

Legacy

Screenplay by

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***"Dreams don't work unless you do." -John C.Maxwell***

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. GARDEN-HEAVENS-NIGHT**

A woman in a **white dress** lies asleep on the grass. DREYA (21) College student. Naive at times but has a heart of gold. She opens her eyes and looks around. Dreya sits up.

DREYA

Hello?

The sound of a wild animal runs past and rushes into the bushes.

DREYA (CONT'D)

Is somebody there?

Footsteps get closer.

DREYA (CONT'D)

I have a gun!!

A man appears from behind the tree branches.

Her eyes on his.

His height of six feet towers over her. NICK (40) Custodian. Kind and humble. He lights a **match** and puts the **flame** into the **lantern** he's holding. Nick smiles.

NICK

Come with me?

He reaches for her hand.

She hesitates.

NICK (CONT'D)

I won't hurt you.

Dreya grips onto his hand.

Nick pulls her up.

She stands up.

DREYA

What is this place? Who are you?

NICK

I'm Nick.

DREYA

Dreya.

Nick turns towards the pond. He steps onto the **steppingstones**.

DREYA (CONT'D)

Where are we going!

Dreya barely makes it onto the steppingstone.

NICK

To my hut!

She loses her balance as she steps on the middle stone.

Nick grabs a hold of her arm.

NICK (CONT'D)

I got you!

Dreya pushes him off. She falls into the water.

Nick looks away.

NICK (CONT'D)

I had you!

She stands up in the pond, soaked.

DREYA

How much further?

NICK

(point)

She looks to the left of the little island, seeing a **gazebo**.

CUT TO:

**INT. GAZEBO-NIGHT**

Nick steps towards Dreya. He hands her a nightgown.

She takes it.

He turns around.

Dreya pulls it down.

DREYA

Thank you.

She sits down and wraps the blanket around herself.

Nick crouches down to the bonfire and tosses sticks in.

DREYA (CONT'D)  
How long have you been here?

NICK  
I don't know.

DREYA  
What do you mean you don't know?

NICK  
I mean I don't know.

DREYA  
What's the deal with the coveralls?  
Are you a custodian or something?

NICK  
Something like that.

DREYA  
You live in a gazebo, and you don't  
remember how long you been here?

NICK  
There's a cot right there. You  
should get yourself some sleep.

DREYA  
I just woke up not too long ago.  
Tell me a story.

Nick turns away.

NICK  
I don't know any stories.

DREYA  
Everyone has a story. Tell me about  
your life. Tell me about your  
family.

He feels around in his pocket and pulls out a **photograph** of his mother, Mary Jane and father, Marcos. He reaches into his other pocket and pulls out a **Harmonica** in his other hand. He puts it to his mouth and plays.

NICK  
My parents were just teenagers.  
Married young. He left before I was  
born. Stupid, you know. Young.

**EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD-COLLEGE CAMPUS-NIGHT**

SUPER: SPRING 1975

A football player lies on his back, on the sidelines. He stares up at the night sky. MARCOS SANCHEZ (19) Freshmen college football player. Cocky and self-absorbed.

A man stands over Marcos, his mouth moving but not a sound is heard out of his mouth. COACH (40's)

COACH  
(yell)  
Marcos!!!

A young beautiful woman stands over him, holding a newborn in her arms. MARY JANE (18) High school student. Kind and generous.

MARY JANE  
Bet you wish you would have stuck  
with us.

MARCOS  
Mary Jane!

The Coach looks back, seeing nothing. He looks back at Marcos.

CUT TO:

**INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-NIGHT**

Marcos lies asleep. A woman steps into the room and sits down. SYLVIA (45) Homemaker. Hardworking, kind and generous. She leans towards him and plants a kiss on his cheek.

Marcos opens his eyes. He looks at Sylvia.

MARCOS  
What happened?

She looks at his leg.

He looks at the cast on his leg.

CUT TO:

**EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS-DAY**

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

Marcos steps towards the field, using crutches.

The Coach looks at him as he takes his steps towards him.

COACH  
(shake head)  
Stubborn ass! Sanchez, what in the  
hell are you doing?

MARCOS  
I want to play coach!

He steps away from Marcos.

COACH  
There's no way you can play now!

MARCOS  
Coach, please!

COACH  
It's over, okay. You'll regret it  
if you play. Trust me.

Marcos steps towards the Coach.

MARCOS  
(sob)  
Please!!

The Coach looks at him with sadness, seeing the sorrow in his eyes.

COACH  
I'm sorry.

He drops to the ground, lowers his head down.

MARCOS  
(sob)  
(cry)

CUT TO:

**INT. MARCOS BEDROOM-SANCHEZ RESIDENCE-DAY**

Laid asleep in bed, his legs hanging off the edge. Marcos's face is pressed against his pillow.

The door opens.

Sylvia steps into the room.

SYLVIA (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
Wake up!!!

Marcos opens his eyes.

A loud pounding sound from a **wooden spoon** to a **skillet**.

MARCOS  
(moan)

SYLVIA (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
Get up!!!

MARCOS  
Okay!

CUT TO:

**INT. BATHROOM-SANCHEZ RESIDENCE-DAY**

Marcos brushes his teeth, looks at himself in the mirror. He spits.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN-SANCHEZ RESIDENCE-DAY**

Marcos sits.

Sylvia steps behind him, kisses him on the cheek.

SYLVIA (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
Have a good day!

MARCOS  
You too.

She steps out of the kitchen.

He looks down at the plate in front of him.

CUT TO:



**INT. GROCERY STORE-DAY**

Marcos sets bag after bag into a **grocery cart**.

A woman steps towards him and hands him a five-dollar bill.  
WOMAN CUSTOMER (30's)

WOMAN CUSTOMER  
Thank you dear.

Marcos takes the five-dollar bill.

MARCOS  
Thanks.

The Woman Customer steps away, pushing the grocery cart away.  
He slides the money into his pocket.

DEIDRE (O.C.)  
So, what are we getting today?

MARY JANE (O.C.)  
I don't know.

Marcos listens to the sound of her voice, knowing the sweet sound of the words coming out of her mouth.

A woman from behind the cash register steps towards him.  
CASHIER (30's) She looks at him with concern.

CASHIER  
Are you alright?

MARCOS  
Yeah. I just need some air.

CASHIER  
Go take a break.

MARCOS  
(breath)  
Okay.

CUT TO:

**INT. BATHROOM-GROCERY STORE-DAY**

A quick splash of water to his face, Marcos looks at himself in the mirror.

MARCOS  
(breath)  
Get a hold of yourself, Marcos! It  
probably wasn't even her.

CUT TO:

**INT. GROCERY STORE-DAY**

Marcos steps towards the check out stands.

A woman looks back at him while placing bread and a carton of eggs onto the **rolling belt**. DEIDRE (19) Waitress. Straight forward and caring. Her eyes on Marcos.

Marcos looks at her. He stops walking, showing fear in his eyes.

Deidre smiles. She looks back at Mary Jane.

DEIDRE  
I'll be right back.

MARY JANE  
Okay.

She steps into the aisle.

MARCOS  
(wave)

Marcos steps towards the meat department.

Deidre steps behind him.

DEIDRE  
What are you doing here?

MARCOS  
I work here. Can't you see the  
**apron**.

DEIDRE  
I mean why are you back here?

He turns back to her, looking her in the eyes.

MARCOS  
How is she?

DEIDRE  
Why do you care? She had your son  
without you.

MARCOS  
How is he?

DEIDRE  
He's fine, okay.

MARY JANE (O.S.)  
Deidre!! Where are you!!!

DEIDRE  
I'm coming!!

Deidre looks Marcos in the eyes.

DEIDRE (CONT'D)  
Come by the house and see her.

MARY JANE (O.S.)  
Come on!!

DEIDRE  
Hold on!!!

MARCOS  
I'll try.

She hands him a piece of paper.

DEIDRE  
Be at this address tomorrow night.  
Do not make me regret this.

Music plays. "Why Can't We Be Friends" by War plays.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PARKING LOT-GROCERY STORE-DAY**

Marcos steps out of the grocery store, unties his **apron** from around his waist and neck. He steps towards a **blue volt's wagon**.

RICKY (O.C.)  
Hey, Marcos!!

A man steps towards Marcos, his fingers gripping into the palms of his hand. RICKY (18) College football player. Straight forward and ruthless.

He looks at Ricky.

MARCOS  
Ricky.

RICKY  
That's the name, don't ware it out.

MARCOS  
What do you want?

Ricky shoves Marcos into the volts wagon.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
Okay, I probably had that coming.

Marcos steps away from the volts wagon.

He pushes him back into the driver door.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
Okay, that's enough!

RICKY  
Come on, Sanchez! Take me down!

Seriousness grows in his eyes, showing irritation.

Ricky looks at him and smiles.

MARCOS  
Stop it!

RICKY  
What? What are you going to do?

He pushes him again.

Marcos drives his fist up into Ricky's chin, knocking him to the ground.

MARCOS  
I told you!

SAL (O.C.)  
You knocked him on his ass!!

He looks at a man, dressed in a bright colored suit.  
SALVATORE "SAL" RIZZO (45) Boxing promoter. A slick, smooth talking but manipulative man.

Marcos turns to the volts wagon, opens the door.

SAL (CONT'D)  
(yell)  
Where are you going in such a hurry!!

Sal steps towards the volts wagon.

