

EXT. FIGHT ALLEY - NIGHT

A crowd of people watching a street fight - cheering and shouting as two women fight. We're in an alleyway: Fight Alley, lit by burning garbage cans. The asphalt is slick with the recent fall of rain.

One of the women, clad in ragged, filthy Army fatigues, is on the receiving end. This is **MADISON KANE** (late-20s/30s). Her opponent is bigger, stronger, fresher, better fed and she's pounding the hell of Madison. She hits Madison with a bodyshot that sends her knees.

The opponent is about to finish her off when Madison retches and throws up.

The crowd is disgusted, booing and shouting insults, exhorting the opponent to finish the other woman - but before she can, a flashy street dude strolls into the "arena." This is **DUKE** (30s).

DUKE
I'm calling it!

Madison throws up again, less this time. Duke glances at her and then turns his attention back to the crowd. An angry man hands over money to one of Duke's bookies.

ANGRY CROWD MAN
It's a fuckin' fix. This is a rip.

Duke addresses the bookie as Madison struggles to her feet in the back ground.

DUKE
Refund the man his money.
(now to Angry Crowd Man)
But you can take the fuck off.
We're a legit operation.

There are a cheers of agreement.

ANGRY CROWD MAN
You don't tell me what to do,
y'little prick.

Duke cocks an eyebrow and gestures. Two "security" guys who look like their workouts consist of tank-wrestling and sidewalk-slab punching emerge.

Duke gives the man an "anything else" raise of the eyebrows. Angry Crowd Man snatches his money and stamps off.

DUKE
And don't come back! Now, ladies
and gents, not too long to wait for
our next bout.
(MORE)

DUKE (CONT'D)
Keep warm, keep happy and above
all... Keep betting.

He struts off to see Madison sitting next to her opponent on a low bench. Duke counts out some money and hands it to the winner. She grunts in thanks and takes off. Then he peels off some more dollar bills and gives them to Madison.

DUKE (CONT'D)
You need to quit this, Madison.

MADISON
I need the money.

DUKE
Money's no good if you're dead. Or
brain dead.

A wry smile from Madison who gets up and makes off into the night. Duke watches her for a moment before putting his showman face on again and turns back to the crowd.

DUKE (CONT'D)
All right, all right, all RIGHT...

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

A bruised Madison makes her way "home." People avoid her. She's busted up and bleeding and looks like she stinks. She sees a liquor store that's lit up like the gates to Shangri-la and heads towards it.

LATER:

EXT. SKID ROW - NIGHT

It's raining again. This is the Worst Alleyway You Can Imagine. Grim, grimy and depressing. There's a small shelter here, a tarp slung over a filthy mattress.

Madison squats and crawls inside.

INT. SHELTER - SKID ROW - NIGHT

Inside is **ELLIE** (late teens / early 20s). Madison reaches inside her fatigues and hands Ellie a baguette which the younger woman tears in half. Madison looks and sounds dead weary.

MADISON
Hey, Ellie.

Ellie hands half the sandwich back to Madison who, in turn, gives Ellie some money. We can see Madison's hands are filthy, her knuckles cut, bleeding and bruised.

Then she reaches into her jacket again and pulls out a bottle of the Cheapest And Strongest Liquor Possible. She tips it back, neat and raw, glug-glug-glug-glug, like it's soda on a hot day.

ELLIE

How'd you do?

A wry smile from Madison. She hands the bottle over to Ellie who drinks (considerably less) than Madison. Madison looks out of the shelter. She sees a half smoked cigarette on the tarmac. She leans out and snags it; tries to light it but its too wet. She tosses it with disgust and takes the liquor bottle back when its offered.

Glug-glug-glug-glug-glug. Ahhh. She wipes her mouth on her tattered sleeve. She offers the bottle back to Ellie who holds her hand up. Madison shrugs and drinks some more as Ellie watches on. Madison leans back in the shelter, eyes closed as the booze and the beating do their work.

MADISON

I lost.

ELLIE

There are other ways we can make money.

A derisive half-laugh from Madison. She drinks some more, but she's sluggish now. Ellie watches in silence as Madison passes out. She takes the bottle from her sleeping friend's hand and tucks it back inside Madison's fatigue jacket. She shakes her shoulder, but Madison just mutters something incoherent: she's out for the count. Ellie covers her friend with some damp, filthy blankets, hidden in the corner of the shelter.

Ellie examines the wet, crumpled dollars that Madison gave her. She looks indecisive, at war with herself before whatever side she's battling with wins out and she crawls out of the shelter into the rain.

LATER:

EXT. DRUG ALLEY - NIGHT

A derelict neighborhood. This place is what Batman imagines Gotham City is like in his worst nightmares.

Ellie approaches a house: it's smothered in graffiti and the windows that aren't boarded up are so dirty they look like they've been painted in soot.

This is the **Drug House**. She goes inside.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - NIGHT

It's everything you expect from this type of squat. It's unfurnished, blankets and beanbags sufficing for appointments, occupied by listless, hopeless people - young and old - injecting or in various stages of high.

Incongruous with this scene is a well-dressed man: **it's Duke**. He is talking to two young women and glances (appraising) at Ellie as she makes her way towards a guy who looks exactly like someone you'd imagine in his profession: **The Dealer**.

Ellie gives the Dealer money. The Dealer gives Ellie a baggie. She goes and sits in a corner, beginning to cook up her heroin.

Duke leaves with the two women. As Ellie is tying the tourniquet around her arm, their eyes meet. She thinks nothing of it and carries on, injecting herself ... finally a release from life on the streets. Her eyes flicker and her head lolls in ecstasy - her eyes close...

CUT TO: BLACK

SFX: Machine gun fire. Panicked screams. Harsh breathing. A "dragging" sound. Then: An explosion.

INT. SHELTER - SKID ROW - NIGHT

Madison's eyes open to the sound of **shattering glass**. She can hear shouts and laughter. She crawls out of her space and looks out the alley.

From her vantage point. Madison can see a store being robbed - a Convenience store.

EXT. SKID ROW - NIGHT

Feral, Madison emerges from her hiding place....

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

The kids who smashed the window in the robbery toss a petrol bomb into the store and make off, shrieking with laughter.

Madison watches them go for a moment before making her way into...

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

... The Convenience Store. Flames flicker dangerously. The robbers were after cash and booze... However, there's a cornucopia of snacks, sandwiches and candy.

Her dirt encrusted fingers scrabble through the goodies and she begins stuffing them into her fatigues and a takeout bag she snags. And, gifts of all gifts, **cigarettes**. Packs disappear into her fatigues.

MAN (O.S.)

Hey!

Madison turns to see man entering the shop. He's middle-aged, good-looking, well-dressed. This **JACK CHARLEGRAND** (50s). Madison has been caught - red-handed. She's the rabbit in the headlights, the fish on the hook, the rat in the corner, frantically looking for a way out. There isn't one - so she bolts for him, hoping to evade.

Jack grabs her but Madison fights back. Jack is a skilled martial artist - blows are blocked and exchanged, but clearly Jack has not expected this response from a vagrant.

It is dark, everything obscured in shadows caused by the firelight. They come together and he accidentally drags something from around her neck... **dog-tags**. Jack is surprised... Madison seizes on this moment of distraction and kicks him. He stumbles and falls, cracking his head on the wall and is stunned.

Madison makes to run, but then looks back at the unconscious Jack.

And the encroaching fire.

She rushes over to him and starts dragging him from the store as it is consumed. She dumps him on the ground, retrieves her goodie bag and flees into the night.

JACK

Wait!

She's gone: **but he has her dog-tags**. Jack struggles to his feet and looks at his burning store.

JACK (CONT'D)

Shit.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

There's a light rain falling - the misty kind that you can't really see but soaks you to the bone. A furtive Madison makes her **circuitous** longer route way back to ...

EXT. SKID ROW - NIGHT

... Skid Row. Madison clambers into the Shelter.

INT. SHELTER - SKID ROW - NIGHT

Ellie has returned and is asleep. Madison arranges Ellie's coverings and sits by her side. She reaches into her goodie bag of stolen goods and takes out sandwich and mows it, washing it down with a good hit of liquor.

Then - at last - she lights a fresh cigarette, shielding the lighter's glow.

Madison puffs on her cigarette, the orange glow illuminating her battered face, but she looks at least a little content.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Jack is on the phone.

JACK

Yes. Jack Charlegrand. My store was burnt out last night.

There's a pause as Jack gets the "computer says no" speech from the insurer.

JACK (CONT'D)

I understand there's a backlog, but when do you think...

(beat)

OK. Please let me know. Thank you.

He sighs and hangs up and makes his way into...

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

... the kitchen. **If we're quick, we can see on the fridge a picture of a younger Jack with a woman and small girl.**

There's also calendar with dates crossed off. Every day. It's a bit OCD.

Jack sits at the kitchen table: there are **Madison's dog-tags**. He regards them for long moments before snatching them up and exiting at a rush, a snap decision made.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

EXT. / INT. VARIOUS - DAY

Jack driving. We can see that this isn't a nice place to live - it's a shithole. It's like the New York of the 70s: this is Death Wish / Taxi Driver / Exterminator territory.

Jack is visiting a bunch of homeless shelters, showing the social workers the dog-tags, clearly asking for Madison's whereabouts and also clearly getting the cold shoulder.

END MONTAGE.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY

Jack is showing yet another Social Worker the dog-tags.

SOCIAL WORKER

Look, I get you mean well, but we get all kinds of freaks and weirdos, you know what I mean. Perverts wanting to turn cheap tricks.

JACK

Do I look like a pervert to you?

SOCIAL WORKER

It takes all sorts, man.

JACK

She saved my life last night. Pulled me from a fire. I owe her.

The Social Worker looks both ways as if the walls have ears.

SOCIAL WORKER

I don't know where she is now. But I do know where she'll be tonight.

(beat)

The pay here is shit, you know what I mean.

Jack gets out his wallet and hands over a \$50 bill.

EXT. FIGHT ALLEY - NIGHT

The punters are gathered. Madison is fighting and losing. Duke watches on, wincing as Madison's opponent beats her up.

Also watching is a big man in an expensive suit, flanked by bodyguards with two beautiful women on his arms. These are the same two women we saw leave the Drug House with Duke.

The man **CORBYN RAINES** (late 40s). This guy has "king of the streets" written all over him. In the shadows are the two tank-wrestling Security Guys.

DUKE

Corbyn. I gotta go pay the ferryman.

Raines nods and Duke's leaving when Raines speaks.

RAINES

Hey, Duke.

Duke turns.

RAINES (CONT'D)

When'd you stop calling me "Mr. Raines."

Both men laugh and Duke makes off passing...

... **Jack** as weaves his way through the crowd and watches the beating-in-progress.

Madison is in a bad way. The other female fighter finishes her off with a huge punch to the head and Madison goes down. The female fighter looks to Raines - who gives her the nod.

The opponent starts kicking the downed Madison.

Jack has seen enough - he barges through the crowd and shoves the woman away. This is greeted by boos and shouts from the blood-thirsty punters. Jack addresses the female fighter.

JACK

She's had enough.

FEMALE FIGHTER

What, are you her mother?

Jack doesn't grace that with a response. While this is going on, Raines sends his two bodyguards in to take out "the trash."

Jack is about to reach down and lift-up the unconscious Madison when he sees the Security Guys approaching.

JACK

I don't want any trouble.

SECURITY GUY#1

Mr. Raines doesn't want crowd participation.

Jack looks past them for an instant to see the "Mr. Raines" they're referring to looking on. Both men are posturing and it's clear what's going to go down.

Jack doesn't wait, doesn't mess around and certainly doesn't speak. He attacks the Security Guys (to the cheers of the crowd) and **obliterates them with an incredible display of martial arts.**

Once they're on the ground, he picks up Madison and slings her over his shoulder.

The crowd parts like the Red Sea.

Raines watches on.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - NIGHT

Ellie walking through the miasmic hell of the drug house.
Duke is with the Dealer, handing him a wedge of money.

Ellie waits her turn and is granted audience by the jerk of the chin from the Dealer. She hands over some money.

DEALER
This is light.

ELLIE
Come on, man. You know I'm good for it.

DEALER
I ain't no charity.

DUKE
I got it.

A questioning look from Ellie and a knowing one from the Dealer. Duke smiles disarmingly at Ellie once the cash has been handed over.

ELLIE
Thanks, Mr...

DUKE
Duke. Just Duke.

ELLIE
I'm good for it, I just need a little time. I'll square you, I promise.

DEALER
(scoffs)
Junkie's promise.

Duke shoots him a venomous look.

DUKE
Take a hike.

DEALER
This is my place, Duke.

DUKE
Because I allow you to operate.

Duke isn't going to be fucked with and the Dealer knows it. He takes a hike. Duke turns to Ellie, jerking his chin at the surroundings.

DUKE (CONT'D)
This ain't you.

ELLIE
Kinda is these days.

DUKE
I got a proposition for you.

An "oh, I get it" look from Ellie.

ELLIE
Look, Mr. Duke...

DUKE
Just Duke.

ELLIE
Duke. I don't... you know. I ain't
that desperate.

Duke chuckles.

DUKE
Do I look like I need to come to
this place to get laid?

Ellie doesn't know what to say - she's flustered and embarrassed and on the spot.

