

0A ROSACE - LATE MORNING

0A

MARIE

(Shocked)

They went where to do what!??

Sitting on the front step of her apartment before Marie,
Julisa sips from her coffee mug.

JULISA

Still don't believe it myself.

MARIE

*None of that sounds like a good
idea! I mean, I expect that from
Jak- and of course Jeysin would
follow right behind!*

She turns away, crossing her arms & tapping her foot.
*...They didn't even have the nerve to
say anything to me before they left.*

JULISA

But they had to go.

Marie looks to her. Julisa closes her eyes and smiles.
*Wish you could've seen the looks on
their faces thinking up their road
trip.*

She sips from her mug and shakes her head.
*Can't agree, but getting out of town
was an itch they needed to scratch.
I know it was hard to leave you
behind, but I'm sure they can't wait
to tell you all about it.*

Marie sighs, regaining her cool.

MARIE

*You're right Miss Lisa, thank you.
Just wish I knew how they are, or
where they are...*

JULISA

*I know what you mean. Surprised I
haven't worried myself sick yet.
Days have never felt so quiet.
...But since I can't stop worrying,
I started trusting that they're
doing fine. That's what we want,
right?*

MARIE

Right.

She looks to the still-rising sun.

What do you think they're up to?

QUICK CUT: SANTA FE STREET MARKET

JAK

(Shouting through a rolled up newspaper)

*Step right up and test your luck!
Pick a card, any card, and the
amazing 'Mystic Mind' can see it,
wielding the powers of his third
eye! OooOoo!*

He stands atop a wooden crate, selling his act to the crowd people passing by. Filling in an alley space, the brothers wedge themselves onto a busy street lined with vendors and attractions. Jeysin sits on another crate behind a larger crate the makeshift table's top covered with playing cards. Atop his head is a tattered magician's hat (also made of newspaper.)

JEYSIN

(Unsure)

*You sure we should be doing this?
Using my powers to trick people
feels... wrong.*

JAK

*It's either feel wrong or be hungry
and I like that first option a lot
better.*

A man rises from the crate across from Jeysin - cursing and kicking at the ground. He angrily brushes past a few festival-goers, drawing attention over to the brothers' sideshow.

*Next in line? Come on down! Who's
feeling lucky!?*

In quick cuts, Jeysin bests the guesses of 5 more contestants - each to a larger crowd and greater surprise than the last.

JEYSIN

(Guilty)

*Joker.
Ace of Clubs.
King of Hearts.
Queen of Spades.
Jack of Diamonds.*

The mixed, excitable chatter of the crowd turned uneasy and booing began after the last round.

JAK

*Thanks for coming ladies and gents!
Remember: when we have fun, we're
all winners.*

Jak collects their winnings. Jeysin grabs their belongings. The brothers dash from the scene.

Track 3: Behind the Mask

0A EXT: STREET MARKET

0A

Side by side, the brothers take in the festivities filling the streets around them. Brushing through the crowd, they stumble upon a magic show. An older man stands before an audience of a few dozen. A youthful spirit shimmers from behind his tired eyes and five o'clock shadow. His attire lands somewhere between thrift store manager and wizard.

MAGICIAN

*Well folks, as much as you love me
and as much as I love your donations
towards my eccentric line of work,
I'm down to my final trick for this
wonderful afternoon.*

JAK

Looks lame. Let's keep it pushing.

He turns to move on, but Jeysin stays put - eyes locked. Jak remains and tunes in too.

MAGICIAN

And for our grand finale...

The man pulls a pack of playing cards from the pocket of his baggy suit jacket.

*I shall launch an ordinary playing
card onto the roof.*

He holds the deck in his right hand and plucks it with his left - spawning a single card within his grasp. He waves the card before the crowd and points out his target - a 3-story rooftop across the street. All eyes in his direction, the magician winds up to power his throw.

And a one, and a two, and a three!

Every head in the crowd follows the card as it falls far shy of its mark - barely crossing the street. Confusion and unrest begin to brew, but the magician cracks a smile.

*Sorry 'bout that folks! This is my
day job.*

Some viewers depart, but his joke keeps faith alive in the crowd. The brothers watch on. The magician stretches out his neck & shoulder.

This one should do it.

Attention looms in on him as he pulls another card from his deck.

And a four, and a five, and six...

He launches another card over the watchful eyes of the crowd. It floats briefly, fumbling through the air just further than the first card. Boos, curses, and disappointed chatter wash over as majority of the audience disperses. The brothers are among the handful of stragglers to hang around. Despite his apparent failure, the magician is unbothered.

0 for 2? Career low.

He plucks another card.

Should probably... use my good arm...

The brothers watch intently as he lines up the card between the fingers on his right hand. There is a subtle change in the air around the man and in his movements. He cocks back his arm and lets it fly - this time with an unbelievable arc. The throw curves the card through the air, landing softly onto the target rooftop. Jak and Jeysin's eyes widen in amazement as the remaining audience applauds.

*Well whaddaya know? Guess 7 is a
magic number after all...*

He scratches the back of his head with relief as the rest of the crowd departs.

JAK

Yo, Mr. Magic.

The magician looks down to see the boys by his side, brimming with curiosity.

What gives?

JEYSIN

(Ecstatic)

*That last card flew! How did you do
it?*

MAGICIAN

*Afraid I can't answer that, kid. A
true magician never reveals their
secrets - a bit of a trade thing...
But I can tell you this:*

In one sweeping motion and without changing his expression, the man chucked his remaining deck into the air, somehow landing each card back in the box perfectly.

What is done and what is seen aren't one and the same.

Any Joe Smo can study sleight of hand, what makes the magic is the presentation. True magic is what others never see comin'.

He tips his hat with a smile.

QUICK CUT: RESTAURANT

JAK

(Frustrated)

Damn it! How the hell did he do it?

The duo sits by a high round-top table in a lively eatery, surrounded by regulars. The space is scored with live music, laughter, and the clanking of glasses. Menus on the tabletop read: Rivera's Family Style Mexican Cuisine. Despite his strongest throw, Jak watches in dismay a napkin floats down to the floor. Jeysin's eyebrows are pressed in concern watching it land atop a pile of others.

JEYSIN

Maybe he wasn't using Jensai at all. He just seemed like a regular magician.

JAK

Drop the act, 'Mystic Mind.' Superpowers are already a lot. Magic would be too much.

JEYSIN

Then maybe there's something in what he said?

JAK

(Grinding his teeth)

Of course there isn't! Everyone we meet speak in code for some reason.

Jeysin twirls a curl of his hair between his fingers.

JEYSIN

In order to use Jensai, we channel it into our bodies.

He imagines a diagram of the body with colored light gently coursing through it. He then envisions the body as the

magician with the light flowing from him into his playing card.

*Could it be possible to transmit
Jensai into something other than the
body?*

JAK

That's what I want to know!

He launches another napkin, topping the pile just as footsteps stop before them. A woman older than their mom shoots an unimpressed glare from her sharp eyes. Short-cut silvering hair, golden-tan skin, a loose-fitting sports tee, shorts, a well-worn kitchen apron, and house sandals make up her look.

WOMAN 1

*We usually don't charge for napkins
in here.*

She clutches the tray holding their food. The brothers sweat nervously.

*But since you're such a big fan, I
can add them to your tab.*

Jeysin bows his head and clasps his hands together in surrender.

JEYSIN

Lo Siento!

Jak waves his arms in defense.

JAK

W-wait! It isn't what it looks like!

WOMAN 1

*It looks like you threw napkins on
my floor.*

She and Jak look down to the floor then back up at one another.

There are napkins on my floor.

JAK

*I've got a real good reason tho! I
swear!*

She places the food on the table without breaking her gaze.

WOMAN 1

Okay, paper boy. Let's hear it.

