

CHRISTY

CHRISTY (V.O.)

Somebody told me once I fought like
I was trying to destroy everyone
who'd ever done me wrong. They said
I fought like I had demons in me...
Maybe it's true. Maybe I do. The
first time I ever stepped in a
boxing ring, though, all I knew was
I had to beat the shit outta that
bitch before she had a chance to
hit *me*.

1 INT. RALEIGH COUNTY ARMORY. WEST VIRGINIA - DAY 1

CHRISTY SALTERS (early 20s), in a baggy t-shirt, basketball sneakers, boxing gloves and an 80's mullet, stands in a makeshift boxing ring. This is a low-rent regional Tough-Man competition. Christy bubbles with nerves and excitement.

The BELL RINGS. Christy charges forward, madly swinging, a cyclonic force trying to demolish the woman in front of her. Messy, scrappy chaos. The drunk, raucous crowd goes NUTS.

2 EXT/INT. CHRISTY'S CAR - DAY 2

Christy, drives through Itmann, a tiny, disadvantaged West Virginian coal-mining town. The RADIO IS BLARING 80's pop music. She SINGS ALONG LOUD. Beside her on the passenger seat is her tiny Pomeranian dog, CASEY.

3 EXT/INT. CHRISTY'S FAMILY HOME. ITMANN - DAY 3

Christy struggles though the front door of her parents' house juggling Casey, a suitcase, a plastic bag of gifts and a tray of food. The house is working class but homey.

CHRISTY

Hi!

She enters the kitchen where JOYCE (40s) prepares lunch.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Hey, Momma.

Joyce stops what she's doing and walks briskly out of the room. Christy watches her leave as she unloads her stuff onto the kitchen bench. Christy's brother RANDY (17) wanders in.

RANDY

Something's up, they're being
weird.

CHRISTY

Hey, check this out.

She holds up her Tough-Man championship jacket.

RANDY
You won? No way!

Randy takes the jacket, admires it.

RANDY (CONT'D)
You get hit?

CHRISTY
Hardly. I don't know. I had my eyes
closed half the time. Easiest three
hundred bucks I ever made.

RANDY
I can't believe you did that.

CHRISTY
I know, me neither.

RANDY
Three hundred bucks? Jesus Christ!

Joyce charges back in.

JOYCE
Randy Salters. Language!

RANDY
Sis won the Tough-Man competition.
(holding up the jacket)
Check this out.

Joyce SLAMS a cupboard door, then storms back out. Christy
shoots Randy a questioning look. He shrugs.

4 INT. CHRISTY'S FAMILY HOME. DINING ROOM - DAY

4

The family sit in awkward silence eating lunch. Christy sits
next to her Dad, JOHNNY (40's), a quiet, gentle observer.
CUTLERY SCRAPES ON PLATES. Christy glances around -

CHRISTY
What's going on? Why is nobody
talking?

No response. Christy turns to Johnny.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
Dad?

JOHNNY
We'll talk about it after lunch.

CHRISTY
Talk about what?

JOHNNY
We'll talk about it after.

CHRISTY
What's going on? Why can't-

JOYCE
Pam Doolan called me.

Johnny stares at his plate. Christy looks at both of them.

CHRISTY
What about?

JOYCE
I don't know. Maybe she was
confused or something, but she said
some horrible, horrible things
about you and that girl.

CHRISTY
Her name's Rosie. You know her
name.

JOYCE
I don't know what I know anymore.
You tell us she's your team mate,
then she's your best friend and now
Pam's saying *this* about you two.
Pam's taking her to see a priest to
get her straightened out and Dad
and I think we should probably do
the same with you.

CHRISTY
I'm not going to see a priest.

JOYCE
Well, Dad and I have discussed it
and we can't be helping you with
your rent if you're gonna keep
doing this.

CHRISTY
Doing what? What the hell do you
think a priest is going to do?

JOYCE
Is it true?

CHRISTY
Is what true?

JOYCE
What people are saying.

CHRISTY
What are they saying?

JOYCE
We don't want you to see her no
more. People are going to say it's
my fault in the way I raised you.

CHRISTY
Who cares what people say? Pam
Doolan is a crazy bitch. Why do you
even care what the fuck she thinks?

JOYCE
Don't speak to me like that!

CHRISTY
Why the hell not? You're allowed to
say whatever dumb shit pops into
your head.

JOYCE
Stop this! Just stop!

JOHNNY
(beat, then quietly)
Don't you like men?

Christy looks over at Johnny, who looks up from his plate,
tears running down his cheeks. She's blindsided by the sight
of her father crying. Silent Randy is too.

JOYCE
What you're doing isn't normal. We
want you to have a happy, normal
life. And this isn't normal. It's
not right.

Christy nods coldly. Then stands and walks out.

5 EXT. CHI-CHI'S. CARPARK - DAY

5

Christy in a dirty fast-food uniform breaking down and
flattening boxes in the parking lot. Her MANAGER comes out
with bags of trash for the dumpster.

CHRISTY
Hey, can I get more shifts next
week?

MANAGER
I don't have any.

CHRISTY
(playfully)
Oh, c'mon, man. I really need them.

MANAGER
I don't have any. You can try
swapping out with somebody else,
but everyone wants shifts.

He heads back inside. Christy frisbees the flattened boxes
into the dumpster from a distance. Everything's a game.

6 INT. COLLEGE GYM - DAY

6

An intense college basketball training session. Christy is
short but she's aggressive, quick and loves every second of
it. She SHOULDER BARGES her way down court to SCORE. She's
celebrating when a TEAMMATE brushes past her.

TEAMMATE
Dirty lesbian.

Christy, enraged, charges at her and starts THROWING PUNCHES,
other teammates try to hold her back - it's scrappy, violent
and Christy is like a raging bull at the center of it all.

7 INT. COACH'S OFFICE - DAY

7

Christy sits opposite her COACH in his office, she has a cut
lip.

COACH
Basketball's a team sport. You
can't be on the team if you keep
punching the team in the face.

Christy lets out a laugh.

COACH (CONT'D)
It isn't funny.

CHRISTY
She started it!

COACH
Come on, Christy, grow up.

CHRISTY
Well she fucking did!

COACH
How? What did she do?

Christy, shakes her head, looks away.

COACH (CONT'D)
Huh? What did she do--

Christy cuts him off, looks straight at him.

CHRISTY
Fuck it. Forget about it, it
doesn't matter.

8 INT. CHRISTY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

8

Christy is in bed in her tiny apartment with her GIRLFRIEND, ROSIE (22). Christy straddles Rosie, kissing her, unbuttoning her shirt, as Rosie tries to talk to her.

ROSIE
I'm just gonna go talk to this
priest. I have to do it. She says
if I don't at least talk to him
she's going to cut off my
allowance.

CHRISTY
Just get a job.

ROSIE
What job? You're gonna get yourself
fired, you keep turning up to work
looking like a battered wife.

CHRISTY
Can't get fired from Chi-Chi's,
it's literally impossible.

Christy slides down the bed, unbuttoning Rosie's jeans.

ROSIE
And she's gonna stop paying for my
apartment. Her cousin has a room,
she wants me to move in there.

CHRISTY
What for?

ROSIE
Why you think? To keep an eye on
me.

Christy starts trying to pull Rosie's jeans off. Rosie
wriggles out from under her, pulls her jeans back up.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
I can't stay. I gotta go.

Christy slumps, disappointed, watching Rosie dress.

9 INT. CHRISTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

9

Christy is re-heating left over Chi-Chi's in a saucepan on
the stove. The phone rings. She wipes her hands and answers.

CHRISTY
Hello, Christy speaking.

RICHARD (ON PHONE)
Christy, this is Richard Christmas,
I work for Larry Carrier. He asked
me to call you --

CHRISTY
Sorry, Larry who?

RICHARD (ON PHONE)
Larry Carrier. He's a boxing
promoter out here in Bristol,
Tennessee. Larry saw you fight a
few weeks ago at the Tough-Man
contest. He owns the Bristol
speedway and he's putting a show
together. He wants to know how
you'd feel about making your
professional boxing debut?

CHRISTY
(laughs)
I'm not- I play basketball, sir.
I'm not a boxer. I've never been
inside a boxing gym in my life. I
entered Tough-Man for fun. It was a
dare.

RICHARD (ON PHONE)
Well, Larry liked the way you
fought. We'll put you up in a nice
hotel for the night and the purse
is five hundred dollars. How's that
sound?

10 EXT. BRISTOL SPEEDWAY - NIGHT

10

Christy stands lost beside the ring. Commotion around her. She is tapped on the shoulder. She dips under the ropes into the ring. The crowd HISS and JEER, not a warm reception. She doesn't have a proper outfit, she's in t-shirt, basketball shorts and runners.

A battle-scarred OLDER FIGHTER (37) stands opposite, nuggety, tough, and with a full corner team. She's kitted in satin robe, custom shorts, proper boxing shoes.

Christy glances over to where Randy and Rosie sit amongst the raucous crowd. Randy gives her a feeble thumbs up. Then -

- Christy and older fighter in the center of the ring, the REF gives fight instructions. Older fighter tries to stare Christy down but Christy doesn't notice - she's nodding earnestly at the REF.

- The BELL RINGS. They fight. Christy has no technique, but she's aggressive and when older fighter's punches land she barely flinches.

- older fighter JABS relentlessly at Christy. Frustrated, Christy throws a WILD RIGHT HOOK. Older fighter GOES DOWN. It takes Christy a second to register what's happened. She looks around for older fighter then sees her at her feet. The crowd go BALLISTIC. The referee COUNTS OLDER FIGHTER OUT. Christy does a wild celebration, jumping up and down, smiling her face off.

11 EXT. PARKING LOT. BRISTOL SPEEDWAY - NIGHT

11

Christy sits on the hood of her car as Rosie inspects a nasty bruise on Christy's cheek. Christy can't stop SMILING.

LARRY CARRIER (60s) walks over with RICHARD CHRISTMAS (40s).

LARRY

Christy! Larry Carrier.

Larry holds out his hand. Christy shakes it, then sits with her arm resting on Rosie's shoulder. Larry takes an envelope from Richard and hands it to Christy.

LARRY (CONT'D)

You did great, well done.

CHRISTY

Thank you, sir.

LARRY

You earned that.

CHRISTY
Oh man, that was fun!
(re Rosie)
Tell her I deserve beer.

Larry smiles, watches her, nods.

LARRY
Hey, let me talk to you about
something real quick.

Christy jumps off the hood. Larry guides her away, out of
earshot, leaving Richard with Rosie.

LARRY (CONT'D)
I loved what I saw out there
tonight. I'm getting some real
interest in these women's fights at
the moment. I've got a trainer who
wants to meet you. His name is Jim
Martin. He's an excellent trainer,
he trains my son. Why don't you
come up next week for a couple days
and meet him. Have a look around my
gym, work out with him some. See if
you like it. If you do, if you like
it, I wanna promote you, get you
more fights.

CHRISTY
Yeah?... OK. Sure.

LARRY
Maybe you want to bring your father
up with you.

CHRISTY
My dad can't take time off work.

LARRY
Well, bring your Mom then. Just
your Mom. Jim's a family guy, you
know... You understand me?

Christy nods. She understands: don't bring your girlfriend.

LARRY (CONT'D)
He's excited to meet you, Christy.
Let's see if we can't make a boxer
out of you.

Christy watches Larry walk away. Rosie watches Christy.

12 INT. CHRISTY'S CAR - DAY 12

Christy drives, Casey on her lap. Joyce in the passenger seat. It's frosty between them. Joyce stares out the window.

13 INT. LARRY'S GYM - DAY 13

Christy and Joyce walk through the door of Larry's boxing gym. A HANDFUL OF GUYS work out, jump rope, punching speed balls and heavy bags. Not a woman in sight.

Christy stands awkwardly beside Joyce, clutching Casey close to her chest, gym bag over her shoulder, out of place.

Christy turns to a KID on an exercise bike.

CHRISTY
I'm looking for Jim Martin.

The kid gestures to the far end of the gym where JIM MARTIN (45), blonde hair and bravado, is leaning against the ring ropes. He's watching WALT (55), a ragged looking guy with a prosthetic leg, doing mitt work with a young fighter, TONY.

Christy and Joyce make their way over, cautiously.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
(to Jim)
Excuse me?

Jim doesn't turn around, she hovers awkwardly for a moment.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
Are you Jim Martin?

Casey GROWLS in Christy's arms. Christy pushes on politely.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
I'm Christy Salters. Mr. Carrier
told me you'd be expecting me...
I'm here to train with you.

Jim ignores her, keeps his back to her.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
Sir?

Jim spins around to face her.

JIM
What? Why are you interrupting me?
I'm working. Tony's trying to
concentrate. What do you want?

Christy's face hardens, she turns abruptly and heads back towards the door. Joyce follows, trying to keep up.

JOYCE
Where are you going?

Christy charges towards the door, furious, as Larry walks in.

LARRY
Christy, you made it!

CHRISTY
That fucking asshole doesn't want
to train me.

JOYCE
Christy!

Larry looks over to Jim who still has his back turned.

LARRY
Hey Jim, get over here.

Jim turns and walks over to them.

JIM
Yup?

LARRY
This is Christy Salters. I told you
she was coming in today.

Jim is suddenly all smiles and charm.

JIM
Hi, Christy, pleased to meet you.

Christy glares at him. Jim holds his hand out to Joyce.

JIM (CONT'D)
Hi. Jim Martin.

JOYCE
(shaking his hand)
I'm Joyce. I'm Christy's mom.

JIM
(to Christy)
Okay... Why don't you get your gear
on? Let's take a look at you.

14

INT. DINER. BRISTOL - NIGHT

14

Christy and Joyce at a diner booth. Christy eats a burger and sneaks fries to Casey whose head pokes out of her handbag.

JOYCE

Larry's paid for the hotel already.
You said you were going to give it
a try.

CHRISTY

I said I was going to come and
check it out. I checked it out. The
guy's a dick and I wanna go home.

JOYCE

Christy, please, enough with the
language.

CHRISTY

Well, he is.

JOYCE

I just think if Larry's offering
you a place to stay, rent-free, and
a job and a trainer, well, that's a
real opportunity. And now you're
just being ungrateful, is all.
That's not how I raised you.

CHRISTY

He clearly doesn't want to train
me. You saw it. It was humiliating.
It was just embarrassing.

Christy sneaks Casey another fry. Joyce watches.

JOYCE

Fine, we'll go home. I'm
disappointed in you. I didn't come
all the way up here thinking you
were gonna quit so easy is all. I'm
so disappointed. Just because a man
said something mean to you. That's
how training works. It's tough.
It's s'posed to toughen you up.

Joyce takes a bite of her burger.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

(with her mouth full)

I honestly thought you were tough
already.

Christy seethes, Joyce knows how to push her buttons.

15

INT. LARRY'S GYM - MORNING

15

Christy is in the ring getting ready to spar with Walt.

JIM

I wanna see you move, use your jab,
show me your combinations. Don't
get fancy. Walt'll go easy. I just
want to see what you got.

Christy looks flummoxed. Combinations?

Jim walks over to Walt and talks quietly to him.

JIM (CONT'D)

Get her out of here.

WALT

What you want me to do?

JIM

Bust her up. Break a rib if you
have to.

Walt looks at him, uncertain.

CUT TO:

Joyce sits with Casey, watching. Walt and Christy spar. Jim leans on the ropes, watching. Walt is throwing the heat at Christy, finding openings in her defense and making her work, but still pulling his punches.

The BELL sounds. Jim gestures Walt over, whispers to him.

JIM (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

WALT

Her mom's sitting right there. I
can't hurt her in front of her mom.

JIM

Just do what I tell you to do,
Walter.

CUT TO:

The BELL sounds and Christy steps towards Walt, lifts her hands. Walt throws a couple of GENTLE JABS and then CRACK! He slams her with a BODY SHOT to the liver. Christy YELPS in pain, stumbles. Joyce sits up, alarmed.