The volts wagon drives away.

RICKY  
(moan)

Sal looks at Ricky.

SAL  
Shut up, asshole!

He turns to him and kicks him.

RICKY  
(grunt)

CUT TO:

**INT. VOLTS WAGON-DAY**

Marcos looks in the rear-view mirror, looking at Sal. He turns his attention to the road up ahead.

MARCOS  
(shake head)  
Who was that guy?

CUT TO:

**EXT. PARKING LOT-GROCERY STORE-CONTINUOUS**

Sal crouches down to the apron on the ground. He picks it up and looks at the name tag.

SAL  
(read)  
Marcos.

CUT TO:

**INT. GROCERY STORE-DAY**

Sal steps up to the Cashier. He drops the apron in front of her.

She looks at him.

Sal smiles.

SAL  
Where can I return this?

The Cashier looks at him, hesitating to answer him, afraid she'll lose her job.

CASHIER  
(laugh)

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. VOLTS WAGON-DAY**

Marcos turns the key in the ignition. He looks around, not seeing his apron in sight.

MARCOS  
Shit!!

CUT TO:

**EXT. FRONT YARD-SANCHEZ RESIDENCE-DAY**

Sal stands in the front yard, a cigar in between his fingers.

SAL  
(blow smoke)

**INT. MARCOS BEDROOM-SANCHEZ RESIDENCE-DAY**

Marcos buttons up a collared shirt. He looks at himself in the mirror.

SYLVIA (SUBTITLE) (O.S.)  
(In Spanish)  
Come here, son!!!

He rushes out of the bedroom.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM-SANCHEZ RESIDENCE-DAY**

Sylvia looks back at Marcos.

SYLVIA  
(wave)  
Come here!

Marcos rushes into the living room. He looks outside the window and sees Sal.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)  
Who is he?

CUT TO:

**EXT. FRONT YARD-SANCHEZ RESIDENCE-DAY**

Sal looks around the neighborhood.

MARCOS (O.C.)  
What do you want?

He looks at Marcos.

SAL  
You left before I could introduce  
myself.

MARCOS  
How'd you know where I lived?

Sal raises Marcos's apron up.

SAL  
You dropped this.

MARCOS  
Oh. Thank you.

Marcos takes it.

SAL  
My name is Sal --

MARCOS  
-- Thanks, but I'm not really into  
what you're trying to sell me.

He steps up the steps.

SAL  
-- There's going to be a moment in  
your life that you're going to wish  
you went for something. You know,  
to make your son or daughter proud.

Marcos stops. He looks at Sal.

SAL (CONT'D)  
Think about it.

Sal reaches into his pants pocket and pulls out a card. He tosses it to the ground.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM-SANCHEZ RESIDENCE-CONTINUOUS**

Marcos stands in front of the window, staring at the card on the ground.

SYLVIA (O.C.)  
What did he want?

He jumps out of his skin, scared for a few seconds from hearing Sylvia's voice.

MARCOS  
(breath)  
He was just a salesman.

SYLVIA  
He kind of dressed fancy for a  
salesman.

MARCOS  
Yeah.

SYLVIA  
Dinners ready.

MARCOS (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
I got plans.

SYLVIA (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
Later then.

MARCOS  
Sure.

Sylvia steps into the kitchen.

Marcos looks back outside the window.

CUT TO:

**INT. FIGHT CLUB-NIGHT**

Marcos looks around the fight club. His eyes are in amazement.



In the ring, a BLACK FIGHTER throws a punch, hitting a HISPANIC FIGHTER.

Sal steps towards Marcos and wraps his arm around his back.

SAL  
Glad you could make it!

MARCOS  
Can't say the same.

The Black Fighter raises his arms up in the air as the count reaches ten.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
How soon can I get in the ring?

SAL  
Now.

MARCOS  
Who am I fighting?

SAL  
Some light weight.

MARCOS  
Carlos Guerrero?

SAL  
No. He'll kill you!

CUT TO:

**INT. LOCKER ROOM-FIGHT CLUB-NIGHT**

A man sits on the **wooden bench**, preparing **white tape**. RALPH (58) Boxing Coach and trainer. An overworked and tired man that wants to leave the world of boxing behind. Sal steps towards Ralph.

SAL  
Ralph?

Ralph stands up.

RALPH  
Sal.

Sal steps aside and presents Marcos to him.

SAL  
I like to introduce you to Marcos.  
Marcos, this is Ralph.

He looks at Marcos and then at Sal.

SAL (CONT'D)  
Please, get him ready.

Marcos sits in front of Ralph on the bench.

Ralph tapes Marcos's hands up.

MARCOS  
How long have you been doing this?

He looks Marcos in the eyes.

RALPH  
Since I was fifteen.

Ralph lifts his hands up, finishing the wrapping on each one.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
How long have you been fighting?

MARCOS  
Just tonight.

RALPH  
Sal was probably in the right  
place, at the time.

MARCOS  
What's that supposed to mean?

RALPH  
He found you. You got his  
attention. The rest is history.  
Now, hit my palms!

He raises his hands up, facing his palms in front of him.

Marcos throws his best punches into Ralph's palms.

MARCOS  
What time is it?

RALPH  
Why? Do you have a hot date?

MARCOS  
Something like that.

CUT TO:

**INT. DINING ROOM-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-NIGHT**

Mary Jane and Deidre sit at the dinner table.

MARY JANE  
Where is this person at, Deidre?

Deidre looks at the clock.

CUT TO:

**INT. FIGHT CLUB-NIGHT**

In his corner, sitting on a **stool** and Ralph in front of him, Marcos looks across the ring, glancing at the other fighter.  
LIGHTWEIGHT FIGHTER (20's)

RALPH  
Hey!!

Marcos looks at Ralph.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Focus on his moves and wait for an opening! Okay?

MARCOS  
Okay.

A woman in a **green mink coat** steps towards the front row seats. Her red hair, netted stockings and her **sunglasses** make her look mysterious. AMELIA (21) Super model. Egotistical, self-absorbed and arrogant. She takes off the sunglasses.

The bell rings.

Ralph pushes a **mouth guard** into Marcos's mouth.

Marcos stands up. He steps towards the Lightweight Fighter.

The Lightweight Fighter moves to the right.

LIGHTWEIGHT FIGHTER  
You're not gonna get this win  
rookie!!

Marcos moves to his left.

MARCOS  
Keep thinking that.

LIGHTWEIGHT FIGHTER  
I will.

He moves to the right.

LIGHTWEIGHT FIGHTER (CONT'D)  
Go home to your mama and daddy,  
tell them to say three hail Mary's  
for you because you're going to see  
her coming down from heaven to meet  
you!

Rage builds in Marcos's face, his eyes filled with anger. He swings his fist into the Lightweight Fighter's face.

The Lightweight Fighter drops to the mat.

Marcos backs up into the corner, waits as the REFEREE counts.

REFEREE  
One -- two -- three.

The Referee looks back at Marcos.

REFEREE (CONT'D)  
Four -- five -- six --

-- The Lightweight Fighter lifts his head up, fighting to get up. He drops his head down.

LIGHTWEIGHT FIGHTER  
(moan)

REFEREE  
Seven -- eight -- nine --

Amelia stands up along with the crowd.

AMELIA  
(clap)

Marcos raises his arms up, steps around the ring.

CROWD  
(applause)

She smiles at the sight of Marcos's pride in his victory.

CUT TO:

**INT. LOCKER ROOM-FIGHT CLUB-NIGHT**

Marcos sits.

Ralph sits. He unwraps the tape from Marcos's hand.

Sal steps into the locker room.

SAL  
(clap)  
Great fight kid!

MARCOS  
Thanks. What now?

SAL  
We'll be in touch.

Ralph takes the last piece of tape off.

Marcos stands up, grabs a **towel** and steps towards the showers.

MARCOS  
I got to hit the showers.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-NIGHT**

Deidre sits on the edge of her bed. Her attention to the open romance novel in front of her.

The sound of a rock hitting the bedroom window.

Another rock hits the window.

Deidre tosses the novel to the bed, stands up and steps towards the window.

DEIDRE  
What the hell!

CUT TO:

**EXT. FRONT YARD-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-NIGHT**

Marcos stands. A **boutique** of **flowers** in his hand.

DEIDRE (O.C.)  
What are you doing here!!

He looks at Deidre.

MARCOS  
I came as soon as I could.

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. BEDROOM-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-NIGHT**

DEIDRE  
You really screwed up!

MARCOS (O.S.)  
I know! I'm here to make it right.  
Help me!!

MARY JANE (O.C.)  
Who are you talking to?

Deidre looks back at Mary Jane. She smiles.

DEIDRE  
Just some creep trying to look  
through the window. He took off.

MARY JANE  
Good.

Mary Jane turns around and steps out of the bedroom.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)  
Good night.

DEIDRE  
Good night.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FRONT YARD-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS**

Marcos turns away from the front yard.

DEIDRE (O.S.)  
Marcos?

He looks back at the window.

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. BEDROOM-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS**

Deidre leans her head outside the window.

DEIDRE  
(point up)  
One last chance, okay? Don't fuck  
this up, please? She works the  
morning after. Six in the morning.  
Be there.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FRONT YARD-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS**

Marcos smiles.

MARCOS  
Okay.

He sets the boutique of flowers down on the grass.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PARKING LOT-GROCERY STORE-DAY**

Marcos pushes a grocery cart while a ELDERLY CUSTOMER leads the way to her **station wagon**. He sets the bags down in the back and closes the trunk.

