

DRUNKEN WARRIOR

Written by

Simon K. Parker

Copyright © 2013 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced  
without the express written permission of the author.

[simonkyleparker@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:simonkyleparker@hotmail.co.uk)

FADE IN.

INT. CAR SHOP - DAY

A small tidy car shop, a family business.

MATTHEW PULIS, 55, grey hair, a little over weight and dressed smart in a suit is wiping down the windscreen of one of the cars on the shop floor.

ROBERT SHAWCROSS, 30, a huge powerful looking man, bald and dressed all in black enters.

He moves over to Matthew.

ROBERT  
Hey friend.

Matthew stops, caught surprised, didn't hear him come in.

He turns around to face him, already smiling.

MATTHEW  
Hi there, how can I help you?

ROBERT  
Matthew Pulis?

Matthew is suddenly very suspicious.

MATTHEW  
Do I know you?

Robert shakes his head.

ROBERT  
No, but I'm here to collect.

MATTHEW  
Collect?

ROBERT  
Five hundred thousand dollars.

Matthew can't help but laugh.

MATTHEW  
Who said you could have that much?

ROBERT  
The man who sent me here to kill  
you.

Matthew's horrified.

MATTHEW

What are you talking about?

ROBERT

I kill and I get paid a lot for it.  
I never fail.

MATTHEW

But why. Tell me his name. This  
can't be true?

Robert shakes his head, Matthew's not going to be able to  
talk his way out of this.

ROBERT

Collecting, that's all I'm  
interesting in doing and now it's  
time.

Matthew takes a step back away from him but Robert launches  
himself at him with both arms out stretched.

He grabs Matthew at the shoulders and flips him over down to  
the floor.

Matthew hits the ground hard.

He then rolls over and stands back up, tries to defend himself, throws a couple weak punches at Robert, all are blocked and Robert just replies with punches of his own, all landing with devastating effect.

Again Matthew hits the ground in pain.

This time Robert's not going to let him get back up.

He kneels down across Matthews chest, pinning him in place.

He's not going to be able to move.

He continues punching with lightening fast speed, fracturing Matthews skull and killing him.

He get back up and exits as if what he's just done was the most naturally thing in the world.

INT. KARATE SCHOOL - DAY

A large bright white Karate school filled with several all male students who are all dressed in their karate robes.

They're being lead by the teacher ALEX HUTH, 50, short but very strong.

He's goes through some simple looking karate stances and everyone of his students copy.

He pulls seven different poses then stops, but his students continue, knowing them by heart they continue to repeat.

Alex now moves through his students, checking each of their stances as they continue to go through the different moves he's set down.

He's impressed with all of them expect for JAMES HUTH, 20, tall, long hair and handsome who can't help but smile as his father stops right in front of him.

ALEX

Can't you get this right?

James pretends to try a little harder.

JAMES

I'm sorry father.

ALEX

This is not a joke James.

Still James can't get rid of his smile.

JAMES

I know it's not.

ALEX

Then what are you smiling about?

JAMES

I can't help it.

ALEX

Get rid of it then.

James tries to, but can't.

JAMES

I'm sorry, it's not you. I just smile. I don't think about it I just do it.

ALEX

Why do you always seek to embarrass  
me in front of others?

JAMES

I don't. I'm sorry.

Alex shakes his head as he then moves back to the front of  
the class.

He joins in with them and now gets them to move through the  
moves quicker, more intense.

Every student but for James watching him is in total awe.

Alex has the total respect of everyone of these students.

EXT. CITY PARK - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

James is on the empty court with MARC OWEN, 20, and ASHLEY  
ADAMS, 23.

James is bouncing a basketball as they head towards the hoop.

MARC

You shouldn't try and get your dad  
that angry.

JAMES

I don't mean to. I've just got no  
interest in being there.

ASHLEY

He knows what he's doing, so you  
should listen.

JAMES

Says you.

ASHLEY

You're lucky to have him.

James takes a couple of shots with the basketball, misses  
both times.

Marc then picks the ball up and shoots, get's it in first  
time.

JAMES

It's not the kind of life I want  
though. He just wants me to be like  
him and I don't.

ASHLEY

Then what do you want to do?

James laughs.

JAMES

I don't know. I love basketball.

All three friends are now taking it in turns to shoot.

Ashley and Marc have no trouble getting it in every time, but James just continues missing.

MARC

Are you sure you love basketball?

Marc and Ashley laugh at him as James shoots and misses again.

JAMES

I just need to be able to focus on it, but how can I when all my dad does is get me to practice his shitty version of karate.

ASHLEY

His version is pretty good man.

MARC

The rest of us have to pay good money to be in those classes.

James stops, holds onto the ball. Something has caught his eye.

JAMES

Who's she?

Marc and Ashley now look over, through the fence outside the basketball court they see KATIE WHELAN, 22, tall, slim and beautiful walking fast, arms crosses out in front of her chest.

MARC

She's cute.

ASHLEY

Too cute for you.

James laughs.

JAMES

Bet you I can get her number.

MARC

No way.

ASHLEY

Go for it, it'll be fun to watch  
you fail.

JAMES

Not only that but I'll get her home  
address too.

James then jogs over to the fence, calls out to her to get  
her attention.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Hey sweetie, why don't you stop and  
come talk to a real ball player,  
you're not in too much of a rush  
for that are you?

Katie stops, she turns around to face him but is just looking  
confused, unsure about what he said or even if it was really  
to her.

James smiles, excited.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You want to play, but if I beat you  
you've got to give me your number,  
deal?

But before she can answer back another voice yells out at  
him.

TONY

What did you just say son!

James pulls back from the fence.

He watches as TONY JONES, 27, a huge weight lifting monster  
of a man now enters the basketball court.

James points to himself.

JAMES

Me?