Christy takes a couple of deep breaths, shakes it off and steps back in. Walt goes to throw another body shot but Christy, angry now, SMASHES him with a WILD LEFT HOOK. Walt stumbles backwards... and GOES DOWN. Christy, shocked hurries over to him. Walt's on his hands and knees.

CHRISTY

Shit. I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to do that.

She helps him up.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

(to Jim)

I'm sorry.

Jim stares at Christy. Walt steadies himself on the ropes.

WALT

Jesus Christ. This girl can punch.

16

EXT/INT. TRAILER. BRISTOL SPEEDWAY - DAY

16

Christy's car is parked in front of a demountable trailer at the Bristol Speedway, sitting apart from the rest of the infrastructure like a forgotten relic. The constant WHINE and occasional THUNDEROUS ROAR of a race car doing practice laps.

Richard Christmas waits as she pulls a suitcase from the trunk, she holds Casey under her arm.

Richard unlocks the trailer door and they walk inside. Christy takes in her new home. A bed up one end, a small kitchenette and a little dining table.

RICHARD

Utilities are all paid for. The telephone's connected to the office, so any calls that come through for you, they'll patch them over. After hours, they'll come straight through to you. If anyone calls for the office then, just take a message for Polly. Or else you can get Polly to let them all go to the machine, but that means nobody can call you at night, so I'm guessing you don't want that. You can figure it out with Polly.

Christy looks around, taking it in.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Most important thing is remember
what I showed you with the gate.
It's just you here once everyone's
gone home for the night so lock it
up behind you when you come in
after hours. You'll be alright, you
got yourself a guard dog there.

Christy throws her bag down on the bed.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Your shift at the store starts 9am
tomorrow. The gym's right next
door. Anything-

VVVRRROOOMMM. He pauses for the car to pass.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Anything else, give me a call.

CHRISTY
Thank you.

RICHARD
You only got 12 days before this
next fight, so make 'em count.

CHRISTY
Absolutely.

Richard stops on his way out -

RICHARD
Also... the guys aren't used to
having a woman in the gym. Don't go
getting involved with any of them.
You're not here for romance. You're
here to train and Larry expects you
to take that seriously. If anyone
gives you a hard time let me know.

CHRISTY
No problem.

He leaves. Christy stands in the middle of the trailer,
holding Casey, looking around at her tiny, new world.

17 INT. LARRY'S GYM - DAY

17

Christy is attempting to jump rope. She's terrible at it. Jim
and Walt watch her.

JIM
 (to Walt)
 She's like a baby elephant.
 (re Walt's missing leg)
 You jump rope better than she can.

Walt LAUGHS. Christy tries to ignore them.

JIM (CONT'D)
 (to Christy)
 Okay, that's enough.

CUT TO:

Christy and Jim at the heavy bag. Jim scratches his head.

JIM (CONT'D)
 About the only thing I got time to
 teach you is how to throw a
 straight hard jab. So let me see
 your jab, let's take a look at it.

Christy starts to JAB at the heavy bag. Jim shakes his head.

JIM (CONT'D)
 Goddammit. Okay, stop, stop. You're
 not pushing off with your back
 foot. You gotta push off your back
 foot and rotate your hips. You
 gotta turn him.

Jim demonstrates. Christy watches.

JIM (CONT'D)
 Rotate. And then bring it back in
 quick or you're leaving yourself
 wide open.

CHRISTY
 Okay.

JIM
 Okay. Do it.

Christy tries jabbing again. Jim glares a moment, then -

JIM (CONT'D)
 (yells)
 Stop!

Christy stops, startled. Jim steps in close, menacing.

JIM (CONT'D)
 Listen to me. This is my gym. When
 I tell you to do something, you do
 it. I tell you to rotate your hips,
 you rotate your damn hips. You
 understand that?

Christy nods, unsettled.

JIM (CONT'D)
 Do it again.

He steps away. Christy works the heavy bag.

JIM (CONT'D)
 And bring it back in. Quick! Push
 off your back foot and bring it
 back quick.

18 EXT. BRISTOL SPEEDWAY - NIGHT 18

Christy locks the gates of the speedway and drives up to her
 lonely little trailer.

19 INT. TRAILER. BRISTOL SPEEDWAY - NIGHT 19

Christy alone in her trailer with Casey. She practices her
 jab. She stops. She thinks she hears something. She peers
 through a curtain.

20 EXT. BRISTOL SPEEDWAY - DAWN 20

A morning mist hangs over the speedway stadium. Christy JOGS
 around the empty racetrack. She is the only thing moving in
 an otherwise eerily quiet Coliseum.

21 INT. LARRY'S GYM - EVENING 21

Christy and Walt are sparring. Her jab is noticeably better.

JIM
 Shoulder to chin. Elbows in
 straight, they're sticking out like
 turkey wings... Don't drop your
 hand. What's your back hand doing?
 You're dropping it. Keep it up.
 Keep yourself protected. Elbows
 in... You gotta bring that jab back
 quicker than that. Pop it. Pop,
 pop, pop. That's better.

Larry wanders in and joins Jim on the ropes.

LARRY
How's she looking?

JIM
Like a lumberjack with tits.

Larry laughs. Jim remains focused on Christy.

JIM (CONT'D)
She's got a granite chin. I'll give
her that much. You could hit her
with a sledgehammer, she'd still be
standing there looking at you like
a damn puppy dog.
(to Christy)
Good. That's good.

22 INT. DINER. BRISTOL - NIGHT

22

Christy's finishing her dinner. Casey, in a bag beside her on the seat, starts to GROWL. Christy looks up and notices Jim walk in, they both pretend they haven't seen each other.

Jim reluctantly walks over. It's awkward.

JIM
What'd you eat?

CHRISTY
Burger.

JIM
I come here for the steaks. The
steaks are good.

Christy nods. He turns to go. It's awkward. He's almost shy.

CHRISTY
You wanna sit down?

He shrugs and sits. Casey GROWLS.

JIM
That dog don't much like me.

CHRISTY
She's a good judge of character.

A WAITRESS comes over.

WAITRESS
Heya Jim, just the usual?

JIM

Thanks.

WAITRESS

(to Christy)

And you going to have the pie again, hon?

CHRISTY

Yes please.

JIM

She'll just have coffee.

CHRISTY

I don't want coffee.

JIM

I don't want to train a fat fighter.

The waitress stands uncomfortably as the two of them stare each other down. Finally Christy smiles up at her.

CHRISTY

Just the check, thanks.

Jim leans back in his chair, sizing her up.

JIM

You're working harder than most the men I train.

CHRISTY

I'm working my ass off. It still feels like you don't want me here.

Jim shrugs.

JIM

Larry's a smart guy. He seems to think there's something in this lady boxer business. I don't know. We'll see. Maybe he's right.

Jim looks her in the eye, trains his charming smile on her.

JIM (CONT'D)

Maybe I'm going to make you the best woman fighter in the world.

Christy thinks about it for a moment, then smiles.

23 I/E. TRAILER. BRISTOL SPEEDWAY - NIGHT 23

Christy pulls up in front of her trailer. A cardboard box sits on the step. On its side in marker: **'good luck. Jim'**

She puts Casey on the bed and opens the box. She pulls out a pair of pink and white satin boxing shorts with tassels.

24 INT. BRISTOL SPEEDWAY. DRESSING ROOM TENT - DAY 24

Christy, in her new outfit, sits as Jim wraps her hands.

JIM
How you feeling?

CHRISTY
Good, I think?

JIM
Just remember - jab, jab, turn her
like a top. Jab, jab, turn her.

She nods, psyching herself up.

JIM (CONT'D)
Okay. I'm gonna watch them wrap
Whitcomb's hands.

He turns back, looks her up and down, winks.

JIM (CONT'D)
You look cute.

Christy gives him a nervous smile.

CUT TO:

Christy alone, before a full-length mirror - in pink satin shorts, pink tank-top, proper fight shoes. She pulls on a pink satin robe. She feels like she's in a superhero costume.

25 EXT. BRISTOL SPEEDWAY - SUNSET 25

Christy does her first ring walk in her new, pink get-up - 'CHRISTY SALTERS' across the back of her robe. She's flanked by Jim and Walt. It's a SCRAPPY CROWD, most of them boo, a couple of men wolf whistle.

RING ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
And from Mullens, West Virginia,
Christy Salters.

Tight on Christy's face as her fear turns to anticipation, feeding off the energy. Jim's hand rests on her shoulder.

26 EXT. BRISTOL SPEEDWAY. RING - SUNSET/NIGHT 26

Christy, alone in her corner, robe off, mouthguard in.

The BELL RINGS. She skips forward. Her opponent, JAMIE WHITCOMB, looks fierce, circling her. She takes a swing at Christy. Christy pulls back, keeps moving. Whitcomb swings. Christy pulls back. Whitcomb swings again. This time, Christy slips it and cracks Whitcomb with a sharp, devastating counter jab. Whitcomb stumbles. The crowd yells approval.

26A EXT. LARRY'S GYM - DAY 26A

Christy gets out of her car and heads into the gym.

27 INT. LARRY'S GYM - DAY 27

Christy walks into the gym. Young fighters are training. They stop and clap. Jim sits on a chair, newspaper in his hands.

JIM

(reading loud from paper)

'Thanks to new trainer Jim Martin, Christy Salters showed a vast improvement on her previous fight and is displaying fledgling boxing skills'.

(lowers paper)

See what I did for you in just two weeks?... You're welcome.

Christy is chuffed. She made the papers.

28 INT. TRAILER. BRISTOL SPEEDWAY - NIGHT 28

Christy sits on the bed with Casey, telephone pressed to her ear. She has the newspaper clipping in her hand.

CHRISTY

(into phone)

Fledgling means like a young bird learning to fly.

ROSIE (ON PHONE)

Cool.

CHRISTY

It was such a good feeling. I can't really describe it. It was fucking amazing. This girl was tough but she was slow. I just kept slipping her punches and all my jabs were landing. It felt so good. I feel like I've found my thing.

(MORE)

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

I bet most people go through their whole life not even knowing what their thing *is*... You know?

A long silence.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Rosie? You still there?

ROSIE (ON PHONE)

So boxing's your thing.

CHRISTY

Yeah. I mean, maybe. I don't know. I think I'm really fucking good at it.

ROSIE (ON PHONE)

But it's not a career. Is it?

Rosie's lack of enthusiasm stings Christy.

CHRISTY

My next fight's in six weeks. I thought maybe you wanna come?

ROSIE (ON PHONE)

I hate watching you fight.

Another long pause, Christy can sense Rosie's distance but she wants to keep her on the phone.

CHRISTY

Larry's also got me shifts at the supplies store next to the gym, just for some cash, you know -

ROSIE (ON PHONE)

Christy, I wanted to do this face to face, I did. But also I just need to come out and say it. I guess I thought this could work long distance but... I met someone. I met a guy. You'd actually like him I think. I don't know. I feel really bad about this but--

Christy abruptly hangs up. She sits, stunned, in the silence.

Christy, alone, on her morning run around the speedway.

30 INT. LARRY'S GYM - DAY 30

Jim holds Christy's feet as she does sit ups. She's sweating. Jim counts. After the last rep she sits up, breathing hard, head between her legs. Jim affectionately ruffles her hair.

31 INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT 31

Christy knocks down another opponent.

32 INT. TRAILER. BRISTOL SPEEDWAY - NIGHT 32

Christy lies on the bed listening to a walkman. It's lonely.

33 INT. LARRY'S GYM - DAY 33

Christy and Jim do mitt work. He smiles, she smiles back.

34 INT. TRAILER. BRISTOL SPEEDWAY - DAY 34

Christy sits in her trailer studying a VHS tape of flamboyant boxer, HECTOR 'MACHO' CAMACHO, fighting. Casey is beside her. She's fixating on one combination, rewinds the tape, watches it again. The loud sound of cars doing laps on the speedway.

35 INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT 35

Christy has another fight, another knockout, perfectly replicating the MACHO combination. As the referee counts out her opponent, she runs to her corner and HUGS Jim, who lifts her in the air and SPINS HER AROUND. He puts her down again and she gives him a KISS ON THE LIPS, spur of the moment.

36 INT. BAR. BRISTOL - NIGHT 36

Jim and Christy play pool. Christy smashes a shot so hard the ball leaves the table and bounces across the room. She runs after it. Jim watches her.

She returns with the ball.

JIM
You play angry.

CHRISTY
That's what my basketball coach
told me, I'm too aggressive. That's
why I like boxing.

Jim takes his shot.

JIM
Boxing's only about five percent
aggression.
(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

The rest of it's control and strategy. It's chess. You can't play chess angry, now can you? You're setting up moves. You're hiding and feinting. You think I'm going here but actually I'm going over there. You're playing a character... You're the little, pretty, pink character.

Christy considers this, smiles. He hands her the pool cue.

JIM (CONT'D)

You should grow your hair long.
You'd look better with long hair.

*
*

CHRISTY

It gets in my face.

*
*

JIM

Well, you'd be prettier with it long. It looks butch like this. Nobody wants to watch a butch girl fight.

*
*

Christy lines up a shot.

JIM (CONT'D)

There ain't no place in professional sports for that kind of woman. You know that, don't you?

Christy takes the shot and misses.

JIM (CONT'D)

Joyce told me why you needed to leave West Virginia. She told me about Rosie.

Christy stands, unsettled.

CHRISTY

When did you talk to my Mom?

JIM

Why don't you have a boyfriend? You think you can't get a man?

CHRISTY

I just want to put all my energy into boxing.

Beat. She's rattled. Jim looks at her, warmly.

JIM

I can see it... I might rag on you sometimes but it's only because it makes you work harder. And I want you to work hard. Because I think you've got something. I'm not sure what it is yet, but it's something.

He picks up his beer.

JIM (CONT'D)

I really believe that.

He finishes the beer and puts the glass down.

JIM (CONT'D)

My round.

She watches him walk to the bar.

37 INT. JIM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

37

Christy's eyes flicker open, her head is pounding. She rolls over and sees Jim, asleep beside her. She reaches for her jeans on the bedroom floor and dresses quietly.

38 INT. LARRY'S GYM - DAY

38

Christy spars with Walt. Larry leans on the ropes with Jim.

JIM

Keep your god-damn hands up. You're wide open. You're gonna get yourself knocked on your ass.

39 EXT/INT. TRAILER. BRISTOL SPEEDWAY - EVENING

39

Christy sits on the step of her trailer, Casey sniffs around on the grass in front of her. She stares out into the dark.

The phone rings. Christy walks inside and answers it.

CHRISTY

Hello?

JIM (ON PHONE)

Hey there... Whatcha doin?

CHRISTY

Nothin. Just sitting.

40 INT. JIM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

40

Close up on Christy's sleeping face, a cup of coffee is placed on the bedside table in front of her. She opens her eyes. Jim stands there in boxer shorts. He sits on the bed beside her, looks like he wants to say something.

JIM

We should get to the gym.

He pats her thigh, stands and walks into the bathroom.

On Christy's face as we hear the sound of the SHOWER RUNNING.

41 INT. LARRY'S GYM - DAY

41

Christy is hitting the speed bag when CINDY (40s) bursts through the door and barrels over to Jim.

CINDY

You don't answer your phone anymore?

JIM

Jesus Christ. Why are you here?

CINDY

Why do you think I'm here? Why do I have to be chasing you for money all the goddamn time?

Everyone in the gym has turned to watch. Christy too.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Or have you forgotten about your kids? Huh? You think they're growing their own food now? You think they're making their own shoes?

JIM

I don't have time for this right now, Cindy. I'm working.

Cindy looks over to Christy.

CINDY

This? Is this the little girl you're fucking?

Jim, sheepish, flustered.

JIM

Don't be stupid.

CINDY

Everyone knows you're sleeping with her. You can't keep your damn mouth shut. You're like a teenager with a hard on. *'I just got laid!'*

(pointing at Christy)

'Hey everyone, look what I just fucked'.

