

INDIGO

57 INT: THERAPISTS OFFICE: DAY 57

INDIGO

I think about Chooky Kimble a lot, all the time really. And if there was a word that was something like regret but a thousand times stronger, then that's what I am. I tore apart a family, families. His, mine and all because I wanted to teach a cocky kid not to be cocky. Well, he wasn't even the cocky one.

I was the cocky one, I'm so good, I'm handing out lessons, me of all people. That's not cockiness, that's arrogance, that's what it is, arrogance.

Indigo pauses for a moment, thinking about what to say next.

INDIGO (CONT'D)

Sometimes, when you're in the ring and you get caught with a good shot. The whole world just goes sideways, your senses start telling you all sorts of crazy things and your equilibrium goes to hell. And the other bloke knows he's got ya and he just comes after ya, like nobody's business. And every single instinct you've got, tells you, lay down. It's at that time when you're most vulnerable that you should be able to trust your instincts but you can't. It's at that time when you've got to do the opposite of what your mind's telling ya. You gotta stay on your feet, you gotta keep moving, you gotta keep fighting. It's that simple, if you wanna win, you gotta keep fighting. You gotta ignore your instincts and that's what I used to train myself to do. But eventually you keep telling yourself ignore for long enough and you don't know what you're doing. You don't know whether you're going with them or against them.

He goes quiet again, thinking.

INDIGO (CONT'D)

I don't care if she slept with him or not.

He thinks again, he thinking about whether he does actually care, he decides that he doesn't.

INDIGO (CONT'D)

She was never the problem anyway neither was Jumpy. Neither was Chooky.

He waits again, he's thinking hard.

INDIGO (CONT'D)

It was me.

He looks up at a clock.

INDIGO (CONT'D)

Looks like our time's up.

Indigo gets up and walks to the door. When he stands up we see he is dressed in prison greens. He opens the door, we see an institutional looking interior behind him. A guard is waiting for him. Just before he walks out, he stops and turns back to the therapist.

INDIGO (CONT'D)

Don't take this the wrong way doc, but, I hope to god I never see you again.