

LIGHTS OUT

"Gravity and Time"

(pilot)

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TWO TON FILMS/FINEMAN ENTERTAINMENT

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I am of old and young, of the foolish as much as the wise...
Stuff'd with the stuff that is coarse and stuff'd with the stuff
that is fine.

- Walt Whitman

LIGHTS OUT
"Gravity and Time"

TEASER

SOUNDS OF CHILDREN PLAYING...

OPEN TIGHT ON A PAIR OF LIFELESS EYES, staring out a car window through the reflection of CHILDREN clinging to a spinning merry-go-round...

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

It's been said that the eyes are
the windows to the soul.

The eyes BLINK as the merry-go-round spins faster...

BOB COSTAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

These are the eyes of Lights Out
Leary... It's been said that they
are the windows to somewhere
else...

Until one of the children, a YOUNG BOY flies off the merry-go-round and SMASHES into the window of the car...

PATRICK "LIGHTS OUT" LEARY (40's), Black Irish, with a dense, wiry build hidden but for his thick hands and the cord-like veins that buttress his neck, covers his head with his arms to avoid the shattering glass...which never comes.

He peers up to see the window...intact. The children continue to play... He rubs his eyes and sighs...

EXT. WATERFRONT HOUSE - AFTERNOON

As Lights climbs out of the car, a '64 Shelby Cobra Daytona Coupe, popping a handful of Bayer and loosening his tie as he walks across the street to a beautiful, waterfront house.

INT. WATERFRONT HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Where ROGER 39, and his wife HEATHER host a brunch for some similarly affluent GUESTS.

ROGER

...and suddenly this huge bouncer
shoves Kevin and before we know it
there's three of 'em and they're
railroading him out the front door.

FEMALE GUEST #1

Oh my-- What did you do?

ROGER

'Cant leave my wingman, right? I
run out and smash one of the
bouncer's heads through the
windshield of a parked car. Bought
me a night in the tank, but what're
you gonna do?

Cockily pounds fists with one of the MALE GUESTS as Heather
rolls her eyes...

FEMALE GUEST #1

Who knew your husband was such an
animal?

HEATHER

Oh yeah. Wrestles alligators in-
between root canals.

Roger rises to answer the doorbell, smacks his flat
stomach...

ROGER

I still eat my Wheaties. Only one
alpha-dog in this kennel.

He actually barks before glancing in the hall mirror to
admire his physique on his way to opening the front door
revealing Lights.

LIGHTS

This where the party is?

ROGER

Yes, but can I- Sorry, aren't you-?

LIGHTS

Yeah. Aren't you-?

ROGER

Roger. Crabtree. DDS. It's a real pleasure to meet you.

LIGHTS

Likewise, Roger.

They stand there for a beat, Roger is both unsure of why and amazed that Lights is at his door.

LIGHTS (CONT'D)

Mind if I-?

ROGER

Of course! Yeah, no, please come in.

LIGHTS

Thank you. I'm starving.

Brushes past Roger and heads towards the dining room.

LIGHTS (CONT'D)

How's everybody doing tonight?

CUT TO:

INT. WATERFRONT HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The guests share incredulous looks as Lights helps himself to a bit of everything. All the alpha-dogness has shifted away from Roger.

LIGHTS

Really delicious, Heather. You make this yourself?

HEATHER

Well, we have help, but the menu was my idea.

LIGHTS

Really? My wife doesn't cook
either.

Roger cracks up.

FEMALE GUEST #1

(slightly offended)

Isn't she like a famous doctor or
something?

LIGHTS

(mouth full)

Pediatric osteopath.

(off their blank looks)

Puts little kids bones back
together.

ROGER

The girls just read Ayn Rand in
their book club.

HEATHER

It's pronounced Ayn.

ROGER

Who gives a shit.

MALE GUEST #1

Roger's a doctor.

HEATHER

He's a dentist.

LIGHTS

(to the Female Guest)

What's that got to do with it?

FEMALE GUEST #1

(shrinking)

Sorry, I--

LIGHTS

Don't get me wrong, I respect my
wife and her career...

(MORE)

LIGHTS (CONT'D)

But, the man's still expected to be the earner. Food on the table, private schools, all that. Nothing's changed there, only now we're expected to celebrate our wives working full time... And fair enough, they probably are ten times smarter than us anyway, right?

HEATHER

Only ten?

LIGHTS

Maybe more in your case. Right Rog?

Roger fakes a smile, unsure if he just got dinged. Lights continues gorging himself...

LIGHTS (CONT'D)

But where are the studies about the kids? My mom died when I was young, so I knew she wasn't going to be around... What's it saying when you have both parents, but neither are all that interested in raising you?

The table is silent for a moment as several guilty looks are exchanged...

ROGER

(thinks he's funny)

Toughen up?

CUT TO:

THE FAMOUS PHOTO OF ALI ROARING OVER A PRONE SONNY LISTON

INT. ROGER'S STUDY - AFTERNOON

Filled with store-bought testosterone: Mickey Mantle bats; framed NBA jerseys; etc..

Roger lights a cigar for Lights, who draws deeply, staring at the blown-up photo of Ali...

LIGHTS

Shame, what happened.

ROGER

So how's retirement?

LIGHTS

(walking around the room)

Beats getting punched in the mouth
all day.

MALE GUEST #1

Tell me about it.

LIGHTS

You were a fighter?

MALE GUEST #1

No, I just... I can imagine.

LIGHTS

That's nice.

ROGER

And what are you into now?

LIGHTS

Not a whole shit of a lot.

ROGER

We should play golf sometime. My
buddies down at the club would love
to--

LIGHTS

I hate golf. Golf is an excuse for
pudgy guys to call themselves
athletes.

MALE GUEST #1

I was captain of my high school
tennis team.

LIGHTS

I believe you.

ROGER
Well anyway, it's--

LIGHTS
(still walking)
Half a mil.

ROGER
I'm sorry.

LIGHTS
Right now. On the table. Cash is
better, or a check, but if it's
bad, so help you god--

ROGER
Hang on a second, this is... You're
joking.

Lights shakes his head soberly... A beat, as Roger tries to
grasp the change in tenor...

ROGER (CONT'D)
I don't understand, you actually
want me to give you--
(Lights nods)
You know, I think you should leave.

Lights finally stops and folds his arms.

LIGHTS
No.

ROGER
(after a beat...)
This is my house.

Lights shrugs, nonplussed. Roger is thoroughly emasculated
until the truth finally dawns...

ROGER (CONT'D)
You work for Brennan?

LIGHTS
Friend of a friend.

ROGER

And he's paying you to-- Wow, the bigger they are, huh?

Lights' stares at him.

MALE GUEST #1

What's happening, Roger?

