

JAY  
S. 1

27.

RYAN  
I don't have a hundred bucks.

MICHAEL  
(baiting)  
Then you better win.

RYAN  
We'll both get written up, man.  
It's not worth it.

MICHAEL  
Roddy, you cool with this?

RODDY  
Long as y'all both agree, I'm cool.  
Shit, I wanna see it.

Michael looks back to Ryan.

MICHAEL  
We're all good, homie. I'll even  
let you go first.

A beat, then Ryan pulls on the glove. It's on. They square up  
-- Michael's got four inches and forty pounds on Ryan.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Anytime, motherfu --

THWACK! Ryan crushes him across the face. Michael stiffens  
and hits the refreshment table -- out on his feet. The crowd  
goes wild with HOWLS and "Oh Shits!"

Ryan takes off his glove. Gives a little NOD to Javy. Javy  
nods back. Ryan takes his coffee and walks inside.

EXT. JAY AND NATE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The backyard is half beer garden, half MMA gym: A SPARRING  
DUMMY, HEAVY BAG, TRUCK TIRE, SLEDGEHAMMER, mingled with  
EMPTY BEER CANS, LIQUOR BOTTLES and a BONG.

Jay grills a steak for himself, skinless chicken for Nate.  
Nate sits at the patio table watching Youtube highlights of  
his upcoming opponent, CLAY WALKER on his laptop. The  
overwhelming power and speed concerns Nate.

START → NATE  
Walker's got heavy hands.

NAY STREET

1/8

JAY

That's all he's got. It's his whole game.

NATE

I don't know, he's been in Albuquerque --

JAY

Same motherfucker, bro.

Jay sits with the food. Takes a bite of steak. Nate keeps watching the computer, anxiety grows. Jay shuts the laptop.

JAY (CONT'D)

It's a highlight reel. They're not gonna show you the times he got his ass whipped.

NATE

He's won seven in a row.

JAY

Against fucking nobody. Yeah, he'll come out throwing bombs, and you'll eat a few, but then you'll gobble that shit up and when he sees you're still standing there, BOOM -- he'll break. Smash his game. That's how I beat his ass, and that's how you will too.

NATE

Three years ago.

JAY

Same motherfucker, bro.

Jay eats. Nate pulls the late rent NOTE from his pocket.

NATE

This was on the porch.

Jay, stops eating, forgot about the note.

NATE (CONT'D)

You said you paid the rent.

JAY

(downplays)

Couple hundred short. He's trippin'. Don't worry about it.

Jay tosses the note on the grill, digs into steak.

NATE

What happened to the money from my last fight?

JAY

It's gone.

NATE

Where'd it go?

JAY

Rent, bills, supplements, shit's expensive --

NATE

Do we even have any money?

JAY

Yes, we do.

NATE

Seems like we're always short.

JAY

Nate, we're fine. I'm eating a fucking steak right now. Come on.

Nate's not convinced.

JAY (CONT'D)

Hey, haven't I always taken care of you? Huh?

NATE

Yeah...

JAY

Yeah, thank you. I don't recall us ever sleeping on the beach, right?

Nate nods.

JAY (CONT'D)

Focus on the fight. That's all you should be thinking about.

Jay knows best. Nate let's it drop. Eats his chicken.

JAY (CONT'D)

You wanna spar tomorrow?

NATE

Dad doesn't want you at the gym.

JAY  
You got a key, right?

Off Nate, wary...

STOP

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

A Mexican house party in full swing. Latin hip hop THUMPS.

Hector (one of the bangers that jumped Alvey in the teaser) is on the front porch getting fucked up with FRIENDS. Despite the black eye Alvey gave him, he's having a nice evening.

CAMERA FINDS a BLACK IMPALA parked on the street out front.

INT. BLACK IMPALA - NIGHT

CLOSE ON CARLOS behind the wheel, eyes rolled back in his battered scuffed up head, getting a loud sloppy blowjob from MURIEL (20's). He's got a hand full of her hair.

CARLOS  
Take the head, baby. Work that  
fucking hog... there you go...

He pushes her down. She struggles.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Choke it down, baby. That's it...  
yeah... shit yeah... ah shit

He cums and convulses. Accidentally hits the windshield wipers on. As they move back and forth, we notice a FLIER stuck beneath the blades.

Muriel sits up. Unhappy with the treatment.

MURIEL  
That's too rough, Carlos, damn.

But Carlos's eyes ping-pong with the flier.

He reaches out the window and grabs the flier.

FLIER: Navy Street MMA. Alvey's smiling face beams back at him.

CARLOS  
Motherfucker.

MURIEL  
You can't treat me like that