As Jak throws together a story, Jeysin turns his attention to the napkin pile. He focuses, extending an open hand toward it. The top flap quivers, twists, and slowly the top napkin begins to float. He peeks over each shoulder to see if anyone noticed. Using two fingers on each hand, he scooches the napkins into a neat stack. Jeysin then turns his back to the table just as Jak finishes babbling.

JAK

...So you see, the napkins on the floor is a work thing. I think they call it "market research."

She doesn't believe that crap.

WOMAN 1

And you called them...?

JAK

Bapkins. They're... uh, better than the average napkin.

WOMAN 1

Yeah... Let's go with that. Enjoy the food.

The woman down and shakes her head, catching a glimpse of the now neatly piled napkins. She picks them up and shoots each brother one more stern look.

I'll be around.

They look to another, shrug their shoulders, and dig in. The front door creaks open and cheers pour in as a young man enters. He's about Jak's age, though a bit taller and more muscular. His skin is golden-brown and straight, silky black hair reaches past his shoulders. A sleeveless hoodie, athletic shorts, and wrestling shoes make up his outfit.

MAN 1

Hey! KIMO'S here!

Kimo waves and makes his way through the eatery, greeting the regulars. The woman who served the brothers nears, welcoming him with arms spread wide.

KIMO

Abuelita.

He greets his grandmother with a warm hug.

WOMAN 1

(Much sweeter)

My darling. How are you?

She pulls back from the embrace to get a good luck at her grandson.

Your eyes are heavy.

KIMO

All-nighters at the gym again.

He yawns.

But if we're gonna get to nationals next year, I have to be my best.

Despite his defense, her worry persists.

I'm fine Ma, I swear. Soon as I get some grub in me, I'll be good as new.

She isn't sold, but can't help but smile.

WOMAN 1

Head on back to the kitchen, just try to save some for the customers.

KIMO

Sí.

He smiles and kisses her forehead. Continuing on, he crosses a table where a group of men clank glasses together in the air. They rejoice as he draws closer to their sight.

MAN 3

Look who it is!

MAN 2

Hop in this next round with us! You're old enough to drink now, aren't ya?

KIMO

Still a few years short man, sorry.

He moves in to greet the group's elder. The older man's light grey hair is buzzed short and his stoic face hides behind rectangular glasses.

Abuelito.

Kimo kneels, taking his grandfather's hand and placing it to his forehead. He rises to look around the room, happy to see the spirited energy.

It's a party in here today.

MAN 2

Of'course it is! It's winning weekend!

MAN 3

Thank to Jaguar Blanco! Pops made another killing off his win last night!

KIMO

(Interested)

Oh yeah?

Kimo's grandmother catches onto the conversation and listens closely.

MAN 4

Don't matter who they throw at the guy!

Holding a drink in his left hand, the man raised his right arm straight up and pointed his index finger.

Twice his size? Two at a time?

He'll fold them both like lawn chairs. And he'll make it look easy.

MAN 2

If the pay-off is drinks on the house, I hope he never loses!

He raises a half-full glass in the air and grins.

MAN 4

You should come catch the matches with us one of these nights! It gets better and better every month.

MAN 3

It's been too long. You might be too big for this geezer's shoulders!

He reaches over to playfully grab his friend and the group shares a laugh.

KIMO

Thanks for the invite, but I'm beat from workouts.

(Yawning)

Don't know how you guys stay up all night for Lucha.

WOMAN 1

(Unhappy)

Last I checked, they're not supposed to.

She appears at the end of the table, arms folded, shooting her husband a deadly glare. Silently, Kimo and the drinking

buddies retreat the area. Alone and with his cup emptied, Pa sweats as Ma looms in close.

I thought we talked about this

JUNIOR.

We're trying to keep our doors open.

We can't afford to wager that on

what could be the wrong guy in

tights.

JUNIOR

(Pleading)

Sometime you just know, NELLY and I

tell you, I just know. He has not

failed us yet - there must be a

reason. He is a sign. Have some

faith.

She rolls her eyes.

NELLY

Don't use faith as a fancy word for

bullsh!t...

The front door opens once more, but this next guest receives no fanfare. The atmosphere of the restaurant gradually fades as a tall man in a violet suit strolls his long legs through the entrance. All eyes turn his way. Gasps and whispers scatter through the silence.

WOMAN 2

It's FEDERICO SANTIAGO!

MAN 5 & MAN 6

(In unison)

Federico Santiago??

Federico is as suave as he is menacing. He dresses in a deep violet-colored suit layered over a lavender shirt, partially unbuttoned to show his broad chest. His dark hair was slicked back, too cool for the summer heat, and his face is lined by pencil-thin facial hair. With a slimy smirk, he soaks in the surprise and disgust surrounding him. Two henchmen in matching magenta suits follow close behind.

WOMAN 3

Federico Santia-

The woman faints and falls towards the trio. One of the magenta men steps in to catch her. Her head rests gently on a rolled wad of hundred dollar bills. The other magenta man passes the woman off to another restaurant-goer.

FEDERICO

Buenas tardes everyone. Charmed to see you all doing well.

Nelly glares. Junior places a hand on her shoulder. Federico stops before them, extending a hand.

(False warmth)

Junior, Nelly, why the long faces? Isn't it great to be amongst friends?

NELLY

Our friends are already here.

She slaps Federico's hand away.

You are not. Feddy.

He plays it off with a chuckle, receiving a lavender handkerchief from one of his co-horts.

FEDERICO

(Chuckling)

See you're feeling feisty as always, Nelly.

He wipes his hand and glances around the room. His eye catches the drinks around the nearby table.

Jay Jay Jay, word on the street is that you're the big money man this weekend. How's the side hustle doing?

JUNIOR

It's good. We're good.

FEDERICO

I'll say, seems to me you all are quite well-off. I wonder how you do it.

He shakes his head, flashing his pearly-white smile.

But you know, the world changes a little faster every day. Working so hard in a time that may soon be long gone is a risk that should not be taken lightly.

Outside, the block encasing the restaurant is a mix of past and present. Most storefronts are closed down - decorated with 'ABANDONNED' and 'SOLD' tape. The others open are newer businesses with modern designs.

Of course, my offer remains on the table.

He pulled another stack of money from his pocket and fanned himself.

*Neither of you would have to work
another day. Your worries would be
no more than a cloud in a sky.*

NELLY

(Firmly)

*Our place is right here - and we're
not discussing a damn thing! Unlike
you, violeta idiota, we ain't afraid
of hard work.*

Kimo reenters, carrying a plate stacked with food.

KIMO

Hey Ma, Pascal wants to know if-

Seeing Federico shifts his mood.

What's he doing here?

Kimo's scowl shakes Fed. He tightens a fist, but before responding, Federico examines the room. The family's disapproval spread across the restaurant to their customers. Jak and Jeysin stand atop their chairs to see to peek in on the fuss. The bigger of the two magenta men tenses as he and scans the room. The smaller of the pair looks to his boss.

FEDERICO

*Just stopping by paying our
respects. We'll be taking our leave
now.*

He signals his men and follows them toward the front door.

*Wish you the best in your endeavors,
Junior.*

Fed looks over his shoulder.

Should your luck turn in any way..

(Smirking)

I won't be far.

The three men depart and life slowly returns to the room. Junior keeps his cool, but seeing a single sweat bead trickle from his forehead makes Nelly nervous. She huffs and marches into the kitchen. Kimo lingers, making sense of the moment. He looks to the door, then to Junior. He lets out a deep breath and walks by the Ortega brothers, blending into the crowd of regulars.

Above the neighborhood life in the city goes on. People and cars whir back and forth as the hours tick away. The sun sinks into the horizon, welcoming the night.

JEYSIN
*'Rivera's Family Style Restaurant,'
 check.*

He checks it off the list written on the map from Amir and Liara. He then circles the next item: *'Los Espiritus: Lucha Libre (Last weekend every month!).'*

JAK
*Taco spots back home have nothing on
 those guys. That Amir guy sure knows
 his stuff.*

Walking down a street, the brothers near a wide one-story building labeled 'GYMNASIO' in bold, fading letters. Loud, distant booms thump from deep within. Taped to the door (atop dozens of others) is a flier of two masked wrestlers grappling. LIVE LUCHA TONIGHT!

