  
the...

CAMERA WIDENS to show Marty Brown, Hector, and several lawyer-  
types.

A lawyer next to Marty speaks up.

LAWYER

(reiterating the well-  
known fact)

You. Can't. Copyright.. An.  
Idea.

On the table is a newly revised version of the Pay-per-view  
DaSilva-Morisaki poster.

It now shows "CHOICE." Who will fight with the handicap?  
The white and the black marble? Et cetera. And a small  
vignette of the red belt, The Old Man. Showing "AND, AS A  
SPECIAL ATTRACTION, FROM BRAZIL, THE REDBELT, THE GRANDMASTER  
CARLOS DASILVA, TO PRESENT THE AWARD."

Also on the table, is the paper, open to the sports page, on  
which we see a photo of Morisaki, in street clothes,  
gesturing angrily, and another, of him, holding up the  
"golden belt." The headline reads: "MIXED MARTIAL ARTS  
FIGHT TURNS TO GRUDGE MATCH."

ANGLE - ON MIKE, looking down at the paper.

He looks up as Laura speaks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA

You can't copyright an idea, but you can copyright its particular expression, which my client (refers to Mike Terry, who sits by her side) has done, through use, through exploitation of his system, in order to earn his living...

LAWYER

It's a historical form.

LAURA

Which idea...

LAWYER

...it's a historical form. The Japanese...

LAURA

Well, that's nonsense.

LAWYER

It's a historical...

LAURA

You show it to me, in one historical document, and we'll go home.

LAWYER

And you show me where your client has ever transcribed...

Mike brings out the mimeographed form he was going to take to the set.

LAURA

He has a document, of his training regime... he has used, for years in his Academy.

She produces the document that Mike faxed to Jerry.

LAWYER

So he says. And, I'll "give" you that: who's ever seen this form outside of his "Academy"?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA

We can assume the DaSilvas and your client had access... the presumption of access...

LAWYER

You can assume whatever you want.

LAURA

I believe a court will concur that, the relationship between the parties being so close...

LAWYER

Is that your case? Z'at what you want to roll the dice on...? You sure you want to play in this league?

MARTY BROWN

(cutting it short)

What do they want...?

(pause)

The phone RINGS. Marty Brown picks up the phone.

MARTY BROWN (cont'd)

No. Not...please ask him to wait a...

LAURA

(pause; as she takes out a sheet)

MARTY BROWN

(into phone)

No. He needs to wait a... Tell him to wait outs...

LAURA

However...

(pause)

My client is prepared: to relinquish.

(shakes her head)

Mike nods, "Go on."

LAURA (cont'd)

Today: to relinquish all rights in his creation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWYER

...in return for what?

LAURA

In return for a payment of:  
(gestures to the form)  
Two hundred thousand dollars,  
(pause)  
Payable today.

MARTY BROWN

...that's a lot of money.

LAURA

It's a great idea.

MARTY BROWN

It's a good idea.

LAURA

It's a great idea, or why would you  
be promoting it?

LAWYER

I say it's in the public domain.

LAURA

Well, we could roll the dice, and  
it would benefit you, but your  
client might find it less expensive  
to pay our price.

Marty shows a mock-up of the undercard match-ups to Mike.

MARTY BROWN

Your name could be here.

Marty hands Mike his card.

MARTY BROWN (cont'd)

You want money, fight on the  
undercard - fifty grand. I saw you  
fight. You got a month to train.

LAURA

Thank you. That's very generous.  
Today we need a cash payment of two  
hundred thousand.

MARTY BROWN

I...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door opens, and Jerry Weiss walks in.

JERRY  
(entering)  
...Yeah, it's your new partner...

Beat. As Laura looks at Jerry Weiss. And looks back at the other members of the table, who consider his entrance, obviously, a setback for their side. She looks to Mike for an explanation.

MIKE  
(of the "choice" sheet in  
his hand)  
I gave him a copy of the sheet...  
He asked, and I gave it to him.

Laura smiles.

LAURA  
(to Marty)  
This your new partner? Good.

51 INT. HALLWAY - MARTY BROWN'S OFFICES

51

Various fight promotions--boxing, wrestling, mixed martial arts. The open conference room door in the b.g.

CAMERA PULLS Laura and Mike out, down the hall.

LAURA  
(as they walk; quietly)  
I think you're about to become a  
wealthy man.  
(smiles)  
It's conspiracy. You gave the one  
guy the information, he gave it to  
the other guy, who denied it, as A)  
it's theft, B) it's conspiracy to  
defraud. Cause-and-effect chain,  
method, motive, opportunity...you  
wanna get cute, you allege  
conspiracy, and threaten criminal  
prosecution under RICO. I love it...

They press a button, and wait for an elevator. Another unmarked door opens, and the lawyer emerges, and comes over to them.

LAWYER  
Oh, good. I caught you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laura nods to Mike, meaning, "See how much fun it is to have the upper hand?"

LAURA

Just blew your case in there,  
didn't you...? And, you may be  
party to a conspiracy, and fraud.

The elevator arrives. Laura and Mike are about to get on.

LAWYER

If I could just have one moment...

Laura nods graciously, and lets the elevator go.

LAWYER (cont'd)

We'd like you to go away.

LAURA

I will need some time to formulate  
my new demands.

LAWYER

All right, but I wanted to show you  
something.

LAURA

Please do.

The lawyer takes a photo of spent 9mm shell in a small  
plastic envelope from his pocket and shows it to Laura.

LAWYER

On the night of October 12th,  
(reads from his notes)  
You attempted to kill a police  
officer.

(he produces a shot of Joe  
Ryan in uniform; reads)

Joseph Ryan. Los angeles police.  
Shield 24124. Off-duty. You stole  
his weapon, and fired on him.  
Here's the ejected shell from his  
pistol. It has your fingerprints on  
it.

(pause)

Attempted murder of a police  
officer.

(reading)

Officer Ryan did not file a report.  
He is then also prosecutable...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWYER (cont'd)

and we will see to it that he is prosecuted.

LAURA

Prosecuted for...

LAWYER

He was witness to the attempted murder of a police officer...

LAURA

Oh, please...

LAWYER

Which he suppressed.

LAURA

Why would he do that?

LAWYER

In exchange for a bribe.

LAURA

A bribe...?

LAWYER

...this will, of course, end his career in the police department, and send him, and the person who suborned him, to jail. Along with the assailant...

(he gestures, indicating Laura)

LAURA

A "bribe"...?

LAWYER

He suppressed the report of the shooting. In exchange for a bribe. He was given...