DUKE (CONT'D)
And you ain't that desperate yet.
(beat)
You're young. You're pretty. My
boss is looking for hostesses.
Serving drinks, making the place
nice for his clients. And it pays
cash.

He gives her a "you interested" look and gets a "hell, yeah I'm interested" one in response.

EXT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

An establishing shot of Raines's converted warehouse.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

It's lush in here. The top floor is all open plan, low-light, R&B, VIP guests, male and female fighters and hot women. Thug life. We see some latecomers entering via one of those massive warehouse elevators.

Raines wears two "hot babes" (the two from the Drug House that Duke was talking to) like bling as he sips an effeminate looking cocktail - incongruous for a man of his bearing - but he's a man of wealth and taste. There are other hostesses serving drinks and hors d'oeuvres.

Raines gets to his feet and whoever's in charge of the music has the good sense to turn it down.

He scans the room, eyeing this lethal looking array of fighters. These are street fighting veterans, ex-mma pros not good enough or just too brutal and DQ-prone to make it in the octagon... these people can scrap.

RAINES

I know who you are. All y'all. I've walked where you walked. Fought where you fought. Bled where you bled. Now...

(he gestures expansively)

I want to give y'all a chance to walk where I walk. If I did it... so can you. You people are the best I could find. People will pay good money to see you fight. I'm not talking about the bums on the street. I want to attract a more sophisticated clientèle. I ain't interested in running nickle and dime street fights.

(beat)

What I'm running is a kumite. We fight hard, we fight to win and... even if there ain't no rules... we fight with honor. And you'll get paid. Well.

(he pauses here as there's scattered applause and a few "yeahs" and "right ons" from the crowd)

Here's how it's gonna be. You'll fight here - for me. Challengers will try and make their way up the ranks. I'll pay them well too. All you have to do is keep winning. And one day - you could be where I am right now. If you're the best.

The assembled fighters and guests cheer and clap in appreciation.

RAINES (CONT'D)

You are the best, aren't you? Maybe I'd like to see a demo. If anyone has the balls.

Scattered laughter at this. A woman steps forward. This is **SKYLAR STONE** (20s). Skylar's lithe and lean, carries herself with assuredness that crosses the border to arrogance.

RAINES (CONT'D)

Skylar Stone.

(there are some mumbles of
recognition at the name)

Been suspended or banned from every
major - and minor - promotion out
there.

SKYLAR

I don't like rules. I heard that
you ain't a fan either.

Raines just smiles at that - because it's true. Then:

RAINES

You got anyone here in mind?

Skylar looks around at her peers. She jerks her chin at a tattooed monster who clearly takes steroid abuse tips from Brock Lesnar.

RAINES (CONT'D)

I'm running a kumite. Not a freak
show. There's a reason why we don't
have co-ed contact sports. Not that
I'm assuming your gender. But a
challenge is a challenge.

HUGE STEROID FIGHTER

I'll pass.

Skylar snorts in derision.

VETA (O.S.)

I'll fight her.

While **VETA ESPINOZA** (30s) can't match the steroid guy for size, she's beating him on the tattoo front. She has "from the streets" written figuratively (and maybe literally) all over her.

Raines glances at Duke questioningly; Duke nods and gives a "yeah, yeah, she's good" pressed lips and crinkled forehead nod. Raines turns back to the crowd.

RAINES

I don't know you. What's your
record?

VETA

Armed robbery. I ran a highline
crew. Got popped. Did a nickel in
Angola.

Raines chuckles.

 RAINES
I like it. It is on. Ex-fighter vs
ex-con.

 VETA
When? Where?

 RAINES
Here. Now.

The two women eye each other.

 RAINES (CONT'D)
If you'd all like to follow me.

EXT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

There is a cage on the first floor of Raines's Warehouse. The two fighters walk through the crowd towards it, looking up and around like Russell Crowe in Gladiator. We can see that there is a mezzanine floor above where the guests can look down while the VIPs and fighters get to mingle cage-side.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - OCTAGON - NIGHT

Skylar and Veta are in the cage now. They shadow box, neck stretch, toe-bounce and glare at each other.

Raines allows them time to warm up... they both look out for the Octagon at him.

 RAINES
Let's get it on.

At once, it's clear that this is levels above what we've seen in Fight Alley. Veta is aggressive with a come-ahead-and-overwhelm style. She's a brawler and a mauler - And it looks like she's more than Skylar can handle.

EXT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Amidst the interested and cheering crowd, Raines watches on impassively. You can see it in his eyes - he's assessing, analyzing, calculating.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - OCTAGON - NIGHT

It seems like Veta's on top and a chopping right hand opens a cut on Skylar's brow.

But Skylar - like Raines - has been analyzing and now it's her turn go on the offensive, the injury galvanizing her.

Now she's blocking, slipping and striking back. NOT the brawler - Skylar's the technician, the professor of the brutal science.

From a 70/30, the fight becomes more 50/50 - Veta's not going to rollover because she's been suckered in early. It's primal. It's brutal. It's gladiatorial...

EXT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Raines takes it all in as the battle rages. He looks at his guests - all hard as nails and shark-mean: they're caught up in savage action. You can see by his satisfied expression that he thinks he's found a winning formula.

EXT. GHETTO APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

This apartment block looks like it was transplanted from "Escape from New York" - it's a step up from the Drug House. But not by much. A car pulls up outside. Duke and Ellie get out and enter...

INT. GHETTO APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

There are two huge dudes on guard. Ellie doesn't like the look of this, but she's here and has to see it through. Duke leads her down a corridor and to ...

INT. GHETTO APARTMENT BLOCK - ELLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

... Her own room. Ellie's eyes widen. A ROOM. Not the Shelter but an actual room. Her room. It's not much, it has a bed, a dresser, a wardrobe (all cheap and from the 70s) but still.

DUKE

This is yours. You work for us, you pay us rent, you keep what's left. That's the deal.

Ellie looks down the corridor at the guards.

DUKE (CONT'D)

They're for your protection. All the rooms here are for our hostesses. Our investments. They'll take care you. Food, drink, whatever - just ask. We'll put in on your slate for now till you start earning.

ELLIE

What if I want to leave?

DUKE

Then leave. Gimme back the smack I
just bought you and we call it
quits.

ELLIE

No, no - I mean, I was just asking.

DUKE

It ain't a prison. You can leave
any time. Just make sure your debts
are paid. That's it.

Duke gives her a nod and a friendly smile before leaving her
to take it all in.

Ellie sits on the bed (which creaks). She begins cooking up
her H and injects herself - her arm shows multiple track
marks. She plunges the needle in and settles back to sweet
oblivion.

CUT TO: BLACK

The sound of gunfire and screaming, the cacophony and panic
of battle - then...

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Harsh daylight. We can see Army boots being dragged along the
rocky sands, blood trails in their wake... **bullets kick up**
the sand near the boots and then stitch up the body.

The injured soldier is dumped and from his fading point of
view, we see another soldier (smaller, slighter of build)
running away. The fallen soldier reaches out an **imploring**
hand and there's the sound of an explosion and ...

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - MADISON'S ROOM - DAY

... Madison opens her eyes and finds herself in a bedroom.
She has to double-take to make sure she isn't dreaming. But
it's true. She's there.

She's still dressed in her filthy clothes - though her boots
are on the floor. She sits up - gingerly - and looks around.

There's a note on the bedside table which reads: "*Madison.*
You're safe. Feel free to wash if you like. Or leave if you
prefer... I just wanted to help."

The room has a small en-suite bathroom. Madison goes in.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - MADISON'S ROOM - EN SUITE - DAY

Madison looks at herself in the mirror. Haggard. Dirty. Bruised.

There are towels on a rail and folded on the toilet are clean clothes. Madison looks at them - at herself again - then at the shower.

Gingerly, she undresses. Her body is a mass of bruises from the fight. Her feet are black and cracked, her toenails full of filth.

She showers - weeks and months of ground-in filth spiral down the plughole.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - MADISON'S ROOM - DAY

Clean and wearing the new clothes (t-shirt, sweatshirt, a pair of old jeans that are too big for her, socks), Madison emerges from the bathroom, her hair still damp.

She looks out the window and sees Jack in his garden. He's performing a moving meditation martial arts form.

There's a big shed at the rear of the yard.

Madison puts her boots on and grabs her fatigue jacket, leaving the rest of her old clothes in a pile. She exits the room...

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

... And rushes downstairs.

It's just a normal suburban house - open plan with a clear view to the kitchen.

On the mantle, there's a decanter of whiskey. Madison doesn't hesitate - she goes for it, chugging down the liquor in big gulps. It steadies her - she sighs - much calmer now. **If you're quick** you'll also see a picture of Jack on the mantle with a squad of soldiers: the typical "posing down-range with your guns" shot.

On the kitchen counter, Madison spies car-keys. A glance out the front window reveals Jack's car. She rushes to the counter, **snags the car keys** and then goes to the front door. But it's locked. She's struggling to work out how to open it.

JACK (O.S.)

It's a double lock. Up first, then down, then up.

She turns to see him sitting at the kitchen table. He gives a gesture.

JACK (CONT'D)
There's a knack to it.

Madison - a little panicked, tries again.

JACK (CONT'D)
You want to leave? Or do you want a
coffee first? Something to eat?

Madison is a street creature - both fearful and feral... and
Jack is a new animal that she hasn't encountered before.

MADISON
You some kind of weirdo? I don't
put out for money.

Jack ignores that: it's pretty clear that he doesn't want
anything like that from her. He holds up her **dog-tags**.

JACK
These are yours.

Nervous, Madison walks towards the kitchen table - the
opposite side to Jack so she can escape if needs be.

A little guilty, she puts the car-keys on the table. Jack
acts like it was all nothing and slides her dog-tags across
the table to her.

MADISON
Where'd you find 'em?

JACK
You were robbing my store. We
fought. You won.
(He regards her with a
steely, unflinching gaze)
You could have left me to burn. You
saved my life.
(there's a bit of a
silence as Madison takes
that in. Then:)
Coffee?

Madison nods and sits - nervous and far from Jack. He pours
the coffee but she's too far away to get it. Jack picks up on
this. He stands and goes to the sink to wash his hands,
leaving more space between them. Madison grabs the coffee and
scuttles back to her place.

Jack sits back down and pours coffee for himself as Madison
drinks hers - it's good - we can tell from the expression on
her face.

JACK (CONT'D)
Where'd you learn to fight?

MADISON
I was in the Army.

JACK
And now you're on the streets.

MADISON
I saw some things in the Service. I
have... anxiety.

Jack glances at the **half-drunk whiskey decanter** and then
looks back to Madison.

JACK
And now you fight for money? On the
circuit.

MADISON
I get beat up for money. You don't
know what it's like, Mr...

JACK
Charlegrand. Jack Charlegrand. You
like getting beaten up for money?

MADISON
Is that your thing? You wanna smack
me around a bit? Is that what gets
you off... Jack?

JACK
If I wanted something from you, I
could have taken it when you were
unconscious. I could have left you
on the street. I didn't because I
owe you. That's all.

Chagrined, Madison sips her coffee. Then:

MADISON
No.

Jack is momentarily confused.

JACK
"No" what?

MADISON
No, I don't like getting beaten up
for money. But it's better than the
alternative. At least this way if
I'm on my back, I've been put there
by a punch and not by a pimp.

JACK
I can help you.

MADISON

OK. Give me some cash, I'll get out of here and we'll call it quits.

JACK

I could do that. Or I could do for you what you did for me.

A "what's that?" look from Madison.

JACK (CONT'D)

Save your life.

MADISON

Save my life? You don't even know who I am.

There's a silence as they both sit with that. Jack's eyes are asking the question: "who do you think you are?"

MADISON (CONT'D)

I'm a street alcoholic who'd sell you or anyone else out for a bottle of whiskey.

JACK

'You like who you are?

There's no answer to that.

MADISON

Look. Thanks for helping me out. I appreciate it. I really do. But I don't need a good Samaritan.

Jack gives her an "OK, then," sad smile. A look between them and Madison goes to the front door.

JACK

Madison.

She turns to see him holding up a money clip. She hesitates, then - takes it. Jack doesn't move - just gives her a look - silently thanking her for saving his life.

Madison gives him a "you're welcome" smile in return and this time - as she is not in a panic - opens the door and leaves.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - OCTAGON - NIGHT

Skylar and another fighter are going to war. It's high-quality-brutality and the well-to-do crowd are loving it.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Above, the guests are enjoying the hospitality. Huge Steroid Fighter is there and we see Ellie, weaving her way through the crowd with a drinks tray. She's cleaned up and made up, dressed in her cocktail waitress outfit like the other girls.

Ellie delivers a drink to Huge Steroid Fighter.

HUGE STEROID FIGHTER
You wanna sit down? Keep me
company?

Ellie smiles and looks like she's going to refuse when she catches a look from Duke. He gives her an "OK" nod.

ELLIE
Sure. I mean I'm working, but sure.

Huge Steroid Fighter smiles and pats the couch indicating that she sit.

INT. SHELTER - SKID ROW - NIGHT

Madison is alone. She's smoking and drinking. She hears footsteps approaching from outside and starts.

MADISON
Ellie?

But the footsteps just keep on walking by. Madison finishes her smoke and we can see by her expression that she's made a decision.

