

A Fighter's Life

by

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FADE IN;

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

KID COOGAN (37) sits on his stool, his face barely recognizable as human. His right eye is swollen to closure, his left is cut. His breathing is labored as the crowd screams either for the fight to be stopped, or for more blood.

SUPER: 5 WEEKS EARLIER.

INT. SING SING PRISON - GYM - DAY

Kid, fit, lean, handsome, is sparring with Italian-looking HARRY SMITH (35) shaved head, broken nose, tatoood.

HARRY

Last session then Kid. Must feel good, getting out tomorrow?

KID

Yeah. Y'know, I'm gonna miss you bunch of jerk-offs.

The two men rough each other up, then break, squaring up again.

HARRY

Talking of jerk-offs, they reckon that George Mills is gonna have the new World Champion in his stable tonight. He's boasting that everyone's frightened of fighting his man. They say he's too good, too hard.

Harry looks into Kid's eyes.

HARRY (CONT'D)

So what about it Kid. Reckon ya chances?

Kid throws a left jab.

KID

Bit too old now Harry.

HARRY

I'm not puffing smoke up ya ass, but I reckon you're movin' better

HARRY
 than ever, and your punching is,
 well, it's fucking harder than
 ever.

KID
 O.K. If I do it Harry, I'll send
 for you, 'coz I'll want you in my
 corner.

The two men lean on the ropes and start pulling off their
 gloves.

HARRY
 That'd be nice.
 (beat)
 But don't forget, I've got no
 chance of getting outta here. Not
 after the last one.

KID
 Yeah, sorry bud, I forgot. But that
 cunt deserved it. Fucking doing
 women an' all.

Harry hugs Kid.

HARRY
 I love you Kid, we all love you.
 Now fuck off, and enjoy your life,
 and if you get a chance, beat that
 fucker Mills's ass, for us Kid. For
 us!

INT. SING SING - KID'S CELL - NIGHT

Kid is sitting on his cell bed, thinking, hands clasped as
 if praying.

SUPER: 1977

EXT. FAIRGROUND - SYRACUSE N.Y. - NIGHT

BERT COOGAN (30) Italian looking, casually dressed, is
 walking through a touring fair, with his wife KATHY (27)
 darkly beautiful, in a floral summer dress, his daughter
 LIZZIE (7) the image of her mother, and his son PATRICK
 'KID' COOGAN (4) chubby-cheeked, slicked down hair. They
 pass a boxing booth. A BARKER (50) fat, chewing on a cigar,
 sweating, in a crumpled suit, is doing his best to drum up
 business. He stands beside a well-worn journeyman, JIM WHITE
 (39).

BARKER
 Come on gents. Who's willing to
 have a go with Jim White, the
 Carnarsie Clipper?

The barker spots Bert walking through the crowd.

BARKER (CONT'D)
 How about you Sir? You look as
 though you can handle yaself?

Bert carries on moving, waving a hand negatively at the
 barker.

BERT.
 No thanks pal. I'm with my family.

BARKER.
 Too bad. Could've won yaself twenty
 bucks.

Bert and his family keep walking, but Kid cannot take his
 eyes from the boxer.

BARKER (CONT'D)
 All right, Ladies and Gents. There
 goes another one too scared to
 fight the Carnarsie Clipper.

Bert stops dead in his tracks.

KATHY
 No Bert. Just leave it. For the
 kids!

BERT
 No, hold on.

Bert walks over to the barker.

BERT (CONT'D)
 What did you say?

The barker ignores Bert.

BARKER
 Come on Gents. Who wants to win
 twenty bucks?

The barker hardly finishes, as Bert grabs him by his lapels.

BERT

Did I hear you say I was scared?

There is a look of fear in the barker's eyes as Kathy cuddles the children and whispers to herself.

KATHY

Oh, Bert.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Bert has taken his shirt off and is slipping on some well-worn gloves. As he pulls them on, his makeshift door opens and in walks Jim White.

JIM

Right pal. This is how it goes. We make it look good for a couple of rounds, give the ringsiders their money's worth, then in the third, I'll catch you. You go down, and we split the purse fifty-fifty, O.K? Don't worry about anything, I'll go easy on ya. We've all got families to feed, right?

Bert busies himself with making sure his gloves are as comfortable as possible. He talks as he prepares.

BERT

Y'know buddy. I believe that everyone that steps into a boxing ring deserves respect.

(beat)

And right now, you ain't giving me any.

Bert turns his back on Jim, and limbers up, shadow boxing. Jim opens his mouth to speak, but thinks better of it. He turns, worried, and leaves.

EXT. BOXING RING - SAME NIGHT

Jim is already in the ring, when the ANNOUNCER (40's) greased back hair, well-worn tuxedo, introduces Bert.

BARKER

Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome our challenger, Bert Coogan, from Hell's Kitchen.

The small crowd applaud. As Kathy holds Lizzie, Kid shouts encouragement to his father.

KID
Come on Dad, you can do it, come on
Dad!

Bert hears Kid, and winks at him. Kathy calls to Kid.

KATHY
Pat, Pat. Come here darling. You
know I hate this.

KID
Oh Mom. I want to be near Dad.

Kathy throws Kid a stern look, and reluctantly the boy trudges over to his mother. In the background the TIMEKEEPER (45), shouts.

TIMEKEEPER (O.S.)
Seconds out! Round one.

The bell sounds. Jim steps forward hesitantly as Bert asserts himself very quickly. Jim is not in very good condition, and one shot from Bert to Jim's body, takes him down. Jim takes the eight count, and shakily gets to his feet, only to be hit by a three-punch combination. Jim hits the canvas again. The crowd is booing, as the REFEREE (50) skinny, sarp features, white shirt wnd black bow tie, counts Jim out.

REFEREE
Nine, ten, you're out!

The referee raises Bert's hand, as the announcer enters the ring, with the twenty dollars prize money. He passes the money to Bert, who walks over to Jim now groggily sitting on a stool, in his corner.

BERT
You all right pal? No hard
feelings?

Jim is still dazed, but manages to shake his head, 'no'. Bert stuffs the money into Jim's hand.

BERT (CONT'D)
Here y'are buddy. I think you need
this more than me.

Bert turns to the crowd, still booing, searching for his family. He sees Kid, standing next to Kathy, mesmerized by the whole spectacle. Kathy notices Kid's reaction, then she looks straight at Bert, shakes her head and mouths the word "No!".

INT. BERT'S APARTMENT - HELL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT.

Bert is teaching Kid how to box, in the kitchen. sparsely furnished, peeling paint, damp walls.

BERT

Look son. Keep your chin down all the time, and guard it with your shoulder and right hand, like this.

(beat)

Then you throw a straight left, like this, that's called a jab.

(beat)

What that does is keeps the other guy from getting in to hit you. Keeps 'em busy. And if you can hit, it softens 'em up until you throw your right cross, like this.

(beat)

And that's what knocks 'em out. Now, let's see you do it.

Kathy looks round the door.

KATHY

Bert! I thought I'd asked you not to do this?

Bert stops and holds up his hand.

BERT

Hold on son.

Bert walks over to Kathy.

BERT (CONT'D)

I know your not keen on this, but it's a fact of life around here. If he can't defend himself, his life'll be a misery.

KATHY

I'm just worried that he'll get himself into trouble.

BERT

Trouble's gonna come his way
sometime, and I want him to be able
to protect himself, that's all.

(beat)

Kid, come here son, and tell your
Mom what I said to you before we
started.

Kid skips over to his parents.

KID

Dad said that he wouldn't teach me,
unless I promised that I will only
fight to stop people hitting me, or
to stop bullies.

BERT

Right. And what was that word I
taught you?

Kid struggles with the word.

KID

Hon...hona, something.

BERT

Honorable, that's the word. And
what's it mean?

KID

Be honest!

Bert turns to Kathy, cuddling Kid as he does.

BERT

Good boy! See sweetheart, I'm
teaching him the right way.

Kathy doesn't look too convinced.

KATHY

Alright Bert. Make sure he learns
properly, and Pat

(beat)

don't hurt your Dad, right?

Kathy lovingly ruffles Kid's hair, smiles and leaves the
room.

Bert taps Kid on the head.

KID

Hey!

BERT.

Come on champ, let's see what you can do.

SUPER: TWO YEARS LATER

EXT. FAIRGROUND SYRACUSE N.Y. - DAY.

Kid is walking around a traveling fair, enjoying the sideshows and the general hubbub. As he turns a corner, he is confronted by three older boys. The biggest BOY (9), is the most aggressive.

BOY

What are you looking at?

KID

Nothing. I'm just walking round the fair.

Kid tries to walk past the other two BULLIES (9, and 10), but they block his path.

BOY

You keep looking at me, don't he boys?

BULLIES

Yeah!

KID

No I don't. I...

Before Kid can say another word, the biggest boy punches him in the face. The bullies start taunting him, attracting other people to the area.

BULLIES

Fight! Fight!

Kid is a little stunned by the punch, but as a crowd gathers, he hears his dad's words.

BERT (V.O.)

Stand like this, straight left, keep 'em busy, and throw the right cross.

As the words fill Kid's head he actually obeys the instructions. He knocks the older boy to the floor. This frightens him and his gang and they run off, leaving Kid triumphant. The crowd of onlookers applaud. A fairground GYPSY (25), muscles, dirty nails and biker jeans, picks him up and places Kid on his shoulders, parading him around for everyone to see. Kid likes the feeling. The gypsy shouts to Kid.

GYPSY

Who taught you to fight like that son?

KID

My Dad. My Dad did.

GYPSY

How old are you?

KID

I'm six.

GYPSY

What's your name?

KID

Patrick Coogan. Most people call me Kid

(beat)

Well everyone except my Ma.

GYPSY

Well Kid Coogan, I reckon one day you're gonna be World Champion!

The gypsy continues to parade Kid proudly.

SUPER: TWO YEARS LATER

EXT. SIDEWALK - WEST 40TH. STREET - DAY.

Kid hears a commotion across the street, and sees four boys, picking on one boy (9). Kid crosses the street, and recognizes one of the boys as JOJO MARKS (10) Ginger hair, freckles, spiteful face.

KID

Hey! Jojo. Leave him alone!

JOJO

Piss off you little shit!

Jojo turns back, and resumes beating the boy. Kid spins him back around.

KID
I said leave him alone!

JOJO
And I said, piss off!

Jojo punches Kid in the face, hard. Kid takes the punch, and immediately retaliates. He hits Jojo, knocking him back onto the street, and into the path of an oncoming car.

BOY
Shit! You've killed him!

The three boys run from the accident, leaving Kid to deal with the adults, who are surrounding the scene, scolding him.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S ROOM - DAY

The MEDICAL EXAMINER (50's), is summing up. The room is full. Bert, Kathy and Lizzie are sitting, with a very sad looking Kid.

EXAMINER
And so in conclusion, I find the
deceased died through misadventure.

The Examiner looks directly at Bert.

EXAMINER (CONT'D)
However, Mr. Coogan, the
testimonies presented to me today,
indicate that your son, Patrick
Coogan, was instrumental in this
poor young man's death. It would
appear that Patrick Coogan has a
very aggressive personality.
Therefore, I suggest, it would be
best if you as the Father, took him
in hand, before he really gets
himself into trouble. You must
exercise parental control, and curb
this unnatural urge to fight.
(beat)
This court is dismissed.

Kathy is crying as they begin to leave. Bert is supporting her. As they pass Jojo's family, his Father, GINGER MARKS (28), a weasel of a man, red hair, double-breasted suit, jumps into their path.

GINGER

That little bastard of yours, not only killed my Jojo, he's wrecked my fucking family.

Ginger is very emotional.

GINGER (CONT'D)

And the first chance I get, I'll fucking ruin yours!

BERT

Ginger, I know you're upset, so I'll let it go this time. But, remember this. If you come anywhere near me or mine, there will be one more death in your family.

(beat)

Yours! Get my drift?

Bert pushes Ginger to one side, and ushers his family through the door. Ginger is left screaming at the top of his voice.

GINGER

I'm not scared of you Coogan, you dipshit! I know people! I'm connected! You hear me? I *will* get you, and that fucking murdering son of yours!

As they leave the building, Kathy looks at Bert.

KATHY

I'm sorry Bert, but this is what I was afraid of.

Bert drops his head, guiltily. The family walk on in silence.

INT. BILLY HUDSON'S GYM - DAY

Bert is holding Kid's hand, as they walk into BILLY HUDSON'S (37), gym. Billy is short, all muscle, athletic. The gym is well equipped and very busy. Kid, is mesmerized by the skipping, the pad work, bag work and sparring. Billy is in the ring, sparring with a young man. He looks over, sees Bert and immediately taps his opponent.

BILLY

Well done son. That was good. It's all coming together. Take a shower,

BILLY
and we'll talk about your next bout
after, all right?