(gestures to Mike)

...a wristwatch worth fifty thousand dollars, in exchange for his silence. Could it be more sordid...? I contacted the officer by the way - and shared with him the alternatives. You withdraw your claim, or we subpoena him and force him to incriminate you. I don't think that's an acceptable alternative.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWYER (cont'd)

You'll all let me know how you  
would like me to proceed.

A cell phone RINGS. Mike answers it.

MIKE

(to phone)

...hello...

The lawyer exits.

52

INT. RYAN HOME - NIGHT

52

Past Snowflake - XCU - GINI RYAN, her face contorted.  
Screaming.

GINI RYAN

YOU MOTHERFUCKING SON OF A BITCH.  
WHAT HAVE I GOT? I've GOT NOTHING.  
I've GOT NOTHING.

(holds up a note, in her  
shaking hand)

HE DIDN'T WANT TO "BRING DISGRACE"  
UPON YOU? "TO BRING DISGRACE..."

As she talks, she walks through her kitchen, and we see,  
beyond, the dead form of Joe Ryan, in his police uniform, a  
pistol lying on the floor. And, in the doorway, Mike Terry,  
and Laura Black.

ANGLE - ON GINI RYAN

As we see, in this new angle, various plainclothes and  
uniformed policemen in the next room, including the officer  
(Sammy), and the Captain from the fight at the bar.

GINI

And his pension. Do you know what  
his pension is? FOR AN OFFICER WHO  
KILLS HIMSELF? Do you know what it  
is? NOTHING.

(to officer)

Tell him... Tell him...

(she reads from the note,  
venomously)

"I didn't want to bring 'disgrace'  
upon the Academy..."

She starts striking Mike about the face and screaming at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINI RYAN  
HE didn't want to bring disgrace on  
you...?

A policewoman separates them.

ANGLE - ON THE DESK

Joe Ryan, dead, slumped back in his chair, and, on the desk, the suicide note, weighed down by the folded black belt.

GINI RYAN (O.S.) (cont'd)  
(in the b.g. in the  
kitchen)  
I HAVE NO HUSBAND. I HAVE CHILDREN  
TO RAISE, AND NOW I DON'T EVEN HAVE  
HIS PENSION. FOR WHAT, FOR WHAT?  
FOR YOUR STUPID "PRINCIPLES"? HOW  
AM I GOING TO SUPPORT MY CHILDREN?  
YOU FOOL. YOU SICK FOOL. HOW ARE  
MY CHILDREN GOING TO EAT?

Mike and Laura are moved out of the way, by a crime scene team, arriving.

Gini goes to a desk drawer in the kitchen and picks up bills.

GINI RYAN (cont'd)  
Who is going to pay these bills?  
Are you? Are you?

She begins striking Mike with the bills and stuffing them in his pockets. A Chaplain arrives with a female police officer. As more bills are stuffed into Mike's hands by Gini...

DISSOLVE TO:

53 INT. STREETFIGHT ACADEMY - DAWN

53

Mike, sitting, alone, on the mat in the darkened academy, sitting back on his haunches. A shaft of light comes over his face. He looks around.

He takes the bills out of his pocket, and looks down at them. He looks down at the mat, where we see the words "Streetfight Jiu-jitsu" thrown by the rising sun, onto the mat. Mike looks through the bills.

At the bottom of the pile - Marty's card. He holds the card up.

54

INT. ARENA - DAY

54

A card table. A box with credentials in it. A hand handing them out. On the table next to the box, a newspaper showing, below the fold "Front Page Story," "New Phenomenon in Martial Arts" "The Reintroduction of the Ancient Japanese Samurai Tradition of 'Choice' Has Caught the Imagination Not Only of the Public, But of the Entertainment World. This Mixture of Contact Sport and 'Reality'..."

ANGLE - ON AN EVENT OFFICIAL - credentials draped over his head, wearing a T-shirt reading "DASILVA-MORISAKI, THE ABILITY TO OVERCOME" and a depiction of the three marbles, and the designation Event Staff.

Crawl up a poster - "Your name could be here..."

He is handing out the laminated cards on chains, to ten fighters, each holding a gym bag.

OFFICIAL

...your dressing area. There will be a walk-through...

He walks and they follow, in the area, under the stands. One of the fighters, receiving the I.D. chain, is Mike Terry. He looks to the side, through to the stadium, where a huge banner is being raised, reading DASILVA-MORISAKI "THE ABILITY TO OVERCOME," and a depiction of the two white and the one black marble, and the large title overlay: "CHANCE."

The group is led by a cordoned off area below the stands. As the group is led beneath the stairs, we see that Mike is followed by Snowflake, who holds his gym bag. They pass by a cordoned-off area. A large sign in front reading "Access Restricted."

Beyond the sign, we see, on either side of the corridor, signs reading "JOAO DASILVA, AND, TAKETA MORISAKI." A group of Japanese are conferring with a person in the "Event Staff" T-shirt outside of the Morisaki dressing room.

55

INT. ARENA - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

55

The guide leads the undercard fighters, all of whom where "Contestant" laminated cards on chains around their necks, into a large side room, with lockers, and a large poster, depicting the draw, who will fight whom, and, at the top, the main event. The official guide talks the fighters through the events as he refers to the card.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICIAL

This is the draw. We want to get the main on, if possible, by eleven p.m. Match-up--

(points to the board as he speaks)

First elimination: Romero. Sanchez up second.

These two men raise their hands.

OFFICIAL (cont'd)

Terry...

Mike raises his hand.

OFFICIAL (cont'd)

Winner goes on to the second round.

Romero...

The Official continues talking the fighters through the match-ups. As Mike takes a locker, and puts in it a toilet kit, a towel.

The Official now leads the group out of this dressing room area.

56

INT. ARENA - THE RING - DAY

56

Ushers and cleaners finishing the "stands" area. Various banners, advertising various products. Photos of Morisaki, and of DaSilva high up in the rafters. The guide leads them onto the mat, and calls their attention to a small, Japanese table, and a sort of shrine, and a Japanese mask hanging on the shrine.

OFFICIAL

As your match is called, you will be walked to the ring.

He gestures back, the way they came.

OFFICIAL (cont'd)

You will take your corner, the referee will call you out, and an official will perform the ceremony...

He stoops and picks up a black lacquered bowl. With two white and one black marble in it. He pours the marbles into

CONTINUED:

OFFICIAL (cont'd)

The Officiant... he will be wearing this mask...

He shows the mask, a formalized depiction of a lion. Out of the corner of his eye, Mike turns to see Morisaki and his entourage entering.

