

DAY OF THE FIGHT

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This script is a template. I want the actors to feel completely able to say and do what they want, when they want. The entire film hangs on its freedom.

The memories will serve as glimpses into a life. No beginnings or endings, just as our minds work when we remember something.

The camera should feel loose, mainly handheld, observational but never intrusive. Reactive to the actors movements, mimicking the overall atmosphere in each scene.

Music will serve as the heartbeat to the entire piece. There will be an underlying score - but also specific pieces of music at certain moments.

There will be long periods of time where we will simply be with Mikey - walking, taking in the surroundings, absorbing everything as if seeing it for the first time. Appreciating all the things we take for granted.

This is a film that will try to capture a life in a day. Good, bad, beautiful, painful, joyful, regretful but never without hope.

Over a black screen, music begins to play. OVER THIS - we hear faint sounds of what could be - chanting, a fight, a babies cry, an argument, laughter, music, all of it mixed together. Nonsensical. Then a LOUD crash. Then silence.

FADE IN:

BROOKLYN - 1989.

1 INT. MIKEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CAMERA is directly above a bed looking DOWN on MIKEY, asleep. The sun has not yet risen and the gentle glow through his makeshift curtain illuminates his weathered face. Mikey is 39, short blonde hair with the look of a man who has lived more lives than one.

A BLACK CAT steps up onto the mattress, causing Mikey to stir, he slowly opens his pale blue eyes. A long moment as he lays there, still, allowing the night and all that comes with it, to wash over him. He finally looks up, directly INTO CAMERA.

## DAY OF THE FIGHT

Mikey turns to the cat who sits patiently, watching him. He smiles.

MIKEY

OK.

He pulls himself up, stands, stretching. His torso is lean, muscular, that of a fighter. He walks over to the window and pulls back the curtain, the street looking cold and empty.

Mikey walks through his shitty one bedroom apartment. Basic wouldn't do it justice. There's a mattress, a small desk, a few objects strewn about the floor, but nothing of any real value.

He opens a kitchen cabinet and takes out a bag of cat food, shakes some out into a bowl.

Mikey stands, watching as the cat eats. His hand instinctively rubs a worn Saint Christopher around his neck.

Mikey walks over and sits at his little wooden desk. On the wall behind the desk, we can make out a small, frayed photograph of: Mikey, 12 years younger, in his arms is a baby girl, SASHA. His then fiancé, JESS, has her arms wrapped around him. From a drawer, he takes out a small paper bag.

He reaches into the bag and takes out a card, still in its plastic wrapper. On the front of the card is the now famous image of Mohammed Ali standing over a fallen Sonny Liston. He removes the card from its plastic sleeve, opens it, and takes a pencil in his hand. He stares at the empty page, willing the words to come to him. We slowly PUSH IN as he begins to write, slowly, carefully, phonetically, almost childlike, we notice his spelling mistake instantly.

*MY DEEREST SASHA*

He stops. Not the right time. He closes the card and opens the drawer - now we notice - pages of writing, scribbles maybe, stacked within the drawer. He places the card on top of these pages and closes it quickly.

2 EXT. STREET - DAWN - MOMENTS LATER

Run with Mikey, through the darkened streets of Brooklyn. The sun hasn't risen, the streets are empty. We move with him, focused, controlled, his breath perfectly in sync with the music. Toward the end of his run, rays of sunlight begin to peek through the buildings.

3 INT. MIKEY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Mikey does sit ups. Fast, relentless.

Skips double time.

Pushups, one hand, then the other.

Shadowboxes in front of a cracked full length mirror

4 INT. MIKEY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Mikey showers. The hot water hits his bowed head, eyes closed, as if he were in prayer.

CUT TO:

5 INT. MIKEY + JESS'S APT - BATHROOM - 10 YEARS EARLIER (1979)

Mikey is sitting under a shower, fully clothed, bruised and battered and blackout drunk. We hear pounding on the door.

BACK TO:



6 INT. MIKEY'S APARTMENT - SAME

Mikey turns off the shower. Grabs a towel.

7 INT. MIKEY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Mikey, towel around his waist, goes to his closet. Pulls on a pair of ragged jeans and a sweatshirt.

He reaches up to a shelf inside the closet and grabs an old SHOEBOX, takes it over to his mattress and sits down, removes the lid. Inside is an assortment of items. One by one he places them carefully on his bed.

A worn PHOTO of what we can assume is a younger Mikey standing in a boxing ring, with a belt raised high above his head. Letters. Trinkets.

He places everything back in the box. He walks over to some boxes on the floor and starts searching for something. He finally finds what he was looking for - a VINYL RECORD. The cover is of a man singing into an old microphone, a vintage jazz record. Places it in his beat-up sports bag.

*NOTE: This sports bag will be with him for the rest of the day.*

He goes to his nightstand beside his bed, pulls open the drawer. Inside, row upon row, in perfect order - personally recorded cassette tapes, methodically labeled: JAZZ, BLUES, CLASSICAL, SWING etc.

Mikey scrolls through, finally coming to rest on one - MIX TAPE. He grabs his bag, then takes something off the wall and pockets it before quickly heading out the door.

8 EXT. OUTSIDE MIKEY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Mikey walks out of his apartment building. He wears a thick winter coat and beanie. He takes out his beat up walkman from his pocket, puts his headphones on, presses play.

He pulls his jacket tight and sets off down the street.

9 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Mikey passes decaying houses, graffiti. We're not in Manhattan, this is Brooklyn '89. Not just anyone would walk so confidently in this area, in this time.

HOMELESS MAN (O.S.)  
Yo, Mikey!

Mikey doesn't seem to hear the call.

HOMELESS MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Irish Mike!!

Mikey turns, taking his headphones off. Crossing the street is a homeless African-American man, JIMMY, probably high. A moment as we figure out if this man is a threat, then Mikey smiles.

MIKEY  
What's up Jimmy.

The two men greet each other warmly.

MIKEY (CONT'D)  
How you holding up?

JIMMY  
Shit, you know, cold as fuck but making do.

MIKEY  
Where's Sammy?

JIMMY  
Motherfucker got his ass beat two days ago, held up in Brookdale, face looks like a fucking piñata.

MIKEY  
Shit.

JIMMY  
What's this I hear you got a fight tonight?!

MIKEY  
Yeah --

JIMMY  
-- At the fucking Garden!

Mikey just nods.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Motherfucker be fighting at the GARDEN!! Damn, Mikey, this shit's BIG!

Jimmy begins to laugh hysterically then suddenly gets serious.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Yo, tell me you got a ticket for me bro?! I gotta be there, support a brother, you know?!

Mikey's not sure what to say.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Yo, bro, listen to me, you WANT. ME. THERE! I'll be calling your name, take you all the way to the K.O. You feel me?!

Mikey nods.

MIKEY

I'll speak to Stevie --

JIMMY

-- Yo, FUCK Stevie. YOU gotta take care of me, bro! Jimmy Jay, all the way, you hear me?!

Mikey nods.

MIKEY

I got you.

JIMMY

Jimmy Jay! Promise me motherfucker?!

MIKEY

I promise.

Jimmy begins to shadowbox, holds up his hands triumphantly.

JIMMY

YES! IRISH MIKE, BACK IN THE GAME!!  
Yo, you got a cigarette, bro?

Mikey fishes into his pocket and pulls out a pack, offers one to Jimmy. Jimmy puts one behind his ear and takes another.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

My brother.

They shake and hug.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You got this.

Mikey smiles, nods sweetly, unassumingly.

10 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - SCHOOL - LATER

Mikey sits on a stoop. Listens to his music as he watches kids from across the street walk through the gates of SAINT MARKS High school. He notices a young girl, maybe 13, approach the gate - this is SASHA, his daughter. Mikey stands. Sasha is about to walk in when she turns, looks right at Mikey. Long moment. He raises a hand, gives a small wave. Beat. She does the same. A moment between them, then - she turns and enters her school. Mikey just stands there, hand still raised.

CUT TO:

11 INT. HOSPITAL - MEMORY (1976)

Mikey, 13 years younger, a few bruises and cuts adorn his face. He cradles a new born baby Sasha in his arms. JESS lies asleep in the bed, exhausted after giving birth.

Mikey whispers into Sasha's ear, indecipherably. She lays there in his arms, still, eyes wide, almost as if she understands what he might be saying.

BACK TO:

12 EXT. BROOKLYN SHIP YARD - LATER

Mikey walks past dock workers hauling crates, boxes.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. BROOKLYN SHIP YARD - DAY - MEMORY (1956)

POV of a young Mikey, maybe 6, as he jumps over the vast puddles scarring the dirt all around him. Just in front, his mother walks. Her hand instinctively reaches back and Mikey catches up, taking her hand in his own.

BACK TO:

14 EXT. BROOKLYN SHIP YARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

COLM (O.S.)

What, they ain't paying you later?

Mikey turns to see COLM his FOREMAN walking towards him (we notice a slight limp that he hides well). Colm is early 60's, lived his life at the yard, lean, tough, fair, big heart with a good sense of humor.

Note: We will find out that they have an old family connection through his mother.

MIKEY

You'd be surprised...

COLM

Really?! That don't make any sense.

MIKEY

Depends on who's fighting...

COLM

What are you talking about? You're fighting!

MIKEY

Exactly...

Colm looks confused.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

You fight for the opportunity, takes time to get paid... To be honest, I'm just happy to be on the bill. Can't of been easy, after...

Mikey trails off. Colm gets it, but he's not happy.

COLM

If you're fighting, you're fighting? They gotta pay you something, right?

MIKEY

Enough to bring you back for the next one -

COLM

Well, fuck the next one! Bury him good, the next one comes around, maybe you'll be busy.

Colm Ushers Mikey towards his office.

COLM (CONT'D)

Okay, let's take it inside 'fore I freeze my nuts off.

15

INT. BROOKLYN SHIP YARD - FOREMAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Mikey follows COLM into his office, just as you'd expect- papers stacked high, old coffee cups, photos and sports memorabilia adorn the walls.

COLM

-- Never had a taste for it, two men beating the shit out of each other, might as well just go to McConnell's...

Colm, goes over to a small safe he has in the corner of the room, turns the dial, digs around inside, retrieves a SMALL POUCH.

COLM (CONT'D)

You know, I'd forgotten you'd asked me to hold on to this.

(hands Mikey the pouch)

Thought I'd lost it, almost gave me a fucking heart attack.

Mikey opens the pouch and pulls out a beautiful DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING. We can tell it's hard for him to hold it, the memories it stirs.

COLM (CONT'D)

He had good taste, your father, I'll give him that much.

MIKEY

(smiles ironically)

...In jewelry or women?

Colm doesn't answer.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

You know what's funny? I remember this ring more than I remember her face... even walking here now, I get these images, these glimpses, then they're gone, I don't even know if they're real anymore.

Colm nods, understands.

COLM

You were a kid, hard to remember shit from back then, especially the difficult stuff. Nothing to beat yourself up about... What were you, fourteen when it happened?

MIKEY

Twelve.

Colm, sighs, shakes his head at this, still difficult.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

She was happy coming here, I remember that. Seeing you and Uncle Frank... guess it made her feel safe or something.

COLM

It wasn't me and Frank, she was happy 'cause she knew how much you loved coming here... This one time, you locked yourself in a storage container, your mother thought you'd fallen in the river, almost lost her mind. Then we heard this tapping sound, you'd taken apart this old fan and were using one of the blades to bang against the metal. The look of relief on her face when we got that door open...

Mikey takes that in.

COLM (CONT'D)

You want to know what she looked like? She looked just like you... Only a hell of a lot more attractive!

(Mikey laughs)

She was one of the good ones, Mikey, always thinking of others...

MIKEY

Until she wasn't.

COLM

No, that's not fair. She was sick. Had nothing to do with you.

MIKEY

Had everything to do with me.

COLM

You know what I mean...

They regard each other, a mutual understanding.

COLM (CONT'D)

Anyway, enough of that... What I wanted to say was, it means a lot to the boy's, one of our own. Whatever happens later, we're all proud of you. She would be too.

Colm, takes an envelope out of his draw and hands it to Mikey.

