

ASTORIA

DRAFT 3.2 - ACTOR READING

Screenplay by

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FADE IN:

INT. ASTORIA BOXING CLUB - DAY

A run-down amateur boxing club in East-end Vancouver.

Autographed pictures of fighters from better days hang next to cheap posters on the peeling walls.

In the

BOXING RING,

David shields himself from a BOXER'S punches with a large blue pad.

DAVID

Come on, hands up, Fonz. Work the combinations.

The boxer, ALFONZ KUDA, 34, past his prime and battle-scarred but looking sharp, fixes his gaze on the pad. David watches him work out like a doctor evaluating a patient. Another trainer, LOCKHART FRENCH, 34, tall and lanky, watches from just outside the ring.

DAVID

Jab...Jab...Straight! Good. Good.

The force of the punches does not distract David from his task.

THE MAN (O.S.)

So convince me.

CUT TO:

INT. BOXING CLUB - BACK OFFICE - DAY

A cluttered, macho office. "THE MAN," 50, overweight and bald, sits behind a large oak desk. David sits in front, his gym bag on the floor next to him.

ALFONZ can be seen through the office window, practicing on a nearby speedbag.

DAVID

Convince you of what?

THE MAN

Of why I should let you keep training this old horse that should'a been put out to pasture ten years ago.

DAVID

He's cleaned himself up. It's gonna happen.

THE MAN

Mm. It better. For both of your sakes. Your career ain't exactly going anywhere.

And as for me, I got a reputation to protect here -- or at least theoretically -- so, uh, put it this way, if this next fight don't go Fonz's way, both of you are going to have to move on, find another gym, understand?

I gotta start carrying decent fighters here or I might as well just turn the place into a health club.

DAVID

Sure.

THE MAN

It's nothing personal, Davy.

DAVID

'Course not.

THE MAN

But I'm running a business here.

DAVID

Sure.

The Fonz knocks on the window and signals to David that he's got to run. David nods and waves him away.

THE MAN

Guess you see something I don't,
huh?

David smiles and nods.

THE MAN

See you later, kid.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A typical middle-class living room in a somewhat run-down but well-kept house.

On the

TELEVISION,

CAPTAIN KIRK confers with SPOCK on the bridge of the USS ENTERPRISE (INTERCUT THROUGHOUT).

SPOCK

Captain, I believe the alien has transported herself on board.

KIRK

Can you locate her?

SPOCK

I believe she's in your quarters.

Seated in an easy chair, David's uncle, REGGIE, 70, holds the remote control and stares at the TV as Kirk makes his way off the bridge to the strains of tape-looped violins.

REG

So how was work, anyway?

DAVID

The usual.

REG

The Fonz gonna keep it together this time?

DAVID

Yeah. I think he's turned the corner. I hope.

REG

You boys been working hard at that despite everything. Deserve a payoff, you'll get it.

DAVID

Yeah.

(sips coke)

Something's gotta give, I guess.

On the SCREEN, Kirk enters his quarters to discover a GREEN-SKINNED woman looking through his bookshelf.

KIRK

I thought we said goodbye.

GREEN WOMAN

My people have rejected me.

KIRK

Well you can't stay here.

GREEN WOMAN

Can't I?

On the SCREEN, the green woman approaches Kirk. They embrace and kiss passionately.

DAVID

You ever wonder how Kirk gets over all the girls he falls in love with?

REG

Hm. Good question. I'll put that to Roddenberry when I see him at the pearly gates.

DAVID

Seems cold-hearted or something.

REG

I guess when you're flying through space you don't have much time to think about loves lost.

DAVID

Maybe that's it.

REG

Thinking about Alice?

DAVID

Yeah, I guess. Would'a been our anniversary tomorrow. Halloween.

REG

Mm-hmm. Take a page from Kirk's book, huh? It's been five years.

Adjust for the speed of light and you're about on pace to forget all about her, I'd say.

DAVID

Ha. Yeah. Well, here's to forgetting, then, huh?

REG

To forgetting. The only thing that gets easier as you get older.

David raises his can of Coke. Reg hits it with his can of Old Milwaukee.

On the SCREEN, the green woman slaps Kirk.

GREEN WOMAN

How dare you? How dare you?

KIRK

Your people are not my responsibility...

GREEN WOMAN

You humans are all the same.

David watches as Kirk tries to talk himself out of another tricky situation. Somehow, the cheesy narrative seems to strike a chord with him.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAVID'S ROOM - MORNING

David's alarm clock goes off, waking him from a dream. He turns it off and gets out of bed.

INT. BOXING CLUB - DAY

Alfonz, in sweats and a tank-top, stands at the

PAY PHONE

near the dressing rooms.

His voice has a casually arrogant tone; he chews gum as he talks.

ALFONZ

(into telephone)

You'll get it back plus the other hundred next weekend... I got a few bucks riding on this one... Of course to win, whaddya think? ... You'll be there. ... What? ... Hey, you been talking to Miranda? ... Okay, okay -- I gotta skip, here comes Davy. Yeah, I'll see you tonight. Say hi to little Willie. ... Her too. Yeah. And stop worrying about the money, I'm done with the old me, all right... Ciao.

He hangs up, throws out his gum, and walks across the floor toward David.

ALFONZ

Davy boy!

(LATER)

David and Alfonz work out in the

BOXING RING.

Alfonz punches the blue pad David holds like a shield.

DAVID

Keep 'em up, you gotta fight through that.

(Beat)

Back him into you and push. Watch the altitude. Back and push. Come on.

(Beat)

Keep your goddamned hands up!

Alfonz stops punching.

ALFONZ

This isn't my fuckin' style, Davy! I'm aggressive, remember? "Furious Fonzie." Flying fists--

DAVID

Yeah, ten years ago. You gotta change that. I been telling you. You think you're as fast as a twenty year old?

ALFONZ

Yeah, but I got a style here--

DAVID

When was your last fight, Fonz?

Alfonz steps back, insulted.

DAVID

Trust me, all right? Enough with style. You're a fighter, you're not paintin' a fuckin' picture here.

Come on.

Alfonz lets loose an angry flurry of punches into the pad.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Alfonz lies on his stomach on a massage table.

LOCKHART, 35, David's assistant trainer, works the kinks out of Alfonz' shoulders and back. David sits on a nearby chair going through some cardio notes.

LOCKHART

That good there, Fonz?

ALFONZ

Yeah, a little lower. Yeah. Ah.

MIRANDA, Alfonz's Beautiful 28 year-old wife, knocks and enters the room.

MIRANDA

Hello?

ALFONZ

Hey, Miry.

MIRANDA

Hi Fonz. Davy. Lock.

DAVID

Hi Miranda.

LOCKHART

Hey.

ALFONZ

Miry, Davy was just telling me here how he seen this Harcourt kid got his ass kicked. Tell her Davy.

DAVID

Yeah, I saw him lose against DeWitt last year sometime. No reason to get overconfident, though, Fonz.

ALFONZ

(laughs)

Cal fucking DeWitt, Miry! The kid's in trouble.

MIRANDA

Listen, Fonz, you were supposed to meet me at the union hall, remember? I waited for like two hours.

ALFONZ

(remembers)

Oh, yeah-- I-- I tried to call you, your phone was off. Sorry, huh? Hey, Davy, brainstorm: call DeWitt's manager, have him come by for the fight. Perfect follow up bout.

DAVID

Focus on this one first, huh, Fonz.

MIRANDA

(annoyed)

Fonzie, I waited two hours.

ALFONZ

I'm sorry, hon, okay, I got other things on my mind, yeah?

(to David)

Davy, just let him know we're going up -- And I think it's time to call Gordon about getting me managed.

MIRANDA

Fonz, they can't hold the job forever. You only got two more days. Will you come tomorrow at least?

ALFONZ

Miry, I don't need a garage gig gettin' in my way right now. Okay? Tell her how much I'm going to be making this time next year, Davy.

DAVID

Keep your focus on the game, Fonzie. Money's a distractor.

LOCKHART

Okay, you're done.

Finished massaging Alfonz, Lockhart wipes his hands off with a towel. David hands him the cardio sheets and removes his coat from his locker.

MIRANDA

Could you at least consider it part time? So you wouldn't have to keep borrowing from your brother? As a backup.

ALFONZ

(sitting up; to Miranda)
Oh, that just does wonders for my confidence, Miry. I need a backup now. Fills me with pride--

MIRANDA

I didn't mean it like that--

ALFONZ

You just gotta give me a chance, okay? I fucked up my twenties, I'm not going to fuck up my thirties. That's why I want Davy to find me a manager to come watch this fight.

(to David)

Which you'll do, right, man?

David zips up his gym bag, picks up a few dirty towels, and opens the door.

DAVID

(clears throat; leaving)
You know we only get one shot at Gordon, don't you?

ALFONZ

Yeah.

DAVID
And you think you're ready?

ALFONZ
Course I do. Don't you?

DAVID
I'll call him tomorrow. Now get
some rest, huh?

ALFONZ
Thanks, brother.

DAVID
Yeah, yeah. See you, Miry.

MIRANDA
See you, Davy.

DAVID
(to Alfonz)
Rest.

In the

HALLWAY,

David throws the dirty towels into a laundry bin and puts on
his coat.

Lockhart leaves the dressing room and joins David in the
hall.

LOCKHART
So what do you think?

DAVID
About what?

LOCKHART
You think he's ready for Gordon?

DAVID
Well, he's probably got a point.
It's now or never.

LOCKHART
Don't want to burn that bridge,
Davy, that's your only viable
connection after the last fiasco.

DAVID

Yeah, I know. You working the class now?

LOCKHART

Yeah.

DAVID

I'll see you tomorrow, huh?

LOCKHART

Sure. You, uh, okay today, wedding anniversary and all?

DAVID

Yeah. Fine. Thanks for remembering.

LOCKHART

Hard to forget Halloween. See you, huh?

DAVID

Bye.

CUT TO:

INT. BOXING CLUB - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

A small office space shared by the gym staff. There is a desk, a couch, a few chairs, and a video monitor hooked up to a VCR.

David sits in the dark watching a tape of ARTURO GATTI fighting ANGEL MANFREDY. He pauses the tape occasionally to take notes.

Alfonz opens the door and peeks inside.

He watches the tape with David for a moment.

ALFONZ

That Gatti and Manfredy?

DAVID

Yep.

ALFONZ

Gatti's boys threw the towel on that one, no?

DAVID

They ended it in the 8th.

