

(Name of Project)  
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in Order of Work Performed)

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BORN TO BE A TOWEL BOY

FADE IN

EXT./INT. ELKS HALL - NIGHT (EST.)

Hall is brightly lit. Parking lot is nearly full on this crisp, early-Spring evening. LATE ARRIVALS *SCAMPER* into empty lobby. Everyone, including TICKET-TAKERS and USHERS alike, have gone inside to view action.

*MARATHON OF BOXING* posters adorn lobby walls and doors.

FITT BODIES

CELEBRATES

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

WITH ITS FIRST ANNUAL

MARATHON OF BOXING

FEATURING

X X X X X X X X X X X

A N D

THE FORMER

IRISH SEAN KELLEY

VS

THIRTEEN OPPONENTS

A THICK BLACK LINE is drawn through the name KONRAD SAMPSON on all *advertisements*.

MAIN HALL overflows with a VOCIFEROUS CROWD on its collective feet, the *LOUD ROAR* and *FOOT STOMPING* means we've arrived just after occurrence of *something big*.

In the *boxing ring*, erected in center of hall, SEAN KELLY, WHITE MALE BOXER *writhes* on the canvas clutching his side. Blood, mixed with *shame* and *anguish* can not mask the fact that this *boxer* is not a kid, definitely past his *prime*.

MALCOLM is the OPPONENT, a twenty-something BLACK MALE who *grandstands* now, DANCING around the ring as Sean STAGGERS back to his corner.

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM  
 (taunting)  
 I'm bad. I'm bad.

Referee looks to COMMISSIONER at ringside for *instruction*.

COMMISSIONER  
 (loudly)  
 COUNT. BEGIN THE COUNT.

FLASHBACK four years

EXT. BALTIMORE CITY - EARLY EVENING

EXT/INT TEN YEAR OLD CHARCOAL GRAY HONDA ACCORD

*ZIPS and WEAVES* in an out of rush hour traffic, *on the run from or to something of consequence*.

DRIVER is *younger* SEAN KELLEY wearing simple frame eyeglasses, his longish blonde hair over-the-collar. Reddish moustache is neatly trimmed, and although Sean is slightly *puffy in the face* and *round in the belly*, there is a definite *hardness of tough living* in his eyes. Attired in white shirt and tie, his animated RANT includes *four-letter expletives*.

Passenger, PAT EVANS, thirty-something, attractive, slender, well-dressed raven-haired WHITE FEMALE, CLINGS to the door handle, her blue eyes *ablaze and glued* to the street ahead.

Sean YANKS his tie from around his neck with both hands while using his knees to control the steering wheel.

SEAN  
 (hint of Boston accent)  
 I'm sorry, but I'm just not a  
 behind-the-desk kinda guy.

PAT  
 Slow down, for crissake.  
 (accent is Baltimorean)  
 You're scaring me.

Sean POUNDS the car horn.

SEAN  
 What the hell's he waiting for?  
 (LOUDER, out the window)  
 MOVE IT, ASS HOLE.

Sean glimpses Pat clenched tightly to the door handle, and *miraculously awakened* to the effect he imposes, checks rear view mirror, edges carefully into right lane and SLOWS.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 (tenderly)  
 I'm sorry, babe.

PAT  
 Instead of whining about how much  
 you hate the job, just quit,  
 alright. Give notice.

SEAN  
 Who's gonna pay my rent?

With *steam* no longer coming from her ears, Pat speaks firmly.

PAT  
 I made fifty-eight last year. We  
 can live on that.

SEAN  
 (exaggerated Boston  
 accent)  
 You wanna be my sugah momma?

PAT  
 Listen to me for a minute. Don't be  
 such a man. Geez. If you move in  
 with me and Patrick we'd have only  
 one monthly payment. We could live  
 on what I make until you write us a  
*best seller* and make us a million  
 dollars so I can quit.

Sean's LOOK is *inquisitive*, maybe even *peevish*.

PAT (CONT'D)  
 Unless you don't have plans for us.

In control of the situation, Pat CROSSES HER ARMS *defiantly*.

PAT (CONT'D)  
 It'll be good for Patrick, too, to  
 have someone there when he gets  
 home from school. A man. You know?

SEAN  
 And I won't have to wear a tie?

PAT  
 Not if you don't want to.

PASSAGE OF TIME shows Sean PACKING and MOVING what little  
 baggage he has accumulated over the years from his studio  
 apartment to Pat's Townhouse.

EXT./INT. TOWNHOUSE DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT (EST.)

In kitchen, Sean runs water in the sink, cleans up after dinner. Pat *reviews* ten year old son PATRICK'S homework.

Large orange cat, PEPSI *grooms* himself at Pat's feet.

PAT

Sean could probably help you better than me. He's the Writer in the fam...in the house.

(to Sean; with attitude)

When he's not wasting water.  
Geezie, wheezie, Sean.

SEAN

You need water to do the dishes.

Sean turns his back to sink. The water is *still running*.

Pat rises, TURNS OFF water.

SEAN (CONT'D)

You do the dishes and I'll help your son with his homework.

Sean stands a *head over* Pat, who is at least a foot shorter than his six feet.

SEAN (CONT'D)

(whispered)

Let me help.

PATRICK

(icily)

No. I want Mom to do it.

Patrick STORMS from kitchen, *upending* his chair.

*Startled* Pepsi SPINS HIS CLAWS on linoleum floor in a panicked DASH from room.

Pat SCOOTs in her son's direction.

Sean REACHES, GRABS Pat by the arm.

PAT

Ouch! That hurt, damn it.

Sean throws his hands in the air. Pat CHASES her son.

PAT (CONT'D)

(with attitude)

Patrick, get back here.

(CONTINUED)

Patrick's bedroom door SLAMS shut!

Pat returns to kitchen.

PAT (CONT'D)  
You okay living with that?

Sean wraps his arms around Pat's waist, LIFTS and HUGS her.

SEAN  
We can kick him out at eighteen.

SERIES OF SHOTS over SEVERAL WEEKS - DAY and NIGHT

1. Pencil behind his right ear, clad in shorts and t-shirt, his shoulders hunched forward, eyes focused, Sean alternately POUNDS the computer keys with *studying* words on the screen.

2. Clad in underwear and tee-shirt, Sean RIFLES through his *character naming* manual.

3. Wearing a three day old beard, Sean EATS lunch at kitchen table while doing daily crossword puzzle.

4. His hair uncombed, pencil between his teeth, Sean STUDIES computer screen.

5. Sean LIFTS WEIGHTS at local gym.

6. Looking *fitter*, though *sloppy and unkempt*, Sean alternately TYPES a word or two, SIPS a *Beck's Dark Beer*.

7. Sean VACUUMS living room.

8. Sean watches OPRAH on living room television.

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

Still dressed in her *business attire*, Pat sorts through her mail at table while Sean COOKS.

PAT  
You write a movie today?

His back still to Pat, a sense of *melancholy* prevails.

SEAN  
Pumped some iron. Ran two miles.

Pat PLOPS mail to the table, stands behind Sean, HUGS him around his waist.

PAT  
 (purring)  
 I like the muscles.

Sean adds a STIR to the pot, WIPES his hands with the towel on his shoulder, TURNS to face Pat.

SEAN  
 I'm getting to like Oprah.

PAT  
 Should I be jealous?

Sean *breaks free*, sets table for three.

PAT (CONT'D)  
 What's wrong, baby?

SEAN  
 (with an edge)  
 I am not a baby.

PAT  
 You're my baby.

SEAN  
 I'm serious here. I cook the meals,  
 do the laundry, the grocery  
 shopping. I need more.

Pat REACHES to caress his cheek. Sean DEFLECTS her hand, returns to the stove.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 Maybe I need to get a job.

PAT  
 You run out of stories to write?

SEAN  
 I'm being honest. Give me a break.

Patrick ENTERS kitchen.

PATRICK  
 Smells good.

SEAN  
 (to Pat)  
 We'll talk later.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sean lies on his back, forearm across his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

Pat lies across his chest.

PAT  
A girl could get a complex, you  
know. This isn't the first time.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Here kitty, kitty.

Pepsi's ears PERK UP, he SPRINGS up to window sill.

Sean SITS UP quickly, his manner suddenly *aggressive*.

SEAN  
Son of a frigging bitch.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Here kitty, kitty.

Sean BOUNDS out of bed, YANKS open the blinds so hard they  
TEAR from the wall.

PAT  
Oh, Honey. Look what you did.

SEAN  
(screaming out the window)  
SHUT UP, IDIOT.

Pat stands behind him, her hands on his shoulders.

PAT  
Sean, stop. You'll wake Patrick.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Here kitty, kitty.

SEAN  
(loudly maniacal)  
STOP. YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY.

PAT  
(soothing)  
Honey, please. Stop. Sit down.

Sean *shrinks in submission* to Pat's grip, DROPS to his knees.

Pat KNEELS to face him. He tries to turn away.

PAT (CONT'D)  
I wish you would talk to me.

(CONTINUED)



PATRICK (O.C.)  
 (sleepily)  
 Mom? What's wrong?

Sean looks quickly toward the young boy. The sudden *madness* in his eyes like a *bolt of lightning* across the room.

Pat puts a hand over Sean's mouth, *pleads* with her eyes.

PAT  
 (to Patrick)  
 It's okay, Honey. I'll be right in.  
 (to Sean)  
 Please?

Sean *melts* into Pat's arms, a LOUD SOB escapes him, like that of a *wounded animal*. He falls back to the pillow, his physical body *exhausted*, his enthusiasm *drained*.

EXT. TINY STRIP MALL - DAY

Ext./Int. Sean's rusted HONDA ACCORD - NEXT DAY

Medium-sized parking lot is so jam-packed he has to circle the lot several times before locating an empty space.

Sean OBSERVES from car as ADULT MALES and FEMALES, some carrying gym bags, solo and in GROUPS of two or three, enter the red brick building set in the rear of the lot.

Large *billboard sign* on roof reads:

FITT BODIES ARE HEALTHY BODIES

Neon sign on front of building reads:

IF YOU THINK YOU CAN - YOU MIGHT

Other businesses in the strip mall include MR. TIRE, a GOODWILL STORE and COMPUTER REPAIR shop.

Sean checks his collar-length hair in the mirror, folds his hands, *bows his head in silent prayer*, SMILES, EXITS car.

INT. FITT BODIES HEALTH CLUB

To the rear of this ground floor is an area filled with Cardio Equipment, including *stationary bikes, elliptical machines and treadmills*, nearly all of which are being used. MEMBERS are WALKING and PEDDLING in *slow motion*, creating a *Felliniesque* image out of sync with the LOUD MUSIC and CADENCE coming from the Aerobics Studio to the right and one floor below the front door entrance.

(CONTINUED)

A twenty-something year old WHITE FEMALE speaks LOUDLY into telephone behind the desk to the LEFT of the front door.

SERVICE DESK GIRL

I can transfer you to the office.

TWO ELDERLY MALES seated on the leather sofa twenty feet from front door, loudly DEBATE an *unknown topic*.

A tall, wispy middle-aged AMERICAN INDIAN rises from stairs behind the sofas. He is dressed in baggy jeans and blue sweatshirt, FITT BODIES emblazoned on front. His shoulder-length silver hair is tied back in a tail. He TEETERS momentarily, his *grip tight* to the rail before proceeding casually toward *Service Desk* DRAGGING a *wet mop* behind him.

INDIAN MALE

(in slow inner-city DRAWL)

Where you say the spill's?

From the office behind the Service Desk emerges strikingly beautiful MARIANNE KOVAK, *Fitt Bodies General Manager*. Dressed in tight top and slacks of matching color and texture, her long brown curls tied atop her head, the twenty-nine year old is a *shapely testament* to her *work place*.

MARIANNE

(impatiently)

Behind that first row of treadmills, Andre. There's a puddle. People are frigging slobs.

SEAN

Are you Marianne?

Marianne continues to address Andre.

MARIANNE

Not there. Behind the treadmills, not the bikes.

(to Sean)

You want his job?

SEAN

Not with such a mean boss.

Service Desk Girl SNICKERS.

Marianne pulls *Job Application* from a file.

MARIANNE

Fill this out.

Marianne POINTS to a table by the window.

(CONTINUED)

MARIANNE (CONT'D)  
 You can sit over there.

Telephone RINGS.

SERVICE DESK GIRL  
 (to phone)  
 Good morning, Fitt Bodies. How may  
 I help you?

At the table, Sean peers down into the Aerobic studio from which can be heard a *pounding musical rhythm*. Fifteen FEMALES move in sync to shapely BLONDE FEMALE *Instructor's* lead. The Instructor wears tight black shorts and top. A *microphone* is attached to her head.

The upper walls of this studio are covered with giant Flags of more than a *dozen Countries* where Owner, LORRIE FITT has presented her *Award-Winning Aerobics Programs*.

A huge poster reads:                   2004  
   LORRIE FITT  
   INSTRUCTOR OF THE YEAR

Walls behind the front desk are adorned with plaques, including one for every year from 1987 to 2005.

The plaques read: IN HONOR OF LEADERSHIP  
                                   CONTRIBUTING TO  
                                   QUALITY AND GROWTH  
                                   OF FITNESS CLUB INDUSTRY

ENTER *Personal Trainer*, KONRAD SAMPSON, mid twenty-something, six feet five inch, carries two hundred-fifty pounds of muscle beneath a blonde crew cut. KONNIE casts a *giant shadow* over the front desk, shifts his giant gym bag to the other shoulder, REACHES over counter and into his mail slot.

Marianne EMERGES from her office, her pretty face *lit* up in an *adoring smile*. Her teeth *glisten* in the overhead light.

MARIANNE  
 Good morning, Konnie.

Konnie *slinks* behind Service Desk, PLOPS his gym bag, CUPS Marianne's buttocks with one hand, SNIFFS her neck.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)  
 (agitated)  
 What are you doing?

Janice SNICKERS, turns away from *the show*.

TELEPHONE RINGS

(CONTINUED)

JANICE  
 (giggling into phone)  
 Good Morning, this  
 is...Fitt...Janice...this is Fitt  
 Bodies, Janice speaking. How...

Her *giddy* expression is suddenly *serious*.