ROGER

Our friend here is a thug. He's come to threaten me.

(to Lights; posturing)

"Not a whole shit of a lot?"

LIGHTS

Tough times, what with the economy and all, know what I mean?

ROGER

I do know what you mean.

(picks up a baseball bat)

So get your broken-down ass out of my house, before I knock it out.

LIGHTS

Good for you. Protecting your home, all bowed up like a real man.

You're okay, Roger.

INT. ROGER'S FOYER - CONTINUOUS

As Roger and his guest follow Lights to the door.

LIGHTS

I can't speak for Brennan's take on this, but between us, no hard feelings?

He reaches out his hand... Roger instinctively shakes it.

ROGER

Sure. No hard--

Lights suddenly jerks him forward as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERFRONT HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Lights exits. Screams are heard from inside the house until he closes the door behind him and walks to his car...

INT. LIGHTS' CAR - AFTERNOON

Lights looks at his eyes in the rearview mirror.

TITLE SEQUENCE - AFTERNOON

A MONTAGE of JUMP-CUTS beneath the series theme song: BOB DYLAN'S "SERIES OF DREAMS" as Lights drives home; passes a McDonalds; pulls a U-turn and into the drive-through; waits in line while singing (badly) along with the song; orders; pulls into a parking space; downs several Big Macs and fries and cokes and a sundae; throws the wrappers away; wipes the crumbs off his car seat; drives away...all beneath the following:

DYLAN

I was thinking of a series of dreams
Where the time and the tempo drag,
And there's no exit in any direction
'Cept the one that you can't see with your eyes.
Wasn't making any great connections,
Wasn't falling for any intricate schemes.
Nothing that would pass inspection,
I'se just thinking of a series of dreams.
Dreams where the umbrella is folded,
And into the path you are hurled,
And the cards are no good that you're holding
Unless they're from another world.
I'd already gone the distance,
Just thinking of a series of dreams.

(note: while the theme song will remain constant, the credit sequence will feature a different montage of Lights doing something as part of his daily life...buying a lottery ticket, playing stickball, cleaning his fishtank, jerking off, etc.)

END TEASER

ACT ONE

SUPER TITLE: **THREE DAYS EARLIER**

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

LIGHTS' EYES -- squinting as a lighting technician adjusts his key light...

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
These are the eyes of Lights Out
Leary. It's been said that they are
the windows to somewhere else...

Makeup is applied as a lavalier mic is clipped to his lapel.
His mind is elsewhere...

EXT. LEARY ESTATE - NIGHT

The front gate swings open admitting the car which heads down the long, leafy driveway...

EXT. LEARY HOUSE - NIGHT

An immense "French Country" McMansion. Lights' car pulls into the garage next to a Mercedes McLaren.

He climbs out, singing badly...

LIGHTS
Wasn't making any great
connections. Wasn't falling for any
intricate schemes.

...and walks up to the door where a blank, pink Post-It waits for him...

He pulls it off and checks the back before closing the garage door and entering the house...

INT. LEARY KITCHEN - NIGHT

Huge. Custom cabinetry and marble counter-tops. He drops his keys in a bowl.

LIGHTS

Hello?

He walks out to a grand staircase, picks another pink Post-It off the banister and heads upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lights crests the stairs and follows a trail of torn Post-It "petals" down the decidedly feminine hallway. (In fact the whole house has a feminine feeling to it.)

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

He enters. The lights dimmed. Soft music plays...

LIGHTS

Somebody here?

A rustling is heard behind a door. He pulls it open revealing his wife's enormous walk-in closet.

A young woman, THERESA, stands in her bra and panties, caught in the act of slipping on a beaded ball gown.

THERESA

Oh my god.

LIGHTS

What the hell are you doing?

THERESA

I'm so sorry, I... The back door was open and I'm such a big fan and I...

LIGHTS

(after a long stare)

Get your clothes on.

He grabs her roughly by the elbow and pulls her out of the closet.

THERESA

Your wife has such beautiful clothes.

LIGHTS

That's 'cause she needs therapy.
You've got thirty seconds before I
call the cops.

THERESA

What are you gonna tell 'em?

LIGHTS

I'm sorry?

THERESA

I mean. How are you going to
explain it? Me, I mean.

LIGHTS

Some little whore groupie broke
into my house. Isn't that hard to--

THERESA

It is if you invited me in...if you
were planning to seduce me.

Her hand slips inside the front her panties...

THERESA (CONT'D)

Sure you want me to leave? Your
little...whore...groupie?

He watches her masturbate for a moment. Her mouth opens
slightly...

LIGHTS

Take 'em off.

She pushes her panties down to the floor, then slips her
moist fingers into his mouth as their bodies come together...

THERESA

Anything you want.

CUT TO:

INT. LEARY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Reflected in the mirror above the bed, Lights fucks her doggie-style, his fingers entwined in her hair, bowing her head back with one hand and pinning her wrists behind her with the other...

CUT TO:

INT. LEARY BEDROOM - MORNING

Lights wakes, alone. Checks his cel phone. A text from CLAY reads: "9AM. TALK."

He climbs out of bed.

INT. LEARY BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where Theresa stands in front of the mirror dressed in a business suit. She opens a drawer and selects a matching shade of lip gloss while reading from a medical text book.

LIGHTS

Morning.

His palm grazes her ass as he passes to the toilet and begins to piss...

THERESA

I've got bruises.

LIGHTS

You're welcome.

She smiles as she pulls on a white doctor's coat with ID badge. A moment passes...

LIGHTS (CONT'D)

Shot my interview yesterday.

THERESA

Mmm?

LIGHTS

I think it went okay.

THERESA

He ask you about a comeback?
Patrick?
(he shrugs)
And you said?

His piss stops of its own accord...

LIGHTS

On the lives of our children, born
and unborn.

THERESA

"Unborn?" Don't hold your breath.

LIGHTS

Even if I wanted to fight again,
which I don't, five years on the
pine is...enough to get me killed.

THERESA

Good...
(pecks his cheek)
Don't forget Katherine needs to be
at school by eight.

LIGHTS

Sure thing.

THERESA

I've got surgery. Three year old
with a spiral leg fracture,
courtesy of her dad. Good day.

And she's gone... Lights struggles to re-start his piss...

LIGHTS

Oh, come on.

CUT TO:

INT. LEARY KITCHEN - MORNING

Lights cooks an omelette while sifting through a hefty stack
of bills -- their extravagant lifestyle on paper...

His older daughters EVA (16) and DEENA (14) enter, dressed in kilt-and-sweater school uniforms.

EVA

Oh please, Brent's completely gross.

DEENA

Then why'd you dare him?

EVA

Because saying truth's so boring.
Hi daddy.