ALFONZ

Fucking low. He would'a won.

Listen, uh, Miry and I are going over to this new place in Gastown, I dunno if you want to come, but... Miry's sister's in town, you might like her, she's a bit of boxing freak herself. Knows more than I do.

Pretty fucking weird, actually, for a chick.

DAVID

I thought I told you to get some rest.

ALFONZ

It's nothing late or anything. No booze, just see Miry's sister. You should come, Davy, I already told her about you.

DAVID

No, I got to watch this... Manfredy's a lot like the Kid...

ALFONZ

It's on tape, man.

DAVID

Yeah. Listen, I-- I just don't feel up to it.

Alfonz appears to remember something.

ALFONZ

Oh, shit. Halloween. Alice.

DAVID

Mm-hmm.

ALFONZ

You gonna be okay?

DAVID

Light years past it, Fonz.

ALFONZ

Yeah?

DAVID

Yeah. And Gatti always cheers me up.

ALFONZ

Yeah, that little punk brings nothing but light into the world, huh?

Well, listen, thanks for taking a chance on Gordon, huh? I won't let you down, bro. I promise.

DAVID

I know.

ALFONZ

See you tomorrow.

DAVID

Nine o'clock.

Alfonz closes the door, leaving David alone in the dark. He presses "play" to resume the fight.

EXT. BOXING CLUB - NIGHT

David emerges from the club's front door and locks it behind him. He pauses to light a cigarette, taking notice of a Beautiful Woman, 30, tallish, dressed in high heels a mini-skirt, and a white blouse, walking past on the sidewalk. He averts his eyes and takes a long drag on his cigarette as she walks by.

EXT. BOXING CLUB - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

David rounds the corner to the municipal parking lot next to the boxing club. He walks toward his car and stops short a few yards away.

David'S POV: The Beautiful Woman David had seen earlier sits on the fence near where his car is parked, smoking a cigarette. Her face is tear-streaked with mascara.

David walks to his car, hesitates for a moment, then turns to the woman (LILLY).

DAVID

Uh, you okay?

LILLY
Sure.

DAVID
Yeah?

LILLY
Yeah.

DAVID
Okay.

David gets into his...

I/E DAVID'S CAR - NIGHT

...and starts the engine.

He looks out the window at the woman. She doesn't look "okay." Indeed, she looks more than a little drunk.

David rolls down the window.

DAVID
Hey, you need a ride or something?

LILLY
(slurring her words)
I'm not a hooker.

DAVID
I didn't think you were, I'm just...offering.

LILLY
I'm fine, thank you. Everything's under control.

She stands up and walks away, her steps wobbly and uncertain. David puts the car into gear. He looks at her one last time.

David'S POV: Lilly trips over the fence wire and falls to the ground.

(MOMENTS LATER)

David helps the woman into the passenger seat of his car.

DAVID
I'm just going to drive you home, okay? It's not a safe neighborhood here.

LILLY
I know it's not a safe
neighborhood. I'm not an idiot.

DAVID
Okay. Put your arm in. Good.

David closes the door.

(MOMENTS LATER)

David drives west on Hastings.

DAVID
So, where do you live?

LILLY
This way.

DAVID
You, uh, want some water?

David fishes a bottle out of his bag as they wait at a stop
light.

LILLY
Thank you.
(she drinks)
I should say I don't drink like
this usually. But, uh, it's been a
bad day.

DAVID
I know the feeling.

LILLY
Oh, do you? I just lost all my
money.

You ever lost all your money? Not
that you appear to have any...

DAVID
How'd it happen?

LILLY
Robbery.

DAVID
Yeah?

LILLY
Those fuckers up there stole it.

DAVID
Which-- Where?

LILLY
Up in those fucking postmodern
monstrosities there. The fuckers.
Stole it all.

DAVID
In the office buildings?

LILLY
Yes, the office buildings. You hear
about United S&L?

DAVID
What, that Enron kind of thing?

LILLY
Fucking every penny. Twenty
thousand dollars. Plus.
(snaps her fingers)
Because they wanted their fucking
summer home in Antigua or whatever.

DAVID
Just tell me when to turn, huh?
There's, uh, no insurance for that?

LILLY
No. Oh, no, no. And I was just
about to take it out. Just
about...to take it out...

Lilly starts to laugh. The laugh turns green.

LILLY
I think I'm going to be sick.

David pulls the car over. Lilly opens the door and pukes onto
the curb. When she's finished, she closes the door and leans
back in her chair.

LILLY
I'm sorry.

DAVID
It's okay. So up here?

LILLY
Yeah. Just straight.
(long Beat)
Thank you.

DAVID
Like I said, it's a bad
neighborhood.

Lilly looks at David as if sizing him up. She looks around
the car, spotting a box in the back seat.

LILLY
What's in the box?

DAVID
Wedding place cards.

LILLY
You getting married?

DAVID
Yeah, uh, no -- my cousin. She's
uh, getting married. I grew up with
her, she's kind of like my sister.

LILLY
She the first, then?

DAVID
What?

LILLY
Between you and her. To get
married.

DAVID
No, I was married. But she left me.
Or made me leave her, I guess. I
don't know. It's complicated.
Today's actually our wedding
anniversary, as it happens.

LILLY
Really. Halloween.

DAVID
Yeah. Broke up five years ago. I
still dream of her all the time.
You ever have recurring dreams?

I get her and this giant guinea pig
or something. On this orange
background.

David looks over. Lilly is asleep.

DAVID
Hey. Hey wake up.

He shakes her.

DAVID
Hey, I don't know where I'm going
here.

Lilly groans but does not wake.

DAVID
Hey...

David waits at a stop light and thinks.

DAVID
Ah, shit.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

David's car sits out front of Aunt Bea's house.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

David quietly leads a groggy Lilly through the kitchen door
and up the stairs.

LILLY
Hey, where are we going?

DAVID
You fell asleep. You can sleep here
tonight.

LILLY
Don't take my clothes off, please.

DAVID
I'm not going to take your clothes
off. Listen, my uncle's very sick.
He has trouble sleeping, okay?

Lilly puts a finger in front of her mouth and goes "shh."

INT. DAVID'S ROOM - NIGHT

The walls in here are covered with photos of the great boxing
talents of the last fifty years.

Several trophies and medals sit on the dresser; a single bed, a small radio, an electronic keyboard, and a laundry bin are the only other objects in the room. The curtains are drawn.

David shows Lilly into the room and closes the door halfway.

DAVID

Okay, you can sleep here. I'll be downstairs. On the couch, okay. If you need me.

LILLY

Is this you?

Lilly looks at a small framed picture of a younger David in boxing gear.

DAVID

Yeah, I-- I used to box. I wasn't any good.

(Beat)

So, uh -- the bathroom's the second door in the hall. That's an alarm clock there-- Um...

LILLY

Thank you.

David catches on: he has said enough already.

DAVID

Okay. Right. I'll be downstairs.

LILLY

Thanks a lot.

DAVID

Have a good sleep.

LILLY

You too.

David leaves the room and closes the door.

Lilly slumps down onto the bed. She looks around the room, which looks more like that of a teenage boy than a 36-year old man.

A slight smile crosses her face.

The photograph of David as a young boxer presides over the room.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

A bag of groceries in his arms, David walks home.

There is a lightness in his stride that wasn't there the day before.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Aunt Bea prepares a cup of tea.

She walks up the

STAIRS,

and stops at the door to

DAVID'S ROOM.

JULIET (O.S.)
(whispers)
Mom.

Aunt Bea turns to see JULIET, David's 30 year-old cousin, standing in her bedroom doorway.

AUNT BEA
What?

JULIET
Davy went out to get milk.

AUNT BEA
Well who's in the shower...?

Juliet smiles, raises her eyebrows and nods toward David's bedroom.

Aunt Bea peeks inside and spots Lilly's skirt on the bed. The two women exchange a glance.

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Lilly steps out of the shower and appraises herself in the mirror.

Through the steamy glass, it is apparent that Lilly is not what she seems.

Below the waist, Lilly is a man.

Yes. LILLY IS A TRANSSEXUAL.

She towels off her hair and looks herself in the eye.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

David comes into the house through the kitchen door. He sets down the groceries on the kitchen table as Aunt Bea enters the room.

AUNT BEA
Good morning, Davy.

DAVID
Hey. I got some cream. Used the card, if that's okay.

AUNT BEA
Sure, of course. So... you have a "friend."

DAVID
Oh. It's a long story.

AUNT BEA
No need to explain. You're a grown man. I'm glad to see you're back out there.

DAVID
It's not like that...

AUNT BEA
Okay. But I think she's out of the shower now, so.

DAVID
Ah. Well, I, uh, guess I. Should. Go see her, then.

AUNT BEA
Yes, I guess you should.

David leaves the room as Uncle Reg rolls in on his chair.

REG
Morning Davy.

DAVID
(leaving)
Hey, Old Man.

REG
(to Bea)
Who's in the bathroom up there?

Aunt Bea shrugs.

INT. HOUSE - DAVID'S ROOM - DAY

Lilly makes David's bed and neatly folds the towel from her shower. Juliet talks to her from the doorway.

LILLY
...so he just kind of didn't know
what to do with me, I guess.

JULIET
Sounds like Davy.

David appears behind Juliet.

DAVID
Hi.

JULIET
Lilly here was just telling me
about how you two met.

DAVID
Yeah, it was, uh, pretty special...

Lilly smiles.

JULIET
Well, nice to meet you, Lilly. See
you, Davy-boy.

DAVID
See you, Jules.

LILLY
She's nice.

DAVID
Yeah. My cousin. So, Lilly, huh?

LILLY
Yeah.

DAVID
That's a nice name.

LILLY
Picked it myself.

DAVID
You hung over -- you want an Advil
or something?

LILLY
No, I can't. I'm very embarrassed
about everything, actually...kind
of humiliating.

DAVID
Sounds like you had good reason.

LILLY
Yeah. Well. Thanks.
(long Beat)
I guess I should be going now.

DAVID
Yeah. You want a ride?

LILLY
I'll take the bus.

DAVID
Okay.

LILLY
Thank you again. You're very nice.

DAVID
No problem.

Lilly leaves David's bedroom. He casts a glance at the indentation left by her head on the pillow, then follows her downstairs.

INT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

David opens the door for Lilly. Aunt Bea, Juliet, and Uncle Reg all watch from various corners of the house.

DAVID
So I'll see you around, then.

LILLY
See you around.

