

FADE IN:

INT. ROSEN'S GYM - NIGHT

The aromas of dried blood, sweat and old leather fill Rosen's Gym. The odors are only faintly disguised by the smell of bleach. Sitting on off-colored foldout chairs the crowd cheers the two fighters in the center of the ring. The dingy gym/make-shift arena is packed as Ricky '**PANTS**' O'Connell and MARK "DYNAMIC" **JOHNSON** square off in the middle of the ring. Pants lazily parries a few light jabs as he bobs and weaves in the middle of the second round. He seems bored. His internal monologue keeps us company.

PANTS(V.O.)

What is that? Seriously? You're best shot?

JOHNSON throws a few more unimpressive shots.

PANTS(V.O.)

Gotta be kidding me.

After taking a few light shots, Pants grabs on to JOHNSON for the clinch. The crowd 'Boos' at the boring display of pathetic pugilism.

Resting his head on Jackson's shoulder, Pants pops his mouthpiece out, holding it with his teeth as he takes a breather.

He looks at the crowd and sees his ex-girlfriend SUZY screaming obscenities at him and cheering his demise.

PANTS (V.O.)

(referring to Johnson)

What's that smell? Jesus, you stink...

REFEREE

Alright, let's break it up! Watch your head, Johnson!

Pants sucks his mouth piece back in place as the REFEREE separates the two fighters who break and square off again.

PANTS (V.O.)

And take a fuckin bath, would ya...
Common courtesy...

Pants glances down at the nickname stitched on Johnson's shorts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PANTS (V.O.)
 (smirking)
 "Dynamic" Johnson. That's fah...

WHAM!! JACKSON LANDS A THUNDEROUS RIGHT on Pant's jaw.

Like a downed tree in the forest, Pants' body slams to the canvas in dramatic slo-mo fashion. The REFEREE RUSHES OVER to start the count, but we can barely hear as our focus is on Pants. He lies there in a shower of sweat. A slight amount of blood drips from his mouth and nose.

POV - SIDEWAYS SHOT OF CROWD

The crowd is angry, as if they want nothing more than to jump in and finish kicking his ass. Suzy's screaming has turned to cheers of joy. He rolls onto his back and spits out his mouthpiece. He seems unhurt, unphased and all in all, uninterested.

PANTS
 Fuck it.

INT. ROSENS GYM - OFFICE - NIGHT

Straight out of a 60's detective show, the dark and dingy office is littered with hardwood furniture and cigar smoke. JIM ROSEN, the sleazy, heavy-set boxing promoter scavenges through his desk drawers. He seems in a panic, opening and closing each drawer over and over again clearly looking for something of dire importance. He looks under the desk.

ROSEN
 Fucking Mexicans!

He thinks for a moment, then looks under his desk again and then to the ceiling.

THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

ROSEN (CONT'D)
 What?!

The door opens. PANTS ENTERS, cleaned up and wearing a hoodie sweat shirt with a bandage above his eye and a gym bag over his shoulder. ROSEN continues searching his desk area.

PANTS
 Hey Jimbo...

ROSEN
 My jerky's gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rosen looks at Pants, seemingly waiting for a comment to the odd statement.

PANTS

Sorry. I haven't seen it? Probably the Mexicans.

Rosen continues the search for his beloved beef jerky.

ROSEN

No shit it's the Mexicans! A simple pleasure in life is all I ask! Doc says I need some lean protein in my diet...

PANTS

Yeah?

ROSEN

This is a health issue. It's low carb...

PANTS

Cool...

ROSEN

It's gluten free...

PANTS

Awesome.

ROSEN

I need to cut out gluten.

(beat)

Completely.

(beat)

Doctor's orders. My numbers are through the fucking roof and these beaners are trying to kill me. I'm nice ain't I?

PANTS

A lotta sodium...

ROSEN

Splitting hairs Pants... I give these fruit-flies a fuckin job and all I ask is leave my jerky alone! Don't move it. Don't eat it. Don't fuckin touch it! It's my jerky. Is that too much?

PANTS

Absolutely not. Gotta ride comin...

ROSEN

Yeah right. Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Rosen pauses his hunt and goes to open his drawer.

ROSEN (CONT'D)
(Noticing Pants' bandaged eye)
You get cracked?

PANTS
Something like that.

ROSEN
You should move more.

PANTS
Working on it.

ROSEN
Sure you are. Okay...

ROSEN grabs a roll of cash, bound by a rubber band and tosses it to PANTS.

ROSEN (CONT'D)
...here. Next Wednesday?

PANTS
Thanks. Yeah.

Rosen stands up next to a big dry-erase board and looks at the different fighter names on the schedule.

ROSEN
Okay, okay hump day. Who we gonna be?

PANTS
'Mullins'?

ROSEN
You were 'Mullins' tonight. Two weeks...

PANTS
Shit.

ROSEN
Fourteen days after a KO. Rules haven't changed...

PANTS
It was a TKO...

ROSEN
Not my rules, pick someone else.

PANTS
Uh, Johnson?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROSEN
Gotta week left on 'Johnson' punchy. How
about 'Atkins'?

PANTS
Sure.

ROSEN
On the board. You're fighting Medina, at
8:30.

PANTS
Cool.

Rosen's sits back down, clearly eager to be alone so he can
commence his jerky hunting.

ROSEN
Alright?