OFFICIAL (cont'd)

Will show the bowl. He will show the bowl and the marbles to the cameras. He will ask you to hold forth your hands. To show them empty, he will then show his hands empty. Raise the bowl, and you will choose.

A fighter starts to speak. During the above Mike is surveying the mat, scuffing it with his feet, checking the ropes.

OFFICIAL (cont'd)

We'll do it alphabetically, the person whose last name comes sooner, goes first. The handicaps will be chosen by the referee...

He holds up a spinner, with an arrow on it.

OFFICIAL (cont'd)

They are:

A57 INT. ARENA - NIGHT

A57

INSERT - A TELEVISION TALKING HEAD, DYLAN FLYNN

doing a sports show, with a colleague. "Morisaki-DaSilva" displayed in back of him, a photo of the two fighters and the logotype "CHANCE."

DYLAN FLYNN (ON TV)

(as he shows a simulacrum of the "choice" mechanism)

...the opponent to: lose the use of his left, or his right arm, a blindfold... that's right.

SECOND TALKING HEAD

...a blindfold...

CONTINUED:

DYLAN FLYNN

...the idea, as originally practiced in Japan, is that: a cut, for example, over the forehead, bleeds profusely and will "blind" the fighter, who must fight on. The betting on this fight, by the way...

57 ANGLE - ON LAURA

57

in the stands, a blue jacket draped over her shoulders. Sondra next to her. The stands are full, and filling further.

Laura looks up, to see a broadcast, on one of the four vast overhead screens.

V.O. as we see Morisaki, working out, doing yoga, training, meditating. Then, being handed a gold belt by a Japanese delegation:

V.O.

Taketa Morisaki: Designated a national hero of Japan.

INSERT OF THE BELT

V.O. (cont'd)

A world champion in judo, muy tai, kickboxing, a fighter, a strategist, a...

On the T.V. we see a montage of Morisaki victories.

Laura, distraught, can't sit still, puts her jacket in her hand, gets up. CAMERA FOLLOWS her out into the corridor, where she lights a cigarette.

She looks back, and we now see the display, on the huge screens, of DaSilva, showing him with his father, at a young age, doing JiuJitsu, in a GI, running down a beach and a similar montage of DaSilva, "submitting" fighters..

V.O. (cont'd)

Joao DaSilva... an idol, in his native Brazil, preeminent champion, and leader of the famous DaSilva dynasty. Four hundred licensed fights, never defeated.

CONTINUED:

An attendant comes up to Laura.

ATTENDANT

...no smoking...

Laura grinds out the cigarette, and presses through the latecomers to a concession, over which we see a television broadcast, showing DaSilva.

FIRST ANNOUNCER (ON TV)

A grappler, a striker, without doubt the greatest fighter of his day: the question remains, "Is his day past?"

SECOND TALKING HEAD

And, of course, with the introduction of  
(in Japanese, and then, in English)  
"the three alternatives," it's all in the air, no one knows how this fight is going to turn out...

Laura has worked her way to the front of the line.

LAURA

Bourbon. A double, please.

George and the stuntman pass by her, buying programs.

FIRST ANNOUNCER

Yes, but I think we'll see something, in the way it unfolds on the undercard... we have... four fights before the main event. The winner of that elimination to claim fifty thousand dollars...And we'll have the chance to see...

SECOND ANNOUNCER

What are the handicaps, Mel?

FIRST ANNOUNCER

The handicaps, which may fall, BY LOT, and the odds are, in any fight, one out of three, that neither fighter will draw a disability... It's ALL new, Dan, it's all new, and, I'll tell you this: early numbers show the TV viewership is...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECOND ANNOUNCER  
...this could be the new thing.

FIRST ANNOUNCER  
Mixed-fighting, call it what-you-  
will, mixed martial arts, or...

58 INT. ARENA - STANDS 58

ANGLE, Richie and a bodyguard arriving and pushing through the crowd.

59 INT. ARENA - CORRIDOR 59

The lights dim in the corridor. On TV we see the talking heads refer to the screen behind them, which now shows the arena, the lights dimming, and some Japanese drummers taking stage, as banners unfurl, showing Japanese characters.

60 INT. ARENA - DRESSING ROOM 60

An official enters the area where the fighters are waiting.

OFFICIAL  
Sanchez, Fox on deck...

The two fighters rise and follow out.

61 INT. ARENA 61

The Japanese drummers, men, bare to the waist, their bodies painted, march in, and line four sides of the arena. The lights change, and another figure, wearing the lion mask we saw, hanging on the shrine, enters. The man in the lion mask walks forward, supporting himself with two small staves.

62 INT. ARENA - STANDS - ON A SMALL TELEVISION 62

We see a Commentator, doing a stand-up, at ringside, and, beyond him, the lion-mask man with the two staves.

COMMENTATOR  
(in Japanese, and then in  
English)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMMENTATOR (cont'd)

...The "Priest" or "overseer" of the event, supported by the two traditional staves, symbolizing "Strength" and "Honor"...

ANGLE - ON GEORGE KORIANI

who is sitting, with the stuntmen from the film set next to him, looking down at the TV, and now up at the ring. Where we see the lion-mask man hand his staves to an underling, and accept, from another, the black enamel bowl.

As he does so, he bows, and the Japanese drummers turn to the shrine and bow. This masked figure now turns back to the drummers and calls in Japanese. And they begin to DRUM.

63 INT. ARENA - STANDS. LAURA. LOOKING ON.

63

We hear the DRUMS come to a crescendo, and a conclusion. Sondra looks up. Richie and his bodyguard take seats. There is a change in the lighting. Two huge flags drop from the rafters, each followed by a vast cheer. First is the flag of Japan, then that of Brazil.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen.

64 INT. DRESSING ROOMS - UNDERCARD FIGHTERS

64

The various fighters are doing assisted sit-ups, practicing moves with their trainers, having their hands taped.

ANGLE - ON MIKE

On the mat, doing yoga stretches. Snowflake watches him, as he, Snowflake, prepares his ringside kid: bandages, gauze, tape, and so on.

Snowflake glances up at a silent television display overhead, showing the two fighters, Sanchez and Fox, having their grappling gloves put on by the ref, and being led forward to the Lionmask man, to choose their lot from the bowl. One of the fighters gets a handicap, and has his arm immobilized. We see, silently, Dylan Flynn, commenting on this event, and the fighters are motioned to fight, the lights change, and they tie up.

Snowflake looks down at Mike, who is finishing his warmup, and beginning to sit back on his haunches.

65 INT. INSERT - TV SCREEN 65

Mike looks up at the television, where we see the two fighters, the one with his arm tied throws the other to the mat, and the fight goes to the ground. Mike looks away.