Christy stands, humiliated. Richard Christmas is watching.

CINDY (CONT'D)

(to Christy)

You be careful, sweetie. This man is a lying piece of shit.

CHRISTY

Sorry, who even are you?

Cindy steps towards Christy.

CINDY

I'm his wife actually.

JIM

Ex-wife.

CHRISTY

Get the fuck out of my face.

CINDY

You silly little bitch.

Cindy turns and walks out. Christy looks at Jim who just stands, strangely pathetic.

The guys in the gym don't know where to look. Richard Christmas watches, disapproving. Christy feels very small.

42

INT. TRAILER. BRISTOL SPEEDWAY - NIGHT

42

Christy sits cross legged on the bed, Casey on her lap. She leans over, picks up the phone, dials a number.

JOHNNY (ON PHONE)

Johnny Salters speaking.

CHRISTY

(into phone)

Hey Dad.

JOHNNY (ON PHONE)

Heya, sweet pea. How are you?

CHRISTY
(beat)
I'm alright.

She's struggling to hold back tears.

JOHNNY (ON PHONE)
You okay, honey?

CHRISTY
Yeah, I'm fine. I just miss you. I
think I wanna come home.

43 INT. CHRISTY'S FAMILY HOME. BEDROOM - DAY 43

Christy walks into her old bedroom. It's small and packed with childhood. She drops her suitcase and sits on the bed. Johnny appears in the doorway. She stands and hugs him.

44 INT. CHRISTY'S FAMILY HOME. DINING ROOM - NIGHT 44

Christy, Johnny and Joyce eat dinner in silence. Johnny smiles at Christy.

45 INT. CHRISTY'S FAMILY HOME. LIVING ROOM - DAY 45

Christy and Johnny watch TV in the living room. The phone rings off screen. Joyce is heard answering it. She enters.

JOYCE
Christy, it's Jim.

CHRISTY
I'm busy.

JOYCE
You're not busy. You need to talk
to him.

CHRISTY
I don't want to.

Joyce exits. We hear her muffled, speaking to Jim.

46 EXT. ITMANN MAIN ST - DAY 46

Christy jogs through Itmann. The town is eerily dead.

47 OMITTED 47

48 INT. CHRISTY'S FAMILY HOME - DAY 48

Christy enters the kitchen, sweaty. She stops. Jim is sitting at the kitchen bench, Joyce is making coffee.

JIM

Hi.

CHRISTY

What are you doing here?

JOYCE

I told him he was welcome.

49

INT. CHRISTY'S FAMILY HOME. LIVING ROOM - DAY

49

Jim and Christy sit in the living room.

CHRISTY

I said I was going to try it out for six months, I did that. I need to start thinking about what I'm actually gonna do with my life.

JIM

Boxing. Boxing's what you're gonna do. You're doing it.

CHRISTY

But I can't make a living doing it. Larry can't find women to fight me. And I didn't go to college to work in a farm supplies store.

JIM

What you gonna do instead? Huh? Teaching? That what you wanna do? Be a teacher?

CHRISTY

That's what I went to college for.

JIM

Yeah, but is it what you wanna do?

Christy doesn't answer. It isn't what she wants to do.

JIM (CONT'D)

I wouldn't be here if I didn't think I could make this work out for us. I've trained a lotta guys and I've never had a fighter that I really thought had what it takes to go all the way. You're lucky if you get one of those fighters your whole life. But that's what I see in you. I'm being serious when I say I can make you the best female fighter in the world.

CHRISTY

Compared to who? No one's doing it.
No one's getting *paid* to do it.

JIM

That's gonna change. I've been making calls. Lenny Del Percio in Florida wants to promote you. He's got an apartment for us in Daytona and he can get us fights. And then when the time's right I'll make the call to Don King.

Christy's listening, and Jim knows it.

JIM (CONT'D)

Don's moving back to Miami and I'll call him when you're ready. But we gotta do the work. I've found a real nice gym down there for us to train at and some guys I want to bring onto the team. I think we can do something here if you stick with me. I think we can do something real special together. But you've gotta want it. If you wanna stay here in West Virginia, be a teacher, I can't stop you. But I don't think you do. I can see it in your eyes. And I've got a real nice situation set up in Daytona just waiting for us.

Beat. Christy looking at Jim. She wants it.

JIM (CONT'D)

Yeah?

CHRISTY

Daytona Beach.

JIM

Daytona Beach.

50

INT. CHRISTY'S FAMILY HOME. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

50

Christy and Jim side by side at the table like a new couple - one where the new boyfriend is older than Dad. Joyce, Johnny and Randy all listen intently to Jim, holding court.

JIM

Aaron Pryor's a buddy of mine - you know Aaron Pryor -

JOYCE

No.

JIM

Johnny, you must know Aaron Pryor.

RANDY

He's a fighter.

JIM

He's a fighter from Ohio. Legend. In 83, I guess it would've been 83, 84, he introduced me to Mike Buffer. You know who Mike Buffer is.

JOYCE

No.

JIM

'Let's get ready to rumble'?... That's Mike Buffer. Ring announcer.

JOYCE

Oh my goodness.

JIM

Somewhere round that time he came up with 'let's get ready to rumble'. He was saying a whole bunch of different stuff before fights. Some nights he'd say that, sometimes he'd say something else, and there was a bunch of us around at that time that was telling Mike, 'you know, you should stick with *get ready to rumble*, you should keep just saying that. It's gonna be like your brand. It's a good catchphrase.'

JOYCE

And maybe he wouldn't still be saying it if it wasn't for you.

JIM

Well, maybe. Who knows?

Jim puts his arm around Christy and gently rubs her shoulder.

JIM (CONT'D)

(to Joyce, re food)

This is delicious, Joyce.

Christy looks to her dad, smiling. She wants his approval. He smiles back. He wants her to be happy.

51 INT. CAR - DAY 51

Jim drives. Christy, trepidatious beside him, holds Casey.

52 EXT/INT. APARTMENT DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA - DAY 52

Christy and Jim lug suitcases up the front steps of a rundown apartment complex. Christy carries Casey under one arm.

JUNKIES and PROSTITUTES mill out front. Sirens and yelling.

They push through the door and take in the bleak little empty apartment. Christy stares out through a barred window.

53 INT. DAYTONA GYM - DAY 53

The little boxing gym is caked in years of grime and history. Boxing posters on the walls, loud rap music, fighters - mostly black guys - train, sweating, pounding bags.

Christy stands in the ring, gloves raised, stepping back and forth. Opposite her is JIMMY 'SHORTDOG' MALONEY (20's), short, stocky, arms by his side. He's shaking his head.

SHORTDOG

I can't do it. Doesn't feel right.

Christy grins at him. Shortdog looks to Jim, who leans against the ropes next to BIG JEFF (30s), a hulk of a man just shy of seven foot with an Elvis hairstyle.

JIM

Just treat her same as a man, she's fine.

BIG JEFF

You go easy on him, Christy, he's only small. Ain't that right, Shortdog?

Big Jeff laughs. He laughs often and easily. Shortdog reluctantly raises his gloves.

54 MONTAGE: INT. BOXING RINGS & DAYTONA GYM - VARIOUS 54

- Christy is on a roll. We float through images of her fights as she knocks out OPPONENT after OPPONENT.

- She jumps onto the ropes, PUMPING UP THE CROWD.

- in the gym, Christy does mitt work with Shortdog. Big Jeff and Jim watch.

- Christy shares a tiny dressing room with bikini clad RING CARD GIRLS who tussle for space in front of a broken mirror as Jim wraps her hands.

- Between rounds, Christy sits in the corner, BREATHING HARD as Big Jeff, Jim and Shortdog, go to work on her.

- in the gym, Christy spars with Shortdog. Jim and Jeff watch. Jeff laughs and claps. Christy is looking sharp.

- Christy celebrates another knock out, JUMPING AROUND over her opponent. With every fight her celebrations get wilder.

55 INT. APARTMENT DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA - DAY 55

Christy is doing dishes when the phone rings. She answers it.

CHRISTY

Hello?

ROSIE (ON PHONE)

Hey, stranger.

Christy's eyes dart towards the closed bedroom door.

CHRISTY

(quietly)

Hey. How are you?

Jim, just behind the bedroom door, eavesdropping.

ROSIE (ON PHONE)

Hey guess what. I'm going to be in Florida next week. Thought I'd drop you a line, see if you wanna say hi.

56 INT. PUNCHY CALLAHAN'S BAR - DAY 56

Christy and Rosie sit opposite one another in a booth at a grungy biker bar. They're a few drinks in.

A massive TATTOOED BARTENDER is watching them suspiciously.

CHRISTY

I've been winning. A lot, like every fight. And Jim knows lots of good people. So, you know, yeah. And my team's cool. Shortdog and Big Jeff. They're so great. We're like a little weird family.

ROSIE
That's great.

Christy smiles shyly, nods.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
What about you and him?

CHRISTY
Jim? It's fine. I dunno. He thinks
this is really gonna work out for
us.

ROSIE
Your parents must be happy?

CHRISTY
Mom loves him. Every time she calls
she just wants to talk to *him* not
me. It's weird.

Christy sucks her straw.

ROSIE
What's the sex like?

Christy LAUGHS/CHOKES, embarrassed.

CHRISTY
I dunno. You tell me.

ROSIE
How would I know?

CHRISTY
How's your boyfriend?

ROSIE
Yeah... That didn't really work...
He was a dick.

CHRISTY
I thought you liked dicks.

They both laugh. Suddenly Christy looks up. Jim is crossing
the room towards them.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
Jim... This is Rosie.

Jim ignores Rosie and stares at Christy.

JIM
Can I talk to you outside?

Christy hesitates a moment then gets up and follows him out.
Rosie watches.

57 EXT. PUNCHY CALLAHAN'S BAR. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS 57

Jim pulls Christy by the arm.

CHRISTY
Don't fucking grab at me!

JIM
What are you doing sneaking around
behind my back?

CHRISTY
I'm not sneaking around.

JIM
What's she doing here?

CHRISTY
We're having a drink. She's in town
to see her Grandma.

JIM
How do you think that makes me
look? You're in a bar with a damn
lesbian. What do you think Frank in
there is gonna make of it? What do
I say to him?

CHRISTY
I don't know. Who the fuck cares
what Frank thinks?

Jim shakes his head, he's PACING, AGITATED.

JIM
I called your Dad.

Christy straightens.

JIM (CONT'D)
I told him I'm worried you might be
gay.

CHRISTY
Why did you say that?

JIM
I'm in the damn dark here! He said
if you are gay, I should throw all
your stuff in the ocean. You're
breaking his heart.

CHRISTY

Why did you tell him that?

JIM

You're gonna lose your family. Is that what you want? You really gonna do this? Leave the trainer who's making you into a great fighter? I'm the one person who believes in you--

CHRISTY

Jim, we're just having a drink--

JIM

-- I'm the guy who can pick up the phone to Don King, right when things are about to take off for you and you're gonna do this? For what? To be some damn dyke boxer that nobody wants to train?

Jim turns, looks away. When he turns back he's crying.

CHRISTY

Jim, I'm not--

JIM

That in there is your past. It's not your future. Your future is with me. You understand? We're *right there*. Why can't you see that? We're doing this thing together. We're a team here. You wanna lose that? You wanna lose your family, your trainer, your career, all of it?

(confused beat)

Or do you want to marry me?

Jim drops down to his knee. The moment is weird and awkward.

JIM (CONT'D)

C'mon, I'm down on one knee, dammit. Christy Salters, will you marry me?

Christy - young, confused, ambitious, scared...

CHRISTY

Fuck... Okay. Just get up.

59

INT. APARTMENT DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA - DAY

59

Jim sits at the dining table eating breakfast. The apartment has some new furniture but still feels bleak. The phone rings. Jim leans over and picks it up.

JIM

Jim and Christy Martin.

JOHNNY (ON PHONE)

Hiya, Jim. It's Johnny.

JIM

Hey, how ya doin?

JOHNNY (ON PHONE)

I'm good. Is Christy there?

The sound of the toilet flushing off screen.

JIM

You just missed her. She's out running. I'll tell her you called. I gotta go, Johnny. I'm kind of in a rush.

JOHNNY (ON PHONE)

Oh, okay.

JIM

Okay, take care now.

Jim hangs up the phone. Christy enters. She pours herself coffee.

CHRISTY

What if I do a couple of shifts a week at the drug store? They're looking for people.

JIM

You wanna box or you wanna work at the drug store?

CHRISTY

I just want to pay the phone bill. We need to earn some money. Or maybe I should go back to Itmann.

JIM

You leave me, I'll kill you... You just need to be seen by the right people. Keep training and be ready when the opportunity comes.

CHRISTY

I am ready. I don't know what else
I'm supposed to do. I'm training my
ass off. I'm winning my fights-

Jim gets up, takes his breakfast dish to the sink.

JIM

So keep doing that.

CHRISTY

Well, one of us has to get a job. I
can't keep asking my Dad to send us
money. Why don't you get a job?

JIM

I have a job, I'm your trainer.

CHRISTY

It's not paying the bills. What
kind of a man has a job can't pay
the bills?

Jim stands at the sink, back to Christy. The moment is tense.
Christy suddenly wants to defuse somehow.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

I'm not gettin enough fights and
I'm not gettin paid enough for em
when I do, and I just want to make -

Jim turns and menaces in on her, cornering her against the
kitchen counter.

JIM

I told you what you can do to make
some money... Didn't I? But you
don't wanna do it. You think you're
too good for it. And that's fine.

Christy, intimidated, doesn't know what to say.

JIM (CONT'D)

But if you really don't wanna do
it, how about you stop bitching to
me about the damn phone bill.

60

INT. SEEDY HOTEL. CORRIDOR / ROOM - DAY

60

Christy follows Jim down the corridor of a seedy hotel. Jim
knocks on a door. It's opened by an overweight, balding man.

JIM

Douglas?

DOUGLAS

Yeah.

JIM

I'm Jim, this is Christy.

DOUGLAS leads them in. The furniture has all been pushed aside to make an open space at the center of the room.

Douglas picks up his wallet, counts off a wad of twenty dollar bills, hands them to Jim. Christy watches.

CUT TO:

Christy, gloves on, deeply unsettled, spars with Douglas. He moves strangely, trying to GRAB at her while she JABS at him. He pulls her into a CLINCH, leans his head into her chest, sweaty, breathing heavy, PAWING HER ASS. Christy pushes him off, he comes back again. Christy drives her fist into the back of his head. He drops to a knee, gets up and goes in for another clinch. He just wants to bury himself in her flesh.

Jim sits in a nearby armchair, watching impassively.

61 OMITTED 61

62 INT. SMALL ARENA. PUNTA GORDA. FLORIDA - NIGHT 62

Christy in mid-fight with DEBORAH CRUICKSHANK. Christy is DOMINATING, a rage in her. Deborah looks exhausted, she can barely lift her arms to throw a punch. Christy HOPS AWAY from her effortlessly, taunting her. She lines up a STINGING HAYMAKER, swings and sends Deborah straight to the floor.

As the referee COUNTS Deborah out, Christy stands in the middle of the ring, one hand raised triumphantly in the air, counting along with the ref. The crowd joins in, NUTS for Christy: SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT. Jeff and Shortdog cheer.

63 INT. DRESSING ROOM. PUNTA GORDA. FLORIDA - NIGHT 63

Shortdog is with Christy, pulling the tape off her hands. The dressing room is dark and tiny, literally a janitor's closet.

Jeff enters with JESSIE ROBINSON (30s), tall, well dressed.

BIG JEFF

Champ, I want you to meet an old friend of mine. Jessie Robinson.

Jim watches as Jessie steps in to shake Christy's hand.

JESSIE

Pleased to meet you, Christy.

CHRISTY

Hi there.

JESSIE

That was a hell of a show.

Jim steps forward, hand out.

JIM

Jim Martin.