COLM (CONT'D)

That's four weeks, plus a little extra from me.

Mikey takes the envelope.

Colm walks around his desk, hugs Mikey.

COLM (CONT'D)

Give him hell.

Mikey nods, exits.

15A EXT. BROOKLYN SHIP YARD - FOREMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Mikey walks out of the office. He hears the shout of a worker from above:

WORKER (O.S.)

Put him in the ground Mikey!

A worker, atop of a portal crane, pulls down his trousers to moon Mikey. Laughter and cheers from the workers below. Some shout encouragement "Mikey!" "Make us proud!".

Mikey stops, both grateful and overwhelmed by the attention. He simply nods his gratitude and continues on.

16 EXT. BROOKLYN SHIP YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Mikey walks along side the river. Stops, looks out at the water. Walks to the edge. Watches the waves hit the barricade below him. We PUSH IN on the water, the ripples, the movement, almost dreamlike. The sound of the water blends into -

CUT TO:



17 INT. CHANGING ROOM - 10 YEARS EARLIER - MEMORY (1979)

The sound of a distant crowd chanting. Mikey stands in his changing room, post fight. Blood, sweat and tears, wearing shorts and gloves. He is hugging a man whose face is hidden (we will later understand that this is his father). On the bench behind him we see the Middleweight champion's belt.

BACK TO:

18 INT. BUTCHER SHOP - LATER.

The bell above the door rings as Mikey enters. The butcher shop is just what you'd expect. Cuts of meat lie behind cloudy glass, a price list on the wall, a few flies linger in the air. Mikey approaches a worker.

MIKEY

Akbar?

The worker calls out to the back room, moments later AKBAR, an older African-American butcher, appears. Comes to meet Mikey, the butcher's glass between them.

Mikey fishes in his pocket and retrieves the ring, places it on the counter in front of the owner. He wipes his bloody hands on his white coat, takes the ring, inspects it.

AKBAR

Stolen?

MIKEY

No. It was my mothers.

He goes back to inspecting the ring.

AKBAR

Three thousand.

MIKEY

It's worth at least ten.

AKBAR

Maybe. I'm not paying ten.

MIKEY

Eight?

The owner looks at him stone faced. Long beat.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Seven?

The owner nods, indicates for Mikey to follow him. They weave through the back room, the workers cutting meat pay little attention. Mikey is led out the back of the building, then in through another door. A cage stands before a large freezer, a heavy sits idly within.

AKBAR  
(to the heavy)  
Seven.

The heavy picks up a phone, speaks quietly and hangs up. Moments later the freezer door swings open from the inside, and a hand reaches out with the seven thousand dollars. Akbar takes it, hands it to Mikey. Mikey nods in appreciation, turns and heads out.

19 OMITTED

20 EXT. BROOKLYN - SHIP YARD - LATER

Mikey sits on a bench, looking out at the water. Boats pass in the distance. Again, he reaches into his pocket and retrieves the photo of him with Sasha and JESS. Stares at the photo intently. A time passed, a time he will never know again.

CUT TO:

21 INT. MIKEY + JESS'S APT - 12 YEARS EARLIER - MEMORY (1977)

Mikey in a bath, a one year old Baby Sasha on his chest, pounding the water excitedly.

JESS reaches down and takes Sasha from Mikey, wrapping her in a towel. Sasha's arms flail, she grabs hold of Jess's hair and begins to pull, only as a baby does. Painful and funny.

BACK TO:

22 EXT. BROOKLYN - SHIP YARD

Mikey tilts his head, closes his eyes, almost as if he were in pain. Long moment. He slowly opens his eyes, a little confused, it takes him a moment.

Looking back down, Mikey places the photo in his wallet. Sits, contemplative, considering the day ahead.

After a long while he stands, pulls his jacket tight around him, takes off.

23 EXT. COFFEE SHOP WINDOW - STREET

Mikey lands at the service window of his local coffee shop. A WAITRESS, TRACY, 40's, a former beauty but still sexy, walks over to the window, smiles sweetly at Mikey.

TRACY  
How you doing Mikey?

MIKEY  
Pretty good, Tracy, you?

TRACY  
Oh, you know honey, can't complain... You just missed Frank, has his Granddaughter's christening today.

MIKEY  
Mary's kid?

TRACY  
Yeah, think they're doing it over at St Matthew's... Christ, I remember when Mary wasn't more than a baby herself. Time flies... Anyway, what can I get you?

MIKEY  
Just coffee.

TRACY  
Nothing to eat?

MIKEY  
Not today.

Tracy leaves. Mikey takes out the envelope. Looks around - no one is watching. Fingers through the notes inside, pulls out \$400 and pockets it. Looks at his watch, puts the envelope back in his jacket.

24 OMITTED

25 EXT. COFFEE SHOP WINDOW - STREET

Tracy returns with his coffee.

TRACY  
Get you anything else?

MIKEY  
I'm good, thanks Tracy.

Reaches for his wallet.

TRACY  
This one's on me.

Mikey is about to protest.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
No, I said this one's on me!  
Christ, Mikey, if I want to buy you  
a cup of coffee, today of all days,  
I'm fucking buying you a cup of  
coffee, you hear me!

She turns sharply, about to walk off, when --

MIKEY  
Hey Tracy... You're a knockout...  
you know that, right?

We see Tracy's eyes almost brim with tears. She smiles,  
sweetly, sadly, gives Mikey a quick wink then walks away.

Mikey pulls out one of the \$100 bills and puts it in the tip  
jar. Walks away.

25A EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Mikey, finishes his coffee, tosses it in a trash can, crosses  
the street and makes his way into -

25B INT. DRY CLEANERS - CONTINUOUS.

A dry cleaners, smiles to a woman at the counter.

MIKEY  
He in the back?

She nods. Mikey walks between the divided counter, back  
through rows of clothing racks and machines. He enters  
another room where workers press clothes, steam rises, sounds  
of pistons and machines.

In the far back, sitting at his desk, we see SAUL, 40s, a  
fast-talking bookie. His 5 year-old son sits on his knee. He  
notices Mikey approaching.

SAUL  
 Irish Mike! My man, how we doing?!  
 Big night! You're causing quite a  
 stir, my friend!

Mikey gives him a half smile, knows the Schtick.

MIKEY  
 (as he sits)  
 What are they saying?

Saul, preferring not to answer, deflects the question.

SAUL  
 (to his son)  
 You know who this is? This is one  
 of the greatest fighters of all  
 time. He knocked out more men in 10  
 years than any fighter in history.

MIKEY  
 (to the boy)  
 I got knocked down a few times too.

SAUL  
 Always got back up, that's what  
 matters.

Saul, kisses his son.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
 Hey, go find your mother.

The boy whispers something to his father.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
 (smiles)  
 Okay, but just one!

The boy opens a draw at Saul's desk. Takes out a candy, he's  
 about to leave, considers, and takes another one.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
 Hey! I said just one!

The boy walks around the desk and offers the second candy to  
 Mikey. It takes Mikey a moment, this sudden sweet gesture. He  
 takes the candy.

MIKEY  
 Thank you.

The boy nods, runs off. Mikey is left holding the candy, like  
 he's been given a diamond.

SAUL

Kids, they'll break your heart...

From the look on Mikey's face, he has no idea how true these words are.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Listen to me, Mikey, I love ya, but this is crazy, I mean, I'm happy for you, you deserve tonight, but Fletcher's a sure thing. We're talking 30 maybe 40 to 1... I don't want to take your money!

MIKEY

I appreciate that.

He takes out the envelope.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Nine, six.

Places the envelope between them. Saul opens the envelope and leafs through the notes. Saul exhales, as much as he's a shark, he also feels bad about this one.

SAUL

Yo, Mikey, you sure?! I'll take it, but you gotta be sure!

MIKEY

Yeah, I'm sure. Just need to know you'll pay it if it comes in?!

Saul looks at him, almost offended.

SAUL

Tell me you're fucking joking right now! You're worried I wont pay?

MIKEY

No! No, Of course not--

SAUL

--Have I ever fucked you

MIKEY

--You know who I mean...

Saul considers this.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

For this kind of money, we both  
know who's behind it. I just need  
to be sure.

Saul takes the envelope.

SAUL

You have my word. Tell you what...  
I'll give you the 40.

Saul takes out a pad, writes, tears the sheet, hands it to  
Mikey.

SAUL (CONT'D)

\$9,700. For the win, baby!

They shake.

MIKEY

For the win.

Mikey pockets the sheet of paper. Saul stands, they shake.

SAUL

You take it easy today, I'll be  
there later. Do what you do killer.

26 EXT. STEVE'S GYM - STREET - LATER

The snow is beginning to fall again. Mikey walks, headphones  
on. He approaches a dilapidated boxing gym called STEVIE'S.  
Mikey takes out a cigarette, lights it, looks up at the sky,  
a blur of cascading white dots. We stay on this for an  
amazing amount of time.

27 INT. MIKEY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - GARAGE - MEMORY (1956)

Young Mikey, 6 years old, slowly punches a tattered boxing  
bag. We can tell from the way he hits it that he is  
exhausted. Behind him we can hear the terrible goading of his  
father, telling him "he's nothing" "A little pussy". His  
mother opens a door and pleads with his father to stop. We  
hear the quiet sobs of Mikey as he hits harder.

28 EXT. STEVIE'S BOXING GYM - CONTINUOUS

STEVIE (O.S.)

What the fuck are you doing,  
smoking!

Mikey turns, taking off his headphones. STEVIE, stands in the doorway. 60's, New Yorker through and through, Mikey's trainer, there's a paternal like love here.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

You're the only prick I know who can smoke a pack a day and still go twelve rounds... Get the fuck in here, it's freezing!

Mikey tosses the cig.

MIKEY

Today's my last day.

STEVIE

You've been saying that for last twenty years.

Mikey heads into the gym.

MIKEY

Yeah, well...today I mean it.

29

INT. STEVIE'S BOXING GYM - CONTINUOUS

The gym is barely scraping by. A few random fighters train in different areas. In the center is a battered old boxing ring.

Mikey drops his bag in the corner, takes off his jacket and hoodie, unzips his bag and takes out his training gloves. (Mikey always trains in his under vest, jeans and caterpillar boots)

STEVIE

How you feeling? You get some sleep?

MIKEY

Some.

STEVIE

(nods, understanding)  
Always tough the night before a fight. Fucking head won't switch off...

Mikey nods. Stevie helps him on with his gloves. They begin to warm up. Mikey starts out soft but quickly gets harder, more intense.



STEVIE (CONT'D)  
Hey, take it easy, we're just  
warming up today!

Mikey softens up but pretty soon gets hard again.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
Take it easy, I said! Hey! Stop,  
STOP!

Mikey stops.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
What are you doin'?

Mikey shrugs, not giving anything away.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
No, don't give me that shit. What  
the fuck's going on?!

MIKEY  
What?!

Stevie drops his hand pads and pulls Mikey in to him.

STEVIE  
You listen to me... I ain't here  
for nothing my friend. I know when  
shit ain't right and shit ain't  
right! You hear me?! Now, if you  
got something to say, I'm all  
ears...

Long moment as the two men look at each other. We witness a whole world of hate, anger, confusion, helplessness, pass through Mikey's eyes. Everything he wants to say is said and understood in this look.

Stevie nods.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
Well, alright then.

Mikey nods.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
Let's box.

Stevie picks up his hand pads and they're right back at it!

CUT TO:

30 INT. MIKEY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY - MEMORY (1962)

A 12 year old Mikey sits in the living room, maybe two feet from the television, that's turned up too loud. Behind him, in the kitchen, we see the blurred image of his parents in the midst of an explosive row. His father strikes his mother across the face, she falls to her knees, he stands over her, yelling obscenities.

Mikey leans forward and turns the television up even louder.

BACK TO:

31 INT. STEVIE'S BOXING GYM - LATER

Mikey, sweating and out of breath, unwraps his hands. He is looking down as-

MIKEY'S FATHER (V.O.)

Stop being such a pussy! What, you gonna fucking cry now?