JEYSIN
Must be the place.

0A INT. LOS ESPIRITUS - ARENA

0A

Fire dancers breathe flames just before the dazzled eyes of a riled-up crowd. Ring girls dressed in matching outfits and Lucha masks strut around the square centered in the room. They hoist signs for the audience to get even louder. Cheers and chatter fill the room as music blares from the sound system. The lighting gives off a distinct orange glow, setting a tone that's fiery, yet intimate.

The ring girls part the ropes for an older, tuxedo-clad man to enter the ring. His golden-tan skin, greying hair, and pearly smile shimmer as he raises a hand in the air. On queue, a microphone descends from above and into his grasp.

ANNOUNCER
What do we want?

CROWD
LUCHA!!

ANNOUNCER
How do we want it?!

CROWD
*LIVE!!
 LIVE!!*

LIVE!!

The audience erupts once more. The shot pans up the long staircases from the ring up to the brothers watching on.

1 INT. LUCHA GYM - MAIN HALL

1

JAK
(Excited)
It's hype as hell in here!

They tour around the building - an old gym fashioned into a small stadium for its featured wrestling. Walls are lined with imagery of masked wrestlers: blown-up photos, surreal artwork, framed masks.

JEYSIN
'Los Espiritus Lucha Libre: The Spirit of Sante Fe's nightlife.'

He examines a timeline of the wrestling league that dates back decades prior.

No wonder everyone around here is crazy about this league. Their history is so rich.

At the end of the line is a collage of photos and fliers featuring the current champion - 'Jaguar Blanco.' Though smaller than every opponent he is depicted against, every article ends with Jaguar in triumph.

Despite the smaller stature, his physique is top-notch. Matching his namesake, he dons a mask white mask designed in the likeness of a jaguar. The mask opens at both the bottom for his nose/mouth and at the top for his long ponytail of dark hair. Simple elbow and knee pads, athletic shorts, and worn wrestling shoes complete the champ's look.

JAK
So this is the top dog around here, huh? Everyone at Rivera's was going on about this dude.

Jeysin makes a smug face.

JEYSIN
Well technically, since he's a jaguar, that would make him the top cat.

Jak shoots his brother the "really?" look. Jeysin shrugs.
I thought it was funny.

VENDOR

Last call for wagers! Last call for wagers!

An employee calls out from a nearby booth. His deep voice smooth and full of charm. A fedora cap, silk short-sleeve, dark sunglasses, and a bushy mustache make up his look.

Place your bets for tonight's bouts!

One of Fed's men (dressed in street clothes) looks both ways as he leaves from the booth. Paying a few green bills, a woman receives her ticket.

VENDOR

*There he is!
Lookin' to make lightning strike
again, eh Jay?*

Junior hands over a stack of money.

JUNIOR

Put it all on Jaguar Blanco.

The vendor is taken back by the sight, wiping his brow.

VENDOR

*That's a fat stack from you, man.
Sure you're betting this whole
thing?*

JUNIOR

I need this FELIX, I really do.

FELIX

*You got it. May Luck be your lady
tonight.*

He leans forward, placing a hand to the side of his mouth.

(Lowly)

I know Nelly's the jealous type.

Felix flashes a grin. Junior picks up his ticket and departs.

FELIX

*Last call, last call! Taking all
bets!
Think you got what it takes to throw
down? Sign up to face our champion!
Enter at your own risk!*

Jak's ears perk up at the sound of a challenge. With a quick step, he appears at the booth. Eyes barely clearing the height of the counter, he raises a hand to get Felix's attention.

JAK

*If someone challenged the champ,
what would they get when I- I mean
they, win?*

From the other side, all the man sees is an afro and a small hand. Felix lets out a huge laugh, but Jak isn't amused.

FELIX

*There's a cash prize for the winner,
but get lost kid. You'd get
clobbered.*

Jak looks around from the booth. He spots a gift stand selling souvenir masks and rubs his chin. Turning to the booth again, he locks sight with Felix.

JAK

I want in.

Felix's amusement fades.

FELIX

*Gonna need a hundred-dollar deposit.
Even if you have enough allowance,
kid, there's no way you-*

Jak slams down a crumbled hundred dollars on the desk.

JAK

(Sternly)

I said I want in.

Jeysin continues to study the Jaguar Blanco display. The champion's name headlines a local newspaper.

JEYSIN

(Aloud)

Little is known of the man behind the white mask. Many believe him to be the youngest titleholder in Los Espiritus history. Many claim otherwise, citing his blast-from-the-past style in the ring. Undefeated across his 8-month rise to stardom, fans on both sides agree the future is bright for their mysterious champion.

Finishing the article, Jeysin looks to its cover photo. In grainy, black & white print, Jaguar hoists a large, gold-plated belt above his head, surrounded by a standing ovation.

JEYSIN

*Amazing... This guy's a living legend.
Who in the right mind would even
think about coming here and
challenging-*

He quickly turns his head back and forth. With Jak nowhere to be found, Jeysin slaps a palm to his forehead.

CUT: ARENA

Fight bells ding and a big thud, a body was slammed to the mat. The crowd roars. In a brief moment people stood with arms raised, Jeysin squeezes between a pair of large men and onto a tiny stretch of bench space. Breathing a sigh of relief, he tunes into the ring where two luchadors compete.

The muscular men grapple with intensity, battling for control. The larger fighter (donning an Orange Mask) is fatigued. The smaller (in a Blue Mask) is pushing through pain. A large red sore swells on his back from being slammed.

JEYSIN

(Concerned)

They're both running on fumes.

Overpowering his opponent, Orange Mask lifts Blue Mask above his head. He readies a Power Bomb to finish the job. Just before being driven to the mat, Blue Mask makes his move. He latches his legs around Orange Mask's neck. Shifting his weight forward, Blue places both hands to the ring floor and somersaults forth - slamming Orange. With haste, Blue Mask bolts toward the ring's ropes. Jumping atop, he vaults himself sky high above the ring.

The arena draws still and silent as Blue mask reaches the apex of his leap - 360-twirling 20 feet above the ring. Jeysin watches in awe as Blue Mask shoots through the air and falls from the sky. Blue tucks his legs and rolls backward - crashing atop Orange Mask with his finishing move. The room erupts - the crowd's hysteria nearly drowning out the referee's three-count. Hooking onto Orange's leg, Blue Mask seals the victory.

In all the frenzy, Jeysin processes the sequence. Blue's movements replay over and over.

JEYSIN

(Thinking)

To pull those kinds of stunts off..

He thinks back to the movement he noticed watching the SFC highlight tape. Next, he recalls practicing mobility and motion alongside Jak at Gail's motel. As all three sequences begin to synch up in his head, Jeysin connects the dots.

*-The wrestlers in this league must
be Jensai users!*

FLASHBACK

2 INT. DIEGO CITY GYM - AMIR'S ROOM

2

Jeysin peers into the top shelves of a tall, 5-shelf bookcase. Over his shoulder, Amir steps into the background and plops onto a bean bag chair. Removed from the sparring space was a small library. Titles fill the shelves cover-to-cover. The case is kept company by four bean bags and a coffee table topped with a bonsai tree.

AMIR

Don't be shy, pick a few.

He sips from his water bottle before swapping it with a book from beside the seat. Daunted by all the options to pick from, Jeysin is stuck.

JEYSIN

Where do I even start?

AMIR

Wherever you want. Can't go wrong.

He thumbs through, 'The Art of War' without turning his head. Jeysin continues to search, finding himself even further from making a pick.

JEYSIN

(To himself)

*Like that makes it any easier.
...How's he even know all these
languages?*

AMIR

*There's Muay Thai, Tae Kwon Do, Rumi
Maki, Sambo, Wing Chun...*

He turns a page.