The Elderly Customer hands him a five-dollar bill.

MARCOS  
No, it's fine.

ELDERLY CUSTOMER  
Please?

He takes it.

MARCOS  
Thank you.

Marcos turns around.

SAL  
There's more coming!

He looks at Sal.

MARCOS  
What?

Sal steps towards him and hands him a wad of cash.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
How much is this?

SAL  
Enough to move out of your mom's  
house. Come on?

He steps towards a limousine.

MARCOS  
Where to?

SAL  
I got someone that I want you to  
meet.

MARCOS  
Who?

SAL  
You'll see.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIMOUSINE-DAY**

The door opens.

Marcos gets in. He looks around and then looks in the back.

AMELIA  
(wave)  
Hi.

He sits.

MARCOS  
Hello.

Sal gets in and sits. He looks at Amelia.

SAL  
I like you to meet Amelia.

Marcos reaches his hand for hers.

MARCOS  
Nice to meet you.

He shakes her hand.



AMELIA  
The pleasure's all mine.

Marcos smiles.

SAL  
Driver!!

LIMOUSINE DRIVER (O.C.)  
Yes, sir?

SAL  
To the party!!

MARCOS  
What party!

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-NIGHT**

A crowd full of PARTY GOERS, glasses of wine splash around the room.

Music plays. "Bennie and the Jets" by Elton John plays.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-MANSION-NIGHT**

At the edge of the bed, Amelia sits on Marcos's lap, kissing him. She pushes him back.

MARCOS  
(breath)  
I got to go.

AMELIA  
Really --

-- Amelia reaches her hand down into his pants, gently caressing his groin.

AMELIA (CONT'D)  
Looks like someone wants some.

She pulls her shirt off, tosses it across the room. Her lips meet his.

CUT TO:

**INT. DINING AREA-DINER-DAY**

Mary Jane steps from CUSTOMER to Customer, pouring coffee into each mug.

CUSTOMER #1

Thanks.

She smiles.

MARY JANE

Your welcome.

CUSTOMER #2

How's the little guy doing?

MARY JANE

He's doing good. Sleeps most the time.

CUSTOMER #2

(laugh)

Deidre steps past Mary Jane. She looks at the clock on the wall.

DEIDRE

(whisper)

Come on you son of bitch.

Mary Jane looks at Deidre in the corner of her eye, feeling suspicious of her older sister's weird behavior lately.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-MANSION-CONTINUOUS**

Asleep in bed with Amelia, Marcos rests his head against her perfect breast. He opens his eyes. His eyes wander around the room and look across the room at a clock on the wall.

MARCOS

Shit!!

He rushes off the bed, grabs his boxers from the floor.

AMELIA (O.C.)

What's the rush?

Marcos looks back at her while he pulls his boxers up. He grabs his pants.

MARCOS  
I got to go.

She sits up on the bed, nude.

AMELIA  
Are you sure?

MARCOS  
Yes.

Step after step towards the bed, he leans towards her.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
I'll call you later.

She touches his groin.

AMELIA  
Someone's not ready to leave.

He looks at her, feeling defeated by her sexual advances of manipulation.

MARCOS  
Okay.

Marcos pushes himself onto her, falling onto the bed.

Amelia pushes his boxers down.

He pushes himself onto her.

AMELIA  
(moan)

CUT TO:

**EXT. DINER-DAY**

Mary Jane steps outside of the diner.

MARY JANE  
Have a good day.

She turns and sees Marcos standing in front of her. Her eyes surprised.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)  
Oh. You're back.

MARCOS  
Hi.

MARY JANE

Goodbye.

Mary Jane steps past him.

He looks back at her.

MARCOS

How's the baby?

MARY JANE

He's fine. Not that you care.

Marcos steps towards her, grabbing her hand.

MARCOS

Hey!

She pulls away.

MARY JANE

Don't touch me!

MARCOS

I --

MARY JANE

-- You left me! Get it! You left me when I needed you. It's too late, okay.

MARCOS

Can't we just --

MARY JANE

-- What! Go back to the way things were! No!

Mary Jane steps away.

DEIDRE (V.O.)

You don't think he deserves a second chance?

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-DAY**

Mary Jane looks back at Deidre.

MARY JANE

You knew he came back, didn't you?

DEIDRE  
He wants to make amends.

She pours coffee into a mug, slams the coffee pot down,  
shattering what's left of it.

MARY JANE  
(sob)  
Shit!

Deidre steps towards the counter, pushing Mary Jane away from  
the broken glass.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)  
(cry)

DEIDRE  
Hey?

MARY JANE  
What?

DEIDRE  
Take the night off.

Mary Jane wipes her eyes.

MARY JANE  
I can't.

She rushes out of the kitchen and into the hallway.

DEIDRE  
Crap!

CUT TO:

**EXT. DINER-DAY**

Mary Jane steps outside of the diner. She steps towards the  
crosswalk.

Marcos stops at the crosswalk. His eyes on hers.

The *light signal* changes to *walk*.

Mary Jane steps past Marcos. Her eyes stay on him.

MARY JANE  
Are you coming or not.

He turns around and follows her.

CUT TO:

**INT. ROLLER RINK-DAY**

Mary Jane sits. She puts on a pair of **skates**.

Marcos looks around and returns his attention to Mary Jane.

MARCOS  
What are we doing here?

MARY JANE  
Don't tell me you forgot how to  
skate?

MARCOS  
Of course not.

In the roller-skating rink, going around while music plays.  
"I'm Leaving it All To You" by Donny & Marie Osmond plays.

She smiles.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
You're smiling.

MARY JANE  
You remembered this is my favorite  
song.

MARCOS  
How could I forget. When you played  
it in my mom's car --

MARY JANE  
Our second date.

Mary Jane rushes off, skating past him.

MARCOS  
(laugh)

She looks back at him.

MARY JANE  
Come on!

He skates towards her.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)  
You have to catch me first!

MARCOS  
I'm gonna get you!

MARY JANE  
Try!

Mary Jane skates fast around in a loop around him.

Marcos smiles.

CUT TO:

**INT. FOOD COURT-ROLLER RINK-DAY**

Marcos sits across from Mary Jane.

She takes a bite from her **platter** of **nachos**.

He grabs his soft drink.

MARCOS  
(sip)

Marcos looks at her.

She catches him looking at her.

MARY JANE  
What?

MARCOS  
I just like to see you smile.

Mary Jane smiles.

MARY JANE  
Marcos?

MARCOS  
Yeah?

MARY JANE  
I'm seeing someone.

He looks down.

MARCOS  
Oh. Ricky?

MARY JANE  
(laugh)  
No.

MARCOS  
Steve?

MARY JANE  
No.

MARCOS  
Who?

MARY JANE  
He got here after you left, after I  
had the baby.

He takes a **French Fry** from the plate in front of him.

MARCOS  
Do you like him?

Seriousness in her face.

MARY JANE  
What does that matter?

MARCOS  
Do you like him?

MARY JANE  
Yes.

MARCOS  
What do you like about him?

MARY JANE  
He shows up.

MARCOS  
And I didn't show up?

MARY JANE  
You left me.

MARCOS  
I know.

He looks down.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FRONT YARD-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-NIGHT**

Marcos stops at the fence. He looks at Mary Jane.

Mary Jane looks at him.



MARY JANE

Thank you.

She steps towards the front door.

MARCOS

Good night.

Mary Jane looks back at him.

MARY JANE

Good night.

Marcos turns around and walks away.

CUT TO:

**INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-NIGHT**

Marcos smiles.

MARCOS

Good night Mary Jane.

Sylvia opens her eyes to hearing him say her name.

SYLVIA

Mary Jane.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM-SANCHEZ RESIDENCE-DAY**

A knock at the front door.

Marcos steps towards the door, opens it.

AMELIA

Hey there sleepy head!!

She steps towards him, hugs him, and kisses him on the cheek.

He back away.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Go, get dressed. I got a surprise  
for you. Well, we got a surprise  
for you.

Amelia steps aside.

Sal steps towards Marcos.

SAL  
Three surprises actually.

Marcos turns around.

SAL (CONT'D)  
Go, get dressed.

Sal looks around the living room.

SAL (CONT'D)  
Ewe!

Sal grabs the doorknob and shuts the door.

CUT TO:

**INT. GYM-DAY**

Amelia and Sal walk Marcos into a gym.

A ribbon wrapped over his head, covering his eyes.

Marcos reaches his hands out.

MARCOS  
Can I take this off now?

	AMELIA		SAL
No!!		No!!	

MARCOS  
Okay!

AMELIA  
Stop here.

Marcos stops walking.

Amelia takes off the ribbon.

SAL  
Tah-dah!!

He looks at the brand new boxing ring, **punching bag** and **weight benches**.

He steps closer to the boxing ring.

MARCOS  
Is all of this for me?

SAL  
Yes. Come on, we got more to show  
you.

CUT TO:

**INT. MANSION-DAY**

The limousine stops. The back doors open.

Marcos stands and looks at the mansion.

Sal tosses keys to him.

Marcos catches them.

MARCOS  
This is mine.

SAL (O.C.)  
All yours.

He looks at Amelia and smiles.

Amelia pulls him towards a **1975 Fire Bird**.

His eyes in amazement and shock.

MARCOS  
Whoa!

