

REDBELT

A screenplay by
David Mamet

FADE IN:

INT. "STREETFIGHT" ACADEMY - DAY

Interior of a shabby, small, one-room fighters' gym. A scarred windowsill, on it an old tin mess kit cup. 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 or firemen, fighters. Terry 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 Ryan half turns. He turns back. Terry holds up the cup, shows the three marbles, puts them back in the cup, holds the cup over his head. Ryan reaches in, and comes out with a white marble. Terry 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 Ryan is taking a set of handcuffs out of the holder on the offside of his shoulder holster, and begins to handcuff Terry. Behind his back.

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

Terry advances on him, as Ryan scrambles to get to his pistol.

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.

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

MIKE (cont'd)
Good...

Ryan comes to his feet. Terry is still on the mat, next to
 the pistol. Terry scissors Ryan 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 flyers, on which we
 read "STEETFIGHT JIUJITSU PROFESSIONALS ONLY: FRIDAY,
 NOVEMBER 9TH, 9:00 P.M. NO HOLDS BARRED. ELIMINATION."

She gathers the few flyers 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 Ryan unlocks his handcuffs.

MIKE (cont'd)
 ...thank you... fighting for the
 gun...

Terry kneels to pick up the pistol, which, we see, is a blue,
 hard rubber training gun. As he rises, he nods to Sondra,
 who nods back.

MIKE (cont'd)
 I din't have no hands... how was I
 going to shoot you? How many hands
 did he have? NOT two, ONE.

MIKE(cont'd)

One hand was wasted trien 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.

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.

MIKE (cont'd)

That's the only point. Administer the fight. Who imposes the terms of the battle, imposes the terms of the peace. Insist. Insist. And put that motherfucker down. This motherfucker...? Grabs for your gun...?

He pulls up one of the students, sticks the blue rubber gun in the student's belt, and grabs for it. The student responds with a head butt, which Mike deflects.

MIKE (cont'd)

(congratulating the student)

Head-butt him. Elbow-in-the-face, knee him, because, look here: let him be fixated on the gun. You're there to kill him. All right. Sit down.

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

MIKE (cont'd)

We got time for one more...? Sure we do...

Terry points at two of the other students. Two fellows come forward.

MIKE (cont'd)
 (as he stops himself and
 addresses Ryan, now
 against the wall with the
 other onlookers)
 The pistol in't the weapon, you're
 the weapon.

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.

ANGLE - BACK IN THE OFFICE AREA

Sondra Terry 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

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."

And she opens the packages she has brought with her. One package contains several martial arts belts--blue, purple, brown and one black. She lays them on the desk. She takes out the invoice from the package, sighs, and takes a checkbook from the desk. Frowns at it, and picks up the telephone and dials.

From her side of the small pass-through window we see the two students on the mat, one of whom hands Mike the tin cup.

ANGLE - INS. THE CUP, the two white and the one black marble rattling around in it.

ANGLE - INS. THE OFFICE

Sondra, holding the telephone. And the invoice. As she punches up the computer, we see "BANK BALANCE" appear and a spreadsheet.

SONDRA TERRY
 (into phone; speaking with
 a slight Brazilian
 accent)
 Hello, this is Sondra Terry. With
 STREETFIGHT. STREETFIGHT JIUJITSU.
 I have your invoice number 20903.
 Your order...your order is short,
 I'm reading the invoice, and...
 it's short...the second part of the
 order...

She re-counts the belts in the box.

SONDRA
 Look: we are staging a tournam...
 we are staging a tournament...
 (checks the invoice)
 and... And I haven't received the
shirts... No, no, that check went
through... That, excuse me, I'm
sure the check cleared.

We see her scrolling through the bank balance on her computer, as she shakes her head.

ANGLE - IN THE ACADEMY MAT AREA

We see two of the students, one with his arm roped to his side, on the mat, circling for position.

One advances toward the handicapped other, who retreats. And Mike addresses the man with the arm roped down.

MIKE
 The fight's up here... The fight's
 up here... what do you get by
 backing up? Move to the side...

He directs this fighter, as the fight continues, moving him physically.

MIKE (cont'd)
That's good...that's good...

A heavy gust of rain hits the window.

INT. AUTOMOBILE - DAY

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.

ANGLE - HER POV - THE RAIN-SWEPT STREET

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

ANGLE - ON LAURA

as she looks down, into her purse, roots around, and her hand finds a crumbled pack of cigarettes.

We hear a CAR HORN, nearby, and sustained.

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

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.

ANGLE - ON LAURA

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 reading the crude, hand-lettered sign, taped to the inside of the pharmacy window, "CLOSE EARLY TODAY, REOPEN THURS." 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.

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.

INT. STREETFIGHT ACADEMY - DAY

By the pass-through window. Mike talking to Sondra, who is still at the computer, and speaking in an undertone.

SONDRA

...I can't run my business, and run yours too...

From the door, Snowflake is addressing the departing students, signaling them to wait...

SNOWFLAKE

...Mike...?

Mike takes a few of the rain-spattered flyers from the pass-through area, and hands them to Snowflake, who takes them to the departing students.

SNOWFLAKE (cont'd)

(passing flyers out)

You gonna be there? You gonna be there? Everybody's gonna be there...

He takes the students' attention to Joe Ryan, who sits on a bench, changing into his street shoes, his gym bag next to him. We see the gym bag open, as Ryan takes out his shoes. In it an old white martial arts gi, and a brown belt.

The bag also holds a pistol rug, which Ryan opens with a key, revealing his service pistol and a police badge, which he slips into his pockets.

SNOWFLAKE (cont'd)
 (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...

SNOWFLAKE
 (exiting)
 He gets the black belt he can walk
 me to the car... Then I would 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 RYAN
 Yeah, I'm thinking about it.

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

Ryan 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 Ryan 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)
 ...nothing but a handle. Behind-
 the-hip, only place.

She looks around. Unsure.

LAURA
 I. Uh...

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.

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 Ryan; 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."

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

RYAN
(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 Ryan's voice in the b.g.

RYAN
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 Ryan, 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.

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

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

RYAN
(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.

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 stand. She looks at Ryan 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

Ryan turns to Snowflake.

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

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

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

RYAN
 Yes.

ANGLE - ON SNOWFLAKE

as he looks at the ejected shell on the mat.

Ryan follows his gaze. Picks up the shell, and puts it on the countersill. 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 RYAN.

MIKE
 Yeah, thank you, Snow...

Snowflake exits. Mike looks around.

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

MIKE
 ...you're sure...?

Ryan looks around, at the Academy.

RYAN
 Yeah. I'm sure...

HOLD ON RYAN, as he looks down at the brass shell casing.