Jiu-jitsu is Bell's favorite.

JEYSIN

I noticed.

He rubs a still sore shoulder.

*Pieces in this collection look like
they're from all over the world...*

AMIR.

Correct.

Amir places his book down and approaches the shelf.

*This world's a big place. There's
stuff out there you've never
imagined.*

He eyes the texts with pride.

*Practice in any discipline requires
harmony of the mind, body, and soul.
Ascribing after tried and true
tradition is a perfect way to
discover your true strength.*

CUT TO PRESENT

JEYSIN

*So for every fighting style in the
world, there are Jensai Users who
built their strength up through
mastering it.*

Blue Mask helps Orange Mask to his feet. The two show their respects with a firm handshake. Despite the mutual thrashing, both appeared fine.

JEYSIN

*What we would watch for fun just
became the best kind of homework.*

He smiles.

It's all in the presentation.

The announcer who kicked the night off raises Blue's arm.

ANNOUNCER

(Via Microphone)

And your Winner is: HALCON AZUL!

Groans and boos mix into the crowd's cheers. Jeysin gazes around to see some men and women throughout the room rip up their wager slips.

Through a series of fast cuts, a spectrum of colorful competitors battle. There are two solo matches. One is stamped by a suffocating submission hold. The other, with a fierce finishing move. During tag-teams, a pair of burly grapplers swing their massive arms in unison - smashing the opponents into one another together for a double knockout.

A dozen bodies lay scattered around the ring in the aftermath of an elimination-style match. The winner, a luchadora twirls a luchador above her head with both hands. She hurls him into the front row of the crowd, knocking the fans to the ground with him. The crowd rages on as she dusts her hands. Jeysin's enthusiasm is undercut with worry.

JEYSIN

Hope Jak isn't in over his head.

Sitting elsewhere, Junior wipes his forehead. He adjusts his glasses, clutching his wager tightly in hand.

MAN 3

You good Jay?

His drinking buddies from the restaurant sit beside him, trying to work some emotion out of the older man.

MAN 4

Looks like he stopped breathing.

MAN 2

*Don't know why he's so nervous.
Jaguar's undefeated. Whatever
unlucky sucker signed up to take him
on is just next in line.*

ANNOUNCER

*Next up will be this month's
Champion's Challenge! Introducing
first, hailing from..*

Reading from a white index card, he squinted.

*-The Far East Side!
Kung Fu! Afffroooo!*

Bright lights shine down atop the short ramp leading toward the ring.

JAK

*Sh!t. If I knew it'd be like this,
I'd have bought sunglasses too.*

Lowering his hands from his face Jak reveals a new look. T-shirt and necklace gone, he sports his usual shorts and sneakers. His blue souvenir lucha mask is (not so carefully) cut at the top, letting his hair fly freely. The look is tied together with a long, red ribbon wrapped around his forehead.

He walks forth slowly. Chatter from the audience spills in from every direction.

CROWD

*Booo!!
Who let their son in the ring?
Jaguar's gonna destroy you!!*

JAK

(Annoyed)

*These people are brutal... And
that's just the stuff they're saying
in English.*

He enters the ring without any flare and settles into his stretches.

ANNOUNCER

*He'll have to hold his own against
his opponent!
Hailing from parts unknown, Los
Espiritus champion...*

The cry of a wild cat roars through the sound system.

JAK

What the hell?

ANNOUNCER

Jaguaaaaar Blaaaancooo!!

A figure dashes down the entrance ramp and leaps high. Wrestling shoes land atop a corner turnbuckle and the crowd rejoices. Standing tall for all to see is Jaguar. Draped in a white jaguar print cape, he signals the fans with his signature pose: right arm and index finger raised, pointing to the sky. The light shines upon him, matching the love and passion surrounding him. The champ is here.

Hopping down into the ring, Jaguar tosses his cape into the crowd. It drapes over a pair of ecstatic young fans. He removes his radiant, gold-clad championship belt and hands it to the referee. Jak isn't impressed.

JAK

*Finally decided to show his face-
mask- whatever.*

(Confident)

*Up close he's about my size. This
should be a piece of cake.*

SKIP FORWARD

SFX: FIGHT BELL DINGING

In fast cuts, Jak is twisted up and slammed with various locks and holds.

(Pained)

*This
Isn't
Cake
At all!*

The crowd is on their feet cheering on their champion. Jeysin winces as the ring thumps again. Jak grabs onto the bottom rope to pull himself from the floor.

JAGUAR

Stay down now and we can call it here. I don't wanna break anything.

Jak stands, wobbling back into a fighting stance.

JAK

Hate to break it to you, Cat man.

JAGUAR

(Not pleased)

Basura.

JAK

I've got a left lot in the tank.

He raises his fists.

Bring the pain.

JAGUAR

You asked.

He squats down to his hands and knees and tightens his muscles.

Garra!

Jaguar speeds forward with an attack mixing a predatory pounce with a wrestling shoot. Jak bounces on the balls of his feet, reading the attack. He jukes right and jukes left - narrowly dodging to the side. Jaguar is left wide open and Jak punishes with a strong kick. Jaguar is sent tumbling back and for a brief moment, the building goes silent. Returning to his stance, Jak is feeling himself.

JAK

Let's see how they like that.

The silence is broken by a chorus of boos and trash talk.

(Annoyed, again)

Tough crowd.

JAGUAR

A rudo, huh? It suits you.

With a nimble move, Jaguar kicks up back onto his feet. The crowd celebrates.

JAK

Don't know what that means, but thanks man, you too.

JAGUAR

(Confused)

*You wear the mask, but you don't
know the culture...?
...Who the hell are you?*

JAK

*The guy who's gonna win this fight.
Nice to meet ya!*

Jak dashes forward, launching a right knee. Jaguar blocks with both arms raised. Seeing a blind spot, Jak plants one foot down and lands a swift left hook into Jaguar's face. The punch lands with impact, but Jaguar barely budes. The champion locks eyes with his opponent, unbothered.

...Bastard!

Jak rapidly spins around, building power for a high kick. Jaguar sees through the move and steps into Jak's body - catching his arm and leg. He stands stood tall then drops back, slamming Jak spine-first onto the mat. The impact bounces his small body off the floor. The audience loves every moment. Jak puts a hand to his back, grimacing and breathing heavy.

Is this floor made of concrete?!

He pushes onto the ring floor, shaking his head as he reaches his feet.

JAK

I'm trippin...

Jak rushes in with a flurry of bullet-fast jabs - sneaking few fists through the champ's defenses. Taking the hit, Jaguar grasps Jak's still extended arm. He twists the boy's shoulder, hoists him overhead, and drives him chest-first into the mat. Up in the stands, Junior pumps his fist.

JAK

Hurts even worse on the ribs...

Gritting through the pain, Jak forces his way up to a kneeling position.

...But I think I get the trick...

Jaguar stands over him, arms folded. Jak raises his head to look him in the eye.

JAGUAR

*I've broken bigger guys than you
with less.
They hate your guts, but you're a
lot tougher than you look. I'll give
you that.*

JAK
 (Panting)
*...It's like they say... never cover a
 judge with a book.*

JAGUAR
...What?

Using an arm to pivot, Jak swings his legs around for a flaring kick. He sweeps Jaguar's legs and spins up to his feet for another kick to Jaguar's forehead. The crowd is incited seeing their champion is blown back. Using the strength of his body, Jaguar recovers and slides to a controlled stop.

(Thinking)
You're wearing out your welcome.

Jak dashes in - readying his left fist.

JAK
Time for some magic!

He hard plants a foot to the floor and fires. Jaguar raises his guard. Seeing Jak shy of striking range, he hesitates. **SHACK**. The force of a strike blasts into the side of his head.

JAK
 (Thinking)
 Bullseye!