Amelia tosses the key to him.

SAL  
You got another fight coming up in  
a week.

MARCOS  
Against whom?

SAL  
Carlos Guerrero.

MARCOS  
The champion?

SAL  
Yes! Training starts tomorrow.

Marcos nods his head "Okay."

CUT TO:

**INT. 1975 FIREBIRD-DAY**

His foot is on the gas pedal.

MARCOS  
Let's see how fast you really can  
go baby!!

CUT TO:

**EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS-DAY**

The 1975 Fire Bird flies through green light after green light.

CUT TO:

**INT. 1975 FIRE BIRD-DAY**

Marcos pushes his foot on the brake pedal.

MARCOS  
(laugh)

CUT TO:

**EXT. FRONT YARD-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-DAY**

Mary Jane and a man step towards the front yard. BOBBY VALENS (18) Contractor. Kind, humble and charming.

Bobby steps behind Mary Jane, leads her to the front porch.

CUT TO:

**INT. 1975 FIRE BIRD-CONTINUOUS**

Marcos looks outside the window, watching Bobby walk Mary Jane to the front door.

Marcos wipes his eyes, fighting back the tears.

MARCOS  
(sob)

He turns the key in the ignition.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FRONT YARD-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS**

Bobby looks back at the sound of the 1975 Fire Bird's engine, but sees nothing.

MARY JANE  
What is it?

BOBBY  
Nothing.

MARY JANE  
Come on! It's getting cold.

Bobby steps into the house. The door slams shut.

CUT TO:

**INT. GYM-NIGHT**

Marcos punches the punching bag over and over again. He leans his head against the punching bag.

MARCOS  
(breath)

AMELIA (O.C.)  
Are you going to do this all night!

Marcos looks back at Amelia.

MARCOS  
What -- What are you doing here?  
How'd you know I was here?

AMELIA  
I followed you.

MARCOS  
Really?

AMELIA  
I had the taxi driver follow you.

She steps closer to him, touching his face, caressing it gently. Amelia kisses him.

MARCOS  
Maybe this isn't the best time for  
this.

Her eyes on his.

AMELIA  
Don't tell me that you don't want  
it.

She kisses him on his neck and lips.

He pushes her against the punching bag.

AMELIA (CONT'D)  
(laugh)

Marcos lowers her down to the mats on the floor.

Amelia lifts her shirt over her head, tossing it to the  
floor.

He crawls over her, kissing her lips.

She wraps her arms around his back.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-MANSION-NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

Marcos steps into the bedroom. He looks at Amelia as she sits  
on the floor.

AMELIA  
(sob)

MARCOS  
Hey?

He crouches down.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
Are you alright?

She looks back at him. Her eyes red as blood, a bloody infant  
in her arms.

AMELIA  
(hiss)  
You're going to die! So is your  
son!!!

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-MANSION-DAY (END DREAM SEQUENCE)**

Marcos sits up in bed.

MARCOS  
(breath)

AMELIA  
Bad dream.

He looks at Amelia, seeing her naked. His eyes looking away.

MARCOS  
Yeah.  
(breath)

AMELIA  
It's time to get up.

Marcos pushes the blanket off. He stands up.

Amelia steps into the bathroom.

AMELIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I'll run the water for you.

MARCOS  
Thanks babe.

CUT TO:

**INT. BATHROOM-MANSION-DAY**

He rubs his head.

MARCOS  
Do you remember what we did last  
night?

She looks back at him as she turns the water on.

AMELIA  
You mean you don't remember?

MARCOS  
What?

AMELIA  
Having sex.

MARCOS  
Ha! Why did I forget?

Amelia grabs a robe and ties it around herself.

AMELIA  
You better get moving.

Marcos steps towards the shower.

CUT TO:

**INT. GYM-DAY**

Marcos stands in front of a punching bag. His eyes stare at it like it's a big breast. Almost like he's looking at Amelia's breast.

Sal looks at him.

SAL  
What the hell are you doing!

Marcos looks back at Sal.

MARCOS  
I don't know.

Sal looks at Amelia and Marcos.

SAL  
Can you two do me a favor and stop  
fooling around!

Amelia raises her hands.

AMELIA  
Okay!

**MONTAGE**

-- Marcos bench presses weights.  
-- Marcos punches a speed bag.  
-- Marcos jumps rope.

**BACK TO SCENE**

He tosses the jump rope to the floor.

MARCOS  
(breath)

Marcos drops to his knees. His eyes glance at the poster of him and Carlos Guerrero. He smiles.

CUT TO:



**INT. LOCKER ROOM-FIGHT CLUB-NIGHT**

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER

Marcos sits on the wooden bench while Ralph tapes his hands.

Ralph looks at him.

RALPH  
Are you with me?

Marcos looks at him.

MARCOS  
Yes.

RALPH  
Then where are you?

MARCOS  
I was just thinking about my son.  
Wish he could see me fight tonight?

RALPH  
How old?

MARCOS  
Six months.

RALPH  
Just remember, he's the reason why  
you're here.

Marcos looks him in the eyes.

MARCOS  
Yes!

Ralph raises his palms up.

RALPH  
Go do it!

Marcos punches his palms.

CUT TO:

**INT. FIGHT CLUB-NIGHT**

In his corner, staring back at the man with the green and red gloves. CARLOS GUERRERO (24) Champion boxer. Arrogant, cunning and fast with his fist.

The Referee stands in the middle of the ring.

REFEREE

Fighters!

Marcos steps in the middle.

Carlos steps towards him.

REFEREE (CONT'D)

I want a good clean fight! No low  
blows. Stay above the belt line.  
Any last words?

CARLOS (SUBTITLE)

(In Spanish)

Yeah. When this is over, I'm gonna  
go over to your house and fuck your  
wife!

Marcos looks at Ralph.

MARCOS

What did he say?

RALPH

I'm Italian!

MARCOS

Ref, what did he say!

REFEREE

He said that your wife is  
beautiful.

He looks at Amelia in the front row.

Amelia smiles.

MARCOS

That's my girlfriend but thanks.

CARLOS (SUBTITLE)

(In Spanish)

Dumb as rocks.

REFEREE

Touch gloves!

Carlos hits Marcos's gloves, pushing them with force.

CARLOS (SUBTITLE)

(In Spanish)

Good luck asshole!

Marcos's eyes look confused, understanding no word of what Carlos said. He backs up into the corner and sits on the stool.

RALPH (O.C.)

Open up!

Marcos looks at Ralph, opens his mouth.

Ralph pushes the mouth guard into Marcos's mouth.

Marcos stands up and steps towards the middle of the ring.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Marcos?

He looks back at Ralph.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Knock him out!

Marcos grins.

The bell rings.

Carlos rushes into the middle of the ring.

He looks back at Carlos.

Carlos swings his right glove into Marcos's face.

Marcos drops to the mat, sitting up.

MARCOS'S POV:

Blurry vision of Carlos.

Carlos steps closer, leans his head down.

CARLOS (SUBTITLE)

(laugh)

(In Spanish)

Can you see it! I'm fucking your girlfriend!!

(sexual motion)

REFEREE

One -- two -- three --

He steps back into his corner.

RALPH (O.C.)

Get up, kid!!

BACK TO SCENE

Marcos looks at Ralph.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Get up!

REFEREE  
Four -- five

He looks at Amelia.

A worried look on her face.

Marcos looks across and sees Mary Jane. He pushes himself up.

REFEREE (CONT'D)  
Six -- seven --

-- To his feet, Marcos stands. He looks at the Referee.

REFEREE (CONT'D)  
Are you alright?

Marcos nods his head "YES".

Carlos smiles.

CARLOS (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
Are you ready for more asshole!

MARCOS  
Come on!  
(wave)

Carlos steps towards him. He swings his right fist at him.

Marcos ducks.

CARLOS  
(grunt)

Marcos uppercuts him.

Carlos flies backwards.

MARCOS  
How do you like that!

He steps towards Carlos, swings his fist and knocks him to the mat.

Carlos lies on his back.

Marcos steps back. He paces, looking at the knocked out Carlos.

Marcos grins. He looks at Amelia.

CUT TO:

**INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-NIGHT**

Marcos smiles. He tries raising his arms up, feeling the victory in real life.

MARCOS  
(yell)  
Yes!!!

**INT. DINING AREA-DINER-NIGHT**

SPORTS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Sanchez takes the title!!!

Mary Jane steps from Customer #1 and #2. She looks back at the radio. A smile on her face.

CUT TO:

**INT. GYM-NIGHT**

Ricky stands in front of a speed bag.

RICKY  
I'm coming for you motherfucker!!

He punches it.

CUT TO:

**INT. LOCKER ROOM-FIGHT CLUB-NIGHT**

Sal, Marcos, Ralph and Amelia rush into the locker room.

SAL  
Yes!!

RALPH  
Yes!!

MARCOS  
(laugh)

Marcos sits. He looks at the **championship belt** in his hands.

Amelia smiles.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
I can't believe it!

SAL  
Believe it buddy!

He looks at Ralph.

MARCOS  
Here! You hold on to it.

Ralph looks at him in disbelief. He takes it from him.

RALPH  
Thank you.

Sal looks at Amelia and then at Ralph.

SAL  
Let's give the man some privacy!

Marcos opens his locker.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FRONT YARD-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-NIGHT**

Mary Jane steps towards the front yard.

MARCOS (O.C.)  
Mary Jane!