He looks over, in the ring is a young boxer, TOMMY, doing his best against a better opponent, FRANK. Mikey watches. Frank hits Tommy hard, knocking him down. Frank raises his hands in victory. Tommy begins to get up when Frank walks over, pushes him down with his foot and steps on his head. Mikey's father's voice morphs into Frank's-

FRANK

Stay down, BITCH!

Tommy, embarrassed, tries to get up but Frank, once again, pushes him down hard.

Mikey, instinctively stands up, walks over to the ring.

MIKEY

Hey...

Frank looks over, sees Mikey standing there - sweaty, old, not who he expects.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Wow, you're a great fighter!

FRANK

(looks a little confused)  
What?!

MIKEY

I said, you're a great fighter!

FRANK

I know cocksucker. Who the fuck are you?!

Mikey plays coy.

MIKEY

Me?! I'm no one. Just watching you... You know, I swear, I never seen anyone as big as you act so happy after taking down someone half their size?!

It takes a moment for Frank to understand the insult. He takes his foot off of Tommy's head and walks over to Mikey.

FRANK

Yo, you better get the fuck outta here before I do the same to you, you hear me?!

Mikey considers this. Half shrugs, starts pulling on his gloves -

MIKEY

See, that's my problem, I never did hear too good.

32

INT. STEVIE'S BOXING GYM - MOMENTS LATER

Mikey and Frank circle each other in the ring. A few of the other patrons have started to congregate, watching the prospective fight in anticipation. Mikey takes his eyes off Frank for a quick moment, looks to where Stevie's office is. Stevie stands with his back to the glass, on the phone. BAM, Mikey is caught with a cheeky left hook. He shakes it off, looks at Frank, who already acts as if he won the fight. Mikey half smiles, shrugs.

MIKEY

OK.

And now he's on. Frank tries his best to get a punch in but Mikey doges and weaves effortlessly. Every time Frank goes for a punch, Mikey dodges and slaps him, sparing him the force of a punch. Frank gets more and more frustrated. Finally, he takes a wild swing. Mikey dodges and comes down hard with a right hook... Frank falls to his knee. He forces himself up goes for another swing, but Mikey is too quick, he comes at him with another hook. Frank closes his eyes, awaiting the inevitable. Nothing happens. Slowly, Frank opens his eyes.

Mikey's hand is inches from his face, would have been a knockout punch. Frank stares - confused. Mikey pulls Frank close, speaking into his ear.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Next time, have a little grace. You never know who's watching...

Stevie comes out of his office, sees whats happening. Yells -

STEVIE

What the fuck's going on!

He runs over to the ring.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(to Mikey)

Get the fuck outta there!! What are you doing?! You got a prize fight tonight!! Fucking idiot!!

Mikey climbs out of the ring, follows Stevie towards his office.

Behind, we hear the slight mumblings of the patrons as they finally figure out who Mikey is.

33

INT. STEVIE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Stevie and Mikey sit staring at each other. Neither one speaking. Then -

STEVIE

... Why?!

MIKEY

He was an asshole. He deserved it.

STEVIE

Of course he did! You don't think I want to knock that prick down on a daily fucking basis?! What if he'd caught you, huh? You know how hard I worked to get you this fight, and then what? You gonna throw it all away because of that piece of shit?!

(exhales, exasperated)

I don't understand, it's like you want to go and fuck it all up. No matter what. Who gives a shit about Frankie? I don't! So, why?

Beat.

MIKEY

What do you mean, why?

STEVIE

I mean, why do you always take on  
shit that doesn't belong to you?!

Mikey looks away.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

No, don't look away! I need to  
know...WHY ?!

Long silence as Mikey considers this.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Look, kid, I love you, You know I  
do. You're the best boxer I've ever  
known... But you've gotta let it  
go...

Mikey looks at Stevie, questioning.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

How long's it been?

MIKEY

What's been?

STEVIE

Since we started this shit  
together, how long?

Mikey thinks.

MIKEY

Twenty years?

STEVIE

Twenty three, asshole.

Mikey looks surprised.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, twenty three years!... You  
were 16 when your pop brought you  
in... I watched you, even as a kid, I  
said to myself, 'That's a fighter',  
if I could get in your corner,  
whatever it took, I'd be a part of  
something --

Mikey takes this in.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

-- Now don't get me wrong, I was. I was part of something great. For a moment... Whatever happened after that doesn't take that away! We were still great...

MIKEY

Yeah, we were, for a moment...  
(considers, then)  
You want to know, why?

STEVIE

Yeah.

MIKEY

... Maybe it's not about 'why'...  
Maybe it's about, 'what if'...

Pause. Stevie can't help but smile at this answer. Softens.

STEVIE

'What if'?  
(laughs to himself)  
You know something, kid? You're a fucking enigma! You know that, right?!

Mikey laughs. The mood changes.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

So how you getting there later? You need me to pick you up?

MIKEY

No, I'm good.

STEVIE

You sure?! We gotta be there at 5, you're on at 6!

MIKEY

I know.

STEVIE

Seriously, don't be a prick and keep me waiting!

MIKEY

I got it, no later than 5.

Stevie stares at Mikey, nods. They stand, hug.

STEVIE  
 Try and take it easy today. Big  
 night!

MIKEY  
 Big night.

Mikey turns to leave. Then --

MIKEY (CONT'D)  
 Hey, Put Jimmy Jay on the list for  
 me, okay?

STEVIE  
 Jimmy Jay? You sure?!

MIKEY  
 Yeah, who gives a fuck what people  
 think, I want him there.

Stevie nods.

STEVIE  
 ... Where you going now?

Beat.

MIKEY  
 Think I'll stop by Patrick, see  
 what he's up to.

Stevie smiles.

STEVIE  
 Tell Paddy 'go fuck yourself' from  
 me.

Mikey laughs, nods, leaves.

34 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Mikey walks, earphones on. Behind him, we see a man thrown to  
 the ground and arrested by two cops. Mikey continues on.

CUT TO:

35 OMITTED

36 EXT. SAINT MATTHEWS CHURCH

Mikey approaches a church, SAINT MATTHEWS. He stops just before the large stone steps, looks up, taking in the entirety of this building and of his youth.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. SAINT MATTHEWS CHURCH - MEMORY (1956)

We are behind Mikey, 12 years old, as he walks up the steps of Saint Matthews for Mass. His mother and father are steps in front, hand in hand. They greet the priest, who stands at the entrance of the church. Mikey looks around, finds his friend, PATRICK, also 12, who smiles and gives Mikey the finger.

BACK TO:

38 INT. SAINT MATTHEWS CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Mikey walks down the center aisle of the empty church. He looks up at the beautiful architecture, the stained glass windows depicting images from the bible.

He approaches the alter, kneels and crosses himself. Takes out his Saint Christopher from around his neck and kisses it, closes his eyes, a quick prayer.

Mikey turns to his left, sees the confessional, stands and walks towards it.

39 INT. CONFESSIONAL - CONTINUOUS

The curtain peels back and Mikey enters, sits, waits. Then, clearing his throat -

MIKEY

Forgive me father for I have sinned, it's been, what? Fuck! I mean... Shit, 20 years since my last confession...

Long pause.

PRIEST

Mikey?



40

INT. SAINT MATTHEWS CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Mikey and PATRICK sit side by side on a pew at the front of the church. These are two friends who grew up together. Know each other better than anyone. Mikey laughs to himself.

PATRICK

What?

MIKEY

I'm sorry, I still can't get over the whole look.

Patrick looks down at himself. Looks up, questioningly.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

You know you look like Father McKinley, right?

PATRICK

No shit, I'm a priest, we all look like this.

MIKEY

I know, It's just... the shit we pulled, now you, dressed just like him.

Patrick can't help but smile at this.

PATRICK

Different time.

MIKEY

Yes it was...

They sit there in silence for a moment.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Can't remember the last time I sat here... Feels strange.

PATRICK

Nothing's changed.

Mikey looks to him, eyebrows raised.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Okay, some things changed, sure, I just mean, nothing's changed when it comes to this.

He looks up, indicating to the church and what it stands for.

MIKEY

That's why I haven't been in here  
in twenty years!

PATRICK

Sure... but you're here now...

This hangs in the air. Mikey looks uncomfortable.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Oh, come on, it's not that bad!

MIKEY

Says you...

Patrick understands how difficult this is for Mikey.

PATRICK

No, I'm sorry... I get it, how hard  
this was for you.

Mikey does his best to shrug this off.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

So, tell me? What's going on?...  
You good?

Mikey laughs.

MIKEY

Am I good?

PATRICK

What? I want to know.

Mikey takes a moment.

MIKEY

You know... I'm as good as I can  
be.

PATRICK

And what does that mean?

MIKEY

Seriously?

PATRICK

Hey, I'm just asking how you're  
doing, asshole!

Mikey lets out an ironic laugh.

MIKEY

There he is!

PATRICK

Come on, Mikey, we're way beyond this!

MIKEY

What's 'this'?

PATRICK

Small talk! You're here for a reason... Now I don't give a shit if you want to pretend like today don't mean nothing, but either way, I'm your friend, so if you want to talk to me, I'm here, priest or no priest.

Mikey absorbs this.

MIKEY

So, I'm talking to my friend right now, not 'Father Patrick Donnelly'?

PATRICK

Of course, always... well, both, I can't help that.

Long pause. Patrick stares at Mikey, waiting.

MIKEY

It's fucking hard to talk when you're staring at me!

PATRICK

(turns his head)  
Fine, I'll look away!

Mikey takes a moment, gathers himself. Then -

MIKEY

Okay...  
(exhales deeply)  
Okay, Fuck... I guess... I don't know... I guess, maybe I'm scared or something...

PATRICK

(nods)  
Sure, okay... Of what?

MIKEY

-- I don't fucking know...  
Everything...

Mikey looks to Patrick, who sits, patiently.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

It's like... everything I've ever done, good or bad, all of it, seems like some fucked up dream, and I feel like I'm living, going through the motions, day after day, trying to continue, but everything that's come before, just feels like this weight... Like I want to be rid of this feeling but the feeling is a part of me and no matter what I do, I'll always be who I was, not who I am...

Mikey sits back, saying what he just said was a lot.

Patrick takes it in. Thinks.

PATRICK

Alright... So, who are you?

MIKEY

Who am I?!... I'm good! I am! I care! I want people to know that, I want to be taken seriously! I want people to look at me for me, who I am today. Not for who I was!

PATRICK

I get that... But why does it matter what people think?

MIKEY

(laughs, ironically)  
Seriously?! Come on, because it matters! It fucking matters!  
However you want to look at it, it still fucking matters!

PATRICK

So, it matters, but what can you do?

MIKEY

What do you mean?

PATRICK

I mean, whether it matters or not,  
what can you do to change that?

MIKEY

That's my fucking point!

PATRICK

No, what I'm saying is, you  
can't!... You can't change that! It  
is what it is, it's out of your  
control...

Beat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

... You wanna know something? Every  
day I listen to the shit people  
have done, good, bad, that's not  
the point, it's about being able to  
say it out loud, to hear it,  
understand it. It's about coming to  
terms with who you are and what you  
can do to move forward as a better  
human being. It's not about the  
past, what was!... How about we  
worry about what IS? Or even  
better, what will be!?!...  
Seriously, imagine if I worried  
about what was, huh? I'm a priest!  
I mean, What if I worried about the  
shit we pulled when we were  
kids?... You see what I'm saying?...  
That was then, this is now. We  
change. However anyone wants to  
look at it, we all change... As  
long as you know who you are and  
you believe you're on a path that's  
good, I don't mean without  
mistakes, I mean intentionally  
good... that's enough. So, accept  
it!

Mikey takes this in. Long moment. Thinks about telling  
Patrick something he's never said before --

MIKEY

After the crash.

(stops suddenly, then)

After the crash, when I came out of  
the coma... When I found out what  
I'd done... I wanted to be dead! I  
would of done anything to swap  
places with that kid.

(MORE)

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Give my life for his, you know...?!  
What right did I have to be  
breathing after what I'd done...

