Gloves

Written By

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FADE IN:

TEASER

INT. BOXING ARENA

A man, glistening with sweat, eyes swollen, lip busted, struggles to keep his footing. Heavy breathing, he fends off two light punches then takes a right hook to the side of his head. With this blow, in slow motion, his head whips to the left and his mouth guard, spit, and blood fly from his mouth as he falls to the ground. Muffled cheers, the body hits the mat with a thud. The referee counts to ten. CAMERA PANS from the feet to the head of the boxer still standing revealing, SEAN CALLAGHAN -- 24, dominant in the ring but submissive in his personal life, people-pleaser, handsome and loving but not bright, instinct to protect loved ones. He smiles through the sweat and swollenness of his face as the referee holds up his arm.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
(from microphone)
Sean Callaghan is the winner by knockout! Give it up for the new Golden Gloves Champion!

The crowd stands and cheers louder. CAMERA PANS 360 degrees (slowly) revealing FRANK JAMESON -- trainer and JIMMY STACK -- cutman in the corner, MONICA CALLAGHAN -- wife and manager ringside, OTIS JONES and TERRANCE SALK -- local mobsters in the crowd, and MICKEY CALLAGHAN -- brother in the back near the exit.

CUT TO BLACK

Title screen reads: "GLOVES"

FADE IN

ACT ONE

INT. SEAN AND MONICA’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN

Sean and his brother, MICKEY CALLAGHAN -- 21, sit on the couch and watch the Detroit Lions game.

Superimposed: One month later

MICKEY
They keep playin’ like this, they’ll all have rings in no time.

(CONTINUED)
SEAN
You’re nuts if you think these guys are goin’ to the title game.

MICKEY
I know some guys that say otherwise. We’ll see who’s laughin’ in three months when I’m up thousands of dollars and you’re askin’ me for the lobster dinner.

Mickey looks at his watch: 3:00.

MICKEY (CONT’D)
Speaking of, you got any food around here? Where is the ball and chain anyway?

Sean punches Mickey in the stomach, causing him to bend over and groan. MONICA CALLAGHAN -- 23, Sean’s wife of three years, comes in through the front door with her hands full of groceries. Mickey looks up at her.

MICKEY (CONT’D)
Speak of the devil.

Monica shoots him a snide smile then kisses Sean on the cheek.

MONICA
(to Sean)
Could you help me with some of these?

SEAN
Oh, uh.. sure.

Sean hops off of the couch, grabs the bags from her and follows her into the kitchen. Before he can set the bags down, she throws her arms around his neck and kisses him deeply causing him to drop one of the bags. Monica bends down to pick up the bag and takes the rest of them from Sean and placing them on the counter.

SEAN (CONT’D)
Well.. You’re in a good mood today.

Monica starts pulling the groceries out of the bags and putting them into the pantry.

MONICA
Oh, what, so I can’t show my husband any love? I mean, I DID
(MORE)
MONICA (cont’d)
just find you your first
professional fight. No big deal or
anything..

Sean immediately grabs Monica by the waist and hugs her,
lifting her at the same time then gives her a couple of
small kisses then a big one.

MONICA (CONT’D)
Alright, tough guy, put me down.
You’ll need that energy for the
ring. You’ve got a lot of training
to do if you’re gonna beat this guy
on Friday.

Patting his stomach as she says it.

SEAN
Where’d your faith go? I’m the best
there is, remember?

Sean bounces on his feet and throws a left jab then a right
upercut inches from her face.

MONICA
(pushing him away)
Haha, okay hotshot, get going.
Frank’s waiting for you down at the
gym.

Sean leaves the kitchen and goes back into the living room,
hopping over the back of the couch and landing next to
Mickey.

SEAN
How my boys doing?

MICKEY
Well, Stafford just threw another
pick, but Ndamukong Suh just
knocked the living shit out of Matt
Forté so that’s a plus.

SEAN
Looks like I was right after all.
That Super Bowl game isn’t looking
too likely.

MICKEY
Oh, we’ll see about that.. And
also, what’s the deal? I’m not
allowed to family meetings anymore?
SEAN
What, you wanna help put away the groceries? Come on.

He smiles to himself and continues to watch the game, feigning modesty.

MICKEY
Well..

SEAN
Well what?

MICKEY
You can’t just smile like that and shrug me off.

SEAN
Really, it’s nothing.

Mickey sighs.

MICKEY
(annoyed)
If you don’t tell me, I’m just going to assume you two are finally getting divorced, in which case, congrats--

SEAN
(smiling)
What?! No. Monica just found me a fight. It’s just my first professional fight, really no big deal.

MICKEY
Oh.. uh, that’s great, man. Congratulations. I’m happy for you.

Monica walks back into the living room from the kitchen, sighing.

MONICA
(annoyed)
Sean..

The two glance back at her and Sean gets up to get his things from the other room and Mickey scoffs.

MICKEY
You know.. a little less Hillary Clinton and a little more Monica

(MORE)
MICKEY (cont’d)
Lewinsky could do your marriage some good.

MONICA
You were awake for a class. Good for you. (Ignores him.)

Sean walks back into the room with his gym bag.

SEAN
What are you two talking about?

Monica smiles at Sean and kisses him.

MONICA
History.

SEAN
Okay, well I’m out.

MICKEY
Could you drop me off somewhere? It’s on the way.

Sean nods to Mickey and gives Monica a peck on the cheek. The two leave. Monica’s fists are clenched. She goes to a window in the living room, opens it, pulls out a cigarette and lights it.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN’S BEIGE BUICK

Sean and Mickey drive and listen to the end of the Lion’s game on the radio. Sean glances back and forth between the road and Mickey.

SEAN
Mind tellin’ me where where it is I’m taking you?

MICKEY
Goin’ to meet some friends down at O’Brien’s for a couple of drinks--

SEAN
O’Brien’s.. Isn’t that Jack’s pub? I thought you were done with that shit, Mick--

(CONTINUED)
MICKEY
Why don’t you mind your own fuckin’ business?

The two do not speak while the commentator talks on the radio.

COMMENTATOR
(from radio)
Stafford’s scrambling, trying to shake Peppers! He breaks the tackle.. tosses a long ball down the field.. and Johnson’s got it! Touchdown Lions! Lions win!

Neither of them react to the win. They stop at a red light. Sean turns the radio off.

SEAN
(looking at Mickey)
Look, all I’m sayin’ is that you don’t need to be runnin’ with Jack and his boys anymore. You’re gonna wind up at the bottom of the river.
(no answer)
Why don’t you find yourself a girl and settle down? Take your mind off things.