She looks at Marcos.

MARY JANE  
Marcos? What are you doing here?

MARCOS  
I came to see you.

MARY JANE  
For what?

MARCOS  
Can we work it out?

Mary Jane looks at him in disbelief that he thinks he can use his win to get back into her life.

MARY JANE  
Are you serious?

MARCOS

Yes.

She steps towards him.

MARY JANE

Do you think that winning a belt is  
going to get you back on my good  
graces?

MARCOS

Maybe.

MARY JANE

It's too late. Come back tomorrow  
and see him.

Mary Jane steps towards the front porch.

MARCOS

What about you and me?

She looks back at him.

MARY JANE

We'll see, okay.

MARCOS

Okay.

MARY JANE

Good night.

MARCOS

Good night.

He turns around and walks away.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-NIGHT**

Marcos steps into the living room. He looks across and sees a  
nude Amelia sitting on her stomach, moving a **razor** across a  
line of cocaine.

AMELIA

(sniff)  
(rub nose)

Her eyes meet Marcos's.

A man steps behind Amelia, yanks her panties down. MALE  
ESCORT (20's)

She reaches her hand out for his.

AMELIA (CONT'D)  
Come join us!

He looks away.

The Male Escort presses himself against her butt.

AMELIA (CONT'D)  
(moan)

He goes fast.

Marcos steps up the stairs.

AMELIA (CONT'D)  
(grunt)

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-MANSION-NIGHT**

Marcos steps into the bedroom. He shuts the door and locks it.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-DAY**

Mary Jane sits on the couch.

A knock at the door.

She stands up and walks towards the door.

MARY JANE  
Who is it?

MARCOS (O.S.)  
Marcos.

Mary Jane opens the door. She looks at Marcos.

MARY JANE  
You made it. Come in.

CUT TO:



**INT. NURSERY-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-DAY**

Marcos steps towards the crib. His eyes on the sleeping infant.

MARCOS  
He's beautiful.

MARY JANE  
He is.  
(laugh)

MARCOS  
Like you.

MARY JANE  
Stop it.

He looks at the infant.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)  
Do you want to hold him?

MARCOS  
Yeah.

She steps around Marcos, leans down and lifts the infant up.

MARY JANE  
Shh!!!

Mary Jane hands him to Marcos.

MARCOS  
Support his head and put your other  
hand under his butt.

He holds the infant up close to his chest.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

She smiles and steps out of the nursery.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-NIGHT**

Marcos smiles in his sleep.

MARCOS  
My boy.

Sylvia looks at him with concern.

CUT TO:

**INT. OFFICE-DAY**

At his desk, sitting in a desk chair, a receiver pressed against his ear.

SAL

When is he supposed to be on the  
set for the commercial? Today!

The door opens.

His eyes are not on the person walking into the office.

SAL (CONT'D)

Have a seat, please.

Ricky sits in front of his desk.

Sal looks at Ricky, his eyes in shock.

RICKY

(breath)

SAL

Just one second, please?

Sal looks at Ricky.

SAL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna have to call you back.

He hangs up the receiver.

RICKY

You must be Sal?

SAL

In the flesh.

(laugh)

What can I do for you?

RICKY

You can start by wiping that dumb  
smile off your face --

-- He stands up, staring Sal in the eyes --

SAL  
-- And give me the title shot  
against that rotten bastard!

Sal grabs a hold of the receiver.

SAL (CONT'D)  
Let me make my phone call.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-DAY**

His feet stop in front of the sofa. Marcos looks at Amelia and the Male Escort laying on each other, asleep.

Amelia opens her eyes. She looks at Marcos.

AMELIA  
Marcos!

He steps out of the living room.

Amelia pushes the Male Escort off.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-MANSION-DAY (END DREAM SEQUENCE)**

Marcos folds his shirt and tosses it into a *duffle bag*.

Amelia steps into the bedroom.

AMELIA  
Where are you going!

MARCOS  
Anywhere but here.

Marcos folds a pair of jeans and tosses them into the duffle bag.

AMELIA  
I was having fun. You might have  
fun if you loosen up once in a  
while.

He tosses socks and underwear into the bag.

AMELIA (CONT'D)  
So, you're just gonna leave me!

Marcos zips the duffle bag closed.

MARCOS  
We're not married.

He looks at her up and down.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
We're not ever going to get  
married!

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. FRONT YARD-MANSION-DAY**

Marcos steps towards the 1975 Fire Bird.

Amelia grabs a **shovel** from the side of the garage. She rushes towards the 1975 Fire Bird.

AMELIA  
You're not gonna do what!!  
(swing shovel)

MARCOS  
(duck down)

The shovel hits the windshield, shattering it.

Marcos looks at the damage and looks at Amelia.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
You crazy bitch!!

She rushes towards Marcos

AMELIA  
I'm what!!

Marcos rushes away from the front yard and the 1975 Fire bird.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LIVING ROOM-SANCHEZ RESIDENCE-DAY**

A light knock at the front door.

Sylvia opens the door.

SYLVIA (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
It didn't take that long.

MARCOS (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
Mom.

SYLVIA (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
Come in.

Marcos steps in and shuts the door behind him. He follows her into the kitchen.

SYLVIA (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)  
(In Spanish)  
Are you hungry?

MARCOS  
I could eat.

SYLVIA (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
Go make yourself at home.

CUT TO:

**INT. MARCOS BEDROOM-SANCHEZ RESIDENCE-DAY**

Marcos sits on the bed.

MARCOS  
(breath)

SYLVIA (O.C.) (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
I brought you something!

He jumps out of his skin, feeling a jolt go to his heart. He looks at Sylvia.

MARCOS  
Good. I could eat.

She steps towards him.

Marcos takes the plate.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

SYLVIA (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
I'm glad you're home.

MARCOS  
Me too.

Sylvia steps out of the bedroom.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-DAY**

Amelia sits on the sofa. She makes a line of cocaine on a *small mirror*.

The Male Escort steps towards her.

MALE ESCORT  
I got to go.

She looks at him with sadness in her eyes.

AMELIA  
Stay, please? Have some coke with me!

MALE ESCORT  
No thank you.

He turns away.

AMELIA  
Fuck off! Pretty boy!

The Male Escort steps out of the living room.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PARK-DAY**

Mary Jane sits on a bench, breastfeeding the infant.

MARY JANE  
There you go.

She rocks her gently, burping him against her chest.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)  
That was a big one.

MARCOS (O.C.)  
How is the little guy?

Mary Jane looks at Marcos.

MARY JANE  
He's just resting.

Marcos sits.

MARCOS  
What did you want to talk to me  
about?

MARY JANE  
Bob has asked me to marry him and I  
said "yes."

MARCOS  
So --

MARY JANE  
-- It means we're moving in with  
him.

MARCOS  
You and the --

MARY JANE  
-- Yes! Me and the baby!

MARCOS  
Where does that leave me?

Mary Jane looks down, not able to look him in the eyes.

He looks away.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
I see.

Marcos stands up.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
I wish you nothing but happiness.

He turns around and walks away.

CUT TO:

**INT. OFFICE-DAY**

Sal dials in a phone number on his phone.

SAL  
Come on! Answer!!

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM-MANSION-DAY**

As the phone rings constantly, the living room is cluttered with a broken mirror.

Amelia lies on the floor, dead.

CUT TO:

**INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-NIGHT**

Marcos turns his head back and forth.

The heart monitor machine beeps rapidly.

Sylvia rushes to the side of the bed. She grabs a hold of Marcos's hand.

MARCOS  
Amelia!!

Sylvia leans down towards him.

SYLVIA  
Who's Amelia!!

CUT TO:

**INT. OFFICE-CONTINUOUS**

Sal slams the receiver down.

SAL  
Shit!!

He drops his butt down to the desk chair.

SAL (CONT'D)  
Where the fuck are you!

CUT TO:

**EXT. LIVING ROOM-SANCHEZ RESIDENCE-DAY**

Marcos steps into the living room.



SYLVIA (O.C.) (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
Marcos, telephone!!

He rushes into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN-SANCHEZ RESIDENCE-DAY**

Marcos takes the receiver from Sylvia. He presses it to his ear.

MARCOS  
Hello?

SAL (V.O.)  
Where the hell have you been?

MARCOS  
Out.

SAL (V.O.)  
Really? That's all you have to say?

MARCOS  
Can we talk later, I got a lot of stuff on my mind.

SAL (V.O.)  
No! Get your ass to my office, now!

The line goes silent along with a dial tone.

MARCOS  
Nice talking to you too.

He hangs up the receiver.

SYLVIA (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
What was that about?

MARCOS  
Nothing. He just wants to talk to me in person. I got to go.

Marcos steps towards the living room.

SYLVIA (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
Be careful.

He looks back at her.

MARCOS  
I will. I love you mom.

SYLVIA (SUBTITLE)  
(In Spanish)  
I love you too my son.

CUT TO:

**INT. OFFICE-DAY**

Sal sits. He looks at the clock on the wall, seeing that it's past five.

The door opens.

Marcos steps into the office.

MARCOS  
What was so important that I had to  
rush over here?

He looks him in the eyes.

SAL  
I got some sad news about Amelia  
and some other news. Which do you  
want to hear first?

MARCOS  
The sad news.

SAL  
Amelia's dead.

MARCOS  
What!

SAL  
Overdose. Hot dose or something. Do  
you have something to say about it?

