

IRON AND SOUL  
A Scripted Digital Series  
*Episode One: "Last Rep"*

Written by Carl Burcham

FADE IN:

INT. IRON & SOUL GYM - DAY

The gym is dark and silent. A wall clock reads 4:30 AM.

A key turns in the front door.

RITA CASTELLANOS (65), a compact woman with steel-gray hair in a no-nonsense ponytail, enters carrying a mop bucket, ancient boom box, and a small bag of cleaning supplies.

She flips on the lights and immediately starts her elaborate morning routine.

She sets out two coffee cups, arranges her cleaning supplies in a specific order, and starts wiping down equipment with military precision.

She plugs in her boom box. Gloria Estefan's "Conga" starts playing. Rita joins in.

RITA  
Come on, shake your body baby, do  
the conga...

She dances as she cleans, talking to herself in a mix of English and Spanish.

RITA (CONT'D)  
Carlos always said this song was  
too loud for the morning. Carlos  
was wrong about a lot of things.

She approaches the back office. The door is slightly open. She frowns - this breaks her routine.

RITA (CONT'D)  
Jimmy? You jerking off in there? I  
told you, use the damn bathroom  
like a civilized masterbater.

No response. She pushes the door open.

RITA (CONT'D)  
I don't care if you own this place,  
there are rules about-

CLOSEUP ON RITA

She stops dead. Her face drains of color.

RITA (CONT'D)

Ay, Dios mío. Great, just fucking great.

INT. IRON & SOUL GYM - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JIMMY KOWALSKI (68), a stocky man with thinning gray hair and a permanent five o'clock shadow, is slumped in his desk chair.

Purple-faced and clearly dead.

His faded gym shorts are bunched around his ankles. On his ancient TV/VCR combo a VHS tape of 1983's "Flashdance" is frozen with Jennifer Beal's face covering the screen.

A half-eaten box of discount Valentine's chocolates sits next to a bottle of bottom-shelf wine.

Rita stares at the pathetic tableau, then immediately starts straightening things around the body.

RITA (CONT'D)

Really, Jimmy? "Flashdance"? That's what you chose?

She notices a yellow sticky note clutched in the deceased's hand and pries it loose. At the top in Jimmy's tiny, printed handwriting: "FOR MY GYM FAMILY."

RITA (CONT'D)

"If something happens to me..."

She reads silently. Her eyes widen as she finishes reading.

RITA (CONT'D)

You manipulative dead cabrón. This is more twisted than your taste in movies.

She grabs the cheap wine bottle and takes a swig, flinches.

RITA (CONT'D)

Cheap bastard. Couldn't even buy decent wine to die with.

She pulls out her ancient flip phone and dials.

RITA (CONT'D)

Danny? It's Rita from the gym... Yeah, I know what fucking time it is... When I came in this morning, I found Jimmy. Dead... Yes, as a doornail. Listen!

(MORE)

RITA (CONT'D)

I need witnesses who won't ask stupid questions... Why? Because I'm not going to prison for this pervert if cops try to finger me or anybody else.

She starts to end the call, then remembers one last thing.

RITA (CONT'D)

And bring Maya... The angry little boxer... Because apparently, we're all in Jimmy's will and this is about to get really jodido.

She flips the phone shut to end the call and addresses the corpulent corpse.

RITA (CONT'D)

If this backfires, Jimmy, I'm haunting your perverted ghost until the end of time.

INT. IRON & SOUL GYM - A BIT LATER

DANNY RESTREPO (28), a lanky, high-strung neurotic mess bursts through the front door.

He wears a wrinkled button-down shirt over gym shorts and mismatched socks. He clutches a small notebook like a drowning man clinging to a life preserver.

DANNY

Rita? Where are you? I figured finding a dead body must be traumatic, so I got snacks in case you're in shock-

MAYA SANTOS (17), a small, fierce teen with an attitude follows Danny into the gym, rolling her eyes.

MAYA

You brought snacks to a death scene?

DANNY

Emotional support snacks! It's a real thing!

Rita emerges from the office, looking grim but also slightly inebriated.

RITA

So... Jimmy's dead.

MAYA

Like... recently dead or rotting-for-days dead?

RITA

Recently. Still warm when I found him. Also, freshly jerked off.