MICKEY
(under his breath)
Because that worked out so well for you.

SEAN
(annoyed)
You’re my brother. She’s my wife. Leave it.
(no answer)
(apologetically)
Mick, I’m just trying to help--

Mickey slams his right fist down on the arm rest.

MICKEY
(gesturing towards the green light with his left hand)
Will you just fucking go!?

Sean turns onto the final street with O’Brien’s Pub in sight. Driving slowly, Sean looks at Mickey.

(CONTINUED)
SEAN
You better know what you’re doin’,
Mick.

Mickey stares straight ahead, not making eye contact with
Sean. They get closer to O’Brien’s.

MICKEY
You can drop me off here.

Sean pulls to the curb half a block away from the pub.
Mickey gets out of the car.

SEAN
(out the passenger window)
You need a ride later?

MICKEY
(walking away)
I’ll find my way home.

Sean settles back into his seat, puts the car in drive then
watches Mickey walk into O’Brien’s (POV). He turns the radio
back on before driving off.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK’S DEN

A tall, slim black man, JIMMY STACK, 34, a once talented
amateur boxer who quit the sport when his older brother died
after a fight, but whose love of the game has kept him on
the sidelines as a trainer and Sean’s cutman, looks out of a
window then turns around and faces a crowd of people armed
with champagne and confetti guns as the sound of a car door
being shut is heard.

JIMMY
(hushed)
He’s here. Everybody, get ready.

Jimmy turns off the light and rushes back into position with
the rest of the crowd. The door opens and Sean walks in. He
fumbles around feeling for the light switch.

SEAN
(as he looks for the light
switch)
Frank! Jimmy! Hello!?

He finds the light switch and turns on the lights. People
pop champagne and shoot confetti in Sean’s direction.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: 8.

CROWD
(as the light turns on)
Surprise!

The room is filled with balloons, streamers, and a painted banner that reads, "Congratulations Pro, Bye Forever!" Sean has a huge smile on his face as he walks through the room receiving hugs, pats on the back, and many congratulations from his trainers and peers, thanking them as they pass. He makes his way through a few more people until he is in front of FRANK JAMESON, 50, ex-professional boxer, fifteen year AA veteran, widower, and Sean’s trainer.

FRANK
(arms outstretched)
Well.. what are you waiting for?
Get over here, son.

The two embrace for a few seconds, Frank patting Sean’s back.

SEAN
So you’re the one responsible for all this, huh?

FRANK
Aw, well, ya know, the guy over at Party City owed me a favor. Gave his good-for-nothin’ son a job scrubbin’ toilets to keep him outta trouble.

Frank points out a sixteen year old boy hitting a punching bag in the corner.

FRANK (CONT’D)
And now he wants to box. What am I getting myself into?

SEAN
He’s lucky to have you. Who knows, in five years, he could be the biggest name in boxing.

FRANK
They ain’t all like you, kid.

SEAN
(laughing)
Thanks for this, Frank. All of this.

(CONTINUED)
Sean leaves to go socialize. Frank observes Sean’s interactions with the people. He watches Sean engage with these people offering a huge smile and a warm embrace to each person he greets, managing to stray away from conversation about his future professional career.

FRANK
(hushed, to himself)
They ain’t all like you.

FADE OUT:

INT. SEAN AND MONICA’S APARTMENT – KITCHEN

Monica is sitting at the kitchen table on the phone, scribbling down information into a little black planner.

MONICA
(into phone)
Of course we’re coming to the grand opening of your flower shop, Mr. Camby!.. Y-Yes, yes Mr. Camby. Down on Bagley.. A block down from the market? Got it.. Yes?.. Oh! Yes, he’d be honored to cut the ribbon with you, Mr. Camby! Oh, I’ve got another call coming in. Okay, we’re looking forward to it!.. You too. Okay, take care.

Monica flips a page in the book, looks at her phone and presses a button.

MONICA
(into phone)
Hello? Yes, this is she. Oh, hi Rick! How’s the wife?.. Oh, you’re divorced? Well, how’s little Jeremy doing?.. She got full custody? But your youth boxing league is going well?.. Great!.. Yes, I did get your message. We’re all set for Wednesday! Yep, Sean’s very excited to meet all the kids.. Okay, see you then.

Monica hangs up the phone, writes a short note in the planner then closes it. She walks over to the sink and sits on the counter with her feet in the sink. She runs hot water over her feet then opens the window, pulls out a cigarette, and lights it. She takes a couple of drags and blows the smoke out of the window. The front door slams, and she

(CONTINUED)
immediately tosses her cigarette down the drain then hops off the counter and leans against it. Mickey walks into the kitchen and opens the refrigerator.

    MICKEY
    (into the refrigerator)
    It smells like mom’s house in here.

Mickey pulls his head out of the fridge and looks at Monica.

    MICKEY (CONT’D)
    (sarcastically)
    Are you smoking cigarettes, Monica? I’m sure Sean would love to know about--

    MONICA
    Stop! You wouldn’t--

    MICKEY
    I mean, why wouldn’t he wanna know about his loving wife doin’ exactly what mom did to get herself killed--

    MONICA
    (frustratedly)
    Mickey, if you tell him--

    MICKEY
    (antagonistically)
    What? What if I tell him? It’s not like I’m goin’ anywhere--

    MONICA
    (yelling)
    Mickey!

    MICKEY
    Relax. I’m not gonna tell him shit. I just like seein’ you all riled up.

Monica scoffs and storms out of the kitchen, slamming the door on her way out.

    CUT TO:
INT. FRANK’S DEN - LATER

Frank observes the party. Two men wearing long blonde wigs and bras spar in a ring under a banner that reads, "Foxy Boxing." They’re surrounded by a large crowd shouting at and heckling the boxers. Most of the other people are talking amongst each other in smaller groups. Frank sees a panicked Sean rushing towards the office with his phone in hand. Frank walks over to him.

FRANK
(from behind)
Sean! Slow down! What’s going on?

Sean stops and turns around to speak with Frank.

SEAN
Monica’s called me three times. What if something’s wrong? I’ve got to call her back.

FRANK
Sean, I know my daughter, and I’m sure she’s fine. This is your party! Have a good time. Don’t worry about it, okay?

SEAN
(looking around the room, nervously)
Okay, you’re right.

FRANK
Hey, what do you say we go get some food? I’m buyin’.

SEAN
(sarcastically)
Yeah, as long as it’s nothin’ too fancy.

The two laugh and walk towards the door. Frank tosses the keys to Jimmy.