Mikey shifts uncomfortably, this is hard for him.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

...I'd lay there, night after  
night, in that fucking hospital  
bed, just wishing for death! Like  
that was the fucking answer... But  
then I thought, No, fuck that!  
Death's too easy, I needed to  
suffer, you know? I WANTED to  
suffer... and living with what I'd  
done, having to think about it,  
every fucking day, that was like  
torture to me... So that's what I  
did, I fucking tortured myself. I  
did everything I could to make my  
life unbearable. I stopped seeing  
the people I loved, my fucking  
CHILD! Anyone close to me, I just  
cut them off... anything to make my  
life worse--

PATRICK

-- Sure, I remember. You wouldn't  
see me for your first five years  
inside... When you did finally see  
me I wanted to ask you what changed  
but I thought you'd tell me when  
the time was right.

Mikey nods, building up the courage.

MIKEY

... I was lying in my bunk one  
night... and I realized, it was the  
first time I hadn't gone to bed  
thinking about the accident, about  
what I'd done... I don't know,  
somehow, over time, the thought had  
gotten easier for me... So I said  
to myself, 'Fuck it!', I'll do what  
I should have done in the first  
place... I got my sheets, tied them  
to the bars of my cell... and I  
hung myself...

CUT TO:

41 INT. JAIL CELL - MEMORY (1985)

Mikey hangs from the bars of his jail cell, his legs kick as we watch his body succumb to death.

BACK TO:

42 INT. SAINT MATTHEWS CHURCH - SAME

MIKEY

I don't remember what happened after that... I came to in the infirmary... Apparently, I was dead for like three minutes or something...

PATRICK

Shit --

MIKEY

-- Yeah... And that's when everything changed. It was like... I don't know, It was like, I'd killed who I was and I was suddenly someone else, you know? I don't mean redeemed or some bullshit like that, I just mean different. Like it wasn't up to me anymore, like there was more to come...

Long moment as they sit, digesting this confession

PATRICK

... And do you still feel that way?

Mikey shakes his head, unsure.

MIKEY

... Maybe?!... I mean, I've changed, I know that much. I'm not who I was... I haven't touched a drink in almost nine years, I don't fucking want to.

Mikey sits back, contemplating.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

But whether I've changed or not, it doesn't change the past... that's what people remember.

Long beat.

PATRICK

... I think people, and by people,  
I mean the ones that really matter,  
are far more willing to forgive  
than you'd expect... Yes, you did  
something terrible, yes, you hurt  
people, but you're not a bad  
person, Mikey...

Mikey stares at his feet, unable to accept this yet. Patrick  
moves closer.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

People think penitence is some kind  
of punishment, that they have to  
punish themselves for what they've  
done wrong to somehow find  
redemption... I don't believe that.  
Penitence is purely the journey we  
take to truly understand what we  
did wrong, it's the discovery and  
the acceptance that redeems us...

Mikey looks to Patrick, searchingly.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It's not for me to tell you what  
you want to hear, Mikey. You're the  
only one who can do that.

Long moment between these two friends as Patrick's words sink  
in.

Mikey tilts his head, closes his eyes tight, it's strange,  
almost as if he were in pain, trying to remember something,  
maybe.

43 OMITTED

44 INT. SAINT MATTHEWS CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

PATRICK

You OK?

Mikey opens his eyes, stares at Patrick, almost as if seeing  
him for the first time. Long beat, then -

MIKEY

Can I ask you something?

PATRICK

Of course.



Mikey takes a moment, not sure how to ask this.

MIKEY

... You think I would have made a  
good father?

Patrick looks to Mikey, sees how much this answer means to  
him.

PATRICK

I think, just by asking that, tells  
me that you would have... There's  
still time, brother.

Long beat.

MIKEY

(smiles, sadly)  
No... there's not...

Mikey suddenly stands.

PATRICK

Wait, what, that's it? That's all I  
get?

Mikey shrugs.

Patrick stands. They hug.

MIKEY

You know... You're not half bad at  
this priest shit...

PATRICK

Well, better friend, I hope!

MIKEY

Always...

They regard one another.

Mikey nods, begins to walk away, then turns.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

-- You're coming tonight, right?

PATRICK

Seriously?! Of course I'm coming!  
Put a hundred on Fletcher to take  
you in the fifth.

Patrick looks up and crosses himself. Mikey laughs.

MIKEY

Shitty bet, I would have gone for  
the first!

The two friends smile at one another, an unspoken bond.

45 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - LATER

Mikey walks the streets with purpose now, music plays in his ears.

CUT TO:

46 INT. MIKEY + JESS'S APT - NIGHT - MEMORY (1979)

Mikey, drunk and angry, paces back and forth muttering to himself incoherently. The apartment is smashed up and two officers stand feet away, arms raised, doing their best to approach Mikey. We see a distraught JESS holding a crying Sasha in her arms, just behind the cops. She's yelling at Mikey, imploring him to lay down.

BACK TO:

47 EXT. JESS'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

He arrives at a dilapidated apartment building. Looks up, takes a deep breath, we can tell from his face that this is gonna be hard.

48 INT. JESS'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mikey stands outside a frayed and battered door, a far cry from Manhattan. We are deep in the projects. Mikey takes off his earphones. He stares at the door. He's about to walk away then suddenly turns, walks up to the door. Knocks hard, assertive.

Long beat. We hear noise from the other side. Finally, the door opens. JESS stands in front of him, half shocked, half angry.

JESS

Jesus christ! What the fuck are you  
doing here, Mikey?

Mikey tries to speak but the words don't come fast enough.

JESS (CONT'D)

No, I don't want to hear it... Get outta here! Whatever you want to say, say it to the courts! I've tried --

MIKEY

-- I know, I know you have. I just... Fuck, I got so much I want to say to you --

JESS

-- Just leave, Mikey! I don't want to do this anymore, I'm done! I can't take another --

MIKEY

-- I'M SORRY... Please... I'm so sorry...

The way Mikey says this leaves JESS momentarily dumb struck. Not what he said, but how he said it.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

-- for everything! Whatever you want to yell at me.... I get it. I'm just... I'm sorry...

They stare at each other. Years have led to this.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

... I know you hate me. I wish I could change that, but I can't. I just.... I need you to listen to me. That's it, just listen to me, once, and I swear I'll leave you alone... Please, I'm begging you?

Long pause. JESS stares at Mikey. Something in her softens.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Can we just take a walk?... A walk? That's it... I know I'm asking a lot, but please, I just need this one thing... A walk, that's all I'm asking?...

We stay on JESS, considering.

49

EXT. HOBOKEN WATERFRONT - MOMENTS LATER

Mikey and JESS walk slowly, cautiously.

JESS doesn't give anything away. There's love here but it's hidden behind years of anger and mistrust.

After a long beat.

MIKEY

This is weird--

JESS

-- Yeah, this is fucking weird...

Beat.

MIKEY

I just wanted a moment with you.  
Alone. Without any of the bullshit.  
The way it used to be...

JESS

Jesus, Mikey, it ain't ever gonna  
be the way it used to be... you  
know that, right?

MIKEY

I don't mean the way it 'used to  
be' like me and you... together. I  
just mean, like, I needed a moment  
with you, where we could talk, you  
know, without yelling or fighting  
and shit... Just me and you,  
walking, having a conversation,  
like two people...

JESS can see Mikey is trying. Sees there is something going on with him. Something serious.

JESS

Okay. Sure Mikey... What do you  
want to talk about?

Long moment. Mikey tries his best to find the words.

JESS (CONT'D)

It's fucking cold Mikey, you gotta  
say something before I freeze to  
death --

MIKEY

-- You remember when Sasha turned  
two? We took her out to that house  
my pop was staying at on the Jersey  
shore? Just off Belmar beach I  
think, right?

JESS takes a moment, remembers, half smiles.

JESS

Yeah, she drank all that orange juice and threw up on me on the train --

MIKEY

Yeah, right!

(laughs)

-- She'd always drink the whole thing, no matter what. Like she hadn't had a drink in weeks.

Beat.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

... We were meant to get there in the morning but, I don't know, for some reason we didn't get there till late in the afternoon. We were heading to my pop's, but we were worried cause we thought we were gonna miss seeing the ocean and Sasha had never really seen the ocean... We got in this big fight in the taxi, it was getting dark, Sasha was crying and I remember saying to the driver to just take us to the beach... So we get to the beach, everybody's leaving cause the sun's about to set, and we're running down to the water, I was holding Sasha, watching her face and she sees the ocean and her eyes suddenly go wide, like she's seen a ghost or something. Seriously, I'd never seen her look like that, she looked fucking petrified! I'm sure she's about to cry or something... then out of nowhere, her face just changes and she begins to smile. Like she'd just discovered something incredible. She starts to kick and wriggle, so I put her down and she started to run, just fucking run! She was running back and forth, her feet would touch the water and she'd scream, she was laughing like crazy, and I watched her... Then I watched you watching her...

50 OMITTED

51 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - CONTINUOUS

MIKEY

... And I remember thinking 'This is it', you know? This is what they talk about. This is everything. I understood, so perfectly, what really mattered... Like, If the world ended at that moment, at least I had that.

Mikey stops talking. JESS looks to him, knows there's more.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Then, after the beach, we walk to my pop's place... We get there and he's in a fucking rage. Starts screaming at me about the time and how I disrespected him or some shit. He doesn't even say hello to you or wish Sasha happy birthday, he just fucking lays into me, calling me names, how I've always been a piece of shit, no fucking manners...

We can see that Mikey is getting upset.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

And I remember thinking... What the fuck am I doing?! I'm standing there, with the two people I love most in this world and I'm listening to this motherfucker insult me. For what? For being a good father!? On my kids fucking birthday?! Like I'd gone out of my way just to fuck with him!

Mike has tears in his eyes now.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

But the part that really kills me, that I cant forgive... I didn't fucking do nothing! I just let him say all that shit... In front of you, my KID! And I just took it! Like every other fucking time.

Long beat.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

The best day of my life turned into the worst day of my life... And I just let it fucking happen!

JESS considers this. Not quite sure what to say. Then -

JESS

You know what's funny? I remember that day too... but you know what I remember?

Mikey looks to her, confused.

JESS (CONT'D)

No, of course you don't!... I remember dragging you out of some shitty bar at 5 in the morning with a split lip and vomit all down your front!

We can feel Mikey's embarrassment.

JESS (CONT'D)

Every time you got into some shit you'd disappear. I'd have to find you in some bar or some fucking house... You never thought about me, Mikey. What I was going through. It was always all about you...

Long beat.

MIKEY

Whatever I say won't do it justice. I'm so sorry... for everything... I know that won't mean nothing now, but I swear to you... I spent eight years inside paying for my mistakes... that wasn't nearly enough...

JESS looks at Mikey, he means this.

Long beat.

JESS turns, considers walking back. Then -

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Are you hungry?

JESS looks to Mikey, confused.

JESS  
What?

MIKEY  
You hungry?

JESS  
Am I hungry?

MIKEY  
Yeah?

Long beat.

JESS  
Yeah, I guess I'm a little hungry.

Mikey nods. Then -

MIKEY  
Can I buy you lunch?

JESS looks like she is going to protest.

MIKEY (CONT'D)  
Look, before you say no, I'm not trying nothing. That might sound weird but I promise you, I just want to buy you lunch... Please, I owe you that much.

Long beat.

JESS  
Fine.

MIKEY  
Yeah?

JESS  
Yeah, sure, why not.

CUT TO:

52 INT. SPIRITOS RESTAURANT - LATER

Mikey and JESS sit in a booth at the local Pizzeria. Both have menus that they stare at a little too hard. Jess looks around, memories flooding back.

JESS  
Christ, I can't remember the last time I was in here... I think it was--



She stops herself, the sudden memory washing over her.

MIKEY

Sasha was three, she burnt her  
mouth on that slice.

JESS

(smiles, sadly)  
... Yeah, I remember...

A WAITRESS appears, breaking the moment.

WAITRESS

You know what you want?

Beat. Both look at her as if she just asked them the square  
root of 123.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

You need a minute?

MIKEY

No, no...  
(to JESS)  
You want to share a pie?

JESS

Sure.

MIKEY

Let's do the number four, extra  
cheese --

JESS

-- No anc --

MIKEY

--No anchovies.