Marcos looks at him surprised.

MARCOS  
I didn't touch the stuff. Why would  
I go out of my way to give her  
anything!

He sits.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
(breath)  
What's the other news?

Sal looks to his left.

Marcos looks at the open doorway.

Ricky steps out into the office. He smiles.

SAL  
I like you to meet your next  
opponent.

Marcos stands up.

MARCOS  
How? I knocked your ass out!

Ricky cracks his knuckles.

RICKY  
Do you want to try again!

Marcos steps closer to Ricky.

Sal gets in the middle, pushing Marcos back.

SAL  
This is not happening right now!!  
Stop!!

Ricky steps back.

SAL (CONT'D)  
Obviously you two don't like each  
other.

MARCOS  
We can agree with that.

RICKY  
Really.

SAL  
Until the fight comes, stay away!  
Got it!

RICKY  
Sure.

Marcos steps towards the front door. He looks back at Ricky.

SAL  
Get ready, both of yous!

Marcos steps out of the office.

Sal looks at Ricky.

SAL (CONT'D)  
Remember who got you this.

Ricky smiles.

RICKY  
(laugh)

CUT TO:

**EXT. FRONT YARD-MANSION-DAY**

A step in front of the police tape covering the doorway to the mansion.

POLICE OFFICER #1 and #2 step towards Marcos.

POLICE OFFICER #1  
Sorry kid, we can't have you  
standing here.

MARCOS  
I live here -- or I used to.

POLICE OFFICER #2  
Oh -- is there anything that you  
need from inside?

MARCOS  
No. I just need to get my car.

POLICE OFFICER #1  
Go ahead.

Marcos ducks under the tape. He opens the driver side door.

CUT TO:

**INT. 1975 FIRE BIRD-DAY**

Marcos turns the key in the ignition.

CUT TO:

**INT. CONVENIENCE STORE-NIGHT**

The STORE OWNER stands behind the counter.

STORE OWNER  
What can I get for you?

MARCOS  
A bottle of the vodka, please?

STORE OWNER  
Sure. ID?

Marcos reaches into his pants pocket and pulls out his wallet. He shows the Store Owner his ID.

The Store Owner looks at the ID closely. He looks at Marcos.

MARCOS  
Okay.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PARKING LOT-PARK-DAY**

Marcos sits on the hood of the 1975 Fire Bird, drinking from the bottle of vodka.

A SECURITY GUARD steps through the parking lot. He steps towards Marcos.

SECURITY GUARD  
Sir?

Marcos looks at him.

MARCOS  
Yes?

SECURITY GUARD  
Are you aware that your bottle is open?

MARCOS  
Are you aware that you're a renter cop?

The Security Guard grabs the vodka bottle from him and tosses it to the ground.

Marcos slides down the hood, punches the Security Guard across the face.

The Security Guard falls to the ground unconscious.

Marcos looks around and looks at all the PEDESTRIAN's looking at him.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
Shit!!

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-DAY**

The phone rings.

MARY JANE (O.C.)  
(laugh)

Mary Jane steps into the kitchen. She grabs the receiver and presses it to her ear.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)  
Hello?

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
You have a collect call from an inmate --

MARCOS (V.O.)  
-- Marcos Sanchez!

MARY JANE  
Seriously!

DEIDRE  
What?

Mary Jane looks back at Deidre.

MARY JANE  
Yes, I accept!

MARCOS (V.O.)  
Mary Jane!!

MARY JANE  
Hold on, I'm coming, okay!

She hands the receiver to Deidre.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)  
Can you watch him for me?

DEIDRE

Just go!

MARY JANE

Thanks.

Mary Jane rushes out of the kitchen.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PARKING LOT-COUNTY JAIL-DAY**

Mary Jane stands, looks at her watch and then at the door to the county jail.

CUT TO:

**EXT. COUNTY JAIL-DAY**

The door opens.

Marcos steps out. He sees Mary Jane.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PARKING LOT-COUNTY JAIL-CONTINUOUS**

MARY JANE

(wave)

CUT TO:

**INT. STATION WAGON-DAY**

Marcos looks straight ahead. He looks in the corner of his eye.

Mary Jane looks at the road ahead as she drives past a green light.

MARCOS

Thanks.

MARY JANE

Don't.

MARCOS

What?

MARY JANE  
Don't thank me.

MARCOS  
Why?

MARY JANE  
You could have called your mother.

MARCOS  
She was working.

MARY JANE  
What do you think I was doing?

MARCOS  
Watching television.

MARY JANE  
Ha!

MARCOS  
Maybe we could watch All In The Family together?

MARY JANE  
Yeah! You, me and my fiance'!

She turns the steering wheel.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS-DAY**

The station wagon stops. The passenger door opens.

Marcos steps towards the front yard.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FRONT YARD-SANCHEZ RESIDENCE-DAY**

PARAMEDICS #1- and #2-wheel Sylvia out of the house on a **gurney**.

MARCOS  
Mom!!

Sylvia lies unconscious, unresponsive.



MARCOS (CONT'D)

Mom!!!

CUT TO:

**INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-NIGHT**

A beep from the heart monitor machine.

Marcos fights what's going on in his mind.

Sylvia grabs a hold of his hand.

MARCOS (SUBTITLE)

(In Spanish)

Mom!

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM-SANCHEZ RESIDENCE-NIGHT**

Marcos sits on the couch.

Mary Jane steps into the living room. She hands him a mug.

He takes it.

MARY JANE

I made you some tea.

MARCOS

Thank you.

She sits beside him.

His eyes look down.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

(sob)

He lowers his head down to her lap.

Mary Jane raises her hand close to his head. She hesitates for a few seconds and proceeds to caress his head.

MARY JANE

Shh!

Marcos looks at her.

She smiles.

He leans his mouth towards hers.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)

I --

MARCOS

-- We can --

-- Mary Jane kisses him.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-SANCHEZ RESIDENCE-DAY**

Mary Jane picks up her blouse, along with her skirt.

Marcos opens his eyes.

MARCOS

Leaving so soon?

MARY JANE

Soon? It's morning.

MARCOS

Where are you going?

MARY JANE

I have to go meet the wedding planner.

Marcos sits up.

MARCOS

What!

MARY JANE

I love him, okay!

MARCOS

I love you too.

MARY JANE

No, you love having things your way.

Mary Jane steps out of the bedroom.

Marcos rushes after her, gripping the end of the blanket around his waist.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS-DAY**

MARCOS  
Are you really going to leave me  
like this!

CUT TO:

**EXT/INT. STATION WAGON-DAY**

Mary Jane opens the driver door. She sits and shuts the door.

Marcos knocks on the window.

MARCOS  
Come on!

CUT TO:

**EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS-CONTINUOUS**

The station wagon drives away.

Marcos lets go of the end of the blanket. He runs down the sidewalk naked.

CUT TO:

**INT. STATION WAGON-DAY**

Mary Jane wipes the tear streaming down her cheek.

MARY JANE  
(sob)

CUT TO:

**INT. GYM-DAY**

Marcos punches the punching bag.

**MONTAGE**

-- Marcos jumps rope.

-- Marcos lifts weights.

-- Marcos does push-ups.

BACK TO SCENE

Ralph steps past Marcos.

RALPH  
That's it for today.

MARCOS  
(breath)

RALPH  
Tomorrow night is the night. Get  
some sleep.

Ralph steps away.

MARCOS  
Good night, Ralph.

CUT TO:

**INT. PICK-UP TRUCK-NIGHT**

Bobby puts the pick-up truck in **PARK**.

Mary Jane leans towards him, kisses him on the cheek.

He kisses her on the lips.

BOBBY  
Good night.

MARY JANE  
Love you.

BOBBY  
Are you sure you don't want me to  
spend the night?

MARY JANE  
I'm sure.

BOBBY  
Good night.

He kisses her again.

Mary Jane opens the passenger door.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-DAY**

Deidre lies asleep on the couch, resting comfortably.

The door slams shut.

Deidre jumps out of her skin.

DEIDRE  
(eyes wide)  
Hell!!

Mary Jane hangs up her coat.

MARY JANE  
I'm sorry.

Deidre stands up.

DEIDRE  
It's fine.

MARY JANE  
How was he tonight?

DEIDRE  
He's sleeping like a baby.

MARY JANE  
Aw! My baby's sleeping like a baby.

Deidre steps towards the hallway.

DEIDRE  
Good night.

MARY JANE  
Good night.

CUT TO:

**INT. NURSERY-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-DAY**

Mary Jane steps into the nursery. She leans down into the crib. Her eyes on the infant as he sleeps soundly.

MARY JANE  
Good night sweetie.

A gentle kiss on her hand and then to his face.

She steps out of the nursery. The door closes softly, not making a sound.

CUT TO:

**INT. FIGHT CLUB-NIGHT**

A large crowd of people fill up the seats.

CUT TO:

**INT. LOCKER ROOM-FIGHT CLUB-NIGHT**

Marcos sits. His eyes stare into the abyss.

RALPH  
Are you alright?

MARCOS  
(blink)

He looks at Ralph.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
Yeah.

Ralph sits.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
Did you ever fight?

RALPH  
Yes.

MARCOS  
What happened?

RALPH  
I retired?

MARCOS  
Why?

RALPH  
My wife.

MARCOS  
I didn't know you were married.

RALPH  
You never asked.

MARCOS

I'm sorry.

