

**BOOM BOOM JACKSON**

Written by

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INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

BOBBY 'BOOM BOOM' JACKSON (43), shaved head, lean build, sits anxiously on a bench seat, dressed as a boxer.

FOUR GRIM REAPERS, stand behind him.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)  
Four minutes, Champ.

Boom Boom doesn't answer.

He lifts his head, sighs and looks at the camera.

BOOM BOOM  
I'm Boom Boom Jackson. And this is what happened to me fifteen years ago.

The Grim Reapers walk around and prod Boom Boom to stand up.

Two Grim Reapers carry the bench seat away, while the other two remove his boxing gloves, boxing robe and boxer shorts.

They re-dress him in brown shorts, white t-shirt and sunglasses.

As they're doing that, two Grim Reapers bring in a table and a chair. The table has a bunch of microphones on it.

They forcefully sit Boom Boom down, before falling into line behind him.

BOOM BOOM (CONT'D)  
It was early January in Vegas that I did this press conference.  
(beat)  
Life was good. I was untouchable.

Camera flashlights light up Boom Boom's face, snapping him out of his sombre mood, resulting in an arrogant smile.

JOURNALIST (O.S.)  
Your opponent says you're a hot head. A loose cannon. An animal that can't control his temper outside the ring. He claims it's why he cancelled today's press conference. How do you respond to those accusations?

The smile runs off Boom Boom's face.

BOOM BOOM  
He's scared.

There's a quick chuckle from the press gallery.

BOOM BOOM (CONT'D)  
It ain't funny. Look at me. I'm the  
World Champion. World Champions  
deserve respect. Hear what I'm  
sayin'?

JOURNALIST  
But, Boom Boom -

BOBBY  
- I haven't finished. This douce  
bag has a real problem. He's  
disrespected me, my family, and  
I'll tell you this. He'll regret  
ever jumpin' in the ring with Boom  
Boom Jackson.

JOURNALIST (O.S.)  
What's your prediction?

A wry grin returns to Boom Boom's face.

BOOM BOOM  
Boom Boom will knock this bum out  
in under four.

JOURNALIST (O.S.)  
Under four?

BOOM BOOM  
Boom Boom in three.

The lights change to yellow.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)  
Three minutes, Champ.

With urgency, the Grim Reapers spread.

They remove the table and chair, and replace it with a  
makeshift bar and stool.

They take off Boom Boom's white t-shirt and replace it with a  
stylish black shirt. They remove his sunglasses.

BOOM BOOM  
When you become World Champion, you  
become hot property. And I had  
everyone chasing me.  
(MORE)

BOOM BOOM (CONT'D)  
 I did commercials for toothpaste,  
 cars, breakfast cereal. You name  
 it. Everyone wanted, Boom Boom. Oh,  
 by the way. I won in the first  
 round. Thanks for asking!

A Grim Reaper places a bottle of Tequila on the bar with a  
 shot glass next to it.

The Grim Reapers fall in line behind Boom Boom again.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
 Okay. Are we all ready?

Boom Boom sits up straight with a serious look on his face.

BOOM BOOM  
 I'm ready.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
 I'll count you in....  
 Three. Two. One. Action.

BOOM BOOM  
 I'm Boom Boom Jackson.

Boom Boom picks up the bottle and pours a shot.

BOOM BOOM (CONT'D)  
 And this is my drink. Boom Boom  
 Tequila.

Boom Boom picks up the shot glass and gulps it down.

BOOM BOOM (CONT'D)  
 Man! That's smooth.

Boom Boom picks up the bottle and looks at the label, before  
 looking back at the camera.

BOOM BOOM (CONT'D)  
 Boom Boom Tequila. It's the World  
 Champion of Tequilas.

A forced smile, then -

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
 And, cut.

Boom Boom relaxes, feeling good about himself.

BOOM BOOM  
 How was that?

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
We'll do it again.

Boom Boom instantly becomes agitated.

BOOM BOOM  
What? No we won't.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
Boom Boom. It's just a precaution.

BOOM BOOM  
Fuck you. That was perfect.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
Boom Boom. I just want to make sure-

BOOM BOOM  
(angry)  
--Fuck you.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
Sorry, Boom Boom. All good. We'll go with that take.

BOOM BOOM  
Damn right you will. How dare you second guess me!

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
Calm down. Please. All good, Boom Boom. Just calm down.

BOOM BOOM  
You tell me to calm down one more time, motherfucker - I swear I'll put my fist through your ugly face. Understand?

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
Ah, yep!

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)  
Two minutes, Champ.

The voice snaps Boom Boom out of the commercial.

The Grim Reapers urgently spread.

Two of them take away the makeshift bar and replace it with a desk. The other two remove Boom Boom's shirt and replace it with the white t-shirt. They hand Boom Boom a handgun.