66 INT. ARENA - IN THE STANDS 66

Richie and his bodyguard, watching the fight and conferring in low voices.

Laura comes to her seat, two rows in front of them. She opens her program, and we see the large pictures of Morisaki and DaSilva, and Laura turns deep into the program to see the fighters on the undercard. We read, Mike Terry, Los Angeles, after a career in the military Mike founded his own academy, "Streetfight," devoted to the instruction of professionals: military, police, security experts, and pro fighters. Mike has long been a fixture on the West Coast Martial Arts scene."

She hears the crowd scream and looks up to see...

67 INT. ARENA - RING 67

One of the fighters has submitted the other. The winner leaps to his feet and is proclaimed by the ref.

68 INT. DRESSING ROOMS - UNDERCARD FIGHTERS 68

An official enters.

OFFICIAL  
(looks at his watch)  
Terry, Romero...

ANGLE - ON SNOWFLAKE

sitting across from Mike, watching him. Snowflake stands, goes to Mike, who remains kneeling.

OFFICIAL (cont'd)  
Romero, you're going out first.

Romero nods. And is led into the corridor by an official. Mike follows him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beyond them, we see the velvet rope "Restricted Access," guarded by several cops, and the signs for DaSilva and Morisaki, flanked by the Brazilian and Japanese flags respectively. In the hall, Marty is conferring with an official.

A69 INT. THE STADIUM - ON THE HUGE SCREEN

A69

We see various celebrities, being introduced, movie stars, smiling at the camera as the light falls on them.

ANNOUNCER

...and a special celebrity, from  
Brazil. The father of Joao  
DaSilva, the Grandmaster, the Red  
Belt, Carlos DaSilva.

69 INT. ARENA - THE STANDS

69

ANGLE - ON GEORGE in the stands looking across the stadium at  
The Old Man.

We see the CAMERA come onto The Old Man, who looks at the  
camera and nods. A small stand, bearing the "Redbelt" is  
put in front of his seat. The introduction of celebrities  
continues. As Laura retakes her seat. As she sits. We see  
she senses something. She turns, and sees Richie several rows  
behind her.

The Announcer is heard introducing:

ANNOUNCER

"One hundred seventy-five pounds,  
from San Diego, California, three  
times West Coast mixed judo  
champion. Twelve-two, and oh.  
Felix Romero...

The crowd cheers. Laura looks down to see Romero and his  
people, coming up the aisle.

70 INT. FIGHTERS DRESSING AREA - NIGHT

70

Various fighters doing sit-ups, practicing moves with their  
trainers and seconds.

Snowflake watching Mike still kneeling.

ANGLE - HIS POV - MIKE TERRY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In a corner of the room. Sitting, his legs bent under him, as Snowflake wraps his hands.

An official enters the room.

OFFICIAL

Terry, let's go...

ANGLE ON MIKE, as he rises.

Snowflake takes up the ring bucket and ring bag. Snowflake hands the fingerless grappling gloves to Mike, who begins putting them on. Snowflake follows Mike out of the door.

71 INT. ARENA - STANDS - NIGHT

71

Laura looks up and sees their image in the TV display above.

ANNOUNCER

...aaand. For Los Angeles, California. A well-known figure to the martial arts world, a champion of close-combat, in his first appearance in competition. At one hundred seventy-nine pounds, Mike. TERRY... Fifty THOUSAND dollars, to the winner, on the undercard elimination. Fifty thousand dollars...

72 INT. ARENA - STANDS - NIGHT

72

ANGLE - ON BILLY, the bartender, in the stands, looking on.

He stands and applauds.

73 INT. ARENA - ON THE FLOOR

73

Mike, proceeding up the aisle - in trunks and spandex top.

74 INT. ARENA - IN THE RING

74

The referee, putting on plastic gloves. He calls the fighters together into the center of the ring and puts grappling gloves on them as their seconds watch. CAMERA FRAMES them tightly. As the referee checks their "grappling" gloves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REFEREE

...it's a new thing, fellas. We'll fight clean. Three five-minute rounds. Knockout or submission. Absent which, you're both eliminated. No: low blows, elbows to the back of the neck, head-butting, gouging.

He looks at one and now the other fighter.

75

INT. ARENA - STANDS

75

ANGLE - LAURA, at her seat, watching the small TV.

IMAGE ON THE SMALL TV: (Note: all this dialogue plays, on various screens, and in the booth "live on Dylan and announcer," over the action of Mike, leaving the dressing room and going to the ring.)

DYLAN FLYNN

It's a terrific idea, Dan: Four bouts, on the undercard, an elimination. One, each fighter on the undercard will have to fight THREE TIMES, to take home that fifty grand. In each fight, he may be saddled with a disability.

SECOND ANNOUNCER

And, he fights the loser of the main event, next month in Vegas... It's smart, it's very smart, it keeps the interest of the viewers, and I believe...

DYLAN FLYNN

Morisaki, he's also pledged that, in the event he is defeated by DaSilva, he will surrender his gold, ornamental belt...

SECOND ANNOUNCER

...a Symbol of his status as a "samurai."

DYLAN FLYNN

Well, I dunno about you, but I love it. I'm telling you, boxing's dead.

(CONTINUED)

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

DYLAN FLYNN(cont'd)

I'm looking at this, as Kelsey's nuts. What we're looking at here is the new thing.

SECOND ANNOUNCER

A mixture of streetfight, and the reality show. I'm with you there, Dylan.

DYLAN FLYNN

You got to look at it...

SECOND ANNOUNCER

...here they come...

INSERT OF MORISAKI AND THE BELT

76 INT. ARENA

76

The fighters are now escorted to the "shrine." The lights change. Romero is indicated by the ref. and the lion mask beckons him forward. We see the ceremony of: the presentation of the three marbles. Romero shows his empty hands, Mike comes forward, and does so, also. Romero picks, and displays a black marble. The crowd yells.

77 INT. ARENA - LARGE SCREEN TV

77

ANGLE ON THE TV which Laura is watching.

DYLAN FLYNN

Well, Romero picked the black, he's got a disability, and, so, there's no reason for Terry to pick.

78 INT. ARENA - THE RING

78

We see that the lion mask has spun the spinner, and displayed it to the television.

On the screen overhead, we see CLOSE-UP ACTION, of the choice, the spinner, and SUPERED, on the screen, a drawn depiction of a fighter having an arm tied down.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Romero has the disability, and he has forfeited the use of his left arm.