(beat)

By him, not me, so don't get any creepy ideas. I think he must have had a heart attack while choking his chicken.

DANNY

Oh God, so this is real! Did you check for a pulse? Did you try CPR? I know CPR! Well, I took a class once, but I practiced on my acting coach, and she said I was very thorough—

MAYA

Danny, shut up. Rita, why did you call us instead of 9-1-1?

Rita holds up the note.

RITA

Because the schmuck left us this.

MAYA

A sticky note?

Rita frowns before putting on her readers because the print is so small and reads the note aloud.

RITA

"Rita, Danny, Maya - If you're reading this, my heart finally gave out (probably mid-wank). You three are the only ones who give a shit about this place. So, it's yours now. Don't let the redevelopment bastards tear it down! Sorry for the mess. Good luck, suckers. Love, Jimmy."

Stunned silence.

MAYA

Wait, what the hell? He's giving us his gym?

DANNY

That's... that's not how legal documents work. There are procedures. Probate courts. You can't just leave a Post-it note and expect—

MAYA

Can we see the body?

RITA

Why?

MAYA

I want to make sure you didn't murder him for his gym.

RITA

Maya!

MAYA

What? You called us before the cops. That's like Serial Killer 101 behavior.

DANNY

She has a point. Statistically speaking, this is irregular. I should probably Google "signs of murder"—

RITA

Fine. But the accidental death scene is to say the least... undignified. I found Jimmy in his natural habitat - half-naked with a remote in one hand and his dick in the other.

Rita leads a wide-eyed Danny and Maya toward the office.

INT. IRON & SOUL GYM - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The three stand in the doorway, staring at Jimmy's "Flashdance" tableau.

Long beat.

MAYA

Holy shit. He died jerking off to an '80's flick?

DANNY

That's... actually kind of  
impressive for an old guy his age.  
I mean, cardiovascularly speaking,  
that  
takes stamina—

RITA

Don't make this weirder than it  
already is.

MAYA

Are those Valentine's Day  
chocolates? Dude, it's March.

DANNY

"Russell Stover Assorted Creams."  
Jimmy, you cheap bastard. Couldn't  
even spring for Godiva for your  
final fap?

RITA

Can we focus? We have a dead body  
to deal with and apparently a  
business to run.

MAYA

Do we, though? I mean, what if we  
just... don't?

DANNY

Don't what?

MAYA

Take the gym. What if we just call  
the cops, say we found him, and  
walk away?

RITA

Then some developer buys this place  
and turns it into overpriced condos  
for trust fund babies.

DANNY

I kind of agree with Maya. I don't  
know how to run a business! I can  
barely manage my own laundry  
schedule!

MAYA

And I'm only seventeen. I'm pretty  
sure I can't legally own property.  
Plus, what do we actually know  
about each other?

DANNY

I know Rita arrives at 4:30 AM every morning and sets out two coffee cups.

RITA

How the hell do you know that?

DANNY

I've been documenting gym patterns for three months. It helps with my social anxiety.

MAYA

That's creepy as shit, Danny.

DANNY

Observational research!

RITA

Look, Jimmy was a perverted old bastard, but this place meant something to him. And for some fucked up reason, he thought we could handle it.

MAYA

I guess. I mean, what's the worst that could happen? We already have nothing to lose.

DANNY

We could fail spectacularly and end up homeless and broke.

MAYA

All three of us are already broke. My family is poor as hell. Rita's been cleaning this place for free for years. And you're a struggling actor in LA.

DANNY

What makes you think I'm struggling?

MAYA

You eat the same sad bologna and cheese sandwich every day and your gym shoes are held together with duct tape.



RITA

To me, Iron & Soul is the only thing that makes sense anymore. Carlos and I used to work out here when we were young and stupid.

MAYA

Who's Carlos?

RITA

My dead husband. The two coffee cups are a habit.

Awkward silence.

MAYA

Fuck it. I'm in.

RITA

Seriously?

MAYA

This gym is the only place nobody tries to recruit me for gangs or ask me about my immigration status.

DANNY

If I say yes, are we going to end up like this? Dead in a chair with our pants down?

MAYA

Probably. But at least we'll die doing something.

DANNY

That's... weirdly inspiring.