64

I/E. CAR. FREEWAY - DAY

64

Jim's car tears down the freeway, smoke BILLOWING from under the hood. Jim drives. Christy, wearing a pink floral dress, make up and hair done, is shotgun and panicking.

CHRISTY

What the fuck, why didn't you check the oil?

JIM

Since when is that my job?

CHRISTY

It's your job because you're a man and *men* are supposed to check the damn oil! And also because you fucking said you would!

JIM

We've gotta pull over.

CHRISTY

No! We can't be late.

JIM

You wanna blow a head gasket?!

CHRISTY

I don't give a fuck what we blow, so long as it's not this motherfucking meeting! We're going to meet Don King.

(yelling at Jim, happy)

We're meeting DON FUCKING KING!!!

65

INT. DON KING'S OFFICE. DEERFIELD BEACH - DAY

65

DON KING (62) sits behind a big desk, looking over paperwork with DANA JAMISON (30s), his business manager. His assistant, BONNIE (20s), enters, followed by Jessie, Jim and finally Christy. Don stands.

DON
Here he is.

JESSIE
Hey Don, how you doing, man?

Don grabs Jessie in a big bear hug as Dana and Bonnie exit.

JIM
Good to see you, Don.

JESSIE
You know Jim Martin.

DON
Nope.

JESSIE
I thought you two'd met?

DON
Nope.

JIM
We met one time in Detroit.

DON
Nope.

JIM
There was a lot of people there so-

DON
Nope. I don't forget people.

Awkward beat. Jim squirms.

DON (CONT'D)
So you're the trainer *and* the
husband?

JIM
Yes, sir.

DON
I like that.
(to Christy)
And you must be the lady I'm
hearing so much about. Christy,
Christy, Christy. How old are you?

CHRISTY
I'm 24, sir.

DON

Woo-ee, you're pretty. You really a fighter?

CHRISTY

Yessir. It's a real honor to meet you, Mr. King.

DON

Tell me about yourself. Jessie tells me you fight in all pink. That's good. I like pink.

CHRISTY

I'm from West Virginia.

DON

What's that got to do with pink?

CHRISTY

Nothing, sir. I'm just telling you about myself.

JIM

The pink was my idea.

DON

West Virginia. Coal-mining country.

CHRISTY

Yessir, my Daddy and my brother work the mines.

DON

And why the hell are you boxing, Christy? What's a pretty girl like you doing gettin punched in the face for a living?

CHRISTY

I'm good at it, sir. And I figure you can help with the 'making a living' bit.

Don laughs, that famous, high pitched, Don King laugh.

DON

Okay. I like you. I wanna see what you got. I never had a lady fighter in my office, but Jessie won't stop blabbering about you so it would be a dereliction of duty not to sneak me a peek. Jessie says you got a tape?

(MORE)

DON (CONT'D)
(yells)
Bonnie!

CHRISTY
Yes, sir.

Bonnie re-enters as Christy riffles in her handbag and pulls out a VHS tape.

DON
(to Bonnie)
Get Christy's tape in the machine.

Bonnie takes the tape from Christy and slides a cupboard open to reveal a TV and VHS player. She turns the TV on and slides the tape into the player. She presses play... Nothing.

Bonnie fiddles with the remote. Jim steps forward, nervous.

JESSIE
(stepping forward)
Is it on the right channel?

Bonnie puts her head to the player.

BONNIE
I can hear it spinning in there.

JESSIE
Is it actually hooked up to the TV?

Jessie and Bonnie fiddle with the player. Don watches...

DON
Damn. Oh well, you can leave the
tape here. I'll get to it.

Christy turns to Don.

CHRISTY
No, no... No.

She rips off her jacket, steps in front of Don and starts to shadow box. Don watches her, amused. Christy is impressive.

JIM
Show Don your left body hook, baby.

Christy shadow boxes her ass off. Don is laughing now.

DON

Okay, you look good, Christy. A coal miner's daughter who fights in pink trunks and sleeps with her corner man. I love it! Fuck it, sign her up, let's do it.

(to Bonnie)

Bonnie, have Dana draw up a contract, five six round fights a year at five thousand a fight.

Bonnie nods and exits. Don grabs his jacket to leave.

DON (CONT'D)

(to Christy)

Honey, I'm going to throw you in there, sink or swim. I'll promote you the same way I promote all my fighters. I don't got a clue how the hell else to do it. Here's what you do for me: you fight good, and you make sure everybody is saying your name. You hear me?

CHRISTY

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

JIM

Thanks, Don, that's great. We'll have our lawyer look over the contract and get right back to you.

Don stops as he passes Jim.

DON

Your name's Jim.

JIM

Yes, sir.

DON

How much did she make on her last fight?

JIM

Four hundred dollars.

Don smiles.

DON

That contract don't leave this office. You sign it here or you don't sign it at all.

66 INT. DON KING'S OFFICE. DEERFIELD BEACH - DAY

66

Christy and Jim sit at a table with Dana Jamison, looking over the contract.

DANA

Five fights a year is the minimum.
There could be more but that's the
guarantee.

She slides the contract towards Jim for him to read.

DANA (CONT'D)

There's a one thousand dollar
payment up front.

Christy is suddenly anxious.

CHRISTY

Ah, Ma'am, would we be able to have
a few days? To get the one thousand
together?

Dana looks at her blankly.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

We can get it, but we don't have it
right this second.

DANA

Honey, that's us paying you, not
the other way around.

Christy nods, relieved. Beat. She's close to tears.

CHRISTY

My Dad's not going to believe this.

67 INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - DAY

67

Christy, dressed up, hair done, applies lipstick in the mirror of a fancy hotel bathroom. She takes a deep anxious breath. Adjusts her bangs. Jim steps into the room.

JIM

There she is. My Rembrandt.

She looks to him.

JIM (CONT'D)

Bring the action, baby.

DON (PRE-LAP)
And now I want to introduce to you
the first lady of boxing.

68

INT. MGM GRAND. CONFERENCE ROOM. LAS VEGAS - DAY

68

Don King at the podium at a packed press conference. Behind him a big banner reads 'TYSON vs BRUNO'.

DON
Is she a bird? Is she a plane?
She's Wonder Woman! Here she is,
ladies and gentlemen. A new and
dynamic and beautiful boxing
sensation, The Coal-Miner's
Daughter, Christy Martin!

Christy gets up from her seat beside Jim and steps nervously to the podium. Don hugs her.

CHRISTY
Thank you, Don. I want to thank you
for this opportunity and say what
an honor it is to be fighting on a
Mike Tyson undercard. I can hardly
believe it.

She looks to MIKE TYSON sitting at the table. He nods.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
And to be the first woman fight on
pay-per-view. I don't know I
could've ever dreamed I'd be here.

She's warming up now, nerves abating. She breathes, smiles.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
But here I am. And can I just say,
I don't expect people to tune in
because I'm the first woman or
whatever. Everyone should watch
because I'm the best, because I can
fight. And I'm gonna show that
Saturday night when I stop Deirdre
Gogarty in such spectacular fashion
that every motherfucker in that
arena will be talking about it. So
get ready, honey, coz Christy
Martin is gonna knock you the fuck
out!

Everyone laughs and claps. Don loves this. So does Christy.

69

INT. MGM GRAND ARENA. DRESSING ROOM. LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

69

Jim, Christy, Shortdog, Big Jeff, Johnny, Joyce and Randy are all squeezed into the dressing room. Muffled sound of a FULL STADIUM OF RABID BOXING FANS rumbles outside. Johnny and Randy drink champagne from an ice bucket on a side table. Joyce stands with a couple of BOXING OFFICIALS watching Jim wrap Christy's hands.

JOYCE

(to Christy)

I just don't understand why you
have to do so much cussing is all.

JIM

It's just show business. Everybody
loves it.

SHORTDOG

Yeah, it's just showbiz.

Christy is very anxious. Big Jeff quietly watches her. Shortdog preps corner gear. Christy fidgets.

JIM

Keep em still.

Don King enters. Johnny and Randy are starstruck.

DON

There she is! The coal-miner's
daughter. The whole coal-mining
family.

(to Johnny)

You must be the coal miner.

He shakes Johnny's and Randy's hands perfunctorily, then heads over to Christy.

DON (CONT'D)

How you feeling, baby?

CHRISTY

I feel okay.

DON

I hope so. Make this a good fight,
baby. Please don't let me down.
Make this a real good fight. I'm
sticking my dick out on this one.

Joyce flinches, rolls her eyes.

CHRISTY
I will. Thank you, Don.

DON
Okay.

And with that, Don leaves. Christy fidgets.

JIM
Keep still.

CHRISTY
I'm trying.

Jim finishes. The officials do their checks.

JOYCE
It's freezing. I thought the
desert's s'posed to be hot. I
didn't bring a coat with me. Let's
go shopping tomorrow.

CHRISTY
I can't talk about this now, Momma.

The officials leave.

JOYCE
You can't talk about what now? A
coat?

JOHNNY
Joyce. Leave it be.

JOYCE
What am I doing? Talking to my
daughter? About a coat. I never see
her anymore. It's cold. What am I
s'posed -

CHRISTY
Goddammit.

Christy gets up and walks into the bathroom.

70

INT. MGM GRAND ARENA. BATHROOM. LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

70

Christy enters and paces. She holds a hand out, it's shaking
hard. Her eyes well with tears. Jim, loud in the main room.

JIM (O.S.)
Alright. Everybody out now. Out.

CHRISTY
Fuck, fuck, fuck.

Jim enters. He goes to Christy. He holds her.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
I'm so fucking nervous. I can't get
my hands to stop shaking.

JIM
You're okay, you're gonna be fine.
Just treat it like any other fight.

CHRISTY
I can't. This is huge.

He takes her chin in his hand, looks her in the eye.

JIM
Just do what you do, baby. You've
done the work. Just go out there
and bring the action. Okay? You're
a star.

She nods. She nuzzles his shoulder, he strokes her head.

JIM (CONT'D)
Bring the action, baby.

Jim steps away. Christy starts to bounce, warming up,
settling her nerves. All sound drops away. A dark disturbing
treatment of Loretta Lynn's 'Coal Miner's Daughter' kicks in.

71 INT. MGM GRAND - NIGHT

71

Christy's ring walk, the arena is packed. Christy stares
ahead, focused. The crowd BOOS, the atmosphere is hostile.
Jim, Big Jeff and Shortdog walk with her.

RING ANNOUNCER (PRE-LAP)
--a female, special attraction in
the lightweight division brought to
you by Don King Productions in
association with Showtime event
television pay-per-view--

CUT TO:

1. We're in the ring now, Christy's breathing heavy. DEIRDRE
GOGARTY, tough, paces her corner like a caged tiger.

RING ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Introducing to you first on my right, fighting out of the blue corner, entering the ring wearing white trunks with green trim, joining us from Dublin Ireland at 130 pounds with a record of ten wins and three losses, two draws, nine wins coming by way of knockout, introducing the hard-hitting Deidre Gogarty.

Unenthusiastic applause; a smattering of boos.

RING ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

And her opponent, fighting out of the red corner, wearing pink trunks with white trim, coming to you by way of Mullens, West Virginia, she weighed in at the lightweight limit of 135 pounds even, with a record of 34 wins, two losses and two draws, she has 25 wins by way of knockout, recognized as the women's pound-for-pound champion, introducing the Coal Miner's Daughter, Christy Martin.

At the mention of her name something shifts in Christy, the sound of her breathing stops, a look of calm anticipation settles across her face. Then she smiles.

CUT TO:

2. The ROUND-ONE BELL rings. The two women circle each other, TRADING JABS. Christy pushes forward in her usual aggressive style and lands a crunching OVERHEAD RIGHT. Gogarty comes back at her with a VICIOUS COMBINATION, clipping her with a LEFT HOOK. Christy steps and leans backwards, LAUGHING. She's enjoying this!

COMMENTATOR ONE

And Martin seems to be having the time of her life out there.

The end-of-round BELL, Christy raises her hands in the air, the CROWD RESPONDS, starting to warm up now.

COMMENTATOR TWO

This is tremendous boxing, folks.
There's still a lot of people out
there who don't want to see women
fight but right now you can't fault
these two girls.

CUT TO:

3. ROUND TWO: the boxing is fierce. Christy turns it up,
coming at Gogarty with a FLURRY OF PUNCHES. Gogarty GOES DOWN
but pops straight back up, shaking her head.

COMMENTATOR ONE

I take my hat off to both these
women, they came to fight and
they're showing what they're made
of, they have big, big hearts.

They trade BRUTAL BLOWS, the crowd is energized, CHEERING.
Gogarty lands a LEFT HOOK and we hear the SICKENING CRUNCH of
Christy's nose breaking. Blood starts to stream.

COMMENTATOR TWO

There's a lot of blood out there
and it's all Christy's. That nose
is flowing.

COMMENTATOR ONE

She is bleeding profusely. I'm not
a doctor but that sure looks like a
broken nose to me.

CUT TO:

4. Christy drops onto her stool. Her cut man goes to work
immediately, trying to stem the bleeding.

JIM

You're doing good. But you gotta
use your jab more.

CHRISTY

She keeps going backwards.

JIM

Just use your jab and then throw
the right hand behind it.

The RING DOCTOR hovers, Christy smiles up at him through
bloody teeth.

CHRISTY
I'm fine, doc.

CUT TO:

5. THE FIGHT CONTINUES, relentless. Christy's nose streams blood, her tank top and shorts are streaked in red. Everyone in the stadium is paying attention. Photographers lean towards the action, their cameras PERCUSSIVELY CLICKING.

EXHAUSTED, they lean in to each other in an awkward embrace, holding one another up. Then step back and continue to fight.

The BELL SOUNDS for the end of the final round, both fighters throw their arms in the air victoriously.

COMMENTATOR TWO
What a fight! I guarantee you
neither of those two ladies was
paid enough for the efforts they
put forth here tonight.

Christy returns to her corner. Jeff and Shortdog are smiling wide. Jim takes her head in his hands.

JIM
You did good. You did good.

CUT TO:

6. Christy and Gogarty, center of the ring, awaiting the result. In the crowd, Johnny is on the brink of tears.

RING ANNOUNCER
All three in favor of the winner,
the Coal-Miner's Daughter, Christy
Martin!

Christy's hand is raised by the ref. Shortdog jumps around the ring like an excited kid. A GIANT SMILE spreads across Christy's bloodied face. Big Jeff lifts her in the air and twirls her around, puts her down. Don King raises her hand. Jim is getting shunted aside. Christy beams.

72 EXT. APOPKA HOUSE - DAY

72

The Martins's new house. Chintzy but a big step up. Brick veneer with an ornate fountain in the drive. Beside it, a brand new yellow Corvette.

73 INT. APOPKA HOUSE - DAY

73

On a coffee table: Sports Illustrated, Christy on the cover: 'THE LADY IS A CHAMP'.

Christy (in dress and big hair) and Jim (in head-to-toe Versace), side by side on a white leather sofa. A CAMERAMAN wrangles lights. A FEMALE JOURNALIST sits opposite.

JOURNALIST

Maybe after this, Christy, we'll get you in the kitchen cooking breakfast, something like that. 'Boxer by night, housewife by day' sort of thing. You know. Don't worry, it'll be fun and playful.

CHRISTY

Okay.

JIM

We get it. We've done a lot of this stuff. She already did Jay Leno and Good Morning America.

JOURNALIST

(empty smile)

That's great.

(to cameraman)

We getting close?

CUT TO:

Cameraman snaps a clapperboard in front of Christy's face.

JOURNALIST (CONT'D)

So Christy, they're calling your fight with Diedre Gogerty '*the most lucrative bloody nose in boxing history*'. You're the first woman boxer to ever appear on the cover of Sports Illustrated. You're a regular on Mike Tyson's undercards. You must be feeling pretty good all of a sudden?

CHRISTY

Yeah I feel good. I'm on top of the world right now. But I'm not an overnight sensation, I've been working a long time to get here.

JOURNALIST

Of course. You've been called the fighter *that put women's boxing on the map*.