LIGHTS

Why's the truth boring?

DEENA

It's a game.

LIGHTS

(knows what it is)
Oh yeah?

EVA

(glaring at Deena)
It's for school.
(off Lights' stare)
What?

LIGHTS

Go.

INT. LEARY HALLWAY - MORNING

Muscles bulging out of a tank-top, Lights descends the basement staircase that's lined with photographs of he and his wife and their three daughters. He's badly outnumbered...

INT. LEARY GYM - CONTINUOUS

Top of the line weights and cardio equipment. The only "male" room in the house... Lights clicks on the TV as he climbs aboard a treadmill and starts to warm up. (Note: Lights will move quickly from a jog to a pounding sprint which he will maintain the entire length of the scene.)

He flips through several sports channels before landing on a promo for COSTAS NOW...

BOB COSTAS

Patrick "Lights Out" Leary retired from boxing five years ago. Arguably the most ferocious puncher since George Foreman, he was the undefeated world champion in both middleweight and light heavyweight divisions. As a true heavyweight, he amassed a one, one, and one record, with all three bouts against his arch-rival, and still reigning heavyweight champ Raymond "Death Row" Reynolds. We'll sit down with the former great...

B-ROLL FOOTAGE of Lights walking self-consciously across his property...

BOB COSTAS (CONT'D)

...and hear about his life after boxing.

IN THE SOUNDSTAGE:

LIGHTS

Life is sweet. Sure beats gettin' punched in the mouth all day.

BOB COSTAS

And his tepid rivalry with Reynolds.

See Reynolds in an interview, dressed like Deion Sanders.

REYNOLDS

Leary? He a has been. Nah, I love the old man... Truth is, I barely broken a sweat since he hung 'em up.

BOB COSTAS

Tonight on 'Costas Now.'

The promo ends and lights clicks off the screen, pounding away on the treadmill... The timer reads: 4:21 ELAPSED.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LEARY GYM - DAY

Lights is still running, his eyes are distant, almost like his mind is shut off. The timer reads: 69:16 ELAPSED.

KATHERINE (8), his youngest, appears. Whereas the older girls favor their mother's fair looks, Katherine is dark like her father.

KATHERINE
Daddy?... Daddy?

Lights snaps out of it, almost startled to see her there.

LIGHTS
Hi Katie Bear?

KATHERINE
I'm hungry.

LIGHTS
Okay, let's see what we can do about that.

He sees the elapsed time on the treadmill then checks the clock...

LIGHTS (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREENWICH ACADEMY SCHOOL - MORNING

Where Katherine is half walking, half being dragged by Lights towards the tony, Ivy-encrusted school. A gaggle of SOCCER MOMS emerge from the building, gossiping, and twittering until they see Lights... All conversation stops...

LIGHTS
Ladies.

The women part, allowing Lights and Katherine to pass between them... One of the women lets her arm drop so that her hand grazes across Lights' muscled thigh as he passes.

One of the other women gapes at her:

SOCCKER MOM #1
Daniella!

The first soccer mom flushes crimson then giggles wickedly.

INT. GREENWICH ACADEMY FOYER - MORNING

Lights and Katherine enter through the tinted glass doors which close behind them just as the women explode into peals of laughter and discussion...

KATHERINE
Daddy, why did that woman touch you?

LIGHTS
I don't know.

KATHERINE
You should sue her.

INT. GREENWICH ACADEMY CLASSROOM - MORNING

A schoolgirl gives a presentation to the class until Lights bursts in with Katherine. The SCHOOLTEACHER bolts to his feet.

SCHOOLTEACHER
Mr. Leary.

LIGHTS
It's completely my fault. Here. For you.

Hands the teacher a plastic bag.

LIGHTS (CONT'D)
I lost track of time. She was ready and I... It's my fault, not hers.

SCHOOLTEACHER
(slightly weirded out)
I promise not to punish either of
you.

EXT. GREENWICH ACADEMY PARKING LOT - DAY

As Lights walks to his car, talks to his wife on the phone.

LIGHTS
It's all straightened out. I signed
a glove for her teacher.

FLASH CUT:

The teacher lifts a boxing glove out of the bag like he's
holding the tail of a rat.

INTERCUT:

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL PRE-OP - DAY

Where Theresa scrubs her hands and talks to Lights on a
speakerphone.

THERESA
It's a question of responsibility.

LIGHTS
(nearing his car)
It's a question of I forgot.

Sees the school ACCOUNTANT chasing him from a distance.

ACCOUNTANT
Mr. Leary.

Lights waves. Opens his car door.

ACCOUNTANT (CONT'D)
Mr. Leary.

THERESA
You asked Clay to send the tuition
check, right?

LIGHTS

(lying)

Of course. I'll see you tonight.

Sees the fast-approaching accountant in his rearview mirror... He starts the car and pulls away...

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOTS OF BRIDGEPORT

An urban, rundown town nearly thirty miles (and several worlds) away from Greenwich.

EXT. CONVERTED FACTORY - DAY

Lights pulls into his reserved parking space, indicated by a placard that reads "CHAMP".

INT. "LIGHTS OUT VENTURES" OFFICES - DAY

Open spaces, exposed girders, desks and glass and CLAY TARPIN, Light's balding, boyhood friend and manager/business partner, greets him with a hug.

CLAY

Eleven-thirty. Must be nice living so unencumbered by things like gravity and time.

LIGHTS

(rubbing Clay's head)

And follicles. What's goin' on here?

CLAY

Permit hearing. City council's trying to rape us, again.

Nods at a model of an apartment complex titled "Lights Out Landing."

LIGHTS

Need me to do anything?

CLAY

Like what? You wouldn't know a code violation from a cock in your ass.

LIGHTS

You sure about that?

Clay hands him a box of headshots.

CLAY

Sign.

Lights pulls out a Sharpie and starts signing.

LIGHTS

Listen, they're sweating me about Katherine's tuition.

CLAY

I ran a report on your accounts.

LIGHTS

And?

CLAY

'Should'a gotten out of the market when I told you.

LIGHTS

What happened to the thirty grand from the car commercial?

CLAY

That was two months ago. Listen, you need me to float this for you, no problem.

LIGHTS

Can we take some money out of The Landing.

CLAY

The equity is tied up at least another fifteen months. I told you that when--

LIGHTS

Yeah, yeah.

CLAY

I hate to say the word again.

LIGHTS

We're not downsizing. What else we got in the in-box, anything quick?

CLAY

Lemme see...

(checks his computer)

Meet and greet at a retirement home-

LIGHTS

Forget it.

CLAY

--and bingo hosting at Foxwoods.

LIGHTS

(grimacing)

I definitely retired too soon.

CLAY

You retired when you should have retired... When your wife told you to.