DAVID
The, uh, bus stop's that way.

LILLY
Okay. Say thank you to your family.

DAVID I will. JULIET (O.S.)
You're welcome.

LILLY
Bye, David.

DAVID
Bye, Lilly.

David watches her go, then closes the door.

Uncle Reg calls out to David from the living room.

REG
You just going to let her go like
that, kid?

David looks out through the window in the door.

JULIET
Go get her Davy, I like her.

DAVID
What is with you people? Jeez.

AUNT BEA
I don't particularly like her, if
that's any consolation, Davy.

David thinks about it for a long moment. Reg, Juliet and Bea eye each other.

David opens the door.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Lilly waits for the 527.

David joins her.

DAVID

Hey...

LILLY

Hey. Oh, did I leave something?

DAVID

No, no, uh... I just think it's kind of funny the way we met and... I was wondering if maybe--

LILLY

D- David? I'm touched, really, but... I just don't think it would work out.

DAVID

Oh. Th- That's okay. I just...

LILLY

I think you're really fabulous and I'd like to get to know you, really, but...

DAVID

You're seeing somebody.

LILLY

No.

DAVID

Oh. Okay. Um...

LILLY

It's just complicated.

DAVID

I understand. Here comes your bus. Don't worry about it.

LILLY

I'm sorry, it's...

DAVID

Hey, I'm fine. Really.

The bus pulls up.

DAVID
Good luck getting that money back.

LILLY
(mock casual)
Ten more years, no problem.

DAVID
Right. Well, bye.

LILLY
Bye.

Lilly gets on the bus.

The bus pulls away.

ONBOARD,

Lilly looks back at David as he turns to walk away.

EXT. STREET - DAY - M.O.S. - MUSIC

The bus stops.

Lilly gets off and catches up with David.

She asks something. He nods in agreement and smiles.

SMASH TO:

INT. BOXING CLUB - DAY

HEAVY BLOWS land as Alfonz spars with a long-haired boxer.

Both men wear padded helmets.

Seated several yards away from the ring are David and GORDON,
a fight promoter.

Gordon is 50 years old, bald, and dressed in a rumpled
pinstripe suit.

DAVID
Keep 'em up, Fonz!

GORDON
Looks a little sluggish, huh?

The Fonz does indeed look a little sluggish.

DAVID
He's having an off day.

GORDON
If he'd use it, he's got a pretty good reach.

DAVID
For his size.

GORDON
The kid's a dancer, though, it's gonna be tough if he moves this slow.

DAVID
Like I said, it's an off day.

GORDON
Oh, there he goes.

In the

RING,

Alfonz delivers a few solid body blows to his opponent.

The opponent reels backwards and into the ropes.

DAVID
(calling off the sparring)
Okay!

Alfonz breaks off his attack and thanks his opponent.

He removes his headgear and returns to his corner, where Miranda is waiting for him.

GORDON
Well, I'll come check it out.
Always glad to see fighters this old sticking with it. But you should probably be looking for a younger guy soon.

DAVID
There's an artistry, though, that comes with age.

GORDON

I don't know if I'd call it that. But if I see this potential you're talking about, I'll set up a bigger bout, see how he does there. Bring in a little cash for you and the club, anyway.

DAVID

That'd be great.

At ringside, Alfonz kneels down and talks to Miranda.

GORDON

Now that there is what can make a guy go soft.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Alfonz gets ready for a shower while David changes shirts for his upcoming date with Lilly.

ALFONZ

So is he in, or what?

DAVID

He's in.

ALFONZ

Fuckin'-A, boy. We're runnin' with the big dogs, now. Fuckin'-A.

DAVID

Look, he's doing it for me, Fonz. He doesn't necessarily think you're as hot as all that--

ALFONZ

Yeah, and what's that supposed to mean? Doing it for you? I'm the fucking fighter--

DAVID

I'm just saying, on your own you didn't exactly impress him. You looked way too slow. Gordon likes good old fashioned fighting for points. Finesse--

ALFONZ

Uh-huh. I'm not gonna need the judges for this one, Davy. Did you call DeWitt's boys?

DAVID

Look, Fonz, this promotion stuff's a distraction. Gordon said so, man. You looked distracted. We blow this and he's not gonna take another look and I'm fresh out of ideas after that.

Plus, I talked to The Man yesterday, and he's gonna cut us from the roster if you lose...

ALFONZ

That's bullshit. He's bullshitting you.

DAVID

Yeah? I don't know. This means as much to me as it does to you, Fonz. You gotta get your shit together. We got all our eggs in one basket here.

ALFONZ

It was just an off day, okay? Me and Miry are fighting, I'm on the couch, I didn't sleep so well, No biggie. All right, coach? Can I have my fucking shower now?

DAVID

Sure. I'll see you tomorrow, huh?

ALFONZ

Just relax, buddy. Everything's going to come up roses, I promise. Where you going all dressed up, anyway?

DAVID

Got a date.

ALFONZ

Aha -- now I know why you didn't want to meet Miry's sister. Very intriguing, a little secret love for Davy boy. How long this been going on for?

DAVID
It's nothing serious.

ALFONZ
Yeah. All the better, huh?

Good to see you back on the horse,
buddy. It's about fucking time, by
the way.

Alfonz gets into the shower.

ALFONZ
Oh yeah, and Davy?

DAVID
Yeah?

ALFONZ
Make sure to wear protection, huh?

David zips his coat and closes his locker.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

David walks to his car through the drizzle of a typical
Vancouver afternoon.

CHARLIE, 34, scruffy, carrying a brown-bagged bottle of Night
Train, dressed in a leather jacket, jeans, and cowboy boots,
spots David and approaches him from the sidewalk.

CHARLIE
Davy! Yo, Davy!

David stops walking and waits for Charlie to catch up with
him.

DAVID
Hey, man.

CHARLIE
Hey, bro, long time no see. I been
fucking looking for you.

They shake hands. The triple-shake of old friends.

DAVID
Yeah, well. Trying to stay clear of
the bottle, Chaz.

CHARLIE

Hey-- That hurts. Mind you...

DAVID

What's up? Where you been?

CHARLIE

Ah, I was up in Esquimault helping some friends do a little flower picking.

DAVID

Mm. Flowers, huh?

CHARLIE

Yeah, big green ones. Listen I, uh, heard the Fonz is going up against that Kid Harcourt.

DAVID

Yeah, Friday night.

CHARLIE

This a comeback or just a paying gig?

DAVID

What do you care?

CHARLIE

Well-- I'm a little flush now, thought I'd play the odds. Get the skinny from you first.

DAVID

There is no skinny. Fonz is fighting the Kid, that's it.

CHARLIE

Hey, come on, you know what I'm talking about here. Hm? Just point me in the right direction and I'll give you a cut of the vig. I could even put some down for you, if you want, my buddy's running book out in Burnaby.

DAVID

I don't gamble any more, Chaz. And even if I did, not on the Fonz, huh?

Listen, I'm late gotta go.

CHARLIE

Day-vee... Just tell me, is he doing it for the show money or is he really after a fucking win here?

DAVID

Okay. He wants to win, Chaz. He's turned his life around. Maybe you could take some lessons.

CHARLIE

Ouch. But what do you think?

DAVID

What do I think what?

CHARLIE

You think he can do it?

DAVID

Wouldn't be here if I didn't.

CHARLIE

All right. That's all I wanted to know. Listen, you want to get together for a beer or something--

DAVID

I already said, I'm off the juice. See you around, huh?

CHARLIE

Yeah, see ya. And if you change your mind, books close noon the day of. I'm staying at Winslow's.

David waves over his shoulder as he heads to his car.

CHARLIE

(to himself)

Fucking nerve case.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY - M.O.S.

David pulls up in front of Lilly's apartment building. She emerges from the lobby and runs through the rain to his car.

INT./EXT. OLD CAR - DAY - HEAVY RAIN

Windshield wipers squeak against wet glass.

David drives the big car through rush hour traffic. Lilly sits in the passenger seat.

They stop at a stop light.

DAVID

I just have to stop by at the end near the park and pick up something for my cousin's wedding.

LILLY

So how old is she, anyway?

DAVID

She's thirty. Just turned.

They ride in silence for a couple Beats.

DAVID

(slamming brakes)

Come on! I don't know how people can do this every day. Traffic.

David drives on.

A few more Beats of silence.

DAVID

Hey-- Sorry. Traffic kind of drives me nuts.

LILLY

Don't worry about it.

DAVID

Gotta see a therapist or something about that.

David slams on the brakes again.

DAVID

What's with these people?

Lilly looks at him and smiles.

INT. WEDDING STORE - DAY

Mannequins in wedding gowns.

Photographs of happy couples.

David stands at the front desk, waiting for the CLERK.

Soft MUZAK plays on the speakers.

Lilly tries on a wedding veil.

David looks at her, then looks away.

Lilly smiles through the lace of the veil.

ASIAN CLERK (O.S.)
Sir? Sign here for dress. Yeah.
Here.

David signs, takes the dress.

ASIAN CLERK
(gestures at Lilly)
Have happy wedding.

DAVID
Yeah, thanks.

Lilly holds up a dress and looks in the mirror. David stands behind her. For a moment, they look like one of the couples in the photographs.

DAVID
Ready?

INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

David and Lilly pick at the remains of their cheeseburger platters.

David licks his fingers absently.

A fat waiter approaches.

WAITER
Can I get you anything else?

LILLY
No, I think we're done.

The waiter takes their plates and walks away.

LILLY
That was good.

DAVID
Yeah, I love it here.

LILLY
Yeah. Denny's is under-rated.

DAVID
I never got into the whole healthy eating thing. Which is maybe why my boxing career didn't go anywhere.

The waiter drops off the bill.

DAVID
I got it.

LILLY
No, let me pay for my half.

DAVID
No, you lost all your money-- I got it.

David takes thirty bucks out of his wallet and puts it on the table.

LILLY
Thank you, David.

David smiles, laughs to himself.

Lilly looks at him for an explanation.

DAVID
Nobody's called me that in a long time. David.

My dad used to call me that, but Aunt Bea, she always knew me as Davy for some reason, and it stuck. Reg just calls me "Kid," or "buddy," or "boy-o," so...

LILLY
They seem nice, your family.

DAVID
Yeah, it's just too bad I have to
live with them.

The waiter takes David's money and the bill.

Lilly looks at him for a long MOMENT.

LILLY
So what do we do now?