RALPH

It's fine. I never told you. We were dating twenty years ago; she got pregnant and we got married.

Marcos looks at him.

MARCOS

Kids?

RALPH

Two daughters.

Ralph looks at Marcos.

RALPH (CONT'D)

It's not easy watching the only woman you ever loved with another guy, is it?

MARCOS

No.

He taps him on the knees.

RALPH

Come on, let's go make your son proud!

Ralph stands up.

Marcos stands up.

Sal steps into the locker room.

SAL

Hey! I'm glad I caught you!

He looks at Ralph.

SAL (CONT'D)

Could you give us a moment alone, please?

RALPH

Sure.

Ralph looks at Marcos.

RALPH (CONT'D)

I'll meet you in the hall.

MARCOS

Okay.

Ralph pulls the door open. He steps out.

Sal shuts the door.

SAL

Have a seat.

Marcos sits.

MARCOS

What is it?

SAL

I don't know any other way to tell  
you this.

MARCOS

Spit it out!

SAL

You got to drop the title.

MARCOS

What!

SAL

Ricky has it -- kid -- and you --

Marcos looks away from him.

MARCOS

I'll think about it -- Fuck no!

SAL

Don't do this!

He stands up and pushes Sal out of his way.

SAL (CONT'D)

How much!

Marcos looks back at him.

MARCOS

Fuck your money!!

He pulls the door open and steps out.



SAL  
Stubborn asshole!!

CUT TO:

**EXT/INT. PICK-UP TRUCK-NIGHT**

Mary Jane opens the passenger door. She sits.

BOBBY  
Hi?

He kisses her on the lips.

She backs away.

MARY JANE  
Where are we going?

BOBBY  
I thought we would go to the fight.

Mary Jane looks at Bobby, stunned but relieved.

MARY JANE  
What fight?

BOBBY  
Sanchez vs. Salas.

She feels happy about seeing the fight with him, knowing he's allowing her to watch her ex-husband fight.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Shall we?

MARY JANE  
Yes.

Bobby pushes his foot on the gas pedal.

CUT TO:

**INT. FIGHT CLUB-NIGHT**

Marcos sits in his corner.

Ralph rubs **Vaseline** around Marcos's face.

Mary Jane and Bobby sit.

Her eyes on Marcos.

BOBBY  
Good seats, huh?

MARY JANE  
Yeah.

She kisses him on the cheek.

BOBBY  
What was that for?

MARY JANE  
Being you.

He smiles.

Marcos looks across the ring at Ricky.

Ricky gives him a glare and a smirk.

RICKY  
(mouths)  
You're fucking dead.

Marcos smiles.

The bell rings.

Ricky steps towards the middle of the ring.

Marcos steps towards him, guarding his face with his gloves.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
Say good night!

MARCOS  
A little cocky there!

Back and forth, Ricky swings first while Marcos blocks the hit.

RICKY  
(point)  
(laugh)  
Look!

Marcos looks back at Mary Jane.

MARCOS  
What!

He looks back at Ricky.

Ricky uppercuts Marcos, almost knocking his head off his body.

MARY JANE  
(scream)

Marcos drops to his back. His eyes glance at her upside down.

MARCOS'S POV:

REFEREE (O.C.)  
One -- two -- three --

A double vision of Mary Jane.

The focus goes on Bobby.

REFEREE (CONT'D)  
(mouths)  
Four -- five -- six --

The focus is on the Referee.

Mary Jane's eyes look deeply back on him.

MARY JANE  
(mouth)  
Get up!!

BACK TO SCENE

Marcos stands to his feet. He backs up into the corner.

The Referee steps towards him.

REFEREE  
Are you alright?

MARCOS  
Yeah --

REFEREE  
-- Are you sure?

MARCOS  
Yeah!

The Referee steps away.

Marcos rushes towards Ricky.

RICKY  
You should've stayed away!

MARCOS  
Shut the fuck up and fight!

Ricky swings his gloves at him.

Marcos ducks down. He uppercuts Ricky.

Ricky drops to the mat.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
Fuck you --

From corner to corner, Marcos paces.

REFEREE  
Four -- five -- six --

MARCOS  
(claps gloves together)  
Count faster ref!!

Ricky sits up. His eyes on Marcos.

REFEREE  
Seven -- eight -- nine --

He stands up, using the ropes as leverage.

MARCOS  
Come and get it, Ricky!!

Ricky rushes towards Marcos.

The bell rings.

He stops.

Marcos looks at Ricky as he steps towards his corner.

Ricky looks back at him.

Mary Jane looks at Marcos, a concern running through her mind.

Ralph sprays water in his face while taking the mouth guard out.

RALPH  
You got him kid! Another uppercut  
like that and he's done for!

MARCOS  
He gives me another one and I'm  
done.

RALPH  
Have a little faith son!

He sprays water in his mouth.

Ralph raises a bucket up to his mouth.

MARCOS  
(spit)

RALPH  
Go out there and do it for your  
boy, okay?

Marcos looks at Mary Jane.

She looks at him with a smile.

Ralph pushes the mouth guard back into his mouth.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Get him, kid!!

The bell rings.

Marcos steps towards the center of the ring.

Ricky stands up and steps towards him.

RICKY  
(slug gloves together)

Marcos rushes towards Ricky. He swings his fist.

Ricky swings his fists left and right. He uppercuts him.

A beep sound echoes.

Falling to the mat, Marcos lies, staring up at the ceiling.

REFEREE (O.C.)  
One -- two -- three --

MARY JANE (V.O.)  
Wake up, please?

CUT TO:

**INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-NIGHT**

Mary Jane stands in front of Marcos as he lies asleep on a hospital bed.

Beeps echo through the room.

Her hands on her pregnant belly.

MARY JANE  
Oh! He kicked!

She steps towards the hospital bed.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)  
Do you want to feel?

Mary Jane grabs a hold of his arms and places it on her pregnant stomach.

Movement in her stomach.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)  
He kicked again!

CUT TO:

**INT. FIGHT CLUB-CONTINUOUS**

Marcos looks at Mary Jane.

MARY JANE  
(mouths)  
Get up!!

MARCOS  
(mouths)  
Thank you!

CUT TO:

**INT. PATIENT ROOM-HOSPITAL-CONTINUOUS**

Marcos's head drops, turning as he flatlines.

Mary Jane looks at him with a sadness in her eyes, filling with tears.

MARY JANE  
Come back!

A NURSE walks Mary Jane out of the room.

Mary Jane looks back at him.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)  
He's going to be a father!

CUT TO:

**INT. DINING AREA-DINER-NIGHT**

Deidre sits across from Mary Jane.

MARY JANE  
(sob)

DEIDRE  
I'm sorry.

She wipes her eyes.

MARY JANE  
Sorry won't bring him back.

Mary Jane leans her head down to the table.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)  
I'm trying to think of where this  
takes me now. Where do I go from  
here.

DEIDRE  
What would he have wanted?

MARY JANE  
I don't know. I know what I should  
do.

She feels her stomach.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)  
I'm going to be his mother and give  
him everything he needs.

DEIDRE  
What's that?

MARY JANE  
Love.

CUT TO:

**INT. NURSERY-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-DAY**

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

Mary Jane rocks back and forth in a rocking chair.

Her eyes on her infant sons' eyes.

MARY JANE

Mamas got to go to work soon.

She kisses him on the cheek.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)

I love you sweetie.

The doorbell rings and echoes through the nursery.

Mary Jane stands up.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LIVING ROOM-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-DAY**

Mary Jane opens the door. She looks around.

Down at her feet, a small box with a note underneath it.

Her eyes look around as she picks the box up. Mary Jane looks at the note.

MARY JANE

(read)

Mary Jane, this belonged to Marcos.  
He wanted his son to have it.  
Sylvia.

She looks into the box and sees a Harmonica. A smile stretches across her face.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-DAY**

The box in the tips of her fingers, the thought process of her infant son being left something by his father goes through her mind and now knowing that he cared for him before he was born.



She opens the nightstand drawer and sets the box in, shutting it.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BACK YARD-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-DAY**

Mary Jane steps down the steps to the back yard, the infant in her arms.

Deidre steps behind her, carrying a **plastic bowl** full of **potato salad**.

MARY JANE  
Do you need help with that?

DEIDRE  
I think I got it. Keep walking,  
please!

Mary Jane sits down at the picnic table.

Bobby steps down the steps, carrying a **tin pan** full of **hot dogs, ribs** and **hamburgers**.

BOBBY  
I got the good stuff right here!

He lifts the lid from the **barbeque pit**.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Right little man!

Mary Jane waves the infant's hand for him directly at Bobby.

MARY JANE  
Daddy's so funny!

His smile is contagious to Mary Jane, Bobby and Deidre.  
Unable to resist joining in with their smiles.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN-VALENS RESIDENCE-DAY**

SUPER: FIVE YEARS LATER

A 5-YEAR-OLD NICHOLAS sits in a **highchair**.

MARY JANE (O.S.)  
(scream)

5-Year-Old Nicholas looks back at the hallway.

CUT TO:

**INT. HALLWAY-VALENS RESIDENCE-DAY**

The dark hallway leads to the bedroom.

The crack of the door opens and closes from the wind and the movement from the bedroom.

MARY JANE (O.S.)  
(moan)

BOBBY (O.S.)  
(grunt)

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN-VALENS RESIDENCE-DAY**

5-Year-Old Nicholas digs through his **oatmeal** with his **spoon**.