JANICE (CONT'D)  
 Yes, Mister Fitt. I'm sorry...it...

Marianne is, too, in *panic mode*, like a child caught in some  
 taboo act. She DASHES into her office, straightening her  
 blouse and slacks, SLAMS the door behind her.

Konrad SMIRKS, hefts gym bag to his shoulder and ala *King of  
 the Castle*, STRIDES across floor toward the stairs, *casually  
 glancing* at Sean before descending stairs to his domain.

SEAN  
 (softly, to himself)  
 I'm gonna like this gig.

EXT./INT. TOWNHOUSE DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

Sean, Pat and Patrick eat dinner of pasta and salad.

SEAN  
 This guy was huge. I mean like six  
 five, six-six maybe. Like a  
 mountain. He's one of the Trainers.

PAT  
 Sounds like an ass.

PATRICK  
 You gonna work there?

SEAN  
 The interview went well. I think.  
 They had two heavy bags downstairs.

Patrick WIPES his mouth with back of his hand.

PATRICK  
 What's a heavy bag?

SEAN  
 A punching bag. Here, use a napkin.

Sean TWIRLS spaghetti around his fork.

PATRICK  
 A punching bag?

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

It's a big leather or canvas bag,  
not a bag really, but it's about  
four feet tall...

PAT

Sean used to be a boxer.

SEAN

It's a great workout. I'll show you  
sometime. But anyway...

PAT

Money any good?

SEAN

Five seventy-five.

PAT

A week?

SEAN

I wish.

Pat ROLLS HER EYES, SHAKES her head, SIPS *red wine*.

PAT

How can you go from making twenty  
bucks an hour to five?

SEAN

(exaggerating Boston  
accent)

I got myself a Shuga Mamma.

PAT

There are other jobs out there that  
might pay more if you just...

Sean is not in the mood for *criticism*. He INTERJECTS.

SEAN

I gotta like what I'm doing.

PAT

(continues)

...spent a little more time  
looking. You took the first job you  
interviewed for.

(CONTINUED)

Show TIME LAPSE over TWO YEARS.

1. Sean behind desk at gym answering telephone.
2. Sean LIFTING WEIGHTS.
3. Sean observes from hall Konrad INSTRUCTING *BOXING MEMBERS*.
4. Sean observes from hall as MALE member TAPS at heavy bag.
5. Sean at home on his Computer.

EXT./INT. TOWNHOUSE - PRE-DAWN DARK

INT. FIRST FLOOR KITCHEN

Refrigerator door is open. Behind it, hear the drawer OPEN and CLOSE before door itself CLOSES to reveal Sean dressed in *women's black tights and multi-colored leotard*.

His hair is DARKER and SHORTER, his face clean-shaven and amateurishly sketched with rouge, eye shadow and lipstick.

He drops an apple into brown paper bag.

Kitchen clock reads FOUR-THIRTY.

Pepsi sits at line dividing kitchen from living room.

SEAN

Whaddya think, Pepsi? Do I make  
one hell of an ugly woman, or what?

Sean poses *ala SEXY AEROBICS INSTRUCTOR* lunch bag in hand before full-length mirror by front door in living room.

Pepsi FLOPS onto his side and STRETCHES.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Mom, is that you?

Sean MOANS in *frustration*.

SEAN

(hushed)  
It's me. Go back to bed.

PATRICK

(LOUDER now)  
Mom?

(CONTINUED)

SEAN  
Ta, da. Guess who?

Patrick looks *frightened* yet continues toward Sean.

PATRICK  
(teary-eyed)  
I was scared in my dream.

Patrick reaches bottom of stairs, HUGS Sean around waist.

Sean lays hands on Patrick's shoulders. Though his crying ebbs, Patrick HOLDS ON for *dear life*.

Sean manages to kneel, faces the boy who rests his face on Sean's left shoulder.

Sean *MELTS* into the boy's arms.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
You're dressed funny.

SEAN  
It's Halloween, Dude.

PATRICK  
I love you.

SEAN  
I...I love you, too.

From bottom of stairs, Sean looks up to see Pat sitting on top stair, her chin at rest on her folded hands. She is *teary-eyed*. The moment is *sublime*, appears almost as a *dream*.

Sean STANDS quickly, knocking Patrick backward.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
I gotta go.

PATRICK  
Ow, you hurt my chin. MOM.

Patrick SCURRIES up the stairs. Pat meets him half-way.

PAT  
It's okay. Go back to bed.

Sean *tosses a kiss* on his way to the door.

SEAN  
Who loves you, Babe?

EXT. SIDE STREET ASIDE SMALL COMMERCIAL MALL - DARK

Sean's Honda Accord rounds corner.

A white Ford Mustang *idles* at the entrance to The Mall lot.

Sean pulls abreast, rolls down passenger window, GLARES at KEVIN MARCUS, forty-something WHITE MALE driver of Mustang.

KEVIN  
(wide-eyed)  
You gotta be shittin me?

Sean's Honda SCREECHES off into the parking lot lit by four overhead lamps. Mustang *hesitates*.

Honda approaches *speed bump* and SLOWS.

Mustang *roars past*, going *around* the speed bump.

Sean pulls into a spot, opens trunk, removes gym bag.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
The truth comes out. He's a she.

SEAN  
New work clothes, dahlink.

KEVIN  
This your drag queen look?

SEAN  
I'm Lorrie's cousin, Lulu.

Sean hangs his right arm over Kevin's broad shoulders. At least a foot shorter, Kevin walks with a *limp*, his left leg noticeably shorter.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Wassamata, you don't love me anymore? Gimme a hug, Gimpy.

KEVIN  
I love it when you talk sexy.

From the stairs, of the four who await entry to the club, FRITZ, thirty-something, MALE BODY BUILDER, speaks up.

FRITZ  
You must be Sean's sister?

KEVIN  
He's Lorrie's cousin, Lulu.



ALL LAUGH

DELORES KING is a SENIOR CITIZEN FEMALE.

DELORES  
We still love you even if you do  
dress funny.

ALARM SOUNDS when Sean *unlocks* door.

INT. HEALTH CLUB - DARK

Sean PUNCHES in a code to *silence* alarm, throws breakers to  
*light up* the building.

Delores' husband, JERRY *shuffles* in behind her.

FRITZ and BILL, forty-something WHITE MALES wearing *stern*  
*countenances*, descend stairs to locker room.

Delores SCRAMBLES toward treadmills. Jerry AMBLES behind.

ED HURLEY, SENIOR MALE enters Club, dressed in *Fitt Bodies*  
*uniform* of black shirt and shorts.

ED  
(looking perplexed)  
Am I late?

Sean lays his lunch on the desk, gym bag to the floor, RE-  
ARRANGES pencils, stapler, papers askew on the desk.

SEAN  
It's not five yet.

Sean *punches his time card*.

Ed follows like a recently *weaned puppy*.

ED  
Oh, I get it. It's Halloween.

Wearing torn OHIO STATE jersey and baggy sweat pants, Kevin  
has spread his bulky body on the sofa, RUBS his bad leg.

KEVIN  
Not. He's out of the closet.

DOWNSTAIRS

Walls are adorned with framed photographs of club owners,  
VINCENT and LORRIE FITT with Boxing great, MUHAMMAD ALI,  
former Olympic gymnast CATHY RIGBY, and others.

(CONTINUED)

Sean *throws breakers* in box outside the aerobics studio.

INT. LADIES LOCKER ROOM

Ed follows as Sean checks towel and soap dispensers in the three showers, and toilet paper dispensers in two stalls.

SEAN

Check everything. Sometimes the night people neglect their duties. Then it gets busy later in the morning and we get to multi-task.

They EXIT ladies locker room just as

DOUG KELLOGG, middle-age MALE carrying a black FITT BODIES gym bag on his left shoulder, *business dress* clothes on a hanger in his right with a Medium-sized cup of *Dunkin Donuts* coffee. About to enter MEN's locker room across the hall, Doug GUFFAWS sloppily into the paper coffee cup.

Sean *tosses a kiss*, then proceeds down the hall where he lightly TAPS, then *gently* OPENS and ENTERS door marked *Maintenance Room*.

INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM

Eyes adjust to room's darkness.

A LONE FIGURE can be made out, sitting upright, motionless.

SEAN

(softly)  
It's that time.

Sean flips on light switch.

ANDRE SUNFLOWER, maintenance man of *American Indian* heritage is sitting upright in a *meditative posture*, hands in lap, eyes *squinting* now against the light.

ANDRE

Grrrrr.

Andre slowly gets to his feet from a layer of towels by the furnace, WOBBLER on unsteady legs like a newborn calf.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

Coffee.

SEAN

Five minutes, Kemo Sabe.

INT. HALL

ED *brakes, turns and tails* Sean into men's locker room while, *consulting* his notes.

ED  
We forgot the televisions.

Ed *scans his notes, does an about-face.*

SEAN  
I already got them.

Andre *STAGGERS* down hall, carries a bottle of *Listerine*.

ANDRE  
(grunting)  
Ah, huh. You be wearing your girlfriend's clothes again.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM

ALLEN MYLES, forty-something WHITE MALE. His right hand obviously *paralyzed*, DROPS his gym bag in front of a locker.

ALLEN  
Don't you look lovely today.

CLINT  
Who you supposed to be?

It's early yet to be *exasperated*, but he *appears* to be.

SEAN  
Lorrie's cousin, Lulu.

His manner is not as *lighthearted*, his response has an *edge*.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Is no one into Halloween anymore?

ALLEN  
Not everyone plays dress-up.

BRENT WEIDER, fifty-something WHITE MALE, his left eye *conspicuously missing*, intercedes.

HARRY  
Am I seeing what I'm seeing?

ALLEN  
Which eye you looking with?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY  
Ooohh. That was low.

CLINT  
How could you tell. You're blind.

HARRY  
Only in one eye. Man, you guys are  
tough first thing in the morning.

ALLEN  
(to Sean)  
Remember last year? What were you?  
A *stripper*, right?

HARRY  
No. Who was it? With the big boobs.

Sean exaggerates *flipping* his short hair.

SEAN  
Moo-Donna. You should know. You  
squeezed 'em.

HARRY  
To make sure of what I was seeing.

ALLEN  
Even with your gone eye.

There is an obvious *camaraderie* here.

Ed RE-ENTERS as Sean EXITS locker room. They *collide*.

ED  
The breakers outside the weight  
room are already on.

SEAN  
(with sarcasm)  
Really?

INT. MAIN FLOOR

Newly-arrived MEMBERS occupy treadmills, bikes and rower.

Someone WHISTLES in *admiration*.

Ah, an *appreciative audience*, Sean PRANCES across the room.

Married couple, DON and LISA wait at the counter.

LISA  
You need a new hairdresser, Honey.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN  
And what do you need?

LISA  
A towel?

SEAN  
If I have clean ones.

Lisa is one of those who speaks in *questions*.

LISA  
Come on now. I forgot mine?  
(sarcastic)  
The M.E.X. gives out towels?

DON  
She ain't going nowhere.

LISA  
She *isn't* going *anywhere*? Maybe  
yes, maybe no? I'm just saying.

SEAN  
You could bring your own.

LISA  
Don't dues include towel service?

Don SLINKS away.

SEAN  
I didn't say you *couldn't* have one.  
I said I didn't know if...  
(attitude of his own)  
The kids who work at night  
sometimes don't wash all the dirty  
towels. I'll look.

LISA  
I'm sorry...I just...

SEAN  
It's okay. I'll get one.

Sean *barrels* through swinging door behind desk, returns with  
a towel he TOSSES to Lisa.

LISA  
Thank you?

Sean arranges a pile of clean towels on the counter. He goes  
to *wall of televisions* where Ed reviews his notes.

ED  
I forgot what stations.

Sean DICTATES as he walks the *row of televisions*, PUSHING the ON buttons and *setting stations* for each.

SEAN  
(by memory)  
Two, local news. Ten, world news.  
And fifteen.  
(looking around)  
You have to have channel fifteen.

He pushes ON button again. Nothing.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Out of order.

DEBBIE ROTTERDAM is a thirty-something BLACK FEMALE.

DEBBIE  
(loudly)  
I NEED MY LUCY RERUNS. PUT IT ON  
ONE OF THE OTHER TWO.

SEAN  
(loudly, in turn)  
DEBBIE CAN'T AFFORD CABLE AT HOME.

DEBBIE  
You need counselling, boy.

All *kidding* aside, it's time to work.

Sean fills *coffee machine* with pot of water, adding grounds from a bag in the cabinet below.

Member, BILL HAGERTY *slouches* against wall awaiting fresh coffee. His look is serious.

BILL  
Washing machine broken again?

SEAN  
No. Why?

BILL  
You said there were no towels.

SEAN  
I said that...

BILL  
 (interrupting)  
 If Vinnie Boy spent less at the  
 bar, he could get another washer.

From *observation perch* on the sofa, Kevin adds his *two cents*.

KEVIN  
 It's the *track*, not the bar.

BILL  
 The track then. How many washers do  
 you have back there?

Sean continues filling the coffee machine.

SEAN  
 Two.

BILL  
 If he didn't spend so much money at  
 the track then, he could get  
 another washing machine.

KEVIN  
 And better towels than the Brillo  
 pads we got. And more weights, new  
 cardio equipment...

Now Allen adds his *two cents*.

ALLEN  
 He needs gamblers anonymous.

It's Sean's turn to *interrupt*. He's heard it all before.

SEAN  
 Don't forget a new whirlpool and  
 sauna. Which is more than the  
 chick's got in their locker room.

From his seat on the sofa...

KEVIN  
 Let's petition for a co-ed sauna.

Bill pours himself a cup of coffee.

SEAN  
 Does the M.E.X. have *free* coffee?

Enter SCOTT, mid-twenty WHITE MALE, rumpled, bleary-eyed.

SCOTT  
Your protege, honey?

From his seat *still* on the sofa...

KEVIN  
That might be too big a word for an  
old transsexual to understand.

Sean FAWNS ala female, his fingers FANNING his face.

SEAN  
(ala lisping female)  
It's like you follow Scott around  
so you know what equipment to use.

SCOTT  
Who or what are you supposed to be?

