

THE ENGLISH BOXER

Based on the life and boxing matches of Chris Eubank Senior  
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EXT. WHITE HART LANE STADIUM. NIGHT.

SEPT 1991

FIGHT NIGHT:

We hear fans boo, shout, and scream. This is an extremely hostile crowd.

Angry faces snarl with menacing glares.

Half a dozen seats fly through the air.

Coins, cans, paper cups, and, screwed up, paper programmes are thrown towards the ring.

Vicious fights break out all around the stadium. The fights take on a domino effect.

In another section they rip out their chairs and launch them like missiles directly towards CHRIS EUBANK, 25, well spoken; Chris, dripping in sweat, is dressed in his boxers and his gloves.

He's ushered out swiftly, corralled by a sea of security guards and his training team.

FTB

ROLL CREDITS:

EXT. HACKNEY. MISERABLE ESTATE CARPARK. DAY.

1974:

This is a rough part of London, the type of area politicians only visit on a press run.

CHRIS, 8 years old, skips merrily up to the carpark.

He wears ill fitting ankle sway jeans with a patch on the knee and some battered shoes; his big toe clearly visible in one shoe.

As he turns into the carpark he freezes. A look of terror etches across his face.

In front of him a large Doberman Pinscher snarls. Suddenly, it charges towards him.

Chris cowers. He ducks down and curls into a ball for protection.

The dog races past him and leaps onto an Alsatian.

Groups of older teens, black, Turkish, white and Asian, stand behind the dogs and cheer them on.

GROUP 1  
Come on Sugar.

GROUP 2  
Kill him Bugner. Go on Bugner!

We hear the faint sound of a police siren. It grows louder.

ALL TEENAGERS  
The pigs.

The two sets of teens run off. Chris studies the police with interest as they approach the scene.

Two police cars and a specialist dog van screech to a halt.

The officers run after the teens, but they are long gone.

The specialist officers work on the dogs, one a young rookie, and the other an older experienced officer.

ROOKIE SPECIALIST OFFICER  
(distracted due to the dogs  
injuries)  
What kind of sick game were they  
playing?

SPECIALIST OFFICER 2  
This ain't nuffin'.. Wait 'til  
you've 'ad to treat a dog that's  
been bred to fight, that's been  
fighting its 'ole life.

They gently separate the dogs and place them in neck braces. They each take a dog. The Rookie is extra tender with his dog.

ROOKIE SPECIALIST OFFICER.  
Why would people want to watch  
these beautiful creatures rip each  
other to shreds?

The older officer shrugs sympathetically.

SPECIALIST OFFICER 2  
 Money. Their owners make 'undreds,  
 and normally get away scot-free.

The officers carefully place the dogs into cages inside of the van.

INT. FLAT. LOUNGE/KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

Chris walks through the unfurnished shabby flat. There is a large portrait of the queen which hangs on the wall above the small used black and white TV.

He switches it on. Nothing but snow. He thumps it. The audio is clear. The visuals blink in and out of focus.

INSERT VT: THE  
 THREE MUSKETEERS  
 (1973)

Chris sits back and laughs as the three musketeers and D'artagnan outwit their enemies with class and style.

He studies D'artagnan as he does his famous stance and poise, he mimics him. (The origins of Chris show boating).

The TV fuzzes again. Chris, frustrated, thumps the TV one more time; he accepts defeat and switches it off.

CHRIS EUBANK  
 (calls out)  
 Mum? Mum!

Silence.

INT. KITCHEN. AFTERNOON.

Chris pulls a dining room chair over to the fridge. He climbs on it and takes down a biscuit tin.

Inside it has a two pence coin.

He opens the fridge, and removes its only contents: milk and eggs.

Chris confidently cooks scrambled eggs.

He lays it down on the work top, he turns off the cooker.

He jumps as he turns and sees his older brother DAVID, 12, an ominous presence, hold the plate out of his reach.

DAVID  
Hmm dinner. Thanks.

Chris makes lame attempts to grab the plate back.

David smirks, taps his pockets to make the money jingle, and picks at the food. He eats some over Chris' head.

CHRIS EUBANK  
Dad left dinner money for all of  
us.

DAVID  
(mocking)  
Fight me for it.

Chris closes his eyes and throws a barrage of limp fisted punches.

David laughs at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
You still can't throw a punch, you Joey.

Chris resorts to scratching. A scratch from Chris draws blood.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
You little cunt.

David punches Chris on the nose. Chris bawls.

CHRIS EUBANK  
(calling out)  
Mummy! Mummy!

David sighs. He offers the plate of food back to Chris.

DAVID  
Here. Take it. I was only playing.

Chris' tears are irrefutable. He ignores his brother.

CHRIS EUBANK  
Mum!

DAVID  
 (upset)  
 Stop calling her alright.

Chris sniffles.

CHRIS EUBANK  
 I want my mum.

DAVID  
 Well you can't have her.

David fights back his own tears.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 She's moved to America, and she  
 ain't coming back.

Chris stops crying. He's in shock. He looks at his brother.  
 David is serious. Chris takes off like a bat out of hell.

He dashes out of the front door.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 (calling out)  
 Chris! Come back. Chris!

EXT. FLAT CARPARK. CONTINUOUS

Chris runs at great speed --

-- EXT. LONDON HIGH STREET. DAY.

-- He runs, along the grisly streets.

SUBTITLE READS:  
 1982

As he runs, he transitions into 16 year old CHRIS, tall and  
 skinny.

Chris is dressed smartly. He wears a suave suit, and an  
 oversized Burberry Mac.

Under his arm he clutches half a dozen designer jackets with  
 the alarm tags clearly visible.

Two police officers pursue him, but Chris has the clear lead.

He quickly turns a corner. He ducks down low behind some bins  
 in a bin shed.

The officers run past him.

Chris watches them some ten yards ahead as they pause to consider which way he went.

He gathers his breath and admires his windfall. His broad smile slowly turns to a frown as the alarm tags stare back at him, and ring inside his head; a guilty reminder, 'I'm a thief'.

INT. BOXING GYM. JUNE 1991 DAY.

Inside a boxing ring CHRIS, 25, well spoken, poses for pictures. He is dressed in a three piece suit; he wears boxing gloves around his neck.

SUBTITLES REPORT THE YEAR 1991, JUNE.

Chris struts, as per his usual boxing persona, arrogant, chin up, and arms folded. (He resembles D'artagnan).

RONNIE DAVIS, 43, cockney, skeptical, sits with a pout. He regards Chris in the ring and the circus around him.

He steps up on the ringside and gets in Chris' ear.

RONNIE

Relax, this is your chance to get  
the fans on side, be nice, be  
likeable.

KEVIN BANE, 34, a self assured cockney journalist, questions Chris as part of a relaxed interview.

Kevin is visibly bored, he holds Chris with mild contempt, and he's ready to leave.

A clunky recording device runs, and a photographer takes numerous pictures throughout.

PHOTOGRAPHER

This way Chris.

He strikes a pose. The photographer snaps away wildly.

KEVIN

Is it true ten years ago you were  
sleeping in cars and stealing to  
survive?

CHRIS EUBANK

I'm not ashamed of what I did.  
There are those who ask, and those  
who go out and get. I didn't beg  
anybody for anything.

KEVIN

Your record is impressive. You've  
won 28 out of 28 fights, but some  
say you were gifted the last fight.

Chris pauses for thought.

He places his hand on his chin, Chris Eubank style.

Ronnie walks over to him and gets close to his ear.

RONNIE

(louder than a whisper)  
He's tryinna provoke ya. Don't fall  
for it.

CHRIS EUBANK

Let me just say this, 'corruption  
wins not more than honesty. Still  
in thy right hand carry gentle  
peace to silence envious tongues'.

Ronnie rolls his eyes.

KEVIN

You what?

CHRIS EUBANK

I won that Watson fight. I was  
ahead the first six rounds. He  
didn't do enough to beat me, but  
because he's the people's champ --

Chris gestures with a shrug.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)

-- You and your peers will not give  
me the respect which I deserve.

Ronnie hangs around on tender hooks.

KEVIN

If the right deal came along would  
you give Watson a rematch?

Chris is visibly shaken by this question.

CHRIS EUBANK  
 Erm..all fights are arranged  
 through my promoter Barry --

KEVIN  
 -- Yes that goes without saying.  
 I'm asking you if you're prepared  
 or willing to give him a rematch?

CHRIS EUBANK  
 My promoter has to weigh up who  
 else is lined up to fight me.  
 Watson lost our last match, he now  
 has to wait in line.

KEVIN  
 Why do you feel the need to quote  
 Shakespeare, and dress like an  
 Englishmen?

CHRIS EUBANK  
 Was Shakespeare not English? Am I  
 not English?

Kevin looks at him blankly and scribes away on his note pad.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)  
 If I speak like a cockney or a  
 Jamaican only a certain amount of  
 people will hear me, but when I  
 speak like this, everyone hears me.

KEVIN  
 Final question, what are your true  
 thoughts on boxing?

The photographer takes his final shots.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
 That's a wrap Chris.

Chris pauses in deep thought with his hand over his mouth.  
 Ronnie looks over, the question makes him nervous.

CHRIS EUBANK  
 Boxing is a mug's game.

Ronnie buries his head in his hands and sighs. If he had a  
 towel, he would throw it. He exits.

Kevin perks up. He quickly scribes: BOXING IS A MUG'S GAME'  
 and underscores it several times on his writing pad.

The photographer looks at Chris wide eyed as he packs up his belongings.

KEVIN

How can you say that when you've made a tidy living out of it?

Chris sniggers and shakes his head.

CHRIS EUBANK

It's a barbaric sport. Each time I step into the ring, I'm placing my life on the line... In what other profession do you go to work, and not know if you're going to make it home alive?

KEVIN

You're literally biting the hand that feeds you.

CHRIS EUBANK

I am the hand that feeds me. Without the boxer there can be no fight. And it's about time you and your friends recognise that!

Kevin furiously scribes away on his writing pad.

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH. DAY.

Glorious hazy sunshine on a spring day. Chris jogs along the pebble beach front.

He looks ahead. He observes a black tramp, with dirty clothes and matted dreadlocks, but a great physique, jogging slightly ahead of him.

Chris studies the man's face as he jogs along.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)

(calling out)

King! Solomon!

He runs to catch up with him.

The tramp regards Chris' efforts to catch up and laughs like a crazy person. The tramp out sprints Chris.

Chris stops. He doubles over and takes a breather, holding his ribs in pain.

INT. EUBANK'S MODEST TWO BEDROOM HOME. EVENING.

BATHROOM:

Chris bathes his two young sons: CHRIS JR 18 MTH, and Sebastian, 2 MTH.

KARRON EUBANK, 25, resilient, considerate, looks on and smiles contentedly.

Chris catches sight of Karron. He smiles back at her.

CHRIS EUBANK

What?

KARRON

It's just nice to have you home  
sometimes, especially when you're  
helping out.

She walks over to him and pecks him on the lips.

CHRIS EUBANK

"How like a winter hath my absence  
been from thee,  
the pleasure of the fleeting year!  
What freezings have I felt,  
what dark days seen,  
what old December's bareness  
everywhere!"

Karron rolls her eyes.

KARRON

Speak English Chris.

He laughs.

CHRIS EUBANK

I've missed being here too, but if  
I stay here too often we wouldn't  
have a home to miss.

Karron looks worried. Chris catches on.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)

What aren't you telling me?

He holds out his arm. She instinctively passes him Sebastian's bath towel.

KARRON

Nothing.

Chris takes the towel and lovingly wraps up Sebastian. He hands him to Karron and takes Chris Jr out with a fresh towel.

CHRIS EUBANK

It's okay ... I'm not off to fight anytime soon... There's no one left to fight me.

Chris gives her a boastful smile.

KARRON

Really? Barry's been calling like crazy.

CHRIS EUBANK

(fake Jamaican accent)  
He can call likkle more, I'm on a break!

Karron smiles, but there is something uneasy about her smile.

CHILDREN'S BEDROOM:

The room is decorated for infant boys, and has two cots.

They both enter the room with their babies dressed in their pyjama's, and each bottle feeding.

KARRON

I wanna get my old job back.

CHRIS EUBANK

Absolutely not.

KARRON

Chris, I'm not asking permission.

CHRIS EUBANK

But what about the boys?

KARRON

You're always bleating on about getting respect, how about you show me some?

CHRIS EUBANK

I'm sorry. I didn't mean for it to come out like that.

KARRON

I can ask my parents to watch the boys.

CHRIS EUBANK  
I thought you was happy at home.

KARRON  
(covers)  
I was. But now I want more.

Chris studies her. He lays Seb down in his cot.

CHRIS EUBANK  
When you're ready to tell me what's  
really going on, I'm ready to hear  
it.