ANGLE - THE BACK ROOM OFFICE

Sondra and Laura turn, as Mike enters.

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

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, Ryan, leaving, holding the gym bag.

ANGLE - EXT. THE STREETFIGHT ACADEMY

Ryan, 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.

Ryan 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.

ANGLE - THE DRIVER

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 (cont'd)

I thought you were going to the mountains...

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...

Mike steps back, and the station wagon drives away.

INT. STREETFIGHT ACADEMY OFFICE - NIGHT

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.

MIKE
Yes. I suppose he did.

SONDRA
That was generous of him.

MIKE
He didn't want to bring disaster on the Academy...

SONDRA
Yes, of course, no...he "didn't want to bring disaster 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.

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...? AND you have this...

She holds up the flimsy, wet "Professionals Only" leaflet.

SONDRA (cont'd)
 ...this "demonstration?" that you
 want to run...?

MIKE
 It'll bring in some money...

Sondra nods.

SONDRA
 (into phone; to Mike, in a
 tone indicating that he
 may have a legitimate
 objection, but it is now
 time to follow her
 instructions)
 We need: to replace the
window...your check bounced...

MIKE
 My check?

SONDRA
 To the martial-arts supply...
 (gestures at the computer)
 We're short, we have your
 "tournament"... You have no cash...
 and I need you
 (holds up the
 Professionals Only fight
 brochure)
 To...
 (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.

INT. SAO PAOLO CLUB - OFFICE SUITE - NIGHT

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

A very striking, dark, movie star handsome man, standing over a man he has obviously just defeated, in a ring, cheering multitudes in the background.

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.

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...

MARTY (cont'd)

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

Look here, look here: here's the thing: where is the money...?

HECTOR

Morisaki gonna do it...?

MARTY

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

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: 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...?

A very pretty young BRAZILIAN GIRL comes in, and puts down a small tray of small demitasse cups on the desk.

HECTOR

(in Portuguese)
Where's Joao...?

BRAZILIAN GIRL

(in Portuguese)
I don't know. Training...?

HECTOR

(in Portuguese)
Yeah, sure, he's training. When
did he go out?

HECTOR(cont'd)

(she shrugs)

Find him...

Marty Brown goes over to the coffee, which brings him to a wall of various posters showing Joao DaSilva, in various triumphs, in Brazil, in Europe, et cetera...

MARTY

(picks up a coffee cup; to the girl)

Thank you.

(she nods; to Hector)

The money:

(pause)

The money's all in the rematch. A, fight, b, rematch, god-forbid, they split win-lose, third fight, you got a three-fight set, you sell the DVD.

HECTOR

I...

MARTY

Yes, yes, yes, "we got a deal." The TV people...? All right? Pay-per-view...? It's weak.

HECTOR

It's the biggest thing in Brazil.

MARTY

Well. Read the fuckin street signs, cause we're not in Brazil now...

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. 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

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)
Here is the thing, Joao.

HECTOR
Joao is a fucking world legend,
this is his first fight in twelve
YYY...

MARTY
There is the fucken problem. He
has not fought in twelve years.
The demographics are skewed.
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? Now:
(as he looks down at the
photo of The Old Man)
And...okay...okay...here's the
idea... Okay. Joao: Brings The Old
Man up from Brazil. "He fights for
the honor of his father." His
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 you still
get a grudge match. See if we
can't get some velocity. Eh?
Velocity. Or else it's just two
monkeys in the ring...

INT. BAR AREA - THE SAO PAULO CLUB - NIGHT

Dance floor, LOUD MUSIC, lights, writhing couples.

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...

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.

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

MIKE
 Yeah.

BILLY
 He quit...

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

...because they weenn't paying him.

(pause)

They never paid him...

MIKE

...they never paid him...?

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

INT. SAO PAOLO CLUB - OFFICE SUITE - NIGHT

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. 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.

MARTY

You want to come up, with the extra promo-money...?

HECTOR

YOU SHOW ME WHERE THAT IS IN MY CONTRACT...?

MARTY

I'm saying fuck the contract, let's talk about the business and the business is: Pay-per-view has deemed, you-and-me, that it's a loser, they will show it, BUT THEY WON'T PROMOTE IT. So: Morisaki comes to your office, woofing Joao, a grudge fight, a fist fight, get it in the news...

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 (cont'd)

We have The Old Man come up from Brazil... Before the fight, he...

HECTOR

What is that "passing the mantle on"? That's old...

MARTY

(shutting him up)

He's not passing the fuckin mantle on. He, play with me, will you?

MARTY(cont'd)

Because the fucking show is dying.
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

Joao will never...

MARTY

Morisaki's a businessman. Are you?

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

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...

MARTY

I know. Mike Terry.

MIKE

(extends his hand)

Mike Terry.

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

Now, how come you don't compete...?

HECTOR

He can't stand the sight of money.

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...?

MARTY

Yeah, no. Please...

HECTOR

I'm in the middle of a business meeting, Mike...

MIKE

Three minutes...

INT. SMALL "STUDY" OFF THE OFFICE

In effect, a male boudoir. The door opens. We see the Morisaki fight in SLO MOTION in the b.g. on the big screen in the next room, as Mike and Hector enter.

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

Hey, yeah, you're short some money, fight on the undercard. I'll put you on the undercard...fifty grand, you got a good chance to take home the money...

MIKE
Yeah, thank you.

HECTOR
"No"?

MIKE
No. But I appreciate the offer.

HECTOR
All right. You said "money."

MIKE
Yes.

HECTOR
I'm listening.

MIKE
(beat)
Joe Ryan.
(pause)
The cop.
(pause)

HECTOR
"Joe-Ryan-the-cop."

MIKE
The 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
(pause)
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...?
 (pause)
Alone? Alone. Without his guy.
 Without his wife...

He goes to a small curtained window, and 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 out at the scene at the bar. People clustering around CHET FRANK.

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

HECTOR

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

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)

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

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"?

INT. SAO PAOLO CLUB - BARSIDE - NIGHT

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

...I'll be glad to buy that girl a drink...

BAR PATRON

How you doing these days, Chet...?

CHET

(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...

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

CHET
 (as he drinks his drink)
 "Huh," indeed...
 (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
 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
 I said, "I admire your taste"...

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

CHET
...All right...

GUAYABERA SHIRT MAN
What does it mean?

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

GUAYABERA SHIRT MAN
...and what the fuck is that to
me...?

ANGLE - THE OFFICE SUITE

Mike is coming out of the office, where we see Marty and
Hector still talking in the b.g. He begins descending the
stairs and hears a gasp. He looks down.

ANGLE - HIS POV

The cluster at the bar. A fight, breaking out, patrons being
drawn to the fight area. A woman screams.