FRANK
Hey Jimmy, do me a favor and kick these idiots out in the next hour or so, will ya? And lock up when you leave.

JIMMY
Got it, boss.

Frank and Sean leave the gym.

(CONTINUED)
INT. CK’S DINER

Frank and Sean walk through the door and go sit down in a corner booth next to an out-of-order jukebox. An older waitress, JANE, 49, greets the two with water.

JANE
You boys know what you want?

SEAN
Yes, ma’am. I’d like a burger and a coffee and that’ll do it.

JANE
(to Frank)
Okay, and for you?

FRANK
I’ll just have a coffee, please, miss.

JANE
(jokingly)
No food? You’re offending me!

FRANK
(as he rubs his stomach)
I’m trying to watch my figure.
Gotta get rid of this spare tire.

JANE
(smiling)
Well, there’s no need for that.

Frank laughs nervously. Jane puts her hand on Frank’s shoulder.

JANE (CONT’D)
I’ll be right out with your orders, fellas. My name’s Jane if you change your mind.

Jane walks towards the kitchen. Sean waits until she enters the kitchen to talk.

SEAN
You gotta ask her out.
FRANK
What? No way. She’s just bein’
nice, that’s all.

Jane comes back to the table with their coffee.

JANE
(setting the coffee and a
handful of cream and sugar on
the table)
Here you boys go.
(to Sean)
Your burger will be right out.
(to Frank, pointing to the
coffee)
This is my best brew yet.

FRANK
(takes a sip)
Mm. That’s a damn good cup of
coffee.

Frank smiles at her as she walks back towards the kitchen. Sean takes a sip of his coffee and spits it back into the
cup, taking a gulp of water to get the awful taste out of
his mouth.

FRANK (CONT’D)
See? You’ve got a lot to learn,
 kid. The only thing she’s got her
eyes on is my wallet.

Sean looks out the window rather than paying attention to
Frank.

FRANK (CONT’D)
She’s doin’ her job: workin’ for
tips. Can’t blame her for that.

SEAN
(looking out the window)
Mhm.

FRANK
Shit, I used to do it all the time
back when I was bartending. Girls
from Cranbrook basically throwin’
daddy’s money at me for a watered
down vodka tonic.

Frank notices that Sean is staring out the window.
FRANK (CONT’D)
(nudging his arm)
Hey. Are you even listenin’ to me?

SEAN
What? Oh, sorry, I thought I saw something out--

FRANK
Cut the shit. What’s on your mind,

SEAN
I don’t know if I’m cut out for this whole professional boxing thing. What if I lose? One bad match could ruin me, and if the pressure’s getting to me now, what am I gonna be like an hour before the fight? And what about you and Monica and Mickey? I can’t stand the thought of losing in front of you guys. What’ll Monica think? She’s put too much into this for me to blow it--

Jane walks up with the burger and a piece of apple pie.

JANE
(setting down the burger, to Sean)
Your burger.
(setting down the pie, to Frank)
It just came out, so be careful.

FRANK
(to Jane)
You didn’t have to do this.

JANE
I wanted to. For making me laugh.
Frank smiles at her.

JANE (CONT’D)
I’ll leave you boys to it. Just call if you need anything.

Jane leaves and Frank devours his slice of pie before Sean can finish chewing his first bite. Sean grimaces as he tries to get down the first bite of burger. He takes another bite before plopping it down on the plate and pushing it aside.
SEAN
I’m scared, Frank. I’m already running away, and nothing’s even happened yet.

FRANK
Look, kid. You remember that time I put you in the ring with Danny when you first showed up at my gym?

SEAN
Yeah, and he knocked the shit outta me--

FRANK
But the whole week after that fight, you trained harder than I ever could’ve imagined. Hell, I basically had to drag you out of gym to get you to go home--

SEAN
What’s your point, Frank?

FRANK
My point is that you’ve got more heart than any other boxer I’ve seen step into the ring. You want it more than any of the guys you’re gonna go toe to toe with. I don’t doubt that for a second.

SEAN
We’re not talkin’ about amature boxing anymore. I just don’t know if I have it in me--

FRANK
( sternly)
Listen, I’m not gonna tell you what to do with your life. If you want to quit now and dream about what could have been, by all means, go for it. I am tellin’ you that you’ve got what it takes to be great, and it’s up to you whether or not you want to use it.

Sean nods his head.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Let me take you home.

(CONTINUED)
The two walk up to the register. Jane notices them and hurries out of the kitchen, drying her hands on a towel. Sean nudges Frank before she gets to the register. Frank hands her some cash. She hands him his change.

**FRANK**
No, no. That’s for you.

**JANE**
Aw, thanks! You two have a great night.

Frank turns around to walk out of the door, but Sean, standing in the doorway, shoves him back inside.

**FRANK**
Hey, Jane! Are you free tomorrow night?

**JANE**
(smiling)
I’m working tomorrow night, but I’m free the next night. Pick me up here at 8:00?

Frank smiles and nods to Jane then he and Sean leave the diner.

CUT TO:

**INT. SEAN AND MONICA’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM**

Sean walks through the front door, locking it behind him, and through the living room into the bedroom where Monica is sleeping. He tries to close the door gently, but Monica looks up at him and glances at the alarm clock on the bedside table then pulls the blanket over her head and rolls back over. He takes his shirt and pants off and climbs into bed next to her. He pushes her hair back off of her neck and starts kissing her. He presses on her shoulder, prompting her to turn over, she does.

**MONICA**
(sternly)
Sean, stop. I’ve got to be up in less than five hours.

She rolls back over, turning away from him. He moves closer to her and whispers in her ear with his head pressed up against the back of hers.

(CONTINUED)
SEAN
Stay up with me. We can sleep in tomorrow.

Monica rolls back over, facing him.

MONICA
(annoyed)
Did you even check your messages?

SEAN
(lying)
Yes?

MONICA
What could you have been doing tonight that you didn’t have two minutes to listen to my messages?

SEAN
Frank and the guys down at the gym threw me a little surprise party. I thought you’d be there.

Monica hesitates before responding.

MONICA
Well, someone has to work around here.  
(beat)
We’re meeting Mr. Camby for breakfast at 8:00 then you’re gonna cut the ribbon for the opening of his flower shop after that. Now, if you’re not gonna let me sleep, I suggest you go cuddle up with Mickey on the couch.

Monica rolls back over, so she isn’t facing Sean. Sean gets out of bed and grabs his pillow then walks to the door. CU on Monica’s face. The door closes (O.S.). She is biting her lip, trying not to cry, as a tear trickles down her cheek.