EXT/INT. THE CLOUD NEWSPAPER OFFICE. NIGHT.

Outside on a brick wall a red and white 'THE CLOUD' sign hangs.

Inside the office on a large wall divider board in front of Kevin's desk are a series of boxing related articles plastered all over it. The majority of them on Eubank, the headlines read as follows:

FIGHTER. POSER. BAFOON. ANGRY MOB TURNS ON EUBANK. I FIGHT FOR THE MONEY.

Inside stands a large open plan office with desks cluttered with paper. There's an unusual stillness to the place at night.

The editors office is closed off by a surrounding glass wall and door.

Kevin types his final full stop.

He is greeted by a night worker who takes off his jacket and reads over Kevin's shoulder.

NIGHT WORKER  
(chuckling)  
'Hypocrite Chris Eubank: boxing's a mugs game'!

KEVIN  
I gave him every opportunity to retract his statement, or to provide a better context to what he was saying, but you know Chris.

NIGHT WORKER  
This won't go down well with the British public.

KEVIN

Tried to talk to him one on one,  
but he kept quoting Shakespeare.  
What boxer you know goes around  
quoting Shakespeare?

NIGHT WORKER

He's lucky he can box.

Kevin logs off his computer and throws on his jacket.

KEVIN

You're right about that. S'pose he  
does give me loads to write about  
with his funny clothes and his  
bizarre cars. He better have a long  
career in this game, at the rate he  
spends he'll be a pauper begging  
like poor old Solomon.

The night worker laughs. Kevin leaves.

INT. PRINT ROOM. NIGHT.

Hundreds of THE CLOUD newspaper fall off the printing  
conveyor belt with the Chris Eubank story on the back page:  
EU HYPOCRITE - BOXING'S A MUG'S GAME.

INT. BEDROOM. MORNING.

Beams of daylight peep in through the blinds.

Chris tosses and turns in his bed. We hear the sounds of a  
rowdy crowd, background noise at a boxing match.

The commentators struggle to be heard over the din.

COMMENTATOR 1 (V.O.)

(over enthusiastic)

And they both have their hands up.  
Chris did not do enough to win.

COMMENTATOR 2 (V.O.)

It was very close, but I agree,  
Watson was the better fighter.

COMMENTATOR 1 (V.O.)

(hyper)

They've given it to Eubank on  
points.

(MORE)

COMMENTATOR 1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There we have it, Chris Eubank is still the middleweight champion of the world.

COMMENTATOR 2 (V.O.)

On paper he might be the champ, but that won't win him any popularity contests. Watson is still the people's champ.

Karron enters, she brings Chris breakfast, the papers, and the mail.

Chris wakes with a jolt. He's low in mood.

He looks at Karron smiles and sits up. He sips his juice, but disregards the other food and reads the paper.

Karron climbs back into bed with him.

KARRON

Mum's taken the boys.

Karron attempts to snuggle up to Chris, but he reels in pain.

CHRIS EUBANK

Argh.

Karron backs off, but rubs his ribs tenderly. She watches Chris as he vehemently studies his back page article.

Vexed he passes the paper to Karron completely missing her cues for affection.

EUBANK

(off the newspaper)

What more can I do to gain their respect?

KARRON

Stop dressing like a twat.

Karron laughs. Chris looks at her with contempt.

KARRON (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Chris lays back down, his low mood exacerbated.

Karron tenderly rubs his back.

KARRON (CONT'D)

Why d'you care so much about what they have to say?

(MORE)

KARRON (CONT'D)

You're undefeated, one of the best fighters Britains ever seen. You know it, I know it, and they know it.

CHRIS EUBANK

Exactly. So why don't they write that?

Karron shrugs, she hands him a letter in a red envelope.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)

I shouldn't have to beg the country I represent, to represent me better.

Karron offers a warm smile.

KARRON

Here, looks like your first bit of fan mail.

Chris opens it and reads it. He quickly screws it up and throws it on the floor.

He's unusually quiet.

Karron picks up the letter, she scan reads it. She screws it up and throws her arms around Chris.

KARRON (CONT'D)

They're just jealous. Racist, pathetic lowlifes.

Chris recoils slightly, but remains silent. He slides back under the covers.

KARRON (CONT'D)

C'mon love. Why don't you go for a run? Clear your head.

CHRIS EUBANK

I'm fine.

Chris turns to face her. He pecks her on her forehead.

KARRON

Chris, I contacted my old job, they said I can start Monday, week.

Chris sits bolt up right.

CHRIS EUBANK

Why would you do that?

KARRON  
We owe the tax man money?

Chris looks worried.

CHRIS EUBANK  
How much?

KARRON  
Eighteen thousand.

Chris sniggers. 'Is that all?'

KARRON (CONT'D)  
We need to cut back on our  
spending, just till we clear it.

CHRIS EUBANK  
I said I'd take care of us, didn't  
I?

He nudges her gently. She nods.

KARRON  
It's just, well, I know you wanted  
to take a break.

CHRIS EUBANK  
You happy looking after the kids?

KARRON  
Of course I am, they're our kids.

CHRIS EUBANK  
Then leave the rest to me.

He kisses her on the lips. They both passionately kiss and  
caress each other. They slide underneath the covers.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)  
Ow.

EXT. EUBANK'S MODEST TWO BEDROOM HOME. DAY.

Chris, dressed in jogging wear, closes the door behind him.

Two journalist doorstep him. A couple of paparazzi snap away  
in a wild frenzy.

NOTW REPORTER

Hi Chris, John Blake, News of the World, you wanna clarify your remarks about boxing being a mug's game?

RANDOM JOURNALIST

Are you a mug Chris? Or you planning on leaving the sport? What else are you qualified to do?

Chris, clearly surprised by his reception, looks at each journalist in turn and runs off.

The journalist and photographers chase after him, but he sprints so speedily they cannot keep up.

Chris laughs to himself as he looks back and sees them give up.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE. DAY. JUNE 1991.

Chris approaches. He looks at the tempting designer menswear in the window calling to him.

He dallies back and forth for a moment, 'fuck it, he's going in'.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE. DAY.

INSERT A MONTAGE OF SHOTS:

A) Chris is served by two members of staff.

B) They bring out dozens and dozens of designer clothes for him to choose from.

C) Some of the trousers do not fit past his bulky thighs. He spots a pair of jodhpurs. He tries them on. They are the perfect fit. He looks at a mannequin, its style is the epitome of Englishness. It wears a waistcoat, a tweed blazer, jodhpurs, and a monocle. Chris stares at it, he's mesmerised.

D) The cashier at the register is overwhelmed by the amount of the till sale. And judging by his facial expression, so is Chris.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE. DAY.

E) Chris smiles as the staff carry the large bags of his goods to a waiting black cab. As they leave, his smile wanes.

EXT. PRIVATE SWIMMING POOL. BARRY HEARN'S HOME. AFTERNOON.

Chris swims several laps around the pool.

He pauses for a rest and regards the beautiful home, and its expansive acres of land.

EDWARD HEARNE, 12, white, cheeky, storms over and bombs the pool causing Chris to turn to shelter his eyes.

BARRY HEARNE (O.S.)  
Oi. Cut it out.

Edward emerges from under the water.

BARRY HEARNE, 50, a cocksure cockney, approaches the pool in his trunks.

BARRY HEARNE (CONT'D)  
What'd I say about water bombing?

EDWARD HEARNE  
Sorry, dad.

Barry eases himself into the water close to Chris and adjusts to the temperature.

BARRY HEARNE  
How's Karron?

CHRIS EUBANK  
She's great. And Sue?

BARRY HEARNE  
She's good, thanks. You two ain't been over for ages. We should get it in the diary.

CHRIS EUBANK  
Now's a good time for me.

BARRY HEARNE  
How's the recovery going?

CHRIS EUBANK  
(sceptical)  
Here we go.

BARRY HEARNE  
Can't you ask your best mate and his wife to dinner without coming under suspicion?

CHRIS EUBANK  
Who's the boxer?

BARRY HEARNE  
(feigns hurt)  
I'm truly hurt.

Chris looks at Barry, he waits for him to break.

BARRY HEARNE (CONT'D)  
Alright, alright, you got me.

Chris laughs.

CHRIS EUBANK  
I knew it! Who is it?

BARRY HEARNE  
It's a brand new title, a SUPER  
middle weight!

CHRIS EUBANK  
The opponent?

BARRY HEARNE  
This will be your chance to make  
history.

CHRIS EUBANK  
Who, where and when?

BARRY HEARNE  
(reels off quickly)  
Watson. White Hart Lane. September.

CHRIS EUBANK  
(shocked, defensive)  
No way, it's too soon.

BARRY HEARNE  
Watson already said yes.

Chris shrugs.

Edward comes out of the pool and bombs it again.

BARRY HEARNE (CONT'D)  
(shouts)  
Eddie!

EDWARD HEARNE (V.O.)  
Sorry.

BARRY HEARNE

I wanted to give you the opportunity to be the first boxer to hold the Super middleweight title, but we gotta move fast.

Eubanks pauses to consider.

BARRY HEARNE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna level with ya. Boxers are always one fight away from being broke.

Chris acknowledges with a knowing nod.

BARRY HEARNE (CONT'D)

You're at the prime of your life. You're young, you're fit, and it's your winning season right now. Let's smash it while we can.

EUBANK

You make it sound so easy. They don't call Watson 'The Force' for no reason. What if he stops me, ends my career?

BARRY HEARNE

You've got the upper hand.

EUBANK

I'm not sure.

BARRY HEARNE

A deal like this won't be around forever. Tell you what, I've lined up this tidy press conference. You come, you have words with Watson; feel him out; if you wanna go ahead; sign the contract; if you don't, no more said.

EUBANK

I'll think about it.

BARRY HEARNE

Also, it will give you a chance to redeem yaself. Boxing's a mug's game? Do yaself a favour boy, no more controversy, let your boxing do the talking. Agreed?

EUBANK

Is there anyone else?

BARRY HEARNE

No one worth mentioning, no one who will pull these kind of figures.

Chris drifts off into a daydream. Barry waves his hand in front of his face.

BARRY HEARNE (CONT'D)

Hello, what you dreaming about? The castle you're gonna buy with the winnings?

Chris shakes his head.

EUBANK

I think I saw Solomon King on the beach today.

Barry looks uncomfortable at the mention of his name.

BARRY HEARNE

Terrible shame that. I tried so hard to get him help, but if he won't take it what can you do?

EUBANK

What happened to him?

BARRY HEARNE

Concoction of things really, drugs, alcohol, mental health. Right then, can I count on you to turn up next week?

EUBANK

But how did he go from champ to homeless man?

BARRY HEARNE

He didn't make good investments Chris, he fought hard, but he spent even harder. I'm gonna call you later with some dates for this press conference.

Eddie bombs them again.

BARRY HEARNE (CONT'D)

Right, that's it, boy.

Barry playfully swims after his son.

Chris regards Barry and Edward as they gleefully lark about in the pool.

He again observes the house and the acres of land, from his point of view, it really is a thing of beauty.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE WATSON V EUBANK II. 1991. DAY.

On the wall behind the table is a large sponsored vertical banner with the caption: SUNDAY MIRROR plastered all over it.

Barry, MICHAEL WATSON, black, 22, unassuming; Ronnie, and two other suited white middle aged men sit at each end of the table.

There is an empty seat where Chris should be. Barry appears agitated he keeps looking over at the doorway.

Cameras flash throughout.

KEVIN

(to Barry)

Shall your protege be joining us today then, or are we not worthy of his company?

The place erupts into laughter. Barry laughs too, but this is done to mask his nervousness. He frantically scans the room.

BARRY HEARNE

'E'll be 'ere soon enough,  
'opefully.

Barry closes his eyes, a sign of relief, as he sees Chris appear and strut across to his seat without a care in the world.

His emergence creates hysteria among the photographers.

BARRY HEARNE (CONT'D)

(a loud whisper in Chris' ear)

Thank fuck you're 'ere.

Chris smiles, he's amused. The conference commences:

KEVIN

Michael, what will you do to secure a win this time around?

MICHAEL WATSON

I think everyone agrees I was robbed at the last fight, so this time I'm gonna make sure I finish the job!

Chris leans out of his seat and turns to face Michael Watson.

CHRIS EUBANK

You make me sick. You're despicable. Before the fight I would not have begrudged you the win. Let me have my win; grow up and stop whinging like a child. You think you're some big shot, but if I was to get up and leave this room you would be left starving so be quiet.

MICHAEL WATSON

Who's carrying on like the big shot? Be quiet man.

CHRIS EUBANK

You're telling me to keep quiet. You're going on like you're demanding something.

Barry throws up his hands and smirks.

INTERVIEWER II (O.S.)

Michael, what do you think about the current state of boxing?