TONY

Yeah, what the hell you talking to  
my girl like that for?

James quickly glances over towards Katie, still she just  
stands there, arms crossed out in front of her chest not  
saying anything.



JAMES  
I was just being nice.

TONY  
No, you were stepping in on another  
man territory and now you're going  
to pay for it.

James looks behind, both Marc and Ashley are running away out  
of the basketball court through the gate on the opposite side  
and fleeing in fear.

JAMES  
(to himself)  
Some friends they are.

Tony now grabs James around by the neck and lifts him up as  
though he was nothing.

She calls out.

KATIE  
Why do you always have to fight,  
try not to hurt him too much.

Tony smiles, confident.

TONY  
This won't take long.

James then quickly delivers a quick sharp kick to Tony's  
stomach.

Tony let's go of him and groans as the wind is knocked out of  
him.

James now delivers a quick combo of punches to the side of  
Tony's head.

But it's not going to be so easy to knock him out.

Tony now grabs a hold of him and throws him far away, James sliding across the ground on his back.

But James jumps back up to his feet, and it's now James who's smiling.

He runs back over to Tony, grabbing his huge arm in a lock he pulls it behind Tony's back and delivers a few forearm smashes to the back of his head.

Tony tries to fight against him but it's no good.

James is now enjoying himself, still with Tony's arm locked in place he gabs his head with his other arm and flips him over, using Tony's impressive weight against him.

Tony's on his back landing down on the floor.

James then leans over the top of him. A few more punches to the face and finally finishes him off with a stamp to his stomach.

Tony groans out defeated, rolls over onto his side, got nothing left.

James is out of breath but victorious.

He moves back to the fence and back to Katie.

JAMES

Bet you didn't know I could fight like that?

She's not impressed.

KATIE

I've seen better.

JAMES

I didn't mean to hurt your boyfriend, but what else could I do?

KATIE

He's not my boyfriend. He just thinks he is, I went to a restaurant with him once and ever since then he tells people we're an item.

James winks at her.

JAMES

Not since you've seen me in action right?

She rolls her eyes.

KATIE

Are you always this arrogant or is it just for me?

He shrugs.

JAMES

How about giving me your number and you'll be able to find out for yourself?

She turns her back to him and walks off.

He's shocked, can't believe it.

James looks over at Tony, still out on the ground and his smile comes back, impressed with himself.

JAMES (CONT'D)

It's not everyday I get to fight a giant, so thanks for that.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Alex sits at the kitchen table with Katie and her mom LOUISE WHELAN, 48.

Each with a cup of green tea in hand.

Alex and Louise are staring and smiling at each other as Katie looks all around the kitchen not sure what she should focus on.

LOUISE  
Haven't seen you since high school  
Alex.

Alex's smile now melts away as yet again he becomes serious.

ALEX  
Nor I you. But now I believe it  
appropriate to ask you the meaning  
of your visit?

Louise takes a sip of her tea, nods her head.

LOUISE  
You've got quite the name for  
yourself all over the city people  
know you, say you're the best there  
is.

He nods.

ALEX  
Thank you, but that's not for me to  
say.

LOUISE  
No, but I believe it's true, and  
that's why I'm here. I want to put  
my daughter, Katie here into your  
class. I'm willing to pay whatever  
it takes.

He turns to Katie.

ALEX  
OK, and how do you feel about that?

Katie nods.

KATIE  
Yes.

He needs to check.

ALEX

Yes?

KATIE

It's what I want. I already have the basics down but now I want to learn from the best.

LOUISE

She'll be entering a competition to find the best female fighter in the country and I believe you'll give her the edge she'll need to win.

He stays focused on Katie.

ALEX

My classes aren't easy, and I'll push you every step of the way.

She nods.

KATIE

I know, but that's what I need.

James now enters.

He sees Katie and panics, spins around putting his back to them.

Alex is surprised to see him.

ALEX

Oh you're back early.

No answer.

His dad then gestures to him.

ALEX (CONT'D)

And this is my son.

LOUISE

It's nice to meet you.

James is frozen.

JAMES

OK, likewise.

Alex is perplexed.

ALEX

What are you doing?

JAMES

Looking to get something to eat,  
but I didn't realize that you had  
company.

ALEX

Come and introduce yourself.

JAMES

Hi.

ALEX

This is Katie, she'll be joining my  
class.

He rolls his eyes.

JAMES

Oh great.

ALEX

What are you doing, turn around and  
come here.

The front doorbell goes.

James is relieved, smiles.

JAMES

I should answer the door first  
though.

Alex shakes his head, annoyed.

ALEX

Very well.

James exits.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Please excuse him, I don't  
understand him myself.

Louise smiles.

LOUISE

I'm sure he's just shy.

KATIE

I've hear tell he's a pretty good  
fighter too?

ALEX

I very much doubt that.

KATIE

It's true, you've taught him well.

A beat.

LOUISE

Well, thank you for everything.

Alex nods.

ALEX

That's alright, and I'll see you again Katie soon for the start of class.

Katie nods back at him.

All three now stand up from the table as Alex gestures towards the back door for them to exit.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

James's at the open front door facing down Tony, now with a cast on his right arm and a plaster over his broken nose.

He's here with his Dad, GRAHAM JONES, 45, tiny in comparison to his son, under half his size.

Tony stares down at the floor embarrassed as Graham points an accusing finger at James.

GRAHAM

You dirty little thug, I wish to talk to your father right now!

James is panicking.

JAMES

Why!

GRAHAM

Look at my son and then you can guess why.

JAMES

He's not here.

GRAHAM

Then where?

A beat.

James tries to think.

Graham gets impatient, screams at him.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
I said where!

Alex now appears behind James.

ALEX  
What is with all this shouting?

Graham's eyes light up excited at seeing him.