(beat)

Okay. I'm in. But I'm documenting everything for legal purposes.

RITA

Whatever floats your boat. So, we're really doing this?

Danny and Maya nod a solid "Yes." Rita pulls out her flip phone to make the call.

RITA (CONT'D)

911? Yeah, I'm reporting a death... Natural causes... no suspicious circumstances... Just an old man who died doing what he loved.

She looks at Jennifer Beals on the frozen TV screen and Jimmy slumped in the chair with his shorts wrapped around his ankles.

She takes a long pull from Jimmy's wine bottle before finishing the call.

RITA (CONT'D)  
Unfortunately.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE 1

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IRON AND SOUL  
A Scripted Digital Series  
*Episode Two: "New Management"*

Written by Carl Burcham

EPISODE TWO

FADE IN:

INT. IRON & SOUL GYM - DAY

SUPER: SIX WEEKS LATER

The wall clock reads 6 AM. The gym looks exactly the same, except for a handwritten sign taped to the front door: "UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT - RITA, DANNY & MAYA."

Rita completes reorganizing the entire front desk area with labeled containers for everything. She consults a detailed schedule written in her careful handwriting.

Danny paces near the weights, clutching a thick binder and practicing conversations with himself.

DANNY

Good morning, valued gym member.  
How may I assist you today? No, too formal. Hey there, gym buddy! Too casual. Welcome to Iron & Soul, where fitness meets—

Maya sits on a workout bench eating a breakfast burrito, watching Danny with amusement.

MAYA

You've been practicing that Dumb AF speech for twenty minutes.

DANNY

I want to get the customer service voice right. I've been researching optimal greeting techniques and there are seventeen different approaches—

MAYA

Or you could just say "hi" like a normal person.

DANNY

I'm not a normal person. I'm a gym owner now. That requires specific skills.

The front door chimes. FRANK MORRISON (55), a regular gym member built like a linebacker who discovered beer walks in wearing a stained tank top that's achieved sentience.

FRANK  
Morning, Rita. Where's Jimmy?

Rita freezes mid-organization. Danny stops pacing. Maya continues eating.

RITA  
Jimmy's no longer with us, Frank.

FRANK  
He finally get arrested for that peeping tom shit?

MAYA  
He's dead, Frank. Heart attack from excessive masturbation.

Frank processes this information while scratching his considerable belly.

FRANK  
Huh. Always said that would happen.  
(beat)  
Who's gonna fix the broken cable machine?

DANNY  
We are! I mean, technically we inherited the gym, but the probate process is complex and I'm still researching liability insurance—

FRANK  
So you can fix shit or not?

DANNY  
I... I have a very detailed plan for equipment maintenance, so—

FRANK  
Good enough. And while you're at it, the men's bathroom is out of toilet paper.

Frank walks away. The three new owners watch him go.

MAYA  
I love how he just accepted that Jimmy died jerking off.

RITA  
Everyone knew Jimmy was a perv. We just had an unspoken agreement to pretend we didn't.

DANNY

Should I document that in my customer interaction log?

MAYA

No Danny, you don't need to document everything.

DANNY

Yes, I do. What if there's a pattern? What if Frank's toilet paper usage correlates with his workout intensity?

MAYA

That's not a thing.

DANNY

You don't know that.

The front door chimes. MRS. CHEN (72), a tiny Asian woman in pristine workout gear, enters as if she owns the place.

MRS. CHEN

Good morning, Rita. Is Jimmy hiding from his creditors again?

RITA

Jimmy's dead, Mrs. Chen.

Mrs. Chen stops mid-stride and sets down her perfectly organized gym bag.

MRS. CHEN

How?

DANNY

Heart attack during... private time.

MRS. CHEN

Masturbating?

MAYA

Jesus Christ, does everyone know about Jimmy's habits?

MRS. CHEN

Honey, I've been coming here for eight years. That man jerked off more than a teenage boy with unlimited internet access.

RITA  
That's... disturbingly specific.

MRS. CHEN  
I raised three sons. I know the signs. So who's running this shithole now?

DANNY  
We are. Rita, Maya, and me. As business partners. I've created a comprehensive organizational chart—

MRS. CHEN  
All three of you? That's the dumbest thing I've heard since my grandson said he was majoring in interpretive dance.