LIGHTS

She's smarter than we are.

CLAY

If she was smarter, she would have married me.

LIGHTS

Yeah because women dream of a husband with a light-switch in his pants.

Signs the last picture and pushes the box at Clay.

CLAY

My mother always said you were mean-spirited. So you're in to host bingo?

LIGHTS

(standing)

Too humiliating. Get me something better. I'm going over to Pop's.

CLAY

There is no something better. This is it baby.

LIGHTS

Try harder.

CLAY

Easy for you to say.

Clay turns to put the photos behind him. Lights uses the opportunity to reach in and...

LIGHTS

Sure it is.

...yank a strand of hair from Clay's thinning scalp.

CLAY

You know what you're problem is?

LIGHTS

Yeah, I'm unencumbered by gravity and time. Kiss your mom for me.

Walks out smiling...

CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

Lights being interviewed by Costas.

BOB COSTAS

"Death Row" Reynolds has scheduled a press conference for later this week, ostensibly to announce his retirement, any advice for the champ on making the transition?

LIGHTS

Didn't he retire five years ago?
(chuckles)
Sorry. Retirement? Depends if my wife's watching this.

BOB COSTAS

How so?

LIGHTS

If she's watching, I say retirement is wonderful. I've seen too many guys hang around one fight too long...

INT. GUS'S SMART N' EASY - DAY

A five and dime, probably the last in the city. Wincing from a headache, Lights pops a half-dozen Tylenol. Drops several more boxes of pills into his basket.

LIGHTS (V.O.)

That's all it takes sometimes.
Knowing that you'll grow old with your health intact, best move I ever made.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

BOB COSTAS

And if she's not watching.

LIGHTS

(after a beat)
Sometimes you miss hitting people.

CUT TO:

INT. GUS'S SMART N' EASY - DAY

Lights brings several boxes to the register where GUS, 60's, nods hello.

GUS
Morning, Patrick. Usual?

LIGHTS
Thanks Gussy.

Gus hands over a carton of Pall Mall menthols...

GUS
Looking forward to watching your
interview when I get home.

JARED (O.S.)
Champ! It's you!

Lights turns to see JARED the grocery bagger, more slow than retarded, and unable to temper any emotion, joy, sadness, anger.

LIGHTS
Hey Jared. How's your dad?

JARED
He's okay. Hey everybody, it's the
Champ!

People start to gather. Much of this town's pride stems from his career. Everyone wants to touch him. He shakes hands and greets them by name and signs autographs. Jared hops with glee.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. ROW HOUSE - EVENING

Where ROBERT LEARY, 68, is seen watching TV through the window.

INT. ROW HOUSE - EVENING

Hawaii 5-0 plays as Robert dozes in an ash-stained bathrobe, until Lights is heard coming in the back.

LIGHTS

Pop?

ROBERT

(startled)

What?!

Lights enters carrying the groceries. Hands his dad the Pall Malls. Robert grunts his appreciation.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

What you been doin'?

LIGHTS

They play the interview yet?

ROBERT

I'm watchin' Five-Oh.

LIGHTS

Right.

Kisses Robert's cheek. Moves back to the kitchen to put away the groceries while Robert works at opening the carton with his thick, fighter's fingers.

ROBERT

I saw Angela today.

LIGHTS

Sure you did.

ROBERT

You should marry her.

LIGHTS

Okay. Lemme just ask my wife and
your grand-daughters.

ROBERT

Angels. They should call more.

LIGHTS

Because your phone doesn't call
out?

ROBERT

Got a new kid down the gym. Might
be he's got somethin'.

LIGHTS

Yeah?

Removes an overflowing ashtray...

ROBERT

Got a right like a jackhammer.

LIGHTS

That's what they used to say about
me.

ROBERT

'Long time ago... You should take a
look.

Lights a cigarette and blows rings.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

What happened to that tie your
sister got you?

LIGHTS

The green one?

ROBERT

Why'nt you wear that one for your
interview?

LIGHTS

So you did see it? How'd it come out?

Pining for his father's approval...

ROBERT

(dismissive)

Eh, ya seen one'a these things... Sounds like Reynolds is gonna hang 'em up.

LIGHTS

Time comes for everyone. Even you.

ROBERT

Not me, kid. I'm made of sand.

INT. LIGHTS' CAR - NIGHT

Lights is driving when the phone rings. Presses a button.

LIGHTS

What'd you think?

CLAY

You killed it. Costas thinks the ratings'll be huge.

LIGHTS

We'll see if the phone starts ringing.

CLAY

I may actually have something. It's a little out of the ordinary, but--

LIGHTS

Hit me.

CLAY

An associate of mine, Mr. Brennan. Big fan of yours. This dentist owes him some book money and--

LIGHTS

Seriously?

CLAY

I'm not finished.

LIGHTS

I'm not a thug.

CLAY

You don't have to be. It's purely white collar. You're the Champ. Who the hell's gonna fuck with you?

LIGHTS

You're fired.

CLAY

We're partners. The pick up's half a million. You keep ten percent.

LIGHTS

Go screw yourself.

CLAY

Don't think I haven't tried. Think about it.

Lights hangs up.

INT. MCKENZIE'S BAR & GRILLE - NIGHT

Yuppified commuter joint. Lights bellies up in the corner. Nods hello to the BARTENDER and orders a scotch. Tries to keep a low profile as several people watch his interview playing on the big-screen.

ON THE SCREEN:

DESATURATED 80'S VIDEO FOOTAGE; as the US Olympic BOXING TEAM is met by photographers and fans. The MEDAL WINNERS pose arm-in-arm, holding up their tins...

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

After a controversial ruling
stripped him of an Olympic medal,
Leary turned pro, with a chip on
his shoulder the size of New
England.

YOUNG LIGHTS, 20, pushes past the other fighters, his drawn
face filling the frame as he "inadvertently" knocks the
CAMERA to the ground...

A BARRAGE OF JUMP CUTS; as Young Lights dismantles a
procession of opponents with a savagery reminiscent of Tyson
during the D'Amato years.

One by one they fall to the mat, or into the ropes, or
through the ropes...

BOB COSTAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Propelled by a rage even he
professes to not fully understand,
Leary cut a swathe through the
middleweight ranks the likes of
which hadn't been seen since the
days of Sugar Ray Robinson.

CLOSE ON: Leary's eyes - incandescent with hatred, finding no
joy in victory, aging before us...

BOB COSTAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Two years to the day he returned
from the Olympics, he claimed his
first middleweight title with a
second round knockout of...

A BIG YUPPIE, sitting at the bar with two YUPPIE FRIENDS
calls over to the Bartender.

BIG YUPPIE

Enough a' this asshole, put the
Whalers game on.