MICHAEL WATSON

I'm gonna put boxing back on the map, he has pushed boxing down to the gutter. This man has totally torn boxing apart with the stupid things he says, you know. He really makes me feel bad.

INTERVIEWER II (O.S.)

Chris, you want to respond to that?

CHRIS EUBANK

I have a lot of contempt for this man; for his frame of mind; his point of view is weak. In any other job, I'd be made a union rep. He should be thanking me for the things I've been saying.

BARRY HEARNE

Calm down.

CHRIS EUBANK

(riled)

Nah, you're telling me to calm down, the man's an idiot.

Chris slides his seat from under the table.

Hearne tries to hold Chris down but, Chris shakes him off and stands up.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)  
Baz, let me go coz I'm just gonna  
whack this idiots head off.

Barry chases after him.

BARRY HEARNE  
(calls out)  
Chris, we need to sign the  
contract.

Chris exits.

Barry kicks a wall in frustration.

He stands with his hands on his hips for a moment, then proceeds towards the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

Chris walks with his hands in his pocket at a leisurely pace towards the main exit.

BARRY HEARNE  
Chris, please think about what  
you're doing. You're walking away  
from a quarter of a mill here.

CHRIS EUBANK  
Yes, but I get to keep my life.

BARRY HEARNE  
What do you want?

CHRIS EUBANK  
Three hundred.

BARRY HEARNE  
There's no way.

Chris heads towards the door.

BARRY HEARNE (CONT'D)  
Two sixty?

Chris carries on.

BARRY HEARNE (CONT'D)

Two seven five. I can't go higher than that. I'll be bloody working for free.

Chris stops. Turns back, and shakes a miserable looking Barry's hand.

BARRY HEARNE (CONT'D)

You're bloody hard work. Half the time I don't know why I bother with you.

CHRIS EUBANK

Because I'm the undisputed, middleweight champion, of the world.

Chris beams a wide satisfied smile.

INT. THE CLOUD NEWSPAPER OFFICE. DAY.

The normal hustle and bustle of a busy newspaper room. The office is full of journalist.

The majority of them are at their desks typing away.

A few of them are speaking on the telephone as they type.

Through the glass walls and doors of his office the editor can be seen: a white male, 50, with soft features.

A likeable pragmatic man. This is ALAN BRIGGS.

Kevin sits beside him.

ALAN

And that's the header you want to run with?

KEVIN

That sums up his behaviour at the conference. Shameful. He was dangling the rematch over Watson's head. Everyone knows financially he needs the money so he has to fight him.

Alan sits in contemplation.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You normally love these style headings.

ALAN

I do... Sometimes you've got to see the bigger picture. He's a layered man. Complex. More importantly he's an undefeated champion. You want to establish some trust with him. You go too far with it, you may not get the bigger stories later.

KEVIN

If I don't use this heading someone else will.

ALAN

It's not a bad piece. I'm thinking about long term goals. Look if you wanna run it, run it.

KEVIN

Thanks.

Kevin stands up and leaves.

INT. PRINT ROOM. NIGHT.

Hundreds of copies of the newspaper back page heading read:  
EU SPOILT BRAT!

INT. BOXING GYM. DAY.

Men spar in and around the boxing ring.

Chris stands on weighing scales.

Ronnie Davis regards the scales. He shakes his head and makes a note of the weight.

RONNIE

Madness. Last fight you had to lose weight, this time you need to gain eleven pounds, get you up to twelve stone.

CHRIS EUBANK

Easy. I've got more than two months to do it.

RONNIE

It's not as easy as you think. You need that weight on safely, but quickly. The sooner you learn to manoeuvre with the heavier weight, the better.

Chris steps off the scales and flips into the ring via the ropes.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Chris, it's actions like this that turns the press and the public against ya.

CHRIS EUBANK

It's showmanship.

RONNIE

Well the people hate it.

CHRIS EUBANK

"Love me and I'll always be in your heart, hate me and I'll always be on your mind."

RONNIE

That philosophising shit ain't helping you either.

Chris shrugs.

Ronnie signals to a boxer. He climbs into the ring and spars with Chris.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

(to Chris)

Up your speed, Watson's a quick puncher, double it up, apply the pressure.

Chris doubles up his jabs.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Good work. Good.

The sparing partner looks to Ronnie.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

We're done. Good work, boy.

Chris and his sparing partner touch gloves.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

These next couple of months is gonna be a fine balance. We need you to maintain your level of fitness without losing too much weight. In two weeks time we get serious. Six weeks of hard graft.

Chris nods. Ronnie hands him a towel. He wipes his head with it.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

What you up to next?

CHRIS EUBANK

Was gonna go for a run along the beach.

Ronnie checks his watch. The time is 10.10.

RONNIE

Scratch that, how about we spend the morning at the tracks, relaxation therapy?

Chris nods.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

That's my boy.

They both head towards the changing rooms.

CHRIS EUBANK

I'm a man not a boy.

RONNIE

Do you have to be so serious all the time?

CHRIS EUBANK

Respectfully speaking, yes.

Ronnie nods to himself. Chris smiles at him.

EXT. BRIGHTON AND HOVE RACE TRACKS. DAY.

Ronnie and Chris watch the dogs being taken to the cages by their handlers. They both hold on to their betting slips.

COMMENTATOR

(in the background)

-- Four in the white, Mayhem madness.

CHRIS EUBANK

I can't stop thinking about the fight. I'm dreaming about it at night, daydreaming about it in the day.

RONNIE

You've got nothing to worry about, you've already beat the man once.

CHRIS EUBANK

What if the judges give it to him because of the last decision? He is the favourite.

RONNIE

So is Barry.

Ronnie gives Eubank a telling look.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

If you're so worried, all you have to do is knock him out properly.

CHRIS EUBANK

'All you have to do' he says.

RONNIE

The public and judges are looking for a show, give it to 'em. Give 'em something to talk about.

CHRIS EUBANK

What do you think all the gesturing, posing and ring jumps are for?

RONNIE

Not gimmicks. Land big punches. Change your pace. If you wanna lead this fight you gotta set the pace, and that means starting hard and fast.

Dogs bark in the background. The BELL SOUNDS:

COMMENTATOR

Hare is running.

The hare is dispensed, and the dogs are away.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

And they're off. And first away is  
'Waterfall Charlie', followed  
closely by 'Monks Bath' --

A heightened atmosphere sets in. The crowd get to their feet. They cheer and roar loudly as the dogs fly around the track.

Chris, in slow motion, watches the dogs as they race furiously, bumping into each other, worn out, and the crowd as they rave with excitement.

Two of the dogs suffer a dangerous collision. (REAL TIME).

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

Oh this doesn't look good, 'Monks Bath' and 'Waterfall Charlie' have clashed heads, 'Monks Bath' runs on but that's it for 'Waterfall Charlie'. And 'Lady in Red' takes the lead, and it's 'Lady in Red' first across the finish line.

Waterfall Charlie lays limply on the ground whining in pain as the other dogs cross the finish line.

The crowd's cheers dominate the commentators.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

We have a winner, it's Lady in Red.

Ronnie becomes animated as his dog places first at the finish line. He pumps his fist in the air.

RONNIE

Yes! Not a bad day's work that.

Ronnie shakes his winning slip underneath Chris' face.

CHRIS EUBANK

For some.

Chris screws up his betting slip and throws it on the ground.

He studies the dog handlers as they treat the injured dog.

RONNIE

What you doing? You bet on Lady in Red, we won.

Chris looks back at the handlers who remove the dead dog from the tracks.

INSERT MONTAGE:

INT. BOXING GYM. DAY.

Chris stands on the scales. Ronnie records his weight:  
11St:41b.

INT. EUBANK'S KITCHEN. EVENING.

Karron serves Chris a huge plate of Chicken breasts, pasta  
and vegetables.

INT. BODY BUILDING GYM. DAY.

This is an old school gym with tons of free weights.

In the background muscular men in pairs support their  
training partner as they struggle to lift large weights.

Ronnie spots Chris as he lifts his share of heavy weights.

INT. BOXING GYM. DAY.

Chris stands on the scales. Ronnie records his weight:  
11St:71b.

INT. EUBANK'S KITCHEN. EVENING.

Ronnie serves Chris two large steaks, brown rice, and a large  
serving of vegetables.

Chris takes his time, but devours the food.

INT. DOORWAY. MORNING.

Chris picks up the newspaper and a letter. He opens it. It is  
his contract for the fight, and a retainer cheque for  
£50,000. He smiles to himself.

END OF MONTAGE.

INT. BOXING GYM. DAY.

Ronnie weighs Chris on the scales. He records his weight as:  
11st:91b.

RONNIE

Two weeks to go, three pound under.  
Gives you something to play with.

EXT/INT. SIX BEDROOM DETACHED HOUSE. BRIGHTON.

An estate agent leads Karron and Chris into the house. Each of them carry one of their sons.

The couple explore the empty rooms. Chris daydreams and stares out of one of the windows.

CHRIS EUBANK

Karron?

KARRON

I love it.

CHRIS EUBANK

We'll take it.

The estate agent smiles warmly and shakes their hands in turn.

Chris puts his hand around Karron's waist. They both look out of the window at the sweeping green scenery.

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH. EVENING.

The rain pours heavily down on the sea front.

Chris runs along Brighton Beach, he stops as he catches sight of Solomon.

Chris catches up to him this time.

He stands directly opposite Solomon.

He becomes his identical twin as he looks at Solomon he sees himself. They are something like the prince and the pauper. Chris shakes the vision off.

CHRIS EUBANK

Solomon, why do you keep running  
from me?

Solomon laughs.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)

Where are you staying?

Solomon lets his shoulders hang and looks down at the pebbles beneath his feet.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)  
Let's go down to the pier, shelter  
from the rain.

Chris jogs towards it together with Solomon.

Solomon walks over to his spot, littered with a sleeping bag and a plastic bag full of junk.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)  
You gonna be alright?

Solomon nods slowly, he seems completely lost, vacant.

Chris walks a couple of steps ahead. He stops lingers for a moment and turns back.

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH. DAY. JUNE. 1991.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)  
(to Solomon)  
C'mon, you'll catch pneumonia if  
you stay out here.

Solomon, baby like in his actions, follows Chris.

INT. EUBANK'S NEWLY FURNISHED HOME. LOUNGE. DAY.

Karron plays on the floor with her two sons and their toys.

CHRIS EUBANK (O.S.)  
Hello?

KARRON  
We're in here.

Chris walks in with a very smelly, unkempt, Solomon.

KARRON (CONT'D)  
What an earth is that smell?

Karron turns to face Chris and discovers he has a guest.

CHRIS EUBANK  
Karron, d'you remember that  
Welterweight boxer from the  
eighties, Solomon King?

Karron shrugs. Her face is a picture as she regards the state of this man in their home.

Solomon stands in the corner he seems senseless and out of place.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)  
He's a boxing legend.

KARRON  
Can I have a word please, Chris?

CHRIS EUBANK  
Solomon can you wait in the kitchen? It's that way.

Solomon stares at Chris, and over in the direction he pointed to, and back at Chris.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)  
(to Karron)  
One minute.

Karron fumes as she watches Chris take Solomon by the elbow and lead him out.

Karron walks over to the window and yanks it open. Chris returns.

KARRON  
What the hell are you playing at?

CHRIS EUBANK  
I couldn't leave him out in that rain, I just couldn't, especially when we have all of this room. I felt like I had some sort of duty of care.

KARRON  
Your duty of care is here in this house. What if he attacks the boys, or me? You don't even know him, and the smell.

CHRIS EUBANK  
You're right, I weren't thinking.

KARRON  
At least take him to a homeless shelter.

CHRIS EUBANK  
I did. It's full.

KARRON

Well, he can't stay here.

CHRIS EUBANK

Just one night. Please? He can stay on the sofa.

Karron thinks about it.

KARRON

One night. And he doesn't come near me or our boys.

CHRIS EUBANK

Agreed.

EXT/INT. HOMELESS SHELTER. BEACON LODGE. DAY.

Hard rain gushes to the ground. The skies are dark.

Chris and Solomon arrive outside of a detached house. A plaque on the wall at the front reads: BEACON LODGE.

Chris rings the buzzer and the door releases. Chris and Solomon enter.

HALLWAY:

A narrow space. A notice board hangs on the wall, it is covered in slips of paper, and a sign stipulating the rules and regulations.

OFFICE:

Chris steps inside.

He is greeted by a pleasantly plump female, 25, friendly, GINA.

GINA

Hi.

CHRIS EUBANK

Hi. I've brought Solomon back.

Gina scans through a large A4 book.

GINA

Yeah, erm, I'm really sorry we're still full.