WAITRESS

You got it.

She walks away.

Long moment. Mikey regards JESS, thinking of something to  
say.

MIKEY

So... how's she doing?

JESS looks confused.

JESS

Who?

MIKEY  
Sasha? She doing ok?

Beat.

JESS  
Yeah, she's doing good.

Mikey stares, obviously waiting for more.

JESS (CONT'D)  
You know... she's a fucking  
handful, thinks she's 30 already  
not 13... She just started at Saint  
Marks last semester, so that's been  
tough...

MIKEY  
How so?

JESS  
Well, she's a 'high schooler' now,  
so...

Mikey looks confused.

JESS (CONT'D)  
You remember high school? It was a  
fucking mess... Trying to fit in,  
not knowing who your friends were.  
Boys...

A long moment as Mikey considers telling JESS something. Then-

MIKEY  
Look, I hope this isn't weird...  
But I've been seeing her...

JESS looks surprised.

MIKEY (CONT'D)  
No, not like that, not face to  
face... from a distance. Outside  
her school.

JESS digests this.

JESS  
Has she seen you?

MIKEY  
Yeah.

JESS  
Has she spoken to you?

Mikey thinks about this, not sure if today counts. Makes a decision -

MIKEY  
Not yet... We just wave.

JESS  
What do you mean, 'you just wave'?

MIKEY  
That's it, that's all we do. We wave, as she walks into school. I wave at her and she waves back...

JESS sits there, still, not giving anything away. She nods, then suddenly begins to tear up.

MIKEY (CONT'D)  
Oh fuck, I'm sorry, I just--

JESS  
--No, it's not you...  
(takes a moment)  
I've been asking to walk her to school for weeks now and she's always finding some excuse... I thought it was me, like she was embarrassed of me or something...

MIKEY  
What do you mean 'embarrassed of you'? How could she be embarrassed of you?!

JESS looks up.

MIKEY (CONT'D)  
Come on, she is you!

JESS can't help but smile at this.

MIKEY (CONT'D)  
Seriously... I know I'm the last person to say shit about anything and I know I've only waved to her and that might seem like nothing... but I know what I see, and she's you! I mean it. From the walk to the smile...

JESS

Really?

MIKEY

Yeah, really.

JESS nods.

JESS

It's strange... You spend years doing everything you can, sacrificing your life cause you love them so much... you're all they've got! You're their everything, whether they know it or not, you're their entire world... Then, out of nowhere, they get older, and suddenly everything changes... You're their enemy, like your only purpose in life is to fight them on EVERY little thing! ... I never know what she's thinking anymore. I don't know if she loves me or hates me, I try, but it's hard, you know? It's just me, it's always been just me and I want what's best for her, I do, but sometimes I don't fucking know! I feel her fighting me just to fight, not cause she means it, like she wants to be against me, like she blames me for something...

This hangs in the air.

The pizza arrives. They both just stare at it.

WAITRESS

Let me know if you need anything else.

She walks away.

Long moment.

MIKEY

You know you're amazing, right?

JESS half laughs.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

No, I'm serious. Look at me.

After a long moment, JESS looks up.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

You are, you're amazing... Whatever she's feeling right now, or whatever she thinks she's feeling, I promise you, it'll pass... then, one day, out of nowhere, she'll see who you really are... and she'll know what everyone else knows... No question.

JESS can't help but smile at this.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

... Well, I'm fucking starving... How about we forget all our shit for ten minutes and just enjoy this pie?

After a moment JESS nods, leans across and takes a slice.

53

INT. SPIRITOS RESTAURANT - LATER

Mikey and JESS have finished eating. They sit in silence. Mikey watches JESS, still beautiful, still the girl he fell in love with.

Mikey, impulsively, leans over and takes JESS's hand.

JESS

What are you doing, Mikey?

Mikey shrugs.

MIKEY

I guess I just wanted to hold your hand for a moment.

JESS grips his hand tighter. They look at each other. So much love, but both knowing it will never be more than this moment ever again. JESS breaks first, begins to cry.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

You know I love you, right?

JESS

Yeah... I know you do.

They smile.

54

OMITTED

55

EXT. STREET NEAR JESS' APARTMENT - LATER

JESS and Mikey walk back in silence, not uncomfortable, just processing.

After a while -

JESS

... How's he doing, your pop? he doing any better?

MIKEY

(half shrugs)

I don't know... I mean, he ain't doin' any worse...

JESS nods, understanding, this has never been easy for Mikey.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

He had so much power, you know? And now... It's like he doesn't even exist or something...

JESS

Well... You always used to say how you could never talk to him... maybe this is your chance?

She lets this sit for a moment.

JESS (CONT'D)

I'm not saying he wasn't tough on you, Mikey, I watched it all and it fucking killed me to see you in so much pain. No kid should have gone through that... He was a proud man. It broke his heart when she died and you took her name!... I'm not excusing what he did, what he put you through... You just gotta know that he didn't mean it, Mikey... he just didn't know any better.

Mikey nods. This final sentiment hits him hard.

After a long moment -

MIKEY

... You still singing?

Another broken dream.

JESS

Yeah, sometimes...

(ironic smile)

I mean, I'm not sure you can call playing to a bunch of drunken assholes "singing", but--

MIKEY

-- What are you talking about?! I can tell you right now, there's no one who can sing like you...

(half laugh)

If I'm being honest, I think I was always kind of jealous of that...

JESS looks slightly confused by this strange admission.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

... I don't mean jealous, like, of how you could sing, I loved that about you... I mean, that you had something that you and he both shared, something he actually cared about...

JESS gives Mikey a sympathetic smile, understands.

Long silence.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

(remembers something)

You know, When I was inside, when I couldn't sleep, you know what I'd think about? -- remember that song you used to sing to Sasha?

JESS looks to him, inquisitive.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

You know? The one about the rain?

(JESS smiles, remembers)

I'd think about you singing that... worked every time.

A long moment. She's about to say something - stops herself.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

What?

JESS

No, nothing... I just, I wish we could have talked like this when it mattered, you know?

MIKEY  
... It still matters.

56 INT. HALLWAY - JESS' APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Mikey and JESS get to the door.

JESS smiles at Mikey. She opens the door, about to leave, when -

MIKEY  
I'm sorry I didn't give you more...  
I always said I would but I didn't  
and I'll never forgive myself for  
that... I was a fuck up and you  
stood by me, no matter what, you  
were always there--

JESS  
Mikey, you don't have to--

MIKEY  
-- Just let me say this, ok?

Beat.

JESS  
Ok.

Mikey collects himself.

MIKEY  
Just... Remember the good, okay?... I  
want to remember the good....  
Whatever you think of me, just try  
to remember, it was good,  
sometimes...

JESS  
... Yeah, I know it was.

Mikey smiles. He takes out the TICKET with his BET that Saul gave him earlier, hands it to JESS.

MIKEY  
This probably ain't worth nothing,  
but hold onto it, just in case...

He leans forward and kisses her gently on the cheek.

MIKEY (CONT'D)  
Thank you.



Mikey turns and walks away.

JESS looks at the ticket in her hand then back to Mikey as he disappears down the stairwell.

CUT TO:

57 OMITTED

58 OMITTED

59 OMITTED

60 INT. SUBWAY - LATER

Mikey, earphones on, rides the subway. He watches the buildings pass in a blur, lost in thought.

CUT TO:

61 INT. MIKEY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY - MEMORY (1962)

12 year old Mikey stares through a crack in his parents bedroom door. His mother sits on the opposite side of the bed, her back to Mikey, staring vacantly out of the window. In her hands we can almost make out what could be a gun.

BACK TO:

62 EXT. BROOKSIDE CARE HOME - STREET - LATER

Mikey walks down a desolate street. He comes to a driveway that leads to a large set of buildings. The sign reads 'BROOKSIDE CARE HOME'.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. MIKEY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT - MEMORY (1962)

Mikey, 12 years old, crouches in the bushes with Jess, also 12, sharing a cigarette. He sees the light of his father's car approaching. He quickly extinguishes the cigarette and they sit frozen.

From Mikey's POV we see his father pull up next to his house, next to him we can just make out the figure of someone else in the passenger seat. They sit talking for a moment then Mikey's father leans over and they kiss. We quickly realize this isn't Mikey's mother.

Back on Mikey's face, confused, hurt.

BACK TO:

64A INT. BROOKSIDE CARE HOME - RECEPTION/CORRIDOR

Mikey walks into the lobby of the care facility. He walks up to the RECEPTIONIST who sits behind a large desk.

MIKEY

Hey Sandy.

The receptionist smiles.

SANDY

Well, hello stranger! I haven't seen you in weeks!

MIKEY

I know, I've been meaning to come, things just piled up.

SANDY

Don't you worry, he'll be happy to see you.

Mikey nods, unsure.

MIKEY

So, how's he doing?

SANDY

You know, good days and bad days.  
(begins to laugh)  
Told Clara to go fuck herself last week which gave us all a good laugh.

Mikey smiles.

MIKEY

Sounds about right.

SANDY

Go on back, he's in his room.

Mikey nods, heads past Sandy down a long corridor. On his way we peek inside other rooms. A place where you come to die.

Mikey gets to his father's room. The door is slightly ajar, he sees his father sitting there, near the window, looking out, distant.

64B INT. BROOKSIDE CARE HOME - MIKEY'S DAD'S ROOM

Mikey enters, slowly. His father barely moves. It soon becomes apparent that he is suffering from dementia.

Mikey sits in the seat beside him. He doesn't acknowledge Mikey, sits there, staring out the window, shaking slightly.

MIKEY

How you doing pop?

Slowly, his father turns and looks directly at Mikey. Long moment. Does he recognize him?... No. His father turns back to the window.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Sorry I haven't come to see you in a while... been thinking about you a lot recently though.

Nothing from his father.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

... I got a fight tonight... Don't ask me how, Stevie pulled some strings, got me the undercard, right before the main... First real fight in almost ten years...

(then, almost sadly)

First fight I won't have you in my corner...

Mikey leans forward and gets in-between his father and the window. Looks directly into his eyes. Vacant. Mikey sits back. There is a lot he wants to say but doesn't quite know how. Mikey looks at his own hand which slightly trembles.

After a long moment, Mikey stands, begins to walk around the room. He comes to his father's CREDENZA. All the different photos of his dad's life: His father in his naval uniform from the war. The wedding photo of his parents walking out of a church, big smiles on both of their faces. Mikey, six years old, standing, fists raised. A portrait shot of his mother, young, beautiful. His father, sitting behind the wheel of a grand Cadillac, cigar in his mouth. Mikey picks up this photo and stares at it for a long while.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

I must a been six when you got that car.... You were so proud, you used to sit in it every weekend, parked in the driveway, listening to the radio. I used to come and sit in the back seat and you'd talk about all the different music, the songs, who the singer was, where they recorded it, why it was important...

Long beat, Mikey regards the photo

MIKEY (CONT'D)

I used to love the way your cigar smelt, watching the smoke circle around my head... We'd be out there for hours. You'd talk and I could tell it made you happy...

CUT TO:

65 EXT. MIKEY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DRIVEWAY - MEMORY (1956)

Six year old Mikey lies on the back seat of his fathers Cadillac, watching the smoke curl about his head. We hear the faint sound of Jazz playing and his fathers muffled voice.

BACK TO:

66 INT. BROOKSIDE CARE HOME - MIKEY'S DAD'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MIKEY

... I'd watch as the sun went down and I could feel my heart sinking. Then Ma would call us in for dinner... I hated that moment... Sitting in the back of that car was the only time I wasn't scared of you.

Mikey places the photo back where it was, goes back to his seat. Looks at his father. This old man, sitting there, shaking.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

I've spent a lot of time hating you... Blaming you for the way I was. I know you loved me, but it wasn't right the way you treated me.

(MORE)

MIKEY (CONT'D)

At least when Ma was alive I had her to make things right, but after she died... I was fucking lost... and maybe you were too! But that doesn't make it okay... It wasn't right what you put me through...

Mikey leans forward and takes his father's hand. His father looks at him again.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

I'm just sorry I didn't get a chance to speak to you, to say this before you became...