Lights throws a tenner on the bar and pushes away.

LIGHTS

Thanks Sandy.

BARTENDER

Sorry, champ.

Lights shrugs it off then makes for the door.

YUPPIE #2

He lives up Round Hill. His girls
go to The Academy.

We catch a glimpse of Young Lights beating an opponent to the
canvas.

YUPPIE #1

Could you imagine your son brings
home one of his daughters? I'd say
no way.

BIG YUPPIE

He's not so tough. Though his wife,
I've seen her around, that's a
choice piece of ass.

The bartender clears his throat and nods in Light's
direction.

YUPPIE #2

Oh wow, it's you.

YUPPIE #1

He didn't mean to be--

LIGHTS

Don't worry about it.

BIG YUPPIE

Why would I worry about it?

LIGHTS

(a beat)

Exactly. Night.

BIG YUPPIE

Told you he's half-a-fag.

Lights stops and turns back to face him. The Big Yuppie stands off his stool, he's enormous, six-four, two-eighty at least.

BIG YUPPIE (CONT'D)
Something you wanna get off your chest?

Lights thinks a minute... Catches himself on-screen over the Big Yuppie's shoulder, trying to punch an opponent who has just thrown in the towel...

LIGHTS
Night.

Walks out, ignoring the Big Yuppie's posturing jeers.

BIG YUPPIE
I'm here every night.
(to his friends)
Pussy.

INT. LIGHTS' CAR - NIGHT

Lights drops into the drivers seat. Exhales powerfully, fists shaking. He flips down the sun-visor revealing a photograph of him being hugged by his three daughters... Slowly he calms...

CUT TO:

INT. LEARY KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lights enters to find Theresa forcefully writing notes from a stack of medical journals. Kisses her hello.

LIGHTS
Girls asleep?

Pours a glass of milk...

THERESA
Eva's sleeping over at Jenny's.

LIGHTS

Better be sleeping. She thinks I never heard of Truth or Dare.

THERESA

She's sixteen.

LIGHTS

(rubbing her shoulders)

I married a slut, I've got no intention of raising one.

THERESA

Aren't you sweet. You're home late.

LIGHTS

My dad says hi.

Kisses her neck...

THERESA

Sure he does. You hoping he'd say something nice about your interview?

LIGHTS

Old habits. You see it?

Fondles her gently...

THERESA

The girls and I did. Right up until they showed the Hawkins fight.

LIGHTS

Great.

THERESA

Katherine was still crying when I put her to bed. Made me leave the lights on.

LIGHTS

I'll talk to her in the morning. You coming up?

Traces the outline of her nipple through her blouse...

THERESA

(re: the journals)

She started clotting during surgery, we're trying a new procedure in the morning, but...

Lights gets it... Kisses her gently on the cheek. She smiles at him gratefully, then turns back to her writing. Finally, he takes his milk upstairs to bed...

THERESA (CONT'D)

You think Reynolds is retiring?

LIGHTS

That's the word.

She nods and goes back to her work...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MAT - DUSK

A boxing gym, owned by Lights and Clay. A giant mural of Lights, crushing a gloved hand into the face of an opponent, adorns the facade.

INT. THE MAT LOBBY - DUSK

Lights enters, walks past a blown-up photograph, the same image as the mural.

INT. THE MAT - DUSK

Formerly state-of-the-art, but seen better days.

Lights' father's in the far corner, holding the heavy bag for a YOUNG FIGHTER. Lights is greeted with familiar adulation from the smattering of wanna-be fighters and fitness-types as he walks through.

SHORT FIGHTER

Check out the old man come to pay us a visit.

LIGHTS

(shaking his hand)

I guess we decided against the
minimum height restriction.

The others laugh as Lights' continues on, in his element.

The young fighter's face comes into view, he's a mulatto kid, barely nineteen, but broad and wiry and foaming with rage as he punishes the heavy bag. Lights recognizes him immediately...

Robert stops the young fighter and claps him on the shoulder, praising his efforts... Lights bolts before they see him, heading right out the back door.

EXT. THE MAT - DAY

Lights is clearly thrown as he heads for his car. A headache blooms. He doesn't see Jared loitering by the doorway.

JARED

Champ! Hey champ! How you doin'?

LIGHTS

(not stopping)

Hey Jared. Sorry, I'm in kind of a
hurry.

JARED

(following him)

That's okay, I was just... Can I
ask you somethin'?

LIGHTS

Uh-huh.

JARED

I was just... I was, um.

LIGHTS

What is it?!

More forceful than he intended. Jared starts to back away.

LIGHTS (CONT'D)

Wait a-- I'm sorry. What did you
wanna ask?

JARED

Will you teach me to fight?

LIGHTS

Really? Why you want to-- Someone
bothering you?

Jared shakes his head, but the truth is evident...

JARED

I was just... I was just...

LIGHTS

Look, I've got a lot on my plate
right now. You go inside and find
my dad, okay? Tell him I sent you
for lessons. On me.

JARED

Okay.

LIGHTS

Okay?

JARED

Okay.

Lights gets in his car as Jared walks slowly away, not
towards The Mat. Lights pops several Tylenol and closes his
eyes...

CUT TO:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. THE MAT - NIGHT

Lights waits, still in his car. Rubs his eyes as he spots Robert locking up the gym. Lights waves him over to the car.

INT. LIGHTS' CAR - NIGHT

Lights gives his old man a ride home.

LIGHTS

Where'd you find him?

ROBERT

Who?

(off Lights' look)

He found me. Just walked in one day. Paid his fifty bucks like everyone else.

LIGHTS

Does he know who you are?

ROBERT

It ain't a secret I'm your father.

LIGHTS

Any good?

ROBERT

He's got the tools... We'll see.

LIGHTS

I'm broke, pop.

ROBERT

(surprised)

How?

LIGHTS

I don't really know.

ROBERT

(telling not asking)

Fighters.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Couldn't hold a dollar if it was
tattooed to their spleen. Maybe if
Theresa worked at a real hospital.

LIGHTS
She does-- It still wouldn't come
close to--

He pulls up in front of Robert's house...

LIGHTS (CONT'D)
It was a lot simpler growing up
here.

ROBERT
A rich man is nothing but a poor
man with a bank account.
(off Lights' look...)
You look like ass. When's the last
time you seen the doctor?

LIGHTS
Before I retired. Why?

ROBERT
(shrugs it off)
You're a grown man.

He climbs out, leaving Lights sitting alone for several
moments to stew... Finally...

LIGHTS
Asshole.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOXWOODS CASINO - DAY

An enormous white monolith rising above the rolling green
hills of the Connecticut countryside.

LIGHTS (V.O.)
B-thirteen.

