

Ringmaster

By

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1

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

1

A muscular man gets out of the bed and starts grabbing his clothes from the floor. AIDEN MARS (36), an MMA fighter. A WOMAN sits at the edge of the bed with her back turned to him. Aiden puts on his clothes.

AIDEN

Coming out with me this weekend?

WOMAN

(voice breaking)

...Yeah.

AIDEN

Wear that white dress you got last year. I like that one.

WOMAN

...Alright.

Aiden leaves the room.

FOCUS ON:

The woman's eyes. There's a large bruise surrounding it. A stream of tears fall from it.

FADE TO:

2

INT. CLUB X - NIGHT

2

Its a busy night. Club-goers dance as strobe lights flash. A bouncer lets people into the front. We follow a couple as they go down a long set of stairs into a brightly-lit basement where a crowd of people are cheering loudly.

In a big circle, TWO SHIRTLESS FIGHTERS circle each other. One is stocky with a SPIDER tattooed on his back. The other is a tall AFRICAN-AMERICAN young man. DEVON MARKS (26), muscular and lanky.

GUY IN CROWD

Kick his ass, Spider!

Spider throws himself at Devon, but Devon dodges his attacks with smooth weaves.

DEVON

Come on! My face is right here!

(CONTINUED)

Spider continues swinging his arms at Devon, and Devon continues to beat him down with combinations. Blood flies everywhere. The crowd cheers as Devon picks Spider up from behind and suplexes him.

GUY IN CROWD

Shit!

Devon stands up, hopping around.

DEVON

Whoa! You're heavy, man!

Spider tries to crawl to his feet, but Devon soccer-kicks him in the face. Spider falls unconscious. The basement goes crazy.

DEVON (cont'd)

Yeah! What!? Stay down!

A SHORT HISPANIC man with a full beard runs through the crowd, grabbing money from the spectators. He's ROMAN (29), Devon's friend.

ROMAN

Thank you. Thank you. That's right!  
Gimme that money! Whoo!

Devon and Roman shake hands.

ROMAN

Undefeated, boy!

DEVON

Hell yeah!

ROMAN

Let's go spend this money before  
they get *really* mad, bro.

3

EXT. CLUB X - NIGHT

3

Devon stands outside the club, fully clothed. He's staring at a poster on the wall. It says "King of the Streets Tournament VII. \$50,000." Roman steps out of the club, while more people go in. He hands Devon a handful of money.

ROMAN

Yo, I may make some bad bets but  
not when I'm betting on you! \$1000,  
right there!

Devon puts it in his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

Thanks. I'm gonna win that tournament. Watch me.

ROMAN

Yeah, you're not that lucky, bro.

Devon pushes him lightly. They laugh.

DEVON

Screw you.

ROMAN

For real though. You should quit that school shit and fight full-time.

DEVON

Nah. I'm good.

ROMAN

Oh, well. You better train real hard if you wanna win that. Gonna have some big dudes there.

DEVON

For real?

ROMAN

Yeah. That dude that beat his girlfriend or something's gonna be there. "Mars Something." I don't know.

DEVON

Ah, I'm not too worried.

One of the SPECTATORS from the club steps to them.

SPECTATOR

(to Devon)

Y'know, I lost a lot of money 'cause of you.

DEVON

Oh, well. These things happen.

SPECTATOR

Yeah, we'll see next time.

DEVON

Oh, yeah. See what? Show me.

Devon steps to the Spectator, and Roman holds him back.

(CONTINUED)

ROMAN

Calm down.

DEVON

(to Spectator)

You lose your money and wanna take it out on me? Get over it, bitch!

SPECTATOR

That mouth's gonna get you in trouble, dude.

DEVON

Oh, yeah?

Devon starts pushing the Spectator hard.

DEVON (cont'd)

Then set me straight then!

The BOUNCER from the club steps in. The Spectator steps away.

BOUNCER

Guys, take that around the corner somewhere.

ROMAN

Come on, men. Its getting a little loud here anyway.

CUT TO:

4

INT. BAR - NIGHT

4

The two boys sit at the bar, talking.

ROMAN

I'm serious, man. You gotta work on that attitude.

DEVON

Why? Because of that prick?

ROMAN

You should've just let it go.

DEVON

Look, he should've just let it go. I'm not gonna back down from some prick that can't handle a loss.

(CONTINUED)

ROMAN  
Not worth it, man.

DEVON  
I'm just doing what I feel is  
right.

Roman laughs and looks around.

ROMAN  
You need to get off on one of these  
girls. Suck that attitude right  
outta ya.

DEVON  
(chuckles)  
Whatever.

ROMAN  
For real. You're a good-looking  
dude. Makes no sense that you don't  
have a girl right now.

DEVON  
I'm just focused on school, man.

ROMAN  
Uh-huh. You should go talk to that  
girl over there.

Roman points to a HISPANIC WOMAN in a white dress at the  
other end of the bar. She's looking around the room.

DEVON  
Nah. That's all you.

ROMAN  
Come on. She's been sitting there  
for 30 minutes, bro, and no dudes  
have come up to her yet.

DEVON  
Then you go for it.

ROMAN  
Nah. I got my eye on somebody else.  
Plus, she seem like she's only into  
white boys, so its perfect for you.

DEVON  
(laughs)  
Screw you. Alright. I'll do it.

Devon picks up his drink and walks over the woman.

(CONTINUED)

She has short black hair, tan skin, and bright eyes. She's oddly muscular and her white dress is cut from the bottom to her right hip. CRISTINA (35), stunning.

DEVON (cont'd)  
Hey. What's up?

CRISTINA  
(uninterested)  
Hey.

DEVON  
What're you doing here all alone?

CRISTINA  
I'm actually here waiting on  
someone.

DEVON  
Alright. I'm Devon. Hang with me  
while you wait.

CRISTINA  
No, thanks.

DEVON  
(chuckles)  
Come on. I'm just trying to be  
nice.

Cristina finally looks at him.

CRISTINA  
...How old are you?

DEVON  
Why?

CRISTINA  
You just look so young. It seems  
pitiful to try to pick up a grown  
woman.

DEVON  
(laughing)  
Okay. That one was funny. What else  
ya got?

CRISTINA  
Leave me alone, little boy.

DEVON  
(shrugs)  
...Cool.

Devon goes back over to Danny. Cristina looks at her phone. On the screen, a text message reads "'Be there in 5. I'm around the corner.' 30 minutes ago." She sighs, rubbing her temples.

ROMAN  
Yo, what happened?

DEVON  
She wasn't going for it.

ROMAN  
Whaaat? No way.

DEVON  
I'm not too worried about it.

ROMAN  
(scoffs)  
She's probably a lesbian anyway.

DEVON  
(laughs)  
Yeah. They usually are. She looks like it.

ROMAN  
Yeah. She definitely plays for the same team.

DEVON  
She's big though. I didn't know Amazons still existed.

Roman starts cackling.

ROMAN  
Be careful. She could probably kick your ass. Look at those arms.

DEVON  
Hey, you know me. I don't back down from any man.

They laugh.

Cristina keeps looking around. She sees the boys laughing and overhears them.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON (cont'd)  
Who does she think she is? Chyna?

ROMAN  
Oh, well. All that muscle could  
just go-  
(snaps)  
Just like that.

DEVON  
Yeah. Blow up like a walrus.

Cristina taps the BARTENDER.

CRISTINA  
Hey, watch my purse for a sec.

BARTENDER  
You got it.

Cristina storms over to Danny and Devon. They stop laughing.

CRISTINA  
(to Devon)  
So, what? A woman refuses to sleep  
with you, and you talk shit behind  
her back... to impress your little  
friend.

DEVON  
Heh. I don't know what you're  
talking about.

ROMAN  
(whispers)  
Dude...

CRISTINA  
What? You didn't just call me some  
lesbian Amazon. I bet I could kick  
your ass.

DEVON  
Look, don't come screwing with me  
because your girlfriend stood you  
up.

CRISTINA  
Okay...

Cristina pushes Devon. He immediately stands up.

DEVON  
What's your problem, lady?

ROMAN  
Dude, sit yo ass down.

CRISTINA  
Come on, "big boy!"

The whole bar freezes. The music stops.

BARTENDER  
You boys better leave.

DEVON  
She started it!

ROMAN  
(laughing)  
Dude, don't tell me you're really  
arguing with some girl.

DEVON  
I'm not!  
(to Cristina)  
Just go back to your seat and leave  
us alone, slut.

Cristina slaps him.

BARTENDER  
Cristina!

CRISTINA  
Make me, punk!

Devon pushes her hard. Roman grabs his arm, and in a flash,  
Cristina's foot goes across Devon's face.

IN SLOW MOTION,

the tip of Cristina's foot stabs Devon's temple, blood  
quickly shooting out. Devon falls slowly the floor.

The crowd oohs as Roman starts laughing loudly.

5 EXT. BAR - NIGHT

5

Devon is thrown out of the bar by the Bartender, and Roman  
follows after, laughing up a storm. He's carrying a napkin.

(CONTINUED)

ROMAN

Holy shit! That was the funniest  
shit I've ever seen!

Devon struggles to stand. A stream of blood flows down his  
face. Roman helps him up.

ROMAN (cont'd)

Yo! You good? You good?  
(singing)  
Cause she just whup your ASS!

Devon snatches the napkin away and puts it on his temple.

DEVON

Whatever, man!

ROMAN

Hey, you were asking for it, man!  
But for real though, you gotta get  
that cleaned up!

DEVON

Dammit! What was up with that  
bitch!?

ROMAN

It could've been avoided.

Devon looks in the bar window at his wound.

ROMAN (cont'd)

Seriously. Call me when you're  
ready for another fight. Make sure  
you don't have brain damage!

Roman walks away, laughing. Devon throws down the napkin  
hard.

DEVON

Dammit!

CUT TO:

6

EXT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE - MORNING

6

In the courtyard, students of various ages walking into the  
building or mingle. Devon gets out of his car in the parking  
lot and starts walking. He has a large bandage over his  
temple. He walks past a group of GIRLS.

(CONTINUED)

GIRL #1  
Did you hear? Aiden Mars is gonna  
fight again.

GIRL #2  
Really?

GIRL #1  
Yeah. Some underground tournament.  
(points to Devon)  
Oh, look. He actually came to  
school again.

GIRLS  
Hey, Devon!

DEVON  
Wassup?

He walks toward a group of DELINQUENTS in front of the  
building, smoking.

DELINQUENT #1  
Yo, Marks. Finally get your ass  
kicked?

They laugh. Devon takes the cigarette out of the  
Delinquent's mouth, throws it, and keeps walking.

DEVON  
Smoking's bad for you.

DELINQUENT #1  
Effin' prick!

DEVON  
Do somethin', playboy.

Devon walks into the school.

7 INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY 7

Devon sits across from the GUIDANCE COUNSELOR, who's looking  
at a manila folder with Devon's name on it.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR  
Mr. Marks, you've made a big  
improvement over this past year.  
Your GPA is 4.25 now. Exceptional.