MAYA  
Thanks for the overwhelming support.

MRS. CHEN  
By the way, the women's locker room smells like a crime scene and there's something growing in the shower that could be evolving.

She heads toward the locker rooms.

DANNY  
Shower mold that evolves. That's definitely going in my maintenance priority list.

RITA  
We don't have money for maintenance.

MAYA  
We don't have money for anything.

Danny opens his binder, revealing pages of obsessively color-coded notes and charts.

DANNY  
According to my comprehensive financial analysis, we need seven thousand dollars in immediate repairs just to meet basic health codes.

RITA  
Seven thousand dollars?

DANNY  
That's if we do the work ourselves  
and buy supplies from questionable  
sources.

MAYA  
How much money do we actually have?

Rita pulls out Jimmy's beat-up ledger book, which is held  
together with rubber bands and hope.

RITA  
According to Jimmy's accounting  
system, which appears to be a  
combination of crayon, beer stains,  
and what I really hope is chocolate  
sauce... we have three hundred and  
seventeen dollars.

DANNY  
Three hundred dollars to fix seven  
thousand dollars' worth of  
problems?

MAYA  
We're so fucked it's not funny.

Danny and Rita don't bother to respond. They know Maya's  
words ring true.

The front door chimes again with enough force to suggest the  
entering customer is really pissed off.

CARLOS MENDEZ (40s), a muscular guy covered in elaborate  
tattoos, enters with the expression of a serial killer.

CARLOS  
Where the fuck is Jimmy?

RITA  
Dead as disco, Carlos.

CARLOS  
Bullshit.

RITA  
I wish it was bullshit. Found his  
corpse myself. Very dead. Very  
naked. Very disappointing.



CARLOS

Then who's gonna pay me the two hundred bucks he owes me?

DANNY

What two hundred bucks?

CARLOS

Jimmy borrowed it last month for "urgent gym business."

MAYA

Let me guess. Beer emergency?

CARLOS

Tequila, actually. Said it was for a special occasion.

RITA

What special occasion?

CARLOS

The liquor store was open.

DANNY

We don't have two hundred dollars. We barely have grocery money.

CARLOS

Then I'm taking collateral.

Carlos starts walking toward the weight rack. Maya stands up, all five feet of compact fury.

MAYA

Touch our shit and I'll turn your face into a Picasso painting.

CARLOS

Little girl, you got more mouth than muscle.

MAYA

And you got more tattoos than brain cells, but here we are.

Maya steps toward Carlos. Despite being half his size, there's something in her stance that suggests she's used to fighting things bigger than her.

RITA

Maya don't murder the customers on our second week as owners.

MAYA

He's not a customer if he's  
stealing our fucking equipment.

DANNY

Maybe we could work out a payment  
plan? I could create a spreadsheet  
with interest calculations—

CARLOS

You got two weeks to get me my  
money, or I'm coming back with my  
cousins.

MAYA

Bring the whole clan. I'll take on  
the entire trailer park.

Carlos stares at Maya, genuinely unsure if this tiny teenager  
is crazy enough to try it.

CARLOS

Two weeks.

Carlos stomps out. The three owners stand in silence.

DANNY

So we're broke, falling apart, and  
being extorted by a personal  
trainer with impulse control  
issues.

RITA

Don't forget the evolving shower  
mold.

MAYA

And Frank's toilet paper crisis.

DANNY

How the hell did Jimmy keep this  
place running without losing his  
mind?

MAYA

Willful ignorance, day drinking,  
and hand-to-gland combat.

RITA

That's actually not the worst  
business model I've ever heard.

Danny starts hyperventilating into his hands.

DANNY

We're going to fail. This was insane. I should have stayed home and developed a healthy relationship with my anxiety medication.

MAYA

Danny, stop being a little bitch.

RITA

Maya's right. Panicking won't pay Carlos or fix what needs fixing.

DANNY

Then what will?

MAYA

We could always burn it down for the insurance money.

RITA

That's insurance fraud.

MAYA

Only if we get caught.

DANNY

Actually, insurance fraud has a conviction rate of approximately sixty-seven percent, and arson investigators are surprisingly thorough—

MAYA

Danny, I swear to God, if you give me one more statistic, I'm going to shove your binder so far up your ass you'll be shitting pie charts for a month.