CHRIS EUBANK

I'm afraid that's not good enough.  
It rained all night last night, if  
I hadn't have taken him in, god  
knows --

GINA

(with a slight attitude)  
-- There's nothing I can do if  
we're full. I was expecting someone  
to move on, but their flat isn't  
ready.

CHRIS EUBANK

(discreetly)  
I can't have him back home with me  
another night.

GINA

What you're doing is really  
honourable. The fact is there's too  
many homeless, and not enough  
homes. As long as this issue isn't  
a priority for the government  
people will continue to be  
homeless. We're a charity, we can  
only do so much.

Chris pauses to consider Gina's words. Solomon takes a seat  
close to her desk.

CHRIS EUBANK

This is unbelievable.

GINA

Last year winter we had a waiting  
list of sixty three, summers we're  
in less demand.

She flicks through the A4 book.

GINA (CONT'D)

Isn't there some sort of boxing  
federation which looks after ex  
boxers?

Chris shakes his head.

GINA (CONT'D)

Can you bring him back tomorrow?  
I'll see if I can chase this  
client's move on?

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER. DAY.

Chris and Solomon leave. They wander slowly along the streets.

Unknown to them, they are papped by an undercover photographer.

INT. THE CLOUD NEWSPAPER OFFICE. DAY.

Kevin speaks eagerly into the phone.

KEVIN

You don't have to worry about that  
discreet is my middle name.

Kevin puts down the phone. One of his colleagues overhears. He spins around to find out the news.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I have it on good authority that  
Chris Eubank --

INT. PRESS OFFICE. NIGHT.

INSERT TABLOID HEADLINES: CHRIS EUBANK MOVES HOMELESS MAN  
INTO HIS HOUSE.

INT. THE CLOUD NEWSPAPER OFFICE. DAY.

Kevin and his friend laugh out loud. His colleagues pat him on the shoulder as they each check out his write up about Chris allowing a homeless man into his home to live.

INT. EUBANK'S NEW HOME. KITCHEN. DAY

Karron feeds Chris Jr in his high chair, the last spoonful of his food.

She holds Sebastian in her hand and gives him his bottle.

Chris Jr vomits everywhere. She uses the same newspaper with the homeless story to clean up some of the vomit.

Karron rests Sebastian in his baby bouncer and cleans up the mess.

Chris Jr wails. She exits and returns with clean clothes for him.

On her return, she discovers Sebastian covered in vomit. She rests Chris Jr's clothes on the table and cleans up Sebastian. Sebastian screams and cries.

KARRON  
Okay mummy's little babas.

Karron cleans up Sebastian. She changes Chris Jr's clothes, bouncing the baby bouncer with her foot as she does.

KARRON (CONT'D)  
(voice breaking)  
Okay, Seb, mama's coming.

Chris Jr vomits again on the fresh clothes.

Karron buries her head in her face as the boys scream in the background.

INT. EUBANK'S KITCHEN. EVENING.

Karron serves Chris a large plate of Tuna and brown rice.

CHRIS EUBANK  
-- Ended up taking him to a motel.  
I'm gonna pick him up tomorrow and  
take him back to the shelter.

Karron picks at her own food.

KARRON  
(mutters to herself)  
Wish someone would pick me up.

Karron takes a large gulp of red wine.

CHRIS EUBANK  
(oblivious)  
It makes me sick to think this is a  
first world country and we have a  
serious homeless problem.

KARRON  
And you're about to join them.

CHRIS EUBANK  
Is something wrong?

KARRON  
Finally. Be nice if you asked how  
my day has been.

Chris reaches out and holds her hand.

CHRIS EUBANK

Sorry for going on. I've been in that man's position; homeless, and trust me when you're out there it's a fight for survival. Some of us make it and some of us don't!

Karron rubs his hand.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)

How was your day?

KARRON

I love the boys. I love being at home with them, it's just sometimes, I feel like a big mop, just cleaning up after everyone.

Chris leaves his dinner. He walks behind her and throws his arms around her shoulders and kisses the top of her head.

CHRIS EUBANK

George Michaels' having a party tonight.

KARRON

(gasps)  
You never said.

CHRIS EUBANK

Didn't fancy it.

KARRON

Oh.

CHRIS EUBANK

But you clearly do, so sort out the kids with your mum, put on your glad rags, and we'll go.

Karron gives him a big squeeze and a passionate kiss.

EXT/INT. GEORGE MICHAEL'S HOUSE. EVENING.

A large leafy pad on a quiet London road is surrounded by paparazzi.

The atmosphere is charged with feel good energy.

A busty, blonde, page three girl, MELINDA MESSENGER, and her male partner make their way to the front of the house.

Frenzied paparazzi shout over each other in an attempt to get her attention.

PAPARAZI  
 (all together)  
 Melinda, this way. Melinda, look  
 this way love.

Melinda smiles and laps up the attention. Her partner steps to the side. She takes her time and works every angle.

PAPARAZI (CONT'D)  
 (to his cameraman friend)  
 Ask her to get her tits out.

They chuckle like school boys.

Melinda and her partner make their way inside.

Chris and Karron arrive.

Karron looks stunning in a beautiful gown. Chris carries an unnecessary cane and wears a monocle, and the Jodhpurs, waistcoat, and tweed jacket that was on the mannequin in the department store.

They walk through the open gates, karron pulls back.

CHRIS EUBANK  
 Don't be scared, you look amazing.

EXT. GEORGE MICHAEL'S HOUSE. EVENING.

PAPARAZI  
 (all together)  
 Chris, over here mate. Karron, look  
 this way.

Chris turns to the side, throws his chin in the air and provides his infamous arrogant stance.

Karron stands beside him and smiles sweetly, but very self-consciously.

KARRON  
 (to Chris, through her  
 teeth)  
 How do they know my name?

CHRIS EUBANK  
 You're my wife. It's their job to  
 know.

## PAPARAZZI

Chris, what's your prediction for  
your upcoming bout with Watson?

## CHRIS EUBANK

"If you can look into the seeds of  
time,  
And say which grain will grow and  
which will not,  
Speak then to me,  
who neither beg nor fear  
Your favours nor your hate."

The paparazzi slow down their camera shuts. The picture  
taking ends.

There is an uncomfortable silence.

Chris and Karron stand, awkwardly, still.

Michael Watson arrives. A feeling of dread washes over Chris  
and then quickly dissipates.

Michael is on his own. The jovial tone returns.

## PAPARAZI

(all)

Michael, Michael, to the side mate.  
Michael, Michael. Look this way.

Chris and Karron see their moment in the limelight is over  
and continue toward the house.

Chris takes a final look back and sees Michael and the  
paparazzi laughing and smiling together.

He takes Karron's hand as they make their way into the house.

INT. GEORGE MICHAEL'S LUXURIOUS PAD. NIGHT.

A large open space with a landing covered in marble floors.

Beautiful paintings decorate the walls.

Soulful house music plays in the background.

Straight and gay couples are dotted around the house.

Smiling, drinking, dancing, kissing and conversing.

Gorgeous suited men, all styled in the likeness of George  
Michael, serve canopies and champagne flutes.

The house is full of who's who 90's celebrities: VINNY JONES, KYLIE MINOGUE, etc. Designer, VIVIENNE WESTWOOD throws her arms around Chris.

VIVIENNE

Chris, how lovely to see you. And this must be your lovely wife?

CHRIS EUBANK

Karron meet Vivienne Westwood, fashion designer extraordinaire.

VIVIENNE

Oh stop. Now I've been meaning to speak to you. I want you to do some modelling for me.

CHRIS EUBANK

If the dates work, we can make it happen.

VIVIENNE

Excellent. I'll call and let you know.

She becomes preoccupied by someone else, she saunters off.

KARRON

She's nice.

Chris leads Karron by the hand and they dance awkwardly to the music.

Out of nowhere Chris hears loud laughter coming from around the corner.

He walks over and sees Watson and NIGEL BENN, 24, man hugging and cheering each other on.

They have a crowd of girls around them.

CHRIS EUBANK

C'mon, lets go.

KARRON

But we just got here.

CHRIS EUBANK

And I'm ready now.

Chris walks at speed. Karron struggles to keep up.

Watson and Benn emerge in the background behind Chris and Karron.

WATSON  
 (shouts over the music)  
 Eubank!

Chris stops dead in his tracks, but doesn't look back.

WATSON (CONT'D)  
 Run while you can. In two weeks I'm  
 gonna take you out the game.

Chris continues on his way.

Karron looks back. She looks at Benn and Watson with  
 contempt.

Benn blows her a kiss. Karron sends him her middle finger.

WATSON (CONT'D)  
 Any time you're ready, baby.

Benn and Watson laugh.

Chris and Karron exit.

EXT. GEORGE MICHAEL'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Karron storms off ahead. Chris hurries to keep up with her.

KARRON  
 My first night out in ages and you  
 cut it short. What was the point in  
 getting all dressed up?

Chris has a face like thunder.

CHRIS EUBANK  
 He's trying to psyche me out, mess  
 with my head before the fight.

KARRON  
 What's new? Benn did it, Stretch  
 did it, they all do it. What is it  
 about Watson?

CHRIS EUBANK  
 (snaps)  
 Nothing, it don't matter.

Karron rubs his shoulders.

KARRON  
 What's wrong?

CHRIS EUBANK

I'm not sure I beat him. I don't think I can.

KARRON

Of course you can.

Karron hugs Chris. They hold each other.

Chris looks up at the dark night sky filled with diamond shaped stars.

INT. EUBANK'S NEWLY FURNISHED HOME. HALLWAY. DAY.

Karron sets up the double buggy in front of the glass and wooden door. She dresses Chris Jr in his summer jacket and straps him into the buggy.

KARRON

Shall we go to the park?

He nods enthusiastically.

KARRON (CONT'D)

I'll be back two seconds.

Chris Jr nods he's content playing with his action figure.

A dark figure emerges outside of the door.

A hand delivered red envelope falls through the letter box to the ground.

The dark figure lingers for a moment, but then disappears.

Karron returns to the doorway with Seb.

Oblivious to the letter, she straps him into his push chair.

Karron exits into another room, and quickly returns with the kids changing bag.

She stoops down low and shoves it into the buggy basket.

She stumbles upon the letter.

She picks it up and instinctively knows what it is.

She slowly opens it. It reads:

CHRIS WILL DIE IF HE STEPS IN THE RING WITH WATSON. Shocked, she drops it.

Karron quickly picks it up and turns over the envelope.  
She notices the envelope is hand written with no stamp marks.  
Karron yanks open the door.

EXT. EUBANK'S NEW LARGE HOME. LOUNGE. DAY.

She flies outside.

She looks to her left, and then to her right. No one.

She runs down the pathway.

KARRON  
(shouting out to anyone who  
can hear)  
Stay away from my family. You hear  
me? Stay away!

The front door slams shut locking her out.

Karron runs back.

KARRON (CONT'D)  
No, no, no.

She can hear the babies crying.

Karron walks around one way then the other, not quite sure  
what to do.

INT. EUBANK'S NEW LARGE HOME. LOUNGE. DAY.

Karen and Ronnie are seated alongside a plain clothed police  
officer. ANDY, stoic, 40's.

The officer takes the last sip of his tea and stands.

ANDY  
Mrs Eubank rest assured, myself and  
a number of other plain clothed  
officers will not allow any harm to  
come to your husband, and a white  
surveillance van is on it's way  
here for your safety.

RONNIE  
Thanks for understanding the  
sensitivity of this matter. If  
Chris were to catch wind of this it  
could throw the whole fight.

ANDY

I'm a huge boxing fan, I get it mate.

RONNIE

I'll set up a meeting between you and our security detail.

Andy shakes Karron's hand, and then Ronnie's. He exits.

Ronnie hugs Karron.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

You okay?

Karron nods. She cries. She's uptight.

KARRON

I left the boys by the door. He could have thrown acid on them. He could have thrown a brick through the glass. He could have taken them.

She breaks down at the mere thought.

RONNIE

It's sorted. It's probably a stunt from Micheal's team.

KARRON

It was hand delivered! You think they would risk being caught?

RONNIE

You and Chris are welcome to stay at mine if you like? We could sell it to him as a change of scenery before the big day.

KARRON

Aren't you both off to London soon? It's okay, I'll go to my mums if I don't feel safe.

They hear the front door open.

Karron quickly wipes her eyes. Chris enters.

CHRIS EUBANK

(to Ronnie)

I looked all along the beach front for you.

RONNIE  
I said I'll meet you at yours.

CHRIS EUBANK  
No. You specifically said, 'meet me  
at Brighton beach'.

Ronnie stands up.

RONNIE  
Come on then let's get started.

Chris sits down.

CHRIS EUBANK  
You're joking right? I've just done  
several laps.

RONNIE  
Don't count. I didn't see.

Ronnie winks at Karron.