MARY JANE (O.S.)  
(grunt)

A thud echoes from the bedroom into the kitchen.

Mary Jane rushes into the kitchen, drops a bat onto the kitchen floor. She falls to her knees, rushing up.

He looks at Mary Jane.

5-YEAR-OLD NICHOLAS  
Mommy!! Mommy!!

She pushes herself up to the highchair.

MARY JANE  
Shh!!! Daddy's sleeping!

Mary Jane lifts him up. She rushes into the living room.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM-VALENS RESIDENCE-DAY**

Mary Jane opens the front door and rushes out.

The morning sunlight shines in, making its way into the hallway.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ROOFTOP-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-DAY**

A harmonica pressed against a teenage boy's mouth. He sits and plays it. NICHOLAS (15) High school student. Troubled, but has a concern for the company that his mother keeps around her.

CUT TO:

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-DAY**

Movement underneath the blanket. A man's foot comes from underneath. His face pressed against Mary Jane's chest.

The sound of a harmonica plays from outside the window. TOM (32) Drug dealer. Manipulative, selfish and dangerous. He moves his head, trying to block out the sound of the harmonica playing.

TOM

What is he doing!

MARY JANE

What?

TOM

Why is that little bastard playing that thing so early this morning?

MARY JANE

I don't know.

She turns away from him.

TOM

Can you go tell him to shut up!

MARY JANE

Shh!!

Tom crawls over her.

TOM  
You're out of your mind! Both of  
you!

Mary Jane looks at him.

MARY JANE  
What are you doing!!

CUT TO:

**INT. HALLWAY-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-DAY**

Tom knocks on the door.

TOM  
Hey!! Open up! Aren't you supposed  
to be in school!

He turns the doorknob and pushes the door open.

CUT TO:

**INT. NICK'S BEDROOM-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-DAY**

Tom steps into the bedroom.

Nicholas pulls his shirt down. He looks back at Tom.

NICHOLAS  
Mom, there's an asshole in my room!

TOM  
You little shit!!

Tom steps towards Nicholas. He raises his hand and balls his  
fingers into a fist.

MARY JANE (O.C.)  
Come back to bed, Tom!

He looks back at her.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)  
I'll let you have a quickie before  
work, okay!

Tom looks at Nicholas.

TOM  
Your mom just saved your ass!

He steps past Mary Jane.

Mary Jane looks at Nicholas.

MARY JANE  
Go to school!

TOM (O.S.)  
Are we doing this or not!

MARY JANE  
(point)  
Go to school. We'll talk later,  
okay.

Nicholas grabs his backpack from the floor.

NICHOLAS  
Whatever!

Mary Jane steps out of the bedroom.

CUT TO:

**INT. HALLWAY-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-DAY**

Nicholas steps into the hallway. He stops in front of the door to the master bedroom.

He looks through the crack of the door.

CUT TO:

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-DAY**

Tom grabs Mary Jane by her hips from behind while she grabs onto the dresser right in front of her. He goes back and forth.

MARY JANE  
(moan)

TOM  
(grunt)

CUT TO:

**INT. HALLWAY-MARY JANE'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS**

Nicholas turns away and steps away from the bedroom door. A tear runs down his cheek.

NICK (V.O.)  
Family, huh?

CUT TO:

**INT. GYM-DAY**

Nicholas hits a punching bag. He punches it as hard as he can.

NICHOLAS  
Ugh!

NICK (V.O.)  
I took all my anger and took it out  
on a punching bag -- then --

CUT TO:

**INT. GAZEBO-HEAVENS-NIGHT**

Dreya looks at him, leans towards him --

DREYA  
-- Then what --

-- Nick stands up. He grabs at his head.

NICK  
(overwhelmed)

DREYA  
What!

He kneels down in front of her, places both hands on her face.

NICK  
This is the reason why we're both  
here. Close your eyes.

Dreya closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

**INT. GYM-NIGHT**

Tom lies on the floor, dead, with his neck bent down and twisted.

Nick covers his face.

NICHOLAS  
(frustrated)  
Ahh!!!

CUT TO:

**INT. OFFICE-DAY**

A man lies on top of Mary Jane, kissing her neck. RYAN (30) Boxing coach. Disloyal, sneaky and selfish. Ryan goes up and down with his butt under the covers.

MARY JANE  
(moan)

She grabs his back.

RYAN  
(grunt)

Nick looks away, unable to watch his mother being intimate with a man, especially his boxing coach.

Dreya looks at him.

NICK (V.O.)  
Moving on!

Nick steps out of the office.

She follows him.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT**

Nick stands and watches Dreya.

Dreya sits in front of a **vanity**. Her eyes wander. She puts on a **pearl earring**.

DREYA (V.O.)  
What is going on here?

NICK (V.O.)  
You have to relive what brought you here.

From behind, a young man approaches her with a **pearl necklace**. RICK (20) Ex-Marine. Ruthless, cruel and abusive. He grips the necklace around her throat.

RICK  
Are you going to be a good girl?

DREYA  
(breath)  
Yes!

RICK  
Will you!

DREYA  
Yes!!

He lets go of her.

DREYA (CONT'D)  
(breath)  
(cough)

RICK  
Good! Let's go!

CUT TO:

**INT. AUDITORIUM-OPERA HOUSE-NIGHT**

A BALLERINA dances on stage. A DANSEUR dances to her.

Dreya's eyes drawn to the dancing from the Danseur.

Rick looks at Dreya and then he looks at where her eyes are looking.

She looks in the corner of her eye and sees the angry look on his face.

The radio plays. "Wuthering Heights" by Kate Bush plays.

CUT TO:

**INT. DREYA'S ESCALADE-NIGHT**

Nick sits in the back seat.

Rick's eyes are drawn to the road.

RICK  
That was some interesting dancing,  
wasn't it?

Dreya looks outside the window.



DREYA

Yeah.

He grabs her by the arm.

RICK

I'm talking to you!

She looks at him.

NICK (V.O.)

Why did you take abuse from this  
guy?

Dreya looks at Nick.

DREYA (V.O.)

What do you mean by that?

DREYA

What!

RICK

Did you get a good look at that  
guy! I bet you wanted to go up  
there and --

-- Dreya looks at the road.

A **deer** walks into the road and crosses into the lane Rick is  
driving in.

DREYA

Watch out!!

She grabs the steering wheel, turning it to the left.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WOODS-NIGHT**

The Escalade misses the deer. It flips over and over.

CUT TO:

**INT. DREYA'S ESCALADE-NIGHT**

Rick is still sitting in the driver seat while Dreya lies on  
the roof. Her eyes staring off into space, dead.

Dreya drops to her knees, staring herself in the eyes.

DREYA  
(cry)  
(sob)

Nick crouches down, he touches her shoulder.

NICK  
Everything was a glimpse.  
She thinks about what he's telling her.

CUT TO:

**INT. NURSERY-MANSION-NIGHT-FLASHBACK**

Dreya and Rick lean over a *baby's crib*. She smiles.

NICK (V.O.)  
Everything you ever dreamed of; it  
was all a part of an illusion.

CUT TO:

**INT. CONTROL ROOM-RADIO STATION-NIGHT**

Dreya spins herself around in circles in a *desk chair*. She stops the spinning with her feet.

The walls crumble to the floor.

DREYA  
(scream)

She closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

**EXT. GARDEN-HEAVENS-BACK TO PRESENT**

Dreya sits on the grass.

Nick steps towards her. He stops and reaches his hand out for hers.

NICK  
Open your eyes?

Dreya opens her eyes. She looks around.

DREYA  
Where am I?

NICK  
Back where we started.

DREYA  
Did you know?

NICK  
Yes.

DREYA  
Why didn't you tell me?

NICK  
You had to learn for yourself.

Her head droops down.

NICK (CONT'D)  
You're free.

Dreya looks at him.

NICK (CONT'D)  
No more pain. No more hurt. No one  
can hurt you no more.

She gives a slight smirk.

Nick stands up.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Time to go fishing.

He steps towards the pond. His hands go under the water.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Come on baby!

A fish swims into the palms of his hands.

Nick smiles.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

He grips onto it and throws it to Dreya.

DREYA  
(yell)

Dreya backs away. She looks at Nick.

NICK  
Dinner!

CUT TO:

**EXT. WOODS-HEAVENS-NIGHT**

Dreya looks at the bonfire.

Nick sits up and tosses wood sticks in.

She looks at Nick.

DREYA  
Are there any more like us or are  
they all like Rick?

Nick looks at the sky.

NICK  
Look at the sky. See those stars?

Dreya looks at the stars.

DREYA  
Yes.

The night sky grows bigger. A star flies across the sky.

NICK  
The stars will tell you. Always  
have, always will.

Night turns into day.

CUT:

**EXT. HIGHWAY-DAY**

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

NICK (V.O.)  
There's no change in a person's  
heart or how they feel. Deep down,  
there's still hope.

A man on a **motorcycle** heads North on I-5. HENRY "HANK" (29) Biker. Tense, stubborn, harsh but has a good heart sometimes. A woman grips her hands around him. He looks back at her for a second, returning his attention to the road. MJ (24) Former internet model and streamer. Kind and protective.

DREYA (V.O.)  
How will we know when to trust  
them?

NICK (V.O.)  
When the time is right.

MJ leans her head on his back. She closes her eyes.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Good night.

DREYA (V.O.)  
Good night.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END