CUT TO:

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT - M.O.S. - MUSIC

David and Lilly go bowling to musical accompaniment.

With each strike, split and single, their mood grows looser.

They 'accidentally' brush against each other near the ball
return.

Lilly laughs and tosses her hair. David relaxes slightly,
letting his guard down.

EXT. MODERN APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

David pulls up the car and turns off the engine.

LILLY
Well.

DAVID
I had a good time.

LILLY
Me too.

DAVID
It's been a long time. Since my
divorce... Anyway. Good night.

LILLY
Good night, David.

She gives him a hug.

David holds her close.

LILLY
David?

DAVID

Yes?

They look at each other for a long MOMENT, their faces inches away from one another. David kisses her.

She kisses him back passionately.

Gradually, her passion turns to confusion and consternation. She pushes him away--

LILLY

I'm sorry. Oh, god.

DAVID

What?

Lilly unbuckles her seat belt.

LILLY

It's-- I don't know what I'm doing.
I shouldn't have--

Oh, David. I can't do this. I'm so
sorry... I have to go.

DAVID

No, I-- Lilly--? It--

Lilly exits the car and heads into her apartment building.

DAVID

Lilly?

INT./EXT. OLD CAR - NIGHT

David watches as Lilly goes into the building.

He lets his head rest on the steering wheel.

A car passes by, bathing David in light before leaving him alone in the darkness.

EXT. VANCOUVER STREETS - NIGHT - MUSIC

Peter Schilling's "Major Tom" plays on the radio as David drives across town.

Sad, grey faces populate the sidewalks.

INT. HOUSE - DAVID'S ROOM - NIGHT

David smokes a cigarette by his open window and looks out on the night.

The picture of him as a young boxer presides over his quiet misery.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Aunt Bea serves David his breakfast.

Uncle Reg sits at the table in his wheelchair, sipping a cup of tea.

AUNT BEA

Davy, do you still have the bank card?

DAVID

Yeah. You, uh, want it back?

AUNT BEA

No, hang on to it. I need you to pick up some more stuff for the wedding.

DAVID

Sure.

AUNT BEA

I'll call you at work with the info.

DAVID

Fine.

Reg exchanges a glance with Aunt Bea.

REG

So, you saw that, uh, friend again last night?

DAVID

Yeah.

REG

Gonna see her again?

DAVID

Uh...I don't think so.

AUNT BEA
Well, she didn't seem like the
reliable type anyway.

David continues to eat without responding.

REG
You okay, boy-o?

DAVID
It's the Fonz. He's a little ahead
of himself, that's all. I'm fine.

AUNT BEA
Oh, that Fonz... I don't know why
you stick with him, Davy. He holds
you back.

David stops eating, gets up and washes his plate.

Reg looks Aunt Bea in the eyes.

AUNT BEA
What?

CUT TO:

INT. BOXING CLUB - DAY

The

RING

is empty.

The

SPEEDBAG

is still.

David sits in a ringside chair.

He flips through a copy of Tattoo magazine. He puts the
magazine down and looks around.

The wall clock reads 4:30 PM.

David seems to have been sitting there for a while.

Lockhart, carrying a gym bag, joins him.

LOCKHART
I'm gonna jet. You sticking around?

DAVID
Yeah, I guess.

LOCKHART
I wonder what the fuck happened to him.

DAVID
I called his house again. Still no answer.

LOCKHART
Maybe some kind of emergency.

DAVID
Yeah. I hope he's not back on the sauce. He and Miry are fighting.

LOCKHART
He'd have called you. You're his sponsor, aren't you?

DAVID
I guess so. Couple of old alky losers trying to make a run at pro fighting. Sometimes I wonder.

LOCKHART
I'm sure it's nothing.

Hey--

David looks up as Alfonz comes in through the front door, sunglasses covering his eyes and his hands in the pockets of his fur-lined overcoat.

David and Lockhart get up from their seats and approach Fonz near the door.

DAVID
Hey. Where you been?

ALFONZ
Just walking. Tried calling you last night.

Alfonz removes his sunglasses.

One eye is black and his cheekbones are bruised.

ALFONZ
It's not as bad as it looks.

DAVID
Jesus, what happened?

ALFONZ
It's nothing.

DAVID
Lemme see?

LOCKHART
Your hand okay?

Lockhart pulls up Alfonz's right hand and looks at it.

DAVID
Ah, Fonz...

Blue and purple bruises ring each huge knuckle.

ALFONZ
I hit my brother.

DAVID
You broke your knuckles on him?

ALFONZ
He says won't press charges.

DAVID
Why would you hit him like that?

ALFONZ
'Cause he keeps telling me to quit.
Him and Miry, ganging up.

You know how many times I bailed
that guy out when he was a kid? Now
he's all high and mighty like he's
Mister Responsibility. He's a
fuckin' chump. He takes out the
garbage--

DAVID
This was about the mechanic's job?

ALFONZ
(nods)
And Miry's pissed now, I never seen
her this upset.

(MORE)

ALFONZ (cont'd)

I just wanted to deal with this after the fight, you know, but they kept coming at me--

DAVID

Well, we gotta call it off. There is no fight now.

ALFONZ

No, no. We ain't calling it off. Just fucking put this on ice.

DAVID

You have three broken knuckles.

ALFONZ

No, no. The fight goes on, that's all I got. Understand? Or are you against me, too, now?

DAVID

(after a MOMENT)

Fonz. You're not thinking straight. I'm calling off the fight.

ALFONZ

I'll fire you.

LOCKHART

Whoa, whoa, Fonz, think about this for a sec.

ALFONZ

I been thinking about it all day.
(to David)
You gonna to give up on me too?

DAVID

I'm not giving up, Fonz. You just can't fight like this. You'll lose, and you'll blow everything we've been working for and I'll look like a fucking idiot. Let the hand heal, we'll reschedule.

ALFONZ

No. You gotta take a stand, Davy, and I'm taking it right here. It all fucking adds up to this.

LOCKHART

Davy's right, Fonz--

ALFONZ

Stay the fuck out of this, Lock.

DAVID

I can't fucking believe this.

No. No, I'm not going to go down in a ball of fire with you this time. You want to fight, you're on your own.

LOCKHART

Davy--

DAVID

Should have fucking listened.

He leaves.

LOCKHART

(to Fonz)

Wait here.

INT. BOXING CLUB - BACK ROOM - DAY

David looks through his desk for his car keys. A lamp gets in his way. He tears it off the table and throws it across the room, breaking a mirror.

Lockhart appears in the doorway.

LOCKHART

You need a minute?

DAVID

I'm okay.

LOCKHART

He just needs to cool down. He can't fight like that. He knows it.

DAVID

Yeah.

LOCKHART

Just don't take it so personal, Davy.

DAVID

How am I supposed to take it? Every time my life looks like it's going to get better I just get fucking beat down. What's the point in even trying?

LOCKHART

It was just a mistake.

DAVID

I'm sick of mistakes. Mistakes took my parents away, got me into the bottle, fucked up my marriage, got me hooked up with this guy. It's all one big fucking mistake. I'm a fucking mistake.

Lockhart nods and gives David a moment.

LOCKHART

Why don't you go home, come in tomorrow, we'll see how it goes?

David sits down.

DAVID

I don't know.

LOCKHART

I'll go tell the Fonz to sleep on it. Just give yourself a break, huh?

Lockhart leaves David alone. David looks at a picture on his desk.

DAVID'S POV: A picture of himself and ALFONZ in better days, posing in front of a heavy bag.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S ROOM - NIGHT

David lies in bed, looking up at the ceiling. It's about 1 in the morning.

A KNOCK at the door.

DAVID

Yeah?

JULIET
You still up?

DAVID
Yeah.

JULIET
How's it going? I heard you were having some more problems with the Fonz.

DAVID
Yeah. You know. Broke his knuckles on his brother's nose.

JULIET
He's a real force of nature, that guy.

DAVID
Yeah. A volcano. Where were you tonight?

JULIET
Some girls took me out. Shower sort of thing.

DAVID
You get any good presents?

JULIET
Just drinks. But, uh, that's kind of why I'm bothering you. We had a fair bit to drink and -- you remember Catherine Green?

DAVID
From high school?

JULIET
Yeah, she's back in town and she showed up. She got divorced about a year ago and I, stupidly, said that you'd go to the Canucks game with her tomorrow night.

DAVID
You what?

JULIET
She seems like she could use a date.

DAVID
Jules, it's not a good time...

JULIET
Yeah. Thing is, I don't know her
phone number and she's going to
pick you up at six.

Look, mom told me it didn't work
out with that other girl, so...

I think you'll really like her.

DAVID
I don't know, maybe you should go
with her, or...

The phone RINGS. Someone picks it up down the hall.

JULIET
You gotta keep trying, Davy. It's
gonna work out one of these times.

DAVID
I think I had my shot already,
Jules.

AUNT BEA (O.S.)
Davy? Phone.

DAVID
(calling to Aunt Bea)
Just a sec!
(to Juliet)
That's probably the Fonz.

JULIET
Do it for me?

DAVID
It's not like I have a choice,
right?

JULIET
Well, no.

David smiles.

DAVID
I'm gonna miss you, Jules.

JULIET
I'm just getting married. Everybody
acts like I'm dying.

DAVID
Yeah. Still. I better take this,
huh?

Juliet nods.

JULIET
Sleep well, bro.

DAVID
See you.

David picks up the phone.

DAVID
Hello?

LILLY
David? It's Lilly.

This seems to be the last thing David expected.

DAVID
Oh, hi.

LILLY
I'm sorry to call so late. I just
wanted to apologize about last
night.

DAVID
That's okay...

LILLY
(weak)
Can you come over?

DAVID
Come over?

LILLY
To my place.

DAVID
Are you all right?

LILLY
Yeah, I'm fine.

A long SILENCE.

LILLY
David?

DAVID
Yeah. Are you sure you're okay?

LILLY
I'm fine. I just need to talk. In--
In person. It's suite 1532.

DAVID
I'll-- I'll be right there.

LILLY
Okay. David -- Thank you.

DAVID
No problem.

David hangs up the phone.

DAVID
No problem.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

David walks into Lilly's apartment building.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Lilly buzzes David in. David crosses the lobby and gets into a chrome-lined elevator.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - SUITE 1532 - NIGHT

David enters Lilly's apartment. It's decorated in various Chinese themes, with delicate embroidery hanging on the walls.

There are also a fair number of card board boxes piled up, as if in preparation for moving.