(MORE)

JOURNALIST (CONT'D)

And yet you're on record saying that you're not really interested in the feminist movement or being a champion of women in sport.

CHRISTY

I don't really see that as my job. I'm not here to give some kind of a leg up to other women. I'm here for one thing and that's Christy Martin. I want to be recognized as a great fighter. Period.

JIM

Christy's a regular wife actually. She's very ladylike herself, she cooks and cleans and all that. But she ain't a femist... femininist.

JOURNALIST

Feminist.

Christy nods in agreement and smiles sweetly.

CHRISTY

I'm just a regular wife. Who happens to knock people out for a living.

74 INT. MGM GRAND - NIGHT 74

Christy cracks BETHANY PAYNE with a vicious right hook and Payne is out on her feet, wobbling around the ring. The ref steps in. Christy impersonates Payne wobbling back to her corner, arms outstretched like a zombie, huge smile.

75 INT. EMPTY ARENA. LAS VEGAS - DAY 75

PR STUNT: Don King, Christy and Jim are photographed as Don hands Christy the keys to a new pink BMW Z3 convertible. She jumps in the driver's seat.

76 EXT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM - MORNING 76

Christy pulls her BMW up to her and Jim's new BOXING GYM, a long, timber-paneled building beside a railway track. A sign above the door reads '*Jim and Christy's Boxing Gym*'.

77 INT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM - DAY 77

Christy and Shortdog spar. Jeff enters with MIGUEL DIAZ (55).

BIG JEFF
Christy. Meet your new cut-man.
This is Miguel.

Christy leans over the ropes and shakes Miguel's hand.

CHRISTY
I hear you're the best.

MIGUEL
I'm not so bad.

CHRISTY
I got a nose that loves to bleed.

MIGUEL
I could have stopped it in your
Gogarty fight.

CHRISTY
Good thing you weren't in my corner
then. That busted nose is making me
a lot of money.

78 INT. MGM GRAND ARENA - NIGHT 78

In the corner, mid-fight, Christy bloody and heaving for breath as Miguel goes to work on her face, juggling cotton swabs, enswell and vaseline like an artist. The BELL rings. Christy stands as her corner team clear out.

She fights the towering and athletic MELINDA ROBINSON. They dance and trade before Christy throws a big right hook, knocking Robinson down. Robinson tries to stand but stumbles, falls. Christy jumps onto the corner ropes, arms in the air.

79 EXT. APOPKA STREET - MORNING 79

Christy runs through her new neighborhood with a smile.

80 INT. MANDALAY BAY LAS VEGAS. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY 80

Press conference. Christy sits with a table mic beside Jim. Casey sits on her lap.

*

CHRISTY
I just want to say, Lisa Holewyne,
you're looking real nice. This is
the first time I've seen you in a
nice dress, looking like a woman.

The press gallery reacts with hoots and laughter. LISA HOLEWYNE (30s), striking, black curls pulled back in a tight ponytail, sits unaffected, shaking her head.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

But after I'm done with you you're gonna look so ugly not even your girlfriend's gonna recognize you.

The crowd hoots and hollers. Jim smiles.

81

INT. BOXING RING. MANDALAY BAY LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

81

1. The ref brings Christy and Lisa together, pre-fight, and delivers instructions.

REF

Okay, ladies. We went over the rules in the dressing room. I want you to protect yourself at all times, keep the fight clean at all times. What I say, you must obey. Touch gloves.

Christy and Lisa staring each other down. They touch gloves.

LISA

Good luck.

CHRISTY

Good luck gettin knocked the fuck out.

Christy heads to her corner. Lisa shakes her head and walks to hers.

CUT TO:

2. Christy and Lisa mid-fight. Christy is fighting better than we've ever seen her, dominating the much taller Lisa with defensive combinations and smart, fast boxing. It's beautiful to watch - powerful, controlled, balletic.

CUT TO:

3. Post-fight, a referee stands between Christy and Lisa.

RING ANNOUNCER

All three in favor of the winner,
The Coal-Miner's Daughter, Christy
Martin!

Christy chants her name in unison and raises her arms. A CAMERA swings over to her. She gets right up in the lens:

CHRISTY

Hi Mom and Dad, I love you!

82 INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

82

Christy is seated for a desk interview with a SPORTS JOURNALIST. Jim stands off camera, in the dark, watching.

CHRISTY

Well if you ask me, I think I'm the best thing that's happened to women's boxing. I'm doing more for the sport than anyone else and, frankly, I'm not getting paid nearly enough for it.

SPORTS JOURNALIST

So you'd like to see women boxers get paid more for their efforts?

CHRISTY

I don't know about other women but I definitely should!

The SPORTS JOURNALIST laughs. Christy looks to Jim. Jim nods.

SPORTS JOURNALIST

Don King, if you're watching, I think Christy wants a raise.

83 EXT. APOPKA STREET - EARLY MORNING

83

Christy runs. A couple of locals recognize her and cheer her on as she passes. A LADY IN A CAR beeps her horn.

LADY IN A CAR (O.S.)

Go get em, champ!

Christy smiles and waves back.

84 EXT. APOPKA HOUSE. FRONT LAWN

84

From a distance, we see Christy arrive home from her run. She stops to talk to a YOUNG MALE NEIGHBOR on the sidewalk. Christy smiles, catches her breath. The neighbor laughs.

From the front door of the house, Jim watches.

85 INT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM - DAY

85

Christy enters. A couple of fighters work out. It's otherwise empty. Christy looks through a window to the office where Big Jeff sits doing paperwork. She waves, he waves back.

86 INT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

86

Christy walks into the locker room. Jim is sitting, in gym clothes, tying his shoelaces.

CHRISTY

Hey. What are you doing? Where's Shortdog?

JIM

I sent him home. I'm gonna spar with you today.

Weird. Christy clocks his sullenness.

CHRISTY

Are you still pissed at me about this morning?

JIM

No. Get changed.

CHRISTY

I'm sorry. He's our neighbor. What am I supposed to do? He was being polite. I was being polite back.

Jim stands.

JIM

I told you get ready.

Jim exits.

87 INT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM - DAY

87

Christy and Jim spar in the ring. He's less fit than she is. He holds his hand up to stop. He sucks breath, paces circles.

CHRISTY

You heard from Don yet?

JIM

Let me handle it.

CHRISTY

I am letting you handle it, I just want to know if you've heard from him. It feels like I'm in the deepfreeze. I just want to know when we're going to get this new contract done.

JIM
It'll get done.

CHRISTY
When?... If you've screwed us by
making me say that dumb shit on TV
about wanting more money...

JIM
Yeah? What?

CHRISTY
I wanna fight. I need a contract.

JIM
(waving her in)
Okay. Let's go.

They begin to spar again.

CHRISTY
When was the last you called him?

Jim doesn't answer. He's focussed.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
Have you tried calling him? You
gotta call the office every few
days and just check in--

Jim throws a VICIOUS HOOK, knocking Christy flat, OUT COLD.
He stands over her, breathing hard.

Big Jeff appears from the office. He rushes over.

BIG JEFF
What happened?

JIM
She ran into my punch, she wasn't
concentrating.

Christy stirs, head spinning.

JIM (CONT'D)
You ran into it, baby, you know you
don't move your head very well.
(to Big Jeff)
She's not moving her head. We gotta
work on that.

Big Jeff kneels beside Christy.

BIG JEFF
You alright, champ?

Christy nods, bewildered. She lifts herself up to standing, steadying herself against the ropes and looks at Jim who can't meet her eyes.

88

INT. DON KING'S OFFICE. DEERFIELD BEACH - DAY

88

Don, Christy and Jim sit around a coffee table in Don's office. Christy has Casey on her lap, the sound of Casey's PANTING fills the room.

A protracted silence. Don stares at Christy, her eyes dart, she's nervous. Jim blinks up at Don. The dog pants.

DON
What kind of dog is that?

CHRISTY
She's Pomeranian.

DON
Pomerania. Where's that? It sleep
in your bed at night?

CHRISTY
She used to. Jim's allergic.

JIM
I'm allergic.

Another long silence.

DON
On June 28, the year of our Lord,
1997, Tyson's fighting Holyfield at
the MGM Grand. I'm putting you on
the card against Andrea DeShong.

Christy smiles, relieved.

CHRISTY
Thank you, Don. I promise you it'll
be a good fight. I'm gonna mess her
up. That dyke bitch is crazy, she
fucking hates me for some reason.

DON
Ha!... *For some reason.*

Beat. Don leans back and pulls paperwork from his desk.

DON (CONT'D)

Dana drew this up. Dana doesn't like anyone but she seems to like you, Christy. I like you too. You got some real personality. But if I ever hear you talking smack about me to the press again, bitching about your purses being too small or whatever else, there ain't gonna be no more fights, you hear me?

Don holds the contract out for Christy. Jim reaches for it. Don pulls it away and gives it to Christy.

DON (CONT'D)

You might think you fight like Tyson but you sure as shit don't sell tickets like he does.

He holds his hand in front of Christy's face.

DON (CONT'D)

You see this?... This is the hand that feeds you.

CHRISTY

Yessir. Thank you, Don.

DON

I know you're gonna beat DeShong, baby. It's what you do. You're the queen right now. Ain't that right? You think you're what makes the world turn. But one morning you're gonna wake up and realize it turns just fine without you. And, sugar, that morning is gonna come like -
(finger snap)
- that.

Christy is chastened. Don goes to his desk. He picks up his desk phone and hits a button.

DON (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Dana, can you come to my office please and get this contract signed so the Martins here can go home and count their money?

Christy and Jim look rattled. Don sits behind his desk.

JIM

Thank you, Don.

DON
I'll still be doing what I do when
I'm a hundred years old. But you
won't.

SUPER ON BLACK: 2003

89

FLASHY PROMOTIONAL VIDEO

89

Dated early-2000s VFX of a stormy sky cut through with lurid
blue-lightning cross-dissolves.

NARRATOR
It has been billed the greatest
fight in women's boxing history.

LAILA ALI (25), a towering, muscular beauty in gold sports
bra, flexes for the camera under smoke and wind machines.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Laila Ali, daughter of the greatest
fighter of all time. Her record
speaks for itself. 15 fights, 15
wins.

Laila to camera:

LAILA (TO CAMERA)
The apple doesn't fall far from the
tree.

Footage of Christy shadowboxing with a sepia olden-days
treatment.

NARRATOR
And Christy Martin, who single
handedly put her sport on the map
with 45 victories, two defeats, 31
wins by way of knockout. With
numbers like these, Christy has
every right to believe the title of
the greatest really belongs to her.

Now Laila and Christy, full make up, smoke machines, VFX,
stand back to back, arms crossed. Laila towers over Christy.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
But does this 14 year pro have what
it takes to beat a fighter now
considered the new face of women's
boxing?

Laila, alone, to camera:

LAILA

I don't know what the little Coal-Miner's Daughter thinks she's gonna do to me, the daughter of the greatest.

Christy, alone, to camera:

CHRISTY (TO CAMERA)

I was the past, I'm the present and I'm the future.

A final lightning strike.

END PROMOTIONAL VIDEO

90 INT. APOPKA HOUSE. BEDROOM - MORNING 90

Christy lies in bed. She looks older, tired, a bit heavier. *

She sits up in bed. She's aching and stiff. She pulls on a shirt, lifting her arms. They're heavy. She sits in a chair, bent over, pulling running shoes on. It's an effort. She lifts herself off the chair with a strained groan.

91 EXT. APOPKA STREET - MORNING 91

Christy pounds the pavement on her morning run.

92 INT. APOPKA HOUSE - MORNING 92

Christy pushes through the front door, sweaty, breathless. She walks into the kitchen where Jim, clad in silk pajamas, is making coffee. He checks his watch.

JIM

You stop for a sandwich or something?

CHRISTY

I walked a bit of the way.

He shakes his head.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

I'm trying to make some weight and stay in shape at the same time. What am I supposed to do?

JIM

Run not walk probably.

She pours herself water and sits at the kitchen table.

CHRISTY

I was thinking... Maybe it'd be a good idea for us to get someone else in to co-train with you for this one? Just for a couple weeks.

He stares at her, eerily still.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Just a co-trainer, not a trainer. You're still my trainer... I just want someone who can help take me to the next level.

JIM

You think I can't take you to the next level?

CHRISTY

I'm not--

JIM

It's *my* fault you're not at the next level?

CHRISTY

I didn't mean that, it's not because you're not training me right. We need to figure out how I'm gonna beat this girl. She's huge, she's twenty pounds heavier than me and ten years younger.

Jim stares at her.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I'm not trying to undermine you.

JIM

You want me to call off the fight? You want me to tell them to keep their money? Do I tell them *that*?

CHRISTY

Jim...

Jim stands and heads to the bedroom.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Jim--

JIM
*'Christy's not at the right level,
 she doesn't think she can get to
 the next level'.*

Christy follows him into the bedroom.

CHRISTY
 I know I can beat her, I just... We
 all were talking yesterday about
 how we could mix up my training to
 make sure I'm ready--

We stay in the kitchen looking at the open bedroom door. Jim
 appears again in the doorway, Christy off screen now.

JIM
*'We all'? Who the fuck is 'we
 all'?!'*

CHRISTY (O.S.)
 Big Jeff and Miguel and me, we were
 thinking--

JIM
 You're going behind my back at the
 gym? Making plans with *my* guys at
my gym about how you should be
 training?

CHRISTY (O.S.)
 It's not *your* gym. It's *our* gym--

Jim charges off screen at her. The sound of nasty HITS and
 some CRASHING FURNITURE.

JIM (O.S.)
*I'm the trainer. I'm the goddamn
 trainer. You shit your pants and
 then try blame me for it? How about
 you do your job and get into
 fucking shape and let me do mine.*

We're left looking at the empty doorway.

93

INT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM - MORNING

93

Christy and Shortdog are sparring. Christy is slugging harder
 than usual, pent-up rage, undisciplined, messy. Shortdog is
 struggling, taking blows. Jim watches.

JIM
 Ok, that's enough. Take a break.

Christy slumps in the ring, leaning against the corner, her eye black, face cut. Jim leans on the ropes beside her.

JIM (CONT'D)

We gotta fight different. You can't slug Ali, you're not gonna beat her that way. You need to fight her the way you fought Lisa Holewyne. We gotta prep the way we prepped that fight. You need to spar with someone taller. Shortdog ain't gonna get you there. I'll get Lisa in to spar with you.

Christy stares ahead. Is this an apology?

CHRISTY

Lisa Holewyne isn't gonna want anything to do with me. I kicked her ass and treated her like shit.

JIM

We'll see.

Jim gently pats her shoulder and walks away.

94

INT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM. ORLANDO - NIGHT

94

End of day. Christy, bag over her shoulder, sticks her head into the office where Big Jeff sits doing paperwork.

CHRISTY

See ya, Jeff. I'm outta here.

BIG JEFF

Yo, champ. Come in.

Christy walks in.

CHRISTY

What's up?

BIG JEFF

Take a seat.

She sits. Bag still on shoulder. Lip still fat. Face bruised.

BIG JEFF (CONT'D)

How you feeling?

CHRISTY

I'm good.

BIG JEFF
You're training hard. I don't think
I've seen you train this hard.

CHRISTY
Yeah well, Laila's no joke. I gotta
find another gear, you know.

Jeff nods. Beat.

BIG JEFF
And how's everything else?... You
okay?

Awkward beat. They both know what Jeff's wanting to talk
about. But neither of them can. Christy nods.

BIG JEFF (CONT'D)
I just wanted to check in, is all.
I'm always here if you need me. For
anything. I'm here.

CHRISTY
Yeah, I know... Thanks.

She looks at him warmly a moment, gets up and leaves.

95

INT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM. ORLANDO - DAY

95

Christy works the bag as Jim walks in with Lisa Holewyne.

JIM
Christy'll show you where
everything is. Get warmed up and
we'll jump straight into it.

Jim walks away. Christy and Lisa stand looking at each other.