He nods to her and nods to the window without Chris noticing.

Karron looks over and sees a white van pull up close to the  
house.

A look of relief passes over her face.

INT. BOXING GYM. DAY.

Chris stands on the scales.

Ronnie checks his weight. He looks panicked.

RONNIE  
How the hell did you manage to put  
on a whole stone in two weeks?

Chris despairs. He steps off the scales.

Ronnie steps on them. He checks his weight.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
Try again.

Chris steps back on the scales. Ronnie checks the weight.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
Fuck. I'll call Barry, we'll have  
to call it off.

Ronnie takes out his phone.

CHRIS EUBANK

Don't.

Ronnie searches for Barry's number.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)

I can get down to twelve.

RONNIE

Lose a stone in four fucking days?  
Do me a favour.

Ronnie puts the phone to his ear. No response. He dials again.

CHRIS EUBANK

At least let me try.

Ronnie puts his phone away.

RONNIE

No. Not on my watch. That's way too dangerous.

Chris laughs.

CHRIS EUBANK

Dangerous is getting into a ring for twelve rounds and allowing your opponent to pound your head with a series of blows until he incapacitates you. Do not call off the fight.

RONNIE

Your funeral.

Chris gives Ronnie a telling look.

CHRIS EUBANK

It might well be.

INSERT MONTAGE OF TRAINING SHOTS:

A) Chris sprints, then jogs, then hard sprints on Brighton beach on a hazy sunshine morning

B) Chris sparing in the gym

C) Chris sits inside a sauna wrapped in cling film

D) Chris sits at the family table. Everyone eats their meal. Chris takes two table spoons of water. Chris nauseous due to the smell of the food.

END OF MONTAGE.

INT. FIVE STAR HOTEL RECEPTION. DAY.

SEP. 1991.

SUBTITLE: THE DAY BEFORE THE FIGHT.

Chris stands second in line at the check in counter.

A female receptionist sees to the customer at the counter, ahead of him.

Chris is unsteady on his feet, he's weak and weary. He sways ever so slightly.

Ronnie enters. He walks up to the counter and rests two huge bags beside Chris.

The first customer takes her hotel key and leaves.

HOTEL RECEPTIONIST  
How can I help?

She looks at Chris, and then to Ronnie as Chris fails to answer.

RONNIE  
Can we have a double room please?

The receptionist looks at both of them questionably.

HOTEL RECEPTIONIST  
Each?

RONNIE  
No. We want one room. Two single beds.

HOTEL RECEPTIONIST  
How long will you be staying?

Ronnie looks over at Chris. He makes an assessment.

RONNIE  
Six days.

The receptionist taps keys on her computer.

HOTEL RECEPTIONIST

Can I see some ID, passport or  
drivers license please?

Ronnie produces their passport and credit cards.

HOTEL RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Would you like to include meals  
with your stay?

RONNIE

Yes please. A nice greasy slap up  
meal.

Ronnie looks over at Chris. He's on a wind up. He regards  
Chris as he almost barfs. Ronnie laughs out loud.

CHRIS EUBANK

Not funny.

HOTEL RECEPTIONIST

You can order room service, or eat  
in the dining area. Here's a menu.

HOTEL RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

That will be five hundred and sixty  
pounds please?

Ronnie presents his card. She takes it and the passport.

She scans the passport and processes the payment. She returns  
them to Ronnie with two hotel keys.

HOTEL RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

You will need to check out before  
twelve pm. All of our double rooms  
come with two single beds joined  
together. You can pull them apart  
... If you choose to.

Ronnie gives her a telling look.

RONNIE

You think I'm ... You think we're  
.. No, it's not like that I'm his  
trainer.

Chris manages a chuckle.

Chris attempts to pick up one of the bags. He struggles. He's  
too weak.

Ronnie takes it from him.

CHRIS EUBANK  
 (mocking)  
 Thanks, lover.

RONNIE  
 Cut it out.

They exit. The receptionist stretches to watch them, 'are they or aren't they?'

INT. WHITE HART LANE. DAY.

FIGHT NIGHT - THE WEIGH IN:

An overcrowded stage full of white middle aged men in suits.

A blonde haired lady, with a slim but voluptuous shape, holds up the boxing belt. She stands in front of the suited men.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
 The first contender for the super  
 middle weight belt. Christopher  
 Euuubank.

Camera's click and flash in a frenzy.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)  
 Boooooooo.

Chris, topless, walks onto the stage and slips off his trousers. He steps onto the scales.

SPEAKER (O.S.)  
 And Chris Eubank weighs in at.....

Barry, Ronnie and Chris are on tender hooks? Has he done enough to meet the weight according to their scales?

SPEAKER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Eleven stone and twelve pounds.

Chris smiles a sigh of relief. He lifts up his arms and strikes a pose, but he looks worn out.

Back stage, Ronnie studies him. He looks concerned. Ronnie looks over at Barry. Barry smiles from ear to ear.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
 And next ready for the weigh in, to  
 compete for this vacant Super  
 Middle weight title, we have  
 Michaellll Watsooonnnnnnn.

Watson slips out of his tracksuit bottoms and steps onto the scales to cheers and claps from his entourage.

He smiles, throws his two arms in the air and shows off his biceps.

Watson appears to be super charged, powerful and majestic.

SPEAKER (O.S.)  
Watson weighs in a pound lighter  
than Eubank at eleven pound, eleven.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. EVENING.

Chris, weak and fragile, lays on one of the single beds. A tray of food barely touched sits on the bedside table.

Ronnie enters. He looks at Chris and the discarded food with concern.

RONNIE  
Come on Champ, you've gotta get  
your strength up.

CHRIS EUBANK  
Tired. I'll eat more later.

RONNIE  
I'm going to the bar, I'll let you  
get some rest.

Chris closes his eyes.

INT. HOTEL BAR. EVENING.

Classical jazz music plays in the background.

Two bar tenders serve a small handful of well dressed customers dotted around the bar.

Ronnie enters and spies Barry sitting at the bar sipping from a glass of wine without a care in the world.

Ronnie approaches him in a confrontational manner.

RONNIE  
Barry.

BARRY HEARNE  
Hey, Ronnie, what you drinking?

RONNIE  
I'm alright thanks.

BARRY HEARNE  
Champ getting his beauty sleep?

RONNIE  
You gotta call the fight off.

Barry takes a large gulp of his drink.

BARRY HEARNE  
What are you talking about?

RONNIE  
Chris. He's not right. He ain't fit  
enough to fight. I'm scared if we  
don't cancel, he ... He might not  
make it out the ring.

Barry laughs.

BARRY HEARNE  
Ronnie, I love you, but you are a  
drama queen at times.

RONNIE  
He's not strong enough. You should  
have seen him today, he couldn't  
even pick up his own bag.

BARRY HEARNE  
Chris will decide if he's strong  
enough to fight or not. And there's  
nothing you, I, or anyone else can  
do to stop him!

Barry finishes his drink, fixes his collar, and leaves.

EXT. WHITE HART LANE. NIGHT.

INSERT SUB  
TITLE. SEP 1991:  
FIGHT NIGHT -  
WATSON VS EUBANK  
II.

Rows and rows of spectators provide a symphony of cheers, chatter, and excitement.

COMMENTATOR 1  
They're fighting for a vacant title tonight.

COMMENTATOR 2  
Here comes 'The Force' ---- Michael Watsonnnnn. And what a reception he has gotten.

LL COOL J'S 'MAMMA SAID KNOCK YOU OUT' blares out.

Michael Watson pauses on the pathway to the ring and takes in the ambience.

COMMENTATOR 2 (CONT'D)  
Is Michael Watson gonna be the winner? He was absolutely convinced that he won the fight last time and I have to say I agree with him.

The crowd cheer, clap, and chant his name.

CROWD  
Watsonnn! Watsonnn! Watsonnn!

Michael steps into the ring throws up his hands to the crowd. The crowd erupts into a rapturous applause.

TINA TURNER'S 'SIMPLY THE BEST' blares out of speakers into the arena.

Chris walks out to a hostile Arsenal crowd. A chorus of boos descends upon him.

Undercover police are on full alert. Andy, the officer who dealt with the poison pen letter, is among them.

ANDY  
(speaks into covert radio)  
Are you receiving me, Mike?

RADIO (V.O.)  
Loud and clear. I'm four rows  
behind you.

Andy turns around and smiles at his colleague. A large built man winks at him.

As Chris makes his way to the ring, a man wearing an Arsenal shirt runs out and throws a punch at him.

He is quickly subdued by two undercover officers and dragged out of the arena. Some members of the crowd jeer and attempt to interfere, but officers in uniform quickly emerge and shove them back into their seats.

ANDY  
(talking into the radio)  
Well done, lads.

COMMENTATOR 2  
(off the Tina Turner song  
in the BG)  
Watson thinks Eubank is simply a  
pest and he is going to get rid of  
him tonight.

Chris hurries his pace to the ring. He is surrounded by heavy security.

EXT. RING. NIGHT.

Eubank struts and poses in his corner outside of the ring. A group of photographers directly in front of him click away furiously.

Chris lets off a barrage of shadow punches to their pleasure. The fans hostility reaches an all time high. They stand on their chairs.

Andy radios something into his radio. A few moments later --

ANNOUNCER VIA LOUD SPEAKER  
This is a message from the police:  
can you please stop standing on  
your seats?

INT. RING. NIGHT.

Eubank does his obligatory flip into the ring. He struts around to the crowd and soaks up their negative choir of boos.

COMMENTATOR 2

It's a typical reception for Eubank, and that will Gee him up even more. He says the press do not like him. The strutting won't help.

Chris whips off his cloak to reveal he is wearing Tottenham Hotspur shorts.

COMMENTATOR 1

Chris Eubank unbeaten of course... Eubank wearing Tottenham shorts. Don't think Watson has seen them yet.

Two scantily clad ring girls display round one cards before returning to their seats.

COMMENTATOR 1 (CONT'D)

Watson came in wearing a red Arsenal robe. It looks like he's brought the red army with him. It's the first time a man wearing an arsenal kit has been cheered on in the spurs ground.

The Bell rings. Watson charges forward with such force it pushes Chris back. Chris is hit with full body punches which have travelled five inches; each connecting. Watson's punches feel like a hit with 80 kilo dumbbell: WHACK.

COMMENTATOR 1 (CONT'D)

Watson's pace is ridiculous.

COMMENTATOR 2

He won't be able to keep that up.

Watson keeps entering Chris's space, fast and hard, Chris is quick to back away.

It's a tough first round and Eubank shows relief when he hears the bell.

Eubank is tended to in his corner with mouth rinses. His face is mopped and greased.

RONNIE

Don't worry, if he keeps up that kind of pace, you'll 'ave 'im in round six.

INT. EUBANK'S NEW LARGE HOME. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Karron regards the TV. She's geared up and cheering Chris on.

KARRON

Come on baby, you can do this.

Watson hits Chris with a barrage of shots. He takes Chris for a rag doll. Chris looks to be in trouble.

KARRON (CONT'D)

Nooooo.

COMMENTATOR 2

Watson is putting full power into these punches.

The bell rings.

The ring girls leave the ring with their round six cards.

Kevin, the journalist reporter is ringside with Nigel Benn.

KEVIN

Do you think Eubank is winning at the moment?

Nigel shakes his head.

NIGEL

Far from.

KEVIN

Why not? Why do you think Watsons' in front?

NIGEL

His aggression; he's coming forward; he's connecting with good shots. I'm so happy he's changed tactics and is being so aggressive.

KEVIN

Do you think he can keep this pace up?

NIGEL

Do you think Eubank can last this long?

Watson continues to dominate the fight. Chris is hurt with no time or space to recuperate, still he soldiers on.

He throws back jabs and the odd combination, but nothing has an effect on Watson. Watson is unstoppable.

The fight feels dark, nightmarish to Chris. He takes shot after shot to the body and to the head. It's a bad dream he cannot escape from.

Jeers from the crowd (SLOW MOTION). Nasty snarling faces leer at Chris. Chris drops. The crowd roar with excitement, but he quickly recovers it was a tired slip. (REAL TIME).

He is immediately met with more pressure blows from Watson.

Saved by the sound of the bell Chris gladly turns his back on Watson, and sends a welcome signal to his opponent that he's defeated. Watson sees this. He boasts a winners smile.

EXT. WHITE HART LANE. NIGHT.

Both fighters return to their respective corners. Watson looks strong. He refuses to sit and smirks at Chris.

Chris slumps into his seat.

Watson rinses his mouth with the water.

Chris knocks it back and lugs large mouthfuls. One of his assistants see to his busted eye.

RONNIE

Chris, you don't have to do this, you can throw in the towel?

CHRIS EUBANK

(Between breaths)

And give the press what they've been begging for? No way.