DEVON  
(smiling)  
So, I would have no problem getting  
into MIT, right?

(CONTINUED)

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR  
Well, there is one problem.

DEVON  
What?

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR  
You only have 1 1/2 year Language credit from high school. It was in... Spanish. You would need at least 2 credits to even be considered.

DEVON  
Is there any other way? I'm not that good at Languages.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR  
There's the summer semester coming up. You could do a few weeks there.

DEVON  
(groans)  
Come on! I got things to do this summer!

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR  
Look, you do the course, get it out of the way as soon as possible and you're set. But you need this credit.

Devon thinks for a second and sits back, groaning.

DEVON  
When do I start?

8 INT. SPANISH 201 CLASSROOM - COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY 8

Devon sits drawing in his notebook as more students enter the classroom. The bell rings. A woman walks in and puts her bag on the teacher's desk.

TEACHER  
*Buenos dias, class.*

Devon looks up to see her. Its Cristina. She's wearing a white dress shirt, blue pants, and glasses with her hair up. His hearts starts beating with rage.

Cristina writes on the chalkboard.

(CONTINUED)

CRISTINA

For those of you who are new, *me llamo* Senorita Perez. This is Spanish 201. If you're new, don't worry. This can be a fun class, as long as none of you stare at my ass.

Cristina looks at one of the students, and he turns away. She picks up her clipboard.

CRISTINA (cont'd)

Let's see if everyone's here. Abernathy?

ABERNATHY

Here.

Cristina goes down the list.

CRISTINA

Marks.

Devon grabs his books and heads to the front of the class.

CRISTINA (cont'd)

(cheerful)

Oh, its you!

He stops.

CRISTINA (cont'd)

Is there a problem?

He continues toward the door.

CRISTINA (cont'd)

Y'know, this is an orientation class. If you walk out now, you fail the whole semester.

Devon turns and stares at her.

CRISTINA (cont'd)

*Sientate.*

DEVON

What?

CRISTINA

Sit down!

Devon storms back to his seats and slams his books on his desk, crossing his arms.

(CONTINUED)

On the wall above the board, the clock's hands go by fast. 1 hour. The bell rings, and the students start to leave.

CRISTINA (cont'd)  
I hope to see you all this  
Thursday.

All of the other students leave, and Cristina stops Devon.

CRISTINA (cont'd)  
Funny seeing you here.

DEVON  
The feeling's mutual.

CRISTINA  
I'm waiting for my apology.

DEVON  
(fake laughs)  
That's funny. You kick me, and I  
have to apologize? No.

CRISTINA  
If you didn't call me a "lesbian",  
it wouldn't have happened.

DEVON  
Alright. How about "dumb broad?"  
That sounds good to me.

CRISTINA  
(laughs)  
...You know, men who insult women  
are mostly insecure about  
themselves. What's wrong? A little  
small down there?

Devon groans, heading to the door.

DEVON  
You just had to be a feminist!  
DAMMIT!

CRISTINA  
Well, this semester is going to be  
fun.

DEVON  
A word of advice! You could've just  
let it go like a grown-up, grandma!

CRISTINA  
Learn how to talk to a woman,  
little boy.

Devon leaves slamming to door.

DEVON  
(under breath)  
Dumb broad.

BACK IN THE CLASSROOM,

Cristina cleans the dry-erase board, frustrated.

CRISTINA  
*Pendejo.*

CUT TO:

9 INT. BEDROOM - DEVON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 9

Devon does push-ups on the floor while a video plays full-screen on his desk laptop. The video is Rampage Jackson and Rashad Evans fighting. After his push-ups, he looks to his poster of the tournament. He then does sit-ups.

CUT TO:

10 INT. CLASSROOM - COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY 10

Cristina goes through the class handing out graded papers.

CRISTINA  
Here's the grades from your initial  
proficiency test. Hope you all did  
well.

Devon looks at his paper, and his eyes widen. The bell rings.

11 EXT. COURTYARD - COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY 11

A bunch of students surround the courtyard, and Devon and Cristina walk out of the building, yelling.

DEVON  
What the hell's your problem,  
lady?!

CRISTINA  
I know you used Google Translate on  
that test.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

Yeah, right! Are you gonna mess with me all year!?

CRISTINA

Apologize, and it won't happen.

DEVON

Okay. "I'm sorry!"

CRISTINA

(in Spanish)

Say it like you mean it, idiot!

Devon grabs her arm and stops her.

DEVON

Why don't you get a life and stop messing with me?

CRISTINA

Don't ever put your hands on me!

Cristina starts yelling and poking him. Some students watch.

DELINQUENT #1

Check this out.

The Delinquent takes out his phone and records the incident. A security guard steps in.

SECURITY GUARD

What's going on here?!

DEVON

Y'know what? I'm just gonna leave your class! So I don't have to hear your mouth!

CRISTINA

Is that right, asshole?

They step to each other's face, and the Security Guard holds them back.

SECURITY GUARD

You two! Separate now!

DEVON

Fix your attitude, bitch.

Devon throws the paper in her face and turns away. Cristina starts striking him, and the guard grabs her. The students around oohing.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON (cont'd)  
Dammmit, lady.

Cristina high-kicks his head, and Devon falls to the ground, unconscious.

STUDENTS  
OH, SHIT!

DELINQUENT #1  
WORLDSTAR!!!

Cristina storms away, her hips swinging. The delinquents walk over to Devon, who's still, with his eyes open.

DELINQUENT #2  
Whoa, I think he's knocked out.

DELINQUENT #1  
Daaaammn!

CUT TO:

12 INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - COMMUNITY COLLEGE - AFTERNOON 12

Cristina stands drinking coffee, and the Guidance Counselor approaches her, reading for the pot.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR  
Hi, Cristina.

CRISTINA  
...Hey.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR  
You look nice today. Is that a new blouse?

CRISTINA  
No...

The Guidance Counselor looks around, nervous.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR  
...Look, you can't just go around beating up students. You have to let campus police handle it... No matter, he's on academic probation now.

The Guidance Counselor laughs, but she stands silents.

(CONTINUED)

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR (cont'd)  
If you're not doing anything  
later-.

CRISTINA  
(bleep) off, Jerry.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR  
Okay.

CUT TO:

13 INT. BOXING GYM - AFTERNOON

13

Devon attacks the large punching bag while he talks to Roman.

DEVON  
And now I'm on probation and have  
to clean up around campus because  
of this girl! I'll never get to  
practice at this rate!

ROMAN  
Yo, let me get this straight. She's  
your Spanish teacher? Dude, what  
you doing in Spanish. You ain't  
Mexican.

DEVON  
Whatever.

ROMAN  
Its that attitude of yours, man.  
She's gonna end up failing you.

DEVON  
I know.

ROMAN  
You should just screw her and get  
it over with.

DEVON  
That's kinda how I got in this in  
the first place.

Roman laughs as Devon continues punching the bag.

ROMAN  
Oh! I knew I forgot to tell you  
something!

(CONTINUED)

Roman looks through his phone to an article in Spanish. He shows it to Devon.

ROMAN (cont'd)

Turns out that girl used to be some kind of underground fighting champ in Mexico.

ON THE SCREEN,

are pictures of Cristina and other girls in combat clothes. They are in a boxing ring. Cristina is holding a trophy in one picture.

ROMAN (cont'd)

No wonder she decked you. Apparently, she was good... Wait, I knew I knew her from somewhere. She's that girl that got beat up by her boyfriend last year.

DEVON

Huh?

ROMAN

Yeah. That WCL Fighter that beat his girlfriend and got kicked. I forget his name. You don't remember that?

DEVON

I don't pay attention to the news. I just watch the fights.

ROMAN

Maybe you should cause if you get beat by his girlfriend, that means he's no joke.

DEVON

...Send that to me. Alright?

ROMAN

You got it. Still coming to that fight party right?

DEVON

I wouldn't miss it for the world.

Devon hits the punching bag again.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. CAFE - AFTERNOON

14

Cristina sits with her friend, LISA, at the tables outside the cafe.

LISA

You had to kick his ass again.

CRISTINA

Yeah. Little punk, doesn't know how to speak to people.

LISA

Look at you, getting tougher.

CRISTINA

I've always been tough.

LISA

I mean, you're a little different since Aiden.

CRISTINA

I have to be.

LISA

You don't still talk to him, do you?

CRISTINA

No! I'm not stupid. He can go to Hell for all I care.

LISA

He seems really sorry on Tv and stuff.

CRISTINA

Bullshit.

LISA

Okay... So, you're completely done with him, right?

CRISTINA

Yeah.

LISA

Then you won't mind if I-. Y'know.

Cristina pauses.

(CONTINUED)

CRISTINA

No. Do what you want. You know what he's like.

LISA

Yeah, but what can ya do?

Lisa smiles, and Cristina fake-smiles back.

CUT TO:

15 INT. COLISEUM - NIGHT

15

Lights flash as people fill the seats around a large steel cage. A cameraman films a REPORTER in a business suit.

REPORTER

Hello, welcome to the WCL 308. The World Combat League. Tonight is going to a spectacular night! All of the best fighters here to witness the fight of the decade, the "Giant" Don Atlas vs. Juan Ortiz! Selling out the Coliseum, all sponsored by the upcoming King of the Streets Tournament. Be sure to tune in for that.

16 INT. GREEN ROOM - COLISEUM - NIGHT

16

Devon and Roman wait in a room full of food, alcohol, and important people. They are drinking beers and wearing their best clothes.

DEVON

For real, man. Where'd you piece this? A movie set?

ROMAN

Hey, I look classy, okay.

They laugh.

DEVON

Thanks again for getting me in here, yo.

ROMAN

Yeah, yeah. You owe me. I had to pull some really weird strings for this.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON  
Alright. Who's G-string?

ROMAN  
Whatever.

Roman calls over to a girl across the room, walking to her.

ROMAN (cont'd)  
Yo, Yolanda!

Devon talks with everyone in the room. He evens talks with an ASIAN FIGHTER in a suit.

DEVON  
So, how do you kick. Like-.

Devon kicks improperly.

DEVON (cont'd)  
Like that?

ASIAN FIGHTER  
No. You have to pivot.

The Asian Fighter kicks with proper form.

DEVON  
Uh-huh. Try.

The Fighter positions Devon's body, touching his hips.

DEVON (cont'd)  
(uncomfortable)  
Whoa there, Jackie Chan!

Roman talks with a girl on the other side of the room, and she storms away, scoffing. He sighs and takes a sip of his beer.

ROMAN  
(under his breath)  
Shit...

AT THE FOOD TABLE,

Devon grabs one of the finger sandwiches. Cristina taps his shoulder.

CRISTINA  
Is that how janitors dress now?

DEVON  
(mouth full)  
Oh. Just my luck. Is this gonna be  
an ongoing thing?