Jaguar drops to a knee. Startled fans in the crowd murmur their worries. Jeysin half raises his arms to celebrate. Peeping the mood around him, he goes with a small fist pump. Junior's drinking buddies grow nervous. He twists his tightly gripped ticket.

Jak gets a running start.
*Let's throw some extra sauce on this
 one!*

He leaps forth, extending his leg for a Kung Fu style flying kick. He howls out a battle cry and strikes on-target to Jaguar's gut. The champion flies back toward the ropes. Feeling this hit and chatter from the crowd peak his frustration.

JAGUAR
 (Angered)
That's enough!

Jaguar latches onto the top and middle rope. With power and body control, he swings his legs through the ropes and landed on his feet. The crowd rallies. Jak tilts his head.

JAK

How tough is this guy?!

JAGUAR

Wanted to take it easy tonight..

Jak loosens up, dancing in his stance. He stomps a foot down and gestures Jaguar to "come on."

But this guy's a nutcase. I can't risk it.

He tenses his muscles.

There's too much on the line.

Jaguar takes to his pounce stance and bursts forth.

Garra!

Jak readies another left fist.

JAK

Seen this one already!

Jaguar plants both feet to a full stop. He swings his momentum around as he rotates into Jak - arms straight, hands clasped. Jaguar lifts his arms and launches Jak skyward.

JAGUAR

Molino!!

Jak fumbles into the air high above the ring. Every viewer in the arena stands to watch. He's unable to control himself as his body passes the height Azul vaulted to earlier. Jak tries to focus on the blinding ceiling lights drawing closer than the ring below. The lights are eclipsed by Jaguar's silhouette.

Ring ropes below shake from the force his vault. Nearing the ceiling, Jaguar tucks and rolls forward. He lines up his target. His feet touch down and push off. Jaguar rams a shoulder into Jak's chest and rockets down towards the ring.

Jaguar Lancer!!

Silence grips the room. Jaws and drinks drop. The descent reflects in the glasses on Junior's speechless face. Jeysin grabs his hair with both hands, unable look away. The ring draws close. Jaguar strains his body to brace for impact. Grimacing from panic and pain, Jak tightens left hand into a fist. He fights to tighten his arm and- **BWAAPF**. Jak's back slams into the mat with devastating force. His right arm drops to the mat. The challenger is out cold.

Jak's left arm falls, releasing from around Jaguar's neck. Jaguar's body collapses to the mat beside him. A haunting

silence hangs over the arena. The referee enters. He hesitates before starting his count.

REF

10...9...8...7...

Each second hangs heavy on the room. Distraught faces fill the stands. Jeysin leaves his seat. The countdown rolls on. Junior's fists open. His ticket floats downward.

3...2...1.....

The ticket hits the ground as the bell rings.

ANNOUNCER

The ruling of this match, is a double technical knock-out.

Frenzy breaks out in the stands. Security staff fights to keep fans from rushing the ring.

MAN 2

Ay dio! What the hell happened??

MAN 3

There's gotta be some kinda mistake here! It's rigged, right? Wrestling's rigged, right?

CUT: ARENA - MAIN HALL

Jay walks alone through the arena's upper hallway. Hands in his pockets, shoulders slouched, he mopes. He stops briefly to look up at the Jaguar Blanco display. He stares for a moment - his stoic face fighting back feelings.

CUT: RING

The announcer and ring girls avoid trash hurled from the stands. Amid the uproar, Jak is pulled from the ring by one of his arms. Jeysin hikes his brother up into a piggyback and sneaks away from the scene.

Another fighter watches from the entrance ramp. His loose-fitting athletic pants are patterned with violet snakeskin. The shot pans up to reveal Federico. He smirks and slips on his mask.

Jaguar's eyes open slowly to the sound of voices all around him. On his back, he stares up at the lights for the first time.

FADE TO BLACK

2A EXT. RIVERA'S RESTAURANT - MORNING**2A**

An older woman and her three grandchildren stand before the doors. A young couple approaches a moment later. Confused by the sight, they look to the simple sign taped to the storefront.

WOMAN 4

*We will be closed today, family
emergency.
Our apologies. - Jay & Nelly*

2B INT. RIVERA HOME - MORNING**2B**

Wide awake, Kimo lays in bed. Cloudy sunlight gently lights his room.

NELLY

(Furious)

*I asked for one thing, for one thing
Jay! And you couldn't honor that?!*

Her words echo through to Kimo's room. She and Junior stand opposite one another in the kitchen. Jay's body language is vulnerable - Nelly's antsy with anger.

JUNIOR

*I'm sorry, Nelly... I was just so
sure-*

NELLY

*Sorry doesn't cut it! This
restaurant is all we have! These
vultures keep coming in and buying
up our block, piece by piece. We're
the last ones standing Jay! Everyone
rallied around us! We feed families
in this neighborhood each and every
week, and you're willing to risk
that..?*

JAY

*I thought I had to. All these years
running our business hasn't gotten
any easier on us... I thought I saw a
chance to do that.*

Kimo's mind is troubled, but like his grandfather, his face is still. Rolling onto his side he stares at the Jaguar Blanco mask.

FLASHBACK: LOS ESPIRITUS - LAST NIGHT

The announcer (suit now soaked in beer stains) stands in the center.

ANNOUNCER

This next match is scheduled for one fall and will determine the number one contender to face the... champion, Jaguar Blanco, in tomorrow night's Sunday Showdown!

The audience responds with boos and shouts.

Introducing first, from Santa Barbra, California, EL TORO VERDE!

A muscular tan-skinned man with a bull-themed mask and matching gear stands in one corner. He flexes his chest and blows steam from his nose, earning some cheers from the crowd.

And his opponent, from Las Vegas Nevada, MAGENTA SERPENTE!

Federico is cool and calculating as boos rain in on him. His two henchmen (donning matching violet lucha costumes) stand in his corner. The bell dings and in quick flashes, Federico picks his opponent apart. He evades every powerful attack Toro throws and stings with quick strikes of his own. Federico looks to Toro and invites him to charge.

Enraged, Toro rushes over with a fierce charge. Federico waits til the last second and slips out the way. Toro's shoulder crashes into the ring post, bending the solid steel pole. Toro stumbles backward, holding his swelling shoulder.

He surveys the ring - his opponent nowhere in sight. From the ring floor, Dederico stalks Toro. He slithers close in like a snake. The second Toro turns his back, Federico strikes with a lethal hook kick to Toro's throat.

SERPENTE

Venemo!

Toro is flung to the ground with a rough thud. Federico strolls over to his opponent, placing a foot on his chest. In three quick seconds, Magenta Serpente is declared the winner. He sends a sinister smile to the crowd, raising his right arm to imitate Jaguar's famous pose. The audience lets him have it. Federico's men enter the ring. One snatches the microphone from the announcer and hands it to his boss.

SERPENTE

Piss and moan all you want! I'm not here to impress you people and you people do not impress me. If anything, you should be booing your

golden boy, the kitty cat. I earned my shot at the title in half the time it took him! And tomorrow, his time is up. Our match for the Circle of Glory Championship will be lucha de apuesta!

Kimo hears the speech and crowd reaction backstage. He sits in the locker room, looking down at the mask in his hands.
Loser leaves his mask in the ring.

CUT TO PRESENT

2C INT. SANTA FE MOTEL

2C

An empty orange juice carton flies into a wall and fell to the floor. Jak makes a fist in celebration.

JAK

I'm getting the hang of it. Line me up again!

The living room and kitchen in the boys' room are divided by a tall countertop. The carton levitates, floating from the floor to the counter. Jak stands ready with Jeysin beside him. Jeysin's raised hands guide the box back. It lands upright and Jeysin exhales, releasing his hands as if dropping a weight.

JEYSIN

All Yours.

Jak takes in a deep breath. Jensai coursing through his body swells toward his left arm as preps a punch.

JAK

Ha!

He launches a left jab at the box beyond out of his reach. The force of the punch carries through the air and into the box - knocking it to the wall once more.

JEYSIN

Good shot!