ANGLE - AT THE BAR

Billy, the bartender, dialing the phone.

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

GUAYABERA SHIRT MAN (cont'd)
...fuckin tough guy...

FRANK
Hey, look:

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

He pushes him again.

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)

FRANK
 Look, fella...

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

FRANK
 All right? Look?

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

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...

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...

Frank throws a punch at the man. The man hits Frank in the stomach, Frank 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.

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.

ANGLE - IN THE SMALL OFFICE "BOUDOIR" ROOM

Marty Brown reacts to the sight of the knife, as he looks out of the window at the fight below.

Hector is on the phone.

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

MARTY
(involuntarily)
Oh, Jesus...

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

ANGLE - ON THE FLOOR

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.

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

ANGLE - SMALL STORAGE ROOM BEHIND THE BAR

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 Frank on a crate. The bartender begins caring for Chet Frank. Mike looks at his slight cut in an old steel mirror. 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 Frank.

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

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

BILLY (cont'd)
...ambulance...?

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

Frank turns to regard Mike.

MIKE (cont'd)
 (to bartender)
 ...he's all right...

MIKE (cont'd)
 ...you come lookin for trouble,
 pal...?

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, in the red GI, 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...

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

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

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. 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...

The Detective nods. Mike exits.

ANGLE - TIGHT ON CHET FRANK

as he looks up, at the departing man who has just saved him.

ANGLE - ON BARTENDER

as he deals with Frank. Frank 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.

ANGLE - IN THE ALLEYWAY

In the deep b.g., two police cruisers, lights flashing. Mike walks up the alley. We see two TV news trucks and paparazzi. A car with a photographer pulls up. This photographer glances at Mike, dismisses him, and turns his attention back to the front of the Sao Paolo Club.

DISSOLVE:

INT. TERRY HOME - DAWN

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. Various sample books of fabrics showing, on their covers, "SONDRA." A sewing machine, and various swatches of fabric on the table.

SOUND of an argument. CAMERA FOLLOWS the sound into the next room.

SONDRA
(in pajamas; dressing, as
she talks)
...you didn't get the loan...

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

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.

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. She looks down at the flyer.

SONDRA (cont'd)
I have to cancel your evening...

MIKE
My evening...?

SONDRA
(holds up flyer)
Yeah. Your "professionals only -
closed to the public."

MIKE
Why?

SONDRA
Why? Because they've gotten the
posters wrong, they have: canceled
our credit at the printers, so we
have no shirts to sell, and... we
have to replace the window...

MIKE
The insurance will replace the
window.

SONDRA
...I beg your pardon?

MIKE
The insurance will replace it.

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

SONDRA
You tell me: how the insurance will
replace it...?

He starts to speak.

SONDRA (cont'd)
You want to turn your friend in?
Your precious friend? The
officer...?

MIKE
I...

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

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...

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

Attempted murder? Of a police officer. 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.

SONDRA

He gave her a "pass"...because he thought that it was what you "wanted."

MIKE

...I thought it was an extraordinary thing.

He "gave her a pass..." So as not to bring "discredit" on his "teacher."

MIKE (cont'd)

I...

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.

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 house...?

The phone RINGS. She goes to the phone.

SONDRA (cont'd)

(into phone)

Hello...

(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 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 something on the phone.

SONDRA (cont'd)
 (into phone; in English)
 Nikki, I'll see you in ten
 minutes...

She starts out the door. 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...?

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...

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.

INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE STATION - DAY

DESK SERGEANT looks up, smiles.

ANGLE - HIS POV

Mike Terry, coming into the station. One of the cops, going out the front door, stops to greet him, and claps him on the shoulder. Several other cops greet Mike, who looks at the Desk Sergeant.

DESK COP
...you cut yourself shaving?

MIKE
Yeah. I shave so seldom...

Desk Cop smiles.

MIKE (cont'd)
Joey...?

The Desk Sergeant points down.

INT. POLICE STATION GYM - DAY

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. ANGLE - HIS 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 greets him.

COP
Hey, Mike...

MIKE
Joey...?

COP
(holding the flashlight)
Mike. Mike...
(re: his partner)
Tell him...tell him. "Best weapon
in the word's a flashlight..."

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

MIKE
...that's right...

COP
Tell 'im why?

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

The cop laughs, with his partner, sharing the joke.

MIKE (cont'd)
...Joey...?

The cop points.

INT. DRESSING AREA

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...

A cop, 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 Cusinart...

MIKE

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

SAMMY

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

This officer, 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 - in it we see the gym bag holding the gi and the brown belt. Mike stops him.

MIKE
How long we been together...?

JOE
...I've been studying with you...?
(Mike nods)
Fourteen years.

MIKE
Yeah, well, I guess I've been forgetful.

Mike reaches into Joe's gym bag and takes out the brown belt, then reaches into his own jacket and takes out a new, folded black belt, and hands it to Joe. Joe, unconsciously, begins to back away.

JOE
...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.

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
window blew 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, gold man's wristwatch.

MIKE
 Apparently it's a "wristwatch."

JOE
 Yours? Whose is it?

MIKE
 It's yours. I set you up with a
job... with my people, who,
 apparently stuffed 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...

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.

EXT. "STREETFIGHT" ACADEMY - DAY

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.

MIKE

(to Snowflake)

Who...who ordered this, who's
paying for this?

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

INT. COFFEEHOUSE - ACROSS THE STREET

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.

LAURA

(beat)

I am. Heartily. Ashamed of what I did. I'm 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 Officer. 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, comes over to Mike.

LARGE MAN (RICHIE)

Hey, Baby. Who do you like in the Morisaki fight...?

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
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.

LAURA

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

MIKE

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

HOLD.

INT. ACADEMY - DAY

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 train the police.
(pause)
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...?

MIKE

...they're just symbolic...

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

MIKE (cont'd)

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

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?

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 studies.

Beat.

INT. CHET FRANK'S HOUSE - MALIBU - NIGHT

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, similarly slinky, addresses her.

ZENA

And: excuse me for saying it, but where did you get that dress?

SONDRA

...I made it...

ZENA

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

General laughter. PULL BACK to show 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.

Chet, Mike and one other couple are taking seats- Chet with a drink in his hand - as the wait staff begins serving them.

ZENA (cont'd)

...and where did you get the fabric?

MIKE

She made that, too...

ZENA

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

SONDRA

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

MIKE

...she has a company...

ZENA

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

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 to a coffee table, on which is a very large coffee table book, titled "COTTON AND WAX: THE STORY OF BATIK. BY ZENA FRANK."