CHRISTY
I really didn't expect you to come.

LISA
Yeah well, I actually need the
money. We don't all get purses like
yours.

CHRISTY
How much are we paying you?

LISA
Not enough for you to be an
asshole.

96 INT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM - LATER 96

Christy and Lisa, wearing headgear and gloves, dance around each other sparring.

JIM

Keep it short and tight. Slip, come back. Slip, come back.

97 EXT. STREET - MORNING 97

For once Christy isn't jogging alone. She and Lisa have fallen into a steady rhythm together on their morning run.

Jim tracks along with them in his car, 50 feet behind.

98 INT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM. ORLANDO - DAY 98

Christy and Lisa warm up with rounds of jump rope. There's a competitive edge. When Christy speeds up, Lisa does too.

99 INT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM. ORLANDO - DAY 99

Lisa and Christy spar. Jim shouts instructions but the two women have a laser focus on each other. They trade blows.

100 EXT. STREET - DAY 100

Christy and Lisa walk. Sweaty, breathing deep after running. Jim follows in his car. *

Christy is in a good playful mood. She fools around, makes Lisa laugh. *

*

*

Jim beeps the horn for them to get moving. Christy smiles at Lisa, then runs off. Lisa watches her a moment, glances back over her shoulder at Jim, and then breaks into her own jog.

101 INT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM. ORLANDO - DAY 101

Lisa and Jim lean on the ropes watching Christy do mitt work with Shortdog.

LISA

How do you think she's looking?

JIM

She looks good. She's chunky but she had to come up so it is what it is, I guess.

LISA

(carefully)

Jim, I don't mean to question her ability... But I'm worried about this fight. I'm bigger than Christy and Laila's too big for me.

Jim doesn't look at her, his eyes remain fixed on Christy.

JIM

I bet you wish it was you going up against Ali.

LISA

No. I don't think I could beat her.

JIM

You're right, you couldn't. But Christy can. She's just gotta keep her head right. And her attitude... So, yeah, now's probably a good time for you to leave.

Jim watches Christy a moment longer, then turns to Lisa. He extends his hand and smiles.

JIM (CONT'D)

Jeff will fix you up for whatever
we still owe. We really appreciate
you coming out here.

Lisa, perturbed, shakes the hand. Jim walks away.

102

INT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM. LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

102

Lisa has bags packed. She's sitting on a bench trying to do
up her necklace, a little GOLD BOXING GLOVE on a chain.
Christy enters, pulling the last of the tape off her hands.

LISA

Give me a hand with this.

Lisa hands Christy the necklace. Christy steps behind Lisa to
put it on.

CHRISTY

That's pretty.

LISA

I'm leaving today apparently.

CHRISTY

Oh... Okay.

LISA

When we fought, I was so sure I was
going to kick your ass. I thought
you were just gonna come at me, all
slugging and whaling, the way you
do, burn yourself out. Then I was
gonna smack you down.

Christy clips the necklace on.

CHRISTY

Ha. In your dreams.

LISA

You didn't fight like I expected.
You fought smart. Suddenly you had
good feet and defense and I was
thinking, *'What the fuck? Since
when does Christy Martin fight like
this?'* You beat me coz you fought
smart.

CHRISTY

You know it.

LISA

You're gonna need to fight really smart.

*
*
*

CHRISTY

I just need to peekaboo that bitch.
(bobbing and weaving)
She's gonna think I'm here but
really I'm over there. She won't
know where I am.

*
*
*
*
*

Lisa stands.

*

LISA

Thanks for having me come in.

CHRISTY

It wasn't my idea. I wanted a new
trainer. I got you instead.
Consolation prize.

*

Lisa shakes her head, laughs to herself.

LISA

Do you know how easy you make it
for people to dislike you? It's
like, all this tough girl shit and
bravado. Maybe Jim tells you to do
it, I don't know. Like it's all
part of the show. I don't know
who's telling you what. But you
don't need it.

CHRISTY

Okay. Whatever you say.

LISA
Yeah... whatever I say.

Lisa picks up her backpack.

LISA (CONT'D)
You remember what you said to me
when I told you 'good luck' before
our fight?

CHRISTY
Yeah I remember. You were fucking
with me.

LISA
I wasn't fucking with you. I was
just wishing you luck.

Lisa leaves.

103 INT. MISSISSIPPI CONVENTION CENTER - DAY 103

Big Jeff stands outside the door of the women's bathroom. A
LADY approaches. Big Jeff steps in front of her.

BIG JEFF
Sorry, ma'am, restroom's occupied.

104 INT. MISSISSIPPI CONVENTION CENTER. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 104

In the bathroom, Christy stands in army fatigues, big boots,
hair in tight cornrows, aviator sunglasses. Shortdog pulls
quarters from a bag and hands them to her. She stuffs them in
her pockets.

CHRISTY
Few more.

SHORTDOG
Five bucks? Six bucks? Five fifty.

He hands her more, she shoves them in her bra.

105 INT. MISSISSIPPI CONVENTION CENTER. WEIGH IN - MOMENTS LATER 105

Christy enters the crowded weigh-in room with Jeff, Shortdog
and Jim. She walks awkwardly, pockets jangling with coins.

Laila is already on the scales, surrounded by OFFICIALS and
HER TEAM. She wears tight, hot-pink shorts and a matching
crop top. There's clearly tension between the two teams.

OFFICIAL
One sixty two.

Laila is shuffled off the scales and towards a DOCTOR who starts her medical check. Christy moves past her to the scales, the two women stare daggers at each other.

OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
(re Christy on scales)
One fifty nine.

106 INT. MISSISSIPPI HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

106

Christy paces the hotel room, anxious, Jim sits watching TV. A Black HOUSEKEEPER collects dirty room service plates.

CHRISTY
We should have made her come down more. I'm 147, by the time she rehydrates she's going to be close to 170.

JIM
You're nervous, you get nervous every fight. Stay off your legs.

CHRISTY
I should be fighting Lucia Rijker. You know she wants to fight me. That makes sense.

JIM
Rijker's small time. This is big time. Stay off your feet.

Jim gets up and goes into the bathroom. The housekeeper is about to leave when she stops and turns.

HOUSEKEEPER
Excuse me, ma'am.

Christy looks at her for the first time.

HOUSEKEEPER (CONT'D)
I just want you to know I'm rooting for you tonight. That girl is arrogant. I don't care what everyone else is saying, I think you can beat her.

Beat. Christy smiles at her, now even more unsettled.

107 INT. MISSISSIPPI CONVENTION CENTER. BOXING RING - NIGHT 107

1. Huge stadium. Packed full. Christy stands in her corner of the ring. Jim, Big Jeff and Shortdog hover. There's a nervous energy. The crowd is restless. Laila is making Christy wait.

JIM
(to an official)
What's happening?

OFFICIAL
I don't know.

Jim paces, anxious. Shortdog scours the crowd.

SHORTDOG
(to Big Jeff)
There's Muhammad. He's sitting over there.

Big Jeff can't help but steal a look at Muhammad Ali.

Christy stands in the middle of it all, trying to stay calm. Miguel is gently massaging her shoulders.

JIM
(to official)
This isn't right. She shouldn't be able to make Christy wait.

OFFICIAL
That's the coin toss.

JIM
It isn't fair.

OFFICIAL
I don't know what you want me to say. You lost the toss.

JIM
Goddammit!

Jim walks away. Miguel continues massaging her neck.

MIGUEL
(quietly, to Christy)
You're all good. Focus on my hands.

Someone starts to chant: ALI, ALI, ALI. A solitary voice, but in Christy's ears it's the entire stadium.

Laila's walkout music begins, late 90's hiphop. Her team surround her, a posse of huge, cool, poker-faced men. A couple of them hold championship belts above their heads. Laila is fierce, hood up, bobbing and weaving to the music.

Christy watches Laila slip through the ropes, shake off her robe, roll her hips, composed and cool. Christy turns away.

CUT TO:

2. Laila and Christy stand face to face, a tense stare-down. Christy strains her neck to look up at the towering Ali as Referee FRED STEINWINDER III stands between.

FRED STEINWINDER

You both received instructions in the dressing room. I told you what I expected of both of you. Don't make me have no decision in the fighting. Touch em up. Come out fighting. Let's go.

But all Christy can hear is Ali, Ali, Ali.

CUT TO:

3. In her corner, Christy nods her readiness to her team, they climb out of the ring. Miguel lingers. He puts his hand on her shoulder, looks her in the eye. He inhales deeply, she inhales with him, he exhales, she exhales long and steady. He pats her cheek and slips the rope - and now Christy is alone.

CUT TO:

4. The BELL RINGS, Laila comes straight at Christy, aggressive and fierce. Christy is rocked by a RIGHT. Her eyes FLASH WITH RAGE, she charges back, SLUGGING WILDLY, throwing her defense out the window. Laila nails her immediately with another RIGHT HAND that knocks her off balance.

In Christy's POV: the world starts to SPIN AND BLUR. The chants of 'ALI, ALI, ALI' get louder in her ears. A barrage of rapid fire PUNCHES come at her, Laila's long reach connecting with SICKENING FEROCITY.

CUT TO:

5. Round ends, Christy lands on her stool. Jim and Jeff lean in, talking, prodding and pawing her. Miguel pushes enswell into her cheek, their voices are garbled, faces distorted.

JIM

Why are you slugging?

CHRISTY

Am I fighting crooked? I'm dizzy.

Miguel shoots Jim a concerned look.

JIM

You're alright, find your defense.
Don't slug at her.

CUT TO:

6. BELL. Christy flies out of her corner, throws wide hooks that don't find their target. Laila presses forward again, showering her with PUNCHES. Christy's legs wobble.

The crowd chant: ALI, ALI, ALI.

CUT TO:

7. Christy in her corner shakes her head. Miguel goes to work.

MIGUEL

Don't worry. Breathe deep, close
your mouth.

CHRISTY

I'm dizzy still. I can't get my
balance back.

Over Christy's head Miguel looks to Jim, a shake of his head. Jeff and Shortdog look deeply concerned.

JIM

You're okay. Just give me one more
round, get your composure back.

CUT TO:

8. Christy is again bombarded with PUNCHES. Laila drives her towards the ropes with a series of UPPERCUTS, one after another, every punch landing until suddenly Christy's DOWN ON A KNEE. The referee separates them and BEGINS TO COUNT.

Christy looks to her corner. Miguel looks worried.

BIG JEFF

(to Jim)

We should think about calling it.

Jim ignores him and gestures at Christy to get up, get up... Somehow she manages to.

Christy and Laila come back at each other. A SOLID OVERHEAD RIGHT from Laila lands. Christy pulls her into a CLINCH, she's barely hanging on. It's brutal. The crowd goes wild.

MIGUEL

Jim, you should throw the towel.

SHORTDOG
She's gettin her ass whooped.

BIG JEFF
Throw it in, man. She can't do this
anymore.

Jim ignores them. He YELLS at Christy. Finally the BELL.

CUT TO:

9. Christy's corner is chaos. She's beneath it all, like she's underwater, focus in and out. Jim right in her face.

CUT TO:

10. Round Four: Christy runs straight into another wall of VICIOUS PUNCHES. Her head drops, body slumps, nothing left. She's on a knee again. A final, desperate look to her corner-

Jim is looking back at her, blank, cold, soulless. Shortdog looks like he's crying. Jeff turns his back, he can't watch.

The referee COUNTS HER OUT. Christy bows her head, sweat and tears dripping from her face onto the mat.

108 INT. APOPKA HOUSE - AFTERNOON 108

On a TV screen, JERRY SPRINGER in all his loud, ugly glory.

Christy sits on the sofa in track pants, watching. Blank, bereft, in a dark place. Unkempt and heavier.

After a moment she sits forward. On the coffee table are two lines of cocaine. She takes a rolled note and SNORTS one. She picks up a glass of vodka and sips it, staring at the TV.

109 INT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM. ORLANDO - DAY 109

Christy, sweating, is working the heavy bag, she looks sluggish. Jim watches a YOUNG BOXER spar with Shortdog. Christy walks over to them.

CHRISTY
I'm done, I'm not feeling great.

JIM
Two more rounds.

CHRISTY
I'm not feeling it today.

Jim takes her by the arm and steers her towards the locker room. Big Jeff watches them go.

110 INT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS 110

Jim pulls out a bag of coke and taps a bump onto his fist.
Christy, gloves still on, leans in. He pulls his fist away.

JIM
Two more rounds of heavy bag.

CHRISTY
What for? I don't have a fight.

JIM
I'm working on that.

CHRISTY
How?

JIM
I spoke to Bob Arum. He says the
Lucia Rijker fight is looking good.

CHRISTY
Really?

JIM
Yeah.

CHRISTY
When? Why didn't you tell me?

JIM
I don't have details. He's working
it out. Just stay ready.

Jim thrusts his fist forward, she leans down, SNORTS.

111 INT. APOPKA HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT 111

Christy sits in front of her bedroom dresser, music playing.
She has a drink beside her and is snorting lines of cocaine.

Jim comes in holding a video camera.

JIM
What's taking you so long?

CHRISTY
I'll be out in a minute.

JIM
Why aren't you dressed? I'll have
to do another one of these.

He leans in, snorts a line. He straightens and starts to rub his groin against Christy's back. She stares in the mirror. Jim walks out.

JIM (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Hurry up.

Christy stands, walks over to the bed. Laid out neatly on it are tight pants, t-shirt and a dildo. She starts to undress.

112 INT. APOPKA HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 112

90s home video: Jim pointing the camera at the bedroom door.

JIM

Here she is, Christy Martin's about to come in here with a big dick on.

Christy, dead eyed, emerges from the bedroom wearing the outfit, the dildo bulging beneath the tight pants.

JIM (CONT'D)

Come on out here and let me see that big dick.

113 INT. APOPKA HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY 113

Christy sits on the couch watching DAYTIME TV, the house is a mess. Jim is doing a line of coke on the kitchen bench.

CHRISTY

Have you heard from Bob?

JIM

Bob who?

CHRISTY

Bob Arum. Do we know any more about the Rijker fight?

Christy's phone starts ringing on the sideboard as Jim walks over wiping his nose.

JIM

He's getting into it.

CHRISTY

What does that mean?

He picks up Christy's ringing phone.

JIM

Why is Deana calling you again?

CHRISTY
Because I need a haircut.

Christy reaches for her phone, Jim holds onto it.

JIM
She called you yesterday.

CHRISTY
Yeah, I missed her call yesterday.

JIM
How many damn calls does it take to
organize a haircut?

The phone stops ringing. He starts going through it.

CHRISTY
It only takes one. But you have to
actually talk to the person to make
the appointment.

JIM
It's like every time I pick up your
phone there's been a call from her.

CHRISTY
What the fuck are you doing with my
phone all the time? Stop looking at
my phone.

JIM
I have to look at your damn phone.
I need to know what you're doing.
How else am I s'posed to know what
you're doing?

CHRISTY
I'm getting a damn haircut. Fuck.
Gimme my phone back.

Christy stands and approaches Jim.

JIM
Why are you getting a haircut?

CHRISTY
That's what people do, Jim. They
get haircuts.

JIM
You just *had* one.

CHRISTY

I had one like two months ago. And then it fucking grew. Maybe you'd understand this if you had any fucking hair to cut.

Jim throws Christy's phone at her head, she ducks and it smashes against the wall. He grabs her by the throat and holds her against the wall. He's enraged. She stares back at him with a mix of terror and defiance.

114 EXT. APOPKA HOUSE - DAY

114

Jim opens the front door to Joyce, Johnny and Randy. Joyce holds a 'Happy Birthday' balloon and Johnny, an elaborately decorated cake.

JOYCE

Heya, Jim.

JIM

It's the Salters! Come on in.

JOYCE

Where's the birthday girl at?

115 EXT. APOPKA HOUSE. BACK YARD - DAY

115

Party around the BBQ. Shortdog, Jeff, Johnny, Randy, fighters from the gym, a few neighbors. Jim is big-noting himself.

