

GET SOME

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. EVENING CLUB - NIGHT

High profile joint with A-list celebrity flair. The line of eager PATRONS awaiting entrance serpentines down the sidewalk and is backed up like a long intestinal blockage.

Two bouncers, GABE and RANDY, work the velvet rope. They stand, unwavering, their massive build and intimidating stature keeping all the anxious natives at bay except for--

SLAM!

Busting out the front door, with breasts busting out of her dress, is SIMONE, a woman of beguiling curves.

SIMONE

Could you be any more adorable?

At her heels is BRAYDEN ASHER, upper 30's in age and waistline. Women find him cute, cuddly, teddy bearish. And just like a teddy bear, women want to take him to bed.

BRAYDEN

Yes, but then my pants won't fit.

Simone cracks an annoying giggle.

SIMONE

And funny too.

BRAYDEN

These are facts.

Simone pulls him close, squeezes some pudge.

SIMONE

You're so plush and cuddly.  
(whispers hard in his ear)  
Sleeping with you is going to be  
like bangin' a panda bear.

She molests Brayden's ear with her tongue eliciting discomfort more than amorous feelings.

BRAYDEN

Well, then you're in for a real  
treat if you taste like bamboo.

He retaliates, attacking Simone by gnawing on her neck. She giggles and as usual it is annoying.

Over Simone's shoulder, and mid-gnaw, Brayden makes eye contact with Gabe and Randy. They nod in approval. Brayden lobs a wink back, ventures off with Simone in tow.

LIONEL, a random guy in line oozing douche, steps up hard to Gabe and Randy.

LIONEL

You meatsicles letting us in or--

Randy steps up harder. Lionel jumps back, humiliated. Randy returns to his close quarters position at Gabe's side.

Gabe gives Randy a football player style slap on the ass.

GABE

Nice. You keep that line tight.

He slaps Randy's ass again. Then oddly pats it more than slaps it.

GABE

Mm-hmmm. Nice and tight.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Expensive cars and dark shadows fill the lot.

Brayden, with Simone tight at his side, enters the area, his playful suaveness replaced with a profound unease... or gas.

SIMONE

You seemed a whooooole lot more fun a second ago.

Brayden disregards the comment.

BRAYDEN

You said you don't have a boyfriend, right?

SIMONE

Right.

BRAYDEN

Husband?

SIMONE

Nope.

BRAYDEN

Jealous lover?

SIMONE  
 Uh-uh.  
 (then)  
 Welllllll...

BRAYDEN  
 Whaaaaat?

SIMONE  
 My...  
 (whispering loudly)  
 ...d-i-l-d-o...  
 (normal voice)  
 ...is going to be soooo jealous.

She giggles her annoying giggle. Brayden relaxes, giggles.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 Hey, Simone!

Simone pops her head up.

SIMONE  
 Uh-oh.

Brayden, chagrined, seems aware of what will happen next.

BRAYDEN  
 Here we go again.

A BIG DUDE steps out of the shadows, stomps towards Brayden.

BRAYDEN  
 Ohhh, he is a big'un.  
 (to Simone)  
 You said you don't have a  
 boyfriend.

SIMONE  
 Don't. That's my ex-boyfriend.

Simone giggles. Brayden, annoyed, feigns a giggle in return.

EX-BOYFRIEND (BIG DUDE)  
 What're you doing with this lump?

Simone pulls Brayden closer in defiance.

SIMONE  
 Everything I didn't do with you.

BRAYDEN  
 This just got worse.

A BIGGER DUDE steps out from some other shadows. Makes a beeline for Brayden.

BIGGER DUDE

Baby, that ain't happening. I'm about to kick in his chitlins.

BRAYDEN

And now worserer...er.  
(to Simone)  
Ex-husband?

Simone giggles. Brayden mock giggles loudly in her face.

The dudes "Big" and "Bigger" surround Brayden, get uncomfortably close.

Brayden tries to gander past their girth.

EX-HUSBAND (BIGGER DUDE)

Whatcha looking for? There's nobody around to save ya from a knucklin'.

BRAYDEN

There never is. Just checking to see if the jealous...  
(whispering loudly)  
...d-i-l-d-o...  
(normal voice)  
...is going to show up.

Targets the ex-boyfriend.

BRAYDEN

Uhhp, there you are.

Simone's exes sling fists and punch us to...

INT. EVENING CLUB - NIGHT

A foggy glass haze distorts the decor, just blobs and shapes.

It's the view of Brayden, splayed on a couch with frosty mugs held to his eyes. He surveys the club with his beernoculars.

Club is huge: bar, dance area, chandeliers, multiple levels.

The posh establishment is mostly empty except for EMPLOYEES cleaning, some noisy MEN at the bar, and more importantly...

Across from Brayden sits his sister, KAREN MCKINNEY, 35. Her beauty and business acumen are without measure. Unfortunately neither attribute helps her realize she deserves real love.

KAREN

Again?

Brayden gawks at her, his eyes deformed and magnified by the beer mugs.

BRAYDEN

Again.

KAREN

How far did you make it this time?

BRAYDEN

Parking lot.

KAREN

Boyfriend or husband?

BRAYDEN

Ex.

KAREN

Okay, ex-boyfriend or ex-husband?

Brayden pulls the beer mugs from his eyes, reveals two big ole shiners. Kind of resembles the Hamburglar.

BRAYDEN

Both.

Karen belittles him with a snicker.

BRAYDEN

Ha-ha. If you weren't my sister...

KAREN

What? I'd be twitterpated with you like every other female you've ever met in your life?

Brayden reapplies the beer mugs, moans for effect.

Up bounds the angelic RILEY JAYNE, 30's, witty, smart enough to do that really hard kind of math and tough enough to kick asymptotes. In addition, so very pretty.

RILEY

All done for the night, Karen.

Brayden chucks the mugs over his head, straightens up.

KAREN

Everything cleaned up, Ms. Manager?

Brayden's mugs hit the floor somewhere behind him, glass shatters. Riley gives him the stink eye.

RILEY

Mostly.

BRAYDEN

Hey, Riley. How're you?

RILEY

I'm tired, Hamburglar. Tired of everyone putting a boot to your ass all the time.

BRAYDEN

It's alright. I have more ass than they have boots.

RILEY

You do realize that until you start fighting back, you're never going to rub fuzzies with any of the women you so easily pick up?

BRAYDEN

I'm more interested in the woman that's not so easily picked up.

RILEY

In your dreams.

BRAYDEN

You are.

Riley takes pause. There is a chink in her armor. Then...

RILEY

I've told you, we aren't going to happen until you get a pair.

Brayden is deflated. He grabs a handful of cocktail nuts out of a dish on a nearby table, stands.

BRAYDEN

Life isn't about being the toughest guy in the room.

RILEY

I wouldn't care if you were, but I've used single ply toilet paper tougher than you. The generic shit.

BRAYDEN

Fine, but you're missing out.

RILEY  
I don't see it that way.

BRAYDEN  
You will.

RILEY  
Pretty sure I won't.

Brayden tosses the cocktail nuts into his mouth too hard, starts to choke. Muffled gags sputter deep in his gullet.

RILEY  
You alright there or do we need to use the Heinielick Maneuver on you?

Brayden waves her off, quickly hustles away with all manner of sloppy gurgles and gobbles chortling out his yap.

Riley and Karen, slightly disgusted, watch him split. Then...

KAREN  
He likes you so much.

RILEY  
I know.

Somewhere in the distance Brayden coughs up a phlegmy chunk.

KAREN  
If he lives are you ever going to give him a chance?

Riley plops onto the couch exactly where Brayden was sitting, traces the impression of his ass on the cushion.

RILEY  
I think he's adorable, but if he isn't man enough to take care of himself, how's he going to be man enough to take care of me?

Brayden hacks up a lung that echoes throughout the club startling the remaining employees. Riley just smiles.

RILEY  
And yet still adorable.

KAREN  
So it's not all the women he tries to bed that's keeping you away?



RILEY

Nah. Can't really fault the doof for that. Guys are morons. They can't help themselves, you know?

Karen fixates on the noisy men at the bar.

KAREN

Unfortunately.

RILEY

Not like he's actually getting them in bed. Almost feel sorry for him.

Karen snaps back to life.

KAREN

Don't you dare. Not for a second. That dink nailed almost every one of my friends in high school.

RILEY

Shut up! You serious?

KAREN

I stopped having slumber parties when he started calling them his "lumber parties". Little turd even diddled my cheer coach at school.

RILEY

Holy hell. Anybody find out?

KAREN

Our school janitor saw it happen.

RILEY

And didn't stop them?

KAREN

He was too busy finishing first.

RILEY

Ewww.

KAREN

It wasn't until a bucket of years later that things went south for him.

RILEY

How do you mean?

Karen stares blankly at the noisy men again.

The men are in a semicircle around one guy holding court, BEN MCKINNEY, the alpha male. If you squint he looks like Fabio. Currently he is squeezing imaginary boobies. The men laugh.

KAREN

He made a beautiful speech at my wedding about wanting to fall in love and get married like I did. It was real sweet. Made everyone cry.

(beat)

Then he had sex with two of my bridesmaids, in my honeymoon suite. Since then, call it bad karma, he gets whooped-on whenever he finds someone willing to swap secretions.

Riley follows Karen's gaze, sees Ben and posse at the bar.

RILEY

Seriously? Why does he come here? You got this place in the split.

KAREN

Ben promised me a civil divorce as long as he could still come here.

RILEY

Because this is were he hooks up with all the trash he cheated on you with.

Ben catches Karen looky-looky.

Karen, embarrassed, looks away.

Ben gathers his posse and makes a convoy toward the beauties.

KAREN

We built this place together. I'm sure he just wants to see it succeed, be profitable.

RILEY

Are you making excuses for him?

KAREN

I'm not ready to... I just don't feel like it's my club yet.

From behind, Ben puts his hands on Karen's shoulders.

BEN

That's because just like you, this club will always be mine.

RILEY

Honestly, why do you come here?  
 (eyeballs Ben's posse)  
 And who drove the clown car?

KAREN

He needs to be the center of  
 attention. All eyes on him... and  
 all their hands too.

Ben snuggles in close to Karen's ear. She doesn't pull away.  
 He moistens his lips to whisper sweet nothings and--

Riley belches like a long haul trucker. All eyes on her.

RILEY

Sorry. Lactose intolerant.  
 (re: Ben and posse)  
 Too much cheese upsets my stomach.

JOSH, one of Ben's goons, steps up. His Affliction shirt is  
 bedazzled skulls and extra medium so it hugs his muscles.

JOSH

I don't have any antacid, but...  
 (flexes a bicep)  
 Bang! Got an armful of lactic acid.

He flares his nostrils.

RILEY

For shit's sake. You dorks trained  
 a monkey to drive the clown car?

EXT. EVENING CLUB - NIGHT

Brayden exits the club into aloneness making all manner of  
 grunts to clear the nuts from his throat. He arches his back  
 for leverage, gags for all he is worth.

GABE (O.S.)

Batter up!

Slaps of flesh on flesh permeate the night. Brayden snaps his  
 head up reminiscent of a deer seeing headlights.

BRAYDEN

Gabe?

RANDY (O.S.)

Hit it like you got a pair.

More slaps of flesh accosting flesh.

BRAYDEN

Randy?

He tentatively proceeds to the parking lot for investigation.

GABE (O.S.)

Say you like it.

RANDY (O.S.)

Don't stop now. Jam the long ball.

At the corner of the club Brayden stops, listens. Another fleshy slap abuses his ears.

GABE (O.S.)

You want all the knuckles?

RANDY (O.S.)

No fists. That's too much.

Fleshy slap, grunt, fleshy slap, grunt.

Brayden peaks around the corner and sees...

Randy has a goofy hamster of a guy, FESTES, in a full nelson. Gabe slaps Festes hard across the face and the twisted little bug-eyed cretin gets off on the abuse.

FESTES

Ooooh, daddy likes the sauce.

BRAYDEN

Gabe? Randy? What the shit?

Gabe and Randy pause, but only for a second because...

FESTES

Don't stop now! Curl muh toes!

RANDY

Time for the happy ending. Go yard.

Festes locks eyes with Brayden.

FESTES

Does baby miss daddy?

BRAYDEN

Uhhhh... no.

Gabe slaps Festes with a right... Festes moans. A left... Festes caterwauls, his eyes undressing Brayden. A kidney punch and Festes howls with pleasure.

GABE  
Shot to the working man.

Gabe backhands Festes smack dab in the junk. Festes curls up, his face contorting from sexual gratification.

FESTES  
(mid-orgasm)  
Daddy's home.

Brayden's face is paralyzed.

BRAYDEN  
I should go... now... quickly.

He turns to leave.

GABE  
Hey, hold up. Can you see me and  
Randy for a second?

BRAYDEN  
Nope. Can't see. Gone blind.

Randy drops Festes into a flaccid pile, hustles with Gabe for Brayden.

Gabe grabs Brayden by the shoulder. Brayden whips around, does some awful Kung Fu, freezes in attack position.

GABE  
Really, dude?

RANDY  
You got nothing.

Brayden puffs up to look menacing, but just looks puffy.

Gabe stares blankly. Randy alternates flexing his pecs.

BRAYDEN  
Yeah, I got nothing.

Brayden looks past them towards where they left Festes.

BRAYDEN  
So what was all that jackassery?

GABE  
Not your concern. We need to talk.

RANDY  
We know somebody that can help you.

BRAYDEN  
I don't need any help.

Festes cuts in between them, gets in Brayden's face.

BRAYDEN  
Ahhh!

FESTES  
Relax. Cripes, you are a wuss.

Festes reaches down into the front of his pants, starts digging around. Brayden jumps back, throws his hands up.

BRAYDEN  
Guys, he's drilling deep here.

Gabe grabs Festes hard, yanks him back even harder.

FESTES  
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Ease up there.  
Love your spunk, but boom down.

Festes pulls a big wad of cash from his pants, peels off a few moist hundreds, gives them to Gabe. Peels off a few hundred more and gives them to Randy. They count it.

FESTES  
For services rendered. And now...

Festes gets disrespectfully close to a still frozen Brayden and puts a hundred dollar bill in his raised hand.

Brayden is too afraid to move or grab it, but doesn't have to because it sticks to his palm.

Festes creeps in closer to Brayden's face, their lips near touching, and mauls him with a long, deep, passionate Eskimo Kiss. Before taking his leave he mashes noses and...

FESTES  
Ich liebe dich.

BRAYDEN  
Oooh, god, what's that? What did he say? Am I going to die?