The underling brings the book toward the table. Murphy directs the underling to bring it and put it in front of Sondra. Murphy then nods to Chet, who is finishing his drink. Sondra takes the book, and leafs through the beautiful, highly colored pages.

SONDRA

(...of the book)

This is beautiful...

The third couple at the table is JERRY ROY, and his wife LUCY, two well-cared-for people in their late forties or early fifties.

LUCY

(of the book)

...we have a company...

CHET

She got her degree in it...

Mike turns, not quite understanding. The underling brings Chet a new drink and takes away the old glass.

CHET (cont'd)

(to Mike)

In textiles...

LUCY

(to Mike)

Jerry tells me you saved Chet's
life...

JERRY

That's exactly what he did...

ZENA

(of Sondra's dress; almost
to herself; as she feels
it)

...I love this fabric...

SONDRA
 (of the fabric)
 ...I have some people, my family's
 people, in Brazil...

JERRY
 (bringing the conversation
 around)
Okay: what is "JiuJitsu," in the
 Service we did, what is, what is
 it, "unarmed combat."

LUCY
 Do you compete in these...

JERRY
 Mixed martial arts...

LUCY
 These...thank you, Jerry...

SONDRA
 Mike doesn't compete.

JERRY
 It's going to replace boxing.

CHET
 What is?

JERRY
 Mixed martial arts--it's going to
 replace boxing.

CHET
 D'you think so?

JERRY
 Sure. As soon as they figure
 out...
 (to Mike)
 It, as always, it's The Formula.
 The Formula. JiuJitsu. That, in
 the main, correct me: it's
 "wrestling"?

MIKE
 In the main, it's wrestling.

JERRY
 It's "grappling."

MIKE
That's right.

JERRY
(having analyzed the
problem)
Well. There you go. You see?
Guys, y'ever see a streetfight...

LUCY
...have you seen a streetfight,
Jerry...?

ZENA
His life is a streetfight...

JERRY
...thank you, the people are too
close. Boxing? Visually: they
come together they break apart. It
tells a story...Screen wisdom...

He looks down at his glass, finds it empty, and looks around
and calls:

JERRY (cont'd)
"Murphy...?"

As he calls, Murphy is at his elbow, with a replacement of
his drink, on a small serving tray. Jerry gestures to Chet
meaning, "Do you know what a gem you have...?"

JERRY (cont'd)
Screen wisdom is: don't get that
close to the other guy, lest you're
going to a) kiss him, or b) hit
him.

(to Chet)
Z'a "sometime director," am I
wrong...?

CHET
...you're not wrong.

JERRY
Wrestling, you're closer than that.
It's too close...It's like filming
a "fuck" scene. Finally, what are
you looking at?

LUCY
 (confidentially; to
 Sondra)
 ...so earthy...

JERRY
 Where's the, where's the...
 "variety"...where is
 the..."anticipation?"...what makes
 it various...?

SONDRA
 You should come down to the
 Academy.

JERRY
 ...the Academy...?

CHET
 Mike's Academy.

JERRY
 The "dojo."

MIKE
 Yes, that's what the Japanese call
 it.

JERRY
 This guy? The guy is fighting the
 Japanese guy...on Pay-per-
 view...the Brazillian guy...
 DaSilva...

MIKE
 Yes. That's Sondra's brother.

JERRY
Aha... Ah ha... Okay...

EXT. MALIBU - BEACH - NIGHT

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.

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.

He turns his body somewhat, making a "deflecting" gesture.
Chet considers for a moment, then nods at the concept. Beat.

CHET

How's the face? You healing up?

MIKE

It's doing fine...

CHET

Yeah. Well. You're young.

Good...

(smiles)

INT. STUDY, CHET FRANK HOUSE - MALIBU - NIGHT

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

Jerry is 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, and 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.

CHET

(to Mike)

So...

MIKE

...yes...

CHET

So:
 (meaning, let me see if I
 understand this
 correctly)
 Pay-per-view...

MIKE

Any of the mixed martial arts. Try
 to...

CHET

...to approximate an actual
 "fight." But they can't.
 (to Jerry)
 Here's what he's saying:

JERRY

(of the subject of the
 phone call)
 ...you going to Aspen this
 weekend...?

CHET

(calls to the other room)
Zena? Aspen...?

Zena calls back.

ZENA

(to Sondra)
 Are you here this weekend?
 (Sondra nods)
 I want to stay here to work.
 (to Jerry)
 I'm going to stay here and work
 with Sondra...

JERRY

(into phone)
 ...tell them they can have the
 plane.

He hangs up, and gives Chet his attention.

CHET

The Pay-per-view, so on... mixed
 martial arts, it's new. But it
 can't hold. It's fading. Why?

Jerry makes a "you tell me" gesture.

CHET (cont'd)
 (looking at Mike, to ask,
 in effect, "Is this
 correct?" Mike nods.)
 Because of the rules. They tell
 the public, "This is as real as it
 gets," but: But, the public senses,
 of course.

JERRY
 Yeah, no, I get it: if there's
rules, they figure out, day one, or
whenever, they're watching a drama,
 they ain't watching a fight...

MIKE
 Yes.

JERRY
 Because they "are."

MIKE
 If you train to those rules: so
 many points for a take-down, so
 many points for a reversal, rounds
 of a specific length...

CHET
 ...then, you're not training for
 the street.

MIKE
 S'one thing to say "tread water for
 an hour," s'another to say "tread
 water 'til a ship comes..."

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

JERRY
 ...you in the Service...?

MIKE
 Yes, I was.

Now we see the G.I. on the beach, throwing an opponent.

JERRY
 (of the screen)
 ...what is that, what is that...?

MIKE
 Osotogari... It's a hip-throw...

JERRY
...is that easy to do?

MIKE
If you get it right...

Jerry calls Chet's attention to the move. Chet looks at the screen and nods.

JERRY
...is he getting it wrong?

MIKE
(shrugs)
You've got to do it like you mean
it...

JERRY
(looks at his watch)
Oh, Jesus...

CHET
Yeah, okay...

Chet nods "nag nag nag."

CHET (cont'd)
"Good night, Ladies."

He walks into the far room, where the women are still confabbing animatedly.

JERRY
(to Mike)
I don't know you know, it's quite a
compliment. He never socializes on
a work-night...

He gestures at Chet, who is walking toward the ladies.

JERRY (cont'd)
He's got to be on the set in four
hours.

Murphy comes over to Chet and hands him a cell phone. Chet nods his thanks and begins talking on the phone. They rise.

JERRY (cont'd)
(to Mike)
You should come down to the set.

MIKE
I should come down...?

JERRY

Yeah. There's a guy I'd love to hear your ideas...

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. SONDRÁ, drawing on the paper, a pattern.