The brothers celebrate with a strong handshake, buzzing with their Jensai. Their moment is interrupted by the sound of a broom jabbing into their floor from beneath.

NEIGHBOR

(Shouting)

*Keep it down up there!! It's Sunday!
I'm trying to get my Jesus on!!*

They move to the living room couch. Jak can't stop examining his hands.

JAK

*This Jensai stuff really is
something, ain't it?*

JEYSIN

*Thought I had the basics down, but
its versatility is a mystery of its
own.*

He looks to his hands as well.
*Inside the body, it boosts
everything a person can do...
Outside the body... There's no telling
what it's capable of.*

JAK

*Now that we know you're basically
David Blaine, I'll believe anything.*

JEYSIN

It was only a hunch yesterday.

Jeysin lifts the juice carton again, floating it above his grasp.

*Extending my Jensai beyond my body
came with this feeling of control...
Physically, I hadn't changed at all,
yet nothing in my sight felt beyond
my reach.*

He makes hand motions as if trying to twist off the lid of the carton. The cap begins to rotate, but he drops the box before he can get it open.

JEYSIN

It's work in progress.

He places the carton on the coffee table before them.

*When you used your power for that
big hit on Jaguar,*

Jeysin recalls Jak's no-hit punch the night before.

*How did it feel?
Like.. everything I packed into my
punch just kept going.*

Jak reenacts his motions.

*Down my arm, past my knuckles, and
into the air.
Definitely doesn't feel like
anything I can control and move
around like you do.*

He imitates Jeysin's levitation trick.
*But there's something to it.
Like... whenever I tap into this mess
I got goin' on inside, it comes
bursting out of me.*

Jak leans back in his seat. His face instantly sours and he shoots back up to his feet.

*Ow ow ow!!
You know who had this whole outta
body power stuff down? Those spirit
people.*

JEYSIN
Los Espiritus, you mean.

JAK
Yeah, them.

His sore back reminds him of every slam from last night.

JEYSIN
*We were taught that Jensai enhances
anything it's put into, but the
parts of a wrestling ring never
crossed my mind.*

He reflects on the various ways the luchadors made use of the ring.

*Their environment shaped their style
in the same way that their style
ended up shaping their environment.*

JAK
*That's how Cat Man did such a number
on me. Glad I'm still in one piece.*

Thinking of the fight, Jak smirks.
*Didn't pull a single punch and dude
took some of my strongest right on
the chin without even flinching!
He wanted to win just as bad as I
did.*

He tightens a fist.
(Determined)
*If I ever get the chance, I want to
fight him again.*

Jeysin cups his hands around his mouth like a small megaphone.

JEYSIN
We can't afford that.

Jak rubs the back of his head.

JAK
*Oh yeah, my bad.
How much magic money we got left?*

The younger brother sorts and counts the bills on the table.

JEYSIN
(To himself)
*Add this here... save some for that...
carry the one...*

He stacks and presents their funds neatly.
*If we want to stay on budget for our
next stop, we've got enough for
another lunch at Rivera's.*

JAK
Lemme grab my shoes!

He dashes from the room.

2D INT. CUT: RIVERA HOME - KIMO'S ROOM

2D

Kimo laces up his wrestling shoes. He pulls on his shirt to cover his bruises. Looking in the mirror, he carefully bandages his forehead and covers it with his headband. Corners of his mirror are stuffed with old photos and event tickets. One photo depicts a younger Kimo sitting atop his grandfather's shoulders, hoisting a toy championship belt. Junior's face brims with pride.

FLASHBACK: WRESTLING ARENA

Young Kimo takes in every sight and sound. He clings to his grandfather's hand as they march down to the stands. The matches start without blinking, the kid studies every detail. When the crowd stands and blocks his view, Junior reaches over and places the boy atop his shoulders. Kimo found his balance just in time to look ahead and see one of the grapplers land their finishing move. He grins ear to ear as the people around him cheer.

3 INT. RIVERA HOME

3

Junior shares his fanaticism with his grandson as he grows up. The pair watch hours of vintage Lucha. Junior points out wrestlers who carry themselves with poise. These men stand tall in the ring, inspiring their audience. Rather than striking, they dominate with commanding strength and precise technique.

4 INT. FABRIC SHOP

4

Closer to his current age, Kimo converses with a woman in a small shop filled with fabrics stacked to the ceiling. Digging through her supply, the woman presents him with white jaguar-print cloth.

5 INT. LOS ESPIRITUS

5

Mask on, Kimo marches down the entrance ramp. His hair and cape flow through the air.

ANNOUNCER

*Making his Los Espiritus debut
tonight! Hailing from parts unknown,
the mysterious: Jaguaaar Blaaaanco!*

PRESENT: RIVERA HOME

Hearing the supportive screams in his head brings Kimo back to the present. He ties his shoes on tight, throws his mask in a duffle bag, and heads for the door. He peeks into his grandparents' room. Nelly kneels bedside with her hands clasped in prayer. Moving on, he stops in the kitchen where Junior sits, stressed speechless.

KIMO

*That's not how a champion's supposed
to look.*

Junior raises his head to see his grandson standing in the doorway.

JUNIOR

I don't feel like one. Not today.

KIMO

*A great man told me, "either fight
through what you're feeling, or
fight with what you're feeling-*

JUNIOR

*But never stop fighting, no matter
how you're feeling."*

The old man smiles.

...You still remember that?

KIMO

I think about it every day.

Kimo sees his grandpa try to lift his mood, but regret hangs over his head. He kneels down beside Junior.

*I know things are hard right now..
but don't give up on Jaguar Blanco.*

Startled, Junior looks to his son's smiling face.

Kimo closes the front door to his family's apartment and steps onto the same street as the restaurant.

6 EXT. RIVERA'S

6

JAK

This is cruel and unusual!

JEYSIN

*We can come back after the
tournament. It's not the end of the
world.*

JAK

*I'm hungry as hell man... my world is
ending right now..*

Kimo sees the Ortega brothers standing nearby. Jeysin tries to console his teary eyed brother. The two parties make eye contact and the space falls silent. Channeling Nelly's spirit, Kimo gives an intense glare. Jeysin's face is cautious - Jak's, aloof. Examining the strangers on his front step, Kimo notices something.

KIMO

Wait a minute..

In his head, he pictures Jak next to Kung Fu Afro - tracing the outline of both head shapes.

It's you!!

Kimo marches toward the brothers.

JAK

(Baffled)

Hah?

Kimo grips Jak by his shirt and pins him to the outside of the restaurant.

KIMO

You ruined everything for me!!

Jeysin tenses, but Jak's face remains puzzled.

JAK

Oh... Word.

He breathes in.

*I'm not the one who decided flying
into the ground from the ceiling in
the air was a good idea!*

Jak points a finger gun at Kimo's face, poking him in the forehead.

*You ruined everything for damn
yourself!*

JEYSIN

You're Jaguar Blanco?

KIMO

*Watch your mouth! That finishing
move is inspired by decades of
tradition!*

JAK

*Then y'all might want to tweak the
technique, 'cause that sh!t was
whack!*

They grow comically angrier with each exchange.

KIMO

*You've gotta be a special kind of
dumbass to take a hit like that just
to tie!*

JAK

*I thought a tie would at least my
money back! Imagine calling a move
something lame like "Jaguar Lancer"
then jumping headfirst off the roof.*

KIMO

*Tossing you off one might have to be
my warmup for tonight.*

JAK

*Dream on, kitty. I should drag you
to the ring tonight to claim my
prize!*

JEYSIN

Ease up, fellas.

He steps closer to the feud.

JAK

Let me have this one.

JEYSIN

We let you have one last night. It's why you currently have someone angrily pinning to a wall.

Jak shrugs his shoulders and lowers his hand.

JAK

Got me there.

KIMO

That doesn't help me! Damn it!

He punches a hole into the wall - just by Jak's head.
You have no idea what you've done...