KEVIN  
Lulu Fitt, Lorrie's cousin.

*In the mood* again, Sean POSES, FLEXES biceps.

SEAN  
Aerobics Queen Extraordinaire.

SCOTT  
I shoul<sup>d</sup>a stayed in bed.

KEVIN  
Yeah, newlywed in the gym at what?  
(consults his watch)  
Five-fifteen. Connie tired of  
married life already?

Sean grabs his gym bag, disappears through swinging doors.

LATER that morning

TELEPHONE RINGS as FEMALE MEMBERS, MARIA and SARA enter.

Ed is still *editing* his notes with pencil and eraser.

Sean GRABS phone on first ring, WINKS at Maria and Sara.

MARIA  
Oh honey, you shaved.

SEAN  
(into telephone)  
Good morning, Fitt Bodies, this  
is Sean, please hold while I get  
this other call.

(CONTINUED)



Sean puts caller on *hold*, FLIPS his hair in *exaggerated feminine* gesture.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 (continuing; to Maria and  
 Sara)  
 Wassup, ladies?

MARIA is a tall, leggy thirty-something former *Ballet Dancer*.

Suddenly, a MALE and FEMALE, then three more FEMALES await entrance behind the two of Sean's *adoring fans*.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 (pseudo-ferocious)  
 Come on. You're slowing the line.

MARIA  
 Cute butt.

Sean SCANS a Member's card, hands him a towel.

SEAN  
 Thank you, Paul.

Maria and Sarah head downstairs to Aerobic Studio.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 (into telephone)  
 I'm sorry to keep you waiting.

Sean *transfers* call to *Child Care*.

Marianne ENTERS through front door.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Line one for you.

MARIANNE  
 Am I in a gay bar?

SEAN  
 Hey, you can be funny.

MARIANNE  
 (frog-throated)  
 I know working out this early can't  
 be good for me. Work those magic  
 fingers for me, will you?

Marianne turns her back to Sean, CLOSES her eyes.

Sean places both hands on her shoulders, closes his eyes, SQUEEZES her shoulders.

Marianne MOANS, drops her chin to her chest.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)  
Your girlfriend is one lucky lady.

Marianne retreats to her office wearing a *smug, sleepy smile*.

Telephone RINGS. Sean ANSWERS, puts caller *on hold*.

SEAN (O.S.)  
(over intercom)  
Attention Member John Paisley. Pick up line one in the locker room. The MEN's locker room this time.

JOHN PAISLEY, six foot four inch, three-hundred pounder LUMBERS out of the *cardio area*.

JOHN  
She's a Comedienne, too.

SEAN'S P.O.V.

This first floor of gym is *abuzz with activity*. Nearly every piece of cardio equipment is in use.

Konnie ENTERS.

KONRAD  
(sweetly)  
Hey, honey.

SEAN  
(ala Deniro's *TAXI DRIVER*)  
You talking to me?

Konrad *slowly and lecherously* slinks around the desk, *gently caresses* Sean's back.

KONRAD  
Ain't you kinda old to be getting a job in a strip joint?

SEAN  
Wow, another homophobe.

Konrad *puffs his chest* with a lung full of *hot air*.

KONRAD  
You're shitting me, right?

Konrad TWEAKS Sean/Lulu's butt.

Maria and Sara sidle up to *gawk* at and CHAT with Konrad.

Konrad *pseudo-ferociously snarls* at Sean over one shoulder while walking away, the two adoring females *hot* on his trail.

TWO MALE CLIENTS enter gym *on the run*.

KONRAD (CONT'D)  
You bitches are late again.

GARY, WHITE MALE is in his mid-forties, full-faced, round in the belly.

ERNIE is a twenty-something, very muscular BLACK MALE.

Ernie and Sean TAP each other's right fist *in greeting*.

Sean plays *TRAFFIC COP* with line at the door.

SEAN  
Keep moving. Keep moving.

ERNIE  
(to Sean)  
A lot of sickos out there might get the wrong impression.

KONRAD  
(to Sean)  
I told you, boy.  
(to his Clients)  
I warned you about being late.

Mid-MORNING

Traffic has slowed. Towels are neatly stacked behind and beneath *service desk*. Sean ANSWERS telephone on first ring.

SEAN  
Good morning, Fitt Bodies...hi,  
Babe. (PAUSE) Slower than usual.  
(PAUSE) Yeah, I heard several  
regulars went to The M.E.X.

MIDDLE-AGED WHITE MALE enters, *bar code* in hand.

Sean SWIPES bar code, makes *eye contact* with member who GAWKS at Sean in costume.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Thanks, Matt.

(CONTINUED)

Sean teasingly TOSSES Matt a *kiss* along with his towel.

Matt visibly *shrinks*, walks away SHAKING his head.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 So you won't be home for dinner?

Telephone RINGS.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 I've got another call.

He HITS *hold*, then the other line, makes *eye contact* with a member, scans card, hands a towel, never missing a beat.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 Good morning, Fitt Bodies. This is Sean, how may I help you?

Sean *forwards* call, *reconnects* to Pat.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 So where you going with the girls?  
 (BEAT) No, of course not. It's a workout day so I'll bring home a pizza for me and Pat. He won't mind. Drive carefully if you're going to be...indulging. (PAUSE)  
 I'm just saying.

Marianne and VINCENT FITT ascend stairs to this lobby. Vincent POINTS to a *newspaper* on one of the sofas.

Vincent, mid to late forties, short in stature, his blonde hair in a *pompadour*, is a retired *race horse* JOCKEY who bought this health club nearly twenty years ago when the country was in the initial stages of its *fitness obsession*.

VINCENT  
 Look. Right here. A newspaper.

MARIANNE  
 (with *ATTITUDE*)  
 So I should follow everyone around to make sure they pick up after themselves. When am I gonna get to all the other fu...stuff you want?

Vincent *puffs* up, his face *reddens*, ears *twitch*.

Marianne SNATCHES newspaper from sofa.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)  
I am NOT your whipping girl.

Marianne SHOVES newspaper into trash can, retreats to her office, averting Sean's eyes, SLAMS door.

In his own mind, Vincent is *suddenly NAKED* in lobby, looks self-consciously about, SLINKS past Service Desk and EXITS.

INT. SERVICE DESK AREA - LATER

JANICE, twenty year old BLACK FEMALE ENTERS *on the run*.

JANICE  
Good Morning, Ms. Kelley.

SEAN  
Am I glad to see you.

JANICE  
Busy?

Sean *exaggerates silent scream, fists clenched, mouth agape*.

JANICE (CONT'D)  
Gonna dance with the strippers?

RICHIE, a twenty-something BLACK MALE, enters behind Janice, *admiring the view*.

RICHIE  
(softly, to Sean)  
Would you bite that?

SEAN  
That would be incestuous.

RICHIE  
She your sister? I'm sorry.

SEAN  
No. She's young enough to be my kid. Anyway, I have a girlfriend.

RICHIE  
I won't tell.

SEAN  
(far-away dreamy look)  
There was a time.

An *extremely attractive* late-forty year old FEMALE in sweaty gym attire *too sexy* for her age, POURS a cup of coffee.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE  
 (snickering)  
 You're kind of old to work here.  
 You a parolee or something?

SEAN  
 I'm not *that* old.

FEMALE  
 You get laid off from somewhere?

SEAN  
 Just a writer who has bills to pay.

FEMALE  
 Oh, yeah? What do you write?

SEAN  
 Short Stories. Songs. I'm working  
 on a novel, a movie script about  
 this place.

Telephone RINGS. Sean holds up right index finger.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Good morning, Fitt Bodies, this is  
 Sean, how may I help you?

He *connects* caller to voice mail.

FEMALE  
 You're not published?

OUCH! She's hit a *sore spot*.

SEAN  
 (with an edge)  
 I didn't say that. I've been  
 published just not often enough.  
 And besides, I like my job. If I  
 weren't here I'd be a loner.

FEMALE  
 (snarly)  
 Wow! You're quite a catch.

EXT./INT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Pat and Patrick *bicker* in the kitchen as the younger  
*obliviously RIFLES* through the fridge.

PAT  
 You haven't had homework all week.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK  
No big deal.

PAT  
It will be when you get your next  
report card.

Patrick KICKS fridge door closed, heads for stairs while  
digging into a pint of frozen yogurt, flavor unknown.

PATRICK  
Whatever.

PAT  
Don't you dare *whatever* me.

EXT./INT. SEAN'S SECOND FLOOR OFFICE

Patrick ENTERS his bedroom adjacent to Sean's Office. Sean  
looks around just as the younger's bedroom door SLAMS SHUT.

Sean turns back to his word processor with hopes of  
*inspiration*. Wears a *deep, furrowed look of concentration*.

PAT (O.S.)  
It's eight o'clock.

Sean practically JUMPS *out of his skin*.

SEAN  
(agitated)  
Why do you do that?

PAT  
What?

SEAN  
Sneak up on me like that.

PAT  
I thought you heard me.

Sean *saves to floppy disk* what he had been working on, NODS  
at Patrick's bedroom door.

SEAN  
A little hostile, is he?

Sean *exaggerates* SLITHERING *lecherously* toward Pat.

Pat backs away, SMILING now, her hands out *in defense*.

PAT  
What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

SEAN  
 (growling)  
 Taking my woman.

PAT  
 (whispered)  
 You gonna spank me again?

PATRICK (O.S.)  
 Mom? Come 'ere, Mom.

Sean REACHES quickly for Pat who SQUEALS, SLAPS Sean's hands.

PAT  
 (loudly)  
 I'LL BE RIGHT IN.

Pat *escapes* Sean's *fondling*, OPENS and ENTERS Patrick's room.

INT. SEAN AND PAT'S BEDROOM - LATER

Sean lies on his back, Pat CUDDLES in close.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 HERE KITTY KITTY KITTY.

SEAN  
 Oh, God.

PAT  
 It'll only be a minute.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 HERE KITTY KITTY KITTY.

SEAN  
 I know.

He pulls her *in closer*.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 How can two people so different be  
 fated for each other?

PAT  
 Like I'm perfect and you're not?

SEAN  
 Exactly.

FEMALE (O.S.)  
 Here kitty, kitty.



Pat SNUGGLES deeper into Sean's chest. The two are so *wrapped up in each other*, everything else is *not*.

SEAN

I feel like an imposter sometimes, the skinny kid from the projects still. It makes me wonder how anyone can love me, let alone someone like you.

Pat SNUGGLES deeper yet.

PAT

My Soul Mate.

SEAN

I love you. My heart has been searching for you my whole life.

Pat ROLLS out of bed, pulls a *paperback book* from her purse.

SEAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Back in bed, Pat *tentatively hands* Sean the book.

SEAN (CONT'D)

(reading the cover)

"Touchstones. A book of daily meditations." What's this?

PAT

I got my thirty day chit tonight.

SEAN

You're doing AA? How come you didn't tell me?

Pat is *momentarily coy*, her eyes averted while speaking.

PAT

I wanted to do it for me, not under pressure from you. I love you and don't want to lose you and if I kept partying I might have. But that's not why I did it, or that I am doing it, trying to get sober. I need to do it for me. Because I want to. Because I can. Because I have a son I don't want to negatively influence.

Sean momentarily STARES *in admiration*.

(CONTINUED)

PAT (CONT'D)  
 (coyly still)  
 What?

SEAN  
 Thank you for being someone I can  
 love like I never thought possible.

INT. FITT BODIES - NEXT DAY - DARK

Kevin is *sprawled* in his *usual posture* on the sofa.

KEVIN  
 Fat Boy's late again.

Sean *works* a crossword puzzle, zoning out all distractions.

HILDA, knockout beautiful, twenty-something *bleached blonde*  
 AEROBICS INSTRUCTOR enters club, gym bag in one hand, dress  
 clothes on a hanger in the other.

HILDA  
 Good morning, Sean. Lights please?

Sean FLIPS lights to Aerobic Studio without reply.

Hilda descends stairs to locker room.

KEVIN  
 (*lecherously* to Sean)  
 You like that?

SEAN  
 She's married.

KEVIN  
 You ain't.

Kevin PUSHES himself up from sofa, slips behind the desk,  
 grabs a pencil.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
 So what's up? You aren't your  
 usual obnoxious self this morning.

SEAN  
 Tired.

KEVIN  
 Up late watching pornos?

SEAN  
 Ha. No. I was writing.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

Oh, yeah? You know how to write?

DOOR BELL RINGS

Member Allen Myles, ENTERS, peers through *droopy eyes* at Kevin behind the desk, decides against saying what *hangs on his lips*, proceeds downstairs toward locker room.

KEVIN

Jay saw Vinny boy at the track.

SEAN

Vinny?

KEVIN

Fitt. Your boss? He's got a reserved seat. He's big time. Five letter word for stress. Last letter "D". Dread. I gotta go. Fat Boy isn't coming today.

SEAN

A Math Professor who knows how to spell. I'm impressed. But he can't workout without a partner?

KEVIN

(snickering)

I need someone to tell me the right equipment to use, remember?

EXT./INT. MARTIAL ARTS/BOXING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Sean is dressed still in black uniform shirt, stands in hall outside unoccupied *boxing room*, gym bag in hand, his facial expression that of someone *needing to*, but yet, *fearful of jumping from a cliff*.

The room is *empty and quiet*.

A passing FEMALE nudges Sean from behind.

FEMALE

You should take Konnie's classes.

SEAN

Maybe. I might.

FEMALE

You've worked here how long?

SEAN

Three years.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE

They're not as hard as everyone  
makes them out to be.

Female continues on her way.

Sean ENTERS room, *hesitancy* in his step, *anguish* in his eyes.

INT. MARTIAL ARTS ROOM

He *slowly* wanders through room, occasionally TAPS one, then another punching bag with his bare fist.

The mirrored walls create a kind of *carnival image*. Suddenly, a *claustrophobic sense* overcomes him. He turns, is *startled* by his *close-up* reflection in the mirror, TRIPS over his feet in haste to EXIT room.

INT. FREE WEIGHT ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Sean rests on bench between sets.

Forty-something WHITE MALE is *spotter* to thirty-ish Male.

Two other Males talk between sets.

Enter Vincent wearing white slacks and jacket.