SONDRÁ

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

LUCY

(shakes head)

...repeat of one foot? Too costly...

SONDRÁ

...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

You can get the material...

SONDRÁ

Absolutely...I can have it 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...

SONDRÁ

(of the book)

Thank you...

LUCY
 ...we need to go over the
finances...

ZENA
 ...the finances are simple, there's
 a lot of money in the shop.

LUCY
 (to Sondra)
 ...you want us to come to you, or
 do you want to come to us...?

ZENA
 No. Come to us...I want you to see
 the facility...

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.

ZENA (cont'd)
 (of Sondra's drawings)
 ...these are superb.

SONDRA
 (of the interchange of the
 bowl)
 ...just like the Academy...

ZENA
 Wait wait wait wait, I want to come
 to you, because I want to see your
samples...

LUCY
 What's like the Academy...? What
 Academy?

SONDRA
 (of the keys and the
 copper bowl)
 The JiuJitsu Academy. The
 fighters...

She 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.

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 stone 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
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.

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

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

Then, impulsively, she gives Sondra an embrace.

Jerry looks down at the various black and white stones.

JERRY
 (to himself)
 You never know how you will be
 disabled.

LUCY
 (to Sondra)
 I can't tell you how glad I am to
 meet you.

In the b.g. we see the valet running down the beautifully
 kept grounds, toward Mike's car.

JERRY
 (to himself)
 ...this is the nature of a fight.

Behind him, Chet kisses Sondra good-bye.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. FILM SET - DAY

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.

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.

This older man calls up an Asian fellow, wearing a World War II Japanese uniform, and demonstrates on him. Now the older man, GEORGE, holds up his hand to have the "Japanese soldier" stop, and walks over toward Mike. They exchange the fighter's embrace, and touch fists. Mike nods to several of the stuntmen, who display their respect. He calls to them by name.

Mike sees Jerry over in the "command" tent, and begins walking that way. GEORGE accompanies him.

GEORGE

Hey, what, am I fired...? You gonn
replace me, you sonabitch, I'll
kill you... Comere... What the
fuck. You killed two guys in a
bar, you didn't even call me to
come down. Comere...

He puts Mike in a headlock. Mike escapes. George starts playing to the crowd of stuntmen.

GEORGE (cont'd)

(of Mike)

This sonofabitch, who, I-taught-him-
everything-I-know, except how to
make money...

Mike moves behind George, and puts him in a choke-hold.
(Note that they are fighting at one-tenth speed, in jest,
and, essentially, for the crowd.)

GEORGE (cont'd)

Oh, stop, you're killing me... He's
killing me...

George escapes from the choke-hold, and addresses the Asian stuntmen.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Gimme that fuckin thing...

He grabs an old Japanese sword from a stuntman dressed as a Japanese officer and advances on the smiling Mike.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Cause what I'm gonna do, I'm gonna
skewer you.

(to crowd)

He came to break my rice bowl...

He thrusts at Mike, who deflects the sword and they parry for a moment. Mike wrests it from George, and mimes butt-stroking him with the pommel.

GEORGE (cont'd)
...aaaaannndddd...?

Mike strips the sword from George's grasp, and slashes down at George, who deflects it, and uses the sword to put Mike in a choke-hold.

GEORGE (cont'd)
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.

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
(of Jerry)
He's not "my guy."

MIKE
No offense.

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)
Put Mr. Terry in Mr. Frank's
trailer...

A director comes over to him, trailed by the A.D.s and points
back at a camera set-up.

JERRY (cont'd)
(forestalling him)
He's inbound...what can we
shoot...?

Beat as the director considers.

DIRECTOR
...how late is he...?
(then, deciding)
ENZO!

He turns to the D.P. who comes toward him.

DIRECTOR (cont'd)
ENZO. Walk away from it... Set up
The Formation...

He turns to the SCRIPT SUPERVISOR.

SCRIPT SUPERVISOR
44-A: Captain Clark address the
Formation.

Halfway through her explication, Enzo nods that he knows, and turns back to his camera crew, and they start moving the camera into a new location. Leaving Jerry to confab with his assistants.

JERRY
 (looking at the script; to
 Mike, as his assistants,
 having been directed,
 scatter to their various
 jobs)
 You best have a plan, cause it's
 all going to go wrong.

MIKE
 Same in my racket...

JERRY
 I'm sure it is...

An assistant comes forward with a cell phone.

JERRY (cont'd)
 (to Mike)
 Somebody show our guest to Mr.
 Frank's trailer...anything you want
 while you're there...

Mike takes something from his pocket and hands it to Jerry.

JERRY (cont'd)
 What is that...?

MIKE
 Three marbles...assigning-the-
 handicap... You asked for last
 night...

ANGLE - INS. THE ROUGH, DIAGRAM OF THE MARBLES, AND VARIOUS
 POSSIBLE HANDICAPS. Arms, or legs tied down, blindfolds, et
 cetera. And the logo "Streetfight-Professional."

JERRY
 (reads, to himself)
Blindfold, his hand is disabled,
 his arm...
 (then)
 Oh, yes, yes, yes, thank you...
 (to his aides, as he walks
 off)
 ...anything he wants...

GEORGE
 (looking on, to Mike, in
 Japanese; as a warning)
 "The one principal is superior to
 the thousand techniques."

MIKE
 (in Japanese)
 "Respect is the beginning of
 wisdom."

GEORGE
 (in English)
 ...never give the back...

George gives him a kiss, and starts back toward his stuntmen.

ANGLE - ON MIKE

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

A YOUNG ACTOR, in costume, torn, filthy fatigues, is sitting on the steps of his three-banger, reciting lines, from the mini-sides he holds. (He reads both his, and the other part.)

YOUNG ACTOR
 "...what the fuck is this?"
 "Sir, this is a thirty-caliber, gas-
 operated M-1 rifle."
 "What the fuck is it good for...?"
 "Sir. It is good for correcting
 the opinions of the unattentive..."

ANGLE - ON MIKE, mouthing the words of the last response, silently, to himself, as the actor reads them, as he comes around the trailer, and watches the movie crew, setting up the shot. The extras are being formed into a semblance of formation by the Second A.D. The camera crew is rehearsing the shot, on dolly tracks.

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.

MIKE
...fascinating...

CHET
Anybody's really good at
something...odds on, he'd like
this...

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.

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?

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. 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.

George comes up to Mike.

GEORGE
 Mike: the move, the bayonet z'at in
Kill or Get Killed? The bayonet
 move - props wants it - one of the
 guys is reading the pamphlet.

MIKE
 (affirmative)
"Kill or Get Killed."

GEORGE
 Can you get me a copy...?