Brayden shakes his hand to get the C-note unstuck. Doesn't budge. Blows on it real hard. Same result. Flails wildly until it breaks loose. He sets his sights on Gabe and Randy.

Gabe and Randy finish counting their cash. They smile at each other and turn to a disapproving Brayden.

RANDY

What? It's a down economy.

BRAYDEN

Guys, I need help.

GABE

You need Leo. And to be honest, Leo needs your help even more.

BRAYDEN

What's a Leo?

INT. LEO'S MMA GYM - DAY

GYM RATS are working over the equipment: heavy bags, speed bags, Airdynes, wrestling dummies. Sweat and Gatorade flow.

Gathered around a boxing ring are Gabe, Randy, and Brayden. Gabe and Randy sport matching shorty shorts. Brayden models baggy sweats, stares slack jawed at the action in the ring.

GABE

That's a Leo. Leopold Carlson.

A HULKING MAN, brick house thick with pads from head to toe, is in the ring getting pulverized by...

LEOPOLD CARLSON, no pads, only boxing gloves covering fists that have punched more beef than the USDA. Leopold is a carved mass of formidable muscle, akin to a stoic Roman statue outside the Colosseum which makes his age XXXVish.

BRAYDEN

He looks kinda... tough.

GABE

Kinda tough? He punched me so hard once I had mud butt for a week.

RANDY

With a side of ring burn.

Hulking Man takes a combination, swings wildly, misses, takes a hard punch to the bread basket and cringes as does Brayden.

BRAYDEN

Oooh, sweet breads.

Leo drops his hands. Hulking Man moves in swinging. Leo easily dodges the first few punches then gets grazed with a head and body shot. Doesn't faze him, waves Hulking Man on.

GABE

Hey, Leo!

Leo looks, lowers his defences, absorbs a heavy cheap shot in the jaw from Hulking Man and drops to one knee. He looks up with flinty eyes. Hulking Man backs up in surrender.

HULKING MAN

Ohhh, man... Leo, I'm sorry.

Leo rips off his gloves, stalks towards him.

HULKING MAN

Please, Leo, I am so sorry.

Leo throws open his arms. Hulking Man flinches. One big step forward and Leo wraps him up in a bear hug, smiles.

LEO

Now that's how you throw a punch!

Hulking Man fakes a smile, nods unconfident in agreement.

HULKING MAN

Thank you?

Leo lets go. Hulking Man drops to a fetal position. Leo heads toward Gabe, suddenly pauses, turns to face the cowering hulk of a man and stops smiling.

LEO

I'll let that cheap shot slide, this time, but don't take my kindness as a sign of weakness.

Hulking Man mumbles a small prayer as Leo heads for Gabe.

Gabe motions at Brayden who is frozen in place. Leo gives Brayden a parting glance.

LEO

Pads.

BRAYDEN

Pads? Pads for fighting?

LEO

No, pads for your lady bits.

BRAYDEN

Shouldn't I warm up first? Maybe hit the stairmaster or treadmill?



LEO  
Are you getting beat up by  
escalators or conveyer belts?

BRAYDEN  
No.

LEO  
Pads!

Brayden bumbles off to find pads. All watch him meander with uncertainty as to which direction he should be headed.

LEO  
How is that going to help me?

GABE  
Trust me. Ladies dig him the most.

LEO  
I don't see it. He's just so...

Brayden's hindquarters are on display, bobbering around in baggy sweats as he fumbles about, searching for pads.

LEO (CONT'D)  
...his ass looks like two baby  
hippos in a sleeping bag fighting  
over a Chicken McNugget.

Brayden, flummoxed, stands at a shelving unit for sparring pads trying to figure out what pads go where. Knee pad on the boob... nope. Shin pad on the arm... nope. Headgear on the groin... negative.

Leo grunts.

GABE  
Don't be scared.

LEO  
I've never been scared in my life.

Brayden falls backward over a sparring dummy. The pads avalanche on top of him from off the shelves. He squirms on his back with the grace of an upended turtle.

LEO  
I've never been so scared in my  
life.

GABE  
Hmm. Thought Weebles only wobbled.

LEO  
Randy, go help the turtle up and  
slap some pads on him. Then just  
slap him.

Randy goes to assist Brayden.

BRAYDEN  
I'm good. Totally got this.

Randy stops. Brayden squirms, digs in deeper and stalls out.

BRAYDEN  
Keep it coming, Randall.

INT. LEO'S MMA GYM - BOXING RING - LATER

Brayden, covered rooster to tooter in pads, sits on a stool in  
a corner of the ring and is flanked by Leo and "STITCH"  
DURAN, cutman extraordinaire.

Leo stuffs Brayden's bratwurst fingers into MMA gloves as  
Stitch toils to get headgear on Brayden's casaba melon head.

LEO  
So you just go to a club or bar,  
any club or bar, and can get any  
woman to leave with you?

BRAYDEN  
Pretty much.

With the MMA gloves on Brayden, Leo turns his attention to  
Stitch struggling with the headgear.

LEO  
But before anything ever happens,  
somebody throws you a beating?

Leo uses a fist to club the headgear onto Brayden causing  
Brayden to go cross-eyed for a spell.

BRAYDEN  
Yah.

LEO  
So why don't you try meeting women  
someplace else? Someplace nice.

BRAYDEN  
Doesn't matter where I go.

STITCH  
Ever try a church?

LEO  
A church. There you go. Who could  
ever get beat up at a church?

Brayden sighs, drops his head and sheepishly raises his hand.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Church is sans parishioners except for a few scattered NUNS  
cleaning up their pews.

At a Holy Water font is MARIA, bathed in stain glass light,  
pious and plain, her shirt undone just enough to reveal a St.  
Peter necklace and an ample offering of her blessings.

She dips her fingers in the Holy Water font. Brayden, out of  
the blue, does the same. Their fingers touch, their eyes  
meet. A moment passes. Maria pulls her fingers out.

BRAYDEN  
I need to confess...

MARIA  
Oh... well, the confessional is--

BRAYDEN  
...that your beauty is immaculate.

Maria blushes, glances around, makes eye contact with a few  
disapproving Nuns.

BRAYDEN  
I'm sorry, am I making you  
uncomfortable?

MARIA  
Oddly, no. Although it would make  
the Sisters happier if you did.

BRAYDEN  
Then let's go drink some coffees,  
see how long we can hold our pee  
and get real uncomfortable.

Maria laughs.

INT. CHURCH - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Brayden and Maria make a pilgrimage toward the front doors.

BRAYDEN

The only reason Adam was created  
first was so that he had a chance  
to get a word in edgewise.

Maria laughs as Brayden reaches to open the door for her.

ANGLE ON THE DOOR HANDLE

as Brayden grabs it and a yardstick shatters his knuckles.

BRAYDEN

Sonofabit--

A FLASH OF YARDSTICK

splintering as it impacts with Brayden's face.

Brayden jumps back, holds his face which muffles his cursing  
and half covers a long red welt the width of a yardstick  
running across it. He freezes upon looking around and seeing

THE SISTERS

have surrounded Brayden and Maria. Two Nuns drop their  
shattered yardsticks, grab hold of Maria, peel her away from  
Brayden and back into church.

Four more Nuns with four more yardsticks circle like sharks.

They attack!

A Nun cracks the back of Brayden's legs, yardstick explodes.  
Brayden blubbers, drops to his knees.

The remaining three Nuns gangster jump him, work him over,  
ripping yardstick across skin.

VARIOUS SHOTS OF JESUS CHRIST IN STAIN GLASS.

WAILS OF PAIN ECHO THROUGHOUT THE CHAMBER.

Yardstick detonates on Brayden's back, shredded wood flies.  
He holds himself up on weary hands and shaky knees.

ONE NUN

yardstick intact, watches her Sisters walk away. She caresses  
her weapon, looks down upon Brayden, gazes at an effigy of  
Jesus on a nearby shelf and chokes up like a major leaguer.

NUN

Forgive me father for I'm about to--

BRAYDEN

Dear god no.

CRACKATOWAH! The final yardstick destroys Brayden's ass.

Brayden bellows a walrus with a tuskache bellow.

The Nun drops her scrap, clasps hands, bows to the effigy of Jesus and almost seems to strut away.

INT. LEO'S MMA GYM - BOXING RING - DAY

A gobsmacked Leo and Stitch still flank Brayden on the stool.

BRAYDEN

Any other bright ideas, professor?

LEO

As a matter of fact...

Leo points to the opposite corner of the ring where

SAMMY

an unimposing, small framed combatant with features obscured by headgear, boxing gloves, shin pads, and an abdominal protector, leaps the ropes and daintily lands on the canvas.

Brayden smiles.

BRAYDEN

Is that who I'm sparring with? The littlun? Oh, it is so on.

LEO

Never judge a person by their size.  
Especially Sammy.

Leo and Stitch share a smirk. They know something.

Sammy does some shadow boxing, all speed and tenacity.

Brayden frowns.

BRAYDEN

Maybe I should have more pads.

LEO

You're fine.

Sammy punches the turnbuckles, attacking them more viciously than George "The Animal" Steele ever did.

BRAYDEN  
 Yep... more pads please.

LEO  
 Heavy flow, huh?

Brayden ponders the comment.

BRAYDEN  
 What's with the tampon jokes? You seem to know an awful lot about that kind of stuff.

Leo uses the Pillsbury Doughboy poke on Brayden.

LEO  
 And you seem to be retaining a lot of water.

BRAYDEN  
 See, that's what I mean.

STITCH  
 How about one of those all women concerts? What man could get beat on picking up chicks at a place where there are only chicks?

Brayden sighs, drops his head and shoots his hand in the air.

EXT. OUTDOOR CONCERT - DAY

A sea of WOMEN sway back and forth to a PIANO PLAYING GIRL on stage singing about dead flowers and lost virginity.

Near the back, overlooking the crowd, sits CUTE CHICK, kind of crunchy, earthy. Sitting on grass is making her legs itch.

Brayden stakes claim to the open area next to her. He begins rolling out a big comfy blanket, looks in her direction, throws her an innocent smile.

BRAYDEN  
 Hi.

CUTE CHICK  
 Hello.

She scratches the back of her legs.

BRAYDEN  
 Would you like to share my blanket?

Cute Chick looks over her shoulder at nothing in particular.

CUTE CHICK  
No, I'm fine, but thanks.

Another bout of scratching.

BRAYDEN  
C'mon. It seats four comfortably.  
Plus there's plenty of trunk space.

A shared laugh. Cute Chick makes her way to the blanket.

CUTE CHICK  
You're very sweet, but don't get  
any ideas.

BRAYDEN  
I'm sorry, all I heard was, "Your  
very sweet butt".

Another laugh. Cute Chick slaps him on the shoulder.

BRAYDEN  
Hey now... are you hitting on me?

A shadow envelops him.

GRUFF WOMAN VOICE (O.S.)  
No she's not, but I am.

Brayden looks up as a fist dents his face.

EXT. OUTDOOR CONCERT - A MOMENT OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS LATER

Brayden's eyes open slowly, roll around disoriented. He tries to move, realizes he can't.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Brayden is wrapped up like a pig in his blanket. He wriggles spastically trying to get free.

LAUGHTER IS HEARD.

Brayden looks up at Cute Chick next to FEMALE BILLY RAY CYRUS... the mulleted 'Achy Breaky Heart' Billy Ray not the quaffed 'Hannah Montana' Billy Ray.

Mulleted Female Billy Ray snorts, plops an arm over Cute Chick's shoulder revealing her overgrown forest of an armpit.

INT. LEO'S MMA GYM - BOXING RING - DAY

Brayden, a sweaty mess from sparring, stumbles backward toward his corner of the ring as Leo and Stitch enter.

Stitch lugs in a water bottle, pail, and stool. He plops the stool down for Brayden. Exhausted, Brayden squats down almost missing it, flails about to keep from falling off.

LEO

You suck.

STITCH

Are you trying to get hit?

Brayden gestures for water. Stitch obliges. Brayden swallows some, spits some. Half the spit water makes it in the bucket while the other half splatters Stitch's arm.

BRAYDEN

Sorry.

STITCH

Yes you are.

LEO

Careful. You get split open with an elbow, Stitch is the only guy here that can keep it from getting ugly.

STITCH

That's it... hit on ugly women.

Brayden sighs, drops his head, throws up some Jazz hands.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A herd of UGLY GALS decrease the property value of a small section of the bar. Nobody has acknowledged their existence.

Brayden struts up.

BRAYDEN

Who wants to do some drinking?

The herd spins in unison and slaps Brayden with their ugly.

BRAYDEN

Who wants to do a lot of drinking?



INT. BAR - SEVERAL DRINKS LATER

Brayden is running a jag, the alcohol has him blissfully oblivious to the homeliness of the ladies that surround him.

BRAYDEN

So which one of you hotties--

Vomit floods his mouth, takes a second to choke it all down.

BRAYDEN

--is dancing with me?

The herd squeals as if their slop trough was just filled.

INT. BAR - SEVERAL SONGS LATER

The gals dance, poorly, lusting after Brayden who jitterbugs in the middle of the herd, thrusting his pelvis, whipping them into a frenzy. Brayden is all smiles.

They paw and claw, vying for his attention. Too many women, not enough Brayden. They violently yank and jerk. Brayden loses a sleeve. His belt follows. Brayden is all frowns.

The gals overwhelm him. He crumbles under a heaving mass of ugly. Brayden screams, the girls over him, grabbing, tearing. His shirt flies, chased by his pants.

It's a feeding frenzy.

With bloodied nose and blackened eye, Brayden sneaks out from beneath the pile. He crawls as fast as his hands and knees can carry him while wearing nothing but boxers and one sock.

INT. LEO'S MMA GYM - BOXING RING - DAY

Leo heads into the ring as does Stitch. Before Stitch can put the stool down an overly tenderized Brayden crashes into the corner and flops on his duff with a hard plastic thud.

LEO

You just sit on your cup?

BRAYDEN

Uh-huh.

LEO

Gonna do anything about that?

BRAYDEN

Nuh-uh.

LEO  
I guess that'll come in handy if  
you poop your wiener.

BRAYDEN  
No room. Already made "big potty"  
in it.

LEO  
How about we try something else?

BRAYDEN  
Yes please.

LEO  
Eat a couple punches.

BRAYDEN  
No thanks.

LEO  
Eat some punches, get in close, tie  
up and get the fight to the ground.

BRAYDEN  
Tie up? You mean, like, hug?

LEO  
No. Hugging makes it sound--

RANDY (O.S.)  
Gabe, you got this!