Vincent's eyes *dart about the room*, he NODS toward the other members, approaches Sean, patting his right hand *self-consciously* over his *pompadour*. In his left is an only-partially-hidden *horse racing sheet*.

VINCENT

Any cancellations today?

SEAN

Two? Three?

VINCENT

The M.E.X.?

SEAN

Not sure.

Vincent looks *worried*. Is he listening?

VINCENT

I hate to take you away from the Desk, but we could use someone of your charm in Sales.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN  
I don't think so.

VINCENT  
Talk to Chet.

Vincent turns slowly, EXITS room, his tiny shoulders slumped, *burdened* by the weight of his world.

Sean lays back, GRASPS bar for another set.

Vincent re-appears over him.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
You can't do heavier than this?

SEAN  
If I don't have big muscles by now.

VINCENT  
(mumbled)  
...Konrad's boxing program.

SEAN  
What?

Sean pumps out a slow, steady twelve reps.

VINCENT  
Have you tried it?

SEAN  
Konnie's class? I don't do group workouts. But the members love it.

Sean replaces bar to rack, sits up.

Vincent is gone.

INT. TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT

Sean sits back on bed alone WRITING in a journal.

Pepsi *sleeps* at Sean's feet.

Satisfied with what he has written, Sean digs deeply into a pint container of *Haagen Daz Chocolate Frozen Yogurt*.

Clock reads 7:45 p.m. He MOANS aloud.

After a deeply reflective moment, he moves to the edge of the bed, and with *trepidation* pulls a box out from beneath.

(CONTINUED)

When he finds the *video tape* he is looking for, it is with much *hesitancy* he slips it into the VCR, turns on the television, sits at the foot of the bed, hits PLAY.

WE SEE grainy black and white images of a YOUNGER SEAN and an opponent in a *boxing ring*.

Sean FAST FORWARDS, stopping several times to view the action. There is more than one fight on the tape, as Sean is seen wearing *different color trunks*, the REFEREE and OPPONENTS are different.

When he gets to the fight he is looking for, it is with the *deep breath of reluctance* that he views the *action*.

Suddenly, his boxing image is DROPPED *to the canvas*.

Present day Sean GASPS, rises quickly, AIMS remote, PAUSING the *action*, is *visibly disturbed*, aims again.

Front door can be heard closing.

On his knees, Sean is *all thumbs*, anxiously STABS at VCR *stop button*, but misses.

The screen action PAUSES, like *salt in the wound*.

His BOXING IMAGE on hands and knees ring center, peers glassy-eyed directly into *present day* Sean's eyes.

*Reluctantly*, and with *wounded heart*, Sean removes the tape, puts it back into the box.

Pat ENTERS room as Sean is sliding box back beneath the bed.

PAT  
(sarcastic)  
Oh, my God. You're still up.  
It's almost eight o'clock. Are you  
not feeling well?

SEAN  
Funny girl.

Sean slips beneath covers.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Turn off the light, will you?

PAT  
You mad at me?

SEAN  
That you go to meetings? No way.

(CONTINUED)

Pat KISSES Sean's cheek and neck, trying to reach his lips.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
(testily)  
I have to get up in six hours.

PAT  
You watching your boxing tapes?

SEAN  
I might start sparring.

PAT  
Oh boy.

SEAN  
What? It's not like I'm going to  
fight again. Those days are gone.

PAT  
You're old.

SEAN  
I am not.

PAT  
Oh, did I hit on a touchy subject?

She *gently caresses* his face.

PAT (CONT'D)  
Is there a such thing as Ex-Boxers'  
Anonymous? You know, where ex-  
boxers who can't let go of the  
glory days help each other?

SEAN  
There should be.

PAT  
Especially if you're so pretty.

EXT./INT. FITT BODIES - NEXT DAY

CHET CAMPBELL consults a list behind the desk.

Chet is forty-two year old *heavily-muscled* WHITE MALE. Wears  
*Membership Manager name tag* on left breast of uniform shirt.

Chet ANXIOUSLY CONSULTS a list behind the desk.

CHET  
 (stuttering)  
 Vincent m-m-mention t-t-there's a  
 Sales p-p-position open?

Sean DRINKS from his *ever-present glass of water*.

SEAN  
 He did, but...

TELEPHONE RINGS

Chet SMILES, CROSSES the fingers of both hands, drops papers he had been holding in his right. LAUGHS.

SEAN  
 (into phone)  
 Fitt Bodies. This is Sean. How  
 may I help you?  
 (PAUSE)  
 Yes. He's here. One moment please.

Chet PUMPS right fist in the air on way to his office.

Sean SIPS from his water glass.

INT. BOXING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Sean PUNCHES one of the three *heavy bags*.

He is *flat and unmotivated*, has yet to *break a sweat*.

Konrad Sampson observes.

BELL SOUNDS

KONRAD  
 You looking like shit, Old Man. You  
 should take my classes.

Konrad FLEXES in the mirror, *admiring* the specimen.

BELL SOUNDS

Sean returns to the heavy bag, POUNDING now with an *increased vigor*. He is suddenly *motivated and inspired*.

JIM STAGGERS, thirty-something WHITE MALE, appears at the door, gym bag in hand, observes Sean on the bag while standing alongside Konrad.

Sean's confidence has grown with every *secret workout*, his movements *less calculated*, his punches more *authoritative*.



BELL SOUNDS

Staggers STARES in silence.

KONRAD

We're gonna be sparring tonight, me  
and the boys. You want in?

SEAN

Not tonight, but sometime. Maybe.

KONRAD

Any time, Old Man. Any time.

INT. FRONT DESK AREA -- NEXT DAY

It is *busy* this day. A multitude of members EXERCISE on many  
pieces of equipment.

Aerobics Instructor, ISABELLA MARINELLI *speaks excitedly*.

ISABELLA

The M.E.X. offered me a job as head  
of their Aerobics department.

Sean's eyes go wide.

SEAN

You leaving here?

ISABELLA

New gym, aggressive Management.  
They've got six clubs in Jersey.  
That's my hometown.

Twenty-something WHITE FEMALE MEMBER, leans over front desk.

CAROLINE

The treadmill I was on shut off  
while I was racing.

SEAN

You okay?

CAROLINE

This time. But there's always  
something wrong with the equipment.

Sean PULLS a *clipboard* from beneath the desk.

SEAN

You know what number it is?

(CONTINUED)

CAROLINE

No.

She TURNS and POINTS.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

The third one in back row.

Telephone RINGS.

SEAN

I'll write it up.

(into phone)

Good morning, Fitt Bodies, this is Sean. How may I help you?

INT. BOXING ROOM - - LATER

Konrad SPARS with BIG JOHN PAISLEY, a *large, clumsy novice* who does more CLINCHING and LEANING than anything.

Ernie and JAY CARROLL, mid-thirties, WHITE MALE wear head-gear and gloves, standing on the sidelines.

Sean is dressed in workout gear, *observes sparring.*

BELL SOUNDS

KONRAD

Damn, boy, your farts are deadly.

ERNIE

He was defending himself.

KONRAD

(to Sean)

Come on, Old Man. Gloves are over there. Time you got tough.

Sean says nothing, ambles toward box of gloves.

KONRAD (CONT'D)

Go with Ernie. I don't want to hurt you, as old as you be.

(to Ernie)

You and me after that.

ERNIE

(sneering)

I get to beat up on an old man.

(CONTINUED)

KONRAD

(to Ernie)

On second thought, you go one with me first. You won't have anything left when I'm done with you.

Jim Staggers helps Sean pull on a pair of gloves, BUCKLES on his headgear.

BELL SOUNDS

Ernie keeps his distance, spends most of the round in *defensive mode* to the much bigger Konrad.

Konrad STALKS his prey, snapping hard jabs and right hands.

Sean LOOSENS UP in a corner. All observe sparring session.

BELL SOUNDS

KONRAD

You run like a wimpy little girl.

(to Sean)

I think he was saving himself for you, old man.

BELL SOUNDS

Sean and Ernie meet center of room, touch gloves.

Ernie *showboats* some, lays out a *lazy jab* Sean *SLIPS* beneath *snapping* his own sharp jab to Ernie's stomach.

ALL

Whoa, baby...watch out...

Ernie *drops his hands*.

ERNIE

(lecherously)

So this is serious? Okay.

Sean snaps a quick, light jab to Ernie's forehead.

ALL

KICK BUTT, OLD MAN.

Two rounds of sparring ultimately favor Ernie's *speed*, though all are *impressed* with Sean's *showing*.

BELL SOUNDS

KONRAD

Me and you, old man.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN  
Give me a break. It's my first day.

KONRAD  
(behind questioning smirk)  
Yeah, right. Here maybe.  
(to his *trainees*)  
Weight room. Five minutes.

All toss gloves, headgear and protective cups into large bin, follow *Pied Piper* Konrad to weight room.

Sean remains behind, watches himself in mirror unwrapping his hands, a *twinkle* in his eye.

INT. FITT BODIES HEALTH CLUB -- NEXT DAY

Sean works the front desk, smiling, greeting nearly every member by name. He has an *obvious fan base* of the YOUNGER CHILDREN who accompany their mothers.

Sean addresses a *precocious* FIVE YEAR OLD FEMALE.

SEAN  
Katie. Where have you been?

KATIE  
Oh, I was sick a little. But now I'm all better.

SEAN  
Mommy took good care of you?

KATIE  
My Daddy, too.

Manager's door OPENS. Marianne and smiling Vincent emerge.

Marianne FLIPS on *intercom*, SPEAKS LOUDLY into microphone.

MARIANNE  
Andre, please report to front desk.

Marianne and Vincent head toward *cardio equipment* area.

Chet slips behind desk with Sean. When not stressed, Chet's *stutter* is nearly *non-existent*.

CHET  
I'm glad she isn't leaving.

VINCENT  
(LOUDLY to Sean)  
Call him again.

(CONTINUED)

Sean *switches on* and SPEAKS into microphone.

SEAN  
Yo, Kemo Sabe.

Andre *miraculously appears*.

ANDRE  
Ah, ha?

Sean POINTS toward Vincent and Marianne.

LATER

Sara, friend KATE and HASSINA, thirty-something BLACK FEMALE *Aerobics Instructor* congregate to chat by the coffee machine.

Sean SWIPES a member's *bar code*, joins *women's gossip group*.

SEAN  
Is this strictly girl talk?

KATE  
We're talking about our exes. You have one of those, right?

SEAN  
Two.

Both girls WHISTLE.

SARAH  
I heard Bill Clinton is gonna re-write the National Anthem.

All ears are up.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
He'll call it the Star Spangled Boner. And he changed "Hail to the Chief" to "Go down on the Chief."

SEAN  
I read a survey of one thousand women asking if they would ever have an affair with him...

HASSINA  
He's too fat.

DOOR BELL CHIMES

Sean BACKS toward Service Desk, holds up right index finger to women, greets VENDING MACHINE MAN. He signs an Invoice, HIGH-FIVES the *delivery man*, returns to women.

KATE

What happened with the survey?

SEAN

Of the thousand women surveyed, seventy percent said...

(PAUSE)

Never.

(PAUSE)

Never again.

SARAH

Gross.

Kate and Sarah head for locker room. Hassina *lags behind*.

HASSINA

(hushed, to Sean)

Whadya doing today?

SEAN

Working.

HASSINA

I mean later, smart ass. Lunch?

SEAN

With you?

HASSINA

Ah, huh.

SEAN

Sure. I, we can do that.

Hassina *catches up* to Sarah and Kate just as Vincent *appears* at top of the stairs.

VINCENT

Looking good, ladies.

SARAH

(flirtatiously)

Hey, Vincent.

Vincent *grins lecherously*, then turns to gaze down on aerobic studio where Lorrie INSTRUCTS to overflowing mix of FEMALES.

(CONTINUED)

Vincent catches Lorrie's eye, does not yet look at Sean.  
 Sean *feverishly* WRITES to the pages of spiral notebook.  
*MOUTHING and PANTOMIMING*, Vincent *communicates* to Lorrie.

VINCENT  
 You...and...me...lunch?

INT. AEROBICS STUDIO

Lorrie wears a *defiant look*, stops mid-move, puts her hands to her hips, thinks better of it, HOLDS UP one finger.

FEMALE CLASS MEMBERS TURNS to window.

Vincent does a *thumbs up*, turns to Sean.

Phone RINGS.

SEAN  
 Good morning, Fitt...he's here.

Vincent speaks to Sean rather than into phone handed him.

VINCENT  
 What are you writing?

SEAN  
 A short story about a Health Club  
 on the brink of closing.

Vincent *raises his eyebrows*.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 (enjoying the *tease*)  
 Fiction, of course. Thinking about  
 calling it "Brick Bodies" or some  
 other play on the name Fitt Bodies.

VINCENT  
 (into telephone)  
 Yes? (BEAT) Be right over.

Vincent hands phone to Sean.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
 (smirking)  
 I don't know why I keep you around.

SEAN  
 (singing)  
 "Because you love me."

(CONTINUED)

Vincent *shakes his head*, EXITS club.

Trainers RON and DON finish up with Clients, move to behind the Front Desk. Don TYPES info into computer.

RON  
He probably hasn't showered yet.

DON  
Man, he smells like that every day.

Sean overhears, offers his two cents.

SEAN  
You ever say anything to him?

DON  
No way. He's a regular.

RON  
I wouldn't work with him.

SEAN  
I mean, some people are clueless.

RON  
Tell me about it.

SEAN  
You'd be doing the guy a favor.

RON  
(to Don)  
And yourself.

DON  
What do you mean? I shower  
everyday.

RON  
And now who's clueless? I'm talking  
about your client, doofus.

INT. T.G.I.FRIDAY'S RESTAURANT -- LATER THAT DAY

The popular eatery SWARMS with a busy lunch crowd.

Sean, Hassina, Sarah and Kate occupy a corner booth.

HASSINA  
...it's a radio reading service,  
you know, for blind people who  
wanna get the news from newspapers  
instead of radio.

(CONTINUED)



SEAN  
So anyone can listen?

KATE  
Where's the waitress?

HASSINA  
They have to rent some kind of listening thing that connects to the radio, you know? And we read the news and all. It's okay if you like reading to blind people.