LATER:

EXT. DRUG ALLEY - NIGHT

Madison walking towards the Drug House. It's raining again, the streets wet, Madison sodden and soaked.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - NIGHT

Madison enters usual dirty miasma of the Drug House. She spies the Dealer and makes her way over to him.

DEALER
I ain't seen you here before.

MADISON
You seen Ellie?

DEALER
I don't know no Ellie.

MADISON

Blonde. Pretty. About so high.
Wears a leather. I know she buys
here.

DEALER

I told ya. I don't know her.

Madison doesn't seem to be in the mood for taking any shit. She grabs the dealer by the jacket and propels him into the wall (which is kind of noticed by the druggies but no one's inclined to help this parasite).

MADISON

Don't fuck with me, man.

DEALER

OK. OK. Come on...

Madison relents and lets him go. The Dealer makes a show of adjusting his clothes.

DEALER (CONT'D)

She took off.

MADISON

What do you mean, took off?

DEALER

She left town. Got a job with some dude. Better'n' what she had going on so she took it.

MADISON

She wouldn't just leave like that.

DEALER

What, she didn't leave no good bye note? She saw her chance and took it. Can you blame her?

Madison can't believe it. The hurt is writ across her face and in her eyes.

DEALER (CONT'D)

Do you mind? I'm runnin' a business here. You're welcome to stay if you're buyin'. If you ain't...

Madison is defeated. She leaves, the eyes of the druggies and the dealer on her as she slopes off.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Madison making her way home. She'd drinking from a bottle (wrapped in a brown paper bag). People avoid her - she's a crazy homeless lady, all she lacks is the shopping cart.

It's clear that she is alone.

She returns to Skid Row and the Shelter.

INT. SHELTER - SKID ROW - NIGHT

Madison sits alone, drinking and smoking. Outside we can hear the rain and somewhere in the distance, we can hear police sirens. And a rumble of thunder.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Jack is on the phone. He looks upset and resigned.

JACK

No, I understand that there are a lot of claimants, but I'm not earning an income right now. This is what insurance is for.

(beat)

No, I'm not shooting the messenger.

But you have to understand that...

Yes, I do have savings.

(beat and a sigh)

Thanks.

He hangs up and looks at the half-drunk decanter of whiskey on the mantle. He takes it and goes into...

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

... Kitchen and pours a stiff measure, setting it on the table. We can see his calendar with the days crossed off in the background if we're alert.

Jack stares at the whiskey on the table in front of him.

This is like a gunfight - the whiskey staring at Jack, Jack staring at the whiskey. His eyes go to the photo of his wife and daughter on the fridge... fading, fading to:

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A dark road, a car... the rain pours down in thick, blinding sheets.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

A woman - Jack's wife - is driving. The windscreen wipers working hard. Her daughter crying in the back.

Jack's wife is distraught, tear streaked. It's hard to see. She glances at her daughter who is in the back, shushing her.

THE GLARE OF HEADLIGHTS! WHAM!

END FLASHBACK.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jack is clearly upset. He grips the whiskey tumbler with a trembling hand... then he gets up, takes it to the sink and **pours it away.**

He puffs out a relieved breath, goes to his calendar and crosses off another date. You'll see that there's a red circle on a date at the end of the month.

His doorbell rings. Jack sighs, getting himself together and heads into the...

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

... Hallway and opens the door.

Madison is standing there. They look at each other for long moments.

LATER:

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The two looking at each other across the kitchen table. We can hear the sound of Jack's kitchen clock. Madison eyes the whiskey. Jack gives a "go for it" gesture. She pours herself a stiff measure and drinks it down.

MADISON

Can I smoke?

Again, a shrug from Jack. Madison looks around.

JACK

Just use a cup.

Madison uses a cup as a makeshift ashtray. Again, there's an awkward silence. Then:

JACK (CONT'D)

Why are you here, Madison?

MADISON

I... Things changed on the streets.
Someone close to me upped and left.
I guess she turned it round. I
thought maybe I could too.

(MORE)

MADISON (CONT'D)
Figured you were on the level
before. I just wanna know why? I
mean - there are a million homeless
people, Jack.

Maybe we notice it, maybe we don't, by Jack's eyes flick to
the photo of his wife and **daughter** on the fridge.

JACK
You remind me of me. I was in the
Service too, a long time ago. I saw
things like you. I brought the war
home. Drink helped. Drugs were
better. At first. But it all went
to shit. I lost my wife. My kid. I
was full of rage. Full of hate. You
know, they teach us to be warriors
but they don't teach us what to do
when the war's over, do they?

Madison puffs out smoke in agreement.

JACK (CONT'D)
I used to fight. Like you. On the
Circuit. I was good. I liked
dishing it out and I like taking it
more. Like I deserved it, you know.
I felt like I had it coming. At
first, it was like medicine for
pain. For guilt. But then I was
just doing it because I didn't know
how to do anything else.

MADISON
How'd you get out?

JACK
I had no choice.

A questioning look from Madison but Jack waves it away.

JACK (CONT'D)
But I had money put away. Enough to
buy my store.

MADISON
So you wanna give me a job. At your
store?

JACK
You saw what happened. You pulled
me out. It's gone. I'm waiting for
the insurance.

MADISON
You said you could save my life.

JACK

I can put you up. Help you stay clean. Give you a start. I've been where you've been.

MADISON

Charity?

JACK

It's better than sleeping on the streets.

MADISON

You know what you lose first on the streets and don't even realize it's gone?

(Jack gives her the time to answer the rhetorical)

Dignity. You asked me before if I liked getting beat up for money. I don't. Figure I might get some payback. You said you used to fight. You could help me. I could help you.

JACK

A partnership?

MADISON

Why not? I don't want to feel like I owe you. I want to pay my way. You train me. Put me up. I'll fight. We'll make money till your store opens up again. It could work, Jack.

JACK

I think you're right.

The first genuine smile we've seen from Madison. She tips back her drink and pours another.

JACK (CONT'D)

You'll have to cut that out.

MADISON

I'll ween myself off. You gonna join me?

JACK

(a shake of the head)

You hungry?

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - OCTAGON - NIGHT

Huge Steroid Fighter and another man are nearly killing each other for the pleasure of the crowd.

It's quality entertainment and we can hear the thud of fist on flesh over the shouts from the guests.

Huge Steroid Fighter gains the upper hand and hammers his opponent to the canvass - he's out cold and there's no need to continue.

Duke enters the Octagon (along with two Security Guys who carry out the fallen man) as the victorious fighter exits to the applause of the crowd.

DUKE

How about that. I hope we all got some winners in here TONIGHT!

(they do and there's clapping and cheering)

Next up - you know her, you love her. She's a favorite of mine and a favorite of yours, a fighter too bad for any promotion, she's come to us, baby! Ladies and Gentlemen and however else you identify... SKYLAR... HANDS OF STONE!

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Skylar trots towards the Octagon, all business. She climbs into the cage.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - OCTAGON - NIGHT

Duke continues his schtick.

DUKE

And her opponent, she's come up from the streets, through our prelims and made all the way to the majors, she's new, she's raw, she's hungry, she's SWEET MERCY GRAVES!

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Mercy Graves makes her way to the Octagon as Duke exits. She climbs in and we can see from outside the two women going through a brief warm up before a buzzer sounds and they lay into each other. Again - this is top drawer stuff... both women are fighters of quality.

Elsewhere, Raines watches on. He has two lovely ladies with him (the two that Duke picked up from the Drugs House). **Ellie** approaches Raines with her drinks tray.

ELLIE

Mr. Raines?

Raines plucks the drink off the tray and regards Ellie.

RAINES
You're new.

ELLIE
Yes, Sir. I'm Ellie. Duke hired me.

Raines looks at her arms - he (and we) see the faded marks of injections. Ellie blanches as Raines's eyes meet hers.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
I don't use my arms any more. Duke told me to use my feet if I... you know...

RAINES
Yeah, I know. You like it here, Ellie?

ELLIE
It's better than living on the streets. And I'm making money. I like it, Sir.

Raines gives her a genuine smile.

RAINES
Try and get clean. It never ends well if you don't.

Raines turns his attention back to the fight and Ellie disappears into the crowd. Skylar is winning - or so it seems and then Mercy strikes back - and the crowd goes wild... Business is good.

CUT TO: BLACK

We hear the sound of **booted feet on rough terrain**. Harsh breathing. The sound of gunfire and bullets ricocheting on rocks. THEN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

A POV - the carnage, the explosions, the silhouettes of the insurgents. Bullets smacking into the dirt. Our vision whips around and we see the fallen soldier reaching out an imploring hand...

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - MADISON'S ROOM - DAY

Madison opens her eyes as she hears a gentle knock on the door. She glances at the clock on the bedside table. It reads 0500. Her voice is croaky (as it would be at 5am).

MADISON

Yeah.

Jack comes in, bearing a pint of black coffee. He sets this - and a box of pills - on her beside table.

MADISON (CONT'D)

It's 5 AM.

JACK

I figured you'd want a lie in.

Madison eyes the pills.

MADISON

What's this?

JACK

Campral.

MADISON

I don't like pills.

JACK

You'll like alcohol withdrawal less. They'll help. Trust me.

A "fair-enough" look from Madison.

JACK (CONT'D)

Drink up. We start training today.
I'll see you downstairs when you're ready.

He gives a friendly smile and nod and exits. Madison opens the pillbox and takes some, knocking them back with a sip of coffee.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Madison and Jack running in the pale light of the dawn. Madison's heavy army boots look incongruous with her too big sweatpants and t-shirt (clearly donations from Jack).

She's struggling to breathe, unused to this... Jack urges her to keep it up. Madison staggers to a halt and pukes her guts up, all black coffee.

Jack hands her a bottle of water. She swills and spits. He gives her a moment to wipe her mouth. Then:

JACK

Let's go.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

Madison is barefoot, skipping on the grass - and she sucks. Jack watches on. Madison gets tangled again and looks imploringly at him.

JACK
Footwork is everything.

MADISON
We're training for street fights,
not Caesar's Palace.

But Jack isn't going to negotiate.

JACK
Keep it up.

LATER:

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - GARDEN - SHED

Jack has a brilliant martial arts training area set up in his shed. There's mirrors on the walls, a heavy bag, speed bag and weights. Lots of 'em - you don't get a physique like Jack's without pumping some iron.

But it's not him doing the **bench presses** - it's Madison. The weights are feeble and she's unused to this, struggling badly. Jack is spotting, his fingers under the bar as Madison strains.

JACK
Come on. Strong... Strong.

Madison pushes harder, the bar wobbling upwards.

JACK (CONT'D)
Good! Good! It's all you, it's all
you.

Madison heaves and locks out her arms - Jack steers the bar back into its brackets.

Madison puffs out a breath, sits up, pushing her arms back to stretch her tortured pecs. But she looks well pleased with her achievement.

MADISON
Was that really all me?

JACK
Not even close.

Madison snorts.

MADISON
Gotta smoke?

JACK
You're kidding, right?

MADISON
Not even close.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

A "romantically lit" bedroom - purples and pinks. If this place had ambient music, it'd be sexy saxophone.

HUGE STEROID FIGHTER rolls off Ellie having just finished having sex with her. She lays there, looking up at the ceiling and the big guy locks his hands behind his head, feeling great.

HUGE STEROID FIGHTER
I knew there was something special
about you.

Ellie smiles and sits up, reaching down for her panties. Huge Steroid Fighter watches as she pulls these on, then her bra.

HUGE STEROID FIGHTER (CONT'D)
There's a little something extra
for you on the dresser there.

ELLIE
Thanks. You're sweet.

She stands and puts on her dress, goes to the dresser, takes the money and pops it into her purse (which is close to the money).

ELLIE (CONT'D)
Is there anything else I can do for
you?

HUGE STEROID FIGHTER
You did everything good. Raines's
is like Hallmark. Cares enough to
send the very best.

A wan smile from Ellie. Behind her eyes, she's ashamed - but the money feels good in her purse.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

A car pulls up outside the Ghetto Apartment Block. Ellie gets out.

ELLIE
Thanks!

The car drives off and Ellie goes into...

INT. GHETTO APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

The two guards are there.

ELLIE
Hey, guys.

They both give her a "Hey, Ellie," back.

GUARD#1
How you doin'?

ELLIE
I'm doin' good. Real good.

GUARD#2
Better'n us, that's for sure.

ELLIE
You don't like your job?

GUARD#2
I gotta look at his ugly mug all night. You and the other girls are like a little ray of sunshine...

GUARD#1
Why don't you just fuck off?

GUARD#2
... Before it gets cloudy again.

Ellie chuckles.

ELLIE
Job's a job. That's what I keep telling myself, anyways.

GUARD#1
You need anything, El?

ELLIE
Nah, I'm good.

She heads off down the corridor and into ...

GHETTO APARTMENT BLOCK - ELLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

... her room. It's much nicer than when we first saw it, stamps of "home" now... plants, some pictures, wall hangings, a TV set and an Alexa.

ELLIE
Alexa, put the radio on.

Ellie goes to her drawer, rummaging, while Alexa does her thing. The radio comes on...

RADIO ANNOUNCER
Former Women's MMA Champion
Samantha Mason has been sentenced
to two years for the assault and
battery of her former trainer,
Philo Jenner. The fallen star, a
known drugs cheat...