JIM

Bob agrees we should tie the fight in with the home video release of the movie. Like a marketing tie-in.

SHORTDOG

(to neighbor)

Rijker was involved in that movie.

JIM

We're gonna get Hillary Swank on board too.

SHORTDOG

No way! That's awesome.

116 INT. APOPKA HOUSE. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

116

Christy watches through the kitchen door. Joyce is at the bench slicing meat. Christy steps to her.

CHRISTY

Mom, I need to talk to you about something.

JOYCE

Yeah, well, shoot.

A NEIGHBOR enters the kitchen, gets a beer from the fridge. Christy waits for him to leave.

CHRISTY

I need to talk in private. It's about Jim. Will you come out front with me?

JOYCE

(re meat)

I just started this.

CHRISTY

Momma, please.

Joyce glances around, suddenly uncomfortable.

117

EXT. APOPKA HOUSE. FRONT LAWN - DAY

117

Christy and Joyce stand by the fountain on the front lawn. Christy, occasionally glancing back toward the side gate, is letting everything tumble out, an emotional dam has burst.

CHRISTY

Things aren't right. He's video taping me. He knows everything I do or say inside the house. He must have the whole house set up with hidden cameras or something. And he's angry at me, all the time.

JOYCE

What's he angry about?

CHRISTY

Everything. And there's... there's other stuff too. He's making tapes of us doing stuff. He's scaring me -
(she's crying now)
- he's scaring me now. I don't know what I'm supposed to do, but I don't want to be here. And I don't want him to train me anymore. I got this fight with Lucia Rijker coming up and it's gonna be a real payday. I'm gonna need that money. I wanna get out of here.

(MORE)

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

I don't know what I'm doing. I
don't know how I even got into this
situation. I need help, Momma.

Joyce stares at her for a long moment. A look of pity on her face. When she speaks it's like she's talking to a child.

JOYCE

Oh, Christy...

(she shakes her head)

If you could hear yourself. You
sound crazy. Jim told me you've
been messing around with some kind
of drugs. I can't tell you how to
live your life, but you need to get
your act together, missy.

Christy is sobbing now, shaking her head.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

And you need to stop blaming him
because he ain't never done
anything but look out for you and
build your career into what it is.
Now, I just don't feel comfortable
having this conversation behind
Jim's back, so I'm going to go back
in there. You pull yourself
together before we do the cake. We
drove a long way to be here for
this. I managed to get that cake
here in one piece and I don't want
you ruining it for everyone.

Joyce walks back to the house, leaving Christy distraught.

118

INT. APOPKA HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

118

Jim leans over the coffee table and does a line of coke. He
falls back into his big recliner, letting the coke course
through him. He rocks back and forth and starts to sing.

JIM

(singing)

*You are my sunshine,
My only sunshine,
You make me happy,
When skies are grey...*

He looks across the room to Christy, uneasy on the couch. She
half-smiles, then leans forward to do a line of her own.

119 EXT. APOPKA STREET - MORNING 119

Christy jogs along a dead-quiet Apopka street. Jim tracks 50 feet behind her in his car. Christy ignores him, staring ahead, keeping a steady rhythm.

JIM (O.S.)
(singing)
*You'll never know dear,
How much I love you,
Please don't take my sunshine away.*

120 INT. APOPKA HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY 120

Christy on the sofa, troubled. Daytime TV playing.

JIM (O.S.)
(singing)
*The other night, dear,
As I lay sleeping
I dreamed I held you in my arms.*

She does another line of coke. It's unpleasant. She massages her temples, tries to slow her breathing.

121 INT. APOPKA HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT 121

Through the night vision on Jim's camera we creep slowly into the bedroom to find Christy, semi-naked, asleep in bed.

JIM (O.S.)
(singing)
*When I awoke, dear,
I was mistaken,
So I hung my head and I cried.*

The camera points at a dresser mirror. Jim behind the camera.

122 INT. APOPKA HOUSE. BEDROOM - MORNING 122

The bedroom is dim, curtains drawn. Christy facedown in bed, watches Jim dress and comb his hair in the ensuite mirror.

He exits the bathroom and ignores Christy as he leaves the bedroom, putting on his expensive wristwatch.

123 INT. APOPKA HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY 123

Christy peers through the curtains, searching the empty street for someone, something...

124 INT. APOPKA HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY 124

Christy opens her dresser drawer and pulls out a small PINK 9mm GLOCK HANDGUN. She stares at it.

125 INT. APOPKA HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - LATER 125

Christy sits on the floor of the living room, leaning up against the coffee table.

She lifts the gun to her head, holds it there, waiting.

126 EXT/INT. RAILWAY TRACK / CHRISTY'S CAR - DAY 126

Christy sits in the driver's seat of her car, parked beside the railway track just down from the gym. She's wired.

She glances in the rearview mirror, Big Jeff approaches. He opens the passenger door and gets in.

BIG JEFF

Hey, champ. How you doing?

CHRISTY

Yeah, I'm good.

BIG JEFF

You sure?

Christy nods, she looks to be in a hurry.

CHRISTY

What do you need to tell me?

Beat. Big Jeff looks out the window.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Jeff?

BIG JEFF

Honey, you're like family to me, honestly. You've been so generous. You've been generous with with all of us. And you know I don't like getting involved with other people's business. But I'm worried about you and I heard some stuff--

CHRISTY

What stuff?

Big Jeff hesitates.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

What stuff?

BIG JEFF

Jim's skimming money off of you.
He's hiding it in a tin in your
backyard and getting Marcel to go
collect it when you're at the gym.
I think he's sending some of it to
his ex-wife and kids, I don't know
what else he's doing with it.

Christy stares straight ahead, fuming.

JEFF

And there's other stuff in there
too. Video tapes. Of you, you know.
I think you need to be careful. I
don't know what he plans to do with
those tapes.

CHRISTY

How do you know about all this?

BIG JEFF

The young guys were talking about
it. You know Jim, he likes to talk.

Christy is quiet, her eyes fixed in front of her.

CHRISTY

I was hoping you were going to say
he's having an affair and he wants
to leave me.

They sit in silence, both staring ahead. Jeff turns to her.

BIG JEFF

Sorry. I didn't know what to do.

CHRISTY

I gotta keep this Rijker purse away
from him somehow. How do I do that?
I need that money.

BIG JEFF

Champ, that fight ain't happening.
(tense beat)
I'm sorry. I don't know why he's
telling you it's on but it's not.

Christy stews, staring ahead, then SLAMS her hand on the
steering wheel.

CHRISTY
That motherfucker!

127 INT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM. ORLANDO - DAY

127

Through the gym door we see Christy's pink BMW scream into the parking lot. We hear the car door slam. Christy bursts through the door. Jim is standing with Shortdog who does mitt work with a YOUNG BOXER.

*
*

Christy grabs a wooden training pole. Jim approaches her.

CHRISTY
You piece of shit.

She swings the pole wildly at Jim's head.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
You motherfucker!!

She hits him hard in the head with the pole.

JIM
Calm down.

CHRISTY
I bled for that money, you piece of shit. It's not yours!

Jim wrestles the pole from her and uses it to shove her back. Christy falls to the floor, heaving for breath. Shortdog and others in the gym watch on, concerned.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
You motherfucker.

JIM
You're embarrassing yourself.

CHRISTY
I'm leaving you.

Jim looks down at her.

JIM
Yeah? What are you gonna do? You're not leaving me. There is no Christy Martin without me.

He walks away and throws the pole across the gym.

JIM (CONT'D)
You'd think you'd be a bit grateful.

Christy is left on the floor. Shortdog stands frozen, big mitt gloves hanging by his side.

128 INT. APOPKA HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

128

Jim sits on the sofa, he's staring at the television but seems anxious and distracted.

The front door opens and Christy walks in.

JIM
Where you been?

Christy doesn't answer, she heads to the bedroom.

JIM (CONT'D)
I thought maybe I'd get us some
ribs for dinner.

129 INT. APOPKA HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY

129

Christy throws clothes in an overnight bag. Jim appears in the doorway.

JIM
I've made real sacrifices for you.
I hope you know that. I've done so
much. I don't want to have to tell
you about all the details of
everything but a lot goes into my
responsibilities.

Christy ignores him, packing.

JIM (CONT'D)
I've given you everything. Can you
appreciate that? Probably one of
the best trainers in the world has
devoted his whole career to you. I
did that for you.

She pushes past him out the door.

130 INT. APOPKA HOUSE. HALL - DAY

130

Jim follows her as she crosses towards the front door.

JIM
Where are you going?

CHRISTY
I'm going to see a friend.

JIM
If you leave me, I'll kill you.

CHRISTY
You do what you have to do.

She walks out.

131 INT. DAYTONA BEACH DINER - DAY 131

Christy sits alone inside a diner. Through the window we see a motorbike pull up. The rider takes off her helmet. It's Rosie. She smiles.

132 INT. DAYTONA BEACH DINER - DAY 132

Rosie and Christy sit facing each other.

ROSIE
I'm glad you called. I've been following your career. It's amazing, what you've done.

CHRISTY
Thanks.
(beat)
You know, I think about you sometimes.

ROSIE
I think about you too.
(beat)
How's everything at home? You sounded kind of edgy on the phone.

CHRISTY
Yeah.

ROSIE
You're still with Jim, right?

A long pause.

CHRISTY
I'm gonna leave him.

ROSIE
Really?

Christy lets out a nervous laugh.

CHRISTY

There's, ah- I haven't talked to anyone about this. There's no one I can talk to...

ROSIE

What's going on?

CHRISTY

Things aren't good.

ROSIE

Not good how?

Christy's PHONE starts to RING. Rosie clocks it. Christy declines the call.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Not good how?

CHRISTY

I don't know. I don't even know where to start. I should've done this years ago.

ROSIE

What's going on?

Christy, head in hands.

CHRISTY

Oh man...

Christy's PHONE rings again. She stares at it.

ROSIE

Is that him?

Christy nods.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Do you need to answer it?

Christy picks it up, answers.

CHRISTY

What?

JIM (ON PHONE)

I seen the way you greeted her.

Christy freezes.

JIM (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 I'm so close I could touch you.
 What do you think you're doing?

Rosie can sense something's wrong.

JIM (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 Let's go home.

Christy quickly hangs up the phone. She looks out the diner window, her eyes darting to every car, searching for Jim.

ROSIE
 What's going on?

CHRISTY
 He's here. He's watching us.

ROSIE
 What do you mean?... What's he going to do?

CHRISTY
 He won't do anything to you. We should go. I booked a hotel.

ROSIE
 I'm coming with you.

Christy looks at her, nods, then stands to pay the check. Rosie looks out the window, searching, searching.

133 EXT. DAYTONA MOTEL - AFTERNOON 133

Christy and Rosie walk up to the second story landing of an unassuming Daytona beach motel. Christy leads the way, nervously scanning the carpark below.

134 INT. DAYTONA MOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON 134

Christy and Rosie enter the motel room, the room faces the ocean, glass doors lead out to a little balcony.

Christy throws her overnight bag down on the bed, her phone BEEPS with a text message. She reads it. Rosie holds her hand out for the phone, Christy passes it to her.

ROSIE
 (reading the text)
 He knows what I'm wearing.

Rosie sits on the bed, anxious. Christy's goes to the window and draws the curtain, checks the door is locked.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
This is scary, Christy. We should
go to the police.

CHRISTY
This is just what he does. He's
trying to scare me. I'm turning my
phone off.

She shoves her phone in the bedside drawer.

135 INT. DAYTONA MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 135

Christy and Rosie lie on the hotel bed.

Rosie is deeply unsettled. Christy reaches out and touches
Rosie's face to comfort her. It's tender, slow and intimate.

136 INT/EXT. DAYTONA MOTEL ROOM - DAWN 136

Christy and Rosie lie in bed. Rosie is sleeping. Christy is
wide awake, staring up at the the ceiling.

Christy gets up and walks over to the glass sliding door of
the balcony. She peers out, scouring the street below, before
sliding the door open and walking out onto the balcony.

She sits and looks out to the sunrise over the ocean, a
beautiful, wide horizon. She hugs her knees into her chest.

137 INT. DAYTONA MOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING 137

The sun is up, Christy walks back into the room. She opens
the drawer beside her bed, pulls out her phone and switches
it on. It starts beeping almost immediately, BEEP after BEEP,
full of voice and text messages.

Rosie stirs. Christy tenses as she reads messages. Her phone
RINGS. She keeps her voice low but Rosie's already awake.

CHRISTY
Jeff?

BIG JEFF (ON PHONE)
You get my message?

CHRISTY
I just turned my phone on, I've got
a hundred messages. Jim's sent a
picture of me to everyone.

BIG JEFF
Yeah. What's going on? You okay?

CHRISTY
What's the picture of?

BIG JEFF
It's ah- you know, it's dirty. It's not good.

CHRISTY
Fuck.

BIG JEFF (ON PHONE)
He sent it to the guys at the gym as well as me, I'm not sure who else... I told them to delete it. He's telling everyone you're leaving him for a woman.

CHRISTY
He's sent it to everyone. All our boxing contacts, my family. Everyone.

BIG JEFF (ON PHONE)
Is there anything you need me to do?

CHRISTY
No. I gotta go.

She hangs up the phone and sits on the edge of the bed. Rosie, sitting up in bed behind her, watches her.

ROSIE
Let's pack up and get out of here. You can call him from my place, tell him you'll organize a truck to come and get your stuff. Then I'm going to call my friend Sharon who's a lawyer--

CHRISTY
I'm going home.

ROSIE
What?... No.

CHRISTY
I'm going back there. I have to go home.

ROSIE
Are you fucking crazy?

CHRISTY

I'm not running away. I'm not going into hiding somewhere. I've spent half my life hiding. That's my house. My things. It's my fucking gym. He doesn't get to push me out.

ROSIE

So what are you going to do? Drive back home to the guy who says he's going to kill you?

Christy doesn't answer.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

What was the picture?

Christy stays silent, Rosie shakes her head.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

It's just so fucking dumb. You said yourself he's dangerous. I don't understand.

Christy lies on the bed and rests her head in Rosie's lap.

CHRISTY

I've got to go back to Apopka.
It'll be worse if I don't.

Rosie doesn't know what to say. She breathes deep and strokes Christy's hair.

ROSIE

I want you to do something for me.
I want you to memorize my phone number.

Christy doesn't respond.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Will you do that for me? Just in case. I need you to do that.

138 EXT. DAYTONA MOTEL - DAY

138

Christy opens the door of their motel room, walks along the landing and down the stairs to the carpark. The heat is oppressive. She looks nervously every which way.

139 EXT. CHRISTY'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

139

Christy turns off the main road and into her street.

140 EXT. APOPKA HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 140

Christy pulls into the driveway. She sits in the car for a moment, staring at the house. All is still.

She gets out of the car and heads towards the house. The heat is still oppressive, the only sounds are the cicadas in the trees and the gurgling of the fountain.

141 INT. APOPKA HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 141

Christy walks into the living room. It's empty. She goes into the kitchen and pours herself a glass of water, drinks it.

JIM (O.C.)
I need to talk to you.

She turns, startled, Jim is standing behind her.

CHRISTY
I'm going to lie down. My head's
killing me. I'm going to take a nap
and then we can talk.

She walks past him towards the bedroom.

142 INT. APOPKA HOUSE. BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 142

Christy enters the bedroom, throws her bag on the floor. She sits on the end of the bed, slips off her shoes, lies back.

She can hear Jim make a phone call in the living room.

JIM (O.C.)
Johnny, it's me again. Can I speak
to Joyce?
(beat)
Hi. She's home.
(beat)
No, she came back alone.

Christy closes her eyes.

143 INT. APOPKA HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT 143

The CLATTERING SOUND of a drawer being wrenched open in another room wakes Christy. It's dark now, she leans over and reaches for her mobile phone. She dials a number.

ROSIE (ON PHONE)
You okay?

CHRISTY
Yeah, I'm fine. I just had a nap.