ON GABE

as he bench presses a ridiculous amount of weight. Randy  
spots him by standing, spread eagle, right over his face.

RANDY  
Big exhale on the push.

Gabe exhales hard blowing a breeze up Randy's shorty shorts.

RANDY  
C'mon you slack-assed, cardio  
bunny, don't bomb out on me.

Gabe barely gets the rep up yet goes for another. Randy  
squats closer to Gabe's face, grabs hold of the bar to help.

The entire gym watches, uncomfortably.

Randy and Gabe finish the rep. Gabe jumps up, full of testosterone. He trades slaps and barks with Randy. They finish big with a high five, fist bump, and titty twisters.

Leo cocks his head like a perplexed dog.

LEO  
I'm confused.

BRAYDEN  
You're the one that trained them.

LEO  
Yeah, to be two of the toughest bouncers around.

BRAYDEN  
Sure. So about this hugging stuff.

LEO  
Tie up. I want you to tie up, get some underhooks and use your weight to get the fight to the ground.

Brayden stands up on wobbly legs.

Stitch sneaks out of the ring as Leo gives Brayden an extra hard, encouraging pat on the back that is more of a push.

Brayden stumbles forward as Leo ducks out between the ropes and turns his attention to Gabe and Randy. Behind him, Brayden crashes face first into the center of the ring.

LEO  
(not paying attention)  
That's it. Good job.

RANDY

is doing seated lat rows. An overtly encouraging Gabe straddles the pull chain so it runs right between his crotch.

Leo cocks his head again.

Randy does a rep, pulling away from Gabe's crotch. On the negative rep Randy heads straight toward Gabe's crotch.

BEHIND LEO

Sammy is helping Brayden up in the ring. Brayden is gassed, leans hard on Sammy.

After an Etch-A-Sketch shake to erase unwanted images, Leo turns to see Brayden hanging on Sammy and gets excited.

LEO

Yes! Underhooks and to the ground!

Brayden, bolstered by Leo's excitement, stumbles around and takes Sammy's back. His hands lock onto Sammy's chest. A confused look scrunches his face.

BRAYDEN

Uhhhhh...

He squeezes Sammy's chest.

SAMMY

(girl's voice)

Get off me, perv!

Sammy's knees buckle under Brayden's weight. They crumple to the canvas, Brayden on top. Sammy grunts like a girl.

BRAYDEN

Uh-oh.

Leo vaults the ropes and into the ring, lands with a thunder clap, storms toward Brayden, gets in his face.

LEO

Get off of my daughter.

INT. LEO'S MMA GYM - BOXING RING - LATER

Brayden, still sporting headgear that squishes his face, is with Leo leaning on the ropes and watching

SAMMY

remove her pads and shelve them. Taking the headgear off makes a long ponytail fall out. Removing the abdominal pad reveals a sixteen year old girl's burgeoning curves.

BRAYDEN

Sorry for, ummm...

LEO

Take your headgear off.

BRAYDEN

You going to punch me?

LEO

Mm-hmm.

BRAYDEN

Hard?

LEO

That's the only way I punch.

Brayden begrudgingly takes his headgear off.

BRAYDEN

Real hard?

Leo tags him clean in the chops. Brayden drops like a sack.

LEO

You tell me and we'll both know.

Brayden moans and rolls a bit, but somehow seems mostly okay.

BRAYDEN

Oh, yap... yap, that's pretty hard.

LEO

I can't punch much harder. You  
blackout at all?

BRAYDEN

(smacks his lips)

I can taste the bottom of my feet.

Leo's attention turns to his daughter.

Sammy reaches down in her shorts, adjusts nonexistent testicles and comes up with an athletic cup.

BRAYDEN

(complaining to self)

Why does this always happen? I try  
to get some action, I get beat up.  
I inadvertently get to second base,  
I get beat up.

LEO

I need your help.

BRAYDEN

And I need your help yet here I am,  
ass kicked as ever.

LEO

I'll make sure that never happens  
again if you help me?

Brayden half sits up.

BRAYDEN

I'm listening.

Leo reaches a hand out. Brayden flinches, drops back down.

LEO

Trust me.

Brayden does, gets helped to his feet.

BRAYDEN

Alright, what's the score?

LEO

Look at my daughter.

Sammy sneaks up on some BRUTE SQUAD looking guys, Ninja style, cups a hand over her butt, farts, leaps onto the back of the biggest brute and holds her fart hand over his nose.

SAMMY

Cup of cheddar!

The big brute can't shake her off. Sammy's body triangle is top notch. The rest of the brute squad is in hysterics.

Brayden chuckles. Leo elbows him hard. Brayden grunts.

BRAYDEN

Yeah, that's not funny.

LEO

Her mother left us when she was little. She has no idea how to act like a lady.

BRAYDEN

I can help with that. According to you I have the right plumbing.

Leo is stone... perhaps afraid to show his desperation.

BRAYDEN

What do you need from me?

LEO

She has no female role models in her life and that's my fault. All I cared about was going to the gym and fighting so all she knows about are gyms and fighting.

BRAYDEN

Yeah, but at least she learned from the best. Gabe and Randy said you never lost a fight.

LEO  
And that's why her mother left.

A moment passes.

BRAYDEN  
Has it been hard raising her?

LEO  
Once upon a time, when I was a  
bouncer, I took a knife in the  
ribs, punctured my lung, hurt like  
hell. I'd rather get in another  
knife fight than have to talk to  
Sammy about her period ever again.

BRAYDEN  
So is this for you or her?

LEO  
Both. To be a better father I need  
to find someone to share my life  
with... someone for Sammy to learn  
from and someone to make me a nicer  
person.

Brayden places a consoling hand on Leo's shoulder.

LEO  
Don't touch me.

Brayden snaps his hand back.

BRAYDEN  
Alrighty.

LEO  
We have a deal?

BRAYDEN  
Yep, absolutely. No touching.

LEO  
No. You teach me how to meet women  
and I teach you how to kick the  
shit out of people.

BRAYDEN  
Deal.

INT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - NIGHT

The club is packed. Mostly with women. It would be wall to wall carpet, but I'm sure they all shaved their naughty bits.

Brayden and Leo survey the lay of the land from the entrance. Brayden is confident, excited. Leo is freaked out, unsure, his head whips about like a sprinkler until he locks onto...

Karen angelically floats toward him.

BRAYDEN  
There she is.

LEO  
Huh?

BRAYDEN  
My sister.

Leo is mesmerized by Karen's beauty.

BRAYDEN  
You alright?

Nothing.

BRAYDEN  
Hey!

Brayden makes a move to backhand Leo in the chest, but Leo instinctively snatches his wrist, locks it up with a twist and a tug, launches an elbow at Brayden, stopping only hairs away from caving his face.

Karen walks up, unsurprised by Brayden's current position.

KAREN  
Isn't this the sort of thing that normally happens to you at the end of the night?

BRAYDEN  
Karen, this is Leo.

Leo is frozen in attack position, stares awkwardly at Karen.

LEO  
Ahhh... ummmm... heyyyyy...

Karen watches him fumble for words a bit, then saves him.

KAREN  
Hello, Leo. I'm Karen.



Karen reaches to shake. Leo's elbow smacks Brayden in the jaw as he quickly reaches out with the wrong hand.

Brayden grunts, bends over.

Leo sees he has the wrong hand extended, quickly yanks it back elbowing Brayden on the head, dumping him onto his back.

With the correct hand, Leo aggressively shakes with Karen.

KAREN  
(wincing in pain)  
Easy there, cowboy.

Leo, embarrassed, drops her hand.

LEO  
Sorry. I, uh...

Karen watches him fumble for words with no intention of saving him.

LEO (CONT'D)  
...I don't... touch women... their  
hands... shake much.

KAREN  
Obviously. Here, let me show you.

Karen takes his hand. Leo automatically makes a fist. Amazed by the size of his fist, she inspects it a bit.

KAREN  
Wow. That's just a big ol' Virginia  
ham now isn't it.

She opens his fist, slides her hand in and gently shakes.

KAREN  
See? Just like that. Nice and easy.

LEO  
Nice and easy. Got it.

KAREN  
So, Leo, how are you?

LEO  
Ahh, little nervous, but good.

Brayden is flat on the ground, rubbing his head.

BRAYDEN  
I'm not. If anyone cares.

Karen and Leo never break eye contact.

LEO  
He falls down a lot.

They share a smile, perfect in the moment.

INT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - LATER

Brayden and Leo sit in a booth devising a game plan.

BRAYDEN  
Okay, you ready for this?

LEO  
No. Had a hard enough time with  
your sister. Where'd she go anyway?

BRAYDEN  
I dunno. Schmoozing V.I.P.'s or  
doing the books or something.

LEO  
Schmooze what? Is that English?

BRAYDEN  
She's running a business here. Who  
knows where she is.

LEO  
She runs this place?

BRAYDEN  
She owns this place.

LEO  
Really?

BRAYDEN  
She's a high-falutin business  
woman.

LEO  
High-falutin?

BRAYDEN  
The highest falutin.

LEO  
Well, that's not intimidating. I  
wanted to apologize for almost  
crushing her hand. She probably  
thinks I'm some dumb palooka.

BRAYDEN  
Probably.

LEO  
(disappointed)  
Oh.

Riley jumps in the booth, crashes into Brayden.

RILEY  
Hey, Brayden. You get a bodyguard  
or are you giving dudes a try?

BRAYDEN  
Leo, this is Riley. Riley, Leo.

RILEY  
Nice to meet you, Leo.

Riley extends a hand. Leo lights up, he knows how to do this.  
He carefully takes Riley's hand in his and gently shakes.

LEO  
Hello, Riley.

Riley's hand is dwarfed in Leo's.

RILEY  
Eesh. Look at the size of that  
mitt. Your poor penis.

Leo blushes.

RILEY  
Although that's a surprisingly  
gentle handshake for such a  
freaky-big hockey goon.

BRAYDEN  
Nice manners.

RILEY  
It's a compliment. Leo, buddy, it's  
a compliment.  
(meant for Brayden)  
You just look like you're probably  
the toughest guy in the room.

BRAYDEN  
I thought it wasn't about being the  
toughest guy in the room?

RILEY  
It's not. Doesn't hurt though.

LEO  
Doesn't help to meet women either.

Riley's interest is piqued.

RILEY  
So what are you guys up to?

BRAYDEN  
Well, Leo and I made a deal... I show him how to get a date and--

RILEY  
And he's going to show you how to get a sack?

BRAYDEN  
That's the rumor.

Riley squeals, slaps Brayden in the face.

RILEY  
Sorry, got excited. Can I help?

BRAYDEN  
Yeah, don't slap me.

Riley slaps him again.

RILEY  
Nope. What else?

BRAYDEN  
You wanna be my sparring partner?

RILEY  
You wanna make sense?

BRAYDEN  
I thought you could help me show Leo how to meet women, but I don't think it's going to work with that stuff all over your face.

Riley rubs at her face.

RILEY  
What stuff.?. where?

Brayden gently caresses Riley's face in various places as he speaks in a soothing and genuine tone.

BRAYDEN

Well, you have some pretty right there and a mess of gorgeous over here. Not to mention all kinds of sexy stuck to these perfect lips.

Riley is bewitched as Brayden traces her lips.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

I couldn't imagine kissing something so caked with beautiful.

Entranced, Riley moves toward Brayden, her eyes inviting.

Brayden moves in slow, gets overly excited and giggles.

RILEY

Ass!

SLAP! Brayden's cheek is five shades of red.

BRAYDEN

Okay, I deserved that, but could you stop slapping the same side.

Riley cocks an eye at Brayden. Brayden cocks an eye at Riley. For one beautiful moment they stare at each other cockeyed.

LEO

You two are annoying. This whole, "will you get together, won't you get together", thing. Screw it.

Leo slides out of the booth, shakes out his arms, throws some rabbit punches. A deep breath and he charges into battle.

RILEY

Motherfuck. What was all that?

BRAYDEN

Train wreck coming.

AT THE BAR

Leo stomps up to VICTIM #1, sitting all alone. She is unnerved by Leo's sudden appearance in her face.

LEO

Excuse me, but I noticed you had some shit on your face.

VICTIM #1

What?

Brayden and Riley watch in horror.

BRAYDEN  
I can't look away.

RILEY  
So wish I had some popcorn.

Leo throws a left hook at Victim #1 stopping just short of her face and points at her cheek. She flinches.

LEO  
You have some pretty here...

He throws a right hook stopping just short of her face and points at her other cheek. She flinches harder.

LEO (CONT'D)  
...some sex there...

He throws a jab up the middle stopping just short of her face and points at her lips. She convulses, knocks over her drink.

LEO (CONT'D)  
...and chunks of cake--

Victim #1 screams, runs away, disappears into the crowd.

Leo, confused, turns to Brayden and Riley looking for a clue.

They throw him a dishonest thumbs up.

INT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - LATER

Brayden and Riley sit in the booth with a rattled Leo.

RILEY  
Just an observation, but you may want to dial down the intensity.

BRAYDEN  
Good observation. Smart observation. It's amazing that your neck can hold up all those brains.

RILEY  
Huh?

Brayden uses both hands to sweetly cup Riley's face.

BRAYDEN

Well, you have this huge, brilliant  
mind parked behind those perfectly  
almond shaped eyes...

Brayden's hands slowly slide down Riley's neck.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

...and it all rests on this long,  
elegant neck.

A shiver tickles Riley's spine. Brayden moves in slow, Rylie  
doesn't.

RILEY

Ass.

SLAP! Same cheek as last.

RILEY

(realizing)  
Oops, sorry.

Slaps his other cheek.

RILEY

Wrong cheek.

Riley's coy smile makes every wrong seem right.

BRAYDEN

You're hankerin' for a spankerin'.

LEO

Annoying!

He jumps up from the booth, repeatedly clenches fists.

BRAYDEN

What's that? What're you doing?

LEO

What?

BRAYDEN

You're picking up women, not  
picking a fight.

LEO

I'm aware. Picking a fight is  
easier.

Leo takes a calming breath, centers himself, harnesses his  
Chi. It doesn't work because he just bull rushes the bar.

RILEY

Damn. Bulldozer in a china shop.

AT THE BAR

VICTIM #2 sits facing the bar. She can see everything going on in the club behind her in a wall mirror.

Leo lurks up behind her, stops a few feet away. He raises his hands to mimic Brayden's sweet face cupping of Riley, but just looks like a crazed strangler.

Victim #2 sees this in the mirror, becomes a little unhinged.