RITA

Look, Jimmy left us this dump because he thought we could handle it.

MAYA

Or because he was a sadistic old perv who wanted to watch us crash and burn from whatever creepy afterlife pervs go to.

DANNY

That's equally plausible.

RITA

Either way, we're stuck with it. So  
what do we do?

The three stand in the middle of the gym, surrounded by  
broken equipment and impossible debt.

MAYA

We figure it the fuck out.

DANNY

How?

MAYA

With style, grace, and probably a  
lot of alcohol.

RITA

Now you're talking my language.

Rita goes to her cleaning supplies and pulls out a bottle of  
whiskey she's hidden behind the Windex.

RITA (CONT'D)

Emergency supply. Carlos always  
said I'd need it someday.

DANNY

It's 6 AM.

RITA

It's 5 o'clock somewhere, and we  
own a gym now.

The front door chimes again. All three owners turn to look,  
bracing for whatever fresh hell awaits them.

END OF EPISODE TWO

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IRON AND SOUL  
A Scripted Digital Series  
*Episode Three: "Final Bell"*

Written by Carl Burcham

EPISODE THREE

FADE IN:

INT. IRON & SOUL GYM - DAY

SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER

The gym is packed with its usual collection of misfits and regulars.

Rita stands behind the front desk counting crumpled bills with the precision of a casino dealer.

Danny obsessively wipes down equipment that's already clean, consulting a detailed schedule and muttering customer service phrases to himself.

DANNY

Thank you for choosing Iron & Soul  
for your fitness needs. Have a  
muscle-building day. No, that's  
terrible. Have a... strength-  
enhancing evening?

Maya aggressively punches a heavy bag, pausing between combos to eat from a bag of chips she's hoarded.

MAYA

Danny, you sound like an AI robot  
having a stroke.

DANNY

I'm trying to develop our brand  
voice! According to my research,  
consistent messaging increases  
customer satisfaction by-

MAYA

Shut up and let me hit shit.

The front door SLAMS open with enough force to rattle the windows. Carlos enters with THREE COUSINS - all built like refrigerators with anger management issues and matching tattoos.

CARLOS

Time's up, pendejos.

The gym goes quiet. Everyone stops working out to watch, sensing drama.

RITA

Carlos, we're a little short on your payment.

CARLOS

How short?

RITA

All of it. We're short all of it.

CARLOS

Then we're taking equipment.

Carlos nods to his cousins. They start moving toward the weight rack with the confidence of people who've done this before.

Maya steps in front of them, still wearing boxing gloves and radiating violence.

MAYA

Touch one fucking weight and I'll introduce your faces to my knuckles.

COUSIN #1

Move, little girl.

MAYA

Make me, you walking steroid ad.

Danny emerges from behind a machine, clutching his clipboard like a shield, but there's something different about him - a manic gleam in his eyes.

DANNY

Wait! I have a business proposition!

CARLOS

I don't want a business proposition. I want my money.

DANNY

What if we could triple it?

Rita and Maya stare at Danny like he's lost his mind.

RITA

Danny, what the hell are you doing?

DANNY

Underground boxing matches. Here.  
At night. We take a cut of the  
betting.

MAYA

You want to turn our gym into an  
illegal fight club? Should we ask  
Brad Pitt and Ed Norton over for  
the ribbon cutting?

DANNY

Technically, it would be  
unsanctioned amateur boxing with  
voluntary financial participation  
between consenting adults—

MAYA

Would you please shut the fuck up  
before I use you as a punching bag.

But Carlos considers Danny's offer, his entrepreneurial  
instincts overriding his immediate need for violence.

CARLOS

You got fighters?

MAYA

I can fight.

CARLOS

You? Against who?

MAYA

Anyone stupid enough to step in the  
ring with me.

COUSIN #1

I'll fight the little bitch.

Maya grins. It's not a nice grin. It's the grin of someone  
who's been waiting for this moment.

MAYA

Perfect. When's the last time you  
updated your health insurance?

RITA

This is insane. We can't run  
illegal boxing matches.



DANNY

Why not? We're already broke,  
facing eviction, and probably  
violating seventeen health codes.  
What's one more felony?

FRANK

I'd pay good money to see that  
little bitch fight.