ELLIE
Alexa, play soothing music.

Alexa goes quiet while it searches and we see what Ellie is rummaging for. Her drugs paraphernalia. She wraps the cord tight around her ankle and cooks up some H as "soothing music" begins to play.

Then she injects herself in the foot, flops back on the bed and takes her stairway to heaven.

CUT TO: BLACK

We hear: the gunfire, harsh breathing... the crunch of booted feet on gravel... Screams... shouts... the explosion.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - MADISON'S ROOM - DAY

Madison wakes up with a gasp. Moments later, there's a knock at the door.

MADISON
It's OK, I'm decent.

Jack comes in. He has coffee in one hand, a box about foot long and half a foot wide tucked under the other arm. It's wrapped in brown paper.

Madison glances at the clock. 0500.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Still going easy on me?

Jack chuckles, places the coffee down and puts the box on the bed.

MADISON (CONT'D)
What's this?

JACK
Drink up. We have training.

And he exits, leaving her with her coffee. And her box. Intrigued, Madison tears off the brown paper.

New sneakers. We can see that she's very touched by this gesture.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Madison and Jack running. In her new sneakers.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

Madison skipping - she's improving. Jack watches on for a bit, glancing at his phone (which is in stopwatch mode).

JACK

OK. Time.

He tosses her towel which she snags.

JACK (CONT'D)

You're getting better.

MADISON

It's the sneakers.

It's her way of saying "thanks" which Jack acknowledges with a smile. Madison sits down.

JACK

You said you were in the Army.

An affirmative glance from Madison.

MADISON

Logistics. You know, I drove a truck back and forward.

JACK

What did they teach you?

MADISON

To drive. Not like I'm an ex-special forces operative with a license to kill.

JACK

I was.

Madison's laugh is cut short when she realizes he's on the level.

MADISON

No shit?

JACK

No shit.

MADISON
Like Navy SEALs?

JACK
Green Berets.

MADISON
Regular Rambo, huh?

JACK
Rambo is a pussy. But I asked what they taught you.

MADISON
And I told you. They taught me how to drive.

JACK
What else?

MADISON
I dunno. How to pitch a tent, march real good, stand on guard for hours on end. Discover new ways of being bored...

She gives him a "where are we going with this" look.

JACK
The one thing every soldier is taught to do... from Green Berets to the Cooks and the Clerks... is to kill people. It's part of basics, right?

MADISON
I've never killed anyone, man.

JACK
But they taught you how, right? How to switch on. How to react. How to go for throat. Take 'em down quick.

MADISON
Yeah, but that was basics.

JACK
When you fight on the street, you ever notice how your opponent fights?

MADISON
I was pretty drunk most of the time.

JACK
They fight like they've been taught. Martial artists spar.
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

They take this into the fight with them. The bouncing around, the feeling out, the distance gauging. We're soldiers. We don't spar. We fight. We go in, we take down and we finish. No messing about.

MADISON

So?

Jack stands and gloves up, indicating that Madison do the same.

JACK

So. Take me out.

MADISON

But you're a Green Beret.

JACK

I promise not to kill you.

Madison gets up and they face off. She lunges at him, reckoning to take him out quickly with a leg sweep and take down, but Jack just reacts, reverses the attack, takes her down, gets her in an arm-bar, his calf pressing into her throat, choking her.

She taps out and rolls away.

JACK (CONT'D)

You see? Fast. No messing. Got it?

MADISON

Got it.

JACK

Let's go again.

And they do - most of it ending with Madison getting thrown and locked, but she's not as bad as all that...

Indeed, at the end of one exchange, she avoids the take down and delivers a decent left hook on Jack and front kicks him in the chest, staggering him.

She looks pretty pleased with herself and waits for approval.

JACK (CONT'D)

You could have had me. When your opponent is off balance - strike. Take them down, finish them off. Don't stand there admiring your handiwork.

MADISON

Yeah, but it was a pretty good one, right?

Jack can't help but chuckle.

JACK

Yeah. It was a pretty good one.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Skylar is in the Octagon fighting. Again, her opponent is good, the battle raging back and forth.

In the crowd, Raines is watching approvingly, Duke at his side.

DUKE

You can change the venue and give it a lick of class, but there's one thing that never changes.

He gets a "what's that?" look from Raines.

DUKE (CONT'D)

Guys love to watch bitches fight.

It's clear they do: the crowd is loving it.

RAINES

What's the action like on the streets?

DUKE

Not going as fast as you'd like. Word is getting out and there's interest. But that's all it is so far. As soon as they hear that our gig is legit and the money is good, it'll happen.

RAINES

Local fighters?

DUKE

Most of the good ones are here already.

In the Octagon, Skylar takes out her opponent, knocking her out cold.

RAINES

I need fresh meat, Duke. Get me some.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - GARDEN

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Madison and Jack fighting - it's kind of sparring, but it's faster... more vicious. It's Krav Maga.

And Madison is good - now the fights are even - Jack instructing, Madison taking it all in.

Finally, she defeats him. Jack is impressed and makes the a-ok sign at her.

END MONTAGE.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The calendar with the crosses on it is getting closer to the day that is circled in red.

Madison is dishing up dinner to a freshly showered Jack. He digs in and gives her an encouraging smile.

JACK

It's good.

Madison sits and she to eats. There's a silence for a while.

MADISON

I have dreams. About the war.

Jack meets her gaze.

MADISON (CONT'D)

You said fighting was medicine for pain. And guilt. I figured maybe... it helped you... figure things out.

JACK

There's no cure for what I did.

Madison looks a little crushed at this.

MADISON

It's why I drink. You don't dream when you're passed out. Since since I've gotten straight...

JACK

What happened... over there?

Madison looks like she's going open up. But something stops her. Their eyes meet and they both know that whatever happened to them both is going to stay locked up.

MADISON

Bad stuff. I... can't really talk about it.

(she injects brightness)

And let's face it, you'd make a shitty shrink.

Jack chuckles, relieved at the tension breaker.

JACK
That's true.

MADISON
Eat up, it's getting cold.

Jack does so as does Madison. It's obviously not great.

MADISON (CONT'D)
I fight better than I cook.

JACK
Um-hum.

MADISON
Gee, thanks.

JACK
You want to test that theory?

MADISON
What do you mean?

JACK
We're not training for nothing.

MADISON
You think I'm ready?

JACK
I do. Do you?

MADISON
Only one way to find out.

EXT. FIGHT ALLEY - NIGHT

A circle of desperate punters. The burning oil cans, two beefy men beating the shit out each other.

Duke watches on. He feels a presence and turns. It's Jack. In the shadows behind him, Madison, wearing a hoodie.

DUKE
Well, shit. It's the Good Samaritan.

JACK
You got any girls fighting tonight?
I want to buy in.

DUKE
With Madison? Good luck. I got a good fighter here tonight. Her opponent is a no show. But...
(MORE)

DUKE (CONT'D)

I don't need someone to stand there
and get beat up. I need someone who
can fight.

Jack pulls out a wedge of cash.

JACK

I got a thousand reasons that says
she can fight.

Duke looks dubious at that, but a grand is a grand. He
snatches the money and begins counting as Jack returns to
Madison.

MADISON

A thousand dollars. I thought you
were broke.

JACK

I will be if you don't win.

Madison looks sick at that - but Jack laughs and claps her on
the shoulder.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm kidding. I have money - just
not the couple of hundred grand
that it'll take to fix my store.
We're good for a while. OK?

MADISON

OK.

JACK

Remember... you're the professional
here. You're clean. You're sober.
You're fit and strong...

MADISON

I'm really nervous, Jack. I never
fought clean before.

JACK

You want me to call it off?

MADISON

You need to work on your pep talk.

JACK

This is your arena, Madison. How
many times you kissed the concrete
out there? Heard all the shit being
shouted by those people. I can tell
you this - whoever's he's brought
won't have seen this shit before.
Go out there and take it to her.
End it quick. Don't give her time
to adjust. Put her on her ass. OK?

MADISON

OK.

She turns and carries on her warm up while Duke does the introductions.

DUKE

All right, all right, all right!
Have I got something special for
you tonight! Returning to Fight
Alley after a hiatus... you know
her, you love her... Give it up for
Madison Kane!

There's some scattered applause (and more than a few boos) as Madison steps into the flame-lit arena, the flames from the blazing oil cans bouncing on the wet concrete. Madison is wearing a t-shirt, Army pants and Army boots.

One of spectators isn't impressed.

CROWD GUY

Hey, Madison, you gonna throw up
again?

She ignores him, shadow boxing, staying warm as Duke continues.

DUKE

And her opponent, hailing from Los
Angeles, California. She's new to
this circuit, but the list of asses
she's kicked is long and
distinguished. We got a genuine
celebrity here tonight! Let's hear
it for Annie "Angel Eyes" Thomson!

Annie emerges from the crowd. She's clad in expensive spandex: body of a goddess, face of an angel.

The two women pace like caged lionesses as Duke finishes his spiel.

DUKE (CONT'D)

Start placing those bets, don't be
shy, there's money to be made here,
you KNOW what I'm saying.

We see Duke's goons taking the book.

DUKE (CONT'D)

Ladies. Everyone. You know the
rules...

Everyone in crowd shouts along with him:

DUKE (CONT'D)
They're ain't no rules.
(to Madison)
You ready?
(to Annie)
You ready?
(beat)
Let's get it on!

Duke steps back and the two fighters stalk each other in the firelight, Annie in a loose guard. Madison **attacks!** Just as she's been learning, she throws herself at Annie...

And gets a front-kick in the sternum that catapults her across the "arena" and onto the ground.

Watching on, Jack winces and, by his side, Duke is looking smug, a man already counting his winnings.

Madison, furious with herself, surges to her feet and she comes in again - this time blocking Annie's kick and slamming her with a right cross that staggers her.

That gets a reaction from the crowd and now battle is truly joined.

It's clear that Annie isn't here to mess around either - she comes at Madison with a combination of perfectly executed kicks, spinning, wheeling, high, jumping - it's nothing like Madison has seen or has even prepared for and we can see her growing panic as she's forced back until one of Annie's kicks lands and she's sent down again.

Annie rushes into finish her off, but Madison reacts FAST and scissoring the martial artist's legs from under her, letting HER kiss the concrete for the first time.

Madison swarms Annie while she's down and the two women roll on the wet ground, the cheers of the crowd becoming louder.

We can see **Duke** is impressed: this isn't the Madison he's used to.

Madison is gaining the upper hand but Annie isn't going to be taken out so easily: as the two grapple, she lashes out with a headbutt that stuns the former soldier and Annie scrambles to her feet.

Madison rolls away from danger and comes to a stand, blood pouring from her nose which she wipes away. But Annie isn't in great shape either, the evidence of the battle writ in scrapes and bruises on her face.

It is a clash of styles, Annie a skilled, top tier martial artist, Madison the aggressive brawler. But she's fast and she's able to close the distance between them, blocking a kick and getting into punching range.

The two go at it, exchanging blows as the crowd goes wild - Annie is able to step back and lands a high kick that STUNS Madison and we can see her legs stiffen ... And Annie KNOWS how to finish a fight, no mercy, a sidekick sends Madison to the deck.

We see Jack living and dying with every blow while Duke is assessing and calculating.

Madison is stunned... things are a little blurry. She can see the faces of the crowd - distorted. Angry. Mocking. Dismissive. They've seen her down before... and she's down again. This is what they expect...

But this time it WILL be different.

Madison staggers to her feet and Annie, confident now, comes in for the coup de grace.

She's not expecting Madison to rush her - but she is fast, and she lashes out with a kick that Madison is forced to take but the attack works and the two women hit the deck.

It's a gutter war as they both snarl and strike, each one trying to gain the advantage - but it's Madison who has the better ground game.

Annie knows it and she's scrambling to escape, to break free and take it upstairs.

But it's too late... Madison gets the arm-bar and applies the pressure.

Annie taps out and the crowd goes wild.

Jack lets out a breath he didn't know he'd been holding.

Madison rolls away and gets up, helping Annie to her feet.

ANNIE

Thanks. Well done.

We can see it hurts her to say this and the loss is hurting her more.

The proud-father energy is written all over Jack's face.

JACK

You did it!

MADISON

I hurt in places I didn't even know I had.

DUKE

You guys put on a great show.

He hands Jack a really thick wedge of cash.

DUKE (CONT'D)
I can get you more fights. More money.

He looks expectantly at Madison and Jack.

DUKE (CONT'D)
How about it, man? You interested?

JACK
Yeah. **We** are.

DUKE
Then keep her fighting and keep her winning. We'll see about moving her up to something a little more up-market.

He nods and goes off to announce the next fight. Madison and Jack walk away, Madison pulling on her hoodie.

They spend a moment with the wet-wipes as Jack cleans off the blood and makes her look a little less worse for wear.

Her hood up, the two walk away from Fight Alley.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

JACK
We should head home.

Madison is looking around. She's hyped. Excited.

MADISON
I dunno. Fancy taking a walk? I'm kinda buzzing.

Jack glances at his watch.

JACK
It's late. We should get back.

She gives him a "come on, please" look.

JACK (CONT'D)
Where are you going to go?

MADISON
I just want to... enjoy the moment, you know. I mean, I'd love a drink but I guess that's out.... Maybe ice cream. I don't know.

