

G.O.A.T.

By

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1 INT. LOCAL URBAN PAWN SHOP - DAY 1

CLIFF (60) is a white collar guy towering at 6'8" with a lackluster build. He hands the CASHIER (70) his money in a crumpled wad.

Cliff heads for the door with a large square package under his arm marked DAD.

CASHIER

Hey, give your pops the old bob and weave for me, huh?

The cashier does his best impression of a geriatric heavyweight dodging fists in the ring.

CLIFF

Yeah, uhm...will do.

2 EXT. CITY STREETS, OUTSIDE BOXING GYM - DAY 2

Cliff stares at a wall of antique fight posters all sharing one man in common -- DANIEL CLIFFORDS FARNHAM. Every poster he stands off against a new opponent; all of them are marked with a big black W on Daniel's side.

Through the window a man starts waving at Cliff to come in. Cliff pretends not to notice as he walks away.

There's one lone poster in the corner of the window with CLIFF "JUNIOR" FARNHAM on it -- it's unmarked.

3 INT. SUBWAY - DAY 3

The train is packed and through the crowd Cliff can hear a PASSENGER (40) making apologies as he shoulders his way to Cliff.

PASSENGER

Hey, hey -- Junior.

Cliff tries to escape, but can't get the blob of people to budge.

PASSENGER (CONT'D)

Oh, man, it really is you. Junior, how you doin' man? My son --

CLIFF

I'm not a Junior.

PASSENGER

What?

CLIFF

My father and I don't share the same exact name -- meaning, I'm not his Junior.

PASSENGER

Then why is that your name?

4 EXT. SHEPHARD'S RETIREMENT HOME - NIGHT 4

Cliff drops an empty beer in the bushes right outside the gate before he enters the premises. As he approaches the door he remembers the cigarette still lit between his lips.

He stomps it out on the door mat.

5 INT. SHEPHARD'S, MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS] 5

Cliff approaches the sign-in desk.

CLIFF

Is he still awake?

6 INT. SHEPHARD'S, DANIEL'S ROOM - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS] 6

DANIEL (90) sits in his chair, staring out the window. He doesn't budge when the door opens -- or when it slams shut.

The room is filled with boxing memorabilia. Gloves, a jump rope, a robe -- and a world championship belt.

Cliff straightens himself out, cleans himself up, and takes one last look at the package marked DAD.

CLIFF

(shouting)

Daniel, hello, Daniel -- Daniel --

Cliff rests his hand on his father's shoulder.

Daniel's eyes pans across the window until they reach Cliff standing beside him.

DANIEL

Hello.

CLIFF

Hi, Daniel. My name is Cliff, I'm a representative from the International Boxing Hall of Fame.

DANIEL

Mm.

CLIFF

I'm here to tell you that you're  
our first honoree of the year.

Cliff hands Daniel the package.

Daniel looks down and rips right through DAD written on the wrapping paper, to a cheap wooden plaque with a picture of a young Daniel covered in championship belts.

The plaque is unmarked aside from the small picture.

DANIEL

Who's that?

7 INT. SHEPHARD'S, MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS] 7

Cliff strides towards the door with the torn up package jumbled in a mess under his arms.

8 EXT. CITY STREETS, OUTSIDE BOXING GYM - DAY 8

Cliff has another package tucked underneath his arm -- it's glued to his side.

He doesn't stop to look at the posters in the window of the gym as he passes by.

9 INT. LOCAL URBAN PAWN SHOP - DAY 9

The cashier rips open the package on his counter.

CASHIER

-- shit.

CLIFF

So, how much for it?

CASHIER

I can't believe he'd let you pawn  
this.

CLIFF

Nowadays -- he'd rather just forget  
about the past.

Cliff's reflection looks twisted in the world championship belt as looks down at it --

FADE OUT