LILLY
Thanks for coming. Please, sit.

DAVID
Is everything okay? I'm sorry about the other night.

LILLY

Don't be sorry.

(Beat)

I...I don't know how to say this. I really like you, David.

DAVID

I like you too.

LILLY

I-- I just got afraid the other night.

DAVID

Yeah.

LILLY

Because I think I'm falling in love with you.

DAVID

Yeah?

LILLY

Yeah. I mean, I think you-- Do you feel that way, too?

David thinks for a long moment. He nods. She takes his hand.

LILLY

But the thing is... The thing is, there's a problem. Okay?

DAVID

What do you mean?

LILLY

The \$20,000...that I lost.

DAVID

That's not a problem.

LILLY

It's what it was for.

She gets up, walks into the bathroom, and returns with a tray of items. She puts the tray on the table.

DAVID'S POV: On the tray are: several pill jars, each labelled with different types of Estrogen, a razor blade and some shaving cream.

DAVID
I don't get it.

LILLY
Razor blade, shaving cream,
Estrogen.

David looks at her square in the eyes. She stares back.

LILLY
The 20,000 was for the operation.

I came here for the surgery.
There's a clinic. Then the S&L
thing happened, and... |

I can't pay for it anymore. So I'm
going to move back home. But I just
wanted to tell you the truth, in
case it didn't matter.

David?

She reaches out and touches his hand. He bats it away and
SLAPS her in the face.

They stare at each other for another MOMENT.

David gets up and leaves.

EXT. VANCOUVER STREETS - NIGHT - M.O.S. - MUSIC

David drives through the streets of the Downtown East Side.
Grim faces stare out of the darkness.

INT. ASTORIA BOXING CLUB - NIGHT

David walks through the darkened gym to his
OFFICE.

He searches through his stack of video tapes. Finding a copy
of GATTI v. MANFREDY, he pops it into his VCR and hits play.

ALFONZ (O.S.)
Up for watching Gatti lose again?

David turns around to see Fonz lying in the dark on the
office couch.

DAVID
Miry kick you out?

ALFONZ
Ah, not so much kicked me out as
won't let me in. Looks like she's
pulling an Alice.

Fonz, waking up, picks up a half-empty bottle of scotch from
the floor next to the couch, unscrews the top, and takes a
swig.

DAVID
You want to go to a meeting?

ALFONZ
Nope. This is a one-night thing.

DAVID
There's no such thing.

ALFONZ
You should have some. Loosen you
up.

David ignores Fonz's offer of a drink and takes a seat
opposite him on the desk chair. Fonz switches on the lamp
next to the couch.

DAVID
Remember when we were twenty,
seemed like everything was open to
us? Like things would just work
out?

ALFONZ
Yeah.

DAVID
We started fighting together. I met
Alice. Then we started drinking
together. I lost Alice. Then we
thought we'd recover together. Get
our careers going. Be a team.

But we didn't really recover, did
we? From the booze. From any of it.

ALFONZ
That girl fucked you up, Davy.

DAVID
Did she? Maybe it was you.

ALFONZ

Ah...don't give me that.

DAVID

You come to your senses about the fight yet?

ALFONZ

I'm not giving up, Davy. I'm taking a stand.

DAVID

You're hanging me out to dry.

ALFONZ

You don't have to be there if you don't want to. I'll tell The Man you objected.

Your career will be safe. Such as it is.

Alfonz chuckles to himself.

DAVID

I'm glad you find all this so funny.

ALFONZ

What are you protecting, man?

DAVID

What do you mean?

ALFONZ

This life...All these fucking rules. We're "alcoholics," we can't drink. Your hand is busted, you can't fight. I can fight if I choose to. I can drink if I choose to. That's what it was like when we were twenty.

Alice took that from you.

DAVID

She wouldn't have left me if it weren't for you. You dragged me into the booze. I should'a had more self-control. It was my fault, too. But I wouldn't'a gone there on my own.

(MORE)

DAVID (cont'd)
Now you've trashed our one shot at
coming back. And this job, Fonz...
This job is all I got...

ALFONZ
Well, then let me fight.

DAVID
Mm. Beat a guy ten years younger
than you with a busted hand?

ALFONZ
I can still do it, Davy.

DAVID
No you can't, Fonz. Just like you
can't stop drinking.

David gets up from his chair and leaves, flicking on the tape
of the Gatti-Manfredy fight as he goes.

INT. HOUSE - DAVID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

David, wearing only his underwear, smokes near a cracked-open
window.

Something catches his eye near the ashtray.

David'S POV: LILLY'S EARRINGS, left behind from her overnight
stay, sit next to the ashtray like artifacts from some alien
civilization.

He puts the earrings in the drawer and grinds out his
cigarette.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. GM PLACE - NIGHT

TODD BERTUZZI, 30ish, a heavy-set hockey player, smashes
defenseman JORDAN LEOPOLD into the boards.

The crowd goes wild.

Catherine and David sit in the 14th row, watching the game.

David seems distracted. Catherine notices his distraction.

The Canucks SCORE.

Catherine leaps to her feet.

David stands and applauds, trying in vain to act as if he's having fun.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

David walks up the stairs and opens the front door.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

David turns on the kitchen lights and goes for the fridge. He pours himself a glass of milk.

Through the kitchen window, he notices UNCLE REG sitting outside on the porch.

EXT. HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Uncle Reg sits on the swinging chair, looking out into the night. David takes a seat next to him.

REG
How was your date?

DAVID
I don't know. Nice, I guess.

REG
Mmm.

DAVID
How come you're up?

REG
Trying to make the most of it.

The night.

Don't know how many of them I have left...

DAVID
Oh, you got a while yet, Reg.

REG
Yeah. Maybe.

David thinks about this for a moment.

DAVID
Remember that...girl, not Catherine
but the one before?

REG
Shower girl?

DAVID
Yeah.

REG
Pretty, that one.

DAVID
Yeah. I really liked her.

REG
Don't blame you. She like you back?

DAVID
There was a problem. I-- She-- She
has this problem.

REG
She in trouble or something?

DAVID
Yeah, I guess. Something like that.

Reg mulls things over for a moment.

REG
You went on a couple dates with
her.

DAVID
Yeah.

REG
Time enough to figure out if you
loved her?

DAVID
I don't know. It's awful fast. But
we both felt it. Even that night
when she was drunk. I'm not crazy.

REG
Then the problem will go away.
Don't even think about it.

DAVID
Yeah. Well. Not this one.

David looks out into the black.

DAVID

Even so, when I found out
about...the problem. I... Didn't
handle it well.

REG

You let her down.

DAVID

I guess. I didn't expect it. It
kind of threw me for a loop. And I
just...

REG

Ran away.

DAVID

Yeah.

REG

(after a moment)

You gonna leave it like that?

DAVID

I don't know.

REG

(nods)

You just gotta ask yourself if you
can live with the wondering. Every
day knowing she's out there and you
let her go because of this
"problem," whatever it is.

If you're okay with that, then
fine. Let her go.

David thinks on this.

REG

If not, then you better do
something big to show her how you
feel.

David nods and thinks about this for a moment.

The two men look out into the night.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - DAVID'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The ALARM CLOCK goes off next to David's bed. He turns it off and rubs the sleep out of his eyes.

The CALENDAR on the wall shows dates crossed off leading up to today's DATE:

NOVEMBER 6

FONZ VS HARCOURT 8PM

David gets dressed for the day.

He picks up his coat from the chair by his desk. Something FALLS from the pocket.

David'S POV: Aunt Bea'S BANK CARD lies on the floor.

David picks up the bank card and looks at it for a long MOMENT, then looks out the window.

I/E DAVID'S CAR - DAY

David drives across town through the morning rush. He taps his fingers on the steering wheel.

(MOMENTS LATER)

David does a U-Turn.

EXT. RUN-DOWN HOUSE - DAY

David walks up to the front door of this broken-down row house near Commercial Drive.

He KNOCKS on the screen door. A few MOMENTS pass. A SHIRTLESS man with a shoulder-length mullet answers the door.

SHIRTLESS

Yeah?

DAVID

Uh, hi, is Charlie around?

SHIRTLESS

Mm. You are...?

DAVID

You can say it's Davy from the Club. About the fight tonight.

SHIRTLESS

One sec.

Charlie!

A few moments later, a haggard-looking Charlie, dressed in wife-Beater and Bermuda shorts, appears. The shirtless man leaves.

CHARLIE

Hey Davy. Woke me up, man. What's up?

DAVID

I, uh, just wanted to talk to you about the fight tonight.

CHARLIE

Uh-huh. Well, I'll be. Meet me around back, boy-o.

EXT. RUN-DOWN HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Charlie emerges from the back door and gestures for David to take a seat at the picnic table in this junk-cluttered back yard. He sets two cans of beer on the table and opens one.

CHARLIE

Cheers, man.

DAVID

I'm okay.

CHARLIE

Suit yourself. So what's up?

DAVID

It's about the Fonz.

CHARLIE

Shoot.

A long moment.

DAVID

He's back on the bottle. A few days ago, he busted a couple knuckles.

CHARLIE
So the fight's off?

DAVID
No. He's-- he's going to go ahead with it anyway. It's...he's just being self-destructive. But he's going ahead with it. The fight.

CHARLIE
Mm. No shit. Which hand he bust up?

DAVID
His right.

CHARLIE
So he's throwing it?

DAVID
No. No he still thinks he can win.

CHARLIE
What, he's drunk all the time now?

DAVID
I don't know. He...I mean, he can't, right, just with his left. Harcourt's a Southpaw. It's--

He's just trying to prove something to his wife, I think. I don't know.

CHARLIE
Fucking right. Fonzie, Fonzie. Gotta give him a tip of the hat for that. That's balls. Stupid, but balls. Jeez.
(sips some beer)
So what...you want to make a play on this?

David hesitates.

CHARLIE
Come on, we both know why you're here.

DAVID
It's just every time I've put my neck out for him, he's let me down, you know.

Yeah, I want to put down something.

CHARLIE
How much you talking?

DAVID
Ten grand.

CHARLIE
Ten grand. As in ten thousand.

DAVID
Yeah.

CHARLIE
Where you gonna get that from?

DAVID
I can sorta borrow it from my aunt.

I mean, she won't miss it, right?
Turn around the bet, it'll be back
before she knows it was gone.

CHARLIE
You in trouble or something?

DAVID
It's a long story.