Jack regards her; he's torn and we can see it. Does he trust her to go it alone?

JACK
All right. Just.. Don't be too late
OK?

MADISON
You're not gonna come with?

Jack's smile is a little wan.

JACK
No. You... go.

MADISON
OK.

JACK
OK.

Madison turns to go.

JACK (CONT'D)
Wait.
(he hands her some cash
from their winnings)
For ice cream.

Madison's smile is genuine.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack's car pulling up. He gets out and goes inside.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The light goes on. Jack walks into the kitchen, a tumbler of whiskey in his hand. He sits at the table, placing the glass down carefully. Then looks at the fridge.

The calendar with the dates crossed off has one day to go with the red circle around it.

He looks at the picture that shows him, his wife and daughter, smiling. Happier times.

Jack's hand reaches out and grips the tumbler.

FADE TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A younger Jack's hand on a tumbler of whiskey. There's an almost empty bottle on the table and Jack is dirty and unshaven. Wrecked.

He's wearing a vest and army pants and boots, his dog-tags visible around his neck.

This is the same kitchen, but has a different look. A woman's touch.

His wife enters the kitchen.

JACK'S WIFE
Jesus Christ, Jack. You're supposed to be looking after Maria.

JACK
She's asleep.

Jack's wife looks at the near-empty bottle of whiskey.

JACK'S WIFE
You said you were going to quit.

JACK
Not this shit again.

JACK'S WIFE
This shit? I'm sick of this shit!
You go away, you can't tell me
where or how long, you come back...
but you're not really here. I need
you. Our daughter needs you.

Jack gets up, angry.

JACK
Don't fucking talk to me like I'm
not a good father. I take care of
you and her.

He's swaying and he grips the side of the table.

JACK'S WIFE
You can't even stand up straight.
Gimme that.

She goes for the glass of whiskey in his hand and he jerks it away... it smashes on the floor.

JACK
You stupid bitch...

He grabs her by the biceps, eyes glazed and angry... and we can see she's scared.

MARIA (O.S.)

Mommy?

Their daughter, Maria (7/8) is standing there.

Jack releases his wife and tries to smile. His wife jerks away and Jack staggers, trips over the chair and falls over.

JACK'S WIFE

Come on, sweetie.

MARIA

What's wrong with Daddy?

Jack's wife is ushering her out.

JACK'S WIFE

He's just being silly. Come on.

Jack gets to his feet as only the drunkest of the drunk can. He hears the click-click of the double lock on the front door going.

Grabbing the bottle, he takes a swing and stumbles into the hallway.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The front door is open. Jack sees the family car reversing out. It's pouring with rain, a massive downpour.

Jack drinks down more whiskey, a mean expression on his face - the "fuck you, I don't care" only drunken malice can bring.

He slams the door shut.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Madison walking the streets. They seem different somehow - less grim and dark. As though she's seeing things brighter now.

She stops by a convenience store and goes inside.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Madison goes into the store. It's a convenience liquor store. She buys some stuff with her new found money. Deodorant. Feminine care products. Shampoo. Moisturizer. She gets to the counter.

SHOP KEEPER

\$22.70.

Madison starts counting out the cash.

SHOP KEEPER (CONT'D)
Can I get you anything else?

Madison's gaze falls on the glowing, enticing liquor shelf behind him.

MADISON
No. Thanks.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

LATER - again walking the streets, her hoodie up. She stops by a bar. Looks in through the window - it's pretty quiet in there. Warm. Inviting.

She turns and walks off... hesitates... turns back and makes her way inside.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

There are **a couple of dudes drinking** (20s). The Bar Tender (40s), polishing a glass. Music plays quietly. Madison goes to the bar.

BAR TENDER
What can I get ya?

Madison has to think about that - under the gaze of the Bar Tender. He speaks again, not unkindly.

BAR TENDER (CONT'D)
You need some time to think about that?

MADISON
Yeah. No. Errr. I'll take a Coke.

She looks up and the Bar Tender's eyes widen a little. Shock? Or recognition?

MADISON (CONT'D)
Boxing, you know.

BAR TENDER
If you say so.

It's not said with malice - more like he thinks he's in on a secret. He goes and gets her drink and Madison retreats to a booth, pulls her hood away and looks out at the world going by.

The Dudes at the bar (**Bryan and Dave**) are looking in her direction. Nudging each other.

Madison is still staring out the window and hasn't noticed the inevitable approach.

BRYAN

Hey.

Madison nearly jumps out of her skin. They're both all smiles.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, didn't mean to startle you.

Madison just looks at them both, a bit deer in the headlights. After all - how long has been since anyone bar Jack or Ellie has spoken to her?

DAVE

You OK, Lady? Like...

He touches his face where her bruises are.

MADISON

Yeah. I'm fine. Boxing, you know.

Bryan and Dave slide into the seat opposite without being asked. It's clearly Bryan who's the would-be-lothario of the two. He smiles at her.

BRYAN

Can I like, get you a drink or something?

MADISON

I... errr. I have one right here.

She holds up her coke and they see her busted knuckles.

DAVE

You sure you're OK?

MADISON

Yeah. I'm fine. Like... can I help you with something?

BRYAN

It's just, I haven't seen you in here before, you know. I come her a lot, don't see many beautiful women in here.

Madison looks down, blushing.

MADISON

Ah. Well. You know. Thanks. I don't really come here. First time.

BRYAN

Sure I can't get you something a little stronger? I heard you ordering a Coke. You look like you could use something stronger.

MADISON

No. It's OK. I just wanted to... just have a quiet drink.

BAR TENDER (O.S.)

OK, guys. The lady said she wants a quiet drink.

DAVE

We was just making conversation.

BAR TENDER

And she don't feel like talkin'.

The two look at each other. Bryan pulls out a twenty and chucks it on the table.

BRYAN

Keep the change.

The two slide out of the booth.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Sorry for bothering you, Miss. We were just...

BAR TENDER

Making conversation.

MADISON

It's OK. Thanks.

The two exit the bar.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Thanks.

BAR TENDER

I wasn't doing it for them. I was at the fight earlier.

MADISON

You were?

BAR TENDER

Yeah. I didn't want blood and teeth on the floor. Theirs.

Madison chuckles.

MADISON

I was kinda flattered. No one's hit on me for a while. I'm not used to it.

The Bar Tender puts a bucket of ice on the table.

BAR TENDER

For your hands.

(beat)

You do look like you could use something with a little more bite though.

MADISON

No, it's OK, I can't ...

BAR TENDER

On the house. I won good money on you. YOLO, Madison Kane.

He raises his eyebrows, smiling.

BAR TENDER (CONT'D)

Huh...? Huh...?

Madison's face is twisted with the agony of choice.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jack is still there with his tumbler of whiskey (if you're quick, you'll see its 23:55 on the clock).

With a sigh, he gets up, tosses it in the sink and exits, turning the light off as he goes.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Madison at the bar. Drunk. There's a growing pile of dollars on the bar.

MADISON

Hit me again.

BAR TENDER

I think you had enough celebratin'.

MADISON

What are you, my mother? Hit me again.

BAR TENDER

Last one. Then I'm closin' up.

He pours, she drains. Then she looks at him - glazed and emotional.

MADISON

Thanks.

BAR TENDER

Like I said. I made good money on you. And you paid your way.

He indicates the money on the bar.

MADISON

I meant for being nice.

He chuckles.

BAR TENDER

Kinda my job.

Deftly, he takes her glass and scoops up the cash.

BAR TENDER (CONT'D)

Night, Madison. Be safe.

Madison nods, waves and heads out into ...

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

... the streets. It's quieter now. Madison walks along with the determined drunk walk, hoodie up, head down. Then...

She passes by the glowing, warm inviting light of the Convenience Store. She stops and looks at the window.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

The Shop Keeper is scrolling on his phone. He looks up to see Madison approaching the counter.

She looks at the liquor cabinet behind him.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Jack standing by Madison's bedroom door. He knocks. There's no reply. He knocks again.

JACK

Madison?

Another knock. Nothing. Jack opens the door.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - MADISON'S ROOM - DAY

Madison's bed is empty and hasn't been slept in. Jack face is both resigned and disappointed.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - DAY

A dark-ish room. WHAM-WHAM-WHAM... The sound of fists of canvas and the rattle-squeak of a heavy-bag swaying under an assault.

Raines is working out, pounding the bag. He's stripped to the waist: he's built like a god, his torso and face gleaming with sweat as he smashes the bag with huge blows.

Duke approaches. He has a towel which he hands to Raines.

DUKE

Take on the streets is up.

RAINES

Good. You found me any fresh meat?

DUKE

Maybe. I got my eye on one girl. She has a gimmick. Ex-Army. Fights in Army pants and boots. Like a video game character or some shit.

An "uh-huh" look from Raines as he towels himself down.

DUKE (CONT'D)

You know her. Madison Kane. The homeless chick.

RAINES

I remember she got the shit kicked out of her.

DUKE

She found a ... ahh... benefactor.

RAINES

The guy who took out Double JJ and Tito?

(an affirmative from Duke)

The man could fight. Pity he isn't on the circuit himself. You'll keep an eye on Madison?

He says this last walking away from the heavy bag, the workout done.

DUKE

Yeah. I think she'll make out OK.

EXT. SKID ROW - DAY

Garbage. Shit street.

Madison awakens in her filthy alleyway, an empty bottle of whiskey on the ground next to her. Next to that, her bag of stuff from the convenience store.

She leans to one side and throws up then her mouth and puts her head in her hands, shuddering from the shame and self-loathing only the alcoholic truly knows.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jack is staring at the calendar. We have arrived at the red-circled date.

The tumbler of whiskey, this time accompanied by a full bottle is in front of him.

He focusses on the photograph of himself, his wife and Maria.

Then picks up the glass of whiskey and knocks it back in one go, wincing at the acrid taste.

He wipes his mouth on the back of his hand and pours again. He stakes a slug, staring into space.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Madison waking "home." She has new bags with her - food shopping. She's dirty and looks like shit, her hoodie pulled up as though that can mask her shame from the night before.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jack at the table, drinking with the manic determination of a man that is on a one-way mission to oblivion.

He looks at the picture of his wife and daughter, now on the table in front of him.

We can see he's been crying.

He doesn't hear Madison come in.

She's shocked at what she sees. It's strange scene - it's almost like she's wife - shopping in her hands, just looking at this stoic, invulnerable warrior, this decent man reduced to ... this.

She sits down in front of him and he looks up.

MADISON

I fucked up. I'm sorry.

Jack barely acknowledges the apology. He just continues drinking.

MADISON (CONT'D)

You want to tell me what this is
all about?

He doesn't answer.

Madison's eyes are drawn to the picture of Jack, his wife and daughter on the the table. She picks it up and looks at it before placing it down again.

JACK

I killed them.

Madison starts, her eyes widening in shock and no little fear.

JACK (CONT'D)

I mean with this.

He picks up the bottle and drinks from it before offering it to her. Madison eyes him. She too drinks from the bottle, waiting for him to continue.

JACK (CONT'D)

I saw things in the service too.
Did things in Iraq and Afghan that
you can't imagine. I was younger
then. We coped by drinking. But I
brought it home with me. The
missions. The drinking. All of it.

Madison doesn't say anything. She just sits... drinking as he drinks... even though they both know that drinking never makes it better.

JACK (CONT'D)

I fought with my wife a lot. For
lots of reasons, but only one
reason.

(he raises the tumbler)

She couldn't stand it. In the end,
she couldn't stand me. One night...

Jack takes a shuddering breath and a deep draught to steady himself. Madison reaches out and takes his hand.

MADISON

It's OK.

JACK

One night, she took my daughter and
left. It was raining. I slammed the
door and came back in here and
finished my bottle. And the one
after that. The next thing I knew,
the cops were waking me up. I
passed out. Here.

He pours another measure. So does Madison.

JACK (CONT'D)
There'd been a crash. In the storm.
Drunk driver.

He stops, the tears in his eyes stronger than the dam of his will.

JACK (CONT'D)
I killed them. If I had stopped
drinking, they would still be here.

MADISON
I'm so sorry.

JACK
That's why I fought on the circuit.
A part of me wanted to die. I
figured that if the drink didn't
kill me, the streets would.

MADISON
And then?

JACK
I survived. I realized that hurting
other people wasn't going to bring
them back. And it is better that I
live with the knowledge of what I
did. To pay for what I did. And I
deserve to pay. Every day. And I
think that killing myself is the
coward's way out. Whatever else I
am - I'm not a coward.

Madison sighs and takes a drink herself.

MADISON
I am.

Jack gives her a questioning look. Madison takes another drink.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

A desert road, flanked by a steep rise. An Army truck kicking up dust.

INT. ARMY TRUCK - BACK - DAY

Soldiers in the back.

INT. ARMY TRUCK - CAB - DAY

Madison up front, driving. She fishes out a Marlboro, pops it in her mouth and brings up her Zippo. As the flame ignites...

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

There's an explosion and the truck is blown from the road.

Madison crawls out of the flaming wreckage.

The Taliban line the hill overlooking the road - they are shooting at the stricken soldiers. One shoots an RPG at the truck which explodes, hurling Madison from her feet.

Stunned, she looks around - the bullets are thudding into the earth, men screaming and dying. A frightened kid is screaming into a radio.