MIKE
 Sure.

Chet looks on at this interchange.

CHET
 (to script supervisor,
 gesturing, "Write it
 down")
 "Only think falls out of the sky's
 birdshit and fools."
 (to Mike)
 ...that yours?

MIKE
 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.

INT. STREETFIGHT ACADEMY - DAY

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...

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
(as she applies makeup, in
the shower area, at the
old steel mirror)
George. How is George...?

MIKE
Unchanged...

He 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
...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.

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.
The "Captain"'s training them,
by...

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 class?

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.

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.

SONDRA (cont'd)
(unbelieving; as she shows
the books)
...they're going to take me in
their company...

She exits.

Mike looks around. Dials a phone.

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 CARLOS DASILVA."

ANGLE - THE ENTRANCEWAY OF "STREETFIGHT ACADEMY" - LOOKING IN
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..."

INT. STREETFIGHT ACADEMY

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

ANGLE - ON THE MAT

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.
(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 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...

MIKE

You conquer your fear, you conquer your opponent.

LAURA

(as she begins to gather up her belongings)

A man, raped me. 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 a 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 slowly puts her neck in a choke-hold, and then moves the knife, so that it is against her throat.

MIKE (cont'd)
...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...?

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. 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, and quotes:

MIKE (cont'd)

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

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.

INT. STREETFIGHT ACADEMY - SHOWER AREA

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.

Mike throws him a GI, and a black belt from the pegs in the shower area.

MIKE (cont'd)

(checks his watch)

Thanks for coming in. Afternoon 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.

MIKE (cont'd)

What time you go on-shift?

JOE
I've been suspended.

Mike looks questioningly at him. As does Snowflake. Joe holds up the empty wristwatch box.

EXT. STREETFIGHT ACADEMY - DAY

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. 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 watch?"

MIKE
What'd you tell him?

JOE
I told them, I got to tell in
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. A buzzer goes off.

SNOWFLAKE (cont'd)

(calling)

Change.

The various men on the mat change partners.

ANGLE - ON JOE AND MIKE

MIKE

You told him where you got the watch.

(pause)

JOE

(pause)

I didn't want to hurt the Academy.

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's 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.

INT. GINO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Posh, but simple Italian restaurant. Very high ticket cars outside. As Jerry gives his Aston Martin to a valet and enters.

ANGLE - INT. GINO'S

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. 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.

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 watch.

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...

The couple moves on, taking the table behind them.

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

JERRY (cont'd)
...somebody "pawnd" the watch...

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

DISSOLVE:

The table behind Mike and Jerry, where we saw the well-fed couple sit, is now empty and the plates are being bussed, a new tablecloth put down.

ANGLE - AT THE PODIUM

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

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

EXT. FILM SET - NIGHT

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.

INT. TERRY APARTMENT - DAWN

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

SONDRA (cont'd)
 (into phone)
 Lucy Weiss please.

SONDRA (cont'd)

(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)

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

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...?

INT. BAR - NIGHT

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 thirty thousand
dollars.

MIKE

That's right.

(pause)

RICHIE
 She said she wanted it 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.
 (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.

TALKING HEAD (ON TV)
 ...versus Morisaki. Yesterday, the
promoters, the DaSilvas, and
 Morisaki's company Asian-fight-
 forms made this, to put it mildly,
 "interesting" announcement.

The image shifts to Hector DaSilva, standing in front of two posters, one of Joao and one of Morisaki. He is being interviewed. Several Asians are in the b.g. Hector is at the microphone.

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

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...

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

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

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

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

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.

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...

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

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 form, he has used, for years in his Academy.

LAWYER

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

LAURA

We can assume the DaSilvas 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...

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.

LAWYER
 ...in return for what?

LAURA
 In return for a payment of:
 (gestures to the form)
 Fifty 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 BROWN
 I...

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.

EXT. HALLWAY - MARTY BROWN'S OFFICES

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...

Up ahead, around a bend in the office corridor, is some sort of commotion. We see it is Morisaki, and several of his handlers. Morisaki is speaking in Japanese, and behind him is a video cameraman and several newscasters. Flashbulbs are popping, as Morisaki gestures to his gold and diamond-encrusted belt which he wears. And speaks in Japanese. His comments translated by a Japanese translator. Behind them is a DaSilva-Morisaki poster, showing, now, the vignette insert of the red belt, The Old Man, Carlos DaSilva.

TRANSLATOR (MORISAKI)
 Mr. Morisaki is here to express his
outrage... He. Is a National
 Treasure of Japan, and has been
 designated as such by the Emperor.
 Who has awarded him this belt...

Morisaki holds up the belt. Flashbulbs pop.

TRANSLATOR (MORISAKI) (cont'd)
 An emblem of his status as Samurai.
Samurai. A gift from the Emperor,
 and valued at a quarter million
 dollars. Which he has vowed, shall
 belong to the winner of this fight.

Mike and Laura look around. She tries to whisper something to him, but cannot in the press, and they look for a way through the throng.

TRANSLATOR (MORISAKI) (cont'd)
 What has his opponent vowed? "To
 bring his father to the fight."

Morisaki gestures to the image of The Old Man. The translator continues rendering Morisaki's increasingly energetic rhetoric into English.

TRANSLATOR (MORISAKI) (cont'd)
 What can this gesture "mean," for
 he considers it an insult, AND AN
 INSULT OF THE HIGHEST DEGREE. He
 wagers the symbol of his Sacred
 Honor, his opponent says, "And I
 shall bring my family." Fine, well
 and good: let anyone bring his
 family. But, please, do not, he
 suggests, "throw it in the balance"
 as a point of honor...

Mike and Laura are still looking for a way through the throng. Laura moves to a small "exit" door, and moves to pass through.

A Japanese bodyguard puts a hand on Laura, moving her back.

LAURA
 Please do not put your hand on me.

She moves to the side. She and Mike move toward the exit door.

Her way is blocked by another of the Japanese fighter's bodyguards, who motions that no one may leave while his man is speaking.

TRANSLATOR (MORISAKI)
 He cannot expect a "Westerner" to
 understand the Japanese Code of
 Bushido, but...

TRANSLATOR(cont'd)

(to the man in front of
the door)

Excuse me...

The man makes a rude "shushing" gesture to Laura, and indicates again that no one is to move while Morisaki is speaking. Laura pushes the bar on the door, and the Japanese man pushes her back. She begins to panic, and looks to Mike.

Mike steps in, and removes the Japanese man from her way. Mike then starts through the door, and the Japanese man puts a hand on him. Mike escapes his grip, the Japanese bodyguard advances at Mike, striking. Mike puts him in a hold and puts him down on the floor. In the b.g. we see Marty looking on.