The boxer leaves the ring. Billy pulls off his gloves, smiles at his friend, and sticks a welcoming hand through the ropes. The two men shake hands warmly.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Hi Bert. Heard what went on.
Fucking shame! You all right?

BERT
Yeah, thanks Bill. Kath's still a
bit down
(beat)
Anyway, look. I've brought Kid
along, to see if he can join your
club. Might straighten him out.
(beat)
But Billy, be honest. If he ain't
good enough, tell us right?

BILLY
Course I will bud. Now let's have a
go at it. He's a street fighter,
right?

BERT
Yeah, I've taught him a little
bit.

BILLY
Good!

Billy holds out his hand to Kid, and pulls him into the ring.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Hi Kid. You all right?

Kid, a little shy looks at his dad, who nods approvingly.

KID
Yes, thank you Mr. Hudson.

Billy smiles at Kid's politeness, and then smiles and winks at Bert. He sizes Kid up, and calls across the gym to a young boxer, ALAN (10).

BILLY
Alan! Come on son, get some gloves
on. I need you here for a minute.

As Alan climbs into the ring, Billy slips gloves onto Kid. He smells the leather, laced with sweat. Sweet! Billy, lines the two boys up.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Right you two. Don't go mad, and try to knock each other out, but at the same time, don't hold back, O.K? Right. Box!

The two boys begin warily, feeling each other out, when suddenly, Kid launches an attack. A double jab, followed by a right cross, and a straight left to Alan's solar plexus, has him gasping for breath, hanging on the ropes and looking to Billy for help. Billy steps in, stopping the fight.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Stop boxing! Kid, you go to that corner over there.

Billy tends to Alan.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Well done Alan. Just caught you sleeping a bit there. Never mind. A few deep breaths, and you'll be fine. Go and finish your training. Oh, and can you ask John to get gloved up?

Kid stands in the corner, absolutely focussed. Billy approaches Bert.

BILLY

Not bad eh? Alan's quite experienced. The boy did good! Now, we'll see what he can do with John.

JOHN (12), taller, bigger, is climbing into the ring. Bert sees him for the first time.

BERT

Bill! Are you sure?

BILLY

Don't worry. Well, not for Kid anyway. I mean, take a look at his face.

Bert looks at Kid's face, a picture of determination, aggression and confidence.

CUT TO:

The fight is in progress, and John is proving to be much more of a problem for Kid. His reach is far longer than Kid's, and he keeps catching the youngster with a stinging jab. Kid, walks into every one. As the boys go into a clinch, Billy parts them and sends them to their respective corners. He follows Kid, who is quite marked about the face, and very frustrated.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Calm down son, you're doing well.
This is a big boy for you to fight.

KID

He keeps hitting me! I cant hit him back!

BILLY

Right. Now listen. Watch him set himself for his jab. He will plant his feet, and slightly drop his left shoulder. You then know what's coming.

KID

Another punch?

BILLY

No. Well, yes. But, just move your head to the left, and he'll miss. Mark my words son, he'll miss you. It's called, 'slipping the lead'. Then you'll find you can get inside him and work on his body. This will bring his hands down, and you know what an uppercut is?

Kid nods 'yes'.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Good. You hit him with an uppercut, and I bet he won't want to go on. Come on son, you can do it!

Billy leads Kid to the ring center, and motions to John to join them.

BILLY (CONT'D)

O.K. boys. Touch gloves
(beat)
Box!

John, very confident catches Kid once again, with his left jab. Kid, shakes his head, clears it, and concentrates hard.

He watches as John sets himself and throws another jab. Kid moves his head, and steps inside. John is completely surprised as his punch misses. Kid attacks his mid-section. Four punches to John's ribs bring his guard down and Kid throws a sweet uppercut, stunning John. Billy jumps in between the boys.

BILLY (CONT'D)
 Stop boxing! Thanks John. Good job.
 I'll see you later.

Billy places his hand on Kid's shoulder, and leads him back to where Bert is standing.

BILLY (CONT'D)
 Coffee?

INT. BILLY'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Bert, Billy and Kid are sitting at a table, papers strewn everywhere. The men are drinking coffee, Kid has a soda. Bert sips his coffee and looks at Billy.

BERT
 So?

BILLY
 So, the kid's got the killer instinct.

Bert throws Billy a sideways look.

BILLY (CONT'D)
 Oh, fuck. I'm sorry, I didn't mean...

BERT
 That's all right Bill. I know you didn't mean anything, but will you take him on? I can't spend any more time with him, 'cos I'm having to go back to school, for my job.

BILLY
 Of course I'll take him on. I haven't seen raw talent like this for years.

Billy leans back in his chair.

BILLY (CONT'D)
You moving up Bert?

BERT
Trying to my friend. Trying.

Bert finishes his coffee and rises.

BERT
Come on Kid, let's go home, and let
Billy get on. All right Bill?
Thanks for everything.

The two men shake hands. Bert and Kid walk out. Billy calls
after them.

BILLY
Hey Kid! See you here at 10 o'clock
Saturday morning?

Kid sticks up a thumb, in confirmation.

BILLY
Good boy, Kid. Good boy.

INT. MONTAGE OF VARIOUS BOXING RINGS - NIGHT

BEGIN MONTAGE:

We see Billy Hudson training Kid over a period of time.

Kid grows into a strong teenager, winning fight after fight.

Bert celebrates Kid's wins, always carrying his son around
the ring

And always in the background, we see Ginger Marks, skulking,
ominously.

END OF MONTAGE:

INT. SHAMROCK TAVERN BAR - WEST 40 ST N.Y.C - NIGHT

LIZZIE, (now 22) a spitting image of her Mother, has taken a
job as a barmaid in a typical Irish pub. She is showing the
ropes to a new employee, MARJE ANDREWS (21) pretty, petite,
shy.

LIZZIE
Right Marje. You clear on
everything?

MARJE

Yes thanks, Liz. But if I don't know something....

LIZZIE

Just ask darlin', just ask.

Marje looks a little shy.

MARJE

Well, I do have one question. Who are those men who just came in?

Marje indicates a group of loud men, sitting and standing at the bar.

LIZZIE

The one sitting at the bar, holding court, is George Mills. He owns this place, and most of the people around here. He's also the biggest boxing promoter in the country. The skinny guy behind him is one of George's henchmen. His name is Ginger Marks. I'll take you over and introduce you, but be careful, they are nasty bastards. The others are just wannabes, but they can be vicious too. The problem is, that Millsy pays good money, and God knows, we need it, what with the baby on the way.

Lizzie pats her tummy. She takes Marje's hand and leads her over to the group. GEORGE MILLS (35) stocky, Capone-like, with a cheeky smile, is in conversation with PETE JOHNSON (45), threadbare shirt, sweating, very worried.

GEORGE

Yeah I know Pete. But, you're two weeks late, and I want my fuckin' money!

PETE

Look Mr. Mills. I've lost my job. my wife's left me, and...

George interrupts.

GEORGE

Fuck me Pete! You'll have us all crying in our beer soon.

George turns around to his entourage, as they all laugh. George, then turns back to Pete, very serious.

GEORGE

Listen you piece of shit. I want my money.

(beat)

Now, I could write off the debt, but we all know what that means, right?

Pete is visibly shaking.

PETE

Please Mr. Mills, don't do that. I've got kids. No one will look after them if I'm gone.

GEORGE

Stop ya fuckin' whinin', will ya? You're drivin' me fuckin' mad!

(beat)

You've got two weeks from today. If you don't pay up by then

(beat)

You will be written off, along with the debt. Are we clear?

Pete Cannot speak. He simply nods 'yes'.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Right. Ginger, make a note of the date, and Pete, don't try to disappear eh? Now fuck off! You're beginning to smell!

Pete turns and rushes from the tavern. As he does so, George addresses his thugs.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Just give him a reminder, eh?

Ginger and the men follow Pete. George turns back to the bar, and sees Lizzie and Marje.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Ah, Lizzie darlin'. How are you? And who's your lovely new friend?

EXT. SIDEWALK WEST 40 ST - MINUTES LATER

Bert and Billy are on their way to the tavern.

BERT

You've done a great job with Kid. I mean, he's getting better every fight, and that knockout tonight, well!

BILLY

It's not me buddy. He's a natural. You know, I think we might have a future champion here, and I'm not just talking about amateur neither!

Just at that moment they reach the tavern. Their attention is attracted by a sound in a dimly lit alley. Both men peer into the gloom and see George's men beating up on Pete, who is unconscious and bleeding heavily. Bert goes to help but Billy grabs his arm, pulling him back.

BILLY

No Bert. They're Mills's boys. Let it go. Come on, let's have a drink!

Billy guides an upset Bert into the bar.

INT. SHAMROCK TAVERN BAR - MINUTES LATER

Bert and Billy approach the bar. Lizzie notices her Dad, and beckons for Marje to join her.

LIZZIE

Hi Dad, Billy. This is Marje. She's new. Marje this is my Dad, and Billy Hudson, my brother's trainer.

MARJE

Trainer?

LIZZIE

Yeah. Kid's a boxer.

BILLY

And a real good one too!

LIZZIE

He didn't win again did he?

BERT

Only a knockout in the second round! Get us two beers, love?

Suddenly, Bert feels an arm around his shoulders. A smiling George Mills. His gang re-enters the bar, laughing and joking.

GEORGE

Well now Bert. I understand congratulations are in order again.

Bert stiffens as Lizzie places the two beers on the bar.

BERT

If you're talking about Kid, yeah he won. But how'd you find out? It only just happened.

GEORGE

Bert, my old pal, you have to understand. I make it my business to know everything that happens on my turf. Now, let me buy you two a drink.

Bert looks uneasy, as Billy responds.

BILLY

Thanks, George. That's very nice...

Bert interrupts sharply.

BERT

No! Thanks. We've got our beer.

George is bemused by the rebuff, and removes his arm from Bert's shoulders. He addresses his cohorts.

GEORGE

Whoa! Just trying to be friendly, right boys?

George turns back to Bert.

GEORGE

But one thing Bert. When Kid wants to turn pro, bring him to me. I'll sort him out.

Bert now faces George square on.

BERT

You know what? If you were the last
fucking guy on God's earth, I
wouldn't let my boy sign with you!

GEORGE

Now, that's not very nice Bert. I
think you might owe me an apology.

BILLY

Calm down Bert.

BERT

I don't owe you nothing, and I
never will.

Bert gulps down his beer, pushes past Ginger, and the others
and leaves the pub. George turns to Billy.

GEORGE

Y'know, I think your friend needs
to learn some manners, a bit quick.
Unless of course he wants me to
teach him some?

BILLY

No George! Let me talk to him.
He'll be fine.

Billy looks at Lizzie, who is petrified. She in turn looks
at the bar door. It swings open, and in walks DETECTIVE
HARRY REED (55) cocky, red-faced, big gut. George greets him
warmly.

GEORGE

Ah! Detective Reed.

Reed sits down next to George, who produces an envelope.

GEORGE

Yours I think?

DETECTIVE REED

That's what I like about you
George. You always pay on time.

Reed slips the envelope into his pocket.

GEORGE

That's me pal. Honest George!

Everybody laughs, as George calls for more drinks.

INT. BERT'S APARTMENT - HELL'S KITCHEN - SAME NIGHT

Bert arrives home, walks into a darkened house, slams the door, removes his jacket and throws it on a chair. In the gloom he makes out the figure of Kathy and walks over to her.

BERT.

Hi darlin'. You know what? I could swing for that bastard Mills. He is so fucking arrogant. He wants to sign Kid, if he goes pro. I told him, "not fucking likely".

(beat)

Oh, by the way, he won again tonight.

(beat)

Why are you in the dark? Is the power out?

Bert then senses that something is wrong. Kathy is crying.

BERT (CONT'D)

Kath? Kathy? What's happened?
What's wrong?

Kathy falls into Bert's arms sobbing.

KATHY

I didn't tell you, but last month I went to see the doctor. Today I got my results through. Oh Bert, I've got cancer!

Bert doesn't know what to say or do. His hand goes to his mouth, shaking his head in disbelief.

BERT

I mean, are you sure?

KATHY

Of course I'm sure. They want me in on Friday for a mastectomy!

(beat)

I don't think you'll love me any more.

(beat)

Bert, I'm so scared.

Kathy completely breaks down. Bert holds her close, crying with her.

BERT

Of course I'll love you. I'll
always love you. You are a part of
me!

(beat)

And we'll beat it darling. Don't
worry. Don't be scared. We're
strong. We'll beat this fucking
thing.

KATHY

They told me I've got less than two
years. I don't want to leave you
and the kids.

She buries her head into Bert's chest.

BERT

You're not gonna leave us darling.
I'll never let you go!

