

KAYO:
THE UNTOLD STORY OF THE FIGHTER YOU SHOULD'VE KNOWN

Written by

Peter Evangelista

Based on the Life and Career of Professional Fighter- Michael
Corleone

CONTACT: peter.evangelista@gmail.com
© Copyright 2025

FADE IN:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - PUERTO RICO - NIGHT

Music blares as bodies move throughout the club - some are more dressed than others. This is the top tourist spot on the island. All walks of life are in attendance and having a blast... literally and figuratively.

The camera makes its way through the crowd leading us to a small stage with a stripper pole in the middle. A female exotic dancer moves perfectly to the music. On both sides of the stage are steel cages, each with male exotic dancers inside.

Camera locks in on one of them moving in rhythm with the music -- MIKE CAVUOTO (early-mid 20's, good looking, dark Italian features). His eyes locked in on a target -- A female patron.

A CLUB EMPLOYEE walks over to Mike's cage, gets his attention over the music.

CLUB EMPLOYEE

(whistles)

Yo, Mike! El Padron wants to see you.

MIKE

For what?

CLUB EMPLOYEE

Yo no sè... I don't know.

MIKE

Alright.

Mike opens the cage and makes his way to the back. Winking at the female patron before he disappears.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - OFFICE - SAME

EL PADRON (mid 40s-mid 50s, stocky build, can smell the cologne from a mile away) placed behind his desk, shirt completely unbuttoned. He's clearly got someone under the desk -- applying for a job or trying to get a raise.

MIKE opens the door to the office without knocking. Bad move--

EL PADRON

PUTA MADRE!

El Padron starts to pull his pants up as a young female dancer makes her way out from under the desk, picking up her clothes as she runs out of the office.

EL PADRON (CONT'D)

(in spanish)

What the fuck is wrong with this white boy!

(in broken English)

You no can knock?!

MIKE

Sorry! Juan told me you wanted to see me.

EL PADRON

Yes, I need you to work behind the bar.

MIKE

But I'm not a bartender. I barely drink, let alone know how to make one.

EL PADRON

No bartender.

MIKE

You want me to bar back?

EL PADRON

Yes.

MIKE

Come on, El Padron... I barely make any money doing that!

EL PADRON

I need you out of the cage!

MIKE

You know I need the money...

EL PADRON

And I need a bar back! American putas come here to see Puerto Rican pinga.. not the gringo they get at home.

Mike stares at him for a second before being rushed out of the office by El Padron.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - BASEMENT - SAME

MIKE, now fully dressed, is shoveling ice cubes into a large bucket from the ice machine.

MIKE
(to himself)
What the fuck am I doing with my
life?!?

INT. NIGHTCLUB - BAR - SAME

The bar is packed, people ordering drinks, bodies huddled close to converse over the music.

Mike makes his way through the crowd and to the ice tray for the bartenders to use. He dumps both buckets and starts back for another trip before being stopped by the Female Patron from earlier --

FEMALE PATRON
What happened... don't want to
dance for me anymore?

MIKE
Someone's gotta keep the drinks
cold.

FEMALE PATRON
Want to make me a drink then?

MIKE
No can do... I'm just a bar back.

FEMALE PATRON
Then dance with me instead.

MIKE
Why don't you go for a nice local
up in the cage...

Mike points to the cage and we see the CLUB EMPLOYEE/JUAN from before has replaced him.

FEMALE PATRON
Been there, done that.

MIKE
Ok... then why me?

FEMALE PATRON
I'm homesick.

Mike stares at her for a moment. Taking her in.

MIKE
What's your name?

FEMALE PATRON
Linda.

MIKE
Linda, you're dangerous.

FEMALE PATRON
I promise you... I'm not.

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - MORNING - NEXT DAY

CAMERA is at the foot of the bed, we see two sets of feet and legs intertwined with each other.

A loud banging is heard at the door.

MIKE jumps up from a deep sleep.

MIKE
What the fuck?!?

We hear the voice of a man off screen --

MAN (O.S.)
LINDA!!! I know you're in there.

Linda pops up, sheets wrapped around her to cover up.

LINDA
Shit...
(to Mike)
I'm sorry.

MAN (O.S.)
You better be sorry!

MIKE
What the fuck is going on?

Hard bangs on the front door get Mike over to it. He opens the front door --

The MAN bursts in pushing Mike aside.

MAN
(bursting in)
You've got me chasing you around like an asshole.

LINDA
I'm sorry, Richard...

RICHARD
No, you're not sorry!

MIKE
Take it easy, pal!

RICHARD
This is not what I meant when I
said we could be in an open
relationship. You don't spend the
night with the person!

MIKE
(confused)
What..?

RICHARD
(clearly angry)
This is not how I want to spend my
honeymoon!

MIKE
(trying to calm him)
Take it easy, pal!
(then)
Wait... did you just say
"Honeymoon"?

LINDA
Mike, don't...

MIKE
Wait a minute... Honeymoon?

LINDA
I'm sorry..

MIKE
Linda, I thought we had something?

LINDA
We do... did. But I'm married.

RICHARD
Exactly! Now, fuck off.

MIKE
This is my place, you fuck off!

RICHARD
Linda, let's go.

Linda grabs some of her stuff and makes her way to the door.
Mike in a last minute attempt grabs her arm .