Leo drops his hands, defeated before trying. He turns to Brayden, shrugs his shoulders.

Victim #2 takes the moment to duck out.

Brayden waves Leo on.

Leo bolsters himself, whips around while raising his hands and grabs Victim #2 around the neck on accident. She screams and faints. The club comes to a standstill.

LEO

Ohhhh, shit.

He slowly backs away with his choke hands out. Everyone is watching. Music is still thumping so Leo spontaneously creates the "I just choked a woman unconscious" dance.

INT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - LATER

A bewildered Brayden and Riley occupy the booth with Leo.

RILEY

What is wrong with you?

(to Brayden)

What's wrong with him?

BRAYDEN

So many things.

RILEY

Sorry, Leo, but you are the exact opposite of a chick magnet.

BRAYDEN

He's a chick retardant.

RILEY

He's a Leotardant.



Brayden laughs. Riley smiles, strokes his hand.

Leo smiles serial killerish, mashes Brayden's other hand.

BRAYDEN

(in agony)

Aiiiihhhhhow about we keep it simple  
and work on some fundamentals.

Brayden faces Riley, gives her his full attention.

BRAYDEN

Hey, name's Brayden. It's nice to  
meet you.

He reaches his recently mashed hand out to shake.

RILEY

And it's nice to meet you... Bunion  
was it? How are you doing, Bunion?

She shakes Bunion's recently mashed hand causing more agony.

BRAYDEN

I hurt. All the time it seems.

RILEY

What's wrong?

BRAYDEN

I met Leo.

LEO

Handshake? Really? Your sister  
taught me that an hour ago.

BRAYDEN

Fine then, go...fly...on your own.

Leo slides out of the booth and stands at his full five foot  
fourteen inch height. He spreads his arms, flaps them like a  
bird and smacks a passing Ben Mckinney in the face.

Ben's head snaps back. He shakes it off, checks to make sure  
his posse is behind him and goes at Leo.

BEN

You got a problem?

Brayden poops bricks. Riley seems excited. Leo is unfazed.

LEO

Sorry. Just clowning around.

BEN

So you agree, you're a clown?

In the posse is Josh garbed in gaudy Affliction swag. He blows Riley a kiss. Riley reaches and flips him off instead.

LEO

Listen, pal, I said sorry. Don't do something all of you will regret.

BEN

And you listen to me, pal, I do whatever I want in my club.

LEO

Your club?

Confused, Leo eyes Brayden.

BEN

Yeah, my club.

BRAYDEN

(pleading)

Please don't poke him, please  
don't poke him.

RILEY

(provoking)

Poke him, poke him, poke him!

BEN

Hey! You paying attention here?

Ben pokes Leo in the chest.

BRAYDEN

(disappointed)

He poked him.

RYLIE

(excited)

He poked him!

Leo recoils, every muscle about to explode.

Brayden stretches across the table, grabs Leo's back pockets and yanks hard like he is reeling in a big game fish.

BRAYDEN

C'mon, man. More brake, less balls.

Ben has an opening, cocks a fist, prepares to cheap shot Leo.

Karen grabs his arm.

KAREN

What are you doing?!

BEN

What? He started it.

KAREN

Mature as ever.

(to Leo)

I realize we just met, but I had hoped for more from you.

Leo watches Karen drag Ben away by the arm wishing he was the one she chose to hold onto.

LEO

(to Brayden)

Hands!

BRAYDEN

Nope. Saving lives here.

Leo powers forward dragging Brayden across the table like a jet being catapulted off an aircraft carrier. Brayden runs out of deck, crashes to the ground taking a pocket with him.

Leo forges ahead, disperses Ben's posse with one shove and disappears in the crowd.

Brayden's hand appears gripping Leo's ripped off back pocket. He gives it a little wave in surrender.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Leo hotfoots it with Brayden and Riley playing catch up.

BRAYDEN

C'mon, Leo, wait up.

RILEY

Yeah, slow down. Your panties are going to bunch.

BRAYDEN

Not helping.

Some FRAT GUYS pass a flask and shotgun beers at the side of a new Mercedes. They're loud, obnoxious, but seem interested only in catching a buzz. They pitch their empties into a nearby dumpster.

Leo notices them, stops just as he passes, whips around.

LEO

(to Brayden)

Who was that?

Riley and Brayden stop at the trunk of the Mercedes.

BRAYDEN  
Karen's ex-husband.

LEO  
Ex?

RILEY  
Yes, ex. Although she still seems  
to have some hang-ups for him.

BRAYDEN  
Not helping.

A frat boy throws Brayden a passing glance. Brayden nods sheepishly. Leo notices.

LEO  
And they own the club together?

RILEY  
No. She got it in the divorce, but  
for some stupid reason she can't  
call it hers yet.

Brayden thumps her with his hip.

RILEY  
What? She has some issues. She's a  
smart, successful woman that tried  
everything to save a marriage that  
everyone knew was doomed, but her.  
She'll feel like a failure if she  
stops trying, like she isn't good  
enough for someone to love even if  
that someone is fuckhead Ben.

BRAYDEN  
She is pretty hardheaded.

RILEY  
Women call it "hopeless  
romanticism". Hardheaded is more  
like your boy Leo here.

BRAYDEN  
Nothing harder.

He casts a nervous gander toward the frat boys.

Leo gestures to Riley. She agrees, thumps Brayden with her hip sending him into the Mercedes, his hands slamming the trunk. The car alarm blares, lights strobe.

Brayden meets eyes with PRESCOTT, entitled WASPY frat boy. Prescott lifts his car keys, deactivates the car alarm with its patented "EHH-ERR" sound as Brayden utters...

BRAYDEN

Uh-oh.

PRESCOTT

Fish on.

Prescott gathers his troops, marches them towards Brayden.

Riley and Leo share a satisfying nod.

Brayden removes his hands from the car.

BRAYDEN

Sorry. Didn't mean to... she bumped me... I don't want any trouble.

PRESCOTT

Then maybe you should keep your doggie on a leash.

Riley's honor awaits defending.

BRAYDEN

Hey, guy, no need for name calling.

Riley's honor is unimpressed.

PRESCOTT

I'm sorry.

BRAYDEN

Thank you.

PRESCOTT

Didn't mean to insult your trick.

His preppy cronies guffaw more than laugh. Riley slaps Brayden across the shoulder.

BRAYDEN

Yeah, I'm handling it.

RILEY

No you're not.

BRAYDEN

I'm trying.

RILEY

You're failing.

PRESCOTT

Unlike you, she has fight. It may  
take three roofies to put her down.

Prescott locks on Riley, licks his finger, twirls it around  
and pretends to cram it into an orifice.

Brayden's turn to do something, anything... he doesn't.

RILEY

(to Leo)

Thanks for getting my hopes up.

(to Brayden)

Thanks for nothing.

She walks away, more from Brayden than the insults.

BRAYDEN

Riley, wait.

She doesn't.

BRAYDEN

Would you wait? Please?

RILEY

I'm done waiting.

She disappears around the corner.

With a healthy amount of unease, Prescott sizes up Leo.

PRESCOTT

What's your story?

Leo leans on the trunk of Prescott's Mercedes, holsters his  
fists in his pockets.

LEO

Just here for the show.

This pleases Prescott, his unease flitters away like his  
trust fund. Now it's spotlight on Brayden.

PRESCOTT

Release the hounds.

Brayden snaps his head around to see the frat boys walking  
him down. He backs up in the direction of the dumpster.

BRAYDEN

C'mon, guys, I don't want to fight.

PRESCOTT  
And that's why we do.

BRAYDEN  
Does it have to go down like this?

PRESCOTT  
Maybe if you pushed back we would  
have had second thoughts, but you  
pussed out.

Brayden backs into the dumpster leaving him no place to hide.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)  
So now we have to kick your ass on  
principle.

Brayden digs deep, tries to mean mug, just looks constipated.

BRAYDEN  
Alright, punk, come get some.

PRESCOTT  
Nope, not buying it. Say it deeper.

BRAYDEN  
(deeper)  
Come get some.

PRESCOTT  
Ehh... slower.

BRAYDEN  
(slower)  
Come get some.

PRESCOTT  
Slower and deeper.

BRAYDEN  
(slower and deeper)  
Come get some.

PRESCOTT  
Like Batman.

BRAYDEN  
Batman?

Prescott plows fist to gut dropping Brayden a couple octaves.

BRAYDEN  
(deep & guttural)  
Come get some.

PRESCOTT

Hold him up.

Prescott's cronies grab Brayden's arms, hold him up against the dumpster so he can't get away.

PRESCOTT

Just like every Friday night, huh, boys? Except his breastsesses are a bit larger than our usual victims.

He assaults and peppers Brayden with punches. Ends with a crack to the chops. Brayden takes it in stride.

PRESCOTT

Oh, baby. This mule can take a beating.

The remark doesn't go unnoticed by Leo.

PRESCOTT

Time to swing for the cheap seats.

Prescott puts his weight into slugging Brayden in the jaw. The back of Brayden's head bounces off the dumpster which seems to hurt him more than the punch.

BRAYDEN

Owwah, double dribble.

PRESCOTT

Damn. That should've put him down.

BRAYDEN

Stupid dumpster. Hey, Leo, I found something harder than your head.

PRESCOTT

I think we need an elephant gun.

He grabs a broke in half mop handle from a mish mash of trash piled next to the dumpster, holds it like a Louisville.

PRESCOTT

And just like every Friday, the night is going to end with me forcibly laying some wood.

Leo clears his throat.

Prescott and cronies make stool as Leo postures up, takes his hands out of his pockets and makes a small stance adjustment with big implications.



Prescott quickly ditches the mop handle. Leo leans back against the car, gestures for Prescott to continue.

PRESCOTT  
(confused)  
Uhhh... how about weee... let's  
just grab his hands and feet...

Leo nods in agreement and toward the dumpster.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)  
...and pitch him in the dumpster?

Leo nods in agreement.

The fraternity hefts Brayden up, swings him fro and to, forth and back, aiming for the dumpster.

BRAYDEN  
Leo, buddy?! Helping would be nice!

LEO  
Go...fly...on your own.

The frat boys let go. Brayden flies, graceful as an inebriated Canadian Goose, and crash lands in the dumpster.

Prescott turns and comes face to face with a grimacing Leo.

LEO  
Scram.

The fraternity scrams, double-time.

Leo peeks in the dumpster.

LEO  
Cheater. That wasn't on your own.

Brayden's head pops up from the dumpster, Whac-A-Mole style.

BRAYDEN  
Sorry.

LEO  
Riley is the one you should  
apologize to.

BRAYDEN  
Not you.

Brayden looks down into the dumpster.

BRAYDEN  
 Sorry, man. You alright?  
 (fishes out a wedgie)  
 What did I land on?

Festes, in drag, pops up from the dumpster's bowels.

FESTES  
 Pucker up buttercup.

Brayden yelps, struggles to get out of the dumpster, falls over the side and faceplants the asphalt.

LEO  
 What got into him?

FESTES  
 I dunno.

He smells his thumb, taking in Brayden's essence as Brayden stumbles up and hauls assence, tugging a wedgie as he runs.

LEO  
 Training, seven. Don't be late!

Brayden keeps running and tugging.

Festes, snorting his thumb, stares at Leo long and hard. His free hand disappears below. Leo feels Festes' eyes on him.

LEO  
 What?!

FESTES  
 Ever punch a man's nethers?

Leo slams the dumpster lid closed on his head.

FESTES  
 Love you more.

EXT. LEO'S MMA GYM - MORNING

Brayden rushes to the door one bite into a donut, grabs the door, stops. He looks at the donut, looks at the door, crams the nearly whole Maple Bar into his gob and chokes it down.

INT. LEO'S MMA GYM - SAME

Brayden dashes through the gym with the finest Costco running pants swishing between his thighs. He quickly passes Sammy.

BRAYDEN  
Morning, Sammy.

SAMMY  
Morning, perv.

BRAYDEN  
I deserve that.

Leo stands in the middle of his gym like a superhero with his hands on his hips. Brayden races up. Leo eyes his watch.

LEO  
You're late.

BRAYDEN  
Cut me some slack, man. I had to stop for breakfast. It is the most important meal of the day.

Leo KO's donut crumbs off Brayden's shirt by flicking them with his finger simultaneously inflicting pain on Brayden.

LEO  
Apple fritter?

BRAYDEN  
No!  
(awkward pause)  
Maple Bar.

LEO  
Good thing they make that shirt in bell bottom. Let's go, saddle up.

INT. LEO'S MMA GYM - CONTINUOUS

SHOT OF BRAYDEN

at the speed bag, glistening sweat as cheese does when it's been out in the sun too long. Tries to find a rhythm with his punches, but can't.

Leo, aggravated, puts his index finger to Brayden's forehead, shoves him aside.

A simple stance change and Leo rips the bag with a quickness.

SHOT OF BRAYDEN

on an exercise bike, sweating a bead. Exhausted, Brayden has a cowboy grip on the bike because it is bucking him like the craziest eight second ride.

SHOT OF BRAYDEN

back at the speed bag sweating profusely. Still can't find a rhythm. Looks like a cat pawing at its own reflection in a mirror.

Leo stiff arms Brayden aside and pounds the speed bag with one hand behind his back.

SHOT OF BRAYDEN

at a heavy bag with sweat stains in the shape of the Great Lakes. Leo holds the bag steady. Brayden does some "Beer Barrel Polka" footwork. Leo yawns as Brayden takes a kick at the heavy bag, misses, crashes to the mat.

SHOT OF BRAYDEN

going one more round with the speed bag. Epic failure.

Leo grabs the speed bag, rips it off its hook, proceeds to beat Brayden with it.

SHOT OF BRAYDEN

attached to Leo by a bungee cord. Leo anchors himself as Brayden takes off running, stretching the bungee. Brayden's eyes roll into the back of his head and he passes out, face first onto the floor.

Leo tugs the bungee. Brayden doesn't move. Leo yanks the bungee like a deep sea fisherman. Brayden doesn't move.

Leo unhooks the bungee and it snaps back into Brayden's nut bag. Brayden twitches, turtles up, rolls onto his back.

Leo looks down at Brayden curled in a sweaty heap.

LEO

That's it?

(checks watch)

It's only been twenty minutes.

BRAYDEN

I can't feel my balls.

LEO

Good. I'm sure they could use some time off.

A mocking face is Brayden's reply.

LEO

Don't make that face for too long.

BRAYDEN

Why? It might freeze that way?

LEO

No. I'll punch it.