INT. FOXWOODS CASINO - DAY

Where a basket of numbered ping-pong balls tumbles until Lights stops it and pulls out a number.

LIGHTS (V.O.)

G-nine.

He looks out at the enormous conference room filled with mostly elderly people working their bingo cards. Suddenly, from the back, someone yells...

ELDERLY MAN

Bingo!

A CASINO HOST beckons the man forward and checks his numbers as Lights yawns.

CASINO HOST

I'm sorry, sir. We never called B-three.

ELDERLY MAN

Bullshit. He called it a few minutes ago.

CASINO HOST

I believe that was G-three.
(checks the bucket of chosen balls)
Yes sir, here we are.

ELDERLY MAN

He said B. We all heard it.

A murmur of agreement from the crowd.

LIGHTS

I'm sure I said G. Tell ya what, how 'bout we take a picture together and call it--

ELDERLY MAN

Eff-you, I want my money.

INT. CASINO HOST'S OFFICE - DAY

Lights sits across the man's desk.

LIGHTS

I said G. The guy had six hearing aids.

CASINO HOST

(annoyed)

Him and the fifty-three other people. Here's your check. Sign here please.

Pushes a clipboard at Lights, never deigning to look at him...

LIGHTS

It's not that big a deal.

CASINO HOST

I'm sure you're right.

LIGHTS

(shoving the clipboard back at him)

I don't like your tone.

CASINO HOST

I apologize. If you'll please-

LIGHTS

What's your problem?

CASINO HOST

What are you going to do, beat me up? Here you are.

(hands Lights a check)

Tell Clay no more favors. I can get any of the Different Strokes cast five days a week, at least they know the alphabet. That'll be all.

Lights stands there, fuming.

CASINO HOST (CONT'D)
Would you like me to call security?

CUT TO:

INT. LEARY KITCHEN - MORNING

Lights is asleep with his head on the counter until he looks up to see Katherine and Deena staring at him.

LIGHTS
Morning.

DEENA
You're drooling.

LIGHTS
Yeah?

Wipes the semi-caked drool off his cheek and offers it to them.

LIGHTS (CONT'D)
Taste?

The girls "EEEEWW" and run out. Lights goes to the sink and splashes water on his face as Theresa enters.

THERESA
You slept in the kitchen?

LIGHTS
I guess. I don't really remember getting home.

THERESA
Drunk.

LIGHTS
Headache.

THERESA
I'll call Dr. Simmerman.

LIGHTS
(rolls his eyes)
How's your patient?

THERESA
She died.

LIGHTS
You're kidding.

THERESA
One of the clots broke loose. Once
it's in the bloodstream...

LIGHTS
You okay?

She's not, but he takes her hand and she pretends that it
helps...

THERESA
It turns out Eva wasn't at Jenny's
house the other night.

LIGHTS
Where was she?

THERESA
The point. With her new boyfriend.

LIGHTS
Boyfriend?

THERESA
Jenny's older brother. Brent's his
name. He goes to Brunswick.

LIGHTS
Brent from Brunswick.

THERESA
Jenny lied to cover for them.

LIGHTS
The day our girls start lying for
each other, we're screwed.

THERESA

Hopefully we're better parents. You speak to Katherine yet?

LIGHTS

Crap. I'll pick her up from school.

THERESA

You took care of the tuition?

LIGHTS

What's our deal?

THERESA

You're right. Sorry.

Just as Deena and Kathleen come in wearing yellow rubber dish-washing gloves.

KATHERINE

Cheerios, please!

THERESA

What's with the getup?

DEENA

Dad was drooling on the counter.

THERESA

I see.

KATHERINE

(something Deena told her)

Our bodies are temples.

INT. LIGHTS' BEDROOM - MORNING

Lights stares out the window, watching his wife try to corral the girls into the car. As his phone rings, we INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Modern angles and windows and views of Long Island Sound. Clay gets a workout from a BEAUTIFUL TRAINER who stretches him out as he talks on the phone...

CLAY

How long have we been friends?

LIGHTS

Oh christ.

CLAY

Thirty-nine years. I mention this because most marriages don't last that long, so--

LIGHTS

You wanna bone me, is that what your saying?

CLAY

'What I heard, you boned yourself good and plenty, at least as far as the casino is concerned.

LIGHTS

Yeah.

CLAY

You okay? Is it the money thing?

LIGHTS

(yes)
I'm fine.

CLAY

I'll make some phone calls?

LIGHTS

Sure.

CLAY

The ten percent of half-a-mil kind of calls?

The trainer swats his hand from her ass as she stretches him even further...

LIGHTS

(after a beat)

No.

CLAY
You're the champ.

Hangs up and pulls the trainer's mouth onto his...

CUT TO:

EXT. GREENWICH HOSPITAL - DAY

Keb Mo's "Life is Beautiful" plays on the car radio and through to the end of the act as Lights pulls into a parking spot and makes the long walk inside.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Where Lights passes through an MRI machine. He glances around at the smooth, Kubrickian donut.

LIGHTS
(singing)
Life is beautiful. Life is
wondrous.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Lights listens to the doctor deliver the bad news. Points to a cloudy area of Lights' brain on the MRI scan.

DOCTOR
It's called chronic traumatic
encephalopathy, otherwise known as
pugilistic--

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
--dementia.

LIGHTS
--dementia.

LIGHTS
I know what it's called.

DOCTOR
In this case we're looking at
symptoms that could eventually lead
to Alzheimer's.

LIGHTS
How long?

DOCTOR

There's so little we understand
about the brain, it's impossible to
predict.

CUT TO:

THE EMPTY MCDONALDS BAG - as Lights grabs it off the
passenger seat, crumples it up and tosses it in the back.

EXT. GREENWICH ACADEMY SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Digital equalizers on the car radio dance along with Keb Mo
as Lights sits in his car, watching students find their
parents.

LIGHTS (V.O.)

Just gimme a ballpark.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

I really can't... 'Could be two
years, could be ten, could be
never.

He ignores looks from the Soccer Moms...

LIGHTS (V.O.)

If it's not never, what happens to
me?

FLASH CUT: the doctor staring at Lights, who knows what's
coming...

DOCTOR

Symptomatically...disorientation,
loss of memory, anxiety, loss of
body control... You understand,
this is all speculation.

LIGHTS

Yeah.

Lights spots Katherine coming out of the school. He rolls
down the car window, calls to her.

LIGHTS (CONT'D)

Hey sugar bear.

She approaches the car cautiously.

LIGHTS (CONT'D)

You and me have some talking to do.

(she nods soberly)

And all serious talking has to
involve ice cream. Am I right?

She smiles and jumps in...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LEARY ESTATE - DAY

Lights drives up. Katherine hops out the passenger side and runs to the front door.