CRISTINA  
Its a school night. What're you  
doing here?

DEVON  
I happen to like fighting. And you,  
Lucy Liu? Teachers aren't cool.  
Stop overachieving.

CRISTINA  
I'm here with my boyfriend, dick.

DEVON  
Boyfriend?

Aiden wraps his arm around her. He's wearing expensive  
clothing.

AIDEN  
This guy bothering you, babe?

CRISTINA  
...Not really.

DEVON  
Hey, you're Aiden Mars, aren't you?

AIDEN  
You know me?

DEVON  
Just recently. I saw highlights  
from your fight with Joe Mencia.

AIDEN  
Okay. You look kinda big. Are you a  
fighter too?

DEVON  
Yeah.

CRISTINA  
Why are you bothering with this  
kid?

AIDEN  
You have to show respect to  
everyone. I keep telling you,  
Cristina.

(CONTINUED)

Cristina scoffs and walks away.

DEVON  
(calls)  
Nice seeing ya, teach!  
(to Aiden)  
Where'd you find her?

AIDEN  
Its a long story. Oh, look. Check  
it out. There's Don.

A giant fighter with big arms, DON ATLAS (30), walks through the green room surrounded by his team. The room is cheering. He's taunting them. Don points to Aiden, and Aiden points back to him, smiling.

SPECTATOR  
Give 'im hell, Don!

DEVON  
Holy shit. He's big.

AIDEN  
Yep.

DEVON  
When's your next fight?

AIDEN  
I'm actually gonna compete in that  
King of the Streets Tournament.

DEVON  
Really?

AIDEN  
Yeah.

DEVON  
I'm competing too.

AIDEN  
Great. Good luck, kid.

DEVON  
Thanks! But what's a big fighter  
like you doing fighting in street  
tournaments?

AIDEN  
I'm in a little trouble with the  
WCL right now.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

For what?

Aiden pauses.

AIDEN

Don't really wanna talk about it.

DEVON

Oh, well. Have fun. Go easy on me.

AIDEN

Will do.

They shake hands.

ON A BIG SCREEN TV,

the VIPS watch Don fight in the main room ring. He's throwing his opponent repeatedly.

DEVON

Damn, that dude really is big.

ROMAN

One of the WCL's best right now.

DEVON

Can't wait to fight him.

ROMAN

Don't go biting off more than you can chew.

DEVON

Well, I'm not gonna blow the guy.

Roman laughs loudly. Devon looks over to the catering table. Aiden is touching Cristina, but she's resistant. He tries kissing her, but she stops him.

CRISTINA

...No. I-I'm not feeling good.

AIDEN

Come on.

He tries again, but she pulls away.

CRISTINA

I said "No!"

Devon looks back to the TV.

17 EXT. ALLEYAWAY - COLISEUM - NIGHT

17

Roman and Devon exit out of the back. Roman still has a bottle in his hand.

DEVON  
Thanks again, man.

ROMAN  
No problem, D.

DEVON  
Need a ride?

ROMAN  
Nah. I'm actually gonna get it in tonight.

DEVON  
Oh, alright. See ya.

Roman walks away, and Devon walks toward the parking lot. He reaches in his pockets for his keys.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PARKING LOT,

Aiden and Cristina are standing by Aiden's expensive car.

CRISTINA  
I just don't like you touching me when you're drunk.

AIDEN  
(laughs)  
It never stopped us before.

CRISTINA  
You told me you changed, idiot.

AIDEN  
...You know I don't like it when you call me names.

Devon notices them and gets in his car.

CRISTINA  
Know what? I'll find my own way home.

AIDEN  
Shouldn't be hard dressed like that.

(CONTINUED)

CRISTINA  
(bleep) you, Aiden.

AIDEN  
Happily.  
(laughs)  
Come on. Let's stop the song and  
dance. We know you're coming back  
with me.

CRISTINA  
Maybe if you'd stop being an  
asshole.

AIDEN  
Get in the car.

CRISTINA  
No.

Cristina tries to walk away, but Aiden blocks her.

IN DEVON'S CAR,

he talks on the phone with Roman. The car is running.

DEVON  
No. I haven't left yet. How could  
you screw that up? Alright. I'll  
wait.

Aiden starts groping Cristina.

CRISTINA  
Stop.

AIDEN  
You know you want it. You wouldn't  
keep coming back if you didn't!

CRISTINA  
No. You're a disgusting pig and  
have no respect for me.

AIDEN  
I said "Get in the car."

Aiden grabs her hard, and she resists.

CRISTINA  
No!

Aiden punches her in the face. She falls.

DEVON

Oh, shit!

Devon rushes out of the car.

AIDEN

You think I like doing that?! HUH!?

Devon runs to them and punches Aiden in the back of his head. Aiden falls over.

DEVON

Get away from her!  
(to Cristina)  
You okay?

CRISTINA

(scared)  
No, no. Stay out of this.

Aiden stands, smiling.

AIDEN

Caught me off guard. Heh. That's brave.

DEVON

Don't care who you are. You don't hit a woman!

AIDEN

Is that right?

Cristina steps between them.

CRISTINA

Devon, stay out of this.

DEVON

No. Call the police.

AIDEN

Is this that new boyfriend you were talking about?

Cristina is silent.

DEVON

What if I am? How about you just leave, and nothing bad'll happen.

AIDEN

Yeah? Make me, little boy.

Aiden pushes Devon back far, and Cristina slaps him.

CRISTINA

Leave him alone!

Devon tackles Aiden and tries to punch him. Aiden counters him and turns him over, mounting him. He starts beating Devon's face. Cristina tries to pull Aiden off.

CRISTINA (cont'd)

STOP IT!!!

Aiden slaps Cristina off, and Devon pushes him off of him. Aiden then slams Devon to the ground and starts stomping on him repeatedly. He eventually stops.

AIDEN

No one likes a hero.

Devon lies on the concrete with blood spilling from over all his face. Cristina is frozen, scared.

AIDEN (cont'd)

Get in the car, Cristina.

Cristina is still. Aiden gets in his car.

AIDEN (cont'd)

Do I have to repeat myself?!

Cristina rushes to the car, looks back to Devon, then gets in. Aiden drives off. Roman enters the parking lot, looking at his phone.

ROMAN

Come on, man. Pick up the phone.

Roman sees Devon lying on the ground.

ROMAN (cont'd)

D? Yo!

Roman runs to Devon and starts shaking him.

ROMAN (cont'd)

Devon! Yo! What happened!? Come on, man! Wake up! Devon! DEVON!!

18 INT. AIDEN'S CAR - NIGHT

18

Aiden drives his sports car fast on the empty streets. Cristina is frozen, shocked. Aiden is yelling loudly as the engine roars.

AIDEN  
(laughing)  
You know, Christie! You have bad  
taste in men!

Aiden laughs sinisterly. Cristina is silent.

AIDEN (cont'd)  
I feel so sorry for that guy! He's  
gonna get destroyed at that  
tournament!

FADE TO:

19 EXT. FRONT DOOR - DEVON'S APARTMENT - DAY

19

Cristina knocks on the door. Silence. She knocks again. Devon opens the door, then slams it shut again.

CRISTINA  
Devon?

She knocks again, louder.

CRISTINA (cont'd)  
Devon! We need to talk! Devon!  
Devon!

ON THE OTHER SIDE,

Devon sits on his couch, furious. His face is covered with white bandages. Cristina continues knocking.

DEVON  
If you're coming to say I'm kicked  
out of your class now, I don't  
care!

CRISTINA  
Devon, I'm sorry!

DEVON  
Your boyfriend tell you to say  
that?

(CONTINUED)

CRISTINA  
No! Just open the door.

DEVON  
No!

CRISTINA  
I'm not leaving until you talk to me.

DEVON  
Have fun sleeping on the ground.

Cristina knocks again, much harder.

CRISTINA  
Devon! Devon! Devon!

Devon opens the door.

DEVON  
What!?

CRISTINA  
(shocked)  
Oh, my God.

Cristina tries to touch his face, but he pulls away.

DEVON  
What do you want?

CRISTINA  
I'm sorry about the other night.  
When Aiden gets a little drunk, he just changes.

DEVON  
Don't make excuses for the guy.

CRISTINA  
...Well, I'm done with him anyway.

DEVON  
Hooray. Is that all? I gotta practice.

CRISTINA  
That's the other thing. You shouldn't join that tournament.

DEVON  
I'm going to.

CRISTINA  
You don't understand. You can't  
beat guys like this.

DEVON  
I will.

Devon steps back into his apartment, closing the door behind him. Cristina slips in before it closes.

CRISTINA  
I've trained with Aiden. He's  
vicious.

DEVON  
You just walk into all your  
students' places like this?

CRISTINA  
Have you seen his fight record?  
Street-fighting's not gonna work.

DEVON  
Its gonna have to, 'cause I'm gonna  
kick his ass. I can't let him get  
away with that.

CRISTINA  
...You don't have to do this for  
me.

DEVON  
For you? This is for me. Get over  
yourself.

CRISTINA  
Then let me help you. I know him  
inside and out.

DEVON  
No.

CRISTINA  
You can't do it by yourself.

DEVON  
(groans)  
Get out.

CRISTINA

What?

DEVON

I said "Get out." Do I gotta say it again?

Cristina scoffs and heads for the door.

CRISTINA

I'm just trying to help you out, *pendejo*. Have fun in a stretcher, dick.

DEVON

Have fun as a punching bag.

Cristina groans loudly, walking out of the apartment. Devon leans against the wall, sighing.

20 INT. BEDROOM - DEVON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 20

Devon sits at his desk, watching videos of Aiden fighting on his laptop. Its many clips of his knockouts. COMMENTATORS talk on the video.

COMMENTATOR

(on laptop)

AIDEN MARS HAS DONE IT AGAINN!!  
HOOK TO THE FACE!

Devon rubs his head in frustration.

CUT TO:

21 INT. CAFETERIA - COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY 21

Cristina sits at the Teacher's table with the other teachers, eating.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

I swear. I've had one girl change majors three times so far. It's just the first half of the semester.

CRISTINA

(uninterested)

Funny.

Devon sets his lunchbox on the table and sits in front of Cristina. He's wearing sunglasses to cover his bandages.

(CONTINUED)

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR  
Uh, Devon. This is the Teacher's  
table.

DEVON  
(bleep) off, Jerry.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR  
Okay.

Cristina and Devon stare at each other.

DEVON  
Alright. You can train me.

CRISTINA  
What? What was that?

DEVON  
Don't do that.

CRISTINA  
What changed your mind?

DEVON  
I've got nothing better to do.

CRISTINA  
Exactly what a girl wants to hear.  
If you want to beat Aiden, you need  
to lose weight.

DEVON  
What's that supposed to mean?

CRISTINA  
You're slow, you're sluggish, and  
you let your feelings get the best  
of you.

DEVON  
I could say the same.