CHARLIE
Just don't feel bad about it, huh?
You gave that fucker the past ten
years of your life for nothing.

DAVID
Sure.

CHARLIE
But, uh, you wanna put this much
down, you're gonna have to give it
to me up front, eh? I don't want to
be on the hook with the Bellevault
brothers for ten grand. You know
what I mean?

DAVID
Sure.

CHARLIE
Yeah?

DAVID
Yeah. Let's go to the bank.

CHARLIE

Let's go to the bank. I'm glad to see this side of you coming back out Davy-boy. Thought it had been beaten out of you entirely by that bitch of a wife you used to have. Let's go to the fucking bank indeed.

Meet me up front, huh?

Charlie picks up David's unopened beer and goes back into the house.

David stays at the table for a few MOMENTS. He nods as if to reassure himself, then leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY - HEAVY RAIN - MUSIC

The street people of the Downtown East Side crowd beneath awnings as hard November rain descends on the city.

David drives his car West, toward the more affluent end of town.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - SUITE 1532 - DAY

Rivulets of rainwater streak the windows of Lilly's apartment.

Lilly crouches in the centre of her living room, taping up the last of many boxes.

MOVERS carry furniture out of the apartment to the freight elevator at the end of the hall.

David jostles past them and stands in the doorway. It takes a moment for Lilly to notice him.

DAVID

Hey.

LILLY

Hey.

Lilly returns to her packing.

DAVID
Listen, I'm sorry about the other
night.

LILLY
Yeah. No problem, David.

I'm used to it.

She tapes up another box and starts packing her CD collection. David notices an airline ticket on the kitchen counter.

DAVID
So where are you going?

LILLY
Back east. Got a red-eye flight
tonight. Did you forget something?

DAVID
What do you mean?

LILLY
I mean why are you here?

DAVID
I want to make things right, I...

I don't think I can be with you the
way you are, Lilly. I just don't
think I can do that. But...

LILLY
(fatalistic)
But what?

DAVID
But if you had the money...for
the...you know, the operation?

If you had the money...

LILLY
But I don't.

DAVID
Yeah, well. That's why I'm here.

The MOVERS re-enter the room and pick up Lilly's couch. An awkward moment ensues. They shoot puzzled glances at David as they leave.

DAVID

The fighter I been training, he's going to lose his fight tonight. He's hurt and nobody knows except me. But he wants to fight anyway, so I put some money down on it.

It'd be enough...

LILLY

I don't know what to say.

Why would you do that?

DAVID

Because I've fallen in love with you.

LILLY

Then kiss me.

They look at each other for a long moment.

DAVID

(struggles)
I'd just-- Rather wait until...

LILLY

I see.

DAVID

It's complicated, Lilly.

LILLY

Is it? It shouldn't be. If you really love me.

The MOVERS return.

LILLY

I want to be alone now. Please leave.

DAVID

Lilly--

LILLY

David, please leave.

David finds himself unable to object.

They keep their eyes away from each other while the judges do their work.

Lockhart looks on, careful to ignore the eyes of all present.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - EVENING

Alfonz, well-oiled and pumped up, sits down on his dressing room table.

Lockhart unwraps Alfonz's right hand and examines it. It's a god-awful mess: swollen, black and blue, and oozing pus.

LOCKHART

Jesus.

ALFONZ

Just get it over with.

LOCKHART

I've never done this before, Fonz.

ALFONZ

You seen Davy do it a dozen times.

LOCKHART

Not to broken knuckles.

ALFONZ

Just cut it.

Lockhart takes a razor blade off a gauze pad on a nearby tray.

ALFONZ

Hey. Put the shit on first.

LOCKHART

What shit?

ALFONZ

The iodine shit. There.

LOCKHART

Right.

Lockhart rubs some iodine on Alfonz's swollen knuckles.

ALFONZ

You think Davy's gonna show up to watch?

LOCKHART
I don't know.

ALFONZ
Ain't gonna have fucking nobody out
there tonight.

LOCKHART
You can't think about that, Fonz.
Okay. Ready?

Alfonz nods. Lockhart draws the razor across the swelling on
Alfonz's knuckles, cutting a thin slit in his skin. The Fonz
winces in pain.

ALFONZ
Fuck!

LOCKHART
Sorry.

Blood and pus ooze from the wound. Lockhart wraps Alfonz's
hand in gauze and squeezes it.

ALFONZ
Jesus!

LOCKHART
Gotta wrap it like this.

ALFONZ
Yeah, go, go.

Lockhart wraps the hand tightly with a tensor bandage.

ALFONZ
Oh, fuck!

LOCKHART
You sure you want to go ahead with
this?

Fonz nods and winces through the pain.

Lockhart nods and looks at his watch.

LOCKHART
Hold that. I'm gonna go check in
with the crew. We'll put the gloves
on right before we go. You want the
lights off?

ALFONZ

Yeah, sure.

(Beat)

Hey Lock?

LOCKHART

Yeah?

ALFONZ

If you see Davy out there, tell him
I could use him in the corner.

LOCKHART

Sure, Fonz.

Lockhart turns out the lights and leaves the Fonz alone in the dark.

INT. BOXING CLUB - RING AREA - EVENING

A noisy crowd watches the end of the evening's warm-up bouts. Not everybody seems interested in the boxing. Plastic beer cups already litter the floor.

David enters the club and looks around, keeping a low profile. He notices CHARLIE by the bar. They exchange a nod. Charlie toasts him with his Molson Ex cup.

JULIET (O.S.)

Davy?

DAVID

Oh, hey Jules...

JULIET

I've been looking all over for you.
The caterers called. The deposit?

DAVID

Oh, shit, I forgot...

JULIET

My mom's still out in Burnaby. Can
you give me the card?

DAVID

What card?

JULIET

The bank card. I'm going to go the
caterers.

DAVID
Oh, I-- Uh, I don't have it.

JULIET
What do you mean?

DAVID
It's -- I left it over at a
friend's place. In my bag...

JULIET
They need the deposit today, Davy.

DAVID
I'm sure they can wait until
tomorrow.

JULIET
What? No...

LOCKHART (O.S.)
Hey Davy?

DAVID
Oh, hey, Lock.

LOCKHART
Hey, man. Jules, looking
spectacular as usual.

JULIET
Thanks, Lock. Listen Davy--

DAVID
I'll get it right after the fight,
okay?

JULIET
I can't wait that long.

DAVID
It's not gonna be the end of the
world if they don't get it
tonight...

LOCKHART
Listen, sorry, Jules, uh, Davy-- I
don't what happened between you
guys, but the Fonz wants you back
in the corner for the fight. And I
could use you there too.

JULIET
Davy, what's going on?

DAVID
Fonz and I had a fight.
(to Lock)
I don't think so.

LOCKHART
He's real torn up. It would mean a lot. It's gonna be a rough night.

DAVID
Well, he should'a thought about that before.

LOCKHART
Yeah. Okay, it's up to you. I'll tell him... Enjoy the fight. Jules.

Lockhart leaves.

JULIET
So. I need that bank card, Davy.

DAVID
(glances at Juliet)
Yeah, you know, on second thought, I think I should go make sure Fonz is okay.

JULIET
Davy...

DAVID
After the fight, Jules, okay?

David leaves Juliet and catches up with Lockhart as he makes his way back through the crowd to the dressing rooms.

INT. BOXING CLUB - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lockhart takes David aside in the busy hallway.

LOCKHART
Listen, he's in there right now. I think we should try one more time to talk him out of it.

DAVID
Yeah? I don't know, it's kinda too late...

LOCKHART
He's gonna fuck himself up, Davy.

DAVID
He's come this far, we gotta let him make his own choices.

LOCKHART
Yeah? He's just gonna go out there and lose, man, and probably fuck up his hand for good.

DAVID
We tried to stop him. He wants this. We have to respect that.

Lockhart frowns, puzzled by David's reaction.

A BELL rings in the main gym area -- the signal for the fighters to assemble.

LOCKHART
You don't want to see him hurt, do you?

DAVID
No. No. Look, I'll throw in the towel if it looks like he's doing permanent damage to himself, okay?

LOCKHART
So you'll take charge of that?

DAVID
Yeah. He's pissed off enough at me already, what's a little more?

"The Man" appears with Gordon and a tall, heavy-set Albertan. This is HOSS HARTLEY.

THE MAN
Davy? How's our boy looking?

DAVID
Uh...

LOCKHART
He's doing fine, boss.

THE MAN
Uh-huh. Gentlemen, this is Hoss Hartley, Cal DeWitt's manager.
(MORE)

THE MAN (cont'd)

He tells me you invited him down here from Edmonton to check out the Fonz. I hope he didn't waste his time.

DAVID

Pleased to meet you. Gordon.

GORDON

Hi, Davy.

HOSS HARTLEY

Pleasure. We gonna see a good fight tonight or just some old boy getting his pension check?

LOCKHART

It'll be memorable. Uh, boss, we should head back there now.

THE MAN

Of course of course.

(points his finger)

Davy...this is it, boy. You get him right psyched up.

DAVID

(nods)

I'll see you after the fight.

David and Lockhart head for the dressing room.

HOSS HARTLEY

You boys excuse me, I gotta find me the pisser.

THE MAN

See you out there, Hoss.

Hoss leaves.

GORDON

So what do you think?

THE MAN

I think it'll be over in two rounds. Let's find some seats.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Lockhart flips on the fluorescents and leads David into the dressing room.

LOCKHART
We're up.

ALFONZ
Davy...hey.

DAVID
Fonz. How you doing?

ALFONZ
I'm okay. How are you?

David shrugs. Lockhart grabs the boxing gloves and ties them on to Alfonz's hands.

LOCKHART
You ready?

ALFONZ
Yeah.

LOCKHART
What's that?

ALFONZ
I'm fucking ready! Hurry up.

LOCKHART
Gimme your hands. Harcourt's looking sick. I think I heard him puking back there. You stay on your game, you can jab for points. Fake the right but don't use it, you might have to connect once or twice to sell that.

Now we can't take off the glove so you have to be the one to stop things if your hand gets too busted up. How's it feeling?

ALFONZ
I can't fucking feel a thing.

LOCKHART
Good.

He's soft in the body and he holds his hands out too far. Go in close and try for the uppercuts.

ALFONZ
Yeah, yeah, I got it.

An ATTENDANT knocks and enters.

ATTENDANT
Kuda, you're up.

LOCKHART
Right there.
(to Alfonz)
You sure you're up for this?

ALFONZ
Let's just do it.