He points at Tony's broken arm.

GRAHAM  
Look at what your son has done.

Alex scowls at James, furious.

ALEX  
Is this true?

James lowers his head, scared.

JAMES  
It's not what you think, I was  
defending myself.

Alex is enraged, shakes his head, not believing him.

ALEX  
Get to your room, I'll talk to you  
later.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Tony's sitting in the middle of the sofa, almost taking all of it up just for himself.

He's still staring down at the floor between his feet. Still in pain, he's doesn't want to be here.

Alex and Graham are standing toe to toe in the middle of the room in front of him, tense.

ALEX  
If this is just a set up to ask me  
to sell my karate school to you  
again I'm going to have to ask you  
to leave, I've already told you,  
it's not for sale.

Graham shakes his head.



GRAHAM

This is to demand action against  
your thug of a child nothing else.

ALEX

You saw what he did?

Graham nods, lies.

GRAHAM

With my own eyes I saw him attack  
my poor Tony just because of his  
size. But he's a gentle soul, could  
never even hurt a fly. Now I know  
we've had our disagreements in the  
past but you need to do something  
about him.

Alex nods.

ALEX

The boy will be punished. I can  
only apologize, but this will not  
be ignored.

GRAHAM

Very well. And when you've calmed  
down I don't think it would be too  
out of place to ask you again to  
think about my offer. If you owe me  
anything you owe me that much after  
what your son did to mine. I'm  
offering you much more than the  
place is worth, ask anyone you  
want. You should accept.

Alex shakes his head, dismissive.

ALEX

It's time you left. It's clear  
we've got nothing left to say to  
each other. I trust you remember  
where the front door is?

Annoyed, Graham knows it's time to leave.

He moves to Tony, kicks his foot, gestures angrily for him to  
stand up before he then exits out with him.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - JAMES'S BEDROOM - DAY

A tiny little room, a clean floor with just a desk and  
wardrobe and a single bed pushed up into the corner.

James's sitting on the edge of it, both hands holding onto the back of his neck.

Alex moves in front of him, angry.

ALEX  
I'm ashamed of you, striking a boy like that.

James is shocked.

JAMES  
BOY! He's a man mountain who attacked me first.

ALEX  
Enough, no more fighting, no more do you hear me?

JAMES  
I didn't go looking for it.

ALEX  
Do you know of nothing else other than how to answer me back?

JAMES  
I'm sorry.

ALEX  
You're ruining the family's name that I've worked so hard building up by behaving like you do.

No answer.

A beat.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Just listen to me. You can't keep acting like a child James. You're the age of a man so it's about time you started acting like one.

INT. KARATE SCHOOL - DAY

Another day and another class.

Alex is at the front with Katie now joining in with the others, all dressed in their karate robes and enjoying the training.

Alex goes through several different stances and his students all copy.

All apart from James. At the very back of the room he's alone in the horse stance position with heavy looking weights on both his out stretched arms.

He's being punished.

It's not easy, hurting. But he has to do it.

Alex speeds up moving through the different karate stances, but his students are all able to handle it.

He focuses on Katie, but she's right there with him.

He gives her a quick nod of respect.

She's the only girl here but she's just as good as anyone else.

INT. KARATE SCHOOL - DAY

The class is long since over.

Only James and Katie remain.

James is still locked into his horse stance with those heavy weights still on his arms.

He's struggling but holding it, breathing heavy and covered in sweat.

Katie slowly comes over to him, guilty.

KATIE

I'm sorry that you're being punished like this.

He scowls at her, angry, but unable to speak.

KATIE (CONT'D)

I didn't mean for this to happen, you're a good fighter. I just don't want you to hate me.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

James's sitting at the table with a large bottle of water in hand.

He's exhausted, drinking with large breathless gulping mouthful.

Alex stands next to him, arms crossed out in front of his chest, serious.

ALEX

I've done everything I can with you. I'm sending you to your uncle.

James puts the water bottle down onto the table.

JAMES

Why?

ALEX

You need to learn about life and he needs help, so you're going to help him.

JAMES

I didn't even know I had an uncle?

Alex nods.

ALEX

Well yes you do.

JAMES

Then why have I never heard about him until now?

ALEX

Because you didn't NEED to know about him until now. Why are you still questioning me?

JAMES

I'm sorry.

ALEX

Helping him will be your day job until you can learn not go get involved in pointless street fights anymore.

JAMES

Is that all?

ALEX

This will be good for you. Discipline and empathy is what you're lacking. And this will give you both of those things.

EXT. CITY PARK - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

James is practicing his free throws with Ashley and Marc, taking it in turns.

One shot at a time.

But once again Ashley and Marc are able to make their shots as James misses every single one of his.

JAMES

My father is sending me away so I won't be training with you guys anymore.

ASHLEY

Where's he sending you?

JAMES

To help out with my uncle.

ASHLEY

And who's is?

James shrugs.

JAMES

No idea, has a drinking problem, that's all that's been told to me.

MARC

So what are you going to be doing with him?

JAMES

Helping him out.

MARC

Doesn't sound so bad?

James shakes his head, disagreeing.

JAMES

I don't want to do it. I need to think of a way out of it.

ASHLEY

But if you don't want your dad find out about it?

JAMES

It's stupid. I've spent my whole life practicing and studying because he told me too, and now he's all pissed at me for not having my own life. How could I when for all this time he's being telling me how to live?

ASHLEY

Then consider this as time off?

JAMES

It's so stupid. Become some old man's carer, what's the point?

ASHLEY

But isn't that what you want, time off from training?

JAMES

I don't know what I want anymore. I just want to be left alone.

INT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The sink is full of dishes and the floor and counters are in a need of a good wipe down.

James is at the table with three plates full with different kinds of Chinese food.

He's eating it all hungrily and like a pig.