Tears are streaming down Bert's face. He is scared, really
scared.

INT. BERT'S APARTMENT - HELL'S KITCHEN - DAY

No dialog, just sad music playing, as Bert and Kathy, talk
to Kid and Lizzie. At first the two look shocked, then they
both start to cry, and hug their parents.

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

INT. BERT'S APPARTMENT - HELL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kathy is losing her hair, she looks gaunt. Bert holds one
hand Lizzie the other. Kathy throws up.

KATHY

I'm so sorry Bert. I can't help it.
It's the treatment.

BERT

I know darling. Don't worry. As
long as it works, we don't care.

(beat)

I'll get the mop.

Kathy sits back in her chair, drained. Bert heads for the
kitchen. Lizzie follows.

LIZZIE
You all right Dad?

Bert shakes his head, "no".

BERT
I don't know what this is doing to
your Mum, but it's killing me! I
just want my Kathy back!

LIZZIE
Look Dad. Why don't you go for a
drink. I'm off tonight, so I'll sit
with Mum, and Kid'll be back from
training soon. We'll be fine. Go
on, and relax.

Bert looks lovingly at his daughter.

BERT
Are you sure sweetie?
(beat)
You're a good girl Lizzie. You take
after your Mum.

INT. SHAMROCK TAVERN BAR - SAME NIGHT

Bert is standing at the bar, swaying, drunk. George is
sitting in his usual chair, talking to Detective Reed.
Ginger, is in attendance.

GEORGE
Right, look. The lorry was taken
this morning. A consignment of
quality shirts, fuckin' thousands
of 'em. Tell me your collar size
and I'll get every fuckin' color
you want.

DETECTIVE REED
And the lorry?

GEORGE
Once we've emptied it, I'll let you
know where it is. Then you can
recover it, and be the fuckin' hero
again.

As the men laugh, Ginger notices Bert. He whispers to George
and Reed. They look at Bert and nod, "yes", laughing even
harder. Ginger approaches Bert and talks to him. Bert
appears to agree and drunkenly offers his hand, which Ginger
shakes, while making an 'O.K.' sign to George.

INT. BERT'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY/BEDROOM - HELL'S KITCHEN -
EARLY NEXT MORNING

The clock ticks in the hall. Bert snores loudly. He is sprawled on his bed, surrounded by shirts. A loud banging on the front door, and the incessant ringing of the doorbell, wakens a sleepy Kid. He makes his way to the door.

KID
Who is it?

DETECTIVE REED
Police! open up!

Kid slowly opens the door. The police rush in.

KID
What the fuck?

DETECTIVE REED
Where's your Dad?

KID
He's asleep, in the bedroom. Why?

The commotion has woken Bert. As he comes out of his bedroom, Reed and the other police officers reach the top of the stairs. Reed grabs Bert.

DETECTIVE REED
Albert Coogan, you are under arrest
for receiving stolen property.

Reed speaks to his men.

DETECTIVE REED (CONT'D)
Take him away and read him his
rights.

Reed enters Bert's bedroom and re-appears with some of the shirts. He pushes past a bewildered Kid.

KID
But..

DETECTIVE REED
No 'buts' son. What do you think
this is? Nothing? Bullshit!

The officers lead Bert away. Just then Kathy appears, dressed in her nightgown.

KATHY

Pat, what's going on? Where's Dad?

Kid gently takes his Mum by the hand.

KID

Don't worry Mum. It's just a misunderstanding. Dad'll be back soon.

(beat)

Now, let's get you back to bed.

Kid leads Kathy back to her room.

INT/EXT. KID'S BEDROOM/STREET - MINUTES LATER

Kid watches from the window as Reed and his men take Bert away.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Bert, dressed in a suit and tie, is sitting in front of a panel of businessmen, who are in discussion. As the men talk to each other, a voice rings through Bert's head.

VOICE (V.O.)

Albert Coogan. Having been found guilty of receiving stolen property, I now sentence you to two years

(beat)

suspended for two years.

The CHAIRMAN (60), portly, balding, kind face, is now addressing Bert, which brings him out of his stupor.

CHAIRMAN

And so Bert, we have no alternative in the light of things, but to dismiss you forthwith from the Company. We wish you luck in the future. Gentlemen?

The panel rises, and files past Bert, who has his head in his hands. One man gently pats Bert on his back as he passes.

EXT. CREMATORIUM - DAY

Bert, Kid, Lizzie, her husband FRANK (30's), their daughter JAYNE (3) all in black and a PRIEST (50's), are standing around a small hole in the ground. The rain lashes against the group. A Black-suited man empties Kathy's ashes into the hole.

PRIEST

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Dear Lord, we commit this soul to your keeping...

As the priest continues, Kid leans across to Bert.

KID

Dad. I know this probably isn't the best time
 (beat)
 But I've made up my mind
 (beat)
 I'm gonna turn pro.

Bert drops his head, like a defeated man.

BERT

Whatever you want son. Whatever you want.

INT. BILLY HUDSON'S GYM - SAME DAY

Bert walks in, still dressed in his black suit. Billy, is just leaving his office.

BILLY

Hi Bert. How'd it go? You all right?

BERT

Yeah, I'm O.K..
 (beat)
 Kid wants to turn pro.

BILLY

I think he'll do well.

BERT

You don't get it, do you. He's doing this because of me. I lose my job, I've lost my Kathy, and now my son has to do this to support us.

Billy puts his arm around his friend.

BERT (CONT'D)
 I've failed 'em Billy. I've failed
 'em all!

Billy hugs Bert with tears streaming down his face.

BILLY
 Come on son. This ain't like us.
 We're hard, you and me. We're
 fighters, and if Kid wants to step
 up, then we've got to be there for
 him. I'll make sure he gets the
 right training, and you look after
 the business side. You manage him.
 You're bright enough. Let me talk
 to the boy later, now let's go and
 have a beer.

INT. GYM/BOXING RING -DAY/NIGHT

BEGIN MONTAGE:

We see Kid training with Billy Hudson, and winning fight
 after fight.

Bert joins in the celebrations, but always removes himself
 before the result is announced.

Bert is seen collecting the purses in cash, taking some
 notes from the stack of money, and putting them in his
 pocket.

Every time Ginger Marks is watching as Bert takes the money.

END OF MONTAGE:

INT. ARENA - NIGHT

Kid is being carried around the ring by Bert, Billy and some
 others, as a T.V. COMMENTATOR (45), reports from ringside.

COMMENTATOR
 Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, we have
 seen another startling performance
 from the twenty two year old Kid
 Coogan. The man they are calling,
 'The Executioner'. This win means
 that he is now the number one
 contender for a shot at the title,
 against Brian Kingston, who fights
 out of the George Mills' stable.

The crowd roar their appreciation as Kid is paraded.

INT. SHAMROCK TAVERN BAR - NIGHT.

Bert is standing with Billy, drinking beer. Kid is surrounded by his buddies, laughing and joking. Marje is obviously interested in Kid. Lizzie acts as matchmaker.

LIZZIE

Hey Kid, you know Marje isn't courting at the moment.

KID

Why's that then? She's a good looking girl.

LIZZIE

Well, she likes you a lot, and she's a good girl. But she's shy.

George Mills enters the pub, with Ginger Marks, his entourage, and a stunning BRENDA GAY (22). Brenda catches Kid's eye, and she smiles coyly, much to Marje's disapproval. Lizzie goes across to the group.

LIZZIE

And what can I get for you tonight?

Kid smiles at Brenda, and she smiles back. She leans over to Lizzie.

BRENDA

Who's that bloke over there?

LIZZIE

That's my brother, Kid. Kid Coogan.

BRENDA

The boxer?

Marje butts in on the conversation.

MARJE

Yeah, and he's gonna fight Brian Kingston for the title soon. They reckon he can be World Champion in time.

BRENDA

World Champion huh? I must say, he's cute, for a boxer.

Marje is now getting jealous, and annoyed.

MARJE

Yeah, that's 'coz he doesn't get hit. He's too good. But he's very quiet. Not really your type.

BRENDA

Listen, darling. Any man that is rich and famous, is my type!

Brenda makes her way towards Kid. As George slides up to Bert.

GEORGE

Well Bert. One week to go, huh?

Bert doesn't answer.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Y'see Bert, when you get to this level, it ain't about being the best boxer

(beat)

It's about the money.

Bert looks at George, puzzled.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Money, and timing

(beat)

And it ain't Kid's time yet!

BERT

So, what are you saying?

GEORGE

What I'm saying is, that a lot of very influential people have put a bundle of dough on my boy, and we don't want them to be disappointed, do we?

BERT

We?

GEORGE

Yeah, 'we'. This is business Bert. Whatever our differences are, 'we' have to put them aside, and look after each other.

(beat)

Y'know, you look after me today, and I'll look after you tomorrow.

(beat)

GEORGE
'We' have to work as a team.

BERT
And how does that work?

GEORGE
Well, in this fight, Kid takes a
dive in the fifth. I give him a
little bonus, then we have a
rematch, when the money will be on
Kid.

(beat)
Y'see. Act as a team, and we all
win!

George puts his arm around Bert and Bert nods slowly. Kid is
now talking to Brenda.

KID
So, Brenda. Can I take you out?

BRENDA
Yeah, maybe. But only if you win.

Brenda giggles playfully and walks back to where George is
sitting. Lizzie has been watching, and now grabs Kid by the
arm.

LIZZIE
Kid, be careful with that one. She
could be trouble.

KID
Don't worry, Liz. I know what I'm
doing.

Lizzie looks at her brother, concerned.

INT. KID'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

It's the night of the fight. George swaggers into Kid's
locker room with Ginger and some other thugs. Bert and Billy
are taping Kid's hands. Kid looks up.

KID
Oh, hi Mr. Mills.

GEORGE
Kid, Bert, Billy.

Bert and Billy nod in response.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
How you feelin', son?

KID
Yeah. I'm good thanks.

BERT
As you can see, we're a little bit
busy right now.

GEORGE
Yes of course. I just wanted to
make sure every thing's under
control.

BERT
Yeah. We're good!

George looks at Kid

GEORGE
All right son. Don't let me down
(beat)
You know what to do, right?

KID
Sure, Mr. Mills. I'll give you a
good fight.

GEORGE
Good boy. See you all later.

The group leaves the locker room. Bert is very annoyed.

BERT
Fucking bloke. I can't stand him.
Why'd he have to come in here?

BILLY
Calm down Bert. Let's get Kid up
for it. Come on son, gloves on, and
we'll sort out some pad work, to
warm you up.

Billy throws Bert one glove, while he attends to the other
hand.

INT. BOXING RING - SAME NIGHT

George is sitting between Ginger and Reed. The capacity crowd is cheering, as the two boxers prepare themselves. Reed nudges George.

DETECTIVE REED

Coogan looks fit.

GEORGE

Don't worry. It's all taken care of. It's over in the fifth!

DETECTIVE REED

I sure hope so. I've got a chunk of change riding on your boy.

GEORGE

Start counting your winnings, Reedie!

The REFEREE (40) crisp white shirt, bow tie, perfectly creased pants, calls the two fighters together.

REFEREE

I want a good clean fight. No heads, or gouging, and when I say 'break', you break. O.K? Three knockdowns in one round wins the fight, right? Now touch gloves, and good luck!

The bell sounds for the first round. Kid comes out strongly, pinning KINGSTON (30), against the ropes. Reed looks at George, concerned. George smiles confidently.

GEORGE

He's just making it look good. Let the mugs think they've got their money's worth, right?

Round two, and Kid is even stronger. He drops Kingston for an eight count, with a superb four-punch combination. Now Reed is extremely nervous. The crowd is screaming, baying for blood. George's smile has disappeared, and he catches Bert's eye at the end of the round. George raises his eyebrows, questioningly. Bert ignores George, and jumps into the ring to assist Billy, who is toweling Kid down. George now has a very worried expression on his face, and shifts nervously in his seat. As the bell sounds for the third round, Kingston is still a little dazed. He walks forward unsteadily, and Kid catches him with two more combinations, ending with a right hook to Kingston's jaw. Kingston goes

down, face forward. Kid celebrates his win as the referee counts Kingston out.

REFEREE

Eight, nine, ten. You're out!

Reed pushes past George as the crowd goes crazy.

DETECTIVE REED

You fucking asshole!

George ignores Reed, as he glares at Bert. He makes his way to the ring, and climbs in. He checks Kingston, then goes over to Kid.

GEORGE

Congratulations, son. Look, I need to talk to you later. Drop by the bar, and we'll have a chat and a few beers, all right? In fact, I'll throw a party for you. A celebration. How's that?

KID

Sweet Mr. Mills. I'll see you later.

George leans forward and whispers in Bert's ear.

GEORGE

You prick! You never told him did you? I'll fuckin' deal with you later!