SEAN  
How would you know?

HASSINA  
What?

SEAN  
If they were blind?

KATE  
Funny guy.

Hassina finishes her sandwich, DABS her mouth with napkin, *sexy-like eyes* Sean.

Waitress CLEARS table.

KATE (CONT'D)  
Can I see what I owe?

WAITRESS  
Will there be anything else?

KATE  
I gotta go.

SARAH  
Me, too. Get my son from school.

SEAN  
(to Hassina)  
More coffee?

HASSINA  
If I have any more I won't sleep for a week.

SEAN  
You, too?

Kate and Sarah peruse check, lay their payments on table.

(CONTINUED)

KATE  
You two be good.

SARAH  
Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

The three girls GIGGLE. Kate and Sarah EXIT, looking back over their shoulders at Sean and Hassina.

Sean and Hassina contribute their payments.

SEAN  
(to Waitress)  
Thank you.

HASSINA  
I heard you was going to the M.E.X.

SEAN  
No way. Except for cleaning up shit in the men's shower, I like my job.

HASSINA  
Gross.

SEAN  
I couldn't believe it either. What kind of person would do that?

Hassina finishes off *red wine*, Sean his *dark beer*.

HASSINA  
You'd probably make more money.

SEAN  
I wouldn't leave for the money.

Hassina's *tone* becomes more *seductive*.

HASSINA  
Wanna have coffee at my place?

She GIGGLES.

Sean is suddenly the *deer in the headlights*.

SEAN  
Decaf, right?

She takes his arm in hers.

HASSINA  
But of course.

EXT./INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR

Sean OBSERVES *Black Art Carvings* and *wall paintings*.

Hassina lightly KISSES him on the back of the neck.

HASSINA  
(seductively)  
There's more in the bedroom.

She enters bathroom.

HASSINA (CONT'D)  
I'll be right in.

Sean is *visibly panicked*, *internally debates* his options, makes his decision, DASHES QUICKLY, *quietly* from apartment.

INT. STAIR WELL

A BLACK MALE, early thirties ASCENDS stairs as Sean DESCENDS.

BLACK MALE  
'sup?

SEAN  
Hey, guy.

At bottom of stairs, Sean REFLECTS, takes a *deep breath*.

Hassina and *her man* can be heard GREETING one another.

BLACK MALE (O.S.)  
You be looking good, 'ssina, girl.

HASSINA (O.S.)  
Ready for yo man thang.

Sean CLASPS his hands *in prayer*, looks toward Heaven.

EXT./INT. TOWNHOUSE DAY

Sean PARKS several doors down, pulls gym bag from trunk, and with a *spring in his step*, and a *twinkle in his eyes*, BOUNDS toward his *heavenly abode*.

Pepsi greets him with a LOUD MEOW!

SEAN  
Hey, big boy.

Pepsi FLOPS onto his side, STRETCHES.

Sean VIGOROUSLY RUBS Pepsi's stomach.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Your Mommy's got to stop feeding  
you snacks between meals.

PEPSI  
Meow.

Sean RIFLES through *junk mail*. POURS himself glass of cold  
water from fridge.

He notices *blinking light* on answering machine, hits PLAY.

FEMALE VOICE  
Sean, it's Ma. Haven't heard from  
you in a while. I hope you're okay.  
(pause)  
You should know that Mikey is out  
of jail and he's talking about  
visiting you in Baltimore.  
(pause)  
So why ain't you called? My  
number's the same. Bye now. Love  
you. Okay? I'm still your favorite  
girl, ain't I?  
(giggle)  
Call me if you hear from Mikey.

Sean ERASES message.

Second message.

PAT (O.S.)  
Hi, honey. Work sucked, as usual.  
The girls and I are eating out. I  
forgot to tell you. It's Melissa's  
thirty-fifth birthday. Patrick's  
with his Dad. I hope. I mean, I  
hope he picked him up like he was  
supposed to. You have a nice night.  
(whispered)  
It's Friday. I'll wake you.

Hanging mirror reveals Sean's *contented expression*. He GULPS  
water, continues to stare at his reflection.

The phone RINGS, *startling* him. It is two more rings before  
he picks up.

SEAN  
Hello?  
(beat)  
Hey, babe.

His eyes closed, he appears *tired, or sad, or impatient*.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 I'm here. (beat) You said that.  
 (beat) That Pat's with his dad.

Sean STARES at his image in the mirror, TURNS AWAY.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 Should I come get you?  
 (pause)  
 I know.  
 (pause)  
 I love you, too.

He LISTENS, SMIRKS.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 Are you proposing marriage?  
 (beat)  
 Ha, which one?  
 (pause)  
 Both. Kind of.

Sean's chin HANGS ON HIS CHEST, the phone held to his right ear. His *facial expression is serious*.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 Cause I'm sweet and irresistible?  
 (pause, listens)  
 I met your sister.  
 (pause)  
 You say when.

EXT./INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - ANOTHER NIGHT

Pat and Sean ENTER holding hands.

A SENIOR MALE rises from his chair at a table on far wall.

Two ADULT FEMALES, two MALES and THREE CHILDREN at the table  
 TURN to look.

MARGE, SENIOR FEMALE in a wheel chair ROLLS toward the arrivals.

INT. FITT BODIES BOXING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Sean SHADOW-BOXES lightly in front of mirror.

Several male members ENTER, WRAP their hands, converse amongst themselves, all the while observing Sean *in action*.

Konrad arrives as always to an *adoring audience*.

(CONTINUED)

MOMENTS LATER

*ACTION* includes Konrad SPARRING with members.

BELL SOUNDS

KONRAD  
 (to Sean)  
 Me and you.

SEAN  
 If you dare.

MALE MEMBERS  
 Ooooooh.

Bell SOUNDS

Sean *holds his own* against eight inch taller, seventy pound heavier Konrad by using *speed and superior boxing skills*.

BELL SOUNDS

SEAN  
 That's it. No more. You're a  
 fricking mad man.  
 (to others)  
 I pray for your lives.

All respond with *mild applause and good-natured laughter*.  
 Atmosphere is *congenial and euphoric*.

KONRAD  
 You're lucky I didn't clock you.

SEAN  
 My forearms are bruised from you  
 blocking my hooks. I can hardly  
 lift my arms.

KONRAD  
 Waa. Waa.

The air is filled with *joyous camaraderie*.

BELL SOUNDS

Sean DANCES around room, lightly jabbing at air.

KONRAD  
 Looking good, old man.

EXT/INT - TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Clad in bathrobe, feet bare, Sean sits motionless at desk, his fingers on the computer keys.

Pepsi sleeps at his feet.

Sean wears a *deep, furrowed* look of concentration.

The *Country Music* from radio segues to the News.

ANNOUNCER

...in sports. Kenya dominated the first ever Marathon held in Zaire, sweeping the first five places...

Sean *SNAPS TO*, begins to WRITE feverishly on a pad of paper.

NEXT DAY

KONRAD

You know the twins are gonna want to get in on this too. How'm I gonna hit girls?

SEAN

You can go easy for a change.

KONRAD

Twenty-six rounds each?

SEAN

Thirteen. For a total of twenty-six rounds. A marathon. The first ever MARATHON OF BOXING.

INT. PAT'S FAMILY'S HOME - CHRISTMAS

Aunts, Uncles, Children and Grandchildren EAT and LAUGH and CHAT and OPEN GIFTS. Sean ANIMATEDLY tells a tale, with Pat's hand in his. They are so *obviously in love*, smiling brightly.

INT. GYM - SERIES OF SHOTS

1. Konrad SPARRING with Ernie and others.
2. Sean sparring with Ernie and others.
3. Sean observes Konrad hitting heavy bag.
4. Sean sparring with one of female twins.
5. Sean shadow-boxing in mirror.

BELL SOUNDS TO END ROUND

KONRAD  
Me and you, old man.

SEAN  
You always wait til I'm tired.

Jay CLUCKS like a *chicken*.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
(points)  
**You** guys are boxing him. And me.  
**You** need to spar with him. I don't.

Resisting, ALL wear *stern expressions*, arms are crossed.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Alright already.

ASIDE

Twenty-ish BLACK MALE, MALCOLM, ENTERS room.

MALCOLM  
(to Jay)  
Wassup? Can I get in?

JAY  
If you're a glutton for punishment.

BELL SOUNDS

Round begins slowly, with Sean moving cautiously, out of range of Konrad's long, powerful arms.

Near the end of round one, Konrad begins firing his long left jab which Sean SLIPS or PARRIES with open glove. A few of the jabs snap Sean's head back.

Gallery of observers, including Malcolm, is *impressed*.

ROUND ENDS with *enthusiastic hand-clapping* and *back-slapping*.

Konrad STRIDES *powerfully* around the room, silently eyes Sean from beneath head gear.

BELL SOUNDS

Sean DUCKS, *slips* beneath Konrad's powerful blows, moves in and out of range of Konrad's long jab, occasionally sneaks in his own jab and uppercut to the bigger man's midsection, then *ties him up* by *locking* Konrad's gloves under his arms.

(CONTINUED)



This *modus operandi frustrates* Konrad who SWINGS Sean in the air, off his feet, as a parent *playing* with a child.

BELL SOUNDS

MALCOLM

Can I go a couple?

Konrad FUMES in a corner by himself, removes his gear.

SEAN

Who are you?

MALCOLM

Malcolm, my brother.

SEAN

(to Ernie)

Lace him up. I might have a couple rounds left.

BELL SOUNDS

Malcolm comes out SWINGING, catches Sean on head and shoulders for a full minute into the round when finally Sean finds his *rhythm*, is able to catch the younger Malcolm with *stinging jabs* to the face while avoiding Malcolm's *wild, flailing* punches.

At the BELL, the two are engaged *toe-to-toe* and have to be separated by Ernie and Konrad.

BELL SOUNDS

KONRAD

Damn, old man.

ERNIE

(to Malcolm)

You've done this before.

MALCOLM

A little. Can you go another one?

SEAN

Tomorrow. No. Wednesday. And be cool, man. You want in on the exhibition?

MALCOLM

'at's cool.

SEAN

You're number thirteen.

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM  
My lucky number.

The two *TAP FISTS* in acknowledgement.

INT. FITT BODIES HEALTH CLUB -- NEXT DAY

*Fighter face images* of Sean and Konrad are featured on poster by front door.

FITT BODIES  
CELEBRATES  
SAINT PATRICK'S DAY  
WITH ITS FIRST ANNUAL  
MARATHON OF BOXING  
FEATURING  
KONRAD SAMPSON  
AND  
THE FORMER IRISH SEAN KELLEY  
VS  
THIRTEEN OPPONENTS

The Club appears, if possible, to be *busier* than ever, fired with an *exuberant energy*.

Sean works a crossword puzzle between *scanning bar codes* and *answering the phone*. A *small abrasion* appears on his cheek.

Andre suddenly appears at his side.

ANDRE  
New sparring partner with you?

SEAN  
First time.

ANDRE  
He wanna be hurtin' you, ah ha?

Sean *tenderly touches* his nose.

SEAN  
Tell me about it.

SHOW PASSAGE OF TIME

DAYS BECOME WEEKS

SERIES OF SHOTS

1. Sean sparring with Ernie.
2. Sean sparring with Jay.
3. Sean instructing Konrad on bag.
4. Konrad observes Sean on bag.
5. Sean instructs Group in art of hitting speed bag.
6. Sean sparring with Malcolm.
7. Sean *preview*s MARATHON POSTER.

INT. TOWNHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sean MASSAGES Pat's shoulders, pauses to SMELL her hair.

PAT

You thinking about the boxing show?

SEAN

I was smelling your hair.

PAT

You like? Melaleuca.

Sean *eases* her back *into his arms*.

SEAN

I love it. What else you wash?

Pat *snuggles* in close, then STANDS, removes her robe, leaving her shiny and naked before him.

PAT

Funny you should ask.

TELEPHONE RINGS

SEAN

Please don't.

PAT

The answering machine.

(CONTINUED)

PAT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 We can't take your call right now.  
 Leave your name and number and one  
 of us will get back to you.

BEEP

PATRICK (O.S.)  
 (whispered)  
 Mom? Mom? Are you there?

Pat GRABS phone.

PAT  
 Patrick, what's wrong, honey?  
 (PAUSE)  
 I'll be right there.

Pat hangs up phone.

PAT (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry. His father is being  
 difficult, as always.

SEAN  
 You want me to go with you?

PAT  
 It's okay. Will you wait up?

SEAN  
 Will I still be in the mood, you  
 mean? Trick question, right?

INT. BOXING ROOM -- NEXT DAY

Sean and Konrad SPAR against each other.

Ernie and Malcolm observe.

Konrad lands *snappy jabs* to Sean's face and forehead.

BELL ENDS ROUND

Sean STRETCHES his neck side to side.

SEAN  
 Try to remember that I am on your  
 side. It's us against them.

BELL

Sean INSTRUCTS while sparring.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN  
Keep your head back. Good. Use  
your shoulder as a natural defense.

Sean throws two *lazy jabs*.

Konrad DIPS, fires right uppercut into Sean's ribs.

Sean COLLAPSES to floor *in pain*.

Ernie RUSHES to help. Konrad casts a tall shadow.

KONRAD  
Sorry, Big Daddy.

BELL

SEAN  
I think you broke my rib.

INT. GYM SHOWER

His forehead against the wall, Sean wears a *grimace*. Hot steamy water pours over his head and shoulders.

HE REMEMBERS

Himself as YOUNGER BOXER, his nose bloodied, on his hands and knees pushes himself up off the canvas, peers glassy-eyed directly into TODAY.

INT. TOWNHOUSE -- LATER

*Country music* plays on radio.

Sean lies on bed, an ice pack to his left rib cage.

He is having trouble breathing. Clutches his chest.

SEAN  
(agonizing)  
Son of a bitch.

Sean moves to the edge of the bed, barely able to bend over, slips into a pair of shoes, lays jacket over his right shoulder, WRITES note to kitchen table, EXITS Townhouse.

EXT. GREATER BALTIMORE MEDICAL CENTER -- NIGHT (Est.)

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM

Sean lies on a table, an *IV line* runs into left arm.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR  
EKG shows no heart attack. It's a  
deep bruise though. What happened?