LIGHTS

Hey? So, we good?

KATHERINE

Yup.

LIGHTS

Hugs and kisses?

He climbs out of the car and kneels as she throws her arms around his neck.

KATHERINE

Kisses and hugs.

LIGHTS

You have ice cream on your face.

(she rubs her cheek

vigorously, offers it for
his approval)

I love you more than anything.

KATHERINE

Thank you.

LIGHTS

Thank you.

She kisses his cheek and runs inside as, still kneeling, he opens his cel phone and hits a button...

CLAY (O.S.)

So?

LIGHTS

What do I have to do?

INT. CLAY'S OFFICE - DAY (INTERCUT)

CLAY

You sure? We still got the retirement home thing if you--

LIGHTS

What's the job?

CLAY

Show up. Get the money. Hit the road.

LIGHTS

And if he doesn't have it on him?

CLAY

Get a check or give him twenty-four hours to wire it. Incentivize him.

LIGHTS

Okay.

CLAY

Time and gravity, huh?

LIGHTS

Text me the address.

Lights hangs up on him. Remains in place, on his knees, as Keb Mo' plays us out...

KEB MO'

Life is beautiful/on a stormy
night/somewhere in the world/the
sun is shining bright.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. LEARY ESTATE - DAY

Right where we left him, on his knees in the driveway...
Finally he stands and walks inside...

INT. LEARY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Where everyone has gathered, including BRENT FROM BRUNSWICK.

LIGHTS

Who's this?

Kisses his wife and daughters...

EVA

This is Brent. He came over to
apologize.

LIGHTS

For what? You're the one who lied
to us.

He sits opposite Brent and stares at him. Brent immediately
looks away... Looks back after a moment, Lights' eyes are
still on him...

EVA

Daddy stop it.

DEENA

(whispering to Katherine)
He's gonna pee his pants.

KATHERINE

Are you gonna pee-pee your pants?

Brent looks over at them for a moment, but he's too afraid to
answer. Looks back at Lights... Finally...

LIGHTS

We understand each other?

BRENT

Yes sir.

LIGHTS
Get the hell out.

Brent runs.

EVA
I hate you!

LIGHTS
Thank you.

THERESA
Go to your room.

EVA
Mom?!

THERESA
Three-two-one...

Eva's about to cry as she collects her books.

LIGHTS
Hey.

EVA
What?

LIGHTS
I could really use a hug.

EVA
Screw you.

Storms upstairs, Theresa, furious, on her heels.

THERESA
Young lady, get back here!

DEENA
You okay?

LIGHTS
Um... Yeah, I think so.

She hugs him. Katherine too.

DEENA

I'll tell you if she gets pregnant
or anything.

LIGHTS

Thanks.

KATHERINE

I'm not pregnant.

LIGHTS

That's good.

He hangs onto them for dear life...

CUT TO:

INT. THE MAT - NIGHT

Where Lights walks across the gym to the ring where Robert
works the Young Fighter out with the hand pads.

ROBERT

And again. Good.

Lights climbs onto the apron and through the ropes.

LIGHTS

Hey pop.

ROBERT

Look who's decided to show up.

He looks at the Young Fighter who glares at Lights.

LIGHTS

(offers his hand)

I'm your--

(a beat)

I'm Patrick.

YOUNG FIGHTER

Uh-huh.

LIGHTS

I was hoping we could talk.

YOUNG FIGHTER

You got nothin' to say to me.

(to Robert)

Let's go.

He turns his back on Lights and begins punching the hand pads again. Robert shrugs at his son as if there's nothing he can do.

LIGHTS

(to the young fighter)

I only came to say--

The Young Fighter unleashes a hard, blinding flurry...

ROBERT

Best leave it alone, son.

Nods at the door, indicating Lights should go. After a beat...

LIGHTS

You two enjoy each other.

He leaves, hurt and enraged...

CUT TO:

INT. MCKENZIE'S BAR - NIGHT

Lights enters and searches the bar until he finds the three Yuppies in their usual spot. The big yuppie gets a tap on the shoulder. He turns to see Lights standing there.

LIGHTS

How much money you got?

BIG YUPPIE

More'n you.

LIGHTS

How much money you got?

BIG YUPPIE

Why?

LIGHTS

Because between you and me, only
one of us is a professional.

CUT TO:

EXT. MCKENZIE'S BAR - NIGHT

Where half the bar stands in the back alleyway. Lights stands still, looking decidedly old and mortal as the Big Yuppie removes his jacket, pumping himself up with his friends.

YUPPIE # 1

You sure about this?

YUPPIE # 2

Shut up, he's got over a hundred
pounds on him.

(to Lights)

Our boy played tackle for the
Giants.

BIG YUPPIE

'Tell you what, to make it fair,
I'll give you the first punch.

Lights just stares.

BIG YUPPIE (CONT'D)

Okay, then--

He swings. Lights swats his fist aside. The Big Yuppie punches again, Lights leans back, avoiding the punch.

Finally, the Big Yuppie lands a blow to Lights' mid-section. Lights doubles over and sinks to the ground.

The Big Yuppie raises his hands in victory. But Lights pulls himself to his feet and starts walking towards him.

LIGHTS

Hey.

The Big Yuppie turns...

BIG YUPPIE

You want some more.

Lights' lips curl into a snarl. As the first punch explodes the SCREEN GOES BLACK...

EXT. WATERFRONT HOUSE - NIGHT

The empty merry-go-round slows to a grinding, screeching, deafening stop.

INT. LEARY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lights bolts upright from the dream. Theresa's side of the bed is empty. He wipes the night-sweat from his temples, staggers out of bed and into...

INT. LEARY BATHROOM - NIGHT

...where he leans his head against the wall while taking a leak, slipping into reverie...

INT. BASKIN' AND ROBBINS ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Where Lights sits with Katherine, eating sundaes.

LIGHTS

So Mommy told me you were afraid
after seeing me fighting on the TV.
(she nods)
You want to talk about it?

KATHERINE

You hurt that man.

FLASH CUT: Lights first punch nearly taking the Big Yuppie's head off...

LIGHTS

I know. If I didn't he was gonna
hurt me.

KATHERINE

You could have run away.

FLASH CUT: Lights breaking Roger's arm...

LIGHTS

That's exactly what I should have done. But I don't fight anymore, you know that, right?

FLASH CUT: Big Yuppie's friends watch in horror. Lights' fists are like pistons.

KATHERINE

Yeah.

LIGHTS

And you know I would never hurt you.

FLASH CUT: Finally, Lights stops punching the Yuppie. He stands over him, knuckles split open, spit mingled with flecks of blood on his chin.

KATHERINE

I know.