David exchanges a glance with Alfonz on as Lockhart finishes tying his gloves.

INT. BOXING CLUB - RING AREA - NIGHT

David, Alfonz, and Lockhart walk out through the noisy crowd.

One-hundred and eight people stand and sit in collapsible chairs around the brightly-lit

BOXING RING.

Kid Harcourt and his crew stand in their corner, waiting.

The referee talks with the three judges.

Gordon and "The Man" watch from the crowd as Alfonz climbs into the ring.

THE MAN
He better not fuck this up.

Gordon catches David's eye and smiles.

GORDON
Give the guy a chance, Buster.

The Man looks at Gordon as if he's from another planet.

An announcer in a jacket and tie stands in the center of the ring.

The BELL is sounded.

ANNOUNCER

Good evening ladies and gentlemen,
tonight's fight is scheduled for
six rounds, two minutes a round,
winner by decision or knockout, as
determined by the extended rules of
the Amateur Boxing Federation of
Canada...

(deep breath)

Standing in the blue trunks, at 164
1/2 pounds, counting ten wins in
his amateur career, from Edmonton,
Alberta, Willy "the Kid" Harcourt!

(deep breath)

And in the red trunks, weighing in
at an even 165 pounds, the
Astoria's own veteran pugilist of
fifteen years, winner of twenty-six
amateur boxing matches, Allll-fonz
Kuda!

(Beat)

Would the fighters please step
forward to receive their
instructions--?

Alfonz and the Kid step forward to be briefed by the ref.

REF

You both gonna fight a fair fight,
according to the rules of amateur
boxing? You? Yes? No low blows, no
head butts, no biting, no tripping,
watch the elbows, have a good
fight. Touch gloves.

The Announcer steps down, pausing momentarily to untangle his
microphone cord.

The fighters return to their corners.

Alfonz glances at the crowd.

Miranda is nowhere to be seen.

David and Lockhart step out of the ring.

LOCKHART

Nice and easy, Fonz. Take it nice
and easy.

The BELL rings, starting the round.

Fonz is quick out to the centre.

The two boxers joust for position. Kid Harcourt seems lighter on his feet. The Fonz looks a little flabby.

The Fonz fakes a right, then fires off a left hook. It works: he connects with the Kid's head as Harcourt ducks the right.

The Kid retaliates with a wide left hook/right uppercut combination.

David watches as the boxers clash and dance.

Lockhart shouts out coaching commands, barely audible over the noise of the crowd.

Charlie stands in the back row with a tall INDIAN. He catches David's eye and holds up his hands as if to say, "what the hell are you doing there?" David makes a placating gesture and returns his attention to the fight.

The Kid dances around, waiting for Alfonz to make the next move.

Alfonz slowly rotates, his eyes on the Kid.

The Kid throws a couple jabs to test the water.

Alfonz jabs back; one punch grazes the Kid's shoulder.

They dance and circle for another moment.

The Kid gestures at Alfonz as if to say "come at me."

Alfonz takes a step backwards.

The Kid steps forward and receives a hard left to the side of the head.

LOCKHART

That's it, Fonzie! Thassa boy!

The Kid retaliates with a series of body blows.

The fighters clutch.

REF

Okay, boys break it up.

KID HARCOURT

(into Alfonz' ear)

Can't do better than that, gramps?

ALFONZ

Fuck you.

Alfonz steps back as the ref pulls them apart. He glances into the crowd again, then refocusses as the fight resumes.

Again the fighters find themselves deadlocked, neither one wanting to be the first to strike.

For a few moments, they circle each other, throwing the occasional low-percentage jab.

The Kid taunts Alfonz a little more with his casual bad-boy act.

Alfonz steps in and fakes a right, hoping to nail the Kid with wide left.

The Kid dodges the left, and connects hard with a shot to Alfonz' nose.

Alfonz stumbles backwards and into the ropes.

The kid presses after him, hitting him a couple inches below the belt.

Alfonz, pissed off, pushes him away and hits him with a broken-knuckle right.

He winces in pain.

The Kid smiles and taps his own right hand, letting the Fonz know he can tell something's wrong with his punches.

As the boxers prepare for another tangle, the BELL rings, ending the round.

Not wanting to stop, Alfonz returns to his

CORNER

and sits down on the stool.

LOCKHART

What was that? He taunts you so you just step in and attack?

ALFONZ

Nothing'll happen if I don't go at this faggot.

LOCKHART

That's what he wants you to think. He wants you to think you gotta go at him. Davy, tell him.

Alfonz looks at David. David hesitates for a long MOMENT.

DAVID

You should wait him out. He wants
you to attack.

Alfonz glances at David and then returns his attention to Kid Harcourt in the opposite corner. Lockhart rubs some oil on Alfonz's chest and face.

ALFONZ

You see that shot? What's the ref,
fuckin' blind?

David looks out into the audience and spots a drunken Charlie in the back row.

The BELL rings.

The boxers resume their dance.

Alfonz takes a wide swing at the Kid and misses.

The Kid steps in and Alfonz hits him with a hard left to the jaw, causing him to stumble.

Alfonz pursues him. The Kid straightens up, dodges another left, and grapples with Alfonz.

Alfonz pushes him off before the ref can intervene. The Kid delivers a dancing one-two sequence of punches. Alfonz loses his mouthpiece.

REF

Hold up. Hold up. You okay?

Alfonz nods as the ref replaces his mouthpiece.

LOCKHART

That's all right, Fonz, keep it
going.

The fight continues. The Fonz doesn't look so hot. Lockhart and David exchange a glance.

MOMENTS LATER, the BELL rings again, ending the second round.

Sweating profusely and out of breath, Alfonz sits down in his corner.

LOCKHART
 (squirting water)
 You're doing good, champ. Deep
 breaths. How's your hand?

ALFONZ
 Don't ask me about my hand, man.
 Davy. What do I do to this guy?

LOCKHART
 You stick to the system, Fonz. Back
 him into you--

ALFONZ
 I want to hear it from Davy.

David hesitates.

DAVID
 Backing him into you's not going to
 work with your hand the way it is.
 Lock was right earlier. You gotta
 fake the right. You gotta seem
 aggressive but not be aggressive.
 You got that?

ALFONZ
 Seem aggressive.

DAVID
 Yeah. But don't use the right, man.
 You'll fuck up your hand for good.

David casts a glance over his shoulder. Charlie is watching
 him suspiciously as he gives Alfonz advice.

(MOMENTS LATER)

Alfonz hits the Kid with two hard punches, but gets caught
 with a strong surprise uppercut.

Stunned, Alfonz steps back.

THE MAN
 Ah, fuck.

GORDON
 Too slow.

Alfonz is indeed noticeably heavier on his feet than the
 sprightly Kid.

He swings at him to keep him off.

The Kid ducks and delivers a couple of soft body blows before dancing out of Alfonz' range.

As the fight continues, Charlie makes his way through the crowd to the front. He pulls David down from his ringside position to speak with him.

Lockhart notices the two men as they convene out of earshot.

CHARLIE

I put a fair chunk of change down on this, Davy. You better make sure it ends up the way you said it would.

DAVID

Let go of my shirt, Charlie.

Charlie tugs gently on the TOWEL hanging around David's neck.

CHARLIE

You just make sure. Got me?

DAVID

Fine.

Charlie lets him go. Lockhart looks at David for an explanation.

DAVID

Fucking drunk.

Meanwhile, in the RING, Alfonz forces the Kid against the ropes and tries to start "trading punches."

The Kid hits back with precision, opening a cut above Alfonz's already black right eye.

Alfonz hits the Kid hard on the side of the head.

They grapple.

KID HARCOURT

Something wrong with your hand, old man?

The ref breaks them up.

The BELL rings, ending round three.

Lockhart wipes the blood away from Alfonz' eye and squirts water onto his heaving chest.

ALFONZ

This kid's a fucking prick.

LOCKHART

Don't get emotional. Come on, stick with Davy's plan. See it through. Don't let him run you around.

ALFONZ

He's got me on points.

I'm gonna rope-a-dope. Take him down at the end of the round. Don't fucking pull a Gatti on me, Davy.

David and Lockhart exchange glances. Lockhart appears concerned.

LOCKHART

Let me do your eye, Fonz.

ALFONZ

(breathless)

Fucking kid. Fucking smart ass kid.

In the opposite

CORNER,

Kid Harcourt casually waits for the round to resume.

He stares directly at Alfonz.

The BELL rings again.

The fighters circle each other.

Both of them are tired, ready to take the fight to its climax, each waiting for the other to initiate the final slugfest.

The audience grows impatient.

Someone throws an empty beer can onto the canvas. The ref kicks it out of the way.

BORED FAN

Come on Kid, finish him off!

DRUNK FAN

Let's see 'em fight!

OLD FAN
Kick his ass!

Alfonz and the Kid tentatively step closer.

The Kid raises his eyebrows in challenge.

ALFONZ
Come on, you fuck.

Blood pours down from above his right eye, causing him to squint.

BORED FAN
Take him out, Harcourt!

OLD FAN
You can do it, Fonzie!

Alfonz smacks down one of the Kid's gloves.

The Kid tilts his head and starts bouncing on his feet.

The energy rises--

The din of the crowd fades away for David, Alfonz, and the Kid.

Time slows down as the game reaches its critical moment.

Alfonz strikes first with his broken-knuckle hand. His long reach connects squarely against the Kid's eye socket.

The Kid sidesteps Alfonz's next punch and hits him with a left, then a right.

The fighters begin to trade punches.

In the AUDIENCE, Charlie strains to see the combat, his eyes flitting between the fight and David.

All strategy is thrown out the window as the two fighters give it all they've got. The crowd ROARS.

BORED FAN
That's more like it!

DRUNK FAN
Kill him Harcourt!

OLD FAN
Fuck him up, Fonzie!

David watches, the white towel in his hand.

Lockhart yells out muffled COMMANDS.

Alfonz pushes in. The Kid hits him hard just above the belt, shoves him backwards, and hits him in his bleeding eye.

Alfonz swings wildly. The Kid ducks and hits him again.

Blood spatters on the canvas.

Alfonz steps backwards. The Kid raises one arm in victory.

The ref pauses the fight to examine Alfonz's eye.

David exchanges a glance with the ref, then with Alfonz. He moves his hand in a circle, indicating to the ref that he is not yet ready to throw in the towel.

The ref gives the signal for the fighters to continue.

