

Crime Fight
by
Glenn Bresciani

Glenn Bresciani
Kennakurt@yahoo.com.au

FADE IN:

SUPER TITLE ON BLACK:

Somewhere in the night . . .

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

JACK, middle aged man with a middle age spread. A typical tradesman, husband, father.

He is drunk out of his mind, stumbles out through the doorway of a nightclub.

A man pops up from behind a parked car, women's panty-hose stretched over his head. The legs of the panty-hose dangle from the back of his head like two tentacles.

He is MUG the mugger, watches Jack's every move.

Jack staggers down the empty street, almost falls over.

Mug pulls out a knife, gets ready to pounce on Jack.

A slender man in a black tracksuit and a rubber fox mask slides out from behind the corner of the nightclub building.

He is the CRIM

The Crim sneaks off down the street after Jack.

Mug spots the Crim trailing Jack. He ducks out of sight.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jack walks along the pavement with all the grace of a baby taking its first steps. He stumbles, almost falls.

The Crim closes in on the drunk man.

Head lights force the Crim to duck and cover as a car drives pass.

When the coast is clear, the Crim resumes stalking his prey.

The Mug steps out from behind a telegraph pole, watches the Crim sneak up on Jack.

The Crim pounces, kicks Jack in the back, knocks the drunk face first onto the pavement.

Jack curls himself up into a ball, a feeble attempt to protect himself from the swift kicks from the Crim's heavy booted feet.

The Crim kicks the drunk a few more times until Jack is bloody and limp.

Triumph! The Crim snatches Jack's wallet. He turns his back on the drunk, searches through his prize.

One by one, credit cards are discarded until the Crim finds what he seeks . . . Money- a ten dollar note to be exact.

Behind the Crim, Jack jumps up, face smeared with blood. He makes a break for it.

He only gets as far as the middle of the road where he collapses into an unconscious heap.

The Crim's attention shifts to Jack.

A car zooms past, narrowly misses Jack.

The Crim turns to leave, stops, looks back at Jack.

Hidden in the shadows, the Mug waits to see what the Crim will do.

Another car speeds by, misses Jack by a meter.

The Crim shakes his fox mask head, his body language says: "Why me?"

The Crim hurries onto the road, grabs Jack's arms and pulls.

Jack does not budge an inch, too heavy for the Crim to move.

The Crim grabs a hand full of Jack's jacket, tries to roll him off the road.

No good, Jack won't budge.

The Crim breathes hard from the exertion. He lifts the mask over his mouth so he can breathe easier.

Jack's eyes snap open. He grabs the Crim by the throat, tightens his grip.

The Crim coughs and gags, air explodes out of his lungs as Jack slams his foot into Crim's stomach.

Jack rolls on top of the masked thief, punches him repeatedly.

The Crim curls himself up into a ball, a feeble attempt to protect himself from the savage punches Jack inflicts.

Jack jumps up, staggers off down the road in a panic, screams like a scared girl.

The Crim lays in the middle of the road. He groans, suffers pain and agony.

Out of the dark, car head lights barrel down on The Crim.

He is frozen in terror, caught in the bright twin cones of light.

The Mug charges across the road, the panty-hose legs flap behind his head like two octopus limbs.

He slams into the masked man, shoves himself and the Crim out of the way of the car.

Together they tumble onto the footpath.

Mug jumps up, whips out his knife, points it at Crim.

The plastic fox face of the Crim gawks at Mug who has his nose crushed by the tight panty-hose.

Mug threatens Crim with his knife, gestures that he hand over the money.

Crim hesitates, passes the ten dollar note to Mug.

Mug takes off, his sneakers pound the pavement.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Mug's mad dash across the grass abruptly stops under a lamp post.

He gulps down air to catch his breath, lifts the panty-hose above his mouth, spits on the ground.

Mug has a 360 degree look at his surroundings to check he is alone.

No movement, no noise. Yep, he's alone.

He still breaths hard, holds up the ten dollar bill to admire it. He laughs, proud of himself.

Mug plops himself down on a park bench next to the lamp post.

He stretches out, feels real good about himself, can't keep his eyes off the money.

Slowly, quietly, a plastic fox face rises up from behind the Mug.

The Crim stands over Mug who is still absorbed in his prize.

The Mug tucks the money in his jacket pocket than goes bug eyed and gags as the Crim's gloved hands grip his throat and squeeze.

Mug puts up a frantic struggle, kicks his legs, swings his arms. His thrashing body pushes him off the bench.

Crim loses his grip as the Mug's full weight crashes on top of him.

The two masked men stagger to their feet, face off against each other.

The Crim aims a kick at Mug's stomach with his booted foot.

Mug is quicker, grabs the Crim's leg mid-kick.

Crim hops on his one free leg to regain his balance, slams his head against Mug's nose.

Mug flops onto the grass, clutches his nose.

The Crim snatches the money from out of the Mug's pocket, makes a break for it.

EXT. ROW OF SHOPS - NIGHT

ROXY, sexy brunette in a slinky club dress and enough jewelry on herself for two women.

She is nervous, clutches her two hundred dollar handbag as she approaches an ATM machine.

She glances around, checks the street is empty, then inserts her card into the ATM slot.

Roxy continues to glance over her shoulder as she presses numbers.

Crim sprints down the street, Mug hot on his heel.

Right in front of the ATM Machine, Mug grabs Crim by his top, drags him to a stop.

Roxy screams as the two mask men lay punches into each other.

The ten dollar note drifts onto the concrete.

Roxy cringes against the machine. It spits out her money, fifty dollar note after fifty dollar note.

Crim and Mug circle the ten dollar bill, watch each other.

Mug whips out his knife.

Roxy is terrified, grabs her money and stuffs it into her handbag.

Crim lunges at Mug, skips sideways to avoid a knife strike.

Roxy screams, trapped between the ATM and the masked thugs.

Panic stricken, she fumbles through her handbag.

The Crim's heavy boots and the Mug's sneakers slide and shift around the ten dollar note.

Crim high kicks his opponent, the impact slams Mug against the wall next to the ATM machine.

Roxy screams some more, pulls out of her bag a can of Mace.

Both thugs dive for the ten dollar note, grab it at the same time.

The ten dollar note rips in half.

ROXY

No one steals my money!

Mug and Crim spin around to look at Roxy. They each hold half a ten dollar bill in their hand.

MUG

Huh?

CRIM

Huh?

With a savage war cry that would make Xena proud, Roxy attacks, sprays a thick stream of Mace at both their eyes.

Crim and Mug collapse on to their knees, howl in pain as they tear off their mask and Panty-hose, rub their eyes.

Roxy drops her handbag between her feet, holds her can of Mace in one hand, her cell phone in the other.

She dials a number, gives the two men another hit of Mace to change their moans into a howl once again.

ROXY

Hello police? . . . I've just
been robbed . . . Two men wearing
masks. Maced them both . . . I'm
on Jordan street . . . They move,
I'll Mace 'em.

Mug and Crim wobble about on shaky legs. Tears pour out of their swollen shut eyes.

ROXY

Don't move shit bag!

Roxy coats their face with more Mace.

They drop to the ground, roll around, their screams a symphony for their pain.

ROXY

You messed with the wrong woman!

Police sirens wail in the distance, become louder as they get closer . . .

FADE OUT.