FLASH CUT: Roger's house guests scream as Lights drops the shrieking Roger to the floor then stalks out of the house...

LIGHTS (V.O.)

There's nothing I wouldn't do to keep you safe.

FLASH CUT: Everyone in the alley is silent. Lights seems to drink in their fear... He snatches a sheaf of hundreds from Yuppie #1's hand and walks away.

KATHERINE

(smiling)

Okay.

LIGHTS

Okay.

INT. LEARY DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The family sits around the table - Lights and his women, or is it the other way around.

KATHERINE

When I have a baby, I'm going to name her George.

DEENA

That's a boy's name.

THERESA

No one's gonna be within a hundred miles of having a baby.

EVA

Trust me much.

LIGHTS

We do trust you. It's the rest of the world that concerns us.

His cel phone rings, drawing a look from Theresa...

LIGHTS (CONT'D)

We're all at the dinner table.

CLAY (O.S.)

Are those Leary girls I hear?

THE GIRLS

Hi Uncle Clay.

Lights stands and walks out into--

INT. LEARY FOYER - NIGHT

LIGHTS

Never again. Just so we're clear.

CLAY (O.S.)

Brennan's thrilled. Says he'd like to put you on retainer.

LIGHTS

(watching Katherine)

Tell him no thanks. You'll have to find me something else.

CLAY (O.S.)

Like what?

LIGHTS

Anything but bingo.

Walks back into the dining room...

CLAY

There isn't anything but bingo.
There isn't even bingo.

LIGHTS

Katherine's hanging up on you now.

KATHERINE

Bye Uncle Clay.

Happily hangs up the phone. Lights kisses her.

CUT TO:

INT. LEARY KITCHEN - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Lights comes in for some ice cream...

THERESA (O.S.)

Something you want to tell me?

He turns to see her in the living room. Sitting on the couch and smoking a cigarette next to . Whatever it is, it's bad...

LIGHTS

Ummm.

Is she talking about his MRI? The bar fight? His bastard son?

LIGHTS (CONT'D)

Like what?

THERESA

Like you don't know.

She grabs the TiVo remote. Rewinds for a moment before pressing play.

ON THE TV:

Death Row Reynolds at his press conference.

DEATH ROW

I'm happy to report that the contracts have just been signed. In the absence of a true contender, I had to find myself an old contender. So nine months from now, I will defend my title one more time against Patrick Leary.

Lights is stunned. The phone starts ringing... Theresa is ice...

THERESA

(flinging his own words--)
On the lives of our children.

LIGHTS

I know nothing about-- Clay must've-

THERESA

I won't go through that again. Do you hear me? I won't be married to that.

He's blown away by the depth of her anger, and her fear of him... His cel phone starts to ring... The house phone rings again...

He leaves...

LIGHTS (V.O.)

What did you do?

EXT. LEARY ESTATE - NIGHT

Lights' car reaches the end of the driveway.

CLAY (V.O.)

My job.

INT. LIGHTS' CAR - NIGHT

He's on the speaker with Clay...

CLAY (V.O.)
She pissed?

LIGHTS
Like you wouldn't believe.

CLAY (V.O.)
Are you?

LIGHTS
I'm retired.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Clay sits in a booth. Smiles at someone sitting opposite him...

CLAY
"Beats getting punched in the mouth
all day," right? Felt good though,
busting up that dentist?

IN LIGHTS CAR--

LIGHTS
Get rid of it.

CLAY
Don't you want to know the purse?

LIGHTS
No.

CLAY
Ten.

LIGHTS
(after a slightly too long
beat)
I said no.

CLAY (V.O.)
Okay. What about Brennan?

LIGHTS
(after a beat...)
Tell him twenty percent.

CLAY (V.O.)
I'll take it to him.

Lights hangs up on Clay... Lets the car idle for a moment, trying to decide how he really feels about it...

IN THE NIGHT CLUB-- (OPTIONAL SCENE)

Clay hangs up. Pan across the booth to reveal:

DEATH ROW
'Don't seem much like your puppet
to me.

Clay just smiles knowingly...

CLAY
Sometimes you gotta lead with the
left in order to land the right.

EXT. LEARY ESTATE - NIGHT

Lights' car pulls onto the road and drives away...

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
After watching your ninety-six
fight against Marshall, legendary
boxing writer Bert Strawhacker
wrote the following...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

The interview...

BOB COSTAS

"Leary fights with a rage so
terrible and blinding, that I often
wonder if he sees the other fighter
at all; as if his opponent becomes--

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BRIDGEPORT STREET - NIGHT

Where the mulatto Young Man stretches in front of his
tenement.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

--the embodiment of Leary's foulest
demons, because what else could
inspire such abject fear in a man?

Finally, breath steaming in the cold, he jogs down the
street, passing Lights who sits unseen in his car, watching
him jog away, before looking down at an aged, smiling, wallet-
sized photograph of his younger self holding a mulatto
baby...

BOB COSTAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And what else but fear could ignite
such incandescent rage?"

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

Lights nods almost imperceptibly...

BOB COSTAS

What do you feel about that? Where
does it come from?

Lights stares back at him...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LEARY ESTATE - NIGHT

Seen through a window, Theresa comes to the end of a story
book. Katherine is passed out in her lap.

LIGHTS

When I was a kid, there was this merry-go-round in the park across the street from my house.

Theresa puts Katherine in bed then looks out the window, wondering where her husband is before she closes the blind...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATERFRONT HOUSE - NIGHT

Where Roger, the dentist, and his wife, Heather, talk quietly at the dinner table.

LIGHTS (V.O.)

I used to sit on and do my homework until my folks wore themselves out.

Suddenly, Roger lashes out with his good arm and knocks her out of her chair.

ROGER

You happy now?! Huh?!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROBERT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Where Robert watches an old tape of Lights, boxing in his prime.

LIGHTS (V.O.)

I used to get it going really, really fast until everything around me became a blur.

The round ends and Lights goes to his corner where Robert coaches him fiercely.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE MAT - NIGHT

And the mural of Lights painted on the bricks. The CAMERA PUSHES FORWARD towards one of the illuminated windows and we SPLIT-SCREEN/HALF DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY (SPLIT/DISSOLVE)

LIGHTS

That's the only feeling that ever
made it go away.

The CAMERA finally arrives at the window, through which we see Lights, in the ring, teaching Jared how to work the hand pads, in the same place and in the same manner Robert had been working with the Young Man...

The lights inside The Mat FADE and the image of the interview fills the screen over the colored bricks of the mural that, from this distance, look like weathered pixels seen close up.

BOB COSTAS

Made what go away?

Lights just shrugs. The image FADES, leaving for a moment, the bricks of the mural, before they too FADES TO BLACK.

LIGHTS OUT