Everyone turns to look at Frank, who's been quietly watching  
from the bench press.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What? She's got that crazy look. I  
respect crazy.

MRS. CHEN

I'll put fifty on the tiny girl.

COUSIN #1

Fifty? That's insulting.

MRS. CHEN

Fine. A hundred. But I want to see  
blood.

More gym members start gathering around, pulling out cash  
with the enthusiasm of people who've been waiting for  
entertainment.

RITA

This is not happening in my gym.

MAYA

Our gym. And it's happening.

Rita looks at Maya, who's bouncing on her toes like a caged  
animal ready to be released.

RITA

Maya, you don't have to prove  
anything to these idiots.

MAYA

I'm not proving anything. I'm  
collecting money.

CARLOS

Alright. One fight. Winner takes  
all the betting money. You win, my  
debt's forgiven and I get twenty  
percent of future fights. I win, I  
take the gym.

DANNY

Wait, the gym? We never agreed to—

CARLOS

Those are the terms. Take it or get the fuck out.

Rita looks at Maya, who's already started shadowboxing.

RITA

Maya, he's twice your size.

MAYA

Size doesn't mean shit if you're too stupid to use it. Plus, I've been fighting since I was eight.

RITA

Eight?

MAYA

My neighbor's pit bull got loose. Turns out if you can take down a dog named Cupcake, human garbage is easy mode.

The gym members start making a circle, pushing equipment aside. Money changes hands as people place bets.

Danny frantically scribbles notes on his clipboard.

DANNY

I should document this for legal purposes. And liability insurance. Do we have liability insurance?

RITA

Danny, not now.

Maya strips off her hoodie, revealing a tank top and arms that are surprisingly muscled for someone her size.

She's also wearing a necklace with a small cross that she kisses before tucking it into her shirt.

MAYA

This is for you, Miguel.

RITA

Who's Miguel?

MAYA

My brother. He always said I'd make money with my fists someday.

Cousin #1 flexes and cracks his knuckles with menace.

COUSIN #1  
I'm gonna enjoy this.

MAYA  
Famous last words, dipshit.

They square off in the makeshift ring.

Rita looks sick.

Danny hyperventilates into a paper bag he's been carrying for such emergencies.

CARLOS  
No rules. Fight until someone can't get up.

FRANK  
This is better than pay-per-view!

Maya and Cousin #1 circle each other. He throws a wild haymaker with all the technique of a drunk gorilla. Maya ducks and lands three quick jabs to his ribs.

COUSIN #1  
Lucky shot.

MAYA  
Keep telling yourself that, pendejo.

The fight is brutal but brief.

Maya's smaller but faster, landing precise hits while avoiding his power shots. She fights like someone who's had to survive, not someone who learned in a gym.

After two minutes, Cousin #1 is bleeding from his nose and struggling to catch his breath.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Had enough yet, or should I rearrange more of your ugly face?

Cousin #1 charges with desperation. Maya sidesteps and lands an uppercut that drops him like a sack of cement.

The gym erupts in cheers. Money changes hands. Rita stares in shock.

CARLOS  
Shit. The kid can really fight.

MAYA

The kid has a name. And your cousin  
has a glass jaw.

Carlos hands Rita a wad of cash from the betting pool.

CARLOS

Debt's forgiven. I want in on this  
operation though.

RITA

We're not running an operation—

DANNY

Actually, based on tonight's take,  
we could clear five thousand a  
month if we held weekly fights.

RITA

Danny!

DANNY

What? It's just math! And  
technically, we're providing  
entertainment services to willing  
participants—

The celebration is interrupted by the SOUND of someone SLOW  
CLAPPING from the entrance.

Everyone turns to see KYLE KOWALSKI (35), Jimmy's estranged  
son, standing in the doorway wearing an expensive suit and a  
shit-eating grin.

Behind him are two GUYS IN SUITS who look like they foreclose  
on orphanages for fun.

KYLE

Well, well. Look what my dear old  
dad left behind. A bunch of  
degenerates running an illegal  
fight club.

The gym goes dead silent.

RITA

Kyle. What the hell are you doing  
here?

KYLE

Protecting my inheritance. See, I  
had a lawyer look into dad's little  
will.