CUT TO:

Sean walks into the living room, noticing that Mickey is asleep on the couch. He lifts the couch from behind, rolling Mickey onto the floor. Mickey lets out a grunt, but remains still. Sean proceeds to tuck himself in on the couch.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

INT. FRANK’S DEN - GYM/OFFICE

Monica and Sean walk into the gym. Sean is still dressed up from the ribbon cutting. Jimmy walks up to greet them.

JIMMY
(to Sean)
Some party last night, huh? I think Danny actually left with Austin--

Danny peeks his head out from behind a punching bag.

DANNY
Hey, you know that wig was convincin’. I saw you lookin’--

Sean is making a cut throat motion, glancing at Monica then back at Jimmy.

MONICA
(to Jimmy)
Jimmy, where’s Frank?

JIMMY
In the office, last I saw.

Monica walks to the office, knocks once then opens the door. She shuts the door behind her.

JIMMY (CONT’D)
(to Sean)
Alright, get outta that monkey suit. Bunch of guys wanna take a swing at the pro.

Sean laughs and nods his head then makes his way towards the locker room.

CUT TO:

Monica is standing while Frank sits in his chair.

MONICA
This fight’s in less than a week, Frank. We don’t have time for shit like this--

FRANK
(sternly)
Hey, watch your mouth.
MONICA
I’m workin’ my ass off for this, and you guys are partying?

(beat)
You’ve got to meet me in the middle with this, Frank. And if you can’t promise that he’s gonna be ready--

FRANK
What?

MONICA
Then I’m going to find him another trainer who can.

Frank laughs, dismissing her comment.

MONICA (CONT’D)
You aren’t his friend. You’re his trainer. It’s about time you get that through your head--

FRANK
(calmingly)
What’s happened to you?

MONICA
I’m just doing my job. Don’t make me the bad guy for that--

There is a knock on the door.

FRANK
It’s open.

Jimmy peeks his head in the office.

JIMMY
(to Frank)
Sorry to interrupt, but Sean’s ready for you.

FRANK
I’ll be out there in a sec. Put him on the speed bag for now.

(to Monica, motioning to the door)
Excuse me, but I’ve got a boxer to train.

Monica storms out of the office and leaves the gym. Sean notices her leaving.
SEAN
(as she is going through the door)
Bye!.. Hun--

Frank comes out of the office.

FRANK
(to Sean)
Get in the ring. We’ve got some work to do.

FADE OUT:

EXT. O’BRIEN’S PUB - DAY

Establishing shot.

CUT TO:

INT. O’BRIEN’S PUB

Mickey walks into the pub. The room is dark, lit only by the sunlight, and empty except for a couple of older men sitting at the bar and the bartender drying glasses behind the bar. A rugby game is playing on the television. Mickey walks past the bar towards an office in the back of the room. The bartender notices him.

BARTENDER
Hey! You can’t go in there.

Mickey ignores him and walks to the door and opens it. There are two men sitting in the room, one behind a desk counting money on it and the other sitting in a chair facing him. The man behind the desk is TOMMY O’BRIEN, 38, crime-boss’ son who’s next in line to be the crime boss, a handsome smooth talker, more sinister than his father but doesn’t share the same respect for the family and relies on MIKE LYNCH, 50, the enforcer of the family, to do his dirty work. As soon as he opens the door, Mike turns around and gets out of his seat then grabs Mickey’s shoulders, to shove him out of the room. As he’s pushing him, Tommy calls out.

TOMMY
(to Mike)
Let him in, he’s good.

Mickey walks into the room and sits in the chair across from him.
MICKEY
I see the guard dog’s still in working order.

Mike tightly squeezes the back of Mickey’s neck and pushes his head into the desk.

TOMMY
Alright Mike, that’s enough. Give us a little privacy.

Mike leaves the office, shutting the door behind him, and waits outside.

MICKEY
You’re lookin’ pretty small sitting in daddy’s chair--

TOMMY
You got a lotta balls, Mick. Walkin’ in here like you own the place. Tell me, why shouldn’t I just kill you right now and get it over with?

MICKEY
I know about Jack, Tommy. I hear you guys are pretty desperate right now.

(beat)
Lisin’ men, business. What happened? Not as perfect for the job as you thought you’d be--

Tommy reaches in a drawer and pulls out a revolver then sets it on the desk.

TOMMY
I like you, Mickey. I wouldn’t want to have to paint that wall with your brain.

(beat)
You got two minutes to make your point.

MICKEY
How’s the boxing business comin’?

TOMMY
Slow. Don’t got a fighter on the payroll anymore. Last one said he was sick of takin’ the fall, so Mike took care of him--
MICKEY
I gotta guy who’ll make you a lotta money. And he’ll work for free.

TOMMY
Who is the poor sap?

MICKEY
My brother. Just went pro. His first fight’s Friday.
(beat)
We’re talkin’ professional matches, no more of this amateur bullshit.

TOMMY
How do I know he’s workin’ for us?

MICKEY
You don’t know Sean, Tommy. He’ll do anything to protect his poor, defenseless brother.

TOMMY
You always were a piece of shit, Mickey--

MICKEY
(standing up smiling, stretching out his arm)
So, we gotta deal?--

TOMMY
I ain’t gonna shake your fuckin’ hand.
(beat)
Don’t think I’ve forgotten about what you owe us.

Tommy writes down a little note and hands it to Mickey.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
Ask for Louis. He’ll tell you how to clear that debt of yours. Now, get the fuck outta my bar before I change my mind.

Mickey opens the door and stops to pat Mike on the chest.

MICKEY
(smiling)
See ya later, big guy.

Mike goes back into the office and shuts the door. Mickey exits the pub.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

EXT. SAL’S LAUNDROMAT - NEXT NIGHT

Mickey is walking down the sidewalk, stopping to look at the note Tommy gave him. He looks down the block, then walks towards Sal’s Laundromat.

CUT TO:

We watch Mickey walk into Sal’s from the viewpoint of someone in a car parked across the street.

CUT TO:

INT. SAL’S LAUNDROMAT

Mickey walks in and spots a woman, the only clerk in the room, sitting behind a desk at the front of the room.

MICKEY
Hey, you know where I can find Louis?