SEAN  
Boxing.

DOCTOR  
You won't be doing that for awhile.

INT. TOWNHOUSE KITCHEN

Sean *grimaces*, carries pot of cooked pasta to sink, nearly  
TRIPS over Pepsi. Patrick reads from school *text book*.

SEAN  
MOVE IT, DUMMY.

PATRICK  
You almost kicked him.

SEAN  
No, **he** almost tripped **me**.

PATRICK  
He didn't know.

SEAN  
It's why I called him dummy.

Both LAUGH.

MOMENTS LATER

The two eat dinner.

PATRICK  
I like it when you make dinner.

SEAN  
Cause I cook better than your Mom?

PATRICK  
Mom doesn't like to cook.

Suddenly, Pepsi JUMPS up onto Sean's lap, puts his nose in  
Sean's pile of pasta.

SEAN  
Get down.

Pepsi SPRINGS to floor.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN (CONT'D)  
OW! Damn it.

Patrick LAUGHS.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
(teasing)  
Your cat gouges my legs and you  
think it's funny. You dog.

Patrick BARKS ala dog.

The two ingest more food.

PATRICK  
Pepsi's funny.

SEAN  
I never had a cat. We had dogs when  
I was growing up.

PATRICK  
I like dogs.

SEAN  
Me, too. I haven't had a dog in  
years. Probably since your age.

PATRICK  
Wow. That's a long time.

SEAN  
(ala punch drunk Boxer)  
Hey, I ain't dat old.

Patrick looks QUIZZICAL.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
That was a *funny*.

The two eat again in silence.

PATRICK  
Did your dogs do tricks?

SEAN  
They sat around all day on the  
floor. And they'd never go up in  
your lap when you we were eating.

PATRICK  
On the sofa?

SEAN

No way. My father would have a fit.

PATRICK

Mom hates cleaning fur off.

SEAN

You could clean the fur off.

PATRICK

Or you could.

SEAN

We could take turns. That's called  
team work. That's what families do.

The two *lock eyes*. Silence prevails. Patrick places his right hand on Sean's left in a tender gesture of familial bonding.

INT. SERVICE DESK AREA - NEXT DAY

Sean reads SPORTS PAGE at Service Desk.

Headlines read:

FITT BODIES  
FIT TO FIGHT

A PHOTO of Sean and Konrad, each with a fist to either side of Vincent Fitt's jaw, *headlines* article to the Marathon.

Marianne inspects thermostat.

MARIANNE

It's frickin' freezing in here.

Lorrie Fitt ASCENDS stairs. Her shoulders back, she is *proud as a peacock*, *impressive* in her *tight-fighting gold leotard*.

LORRIE FITT

I don't think it's cold.

Marianne holds intercom microphone in her hand.

MARIANNE

You just taught fricking class.

Her defense has been BROADCAST throughout the club.

LORRIE

(chuckle)

Every one knows that.

MARIANNE

(giggling into intercom)

Andre, please report to front desk.

(CONTINUED)



MARIANNE (CONT'D)  
 (rethinks)  
 Yo, Kemo Sabe.

Marianne and Lorrie LAUGH, enter GM's office. Close door.

Sean enters cubby hole behind desk, eats yogurt.

Pat appears at front desk wearing *workout clothes*.

Sean breaks into a smile, dribbles yogurt on his chin.

PAT  
 Yeah, that's my man.

In-house phone rings.

SEAN  
 (into phone)  
 Yes?

Puts down phone, grabs intercom microphone, raises index finger, as in "one second" to Pat.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 (continuing; over  
 intercom)  
 Kemo Sabe to Big Chief's office.

PAT  
 Kemo Sabe?

SEAN  
 You'll see.

Andre *materializes* at front desk.

ANDRE  
 Uh, huh?

SEAN  
 Boss says it's cold in here. You  
 got some magic for that?

ANDRE  
 Uh, huh. New furnace.

Chet ENTERS Service Desk area.

SEAN  
 (to Chet)  
 Can you give me a minute?

(CONTINUED)

CHET  
You drink too much water.  
(chuckles)  
Hi, Pat. How you doing?

Sean and Pat descend stairs *holding hands*.

PAT  
Chet seems happier these days.

SEAN  
They're hiring another  
Membership Counselor. He, well  
Vincent offered me the job. Not  
offered really, but suggested I  
might be good for it.

PAT  
You didn't tell me that. What  
happened? What you say?

SEAN  
I'm a *towel boy*, not a *salesperson*.

PAT  
You'd make more money.

SEAN  
I woke up happy today. I don't  
think I'd be happy doing Sales. I  
like being a towel boy. Gives me  
time to write.

PAT  
You could fit it in if you wanted.

SEAN  
I wouldn't like rotating shifts.

PAT  
Don't know unless you try.

SEAN  
I wouldn't be happy. I'm happy. You  
like when I'm happy?

PAT  
I love you any way you are.

SEAN  
Who would cook? We'd all starve.

PAT  
Okay. I'll cook dinner tonight.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN  
Pizza Hut?

PAT  
Actually, Sonic's got a two for 1  
burger special going on.

SEAN  
I still love you.

They KISS. Pat goes to locker room.

Phone RINGS.

Rejuvenated, Sean turns quickly, grabs phone, FLINCHES, grabs  
his ribs.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Good Morning, Fitt Bodies...

Vincent Fitt enters club.

Vincent *ignores* the fact that Sean is on the phone.

VINCENT  
Where's Marianne?

Sean SHRUGS shoulders. Looks toward closed office door.

SEAN  
(into telephone)  
No, sir.  
(PAUSE)  
About fifteen years.  
(PAUSE)  
That's the M.E.X. but you should  
come by here first.

VINCENT  
I want you in Membership Sales.

Vincent ENTERS Marianne's office.

A few seconds later, Vincent, Lorrie and Marianne emerge.

Marianne carries *pad of paper*.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
(impatient)  
Come on. I want to do this.

(CONTINUED)

LORRIE  
 (spitefully)  
 What about what I've got to do?

Vincent CUPS HIS CHIN *ala JACK BENNY*.

VINCENT  
 Like what?

LORRIE  
 Like pick up Vinny after school.

VINCENT  
 Go on then. I'll clue you in later.

Lorrie EXITS club *in a huff*.

With Lorrie out of view, Vincent *exaggerates a silent scream*.  
 To Sean, in a *serious* tone, he elucidates every syllable.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
 (dramatically)  
 Don't ever get married.

OLD-TIMER SENIOR CITIZEN MEMBERS, JOHN, JOHN, JOHN and ANDREA  
 are *all eyes and ears* on their perch on the sofa.

JOHN  
 I sense a little disharmony.

SECOND JOHN  
 It looked about normal.

ANDREA  
 Sounds like she's just tired of  
 being bossed around.

THIRD JOHN  
 He's the boss.

ANDREA  
 (adamantly)  
 Who says?

SECOND JOHN  
 You're not up on your women's  
 rights, John.

THIRD JOHN  
 Rights, schmights. You tell them  
 what to do, they do it.

The CREAKY-BONED Johns One and Two RISE, EXIT club.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREA  
What rock did you crawl out from?

Vincent returns to service desk.

Marianne stands beside Sean.

VINCENT  
(to Sean)  
How many members came in yesterday?

Sean rifles through previous day's paperwork.

SEAN  
Two hundred and twelve.

VINCENT  
And visitors so far this month?

SEAN  
Seventy-five.

Vincent is *distressed*.

VINCENT  
And this is? What date is it?

SEAN AND MARIANNE  
The twenty-third.

VINCENT  
The twenty-third and we've only had seventy-five visitors? Something's got to be done.

SEAN AND MARIANNE  
The sauna, the leaky roof...

*Amazed at the coordinated reply, Sean and Marianne HIGH-FIVE.*

VINCENT  
What?

SEAN AND MARIANNE  
Nothing.

VINCENT  
(impatient)  
I'm fixing things, damn it. This boxing marathon better be worth it.

Vincent EXITS *in a huff*.

MARIANNE  
The M.E.X. has him freaked.

Vincent re-ENTERS club.

VINCENT  
When's the new PC System going in?

MARIANNE  
Tomorrow. They promised.

SEAN  
We going high tech?

VINCENT  
Get Andre out front to pick up all  
the trash that's blowing around. We  
have an image to keep.

Vincent EXITS.

MARIANNE  
(over intercom)  
Andre to the front desk.  
(reconsiders)  
Yo, Kemo Sabe.

Andre appears at the front desk.

ANDRE  
Ah, huh?

MARIANNE  
Vincent wants you to clean up the  
parking lot.

Andre HOLDS UP *trash bag* with *litter* from lot.

ANDRE  
'at's what I be doin'.

SERVICE DESK AREA -- LATER

DELIVERY MEN enter toting new treadmills and stair-masters.

DOOR BELL RINGS

Sean looks toward door from his binder notebook, sees no one.

DOOR BELL RINGS

A *knowing smile* curls his upper lip.

DOOR BELL RINGS

Sean PIVOTS QUICKLY toward door.

Practical Joker, WESLEY NORTHFORD, thirty-five year old BLACK MALE is caught with his finger on the door bell.

WESLEY  
Getting a little slow, Grandpa.

SEAN  
I got you second time.

WESLEY  
Third. Three comes after two.

Wesley heads toward stairs, TOSSES his car keys to Sean.

Sean makes the off-balance catch look easy.

WESLEY (CONT'D)  
Dina here?

SEAN  
Dina who?

WESLEY  
Duh! What round is it?

IN-HOUSE PHONE RINGS

SEAN  
Yes?  
(PAUSE)  
He just came in.

DOOR BELL RINGS

ENTER WHITE FEMALE SENIOR CITIZEN.

SEAN  
Good morning.

FEMALE SENIOR  
(Irish brogue)  
Good morning, yourself. I thought I might be looking you over.

SEAN  
You're interested in membership?

FEMALE SENIOR  
That I would.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Would you sign in our guest register, please? We like to know who came in and when, in case the cops start asking questions.

Her eyes SQUINT *in wonder*.

SEAN (CONT'D)

(continuing; in his most flirtatious brogue)  
They be seeing all these smart-looking lasses coming in, and who knows what they be thinking.

FEMALE SENIOR

What you mean is you want my number so your Sales people can harass me.

SEAN

Ah, and she be smart, too.

Sean picks up phone.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I'll get a membership counselor out here before we start fighting.

FEMALE SENIOR

I'm too old to fight.

SEAN

I doubt it.  
(into phone, with Brogue;  
loud enough for *prospect*  
to hear)  
There be a live one out here.

Hangs up phone, WAVES his left hand toward sofa.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Can I get you a cup of coffee?

FEMALE SENIOR

Tea?

She reaches over counter for Sean's hand.

FEMALE SENIOR (CONT'D)

Maurine McPherson.

SEAN

Sean Kelley.

(CONTINUED)



MAURINE

You be the one I see on the telly  
and in the paper?

Chet appears with mid to late THIRTY YEAR OLD FEMALE who wears *neat business attire*. Her short dark hair hangs loose.

CHET

G-good morning. My n-n-name is Ch-  
ch-chet. Sorry. Th-This is  
Michelle. You mind if she sits in?  
(to Sean)  
Sean, have you m-m-met Michelle?  
Michelle, Sean.

SEAN

Hey, Michelle.

MICHELLE

(giggles mindlessly)  
Hi, Sean. Hi.

The two shake hands.

MAURINE

You two can forget the sales pitch.  
I'm already sold. Just show me  
around so I don't get lost.

Maurine slips her left arm around Chet's right, they proceed toward cardio area. Michelle follows, turning first to Sean to *silently giggle* with hand over mouth.

Male Trainer, Wesley Northford appears at desk.

WESLEY

I left Dina in the weight room  
while I go do Lena Natala.

SEAN

Channel Eleven, Lena Natala?

WESLEY

(gloating)  
She's hotter in person.

SEAN

(holding his heart)  
Get out. I can't take anymore.

WESLEY

I hear you're doing Sales?

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Not.

WESLEY

Probably make more money, and seeing how it's so close to Social Security time for you, might mean an increase in benefits, you know.

Wesley EXITS building before Sean can respond.

At *top of the hour*, Aerobics Class is letting out.

Several Members come up stairs into lobby area. Includes FEMALE MEMBER, JULIA, a child in her arms. Her elementary school age MALE child runs quickly ahead of her, straight for the service desk counter.

BOY

(loudly)

Mister Sean, it's my birthday.

SEAN

Happy Birthday. You a teenager now?

BOY

No. I'm only seven.

SEAN

Your mother let you drive the car?

BOY

(to his mother)

Mister Sean is silly.

Julia shifts child she carries to other hip, grabs seven year old by the hand, is not in mood for *nonsense*.

JULIA

Okay, Mommy's waiting.

Family EXITS.

Sean returns to his notes.

TELEPHONE RINGS

SEAN

Good morning, Fitt Bodies. This is  
(PAUSE)

When did you leave?

(increasingly serious)

You got all the way home before you remembered you left him here?

(CONTINUED)

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 One moment, please. Yes. Yes. I  
 know. Please hold.

Puts caller on hold, transfers to Child Care.

He speaks *impatiently, flabbergasted*.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Mary, you won't believe this, I  
 have a mother says she got all the  
 way home before she remembered she  
 left her son downstairs. (PAUSE)  
 Ah, huh. She's all yours.

He hangs up and goes back to his notes.

DOOR BELL RINGS

Distinguished looking WHITE MALE, mid-fifties ENTERS.

WHITE MALE  
 Nate Fischer. Are you Sean Kelley?

SEAN  
 What'd I do?

Nate hands Sean a business card, the two shake hands.

NATE  
 Attorney at Law. I specialize in  
 Head Trauma injuries. I figure that  
 after this boxing show of yours,  
 you may be needing legal advice.

SEAN  
 It's only an exhibition.

NATE  
 I know, and I was only kidding,  
 partly, about you needing legal  
 advice. I do have a question. Like  
 why would an old timer like you  
 want to do this?

Sean *grabs his chest*.

SEAN  
 Old? I'm not old.

NATE  
 Old enough to know better.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

I am actually smarter than I look.

NATE

Truth is, you are somewhat responsible for my being here.