CHARLES HUTH, 45, short, white hair and dressed like someone living on the streets is at the cooker frying up even more food for him with a bottle of vodka in hand and drinking as he goes.

JAMES

This is great uncle, delicious.

Charles smiles.

CHARLES

Well thank you, your dad has told me all about you. But I'm still glad to have the help.

James laughs.

JAMES

Did he tell you anything good about me at all?

Charles laughs back at him.

CHARLES

No. Just that you'll be here to help until I don't need it anymore.

A beat.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Have you heard anything good about me?

JAMES

Nope.

CHARLES

That's a shame. But I don't blame your dad for keeping me a secret. Maybe if our lives were reversed I'd do the same.

JAMES

He never has anything good to say about anything.

Charles shakes his head, disagreeing.

CHARLES

He's not so bad, don't be so hard on him.

A beat.

JAMES

So why don't you tell me about yourself. At least the important things that you think I should know?

CHARLES

Well, mine is a life that has been spent studying martial arts. How to fight. How to defend myself. Nothing else.

JAMES

Yeah, I'm beginning to think that's going to be the same for me.

Charles laughs.

CHARLES

But I've enjoyed every minute of it.

JAMES

Really?

Charles nods.

CHARLES

I like knowing how to fight. If I could start my life from the beginning I would do it all over again the very same way.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

James is walking along with both hands carrying several filled up shopping bag each one stuffed fat with food and drink.

On the floor he see three teenage BOYS surrounding an elderly homeless MAN on the floor.

Kicking out at his legs and looking for trouble.

The homeless man buries his face into his hands, can only hope that they'll leave him alone.

James drops his shopping down to the floor and yells across to them.

JAMES

Hey, that's enough. You kids go home.

All three turn to face him.

James marches over to them, he picks the biggest one in the middle and delivers a hard slap to the side of his head.

It's rocks his head back but he stays standing.

A beat.

James stands his ground as the homeless man gets up and flees for safety.



The three boys are waiting, tension building.

The biggest now leaps at James grabbing at him, but James blocks and kicks him hard in the chest, but then the other two boys join in as well.

They're attacking James on the left and right side, grabbing a hold of him with one hand and throwing out punches with the other.

The third boy hits the floor from the kick but gets back up quickly and joins in with his friends.

It's hard for James to fight all three at the same time.

Karate versus their wild random attacking style.

As James gets two down to the floor a third gets a lucky shot to the side of his head knocking him off balance.

All three then charge at him and wrestle him down to the ground, pinning him in place and continuing, beating him across the face, head and body.

James is stuck, can only try his best to block.

Charles now appears and comes to his recuse, with a small bottle of vodka in hand he necks all that is left then drops the now empty bottle to the floor.

The bottle smashes getting the attention of those three boys.

He then takes them on one at a time, dragging them off of James and delivering a few solid blows in his drunken boxing style.

All three are knocked out cold as they hit the floor.

Charles then reaches down and helps James who's hurting all over back up onto his feet.

INT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

James is back at the table, an ice pack in each hand and holding them to either side of his head.

Charles is leaning up against the counter with another fresh small bottle of cheap vodka in his hand and drinking.

JAMES

I was outnumbered.

CHARLES

You know, for someone who complains about spending his whole life studying karate you're not very good at it.

JAMES

If I had them one at a time like you did I would have won too.

CHARLES

I know your father is good, but I saw nothing but an amateur in you, no wonder he's sent you to me.

JAMES

He sent me here to help you.

Charles laughs, shakes his head.

CHARLES

No, he sent you here so that I could train you because he has given up trying.

James is outraged.

JAMES

You're just a drunk, what can you teach me?

CHARLES

How to fight for one.

James throws the ice bags down to the floor.

JAMES

I could beat you anywhere anytime. But fighting a drunk would be too easy.

Charles smiles.

CHARLES

My style is drunken boxing, it's better if I drink.

JAMES

So you're not an alcoholic?

Charles shakes his head.

CHARLES

No, I am. I got addicted to being the best at drunken boxing there is. My alcoholism comes with the territory.

JAMES

Bullshit.

CHARLES

Test me if you don't believe me?

JAMES

I'm not going to hit you, I'd do too much damage.

CHARLES

It's OK to be afraid. Even though men like you always are. Talk big act small.

James stands up from the table, points at him.

JAMES

I know you're just trying to get me angry.

CHARLES

Go back to your father, it takes too much courage and dedication to learn my style, and you haven't got either.

James snaps.

He attacks with his karate style, but Charles easily block and pushes him away.

James tries everything, every attack he knows, every move he can throw out at him one after another.

Charles blocks them all.

James takes a step back, thinks, what can he do next?

He then rushes back in and tries again, a different attack using his legs too but it's the same result.

He tries for a third and final time, another skillful block from Charles that this time leave James out on the floor.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

OK?

JAMES

Alright, you've made your point.

CHARLES

You want to learn it?

James nods.

JAMES

Yes.

CHARLES

Good. Then I can teach you.

INT. KARATE SCHOOL - DAY

Alex is with Katie for a one on one lesson.

They're practise fighting with each other.

Slow deliberate moves, as she throws out an attack he blocks it and then throws on an attack of his own which she then blocks in return.

And this they repeat, slowly building up the speed as they progress.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

James is sitting up at the table with Alex.

ALEX

The girl has left me more than impressed, you could learn from her.

JAMES

How about if I learnt from you?

Alex shakes his head.

ALEX

No, never again. You're beyond teaching, too foolish.

JAMES

Uncle doesn't think so.

Alex points at him, annoyed.

ALEX

You're not to speak of such things with him. You're there to help out with chores not to worry him.

JAMES

He can fight.

ALEX

Not anymore he can't.