CRISTINA  
Listen, if you wanna win, you will  
do what I say, and you will respect  
me.

DEVON  
Alright. You show me respect, I  
will.

Devon opens his lunchbox, and Cristina grabs it.

DEVON (cont'd)  
What the-!?

Cristina throws his sandwich, soda, and snacks onto the floor.

DEVON (cont'd)  
What're you doing?!

CRISTINA  
No bread and cheese. No soda. No snacks.

She pours out his bag of Doritos and throws a chip in his face.

DEVON  
What're you a child?!

CRISTINA  
Yep. Be awake at 5 tomorrow.

She laughs.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR  
Who's gonna clean that up?

CUT TO:

22 EXT. DEVON'S APARTMENT - DAWN

22

Cristina knocks furiously on the door.

CRISTINA  
DEVON!! DEVON!

Her watch says 5:45 AM. She's wearing jogging clothes with her hair in a ponytail.

CRISTINA (cont'd)  
DEVON!!!

Devon opens the door wearing only a muscle shirt and boxers.

DEVON  
(yawning)  
You know what time it is?

CRISTINA  
5:45! You were supposed to be up by now!

(CONTINUED)

DEVON  
Oh... Oh, well.

CRISTINA  
Get dressed, you ass!

Cristina punches his chest. An ELDERLY AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN, MS. JONES (61), steps out of her apartment.

MS. JONES  
Devon, what's all that nose?!

DEVON  
Nothing, Ms. Jones.

MS. JONES  
Oh! Is this your girlfriend!? She looks very mature!

DEVON  
Its not like that!

CRISTINA  
Yeah! I'm just his teacher!

MS. JONES  
Okay! Be careful, kids! With all those STDs flying around nowadays.

DEVON  
(to Cristina)  
Just wait in here.

23 EXT. STREETS - MORNING

23

Cristina runs far in front of Devon, and Devon is panting, sweating. He stops, bending over and wheezing loudly.

CRISTINA  
What's the matter with you?

DEVON  
I'm just not used to running!

CRISTINA  
Come on, big boy. Its only been a half a mile.

DEVON  
(groans)  
I wanna learn actual fighting.

(CONTINUED)

CRISTINA

Its called "conditioning." How can you fight if you can't even stand up for 5 minutes?

DEVON

I'm big. So what? It's mostly muscle.

Cristina lifts his shirt, revealing a few abs and a pudgy stomach.

CRISTINA

The top is okay, but you gotta stop drinking.

Devon pulls down his shirt.

DEVON

Don't do that.

CRISTINA

Stop complaining and come on.

Cristina starts running, and Devon groans, following.

CUT TO:

24

INT. GYM - DAY

24

Cristina sits on Devon's back as he does push-ups.

DEVON

(straining)

Alright, fat ass. Get off.

CRISTINA

Oooh. I thought guys like "fat" asses.

DEVON

Not-the-same-thing.

CRISTINA

Come on. Aiden could do this 50 times, no sweat.

Devon rolls over, pushing Cristina off.

DEVON

Look, when you're with me, don't talk about that asshole. Don't mention him, and definitely don't compare me to him. Got it?

(CONTINUED)

CRISTINA  
...Alright. Fine.

They stand.

DEVON  
Now, teach me that kick you used on  
me.

CRISTINA  
What kick?

DEVON  
That roundhouse. You made me think  
you were gonna kick earlier than  
you did.

Cristina thinks, then shakes her head.

CRISTINA  
Its a feint, fake out. You're not  
quick enough.

DEVON  
Come on! I could do it.

CRISTINA  
Alright.

Cristina picks up a punching pad and starts waving it in  
front of him.

CRISTINA (cont'd)  
Try to hit this.

DEVON  
(scoffs)  
I will hit it.

Devon punches at the pad, but Cristina catches his fist.

CRISTINA  
That's what I thought.

CUT TO:

25 INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

25

Devon pushes a cart full of groceries as Cristina locks  
around the canned goods aisle.

(CONTINUED)

CRISTINA

You have to start eating better too.

DEVON

Do I really need all this stuff? It looks expensive.

CRISTINA

You gotta spend money to get fit.

DEVON

I'm in college. I live on a budget.

CRISTINA

Uh-huh. We have less than two months to get you in shape.

DEVON

Seriously, this is too much.

CRISTINA

It's fine. You need to learn to cook. I eat like this, and I look great.

Devon looks at her body, then he scoffs.

DEVON

You don't look that great.

CRISTINA

Dammit. Its too high.

DEVON

What?

Cristina points to a can on the top shelf.

CRISTINA

The Cream of Broccoli Cheese. You can barely find that. I'll get somebody.

Cristina steps away, but Devon jumps up and grabs the can.

DEVON

Got it.

Cristina turns and looks at him, stunned.

DEVON (cont'd)  
What?

CRISTINA  
N-nothing. Um, let's go.

CUT TO:

26 INT. AIDEN'S PERSONAL GYM - DAY

26

Aiden spars with a younger fighter in the boxing ring. His COACH and other fighters watch. Aiden throws a kick to opponent's knee and a hook to his face, knocking him down.

COACH  
Alright, Aiden. That's enough.

AIDEN  
Come on, give me two more.

COACH  
Nobody likes a show off. Let somebody else practice.

Aiden gets out of the ring, and Don steps to him.

DON  
Hey, man. That girl, Cristina? You guys still together?

AIDEN  
No. Why? Interested?

DON  
Hell, yeah. If its cool with you.

AIDEN  
Go ahead. She likes it if you manhandle her.

DON  
Seriously?... So, what's she like?

AIDEN  
Eh. You wanna fight me in the ring, you want my girl. You really want my life, huh?

DON  
Nah. I just wanna beat the best, and you're a close second.

(CONTINUED)

AIDEN  
(sarcastic)  
Real funny, Don.

Don slightly laughs, watching him close. They walk into the locker room.

DON  
That kid you were talking to at the party?

AIDEN  
The tall one?

DON  
Yeah. He fights?

AIDEN  
He thinks. I laid him out that night. Thinks he can win the tournament.

DON  
(laughing)  
Oh, really?

AIDEN  
Yeah. We have nothing to worry about.

They laugh.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. PARKING LOT - APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

27

Devon works on Ms. Jones's car as Roman sits, looking on his phone. Devon has oil all over his arms.

DEVON  
You could help, y'know?

ROMAN  
I could, but nah.

Cristina approaches Devon.

CRISTINA  
You're not ready yet?

DEVON  
Yeah. I'm just changing the oil on Ms. Jones's car. Just wait a bit.

(CONTINUED)

(to Roman)  
Ro! You remember my teacher.

ROMAN  
Holy shit! What's she doing here?

DEVON  
It's cool. It's a long story.  
(to Cristina)  
It won't be long. Alright?

Cristina sits next to Roman.

ROMAN  
(nervous)  
What's up?

CRISTINA  
I'm not gonna kick you like I did  
your friend, okay?

ROMAN  
Cool.

Cristina sighs.

CRISTINA  
So, what's his deal?

ROMAN  
Who's?

CRISTINA  
Devon.

ROMAN  
Oh, he's weird. He got a messed up  
attitude too.

CRISTINA  
*I can see.*

ROMAN  
But he's cool though. I've known  
him most of my life.

CRISTINA  
He couldn't have grown up like  
that.

ROMAN  
Ask him yourself. I don't like  
talking about it.

(CONTINUED)

CRISTINA

Uh-huh.

Devon wipes his hands with a dirty rag.

ROMAN

Enough about him.

(seductive)

What's up with you?

CRISTINA

*Ayos mio.*

CUT TO:

28 INT. GYM - AFTERNOON

28

Cristina runs Devon through many workouts, yelling at him. Throughout the day, Devon gets more tired, wheezing loudly. Cristina pushes him on.

CUT TO:

29 INT. SPANISH 201 CLASSROOM - COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY

29

Cristina sits at her desk while students enter the classroom. Devon walks by. He has a big bandage on his cheek.

CRISTINA

Devon.

DEVON

What's up?

CRISTINA

Come here.

Devon approaches her, and she stands. She touches his cheek.

CRISTINA (cont'd)

What the hell is that?

DEVON

...Nothing. Don't worry about it.

CRISTINA

Outside.

Devon turns toward the door, groaning.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON  
Oh, my GOD!!!

OUTSIDE OF THE CLASSROOM,

Cristina closes the door behind her.

CRISTINA  
Why are you fighting!? You're not ready!

DEVON  
I'm over this "conditioning" shit!  
I need to actually fight if I'm gonna get anywhere!

CRISTINA  
You think you know everything!  
You're gonna screw everything up for we even get to the tournament!

DEVON  
So what? Your way isn't the only way!

CRISTINA  
Alright. Wait for me after class.

DEVON  
Why?

CRISTINA  
JUST DO IT!

Cristina storms into the classroom, slamming the door behind her. Devon tries to enter, but its locked.

DEVON  
(knocking)  
Uh, Miss Perez?

CUT TO:

30 INT. CRISTINA'S CAR - NIGHT

30

Cristina drives as Devon waits impatient.

DEVON  
Where are we going?

CRISTINA  
I'm gonna show you what you're in for.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

I don't need to see anything. I  
kicked that guy's ass last night.  
Your "boyfriend" won't know what  
hit him this time.

CRISTINA

Ugh, would you just shut up?

CUT TO:

31 INT. ZED STADIUM- NIGHT

31

Cristina pushes Devon inside. The stadium has flashing color lights and loud techno music, with lots of club-goers. The floor is massive and erotic dancers perform in hanging cages and on ribbons.

DEVON

Wow. You come here often, huh?

CRISTINA

SHUT UP! They're gonna hold the  
tournament here! Keep moving.

Cristina pushes him toward a big clear section illuminated by a white light. Aiden is fighting a fighter with a lot of tattoos.

CRISTINA (cont'd)

Watch him.

DEVON

Come on, Christie.

CRISTINA

WATCH!!!

Aiden takes down his opponent, beating him mercilessly.

CRISTINA (cont'd)

He's gonna do much worse to you  
than last time!

As Aiden keeps fighting, Don stands tall behind Cristina and Devon.

DON

Come to see how the real men do it?

CRISTINA

...He's not all that special.

(CONTINUED)

DON  
Ya think so?  
(to Devon)  
You're better off staying at home  
with your video games, kid.

Don pokes Devon laughing, but Devon is focused on the match. Aiden fakes out his opponent with a left hook feint, then a right hook. The opponent falls, unconscious. The crowd cheers.

DON (cont'd)  
Makes me sick how good he is.

Aiden steps to his opponent's manager and holds out his hand. The manager gives him a stack of money, disappointed.

AIDEN  
This could've been avoided.

CRISTINA  
(to Devon)  
Let's get out of here.

AIDEN  
Christieeee!

CRISTINA  
Shit.

Aiden approaches them.

AIDEN  
What're you doing here?

CRISTINA  
We were just leaving.