The Grim Reapers fall in line behind Boom Boom again.

BOOM BOOM  
Life was great. I was having a  
blast, until I...

Boom Boom's face is full of regret.

BOOM BOOM (CONT'D)  
You know what? I made a bad  
decision. If only I could...

Lights change to red.

ATTORNEY (O.S.)  
So what's it gonna be?

Boom Boom leans down and snorts a line of cocaine off the  
table.

BOOM BOOM  
I can't believe you represent this  
piece of shit. I'll give her two  
hundred grand. That's it.

A Grim Reaper scurries away, interrupting Boom Boom.

The Grim Reaper quickly returns with an office chair.

The Grim Reaper hand waves Boom Boom to stand up, as he  
replaces the stool with the chair. The Grim Reaper falls back  
into line.

Boom Boom looks back at the Grim Reaper. The Grim Reaper  
impatiently instructs him to sit down, which he does.

BOOM BOOM (CONT'D)  
I can't believe you represent this  
piece of shit. I'll give her two  
hundred grand. That's it.

ATTORNEY (O.S.)  
Two hundred grand? Are you out of  
your mind? You had sex with a  
fourteen year old girl, for  
Christ's sake.

BOOM BOOM  
Don't give me that shit. She set me  
up. She looked twenty.

ATTORNEY (O.S.)  
Bullshit!

BOOM BOOM  
(instant anger)  
What fourteen year old puts a  
hidden camera in a fuckin' Louis  
Vuitton handbag?

ATTORNEY (O.S.)  
I've ran out of patience with you  
and your legal team. I organized  
this meeting to help you. I've  
given you ample time to deal with  
this and you just keep dicking me  
around. You either pay us ten  
million or my client goes to the  
cops with the video.

BOOM BOOM  
You threatening me, asshole?

ATTORNEY (O.S.)  
You can call it what you want.

BOOM BOOM  
How dare you speak to me like that,  
you fuckin' piece of shit.

ATTORNEY (O.S.)  
You just don't get it, do you?  
Maybe get off the coke so you can  
think straight? Right now, you're a  
mess.

BOOM BOOM  
You know who ya talking to,  
motherfucker?

ATTORNEY (O.S.)  
Fuck you! Meeting's over.

BOOM BOOM  
I'll tell YOU when the meeting's  
over. You fucker.

Boom Boom pulls out the handgun and shoots the attorney.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

BOOM BOOM (CONT'D)  
Now the meeting's over.

Boom Boom leans down and snorts another line of cocaine.

One of the Grim Reapers approaches Boom Boom and takes the handgun from his hand, before bending down and also doing a line of cocaine.

Another Grim Reaper clears the top of the desk with a sweep of their arm.

The Grim Reapers fall back into line.

The lighting changes. One bright light only on Boom Boom.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

What we're having trouble with, is your explanation of self defense.

BOOM BOOM

Listen here, Detective. I'm an honest man who makes an honest living. Do you know how much money I've given to charities over the years? Hey? It's millions.

DETECTIVE

That's all well and good, but it -

BOOM BOOM

- You know what? Fuck you. And fuck you behind the glass. Yes. I think I will get my attorney now. Fuckers!

The Grim Reapers move in and take Boom Boom's white t-shirt off. They replace it with a shirt, tie and suit jacket.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)

One minutes, Champ.

They fall back into line behind Boom Boom.

The lights change to blue.

JUDGE (O.S.)

Will the defendant please rise.

Boom Boom slowly climbs to his feet.

JUDGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Has the jury reached a decision?

JURY MEMBER (O.S.)

Yes, your Honor.

JUDGE (O.S.)  
And what decision has the jury  
made?

JURY MEMBER (O.S.)  
We, the jury, find the defendant,  
guilty of first degree murder.

Boom Boom bows his head, as the lights change to red.

The Grim Reapers urgently spread, removing the table and  
chair, before undressing Boom Boom in an orange prison  
uniform.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)  
It's time, Champ.

Lights change to one bright light above Boom Boom.

BOOM BOOM  
I guess this is it.

Suddenly, the Grim Reapers take off again, before returning  
with a large electric chair.

They grab Boom Boom and force him to sit in it, before  
strapping up his arms and legs.

They strap a wired-up metal cap to the top of Boom Boom's  
head.

The Grim Reapers start dancing around Boom Boom with  
excitement. One of them drinks the Tequila and splashes some  
of the contents on Boom Boom, who's now defeated.

BLACK SCREEN

BOOM BOOM (CONT'D)  
Who would have thought my toughest  
opponent..  
(beat)  
..was me?

A sound of a metal lever followed by the sounds of surging  
electricity.

FADE OUT.