Feeling remorse, Jak lowers his head and looks to the floor.
And you have no right to barge into my business! You...

He tightens his fist again.
You have to pay!!

Kimo's punch halts short of Jak's face. He looks to his fist shaking in place the looks over his shoulder. Jeysin makes a tugging motion with both hands his arms.

JEYSIN

You're right. We don't understand what we've done... but if you'll tell us, we'll listen.

Jeysin keeps calm, despite the energy used to restrain Kimo.
If we can get where you're coming from then maybe we can sort this mess out - without fighting.

Jak's stomach growls loudly. Kimo's stomach growls even louder.

CUT FORWARD

Kimo returns to a table in the closed restaurant, wearing a kitchen apron.

KIMO

(Unsure)

So it's called... Jen..sai?

JEYSIN

Exactly!

He and Jak join Kimo at the table.

JAK

Only took him 12 tries. He's a natural.

Kimo punches Jak in the arm.

KIMO

All this time, the world's been full of people with the power we cherish...

JEYSIN

What name do you know it by?

KIMO

Never had a real name for it, it's just something we feel within. In our belief, any power greater than our own must be the divinity of the spirits.

JEYSIN

I see. When you wrestle, you're a vessel for a higher power.

KIMO

Yeah. We believe warriors are those who train to reach their highest heights. Each mask represents a spirit - a part of nature. In the ring, I become something bigger than myself.

FLASHBACK: LOCAL GYM

Current age Kimo stands before a metal bar racked with 200 pounds on each side. Sweat drips from his face as he prepares a deadlift. He tightens his grip, breathes deep and heaves. Lifting with all his might puts him in the zone. He closes his eyes.

DREAMSCAPE: MOUNTAIN RANGE

Kimo envisions himself at daybreak, scaling the side of the mountain, barehanded. The base of the mountain is nowhere to be seen. Rubble chipped off by his climbing falls into a dark abyss below. Winds howl, but he holds tight. Light shines

brightly from above. He pushes on as his body grows weary. Soon, he reaches the top - awe-stricken by the dazzling gold light shining on the horizon.

His Jensai awakens. His body glow with a golden light that rivals the sun.

DISSOLVE TO: GYM

Kimo lets out a battle cry and lifts the weight high - arms shaking with power.

That's how you become worthy of the spirits - a power greater than any man!

CUT TO PRESENT

He pounds a fist to his chest. Outside, rays of sunlight gleam through the overcast sky.

There is no honor greater than to push the limit of the body and spirit!

JAK

Well said.

He and Kimo share a look of respect. Jeysin nods his head.

Out on the road, we chase down that feeling every day.

KIMO

You two must have a death wish, going on that crazy adventure. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't jealous though.

Jak makes a smug face.

JAK

Can't blame you. It's pretty damn cool.

KIMO

...Wish I could join you, but I've got a score to settle and a neck to break.

Kimo retrieves his bag. The brothers raise to their feet.

JEYSIN

So you're certain that Serpente is the guy in the purple suit?

KIMO

Yes.

JAK

Then he deserves it.

KIMO

That's Federico Santiago, no doubt about it. I can tell that slimy spirit anywhere.

JEYSIN

Is there any way we can help you?

KIMO

Thanks, but no thanks. Some things a man has to handle alone. I'm going to fight with everything I've got.

He walks by the brothers.

Good luck on the rest of your trip. And stop by after the Championship, if you want a real fight.

Jak grins.

JAK

You're on.

FAST FORWARD: SANTA FE - NIGHT

6A INT. LOS ESPIRITUS

6A

"Last Lucha of the month!!" reads fliers plastered on the arena's front door. Even more fans than last night fill the hallways. Vendors dish out food, drinks, and souvenirs. Guests stop at the Jaguar Blanco display. Head covered with a hood, Kimo looks up at his wrestling persona. He stares for a moment before blending in with the rest of the crowd.

Nudging through the tightly packed stands, Junior's friends settle into their usual seats.

MAN 3

This is it boys. Tonight could be the end of an era.

MAN 2

Come on. You can't really think Serpente's gonna beat Jaguar.

MAN 4

After last night's incident, who's to say? If anybody was to do it,

it'd have to be Serpent.

MAN 3

Undefeated versus... undefeated? Is that right?

MAN 4

A draw ain't a loss. It kinda works.

He shakes a hand side-to-side in an unsure gesture.

MAN 2

A shame Jay had to miss this.

JUNIOR

Room for two more?

Surprised the guys look up to Junior at the end of their row.

MAN 2

Speak of the devil!

The men notice Jay's hand clutching Nelly's.

MAN 3

Looks like he brought the devil with him.

The third man is bumped by the fourth as they make room.

NELLY

Haven't been down here in ages...

Her eyes peer over the arena.

*Guess some things never change...
Kimo told you to bring your faith here?*

JUNIOR

He had this look in his eye... it was fearless. I trust him. He's a good boy.

NELLY

You've raised him to be a great man.

JUNIOR

I've never had to do it alone.

She places a hand onto her husband's.

NELLY

Let's put our faith together.

The streets outside empty. The gym's doors lock. Hallways clear and the energy of the building is alive. While pre-fight theatrics dazzle the ring, there is a certain stillness in the fighter's quarters.

7 INT. MENS LOCKER ROOM

7

"CABALLEROS" reads the label on the beaten front door. The roster of contestants prepares for battle, stretching and gearing up. Serpente and his henchmen sit a short distance away from the rest of the pack. He leans forth to lace his boots.

Halfway up, he lifted his gaze to see Jaguar staring him down from across the room. Federico is shook. The other fighters in the room continue their routines - blocking the line of sight between rivals.

VIOLET MASK 1
Something wrong boss?

FEDERICO
(Nervous)
...It's nothing.

He ties his first boot on tight and starts on the second. Each time the fighters part, he sees Jaguar locked on him. He shakes a fist and steps forth.

*If you've got something to say,
speak up!*

All eyes in the room turn to him. Tension rises in the air.

KIMO
...No words, not here.

Attention swings across the room to him.

*Everything I have to say to you will
be said in the ring.*

Frustrated to a fault, Fed walks away from the group. Looking over their shoulders, his men follow.

FEDERICO
*How dare he look at me as though
he's superior?! This town, these
people, they're nothing til we clear
them out.*

VIOLET MASK 1
Keep your cool.

The smaller of the henchmen raises his hands.

*We've been working a good gig here -
every league we busted has their
hotshot.*

FEDERICO

I know that!

VIOLET MASK 2

*We can't afford to blow it on pay
day.*

The bigger henchman cracks his knuckles.
*If that kid gives us a problem,
we're gonna solve it.*

8 INT. RINGSIDE

8

Dressed in a fresh tuxedo, the announcer makes his return.

ANNOUNCER

What do we want?

CROWD

LUCHA!!

Jeysin and Jak squeeze into a seat closer to the ring.

ANNOUNCER

How do we want it??

CROWD

LIVE!!! LIVE!!! LIVE!!!

With a ding of the bell, Azul and Verde rush from their corners - locking in a grapple. The Luchadores' performances keep the crowd riled. From the edge of the entrance ramp, Kimo enjoys the show just like the fans - just like in his childhood.

KIMO

Thank you... All of you.

SKIP FORWARD

ANNOUNCER

*Ladies and gentlemen, lovers of
libre, the moment we've been waiting
for has arrived!*

He stands in the ring's center, directly between the last two combatants. Federico's men wait in his corner, psyching him up. Kimo stands alone, head bowed in prayer as he stretches

his shoulders. He points a finger to the sky. Fed is disgusted at the sight.

SFX: BELL RINGING

Federico sprints for his enemy.

FEDERICO

Your reign is over!

He opened with a string of sharp hand strikes. Kimo blocks each attack - latching onto Fed's last punch and rolling him into a submission hold. Federico groans as he fights to break free. Kimo reads through his motions again and rolls him into another hold. With Fed's shoulders pinned, the referee slides near the action and counts.