(they stare at each other)

I know I was never the son you wanted me to be... You were always my hero.

He grips his father's shaking hand, tighter. Wipes away a tear.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

You know what's strange? I know you can't hear me but I'm still fucking nervous talking to you...

Then.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

... I brought you something.

Mikey, reaches into his sports bag and takes out the old vinyl. We now recognize the image on the cover, it's his father singing into the microphone.

He walks over to his fathers old gramophone, takes out the vinyl, places it on the turntable.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Thought it might cheer you up.

He starts it up, places the needle on the vinyl and an old jazz record comes to life, the voice, haunting, not unlike Jimmy Scott.

Mikey watches his father as the record plays. After a long time, his father turns from the window, looks to where the music is coming from.

CUT TO:

67 INT. CADILLAC - MEMORY (1956)

Mikey, six years old, sits in the back of his father's Cadillac, staring out the window. He turns to look at the backs of his parents. His mother's head rests on his father's shoulder, his father is gently singing.

BACK TO:

68 INT. BROOKSIDE CARE HOME - MIKEY'S DAD'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mikey's father seems confused at first, but then a slight smile begins to form. He looks at Mikey, who smiles back at him.

Then, not quite recognizing his own voice -

MIKEY'S FATHER

You know... I... I used to be... a singer...

Mikey smiles.

MIKEY

I know you did, pop.

A moment between them. Maybe even a flicker of recognition. Then it's gone.

SANDY (O.S.)

Is this him?

Mikey turns to see - Sandy, stands in the doorway. Mikey nods.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I had no idea... so beautiful.

MIKEY

(nods, solemnly)

Yeah...

Mikey listens for a few moments longer, then walks over, picks up his bag, leans over his father, gently kisses him on his head.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Bye pop.

Mikey is about to leave when his father suddenly reaches out and grabs Mikey's arm. Pulls him in towards him. He looks up, into Mikey's eyes.

If he could tell Mikey he loved him, he would, but instead, he seems to nod his head. Mikey nods back.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Me too...

His father releases his arm. His attention drifts back to the window.

Mikey does his best to collect himself, the most 'real' contact he's had with his father in over a decade.

As he leaves he passes Sandy, who places a kind hand on his shoulder.

SANDY

See you soon.

Mikey can barely get the words out.

MIKEY

Take care of him.

SANDY

You bet.

Mikey heads down the corridor, his fathers beautiful voice getting fainter with each step.

CUT TO:

69 INT. MIKEY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - CLOSET - MEMORY (1956)

Six year old Mikey's POV. He looks through the slats of his parent's closet. Breathing deeply.

We see the shadowed figure of his father come through the bedroom door. We hear Mikey try to quiet his breathing.

His father clears view. Silence. The door suddenly flies open to the sound of his father making the noise of a monster. Young Mikey runs from the closet, screaming, laughing. We realize they are playing a game.

BACK TO:

70 EXT. BROOKSIDE CARE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Mikey walks down the path of the care home, away from his father, away from his memories.

70A OMITTED

71 INT. SUBWAY - LATER

Mikey sits in a subway carriage, heading back into the city. He looks at his watch, 3:17. Getting close.

The subway comes to a stop. The doors open and a busker steps on. The doors close and he begins to play a Folky type ballad.

Mikey watches as other subway passengers shift uncomfortably, pretending the music doesn't exist.

Mikey stands as the subway comes to his stop. As he passes the musician, he fishes into his pocket and retrieves one of the remaining \$100 that he pocketed earlier. He places it in the mans hand and steps off the train. It takes a moment for the man to register what he's just been given, by the time he does, the doors have already closed. Mikey is gone.

71A EXT. GREEN-WOOD CEMETERY - LATER

Mikey approaches a cemetery. He can't help but hesitate as he walks past the large iron gates, looks around at the never ending rows of tombstones, considers turning around but wills himself forward.

CUT TO:

71B EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - MEMORY (1962)

Mikey, 12 years old, stands with his head bowed as he watches a coffin lowered into the ground. Mikey looks up to see his father and Jess, also 12, among the scattered attendees. Jess looks back at him, deep sadness in her eyes.

BACK TO:

71C EXT. GREEN-WOOD CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

Mikey comes to a gravestone. At first we can't read the name, but as he gets close we see the engraving: 'ROBERT JAMES. BELOVED SON. 1970 - 1980.'

Mikey stares at the grave. His body frozen. He has tried, many times, to come here but this is the first time he's made it this far.



71D EXT. GREEN-WOOD CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

Mikey kneels. Stares at the gravestone, then the ground below him. Closes his eyes, tight. Starts speaking in an inaudible way, under his breath. A prayer and a statement to this murdered child. Something we will never hear.

Mikey finally opens his eyes. Stands. Places his hand on the gravestone.

MIKEY

See you soon kid...

Mikey stands, turns and walks away.

72 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DUSK

Mikey walks down a snow covered street, earphones on, his music guiding him. The hustle and bustle of daily life continues. A car honks its horn. A man smokes a cigarette on a street corner.

Mikey suddenly comes to a stop. He looks around, digesting the world that surrounds him. Strange, but undeniably beautiful.

He simply stands there, looks up and closes his eyes, allows the snowflakes to land softly on his face.

After what feels like an eternity, he feels a tap on his shoulder. Mikey opens his eyes, turns to see a GIRL, not more than ten, African-American, standing in-front of him. She says something that Mikey misses. He takes off his headphones.

MIKEY

What?

GIRL

I said, what are you listening to?

Mikey is momentarily stumped.

MIKEY

My music?

GIRL

Yeah.

MIKEY

Uh... It's a mix... A lot of old jazz.

The girl laughs.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

What?

GIRL

My grandpa listens to jazz.

MIKEY

Why's that funny?

GIRL

Cause he's old.

Mikey smiles at this.

MIKEY

So what, you think I should be listening to something else?

GIRL

Uh.. Yeah. Michael Jackson?!

MIKEY

You like Michael Jackson?

GIRL

Of course.

MIKEY

Yeah, he's pretty good... So you must like James Brown then?

The girl looks confused.

GIRL

Who's he?

MIKEY

Who's he? Come on, you can't go around talking about Michael Jackson if you don't know James Brown... where do you think he got his moves from?

The girl thinks for a second.

GIRL

You mean the guy that dances all crazy and faints the whole time?

Mikey laughs.

MIKEY  
Yeah, that guy.

GIRL  
(nodding)  
He's fine.

They stand there for a moment, both thinking of something to say.

MIKEY  
You live here?

The girl points to a door. A red light shines through the curtains of the ground floor apartment.

MIKEY (CONT'D)  
Where's your mother?

GIRL  
She had a visitor, so I gotta wait outside.

Mikey nods, understands.

MIKEY  
Where's your coat?

The girl just shrugs.

MIKEY (CONT'D)  
You're not cold.

GIRL  
I guess...

Mikey stares at this young girl, alone, doing her best to hide her shivers. He crouches down so he and the girl are face to face.

MIKEY  
Tell you what...

Mikey takes off his jacket, wraps it around the girl.

MIKEY (CONT'D)  
You can have mine. I was gonna get a new one anyway.

The girl is about to protest but Mikey stands up.

MIKEY (CONT'D)  
If you don't like it, just throw it in the trash.

The girl goes to say something but stops herself, the warmth of the jacket suddenly taking hold.

MIKEY (CONT'D)  
What's your name?

GIRL  
Samantha - Sam.

MIKEY  
(holds out his hand)  
I'm Mikey, nice to meet you.

She tentatively takes his hand and they shake. Sam giggles.

MIKEY (CONT'D)  
Do me a favor, Sam, go wait at the top of your steps, I don't like you being out on the street all by yourself.

SAM  
I'll be fine.

MIKEY  
I know you'll be fine, but it'd make me feel better, that's all... Please.

Mikey smiles at the girl. She rolls her eyes, reluctantly makes her way towards the steps. She gets to the top, turns and sits heavily, looks to Mikey as if to say 'happy?'

MIKEY (CONT'D)  
(calling out)  
Thank you, Sam!

He raises his hand and waves. After a beat, she does the same, mimicking the moment between him and Sasha from earlier.

Mikey turns and walks away. After a few paces he picks up his speed, then faster, breaks into a jog and before he knows it he is flat out running.

73

INT. MIKEY'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Mikey bursts through the door to his apartment. His cat greets him warmly.

He rushes around the apartment, grabs what he needs for the fight and stuffs them into his sports bag. He goes to his closet, takes out his emerald green robe and shorts.

Stops, suddenly. Begins to feel around in all his pockets, turns to the door.

MIKEY

Shit!

Realizes he left his wallet in his jacket. Goes to the kitchen and rifles through all the draws, collecting whatever loose money he can. Looks at his watch. 4.30.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Grabs his bag and rushes out the door.

74 INT. JESS'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Jess looks unenthusiastic as she takes a black cocktail dress from her closet.

75 INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Mikey comes barreling down the stairs of the subway station. Gets to the turnstile, searches his pockets for a token - nothing. He looks around, no one there, jumps clean over it.

75A EXT. BAR SEVEN - SAME TIME

JESS comes to a stop outside a bar, the name illuminated brightly from above - 'BAR SEVEN'. She checks her watch then heads inside.

76 INT. SUBWAY CARRIAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Mikey bursts through the doors of the subway carriage, just as they begin to close, barely making it.

He catches eyes with a couple of passengers who stare at him uneasily, a sweaty, disheveled mess. He does his best to pull himself together. Makes his way down the carriage, finds a free seat and collapses into it. Looks at his watch. 5:00.

Mikey looks around at the different faces. A man reading a book. A couple whispering to each other. An old lady asleep with her bag gripped tightly to her chest, a group of frat boys talking excitedly.

Mikey sits back. Closes his eyes. A slight ringing can be heard, not sure if it's the subway carriage or in Mikey's head.

77 INT. BAR SEVEN - SAME TIME

JESS serves drinks to an ever increasing crowd. On the stage is a three piece band doing their best to perform above the general hubbub.

78 EXT. 34TH & PENN STATION - SAME TIME

Mikey runs up the steps of the station. Takes a moment as he tries to find his bearings, figures out which way he's going and takes off.

79 EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Mikey finally arrives at the back entrance of the Garden, again, sweaty and out of breath.

A BOUNCER stands at the entrance. Mikey approaches him.

MIKEY

Hey, sorry, I'm Michael Flanagan,  
I'm fighting tonight.

The bouncer barely looks at him.

BOUNCER

ID.

MIKEY

I don't have my ID.

BOUNCER

You need an ID to get back here.

MIKEY

I understand, but I don't have it.  
I left my wallet in my jacket.

The bouncer gives him a side glance.

BOUNCER

Not my problem.

The door behind him opens and a man in his mid twenties, sharply dressed, exits and walks past Mikey, head bowed, lights a cigarette.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

You need to enter through the front  
like everyone else, sir.

MIKEY

I'm fighting tonight!

BOUNCER

I heard you the first time, but without your ID, I'm not letting you through!

Mikey looks exasperated, doesn't know what to do.

MIKEY

Look, can you just get a message to my trainer? Stevie Wilkes, he'll vouch for me. Please, I'm fighting in less than an hour!

BOUNCER

Like I said, you need to enter from the front of the building.

MIKEY

(frustration building)  
Please! Just find Stevie Wilkes, tell him Mikey Flanagan's at the back doo--

SHARP DRESSED MAN

-- Are you fucking kidding me?!

Mikey turns as the sharp dressed man approaches him.

SHARP DRESSED MAN (CONT'D)

'Irish Mike' Flanagan! YES!!

Goes in for a hug.

SHARP DRESSED MAN (CONT'D)

Best fight I ever saw, you vs Casper Lott, 78', you took him in the eighth for the title, changed my life!

Mikey just stands there a little unsure of what to say.

SHARP DRESSED MAN (CONT'D)

Shit, I'm sorry--

The man suddenly offers his hand.

SHARP DRESSED MAN (CONT'D)

Jasper Brooks...

Mikey looks confused.

JASPER  
 I'm promoting the fight tonight.  
 I'm the one that got you on the  
 undercard!

Jasper turns to the bouncer.