The woman pulls out a key with a keychain of a male bathroom sign and points to a door that reads, "OUT OF ORDER. DO NOT USE." She hands him the key and he walks to the back of the room and unlocks the door. It is a grimey bathroom that had clearly not been used in a long time. He notices another door that leads to a basement downstairs. Mickey walks down the stairs slowly. When he gets to the bottom, he is amazed by the sight in front of him. It looks like a sweat shop full of people packaging up cocaine, heroin, and other various substances. There are tables full of stacks of money and people constantly counting it.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT IRIS

Establishing shot.
INT. RESTAURANT IRIS

Jane and Frank are just sitting down at their table. Jane looks around the room at all of the people dressed elegantly.

JANE
You didn’t have to bring me somewhere so fancy--

FRANK
I wanted to.

Frank glances at the menu and see’s that all the entrees are around fifty to one-hundred dollars.

FRANK (CONT’D)
(unsure)
Have anything you’d like.

Jane smiles at him and glances down at her menu. A waiter comes by and pours them each a glass of water.

WAITER
(to Frank)
And what wine would you like to start out with, sir?

FRANK
Oh, no wine for me. Unless you want some?

JANE
No, thank you.

WAITER
Right, yes, well I’ll give you a few minutes to look over the menu.

The waiter walks away.

JANE
Not a wine guy, huh?

FRANK
 Been sober fifteen years and counting.

JANE
Oh! That’s great. Good for you.

There is an awkward silence. Frank takes a sip of his water.

(CONTINUED)
FRANK
So, uh, how long you been workin’ at CK’s? I don’t think I’ve seen you there before.

JANE
Yeah, they hired me last week.

Silence.

FRANK
Ah, these Novembers aren’t gettin’ any better.

JANE
Yeah, it’s pretty cold out there.

She takes a sip of her water. Frank starts looking around the room for their waiter.

FRANK
I’m sorry, I didn’t think the service would be so slow.

JANE
(smiling, resting her hand on his)
It’s fine. I’m not in any hurry.

Frank smiles and nods.

JANE (CONT’D)
So why hasn’t some lucky girl claimed you already? There somethin’ you aren’t telling me? Tell me you aren’t one of those snake guys who collects all the most dangerous snakes and keeps ’em in your house--

FRANK
(laughing)
Nope, no snakes.

(beat)
Well, when my wife passed a while back, I told myself that I’d give up on women and focus on my other true love, boxing.

Frank takes a sip of his water.

(CONTINUED)
FRANK (CONT’D)
I guess I’ve been lonely lately,
and thought that maybe I should
give it another try.

JANE
Oh, I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to
joke about it.

FRANK
No, it’s fine! This is actually
where I asked her to marry me.

Jane takes a big gulp of her water.

JANE
Oh.. that’s sweet.
(beat)
Will you excuse me for a sec?

FRANK
Oh, sure.

Jane gets up and walks towards the ladies’ room. While she’s
gone, Frank wipes the sweat off of his forehead and looks
around for the waiter who doesn’t seem to be even working
anymore. Jane comes rushing back.

JANE
Frank, I’m so sorry, but something
came up and I have to cover a shift
at the diner.

FRANK
No, no, it’s fine. Do you need a
ride?--

JANE
That would be great, thank you.

Frank stands up and the two leave the restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. SAL’S LAUNDROMAT

A man is alerted by Mickey’s presence and immediately goes
to a man wearing a button down shirt with a sweater vest and
nice slacks, LOUIS, 40, who is overseeing the entire
operation. Louis motions at the messenger to get back to
work then makes his way towards Mickey, who is still
standing in the same place he was when he got there, staring
in shock at everything. Mickey notices Louis walking over.

(CONTINUED)
LOUIS
You Tommy’s new guy?

MICKEY
I don’t know. Who’s askin’--

LOUIS
Because if you aren’t Tommy’s new guy, it would be simply irresponsible for me not to kill you--

MICKEY
Yes! Yes, Tommy sent me. Name’s Mickey.

LOUIS
(patting him on the back)
Don’t be so afraid. I was only joking around. I’m Louis. It’s good to meet you.

MICKEY
Tommy said you had a job for me?

Louis stares blankly at Mickey.

LOUIS
(sternly)
Are you wearing a wire?

MICKEY
(pleading)
No--

LOUIS
(shouting)
This guy’s wearing a wire! What do we do to people who wear wires?

Every person in the room stops what they are doing, pulls a gun out and points it at him. Louis looks at a man who is trembling as he has his gun pointed at Mickey. The man fires and Mickey drops down, covering his head, but the bullet missed by a long shot. Louis walks over to the man and extends his arm.

LOUIS
You’re gun, please?

The man places the gun in Louis’ hand. Louis begins pacing in circles around the man.

(CONTINUED)
LOUIS
You see, this man is in fact not wearing a wire, so you wasted my bullet and bullets cost money.

The look of terror in the man’s eyes is nothing Mickey has ever seen before.

LOUIS (CONT’D)
And even if he had been wearing a wire, you would have been useless anyway.

Louis stops and looks the man in the eyes.

LOUIS (CONT’D)
You waste my money. You can’t hit an unmoving target. Why do I need you, again?

The man says nothing and just runs for the door but is shot in the back of the head by Louis.

LOUIS (CONT’D)
(motioning at two guys)
You two: clean this up.
(loudly)
The rest of you get back to work!

Mickey is staring blankly at the lifeless body on the floor.

LOUIS (CONT’D)
(to Mickey)
Hey, you, come with me.

Mickey snaps out of it and follows him to a back office.

LOUIS (CONT’D)
Sorry you had to see that, but some people just don’t understand my sense of humor.

MICKEY
So.. what’s the job?

LOUIS
Oh, right! I got a little carried away.
(beat)
It’s simple enough, a couple of guys owe me and Tommy some money, but they’re being pretty stubborn about the whole situation. That’s
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LOUIS (cont’d)
where you come in. Just get the money, and bring it back to O’Brien’s. Easy enough, right?

MICKEY
(nervously)
Yeah..

LOUIS
I noticed you don’t have a gun on you.
(handing him a gun)
Here, take this one. Remember, don’t miss.
(laughs)
Just joking.
(beat)
There’s a car waiting for you in front of the laundromat. They’ll take you where you need to go.

Mickey puts the gun in his waistband and makes his way out of a back door leading to an alley behind Sal’s. He walks to the front of the store, spots the car, and hesitantly walks towards it. Mickey gets in the back seat. The windows are tinted and there is a divide between the front and back seat. The car drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT. CK’S DINER
Frank pulls up to the diner and Jane gets out of the car.

JANE
Thank you so much for the ride and I’m so sorry we couldn’t finish our date.

Jane makes her way to the door. Frank rolls his window down and calls to her.

FRANK
Was it okay? Was I okay?

Jane walks to his window and gives him a peck on the cheek.