INT. LEO'S MMA GYM - AT THE FRONT DOOR - DAY

Karen, well put together and turning heads, walks in, sheds name brand sunglasses and addresses a nonplus RECEPTIONIST sporting big Texas hair and has her face in a magazine.

KAREN

Where can I find Leohhhh my...

KAREN'S POV: the entire wall behind the receptionist is plastered with Leopold Carlson fight photos and ornate trophies chronicling his many victories. The shirtless photos of a sweaty Leo peak her interest most of all.

KAREN

Ummm, where can I find Leo?

Without looking up the receptionist points to the front door.

KAREN

That's the front door.

The receptionist points in the other direction.

KAREN

Your parents must be so proud.

She walks away, but not before sneaking one more quick peak at the titillating Leo collage.

INT. LEO'S MMA GYM - MOMENTS LATER

Karen, completely out of place, walks around looking for Leo.

A barefooted Sammy, with rat nest hair, wrinkled tee shirt and shorts, approaches Karen.

SAMMY

Something I can help you with?

Sammy stares at Karen, in awe of her beauty. Karen is aware of the attention.

KAREN

No, I'm okay. Thank you though.

SAMMY

You sure you're not lost? We don't really get a lot of people in here that look like you.

Sammy glances at Karen's chic peep-toe heels and elegantly painted toenails then at her own bare and calloused feet.

KAREN

Yeah, I see that, but no, I'm okay. I'm just trying to find my brother. I guess he's training here.

SAMMY

Oh, yeah? What's he look like?

KAREN

Ahh... a bit like Winnie the Pooh.

SAMMY

Really? So he's fuzzy all over and has no pants on?

KAREN

Sounds about right.

They smile, enjoying their little back and forth together.

SAMMY

You Karen?

KAREN

I am.

Karen daintily reaches her hand out and Sammy shakes the crap out of it. Karen winces.

KAREN

And you must be Leo's daughter.

SAMMY

Yeah. How'd you know?

KAREN

You have your father's handshake.

SAMMY

Ohhp, sorry.

KAREN

No need to apologize. I also employ two bouncers, Gabe and Randy.

SAMMY

I love them! They are so sweet!

KAREN

I know, right? Well, apparently they trained with your father and after closing last night they told me all about you and him. It's Sammy, right?

SAMMY

Uh-huh.

KAREN

Short for?

SAMMY

Samantha.

KAREN

It's nice to meet you, Samantha.

SAMANTHA

It's nice to meet you, Karen. My dad told me all about you as well.

KAREN

Really?

SAMANTHA

Yep. You want to go see him?

KAREN

(a little too quickly)

Yes.

(playing it cool)

I mean, yeah, sure, if he's not too busy crippling my brother.

Samantha smiles, escorts Karen to her father.

KAREN

So what's up with the receptionist?

SAMANTHA

Oh, my dad hired her... felt sorry for her. She was a ring girl, but the card she picked to whore around the ring with displaying the round number and the actual round number never seemed to match up.

KAREN

You have to be joking?

SAMANTHA

Well, she had round one down like a champ, but by round two things quickly went shithouse.

KAREN

And your dad hired her anyway? That was pretty sweet of him.

SAMANTHA

He may not look it, but he is.

INT. LEO'S MMA GYM - SAME

Leo and Brayden scramble on some wrestling mats. They clinch, jockeying for position. Leo sees Karen coming and shows off with a high level Judo throw that splatters Brayden flat on the mat and puts him in full mount position.

Leo looks up as Karen and Samantha step on the mat.

LEO

Hi.

Karen straightens up, perfect posture, shoulders back, breasts out. Samantha tries to mimic.

KAREN

Hey. How are you?

LEO

Great, but I'm sorry for the trouble last night.

KAREN

No, I should apologize.

BRAYDEN

Yeah, I'm fine. Just going to lay here, take a little nap. Concussion has me a bit sleepy.

KAREN

My ex-husband provoked you.

(meant for Brayden)

You were just standing up for yourself.

Leo posts up on Brayden's chest.

LEO

I still feel bad. Can I do anything to make it up to you?



KAREN

Actually, I'm here to make it up to you. You're a single dad and have your hands full with this one...

(gestures to Samantha)

...and now it also looks like your hands are full of that one.

Karen gestures toward Brayden. Leo realizes he has two big handfuls of Brayden's manchesters. He gives them a squeeze.

BRAYDEN

You're cutting off my circulation. Now I can't feel my balls or feet.

LEO

It's probably just a stroke.

(to Karen)

What did you have in mind?

KAREN

I was wondering if I could steal Samantha?

Samantha lights up.

LEO

Who?

KAREN

Samantha.

LEO

Sammy?

KAREN

No. Samantha.

Leo finally gets it.

LEO

Oh, Samantha.

Brayden spastically wiggles and shimmies trying to buck Leo off, but this isn't Leo's first rodeo.

BRAYDEN

Would you get off?

LEO

(enjoying the ride)

Make me.

BRAYDEN  
Get off, get off, get off.

LEO  
Make me.

Brayden stops struggling.

BRAYDEN  
I can't breathe!

The cry for help is ignored by all.

SAMANTHA  
What are we going to do?

KAREN  
Makeover.

SAMANTHA  
What's that?

KAREN  
You serious?

Leo tries to hide his embarrassment.

KAREN  
Oh, sweetie, challenge accepted.

EXT. OUTDOOR SHOPPING COMPLEX - DAY

Karen and Samantha walk toward a building of the complex whose facia is decorated strictly to entice women in search of beautifying secrets and that other kind of shit they like.

SAMANTHA  
So what's going to happen in there?

KAREN  
Nothing you don't want to happen.

Samantha's attention turns to a CREEPY GUY peeping at them from behind a van.

KAREN  
You seem a little scared.

SAMANTHA  
(to Creepy Guy)  
Hey, window licker, move along!

Creepy Guy disappears from sight.

KAREN

Which is weird for a girl that will pick fights in a parking lot.

SAMANTHA

I know how to act in a fight. I don't know how to act, after this.

KAREN

We don't have to do this. I just wanted to see what it'd be like.  
(realizing what she said)  
For you. What it'd be like for you.

A MOTHER and her TEENAGE DAUGHTER walk out of the spa all shiny and new after a fresh wash and wax.

TEENAGE DAUGHTER

Thanks, Mom. That was great.

The daughter hugs her mother. Over mom's shoulder the daughter catches a shared glance with Samantha, smiles.

SAMANTHA

Okay, I want this. Let's go.

KAREN

Eeek. I'm so excited.

As they proceed into the spa, Samantha reaches out to hold Karen's hand. Karen grabs hold, a grin curls her lips.

SAMANTHA

Don't get too excited. Somebody touches me the wrong way I'll probably sock them in the face.

KAREN

Got it. No bikini wax.

INT. LEO'S MMA GYM - DAY

Leo, eyes shut, sits on a mat in Lotus Position gathering his warrior before battle Zen. Brayden lobs over, hands in wraps.

BRAYDEN

(re: Lotus Position)  
Check you out, crisscross  
applesauce.

Brayden flops down, fights to achieve Lotus Position and loses in ridiculous fashion. He settles for a lazy straddle.

BRAYDEN  
What is that, meditation?

Leo grunts.

BRAYDEN  
What are you meditating?

Leo grunts.

BRAYDEN  
Ooooh, what's her name?

Leo's silence is more intimidating than his grunting.

Brayden unwinds a hand wrap by winding it around the other.

BRAYDEN  
I'm hungry. Let's get lunch.

LEO  
It's only ten-thirty.

BRAYDEN  
Fine, let's get brunch.

LEO  
Sissy La-La's get brunch.

BRAYDEN  
C'mon, there's this joint over  
where Karen took Samantha that  
serves quiche on a placemat made of  
woven bacon. Woven bacon!

LEO  
I don't do quiche.

BRAYDEN  
Then let's just go so we can see  
what Samantha looks like after they  
finish detailing her.

LEO  
Dammit.  
(opens his eyes)  
Let's get brunch.

BRAYDEN  
(child's enthusiasm)  
Yea!

Brayden throws up his hands, victorious, and realizes he has unwrapped one hand by double wrapping the other.

INT. SPA - DAY

Karen and Samantha recline side by side getting pedicures. Karen has a scrub on her face and cucumbers over her eyes. Samantha dips cucumbers in her face scrub and munches them.

SAMANTHA  
You do this a lot?

KAREN  
To some. Not enough in my opinion.

SAMANTHA  
By yourself?

KAREN  
Usually with a friend.

SAMANTHA  
Anybody else?

A moment passes.

KAREN  
No. I don't have any daughters or anything so if not with a friend then I go alone.

SAMANTHA  
Why didn't you have any kids?

KAREN  
The ex didn't want them. Too much responsibility for him. That and he didn't want to see my boobies get saggy or my fanny get fat.

SAMANTHA  
Did you want kids?

A few tears roll out from underneath Karen's cucumbers.

KAREN  
Still do.

EXT. OUTDOOR SHOPPING COMPLEX - PATIO RESTAURANT - DAY

BRUNCH ENTHUSIASTS sit on the patio in the sunshine. The couples seem to be made up mostly of men.

A HOSTESS shows Brayden and Leo to a table. Leo looks around.

LEO  
(under his breath)  
Sissy La-La's.

GABE (O.S.)  
Hey, Brayden... Leo.

RANDY (O.S.)  
Guys, over here.

Gabe and Randy, looking buff as ever, are parked on the same side of a table with a perfect view of the shopping complex courtyard. They wave for Brayden and Leo to join them.

BRAYDEN  
Gentlemen, how's the quiche?

GABE  
Fabulous.

Brayden and Leo take a seat at the table.

RANDY  
What brings you guys out?

LEO  
Karen took my daughter to the spa  
over there.  
(motions)  
Getting her a makeover.

RANDY  
Serious? That's great.

GABE  
Yeah... lucky.

INT. SPA - DAY

Samantha is getting the finishing touches put on her nails.

SAMANTHA  
This is fun, Karen. Thanks.

KAREN  
It only gets better. Next, you get  
to try on clothes.

SAMANTHA  
Really? Maybe a skirt?

KAREN

If that's what you want. What size do you wear?

SAMANTHA

I think most of my tee shirts are smalls.

A moment of realization... these two need each other.

KAREN

Your dad really raised you alone, didn't he?

SAMANTHA

Yep. Just me and my dad.

KAREN

I think he did a pretty good job.

SAMANTHA

Agreed. Although I'd rather get in a knife fight than talk to him about my period ever again.

EXT. OUTDOOR SHOPPING COMPLEX - PATIO RESTAURANT - DAY

The guys are mid-meal.

GABE

So, how goes the training?

Brayden crams a fork full of quiche in his mouth. Leo grunts.

RANDY

So, how goes the dating scene?

Leo crams a fork full of quiche in his mouth. Brayden tries to grunt like Leo, ends up choking on quiche.

Something catches Gabe's attention.

GABE

I thought Karen was with Samantha?

GABE'S POV: Karen and Samantha exit the spa. Samantha is ready for the cover of a magazine.

Leo looks, stares in amazement.

LEO

That is Samantha.

All are awe struck by Samantha's transformation.

ON SAMANTHA

fashion posing for Karen's amusement.

SAMANTHA

Not bad?

KAREN

Very not bad. I can't even begin to tell you how beautiful you look. How do you feel?

SAMANTHA

I'm not sure. Delicate?

BACK ON LEO

sitting silent as the guys do color commentary.

GABE

I bet she smells fantastic.

RANDY

Yeah... like George Michael.

Leo's eyes gloss over.

BRAYDEN

What's going on there?

CREEPY GUY

is prowling between cars, sneaking up on Karen and Samantha. Karen is oblivious as she takes in Samantha.

KAREN

Delicate is good.

Creepy Guy jumps at Karen, grabs her purse, starts to wrestle it from her. Karen will not relent.

KAREN

What the hell, asshole?!

CREEPY GUY

Bitch, gimme the purse!

BRAYDEN

jumps up from his seat.



BRAYDEN  
He's robbing them!

Leo doesn't budge.

LEO  
Relax. Like you would do anything.

Brayden, offended, stands down and watches as

SAMANTHA

in all of her new found beauty, savagely attacks Creepy Guy with an array of brutal fighting techniques and vicious combinations that leave him cowering in a bloody heap of fear and piss.

Karen beams.

KAREN  
Delicate, huh?

Samantha just shrugs her shoulders, looks at her nails.

SAMANTHA  
Ahh, shit.

KAREN  
What's wrong?

SAMANTHA  
Broke a nail.

Karen beams with pride, hugs Samantha.

KAREN  
That's my girl.

Creepy Guy moans. Karen, mid-hug, kicks him in the guts.

SAMANTHA  
Nice.

KAREN  
I teach you some things, you teach me some things.

BACK AT THE RESTAURANT

Leo revels in Samantha's handiwork.

LEO  
That's my girl.

Leo leaps up from the table and heads out leaving Brayden, Gabe, and Randy with jaws agape.

EXT. OUTDOOR SHOPPING COMPLEX - COURTYARD - DAY

SHOPPERS mill about lugging their fresh purchases.

Karen and Samantha converge on the courtyard, spy the guys headed their way. Both light up seeing Leo. Karen exudes a maternal vibe. Samantha transforms into Daddy's Little Girl.

Leo opens his arms wide and smiles even wider.

Samantha runs to him, leaps in his arms. They do a twirl.

Karen watches, a twinkle in her eye.

Samantha hops down, does a twirl of her own.

SAMANTHA  
(re: her makeover)  
What do you think?

LEO  
Absolutely amazing. You destroyed  
that guy. He didn't stand a chance.

Samantha is disappointed. Karen clears her throat, hinting.

LEO  
But, ahh, more importantly, is that  
you... you look...  
(eyes gloss over)  
...you look so beautiful.

That's what she needed to hear.

SAMANTHA  
Really?

LEO  
(trying too hard)  
Absolutely... like a princess.

SAMANTHA  
Okay, dial it back a little, Dad.

LEO  
Oh, thank god.

BRAYDEN  
Seriously, you look great.

SAMANTHA  
 (sincere)  
 Thanks, perv.

BRAYDEN  
 Right. I'm gonna go find an Orange  
 Julius. Anybody, anybody? Wetzels'  
 Pretzels? Huh? No? Nothing? Okay.

He turns to leave, stops.

BRAYDEN  
 Aww, crap.

Everyone sees Ben walking over with a handful of bags from  
 high-end stores. At his side is a nameless, faceless FLOOZIE.

BEN  
 Look what we have here.

All are annoyed by Ben's presence.

GABE  
 I'm over it.