He turns and smiles at the media.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Ah, gentlemen! What a great fight!

INT. SHAMROCK TAVERN BAR - SAME NIGHT

The tavern is packed and the party is in full swing. Kid is getting drunk, and is surrounded by hangers-on. George, his cronies, Brenda and Reed, are in their usual area. George sends Ginger over to fetch Kid.

GEORGE

Well done tonight, son. You did a good job!

KID

Thanks, Mr. Mills. But then I told you I would.

GEORGE

Yes, you did. Yes, you did.

(beat)

Now, as you're the new Champ, I think you need someone that can represent you a little bit better, than your Dad and Billy Hudson.

(beat)

With all due respect, of course.

Kid slurs.

KID

So...

(beat)

are you saying you want to manage me?

GEORGE

In a word. 'Yes'. I think I can make you World Champion.

Kid swallows hard.

KID

I need a drink!

George signals to Ginger, who goes to the bar. He returns seconds later with two glasses of champagne and passes one to Kid, the other to George.

GEORGE

So, what do you say?

Kid sways a little, then clinks his glass with George's.

KID

Well, I say we've got a deal Mr. Mills.

GEORGE

That's great! But, please call me 'George'.

At that moment, Bert and Billy enter the bar. Bert spots Kid with George, and makes a beeline for his son.

BERT
What the fuck is going on here?

GEORGE
We're just having a dri....

Bert cuts George off.

BERT
I wasn't asking you Mills
(beat)
Kid! What's occurring?

KID
Dad, don't get upset. I'm just
having a few drinks with my pals.
(beat)
And Mr. Mills, sorry, George, has
made me an offer.

BERT
Offer? What offer?

KID
He's gonna be my manager. He's
gonna make me World Champion!

Kid and George raise their glasses to each other. At first, Bert is stunned. But then he reacts, knocking both glasses to the floor.

BERT
Are you fucking mad? What about
Billy?

GEORGE
Billy will still train Kid.

Bert is now gong crazy. All eyes are on him as he rants and raves.

BERT
I don't believe this
(beat)
You ungrateful little bastard! Do
you know what you're getting
yourself into?
(beat)
Do you know what this fucking
weasel asked me to do?

KID
 Look Dad. I'm a grown man, and I
 can make my own decisions.

BERT
 And what about respect, and
 loyalty?

George interrupts.

GEORGE
 Be careful here Bert. Don't go
 talking about respect and loyalty.

Bert turns on George.

BERT
 And what the fuck is that supposed
 to mean?

George feigns embarrassment. He looks firstly at Kid, then
 Bert, and again at Kid, as he explains.

GEORGE
 Look son. I didn't want to be the
 one to tell you this but,
 (beat)
 didn't you think it strange, that
 every time you fought, Bert here
 was the one who negotiated the
 purse...privately?
 (beat)
 And payment was always made in
 cash?

Bert tries to protest.

BERT
 Yeah, but...

KID
 Hold on Dad. Let him finish.

GEORGE
 Y'see Kid, your Dad never told you,
 or Billy for that matter, the
 correct purse size. So, he would
 pay you, pay Billy, then himself,
 skimming some off the top. My men
 have seen him doing it.
 (beat)
 I'm sorry Kid.

Kid turns to his father in disbelief.

KID
Dad. Is this true?

BILLY
Bert?

Bert glares at George.

BERT
How the fuck....?

George responds very quietly and calmly.

GEORGE
Bert, I've told you before. I know
everything that happens on my turf.

BERT
You're fucking scum Mills!

Bert turns to Kid.

BERT
Listen son, I can explain.

KID
I don't think I want to listen
anymore. You and your fucking
morals. It's all bullshit!

Kid sticks out his hand to George, who shakes it warmly.

KID (CONT'D)
I'm your fighter now, George.

Bert smashes his fists down on the handshake.

BERT
No! No! You can't do this!

Kid looks at his father with a mixture of hate and pity
shaking his head in disbelief. He grabs Brenda by the hand,
and starts to leave. Bert isn't finished yet.

BERT (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Just remember who put you here,
son.

Kid and Brenda have reached the door. Kid spins around
angrily.

KID

Well, it certainly wasn't you! You were too busy, remember? Billy trained me, but it's my ability that got me here, and with George's help, I'm going places.

Once again, he turns to leave, but Bert continues his tirade.

BERT

I'm still your Father! I forbid you from joining this piece of shit!

(beat)

In fact you'll join him over my dead body!

Kid stops, but doesn't turn around. He shouts over his shoulder.

KID

Y'know, that can be arranged!

With that, Kid and Brenda leave. The customers in the pub start to gossip between themselves.

GEORGE

My word Bert. Did your son just threaten you?

BERT

Why don't you shut the fuck up Mills. I've had about enough of you!

((beat))

Come on Billy. Let's go.

BILLY

Sorry Bert. I'm gonna stay and talk to George. I want to train Kid.

Bert looks at Billy in disgust.

BERT

I'm surrounded by fucking traitors. The lot of you. That's what you are. Fucking traitors!

Bert pushes Billy out of his way, only to be confronted by Ginger Marks. Bert is in no mood for Ginger.

BERT (CONT'D)
 Don't even think about it you piece
 of shit!

Pushing Ginger to one side, he storms from the pub. Ginger looks directly at George who nods 'Go'. Ginger doubles over in fake pain, moaning.

GINGER
 Fuck me Marje. What's in that beer?
 It's gone right through me!

GEORGE
 Stop whining, and go take a shit
 will you?

Everyone laughs, including Marje, as Ginger hobbles to the restroom. George leans across to Reed and whispers in his ear.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 Just gonna get rid of a liability.
 (beat)
 Might need your help.

Reed nods understanding, and both men turn to look at the door Bert has just exited through.

INT. SHAMROCK TAVERN - RESTROOM - SAME NIGHT

Ginger checks all the stalls are empty. entering one, he reaches behind the water tank, and pulls out a red scarf. He unwraps the scarf and reveals a gun. He sticks the gun into his belt, and climbs out of the restroom window.

EXT. - WEST 40 STREET - SAME NIGHT

Kid has flagged down a cab, and Brenda is climbing in back. Kid starts to follow, but hesitates. He takes out some money, and throws it through the cab window to the driver.

KID
 Sorry Brenda darlin'. I can't let
 it end like this. I'm gonna go back
 and sort this out, once and for
 all!

Kid addresses the cab driver.

KID (CONT'D)

Take her anywhere she wants pal.
Thanks.

Kid staggers back to the pub. He enters, and immediately sees a very pregnant Lizzie behind the bar. Billy and George are deep in conversation.

KID

Liz. What are you doing here?
You're not supposed to be working.
(beat)
Have you seen Dad?

LIZZIE

No sorry. I've only just got here.
Marje called me 'cos it's so busy.
Has something happened?

KID

We had an argument. I just need to
sort a few things out with him.
(beat)
Does Frank know you're here?

LIZZIE

Yes of course. We need the money,
and it's only for a couple of
hours. I'll be fine.

Lizzie rubs her belly.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Dad's probably gone home. You know
what he's like when he's pissed.

KID

Yeah, I suppose you're right. I'll
see you later. All right? Take
care.

Kid turns away from the bar and interrupts Billy and George's conversation.

KID

Sorry to butt in, but have you seen
my Dad?

BILLY

He got pissed off and left about
five minutes ago.

The two men resume their conversation and Kid makes his way unsteadily out of the tavern.

EXT. SIDEWALK - SAME NIGHT

Kid staggers along. He hears two gunshots. As he turns a corner, a man with a red scarf covering his face, runs into him stuffing something into his hand. Kid, slightly winded, looks ahead, and barely makes out a shape, lying in the road. He leans forward, trying to focus. Then he sees clearly that the shape is Bert, lying in a pool of blood. Kid stumbles to help his Father. He cradles Bert in his arms, then realizes Bert is dead. Kid screams into the night, as police sirens are heard. Within seconds, three police cars screech to a halt, their headlights illuminating the murder scene. Reed leads the approach.

DETECTIVE REED

Drop the gun Kid. Drop it son. We don't want anybody else getting hurt.

Kid looks up questioningly. He realizes for the first time, that he is holding a gun. He drops it like a hot potato. The police officers jump on Kid, while Reed looks on, smiling.

INT. SHAMROCK TAVERN BAR - SAME NIGHT

Ginger is now back in the bar. He makes his way over to George who speaks in a loud voice.

GEORGE

Did you get rid of it?

The pub erupts into laughter.

GINGER

Oh yeah. I feel much better now. You know there's nothing better than getting rid of a load of shit!

Again, the customers laugh. As Ginger laughs, Lizzie notices that he has a red scarf under his jacket. Reed enters the pub and whispers into George's ear. George claps his hands in delight.

GEORGE

This calls for a *real* celebration. Lizzie, more champagne!

The crowd all cheer. In the background, Marje is talking to Lizzie animatedly. Lizzie listens, asks a question, and collapses, holding her belly.

INT. HOSPITAL - SAME NIGHT

FRANK (27), Lizzie's husband, crew cut, fresh faced, blue collar, is sitting in the corridor. A DOCTOR (40's) tired, stooped, comes out to see him. Frank rises.

DOCTOR

Sit down Frank. I'm afraid I haven't got good news for you.

FRANK

O.K.

DOCTOR

Lizzie has obviously suffered a tremendous shock, and has nearly lost the baby. We aren't really sure of the scale of damage done to either of them yet,

(beat)

but a decision has to be made.

FRANK

Decision?

DOCTOR

Y'see Frank. I can induce Lizzie now, and risk losing one of them, if not both.

FRANK

Or?

DOCTOR

Or we wait. Let Lizzie go her full term.

FRANK

Then what?

DOCTOR

We deliver the baby and hope to save them both. If you choose this option, the next few weeks will be critical, and Lizzie will have to stay in hospital, which'll give us more of an opportunity to assess the situation. I think, what I'm saying is, this is probably the best chance.

(beat)

But the decision is yours.

FRANK

It's a no brainer Doc. They stay.

(beat)

But I want them both Doc. I want my family.

DOCTOR

We'll do our very best.

The Doctor places a reassuring hand on Frank's shoulder.

FRANK

Can I see her now, please?

DOCTOR

She's sleeping, Frank.

FRANK

I just want to be with her for a while.

DOCTOR

Of course. Come with me.

The Doctor leads Frank to Lizzie's bed and leaves. Frank sits next to Lizzie. He takes her hand gently.

FRANK

Please God. Don't take them away from me. Please don't take them away!

Frank breaks down and cries into the bedding.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

BEGIN MONTAGE:

We see George is being interviewed by a police officer.

GEORGE

Well, Mr. Coogan was very aggressive, and he and his son Pat, or Kid as we call him, got into a terrible argument. I think it was about Mr. Coogan stealing some money or something, I'm not really sure.

Ginger giving his statement.

GINGER

Mr. Coogan was pissed when he came into the pub. He wanted to know what his son was doing. Kid said he was celebrating with some friends, and that Mr. Mills had offered to become his manager. This seemed to make Mr. Coogan even more mad, and he smashed their glasses on the floor. Then a row broke out about some money that Mr. Coogan had taken from his son. Mr. Coogan told his son that he was ungrateful, and that he couldn't join Mr. Mills's stable. Kid left the bar saying that if Bert wanted to die over this, he could arrange it.

Marje is now being questioned.

MARJE

All I saw was Kid and Bert arguing. I thought they were going to come to blows. Kid went to leave, but Bert said something that made him stop. I couldn't quite hear what Kid said, but I have been told that he threatened his Dad, I'm not sure. I know Kid came back a bit later trying to find his Dad. I think he wanted to apologize.

(beat)

You know, Kid couldn't harm his Dad. He idolized him!

Brenda is giving her statement.

BRENDA

Kid hailed us a cab, and as we went to get in, he stopped. He said he was going back to "sort things out, once and for all". I was scared. I went straight home.

Reed is lodging his statement with a colleague.

DETECTIVE REED

I received a call at 12.02 a.m. on 23rd. March, saying there had been a fatal shooting. I, with my team, rushed to the scene, to find Patrick Coogan crying, and cradling his dead Father, with the murder

DETECTIVE REED
weapon in his hand. When I ordered
him to drop the weapon, thank God
he responded. As we approached the
scene, we could hear Patrick Coogan
crying and saying "I'm sorry Dad.
I'm so sorry". He kept repeating it
over, and over again.

END OF MONTAGE:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Lizzie is in the delivery room, screaming. There is a lot of
frantic activity in the room with medical staff rushing
around. Frank is in the corridor, pacing up and down
nervously.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Today, Patrick Kid Coogan the U.S.
boxing Champion, was found guilty
of murdering his own father. The
man they tagged 'The Executioner',
lived up to his nickname, when on
March 23rd. he shot his father
after an argument over money. Kid
Coogan has a history of violence,
having been involved in the death
of another boy, when he was
younger. The court handed down a
life sentence.