JAMES

You're wrong, he's still got it in him. He doesn't want my help like you think and I'm not going to give it him. I'm his student now, not his carer.

Alex is angry.

ALEX

Enough, I don't want to hear of this. I asked you home to drive the girl back to her mother and see her safe, so do it.

INT. JAMES'S CAR - DAY

James is driving with Katie on the front passenger seat next to him.

KATIE

Why don't you train with your dad anymore?

James smile.

JAMES

He doesn't let me. Looks like you've taken my place?

KATIE

I'm sorry, I never meant for that to happen.

JAMES

Then what is it that you want?

She doesn't understand.

KATIE

What?

He repeats.

JAMES

What is it that you want, why are you here. Why are you training?

KATIE

To know how to fight, why does anyone?

JAMES

But you could do that in lot's of places, why did you choose my dad's place to learn?

KATIE

My mom picked it for me.

James laughs.

JAMES

Stop avoiding the question because I'm just going to keep asking. Why did your Mom pick it?

KATIE

Because your father is meant to be the best there is.

James nods.

JAMES  
So everyone tells me.

KATIE  
Then what is it that you want?

JAMES  
I don't know.

She tries again.

KATIE  
So what did you want when you were younger?

JAMES  
To be martial arts master I guess?

KATIE  
And do you want your dad to teach you?

He shrugs.

JAMES  
I used to.

KATIE  
And now?

JAMES  
Now I just want him to leave me alone.

KATIE  
And is he?

James smiles.

JAMES  
Yes, finally. Now he's found his new star pupil.

She laughs at him.

KATIE  
Who, me?

He nods.

JAMES  
So you best not let him down.

She laughs again, a little louder.



KATIE  
Don't be jealous.

JAMES  
I'm not, I'm relieved.

They both laugh.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Charles and James are on the grass, Charles standing behind him and grabbing a hold of both of James's wrists.

He throwing out his arms, showing him how to punch in his drunken boxing style.

Charles then let's go and pulls around James's legs showing him how to stand.

Back to the arms and again making him punch in his new stance, showing him how he's now able to deliver out more power.

James isn't convinced, doesn't like being pushed and pulled around like this.

JAMES  
Hey, is this how you were taught?

CHARLES  
Concentrate!

Charles continues, grabbing and shoving him around into new stances.

Then slapping at his hands and kicking out at his feet until he's satisfied that James is holding and positioned in the right way.

Then Charles moves him around some more. Into yet another position and showing him another way to attack an opponent with his hands and feet.

Charles then grabs a tight hold of James's shoulders and rocks him back and forth. Showing him the right way to move when in a fight.

James's is getting more and more agitated.

JAMES

You can just tell me.

CHARLES

You don't listen, this way is better.

Charles then freezes him in place and kicks at his feet and slaps at James's hands until their in the place he wants them to be.

James is now pushed too far, he reacts, violently shaking his shoulders forcing Charles to let go off him.

Charles can feel the tension so doesn't grab on again.

He moves out in front of James and takes a couple of steps back.

He's now going through the different stances and attacks of drunken boxing the more traditional way.

Charles demonstrating each one very slowly.

James's still angry but copies him all the same.

Charles then demonstrates a few different kick attacks and again James copies.

INT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

James is at the sink washing up the dishes as Charles sits at the table watching him and drinking his vodka.

INT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Charles is sitting in the middle of his sofa, still drinking and watching James as he clears away the old newspapers, magazines and all other kinds of trash that litter the floor into a large black plastic bag.

INT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Charles takes a break from the drinking but still watching as James is now at the front rooms window, covered in dirt he's scrubbing it clean with an old rag in hand.

He glances over to Charles and frowns.

JAMES

Are you sure this is even training?

CHARLES

Of course.

JAMES

It just feeling a lot like housework to me?

CHARLES

To the untrained eye perhaps.

JAMES

And you did said you'd teach me you're style, so I can't help but think about when that's actually going to start?

CHARLES

It's starting now, but I need to build you up first.

JAMES

How it this building me up?

CHARLES

Cleaning is good for the soul.

JAMES

Then why don't you do it?

Charles smiles.

CHARLES

My soul is already as good as it  
can be.

JAMES

And mines not?

CHARLES

The sooner you finish the sooner  
the hard stuff can begin.

JAMES

This is bullshit. I'm no fool.

CHARLES

What's wrong?

JAMES

I quit!

James then throws down the rag to the floor and storms off.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A empty street.

James marches down it, angry.

He's frustrated and tired.

INT. ABANDONED WEARHOUSE - DAY

An abandoned wearhouse.

James breaks in through a rusty old door and sits down on the  
floor.

He's exhausted, just needs to rest.

EXT. ABANDONED WEARHOUSE - DAY

Robert, with his arms held behind his back walks slowly towards the opening on the outside of the wearhouse where James broke in.

He's amused by it, studying just where and how the door was opened.

INT. ABANDONED WEARHOUSE - DAY

James is still down on the floor, resting.

Robert enters, stops close to him, still with his arms held behind his back.

He smiles then calls out to him.

ROBERT  
Who said you were allowed to enter  
this property?

James is startled, spins around to face him, but still sitting.

JAMES  
What?

ROBERT  
You heard me.

James shrugs.

JAMES  
Then what's it to you?

ROBERT  
I own this building?

James smiles at him, unimpressed.

JAMES  
OK, congratulations.

Robert's own smile disappears, repeats.

ROBERT  
And who said you could come in  
here?

JAMES  
I'm avoiding someone, what's the  
big deal?

ROBERT  
Listen boy, you better just leave  
before I make you.

JAMES  
Make me?

ROBERT  
That's your first and only warning.

James jumps up onto his feet, gets into his fathers taught  
karate stance.

JAMES  
You don't know me so I'll forgive  
such a stupid comment but you're  
not going to make me do anything.