JANE
It was great.

He smiles at her and she hurries inside. He drives off.
EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Mickey gets out of the car and looks up at the run-down apartment building in front of him. The driver rolls the window down.

DRIVER
   Apartment 317. If you ain’t back in thirty, I’m leavin’.

He rolls the window back up and drives half a block up the street. Mickey turns around and walks up the stairs to the apartment building. He begins buzzing up to random apartments in attempts to be let into the building.

CUT TO:

From the view of a window on the third floor, we see Mickey stand around for a few more seconds before he enters the building.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Mickey walks through the dark foyer and makes his way up two flights of stairs continuing down a hallway until he arrives at apartment 317. He knocks on the door three times then he reaches for his gun. As soon as he pulls his gun out, a man comes from behind and shoves his head into the door causing him to drop the gun. Another man picks up the gun. Mickey stumbles backwards then gets hit in the face, bringing him to his knees. The man kicks him so he’s lying on his back. He proceeds to stomp on his ribs and kick his head. The man with the gun points it at Mickey with his finger pressed over his lips, signalling that he shouldn’t yell. He gets kicked a couple of more times before the man drags Mickey to the stairs and pushes him down them. Mickey is left alone at the foot of the stairs.

FADE OUT:

INT. SEAN AND MONICA’S APARTMENT

Sean and Monica are sitting on the couch watching a movie when the phone rings. Monica gets up and answers the phone.
CONTINUED:

MONICA
(into phone)
Yes. What? O-okay. Yes, we’ll be right over.

SEAN
(looking at the tv)
Who was that, hun?

MONICA
Sean, get your coat. Now.

Sean turns around to look at her.

SEAN
What’s going on?

MONICA
That was the hospital. Mickey was found beaten to a pulp in the stairwell of some apartment building in Crosstown--

SEAN
W-what? Is he okay?!

MONICA
They said he’s stable, but get your coat. I’ll drive.

The two rush out of the apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - MICKEY’S ROOM

Sean is seen running to the door to Mickey’s room from the inside through a glass window. He goes into the room and gives a heavily pain-medicated Mickey a kiss on the forehead then sits down in the chair next to him.

SEAN
Mickey, what happened to--

MICKEY
You mind puttin’ on ESPN or somethin’, I can’t watch anymore of this Game Show Network bullshit.

Sean gets up to change the channel then sits back down.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SEAN
Who did this--

MICKEY
Shush! I’m trying to hear this.

Sean looks up at the tv and it’s just a beer commercial. Sean just leans back in the chair and watches tv with him. Sean falls asleep after a few minutes. Mickey calls for the nurse. She comes to the door.

MICKEY
Will you get him some blankets?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HOSPITAL - MICKEY’S ROOM

Mickey wakes up the next morning to Sean sleeping in the chair next to him. He edges himself upwards so he can sit up as best as he can then he looks out the glass window into the hall and sees Mike from behind talking to the woman at the information desk. She points towards his room then Mike makes his way to the room but before going in, he notices Sean asleep in the chair. He peeks his head into the room.

MIKE
(quietly)
You need to get rid of him. We have some things we need to discuss.

Mike leaves and Mickey lies in bed for a minute then slams his fist down onto the bed, hurting his ribs in the process. His grunts wake Sean up who looks at his watch and gets up in a hurry to get to the gym. Sean puts his coat on.

SEAN
I’m sorry I have to run out so fast, but I’ll be back later to check up on you.

Sean leaves the room. As soon as Sean leaves, Mike enters the room and closes the blinds blocking the sight of the hallway.

INTERCUT WITH:
INT. HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR

Sean is taking the elevator down and realizes that he has left his phone in Mickey’s room. He gets off on the next floor, and tries to get on another one going up but can’t seem to fit in the elevator with a very large man and an elderly woman who cannot stand up straight. He gets frustrated and lets it close as he taps the button to go up.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOSPITAL - MICKEY’S ROOM

Mike sits in the chair next to Mickey with one hand rested gently on his chest.

MIKE
Tommy’s got some questions regarding your job.

Mickey stumbles to say anything. Mike starts to put pressure on his chest and Mickey begins to groan.

MICKEY
I went to the apartment and got jumped by a couple of guys. I don’t know what else to tell you.

Mike stands up and moves towards the door.

MIKE
Tommy isn’t concerned with your well being. He wants the $50,000 those guys owe him, and you’re responsible for getting it.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

Sean gets off of the elevator and makes his way towards Mickey’s room. He notices that the blinds are down and looks through the small window on the door and sees the back of Mike. He makes eye contact with Mickey who motions for him to leave. He goes down the hallway and waits where he can see the door.

INTERCUT WITH:
INT. HOSPITAL - MICKEY’S ROOM

Mike notices Mickey’s motion towards the door and goes to the window and looks out but sees nothing. Mike goes back to Mickey’s bedside and rests his hand on his chest and puts his face right next to Mickey’s. He looks into his eyes.

MIKE
You’ve had your free pass. Tommy will get his money or you’re done.
And I’m going to enjoy it.

Mike leaves the room. Sean comes back in after seeing Mike leave. He grabs his phone.

SEAN
I’ll be back to talk about that later.

Sean leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK’S DEN - GYM/OFFICE

Monica and Frank are in the office discussing the plan for the fight.

MONICA
He isn’t ready, Frank. You know that.

FRANK
You know as well as I do that he’s a great boxer. By doubting him, you’re making his life harder.

MONICA
I’m telling you my doubts. I don’t tell him my doubts. I’m not Mom—I don’t cut my husband down.

FRANK
Your mother was a saint--

MONICA
Yeah, you tell yourself that. I don’t care.

Sean arrives at the gym, gets changed then stops by the office, giving Monica a kiss on the cheek.

(CONTINUED)
FRANK
Hey, kid. Why don’t you get in the ring and I’ll meet you out there.

Sean leaves.

FRANK (CONT’D)
(to Monica)
We’ll finish this conversation later. Sean needs to get to his training.

Monica leaves and Frank goes to meet Sean.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - MICKEY’S ROOM

Mickey watches television in his room when he sees Monica through the window to the hallway. She comes in the room, shuts the door and he mutes the tv.

MICKEY
(sarcastically)
Come to see how I was doin’?

She smiles and sits down next to him.

MONICA
So, what really happened?

MICKEY
(as if he’s on pain-meds)
Can’t a guy get any peace around here?

MONICA
Oh, save it. How much do you even care about your brother?

MICKEY
You must be joking. He’s all I have and I would’ve turned out a whole lot worse if he wasn’t around to pick me up.