ANGLE - ON MORISAKI, looking at Mike.

ANGLE - ON MIKE, feeling his gaze, looks back, and nods.

We see Jerry and Marty Brown in the b.g., as Mike and Laura pass through the door, to the elevator area.

As they pass through:

MIKE

(to Laura)

Talk is talk. Never let anyone put
his hand on you.

Beat.

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

LAWYER

Oh, good. I caught you.

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 spent 9mm shell 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.
(reads)
Joseph Ryan. Los angeles police.
Shiekd 24124. Off-duty. You stole
his weapon, and fired on him.
Here's the ejected shell from his
pistol.
(pause)
Attempted murder of a police
officer.
(reading)
Officer Ryan did not file a report.
He is then prosecutable... 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 report he suppressed 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 valuable watch, in exchange for his silence. Could it be more sordid...? I contacted the officer. You'll all let me know, if you want me to go forward.

The lawyer exits.

INT. RYAN HOME - NIGHT

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..."

(MORE)

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.

GINI

And his pension. Do you know what his pension is? FOR AN OFFICER WHO KILLS HIMSELF?

GINI(cont'd)

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 you..."

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

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.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Mike, sitting on a bench, on the empty beach.

Beat. He gets up and walks. CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he walks
 down the beachfront.

He moves past a dark alleyway, and we see two young, tough-
 looking fellows looking after Mike, and emerging from the
 alleyway. They begin to walk, silently, following Mike.
 Then one of them senses something, and looks around.

ANGLE - HIS POV

Snowflake walking some few yards behind them. Both of them
 turn, and Snowflake shakes his head slowly, meaning, "You
 really don't want to."

Beat, and then they retire, back to the shadows. We HOLD on Snowflake, and, some distance beyond him. Mike, walking, as Snowflake keeps pace with him.

EXT. BEACHFRONT - DAWN

A bill poster is putting up a large three-sheet poster of the DaSilva Morisaki fight. We see, pictured, the two fighters, the golden belt, the insert of the old man.

ANGLE - ON MIKE, walking, Snowflake still trailing him, as Mike turns, and looks at the poster.

HOLD

DISSOLVE:

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

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

wearing a T-shirt reading "DASILVA-MORISAKI, THE ABILITY TO OVERCOME" and a depiction of the three marbles, and the designation Event Staff.

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.

The guide leads the undercard fighters 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.

OFFICIAL (cont'd)

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.

One fighter raises his hand.

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.

ANGLE - THE RING, OF THE CONVENTION CENTER

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 (cont'd)

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
 his hands.

OFFICIAL (cont'd)
 The Officiant... he will be wearing
 this mask...

He shows the mask, a formalized depiction of a lion.

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: (MORE)

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

INSERT - A TELEVISION TALKING HEAD

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

TALKING HEAD (ON TV)
 (as he shows a simulacrum
 of the "choice"
 mechanism)

TALKING HEAD(cont'd)

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

SECOND TALKING HEAD

...a blindfold...

TALKING HEAD

...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...

ANGLE - ON LAURA

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.

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.

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...

SECOND ANNOUNCER

...this could be the new thing.

FIRST ANNOUNCER

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

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

ANGLE - THE AREA OF THE CONVENTION CENTER

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.

ANGLE - ON A SMALL TELEVISION

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)

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

ANGLE - ON GEORGE KORIANI

who is sitting, one of his 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.

ANGLE - IN THE STANDS. SONDRALOOKING ON.

As various people pass her, holding programs. Sondra looks at the programs, then, remembering her own, takes it from her bag. It shows the two name fighters on the cover, and she turns to the inside, showing the undercard, two match-ups to a page.

Her husband last, an old photo, and his qualifications. We read "Mike Terry. Los Angeles. After a career in the military, Mike founded his own Academy 'Streetfight,' in Los Angeles. Devoted primarily to the instruction of professionals, military, police, bouncers, and pro fighters, Mike has long-been a fixture of the West Coast martial arts world."

We hear the DRUMS come to a crescendo, and a conclusion. Sondra looks up. 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. Then, after a brief pause, the lights dim, a figure takes stage, and is hit with a spotlight, and the Announcer proclaims:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen, your
attention please, as Tamira Kent
leads us, in the singing of the
National Anthem.

A very large American flag drops from the rafters, the crowd cheers wildly, it quiets down, and the singer begins to sing the Anthem.

INT. DRESSING ROOMS - UNDERCARD FIGHTERS

Through the P.A. we hear the NATIONAL ANTHEM.

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

ANGLE - ON MIKE

who is kneeling, as we saw him previously in the Academy still.

An Official enters, consults his clipboard.

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)
 Let's go. Romero, you're going out first.

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

Beyond them, we see the velvet rope "Restricted Access," and the signs for DaSilva and Morisaki.

INT. THE STADIUM - ON THE HUGE SCREEN

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.

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. 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 (cont'd)
 "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.

INT. FIGHTERS DRESSING AREA - NIGHT

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

Snowflake watching Mike still kneeling.

ANGLE - HIS POV - MIKE TERRY

In a corner of the room. Sitting, his legs bent under him. Meditating.

An official enters the room.

OFFICIAL
Terry, let's go...

ANGLE ON MIKE, as he rises.

He extracts four stones, which have been under his knees, and hands them to Snowflake, who 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.

INT. STADIUM STANDS - NIGHT

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...

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

He stands and applauds.

ANGLE - ON LAURA, discovered sitting behind him. She stands.

She looks at the screen, where we see Mike being escorted up the aisle. Laura senses something, as she starts for her seat, and looks two rows in back of her and Sondra, where she sees Richie, who feels her gaze, and nods at her.

ANGLE - ON THE FLOOR

Mike, proceeding up the aisle - in trunks and fingerless "grappling" gloves.

ANGLE - IN THE RING

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

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.

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

IMAGE ON THE SMALL TV:

FIRST ANNOUNCER

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...

FIRST ANNOUNCER

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

SECOND ANNOUNCER

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

INSERT OF MORISAKI AND THE BELT

ANGLE - IN THE ARENA

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, Terry comes forward, and does so, also. Romero picks, and displays a black marble. The crowd yells.

ANGLE ON THE TV which Laura is watching.

ANNOUNCER

Well, Romero picked the black, he's got a disability, and, so, there's no reason for Terry to pick.

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.) (cont'd)

Romero has the disability, and he has forfeited the use of his left arm.

ANGLE - GEORGE AND THE STUNTMAN

George shrugs, meaning, "It's going to be no contest."

ANGLE - AT THE RING

We see an official, roping Romero's arm to his side.

ANGLE - ON TERRY, 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.