AIDEN  
(to Devon)  
You don't stay down long, do you?

DEVON  
I never do. Beat up any girl scouts  
lately?

AIDEN  
(laughs)  
That mouth of yours is gonna get  
you in trouble.

DEVON  
Well, I like it so far, Tommy Lee.

AIDEN  
(to Cristina)  
Your new man's very sure of himself.

CRISTINA  
Actually, I'm just training him.

Aiden looks at her, slightly shocked.

AIDEN  
...Oh, really?

CRISTINA  
Yeah. Is that a problem?

They fall silent.

AIDEN  
Let's talk for a minute, kid.

CRISTINA  
No. We gotta go.

DEVON  
Nah. Its fine.

CRISTINA  
What? Are you crazy?

DEVON  
Yeah. I'll be fine.  
(to Aiden)  
Ladies first.

AIDEN  
Don, keep her company a bit.

Aiden and Devon walk away.

DON  
I've heard a lot about you. You seem like a good time.

CRISTINA  
You think so?

Cristina flips him the bird.

32

INT. UPSTAIRS VIP ROOM - NIGHT

32

Devon and Aiden walk up the stairs, and Aiden opens the door to an empty room with lots of alcohol.

AIDEN  
Don't be nervous.

DEVON  
I'm not.

Aiden makes himself a drink. The room has a view of the dance floor downstairs. They look out the window.

AIDEN  
You're an interesting guy. Usually when I beat someone, they don't comeback.

DEVON  
Not everybody's the same.

AIDEN  
(laughs)  
I respect that. Go on. Grab a drink.

DEVON  
I'm good.

Aiden takes a drink.

AIDEN  
What's your endgame here? Huh? Are trying to steal her from me?

DEVON  
She's just my coach, man. Lighten up.

AIDEN  
Uh-huh... I wouldn't get too close to her. That girl's no good. Y'know, I found her in a strip club in Tijuana. Just some slut looking for money and a good time. She was just asking for it.

DEVON  
Any point to this?

(CONTINUED)

AIDEN

...Don't fall for her. Girls like that always come back to men like me. They love it. They want a man to beat 'em around. Its their nature. Best to forget about this whole thing 'cause you're only hurting yourself.

DEVON

Cool. Thanks.

AIDEN

I'm offering you an easy way out.

Devon steps closer to him, looking him in the eye.

DEVON

Listen, don't act like you're doing me a favor. 'Cause I promise you, when we get in that ring, and it will be *me and you* in there, I will pay you back for what you did to her and me. Ten-fold. I promise you that. Alright?

AIDEN

...Don't say I didn't warn you.

Devon walks toward the door.

DEVON

Have a good night, dick.

33 INT. ZED STADIUM- NIGHT

33

Back at the bar, Don flirts at Cristina. Don is really drunk.

DON

Come on! I'm actually much better than Aiden.

CRISTINA

No.

DON

(laughing)

It was so easy for Aiden. Why are you giving me a hard time?

(CONTINUED)

CRISTINA  
 (smirks)  
 Funny.

Devon walks to them.

DEVON  
 Let's go.

DON  
 Hey, kid. If you wanna get to  
 Aiden, you'll have to get through  
 me. I'm gonna be the one to beat  
 him... Be prepared.  
 (to Cristina)  
 And you'll see what a real man is.

Don laughs. Cristina kicks him in the crotch. Don falls to  
 the ground, dropping his drink.

DON (cont'd)  
 (laughing in pain)  
 Oooh!

CRISTINA  
 I'm not some whore to play around  
 with!

Cristina storms away. Devon follows soon after.

DEVON  
 Damn, looks like that hurts.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. STREETS - MORNING

34

Devon jogs on the street, listening to music on his iPhone.  
 Voices of Don, Cristina, and Aiden flow through his head. He  
 speeds up as the voices get louder and louder. Then he  
 stops, wheezing loudly.

DEVON  
 Shit...

He looks at his iPhone. It says "8.23 miles." He looks  
 around and scratches his head.

CUT TO:

35

INT. GYM - DAY

35

On a TV, a cameraman follows Aiden around the city. Aiden is walking toward his car.

CAMERAMAN

Aiden Mars. TMZ. Its great that you're coming back to the WCL.

AIDEN

Thank you. Its good to hear that.

CAMERAMAN

Anything you wanna tell the people about your domestic violence charge?

AIDEN

(sighs)

...All I can say is that I made a mistake. I've done my community service, and I'm really hoping to work it out with Ms. Perez. Have a nice day.

CAMERAMAN

But Aiden-. Wait.

Aiden gets into his car before the cameraman can talk. He drives away.

Cristina turns off the TV. Devon hits the punching bag.

CRISTINA

Bullshit.

DEVON

Don't worry about it.

CRISTINA

I'm not. Alright. Come here.

Devon stands in front of Cristina on the open floor.

CRISTINA (cont'd)

If you're ever in the ring with Aiden, be aware. He's a good striker. But what most fighters don't know is he can't get out of holds. He can avoid them, but once you get him, never let go. Try to hit me.

(CONTINUED)

Devon punches at Cristina, but she avoids it and throws him down with a Judo throw. She then puts him in an arm bar.

DEVON  
Okay! I get it.

She lets him go, and they stand on their feet.

CRISTINA  
Can you do a takedown?

DEVON  
Yeah.

CRISTINA  
Let's go.

Cristina attacks at Devon, but he dodges. Then he grabs her and throws her to the floor, landing on top of her.

DEVON  
I told ya.

CRISTINA  
Devon.

DEVON  
Yeah.

CRISTINA  
Get your hand off of that.

Devon gets off of her quickly.

DEVON  
Oh, shit. My bad.

CRISTINA  
Its fine.  
(to herself)  
Idiot.

CUT TO:

36

INT. DINING ROOM - MS. JONES'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

36

Devon sits at the table as Ms. Jones puts a plate of roast in front of him.

DEVON  
Thanks. I've been dying for food like this.

(CONTINUED)

MS. JONES

You're welcome. You look a little thin.

DEVON

All of those workouts. I'll be dead by the end of this month.

Devon starts eating.

MS. JONES

Where's that teacher I've seen you sniffing around? How's that going?

DEVON

It's not like that. She's just helping me.

MS. JONES

She seems nice. Why don't you ask her out?

DEVON

No, no. No. She's way too old for me...

MS. JONES

That shouldn't stop you.

DEVON

I don't want her, Ms. Jones! Wow! She's just training me. God!

MS. JONES

(laughing)

Boy if you didn't like her, you wouldn't be acting like that.

DEVON

Don't do this to me, Ms. Jones!

Ms. Jones laughs, and Devon smirks, rubbing his temples.

DEVON (cont'd)

No... Sure she's attractive, but I just wanna train with her and be done with her.

MS. JONES

I'm just saying. Have some fun. When's the last time you had a girl in your life?

(CONTINUED)

DEVON  
(eating; silently)  
Last year.

MS. JONES  
Just try it. Life's about  
experiences. Who cares if it  
doesn't work out. You get a story  
to tell.

DEVON  
(laughs)  
Nah. I don't want to.

Devon continues eating.

MS. JONES  
Suit yourself...

Devon's phone rings, and he looks at it. There's a text  
from Cristina.

MS. JONES (cont'd)  
Who is it?

DEVON  
Nobody, nosy old lady.

MS. JONES  
It's her, isn't it? Okay! What did  
she say?

DEVON  
Nothing. Just wanted to know what  
I'm doing.

MS. JONES  
Ask her out. Now.

DEVON  
What?

MS. JONES  
Now.

DEVON  
Okay, okay.

Devon types on his phone.

MS. JONES  
What'd you say?

DEVON

I just asked her to hang out.

MS. JONES

Hang out? You're not in high school.

DEVON

What's wrong with that!?

His phone rings again. He reads it. A message reads "Yes. Come over." Devon gets out of his seat.

DEVON (cont'd)

Can I have a to-go plate?

MS. JONES

Have fun.

DEVON

(putting on jacket)

Its not like that.

MS. JONES

Sure.

CUT TO:

37 INT. CRISTINA'S PLACE - NIGHT

37

Devon and Cristina sit next to each other on her couch.

DEVON

I still don't get conjugating verbs.

CRISTINA

What don't you get about it?

DEVON

Just the whole past tense thing and how everything changes with "I, he, her, them." Its a backwards language.

CRISTINA

Shut up. You just have to keep studying it. Nothing comes quick. I find that if I write everything down, over and over again, I remember it better. Just do that.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

Uh-huh... So, what're you doing being a teacher?

CRISTINA

*Que?*

DEVON

I mean... you're attractive, strong, smart. Seems like there's a lot more to you than being stuck at a community college.

Cristina smiles and strokes her hair.

CRISTINA

No. What's with you? You're nice once you get to know you.

DEVON

Thanks. Most people think I'm a dick.

CRISTINA

No. Come on. Let it out. Why the attitude?

DEVON

(sighs)

I don't know... I was an aggressive kid. Got into fights a lot. My mom left when I was about 8, and didn't get along with my dad... He'd yelled and beat me instead of asking what's going on with me. As soon as I could, I got out of there and never looked back... No. I asked you first. What's up with you?

CRISTINA

Um... You're probably figuring it out, but as you get older, life really hits you hard. You think you know some people, but... they just take advantage of you. And you keep asking for it for some reason, knowing its bad news, 'cause you can't imagine life any other way. You begin to lose what made you you in the first place. I haven't even done things I enjoy in a long time.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

What do you even like to do?

CRISTINA

Well, besides fighting, I like anything normal women like. Reading, shopping. I really miss traveling, and salsa dancing.

DEVON

You can Salsa?

CRISTINA

Yeah. I was really good too. I won championships when I was little.

Devon stands up.

DEVON

Okay. That's it. We're going out.

CRISTINA

Huh?

DEVON

Let's go to a club or something without the fighting. See if you can dance as good as you say.

CRISTINA

I don't know.

Devon pokes her.

DEVON

Come onnn! It'll be fun.

She hesitates.

CRISTINA

Okay...

She gets out of her seat, and they walk to the door.

CUT TO:

38

INT. DEVON'S CAR - NIGHT

38

Devon drives as Cristina waits in the passenger seat.

CRISTINA

How'd you even find this place?

(CONTINUED)

DEVON  
I Googled it.

CRISTINA  
This is probably a bad idea. A  
teacher going out with a student?

DEVON  
Live a little. We're just dancing.

Cristina looks Devon over as he focuses on the road. The  
streetlights illuminate the car.

DEVON (cont'd)  
What?

CRISTINA  
...Nothing.

DEVON  
You're weird.

CUT TO:

39 INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

39

Devon leads Cristina to the dance floor. A Salsa band is  
playing, and the floor is slightly crowded.

CRISTINA  
Are you really gonna do this?

DEVON  
Yep.

CRISTINA  
(scoffs)  
You can't dance.

Devon starts dancing to the music.