A baby cries. Frank stops pacing, and the doctor comes out
to see him.

DOCTOR
Congratulations, Frank. You have a
beautiful, healthy baby girl.

FRANK
What about Lizzie?

DOCTOR
I won't lie to you Frank. It's
touch and go! I need to get back
now. I'll talk to you later.

Frank slumps into a chair, and holds his head in his hands.

INT. SING SING PRISON - GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Kid is being introduced to GOVERNOR RICHARDS (45)
spectacles, graying temples, distinguished.

GOVERNOR RICHARDS

Welcome to Sing Sing. Actually I'm
sorry to see you here. I was a big
fan of yours. You were the best!

MARKY

Thank you sir. But, I think I still
am.

GOVERNOR RICHARDS

Well, that's the main reason I
asked to see you.

Kid looks puzzled.

GOVERNOR RICHARDS (CONT'D)

Look. I'm not like other
conventional Governors. If you've
committed a crime, and you've had
your liberty taken away, that's
enough for me

(beat)

As long as you behave yourself.

KID

I'm not a troublemaker Sir. And I
didn't kill my Dad.

GOVERNOR RICHARDS

I can tell you're not trouble Kid.
As for the other thing, I can't
pass comment. I do however know
that we have to get along in here.
All of us, guards, inmates...

(beat)

I've put together a number of
schemes, so we can all interact. My
pride and joy is the boxing team.

KID

You've got a boxing team in here?

GOVERNOR RICHARDS

Sure. It's not half bad either. We
have staff, and inmates, fighting
and training alongside each other,
and generally things go well. We
aren't that well known, but we have

GOVERNOR RICHARDS

Inter-Prison competitions, and sometimes amateur clubs call us up, and we ship them in for the bouts.

(beat)

But you see, 'not bad', isn't good enough for me. I want the best!

(beat)

Are you following me?

KID

I think so. You want me to be a part of this?

GOVERNOR RICHARDS

Yes, Kid. I want you to train them, and maybe even have a few rounds yourself.

KID

Training them isn't a problem, but I won't be able to fight. Y'see, technically, I'm still a pro, and I can't fight amateurs, sorry.

GOVERNOR RICHARDS

Don't worry Kid. I really didn't think anyone would want to get in the ring with you. But, you will train the boys, right?

KID

Absolutely! Look forward to it.

GOVERNOR RICHARDS

Obviously, we will pay you the going rate, as this will be classified as your job.

KID

Well, thanks Governor.

GOVERNOR RICHARDS

And I will ensure that other privileges are afforded you.

(beat)

As I said earlier, I'm sorry to see you in here, but now I must say I'm happy you're here. I think we're going to get along just fine.

KID
One request?

GOVERNOR RICHARDS
Which is?

KID
Any privileges I get, they all get,
right?

GOVERNOR RICHARDS
If they behave themselves, no
problem. But if there is one
incident, you all lose them.

The Governor puts out his hand, Kid shakes it, and is escorted from the office by a prison guard.

INT. PRISON GYM - DAY

MONTAGE:

We see Kid training with the inmates and the guards, sparring, heavy bag work, skipping and pad work.

A sparring session escalates into a full-out, gloves-off brawl. Kid jumps into the ring and separates the fighters. He looks around, and immediately sees The Governor standing ringside, watching. Kid looks very concerned, but the Governor turns his back and walks away, turning after a few steps, to wink and smile at Kid.

END OF MONTAGE:

INT. PRISON LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT.

The fighters are seated in the changing room, in various states of undress. There are trophies scattered around the room. Kid is talking to them, reiterating his training techniques, when the Governor walks in. Everyone jumps up and stands to attention.

GOVERNOR RICHARDS
It's O.K. men. Stand down.
(beat)
This must be one of the proudest
nights of my life. We won every
bout. I have never seen anything
like it! Thank you men. You all
fought like champions, and speaking
of champions, I think we should

GOVERNOR RICHARDS
give a special ovation to our very
own champ, Patrick Kid Coogan!

The men burst into spontaneous applause. Kid chokes up.

INT. LIZZIE AND FRANK'S KITCHEN - DAY

Lizzie and Frank are listening to the radio. Frank is reading the paper, while Lizzie feeds the baby.

LIZZIE
Come on Kathy sweetie. Eat it up
for Mummy.

Frank hushes Lizzie.

FRANK
Ssshhhh! Pipe down. Listen!

Frank points to the radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
It would seem that Kid Coogan, the former U.S. Boxing Champion, convicted of murdering his Father, is not being idle in prison. Apparently, he has been training the prison boxing team, which yesterday made a clean sweep of the trophies in an inter-prison competition. When interviewed, the Governor of Sing Sing Prison, said that Kid, was a model inmate, who has gained ultimate respect from fellow inmates, and prison staff alike. He also threw out a challenge to any amateur boxing club in the country to contact him, that's of course if they think they're good enough! Big words from the Governor there. But it does look as though Collins is doing something positive with his time.

Lizzie walks over and turns the radio off.

LIZZIE
Frank, I need to go and see him.

FRANK

Yeah, I know darling. But, are you up to it? You've only just got outta hospital, after your last relapse.

LIZZIE

It's been over a year. I feel terrible!

FRANK

But you've been very sick Liz. I'm sure Kid understands.

LIZZIE

I must go Frank. I must!

INT. VISITATION ROOM - PRISON - DAY

Kid, in a prison jumpsuit, chained, is being escorted by a PRISON GUARD (30's), to the visitation room. Kid speaks to the guard as they walk.

KID

Are you sure you haven't made a mistake? I don't get visitors.

PRISON GUARD

I don't know, Kid. The Governor himself told me to fetch you.

As the guard talks, he opens the door to the visitation room. Kid steps past him and looks around the room. He sees Lizzie. He looks at the guard, who nods in Lizzie's direction. Needing no other encouragement Kid races to his sister, hugging her. They both burst into tears, and then the guard intervenes.

PRISON GUARD

Sorry, Kid. But if I don't tell you, I'm gonna be in trouble.

Reluctantly, Kid and Lizzie let go. Kids talks to the guard, but never takes his eyes from Lizzie.

MARKY

Sorry, Gerry. It's been a long time.

Lizzie wipes away a tear. Then steps to one side, revealing Marje.

LIZZIE
I brought Marje with me.

MARKY
Oh swell! Hi Marje. How are you?
Thanks for coming. You're looking
good.

Marje blushes.

MARJE
Thank you. So do you.
(beat)
But then again, you always did.

Now, it's time for Kid to blush. The three sit at a table.
Lizzie speaks emotionally.

LIZZIE
Kid, I'm so sorry I haven't been to
see you. I feel so guilty. Not even
getting to the trial....

Lizzie's voice trails off as she chokes. Kid puts his finger
to her lips.

KID
Sssshhh. Please Lizzie. You'd be
surprised how much information we
get on the inside. I know exactly
what's been going on, with the
baby, and your sickness. I even
know that you called the baby after
Mum. That's nice.
(beat)
But are you sure you're up to this?

MARJE
No, she's not really Kid. But no
one could stop her. This is her
first trip outside, apart from
going to the hospital.

LIZZIE
Leave off Marje. I'm fine. Anyway
Kid, I hear you're settling in. I
mean, with the boxing and stuff.

KID
Yeah. That side of it is good, but
the rest of the time, it's pretty
boring. How's Janine?

LIZZIE

Oh Kid. She's so big now. She's five, and started school last week. She's a proper little 'miss thing', but she's lovely.

KID

And the baby?

LIZZIE

She is absolutely gorgeous!

CUT TO;

Lizzie now has a more serious look on her face.

LIZZIE

So, Kid. If you don't mind talking about it. What exactly happened that night?

KID

Well, I got drunk. I was talking to George Mills, who offered to manage me. Dad came in, and was annoyed at me. Then George told me and Billy that Dad had been skimming money from the purse.

LIZZIE

Well, I know that Dad was taking money out of the purse.

Kid sits back in his seat, with his mouth open.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

But, he was doing it for a reason. He was putting it into a special account for you. See, he was afraid that you might spend all your money. He was waiting until he got enough for you, and then surprise you with it.

KID

So, you mean George Mills got me pissed off for nothing.

LIZZIE

Looks like it. I know we still work for him, but we can't stand the man.

(beat)

LIZZIE

Then what happened after you spoke to me?

KID

I left the bar, looking for Dad. I wanted to make up with him. I was still drunk. I heard a couple of shots. As I turned the corner, a guy crashed into me. He must've been the shooter. I think he stuffed the gun into my hand. I don't really remember.

LIZZIE

But you saw him, right?

KID

Not really. He had a red scarf over his face.

Lizzie gasps and sits back in her seat.

KID

Lizzie, Lizzie, are you all right?

LIZZIE

Sorry, yes, yes I'm fine.

KID

I think Lizzie's had enough Marje. Can you take her home?

MARJE

Of course, kid. Come on Lizzie.

As they rise, Lizzie looks at Kid.

LIZZIE

We know you didn't do it Kid. I promise I'll come and see you every week from now on.

MARJE

Would it be alright if I came too?

KID

Of course, it will be a pleasure to see you. But please, make sure she's strong enough, huh?

INT. LIZZIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lizzie is on the telephone.

INTERCUT BETWEEN LIZZIE AND DETECTIVE REED:

LIZZIE

Detective Reed please. Yes, I'll hold.

(beat)

Hello? Detective Reed?

DETECTIVE REED

Yes. Who is this?

LIZZIE

Lizzie Coogan.

DETECTIVE REED

Ah, Lizzie. And to what do I owe the pleasure of this call?

LIZZIE

I think I might have some information that would help solve my Dad's murder.

DETECTIVE REED

With the greatest respect, Lizzie. Your Dad's killer is already in prison.

LIZZIE

No! No! Kid didn't do it. Some guy with a red scarf over his face did it, and I remember seeing Ginger Marks hiding a red scarf under his jacket that night. I think he's got something to do with it.

DETECTIVE REED

Interesting. But my recollection, is that everyone in the bar could account for their whereabouts at the time of the murder. I was even there myself.

LIZZIE

Ginger went to the toilet.

DETECTIVE REED

I think everybody went that night. We'd all had plenty.

LIZZIE

Yeah, but he must have been gone some time, 'coz he was gone when I came in, and didn't reappear for another ten minutes.

DETECTIVE REED

Well, as I said Lizzie, this is very interesting. Look, what I'll do is re-check everything, and come back to you with my findings. Is that O.K?

LIZZIE

Thank you. Thank you so much. I'll wait for your call.

INT. LIZZIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

Frank and Lizzie are asleep. The clock on the bedside table shows 2.00 a.m. Lizzie's cell phone rings. Sleepily, she answers it.

LIZZIE

Hello?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Wake up Lizzie.

LIZZIE

Who's this?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I said, wake up and listen.

(beat)

I've just been in your house.

Lizzie is now wide awake, and sits up quickly as Frank stirs.

LIZZIE

What do you want?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Pretty baby you've got.

(beat)

Those pink pajamas are so cute.

Lizzie screams into the phone.

LIZZIE

You bastard! If you've touched my baby...

Frank is now awake.

FRANK

What the fuck is going on?

Lizzie doesn't answer. She's already out of bed and heading for Kathy's room. The crib is empty. Lizzie is now panicking.

LIZZIE

What have you done with my baby?
Where is she?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I want you to promise me something.

LIZZIE

Anything, anything. Just give me back my baby!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Promise me you'll never talk to anyone about Ginger Marks and your Dad. Do you understand?

Lizzie is so frightened, she can only nod "yes".

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Did you hear me?

LIZZIE

Yes. Yes I heard you. I promise. I promise.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Promise what?

LIZZIE

I promise never to talk to anyone about Ginger Marks and my Dad.

(beat)

Now, Where's my baby?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

That's good. That's very good. Now, if you go downstairs, you'll find your baby in the kitchen. But if I were you, I'd hurry, 'coz she's playing with something I gave her.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 And remember, if you do talk, I
will come back, and use it, on *both*
 your girls.

The caller hangs up, and Lizzie drops the cell phone. She runs downstairs. Frank comes out of their bedroom, to see Lizzie disappearing. He calls after her.

FRANK
 Lizzie. What's going on?

Lizzie runs to the kitchen which is in darkness. She switches on the light. Kathy is sitting on the floor, facing away. She runs over to Kathy, who is sitting in a pool of blood. Lizzie screams and picks Kathy up. When she turns her around, she sees that Kathy has been given a razor blade to play with, and has cut her mouth, face and arms. Lizzie is in a state of shock, as Frank rushes in. He quickly takes the blade away from Kathy, and hugs Lizzie and the baby.