RANDY  
 Moving on.

GABE  
 Leo, Brayden, see you at the club  
 tonight?

BRAYDEN  
 Count on it.

Gabe and Randy leave, but not before Randy sticks out his  
 tongue and blasts Floozie with a Bronx Cheer.

Ben catches Karen and Leo share a look.

BEN  
 (to Floozie)  
 Take these to the car.

Ben hands her all of the bags.

FLOOZIE  
 I thought we--

BEN  
 Stop thinking and go to the car.

Floozie teeter totters away, struggling with every bag as Ben  
 turns his attention to Karen.

BEN  
I need to talk to you.

Karen hesitates... perhaps waiting for Leo to save her.

Leo looks at Ben, dressed casual, but well, ready to model. Looks at himself, his tee shirt, shorts, ready to be washed and does nothing.

KAREN  
Sure, I guess.

Ben leads Karen away from the group.

Samantha sees Leo's face go blank, tries changing his focus.

SAMANTHA  
So you really think I look good?

LEO  
Huh? Oh, yeah. Honey, you look fantastic.

Ben has corralled Karen from the group.

KAREN  
So what do you want?

BEN  
Nothing. Just wanted to see you.

KAREN  
Why do you do this to me?

BEN  
What?

KAREN  
Keep stringing me along like there's a chance our ten years of marriage meant something to you?

She turns to leave. Ben softly grabs her arm.

Leo watches, squashed.

LEO  
I'm heading back to my gym.

SAMANTHA  
I'm coming. The boys are going to piss themselves when they see me.

Leo stops dead, stricken with fear.

LEO

Didn't think about that... boys.

BRAYDEN

Yeah, with a son you just have to worry about one penis, but you have to worry about all of them.

Leo turns to leave and lays a punch into Brayden's shoulder.

BRAYDEN

Owwahokay then, see you later. Stop by my house first. And wear something nice, something that makes you less frightening... maybe accentuates your hips.

Karen watches Leo and Samantha walk away.

Samantha looks back. Ben throws her a flippant wave.

EXT. LEO'S MMA GYM - DAY

Leo, followed by the ravishing Samantha, walks up to the front door, grabs it and pauses. He looks Samantha up and down, sighs the sigh of a defeated father and enters the gym.

INT. LEO'S MMA GYM - SAME

Leo is on high alert. His role is Samantha's body/virginity guard and he is surrounded by the enemy.

And the enemy is many. All heads in the gym turn and gaze upon Samantha as if she walks in slow motion with a breeze from some unknown location blowing her silken hair back.

ENEMY #1

smiles, blows her a kiss.

Leo, acting fast and in one single motion, has him by the arm, twists, spins, and flips him to the ground.

Samantha is still on a slow exotic parade.

ENEMY #2

winks, steps forward.

Leo sweeps the leg sending him into the air then quickly into the ground. Enemy #2 would bounce, but Leo slams foot to chest preventing that.

Samantha continues her catwalk with mouth breathers dropping at her perfectly manicured feet.

ENEMY #3

does the international gesture for "call me".

Leo snags his wrist, makes Enemy #3 punch himself, drops him like a lost call.

Samantha catwalks a few more steps, stops. A NONTHREATENING GUY, Richie Cunningham type, approaches her.

Leo heels, senses no danger.

NONTHREATENING GUY

Wow! You are beautiful.

SAMANTHA

Thanks.

NONTHREATENING GUY

You put the penis in happiness.

Leo cocks a fist as Samantha punches the guy off his feet.

Leo still has one in the chamber. The hulking man that slugged him with a cheap shot walks up.

HULKING MAN

Hey, Leo, crapper needs a plunge.

Leo drops the hammer, lays him out.

INT. LEO'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Papers, random trophies, overstuffed filing cabinets, and a dirty Gi or four adorn Leo's workplace.

Leo throws himself into his desk chair. Samantha plops down in a chair on the opposing side of the desk.

LEO

Is that how it's going to be now?

SAMANTHA

You tell me.

LEO

Tell you what?

SAMANTHA

That had nothing to do with me.

(then)

Alright, maybe a little bit... I mean, look at me. But mostly you're pissed at Karen. You like her.

LEO

Bahhh.

SAMANTHA

You like her and it has you all confused and scared.

LEO

I'm not scared.

SAMANTHA

Karen has you feeling emotions you haven't had in a long time and you are freaking out.

LEO

I'm a little freaked out.

SAMANTHA

I get it. You don't think she would choose you over that douche Ben.

LEO

Emotions suck.

SAMANTHA

No they don't. This is a good thing. But I don't believe punching people will make you feel better.

LEO

It always does.

Samantha disapproves.

LEO

Bahhh.

Samantha pushes a stack of papers off the desk, reaches out and takes Leo's hands.

SAMANTHA

Dad, I like Karen, a lot. I want her in my life and you do too.

LEO

She won't let go of whatever she had with Ben.

SAMANTHA

We deserve her in our life and she deserves us. Fight for her and she will realize you're the better man.

LEO

I don't know. I just... I wouldn't want to lose her, to him.

SAMANTHA

Have you ever lost a fight?

Leo smiles, still seems unsure though.

SAMANTHA

Okay, since everything is a competition with you, we're going to arm wrestle.

Samantha goads him by putting her arm out.

LEO

Bahhh.

SAMANTHA

You win, you can sit here all alone like a lump saying, "Bahhh", but when I win, you squeeze yourself into something pretty and get to Karen's club tonight.

LEO

You'll never win.

Samantha states with no uncertainty...

SAMANTHA

Try me.

Mostly proud, but slightly intimidated, Leo locks hands.

LEO

On three?

SAMANTHA

Whatever, dude.

LEO

You want to count?



SAMANTHA

Well we sure in the hell aren't going to let that ditz you hired to be the receptionist count.

LEO

Yeah, right. Okay, I'll count.

SAMANTHA

Stalling.

LEO

One... two...

Samantha winks. Leo is unsure what to make of it.

LEO

...three.

SAMANTHA

I'm not a virgin.

Leo seizes up. Samantha slams his arm to the desk, jumps up the victor, and splits.

The vapor lock affecting Leo's brain dissipates.

LEO

Ohhhh, that's a messed up joke to play just to win. Right? Sweetie? You were just goofing? Sammy?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Name's Samantha, learn about it.

LEO

That was a joke, right?! Samantha!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, how you doing?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Hey.

LEO

Shit!

Leo catapults his desk, charges to guard Samantha's body/questionable virginity.

INT. BRAYDEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A knock at the front door. Brayden opens it to find a forlorn Leo in his Sunday best: polished combat boots, jeans, and a button up shirt whose color strays south of baby poo'd beets.

BRAYDEN

Eeesh. What's wrong with you?

LEO

Nothing punching somebody in the face wouldn't fix.

BRAYDEN

As long as it ain't mine... again.  
(motions for Leo to enter)  
I find your knuckle hair abrasive.

Leo enters Brayden's well appointed bachelor pad of sports paraphernalia, electronic gizmos, and oversized leather furniture. The centerpiece is a huge entertainment system.

LEO

(re: his clothes)  
Something nice?

BRAYDEN

It's something. Polished your boots  
I see.

LEO

Washed my jeans too.

BRAYDEN

Did ya now?

LEO

Used two fabric softener sheets in the dryer.

BRAYDEN

Won't that make all the difference.

At a plush La-Z-Boy is one TV tray with one cup, one fork, one knife, and one plate with one half eaten steak on it.

Brayden plops into his chair.

BRAYDEN

Make yourself comfortable. I have a call to make.

Leo looks around in awe, remains standing.

Brayden goes speaker phone, punches digits into his cell. Gabe answers on the first ring, his voice heard out loud.

GABE

(on speaker phone)  
Assalaam-I'lllick'um.

BRAYDEN  
What's up, Randy.

GABE  
(on speaker phone)  
It's Gabe a-hole.

BRAYDEN  
Oh, sorry. Hey, is Riley managing  
the place tonight?

GABE  
(on speaker phone)  
Yeah, from behind the bar and in  
between cursing you out.

BRAYDEN  
That's not good.

GABE  
(on speaker phone)  
I don't know what you did, but she  
is heated.

LEO  
More like what you didn't do.

GABE  
(on speaker phone)  
What's that?

BRAYDEN  
Nothing. Thanks for the heads up.

GABE  
(on speaker phone)  
Back in line, shitdip!  
(b.g. murmurs)  
Yeah, that's right, shitdip. You  
are a dip whose ingredients are  
comprised of feces. A turd salsa--

Brayden hangs up.

BRAYDEN  
Ready to go?

LEO  
Why bother?

BRAYDEN  
I need to apologize to Riley.

LEO

What are you going to do?

BRAYDEN

Tell her I'm sorry.

LEO

Let me rephrase the question. What are you going to do?

BRAYDEN

Uhhh... no matter how I answer this I'm going to be wrong aren't I?

LEO

You didn't fight for her. You can't fix that with words.

BRAYDEN

It wouldn't have mattered.

LEO

You're pathetic.

BRAYDEN

I'm pathetic? You can't even approach a woman without looking like a serial killer.

LEO

Maybe if you actually taught me how to approach a women--

BRAYDEN

I have nothing to teach you!  
(the secret is out)  
I'm not afraid of being rejected so I can say all kinds of outlandish shit to women and for some reason it just works.

Leo is too pissed to reply.

BRAYDEN

You don't seem to have any problems jaw-jacking at my sister.  
(poking the bear)  
Yeah, I see how you look at her. Do you think a woman with that much class would be interested in...

Brayden gestures at all of Leo.

LEO

And do you think a strong woman  
like Riley would be interested  
in...

Leo gestures at all of Brayden.

Brayden is out of his seat and facing off with Leo.

BRAYDEN

Maybe if you taught me how to stand  
up for myself and not hit me all--

Leo punches Brayden in the chops, full force. Brayden does a  
"Curly" Howard, stanky leg dance before dropping on his ass.

LEO

And I got nothing to teach you! I'm  
not afraid of getting my ass kicked  
so I'm not afraid of standing up  
for myself. I can't teach that.

Brayden, punch drunk, mumbles in tongues. Then...

BRAYDEN

Why do you hate me?

Leo tries helping him up.

LEO

I don't hate you. C'mon.

Brayden pushes him away.

BRAYDEN

Then why did you punch me?!  
(beat)  
Again!

LEO

Because I had to see for myself.

BRAYDEN

See what?! That I would fall down  
and not fight back? The first fifty  
times you punched me wasn't enough?

LEO

I put everything into that punch  
and all you did was some rubber leg  
kinda thingy... I'm really not sure  
what the hell that was, but that's  
it. What does that tell you?

BRAYDEN

The butch lesbian at that all women concert I went to punches harder.

LEO

No. That you are a wrecking ball.

BRAYDEN

Could you make more better sense?

LEO

I've never seen anyone take so much punishment and just keep rolling.

BRAYDEN

So?

Brayden hands and knees it to his La-Z-Boy.

LEO

The most important thing in a fight isn't knowing how to punch, it's knowing how to take a punch.

BRAYDEN

I don't want to take a punch, but unfortunately people just keep giving them to me!

LEO

Even the toughest guy in the world isn't worth a squirt of piss if he can't take a punch.

BRAYDEN

Would you just leave. My head hurts too much to decipher your riddles.

Brayden hefts himself onto his chair, grabs the half eaten steak and puts it on his Leo blemished eye.

LEO

That's, not... the steak should be--

BRAYDEN

What?!

LEO

Forget it!

(trying to stay calm)

Listen, I'm just telling you that I have never met anybody that can take a punch better than you.

BRAYDEN

And I'm sick of getting punched!  
Ever since I met you I've become  
the world's punching bag!

LEO

That's not my fault! That's yours!  
You've been letting the world beat  
you down and that's not going to  
change until you fight back!

Leo heads for the front door, throws it open and storms out.  
The door knob smashes a hole in the wall lodging itself open.

Brayden throws his steak and stampedes for the door.

BRAYDEN

Whatever, man!

Brayden, cheek and hands covered in steak grease, grabs the  
door knob, tries to slam it closed, but his hands slip off.

BRAYDEN

Yeah, you heard me, whatever!

Grabs knob again, slips off again. Meat lube has no traction.

BRAYDEN

Whatev--  
(still slipping)  
Why can't I do this?

Last attempt. He grabs and squeezes for all he is worth,  
yanks, his grip slips sending him flying back-asswards.

EXT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - NIGHT

The line to get in curls the block. Lionel, still oozing  
douche, is in pole position and very excited about that fact.

LIONEL

I'm next.  
(to anyone listening)  
I'm next.

Gabe and Randy are in bouncer mode. They cast him a glance.

LIONEL

I am next.

Brayden walks right by, slaps fives with Gabe and Randy.

GABE  
Good luck with Riley.

BRAYDEN  
Thanks.

RANDY  
You're going to need it.

Brayden pauses, his shoulders go slack.

BRAYDEN  
That bad?

GABE  
Nah. Worse.

Brayden sucks it up, enters the club.

Lionel is now next to get in... again.

LIONEL  
Okay, now I'm next.  
(to anyone listening)  
I'm next.

INT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - SAME

Brayden approaches the bar. Riley is behind it slinging drinks to the thirsty masses.

BRAYDEN  
Hey, Riley.

Riley doesn't even look.

RILEY  
Take a seat. I wouldn't want you to have to stand up.

BRAYDEN  
I don't want to sit. I want to apologize.

RILEY  
Sit!

Brayden quickly sits.

BRAYDEN  
Can I just have a second? Please.



RILEY  
Doesn't waiting for someone suck?

She walks to the other end of the bar.

Brayden, full of nervous energy, spins his bar stool and comes face to face with Simone sitting next to him.

SIMONE  
Remember me?

Brayden does and keeps spinning.

EXT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - NIGHT

A focused and determined Leo walks right past Lionel still in front of the line.

LIONEL  
C'mon!

Leo stops to bump fists with Gabe and Randy.

GABE  
You alright, man?

LEO  
Is Karen inside?

GABE  
Yeah. So is Brayden.

LEO  
Don't care. Is Ben in there?

RANDY  
Are we going to have trouble?

LEO  
His buddies are with him, huh?

RANDY  
Leo.?.

LEO  
I'm just here for Karen. I don't want to cause any trouble.

GABE  
You don't want to cause any trouble? Yeah, he's not alright.  
(to Randy)  
Take his temperature.

RANDY  
You take his temperature.

GABE  
I'll take your temperature.

Leo has had enough, heads into the club.

RANDY  
Orally?

GABE  
Rectally.

RANDY  
Tease.