ROSIE (ON PHONE)
Is he there? Can you talk?

CHRISTY
He's in the living room.

ROSIE (ON PHONE)
What happened when you got home?

CHRISTY
Nothing, I just told him I was
taking a nap.

Jim appears in the doorway, Christy sits up.

JIM
I need to talk to you.

CHRISTY
(to Jim)
I'm on the phone.

Jim switches the ceiling light on.

JIM
I need to talk to you.

Christy looks up at him, defiant.

CHRISTY
I'll talk to you when I'm done
talking to Rosie.

Jim doesn't respond, he has one hand behind his back. Christy watches him, unnerved. An eerie protracted standoff.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
(into phone)
I gotta go, Rosie.

She hangs up the phone. Jim and Christy stare at each other. Christy leans down and pulls on one sneaker. Straightens.

Suddenly Jim CHARGES HER WITH A KNIFE, enraged.

He STABS her repeatedly in her side and in her breast. She manages to wrestle him off, they fall to the floor. Christy desperately tries to crawl away but Jim grabs her and pulls her back, smashing her face into the dresser.

Christy is bleeding heavily but still fighting, she tries to kick Jim away but he SLASHES at her leg, opening up a deep wound in her left calf.

Jim LUNGES at her again and the knife slips in his hand, cutting into his palm. He CRIES OUT in pain and recoils.

JIM
Look what you've done.

Jim stands, examining the cut, Christy lies GROANING on the floor, a GURGLING SOUND coming from her punctured lung.

Jim walks into the ensuite. The sound of the BASIN RUNNING.

After a moment he reappears, looks down at Christy, pacing like a wild animal, he walks in and out of the room.

Christy turns her head, sees her mobile phone lying on the floor just out of reach. She tries to slide her arm towards it, she's inches from it when Jim reappears. He grabs it. He flicks the back open and pulls out the battery, putting it in his pocket, he throws the phone back down to Christy.

JIM (CONT'D)
There you go, call your girlfriend.

CHRISTY
I'm sorry... Please don't let me die.

He walks out, returning moments later with the landline phone in his hand, the cord dangling. Jim makes a big show of picking up the receiver, pushing buttons.

JIM
Oh no, this one's not working either.

CHRISTY
You motherfucker.

He leaves the room again.

Blood pools around Christy. She reaches for a shirt and holds it against the stab wound on her chest, the GURGLING continues. She's losing strength, her EYES CLOSE.

Jim reappears, wild, unhinged. Christy's eyes open again, she stares at him. He shakes his head, groaning, breathing heavily, bleeding from his hand. He turns and leaves the room again, appearing moments later with Christy's PINK HANDGUN. He points it her.

Christy looks up at him.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
Motherfucker.

BAM!! Jim shoots her straight in the chest. He stands, shocked for a moment, looks down at the gun in his hand.

Christy isn't moving. He turns and walks into the bathroom.

Jim stands at the vanity a moment, then runs the tap and starts to lather his face with shaving cream.

He steps back into the bedroom and stands, face covered in shaving cream, looking at Christy. She's not moving, barely breathing. Christy's eyes close. Jim leaves the bedroom.

Jim reenters, shave cream still on his face. He seems lost. He passes Christy not looking at her back into the bathroom.

After a moment, the sound of the SHOWER TURNING ON.

Christy's EYES OPEN SLOWLY. She listens to the shower.

She painfully lifts herself up onto an elbow. She WHEEZES a couple of breaths then somehow manages to get to her feet, steadying herself on the dresser.

She looks down at her calf. A big chunk of flesh hangs. She grimaces as she puts weight on it and steps to the door.

144 INT. APOPKA HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 144

Christy staggers into the living room, bleeding profusely, one shoe on. The SHOWER can still be heard off screen.

She goes to the bowl of keys on the sideboard and grabs a set, limping towards the front door.

145 EXT. APOPKA HOUSE. FRONT LAWN/DRIVEWAY/ROAD - NIGHT 145

Christy stumbles out the front door, keys in hand. Her pink BMW is parked behind Jim's Corvette.

She makes her way to the driver's side and presses the key fob. The Corvette lights flash, she has the wrong key. The Corvette is parked in.

She looks to the house, there's no way she's going back in there. She drops the keys and starts down the long driveway, in agony, towards the road, glancing back to the house.

She staggers into the middle of the road. A distant set of headlights approach.

CHRISTY
Please. Please help me.

Christy waves her hand. The car stops. Christy opens the back door and throws herself onto the seat.

146 INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

146

A man, RICK COLE, looks back at her from the driver's seat.

CHRISTY
Drive please, sir. I don't want to
die. Please don't let me die.

Rick hits the gas.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
(weakly)
I'm sorry, I'm bleeding all over
your seat.

RICK COLE
It's okay.

She closes her eyes.

147 INT. APOPKA HOSPITAL. ER - NIGHT

147

DOCTORS work frantically to stabilize Christy. Close up details of cannulas, IV bags, bloody bandages, medical swabs. All strangely reminiscent of a cut-man's corner work.

Multiple voices in the room as DOCTORS and ER STAFF work on her various wounds. We focus on one voice, a female nurse.

NANCY
My name's Nancy, I'm an emergency
nurse, can you tell me your name?

CHRISTY
Christy Martin.

NANCY
Okay Christy, we're gonna take care
of you. Can you wiggle your fingers
for me. Okay, good girl. And your
toes? Okay, that's great. Can you
tell me what happened to you?

CHRISTY
I've been shot and stabbed by my
husband.

Christy starts to cry.

NANCY
 It's okay, honey, you're safe now.
 Is there someone you want me to
 call for you?

Christy nods.

NANCY (CONT'D)
 Who would you like me to call?

CHRISTY
 Rosie.

NANCY
 Okay, you want me to call Rosie? Do
 you know her number?

CHRISTY
 681... 443... 9769

DOCTOR (O.C.)
 She needs major trauma care, we
 need to transfer her to Orlando.

Christy cries as doctors continue to work.

148 INT. ORLANDO HOSPITAL ICU - DAY

148

Christy lies sleeping in her hospital bed. Drains and tubes
 sticking out of her. All is quiet bar MACHINES BEEPING.

Rosie sits beside the bed, watching Christy.

Joyce, Johnny and Randy appear at the door with a nurse.
 Johnny goes straight to Christy, crying, he kisses her head.
 Rosie stands.

ROSIE
 She's ok. She's in bad shape but
 the doctors say she'll be okay.

RANDY
 Has she been awake?

ROSIE
 She was awake when I got here.
 She's been in and out.

JOYCE
 (to Rosie)
 Can I talk to you outside please?

149 INT. ORLANDO HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

149

Outside the room, Joyce turns to Rosie.

JOYCE

You need to leave. It's not right
that you're here.

ROSIE

Christy wants me here.

JOYCE

Christy doesn't know what she
wants. You're the reason this has
happened. I'm her mother and I want
you to leave. I don't want to talk
anymore about it. I want you to go.

Joyce pushes past her and walks back into the hospital room
leaving Rosie standing in the hallway, stricken.

150 INT. ORLANDO HOSPITAL. ICU - DAY

150

Christy's awake. Joyce is beside the bed, riffling through a
bag. Johnny and Randy sit on the other side of the bed.

JOYCE

I brought you some clothes, and a
toothbrush, and a few other things.

CHRISTY

Where's Rosie?

JOYCE

She left.

CHRISTY

Where'd she go?

Joyce leans in and brushes some hair from Christy's face.

JOYCE

I don't know.

CHRISTY

Where's Jim?

RANDY

He's been arrested. The police
found him hiding in your neighbor's
tool shed.

JOHNNY

He's lucky they found him before I did. If I got my hands on him I'd kill that son of a bitch.

JOYCE

It's all over the news. Everyone's saying you were going to leave Jim for that woman.

CHRISTY

Her name's Rosie.

JOYCE

I know. So I thought you could say you were with the other Rosie. You know, Rosie Graham. That way people would understand that she's just a friend and--

RANDY

Mom. Stop.

Joyce turns to him.

JOYCE

What?

RANDY

What are you doing?

JOYCE

I'm just trying to figure out what we're going to do here--

CHRISTY

Are you fucking kidding me?

She turns back to Christy. Christy stares at her.

JOHNNY

Mom's only saying this coz she loves you. She's just trying to protect you.

CHRISTY

She isn't worrying about me.

(to Joyce)

You might as well have pulled the trigger yourself.

It feels like the oxygen has been sucked out of the room. Joyce is shocked, she immediately starts to cry. Johnny and Randy don't know what to say.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
I wish I could have been the
daughter you wanted me to be. I've
been trying my whole life. I've
been trying so fucking hard, for
you, and look where I am.

151 INT. ORLANDO HOSPITAL WARD. BATHROOM - NIGHT 151

Christy hobbles into the bathroom. She steadies herself on the basin and looks long at her face in the mirror. She lifts up her hospital gown and studies her wounds, chest, abdomen, bloodied bandages and dressings. It's brutal.

152 INT. ORLANDO HOSPITAL. WARD / CHRISTY'S ROOM - DAY 152

Christy stands beside her bed while a nurse changes sheets.

NURSE
The doctor wants you walking.
You've got your walker over there.

CHRISTY
I won't need that, I feel good.

NURSE
You don't go anywhere without your
walker. Doctor's orders.

153 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY 153

Christy exits her room. She has the walker with her - slung over her shoulder. She looks down the corridor and smiles.

CHRISTY
Lisa fucking Holewyne.

Down the hall, Lisa stands, smiling back, watching Christy.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing here?

LISA
Visiting you.

154 INT. HOSPITAL COMMON AREA - DAY 154

Lisa and Christy sit in a quiet common area of the hospital. Lisa is wearing her GOLD BOXING GLOVE NECKLACE.

LISA
Well, you sure as hell didn't creep
quietly out of the closet. You
peekaboo'd *this* bitch.

Christy laughs, shakes her head.

CHRISTY

Man, people are going to tear me apart. I spent half my career talking trash about the women I fought, calling them dykes and whatever. People are gonna laugh in my face.

LISA

Maybe they will. You'd deserve it.

Christy nods.

LISA (CONT'D)

But maybe they won't. Maybe you've just learnt to expect the worst from people.

CHRISTY

I want to fight again. I want to get back in the ring.

Beat as this lands with Lisa. She nods.

LISA

Really.

CHRISTY

Yeah.

LISA

No one's gonna hold it against you if you don't. You've kicked every ass there was to kick. You made it. If I were you I'd just cash in my chips and take it easy.

CHRISTY

I don't have any chips. He stole everything. So...

LISA

There's easier ways to make money.

CHRISTY

I need to do this for me. I want it back. I want the ring back. It's *my* place. That's where I'm calm. That's where everything's quiet. Everything goes quiet, you know?

LISA
Yeah. I know.

CHRISTY
There's rules and there's
boundaries. Everywhere else is
chaos, but in there it's quiet. And
it's mine. I want it back. I want
it without him. He always said I
couldn't do it without him, I'm
nothing without him. And, yeah, you
know...
(she smiles)
... fuck that.

Lisa nods. She holds out a hand, smiling. Christy takes it.

LISA
Good luck.

CHRISTY
(smiling back)
Thank you.

155 EXT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM. ORLANDO - DAY 155

Christy sits in her car outside the gym, her hospital ID
still on her wrist. Around her neck is Lisa's BOXING GLOVE
NECKLACE. She stares at the gym then gets out of the car.

156 INT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM. ORLANDO - DAY 156

Christy walks into the gym. There's a smattering of people
training. Miguel, Shortdog and Big Jeff are there. Everyone
turns to look at her as she enters, the room falls quiet.

And then the young fighters start clapping. Shortdog steps
cautiously towards her.

SHORTDOG
I'm sorry.

She holds her arms out. They hug. He starts crying. Big Jeff
steps in and wraps the both of them in a big group bearhug.
Miguel joins.

157 INT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM. ORLANDO. OFFICE - DAY 157

Christy, Miguel and Big Jeff in the office.

MIGUEL
Christy, I don't know, maybe I need
to remind you but you got shot and
stabbed two weeks ago.

CHRISTY

Yeah, so?

MIGUEL

I don't know you should be training yet. You need to get better first.

CHRISTY

This is me getting better.

Miguel looks over to Jeff for help. Jeff shrugs.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

I want a fight. Can you get me a fight?

Miguel doesn't answer, he just looks at her.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Come on, Papi, can you get me a fight?... Jeff?

Miguel looks at Jeff again.

BIG JEFF

Yeah, sure thing, Champ. We can get you a fight.

158 INT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM. ORLANDO - DAY

158

Christy on the heavy bag. She winces. Every punch is painful.

CHRISTY (V.O.)

I go to a restaurant and I realize I don't know what to order. I don't know what to cook for myself at home. I don't know what clothes I want to wear or what I want to watch on television.

159 INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

159

Christy pushes a trolley down an aisle. Everything feels new. She stops and studies a deli counter, bewildered.

CHRISTY (V.O.)

I have no idea who I actually am. Every aspect of my life has been controlled by this man. Every decision. Everyone I talk to. I don't know who I can trust anymore. Not even my own family.

- a kid gets a selfie with Christy.

160 INT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM. ORLANDO - DAY 160

Christy and Miguel do mitt work.

CHRISTY (V.O.)

I don't have many regrets in my life but I wish I had've walked out the first time you promised to kill me. Maybe I thought you were joking. But I know now that whatever it was you intended, a good man doesn't say that shit.

161 INT. NAIL SALON - DAY 161

Christy getting a pedicure, laughing with women in the salon.

162 INT. CHRISTY AND JIM'S GYM. ORLANDO 162

Christy pounds the speed bag, stronger now, faster.

CHRISTY (V.O.)

But you said it. You said it over and over and then you came good on that promise... But guess what, motherfucker, you didn't kill me.

163 INT. COURTROOM - DAY 163

Christy in court delivering her victim impact statement.

LAWYER (O.S.)

Your honor, I'm going to object at this time. This is confrontational.

CHRISTY

Are you fucking kidding me? *I'm* confrontational?

JUDGE

Sustained. Ms. Salters, I need you to just read your statement please.

Christy turns to Jim who sits with lawyers, eyes down.

CHRISTY

You stabbed me-- Look at me. *Look* at me, Jim.

Jim lifts his eyes to look at her. Dead-eyed, no remorse.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

You stabbed me, shot me and left me for dead on the bedroom floor.

(MORE)

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

But like most else, you came up short. You came up short, didn't you, you fucking piece of shit?

LAWYER

Objection!

JUDGE

Ms. Salters--

CHRISTY

That's alright. I'm done.

She pushes her chair back and stands.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

I'm done.

164 INT. STAPLES CENTER. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT 164

Christy sits as Miguel wraps her hands. Shortdog and Big Jeff hover. There's a nervous energy in the air. Nobody is talking. But Christy is calm.

165 INT. STAPLES CENTER - NIGHT 165

Christy ring walks flanked by Shortdog, Miguel and Jeff.

As she climbs through the ropes and into the ring, the crowd goes BANANAS, completely on her side. Christy takes it all in, fully present, letting it all wash over her.

She goes to her corner. Shortdog, Miguel and Big Jeff huddle around her. Miguel takes her by the shoulders and talks quietly and calmly, while Shortdog massages her neck.

MIGUEL

In...

(Christy inhales deeply)

And out...

(she exhales)

And in... And out. Good. Now look at me. We love you and we believe in you. I want you to stay in the moment. I want you to listen to me and to trust me. And I want you to enjoy yourself. Yes?

Christy nods. She starts bobbing foot to foot.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

You can win, Christy.

Christy takes Miguel's head in her gloved hands and kisses his forehead. A huge smile spreads across her face.

CHRISTY
I already have, Papi.

End cards:

Jim Martin was found guilty of second-degree attempted murder and sentenced to 25 years in prison without parole.

Christy Salters is now a boxing promotor and domestic violence advocate.

She married Lisa Holewyne in 2017.