FRANK
 Calm down Lizzie, calm down.
 (beat)
 Now please tell me, what is going
 on?

INT. LIZZIE'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

Frank and Lizzie are coming out of Kathy's room.

FRANK
 Thank God she's O.K..

LIZZIE
 Poor baby. She could've died,
 Frank.

FRANK
 That's why we're not gonna tell
 anyone about this. Not a soul!

LIZZIE
 But what about Kid?

FRANK
 Listen Liz. Kid's in the slammer,
 rightly or wrongly, he's in there.
 Now, I'm not prepared to put my
 whole family at risk to maybe, just
 maybe, get him out. And I know, if
 we told Kid about this, he would
 say the same.

(beat)
 We don't have a choice Liz, we just
 don't have a choice.

Lizzie looks into space.

LIZZIE
 Oh, Kid!

INT. LIZZIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Lizzie is on the phone.

LIZZIE
 Yeah, I know. It's come around so
 quick. I can't wait to see him
 again either. I've got the cab
 booked for twelve o'clock, right?
 O.K. So I'll pick you up at the
 tavern. All right darling. I'm so
 excited!

INT/EXT. - TAXI/STREET/TAVERN - SAME DAY

Lizzie is in the taxi. It pulls up outside the tavern.
 Lizzie addresses the driver.

LIZZIE
 Just honk. She'll be out.

The driver presses his horn. They wait, but there's no sign
 of Marje.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
 Try Again?

The taxi driver honks again but still no sign of Marje.
 Lizzie is pissed and gets out of the cab. She goes to the
 tavern door and hears very loud music playing. She shakes
 her head disapprovingly, and enters. Looking across the bar,
 she sees a female member of staff (20's), washing some
 glasses. Lizzie beckons to the girl. As she does so, she
 notices the usual group of George, Ginger, Reed and the
 other hangers on. The men turn to look at Lizzie. Reed says
 something and the group break up laughing. Lizzie looks
 away, embarrassed. As the other staff member reaches Lizzie,
 Marje comes out of the restroom, wearing a headscarf. She
 spots Lizzie instantly.

STAFF
Can I help Liz?

Lizzie is close to tears.

LIZZIE
No. No thanks darlin'. I'm O.K.

MARJE
Sorry, Lizzie darlin'. I was just putting my face on. Got to look presentable for Kid. I don't want him to think...

Marje's voice trails off as she becomes aware that the men are still laughing at Lizzie. She grabs her friend by the hand and literally drags her from the bar.

MARJE
Come on, sweetheart. We don't need this crap!

CUT TO;

Lizzie and Marje are in the cab. It is still outside the tavern. Lizzie stares at the door, with a very worried look on her face.

MARJE
Look Lizzie, I hope you don't mind me asking. But what was all that about?

Lizzie doesn't move her head. The cab pulls away.

LIZZIE
You don't want to know, Marje. You really don't want to know.

The two women ride on in silence.

INT. SHAMROCK TAVERN BAR - DAY

George is sitting in his usual seat. Ginger Marks stands guard. Reed enters and sits next to George.

DETECTIVE REED
How you doing George?

GEORGE
Good bud. Wanna drink?

DETECTIVE REED

Yeah, why not. I'll have a scotch.
A double.

GEORGE

Didn't expect to see you here
today.

George calls over to the barmaid.

GEORGE

A double scotch please honey. No,
make that two. I might as well join
you. Now, what's up?

DETECTIVE REED

Well, there's something I need to
talk to you about.

The BARMAID (25) brings the drinks.

GEORGE

Mmm. Sounds important.

Both men raise their glasses.

DETECTIVE REED

Cheers, good health.

(beat)

Yeah it is important. Well, to me
anyway.

GEORGE

Come on then spit it out!

DETECTIVE REED

I haven't told you before, but I'm
due to retire in six weeks.

GEORGE

That's nice. You'll have a good
pension. Go and enjoy yourself.

DETECTIVE REED

No, George. You've missed my point.
I don't want to stop, I need a job.
You owe me that, at least.

GEORGE

I owe you what? Listen pal, as soon
as you retire, you won't be of any
value to me. You'll have outlived
your usefulness. I've paid you top

GEORGE

dollar every step of the way, so don't go getting fucking greedy. Go and live your life, and forget about this!

DETECTIVE REED

You know, you ought to take good care of me George. I mean, I've got enough on you to put you away for a very long time. I can fuck you up, the same way I did Coogan.

George's demeanor changes. He puts a friendly hand on Reed's shoulder and laughs.

GEORGE

Reedie, calm down. I'm just kidding. Of course I'll sort you out. I'll put something together for you, after all, you've always looked out for me.

(beat)

I'll send Ginger over later with the deal, and don't worry pal, it'll knock you dead!

George extends his hand and Reed shakes it warmly.

DETECTIVE REED

Thanks George. I appreciate it. But you had me going there, fucking con artist!

GEORGE

Just having a laugh. Now finish your drink and get the hell outta here! I've got work to do.

Reed downs his whiskey, pats George on the back and leaves the bar. George's face changes again, and now wears a vicious look. He addresses Ginger sharply.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Ginger, that's enough now! He's become a liability. Take him out, but be subtle, right? Don't fuck it up. I don't want any shit on my doorstep.

Ginger nods "yes", and leaves.

INT. - GINGER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ginger is with TWO OTHER MEN (30's) broad, ugly, dumb, and TWO GIRLS (20's) cheap, roots showing, stilettos. He is crushing tablets between two spoons and placing the powder in a bottle of whiskey. Finishing his task, he picks up another bottle of whiskey which is almost empty, along with the bottle of tablets. These he places alongside the original bottle. Ginger then sits back and speaks roughly to the two girls.

GINGER

O.K. We're set. You will not remember anything about this. You will be paid well, but believe me, if any of this gets out, my boys here will personally take care of you both.

Ginger indicates the two men, who nudge each other and laugh.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Do you understand?

The two girls nod nervously "yes".

INT. DETECTIVE REED'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

Ginger, his two men and the girls are with Reed. The girls in their underwear, are all over Reed who is drinking whiskey from the bottle Ginger has given him.

DETECTIVE REED

This is good shit Ginger. Cheers!

GINGER

Yeah. A personal gift from Mr. Mills.

DETECTIVE REED

You know, I knew I could count on George. We're a team, you know?

Reed cuddles the two girls.

DETECTIVE REED (CONT'D)

Are these mine for the night?

GINGER

Yeah, Reddie. They're yours for the night, in fact, forever! You just enjoy yourself.

FADE OUT/FADE IN:

Reed is extremely drunk, with the drugs also now taking effect.

DETECTIVE INSP. REED

So.

((beat))

Ginger. We still haven't talked.

(beat)

You know? About my deal.

Reed finishes talking and slips from his chair. Ginger rises and barks at the men.

GINGER

Get them out!

The two men drag the girls from the room as they desperately try to collect their clothes. Ginger calmly places a note on the table. He removes the original whiskey bottle, replaces it with the almost empty one, spills some tablets on the table, and lays the tablet bottle on its side. He produces a cloth, and wipes down the bottles, the table, chairs and door handle. After checking the scene one last time, Ginger leaves.

INT. LIZZIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lizzie and Frank are eating their dinner, watching the news on T.V. a NEWSCASTER (35), is describing Reed's funeral.

NEWSCASTER

Today, saw the funeral of Detective Inspector Peter Reed. The fifty six year old, who famously arrested the former U.S. Boxing Champion, Patrick Kid Coogan for the murder of his Father, was found dead in his home. Apparently Reed committed suicide, after becoming depressed over his imminent retirement. A close friend, boxing supremo, George Mills, had this to say, earlier.

CUT TO:

George is being interviewed at his mansion.

GEORGE

Yes, this is an extremely sad day. Peter was an exceptional police officer. I feel somewhat guilty, as he came to me recently, and asked me to suggest what he could do in retirement.

(beat)

I told him to take his pension and enjoy life. I had no idea that he was so far down the track. I'm going to miss a dear friend.

Frank and Lizzie look at each other. Frank pushes his plate away, suddenly having lost his appetite.

INT. SING SING PRISON - GYM - SAME NIGHT

Kid is tidying up. Governor Richards enters.

GOVERNOR RICHARDS

How's it going Kid?

KID

Good Sir. Yeah, I'm very happy with the team. We're doing well.

GOVERNOR RICHARDS

Yes you are. I'm so pleased with what you're accomplishing.

(beat)

I just saw on television, that they found the cop that arrested you, today. They reckon he committed suicide.

KID

Yeah I heard, but I ain't gonna shed any tears over him.

GOVERNOR RICHARDS

Why's that? Because he put you away?

KID

No! Because he was crooked!

The Governor takes a step back.

GOVERNOR RICHARDS

That's quite an accusation, Kid. Be careful what you say.

KID

Look, I don't want to speak ill of the dead, but come on Governor. Everybody knows he was being paid off by George Mills. I'll even bet that he had something to do with my Dad's murder! The cops got there too quick...

(beat)

as if they were waiting for it to happen.

GOVERNOR RICHARDS

That's enough Kid! I'm not going to listen to this any more. You finish clearing up and get some sleep. I'll see you tomorrow, and I hope you're in a better mood.

The Governor leaves the gym with a very worried look on his face, while Kid in the background, shakes his head in frustration. He slams some gloves onto the floor.

INT. SHAMROCK TAVERN BAR - NIGHT

George sits at the bar. Reed's replacement, DETECTIVE SIMMONS (40's), tall, wiry, flashy, confident, enters and walks over to George.

DETECTIVE SIMMONS

George Mills?

George turns around.

GEORGE

Who's asking?

DETECTIVE SIMMONS

I'm detective Simmons, detective Reed's replacement.

George shakes Simmons's hand.

GEORGE

Nice to meet you. Can I help you at all?

Simmons cockily pulls up a chair.

DETECTIVE SIMMONS

Yes you can, actually.

(beat)

DETECTIVE SIMMONS
I understand you had a 'special
arrangement', with Reed.

GEORGE
I don't quite understand.

DETECTIVE SIMMONS
Well, let me help you understand. I
know exactly what your deal was
with Reed, and now there's gonna be
a few changes around here.

GEORGE
Changes? such as?

DETECTIVE SIMMONS
Such as, if you want to stay clean,
you're gonna have to pay me double
what you paid Reed. And then, every
year we re-negotiate.

Slowly a smile crosses George's face. He calls across the
bar to Marje.

GEORGE
Marje. Get my friend a drink.
(beat)
What'll it be?

DETECTIVE SIMMONS
Vodka and tonic'll do nicely.

GEORGE
I like a man with ambition. You
know there's a big difference
between ambition and greed. That's
what killed Reddie. Lack of
ambition.
(beat)
In fact, I think you can help me
straight away. See, I'm buying a
club on the East Side, but the gear
being sold there is supplied by the
Thomas Brothers. You know, the
black crew? You bust them, I get
the score, and you'll get what you
want. Deal?

DETECTIVE SIMMONS
Deal! I hate those black bastards
anyway!

The two men laugh, slap each other on the back, and drink up.

SUPER: 10 YEARS LATER.

INT. SING SING PRISON - T.V. ROOM - DAY

Kid, (now aged 37), looking terrific, in peak condition, is seated with a host of other INMATES, watching a newscast. The NEWSCASTER (28), makes an announcement.

NEWSCASTER

Now we're going ringside at Madison Square Gardens, where our reporter, Chris Stone is with the manager of the new World Champion, Tony Harris, Mr. George Mills.

CUT TO:

George is standing with CHRIS STONE (32)tanned, crisp white shirt, bright red tie, who waits for his cue, then proceeds.

STONE

Thanks Phil. Well, George. What a great fight for Tony!

GEORGE

Absolutely! I don't think he was hit once during the three rounds. It was a demolition!

STONE

On that point George, this is the third opponent that Tony has hospitalized in his short career, one of whom, is still suffering brain damage.

GEORGE

Y'know Chris, boxing is a tough sport. Everyone knows the risks going in. All these guys are checked out medically, before the fight. I guess Tony is just too hard, and too good for them.

STONE

Mmm. O.K. Let's just talk about you a bit. You are now reputedly the richest man in boxing, with nightclubs, casinos, private jets. What's next on your agenda?

GEORGE

A quick defense of the title.

STONE

But George. The word on the street
is that no one wants to fight Tony

(beat)

And especially after this result!

GEORGE

Yeah, I've heard that too. That's
why I'm here tonight to put up
thirty million of my own money, for
anyone brave enough to fight Tony.
Winner takes all!

The ringside crowd erupts. George basks in his own glory.

STONE

Fantastic! What an incredible offer
from George Mills. Man, if I was
able, I'd take up the challenge,
but I suppose we can all dream.
Back to you, Phil.

CUT TO:

The INMATES are glued to the T.V.