79 INT. ARENA - STANDS 79

ANGLE - GEORGE AND THE STUNTMAN

George shrugs, meaning, "It's going to be no contest."

80 INT. ARENA - RING 80

We see an official, roping Romero's arm to his side.

ANGLE - ON Mike, looking at him.

The lights change. Mike and Snowflake exchange a fighter's handclasp. The ref. beckons both fighters to the center. He has them touch gloves. And a bell RINGS for the beginning of the round.

81 INT. ARENA - STANDS 81

TIGHT ON RICHIE, ON HIS CELL PHONE

as he looks on, PAN OFF HIM, ONTO THE FIGHTERS, in the ring, circling.

Mike moves toward Romero, who throws a kick. Mike lifts up the foot of the kicking leg, steps through, and throws Romero to the mat. Romero rolls, but, as he does so, Mike is on top of him, and puts him in a "mounted triangle," and begins choking him out, for one beat, two, and, then, Romero hand taps the mat several times. Quickly, the bell RINGS, and the referee separates the two.

82 INT. ARENA - THE OVERHEAD PROJECTED TV 82

The Announcer shows Mike's hand being held up. Romero comes to his feet. Mike goes to him, and pays his respects. The ref. holds up Mike's hand. And we hear the "announcement" in thirty-two seconds of the first round.

ANNOUNCER

By mounted triangle, in his FIRST  
appearance in competition in thirty-  
eight seconds of the first  
round...: MIKE TERRY!!!

83 INT. ARENA - STANDS

83

Laura, relieved. Behind them we see Richie get a call on his cell phone. Laura looks back at Richie, who nods that he sees her. He hangs up the phone. Richie gestures to his friend for a pad and starts making notes.

The overhead screens start advertising various products.

84 INT. ARENA - RING

84

As Romero starts to leave the ring. Mike starts out of the ring.

REF

...good fight. Good good, Mike...  
Good to see you.

Mike nods. He starts out of the ring. An official comes over the ropes.

OFFICIAL

(to the ref)

Ten minutes before the next match.  
Ten minutes...

In the b.g. we see the lion-mask man being handed his two staves and hobbling out of his ceremonial perch in the little "shrine."

85 INT. ARENA - CORRIDOR

85

Mike, a towel around his shoulders, walking near the velvet rope. Snowflake next to him. Walking near the velvet rope, cordoning off the dressing rooms of the main bout fighters. We see Hector near the "DaSilva" door, beyond the velvet rope, talking to someone. Mike realizes he is walking past Richie.

Dylan Flynn, the commentator, comes out of the control booth, talking to a techie, and lighting a cigarette. He sees Mike and starts to walk toward him.

DYLAN FLYNN

Well, here's another country heard  
from... How come we ain't seen you  
before, lad...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SNOWFLAKE

(pushing Mike past him)  
...don't talk to the fighter...

DYLAN FLYNN

Who reps him, who do I talk to, he  
moves like honey dripping off the  
table...  
(makes a dialing motion)  
I wanna talk to his manager, who do  
I call...?

Dylan gets called back toward the control booth, as Mike, and  
Snowflake continue down the hall. Dylan, exiting, gestures  
"hello" to someone, we see it is Richie, who joins the  
procession of the fighters toward the dressing room.

RICHIE

(to Snowflake)  
You glad you got down...? Ten-to-  
one?

SNOWFLAKE

Ten-to-one... de-fuckin-lighted...

MIKE

How much you put on the fight?

SNOWFLAKE

(shrugs)  
All I got. I would of put more,  
but that's all I got.

RICHIE

Good fight, Mike.

MIKE

...he only had one arm...

RICHIE

(shrugs)  
Even money, next fight. The  
handicap? Could be you... how long  
'til the next bout...?

As they move down the corridor, an event official, with a  
basket full of water bottles, passing them out, hands one to  
Mike. Snowflake bats it out of his hands.

SNOWFLAKE

...get the fuck out of here...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Snowflake takes a waterbottle from his own basket, and hand it to Mike.

86 INT. ARENA - CORRIDOR - TV SCREEN

86

The screen above shows Dylan Flynn, holding forth.

DYLAN FLYNN (ON TV)

...and an honest fight. A response to the American love of "a good, clean fight." The elements of chance, and all the elements of Roman conflict. Look here: out of nowhere, comes a Gladiator...

(the screen behind Dylan shows a photo of Mike)

...this is the fellow to watch. Who is he? This is who he is...

The screen shows a slomo playback of Mike's move in his first fight in the arena.

DYLAN FLYNN (ON TV) (cont'd)

Look at that...

87 INT. ARENA - CORRIDOR

87

Richie comes over to Snowflake and Mike, who are walking down the corridor.

RICHIE

Mike, I got some people, later, who would like to talk to you. About representation.

Snowflake shoos him away.

SNOWFLAKE

Don't talk to the fighter... Nobody talks to the fighter but me...

88 INT. ARENA - CORRIDOR - TV SCREEN

88

On the screen we see the drummers preparing for the new bout, as two new fighters, escorted by the official, come out of the dressing room, and brush past Mike and Snowflake.

89

INT. ARENA - CORRIDOR

89

Richie looks up at the T.V. screen showing, yet again, Mike's submission move in the first fight.

RICHIE

You caught their fancy, baby. When  
you got that, you got everything...

Richie calls over a henchman and gestures. The henchman starts making a call. Marty Brown can be seen in the b.g.

We see the officials moving the fighters toward the ring.

SNOWFLAKE

(to Mike)

...eyes on the prize, baby... eyes  
on the prize... This is your  
roadgame...

Mike nods. We see the official indicate to the Lion-mask Man, who is relaxing backstage, that it is time for the next bout.

The Lion-mask Man walks by. He hands his two staves to a stage manager and is handed a regular cane. Mike does a double-take, and we see that one of the man's arms, the arm farthest from the camera--the arm holding the cane--unseen previously, has on it the tattoo of a large, beautiful yellow parrot.

ANGLE - ON MIKE, stopped, looking at the man.

An official, wearing a headset, comes forward and speaks to the Lion-Mask Man, making a "calm down, take it easy" gesture.

OFFICIAL

Ten minutes...ten minutes 'til the  
next bout. Take a break.

As Richie moves down the hall we see Dylan Flynn on the overhead screen, Morisaki and DaSilva in back of them.

DYLAN FLYNN

...the new thing, the clean  
thing... Time and change happen to  
'em all...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Lion-mask Man sighs, removes the mask, revealing it is, in fact the Japanese-American magician, Jimmy Kanaka, the magician we have seen earlier. Jimmy turns and sees Mike glaring at him. He takes a beat, unconsciously covers the yellow parrot tattoo, and lowers his eyes in guilt. Beat. Mike looks on, digests this, and shakes his head in shame.