SOLDIER

Mustang leader, Dagger Bravo
Five... we're under attack, heavy
incoming, grid six-four-niner ...
four-zero-two!

Madison sees an injured soldier and she rushes to him, dragging him away from the fighting.

Bullets stitch the ground near her and she pulls on the man - he can't help her, his legs are shot to pieces...

We can see what we saw earlier - his feet dragging on the ground as Madison heaves him.

The Taliban advancing down the hill.

Madison drops the man and runs for it.

INJURED SOLDIER

Help me please! Don't leave me!
Please! Oh God, no!

Madison doesn't turn back and his shouts for help are cut short as he is shot.

She dives over rise... we see her tumbling down a steep slope kicking up rocks and scree landing at the bottom. Stunned, she lays there, staring up at the sky.

We can hear the gunfire lessen in intensity until there are just single shots: executing the coup de graces.

The sky turns dark and Madison passes out.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

MADISON

I guess the Taliban thought I was
dead, I don't know. I left them to
die, Jack. I ran away. I AM a
coward. I tried to make amends.
There was a girl on the street -
Ellie - she got away. But helping
her didn't make the dreams go away.
This...

She takes a drink.

MADISON (CONT'D)

... This helps.

JACK

Not forever. But for today. Today,
it helps.

(he gulps it down like its
soda and it hits him
hard)

Today it helps.

His head lolls forward. Madison watches him with the expert
eye of one that's been there many times herself. Jack is
mumbling... slurring.

JACK (CONT'D)

Maria would nearly be your age now.
She wouldn't have been like you and
me. I killed them. I killed them.

Madison takes the glass from his hand.

MADISON

Come on, Big Guy.

She heaves him off the chair and struggles into...

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

... The Front Room. They stagger to the sofa and she dumps
him onto it. She goes back into ...

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

... The Kitchen. She drains what's left of her glass. Picks
up the picture and puts it back on it the poster tack on the
fridge. She leans against the kitchen counter, staring into
space, lost in thought.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

The next day.

Jack is asleep, still dressed, laying on the couch. He doesn't so much wake up as regain consciousness. He looks exactly as a man who drank more than a bottle of whiskey the night before would look.

Madison is there, holding a mug of black coffee as Jack always does for her.

She sets it down on the table. With some Advil.

MADISON
I gave you a lie in.

There's a look between them. Maybe they've said too much to each other? Maybe not.

MADISON (CONT'D)
I'm fixing breakfast.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

We see Madison going through her calisthenics with Jack, we see them working on mitts and kick pads, we see her working out in Jack's small gym in the garden.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The packed club, the fighters in the Octagon. Elsewhere in the club, Ellie in her cocktail waitress gear serving the drinks.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - OCTAGON - NIGHT

Skylar kicking ass and taking names.

INT. GHETTO APARTMENT BLOCK - ELLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ellie in her room, shooting up.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

Madison and Jack fighting each other.

Now the fights are different - Madison is holding her own and Jack is well pleased. It's fast Krav Maga - lighting kicks and punches, quick takedowns and ground work. Awesome stuff.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. JUNKYARD ARENA - NIGHT

Street punters are gathered. The same burning oil cans are present but we're in a junk yard, the smashed trucks and motors forming a kind of cyberpunk arena. It's raining of course.

Jack is checking Madison's wraps.

Duke is doing his shtick, introducing Madison's opponent.

DUKE

Hailing from Pittsburgh... They
call her Citizen Pain, the
Fleetwood Smack, she is the Sound
of Violence, The Tower of Power...
the one, the only Selina TooTall
Hall!

Selina is indeed tall. And big. And powerful. And dangerous.

DUKE (CONT'D)

And her opponent, hailing from the
mean streets of NYC by way of Iraq,
Afghanistan and ... Goddamn
Vietnam, she's an e-lite special
forces operative with a license to
kill, she is Mad Madison Kane!

Madison can, of course, hear all this.

MADISON

Special Forces?

JACK

He made that part up himself.

MADISON

She's pretty big.

JACK

They fall harder.

She gives him a nod and goes turn to face her giant opponent. Jack puts a hand on her shoulder and looks into her eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)

You're not a coward, Madison.

She gives him a tight smile and a nod of thanks and then goes to the Junkyard Arena.

DUKE
(to Madison)
You ready?
(a nod)
(to Selina)
You ready?
(a nod)
Let's get it on!

Both women put their guards up as Duke steps back. Madison goes to close the distance, but Selina lashes out with a kick, determined to keep her away with her longer reach.

And Selina IS good, experienced at using her height and reach, well used to smaller fighters and their tactics.

Madison is forced to dodge and weave, trying to get in close as Selina sticks it to her with the long jabs and looping kicks that keep her on the defensive.

From the sidelines, Jack is shouting encouragement and advice.

A battered and bruised Madison ducks under a hook and closes in, wailing away at Selina's body: Selina is too good to stay there and take it, but it's a success and Madison tries to capitalize, forcing the action with a barrage of kicks that finally gets her opponent on the back foot.

Selina lashes out with a kick: which is what Madison has been waiting for. She drops low and kicks Selina's standing leg out from under her, sending the bigger woman crashing to the deck.

Madison swarms her - things are more equal on the ground. Selina is strong and not unskilled and the two transition at breakneck speed, each trying to get the upper hand.

They're caked in filth from the ground, rolling over and raining blows... Madison gets on top and lays on some ground and pound, teeth gritted, snarling as she can finally get some pay back.

But Selina isn't going to let her have it all her own way and heaves the smaller woman off her, sending Madison rolling over.

She tries to scramble to her feet, but Selina's long leg lashes out and cracks her in the head as she's rising. The taller woman is up and laying in with the boot, forcing Madison to cover up and try and block from her prone position.

Selina goes to stamp on Madison's head - but Madison grabs her foot and shoves it up and away, overbalancing Selina who once again hits the ground and - once again - Madison is on her.

In the fracas, Madison is able to **head-butt** Selina, opening up a vicious cut that sheets the bigger fighter's face in blood.

Selena is strong: She lifts Madison bodily from the ground and throws her onto one of the derelict cars, shattering the windshield.

Madison is shocked - and no little afraid of this show of power.

She scrambles away, atop the roof of the car and Selina pursues, blocking a kick and keeping on coming, forcing Madison back - and the duel now takes place on the unstable steel of the wrecked cars.

Selina tries to close the distance, forcing Madison to leap onto one of the rigs that holds many cars. Selina makes the jump and the two continue battling in the cramped confines of the rig.

It's close work, made doubly difficult by the jutting steel. Madison is able to spin Selina around and whack her head into a girder - but she gets a back elbow for her pains.

Selina turns and slams Madison into car, knocking the wind from her. She rushes in... Madison springs up and tackles her... sending them crashing out of the rig and onto the gravelly filth.

The crowd is loving the now up close and personal action - it's a gutter war - literally.

The two women pound away at each other on the deck, grappling and tearing into each other.

THEN: Selina goes for the arm bar... and gets it. Her bloodied face twists in triumph as she applies the pressure - and then she **cries out in pain as Madison sinks her teeth into the muscled flesh of Selina's calf.**

She rolls away and onto her feet as Madison too scrambles up. Selina swings and misses: Madison capitalizes, pressing the other woman hard. She's like a lumberjack, chopping the bigger opponent hard.

Selina's attacks become wilder and easier to evade as Madison starts to overwhelm her.

The crowd is going nuts - as is Jack on the sidelines.

Madison finishes Selina off with a barrage of kicks and punches that sends the bigger woman to the deck.

She struggles to rise and then sinks back down on to her ass and puts a hand up.

She's done.

ANGRY CROWD MAN

What the hell is that! Get the fuck up. I got money on you.

Madison gives him a dirty look.

MADISON

You wanna step in here? Do you?
Huh?

NOT what he expected and he shuts up - while those around him get a laugh at his expense.

Madison reaches out a hand and pulls Selina to her feet. They embrace to the applause of the crowd.

Jack is relieving Duke of another big wedge of cash. Madison approaches. She's cut, bleeding but happy.

DUKE

You did great.

Madison's smile is pained but heartfelt. Duke addresses Jack.

DUKE (CONT'D)

I think she's ready to step up. And make some real dough. If you're game.

The two exchange a look. Madison gives a barely perceptible nod.

JACK

We're game.

INT. GHETTO APARTMENT BLOCK - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Guard#1 and some of the girls from Raines's Club are outside Ellie's door.

GUARD#1

El! Come on, man. You're holding us up!

He knocks again.

GUARD#1 (CONT'D)

Ellie?

GIRL

You should go in.

GUARD#1

What if she's in the bathroom?

The girl gives him a "so what, this could be important" look. Guard#1 capitulates and uses his master key to open the door.

INT. GHETTO APARTMENT BLOCK - ELLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ellie slumped on the floor, her tourniquet still on her arm, her skin pallid with a bluish hue.

Guard#1 rushes over to her and checks her pulse.

GUARD#1

She's alive! Call 911!

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The usual party is going on at the warehouse upstairs. And downstairs, the usual bloodsport is taking place.

Duke leads Madison and Jack through the throng in the warehouse. He locates Raines who's sitting with a drink and the ladies (some who were just outside Ellie's room).

Duke is all smiles and rubbing his hands together.

DUKE

Cobyn. This is Madison Kane and her trainer, Jack Charelgrand. Guys - Corbyn Raines.

Both nod in acknowledgement.

RAINES

I remember you. Last time I saw you, he was picking you up off the sidewalk. Just after he beat the shit out of my guys.

JACK

Sorry about that.

Raines waves it away.

RAINES

You should be in the fight yourself. You got some moves.

JACK

I've also got a bad back and it takes me ten minutes to stand up straight in the morning. Time waits for no one.

RAINES

I heard that.

DUKE

But we ain't here to talk about him. Leastways not directly. He's a good trainer. She improved. A lot.

(MORE)

DUKE (CONT'D)

Otherwise I wouldn't have brought her here.

RAINES

Let me show you around.

He does and they move through the "club" section, Madison taking all the glamor in with big eyes.

Raines notices this.

RAINES (CONT'D)

I consider myself entrepreneurial and philanthropic. If you're good enough, you can make a lot of money fighting for me.

MADISON

I'm good enough.

Raines gives her a "we'll see about that" look as he leads them to the elevator.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The door slides open on the "business" floor. It's crowded the illuminated octagon dominating the area like an indoor coliseum. In the arena - Skylar and a female martial artist. The two are incredibly skilled.

RAINES

This ain't like the streets.

Raines gives them a tour as his oratory continues.

RAINES (CONT'D)

This is a different level. A different class of fighter.

As he says this, of course Skylar delivers a knock-out blow to her opponent. Raines can see Madison is impressed.

RAINES (CONT'D)

You think you can step up to this level?

DUKE

I'm tellin' you she can. Kicked Too-Tall's ass just tonight.

Raines looks suitably impressed.

MADISON

Gimme a shot and I'll prove it.

RAINES

Then you challenge one of mine.
This is my arena, my rules. If
you're challenged you fight. If you
don't... there's the door.

JACK

Woah, hold on. Madison... Can you
excuse us?

An "of course" look from Raines and he turns his attention to
the Octagon where two more fighters are facing off. Madison
and Jack step off, alone in the crowd.

JACK (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

MADISON

We can make some real money here,
you heard him. This is our shot.

JACK

Shot? You just got the shit half
beaten out of you.

MADISON

I've taken Advil. I'll be fine.

JACK

If you lose, it's all over. We
don't know what we're up against
here.

MADISON

He doesn't look like a second
chances kinda guy.

Jack looks torn.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Don't you trust me? I got this.

DOES he trust her? We can see the concern in his eyes which
he masks with a tight smile. He can't undermine her now.

JACK

Of course I trust you.

MADISON

Let's do it.

They return to Raines and Duke.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Mr. Raines. I'm down for this.

RAINES

I'll get some people together. You can chose your poison.

MADISON

You can choose. I don't know anyone here anyways.

RAINES

That's pretty ballsy.

MADISON

Either I'm good enough or I'm not.

Raines chuckles - maybe he admires her spunk.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Madison is getting changed, revealing her body is a mass of bruises. She pulls her "fighting t-shirt" from her bag and it's covered in filth.

SKYLAR (O.S.)

You can't fight in that.

Madison turns to Skylar standing there. She looks sweaty but fresh.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

I got spares if you want.

MADISON

Thanks.

SKYLAR

I'm Skylar.

MADISON

Madison.

They shake hands and Skylar hands her a spandex top and some leggings. Skylar regards her. And her battered torso.

SKYLAR

You sure about this? Looks like you went a few Tyson. You shouldn't get in there unless you're 100 per cent. This shit. It's the real deal.

MADISON

Got my shot here. Gotta take it.

An understanding look from Skylar.

SKYLAR

I'm gonna get a drink. See how you do. Good luck to ya.

A smile from Madison. Skylar turns makes off and then stops, her back still to Madison.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

You just make sure you wash them before you bring them back.

Madison chuckles as the other woman exits. She holds up the top critically.

MADISON

Make sure you wash them before you bring them back.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - OCTAGON - NIGHT

Duke doing his shtick.

DUKE

... A newcomer to our arena...
Hailing from the mean streets of
NYC by way of Iraq, Afghanistan and
... Goddamn Vietnam, she's an e-
lite special forces operative with
a license to kill, she is Mad
Madison Kane!