MONICA
If you really cared, you’d quit dragging him down so much and let him live without a constant worry about you.

(CONTINUED)
MICKEY
You’re poisonous. You think I’m the one who doesn’t let him live his life? You ride him about training and you’re obsessed with this image of him as some superstar boxer. Do you even know what he wants?

She starts to tear up out of frustration and clenches her fists.

MONICA
I know him better than anyone. I DO know what he wants and what’s best for him.

MICKEY
When is the last time you really listened to him?

She gets frustrated and slams her fist into his chest.

MONICA (yelling)
Shut up! You don’t know anything!

He groans and holds his chest after she hits him. She starts sobbing. She holds her head in her hands then lays her head on his shoulder, still crying.

MONICA (CONT’D)
(crying)
I’m sorry for hitting you. I just want to best for him. I just don’t know what to do. I thought he wanted to be the best.

MICKEY
He does want to be the best. You just have to listen to him.

Monica wipes her eyes and deeply kisses Mickey and he kisses her back. She realizes what she has done and rushes out of the room.

CUT TO:
INT. FRANK’S DEN - GYM - LATER

Frank and Jimmy are watching Sean spar with another boxer.

FRANK
(yelling to Sean)
Quit droppin’ your left. You’re gonna get smacked!
(looking at Jimmy)
He’s gotta fuckin’ defend that thick skull of his.

Jimmy is looking past Frank towards the door. Tommy, dressed in a suit, walks into the gym and stops to look around.

JIMMY
(nodding towards Tommy)
Hey, you know that guy?

Frank looks at him for a second, staring hard.

JIMMY (CONT’D)
I think that’s Tommy O’Brien. Jack’s son.
(to Frank as he walks over to Tommy)
What’s he doin’ here?

Frank walks over to Tommy who walks slowly towards Frank, while looking around the gym, his eyes fixating on Sean.

FRANK
You got a lotta nerve comin’ in here.

TOMMY
(extended his arm)
I don’t believe we’ve met. I’m Tommy.

FRANK
(ignoring his hand)
I know who you are.
(beat)
Your father pulled a lotta good kids out of this gym--

TOMMY
Oh, you’ve met my dad?
(beat)
I spend a lot of time goin’ around apologizing for my father and I can’t explain how sorry I am. I’m not lookin’ to be like him--

(CONTINUED)
FRANK
Then what are you lookin’ for?

TOMMY
This family’s done enough burning bridges and I think it’s time we start building some--

FRANK
(turning away)
Get lost. You can see yourself out--

TOMMY
Hear me out-- what was it?

FRANK
(turning back)
Frank.

TOMMY
(looking around the room)
Listen, Frank, you know this gym could use some work. Some repairs--

Tommy glances at a boxer who hits a punching bag and it breaks the chain and falls to the ground.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
Some equipment..

Frank looks at him for a few seconds, as if he is thinking hard about something. Tommy notices Sean hop out of the ring and walk towards them.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
Think about it. You know where to find me.

Tommy hands Frank an O’Brien’s Pub business card then leaves. Sean places his hand on Frank’s shoulder.

SEAN
(nodding towards the door)
Who was that?

FRANK
(still looking towards the door)
Just someone tryin’ to sell me somethin’.

(beat)
(to Sean)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
FRANK (cont’d)

Come on. Back in the ring.

Sean nods and the two walk back towards the ring.

FADE IN:

INT. SEAN AND MONICA’S APARTMENT - LATER

That evening, Sean gets home from training and Monica is in the kitchen making dinner. He goes into the kitchen and kisses her.

MONICA
Go get showered. Dinner will be ready when you get out.

SEAN
I kinda like this sweet, housewife side of you.

MONICA
(scoffing)
Go. Shower.

The phone rings.

SEAN (O.S.)
I’ll get it!

She picks up the phone in the kitchen to listen to the ensuing conversation.

MICKEY
Hey, Sean, I really need to talk to you. I’ve gotten in some deep shit with worse people and I need to come up with $50,000 or they’re gonna kill me. (choked up)
I’m so sorry. I promise I’ll get out of all this shit when I get the money.

SEAN
Calm down. I’ll come by right away and we’ll figure this out.

Monica hangs up the phone and waits for Sean to rush out of the bedroom. He walks by the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)
SEAN
I’ve got to go to the hospital right now. Something came up with Mickey, something with his medicine.

Before he leaves, he goes to give Monica a kiss. She has one of her fists clenched. It looks as if she is going to hit him with a right hook but wings her arm around his neck and pulls him into her. She starts kissing him heavily and begins to take off his shirt. Sean wants to leave, but cannot pull him away from this. He picks her up and carries her to the bedroom where the two make love.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOSPITAL - MICKEY’S ROOM

Mickey is watching tv and looking at his watch, but it has been several hours since Sean said he would come. He grows tired of calling and waiting on his brother. He ends up falling asleep.

FADE IN:

INT. SEAN AND MONICA’S APARTMENT

Sean wakes up next to Monica who is still asleep and realizes that he totally forgot to go see his brother last night. He gets dressed and rushes out of the door on his way to the hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - MICKEY’S ROOM

Sean arrives to find Mickey asleep in his bed. He shuts the door and sits down next to him. He watches his younger brother sleep. He gets close to him and kisses his cheek then noticing that there is something shiny in the fold of the blanket. He digs it out and realizes that it is Monica’s earring that he gave her on their last anniversary. Mickey starts to wake up and Sean slips the earring into his pocket.

MICKEY
(upset)
Where were you last night?
SEAN
I’m sorry, Mick. I got caught up.
Tell me what’s goin’ on with all this?

MICKEY
I wanted to get back in with the O’Brien family, so I got sent on a job to get some money that some guys owed ’em. Simple. Well, I get there and get jumped by these two guys and here I am now. Now the O’Brien’s are holdin’ me accountable for the $50,000 I was supposed to get from these guys.

SEAN
I don’t know what I’m supposed to do. I don’t even have that kind of money--

MICKEY
A lot of people are sayin’ you’re gonna win this fight on Friday. I could make enough bettin’ against you to pay ’em back.

SEAN
(furious)
How could you even ask me that.

MICKEY
(crying)
I’m sorry Sean, but I just don’t know any other way.

Sean gets up and storms out of the room. Mickey calls Tommy.

MICKEY
(into phone)
Bet against him.
(response)
I know he’ll lose. Trust me.

Mickey hangs up.

CUT TO:
INT. FRANK’S DEN - LATER

Frank and Jimmy are watching Sean spar.