Kyle walks slowly toward Rita, Maya, and Danny.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Turns out, you can't just leave property to random strangers in a handwritten sticky note.

Kyle produces an official-looking document.

KYLE (CONT'D)

This is a court order. I'm Jimmy's legal heir, which means this gym belongs to me. You have twenty-four hours to vacate.

MAYA

Like hell.

KYLE

And this little boxing match? That's operating an illegal gambling establishment. One phone call to the cops and you're all fucked.

He takes out his phone and starts dialing.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Unless, of course, you want to discuss a settlement.

RITA

What kind of settlement?

KYLE

You sign over any claim to the gym, and I don't press charges for the felony you just committed in front of thirty witnesses.

Danny's hyperventilating intensifies.

DANNY

We're going to prison. I can't go to prison. I don't have the bone structure for prison violence.

MAYA

Nobody's going to prison.

KYLE

Smart girl. So what's it gonna be?

Rita looks at Maya, then Danny, then around at all the gym members who are watching this unfold.

RITA  
We need time to think.

KYLE  
You have until tomorrow at 5 PM.  
After that, I call the cops and my  
new business partners tear this  
place down.

Kyle nods to the SUITS. They step forward aggressively.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Oh, and don't think about running.  
I know where you all live.

Kyle and his goons exit, leaving the three owners speechless.

FRANK  
Well, that was fucked up.

MRS. CHEN  
Language, Frank.

MAYA  
We can't let that asshole take the  
gym.

RITA  
What choice do we have? He's got  
lawyers and we've got a gambling  
operation that just became  
evidence.

DANNY  
Actually... there might be  
something.

Rita and Maya turn to look at Danny, who's studying his notes with unusual focus.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
I've been researching property law  
obsessively since we inherited this  
place. If we can prove Kyle  
abandoned his claim to the  
inheritance by not contesting  
Jimmy's will within the statutory  
period...

MAYA  
English, Danny.

DANNY

If Kyle didn't legally challenge  
the will fast enough, he might have  
lost his right to inherit.

RITA

How long did he have?

DANNY

In California? Thirty days from  
notification of death.

MAYA

When did Jimmy die?

RITA

Eight weeks ago.

The three look at each other as the implications sink in.

DANNY

If Kyle missed the deadline...

MAYA

Then the gym is still ours.

RITA

But we'd have to prove it in court.

DANNY

Which requires lawyers. And money.  
Which we don't have.

MAYA

Yet.

Rita and Danny stare at Maya, who's looking around the gym  
with predatory calculation.

MAYA (CONT'D)

We have twenty-four hours and a gym  
full of people who just made money  
betting on me.

RITA

What are you thinking?

MAYA

I'm thinking it's time for the main  
event.

Maya climbs onto a bench so everyone can see her.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Tomorrow night, 9 PM. I'll fight  
Kyle's bodyguards. Winner takes  
all. And I mean ALL.

The crowd goes wild, waving cash in the air.

CARLOS  
Now that's a fight I'd pay serious  
money to see.

RITA  
Maya, those guys are professionals.

MAYA  
So am I. I've been fighting my  
whole life to keep what's mine.

DANNY  
This is completely insane.

MAYA  
The best plans usually are.

She looks around at the excited faces of the gym members.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Plus, we're not just fighting for  
money. We're fighting for family.

RITA  
Family?

MAYA  
This place. All of us. It's the  
only real family I've ever had.

Rita's eyes well up slightly. Danny stops hyperventilating.

RITA  
What if you lose?

MAYA  
Then we're fucked anyway. But if I  
win...

DANNY  
We'll have enough money for lawyers  
and legal fees.

MAYA  
Plus, we send a message that nobody  
fucks with our gym.



Rita looks around at all the eager faces, then back at Maya and Danny before stopping at a photo of Jimmy on the wall.

RITA

Jimmy, you manipulative dead  
bastard. I hope you're enjoying  
this from whatever perverted  
afterlife you're haunting.

She raises Jimmy's bottle of cheap wine, which she's been carrying around.

RITA (CONT'D)

To Jimmy's last rep.

MAYA

To Jimmy's last rep.

DANNY

To not going to prison.

They toast with the bottle as the gym erupts in cheers around them.

FADE TO BLACK.

TO BE CONTINUED...

END OF EPISODE 3