JASPER (CONT'D)  
 He's good, he's with me --

The bouncer nods, opens the door. Jasper leads Mikey through,  
 all the time talking.

JASPER (CONT'D)  
 -- After Bridges fell out and  
 Stevie called and mentioned your  
 name, I was like, 'Are you fucking  
 kidding me', of course! To have  
 'Irish Mike' Flanagan on my  
 undercard!  
 (leans in)  
 Fletcher's a beast, but I know  
 you'll go a few rounds with him--

We hear shouting from down the corridor. Mikey turns to see  
 Stevie marching towards them.

STEVIE  
 -- I don't give a shit what fucking  
 excuse you've got, you're almost 30  
 minutes late!

JASPER  
 Tommy wouldn't let him in. I went  
 out for a smoke and found him--

STEVIE  
 Same fucking shit! Get your ass in  
 the dressing room, NOW!

Mikey makes to leave, turns, extends his hand to Jasper.

MIKEY  
 Thank you.

They shake.

MIKEY (CONT'D)  
 Couldn't have been easy getting me  
 on the bill. After-  
 (stops himself)  
 I appreciate it.

Jasper smiles and hugs Mikey.



JASPER  
 A fucking dream my friend. Whatever  
 happens, I'm just proud to have you  
 here!

Mikey begins to walk away.

JASPER (CONT'D)  
 (calling after him)  
 IRISH MIKE! YES!

80 INT. BAR SEVEN BACK ROOM - SAME TIME

JESS sits, head in her hands, contemplating. The bar manager  
 walks in, finds JESS.

BAR MANAGER  
 Hey! You're up!

JESS looks to him.

JESS  
 What?

BAR MANAGER  
 Bridget's late, you're up!

He exits.

JESS stands, takes a second to compose herself, turns hard  
 and walks out.

81 INT. CHANGING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mikey, now changed into his gear, sits as Stevie finishes  
 taping his gloves.

The judge comes in, inspects Mikey's gloves, clears them.  
 Leaves.

82 INT. BAR SEVEN - SAME TIME

JESS makes her way through the crowd, walks up on stage. She  
 finds the piano, sits tentatively (no one in the bar pays any  
 attention). She looks at the keys, thinks, closes her eyes -  
 the song comes to her - then softly, sweetly, she begins to  
 sing.

83 INT. CHANGING ROOM - SAME TIME

Jess' song plays over.

Mikey stands, begins to pace, shadowbox. Stevie comes at him with pads, they spar, putting together some fast, hard combinations. The guys from his corner stand around, waiting.

A man appears at the door, gives Stevie a nod.

Stevie turns to Mikey.

STEVIE

It's time...

Mikey nods. For the first time we see a flicker of fear in his eyes. Stevie notices it instantly.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

You good?

Mikey exhales hard, the gravity of the situation seems to be taking hold. Stevie pulls Mikey close.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Let me tell you something, kid...  
whatever happens out there tonight,  
You deserve this! You hear me?!  
Now, they might think this is gonna  
be a walk in the park, but that's  
gonna be their first fucking  
mistake!

Mikey nods, his mind beginning to focus.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

When we step out there, we leave  
all that other shit behind! This is  
what we do, so lets go do it! You  
ready?

MIKEY

Yes!

STEVIE

YOU FUCKING READY!

MIKEY

YES!

STEVIE  
YES YOU ARE! BORN FOR THIS!!!

Turns hard. They exit the dressing room.

84 INT. BAR SEVEN - SAME TIME

The bar begins to hush as we push in on JESS, eyes closed, feeling every word of this beautiful song.

85 INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

JESS's voice rings out.

Stevie leads Mikey and the rest of the team out of the dressing room-

We follow from behind Mikey. His hands rest on Stevie's shoulders. They walk through a series of tunnels, the sound of the crowd getting louder with every step -

Through curtains, into the arena, packed. People as far and high as the eye can see.

Mikey, head ducked, approaches the ring, doing his best to block out the noise.

Stevie opens the ropes and Mikey ducks in. Begins to circle, an animal, ready, poised.

We notice a few familiar faces ringside. Patrick, Saul.

PATRICK  
You got this, Mikey!

Mikey continues to circle, one thing on his mind.

CUT TO:

86 INT. BAR SEVEN - SAME TIME

JESS stops suddenly. Her eyes open, every eye in the bar stares back. She thinks, leans in...

JESS  
I'm so sorry...

She pushes the microphone out of her way and walks out of the bar. Once on the street she begins to run-

BACK TO:

87 INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - RING - SAME TIME

Fletcher enters the ring. He's just as Jasper put it, a beast, pure muscle and brawn.

The two fighters size each other up. Neither giving anything away.

The ANNOUNCER enters the ring and the mic comes down.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, tonight, fighting for the light-heavyweight belt, from the red corner, coming in at 176lb, his professional record, 32 victories, including 28 knockouts, 2 defeats and two draws, former middleweight champion of the world, Mikey 'THE IRISH' Flanagan and in the blue corner, coming in at 178lb, professional record, 23 victories, including 23 knockouts, zero loses and zero draws, Marcus Fletcher!--

As the announcer continues the sound seems to soften. We stay with Mikey. Focused, ready. He zeroes in on Fletcher. The rest of the world seems to blur.

88 INT. JESS'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

JESS bursts through the front door. Walks straight through the apartment and opens the door into Sasha's bedroom. Sasha looks up from her desk, confused by the interruption.

JESS

Get up!

SASHA

What?

JESS

I said get up! Your father's fighting... NOW!

89 INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - RING - CONTINUOUS

The two fighters are called into the center of the ring by the referee. As the Ref explains the common rules, Mikey barely reacts, his eyes never leaving Fletcher.

They touch gloves, step back. We hear the faint sound of the bell and it begins -

90 INT. JESS'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

JESS and Sasha sit in front of the television, holding each other's hand tightly..

91 INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

ROUND 1

The fighters barely come to blows, both figuring out their opponent.

Round 2

Fletcher comes in hard but Mikey somehow makes a series of combinations. Wins the round.

Round 3

Fletcher dominates. Wins the round.

ROUND 4

Mikey does his best to avoid Fletcher, who comes in strong. They exchange punches. A split round.

Round 5

Mikey seems to dominate but Fletcher catches him with a right hook and uses the advantage to win the round.

Round 6

Fletcher takes it.

Round 7

Mikey stays on Fletcher. The round ends with Mikey dominating. The Ref pulls them apart. Mikey takes it.

Round 8

The fighters are getting tired. Fletcher, all force, comes at Mikey, who dodges and lands two great punches. Mikey wins it.

Round 9

Fletcher finds a sudden burst of energy. Stays on Mikey and finishes the round on top.

Round 10

The two fighters come out of their corners, coming to blows like we have never seen. It's brutal. Fletcher's eye opens up early in the round. Mikey's eye is opened by a hard left jab in the final 10 seconds. Hard to call this one.

The bell rings and the fighters stagger to their respective corners.

CUT TO:

92 INT. JESS'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

JESS and Sasha stand, inches from the television.

BACK TO:

93 INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Mikey has refused his seat, he stands, body heaving. Stevie does his best to close up his cut above his eye. He slaps Mikey, pulling his attention. Yells some words of advice that Mikey barely acknowledges, all the time his eyes trained on Fletcher.

We can faintly hear the crowd, chanting, beyond excited. No one was expecting this!

The bell.

Round 11

The boxers exchange blows, neither one willing to admit defeat. Mikey begins to dominate. He has Fletcher in the corner, lands a series of blows. Fletcher ducks then comes up with a right upper cut, connects HARD!

CUT TO:

94

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - MEMORY (1980)

Mikey, in prison attire, sits in a chair, staring up at a series of scans of his brain, a DOCTOR stands in front of him, pointing at a gray area.

DOCTOR

-- After the crash, the trauma to your head caused a series of clots, some are harmless, you wouldn't even know they were there. However--

The Doctor points to a dark grey spot.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

This is worrying. This is a pretty serious aneurysm.

MIKEY

What does that mean?

DOCTOR

It means you have a bulge in your artery. In a very difficult place. We could potentially operate, but going from the location and the size, I would say the operation would have a very low success rate, possibly even fatal.

Mikey does his best to digest this information.

MIKEY

So... if you can't operate. What can you do?

The Doctor hesitates.

DOCTOR

...Nothing. There is nothing to do.

MIKEY

What does that mean?

DOCTOR

Well, it means, continue with your life. Don't think about... You might never even know it was there...

Mikey considers this. Then -

MIKEY

What about boxing?

The Doctor looks confused by this question.

DOCTOR  
What do you mean?

MIKEY  
Can I still box?

Beat.

DOCTOR  
No... absolutely not. I don't think you understand, this is a very fragile thing. One hard hit to the head could cause a rupture... If it ruptures, your chances of survival -

BACK TO:

95 INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - SAME TIME

Fletcher's uppercut knocks Mikey back, bringing him to his knee.

We hear a faint ringing. Mikey is momentarily dazed. He looks to his left, sees Stevie yelling, about to throw in the towel. Mikey shakes his head NO!

The Ref is counting him out, eight - nine - Mikey rises. The Ref asks him if he's ok to fight. Mikey nods, Ref steps aside.

*NOTE: The slight ringing will continue on and off for the rest of the film.*

Mikey approaches Fletcher, realizing this is his last chance. Fletcher tries to finish him with a right hook, which Mikey dodges, comes back with a barrage of punches. Fletcher falls back into the ropes, Mikey continues his onslaught.

The bell rings, the Ref pulls them apart.

Both fighters retreat to their respective corners. Mikey sits. Stevie yells instructions which Mikey can barely comprehend, the ringing still sounds, faint in his ears.

The final bell rings.

Both fighters stand. The crowd is now on their feet. The last round of an epic fight.



Fletcher is barely standing. His chest heaves with exhaustion. Mikey blinks, the enormity of this moment coming into focus.

Mikey is first to attack, he comes at Fletcher, who does his best to dodge, but Mikey lands a whole series of hard knocks. Fletcher retaliates, but not with the same gusto. Mikey, once again, has Fletcher on the ropes. With the last of his strength he lays into Fletcher - high and low, nothing will stop him.

Just as Mikey looks like he will deliver the final blow, the bell sounds, the Ref comes between them and the fight is over.

Everyone from Mikey's corner rush the ring, Stevie props Mikey up - who looks like he might pass out at any moment.

Mikey can barely focus, the ringing still sounds in his ear. Suddenly, through the madness, Fletcher finds him. Pulls him in for a hug. They hold each other. Utter respect.

FLETCHER

You're an animal! A fucking animal!

Smiles, they touch heads.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Best fight of my life!

MIKEY

Me too, brother!

They are pulled apart. Both sides seem to celebrate like they are the winners.

The announcer steps into the ring with score card.

ANNOUNCER

The judges score - 116/113  
Fletcher, 116/114 Flanagan and  
115/113 and new, light-heavyweight  
champion, 'IRISH' Mike Flanagan!

Mikey falls to his knees, holds his head in his hands. Everyone around him goes wild.

INT. JESS'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

JESS and Sasha celebrate.

97 INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - RING - CONTINUOUS

Mikey has the belt wrapped around him. He can barely comprehend the madness.

We look up at the many faces that call out or scream. Almost animalistic, grotesque. Mikey is in a daze.

Stevie takes him by the shoulders, shaking him in excitement.

STEVIE

Are you fucking kidding me?! What  
the fuck was that?! WHAT THE FUCK  
WAS THAT!!!

Stevie hugs Mikey. Mikey's eyes come in and out of focus.

Stevie pushes Mikey back, they stare at one another.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

I thought he had you in the 9th!

MIKEY

Me too.

Stevie pulls him in for another hug.

STEVIE

Never seen you fight like that,  
kid!

98 OMITTED

99 OMITTED

100 OMITTED

101 INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Mikey, now dressed, slumps to the floor, the inaudible sound of people celebrating gently muffled from the other side. His eyes closed as he sits against the bathroom door. We hear the banging of someone wanting to use the bathroom. Mikey suddenly opens his eyes, as if he were struck with some kind of epiphany. He does his best to stand but his knees are weak. He falls to the floor, takes a moment, then pulls himself up. Stares at his reflection once again. After a long while we see a smile almost appear. Satisfied, he grabs his bag and heads to the door.