90

INT. ARENA - DASILVA DRESSING ROOM SUITE

90

An open door. The velvet rope thrown down, and uniformed security guards, starting into the room, TOWARD CAMERA.

HECTOR

(in the room; to Mike)

It's "rigged"? Of course it's rigged. What the fuck do you think...

CAMERA PANS him around, to an open door, where we see, sitting on a massage table, Joao. Hector moves, to close the door, so as not to disturb Joao, who motions "it's all right." Mike sees Joao and comes toward him, speaking in Portuguese.

MIKE. BEAT.

MIKE

(in Portuguese)

The whole goddam thing's a shuck...? Joao... Joao. ...and you brought The Old Man... From Brazil? To watch this...

On the overhead television we see Dylan Flynn, commenting on the fight taking place in the ring.

HECTOR

(in Portuguese)

Turn that fucking thing off.

An underling goes to the T.V. and turns the sound off.

MIKE

(in Portuguese)

You brought your father up from Brazil to see this fucken desecration...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAO

(in Portuguese)

You want to run your business, I'll run mine. My father is of no concern to you.

MIKE

(in Portuguese)

...his teachings...

JOAO

(in Portuguese)

You know what? Mike. Fuck his teachings.

(now in English)

And why don't you take a deep breath, and speak English. "Like you do..."

Mike comes into this inner sanctum dressing room, and we see Marty Brown in an easy chair there. Mike looks around.

Pause.

JOAO (cont'd)

This is my family business, and it's a business, okay? What the hell did you think it is? There's television out there. It's about to be big business, and, no one has forgotten you. Cool down and sit down.

(pause)

MARTY

None of the fighters know the fight's gaffed. You weren't supposed to know. You weren't supposed to know.

(pause)

RICHIE

Does he hold up?

The door opens, Richie enters. Marty nods "it's alright." Richie closes the door behind him.

MIKE

I. I don't get it.

RICHIE

You always get the white marble.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

(pause)

I get the white marble...?

Snowflake enters.

MIKE (cont'd)

Let him stay.

An underling tries to move Snowflake out.

MIKE (cont'd)

I said: Let him stay.

MARTY

(picks up three marbles)

Here's what you missed: Here's what you invented: The "thing?" It's not a way to insure the fight is "fair." Any two guys, fighting for money, no way that fight will be fair. What you did is: a way to fix the fight without the fighter's knowledge.

RICHIE

You get a pass, Mike. You get a "magically," you get a pass, every fight tonight. You'll win those fights. You're a great fighter, Mike. Even fight? You are odds on to win. Other guys got a demerit? Fighter that you are? You have to win.

(pause)

And you get to take home tonight's money. And settle your various debts.

(pause)

MARTY

Tell him.

RICHIE

And you get to come back next month, and fight Morisaki.

Pause.

MIKE

(to Joao)

You're throwing the fight tonight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HECTOR

Do the math.

MARTY

Morisaki wins. He fights the cinderella man, that's you. Next month. You lose. Next month, Morisaki fights a rematch against Joao. We have that interest, and we have the  
 (points at Mike)  
 The Mystery Man...

MIKE

Why me?Mike looks around to see that Jerry has entered the room.

JERRY

Because you are the story. You're the showbiz, Mike. Up from nowhere. Nothing to recommend him, except this: He is the self-invented man, he's Everyman. You got the looks, you have the skills. The T.V. loves you... You've got the "back story"... I've seen you fight. You've got it, Mike. Go fight your heart out. Tonight. Next month's installment of the drama has yet to be written. This month, against all odds, three times in a row, "The Guy from Nowhere" chooses the white marble. Honor. Skill. Chance...

They turn to the silent TV in the corner.

91 INT. ARENA - RING

91

The second group of fighters, goes through the ceremony of choosing the marble. The TV pans onto the spectators, rapt, waiting to see who will choose what. Then onto the Old Man, sitting in the stands - his "Redbelt" displayed before him.

92 INT. ARENA - DASILVA DRESSING ROOM SUITE

92

ANGLE - ON JERRY

who spreads his hands meaning, "You see...?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - MIKE LOOKS OVER AT JOAO

MIKE

You'd throw a fight. In front of  
your father?

JOAO

My father's an old man. He no  
longer has a family to support.

MIKE

And so you set me up.

JOAO

Nobody set you up. You wandered  
into it and some folks bet on you.

Pause.

RICHIE

(softly)

Lot of people you're indebted to,  
Mike.

(pause)

Lot of people trying to help.

JOAO

"Three marbles in a little bowl."  
What's in that bowl? Needn't  
concern you. You go fight. Go  
fight.

(pause)

It's still a fair fight.

Mike looks at Richie.

RICHIE

(of Snowflake)

Your boy bet on the fight. He  
wins. The public wins. Everybody  
wins.

Beat. Mike thinks.

MIKE

The cop died.

(pause)

MARTY

Everybody dies...

(pause)

You want to help his widow?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He spreads his hands meaning, the thing is obvious. Pause.

MARTY (cont'd)

You want to make right everything  
you fucked up?

(pause)

Or you want to be some fucken  
orphan, looking for some fucking  
"family," some, what? Some "clan"?  
Some "tradition"? Or you want to  
live in the world, and do the  
harder thing.

Pause.

MIKE

(as, there is only one  
last thing to clear up)

Who told you how they broke the  
window?

SNOWFLAKE

...that ain't important.

MARTY

...what?

MIKE

Who told you how the window was  
broke?

He sees Snowflake's eyes dart, unconsciously, to the  
television. Mike's eyes move to the television, where we see  
an image of...

93 INT. ARENA - STANDS

93

Chet and Zena Frank are being escorted to their seats,  
waving. Zena is wearing a knockout Chinese dress made of the  
material she got from Sondra. A woman reporter fingers the  
material and asks Zena a question. Zena brings Sondra from  
behind her and introduces her to the cameras.

94 INT. ARENA - DASILVA DRESSING ROOM SUITE

94

Beat. Mike looks at Snowflake, who hangs his head.

JOAO

Well. Who did you think you  
married? Eh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAO (cont'd)

The Brazilian princess married the soldier. Five years, and the soldier's pumping gas, the smart girl's going to move on.

(beat)

I were you, I'd take the world like I found it. Take the money. Get on with your life.

Mike nods. And starts out of the room.

MIKE

(pause; to Jerry)

What about the stolen watch? My friend. Shot himself. Someone gave him a stolen watch.