The crowd, standing now, SCREAMS for blood. Charlie looks at David, urging him from a distance to call the fight.

The Kid dances around the dazed Alfonz and goes in for the kill. He hits him once, then twice in the jaw.

Alfonz trips and falls to the canvas.

He scrambles back to his feet. His legs look like rubber.

REF

Hold it, hold it. Let me look at that.

The ref gives him a standing eight-count. He examines his eye and looks over at David.

David holds on to the towel and shakes his head. He glances back at Charlie, who gestures at him impatiently, as if to say "get on with it."

Lockhart takes note of this exchange.

The Fonz goes back at it, throwing his last burst of energy into a flurry of punches and clutches.

The fight intensifies again, with each fighter throwing punches at the other simultaneously.

The Fonz is now officially getting his ass handed to him on a platter. His injured right hand seems useless.

But David can't throw in the towel on his best friend.

He looks into the crowd at Miranda, Gordon, The Man and Charlie, then back at the Fonz.

He puts the towel into his back pocket.

The clock ticks down.

Alfonz, his right hand hanging limp and lifeless, stares the kid in the eye as they circle each other one last time.

He jabs with his left. The Kid easily blocks it.

He jabs again. It seems useless.

The last seconds drip away.

More useless left jabs. The Kid is coasting to victory.

Or so it seems.

The Fonz jabs again with his left. But this time it's a fake. He surprises the Kid with a hard, full-power right hook.

The Kid wasn't expecting it. The impact of the blow is devastating to both him and to Alfonz.

But it's the kid who's knocked out.

REF

One...two...three...four...

The Kid lies motionless on the canvas as the ref counts to ten. Alfonz steps back, exhausted and speechless. Even through his glove, it is apparent that his hand now totally shattered.

REF

...five...six...seven...eight...

The ref's count is unnecessary. The Kid is completely unconscious.

REF

...nine...ten!

Alfonz looks at David as the Kid's training staff floods into the ring.

Alfonz smiles. David smiles back.

The crowd goes WILD.

FANS (TOGETHER)
Fonzie, Fonzie, Fonzie...

Gordon and "The Man" stand applauding. Gordon whistles with his fingers.

Charlie throws his beer toward the ring and storms off.

David pauses for a MOMENT, then notices Lockhart and Alfonz in the centre of the ring. He goes to join them.

(MOMENTS LATER)

The BELL rings.

The announcer stands in the centre of the ring. A revived Kid Harcourt stands to his left; the Fonz stands to his right.

ANNOUNCER
Ladies and Gentleman, the winner of
tonight's bout by knockout, the
Astoria's own Allllllll-fonz Kuda!

The announcer raises Alfonz's hand. He jumps up and down in victory.

David applauds, doing his best not to reveal the depths of his despair...ten thousand dollars' worth.

He scans the crowd. Lilly stands by the rear entrance. She appears to have just arrived. She looks at him for a long moment, then averts her eyes, turns and leaves.

David steps down from the ring.

He pushes his way through the crowd toward the rear entrance, fighting against the movement like a fish swimming upstream.

As he passes the doorway to the BAR AREA, Juliet spots him.

JULIET
Davy! Davy!

DAVID
Hey, Jules...I-- I can't talk right now.

JULIET
Davy, what's going on? Is that Lilly?

DAVID
I just can't-- Not now, okay?!

JULIET

Davy...

Juliet stops, shocked and confused. David leaves through the back door. Juliet stands amongst the crowd, thinking.

EXT. BOXING CLUB - REAR EXIT - NIGHT

David emerges into the alleyway. He spots Lilly rounding the corner at the end of the alleyway, backlit by the streaking lights of fast-moving TRAFFIC.

DAVID

Lilly! Wait!

He hustles down the alley after her.

DAVID

Lilly!

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Hey Davy.

Charlie emerges from an intersecting alleyway.

DAVID

Charlie...

CHARLIE

You ever heard of a fucking gentleman's agreement, Davy? You ever fucking heard of that?

You could'a thrown it any time after the second round.

DAVID

Charlie-- Listen--

He THROWS him against the brick wall. Hard.

CHARLIE

(slaps him)

You know how much I lost on this?

You think you're going to fucking hang me out to dry?

Always acting like you're so fucking morally superior...

No fucking way.

He punches him. David crumples to the ground.

CHARLIE
'I don't gamble, Charlie. Don't
drink no more.' Stupid fuck. You
owe me my flower pickin' money.

He KICKS him hard, once, twice--

CHARLIE
That's back-breaking fucking work.

ALFONZ (O.S.)
What the fuck--?!!

Alfonz, trailed by Lockhart, Juliet and Miranda, intervenes
in the fight. He throws Charlie off of David and nails him in
the face with a HARD LEFT.

CHARLIE
(reeling)
Hey!

ALFONZ
Get the fuck off!

Alfonz tears Charlie away. Juliet rushes to David's side.

JULIET
Davy?

DAVID
I'm okay...

Alfonz, meanwhile, continues to rough-up Charlie.

ALFONZ
(to Charlie)
What the fuck are you doing,
shithead? Huh?

DAVID
Lay off him Fonz.

ALFONZ
No, I'm gonna fuck him up Davy,
never liked this prick.

MIRANDA
Fonzie!

CHARLIE

Whoa, whoa, I'm just trying to get my money back here, Fonz.

ALFONZ

What fucking money?

CHARLIE

Your old buddy here put ten grand down on Harcourt, and told me to do the same. Figured you were just too over the hill to make it, I guess.

ALFONZ

Fuck you.

Alfonz winds up to hit Charlie.

MIRANDA

Fonz!!

DAVID

Wait. It's true.

ALFONZ

What do you mean, it's fucking true?

DAVID

Look, I gotta go.

JULIET

Ten grand, Davy? The ten grand for my wedding?

DAVID

I'm-- I'm sorry...

ALFONZ

Why the fuck would you do that?

DAVID

It's a girl, all right-- It's complicated.

JULIET

What kind of girl needs money like that?

CHARLIE

Well, I saw him following some fucking tranny out here--

ALFONZ
Shut the fuck up. Davy, explain.

Alfonz grabs David by the coat and holds him against the wall.

DAVID
Fonz, please--

ALFONZ
Explain.

JULIET
Is this about that Lilly girl?

DAVID
Look, you all told me how important it was to get back on the horse. And I did. But it was complicated. Okay? I mean, really fucking omplicated. And I don't feel like talking about it right now because I'm trying to deal with it, okay?

JULIET
By stealing my wedding money? What, are you going to run away or something?

DAVID
No. No, I-- I thought I needed it to make things work. But I don't. Okay? I just don't. And it was a mistake to even think I did. And it was a mistake -- this was all a big mistake. All of it. And all I need right now is to go catch up with the...woman that I am in love with and -- and I will make up for this, I promise. But you have to let me go or I'm going to lose her.

I'll lose her, Fonz. Please. I let you go the distance; let me do the same.

ALFONZ
You better have a good fucking explanation for this, Davy.

He lets him go.

DAVID
Jules, I'm so sorry. I'll make it
up to you, I promise.

JULIET
Just go, David.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

David rushes into the departures mezzanine. He scans the line-ups.

He positions himself in a chair near the security lineup and waits.

Faces pass by. Women, men, children.

The clock turns to 11:00, then 12:00, then 1:00.

No sign of Lilly.

Deflated, David looks out the window at a departing jet.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. ASTORIA BOXING CLUB - DAY

Juliet's wedding reception.

Guests mill around sipping cheap soda and snacking on chips.

Kids play in the RING. Alfonz, his hand in a cast, shadow-boxes with a small boy.

It clearly isn't what Juliet had imagined, but everyone seems to be having a good time anyway. At least her dress looks fabulous.

David, snacking on cheezies, sits in a fold-up chair against the wall. Reg sits next to him.

After a MOMENT, Reg pats him on the leg.

REG
You okay, kid?

DAVID
Feel like I ruined everything.

REG

You ruined my bank account. But the wedding's fine. Jules is happy. Everybody understands you feel sorry.

DAVID

Yeah.

REG

You just gotta move on, kid-o. Like Captain Kirk. Keep on flying.

DAVID

Mm.

REG

You, uh, ever hear from your...friend there?

DAVID

Nope.

REG

Maybe -- she'll? -- call. Do you say "she?"

DAVID

(awkward)

Yeah, you say "she."

REG

I'm just ribbing you. I'm okay with that sort of thing, you know. I was in the Navy, after all.

DAVID

Thanks.

Listen, I'm going to go. Don't drink too much, huh?

REG

Oh, you know me.

DAVID

Exactly.

REG

See you kid.

DAVID

See you, Reg.

Alfonz, dancing with Miranda, catches sight of David as he kisses Juliet goodbye.

EXT. PARKING LOT - EVENING

Davy walks to his car. He takes a last look at the dingy exterior of the boxing club.

Alfonz catches up to him from inside.

ALFONZ

Davy! Davy!

DAVID

Hey, Fonz.

ALFONZ

You taking off?

DAVID

Yeah.

ALFONZ

Listen, I saw the doctor today.

DAVID

Yeah?

ALFONZ

Yeah, he said I might be able to fight again. Said the damage wasn't as bad as they originally thought.

DAVID

That's great, Fonz.

ALFONZ

I, uh, thought maybe we could start training again. You know, just light workout stuff. Work on the left a little...

DAVID

Yeah. You're probably better off on your own.

ALFONZ

Davy, I understand what happened, okay? You don't got to say sorry any more.

DAVID

I know.

David opens the door to his car. Alfonz notices the back seat is full of boxes.

ALFONZ
You going somewhere?

DAVID
I'm taking my stand, Fonz.

ALFONZ
What do you mean?

DAVID
She hasn't called. Don't think she will the way I left it. So I'm going to go find her.

ALFONZ
But you said you didn't even know her last name.

DAVID
I don't.

ALFONZ
Or where she went.

DAVID
Nope. Nothing really. Just "east."

ALFONZ
That's impossible, Davy.

DAVID
Like you winning that fight?

ALFONZ
Yeah.

DAVID
Listen, nobody knows I'm going so just pretend like you didn't see me, huh?

ALFONZ
Sure.

DAVID
Take care of yourself.

ALFONZ
You too.

They embrace.

David gets in the car. Alfonz taps on the window.

ALFONZ
Hey, Davy?

DAVID
Yeah?

Alfonz holds up his fists.

ALFONZ
Keep 'em up, huh?

David smiles and pulls out of the parking lot.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END