Lionel closes his eyes, repeats a mantra.

LIONEL  
I will be next. I will be next.

No he won't.

INT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - SAME

Leo walks in, peruses the crowd looking for Karen. He catches a glance from Brayden still waiting at the bar, disregards him, moves into the crowd.

Brayden spins his stool away from Leo, but unfortunately back toward Simone.

SIMONE  
We were going to do stuff.

She giggles her annoying giggle. Brayden spins the other way.

INT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - CONTINUOUS

In the deeper, darker recesses of the club, Leo searches for Karen. He locks onto someone.

LEO'S POV: a woman from behind with legs for days and hips that sports car curves are designed after... Karen!

Karen turns slightly as a crowd disperses nearby revealing her to be with Ben at her side and the posse at his.

Leo takes a breath enhancing his calm and starts for Karen.

Over Karen's shoulder, Ben sees Leo coming, puts his arm around Karen to keep her from turning.

BEN

I think you should repaint if you want to bring in more customers.

KAREN

What? I like the colors in here.

Ben gives her an overly affectionate squeeze.

BEN

But you can do better.

Leo stops abruptly. He can't believe what he is seeing.

KAREN

I think it's time you let go of me.

Ben doesn't let go.

INT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Brayden fidgets. Riley pays him no mind while mixing a drink.

BRAYDEN

I'm not leaving.

RILEY

I'm not caring.

BRAYDEN

Please, would you just listen?

Riley performs some hard alcohol acrobatics, half spinning and half juggling the bottles dazzling the crowd. The flurry she ends with sends a stream of booze across Brayden's face.

The crowd watches Brayden lick the alcohol off his lips.

BRAYDEN

Mmmm, tasty. What is that, Rumble Minze? On the house?

Riley looks away.

BRAYDEN

More like on me, am I right?

No laughs from the crowd, just pity.

Prescott gets belly to the bar right next to Brayden.

PRESCOTT  
Are you having trouble with your  
doggie again?

BRAYDEN  
Aww, c'mon, not now.

Prescott whistles at Riley like he is calling a dog.

PRESCOTT  
Hey, poochie-poochie-poochie. Fetch  
me a drink, I'll give you a bone.

Riley's honor awaits defending.

BRAYDEN  
Could you not do this now?

Riley's honor is unimpressed.

PRESCOTT  
Or what?

Brayden is suddenly aware that Prescott is flanked by his  
frat brothers. He's desperate.

BRAYDEN  
C'mon, I'm begging you here. Just  
do me this one favor, man to man.

Prescott grabs Brayden's cheek, gives it a mafia squeeze.

PRESCOTT  
Okay, since I don't see another man  
sitting here, this is what we'll  
do; I won't push your face in...

BRAYDEN  
Thank you.

PRESCOTT  
If Ms. Bartender tends to my bar.

Prescott grabs his crotch. His knucklehead brothers guffaw.

EXT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - NIGHT

Samantha walks with a purpose past the line to get in. Lionel  
watches her strut by. His eye starts twitching. Samantha  
splits Gabe and Randy, slaps them both on the ass.

SAMANTHA  
Nice and tight, boys.

GABE AND RANDY

Mm-hmmm.

Samantha heads into the club.

LIONEL

You're letting her go in?!

GABE

Yeah.

LIONEL

She's not even old enough!

Gabe shrugs his shoulders.

LIONEL

But I'm next! Me!

Gabe and Randy watch him melt down.

LIONEL

Meee.

RANDY

Are you crying?

LIONEL

No!

Yes he is.

INT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Leo boils watching Karen interact with Ben. Then...

LEO

Karen!

Loud music muddies his call. She half hears, starts to look.

Ben grabs Karen's shoulders preventing her from turning. He pulls her down onto a couch, snags a wad of napkins from a nearby table, crams them and his hands into hers.

BEN

These napkins you buy are complete garbage. Feel them.

Leo thinks he is losing the fight, stands frozen in place.

BEN

If you bought better napkins you  
could bring in so many more people.

Ben sees Leo isn't moving. Desperation makes him kiss Karen.

Leo spins on his heels and jets, disappearing from sight.

Karen shoves Ben away.

KAREN

What the hell is wrong with you?

INT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Prescott and crew are still obnoxiously guffawing.

Brayden watches Riley walk away, spins his stool away from  
Prescott and comes face to face with Simone.

SIMONE

Wanna take another crack at it?

BRAYDEN

Sorry, you have the wrong guy.

SIMONE

Weren't the wrong guy last time.

BRAYDEN

That was just a nice way to say  
you're not the right girl.

SIMONE

Dick.

She pushes Brayden making his stool spin toward Prescott.  
Prescott pushes back and the stool picks up speed. They take  
turns pushing and spinning Brayden like a dradle.

Brayden leaps off the stool, lurches and sways in complete  
dizziness. He careens into Josh, spilling Josh's beer onto  
Josh's prized Affliction shirt.

JOSH

Assbag! This is Affliction!

BRAYDEN

Sorry.

JOSH

You are hell and gone from sorry.

Brayden sees Samantha walk by.

SAMANTHA

'Sup, perv? Everything alright?

BRAYDEN

Think I've officially hit bottom.

SAMANTHA

Good. My dad says that's when people are most likely to take a chance on themselves.

She keeps trucking, on a mission. Brayden digests what she said as Josh gets in face.

JOSH

(shaking right fist)  
You want thunder...  
(shaking left fist)  
...lightning...  
(shaking both fists)  
...or the whole storm?

BRAYDEN

Yeah, I'll just take a rain check.

And business as usual, Brayden walks away.

Josh puffs up his chest, looks around to see Prescott paying close attention.

JOSH

What?

PRESCOTT

Probably best you didn't fight him.

JOSH

Why?

PRESCOTT

It's too much like work. He can take a beatin' better than anyone.

Brayden hears this, has an epiphany, stops walking away.

INT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Samantha and Leo meet up in the middle of the club.

SAMANTHA

What are you doing?

LEO  
Giving up.

He tries to move around Samantha, but she gets in his way.

SAMANTHA  
But you don't give up.

LEO  
This hurts more than any fight I've  
ever been in.

He sidesteps. Samantha is right there, allowing no escape.

SAMANTHA  
Fight for her.

Leo makes another move. Samantha slams a hand to his chest.

SAMANTHA  
Fight for me.

With steely eyes, Leo looks at her hand on his chest.

SAMANTHA  
Please fight for me.

Leo slaps Samantha's hand away startling her. She finds no  
console in his eyes.

With one Hulk Hoganesque move, Leo shreds his dress shirt of  
unspeakable color revealing a black, muscle hugging tee.

LEO  
You're pretty amazing.

SAMANTHA  
Somebody else needs to hear that.

LEO  
Thanks for being in my corner. I  
can't tell you how much--

SAMANTHA  
Stalling.

LEO  
Right... sorry. I'm going.

He turns to leave, stops, spins around.

LEO  
What are you doing in here? You're  
not even old enough. Get home.



SAMANTHA

Okay, relax, I'm going.

Leo heads for Karen, stops again, spins around again.

LEO

You're a virgin, right?

SAMANTHA

Really, Dad? Why don't you just announce it to the whole world?

LEO

Thank god.

Once again he heads for Karen.

FOUR SKANKY CHICKS

sit at a nearby table and heard it all. Their combination of pimples, makeup, and sweat give them a glazed appearance like a sticky bun... but not in an appetizing way.

SKANKY CHICK #1

You better listen to daddy and get home little virgin.

SKANKY CHICK #2

Hit the store first and buy some toilet paper so you have something to stuff your training bra with.

Samantha reaches into her pocket, pulls out a hair tie, cinches her locks up in a ponytail.

SAMANTHA

Just like you four skanks, this is going to be real ugly.

INT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Riley watches Brayden walk up to Josh and get in his face.

BRAYDEN

Listen up, toolbox. Unlike you, I don't have any witty threats to make. And by 'witty' I mean 'meathead', so I'm just going to kick your ass...

(points at Prescott)

...and then I'm kicking his ass.

PRESCOTT  
Ohhh, that's a beatin'.

Riley ignores drink requests, her full attention on Brayden.

JOSH  
So what're you gonna do big man?

BRAYDEN  
Let you punch me.

Josh, confused, looks to Prescott. Prescott motions, egging him on.

JOSH  
Okay.

Josh clobbers Brayden in the face. Brayden stumbles back, but takes it in stride. Realizing he is no worse for wear...

BRAYDEN  
That all the heat you got, Sally?

INT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Leo rushes over to Karen, pulls her off the couch and into him, kissing her the way she taught him how to shake hands; slide in and go at it nice and easy. Karen kisses back, hard.

Ben stands, waves for his faux gang, minus Josh, to close in.

Karen and Leo come up for air.

KAREN  
It's about time.

LEO  
Sorry. I've always been a slow starter in fights.

KAREN  
More of a round three or four guy?

LEO  
Yeah.

KAREN  
I could handle two rounds of foreplay.

They are perfect in this moment. Unfortunately--

Ben shoves them apart. His peons surround Leo.

BEN  
Back off. She's mine.

LEO  
She's not yours.

KAREN  
I'm not anybody's.

Leo seems hurt by the remark. Karen gets this.

KAREN  
I mean... I'm yours, but not  
yours-yours. I'm my own woman, not  
like cattle or acreage that farmers  
haggle over.

BEN  
But you're better than him.

KAREN  
And he's better than you.

Leo smiles.

BEN  
Let's just see about that.

His posse hesitantly circles a very nonthreatened Leo.

KAREN  
Don't touch him!

LEO  
Karen, relax, I'm a professional.

Leo is completely outnumbered, but somehow he calms her.

BEN  
Get him.

INT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The sticky bun faced skanks surround Samantha.

SKANKY CHICK #1  
You should have walked. Now you're  
going to be getting home with forty  
fake nails broke off in your  
pretty, little face.

Samantha, whether genetic or instinctual, mimics her father's  
small stance adjustment with big implications.

SAMANTHA  
I don't pull hair.

SKANKY CHICK #2  
What's that?

SAMANTHA  
A warning.

The skanks are unprepared for the answer and the ensuing fight, but thanks to some misplaced optimism...

SKANKY CHICK #1  
Get her.

INT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Brayden and Josh face off, neither breaking eye contact.

BRAYDEN  
You watching, Riley?

Riley climbs on top of the bar.

RILEY  
Abso-fuckin'-lutely. I've been waiting a long time for this so don't disappoint me.

BRAYDEN  
I won't.

RILEY  
You might.

BRAYDEN  
No, I won't.

RILEY  
There's a good chance you will.

Brayden breaks eye contact. Josh clubs him with a hook and immediately gets jackhammered back in the liver. The shot curls Josh up. He stumbles back, fights nausea.

BRAYDEN  
Ha! You see that, Riley?!

RILEY  
It's about time!

Josh verges on regurgitation, spittle seeping between pressed lips. He charges for the latrine.

Brayden, drunk with confidence, challenges the world.

BRAYDEN  
Who's next?

PRESCOTT  
Get him!

BRAYDEN  
Shit.

The frat boys attack with a pledge during Rush Week drubbing.

Brayden eats pound cake, the layers of punishment heaped on, only sneaking a punch in where he can.

Brayden is unwavering, throwing decent combinations. A volley of jabs strafes his body. He retaliates, lands one punch, gets two in retribution. He picks up speed, giving more than receiving, winning the war of attrition... Oops, nevermind...

Prescott and crew thump him all at once. Brayden disappears under the greeks.

SAMANTHA

has one skank latched to her hair, the others limp wringing cheap shots that she skillfully evades, untouchable. She spins into her hair puller, blasts a Muay Thai knee to abdomen freeing herself.

The skanks swarm, their limbs flopping and flailing haphazardly while Samantha is one with her limbs, striking smooth, fluid, like water.

LEO

has his arms locked up by Ben's posse as Ben gives him a clean shot to the washboard. Leo doesn't waver an iota. Ben shares concerned looks with his pissants.

LEO  
(to Karen)  
When I finish up here can we talk?

KAREN  
(flirting)  
Just talk?

Ben swings, Leo looks down. Ben's knuckles meet the crown of Leo's head... knuckles lose.

Leo, still unfazed, smiles at Karen.

LEO  
Can we also talk?

A skirmish bangs aloud from somewhere else in the club.

LEO  
What was that?

Karen peers off in the distance.

KAREN  
I think Brayden is in a fight.  
(excited)  
And I think he's fighting back!

LEO  
It's about time. Better go see if  
he needs some help though.

KAREN  
What about you?

LEO  
Nah, I'm fine.

Ben gut shots Leo, repeatedly. Small grunts are the result.

KAREN  
Really? I could get Gabe or Randy?

LEO  
It's just, what, four guys?  
(counting guys)  
One, two, three, four, five... it's  
only five guys. I'm fine.

Another cacophony of skirmishing bangs away. Karen ganders.

KAREN  
Looks like Samantha is in a fight  
as well.

LEO  
Yeah, so you better go see if  
Brayden needs help.

KAREN  
K. Have fun.

Leo waits for Karen to disappear into what is quickly becoming a rowdy crowd, then...

LEO  
Thank God she finally left.

BEN  
Yeah! Wait... why?

LEO  
She would be afraid of me for the  
rest of her life if she saw what  
I'm about to do.

Still holding Leo, the posse takes a half step back.

BEN  
What are you about to d--

Boot to chest and Ben crumbles. A Houdini escape maneuver  
frees Leo from his handlers.

A quiet breath before bedlam.

Leo unleashes a buffet of martial arts, driving pinpoint  
fists to face, brutal knees to stomachs, attacking with Bruce  
Lee precision and Viking savagery.

The posse fights more for survival than to inflict damage.

Judo sends one guy into a nearby table... drinks fly... a guy  
at that table falls back into a guy at a different table...

Chain of events and a whole new fight breaks out.

Leo notices the unintentional fight he started as Festes goes  
running by at top speed.

FESTES  
Jackpot!

Festes dives head first into the fray and gets hammered on.

SAMANTHA

is the calm eye in a whirlwind storm of skank flying all  
around. They attack, trying to claw, trying to kick. Samantha  
flows effortless, avoiding any damage, a ballet of self  
defense.

Skanky Chick #1 coils up, prepares to attack. Samantha drops  
her hands.

SKANKY CHICK #1  
Think you're tough, huh? Lets see  
how tough you are with a six inch  
heel in yo' face.

SAMANTHA

Please don't. You're only going to hurt yourself.

Warning not headed. The kick doesn't make it higher than Samantha's torso. Skanky Chick #1 grabs her hamstring, crumbles to the floor wailing in pain.