(Jerry and Richie exchange a look.)

JOAO

I got a deal on a watch. Fella sold me a watch - how did I know where it came from?

RICHIE

(sadly)

What kind of a stupid motherfucker pawns a watch he got from Chet Frank?

Mike nods, that he understands he is out of his league. He starts out the door and back toward his own dressing room.

REFEREE

Fifteen minute warning - next fight.

95

INT. ARENA - CORRIDOR

95

ANGLE: Outside the undercard fighter's dressing room as Mike enters.

The door is guarded by a police officer. Who turns. We see it is Sammy, whom we met earlier at the police station.

SAMMY

Nice fight, Mike.

Mike nods.

SAMMY (cont'd)

Goddamn shame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike stops. Sammy touches his badge, which we now see, has a black mourning band on it.

SAMMY (cont'd)  
 Goddamn shame about Joey.  
 (shakes his head)  
 Jeez. He would of been proud. To  
 see you here tonight...

Mike looks up. Beyond the velvet rope, he sees Laura, smiling encouragement at him.

On T.V. we see a fight underway.

ANGLE, on Richie.

RICHIE  
 (to Hector)  
 Is he gonna stand up? S'he gonna  
 stand up, or, if he ain't gonna  
 stand up, somebody's gotta do  
 something about it.

And, coming down the passageway from the stadium, one of the television commentators we saw earlier, the commentator lighting a cigarette, and talking to an aide. The Commentator nods at Mike, and passes him. Mike looks after the Commentator.

SAMMY (O.S.)  
 ...he thought the world of you,  
 Mike... he thought the world of  
 you.

Angle, on Mike, standing in the corridor. Beyond him we see the banners and hear the cheering of the crowd, and see, on the vast T.V. in the auditorium, two fighters coming forward to choose their lot fro the Lion-Mask Man. Snowflake stands next to Mike.

SNOWFLAKE  
 (sotto)  
 ...either way, Mike... either  
 way... sometimes you got to do  
 business...

Angle, on Mike, as he looks up at a small screen, panning over Carlos DaSilva, sitting behind his display of the Redbelt. Beat.

MIKE  
 ...pack up. We're going home...

96

INT. ARENA - DRINK COUNTER

96

Laura, at the counter, getting a drink. She looks around and we see, in her P.O.V. Snowflake, and Mike, in street clothes, his gymbag over his shoulder, moving toward the exit. Laura leaves her drink.

Angle, Snowflake and Mike, about to exit the arena, hands back his laminated "competitor" pass to the guard. Laura comes up to them.

LAURA

...what is it...?

SNOWFLAKE

...he hurt his arm...

Laura pushes Snowflake to the side.

LAURA

What is it...? Mike...?

Angle, on Snowflake, as he gives them some room. In the medium distance we see Mike take Laura into a small alcove and begin explaining to her the Facts of Life.

A cope comes over and looks at Snowflake. Snowflake walks away, drawing the cop away from Mike's direction. We see Dylan Flynn come out of his booth, and confer with Marty and Morisaki's guy, in the area under the stairs.

Dylan does a doubletake at Mike, and then continues his talk, as a makeup lady retouches him.

Angle, tight on Mike and Laura. Mike is finishing his explanation. He hangs his head. Beat. He motions to Snowflake, who starts toward him. Mike motions to the guard to push open the door so he can leave.

Mike turns back to apologize to Laura, who slaps him viciously. Staggering him back. Beat.

As Snowflake walks up, Laura steps into Mike and backhands him, again, across the face. As Snowflake starts through the door. Hold on Mike. He sees Dylan Flynn in the background, and walks past Laura, toward Dylan.

MIKE

Hey...!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dylan turns, meaning "I'm talking to these people. I'll be with you in one moment" as Mike approaches him, Dylan heads into the DaSilva dressing room.

97 INT. DASILVA DRESSING ROOM SUITE

97

Hector, looking out at Marty et al, turns at the sound and sees Mike, who has now put down his gymbag, walking toward Dylan Flynn.

HECTOR

...where are you going...?

MIKE

(following the  
commentator)

I'm gonna rip it open.

HECTOR

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa...

MIKE

(calling)

...Mister Flynn... Mister Flynn...

Mike turns to see Hector. And just beyond the ropes, a small figure, in the dark blue jacket, marked "Streetfight: Spirit, Body, Mind, for the Professional."

HECTOR

What the hell do you think you're doing?

MIKE

I'm going to rip the top off this thing...

On the TV Mike looks up and sees an image of Carlos DaSilva, and then of his wife, sitting with Zena and Chet. Behind him, we see Richie in the doorway looking at him. For a moment. He hears the ROAR of the crowd. He starts toward the velvet rope. Very quickly, we see Hector dart back into the DaSilva office, and pick up a phone.

Mike follows the Commentator. Hector motions one of his thugs to intercede and they do so. Mike dispatches them. Flynn is called back inside his control booth.

HECTOR

What the fuck do you think you're doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike turns back. Looks around. He sees a man on T.V., in the ring, talking on a microphone. He proceeds back down the corridor.

98

INT. ARENA - CORRIDOR

98

ANGLE - IN THE CORRIDOR, leading to the fight, we see, the winner of Bout Number Three proclaimed, those two fighters leaving the ring.

We see, on ground level, Jimmy, the magician, being warned by an official to don his lion mask. Mike is hurrying toward the ring. As we see Richie, behind him, talking to an official who is talking into a headset.

And several plain-clothed security types near the ring, listening, start toward Mike, who is moving very quickly toward the ring.

He passes the DaSilva dressing room, and Joao DaSilva comes out and yells at him in Portuguese.

JOAO

(in Portuguese)

Where the hell are you going? My  
sister's not wrong...you're  
wrong...

Joao throws up his hands, and Richie moves past him.

RICHIE

Mike, Mike, for chrissake. Don't  
DO IT...

Mike moves under the velvet rope.

In the b.g. we see Richie giving instructions to men, security officials, in headsets.

Mike moves up toward a press table. We see some security men coming after him. The reporters look around, as Mike picks up a microphone, and speaks into it.

MIKE

Ladies and...

99

INT. ARENA - STANDS

99

George and the other spectators turn their heads looking for the source of the sound. Which is now cut off.

100 INT. ARENA - REPORTERS' TABLE 100

At the reporters' table Mike realizes the mike is dead. He taps the mike, and then starts toward the ring.

RICHIE  
(in the b.g., is yelling  
after him)  
Mike, Mike, DON'T DO IT... It's NOT  
WORTH it...

Marty emerges, and yells to another security type.