DEVON  
Let's find out.

Devon continues dancing, teasing Cristina, and she watches  
laughing.

CRISTINA  
You're getting too stiff again.  
Move your hips more. Watch me.

Cristina dances like an expert.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON  
Oh, like this?

He pulls her close, and they dance in perfect sync with each other.

CRISTINA  
(in Spanish)  
You know more than you let off.

DEVON  
(in Spanish)  
I have a good teacher.  
(in English)  
Did I say that right?

CRISTINA  
(laughing)  
Yeah.

They continue dancing, getting closer each minute. They kiss. Cristina opens her eyes and pushes away.

CRISTINA (cont'd)  
Take me home.

DEVON  
Come on. We just got here.

CRISTINA  
Now!

Devon groans, and Cristina walks away.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. CRISTINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

40

Devon pulls into the parking lot and stops the car.

DEVON  
Look, sorry if I-.

Cristina rushes out of the car and walks away. Devon sighs, rubbing his temples.

CUT TO:

41 INT. GYM - DAY

41

Devon removes his shirt in front of the mirror. His muscles are more defined. Roman pats on his back.

ROMAN

Damn, dawg!

DEVON

I know. She wasn't kidding!

ROMAN

You gonna have all the girls now!

Devon laughs.

ROMAN (cont'd)

Where's ya girl at?

DEVON

Don't know.

ROMAN

Uh-huh. Think you're ready for the qualifier?

DEVON

Yup.

Devon starts jumproping.

DEVON (cont'd)

I'm gonna win that tournament like its nothing. I'll do fine on my own.

ROMAN

No offense, but you weren't all that hot before she coached you. You need her.

DEVON

Well, if she wants to act funny with me, that's her problem. I tried to show her a good time, but nope.

ROMAN

You don't have to sleep with every girl that comes by.

Devon stops jumping and stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

ROMAN (cont'd)  
I'm just saying.

DEVON  
...I'm good, man. Its nothing big.

Devon takes out his phone.

CUT TO:

42 INT. AIDEN'S CAR - DAY

42

Cristina looks at her phone. Its a text message from Devon. It reads "Where have you been? Aren't we training today?" Aiden is driving the car, fast.

AIDEN  
Who's that?

Cristina puts the phone away.

CRISTINA  
Nobody, babe.

CUT TO:

43 INT. ZED STADIUM- DAY

43

Groups of fighters surround four raised stages. A film crew rushes around setting up cameras. At a nearby table, a COMMENTATOR, RAYMOND MASTERS, does any interview with Don.

RAYMOND  
Welcome to the King of the Streets Tournament Qualifiers. Sponsored by the World Combat League and Viper Energy Drink. 52 fighters looking to win \$50,000 and bragging rights. That's 20 seeds of fighters who have to make it to this weekend's Top 8. I'm Raymond Masters, and I have here with me Don Atlas, one of the newest contenders in the WCL. And he's already making a name for himself. Don, what do you make of this Kumite style elimination process?

DON  
It makes sense cause you gotta take out the guys who aren't fit for it. Plus, its basic competitive nature. If you can't beat 50 other guys for \$50,000, you don't deserve it.

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND

Right. You don't seem intimidated at all.

DON

No! I've seen these guys. People might get disappointed.

RAYMOND

(laughs)

There you have it. Confidence is key!

44 INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - ZED STADIUM - DAY

44

Roman stands by the stall while Devon vomits into the toilet, loudly.

ROMAN

You alright, man?

DEVON

Yeah! It must be something I ate!

He continues vomiting.

ROMAN

I've never seen you like this. Not nervous, are ya?

DEVON

Nah!

The toilet flushes. Devon walks out of the stall, wiping his mouth.

DEVON (cont'd)

I'm fine. I can handle it. Let's go.

45 INT. MAIN FLOOR - ZED STADIUM - DAY

45

The boys walk through the large crowd to the stages. Cristina approaches them.

DEVON

Hey, where have you been?

CRISTINA

I've been busy... Your breath stinks.

(CONTINUED)

DEVON  
I hadn't noticed.

CRISTINA  
What stage are you on?

DEVON  
3.

CRISTINA  
We'd better get over there.

Aiden and his crew step to them.

DON  
Wow. He actually showed up.

DEVON  
Look, it a Twinkie and a Bear.

ROMAN  
(laughs)  
Damn!

AIDEN  
Hopefully, that mouth of yours gets  
you through the first string.

Cristina pulls Devon along.

CRISTINA  
Don't engage him.

Cristina, Devon, and Roman leave.

AIDEN  
I hate when she does that.

DON  
Girls, Aiden. Always acting like  
you didn't (bleep) em the night  
before.

AT THE THIRD STAGE,

Devon and Cristina argue.

DEVON  
For real, why are you avoiding me?

CRISTINA  
Can we not do this?

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

You're supposed to be training me.  
You don't answer my calls. Don't  
talk to me in class. We're supposed  
to be working together.

CRISTINA

That's what you wanna talk about?

DEVON

What? That's what *this* is, right?

They are silent.

CRISTINA

(groans; in Spanish)

Why do you have to be such an  
asshole!?

An ANNOUNCER stands one of the stages, holding a microphone.

ANNOUNCER

Okay, fighters! welcome to the King  
of the Streets Tournament!

The fighters clap.

ANNOUNCER

Remember this is a Single  
Elimination tournament. One loss  
and you're out. Look to your  
respective stage managers for  
matches and good luck! Now, let's  
get this show on the road!

The tournament begins. Fighters engage on the four stages.  
Aiden and Don go through all their matches with ease. Devon  
wins his matches with a struggle. Aiden walks by Cristina.

AIDEN

Sure he can keep up?

Cristina covers her face. Raymond commentates at his table.

RAYMOND

Well, that's it for the Qualifiers,  
and to no surprise, Aiden Mars and  
Don Atlas makes it to the Top 8 for  
this weekend's Finals. In another  
shocking upset, newcomer Devon  
Marks who's managed to make a  
comeback in all of his matches. Can  
he survive this weekend? Tune in

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND (cont'd)  
this Saturday for the Finals of the  
King of the Streets Tournament.

CUT TO:

46 INT. BAR - NIGHT

46

Devon and Roman toast with beer bottles.

ROMAN  
That was a rough day. You just  
might make it.

DEVON  
Don't jinx it, bro.

ROMAN  
(laughs)  
Get anything you want, man. It's on  
me.

DEVON  
Nah. Just one for me.

ROMAN  
You're no fun! Seriously though!  
Where's Cristina?

DEVON  
I don't know. What's up with her?

ROMAN  
Ah, well. She's missing out.

DEVON  
No. She needs to be here. Let's go  
get here.

ROMAN  
What?  
(scoffs)  
You were right. Forget her, man.

DEVON  
No. I wouldn't have got here if she  
didn't train me. She should be  
celebrating with us. Let's go.

ROMAN  
(sighs)  
Alright.

CUT TO:

47 INT. LIVING ROOM - CRISTINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 47

Aiden punches Cristina in the face, and she falls to the floor.

AIDEN

You really get off on making me mad, huh?!

CRISTINA

No.

AIDEN

Why the back and forth, then?! You thought he could free from me? Look at you. You love me. You wouldn't keep coming back if you didn't like to be pushed around.

CRISTINA

(crying)

That's not true.

Aiden kicks her.

AIDEN

Shut up. Why did you open the door in the first place?

CUT TO:

48 EXT. CRISTINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 48

Devon drives with Roman in the passenger seat.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD,

they see Aiden's white car leaving the parking lot.

ROMAN

Isn't that Pluto's car?

DEVON

Yeah. The hell's he doing here?

Devon knocks on Cristina's door. Cristina calls out.

CRISTINA

(voice-breaking)

Who is it?!

(CONTINUED)

DEVON

Its Devon! What's up!?

CRISTINA

Go away!

DEVON

Look, we wanted to see if you wanted to celebrate with us. Why are you avoiding me?

CRISTINA

I said "Go away!"

DEVON

What's Aiden doing here? You're not seeing him again, are you?

CRISTINA

Leave me alone! Just forget about me and give up.

DEVON

The hell's wrong with you? You go back to him after he beat you!?

CRISTINA

Just mind your damn business and stay the fuck away from me!

DEVON

...Why is it so easy to beat up on me but not him!? Huh!? You're better than that! You keep letting this happen and it'll never end!

Silence. Devon continues knocking on the door, hard.

DEVON (cont'd)

(yelling)

Cristina! Hey! Talk to me!

CRISTINA!!

Cristina opens the door and thrust kicks Devon off the porch. He lands on his back.

DEVON'S POV

He sees Cristina standing on the porch. Her face is covered in blood, bruises, and tears.

(CONTINUED)

CRISTINA  
Get out of here or I'll call the  
police.

Devon gets back on his feet. Roman gets out of the car.

DEVON  
So, you're gonna let everything we  
worked for go to waste?! Just like  
that?

Cristina dials 911 on her phone, staring at him.

CRISTINA  
Hello, 911? There's a man who won't  
leave my apartment.

Roman pulls Devon back.

ROMAN  
Come on, man. Let's go.

Devon storms back to his car. Cristina goes back into her  
apartment.

INSIDE THE APARTMENT,

Cristina sits at the door, crying loudly.

CUT TO:

49 INT. DEVON'S CAR - NIGHT

49

Devon drives fast through the streets, his eyes focused on  
the road.

ROMAN  
Yo, slow down, man.

Devon stays silent.

ROMAN (cont'd)  
Devon, slow down!

Devon speeds up.

ROMAN (cont'd)  
DEVON!

Roman hits Devon's shoulder, and Devon stops the car.

(CONTINUED)

ROMAN (cont'd)

What's your problem, D? Still buggin' about that bitch? Get over it, yo!

DEVON

I don't get it! Why's she let herself be treated like that!

ROMAN

Its not your problem to deal with! I knew some shit like this was gonna happen.

DEVON

What?!

ROMAN

I knew she was gonna go back to him. You can't save this bitch! Stop trying.

DEVON

Get out.

ROMAN

I know you don't wanna hear it, but its the truth!

DEVON

Get out of my car!

Roman scoffs and exits the car.

ROMAN

You need to change you damn attitude.

Devon gets out of the car.

DEVON

What you say to me?!

ROMAN

You heard me! Change your attitude! You've always been like this. You try to help girls, acting like Captain Save-a-Hoe, when it screws up, you learn nothing! You don't get shit from them either! You let yourself get played. She keeps going after Aiden because he knows how to keep her in line. That's how

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROMAN (cont'd)

it works! Its a pimp mentality. She probably thinks you're not man enough to beat him so she goes back him! You're not gonna get her, man, and you're definitely not gonna beat Aiden with this bitch on your mind.

DEVON

Hold up! I wasn't trying to get with her from the beginning! You just don't beat women!

ROMAN

Stop with that nice guy bullshit, D!