INMATE #1

Hey, Kid boy. You're out tomorrow.
Why don't you take the cocky
bastard up on his offer. You've
still got it, and you'd beat that
jerk-off Harris. You're harder than
him.

KID

Yeah, maybe. But he's younger.

The inmates are not going to take no for an answer. They
start chanting.

INMATES

Kid! Kid! Kid!

INT. KID'S CELL - NIGHT.

Kid is sitting on his cell bed as if praying, but he is
thinking quietly. He lies down, pulls a blanket over his
body and attempts to sleep.

INT. GOVERNOR RICHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Kid is standing, holding a duffel bag, talking to the Governor.

GOVERNOR RICHARDS
 Congratulations. You made it, Kid.

KID
 Yes Sir. Thanks to you.

GOVERNOR RICHARDS
 Kid, you're free now, so you can call me Steve, right? I must say, it has been a real privilege to know you Kid, and you did as much for me as I did for you.

(beat)

I've got only six months to go until I retire, and I'll be counting every second

(beat)

because, my friend has gone!

Governor Richards steps forward and gives Kid a hug. Initially, Kid is taken aback but then he drops his duffel bag, and returns the hug. The Governor eventually pulls away and turns, hiding the fact that he has tears in his eyes.

GOVERNOR RICHARDS (CONT'D)
 Now go on. Your sister's waiting for you. Be good, and be lucky!

Kid picks up his bag, and looks at the Governor.

KID
 Thanks for everything Sir....sorry, Steve.

Kid leaves the office, with a guard in attendance. The Governor remains, staring at the door.

GOVERNOR RICHARDS
 I'm gonna miss, you Kid Coogan.

EXT/INT. SING SING PRISON GATES/TAXI - SAME DAY

Kid is walking through the prison gates. Lizzie runs to greet her brother. She throws her arms around him, smothering him with kisses. Kid hugs her tight. Eventually they part. Lizzie pulls Kid over to the taxi.

LIZZIE

Come on sweetheart. Fancy a drink?
We've got a little 'do' arranged
for you at the tavern. That's why
Marje isn't here. One of us had to
stay behind, get things organized.

MARKY

I wondered where she was. She's
sweet. I like her, I like her a
lot!

Lizzie settles into the back of the cab, looks at her
brother, then out of the window with a mischievous smile on
her face.

INT. SHAMROCK TAVERN BAR - SAME DAY

Lizzie and Kid are entering the bar. All seems quiet, until
the crowd start chanting.

CROWD

Kid! Kid! Kid!

Kid leans across and kisses Lizzie on the cheek, as Marje
approaches them.

KID

Thanks for everything Liz. I never
would have made it if it hadn't
been for you.

Lizzie squeezes her brother's hand. Marje leans forward and
shyly kisses Kid on the cheek.

LIZZIE

You're home now. That's all that
counts, but Marje...

Kid interrupts. He turns to Marje and takes her hands in
his.

KID

Ah yes, Marje.

(beat)

Marje darling, over the past 15
years, I felt that we were sort of
courting. You know, you coming to
visit me every week, and sharing
stories and stuff.

Marje blushes.

MARJE

That's very sweet of you to say Kid. But really, I enjoyed every minute of it!

KID

Well, I was thinking that maybe it's about time I made an honest woman of you. I love you Marje!

MARJE

You mean?

KID

If you'll have an old con!

Marje squeals with delight, and throws herself into Kid's waiting arms. Many of the crowd applaud and cheer. The happiness is however short lived, as George, Ginger, Brenda, Billy Hudson and Simmons enter the pub. Kid senses the change in mood. He looks over his shoulder and visibly stiffens as the group approach. George takes his usual seat and squints at Kid. He draws Brenda close to him, and speaks in an over-loud voice.

GEORGE

Hey look darlin'. That's Kid Coogan isn't it? Holy shit! It is Kid Coogan. You remember him right? You were a bit sweet on him once, as I recall.

Brenda looks embarrassed. She blushes.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hey Kid, son. Heard you were getting out. Bet you could do with a drink, eh? Marje, set 'em up darlin'.

KID

No thanks. I'll get my own.

Kid looks at Brenda, and nods disdainfully towards George.

KID

Heard you were with him. Quite a catch, huh?

Brenda lowers her eyes. George gets up and puts his arm around Kid.

GEORGE

Oh come on, son. We haven't seen you for years. Don't be like that.

KID

Like what? Like I know you lied to me about my Dad?

(beat)

Y'see, I found out that he never stole money from me.

Billy Hudson looks shocked.

BILLY

What are you saying, Kid?

KID

I'm telling you that Dad didn't take any money for himself. He was saving it for me, in a special account.

BILLY

But...

George interrupts.

GEORGE

But, nothing Billy. That's all in the past.

(beat)

You see, Kid, in life you have to move on. A bit like me. You know, I've moved on since then!

KID

Yeah I know. I saw you on T.V. yesterday.

George smugly puffs his chest out and looks around the bar, seeking admiration from the crowd.

GEORGE

Then you know, I now have the new World Champion.

KID

Yeah, I do. I watched the fight. Not bad.

(beat)

And now, everybody's scared to fight him, right?

GEORGE

Seems that way. That's why I've put up the thirty mill purse.

KID

And that's for anyone, right?

GEORGE

Anyone crazy enough to try! Tony's a killer!

(beat)

Oh sorry Kid. I wasn't thinking.

George turns and smiles at Ginger and Billy. Ginger smirks, but Billy glares back at George.

KID

Well, that's what they said about me, fifteen years ago.

(beat)

And that wasn't true, either!

George is a little annoyed by Kid's comment.

GEORGE

What I mean is, Tony will beat anyone alive today. Guaranteed!

KID

Anyone?

GEORGE

Yes...

George's voice trails off, and he looks suspiciously at Kid.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hang on Kid. You ain't thinking what I think you're thinking?

(beat)

Don't be stupid son. Tony would have defeated you, when you were in your prime, let alone now.

George looks at Billy.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Right Bill? I mean, talk some sense into this old man, will you. I think being away for so long has addled his fuckin' brain.

KID

In that case, if I'm an old man,
you don't have to worry, do you?

GEORGE

Kid, why don't you quit showing
off! It ain't worth it, and by the
way, this ain't the way I do
business!

KID

I'm not showing off. I want a crack
at your boy. The Boxing Commission
never revoked my license, so I can
fight. Just give me a month to sort
things out, and we'll get it on!

The crowd in the pub are beginning to cheer again.

CROWD

Kid! Kid! kid!

George stands up and shouts at the crowd.

GEORGE

Shut the fuck up!

He then turns viciously on Kid.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Are you trying to show me up in my
own place?

KID

Not at all. You're doing a good
enough job of that, yourself.

The crowd laughs again, along with Kid. George glares
around, and the crowd quietens instantly. He loses his
temper with Kid.

GEORGE

All right, you cocky cunt! You're
on! Billy, sort it out!

Billy steps forward, and offers Kid his hand.

BILLY

Kid, I'm so sorry. I didn't know. I
should have never listened to these
fucking idiots. I feel so bad about
Bert.

(beat)

BILLY
 Look, if you're really serious
 about this, I'd like to train you.

Kid smiles, and shakes Billy's hand.

KID
 Just like old times, eh?

BILLY
 Yes son, Just like old times

George is aghast.

GEORGE
 What the fuck are you up to, you
 prick? You work for me, remember?

BILLY
 I just quit!

Billy turns to Kid.

BILLY (CONT'D)
 Now, let me buy you a drink son.
 It'll be the last one 'til after
 the fight. We start training hard
 tomorrow!

The crowd cheer as George and Ginger sweep out of the bar. Brenda lingers for a second, looks at Kid, and then follows the two men from the pub. Lizzie and Marje look at Kid, both worried.

SUPER: FIRST DAY OF TRAINING.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Billy is riding a bike, while Kid runs beside him. Kid is a little out of breath.

KID
 I haven't run this far in fifteen
 years. I forgot how hard it was.

BILLY
 Save your breath, son. We're going
 for another hour, but if you want
 to quit....

Kid looks at Billy, winces and strides out harder. Billy smiles to himself as he catches up to Kid.

SUPER: SIXTH DAY.

INT. BILLY HUDSON'S GYM - DAY

Billy moves Kid from bag work, to pad work, interspersed with sit ups and skipping. Kid looks lean and fit. Billy checks his watch.

BILLY

Time! O.K. son, lets go and have some lunch. Gonna do some sparring later, all right?

KID

Sure Billy. Whatever you say.

SUPER: TWELFTH DAY.

INT. BILLY HUDSON'S GYM - DAY

Kid is sparring. He is easily beating his opponents. Billy looks pleased with Kid's progress, and nods sagely to himself.

SUPER: FIFTEENTH DAY.

INT. BILLY HUDSON'S GYM - DAY

Billy is sitting with Kid, talking. The gym is empty.

BILLY

Right. I've given the boys a few days off, Kid.

KID

Yeah, I can see. Why?

BILLY

Well, they're trying hard, but they're not pushing you. I've got some other lads coming over, and during the next few days, I think they'll give you a much better work-out.

(beat)

Ah. They're here!

Billy rises and goes to welcome four of the BIGGEST MEN (20's), Kid has ever seen. Billy brings the four over to Kid. Right guys, this is Kid Coogan.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You'll be sparring with him for the next week, and watch out, he's a real warrior!

The boxers all shake Kid's hand, and he in turn looks at Billy questioningly.

BILLY (CONT'D)

What? You'll be fine! You need to get in with some big hitters, son. These boys are big, heavy and can hit, like Tony Harris. As I said, they'll give you a good workout. O.K. Kid, gloves on. Colin, your up first.

SUPER: DAY TWENTY

INT. - BILLY HUDSON'S GYM - DAY

Kid's in the ring, sparring with one of the four boxers. Neither man is holding back, but Kid has the upper hand and he is hurting his opponent. Billy checks his watch.

BILLY

Time! O.K. Dave. Out you come. Nick, in you go.

As Dave leaves the ring, Nick climbs in. Kid looks at Billy, tired.

BILLY

Four rounds each man, Kid. Come on, you can do it. We go back to light sparring tomorrow, to save you for the fight. So come on son, give it all you got, right?

Kid nods 'O.K.', and engages Nick.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Kid and Billy are in suits.

BILLY

I've never done this before.

KID

Nor have I. I'm more nervous than before a fight!

BILLY

Are you sure this is the right thing to do? I mean I've heard about people getting involved with things, and then they come true.

KID

You mean, a self-fulfilling prophesy?

BERT

Fuck me. That's it! How'd you know about that? You're quite bright, huh?

KID

You get a lot of time to read in the joint.

(beat)

I know I don't have much, but I want what I've got to go to the people I love.

As Kid finishes, the lawyer TOM BERNSTEIN (45), walks in, carrying a huge folder of documents. Dark suit, white shirt, blue tie, mop of white hair and eye glasses hanging around his neck.

TOM BERNSTEIN

Sorry to keep you waiting gentlemen. Running a bit behind today. Now, Mr. Coogan?

Kid raises his hand, as Bernstein sits down.

TOM BERNSTEIN

Your last will and testament, correct?

MARKY

Yes Sir.

TOM BERNSTEIN

Right. Shall we commence?

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDENS - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Billy is taping Kid's hands, as the dressing room door swings open. George and Ginger swagger in, with Brenda tagging along behind. Kid's head snaps up.

KID
 What the fuck are you dong here,
 Mills?

GEORGE
 Now, now Kid. Save the aggression
 for the ring. I just came by to see
 how you are.
 (beat)
 And ask a question.

KID
 Fuck off Mills. You aren't
 interested in me!

GEORGE
 That's not nice, and not strictly
 true. But if that's your attitude.

George spins on his heel and heads for the door. As he reaches it, he again spins around, dramatically.

GEORGE
 Ah, yes! My question. I just wanted
 to know.
 (beat)
 After the fight.
 (beat)
 Do you want to be put with your
 Mum, or your Dad?

George laughs as Ginger holds the door open for him. Brenda lingers for a second, looks back apologetically, and then leaves. Kid, is off the couch, heading for George.

BILLY
 Hold your horses, son. Once again
 that cock-sucker is getting to you.
 He's not worth it. Remember what
 happened last time?

Kid takes Billy's advice and calms down.

BILLY (CONT'D)
 The best thing you can do, is beat
 the bastard in the ring!

Just then, there's a knock on the door. Billy and Kid look at each other.

BILLY
 Come in.

Lizzie enters, along with Frank, her two daughters and Marje.

KID

I was hoping I would see you before the fight. Thanks so much for coming.

LIZZIE

Did we just see...?

BILLY

Yeah, you did.

LIZZIE

What did he want?

KID

Don't ask. He's just a wind-up!

Lizzie takes Kid's hand.

