

JAY
S. 1

27.

NAY STREET

RYAN
I don't have a hundred bucks.

MICHAEL
(baiting)
Then you better win.

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

MICHAEL
Roddy, you cool with this?

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

Michael looks back to Ryan.

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

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

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Anytime, motherfu --

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

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

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

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

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

START →

NATE
Walker's got heavy hands.

1/8

JAY

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

NATE

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

JAY

Same motherfucker, bro.

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

JAY (CONT'D)

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

NATE

He's won seven in a row.

JAY

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

NATE

Three years ago.

JAY

Same motherfucker, bro.

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

NATE

This was on the porch.

Jay, stops eating, forgot about the note.

NATE (CONT'D)

You said you paid the rent.

JAY

(downplays)

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

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

NATE

What happened to the money from my last fight?

JAY

It's gone.

NATE

Where'd it go?

JAY

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

NATE

Do we even have any money?

JAY

Yes, we do.

NATE

Seems like we're always short.

JAY

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

Nate's not convinced.

JAY (CONT'D)

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

NATE

Yeah...

JAY

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

Nate nods.

JAY (CONT'D)

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

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

JAY (CONT'D)

You wanna spar tomorrow?

NATE

Dad doesn't want you at the gym.

JAY
You got a key, right?

Off Nate, wary...

~~STOP~~

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

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

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

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

INT. BLACK IMPALA - NIGHT

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

CARLOS

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

He pushes her down. She struggles.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Choke it down, baby. That's it... yeah... shit yeah... ah shit.

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

Muriel sits up. Unhappy with the treatment.

MURIEL

That's too rough, Carlos, damn.

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

He reaches out the window and grabs the flier.

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

CARLOS

Motherfucker.

MURIEL

You can't treat me like that

JAY
s. 2

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~~Off Jay's yawns~~

CUT TO:

~~EXT. ZUMA BEACH MORNING~~

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

CUT TO:

EXT. ZUMA BEACH - JAY'S PICKUP

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

JAY

(big exhale)

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

RYAN

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

JAY

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

RYAN

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

JAY

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

(then)

(MORE)

START →

NAVY STREET

5/8

JAY (CONT'D)

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

RYAN

I put myself in prison.

JAY

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

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

RYAN

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

JAY

I love my world.

(gestures to the ocean)

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

RYAN

When was the last time you fought?

JAY

I don't know.

RYAN

Two years is what your dad said.

JAY

Fine, two years, who gives a shit?

RYAN

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

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

JAY

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

RYAN

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

JAY

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

RYAN

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

JAY

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

RYAN

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

Jay looks away.

RYAN (CONT'D)

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

JAY

It's not about Nate. He knows that.

RYAN

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

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

7/8

RYAN (CONT'D)

Keep your shit together. You gotta drive me back to rehab.

Ryan hops out of the back. Off Jay --

CUT TO:

~~STOP~~

EXT. LONG BEACH EVENT CENTER - NIGHT

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

INT. LONG BEACH EVENT CENTER - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

ALVEY

Let's get lathered up.

The fighters try to pump him up.

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

JAY

Come on, man. Get hot.

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

CUT TO:

INT. LONG BEACH EVENT CENTER - CAGE - NIGHT

THREE THOUSAND FANS ready for blood.

HOLDING AREA

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

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