102 INT. CHANGING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mikey exits the bathroom. A young couple, obviously drunk and probably high, shuffle past Mikey not realizing who he is.

Mikey moves through the crowd, everyone seems lost in conversation, laughing, drinking, talking animatedly. He finds his way to the door.

Just as he's about to leave he catches eyes with Patrick from across the room. Patrick mimes "everything OK?". Mikey nods, mimes "Tired". Patrick smiles, gets it. Blows Mikey a kiss. Mikey laughs. A long moment between these two friends. Mikey smiles, turns and quietly slips out.

103 INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Mikey walks down the long tunnel to the exit. The same half smile stays on his face. Just as he is about to reach the exit door, he hears -

STEVIE (O.C.)  
HEY, ASSHOLE!

Mikey turns to see Stevie coming up the tunnel towards him.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
Where the fuck are you going?!

Stevie catches up to Mikey.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
What, you're just gonna leave? No  
goodbye, nothing?!

MIKEY  
Thought I'd do an Irish exit. You  
know, seemed fitting.

STEVIE  
What do you mean? Everyone's there  
for you! You can't leave now!

MIKEY  
Yeah, I know... I'm tired, don't  
think I can handle it tonight.  
(beat)  
I forgot to feed my cat.

Stevie laughs.

STEVIE

Kid, you just won the biggest fight  
of your life, I think your cat can  
go hungry for a few more hours...

Mikey shrugs.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Seriously?! Nothing I say right  
now's gonna change your mind, is  
it?

Mikey shakes his head.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Fine. Wait here, I'll get my shit,  
drive you home, Okay?

Stevie turns, about to walk back to the dressing room. Mikey  
stops him, pulls him in for a hug. At first, Stevie is a  
little taken aback but after a moment he softens, hugs him  
back. Deep, real love shared.

MIKEY

Thank you.

Mikey pulls away, turns sharply towards the door and exits.  
Stevie calls after Mikey -

STEVIE

I'll come check on you in the  
morning!

We stay with Stevie, standing there alone, confused.

The door closes.

CUT TO:

104 OMITTED

105 EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Mikey walks through the crowded street outside the Garden.  
People arriving, some leaving, scalpers, cops - everything  
you'd expect on fight night.

We can faintly make out the ringing in Mikey's ears, he pulls out his headphones, places them on his head, puts on a song to drown out the noise, the world. Walks on, exhausted but full of determination.

CUT TO:

106 OMITTED

107 EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - LATER

Mikey walks, the streets have emptied out. We can tell he is cold but he pushes on, needs to make it home.

A taxi pulls up alongside him, Mikey slows. The taxi window lowers and the DRIVER calls out to Mikey.

TAXI DRIVER

You need a taxi?

Mikey approaches the window.

MIKEY

Yeah, no, I mean, I don't think I can afford it...

TAXI DRIVER

Where you going?

MIKEY

Brooklyn, Bushwick.

The taxi driver laughs.

TAXI DRIVER

Come on man, seriously?

Mikey shrugs.

The taxi driver looks as if he's about to drive off, then turns, considers Mikey - alone, beaten but obviously harmless.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

How much you got?

Mikey fishes through his pockets, retrieves the little remaining money he grabbed before he left his apartment.

MIKEY

Not much... maybe eight or nine bucks?

The driver takes another beat. Sighs, his good nature getting the better of him.

TAXI DRIVER

Get in.

Mikey doesn't move.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

I said get in! I'll take you as far as the bridge.

Mikey doesn't need to be asked again, he hustles into the taxi.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. BAR - MEMORY (1980)

Mikey stumbles out of a bar, he can barely stand. Manages to pull out a cigarette, tries to light it but fails many times. He leans against a wall, finally manages to light up.

BACK TO:

109 INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Mikey sits in the back of the taxi, the warmth of the heater slowly coming over him.

TAXI DRIVER

So what's your deal man?

MIKEY

What do you mean?

The driver laughs.

TAXI DRIVER

I mean, what the fuck you doing walking around looking like you just got the crap beat out of you?

Mikey can't help but laugh, now understanding what he must have looked like.

MIKEY

I just got the crap beat out of me.

TAXI DRIVER

By who?!

Mikey, about to tell him what the fuck just happened, stops himself, thinks better of it.

MIKEY

It's a long story. Been a strange day.

TAXI DRIVER

Ha! You're telling me brother!

The driver puts his free hand back through the window.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

Tony.

Mikey takes a moment, as if this day couldn't get any weirder. He takes Tony's hand, laughs to himself.

MIKEY

Michael - Mikey.

TONY

What's so funny?

MIKEY

No, nothing... it's just... that's my father's name.

TONY

Yeah?

(laughs)

Guess there's a reason I picked you up after all!

CUT TO:

110 EXT. BAR - MEMORY (1980)

Outside the same bar, same night. Mikey searches his pockets, finds his car keys, drops them, picks them up. He walks towards his 66' Mustang, spends an age getting the keys into the socket, opens the door and slumps into the drivers seat.

BACK TO:

111 INT. TAXI - LATER

Mikey does his best to stay awake as the taxi races past buildings, lights, crosswalks.

Tony looks up at Mikey in the rearview mirror. Watches this broken man, fading but holding it together.

TONY  
How you doing my friend?

Mikey sits up.

MIKEY  
What?

TONY  
I was asking how you were doing?

Mikey doesn't immediately answer.

MIKEY  
To be honest, Tony, not so fucking good...

TONY  
Listen, kid, I know it all seems like a mess right now, but trust me, it all works out in the end.

MIKEY  
You think?

Mikey looks up and catches Tony's eyes in the rearview mirror. They hold each others gaze for a moment. From Mikey's POV Tony looks just like his father. They stare at each other for the longest time, a hauntingly beautiful moment between father and son. Mikey can't help but look away, almost ashamed.

They drive in silence for a long time. The ringing in Mikey's ear gets louder.

MIKEY (CONT'D)  
Hey, Tony, can you put the radio on?

Tony fiddles with the switches. Comes to rest on a classical station.

TONY  
This OK?

Mikey lies back, closes his eyes.

MIKEY  
Yeah... Yeah, this is good.

CUT TO:



112 INT. MIKEY'S MUSTANG - MEMORY (1980)

Mikey drives, his eyes can barely stay open. He runs a stop sign, looks back, swerves slightly. His cigarette is burning down. He tries to open his window, gets it down a quarter of the way. The car swerves again - he is approaching an intersection. He tries to throw his cigarette out the window, it hits the glass and falls back into Mikey's lap. As Mikey tries to retrieve the fallen cigarette, he takes his eyes off the road. The light turns red. He carries on just as we see another car come into the intersection.

Just before they crash -

TONY (V.O.)  
Hey Kid, you still with me?

BACK TO:

Mikey opens his eyes, takes him a moment to figure out where the fuck he is.

MIKEY  
...What?

TONY  
I said, you still with me?

He sits up, the faint sound of ringing ever present.

MIKEY  
Yeah... Shit, think I passed out  
for a minute...

Mikey looks out the window, the Brooklyn bridge sails by.

TONY  
(his voice now reminiscent  
of Mikey's father)  
Don't want to sound like your  
mother, but it looks like you  
needed it. I gotta drop you just up  
ahead. You gonna be Ok?

MIKEY  
Yeah, I'm good...

The taxi comes to a stop in a lay-by, just past the bridge.

Mikey digs into his pocket, pulls out his few remaining dollars.

Tony, about to take it, thinks again.

TONY  
You know what, this one's on me.

MIKEY  
No, seriously, I gotta give you--

TONY  
-- Put your money away.

Mikey hesitates.

TONY (CONT'D)  
I mean it! Don't make me come back  
there and school you like the other  
guy did!

Mikey smiles at this, puts the money back in his pocket.

MIKEY  
Thank you.

Mikey reaches through the partition and offers Tony his hand.  
They shake. Mikey, about to exit the taxi --

TONY  
-- Hey, kid, before you go, can I  
tell you something?

Mikey stops himself, turns to Tony. Beat. Then, Tony smiles.

TONY (CONT'D)  
We are nothing...! We're just  
fragments passing in time.  
Everything will be forgotten. All  
that we are, all that we know, it  
doesn't fucking matter. Nothing  
matters... so don't waste your time  
worrying about shit! Do your best,  
that's it. That's all you can do in  
this micro-fucking-fraction of  
time! We have one life, as long as  
you do all that you can do before  
the clock runs out, then you've  
done your part...

Long beat. Mikey just stares, digesting this profound moment.

Then, Tony smiles, winks, turns back around.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Be safe, kid.

Mikey, in a sort of daze, simply nods. Gets out the taxi.

As soon as the door closes, the taxi screeches away, leaving Mikey standing there, dumbfounded.

After a long moment Mikey feels the bite of the cold, pulls up his tracksuit around his neck and walks on, the ringing in his ear ever present.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. STREET - MEMORY (1980)

Mikey comes to. He's upside down, held up by his safety belt. Red and blue lights flash all around him. Someone is doing their best to cut him from his strap. He is pulled through the window of his car. He sees a wreck of a car in front of him. Paramedics are doing what they can to pull a body from the carnage.

BACK TO:

114 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Mikey walks through the desolate street. He passes a few familiar spots, stops briefly to pay his respects.

Again, we hear the ringing in his ear. He is looking pale, less steady, does his best to continue on.

As he rounds the corner to his street, he sees Jimmy Jay lying slouched on the pavement. Jimmy's eyes are closed but he mutters to himself, obviously strung out.

Mikey finds a blanket in Jimmy's cart, lays it over him. Finds the few dollars in his pocket and stuffs them into Jimmy's coat pocket.

For a brief moment Jimmy opens his eyes, stares at Mikey.

JIMMY

Irish Mike... We win?

MIKEY

Yeah... We won.

Jimmy smiles, slowly closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

115 EXT. STREET - MEMORY (1980)

Mikey is lifted onto the paramedics table. As he is wheeled towards an ambulance he sees the body of a nine year old boy being pulled from the other car. The boy's vacant eyes stare directly at Mikey, into his soul. We go into SLOW MOTION as Mikey and the boy pass each other.

BACK TO:

116 EXT. MIKEY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Mikey finds his key, opens his apartment door.

117 INT. MIKEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mikey enters his apartment. His cat walks over and rubs against him.

MIKEY

I know, I'm sorry.

He goes to a cabinet, retrieves the kibble, pours it out until the bowl overflows. The cat tucks in happily.

Mikey drops his bag, almost falls to his knees. We can tell how unsteady he is feeling but he does his best to pull himself together.

He walks over to his desk. Sits, pulls out the card he was writing to his daughter. A long moment as he stares at the page, the words suddenly come to him, he begins to write.

Mikey writes his letter to Sasha. On the wall in front of him, we see a projection.

117A PROJECTED (1989): SASHA READING THE SAME CARD ON HER BED, TEARS STREAM DOWN HER FACE.

117B OMITTED

117C OMITTED

117D OMITTED

117E OMITTED

117F OMITTED

117G OMITTED

117H OMITTED

117I INT. MIKEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mikey finishes his letter and places it in an envelope. Takes out his mound of scribbles, his life that he's been collecting, documenting, for his daughter. He takes off the worn Saint Christopher from around his neck, puts it inside the envelope, writes Sasha's name on it and places it on top of the many pages.

The ringing in Mikey's ear gets louder. He brings his hand up, touches inside the canal, brings his hand down to see more blood. Understands.

Mikey undresses, places his clothes in a neat pile next to his bed.

Mikey showers, the water hits him like a waterfall. He holds himself up by the spout, barely enough energy to stand.

Mikey walks out of the bathroom.

Mikey walks to his bed, unsteady.

Mikey lies down in his bed. The camera finds him, the exact same shot as when we started.

HIGH on Mikey's face, we slowly begin to push in, last moment. Reflected in his eyes, we see a memory of Sasha and Jess. We see what might be the beginning of a smile as he closes his eyes.

BLACK.