MARTY  
STOP HIM!!!

101 INT. ARENA - ON THE FLOOR 101

Mike moves easily through this security man, throwing him to the ground. He sees the way to the ring is blocked by several police, and changes course, doubling back, and looking for another avenue to the ring. He is met by two bruisers, hurrying down the aisle from the ring. And they attempt to subdue him.

ANGLE - FROM THE STANDS

Over the VOM, onlookers, now aware of the fight happening below them, look down, as Mike is grabbed from behind by one of the security men. Mike, held by the first man, kicks the second man away from him, and goes to the ground with the first man. He escapes.

Behind him we see Hector and Joao.

HECTOR  
WHERE THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU'RE  
GOING...?

MIKE  
I'M GOING TO THE RING...

He deals with a security guard, who is advancing toward him, taking out his club.

102 INT. ARENA - STANDS 102

GEORGE fights his way through the crowd, to the rail to watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The spectators, craning to see what is happening. Now, the image is picked up, live, on the chair of one of the spectators who has risen to watch this fight.

We see the live broadcast TV following the action, in a "reality mode," searching for a shot.

ANGLE - At his seat, a spectator, now, looks up, to see the fight, similarly rough, being televised on the huge stadium screens. This spectator turns, to try to make out the actual fight, across the arena, and we see, in the f.g., as he turns, Carlos DaSilva watching the fight.

103 INT. ARENA - ON THE FLOOR

103

Marty comes up to several officers, yelling at them to intercede in the fight.

The first officer he has come up to is Sammy, who crosses his arms, declining to intercede, as do his fellow officers.

In the b.g. Snowflake comes to Mike's aide, attaching one of the security officers who is lunging toward Mike. Snowflake fights this man, and then, is sapped, from behind, by another security man.

ANGLE - DOWN ON THE FLOOR

This security man comes up, behind Mike. Mike turns, but this security man clubs him, and Mike has now lost the use of one arm. He moves past the policeman blocking him, and toward the stage. Before him, there is the press table, and the press moves out of the way, several turning taking flash pictures of him.

There is shouting behind him, and we see Joao DaSilva come up behind Mike. Joao quiets the policemen, and advances toward Mike, shouting his name.

Mike shakes his head, and starts toward the ring, some fifteen feet away.

Joao puts an arm on Mike to turn him.

JOAO

Mike: Don't DO it...are you  
insane...? What the fuck do you  
think you're doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike takes the arm and turns into Joao. Joao throws him back into the VOM, the corridor from the under-stadium to the arena. This area clears itself of spectators trying to get out of the way, as Mike fights Joao. Joao goes to Mike's back, and puts him in a choke-hold. HOLD, as Mike is being choked.

104 INT. ARENA - CONTROL BOOTH

104

Dylan Flynn watching the fight on the T.V.

DYLAN FLYNN

Get it on the air. Get it on the air.

105 INT. ARENA - LARGE SCREEN TV

105

Mike looks up at a screen, on which we see The Old Man, looking on. Beat.

106 INT. ARENA - CORRIDOR

106

Joao reverses him and begins to choke him out. Mike breaks free and rises. Joao strikes him and puts him in a reverse choke.

Mike uses the wall to go up over Joao's head, executing a complete flip, to come down behind Joao and chokes him out.

Angle, cameramen hurrying into the corridor to film this fight.

Joao sweeps Mike to the floor, and, from the floor, Mike countersweeps Joao down, and goes to a mount position (sitting on Joao's chest) and begins to choke him with his one arm and hand. Joao struggles, and succeeds in escaping from the mount, throwing Mike off of him. And moving into him, kicking and punching.

Mike defends himself from the blows, then counters, moving to the side, and, thus, moving Joao into the wall. Mike uses his own short GI, and wraps it around Joao's neck from behind, executing a one-armed choke. Joao struggles and batters him to the wall.

107 INT. ARENA - STANDS 107

Chet and Zena and Sondra, watching this fight on the huge T.V. screen, as Mike and Joao face off for the final confrontation.

108 INT. ARENA - CORRIDOR 108

Joao comes forward and kicks at Mike. Mike goes to one knee and Joao kicks again. Mike brings him to the floor and Joao escapes, rises, as does Mike, who is punched viciously in the face, but moves forward, grapples Joao and chokes him out.

Beat.

Mike looks around. The stadium is silent. Mike walks toward the arena. The photographers take his picture. And we see the video image on the huge screens over him.

Mike looks around.

109 INT. ARENA - STANDS 109

GEORGE, looking down, stunned at the fight he has just witnessed.

110 INT. ARENA - ELSEWHERE IN THE STANDS 110

ANGLE - ON BILLY, looking at the screen, shaking his head in disbelief.

111 INT. ARENA - ON THE FLOOR 111

ANGLE - ON JAPANESE MAGICIAN looking on.

112 INT. ARENA - LARGE SCREEN TV 112

On the screen, overhead, we see Mike, turning, to survey the crowd.

113 INT. ARENA - ON THE FLOOR 113

Mike, still turning, shakes his head to clear it, and advances, toward the ring. He looks back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angle, on Laura, who runs up to him. As he slides down the wall. He rises up with her help and she kisses him and soothes him. He puts her aside as he continues toward the ring.

Behind him, some ten feet away, is Morisaki, who passes Snowflake, who is being attended to by a cop. Mike nods to Snowflake. Morisaki comes forward and bows his respect, and obeisance to Mike, indicating, "May I proceed...?"

Mike, groggy, nods that he may. And Morisaki advances. Stops some three feet from Mike. Bows deeply, rises, and presents to Mike the gold ornamental belt we have seen earlier. He says something in Japanese. Beat. Mike takes the belt, and bows in return.

Morisaki retires from the ring.

Mike turns back toward the center of the ring. He climbs, wearily, into the ring, before the hushed stadium. He hangs the gold belt on the ropes. Picks up a microphone from a ringside table, taps it. It is dead. He nods, and starts toward the center of the ring. He motions for a microphone to be lowered. The microphone descends.

He stops, and half turns. There, just inside the ring, is The Old Man, Carlos DaSilva.

Mike comes forward toward The Old Man. He stops some feet away. The Old Man comes forward. He, then, reaches into his jacket, and takes out the folded red belt, and hands it toward Mike. Mike indicates that he cannot accept it, as the screens overhead televise the scene.

The Old Man offers the belt again. And Mike accepts it and bows to The Old Man. He straightens, and we see Laura in the background. As The Old Man embraces him.

FADE OUT.

REDBELT

A SCREENPLAY BY

DAVID MAMET

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(CONTINUED)