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A concerned Jack watches on as Madison gets into the Octagon as the crowd applauds politely.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - OCTAGON - NIGHT

DUKE

And her opponent, coming to us from
LA by way of the Big House... you
know her, you love her, she comes,
she sees, she conquers... Ladies,
Gentlemen and fight fans of all
persuasions... Veta Espinoza!

Veta climbs in to the applause of the crowd. Duke steps out.

The two women eye each other.

They go through a few perfunctory warm ups before advancing on each other, circling, tigresses who've come onto the same hunting ground, both of whom are going to stake their claim.

Then, without warning, battle is joined. This is a different kind of fight. Neither woman is a slick martial artist. Madison has taken her army basics and honed it with Jack's Krav Maga. Veta has whatever she learned on the streets and the prison yard. She's a brawler - **and she fights dirty.**

This is brutal. Veta isn't here because she's padding out the numbers - she's a brilliant fighter who's been forced to survive on the streets and on the inside.

But Madison is from a similar stock - and if Veta thought that this newbie was going to be cowed and fall over from the ferocity of the first exchanges, she's sorely mistaken.

Veta opens up a vicious wound on Madison's eye with a headbutt that staggers the former soldier. The Latina swarms all over her, pounding her, endeavoring to finish the fight and get her opponent out of there.

She lands huge blows on Madison's already battered ribs and is that a **crunch** we hear? We SEE Madison wince in pain and she shoves the other fighter away, staggering back, clutching her side.

Veta chuckles, knowing she's done some real damage.

Madison looks out of the Octagon and sees the ravening crowd, a concerned Jack, an impassive Raines and disappointed Duke who's shaking his head.

Madison bites her lip in pain... in frustration... in anger. She raises her guard and goes all in.

The blood flies and the crowd is eating it up.

Then it's Veta's turn to get a headbutt - right on the nose. She falls back, but Madison pursues and her foot swings up and kicks the ex-con right between the legs (which elicits a wince from many in the crowd).

Veta doubles over and meets the up-rushing knee of her foe which sends her flying back - unconscious before she hits the canvas.

Dazed but victorious, Madison sags against the cage, oblivious the cheers of the crowd. Knees unsteady, she exits the cage, leaving her downed foe on the deck.

Jack rushes over to assist as Madison makes her painful way out of the Octagon, clutching her injured ribs.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

JACK

Are you OK? You all right?

MADISON

I'm fine. Just winded me.

They both feel themselves under the gaze of Corbyn Raines. He gives a nod of appreciation and approaches with Duke.

RAINES

You're in.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a fat wedge of cash which he hands to Jack.

RAINES (CONT'D)

You did good. Rest up now though.
Duke'll be in touch.

Jack puts Madison's jacket over her shoulders and leads her out, arm around her. Madison receives many pats on the back and congratulations (some making her wince) as Jack takes her away from the pit.

INT. DUKE'S CAR - DAY

Duke in his car, parked up, looking bored and impatient. He sees Ellie approaching the car. She gets in.

Duke drives away. Nothing is said between them for a time. Then Ellie speaks.

ELLIE

They told me that hospital bill had
been taken care of.

Duke doesn't answer, just twists his lips.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

I don't have money other than what
I make at the club.

DUKE

You owe us. You'll work it off.

Ellie looks down, biting her lip, hesitant.

ELLIE

I was thinking I could get a job.
Like... a real job. Outside the
club.

DUKE

Oh sure. I trust you not to
disappear owing us thousands of
dollars. You'll work it off. Then
we'll see.

Ellie is a little crushed and Duke suddenly becomes all sympathetic.

DUKE (CONT'D)

Look, I know it's tough. Long hours. And... everything else that goes with your job. It can't be easy.

ELLIE

I just never thought I'd end up becoming a whore.

DUKE

You're not a whore. You're a hostess and an escort. There's a difference.

Ellie clearly doesn't think there is. They drive on in silence for a while. Then:

DUKE (CONT'D)

You need something to take the edge off?

He pulls out a baggie. Ellie looks reluctant.

DUKE (CONT'D)

On the house. Call it a welcome home gift. Maybe sell it so you can start paying back what you owe.

She gives him a tight smile and pockets the baggie. Then Duke carries on as if nothing's gone down.

DUKE (CONT'D)

You wanna hear some music?

Without waiting for a reply, he puts some music on.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Madison sitting on a hospital gurney, waiting. A Doctor breezes in.

DOCTOR

Thanks for waiting.

A "no problem" inclination of the head from Madison. The Doctor puts up some x-rays.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Cracked ribs.

MADISON

How long before they heal up? I'm a fighter.

DOCTOR

You ain't fighting for a month or two. You gotta rest. It's the only cure.

MADISON

What about painkillers?

DOCTOR

That ain't gonna fix nothing. You're just gonna have to wait it out. Take Advil.

MADISON

Can't you prescribe something stronger.

DOCTOR

Because I want another addict on my hands. *Take. Advil.*

Madison looks disappointed.

INT. GHETTO APARTMENT BLOCK - ELLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ellie turns the TV on and sits on her bed. Reaches into her pocket and takes out the baggie. She regards it for some time...

INT. DRUG HOUSE - NIGHT

The Drug House is of course open for business. The victims of their habit lounge around in various stages of intoxication.

Madison walks through the Drug House, approaching The Dealer.

DEALER

What do you want?

MADISON

Painkillers. Strong ones.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - OCTAGON - NIGHT

Madison in the octagon - fighting one of Raines's chosen fighters. Jack is outside the cage, shouting advice, ducking and diving, living each strike and block with his protégé.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Elsewhere, Raines is watching. Skylar is with him.

SKYLAR

She's pretty good.

RAINES
You can take her?

SKYLAR
I said she was pretty good. I'm
better than pretty good.

Raines gets a laugh out of that - it's pretty clear he
admires a bit of spunk.

RAINES
You're up next. Better go warm up.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - OCTAGON - NIGHT

In the Octagon, the two fighters smash into the cage. Jack is
screaming at Madison to take her opponent to the ground but
the former soldier is forced to eat some painful **blows to the
ribs** before she manages to reverse and flip her opponent to
the canvas.

There's some crazy transitions, each warrioress trying to
outthink, outsmart and out-maneuver her opponent. But it's
Madison that has the nouse and she gets her foe into an arm
bar.

The other woman is strong and refuses to give. Madison warns
her:

MADISON
Tap out or I'll break your arm.

To punctuate this, she presses harder.

MADISON (CONT'D)
I need the money.

The other fighter's eyes roll towards Madison. Madison heaves
and the fighter taps out.

Madison rolls away as does the other fighter, cradling her
arm. It's clearly sore but NOT broken.

The other fighter approaches Madison, grabs her arm and
raises it, acknowledging her defeat. The two embrace and the
crowd goes wild at this display of sportsmanship.

They exit the arena.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Jack embraces her. HE doesn't see her expression change as
her ribs get squeezed.

JACK
That was great!

MADISON

You're gonna ruin me with praise.

RAINES (O.S.)

He's right to.

Raines gives Jack a wedge of cash, which he takes and pockets.

JACK

I'm proud of her. Thanks, Mr. Raines.

He makes to lead Madison away, but Raines is all hospitality.

RAINES

Stay. Have a drink, soak up the atmosphere. Skylar is fighting soon. You might meet her in there. You should check her out. She's been checking the hell out of you.

MADISON

OK. I'm gonna get changed.

Both men nod and she makes off.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Madison enters the dressing room. Skylar is gleaming with sweat, warmed up and ready.

SKYLAR

Nice fight.

MADISON

Thanks.

SKYLAR

You're a grappler.

MADISON

When it suits.

Skylar chuckles. Madison sits on one of the benches and reaches into her hold all and pulls out a plastic bag.

MADISON (CONT'D)

These are yours. I washed 'em.

Skylar takes the bag and pops it in her own hold all.

SKYLAR

Thanks.

A grin from Madison.

MADISON

Good luck.

A nod from Skylar and she's gone. Madison picks up her hold all and heads into one of the toilet cubicles. She shuts the door.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - TOILET CUBICLE

Madison reaches into her bag, unzips a pocket and pulls out a needle. She lifts her top: her ribs are an ugly green and purple.

She injects herself, gritting against the pain.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jack is in the "party" area... with an enthusiastic punter.

ENTHUSIASTIC PUNTER

She's a good fighter. I like her moves. And she made me some good moolah, what can I say?

(he looks pleased as
Madison approaches, hair
washed and wearing street
clothes)

There she is. I'm a big fan, kid.

He claps her on the shoulder and makes off.

MADISON

I have fans.

ELLIE (O.S.)

Can I get you guys anything?

Madison turns. An OMG moment. Wow. They're both stunned.

ELSEWHERE IN THE WAREHOUSE - a quieter corner.

MADISON

I'm glad you got out.

ELLIE

It's better than the streets. I...
got the offer, I had to take it.

MADISON

I get it. Anyone would have done
the same thing.

ELLIE

I'm sorry. But they got their hooks
in me, Maddie.

Madison does get it. She's hurt - but she understands.

MADISON
You still using?

A brief affirmative nod / expression from Ellie.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Doesn't matter. I'll speak to
Raines - get you out of here. I got
a good thing going on. I can help
you.

ELLIE
I can't leave. I owe them money.

MADISON
Owe them money? How?

ELLIE
I o'd. They put me in hospital. It
cost a lot. Now I gotta... work it
off.

MADISON
Work it off?

ELLIE
Do you want me to spell it out for
you? It's not so bad. The guys are
nice to me even if... It is was it
is, OK. I'm an... escort.

MADISON
Jesus. I'll talk to Raines, OK.

ELLIE
You can't save everyone, Madison.

That hurts Madison - because the truth is, she's never saved
anyone other than herself... and it shows in her eyes.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Jack is standing with Raines, watching as Skylar's opponent
enters the Octagon to the cheers of the crowd. Skylar is
already there, shadow boxing.

Madison approaches. Raines spots her and he's all smiles.

RAINES
Thought you'd gotten lost. Check it
out. Skylar is bad ass.

MADISON
Mr. Raines. I have a friend...
working here. Ellie?

Raines's expression tells Madison he knows who she's speaking of.

MADISON (CONT'D)

I understand she owes you money.
I... wanna clear the debt for her.
Get her out of here. She's a good
kid.

RAINES

She's a junkie. A junkie that I
paid to get treated after she o'd
and was shooting up again less than
an hour after she got out of the
hospital.

MADISON

It's just money to you. I got
money.

RAINES

It's not the money. It's about
reputation. I can't just let it
slide. She owes me. She pays me.
That's how it goes.

MADISON

This is bullshit. And what we're
doing is illegal. I could go to the
cops. Shut you down.

Raines laughs.

RAINES

You could try. Or you could wise up
and realize that you don't get
where I am without having a few
good men in the PD that help grease
my wheels.

MADISON

Yeah, right. What are you, bargain-
bin mafia?

Raines's demeanor changes. Jack sees this and he too
straightens. Ready.

RAINES

Never talk smack to me again. You
wanna keep making money... You play
by my rules. And I find you
slipping cash to Ellie? I'll kick
both your asses to the curb. I have
a reputation. Nobody fucks with me.
Nobody. But - I'm a businessman.
And you're good for business. For
now.

Madison is fired up, but Jack holds her arm.

JACK

Let's go.

Raines is back to being "nice, smiley Raines."

RAINES

Not gonna stay and watch Skylar?
She's pretty good.

In the Octagon, Skylar and her opponent are going at it.

Jack steers Madison away.

JACK

Madison, please. Go home. Get your
head straight.

MADISON

I can't just leave her here.

JACK

We'll get her out. I promise. But
now is not the time. Trust me.

Madison goes to speak.

JACK (CONT'D)

Go. I will watch her...
(he jerks his head at the
Octagon)
See what I can learn.
(again, there's resistance
in Madison's eyes)
Madison, please. We need this. I
need this.

Madison's shoulders slump in defeat. She nods and makes off.
Jack returns to Raines who keeps his eyes on the fight - as
Jack now does the same.

RAINES

She's feisty.

JACK

I hope we can come to arrangement
about her friend. Down the line,
maybe?

RAINES

Maybe. Like I said. Reputation.
Respect. No one talks smack to me.
Make sure she understands that.

Jack nods and the two turn their attention to the fight.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - OCTAGON - NIGHT

In the octagon, it's going down. Skylar is AMAZING. She moves like liquid. Yes, her opponent is good, this isn't a one-sided battle. But form is temporary... class is permanent. As the high-jumping-spin-kick that flattens Skylar's opponent proves.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Jack is about to re-engage the conversation but it's Raines that speaks first.

RAINES

I know what you're thinking.
Madison isn't good enough.

JACK

Then you have nothing to lose. But
I think she can beat her.

A "how so" look from Raines. Jack taps the side of his head.

JACK (CONT'D)

You can't hurt her. I've seen it
before. When your best shots, your
best techniques aren't having an
effect. It wears you down. Breaks
you. Madison will break her.

Raines snorts in derision.

RAINES

Talk's cheap.

JACK

Sure. But you've seen Madison
fight. I can see it in your eyes.
You're wondering.

Raines is.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - MADISON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Madison is sleeping restlessly. She turns over and winces in pain, her eyes opening. Slowly, painfully, she sits up, holding her ribs.