ROBERT  
And it appears you don't know me  
either?

JAMES  
Can't say that I do.

A beat.

ROBERT  
Hit me then if you think you can?

James smiles.

JAMES  
I don't want to hurt you. I just  
want to be left alone whilst I  
clear my head, alright?

Robert shakes his head.

ROBERT  
No, you better try to hurt me.

James doesn't understand.

JAMES  
What?

ROBERT  
Because I'm definitely going to  
hurt you.

James has had enough.

He attacks throwing out a solid right fist but Robert just slides back avoiding it.

James throws out a few more, still keeping to his fathers style.

But it's the same result for all of them, all misses as Robert just continues and very calmly dodge and skip around them, his arms still yet to come out from behind his back.

James is embarrassed, he yells out as he puts in every ounce of effort as he continues punching and kicking.

Now Robert has to play, brining his arms around he blocks and hits back catching James in the stomach and face.

James spins around and falls down hard to the floor.

It's a real fight now.

Robert keeps up his attacks, James manages to block a couple of shots but Robert's too quick and furious as he catches James again across the face.



Blood now coming out from his nose.

James's is hurting, angry.

He tries to attack back, both measuring each other up and each blocking what the other one throws out.

For a brief moment they're equally matched but now with a sweeping leg attack Robert catches James and trips him up.

As James comes crashing down to the floor Robert is able to follow it up with a couple more punches to James's face.

His lips now split.

James rolls away and staggers back up to his feet, moving backwards and trying to keep a distance between them.

Robert moves slowly forwards after him, isn't going to let him get away.

James knows he's out matched, scared.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Who taught you those moves?

JAMES  
My father did.

ROBERT  
They're shit.

James is defiant, and now changes into the drunken boxing stance.

Robert laughs, but unsure of what it is.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
What's this?

JAMES  
Come and find out.

Robert comes over to him and throws out a left hook but this time he's the one to miss.

James drops down to his knees 'drunk' and delivers several lightening fast punches to Roberts stomach before he leaps back up to his feet and smashes an upper cut to Roberts chin.

Robert is sent crashing down to the floor.

But James is hurting and can't capitalise, can only stagger backwards and hope to continue defending.

Robert gets back to his feet, snarls as he sprints over towards him, this time launching all his efforts into the fight.

He throws more punches and kicks, James still in drunken boxing stance is able to block most but a few still get through.

He's taking a beating but still managing to fight back.

Robert speeds up, lands a few more punches to James's face and neck before he catches James in the back of the head and that sends him once again crashing down to the floor.

James now lying down on his back then gets caught in the stomach with a heavy stamp to his chest, it's finishes the fight.

It's over.

Robert laughs at him.

ROBERT  
I would kill you here and now, but  
it would own damage my reputation.  
Now get on your hands and knees.

A beat.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Do it!

James does as he's told, rolling over onto his front he's  
hurting all over.

He then pushes himself up, on all fours.

Roberts laughs even louder.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
That's it.

He parts his legs wide.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Crawl between my legs and I'll let  
you live.

James drops his head down, ashamed.

He crawls, passing through Robert's legs. Robert's smiling,  
enjoying every second of it.

EXT. ABANDONED WEARHOUSE - DAY

James bursts back out through the broken door and flees.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

James's sprinting, out of breath but just needs to get back  
home.

INT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

James enters back into the front room.

Charles's still on the sofa, a fresh bottle of vodka in his  
hand and drinking.

James sees him but then drops his head down, staring at the  
floor, embarrassed.

CHARLES  
You left without saying goodbye?

James lifts his head back up, wants to say something but can't.

Charles sees the marks all over his face, points at him, worried.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
What happened, did you get into another fight?

James ignores him, picks the rag back up from the floor and moves over to the window, carrying on from where he left off.

He'll finish cleaning it.

Charles drops his finger back down, smiles.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
I'm glad you've come back.

James nods.

JAMES  
I said I came here to help you so that's what I'm going to do. It's what I should have been doing from the start.

Charles nods, happy to hear it.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Alex sits up at the table with James each with a steaming bowl of noodles each, eating.

Alex then takes a break.

He looks across at him, checks.

ALEX  
How are things going with Charles?

James quickly chews down a mouthful.

JAMES  
His house is a mess, so I'm guessing it'll take a few more days to get every room cleaned out.

Alex shakes his head, that's not what he meant.

ALEX

Is he still training you, the marks on your face, he hasn't hit you has he?

JAMES

No.

ALEX

I told you it's not in him anymore.

James nods.

JAMES

And I think you were right about me too.

ALEX

How so?

JAMES

I don't think this life is for me. You might be my father but I don't think fighting is for me. I've tried to learn and I've tried to study it but it's not working.

ALEX

It's not for everyone.

JAMES

I'm sorry I let you down father, I never wanted to.

Alex nods, proud to hear him say it.

ALEX

I know you didn't, it's OK. But look after your uncle for me.

JAMES

I will.

ALEX

Do whatever he asks, provide him with whatever he needs.

JAMES

I promise.

INT. JAMES'S CAR - DAY

James drives, Katie's next to him on the front passenger seat.

JAMES  
I don't know how I became you're  
personal driver?

KATIE  
Do you mind?

He smiles.

JAMES  
Not really, I like you. And I like  
being with you.

She laughs.

KATIE  
You don't know me.

JAMES  
So you're saying that I shouldn't?

Shakes her head.

KATIE  
Not before you know me.

JAMES  
Then let me, go out with me?

She laughs, nervous.

KATIE  
What?

JAMES  
A date, just one?

She thinks about it.

KATIE  
Sure, why not.

He laughs, excited.

INT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

James is moving around the bedroom collecting up the trash and litter through out and dropping it all down into a bin bag.

Charles follows on behind him, sticking close.