DEVON

Screw you! I'm not gonna apologize for who I am! I help people, I have an attitude! I like the way I do things. You sound just like my father! All that shit about how the world works and what girls want! I know how it works, but I refuse to act like people want me to! I'm gonna beat Aiden my way because he's a worthless son-of-a-bitch, and if you or Cristina don't think I'm "man enough" to do it, then go to Hell.

Devon gets back his car.

ROMAN

If you don't get with it, you're gonna lose!

DEVON

Yeah, yeah. Call an Uber or something.

Devon drives away.

CUT TO:

50 INT. SPANISH 201 CLASSROOM - COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY 50

Devon sits in the classroom, and a new SUBSTITUTE TEACHER stands at the front desk.

SUBSTITUTE TEACHER  
Hello, class. I'm Miss Lopez. I'll be your substitute for the next week.

DEVON  
Excuse me. What happened to Miss Perez?

SUBSTITUTE TEACHER  
Oh, she resigned yesterday. I'll be here until they find you a new teacher. Let's pick up where you last left off.

51 EXT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE - AFTERNOON 51

Devon walks out of the school, and a group of girls talk.

GIRL #1  
Can you believe that was the same Cristina Perez that went out with Aiden Mars?

GIRL #2  
I didn't even notice.

GIRL #1  
I heard she got back together with him.

GIRL #2  
I don't blame her. Everybody makes a mistake.

Devon rushes by.

CUT TO:

52 INT. BAR - EVENING 52

Devon enters the bar, where Roman is drinking, talking with the bartender.

DEVON  
Yo! I'm sorry about last night.

(CONTINUED)

ROMAN

Don't worry about it...

Roman takes a drink, and the bartender puts a receipt in front of him.

BARTENDER

I hope you win, Roman.

DEVON

What? You made a bet?

ROMAN

Yeah...

DEVON

How much you put down for me?

ROMAN

(sighs)

I put 25 hundred... on Aiden.

DEVON

...Dude, what the hell!?

ROMAN

Look, you need money. I need money too. I made a decision.

DEVON

We're supposed to be friends, man!

ROMAN

Then you should support what I'm doing.

Devon turns and walks away.

DEVON

Man, forget this!

Devon walks out of the bar, pushing the door open hard.

53

INT. DINER - NIGHT

53

Devon sits at the bar. The diner's empty. The clock on the wall says 3:07 am.

An ad for a MMA event plays on the TV.

TV

Tickets on sale now for WCL 310  
with Alexis Anderson vs Diana Cross

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TV (cont'd)  
Grudge Match, and the main event,  
the World Heavyweight Title Match,  
Aiden Mars vs. Chris Ortega. Live  
on Pay-Per-View.

Devon rubs his temples. A tall African-American WAITRESS  
(40s) approaches him. She has a coffee pot in her hand.

WAITRESS  
Want another one?

DEVON  
...Yeah.

The Waitress pours coffee into his mug.

WAITRESS  
Aren't you in the tournament  
Saturday?

DEVON  
Yeah. How'd you know?

WAITRESS  
My son's really into it. Makes me  
watch it with him. You should be  
resting. Its the finals and  
everything.

DEVON  
I know. I just can't stop thinking.

The Waitress looks at the MMA ad.

WAITRESS  
I wish somebody would kick his ass  
already. Disappointing.

DEVON  
That's funny. Everybody's so bent  
on him to win.

WAITRESS  
I'd never support somebody who beat  
their girlfriend. That's what's  
wrong with this generation. Even if  
the truth's out in the open, flash  
a little money and a smile, people  
forget it quick.

DEVON

I guess its best to go with the safe bet.

WAITRESS

Well, me. I always liked rooting for the underdog. More risky, but exciting.

DEVON

...How much do I owe you?

WAITRESS

You seem like a good kid. Its on the house.

The Waitress walks away, smiling. Deon gets out of his seat and rushes out of the door.

FADE TO:

54

INT. ZED STADIUM- NIGHT

54

Devon walks into the pack arena, carrying his gym bag. He looks around He looks around. Roman is across, talking with bookkeepers. Aiden and Don are having an interview with a reporter. He continues walking.

DON

(to Aiden)

Check it out.

Don points to Devon.

DON (cont'd)

(laughing)

I heard his team gave up on him.

AIDEN

What did you expect? Its a bad bet. Now, its just you and me.

DON

Yeah... Watch your back, Mars.

AIDEN

I always do.

55 INT. BATHROOM - ZED STADIUM - NIGHT

55

Devon sits in one of the stalls, listening to his iPod. He thinks back on his experiences with Cristina, Aiden, Roman, and his training. He then walks out of the stall, and a PROMPTER enters the bathroom.

PROMPTER

Hey, are you Devon Marks?

DEVON

Yeah.

PROMPTER

Your fight is next.

DEVON

Thanks.

Devon walks out of the bathroom.

56 INT. MAIN FLOOR - ZED STADIUM - NIGHT

56

Cristina sits outside the steel cage in the middle of the arena. Roman sits next to her.

ROMAN

So you finally show up, huh?

CRISTINA

...I just wanted to see what would happen.

ROMAN

...Y'know, you put him through just for nothing.

CRISTINA

I know. He's not good enough to win, but he's too stubborn to give up.

ROMAN

Yeah... I love the guy, but I gotta get paid.

CRISTINA

You bet against him?

ROMAN

Yeah. Its the smart thing.

(CONTINUED)

CRISTINA

You're his friend. He should at least be able to rely on you.

ROMAN

He thought you were too.

Cristina moves away from Roman. Over the course of the night, fighters fight in a steel cage. Devon, Don, and Aiden continue to beat their opponents. The tournament Prompters change the brackets over the night until its the Final Four. Next match: Don Atlas vs. Devon Marks.

Devon and Don look at each other from across the floor. Cristina looks worried. The Prompter takes the stage.

PROMPTER

(into microphone)

Next match! Devon Marks vs. Don  
Atlaaaasss!

The crowd cheers as Devon and Don walk into the cage. Raymond Masters is commentating with JOHN LEONARD, another commentator.

RAYMOND

This looks like an interesting match. The newcomer, Devon Marks, has been full of surprises all weekend. But I believe it may be the end of the journey here. I'm Raymond Masters, here with John Leonard. John, what do you think of the match-up?

JOHN

Atlas doesn't look tired at all! All this tournament, he's been annihilating his opponents like they were nothing! What's this guy made of?! Can Marks take on the Giant and live?

Devon and Don step toward each other. Devon is breathing slowly to calm himself.

OFF-STAGE,

Cristina is tapping her foot and biting her nails.

in the ring,

the REFEREE checks the fighters.

(CONTINUED)

REFEREE

You two know the rules. You ready?

DON

(to Devon)

Quit, kid. Cause I'm not holding back.

DEVON

Me neither.

REFEREE

Okay. To your corners.

Devon and Don walk back to their corners.

REFEREE (cont'd)

FIGHT!!!

As the referee leaves, the two fighters rush toward each other.

RAYMOND

Here we go!

Don and Devon shuffle around each other. Devon throws some jabs, but Don hits his arm and begins throwing him all over the ring.

JOHN

The strength on Don Atlas! He just keeps throwing him!

CRISTINA

Dammit!

Don slams Devon on his back. He stands over him.

JOHN

He's not finishing him!

DON

Get up! Come on!

Devon stands and looks Don over. He looks at his legs. Don swings at Devon, but Devon dodges him and starts kicking his knees.

JOHN

He's going for the knees!

Don catches Devon's leg and puts him in a standing leg lock. Devon screams in pain.

(CONTINUED)

CRISTINA

Come on, Devon...

Devon punches the back of Don's knees. Don lets go. Devon scrambles to his feet. As Don turns to him, Devon sends a turning side-kick to his face. Don screams, holding his face. The arena goes silent. Devon is panting.

RAYMOND

Wow! Marks with a heel to the face!

Don lets go of his face. His nose is bloody and dislocated.

DON

SON-OF-A-BITCH!

Don hits Devon with a fast left hook. Blood flies out of Devon's mouth as he flies to the floor. Don rushes on top of him and tries to choke him, but Devon resists.

RAYMOND

Atlas is angry now! Going for a choke hold!

Devon knocks away Don's hands, clinches his head, and knees him in the chin. Don falls off of him. As they stand, Don tries to attack, but Devon throws kicks and punches all over his body.

JOHN

Devon Marks with the advantage now!

Don tries to grab Devon, but Devon lifts him over his shoulder in a Firemen's Carry, screaming. The crowd is roaring.

JOHN (cont'd)

MARKS IS LIFTING THE GIANT!!!

Devon slams Don on his back and mounts him, throwing punches to his face. The referee pushes Devon off of him.

JOHN (cont'd)

Did you see that?!

RAYMOND

The referee for the count!

REFEREE

1! 2! 3! 4!

Devon holds onto his chest, panting as the ref continues counting. The crowd is at the end of their seats!

(CONTINUED)

DEVON  
Don't get up...

REFEREE  
9! 10!

The crowd cheers loudly. Cristina exhales with relief.

ROMAN  
Hell, YEAH!

RAYMOND  
I did not see that coming! Marks  
moves on to the Finals!

JOHN  
A classic David and Goliath match!  
To beat one of the WCL's finest  
fighters! Its unbelievable.

Devon walks with TWO NURSES out of the ring.

RAYMOND  
Well, he still has a long night  
ahead of him. Get ready for the  
next match!

57 INT. VIP ROOM - ZED STADIUM - NIGHT

57

The room is set up to give medical aid to fighters. Devon sits on an operating bed in front of the nurses. One waves a flashlight in his eye.

NURSE #1  
Follow the light. Okay, how many  
fingers am I holding up?

DEVON  
Three. I'm fine.

NURSE #2  
Are you sure?

DEVON  
Yeah. Well, my tooth is killing me.

Devon grabs one of his teeth and pulls it out hard. He spits blood on the floor.

NURSE #1  
Oh, my God!

Nurse #2 faints.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE #1 (cont'd)  
Fighters are crazy.

Cristina enters the room.

CRISTINA  
Hey.

DEVON  
Hey.

CRISTINA  
Are you okay?

DEVON  
Yeah yeah. Just a check-up.

Devon smiles.

CRISTINA  
Okay... Don't lose, alright?

Cristina leaves the room quick.

DEVON  
I won't...

58

INT. MAIN FLOOR - ZED STADIUM - NIGHT

58

Devon walk back on to the main floor where Aiden is fighting in the ring.

RAYMOND  
Aiden Mars has just been dominating this tournament!

JOHN  
And this match is no different!  
He's taking Fox to the floor!

Aiden picks up his opponent, FOX, and slams him on the floor. He starts punching him repeatedly. Blood flies everywhere.

JOHN (cont'd)  
He's merciless.

Devon looks on with a shocked face.

IN THE RING,

the referee pulls Aiden off of his opponent.

(CONTINUED)

CROWD  
AIDEN! AIDEN! AIDEN!