Another skank sees an opening, attacks. One patented Leopold Carlson Judo throw sends her flying face first into the crotch of a PRETTY BOY sitting in a nearby chair.

PRETTY BOY'S GIRLFRIEND is none to pleased.

PRETTY BOY'S GIRLFRIEND

Oh, hooker, you didn't.

Threats fly, hair is grabbed, domino effect and another fight breaks out.

BRAYDEN

is devoured under the frat boys blitzkrieg. He drills elbows to make space, rabbit punches to retaliate, struggling to get to his feet.

Frat boys are unrelenting. Knees to body and Brayden crashes back to floor.

Karen jumps up on the bar next to Riley.

KAREN

So, how you doing?

RILEY

Better than your club.

They both scan the club as brawls break out like wildfires.

- a PERSON is lobbed over and behind the bar.

- a DIFFERENT PERSON is lobbed over the bar from behind it.

- some POOR LUG is punched off the balcony, flips and twists as he drops, obliterating a table on impact.

Karen and Riley take in the ridiculousness of the Benny Hill choreographed, old western style saloon fight that has befallen this once civil establishment.

- Scantily clad WOMEN inflict bloody noses and split lips during a violent, decorative throw pillow scrimmage.



- a sherman tank of a GAL hefts a chair to clobber an UNSUSPECTING DUDE fighting ANOTHER DUDE, but snags the chair on a chandelier and rips it from the ceiling burying herself.

- A serving tray flies by like a frisbee.

Karen's club needs an exorcism.

KAREN  
Where did Brayden go?

RILEY  
(gestures)  
Under that mess.

KAREN  
Are you serious? How's he doing?

RILEY  
Eeh... but he is standing up for himself. Small victory there.

One massive thrust of arms and legs send all of Brayden's attackers flying. Brayden stands, bellowing.

BRAYDEN  
Arrrghhhiam a wrecking ball!

Riley and Karen just laugh at him, killing his buzz.

BRAYDEN  
Awww, c'mon, that was my moment.

CRACK! He takes one in the puss from Prescott, shakes it off.

RILEY  
Just because you can take a punch doesn't mean you should.

BRAYDEN  
Got it.

RILEY  
Pretty sure you don't.

Brayden pastes Prescott with a combination that sends Prescott lurching back into an entirely different FRATERNITY set up in a corner of the club not yet stricken with battle.

Prescott comes up seething at the other fraternity.

PRESCOTT  
Delta house.

Delta House seethes back.

DELTA HOUSE  
Omega House.

PRESCOTT  
Omegas!

Delta House jumps him. Prescott's Omegas run over and yet another fight breaks out.

Brayden watches his combatants take up the new battle as Festes, a skosh battered and bloodied, runs by at top speed.

FESTES  
I'm a pretty butterfly!

He dives head first into the scrum and takes another beating.

Josh taps Brayden on the shoulder.

JOSH  
Nice liver shot, but my ass isn't kicked yet.

BRAYDEN  
Are you sure? 'Cause your breath kinda smells like someone kicked your ass up into your mouth.

EXT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Sounds of the ruckus inside make their way outside getting the attention of Gabe, Randy, and all in line.

GABE  
I thought Leo didn't want to cause any trouble tonight?

More sounds of mayhem explode inside the club.

RANDY  
We should probably check that out.

GABE  
Probably.

They don't.

INT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Leo is a smashing machine, throwing devastating blows, bodies rushing from all directions levied by superior force.

Suddenly Leo is graceful, uses his opponents' force against them. Sends one skittering across the floor with a simple flip of the wrist and hip.

Ben gathers up two of his lackeys, takes a huddle.

BEN

Okay, I'm pretty sure, that maybe together, we can probably take him out... I think. So let's try to do this!

Ben and goons charge. Leo hefts a table, charges back like a berserk front end loader... A COLLISION!. the three stooges are overwhelmed. Leo backs them all up.

LEO

I used to be a bouncer...

He struggles, but continues backing them up until they are tight against a railing that keeps drunkards from falling to the dance floor below.

LEO (CONT'D)

...so let's see if I can get the three of you to bounce.

One final heave! Leo sends Ben and goons over the railing, falling down to the dance floor, not bouncing as they land.

LEO

Nope.

Leo drops his table over the railing and heads for the bar.

EXT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - CONTINUOUS

A concussive explosion inside startles those waiting in line enough that some leave, others share apprehensive glances.

RANDY

That one's gonna be hard to ignore.

GABE

Yeah.

They ignore it.

INT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Samantha is down to her last skanky chick... #2. They circle. Skanky Chick #2 attacks with slaps more than punches. Samantha dodges, blocks, reminiscent of swatting mosquitos.

Skanky Chick #2 backs up, takes a labored breather.

Another volley. Samantha locks up her arms, puts hip to torso, flops her to the ground next to fellow Skanky Chick #1 who is massaging out her hamstring.

Skanky Chick #2 sits on her duff, exhausted, breathing heavy.

SAMANTHA

You're probably wishing that all I did was pull your hair like most girls do in a fight.

SKANKY CHICK #2

Where did you learn all of that?

SAMANTHA

My dad's gym. We workout every day if you're interested.

SKANKY CHICK #1

Is that how you stay so thin?

SAMANTHA

Yep. You two should swing by.

SKANKY CHICK #1

Totally. I'd love to check it out.

SKANKY CHICK #2

Yeah, that stripper pole workout isn't doing all it promised.

SAMANTHA

Alright then, I'll be looking for you. Hope that hammie gets better.

SKANKY CHICK #1

Aww, thanks. You're so sweet.

Samantha heads for the bar.

BRAYDEN

and Josh circle each other, neither making the first move.

BRAYDEN

From here on out you're going to show my girlfriend some respect.

(to Riley)

Will you be my girlfriend?

RILEY

Nuh-ah. Mom says boys have cooties.

BRAYDEN

C'mon, please? I'm about to get in yet another fight for you.

RILEY

I can't have that on my conscience.

Riley jumps off the bar, heads straight for Josh.

Josh sees her coming, begins gesticulating in a manner he incorrectly believes to be sexy.

JOSH

Nice. Little missy wants some of--

Riley keelhauls him upside the head knocking him out. Brayden looks at Josh, then Riley, then Josh and back to Riley.

BRAYDEN

Could you have done that at any time?

RILEY

Yep.

BRAYDEN

So you were just testing me?

RILEY

Yep.

BRAYDEN

Don't know how I feel about that.

RILEY

Don't care.

Riley kisses him. Brayden knows how he feels about that and kisses back.

The dueling fraternities' fracas nearby interrupts them.

BRAYDEN

Let's go find a shady spot.

RILEY

Follow me.

She grabs Brayden's hand, pulls him toward the bar.

EXT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The rumbling brouhaha inside has those in line outside fleeing like rats from a sinking ship.

GABE

That's not stopping, is it?

RANDY

Not so much.

The exterior walls reverberate with a thunderous chaos.

GABE

Okay, let's get on the clock.

They hustle into the club leaving Lionel all by himself.

Lionel looks around, realizes he is the line.

INT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Gabe and Randy enter mad as hell and short circuit, overloaded by the fact that the entire club needs to be bounced, unable to comprehend a plan to tame the writhing sea of move and countering move, punch and countering punch before them.

They watch Leo and Samantha appear from the fisticuffs whirlpool and mountaineer upended stools onto the bar, taking refuge next to Karen, Riley, and Brayden.

Randy motions to the safe haven. Gabe savvies. They head for the bar.

AT THE BAR

Gabe and Randy pile on top, join the rest of the gang. All exchange various pleasantries: "Welcome to the party", "It's about time", "I have to pee", then...

GABE

How the hell did all of this start?

KAREN

Better yet, how do we make it stop?

EXT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Lionel is alone and properly waiting behind the velvet rope.

Sounds of Mount Olympus collapsing shake the ground, then all falls silent.

Lionel sneaks past the velvet rope and pussy foots for the front door like he is trying to get away with something even though nobody is watching.

INT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Lionel enters and stands unimpressed.

Discord has ceased. Bodies lay peacefully scattered in heaps and mounds. An occasional moan is heard. A head or three pop up and duck back down in Meerkat Manor fashion.

ON THE BAR

stands the whole gang with shock splattered over their pale faces as if they just survived a bomb going off.

BRAYDEN

Did you guys see that?

RILEY

What the hell just happened?

BRAYDEN

I don't know, but I'm scared.

LEO

Holy...

SAMANTHA

...shit.

KAREN

Samantha, language.

The last intact chandelier breaks loose from the ceiling, plummets to the ground and shatters into a million pieces.

KAREN

Holy shit.

Brayden feels himself up, checking for damage.

BRAYDEN

We're okay, right?

RILEY

I think so.

BRAYDEN

Everybody okay?

Everybody chimes in with a status update: "Yeah", "Somebody punched my ear", "Seem to be", "Mostly", "I peed".

BRAYDEN

We're okay!

The gang celebrates whatever catastrophe they just survived with hoots and hollers.

Brayden wraps Riley up, sneaks a kiss. He turns to see Leo embracing Karen and Samantha... picture perfect. Brayden and Leo smile then turn to see Gabe and Randy deep in a makeout session, the buff beefeaters powerlifting each others face.

LEO

Ahhh.!.  
(finally realizes they're

gay... big muscly gay)

...ohhhh.

LIONEL

This club is a dump!

Karen, offended, chastises Lionel from up on high.

KAREN

Hey.!. this club may be a dump, but  
it is my dump.

LIONEL

Sorry... jeez.

(one more look around)

I waited in line for this.

He exits, unimpressed.

LEO

(to Karen)

Will your insurance be covering  
your dump?

KAREN

I don't know. They cover acts of  
god, but I don't think they cover  
acts of goddamn.

Festes, his face battered and looking like a big spaghetti smear, appears at Karen's side startling her.



KAREN

Ahhhh!

FESTES

Best night ever.

He starts digging deep in his pants.

KAREN

Ewww. What's he doing?

BRAYDEN

C'mon, buddy, knock it off.

FESTES

Quiet you.

A mound of wrinkled and soggy hundred dollar bills pour out of Festes' pants as he removes a business card and hands it to Karen. Festes is suddenly all corporate.

FESTES

I am owner and president of the largest contracting firm in the tri-state area. I guarantee your doors open for business in one week or I'll cover all lost profits retroactive to today.

KAREN

At what cost to me?

FESTES

Never you mind.

He snorts, yanks up his trousers and falls off the bar more than jumps off it.

EXT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - NIGHT

Lionel exits, hysterically throwing out Yosemite Sam grumblings as he disappears into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - MORNING

Karen and Leo walk hand in hand up to the front doors.

LEO

Why are we here so early again?

KAREN

To see if I can salvage anything  
before the place gets condemned.

LEO

Please don't joke. This is where we  
met, it can't be torn down.

KAREN

Wow. Sentimental are we? Where did  
my big, tough guy go?

LEO

Normally I make it a rule not to  
punch a lady, but you're walking a  
very fine line.

KAREN

There he is.

Leo opens the door for her like a gentleman should.

INT. KAREN'S EVENING CLUB - SAME

Karen and Leo enter the club sharing a laugh that abruptly  
turns to complete and utter amazement.

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

have infested the club. Scaffold towers, pneumatic tools,  
saws of circular and reciprocating motion litter the place.  
Wood is cut, drywall is taped. The men move as a well oiled  
machine with their ass cracks hanging out.

LEO

Whoa. What's with all the man ass?

KAREN

You didn't set this up?

LEO

No.

KAREN

Then who did?

Festes, blueprints under his arm, suddenly appears at Karen's  
side freaking her out. His face is bruises and hematomas.

KAREN

Ahhh! You again.

(suddenly realizing)

Ohmigod, it's you. Thank you.

Karen hugs Festes. He takes a profound whiff of her hair, exhales with eerie delight. Karen quickly shoves him away.

KAREN

Okay, now it's weird again.

FESTES

Apologies.

(then)

My crew's full tilt revirginizing your club so she'll be ready to get her bean snapped in a couple days.

KAREN

A couple days?

FESTES

(poses, hinting to self)

Don't dawdle on the invites.

KAREN

I'll be sure to send you one.

FESTES

Check and thanks.

As Festes tromps away a weight challenged WORKER waddles up.

WORKER

Ya know, he pays us grunts great and his customers get top shelf service, but just watch out because he is the creepiest little bastard I ever did meet.

KAREN

Agreed.

WORKER

He's always walking the job site without any protective gear on and I swear he's looking to get hurt.

KAREN

I'll keep my eye on him.

WORKER

That's all I ask, darlin'.

Riley and Brayden bound in, excited by the progress.

BRAYDEN

What's going on? Except for all the man ass this place looks amazing.

KAREN

Speaking of amazing... how did last night go?

Brayden is suddenly less excited.

BRAYDEN

It went.

KAREN

That's it? Everything has been leading up to you and Riley doing the "grown up" and that's all you got for me?

BRAYDEN

Why do you have to build it up so much? That's a lot of pressure.

KAREN

Riley, please tell me you--

RILEY

He fell asleep.

KAREN

What?

RILEY

The second his head hit the pillow.

BRAYDEN

I was tired, okay. Kicking ass all night will do that to a guy.

LEO

I kicked a lot of ass last night and I didn't have any problems not falling asleep.

BRAYDEN

C'mon, that's my sister you're talking about.

LEO

Karen, dear, did you have any problems not falling asleep?

KAREN

Nope. Didn't fall asleep twice.

BRAYDEN

You two are killing me.

KAREN

So how are we going to know if your little curse thingy is broke if you two don't fall asleep together?

RILEY

Well, no one stomped a mud hole in his ass this morning.

KAREN

Because you haven't...

Brayden and Riley curl shit eating grins.

KAREN

...or have you?

BRAYDEN

Yeah, that's right, we woke up at the crack of dawn and didn't fall asleep all morning.

The girls squeal with delight and hug. Brayden puts his hand out to high five Leo. Leo slaps it aside, hugs him instead.

WORKER (O.S.)

Heads up!

Brayden, Leo, Karen, and Riley snap their heads up and see what we only hear: wood splintering, metal bending, a roar of building materials giving way.

WORKER (O.S.)

Watch out, boss!

Their faces pucker from the queasy crunch of construction textiles violently colliding with flesh as we

CUT TO BLACK:

All falls silent. Then...

WORKER (OVER BLACK SCREEN)

You alright, boss?

FESTES (OVER BLACK SCREEN)

(mid-orgasm)

Daddy's home.

THE END