JIMMY
No way he’s losin’ this fight.

Frank nods his head as he watches Sean fight.

FRANK
Keep workin’ with him. I gotta make a phone call.

Frank goes into the office and dials a number on the phone.

FRANK (into phone)
Monica, you got nothin’ to worry about. He’s fightin’ like he’s never fought before. Fightin’ like a pro.

Frank hangs up the phone and leaves the office, heading towards the door.

FRANK (CONT’D)
(shouting to Sean and Jimmy)
I’ve gotta step out for a bit.

Frank leaves and Sean and Jimmy keep training.

FADE OUT:

INT. O’BRIEN’S PUB

Frank walks into the pub and stops at the bar.

FRANK
(to the bartender)
You know where I can find Tommy?--

Tommy, sitting in a booth in the back of the pub, notices Frank at the bar.

TOMMY
(loudly, to Frank)
Frank! Good to see you!--

Frank looks at Tommy, who stands up and makes his way towards the office, alongside Mike.

(CONTINUED)
TOMMY (CONT’D)
Let’s talk in my office.

Frank nods and walks towards the office, shaking Tommy’s hand before going in.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
I was starting to think I wasn’t gonna hear from you. Please, sit.

The two walk into the office. Frank sits down in a chair in front of the desk. Tommy walks behind the desk and starts pouring a drink into a small glass.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
(while pouring the drink)
Would you like a drink?

FRANK
No thanks. Not much of a drinker.

TOMMY
(turning around with the drink)
I just got my 4 year coin, myself.

Tommy reaches in his pocket and pulls out a coin then flips it and looks at it.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
That stuff’ll kill you. I keep it around for the big guy.

Tommy hands the drink to Mike who then leaves the office to go sit in a booth outside. Tommy sits down across from Frank.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
So what brings you down here?

FRANK
You mentioned equipment..

TOMMY
(laughing)
What, finally tired of taping up that mat and having to rehang the bags every hour?

Frank looks annoyed by Tommy’s insult.
FRANK

I--

TOMMY
I’m giving you a hard time, Frank. But, I don’t think the equipment is the only reason you came to talk to me.

Tommy pauses and looks at Frank. Frank stares at him without answering.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
The Den isn’t doin’ so hot, is it Frank?

Frank looks down, as if he is embarrassed.

FRANK
I can’t get guys to come in anymore. And the ones that do can’t pay me shit--

TOMMY
How much do you need?

FRANK
(surprised)
Excuse me?

Tommy slides a piece of paper and a pen across the desk in front of Frank.

TOMMY
Write down how much you need.

Frank looks at him for a second. Tommy nods towards the paper, urging him to write it down. Frank scribbles something down onto the piece of paper and pushes it towards Tommy. Tommy looks at it and scratches out the number then pushes it back towards Frank.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
Ask for more.

Frank looks up at him again.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
Go on..

Frank writes down another number and slides it back. Tommy looks at it again.
TOMMY (CONT’D)
That’s more like it.

He pulls out his checkbook and begins writing a check.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
(still writing)
You’ve gotta learn to take what you want, Frank. Otherwise, you’ll wind up with nothin’.

Tommy finishes writing the check and hands it to Frank.
Frank looks at the check then back at Tommy.

FRANK
Why are you doin’ this?

TOMMY
I’m building bridges, remember?
(beat)
Think of it as a favor.

FRANK
Well.. thank you.

Frank gets up and turns to leave the office.

TOMMY (CONT’D)
Oh, and Frank.. I look forward to meeting that boxer of yours next time I see you.

Frank turns around to look at him and nods before leaving.

INT. SEAN AND MONICA’S APARTMENT – LATER
Sean comes home and Monica gives him a big kiss.

MONICA
Frank told me how well you were doin’ today. I’m excited for the big win tomorrow.

He goes straight into the bedroom, ignoring her. She follows him.

MONICA
What’s gotten into you?

Sean turns around and pulls out the earring.

(CONTINUED)
MONICA (CONT’D)
(surprised)
Where’d you find that? I lost it a couple of days ago.

SEAN
I found it in Mickey’s hospital bed. What were you doin’ there?

MONICA
(sighing)
I went to visit him. I know he’s a pain in the ass, but I felt bad.

SEAN
(apologetic)
Oh, I’m sorry. I don’t know what came over me.

He hands the earring back to her.

MONICA
Get washed up and I’ll make you something to eat, but you’ve got to be rested for tomorrow.

Sean nods at her. She tosses the earring onto her bedside table and leaves the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BOXING ARENA - LOCKER ROOM/RING

Frank is talking to Sean who is barely listening.

FRANK
This guy’s a sucker for the left jab distraction and the right hook finish.

Sean nods his head. Frank notices Tommy walk into the locker room and taps on Sean’s shoulder so he’ll acknowledge Tommy’s presence. Tommy walks up to the two and shakes Frank’s hand.

TOMMY
How’s it goin’, Frank?
(beat)
Do I finally get to meet the man I’ve been hearin’ so much about?

Tommy looks at Sean and extends his arm towards him. Sean shakes his hand.

(CONTINUED)
SEAN
Sean--

TOMMY
Name’s Tommy. Good to meet you.

The referee walks in.

REFEREE
We’re ready for you.

TOMMY
I’ll get outta your way. I just
came to meet the champ.
(beat)
I’m rootin’ for you, kid. Hope to
see a lot more of you.

SEAN
(confused)
Yeah, good to meet you too.

Tommy walks out of the locker room. Sean walks out to a room
full of people including Tommy, Mike, and Louis. He makes
his way to his corner and Frank gives him a pep talk while
taking off his robe.

FRANK
You’re ready for this.

SEAN
(to himself)
I know.

He steps to the middle of the ring and touches gloves with
his opponent. Sean handles his opponent without any problem
in the first round. Tommy smiles as he watches Sean. Monica
is ringside cheering him on. After some pretty even second
and third rounds, Sean pulls away in the fourth and connects
with a string of punches that end in a hard right hook,
knocking out the opponent. The referee holds his arm up
after the ten count. On his way back to the locker room,
Monica is latched onto him and Frank is patting him on the
back. We see a smiling Tommy send Mike off somewhere. It is
inaudible, but we know he’s going to the hospital.

CUT TO:
INT. HOSPITAL - MICKEY’S ROOM - LATER

Mickey wakes up to the nurse.

NURSE
Mickey, you’ve been cleared to go.

She leaves the room and Mike walks in.

MIKE
Get your shit. We’re gonna have a lot of fun together.

FADE OUT

END OF PILOT