RONNIE

You don't have to prove anything to anyone but yourself.

Chris sits in deep thought.

INT. CHRIS EUBANK SPARSE FLAT. LOUNGE. NIGHT.

Karron watches the TV with the house phone to her ear. Her eyes are red and teary.

KARRON  
(through sniffles, snappy)  
I'm fine, mum.

KARRON'S MUM (V.O.)  
(through the phone)  
He's told you not to watch him, you know it upsets you when he fights, so why are you watching?

Karron slams down the phone.

INT. BOXING ARENA. NIGHT.

The ring girls exit the ring with Round eleven cards.

COMMENTATOR 2  
Eubank will be trying to dominate the last two rounds, as he has been pushed back since the first.

COMMENTATOR 1  
Watson is really fired up.

Both boxers now throw sloppy punches through sheer exhaustion. They clinch each other to take a rest.

The referee breaks them up.

COMMENTATOR 2  
This has truly been a great fight.

COMMENTATOR 1  
Eubank is feeling sorry for himself, he was expecting Watson to tire out, but he has been relentless.

In Eubank's corner:

RONNIE  
(demonstrates)  
Stay close, keep your hands up, and push back.

COMMENTATOR 1

Watson so desperately wanted to win the title fight when they first fought in June.

COMMENTATOR 2

Well he's well on his way to win tonight.

Eubank moves in and throws a couple of powerless shots at Watson. He's so tired he fails to keep up his defence.

COMMENTATOR 2 (CONT'D)

Eubank trying to point score here, but it's too little too late.

COMMENTATOR 1

He needs a knockout to win. He won't get it though, there's no power in his shots.

Watson counter attacks. POW! POW! POW! A series of concussive capable shots to Eubank's head.

COMMENTATOR 2

This is looking like Chris's first professional defeat.

The boxers go at it toe to toe. They both almost fall out of the ring, their tiredness sees them carelessly slack on the ropes.

Watson suddenly appears to tower over Chris. He, now, appears ten feet tall, and Chris is the only other person in the stadium.

Eubank is tired and visibly hurt.

He can no longer hear the roar of the crowd or see them. They transform into a large coloured blur. Watson The Force, sends more connecting shots POW! POW!

Chris goes down. His knee touches the canvass.

INT. EUBANK'S NEW LARGE HOME. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Karen shakes her head in denial.

KARRON

(almost crying)  
Get up. Get up.

EXT. WHITE HART LANE. NIGHT.

COMMENTATOR 2  
Eubank in trouble here.

Chris uses the rest of his worldly strength, and his higher power to rise. The ref looks at him quickly, and pulls him back into the fight. Chris is clearly wounded.

He now hears the roars and celebrations from the crowd. It's as if it awakens him.

Watson approaches, ready to utilise his killer instinct, but Eubank throws a stupendous uppercut at him with all that he has --

-- Unbelievably It pays off. It connects, and Watson..... slumps to the ground.

The crowd roar in unison. They're shocked and amazed. Eubank cannot quite believe it himself.

The blow stops Watson in his tracks. Chris now has the upper hand.

Watson gets up. He's slightly dazed.

The ref checks in with him. Watson nods. The ref looks unsure. He allows him to carry on and keeps a watchful eye.

Eubank with his reinforced confidence reigns more blows onto Watson. His killer instinct kicks in and powers him up.

The bell rings.

Watson's leg shakes, dazed and confused, he is shoved into his chair by his trainers in his corner.

They commence work on him. Water over his head. Water in his mouth.

Eubank stands in his corner. He swishes the water around in his mouth and spits.

COMMENTATOR 2 (CONT'D)  
This has truly been a spectacular  
fight. Eubank is back from the  
brink.

The final bell rings.

Eubank and Watson make their way to the centre of the ring. The ref keeps his eyes on Watson.

He drags Watson into the centre of the ring. Watson cannot operate his right leg.

Eubank sends a flurry of shots to Watson's head. Watson cannot defend himself.

The ref intervenes. He places his arm around Watson's neck and waves his arms in the air.

COMMENTATOR 1

(fever pitch)

And it's over. He's stopped it.  
Chris Eubank, is the new super  
middleweight champion of the world.

WATSON'S TRAINER

(yells at the ref)

What you doing? Why'd you stop it?

COMMENTATOR 2

That was the most incredible end to  
a world title fight which I have  
ever, and I repeat, ever seen in my  
life.

COMMENTATOR 1

I agree.

The audience do not react well to the win. They boo and shout.

COMMENTATOR 1 (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, after thirty  
nine seconds in the twelfth round --  
Chris Eubank is the new super,  
middleweight champion of the  
woorrrld.

Scores of well wishers descend into the ring; they are followed by dozens of hooligans who flock around Watson.

In the audience it is pandemonium. Andy and his other officers are knocked down in the chaos as fights break out all around in the stadium.

ANDY

(speaking into his mouth  
piece, less covertly now)

Mike, come in, Mike. Mike, do you  
read me?

In the ring Eubank proudly wears the belt. He is a broken man, except for the adrenalin which keeps him going.

Kevin steps into the ring.

KEVIN

Eubank, the man of the moment. Can you speak to ITV?

EUBANK

That man was too strong. I want him tested for drugs.

Ronnie stares at Chris in shock at his outburst.

KEVIN

Are you saying Watson was on drugs?

EUBANK

He kept coming at me with so much power, I want his blood tested for drugs.

KEVIN

At one moment we thought you were finished, can you tell us what was going on in that moment?

Chris becomes distracted by the chaotic crowd.

There are fights breaking out in different sections, and chairs being thrown at Eubanks'.

A shower of coins, cans, paper cups and, screwed up, paper programmes also make their way over to Chris.

EUBANK

What's wrong with these people?

KEVIN

Never mind about them, the fight was --

-- Chris walks off surrounded by security.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

And we've lost Chris. Very sad what's going on behind me. (Re: the crowd) We've had a great fight.

Watson collapses in his corner. His assistants rally around him and try to make him comfortable in the tiny space in the now swarmed ring.

Eubanks' becomes aware. He attempts to go over to check on him.

Ronnie pulls him back.

RONNIE

(to Eubank)

Are you mad? Them Arsenal fans will skin you alive. Stay here until we get a signal it's safe to leave.

Chris stands inside a circle of men.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

(fired up)

And what the 'ell was you talking about the man's on drugs? Chris, we 'ave got to work on your press relations. I can't keep making excuses for you mate.

Chris isn't listening, he is focusing on Watson.

Behind the commentators station, Watson can be seen in the background non - responsive.

COMMENTATOR 1

(buzzing, unaware about Watson)

The judges all had Watson ahead on three rounds. Eubank had to knock him down. What do you make of the comment he made about Watson being on some sort of stimulant?

COMMENTATOR 2

Well, Eubank always says something I wish he hadn't. He's done it again. A terrible thing to say. He'll regret that in the morning.

COMMENTATOR 1

We have just seen that Watson has collapsed in his corner, really sad news. The British Board of Medical Control will be in there very soon.

Eubank looks on anxiously, he is surround by his entourage.

Behind the commentators, it grows clear that Watson is extremely unwell, and fighting for his life.

His team try desperately to revive him, it seems as if the rest of the industry are totally unaware of his precarious health.

COMMENTATOR 2  
 (ecstatic, talking to the  
 camera)  
 On Monday, tune in for Lewis vs  
 Glenn McKory, a big fight.

COMMENTATOR 1  
 (talking to camera)  
 Tonight had everything, drama,  
 passion and danger.

Behind the commentators, panic and chaos ensues around  
 Watson. He remains comatose.

His team scan the arena for the doctors.

WATSON'S TRAINER  
 (aggressively shouts)  
 Where's the flamin' doctor?

One of his trainers checks his pulse. It doesn't look good.

A DOCTOR eventually gets through the crowded ring and sees to  
 Watson. He opens his case but has nothing of value to treat  
 Watson. He uses his case to prop up Watson's head.

COMMENTATOR 1 (O.S.)  
 Eubank has been very busy, think  
 he'll have a long rest, and then  
 get ready for Benn?

COMMENTATOR 2  
 (talking to camera)  
 Is Watson gonna be one of the  
 fighters we remember? He's lying  
 there totally exhausted, can he  
 recover? Wouldn't think so. Hope  
 you all enjoyed the fight, from us  
 here at WHL, good night.

Chris is ushered out of the arena under a chorus of boos and  
 an ambush of flying chairs and cans, in a sea of security and  
 his own team members.

INT. CHANGING ROOM. NIGHT.

Ronnie and Eubank enter the room.

Ronnie closes the door to shut out the atmospheric noise of  
 the paparazzi, the reporters and the fans.

Ronnie stands guard on the door.

CHRIS EUBANK  
I need to see him. Move.

Ronnie shakes his head.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)  
Don't make me move you.

Ronnie laughs.

RONNIE  
The only place you're going is to  
the hospital.

Chris sobs.

CHRIS EUBANK  
I'm fine. I wanna know how Michael  
is?

Chris becomes unsteady on his legs. Ronnie catches him and helps him to take a seat.

RONNIE  
Once we get you to the hospital  
I'll find out what's happened to  
Michael. Now where's that flipping  
wheel chair I ordered?

CHRIS EUBANK  
Don't need a wheelchair.

RONNIE  
Fine. Grab your bag let's go.

Ronnie folds his arms and watches Chris in anticipation.

Chris struggles to stand up. He doubles over in pain.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
(in jest)  
I'm gonna go find that chair. Don't  
go anywhere too far.

CHRIS EUBANK  
Funny.

Ronnie leaves.

INT. THE CLOUD NEWSPAPER OFFICE. DAY.

ALAN'S OFFICE:

The mood is sombre.

A paper sits on Kevin's desk. The heading reads: CHRIS EUBANK'S FORMIDABLE EFFORT SADLY LEAVES MICHEL WATSON IN A COMA.

Alan reads the printed typed A4 article.

Kevin fidgets as he waits for him to finish reading it.

Alan sighs.

ALAN

You did em both proud. Such a shame things ended the way it did.

KEVIN

Never thought I'd say it, but maybe Chris was right, boxing really is a mug's game.

ALAN

Normally it's not what he says it's the way he says it.

Kevin nods.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Any word from his camp about getting the exclusive?

KEVIN

He ain't talking to anyone.

ALAN

Fair enough.

Alan pauses in thought.

KEVIN

What?

ALAN

This fight has really set the cat among the pigeons -- talk to Sarah and see how quick she can set up a premium number phone poll. Should boxing be banned?

Kevin leaps up.

KEVIN

On to it.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD. DAY.

Blackness.

Chris opens his eyes and is met by the plain ceiling. He takes a moment to orientate himself to his environment.

He attempts to sit up, but pain will not allow him to move.

He looks around the room. There is a sea of get well soon cards, fresh flowers, teddy bears and get well soon balloons.

Karron enters.

KARRON

Which part isn't sore?

Chris smiles. He offers her his finger. She kisses it.

KARRON (CONT'D)

I'm so proud of you.

He smiles at her. He struggles to sit up. Karron adjusts his bed settings and helps to make him more comfortable.

CHRIS EUBANK

No one's telling me about Watson.

Karron loses her cheery disposition. She tries to change the subject.

KARRON

Oh, almost forgot. The guy in the Arsenal gear, who tried to get at you in the ring... Andy says it was the same guy sending the death threats. He's been charged.

CHRIS EUBANK

Is Michael here? I want to see him.

KARRON

He's in a coma, Chris.

Chris closes his eyes. Tears roll down his face.

Karron goes into her bag. She takes out a couple of newspapers.

KARRON (CONT'D)

The press have been really kind to you. Everyone knows it's not your fault.

CHRIS EUBANK

I don't give a fuck about the press. They can say what they want.

KARRON

If it wasn't him, it could be you. It's like you said, boxing's a mug's game.

Chris stares at the ceiling.

KARRON (CONT'D)

It's part of the job. Sometimes people get hurt. At my old job, I --

CHRIS EUBANK

(harsh)  
-- Hardly the same is it  
Karron!

Karron wipes tears from her eyes.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)

Sorry.

KARRON

No, I'm sorry, hardly the time is it?

Chris observes all of his well wishing cards and gifts.

CHRIS EUBANK

You didn't have to do all this.

KARRON

They're not from me. They're from your fans... I'll let you get some rest.

She kisses him on the forehead.

She leaves. Chris looks at the mountain of gifts again. He turns his back on them.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD. DAY.

The balloons are somewhat deflated, and the flowers are wilting. Chris is dressed.

He moves around, but pauses every now and then and writhes in excruciating pain.

Chris grabs several of his get well soon teddies and exits.

CORRIDOR OUTSIDE - ICU WARD:

Chris turns the corner. He pulls back when he sees Melissa Messenger and Nigel Benn going in to see Watson bearing gifts.