IN THE STANDS - TIGHT ON RICHIE

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.

ANGLE - THE OVERHEAD PROJECTED TV

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 (cont'd)
By mounted triangle, in his FIRST
appearance in competition in thirty-
eight seconds of the first
round...: MIKE TERRY!!!

ANGLE - IN THE STANDS

Laura and Sondra, 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.

The overhead screens start advertising various products. 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."

In the corridor 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.

RICHIE
 (to Snowflake)
 You glad you got down...?

SNOWFLAKE
 Ten-to-one... I'm fuckin delighted.

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? ould be you... how long
 'til the next bout...?

Mike shrugs and moves on past.

A TV screen in the corridor shows a commentator and Snowflake sneaks a glance at it.

COMMENTATOR (ON TV)
 ...a clean fight, and an honest
 fight. A response to the American
 love of a "good, clean fight." The
 elements of chance, and all the
 elements of honorable personal
 conflict. Since Roman times...

We see the man in the lion mask, walking 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-faced man, making a "calm down, take it easy" gesture.

OFFICIAL

Ten minutes...ten minutes 'til the
next bout. Take a break.

The lion-mask man nods, 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.

INT. DASILVA DRESSING ROOM SUITE

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.

ANGLE - ON SNOWFLAKE

coming through the area under the stands. He sees a door to the outside open, and Chet Frank and Zena enter, being snuck in by the police. As Chet is moved through the under-the-stands area, Snowflake does a double-take.

ANGLE - HIS POV

Zena, distracted, is listening to a policeman, an official explain how they are to enter the stadium. And Chet is whispering to another woman in the crowd, whom, we see, is SONDRA.

ANGLE - INT. THE DASILVA DRESSING ROOM

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...

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)

MIKE
 I. I don't get it.

MARTY
 You always get the white marble.

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
Here's what you missed:

They look up, as Richie enters. Marty nods "it's all right," and Richie closes the door behind him.

MARTY (cont'd)
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.

MARTY
And you get to come back next month, and fight Morisaki. (MORE)

Pause.

MIKE
(to Joao)
You're throwing the fight tonight?

HECTOR
Do the math.

MARTY
Morisaki wins. He fights the cinderella man, that's you.

MARTY(cont'd)

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 are
the story. 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. 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, where we see the
second group of fighters, going through the ceremony of
choosing the marble. The TV pans onto the spectators, rapt,
waiting to see who will choose what.

ANGLE - ON JERRY

who spreads his hands meaning, "You see...?"

ANGLE - MIKE LOOKS OVER AT JOAO

(MORE)

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.

Pause.

RICHIE

(softly)

Lot of people you're indebted to,
Mike.

RICHIE(cont'd)

(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.

JERRY

In the alley, you're correct--that
is a fight. This here? Has always
been a spectacle.

Beat. Mike thinks.

MIKE

The cop died.

(pause)

MARTY

That is correct.

(pause)

You want to help his widow?

He spreads his hands meaning, the thing is obvious. Pause.

MARTY (cont'd)

You want to ~~make~~ ^(MORE) right everything
you fucked up?

(pause)

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)

MIKE(cont'd)

Who told you how they broke the window?

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 Chet and Zena Frank being escorted to their seats, waving, and Chet half turning to nod at a person in the b.g. whom, we see, is Sondra.

Beat. Mike looks at Snowflake, who hangs his head.

JOAO

Well. Who did you think you married? Eh? 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.

Mike nods. And starts out of the room. He passes by Snowflake, who speaks to him sotto.

SNOWFLAKE

...either way, Mike... either way.

MIKE

(pause; to Jerry)

What about the stolen watch?

(Jerry and Richie exchange a look.)

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.

ANGLE: EXT. 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)
Goddam shame.

Mike stops. Sammy touches his badge, which we now see, has a black mourning band on it.

SAMMY (cont'd)
Goddam 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. 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.) (cont'd)
...he thought the world of you,
Mike... he thought the world of
you.

ANGLE - ON MIKE

as he nods, and now starts after the Commentator.

MIKE
(calling)
Hey...

The Commentator turns, looks at Mike, holds up a hand meaning, "I'm talking to this guy, I'll be with you in a moment." Mike walks toward him.

INT. DASILVA DRESSING ROOM

Hector sees the Commentator and Mike passing. We follow Hector out into the corridor.

HECTOR
Where are you going...?

MIKE
 (following the
 commentator)
 I'm gonna rip it open.

HECTOR
 Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa...

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."

The figure turns, and it is Laura Black. She sees him and beams, and nods her congratulations, and excitement. She wants to cross the velvet rope, but the attendant will not let her.

On the TV Mike looks up and sees an image 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. Laura starts to talk to him, and he moves past her. Very quickly, we see Hector dart back into the DaSilva office, and pick up a phone.

Mike follows the Commentator. The door to the parking area is opened, and we see the Commentator and his aide pass through a cordon of police and officials, and into a TV truck. The door to the outside is closed.

Mike turns back. And proceeds back down the corridor.

ANGLE - IN THE CORRIDOR, leading to the fight, we see, the winner of Bout Number Two 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. Past Laura, who looks on, uncomprehendingly.

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...

ANGLE IN THE STANDS

George and the other spectators turn their heads looking for the source of the sound. Which is now cut off. 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!!!

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.

ANGLE - IN THE STANDS

GEORGE fights his way through the crowd, to the rail to watch.

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.

ANGLE - ON THE FLOOR

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 policeman 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...?

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.

Mike uses the wall to go up over Joao's head, executing a complete flip, to come down behind Joao. 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 GI, and wraps it around Joao's neck from behind, executing a one-armed choke. Joao struggles, struggles, and passes 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 aorund.

ANGLE - IN THE STANDS

GEORGE, looking down, stunned at the fight he has just witnessed.

ANGLE - ON BILLY, looking at the screen, shaking his head in disbelief.

On the screen, overhead, we see Mike, turning, to survey the crowd.

On the floor, we see Mike, still turning, shakes his head to clear it, and advances, toward the ring. He looks back.

Behind him, some ten feet away, is Morisaki, who passes Snowflake and bows his respect, and obeisance to Mike, indicating, "May I come forward?"

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. Beyond him, Mike sees Snowflake, being cared for by Laura, who is holding him and soothing him, holding a bandage to his bloody head. Laura looks up and nods to him.

Mike turns back toward the center of the ring. He climbs, wearily, into the ring, before the hushed stadium. He picks up a microphone from a ringside table, taps it. It is dead. He nods, and starts toward the center of the ring.

He stops, and half turns. There, just inside the ring, is The Old Man, Carlos DaSilva.

Mike hangs the gold belt on one of the ring posts, and 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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