SEAN

Ernie's suing me for flattening his nose more than it already was?

NATE

Could someone do that? No. The truth is, I've been rather neglect in my habits of late.

(pats his ample stomach)

When I read about you, what? Forty-five and getting in the ring with thirteen boxers, I felt guilty. No, not true. I was inspired.

SEAN

Thank you, Mister Fischer.

NATE

Nate. Please.

SEAN

Then you're here for your benefit, not mine. Though I am grateful for the unsolicited advise. Have a seat and I'll get Chet for you.

Sean picks up phone, dials Chet just as the latter is exiting his office with Michelle and their Member Prospect, Maureen.

Chet makes a *just a second hand signal*, picks up phone.

CHET

I see him. I'm coming.

TELEPHONE RINGS

SEAN

(into phone)

Good morning, Fitt Bodies. Could you...oh, sorry.

(PAUSE, listens)

(breaks into a grin)

What? You son of a...I owe you one. Big time.

Hangs up phone.

(CONTINUED)

Nate appears *taken aback*, though maybe just *curious*?

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 (in explanation)  
 A practical joker.

FITNESS CENTER PARKING LOT -- NEXT MORNING DARK (Est.)

INT. SERVICE DESK AREA

Aerobics studio is dark.

A dozen Members use the cardio equipment.

Sean prepares coffee. Movements are stiff, pained.

Kevin Marcus enters.

KEVIN  
 Cream. Two sugars.

SEAN  
 I ain't your maid, boy.

KEVIN  
 No, but you be my waiter, boy.

DOOR BELL SOUNDS

Andre Sunflower ENTERS, lays Sports Page on desk.

SEAN  
 You sleep in the parking lot?

ANDRE  
 Uh, uh.

SEAN  
 Must be back with the Mrs.

ANDRE  
 Uh, uh. Staying with the Fitts.

Andre comes behind desk, reaches for Sean.

Sean FLINCHES.

SEAN  
 Too sore for hugs, Kemo Sabe.

Andre places both hands lightly on Sean's ribs, bows his head, closes his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

ANDRE

See me when you be leavin'.

Andre shuffles downstairs with his coffee.

SEAN

I feel better already.

Sean picks up Sports Page Andre has left.

Headlines read: FITTS FIGHT FOR RESPECT

Includes photo of Vincent Fitt in *awkward boxing pose*.

DOOR BELL SOUNDS

ISABELLA MARINELLI, Aerobics Instructor, ENTERS.

Isabella descends stairs to aerobic studio without speaking.

Kevin is *sprawled* on sofa, silently watches Isabella pass.

Bonnie enters, looking like *trash left out overnight*.

KEVIN

Well, lookee here.

BONNIE

Shut up. I've been busy.

KEVIN

Doing what?

BONNIE

Working. I've got a job now.

KEVIN

So do I, but I make it every day.

BONNIE

And look at you.

Isabella CALLS from bottom of stairs.

ISABELLA

(loudly)

TURN THE LIGHTS ON, PLEASE.

Sean *throws breakers* to light up aerobic studio.

Bonnie shuffles downstairs.

Kevin is sipping from coffee on sofa when Scott enters.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN  
You're late, Fat Boy.

SCOTT  
Am I keeping you from something?

KEVIN  
I coulda been finished by now.

SCOTT  
Yeah, we know how hard you work.

The two descend stairs to the locker room.

SHORT TIME LATER

Bonnie *hangs* near front desk, sweaty and exhausted, BOUNCING up and down like a *jumping bean*.

SEAN  
Do you mind? You're dripping.

BONNIE  
Sorry, Mister Grouch. What's the matter, you don't like me anymore?

SEAN  
I haven't seen you in six months.

BONNIE  
I'll be here with my sister every day from now on, smarty pants.

SEAN  
Who's gonna motivate who?

She's bouncing up and down.

BONNIE  
Whom? It's whom.

SEAN  
The Marathon's only a week away, but hey, if you don't mind looking bad in front of your friends.

He places his hands on her shoulders.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Stop. You're making me seasick.

BONNIE  
I gotta pee.

(CONTINUED)

She runs out front door.

SEAN  
Don't be peeing in the lot.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

8:30 Aerobics Class is over.

In lobby, Isabella dons her *street clothes* over her leotards.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
How many you have today?

ISABELLA  
Eight. I drive all the way over here at five-thirty in the morning to teach a class to eight people. Hilda didn't tell me that.

SEAN  
Unusual. It's usually packed.

ISABELLA  
Next time Hilda asks me to sub, forget it.

INT. FITT BODIES REMOTE OFFICE -- LATER

In a STORE FRONT OFFICE adjacent to MR. TIRE.

Vincent sits behind large, neat, uncluttered desk.

Konrad and Sean stand.

KONRAD  
Three, four heavy bags.

VINCENT  
But is there enough interest?

KONRAD  
I got forty, fifty, including my M.E.X. clients who are ready to go.

Vincent's *cool exterior* is *ruffled*.

VINCENT  
How we gonna fit that many?

KONRAD  
Not all at once.

Vincent looks at Sean for *confirmation*.

(CONTINUED)



SEAN

He knows better than I do.

Vincent PUNCHES numbers into a calculator.

VINCENT

Everyone sign waivers for this?

KONRAD

Not a problem.

VINCENT

Get me some prices on equipment.

KONRAD

I left a catalog on your desk.

VINCENT

(aloud, to himself)

Gonna have to tear down walls.

What if it doesn't work? What if...

KONRAD

The M.E.X. will do it.

Vincent is *ruffled* again; his eyes *narrowed*.

VINCENT

I don't know if I like that.

SEAN

(as mediator)

You got one popular dude here.

KONRAD

Newspaper. Television.

VINCENT

The Marathon?

KONRAD

The Marathon.

VINCENT

You guys ready?

KONRAD

Ready.

SEAN

As ever.

Sean and Konrad *high-five* each other as *conviction* to the solidarity of their commitment.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT  
 (to Sean)  
 Hope you don't get a black eye.

SEAN  
 Thirteen rounds. I might.

KONRAD  
 (smugly)  
 You know I won't.

VINCENT  
 Will you be doing Membership?

Sean takes a DEEP BREATH, his hand on his ribs.

SEAN  
 Can we talk about that later?

EXT. /INT. TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT

Sean sings along to *Contemporary Country* song while STRETCHING on the floor.

Pepsi is SPRAWLED across the bed.

TELEPHONE RINGS TWICE.

Patrick ENTERS.

PATRICK  
 It's Konrad.

Sean picks up phone.

SEAN  
 KONNIE, BABY. Wassup?  
 (looks suddenly ill)  
 You what?  
 (grimaces, clutches ribs)  
 Broke your ankle? You're shitting  
 me, right?

LATER

Clad in bathrobe, sipping orange juice, Sean DIALS ten digits into the phone.

SEAN  
 Hi, Ma.  
 (PAUSE)  
 Am I bothering you? Ah, ha. Good.  
 So how's it going?  
 (PAUSE)

(CONTINUED)

SEAN (CONT'D)

You seeing a doctor?

(PAUSE)

Good. Doesn't sound serious.

(PAUSE)

Yeah, Pat. She's got a son.

Patrick. Nice kid. Fourteen, I think. Listen, I'm boxing again.

(PAUSE)

I'm not *that* old. This guy I work with trains members. I've been working with them, too.

(PAUSE; *shoulders sag*)

Yeah, Dad would have liked that.

(PAUSE; *stiffens*)

I didn't. Yeah, I know. Hey look, I gotta go. I just wanted to let you know what was going on.

(PAUSE)

I love you, too, Ma.

He goes to kitchen, pulls and CRUSHES ice from freezer, drops into a towel spread on counter, APPLIES to left rib cage.

Front door opens. Pat ENTERS kitchen, looks *surprised*.

PAT

What happened?

SEAN

I can't sleep when you're not here.

PAT

It's ten o'clock and you're putting ice on your ribs.

SEAN

This is late for you, too.

Pat SNUGGLES into his chest, holds the ice for him.

PAT

You understand, right? How it's important I do meetings?

SEAN

So I shouldn't be jealous?

PAT

Cause I go to meetings? Not everyone's a hermit like you. Be nice or I'll tickle your ribs.

Sean GRIMACES.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN  
Please don't.

PAT  
Can't let go of the glory days?

SEAN  
Konnie, Konrad broke his ankle.

PAT  
Oh, good. So the Marathon is off  
and you can heal.

Pat lays her hands gently to his ribs.

SEAN  
Not. Just means I'll be working  
twice as hard.

PAT  
(in disbelief)  
But you've got a broken rib.

SEAN  
Bruised. It's only bruised.

INT. GYM LOCKER ROOM -- NEXT MORNING

Bill, Fritz and Brent don gym clothes.

Sean ENTERS, PUSHING a bucket of water with mop.

BILL  
Good morning, Irish Sean Kelley.

In *auto-response*, Sean raises right arm in the air pseudo-celebratory.

SEAN  
No time for applause. There's an  
overflowed toilet to contend with.

FRITZ  
Irish Sean Kelley mops up toilet  
overflow. Has a nice ring to it.

BRENT  
Isn't that where the phrase,  
*hearing bells* came from?

CARDIO AREA - LATER

Two WHITE MALES, TED and ROB WAVE from treadmills.

(CONTINUED)

Sean GRABS his chest, *feigns heart attack*.

TED  
The M.E.X. wasn't open.

ROB  
We knew you would be.

SEAN  
I warned you not to jump ship.

ROB  
Steve's here, too. And Mack.

Kevin arrives for coffee.

KEVIN  
Ready to kick butt on Friday?

SEAN  
Ah, yes. I guess. Sort of.

KEVIN  
Oh? He's having doubts, is he?

SEAN  
I'm not. Except that I'll be doing it alone. Konrad broke his ankle.

Ted overhears.

TED  
So, what? It will only be thirteen rounds instead of twenty-six?

SEAN  
Not. Thirteen opponents, now two rounds each. Twenty-six rounds.

KEVIN  
You should be a Math Professor.

SEAN  
And compete with you? No, thanks.

EXT. NEIGHBORING STREET -- LATER IN THE DAY

Sean WALKS toward gym wearing *workout sweats*.

Vincent pulls alongside in Black Lexus, rolls down window.

VINCENT  
How far you run?

(CONTINUED)

SEAN  
Easy two.

VINCENT  
Not very far.

SEAN  
If I'm not ready by now...

Vincent DRIVES into lot.

EXT. HEALTH CLUB -- SECONDS LATER

Vincent awaits Sean in front of the Club.

VINCENT  
How's his ankle?

SEAN  
In a cast.

VINCENT  
So it won't be a Marathon.

SEAN  
I can do it.

Sean BENDS, STRETCHING his *hamstrings*.

VINCENT  
I hope you got good insurance.

SEAN  
Oh ye of little faith.

VINCENT  
I'm just saying. True we had  
M.E.X. people here this morning?

SEAN  
No one opened over there so they  
came here to play basketball.

VINCENT  
You charge a *guest fee*?

SEAN  
I didn't. They'll be back.

VINCENT  
The dues over there is twenty bucks  
a month more than ours.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN  
And if they're not opening on time.

VINCENT  
That was good. Not making them pay.

SEAN  
Good. I should get a raise?

VINCENT  
By the time this is over, I'll be  
working for you.

INT. TOWNHOUSE KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Sean COOKS. Pat CHECKS MAIL at table.

FRONT DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

PAT  
Good. He's home on time.

Patrick ENTERS kitchen, drops into a *boxer's pose*.

PATRICK  
Hi, Champ.

He PLOPS himself onto a chair at the table.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
What are we having?

PAT  
Wash your hands first.

SEAN  
Meatloaf and mashed potatoes.

PATRICK  
With hamburg or turkey?

SEAN  
Guess.

PATRICK  
Duh, turkey cause it's less fat?

SEAN  
Ta, da.

Pat smiles in *admiration of the bond*.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK  
Can I have some milk?

PAT  
You know where it is. Wash your  
hands first.

Patrick lays his head on his forearms on the table.

PATRICK  
I'm tired.

SEAN  
Waa! Waa!

PATRICK  
I wasn't talking to you.

PAT  
(harshly)  
Patrick!

SEAN  
(gently)  
Hey, what's with the attitude?

PATRICK  
Sorry.

SEAN  
Bad day at the office?

Patrick *rolls his eyes*.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
(to Pat)  
He got that from you.

PAT  
What?

SEAN  
Rolling his eyes. You do that to me  
all the time.

PAT  
(lightheartedly)  
I do not.

SEAN  
You did it to me in the gym the  
other day when I made that  
announcement over the intercom.

(CONTINUED)



PAT  
That wasn't an announcement. You  
were singing "*Happy Birthday*."

PATRICK  
Oh, brother.

SEAN  
And you didn't like my singing?

Pat *rolls her eyes*. Patrick LAUGHS.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
See? What I tell you?

Sean *exaggerates* imitating Pat's *rolling of the eyes*.

Patrick LAUGHS LOUDER.

The *ice has been broken*. Conversation flows freely. Dinner is  
eaten in peace.

ACT THREE

EXT. / INT. ELK'S HALL -- THE BIG NIGHT

*Marathon posters* hang on every wall in the lobby.

FITT BODIES

CELEBRATES

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

WITH ITS FIRST ANNUAL

MARATHON OF BOXING

FEATURING

X X X X X X X X X X X

AND

THE FORMER IRISH SEAN KELLEY

VS

THIRTEEN OPPONENTS

Konrad Sampson's name is *scratched* from all posters.

Sean ENTERS building with Pat and Patrick in tow.

(CONTINUED)

Loud *applause* greets him. He *shakes hands*, accepts *good luck* wishes on his way to dressing area.

INT. ROOM IN BASEMENT

Sean GREETs and is *greeted enthusiastically* by smattering of Marathon participants.

Some of the participants show *nervous apprehension*.

A loud roar is heard from the Hall above.

TIM

*The Man* has arrived.

Moments later, Konrad HOBBLes into dressing room on crutches.

SEAN

Konnie, baby.

The two EMBRACE.

KONRAD

The chicks got their own room? Bet you argued that condition, dog.

*Nervous SNICKERS* spread through the room.