He also sees the paparazzi and journalists.

He doubles back. He leaves.

LATER:

Chris returns. He watches as the last photographer leaves.

Chris makes his way towards the ward.

He has in his hand a gift bag, and a new fully inflated 'get well soon' balloon.

He looks through the window of an isolated unit. He sees Watson attached to breathing apparatus. The sight crushes him.

He straightens up. He enters.

He looks at Watson as he lies there helpless, and lost in an unwanted slumber.

CHRIS EUBANK

Oh god.

A mass of tears build up in his eyes. He looks up.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)

Our father, I pray that you bring  
our brother Watson back. He has  
kids, and a family who love him and  
need him.

Chris cries some more. He has an almighty heart felt cry.

A young female nurse enters.

NURSE

Visiting hours are over I'm afraid.

Chris wipes his face.

CHRIS EUBANK

Sure, I was just leaving.

The nurse recognises Chris. She quickly checks on Michael in a protective way. She assess if his tubes are in correctly.

NURSE

Now, please.

Chris sees the cold way she looks at him. He leaves looking low and dejected.

Kevin spots him.

KEVIN

(running to catch up)

Chris, can I speak to you about your tremendous performance on fight night?

Chris ignores him. He bumps into a porter in his haste to get away. He exits.

Kevin lets him go.

INT. CHRIS EUBANK LOUNGE. DAY.

Karron sits on the floor with the children.

Chris sits on the sofa. He stares at the TV.

The TV is on, muted in the background. An old biblical story - two gladiators battle in the stadium to the death.

Barry sits opposite Chris. He sips from a cup of tea.

BARRY HEARNE

(Cheery)

Bruno sends his well wishes. And Wogan.

Karron plays with the kids in the background, but she keeps abreast of the conversation.

BARRY HEARNE (CONT'D)

In fact, Wogan is keen to have you on his show. He's practically begging.

Barry places down his empty cup of tea. Chris' cup remains full, completely untouched.

BARRY HEARNE (CONT'D)

Chris, you're not still blaming yourself are ya?

Chris rolls his head from side to side.

BARRY HEARNE (CONT'D)

Everyone know's it weren't your fault. If you wanna blame someone blame me, blame the boxing federation, obviously you were the one punching, but you were just doing ya job... There will be changes because of this. Something you've been saying for some time, it is a brutal sport, and promoters and the boxing federation, we'll have to take steps to make boxing safer.

EUBANK

How is he?

Barry shrugs, then shakes his head.

BARRY HEARNE

(low)

No change.

Chris lowers his head.

BARRY HEARNE (CONT'D)

You can't keep beating yourself up about it -- sorry bad analogy but you know what I mean.

Barry laughs. He looks to Chris for him to join in. Chris remains straight faced.

BARRY HEARNE (CONT'D)

Look, I know you're going through something at the moment, but there's this offer on the table. Thulane Malinga.

Chris shoots a look at Barry. Karron looks up at Chris, her face a picture.

BARRY HEARNE (CONT'D)

Just think about it. If you want it, we can do it early next year?

CHRIS EUBANK

Barry ... I'm done with boxing.

BARRY HEARNE

You don't know what you're saying. You're emotional.

KARRON

He does know what he's saying. He's a grown man, he's capable of thinking and speaking for himself.

BARRY HEARNE

Why would you walk away when you've finally got the fans rooting for ya? The respect of the judges, the boxing federation? You are the man right now. You're the people's champ.

CHRIS EUBANK

So that's alright then? Forget Watson being in a vegetative state as long I have the respect of the people, and you get to profit.

BARRY HEARNE

That's not what I meant. You have to look forward Chris, if you keep looking back you'll remain trapped in what once was, and that ain't helpful to no one.

Karron stands up defiantly. She holds the door open for Barry to leave.

Chris stands up. Barry follows suit.

Barry looks around at the house on his way to the door.

HALLWAY:

BARRY HEARNE (CONT'D)

Very nice house. Expensive to run mind you. Nice all the same.

He leaves. Chris looks around at the house. He sighs.

INT. EUBANK'S BEDROOM . NIGHT.

Chris and Karron lay in bed asleep.

INSERT DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. WHITE HART LANE. BOXING ARENA. NIGHT. SEP 1991.

Chris is inside the boxing ring with Watson.

He punches him in the head over and over again. It's bloody and grisly.

Watson's head caves in.

Watson leaves the ring in a coffin.

BRIGHTON BEACH:

The coffin is on the beach.

Chris jogs along the beach.

He's cold, homeless, and sweating. He is now inside of the coffin.

The press and the paparazzi laugh and jeer as they fix the lid on top of Eubank's coffin. They lower him into a deep ditch.

They throw dozens of newspapers on top of the coffin. The paparazzi gradually fade away.

END DREAM SEQUENCE:

Chris wakes up. He sits bolt up right sweating and shaking.

CHRIS EUBANK

Huh.

Karron regards him.

KARRON

You're shaking. Lay down, try and go back to sleep.

Chris lays down, Karron cuddles him. She sleeps. Chris' eye's remain open.

EXT. EUBANK'S NEW LARGE HOME. DAY.

Chris steps outside of the house to a sea of press and paparazzi.

KEVIN

Chris, what are your thoughts on Watson being discharged from the hospital?

REPORTER 2

Chris, do you know if Watson has been left brain damaged?

Chris is like a deer caught in the headlights.

He looks around, squinting at the many different photographers snapping away.

REPORTER 3

Have you got a message for Watson,  
anything you want to say to him?

Chris takes two steps to run, then he pauses. He turns to the press and the paparazzi --

CHRIS EUBANK

-- Yeah, I've got something I want  
to say --

The cameras snap away wildly in the background.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)

Not to Watson though, to you guys.  
It's my job to box, to stand in a  
ring with an opponent, to beat  
someone until they're weak. Throw  
shot after shot, block their  
attacks, and defend their shots  
until they can no longer fight  
back. And then it's over. But with  
you guys, you attack, you pick, you  
just keep on going, and it's never  
a fair fight. Half the time you  
just make things up. I do not own a  
big machine. I can't fight back. I  
almost killed a man, in the name of  
sport, and for what? To claim a  
precious title... I've met some  
savage beasts in the ring in my  
time, but I've never met a bunch of  
more depraved beings than the one's  
I see before me now. Vultures, the  
lot of you!

The camera snaps slow down rapidly until there's silence  
during the speech.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Chris jumps into his Mega truck. He drives off.

The reporters and cameramen disperse, the tone sombre and  
quiet.

EXT. WATSON HOME. DAY.

A large semi - detached home on a quiet London street.

Eubank knocks on the door. He waits impatiently.

A few moments later a lady, 40's, soft features, Watson's carer, opens the door.

She wears a sweater with a logo on it which reads: OAK TREE CARE.

CARER

Hello? Can I help y --

She is taken aback when she sees that it is Chris.

CARER (CONT'D)

(harsher tone)

Yes?

EUBANK

Is it true Michael's home?

CARER

What is this about?

EUBANK

Erm, I was told Michael's home. I, erm, just wanted to see how he's doing.

CARER

Wait.

She closes the door quite abruptly.

Chris looks around as he waits.

He spies a couple of paparazzi dotted around, taking pictures. Chris ignores them.

A short moment later the carer returns. She opens the door. Chris steps towards her.

She pulls the door in and narrows the entrance.

CARER (CONT'D)

He doesn't want to see you.

CHRIS EUBANK

Can you tell him --

-- She shuts the door in Chris' face.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)

-- I'm sorry.

Chris looks at the closed door from top to bottom. He lowers his head and walks towards his truck.

He steps in and sits there for a moment.

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Michael's carer helps him pull a jumper over his head. He has limited coordination skills and is stuck for some time.

It's as if she is trying to dress a baby. They eventually get the jumper over his head.

EXT/INT. MODEST HOUSE. BRIGHTON. AFTERNOON. SEPT 1991.

Karron knocks on the door.

Ronnie answers. He looks shocked to see her. He looks to see if she has company, seeing she is alone he lets her in.

RONNIE  
Hey Karron, come in.

He closes the door.

LOUNGE:

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
Everything okay?

KARRON  
(her voice on the verge of  
breaking.)  
Yeah, everything's fine. I was  
local so I thought I'd pop in  
quickly.

Tears pour down her face.

RONNIE  
Is it Chris?

She nods.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
I'll stick the kettle on.

A few moments later they are both sat down sipping from their mugs of tea.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
I didn't realise it was that bad.

KARRON

He lays in bed for days at a time  
not speaking to anyone.

RONNIE

Leave it with me. I'll come over.  
Give him a good talking to.

KARRON

Don't let him know I've been here.

RONNIE

Come on it's me you're talking to.

KARRON

Thanks Ronnie.

They share a platonic cuddle.

EXT. EUBANK'S NEW LARGE HOME. AFTERNOON.

Karron steps through the front door with the children in the  
push chair just as Ronnie arrives on his push bike.

She leaves the door ajar. Ronnie hops off of his bike and  
props it against the wall.

RONNIE

Where is he?

KARRON

Still in bed.

Ronnie enters.

RONNIE

(shouts out)  
Chris?

INT. CHRIS EUBANK STAIRWAY/ UPPER LANDING. AFTERNOON.

Ronnie runs up the stairs and along the landing.

RONNIE

Chris?

BEDROOM:

Ronnie knocks on the open door and marches in.

Chris lies there on his stomach clearly awake.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
Up you get, wakey wakey.

CHRIS EUBANK  
Not in the mood, Ron.

RONNIE  
C'mon Chris, we're going for a jog.

CHRIS EUBANK  
I ain't going anywhere.

Ronnie walks over to him and yanks the covers off of him.  
Chris is stark naked.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)  
What the hell you playing at?

RONNIE  
I should ask you the same thing.

Chris grabs the sheets and covers his modesty.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
Chris, you got bills need paying,  
and kids need feeding.

CHRIS EUBANK  
I ain't going back to boxing  
Ronnie, I just can't.

RONNIE  
And no one says you have to, but  
you do have to find a way to feed  
them kids, and you ain't gonna find  
that by staying in bed all day.

Chris takes in Ronnie's words.

CHRIS EUBANK  
Give me a minute.

RONNIE  
I'll give you five. I'll be out  
front.

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH. AFTERNOON

A bright beautiful sunny day.

Ronnie rides his bike along the side walk at a leisurely pace  
alongside Chris who jogs comfortably across the pebbly beach.

Two dogs run beside the water's edge, they bark playfully and run freely beside their owners.

CHRIS EUBANK

This is exactly what I needed.  
Release the dopamine. Time to move  
forward, no more looking back.

RONNIE

Good, good. You had us worried for  
a minute there, Chris.

Chris stops running. He lays down and breaks out into a set of furious sit ups.

CHRIS EUBANK

When you spoke about my kids, you  
reminded me of my father. He might  
of had his problems but he always  
worked hard. Left us money for  
food.

Ronnie dismounts from his bike. He fishes out a packet of salt and vinegar crisps. He snacks on them and laughs to himself.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)

Why is that funny?

RONNIE

It ain't. I was thinking about  
something else.

CHRIS EUBANK

You want me to guess?

RONNIE

Remember after the Benn fight. He  
split your tongue. And I brought  
you those packet of salt and  
vinegar crisps.

They both laugh.

CHRIS EUBANK

Benn did copious amounts of damage  
to my body. I peed blood for a  
week.

Ronnie pulls a face.

RONNIE

I remember that. I had to escort you to the toilets and put you in the bath... I'll always be there for you, you know that right?

CHRIS EUBANK

Thanks.

Someone walks pass them in the opposite direction. Chris looks back -- It's Solomon.

He looks worse than before, he's cold, disheveled, and he appears to be talking to himself.

RONNIE

Have you given any thought to the Malinga fight?

Chris is not listening. He turns around and goes after Solomon.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

(calls after him)

Chris? Chris? Where you going?

Ronnie watches Chris catch up to Solomon. He watches as they become distant figures.

Clearly fed up, he rides his bike in the opposite direction.

EXT/INT. HOMELESS SHELTER. RECEPTION AREA. DAY.

Chris and Solomon approach the homeless shelter.

Chris enters, he guides Solomon inside.

They step into the receptionist office.

There is a man on duty, thirties, flippant, his name is MARK.

CHRIS EUBANK

Hi is Gina around please?

MARK

Gina? Erm, Gina doesn't work here anymore.

CHRIS EUBANK

Oh, that's a shame.

MARK

Tell me about it. We've just been TUPE'd over to another charity, so now we do the same job for less money.

CHRIS EUBANK

I found Solomon, slightly incoherent, walking along the beach.

Mark regards Solomon.

MARK

I'm sorry, we don't have any emergency beds.

CHRIS EUBANK

No, he's a resident here.