LIZZIE

We've all come over to wish you luck.

(beat)

But there's one thing I have never told you. Frank knows, but even the girls don't.

Lizzie starts to cry. Frank comforts her and continues.

FRANK

Remember when Lizzie told you in prison about the man in the red scarf?

kid slowly nods 'yes', as he remembers the discussion.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Well, the night your Dad was shot, Ginger Marks disappeared from the bar, for quite a time, and when he got back.....

Lizzie, although sobbing, takes up the story.

LIZZIE

I saw...Ginger...he had a red scarf under his jacket

(beat)

LIZZIE
 I told that cop...Reed
 (beat)
 And that night, I got a call.

She breaks down again. Frank takes over once more.

FRANK
 They got in the house, took Kathy
 from her bed, and gave her a razor
 blade to play with. Lizzie found
 her in the kitchen, covered in
 blood. They said, next time they
 would cut up both the girls. Sorry
 Kid, we were so frightened.

KID
 The bastards! So you think Ginger
 Marks was the shooter?

Lizzie and Frank look at each other, then at Kid. They nod
 "yes", nervously.

BILLY
 Look guys. I'm sorry, I know this
 is important to you all, but we've
 got a big fight in about thirty
 minutes and I need to get Kid
 warmed up.

LIZZIE
 Sorry, Billy, Kid. Come on Frank,
 girls. We need to go.

She kisses her brother on the cheek.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
 Good luck Kid. Don't get hurt. We
 love you!

The two girls hug and kiss Kid. Frank cannot speak. He just
 holds his brother-in-law. Then Marje steps forward.

MARJE
 Good luck Kid. Come back safe to
 me. I love you, and please promise
 me that whatever happens, this will
 be your last fight.

Kid nods "yes". Marje quickly kisses Kid, and the family
 group leave in tears. As they leave, Kid speaks to Billy.

KID

Little does she know, this might be
the last thing I do, let alone my
last fight!

Billy gets annoyed with Kid.

BILLY

If you're gonna think like that,
then what's the fucking point of it
all? Now get your head up, and win
this fight, for your Dad!

As Billy talks, he laces Kid's gloves, tying them tightly,
in anger. He stares deep into Kid's eyes.

BILLY (CONT'D)

We both owe him that, for ever
doubting him.

(beat)

Right, now. Let's get you warmed
up!

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDENS - BOXING RING - SAME NIGHT

The two fighters are in the ring, disrobed. Harris, a huge
man, well muscled black flat top, looks confident. Kid is
trying to stay focussed and looks strong and fit. The
REFEREE (46), calls the men to the ring center. As they make
their way, a COMMENTATOR'S voice is heard over the action

COMMENTATOR (V.O)

This fight has grabbed the whole
world's attention. An ex-convict,
the former U.S. Champion Kid
Coogan, is fighting Tony Harris,
not only for the World
Championship, but also for a huge
purse of thirty million dollars.
This was the offer that Manager and
Promoter, George Mills threw out to
anyone brave enough to take on
Harris, who has hospitalized three
of his opponents, paralyzing one.
Many people think this may be a
mis-match, and looking at the two
men, that may be the case!

REFEREE

O.K. Boys. I want a good clean
fight. I want you to break when I
say 'break'. Any knockdowns, you go

REFEREE

to a neutral corner, and wait for me to tell you to start fighting. Now touch gloves, and best of luck to you both.

The referee signals to the timekeeper, that he is ready.

TIMEKEEPER (O.S.)

Seconds away. Round One.

The bell sounds for the first round. Kid comes out aggressively, but gets caught with everything that Harris throws his way. Billy is screaming at Kid.

BILLY

Get on your bike! Use your feet!

Harris uses his head, punches on the break, leans on, trapping Kid's arms, and generally roughs Kid up. The bell sounds for the end of the round. Kid looks a little groggy as he returns to his corner. Billy gets him to sit down quickly. He removes his mouth shield, and gives him some water.

BILLY

O.K. Deep breaths. Now look Kid. It's no good having a fight yet, he's too strong! Don't get involved. Keep him out there with your jab. He keeps dropping his left hand, so he's prime for a right hook. Come on Kid. Do it!

The bell sounds for Round Two. Kid's family are looking worried. George and his cronies are confident and cocky, as he passes out cigars to everyone.

CUT TO:

Round two is underway. Kid is hanging on the ropes. He's cut, and is receiving a mandatory standing eight count. Lizzie and Marje are now holding each other in fear. The girls can't watch, and Frank looks drained. George and his group are puffing on their cigars, and passing around hip flasks. The bell sounds for the end of the round. Kid, wearily makes his way back to Billy, who already has his cut stick ready. He feverishly works on Kid's cut. While he works, he talks.

BILLY

You're not doing what I said Kid. Why do you want to fight this guy?

BILLY

Out-box him first. Wear him down,
you can have a tear-up later!

KID

But he keeps catching me.

BILLY

Yeah. Because you ain't moving son.
You've gotta move with this one.
Get him chasing you.

Billy manages to stop Kid's cut from bleeding as the bell sounds for the third round. Kid tries to keep out of trouble but still finds he is getting cornered by Harris. At one point Harris pins Kid against the ropes and incessantly reigns punches into his face. Lizzie and Marje are now in tears as the beating continues.

LIZZIE

I can't stand this any more.

MARJE

I know Lizzie. But we can't desert
him now. He needs to know we're
here.

The bell sounds again.

SUPER: ROUND FIVE.

CUT TO:

Kid is taking constant punishment and is knocked to the canvass, for counts of eight. Each time he manages to convince the referee he's able to defend himself. As the bell sounds for the end of the fifth, Lizzie and Marje are calling for the referee to stop the fight. The referee walks over to Kid's corner.

REFEREE

Billy, can he continue?

Billy turns to Kid. Kid's right eye is swollen to closure, his left is cut. As Billy speaks, Kid sees everything in slow motion looking around the arena, as the commentator describes the scene.

COMMENTATOR (V.O)

This is not a fight. This is an
assassination! People said this
would be a mismatch, and so it is.
The best advice Kid Coogan can take

COMMENTATOR (V.O)
 now, is "stay on your stool when
 the bell sounds for the sixth!"

Kid is still looking slowly around the arena. He sees Lizzie and Marje crying, and screaming at Billy to throw in the towel. He looks across and sees George smoking his cigar, swigging on a hip flask and thoroughly enjoying himself. Kid's attention then turns to Ginger. Through the haze, he peers at Ginger, who now appears to have a red scarf around his face! Kid instantly recognizes the man who bumped into him on that fateful night. His head suddenly clears and he can hear Billy.

BILLY
 I'm throwing in the towel Kid. This
 ain't worth dying for!

Kid speaks through swollen and cut lips.

KID
 Billy. No, don't. Give me one more
 round! That's all I ask of you.
 Just one more round. I'm begging
 you.

Billy looks sadly at Kid, puts the towel around his neck and then looks at the referee.

BILLY
 He's all right Ted. He can go
 another round.

REFEREE
 O.K. Billy. If you say so. You know
 your boxer.

The referee signals to the timekeeper and he sounds the bell for round six.

COMMENTATOR (V.O)
 I cannot believe this. Kid Coogan
 is coming out for the sixth round.
 God knows what his corner's
 thinking. Let's just pray that
 Coogan doesn't end up in
 hospital, like all the others!

Kid comes out with a new purpose about him. He circles Harris, and then launches a combination of a jab, a right hook to the body and another to the jaw. Harris goes down. As the referee counts over Harris, Kid dances to a neutral corner. The commentator cuts back in.

COMMENTATOR (V.O)

This is simply extraordinary. Kid Coogan has come out in the sixth round, like a man possessed, and with a tremendous combination, has put Tony Harris on his back, for the first time in his career. Could the unimaginable happen here tonight? Could there be an upset? If so, it will be the biggest upset in boxing history!

Tony Harris gets up, at the count of eight, but is clearly disoriented. The crowd is going crazy. Even Lizzie and the others are up on their feet, screaming at Kid. Harris walks straight into another flurry of hard punches. He goes down again. His corner and George, are screaming at him to get up. This time, he makes it up at the count of nine. The referee wipes Harris's gloves, and looks into his eyes.

REFEREE

You O.K? Want to go on?

Harris nods "yes". The referee steps aside.

REFEREE (CONT'D)

Box on!

Kid now looks as though he wants to kill Harris. He smashes a vicious right hand into Harris's head who drops like a log, but this time, Kid follows Harris down, hitting him until the referee pulls him away, Roughly pushing Kid toward a neutral corner. He then turns his attention to Harris, and picks up the count from the timekeeper. George has made his way to ringside and is screaming like a madman for Harris to get up.

REFEREE

Four, Five...

GEORGE

Get up you fucking shit! Get the fuck up!

George looks at Harris's seconds.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Get him up you fucking morons!
Don't just stand there!

REFEREE

Six, seven....

George climbs onto the apron of the ring and aims a kick at Harris's corner men. He misses, and nearly loses his footing. The referee continues his count.

REFEREE

Nine, ten, you're out!

Kid, Billy and the crowd are going absolutely crazy. The referee, walks across to Kid and raises his hand. The ring fills with security, press, fans and corner men. George enters the ring unnoticed and pushes his way through the melee, heading for Kid. He is busy enjoying the adulation from the crowd, until he is confronted by George, shouting. Nobody takes any notice, until George pulls a gun. Pandemonium breaks out in the ring. People are panicking, throwing themselves through the ropes in a desperate effort to get out of harm's way. Kid stops his celebrating and freezes. Lizzie and Marje watch as the scene unfolds before them.

MARJE

Oh my God, Lizzie! No!

Kid finds his voice.

KID

What's this George? Why?

GEORGE

You think you can fuck with me?
 Fuck with George Mills? You and
 yours never learn do you. Stupidity
 runs in your fuckin' family. Your
 old man tried to fuck me over, so I
 had him put down, like the fuckin'
 dog he was. And now, you're gonna
 get the same, only this time I
 don't need Ginger to do it. I'm
 gonna have the pleasure of doing
 you myself, you fucking asshole!

BILLY

Don't do this George.

George points the gun at Billy.

GEORGE

Stay out of this Hudson, or you'll
 get yours too.

George re-trains the gun on Kid, and pulls the trigger. Kid can only hold his hands up in self-defense, and cringe. The gun does not fire! Kid is frozen to the spot. George shoots

again, then again, but no bullets are fired. Suddenly, Billy attacks George from the side, and lays him out cold with a vicious right to the jaw. Several police officers jump into the ring and pin George to the floor. Marje has struggled through the chaos and has climbed into the ring. She runs to Kid and kisses him.

MARJE

I was so scared for you Kid. All the money in the world isn't worth this. Please keep your promise. I don't want to live in this world any more!

Kid kisses Marje gently on the forehead.

KID

I promise my darling. We don't need this shit!

In the background Ginger is being arrested by the police, and Brenda has made her way over to Lizzie. She stands in front of Lizzie, holding her hand out, fist clenched tight.

BRENDA

Please tell Kid I never meant to harm him, and I'm very sad about your Dad. He was a good man!

Brenda presses something into Lizzie's hand and leaves the stadium. Slightly bewildered, Lizzie opens her hand, and finds six bullets. As Lizzie sadly looks after Brenda, Kid has been hoisted onto his supporters' shoulders, and is being paraded jubilantly around the ring. Marje is standing with Billy, smiling.

CUT TO;

INT. SING SING PRISON - T.V. ROOM - SAME NIGHT

The inmates have been watching the fight and are celebrating, along with the guards. The Governor is standing proudly at the back of the room, looking on.

INMATES

Kid! Kid! Kid!

The fight commentator can barely be heard above the noise.

COMMENTATOR (V.O)

Well Ladies and Gentlemen, this fight was unusual in it's

COMMENTATOR (V.O)
conception, but I have never
witnessed such dramatic scenes
before. Nevertheless, we have a new
World Champion in Kid Coogan, who
is now considerably richer than
when he walked in tonight.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY.

Kid, Marje, Lizzie, her family, and Billy Hudson, have just witnessed a new headstone being placed on Bert's grave. The inscription reads.

"Here lies Bert Coogan. The most honorable and honest man that ever lived. We love you and miss you, Dad." The group slowly make their way to a number of black limosines and pull sedately away.

V.O.

The legend, Kid Coogan kept his promise to Marje, and never fought again. He married Marje and took her and his family to live in the south of France. Kid built Billy Hudson a new gym, where he now trains underprivileged kids. George Mills and Ginger Marks, both received life sentences, and Detective Inspector Simmons was dismissed from the police force, without his pension. Brenda, now lives alone in an apartment in downtown, New York, and every 3 months she receives a check, which pays her rent. The check is always signed, Marje Coogan.

FADE OUT:

THE END.