REFEREE

One! Two!

Federico kicks free and Kimo retreats - stretching his shoulders. Fed prepares a forward kick. Kimo ducks low to evade, speeding on towards the ropes. Fed smirked.

FEDERICO

Soon as he bounces back, I'll hit him with the real deal.

Kimo jumps for the middle rope. Infusing his Jensai into it, he's flung back with great speed. Tucking and rolling in in mid-air, he avoids Federico's kick. Kimo grabs on to Fed's shoulders and drive him into the mat. The crowd cheers. The Violet Mask duo frets. Federico holds his back and pants.

Kimo remains silent and returns to his stance, looking down at his opponent. Federico snaps. He punches the mat and stands to his feet. Using Jensai to speed his step, he dashes around the ring, bouncing from rope to rope. Kimo watches carefully as the blurred circle closes in around him.

Circulo del Serpente!!

Too fast to defend, Federico breaks from the circle with a stinging kick. the champ is brought down to one knee and quickly stricken again and again. Serpente's strikes flow in from every direction, weathering Kimo's defense. The crowd grows nervous watching the damage pour on. Grunting through each hit, Kimo fights to stand firm.

KIMO

You're strong.. You can take this..

He applies more Jensai to his body. His insides fill with golden light.

Just focus.. Stay focused..

Blocking out the pain, he rises to both feet. He waits until he sees the opening.

There!

Federico attempts to finish Kimo with kick from in front. Kimo drops his guard and closes the distance between the two - ramming his shoulder into Fed's chest. He lifts Fed from his feet, stands tall and yells out. Kimo smashed Federico's spine into the ringfloor. Federico rolls over into his corner, holding his back. Kimo takes a moment to catch his breath then flexes his muscles. The crowd erupts.

VIOLET 2

Alright, I've seen enough!

The big man steps into the ring and Kimo raises his guard. A scream shoots out from the crowd. A figure appears, leap toward the ring. Their image is blocked by the bright lights above. Kimo notices a familiar shape and smirks. Dressed in his Kung Fu Afro costume, Jak lands in Kimo's corner to the sound of applause.

JAK

That's more like it.

KIMO

I told you earlier, I don't need any help.

JAK

You said you had to settle a score. I'm just here to keep that score even.

He extends a fist and Kimo bumps. The bigger Violet Mask barks at his partner.

VIOLET 2

Get in here and back me up!

Violet 1 has been shaking in the corner since seeing his boss on the receiving end of a Spine Buster. He tries to enter the ring, but is off balance. Looking down, he sees the laces on his boots tie themselves together.

JESYIN

Loop-de-loop then pull...

He finishes a shoe tying motion. Violet 1 stumbles back clumsily, bumping his head into the ring post and tumbling to the ground below. Announcer, referee, and ring girls wince at the sight. Jak looked from the knocked-out man to the crowd. He finds jesyin and the Ortegas signal each other with the "ok" hand sign.

JAK

I'll handle the big dude. You take care of business.

KIMO

Sounds like a plan.

With a quick step, Jak stands before Violet 2. The big man fumes with anger.

VIOLET 2

You're not gonna screw this up for us!!

He looms in with a fist raised. Jak waves his hands defensively.

JAK

Whoa, take it easy man. We can just talk this out.

He raises both arms to put his hands behind his head. Violet 2 feels the force of a strong blow to his chin. Jak smirks. He kicks his opponent in the gut and finishes with a Stone Cold Stunner.

Emotion in the room hits a fever pitch as Kimo and Federico lock into a fierce struggle. Neither man yields an inch. Federico releases his grip and turns to the side. He clamps onto Kimo's legs with his own - slamming Kimo face-first. A sinister smile spreads across Fed's face. He drops the ground.

Kimo forces his way back up to his feet, looking around the ring for his opponent. In Kimo's shadow, Federico looms. Kimo turns around and the serpent strikes.

FEDERICO

Venemo!!

The vicious hook connects with devastating force - tossing Kimo to the mat in a heap. Silence falls over the room. Nelly covers her mouth in horror. Junior holds onto her hand tightly. Jeysin and Jak wait and watch. Serpente stands victorious. Kimo's body lays motionless but with the rhythm of a heartbeat, his golden glow returns to him.

Fed's looks over his shoulder. His face drops at the sight of his opponent standing. Radiating with power, Kimo calmly stretces his neck.

KIMO

Seeing that work in so many matches, always thought it'd hit harder.

Federico's hands shake with rage.

FEDERICO

I've dominated leagues across the country with that move! No one's tough enough to take that attack!

KIMO

Then you might want to tweak your technique. That sh!t was wack.

Jak nods his head. Federico prepares to strike, but Kimo bursts forward with a Garra - charging the man into a corner of the ring. Kimo crashes Fed's back into the turnbuckle and rolls forward to land atop the corner. Standing tall, he kisses his right fist and points a finger to the light shining above.

*There's something I'm fighting for.
I can't see myself losing.*

Rolling backward, he landed in the ring and grapples Federico one more time. Smoothly turning himself around, he locks arms with his opponent - pressing their backs together. Kimo vaults high and arches backward. Pouring his Jensei from his the impact, he floors Federico into the center of the ring.

Jaguar Death Drop!!

He hooks Federico's leg and the referee slides onto the scene.

REF

*One!
Two!
Three!!*

Fight bells ring and cheers flood the building. Sitting on the mat, Kimo lets out a deep exhale. Jak walks over and helps the champ to his feet. Ring girls present the championship belt and the referee raises Kimo's arm.

ANNOUNCER

Your winner and STILL Los Espiritus champion! Jaguaaaaaaar Blancooooo!!!

Kimo kneels down to claim the fight's other prize. He hoists the magenta mask high. Serpente's reveal causes a stir.

NELLY

Ha! And they say wrestling's fake.

Jak tosses the mask into the crowd and Kimo holds it high. The moment takes him back to holding his toy belt, sitting atop Junior's shoulders. Full of emotion he can no longer hold, he roars out to the crowd.

CUT FORWARD

Lucha weekend is over. Stands empty, small team of custodians cleans up the frenzy.

FELIX

Been saving up all your earnings for this? Sure you're ready to walk away?

Felix sits behind the ringside table, counting the night's earnings.

You've got a good thing going here, kid. A great thing. You're a real-life legend.

KIMO

Thank you and thanks for keeping my secret all this time.

FELIX

I should be thanking you! You brought life back to Lucha.

The young wrestler looks to the arena and ring where he has grown up.

KIMO

It's been a dream come true... But I'm ready for new challenges.

(Confident)

Time to take this show on the road. Think you can deliver it for me?

FELIX

With honor my friend.

The man smiles as they share a handshake.

9 INT. RIVERA RESTAURANT - THE FOLLOWING MORNING

9

Prepping the eatery for the day ahead, Junior hears a knock at the door. Felix tips his hat and hands over a package. Nelly comes from the kitchen to investigate, joining Junior near the door. The orange packaging is addressed to "Abuelita y Abuelito." Opening it, they find the famed white jaguar mask, an envelope of cash, and a letter. The couple looks to one another and unfolds the letter.

KIMO

There's a lot I have to say to you both. For now, I'll start with thank you.

Early that morning, Kimo packs a bag and sneaks out.

*I promise I'll be back soon, but
please know that you are with me
everywhere I go.*

From the street, he takes one last look at his home. Duffle bag over his shoulder, Kimo looks ahead and walks on.

*My strength is in the pride you
taught me.
I pray that the beliefs I fight for
be the ground beneath my feet, and
never a weight on my shoulders.*

10 INT. SANTA FE BUS STATION

10

Jak yawns and lays his head onto his backpack. Jeysin sits by his side, eyes locked on his handheld game. "This line for: DALLAS" read the electric sign hanging above their seat.

So, where we headed?

A familiar face catches the brothers' attention. Kimo shares a smile with his new friends, walking over to join them on their adventure.