Pants smiles.

PANTS
Yeah. Thanks man.

PANTS goes to leave. ROSEN starts looking through his shelves
for the elusive beef jerky.

EXT. ROSENS GYM - MOMENTS LATER

A dark and rainy night, PANTS steps out the front door and
lights a cigarette, sits his bag down and leans against the
wall. **BRUNO** and his **GIRLFRIEND** exit the door passing Pants.

BRUNO
(Sarcasm)
Good fight man.

GIRLFRIEND
(to Pants)
You suck!

PANTS
Thanks.

Pants smiles nicely although the sub-text is 'fuck you' and
continues his smoke. Moments later, a banged up, purple 76'
Caddy sputters up in front of the gym. Pants picks up his bag
and heads for the car.

MARTIN
(from in the car)
Toss that and get in!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Taking a final drag, he flicks his cigarette and gets in the car.

INT. MARTIN'S 73' CADDY - IMMEDIATELY

Pants sits in the passenger seat. MARTIN is the driver in this beat up Cadillac Deville. In his early 30's, it's clear Martin has a fascination with Elvis Presley.

PANTS

What took you so long?

MARTIN

I dunno. I gotta real job. How'd it go, man?

PANTS

Same.

MARTIN

At least you're consistent.

BAMBI

(from the back seat)

What happened to your face?

Pants is moderately startled as he/we didn't see the STRIPPER chic in the back seat changing her panty-hose.

PANTS

Jesus...Holy shit!

MARTIN

Sorry man.

PANTS

Hey...

MARTIN

Bambi. Say Bambi.

PANTS

Bambi...

MARTIN

I had an early run tonight.

PANTS

You're real job?

MARTIN

Eat a bag of dicks...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAMBI
What happened to your face?

PANTS
I'm a fighter.

MARTIN
(to Bambi)
He's a fighter...He gets his ass kicked
for a living and he's good at it.

BAMBI
Oh yeah. That's hot.

PANTS
(to Martin)
I made five bills for less than nine
minutes of work. You'll make that this
week.

MARTIN
I can also do simple math and won't be
shitting in a bag when I'm fifty. That's
just me though. At least you got
integrity.

PANTS
(to Martin)
Drop me off first?

MARTIN
No.

PANTS
Come on?!

MARTIN
This is gonna be a quick one. I can feel
it. You should come with.

PANTS
I shouldn't come with. I got shit to do.

MARTIN
Like?

PANTS
Like shit I gotta do!

MARTIN
Truth is, I don't have time to drop you
off and we both know you don't got shit
to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PANTS

Marty!

MARTIN

Sorry man. Plight of the carless.

PANTS

I'm not carless. I gotta fuckin car.

MARTIN

Wrong. Suzy's got your car and seeing as how she kinda told you to fuck off...you got no fuckin car. Besides, this guy's supposed to be high profile with some bucks. I gotta get uh...

PANTS

Bambi.

MARTIN

Bambi...

BAMBI

What?

MARTIN

(to Bambi)

Nothing!

(to Pants)

...over to this guys pad.

PANTS

I'm not going in.

MARTIN

I'm not going in. I just chill in the car, listen to the radio... tweet and think about shit. Hang with me for an hour.

PANTS

You're talkin like I gotta choice?

MARTIN

Just bein nice.

The purple caddy rumbles through a middle-class neighborhood before coming to a stop in front of a house. The driver side opens and Martin gets out, letting BAMBI out of the back seat.

EXT. 3241 GRANT AVE - NIGHT

MARTIN

Okay, you got all your things, your bag,
don't forget your bag...

(to Pants)

Don't even wanna know the weird shit
she's got in there...

BAMBI

Got it...

MARTIN

Don't forget to check in!
(motions to his cell phone)
I'm waiting.

BAMBI

I will! Jesus Christ Marvin...

MARTIN

Martin! Don't forget!

BAMBI

I won't forget, Mar-tin.

MARTIN

To check in, don't forget that...

Bambi, carrying her bag, shuffles in heels she has no
business being in, to the door.

BAMBI

Just leave me alone already.

MARTIN

(to Pants)

Not a Mensa member that one.

MARTIN gets back in the car.

INT. MARTIN'S 73' CADDY - CONTINUOUS

PANTS

What now?

MARTIN

This is it.

PANTS

This is it?

MARTIN

Yeah, we just wait.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PANTS

Gonna burn one.

PANTS steps out of the car and lights a cigarette.

EXT. GRANT AVE HOME - CONTINUOUS

MARTIN gets out, stretches a little and leans against the roof of his car facing PANTS.

PANTS

Chili tonight.

MARTIN

Yeah. Through, the weekend, I think.

PANTS

Yeah?

MARTIN

Yeah. You ever think you always getting your ass kicked and chain smoking, might be some kind of connection? Or maybe there's some kinda I dunno with the fact that you're in a downward spiral of self hate and loathing?

PANTS

Look...

PANTS leans over the roof of the car trying to comeback with something, then laughs.

MARTIN

(laughing)

See that? See what just happened there? Like some bacon with you're scrambled eggs...

PANTS

No...

MARTIN

Your brain ain't sharp. Tried to fire back, but too much bobbin when you shoulda been weavin. Admit it punchy.

PANTS

I'm good Dr. Drew.

MARTIN

Sure you are...

MARTIN gets a text message.

(CONTINUED)