MIKE

Wait a minute...

RICHARD

Get your hands off her!

Richard grabs Mike's arm that is holding Linda's arm.

MIKE

Get your hand off of me!

Mike, with his free hand, pushes Richard back.

RICHARD

You pushed me..

MIKE

I did.

RICHARD

That's it!

Richard cocks back a big left hand and throws it. Mike blocks the punch and throws a kick jab to Richard's nose. Crunch-

RICHARD (CONT'D)

OW! MY NOSE!

Richard drops to the floor.

LINDA

Richard!

She goes to him.

MIKE

Aw shit..

EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

Cops have now showed up and Mike's landlord, FABIAN (late 50s-60s, weathered, relaxed, stern) is talking to them. He thanks them for their understanding and they leave.

FABIAN makes his way over to MIKE who is off to the side.

FABIAN

Three strikes gringo... you gotta go.

MIKE

Uno mas?

FABIAN

No... ahora.

MIKE

Please Fabian... It won't happen again!

FABIAN

Yes, of course. Because you don't live here no more.

MIKE

Fabian, don't be like that.

FABIAN

First, you don't have a steady job. Second, you fall behind in rent. Third, you bringing trouble to my home. No good!

MIKE

I understand. What time is it?

FABIAN

8:30.

MIKE

Alright, let me go to the gym first, then I'll get my stuff out. Please..

Fabian softens a bit.

FABIAN

Dale.

INT. BOXING GYM - EARLY MORNING - SAME DAY

Mike is hammering away at a heavy bag - No mercy but also no mission. He swings with heart and bad intentions... just no real technique.

In the back of the gym we see a small office with two men conversing. One, a Puerto Rican native and the owner. The other is a white guy -- TIM HOLLAND (early-mid 40s, stern, pensive). Not uncommon for this island to have "Gringos" roaming around but this guy is different. He's not a regular at this gym.

The two men in the office shake hands and part ways. As the strange "gringo" makes his way out of the gym, Mike's tenacity catches his eye. He stops and watches for a moment.

TIM
(calling out)
Hey!

Nothing... Mike doesn't stop swatting away at the bag.

TIM (CONT'D)
(louder)
HEY!

This gets Mike and a few others attention. Mike stops punching.

MIKE
Me?

TIM
Yeah. What's your name?

After the morning events, Mike leads with caution... This could be a cop... looks like one.

MIKE
Whose asking?

TIM
I am.

MIKE
And you are..?

TIM
Tim Holland. I own a karate gym on the island. I also train and promote fighters.

MIKE
Ok... What's that got to do with me?

TIM
I see you've got some fight in you. Look... one of the fighters on my card just got hurt and we need to replace him. You interested?

MIKE
I could be.
(then)
How much?

TIM
Two hundred. Garunteed.

Mike thinks for a moment.

MIKE
(to himself)
Shit... that's the rent money I owe Fabian.

TIM
Yo, you in or out? I'll ask someone else if you're not interested. Time is money here.

What else does Mike have to lose.

MIKE
Yeah, alright. I'm in.

TIM
Great! Fights in two days. I gave Santiago the details. Talk to him when you're done.

MIKE
Alright... thanks.

Tim starts to walk out... stops --

TIM
By the way... it's a kickboxing match.

He exits the gym.

MIKE
(to himself)
Kickboxing?
(calling after Tim)
What do I know about kicking, I'm a boxer!

WE HEAR THE SOUND A OF RING BELL GO OFF THREE TIMES.

INT. BOXING ARENA - NIGHT

Cheering and holler in spanish floods this makeshift arena. It's more like a tin warehouse with a ring plopped in the center of it. But this isn't a backyard brawl. It's the real deal and the crowd is letting us know it. The people want blood and guts.

Two fighters exchange punches and kicks in the center of the ring as MIKE and TIM stand off to the side. The fight has a good energy to it, both fighters giving it their all. You can smell the hunger ringside.

MIKE notices an oversized poster displayed above one of the seating areas. It has a photo of him with his name underneath - Mike "El Gringo" Cavuoto - and his opponent, Domingo "El Campion" Diaz.

MIKE

Hey Tim, I know that "El Gringo" means "The White Boy" but what does El Camp-i-on mean?

TIM

...The Champion

One of the fighters in the ring gets knocked out with a head kick. The crowd cheers and boos. Bets were placed, money won and lost. Ringside bells are heard.

TIM (CONT'D)

Come on, that's us.

Mike stares at TIM as he walks on.

MIKE

Jesus-

INT. KICKBOXING RING - ROUND ONE - MOMENTS LATER

BANG!- We are right in the center of the ring with Mike and El Campion exchanging hands.

Mike is pressed against the ropes... he's been holding his own despite the aggressive nature from the Champ.

We hear the 30 second warning go off. On cue Mike throws a huge right hand but it just misses as El Campion ducks out of the way. Popping back up in a flash, we hear a crunch as El Campion's head collides with Mike's nose. Mike's head cocks back as if lightning just struck him.

All senses have shut down for a brief moment. The arena goes silent. Mike completely stunned, has a burst of adrenaline kick in and he comes to. El Campion tried to throw a couple more shots at Mike's defense. Mike answers with a few punches of his own before being saved by the bell.

Mike drops his guard and we see a trail of blood streaming down his nose. He heads to his corner.