

150     INT. MONEY BOX - LATE AFTERNOON

150

And while the word may not be in the shop name, only takes a second to recognize where we are: a pawn shop.

Claressa seems stunned too, looking about herself nervously, hoping like hell to be invisible. The proprietor (a good ole boy: rail thin, wranglers, we'll call him AJ) appears behind a sheet of bullet proof glass.

**START**

AJ

How can I help you?

CLARESSA

I, um... I want to pawn something.

AJ

Well alright, you came to the right place. Let's see what you got.

A deep breath from Claressa at that, a nod, a decision. Reaches into her back pack, retrieves... her gold medal.

It's nearly unnoticeable but the proprietor... winces.

Reaches through the window, extends his hand for the medal. Eye contact. Trust.

Claressa hands it over, watches as the man runs a careful eye over it. He returns it to Claressa.

AJ

Pretty darn rare what you got there. Give me a second.

He turns away from her, heads out of the main room, steps into an adjoining office.

Claressa waiting, nervous as hell as AJ returns holding a worn book, an appraisal guide.

AJ

Alright, let's have a look at this.

He sets the guide down, retrieves his reading glasses from his chest pocket. Looks to Claressa:

CONT'

AJ

Now, don't have too many gold medals coming through that door, may take a minute, want to make sure we get you squared properly, okay?

CLARESSA

Yes sir.

AJ

Alrighty then, why don't you just have a seat there while I get this sorted out.

As AJ starts flipping through that appraisals guide...

151 INT. JASON'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DUSK

151

Mickey is cooking dinner, Jason hovering over her shoulder with a Gatorade. Sound of Keisha and Corey watching TV in the living room, some birdbrained reality show.

JASON

A little girl came by the gym tonight. Said she wanted to be the next Claressa Shields. Not much older than 'Ressa when she first came in. Looked like her, too.

MICKEY

She fight like her?

JASON

Ha. I wish.

A smile finds its way to Jason's face. Feeling sentimental.

Mickey looks at him.

MICKEY

Call her.

JASON

(dismissive, as he exits)  
She don't want to hear from me.

152 INT. MONEY BOX - NIGHT - LATER

152

Unclear how much later -- the light changed but similar, a quiet hum to the place.

Sides by Breakdown Services - Actors Access

# AJ (PAWN SHOP)

111.

152 CONTINUED:

152

AJ still at the counter, studying his computer now. Claressa sitting in a chair, toggling through her phone.

O.S. we hear an electronic chime as someone enters the shop. Claressa with her head down.

After a beat:

**CONT'**

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, baby.

A familiar voice. Claressa looks up at:

Jackie. Her mom.

The last person she expected to see in here.

Jackie turns and exchanges a look with AJ, a small smile between the two. *They know each other?*

Jackie walks over to AJ's window. He slides the gold medal forward and she takes it.

JACKIE

Thanks, honey.

Claressa just sits there, wondering what the hell is going on. Jackie comes over, takes a seat next to her.

JACKIE

Me'n AJ go back a ways.

AJ

(to Claressa)

I apologize for the betrayal,  
but... weren't no way I was gonna  
let you pawn that medal.

**END**

Claressa completely crumbles now, tears welling in her eyes.

CLARESSA

I just wanted to help.

JACKIE

I know baby, I know.  
But it's certain things we just  
can't be givin' away.

CLARESSA

Fuck this thing. What good did it  
do? Nothing's any different. We  
can't pay bills with this medal, we  
can't buy diapers with this medal.

Sides by Breakdown Services - Actors Access