And then bending over Charles suddenly grabs a hold of James's legs, controlling where he goes, how he moves and the stance of his legs.

JAMES

What are you doing?

CHARLES

Just keep working.

Charles keeps it up.

JAMES

There's no point in trying to teach me, I can't learn it.

CHARLES

But I've already decided and you're the one who asked me, don't forget about that.

JAMES

But I've given up on the idea of ever wanting a teacher again.

CHARLES

I'm not your teacher then.

JAMES

So who are you?

CHARLES

A friend helping another friend.

JAMES

To learn drunken boxing?

CHARLES

If you learn it great, if not it'll still keep me amused.

JAMES

Well I did promise my father to help you out with whatever you asked for?



Charles smiles.

CHARLES  
Then this is what I'm asking for.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Charles and James are on the grass together, with Charles standing behind him and moving him around, shaping his body into all of the different correct stances.

Charles is much gentler with him this time, taking it easy as he teaches.

James is enjoying it.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Charles and James are now sparring against each other, drunken boxing style.

Taking it each in turn, one to attack and one to defend.

James is getting better but still no match for Charles.

Charles speeds up, James is able to block his first two attacks but leaves his face open, Charles then delivers a slap across it, not too hard.

James is able to see the funny side of it, getting back into his stance he continues matching Charles's speed and intensity.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Charles is now sitting crossed legged on the grass drinking some more of his vodka.

James's left on his own as he goes through the different fighting styles and attacks of drunken boxing.

All that Charles has taught him.

James is really into it and trying his hardest as Charles just continues to watch from the side but growing more and more impressed with what he's seeing.

James stumbles down to the floor as though 'drunk' but then starts to use his legs, attacking and sweeping.

He then rolls forwards and pops back up onto his feet and continues with his forward punches, twisting his body around and around as he's imagining an invisible target in front of him and now attacking their waistline.

INT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Charles is at the table waiting.

CHARLES

Are you sure you don't want me to help?

James up at the counter is putting the finishing touches to two plates of delicious looking food.

JAMES

I said no, but I'm done with it all now anyway.

James dumps the plates down onto the table.

CHARLES

And something to drink?

James smiles at him.

JAMES

How could I forget?

He moves over to the fridge and pulls out a bottle of wine. Pours them out a large glass of it each.

Charles grabs his wine first, drinks the whole glass down before filling it straight back up to the very top.

James is a little worried.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Shouldn't you go easy on that?

Charles ignores him

CHARLES

The food looks great.

He digs in, hungrily chewing it up and swallowing it down.

James smiles, happy to hear it.

JAMES

Thanks uncle.

He now joins in, eating his own food and drinking his own glass of wine.

EXT. CITY PARK - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

James is on the court with Katie bouncing a basketball down in front of him.

JAMES  
You want a game?

She smiles.

KATIE  
This is your idea of a date?

He laughs.

JAMES  
Yeah, but then again I haven't been on one in a while.

She doesn't believe him, laughs.

KATIE  
Really?

JAMES  
Why would I lie about something like that?

She shrugs.

KATIE  
To try and look cute?

He then tries to pull a cute face.

JAMES  
Nope.

She smiles.

KATIE  
Lets play then.

He laughs.

JAMES  
You know how?

Her eyes grow wide.

KATIE  
Do I know how to throw a ball through a hoop, yes, it's not hard.

She then slaps the ball out of his hand picks it up from the floor and shoots, gets it in first time.

EXT. CITY PARK - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

James and Katie are now in the middle of an intense game, both working hard, out of breath, sweating but smiling as they're loving it.

James shoots, misses.

Katie picks it up, shoots for three points and nothing but net.

He laughs at her.

JAMES

No fair.

KATIE

No fair what?

JAMES

You didn't say you were this good.

She passes him the ball.

KATIE

Let's keep going. First one to score forty.

He smiles.

JAMES

You're killing me.

She nods.

KATIE

Sure, it's what I'm best at.

James takes a shot, misses.

Katie hurries after the ball, but so does James, a race.

She gets to it first, so James grabs a hold of her in a bear hug wrapping his arms around her, both laughing.

She still tries to shoot it at the hoop but hopelessly misses.

He lifts her up then drops her to the floor, but reaching out her foot she then trips him over.

As the ball is rolling away from them Katie try to go out after it, passing James he reaches out and grabs a hold of her ankles and back to the floor she crashes.

Both still laughing.

James keeps a hold of her and tries to make his next move to the ball but again Katie reaches out for him, grabbing a hold of his wrist she pulls his arm across his chest and tugs him down.

He loses his balance and collapses down on top of her.

Both still laughing and having a great time.

She then tries to wriggle out from underneath him but James grabs a hold of both of her wrists and keeps her under him.

There's then a moment between them, looking down into each other eyes, their fingers then interlocking.

He leans forwards and kisses her gently on the lips.

She doesn't resist, let's him.

He moves to her neck and then back up to her lips and she now kisses him back.

INT. JAMES'S CAR - DAY

James is driving with Katie sitting next to him, both tired after a long day of playing.

He glances across to her, smiles.

JAMES

My father was always too strict for me and no matter what I did it was never good enough for him.

She shakes her head, can't agree.

KATIE

He's what I need. Other teachers won't push girls the way he does. He's not scared to train me like he would any man.

JAMES

Oh really?

She nods.

KATIE

Every other teacher would just train me in the basics and then give up, believing that as a girl I couldn't handle it but your father treats me like an equal. And I'm going to win because of it.

JAMES

Win what?

KATIE

The national championship. To find the best female fighter in the country. It's still a long way off but so is my ability. But with your father I'm getting better day by day.

He smiles.

JAMES

And you're going to be the national champion one day?

KATIE

Yes.

JAMES

And that's why you want to know how  
to fight, to be the best?