MARK

I've been working here for little over four weeks and I've never seen him here before.

Christopher sinks.

Mark looks through their records.

MARK (CONT'D)

Ah, Solomon King. He abandoned his place after a week.

CHRIS EUBANK

Did anyone bother to look for him? Clearly the man has some mental health issues.

MARK

I wasn't here so I can't say. Sometimes workers will go the extra mile, but it's not in our job description, and we just don't have the manpower.

CHRIS EUBANK

That's terrible.

MARK

Agreed. Tell you what, I'll let him sleep in the lounge, until we can get a move on.

CHRIS EUBANK  
Thank you, thank you so much.

Chris looks around at the centre.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)  
Hey, do you have a number for the  
director of this charity?

Mark frowns.

INSERT MONTAGE:

EST. EXT. LARGE BUILDING. DAY

A plaque reads: BEACON LODGE HEAD OFFICE.

Chris sits down at a board room table with other suited men.

He stands by the overhead projector and delivers a  
presentation on his plans.

A series of pictures of a new homeless shelter.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

A huge audience turn out for the bid of homes up for auction.

A large desolate detached house stands idle on a screen  
behind the auctioneer. The auctioneer runs through the bids.

AUCTIONEER  
Two fifty, can I get two fifty  
five?

An arm raises.

Chris sits among the audience. He is agitated. He raises his  
hand.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
Two fifty five, take it up to two  
sixty, two sixty any offers on two  
sixty?

The auctioneer scans the room. He sees another hand raise.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
Two sixty. Two sixty, can I get two  
sixty five?

Chris shoots his hand up in the air, and so does another bidder.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

We have two sixty five, can we get two seventy five?

Chris grimaces. He looks around the rooms, no other hands are up. He shoots his hand up in the air.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

Sold to the gentlemen for one seventy five.

Chris cheers.

EST. EXT. ST ANNE'S COURT. HOMELESS SHELTER. DAY.

A large detached house three stories high, with windows broken, decay and crumbling bricks.

SEVERAL MONTHS LATER:

Every window sparkles brand new. The house is restored to its former beauty.

A small crowd of people, including Karron, Ronnie, and the decorated mayor of Brighton, gather outside and clap and cheer as Chris cuts the ribbon.

END OF MONTAGE.

INT. EUBANK'S NEW LARGE HOME. KITCHEN. EVENING.

Chris is dressed smartly.

Classical music plays in the background.

He cooks up a storm in the kitchen.

Karron enters. She is dressed down in some jogging bottoms and a sweatshirt.

She rests her car keys on the side of the table.

Her eyes are red and swollen, but Chris fails to notice.

He finishes dishing up her plate. He takes her by the hand and leads her in a slow dance.

Karron goes through the motions, yet it is plain to see her heart is not in it.

CHRIS EUBANK

I know I've been a lot to deal with these past months. I just want you to know I do appreciate you.

Chris takes her lovingly by the hand. He pulls out her chair, and guides her to sit.

Chris joins her at the other end of the table.

He gobbles down his food. Karron takes very small mouthfuls.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)

I always knew you'd become Mrs Eubank.  
When I beat Benn, I said to myself I'm worthy now. I'm gonna marry Karron. I'm going to be her provider.

Chris finishes off his plate.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)

You're not eating, don't you like it?

Karron breaks down in tears.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

She sobs even harder.

KARRON

I've just come from St Anne's, went through the books, that place is costing us an arm and a leg.

CHRIS EUBANK

We knew it would initially, it's still early doors.

She shakes her head.

KARRON

No it's really dire. We've been turned down for every funding application, and we owe the tax man sixty four thousand pounds.

Chris' eye's widen. He walks over to Karron and places his arms around her reassuringly.

CHRIS EUBANK  
We'll sell up.

KARRON  
It's not that simple, these things  
take time, meanwhile, the costs of  
running that place are going  
through the roof.

CHRIS EUBANK  
You've been with me through worse  
times than this. And I always get  
us back on our feet don't I?

She offers him a hopeful smile, but her eyes do not lie.

KARRON  
I start a new job in a fortnight.

CHRIS EUBANK  
I won't have it.

KARRON  
It's not the forties Chris.

CHRIS EUBANK  
I'll get us the money.

Karron sighs.

KARRON  
Even if you do, I want my  
independence back.

Chris looks at the ground, he feels like a failure.

FTB

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE. DAY.

Chris leaves with dozens of designer bags. He pauses in  
thought. He catches a reflection of himself in the store  
windows, clutching onto the bags. He returns to the store  
with the bags.

A few moments later Chris leaves the store empty handed.

EXT. HIGH STREET. DAY

Chris walks along the street.

The skies are dark and grey. Thunder roars and rain pours onto Chris. He continues to walk in the rain unfazed by it.

EXT. BEACH. NIGHT.

Chris walks along the sea front, no shoes and topless.

A red flag waves viciously in the ferocious wind.

Chris disregards the danger warning.

He looks into his reflection and sees Solomon look back at him.

Chris removes his trousers. He has low morale, and a defeatist look about him.

He walks out into the sea, further and further until his head is almost covered.

FTB

INT. BARRY HEARNE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Chris enters the reception area.

EILEEN, soft cockney accent, 55, friendly natured, types away on her typewriter.

She stops as she notices Chris, her composure suddenly becomes euphoric.

She stands up to physically greet him.

EILEEN

Chris!

CHRIS EUBANK

Hi Eileen.

They hug across the table.

CHRIS EUBANK (CONT'D)

Is Baz about?

EILEEN

He's in a meeting. He's not expecting you is he? He's got someone in with him.

She frantically flicks through pages in a diary.

CHRIS EUBANK

I can go and come back another time?

EILEEN

No, no, no. Let me interrupt him.

Eileen disappears into Barry's adjacent office and returns with him trailing behind her.

Barry's eyes are fixated on Chris as he dismisses his earlier guest, a young muscular man, with a handshake.

BARRY HEARNE

(to the young man)

Keep doing what we discussed, and let's pick this back up next week.  
(To Chris) Aren't you a sight for sore eyes?

Barry gives Chris a tight bear hug.

BARRY HEARNE (CONT'D)

Step into my office.

INT. THE CLOUD NEWSPAPER OFFICE. DAY.

Kevin swivels around in his chair. He is visibly bored.

He picks up his phone. He dials a number.

He removes a pen from behind his ear and picks up a notepad.

KEVIN

(talking into the phone)

Hi Tel, it's me Kevin --

He fake laughs, he tries to mask his lack of patience.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

-- Ah she's grand thanks. Tel, I'm calling to see if I can get this interview with Frank -- That's right Jose Ribatla. -- Aw no, that's a shame.

He drops the pen on the desk.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
 -- Sure sure -- look great catching  
 up -- sure sure -- I -- Oh I see.  
 Yeah I --

-- Kevin hangs up the phone. Kevin returns to swivelling in his chair.

He reaches for the phone just as it rings.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
 Cloud. Kevin speaking.

Kevin scrambles to pick up his pen again.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
 Barry, long time.

He writes as he listens.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
 Ahuh -- ahuh -- ahuh -- ahuh. --  
 I'll be right there.

He hangs up, grabs his coat, but struggles to get it on in his haste.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
 (shouts out almost  
 hysterically)  
 Alan! Alan!

The other journalists look at him oddly but continue to work.

Alan charges out of his office and rushes over to Kevin.

ALAN  
 This better be good.

KEVIN  
 It's better than good.

ALAN  
 Coe and Christie have kissed and  
 made up?

A few of the journalist in the background laugh.

KEVIN  
 Even better. Eubank is returning to  
 the ring and I've got the  
 exclusive.

Alan high fives him and leads the floor in giving Kevin a round of applause.

Kevin grabs his car keys and races out of the exit.

ALAN

(addressing the floor)

Now that's what I'm talking about.  
That's what real sports journalism  
looks like. You get out there, make  
friends with their families, make  
friends with their friends, their  
managers, you make their business  
our business.

INT. BOXING ARENA. BIRMINGHAM. DAY. 1 FEB 1992.

A black, young, well built, boxer stands in his corner ready to fight.

He flexes as he awaits Chris' entry to the ring.

This is South African, THULANE 'SUGAR BOY' MALINGA, younger than Chris, more confident than Chris, and with a killer instinct intact; he appears to be a formidable opponent.

Chris walks out with a few people behind him to his anthem, 'You're simply the best'. Chris seems distracted, uncomfortable, destroyed.

CROWD

EUUBANK! EUUBANK! EUUBANK!

The crowd cheer and clap for him. The atmosphere is warm and the reception heroic, but all Chris can hear is:

CHRIS EUBANK (V.O.)

What if you kill him? He is  
someone's son, you're going to hurt  
him. STOP THE FIGHT! STOP IT!

COMMENTATOR 1

And my how the tides have changed.  
Once the most hated figure in  
boxing, now the most revered.

COMMENTATOR 2

Guess we won't know if the tragedy  
of Watson has been exercised until  
Eubank starts boxing.

CROWD  
 (football chants)  
 Euuubank! Euuubank! Euuubank!

The ring girls walk around the circumference of the ring with their round card for the first round. They step out just before the bell rings.

COMMENTATOR 2  
 The fight is even handed. Punch for punch. Malinga seems slightly ahead. Chris slightly apprehensive, reluctant to go in hard when he has the opportunity to.

COMMENTATOR 2 (CONT'D)  
 Malinga is a tough South African fighter. He too is undefeated. This match can go either way.

The bell rings. The audience wolf whistle, cheer and clap.

PASSING OF TIME.

ANNOUNCER  
 The twelfth and final round.

The bell rings.

Eubank throws a right hand at Malinga, he bloodies his nose.

Malinga tries to counter attack. Eubank backs away from Malinga. He has ample opportunity to do damage to Malinga, but he pulls back.

COMMENTATOR 1  
 Chris may have lost his killer instinct. Every boxer needs it if they stand any chance of being champion.

Malinga throws a dozen shots at Eubank, but Eubank manages to dodge them all skilfully.

COMMENTATOR 1 (CONT'D)  
 Malinga on the attack, but he just can't seem to land a shot.

Ronnie throws aggressive hand signals to Eubank. Eubank disregards him.

COMMENTATOR 2

Ronnie Davis in the Eubank corner,  
urging him to come forward.

The bell rings.

COMMENTATOR 1

(super hyped)

And that's it. The end of the  
match, lets find out if Eubank has  
done enough to retain his Super  
Middle Weight title?

The crowd cheer, clap, and wolf whistle.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, we have a  
split decision. Referee Harry Davis  
scored the contest 115/112 in  
favour of Thulane Malinga.

Moderate cheers and claps.

COMMENTATOR 1

The Canadian judge. Seth Tooley  
scores 115/112, Malinga.

Chris and Malinga pace the ring in anticipation of the  
deciding score.

ANNOUNCER

Judge Ulmory Aranah 115/113 in  
favour Chris Eubank. Judge Mike  
Leannah scores in 116/113, ladies  
and gentlemen, he's still the world  
champion, Chris Euuuubank.

COMMENTATOR 1

He's got it, he's got it.

Chris punches the sky, then drops to his knee and punches the  
sky again.

The crowd erupt into cheers and applause.

CROWD

EUUBANK!

Chris looks around at the crowd, as they clap, cheer, and  
chant his name. Tears pour from his eyes.

INSERT TITLE  
CARDS:

AFTER THE MALINGA FIGHT, EUBANK WENT ON TO SUCCESSFULLY DEFEND HIS SUPER MIDDLE WEIGHT TITLE, A FURTHER, FIVE TIMES; WINNING BY POINTS.

HE WENT ON TO HAVE SEVENTEEN MORE FIGHTS, OF THOSE, HE WON TEN, DREW TWO, AND LOST FIVE.

MICHAEL WATSON NEVER FULLY RECOVERED FROM HIS FIGHT WITH EUBANK. HE SPENT A YEAR IN INTENSIVE CARE, AND SIX YEARS IN A WHEEL CHAIR. HE SUCCESSFULLY SUED THE BOXING BOARD OF CONTROL FOR ONE MILLION POUNDS IN DAMAGES. EVER, THE FIGHTER, WATSON LEARNED TO WALK AGAIN, AND IN 2003, HE COMPLETED THE LONDON MARATHON, ALONGSIDE (NOW CLOSE FRIEND) EUBANK.

IN 2005 CHRIS AND KARRON DIVORCED, BOTH CHRIS AND KARRON HAVE MOVED ON TO OTHER RELATIONSHIPS.

THEY HAD FOUR CHILDREN BETWEEN THEM; SADLY, IN 2021, THEIR SON, SEBASTIAN EUBANK DIED.

THIS FILM IS DEDICATED (NEED TO SEEK PERMISSION FOR THIS) TO HIS MEMORY.