SEAN

Damn. Wish I had thought of that.

The two *mill about*, CHATTING amiably with participants.

INT. / EXT. DRESSING ROOM AND MAIN HALL

Sean's *manner is cordial*, though less *gregarious* than usual.

Vincent ENTERS dressing room with a YOUNG BOY.

VINCENT

Sean, you know my son, Vinny.

SEAN

All-Star third baseman?

(to Vinny)

He's got your articles plastered all over the gym.

VINCENT

Your wife is outside.

JIM

When'd you get married?

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

I figured you'd take it easy on me  
if you knew I had a wife and kid.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE LOCKER ROOM

Pat looks *nervous*. Patrick is *all smiles*.

SEAN

Vincent told them you were my wife.

Patrick TUGS on Sean's arm.

PATRICK

Sean. Sean.

PAT

Patrick, stop!

PATRICK

Cool outfit.

Sean turns to show IRISH SEAN KELLEY on back of *green satin robe, keepsake from the glory days*.

PAT

I don't know if I like you as a  
boxer. You're...different.

SEAN

A little nervous, no big deal.  
Where you sitting?

PAT

Don and Lisa are holding two seats  
for us over there.

She POINTS.

SEAN

I better get inside.

Sean and Pat KISS LIGHTLY.

PAT

I'll be waiting.

Sean turns to go.

PATRICK

Good luck, Champ.

INT. EXHIBITION HALL - SHORT TIME LATER

OVERVIEW

Sense the crowd's *excitement*.

Near ringside, a *racially-mixed group* of LOUD, BOISTEROUS MALES creates *discomfort* among those nearby.

BELL SOUNDS

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and Gentlemen. In case you have not heard the news, our exhibition has been changed some.

A MIX of CHEERS and BOOS

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

...Konrad Sampson, one of the two featured performers has bowed out due to injury...

INT. DRESSING ROOM

SEAN

We ready?

All eleven male opponents are dressed and ready.

BOXERS

(in unison)  
Ready, Irish.

SEAN

Let's have us some fun.

Boxers CHEER loudly.

INT. EXHIBITION HALL

Eleven MALE, two FEMALE BOXERS enter to *ROCKY Theme Song*.

All in attendance RISE to the occasion.

LOUD CHEERS, FOOT STOMPING

Sean ENTERS.

ANNOUNCER

In a Marathon of Boxing like you've never seen before. Thirteen boxers will go one...excuse me, two rounds each against...

(CONTINUED)

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
 (with exaggerated emphasis)  
 IRISH SEAN KELLEY...

The Announcement is met with *CHEERS and WHISTLES*.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
 Each of the thirteen has drawn  
 straws to determine their order in  
 the, ahem, execution.

GROUP of ROWDY MALES is *OVERLY BOISTEROUS*.

WHITE MALE  
 You talking out your butt.

BLACK MALE  
 Big money says different.

ANNOUNCER  
 (snickering)  
 ...their order in the proceedings,  
 I meant to say.

ASIDE

SEAN  
 (aloud, to himself)  
 Be cool, man. Be cool.

SEAN ENTERS BOXING RING.

FIRST OPPONENT is *introduced*.

Sean takes it easy on the inexperienced TEAM TOYOTA Lacrosse  
 Player. Sean SLIPS *tentative jabs*, throws only a few punches.

The *round is uneventful*. POLITE APPLAUSE is mixed with  
 scattering of BOOS.

ROUND TWO finds the Team Toyota opponent *GASPING for air*.

BELL SOUNDS

IN SEAN'S CORNER

SEAN  
 Should have had the easy ones last.

BELL FOR NEXT ROUND

One of the twins, Bonnie (or is it Barbara) is next.

BONNIE  
 Remember. I'm not in shape.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Do I look stupid to you?

Bonnie displays a technically sound knowledge of the *manly art*, lands *telling blows* to Sean's arms and shoulders.

In close

SEAN (CONT'D)

Watch the ribs, girl.

Performance draws LOUD CHEERS.

IN SEAN'S CORNER

Sean STANDS between rounds.

Andre is *Corner Man*. Towel drapes from a shoulder.

SEAN

She can punch.

ANDRE

Sit. You gots a long night.

The next three "bouts" (six rounds) go similarly. Only Ernie offers *worthwhile challenge*, managing to *draw blood* from Sean's nose.

IN SEAN'S CORNER

He SPITS blood into *spittoon*, refusing to sit.

SEAN

Shake out my left shoulder, Ray.

ANDRE

What round is this?

SEAN

You tell me.

ANDRE

I'm asking you cause you don't know. You need to slow down.

Audience is *appreciative*, though clearly *expects more*.

HECKLER

Patty-cake. Patty-cake.

ANOTHER HECKLER

Let's see what you can really do.

BELL SOUNDS FOR ROUND ELEVEN

Sean MOVES *in close* against Big John Paisley who is obviously *nervous*, GRABS and TOSSES Sean into the ropes.

HECKLER

He's a lightweight.

Big John *moves stiffly*, STALKING the *dancing Sean* around boxing ring.

BELL ENDS ROUND

ROUND TWELVE is, as well, *boring*, though Sean throws more punches to the bigger man's midsection.

In Sean's corner

SEAN

He's too big to be leaning on me.

Sean spends next *two rounds* on the *defensive* against Barbara.

Jim is next, FLINCHING at everything thrown in his direction. At the bell, Sean SNAPS Jim's head back with a *stiff jab*.

Crowd REACTS *enthusiastically*.

Jim STAGGERS back to his corner, HOLDS HIS NOSE.

Sean follows Jim into the latter's corner.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Sorry about that.

JIM

Goddam that hurt.

*Crowd reaction* is a MIX of BOOS and CHEERS.

ANNOUNCER

This is it, folks. Last two rounds of the evening. Let's hear it for everyone who participated.

LOUD CHEER

RINGSIDE

Malcolm *appears* a lot bigger than the ten to fifteen pounds he has on Sean.

KONRAD

Be slick, Irish.

(CONTINUED)

## ANNOUNCER

For the last slaughter...I  
mean...last bout of the evening, in  
the far corner is Malcolm...does  
Malcolm have a last name?

BELL TO START ROUND

Malcolm CHARGES from his corner, TOSSES *bombs* from all  
angles. One of these catches Sean in ribs.

Sean goes to canvas. GASPS *in pain*. CLUTCHES his side.

Crowd is on its *collective feet*.

Malcolm *POSTURES* over Sean.

## MALCOLM

I'm bad. I'm bad.

Referee looks to STATE COMMISSIONER at ringside.

## COMMISSIONER

(loudly)

COUNT. BEGIN THE COUNT.

Suddenly, the smell of *real fight* is in the air.

Konrad *makes a show* of attempting to climb into ring.

## KONRAD

(loudly)

You're lucky I'm not in there.

The *count is at seven*.

*Rowdy group of black and white males* CONVERGES on ring.

SECURITY POLICE offer *restraint*.

## BLACK MALE

(yelling)

He coulda counted to twenty by now.

## WHITE MALE

Fix! Fix!

Sean is on his feet, WINKS, TAPS gloves left and right,  
rhythmically to his forehead. He breathes through his mouth.  
*Bloody mouthpiece* adds *drama* to the scene.

In the crowd

Pat and Patrick look *FEARFUL*.

(CONTINUED)



Vincent and Lorrie Fitt are *THUNDERSTRUCK*.

Ella and Marianne are beside themselves with *CONCERN*.

Andre rests his chin atop folded hands, his eyes closed.

Marathon Boxers look *dumbfounded, angry, concerned*.

REFEREE

(to Sean)

You okay?

SEAN

Uh, huh.

Referee WAVES boxers together.

Malcolm again CHARGES across the ring.

Sean is prepared, SIDESTEPS, but is too off-balance to *counter-punch*, is nearly *toppled* again.

KONRAD

(enraged)

YOU PUNK SON OF A BITCH.

VINCENT

Konrad. You're making a scene.

The AUDIENCE is on its collective feet, SCREAMING, CHEERING. A *new and foreboding sense of concern* prevails.

Referee WAVES boxers together.

Malcolm CHARGES.

Fatigued, Sean is not quite as agile, is tagged high on the forehead, STAGGERS, but manages to stay erect.

Malcolm is now breathing heavily. His *BOMBS* lack the explosive power of initial onslaught and miss or glance harmlessly from Sean's shoulders and gloves.

Sean stands mid-ring, puts on a marvelous *defensive display* that lasts close to a minute as he SLIPS, PARRIES, BOBS and WEAVES to avoid all contact without moving his feet.

Malcolm STEPS BACK to *catch his breath*.

Sean moves in quickly, DIPS, fires a short, crisp left hook to his opponent's solar plexus.

Malcolm is DOWN, GASPS for air. Pain is *evident in his eyes*.

(CONTINUED)

Clutching his left rib, Sean STAGGERS back to his corner,  
TAPS his forehead in *salute* to Konrad.

The *rowdy and racially-mixed males* CONVERGE on the ring.

Konrad and several Marathon boxers MOVE IN.

The Rowdies BACK DOWN.

The bell SOUNDS.

RINGSIDE DOCTOR helps Malcolm to his feet. Sean ASSISTS.

SEAN

You okay?

MALCOLM

Good shot, Irish.

The two EMBRACE. Sean TURNS, RAISES right glove to  
acknowledge crowd's appreciation.

Sean EXITS ring.

Hall is filled with CHEERS! WHISTLES!

INT. DRESSING ROOM

The air CRACKLES with *macho pride* and *good cheer*.

JIM STAGGERS

I think my nose is broke.

He holds a towel to it.

KONRAD

'at's why you staggered, Staggers.

ALL LAUGH

SEAN

Good job, Jim. You too, Ernie.

Sean and Konrad EMBRACE.

KONRAD

Good job, Big Daddy. Sorry I  
couldn't help. Course if I did they  
wouldn't have had anything left and  
it woulda been a cakewalk for you.

Sean TURNS and FALLS into Andre's *embrace*.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Whatever it was you put in that water, thank you, Kemo Sabe.

VINCENT

Get a picture of the three of us.

KONRAD

Yeah, you worked hard as Big Daddy.

MUCH LAUGHTER

When FLASH explodes, Vincent is HUGGING Sean. Konrad has one of his crutches aimed at Vincent's head.

Everyone is smiling.

INT. SEAN AND PAT'S KITCHEN -- LATER

PATRICK

You're a good fighter.

Patrick is *animated*, SHADOW-BOXES around kitchen.

PAT

It's late. You better get to bed.

PATRICK

It's only eleven...oh, it's almost midnight. Good night.

Patrick KISSES his mother. On *auto-pilot*, he HUGS Sean who HUGS back in return.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Good fight. Good night.

Patrick SHADOW-BOXES to his bedroom, TURNS, SMILES before CLOSING door.

Sean and Pat EMBRACE.

PAT

(into his chest)  
Schizo-teenager.

SEAN

He's a good kid.

PAT

(into his eyes)  
I'm glad you get along.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN  
We should get to bed.

PAT  
You have anything left?

SEAN  
Hmmm. That's a hard one.

Pat *leads* him toward bedroom.

EXT. FITT BODIES HEALTH CLUB -- PRE-DAWN MONDAY

Sean pulls into his usual parking spot. It is *unusual* though that there are no other cars in the lot.

Lights are ON inside the club.

Only *slightly stiff and sore*, his *face a tad puffy* still, Sean is *all smiles*, practically SKIPS from his car toward front door.

INSIDE

Sean is about to walk behind front desk, when he is *distracted by movement* near the stairs.

Suddenly dozens of members APPEAR.

LOUD APPLAUSE

Kevin and Scott PULL TAUT a *banner* which exclaims:

IRISH SEAN KELLEY - FITT BODIES CHAMPION

KEVIN  
This was supposed to be hung, but  
Fat Boy couldn't get it up.

SCOTT  
I didn't have that problem last  
night. Just ask Connie.

Andre gives Sean a *big hug*.

ANDRE  
You done good, Kemo Sabe.

More members than usual this time of day are on hand.

Pat ENTERS, *sleepy-eyed*, but *lovely as a spring morning*.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN  
I can't believe you're up so early.

PAT  
I'm the designated kisser.

VINCENT  
(over microphone)  
Can I have your attention, please?

Focus turns to Vincent.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
(continuing; into  
microphone)  
I just want to say...

LOUD FEEDBACK FROM AMPLIFIER

EQUALLY LOUD CHORUS OF BOOS

VINCENT  
(continuing; sans  
microphone)  
Now that I've got your attention.  
I'm sure the sentiment meets with  
everyone's approval, but what you,  
Sean, what you did Friday night,  
twenty-six rounds and getting up  
from what could have been a most  
embarrassing ending for which, I  
would have never forgiven you...

ALL  
BOO!!

VINCENT  
Only kidding. I do have a sense of  
humor. And you show up for work  
(looks at clock)  
Before five o'clock on Monday.

KEVIN  
(loudly)  
He deserves a raise.

MALE VOICE  
Show me the money.

VINCENT  
This is probably good a time as any  
to announce your career change.

Sean SHAKES Vincent's hand, takes microphone from him.

(CONTINUED)

MUCH CHEERING, CLAPPING prevail.

SEAN

This is amazing. All of you. And Pat. Did I tell you I love you yet today?

LAUGHTER, CHEERS

SEAN (CONT'D)

(over intercom)

I am grateful for the job offer, Vincent, but I was born to be a towel boy and so, I won't be changing careers. Just yet.

CHEERS

IN CLOSE

Sean turns to Pat, not realizing he still holds microphone that is ON.

Respectfully though, the *audience is hushed*.

SEAN

(to Pat)

I love you, Babe. You fulfill me. You make me a better man. What would you say if I asked you to marry me?

Pat looks out at what is now obviously AN AUDIENCE that is *silent with anticipation*.

PAT

Are you proposing?

SEAN

I am.

CHEERS ERUPT.

SEAN (CONT'D)

You can't say no now. Lots of people are listening in.

PAT

Do you promise not to box anymore?

SEAN

(mimicking shyness)

Well, alright.

(CONTINUED)

PAT

Is it okay if I sleep on it?

The room ERUPTS into *cheers and whistles*.

FADE OUT