Aiden taunts the crowd. Then he points to Devon.

JOHN  
He's calling out Marks!

RAYMOND  
The crowd is loving the intensity here at the King of The Streets Tournament! We are now at the final match! The underdog, Devon Marks, going through waves and waves of opponents, vs. the King himself, Aiden Mars. A very unexpected match-up.

The referee talks to Aiden, and Aiden nods.

RAYMOND (cont'd)  
Looks like he doesn't need a break. He wants to go right into it. Will Marks go for it?

JOHN  
Well, he's had at least 15 minutes already.

The Prompter approaches Devon.

PROMPTER  
Do you want to fight? You don't have to right now.

Devon looks up to the ring, and Aiden motions for him to "Come on." The crowd still yelling Aiden's name.

DEVON  
...Yeah. Let's do it.

JOHN  
He's going to fight!

The crowd cheers even louder as Devon takes off his hoodie and walks toward the ring.

RAYMOND  
I would take the 20-minute break if I were Marks. He took quite a beating in his last match.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

I agree with you, but its best not to keep this crowd waiting! It'll all be decided here! Who will take home the \$50,000 and be crowned "King of the Streets?"

Devon steps up the stairs to the ring and sees Aiden. He freezes. Images flash in his head of Aiden beating him on the street.

RAYMOND

Looks like Marks is having second thoughts.

Devon steps into the ring.

RAYMOND (cont'd)

Nope. He's going for it.

Devon and Aiden step to each other in the center of the ring.

REFEREE

Okay, boys. This is a 15 minute mtach. After 15 minutes, you will be stopped and the match will be judged by me and the prompters. Remember, no eye-gouging, hits to the groin. Do you understand?

Aiden walks back to his corner without a word. He throws a smile to Cristina. Cristina looks down to her feet. Devon goes back to his corner.

JOHN

Here it is! Winner takes all!

Devon looks down to see Don, standing at his corner.

DON

Hey. Kick his ass, man.

Devon nods and turns to Aiden.

REFEREE

Fighters ready? FIGHT!!!

Devon and Aiden rush toward each other. Aiden throws punches and kicks at him, but Devon covers himself, blocking with his elbows and legs.

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND

Mars already checking Marks. Marks  
holding his position.

Aiden pushes Devon, and Devon tries to roundhouse kick him.  
Aiden avoids it and punches his head.

JOHN

Straight to the head! You have to  
avoid whiffing against him!

Aiden does a bunch of fakes and attacks Devon's lower torso.  
Devon groans and goes for a hook, but Aiden dodges it again  
and punches Devon in the face. As Devon stumbles, Aiden  
gives him a roundhouse kick to the face. Devon falls to the  
floor.

JOHN (cont'd)

And he's down.

REFEREE

1! 2! 3! 4!

Devon gets up quickly.

JOHN

Marks isn't out yet!

SPECTATOR

Come on, Aiden!

Aiden and Devon dance around each other again. Devon tries  
to punch Aiden again, but Aiden avoids his attacks. Aiden  
strikes Devon repeatedly, and Devon clutches him to stop  
them. The referee separates them.

CRISTINA

(to herself)

Come on, Devon.

Aiden throws more attacks, and Devon dodges them, going for  
a tackle.

JOHN

Marks takes him to the floor!

Devon tries to mount him, but Aiden turns them over and  
starts punching. Devon covers his face.

ROMAN

DEVON, GET HIM OFF!!

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND

Aiden Mars now wailing on young Marks!

JOHN

There's no mercy!

Devon pushes Aiden off of him and gets back on his feet. Aiden throws an uppercut to the chin, knocking Devon out.

RAYMOND

And he's down!

The crowd cheers, and the referee rushes to Devon.

REFEREE

1! 2! 3!

AIDEN

THINK NEXT TIME BEFORE YOU STEP TO ME!!

CRISTINA

COME ON, DEVON! GET UP!!!

RAYMOND

A clean uppercut to the chin. This could be it.

REFEREE

7! 8! 9!

Devon crawls to his feet.

JOHN

And he's back up! Wow! This kid can take a beating!

The referee checks Devon. Blood comes from his temple.

DEVON

(panting)

I'm good! I'm good!

RAYMOND

Marks doesn't look like he can stand any longer.

The referee leaves, and Devon looks Aiden over. A memory of his training with Cristina flashes in his mind.

(CONTINUED)

CRISTINA (V.O.)  
He can't get out holds. He can  
avoid them, but once you get him,  
never let go.

Aiden goes for another punch.

RAYMOND  
Mars looking to end it now!

Devon catches Aiden's arm and whips him to the floor,  
climbing on top.

JOHN  
What a catch!

Devon punches Aiden repeatedly and Aiden pushes him off. He  
goes in for another punch, but Devon picks him up and slams  
him on his back.

JOHN (cont'd)  
That shook the stage!

Devon puts Aiden in a leg-lock, and Aiden screams. Devon  
puts the pressure on his leg. Aiden gets out of the lock.  
They get on their feet. Aiden can barely stand. He pushes  
against the wall and attacks.

RAYMOND  
He's got him on the wall.

Devon turns him over onto the wall and unleashes punches to  
him. He throws a swift elbow to Aiden's eyes, and Aiden  
stumbles over.

JOHN  
It's Marks's fight now!

The two fighters punch each other back and forth. The crowd  
gets louder and louder.

RAYMOND  
Neither of them will give up!

Aiden throws a left punch, but Devon avoids it. He fakes  
with his right. When Aiden whips head back, Devon right  
hooks his face.

RAYMOND (cont'd)  
Clean hit!

As Aiden stumbles, Devon grabs him from behind and throws  
him to the floor again.

(CONTINUED)

CRISTINA

That's it! Stay on him!

Devon goes for numerous holds, but Aiden breaks through. Devon gets Aiden in a behind-the-back choke hold, and as much as he struggles, Devon holds on. Aiden falls unconscious.

RAYMOND

That's it! He's out!

The referee gets Devon off of Aiden and starts the count.

REFEREE

1! 2! 3! 4! 5! 6! 7!

Aiden starts to get up!

REFEREE (cont'd)

9! 10!

JOHN

It's over! Devon marks has defeated Aiden Mars!

As the crowd cheers, Devon exhales hard. Aiden beats the ring floor.

RAYMOND

Never in all my years of broadcast journalism have I seen this. Newcomer Devon Marks has beaten Aiden "King" Mars.

Devon goes to Aiden and grabs him.

JOHN

What's this?!

AIDEN

Let's go!

Devon pins Aiden against the cage wall, facing Cristina. The room goes silent. The referee tries to stop him.

DEVON

(to referee)

Its fine.

AIDEN

Hands off, punk!

(CONTINUED)

DEVON  
Apologize to her! Right now!

Everyone looks to Cristina. Aiden tries to get away, but Devon pins him harder.

DEVON (cont'd)  
Say it!

AIDEN  
...I'm sorry.

DEVON  
Like you mean it!

Devon slams Aiden's head against the wall.

AIDEN  
(in pain)  
Agh! I'm sorry for hurting you,  
Cristina! I really really am!

Devon throws Aiden to the ground. The commentators shrug to each other.

AIDEN (cont'd)  
I won't forget this!

DEVON  
Better do something quick. I've got  
class in the morning.

Roman runs to Devon. The room celebrates.

ROMAN  
Bro! We won!

DEVON  
What!? I won! You bet against me,  
asshole!

ROMAN  
I lied! You know I always bet on  
you! I got 5 Gs off you.

DEVON  
What the-!?

ROMAN  
Hey. I hard to light that fire  
under your ass someday.

Devon punches Roman's shoulder hard.

DEVON  
Son of a-!

ROMAN  
Ow!

Roman rubs his arm then points.

ROMAN (cont'd)  
There's your girl.

Cristina walks to Devon with a few tears in her eyes. She hugs him.

CRISTINA  
(voice breaking)  
Thank you.

Devon hugs her back.

DEVON  
No problem.

They separate. Cristina wipes her face.

DEVON (cont'd)  
What're you crying for?

CRISTINA  
Not for you, little boy.

DEVON  
Come on! I won!

CRISTINA  
(slaps his head)  
You got lucky with that sloppy technique.

Devon smiles.

FADE TO:

59 INT. LIVING ROOM - CRISTINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

59

SUBTITLE: MONTHS LATER

It is snowing outside. The apartment is lightly decorated for Christmas. Christina is walking around the kitchen.

CRISTINA  
Babe, hurry up. My brother will be here any minute.

(CONTINUED)

A skinny man in a dress shirt, ROBERT (36), enters the kitchen.

ROBERT  
Do I really have to meet him? He sounds scary.

CRISTINA  
He's nothing to be scared of, babe.

ROBERT  
But all those stories about him.

CRISTINA  
I said "Don't worry about it."

She kisses him. The doorbell rings.

CRISTINA (cont'd)  
That's him.

Cristina walks to the door.

ON HER NIGHTSTAND,

is a picture of her and Devon at the tournament. Devon's holding a Championship Belt, and she's holding a large check.

The doorbell rings again.

CRISTINA (cont'd)  
(yelling)  
I'm coming!

Cristina opens the door. Devon stands there, wearing an MIT sweater.

DEVON  
Hey, sis!

They hug. Devon gives a kiss on the cheek.

CRISTINA  
So good to see you.

DEVON  
You too.

Robert goes to them.

ROBERT

Hi, I'm Robert. I heard so much  
about you.

Robert holds out his hand. Devon looks him over.

DEVON

Me too.

Devon shakes his hand, nearly crushing it.

CRISTINA

Play nice, Devon.

ROBERT

Ow.

Devon and Cristina talk in Spanish.

DEVON

Are you sure he hasn't hurt you?

CRISTINA

I told you. He's a good one.

DEVON

I have a gun in the car in the car  
in case.

CRISTINA

Use it and see what happens.

Cristina laughs as Devon rolls his eyes.

CRISTINA (cont'd)

(in English)

I'll finish dinner while two get to  
know each other.

Cristina goes to the kitchen.

DEVON

You taking good care of my sis,  
Bobby?

ROBERT

Oh, yeah. I love being with her.  
She's a great woman.

DEVON

Yeah. She seems happy with you...  
You know. I beat her last  
boyfriend.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT  
(slightly laughs)  
I heard.

DEVON  
I'll do it again if I have to.

Robert looks scared. Devon pats his back hard, laughing.

DEVON (cont'd)  
Lighten up. I'm just joking.

CRISTINA  
(O.S.)  
Devon, help with me this ham!

DEVON  
(groans)  
Alright!

Devon goes to the kitchen, and Robert closes the door, scared.

ROBERT  
(to himself)  
Lord, there's two of 'em.

From the kitchen, Devon and Cristina argue.

DEVON  
This ham is dry.

CRISTINA  
Don't eat it yet, dumbass!

A pan is heard hitting something hard.

DEVON  
OW!!!

END