MADISON

Shit.

She glances at the clock. It's 0130. She pads into the ...

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - MADISON'S ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

... bathroom, turns on the light and lifts her vest. Her ribs look dreadful. She opens the cabinet, grabs some painkillers from a drugs baggie and necks them.

She returns to her ...

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - MADISON'S ROOM - NIGHT

... bedroom. Sitting back on the bed, she hears the scrape of a chair and the sound of activity from downstairs.

Madison puts a robe and slippers on and heads downstairs.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jack is sitting at his table, staring at the glass of Jack. And the picture of his family. Madison enters and he's so busted.

MADISON

Bit late to be hitting the sauce.

JACK

I wasn't going to drink it. I only drink once a year. Like you saw. This is a... test. To see if I can still control myself.

Madison nods and goes to get herself a glass of water.

JACK (CONT'D)

Can't sleep?

She sits opposite him in her usual place.

MADISON

You ever think about what you're gonna do... after all this?

JACK

Open my shop. Go back to normal life. You?

MADISON

I'm gonna get Ellie out of there. Help her get started. Away from all this shit. Then... I haven't thought much further.

Jack gives her an encouraging smile.

MADISON (CONT'D)

I'll tell you one thing, though.
Whatever it is, I'm gonna put the
past behind me. Put this...

(she indicates the
whiskey)

... behind me. Move on with my
life. A life that you promised to
save and you did. You saved me,
Jack.

She reaches out and takes his hand. It's not romantic, it's
something a daughter would do with her Dad.

MADISON (CONT'D)

You did. I'd be on the street
forever. Getting beaten up,
drinking myself to death. Another
number. And because of you, I'm
gonna find a way to save Ellie. You
paid it forward.

JACK

Then I did one good thing.

MADISON

And you can do more. This isn't
you. What happened ... was a long
time ago. Was it right? No. Were
you wrong? Yes. Listen to me - I
ran and left my buddies in a
firefight. I ran because I was
afraid. I'm not afraid anymore. You
taught me this. So I'm gonna teach
you something and I need you to
listen to me. Remembering is hard.
Living in the past is hard. But
even murderers get out of prison.
You can't put it right. It's done.
You're the kindest man I've ever
met. Most all of us that have been
in combat zone have scars, Jack. We
drank to heal them, but the booze
ain't healing. And what happened to
your wife and kid... never would
have happened if not for this.

(again she tips a nod to
the whiskey)

You had the strength to stop it.
And you helped me find the strength
too.

JACK

I can't forgive myself.

MADISON

Maybe not. But you can't keep
paying for it either. You have a
life, Jack. Don't waste it.

A look between them. Madison reaches out and takes the
whiskey glass, gets up and tips it down the sink.

MADISON (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get some sleep. Don't
stay up too late. We gotta train
tomorrow.

He nods and she makes to go. But Jack calls her back.

JACK

I made a deal with Raines. About
Ellie.

Madison leans against the kitchen door frame with a "well,
tell me about it" expression on her face.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - MADISON'S ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Madison standing in the bathroom. She has tape around her
ribs and necks some painkillers.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - GARDEN - SHED

Madison doing pull-ups. She's gritting, sweating and
struggling. And drops off.

JACK

What's the matter? You slowing
down?

He grins and slaps her on the torso. She winches and gasps.
Jack's expression changes.

JACK (CONT'D)

What's up.

MADISON

Nothing. Let's go again.

Jack makes to tap her side again and she covers up.

JACK

Show me.

MADISON

It's nothing.

A "show me" raise of the eyebrows from Jack. Madison lifts
her shirt to reveal her side.

JACK

Broken?

MADISON

Cracked. It's fine. I got painkillers.

JACK

Forget it. You can't fight injured. I'll call it off.

MADISON

And then? You think Raines will take us back after we cancelled. Anyone else, sure - but Skylar? Come on, man.

JACK

And if you lose, it's all over.

MADISON

I won't lose. I got all sorts to get me through. It'll be OK, Jack.

JACK

Forget it.

MADISON

One fight - and we're done. Your store. My future. We can do it. I ain't gonna let a couple cracked ribs stop me.

Jack looks set on cancelling but then:

MADISON (CONT'D)

I'll do it anyway. You know I will. I stand more of a chance with you.

Jack snorts and shakes his head. Wrapped around her little finger and they both know it.

JACK

All right. All right.

INT / EXT. VARIOUS - DAY / NIGHT

Training montage!

Madison and Skylar getting ready for the fight.

The two fighters prepare in entirely different ways. Skylar does a lot of gym work, weight machines, sparring, skipping - she prepares like a pro-fighter.

With Madison it's more militaristic. Her road work is running in the wilderness and up hills...

her pull-up bar is a tree branch, her swimming pool laps are made by plunging into rivers.

Jack is with her every step of the way. He runs every mile, does every arm dip and push up with his protégé.

When they spar, Jack fights like a martial artist - as we first saw him destroying Raines's goons... he's all fast kicks and rapid punches... a conundrum for Madison to solve.

Meanwhile, Skylar is inexorably reaching peak fitness - her sessions are watched by Raines and Duke. Raines is impressed.

Interspersed there's endless mill of combat continuing in Raines's fight club, the parties... the girls... Ellie doing her work... whatever is required of her. And of course, keeping herself going with her injections and pills...)

EXT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The fans are heading in.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

It's quiet. Semi-dark. Jack massages oil onto Madison's shoulders. She stares into nothingness, focussed on her own thoughts and the fight ahead.

The door opens and Ellie comes in. Both Madison and Jack glance in her direction.

MADISON

Hey.

ELLIE

Hey. I just... Wanted to wish you luck.

A smile of thanks from Madison.

JACK

Don't worry. She's ready. You are ready aren't you?

MADISON

Yeah. We got a lot riding on this.

JACK

Then don't screw it up.

MADISON

You gotta work on your motivation game.

JACK
Let's get you warmed up.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

A different vibe in Skylar's room. Music plays. She's working the pads (held by Duke) like lightning, the thwack-thwack-thwack-thwack of her mitts loud and powerful.

She's a viper, quick, sharp and ruthless. Her body gleams with sweat and oil... She was born for this.

There's a knock at the door. It's Duke.

DUKE
It's time.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

It's banging in here. Everyone is hyped. Raines is doing the rounds, the fighters are there, the fans are there - this is a big show and the atmosphere is electric.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - BACKSTAGE

Madison and Jack stand by a fire door. It's dimly lit here. Madison is wearing her fight gear, this time with a hoodie. Jack has his hand on her shoulder. The sound of the music is muffled through the fire door.

JACK
You can do this.

MADISON
I know.

JACK
Then let's do it.

He pushes the fire door open and they are bathed in noise. The people nearest the fire door look on as the two make their way towards the Octagon. Therein: Duke.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - OCTAGON - NIGHT

DUKE
Oh. Oh. What can I see? Making her way to the Octagon... the arena, the crucible... hailing from the mean streets of NYC by way of Iraq, Afghanistan and ... Goddamn Vietnam, she's an e-lite special forces operative with a license to kill, she is Mad Madison Kane!

While he's talking, Madison makes her way to the Octagon... she takes off her hoodie, hands it to Jack and climbs in.

The crowd cheers and claps, but Madison is focussed, bouncing around, keeping warm.

DUKE (CONT'D)

And her opponent. The champ. The ultimate bad ass. The Queen of the Stone Age. You know her, you love her. She's a favorite of mine and a favorite of yours, a fighter too bad for any promotion. Ladies and Gentlemen and however else you identify... SKYLAR... HANDS OF STONE!

And the crowd goes wild. Skylar makes her way towards the Octagon, cold-eyed and focussed. She climbs into the Octagon, and like Madison, is just concentrating on staying warm and staying focussed.

DUKE (CONT'D)

You all know the rules!

He cups a hand behind his ear and leans forward.

THE CROWD

They're ain't no rules!

DUKE

Are you ready?

(more cheers)

You better be. Cos the fight starts now.

(beat)

I said: THE FIGHT STARTS NOW!

The crowd erupts and Duke exits the cage, leaving Madison and Skylar eyeing each other. Before both raising their respective guards and stalking each other. Wary. Observant. Alert. Then:

Madison attacks. It's a clash of styles: Skylar's expert martial artistry meets Madison's head on take-'em-down-fast military style combat... and the two are evenly matched.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Raines is watching. Jack approaches.

JACK

Our deal stands?

RAINES

If your girl holds up her end it does.

Both men turn their attention to the fight.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - OCTAGON - NIGHT

This is brutal stuff... It's clear that Skylar is the more skillful fighter - but Madison is doing her best Rocky Balboa - she won't quit.

Kicks and punches fly in - the two break and stalk.. It looks like Madison is going to shoot... Skylar widens her stance, but it's a ploy Madison heaves her opponent up and drops her flat on her back.

She goes to lay in with the boot but Skylar covers up and then sweeps the former soldier from her feet, sending her crashing to the deck.

Madison rolls away as Skylar gets up and she charges her again. Madison is fast and Skylar not fully ready... and Madison is able to seize the initiative, slamming her opponent with blows, driving her back.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The crowd is into it... and so is Jack as Madison gains the upper hand.

JACK
Take her out, let's go, let's go,
let's go!

Raines is impassive.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - OCTAGON - NIGHT

The two fighters are at war. Their bloodied and battered... the action is fast and frenetic. Madison goes for the take down, but Skylar is wise to it.

They clinch and Skylar slams a hard hook **into Madison's ribs**. Madison cries out and breaks off, her guard arm pressing against her ribs.

Skylar sees it. And meets Madison's gaze. Madison tries to be all unaffected, but she's in pain.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Jack knows it too. As does Raines. He glances at Jack with a "something you wanna tell me?" look, but Jack just turns his attention back to the fight.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - OCTAGON - NIGHT

Now it's Skylar on top, dictating the action, forcing Madison to protect her ribs, striking elsewhere, then when Madison responds, Skylar capitalizes, striking Madison again and again with agonizing hooks and kicks to the ribs.

WHAM! There's an audible **crunch** as Madison's ribs go again... she falls into Skylar and coughs out blood.

Skylar shoves her off, sending her staggering into the cage wall. Blood oozes down her chin, but her face is so banged up it's hard to tell.

Skylar's not in much better shape and she closes in to finish this one off.

Madison is game and she takes a breath, steeling herself for the onslaught.

And the onslaught arrives... the two go at it, but it's clear that every blow that gets through to Madison's ribs are damaging.

But Skylar is only setting her up for a knock out - she feints low, comes high and detonates a huge right to Madison's jaw, sending her crashing do the deck.

For Madison, everything is blurred and in slow motion, the sound of the crowd obscured and distant.

She looks out of the Octagon - the fighter's eye view.

Madison can see blurred images of the crowd undulating, screaming, shouting... their roars muffled and far away.

She sees Jack, his face writ with fear and concern. She sees Ellie, hands to her mouth - horrified.

Madison rolls to her knees, trying to get up but Skylar is upon her and slams a brutal shin kick into her ribs that sends her onto her back.

Time for the ground and pound. Skylar is on her, raining punches, trying to end it.

But in her eagerness, she's vulnerable. Madison manages to grab one of her arms - the two strain against each other, a battle of strength and will.

There's a flurry of movement as both fighters transition from move to move, both desperate to get the upper hand.

They come close as they manoeuver - Madison slams her forehead into Skylar's face, stunning her momentarily - but it's enough.

She's able to get behind Skylar and apply the rear naked choke - Army unarmed combat 101.

The blade of her forearm slices into Skylar's trachea, strangling her.

Skylar's the champion and she fights, slamming her elbow repeatedly into Madison's broken ribs.

Madison grits her teeth, teeth stained pink by the blood that oozes down her chin. Her eyes are squeezed tight shut, trying to take the pain.

Skylar's struggles become frantic... Desperate... the elbow strikes slam in again and again... but weaker and weaker...

Her eyes roll in her head and she goes limp.

Madison gasps and rolls to her knees, coughing up blood. Skylar lays still.

The crowd has gone quiet.

Skylar stirs and sits up. She looks over at Madison who's on her hands and knees - a wreck.

SKYLAR

How long was I out for?

MADISON

Long enough.

A self-deprecating chuckle from Skylar. She gets up and goes over to Madison, helping her up. Everyone applauds.

Skylar raises Madison's arm, acknowledging her as the new champion.

The two go to the door of the cage and exit.

INT. RAINES'S WAREHOUSE - FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The crowd like the Red Sea as the two warriors make their painful way towards the dressing rooms.

Before them, Raines, Jack and Ellie. Raines hands Jack a big wedge of cash.

Ellie embraces Madison as the two men look on. From the crowd, Duke takes it on himself to help Skylar remain standing - she's exhausted.

ELLIE

You did it! You did it!

RAINES

Yeah. She did.

Ellie breaks the embrace and turns to him.

RAINES (CONT'D)
Your debt's paid. Good luck to you.

He smiles at Ellie and walks towards Skylar... Duke retreats as Raines takes her face in both his hands.

RAINES (CONT'D)
You're a warrior. And you're still
the champion here.

The applause begins... One arm round Ellie's shoulder, one around Jack's, Madison is led towards the dressing rooms as the crowd continues the applause.

FADE TO BLACK.