KATIE

Why do you want to know how to  
fight?

JAMES

Because it's what my father wants.

INT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Charles is in the middle of the sofa watching as James quickly goes through several different drunken boxing stances.

He's concentrating hard and giving each one his absolute all.

Charles, with his hands now shaking finishes off his vodka, only a little bit left.

He looks down at the floor, a couple more bottles but they're all empty.

He then comes back to James, panics.

CHARLES

Enough. Stop.

James stops.

JAMES

What's wrong?

CHARLES

Go into the kitchen, get me something else to drink.

JAMES

But don't you think you've already had enough?

Charles hands are shaking even more, screams at him.

CHARLES

Just go!

INT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

James opens up the fridge, empty.



He moves to the cupboards but no cans or bottles of anything. No alcohol at all.

INT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Charles's is now lying out across the sofa, feeling ill and tired, his hands still shaking.

James comes back in, a quick shake of the head let's Charles know.

CHARLES

Did you look!

JAMES

Yes, there's no there. When was the last time you went shopping?

Charles closes his eyes.

CHARLES

Go get me some more then. I'll pay you back when you return.

JAMES

But maybe this will be good for you?

Charles eyes snap back open, angry.

CHARLES

James just do as I say!

JAMES

You drink too much as it is, maybe it's smart to go on a bit of a break?

Charles loses all patience, screams at him.

CHARLES

Just go get me something to drink god damn it. You're father sent you here to help me so help me. You're the reason I've run out anyway. If I hadn't spent so much time wasted on you I could be drinking right now. So go!!!

EXT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - DAY

James comes out through the front door, slamming it shut behind him, disgusted.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Alex sits on the sofa with James, both looking equally concerned at the other.

JAMES

He already drinks far too much,  
he's totally dependant on it.

ALEX

This is why I warned you. Warned  
you about getting him to try and  
teach you, he will only let you  
down.

JAMES

He wanted to teach me.

ALEX

Maybe, but he's an alcoholic and  
unapologetic about it also.

JAMES

Can't you talk to him?

Alex shakes his head.

ALEX

No, any words I spoke would only be  
wasted.

JAMES

He needs help.

Alex nods.

ALEX

I agree.

JAMES

Get him to quit?

ALEX

No.

JAMES

We can try?

ALEX

I already have and so have many others. He once owned his own school, teaching drunken boxing style to hundreds of students but he became addicted to getting better and better. To find the right mind set in which to perform the fighting style he had to drink. So he drank more and more and got better and better and before he knew it the drink was just as important as anything else. Asking him to quit the booze and you'll be asking him to quit his martial arts. And as a master of the style he would rather die than let such shame fall upon him.

JAMES

Then what is left for him?

ALEX

To be helped by his family, that is why you were sent there and that is why you must remain. Help him all you can.

INT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Charles is still lying out across the sofa, hands still shaking and stomach pains crippling and causing him agony.

He struggles to turn his head to look out towards the open door to the room, he groans.

CHARLES

Where is that stupid boy?

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A empty street.

James moves along alone, a shopping bag filled up with several different bottles of alcohol.

INT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

James finally enters.

Charles snarls at him.

CHARLES  
Where the hell have you been?

James places the bag at the side of the sofa.

JAMES  
Out getting you all these.

CHARLES  
What took you so long?

JAMES  
I'm here aren't I?

CHARLES  
You don't understand, I told you to  
get me this ages ago, it's not good  
enough to make me wait like you  
did. It wasn't fair of you.

JAMES  
Just drink it then.

Charles opens up the vodka first, drinks it down with big  
gulping mouthfuls.

He drinks about a quarter of it in one go.

He pulls it away from his lips, out of breath but already  
feeling much better.

INT. KARATE SCHOOL - DAY

Alex is back with his one on one lesson's with Katie.

They're sparring against each other, slow and friendly, but  
she's getting better.

She's stronger and faster, learning all the time.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

James and Charles are walking along together, Charles with an extra large bottle of vodka in his hands.

CHARLES  
Do you still want to learn the  
drunken boxing style?

James smiles.

JAMES  
I already know it, you've taught me  
all I need.

Charles laughs at him.

CHARLES  
No, you don't know it all yet.  
There's still one more step that  
you'll have to take.

JAMES  
One more?

Charles nods.

CHARLES  
One more step.

JAMES  
What is it?

CHARLES  
The fact that you're pretending to  
lose lets you win.

James smiles.

JAMES  
I don't understand?

CHARLES  
You will.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

James and Charles are standing together swapping the vodka back and forth between each other.

Charles is enjoying it a lot more than James is.

Charles is forcing him to drink much more than James wants to.

James starts coughing, spits down at the grass by his feet.

JAMES

I can't.

CHARLES

But you must.

Charles again forces him to drink even more.

James gives up, takes down a few large gulping mouthfuls before pushing Charles off of him.

He's drunk.

JAMES

OK.

Charles laughs, he can see it.

CHARLES

You're feeling it?

James nods.

JAMES

Sure am.

Charles sits down.

He gestures to James.

CHARLES

Now you've taken the step.

JAMES

What?

CHARLES

Show me.

James laughs at him.

JAMES

Show you want?

CHARLES

Drunken boxing, begin.

James takes a moment, thinking it over.

He then enters into the different stances and practices the different attacks.

Something is different about him now he's drunk, he's better.

The attacks seem more fluid and stronger.

He falls down to the floor and performs the legs attacks, each one perfect.

Charles applauds him.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
Perfect, you've got it.

James leaps back up to his feet and continues, swaying his body around and throwing out the punch attacks.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
I told you.

James now enters into blocking, imagining if there really was an attacker in front of him trying to hurt him.

He's looking deadly, he's got it. This is as good as it gets.

James is now looking like a real drunken boxing master.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - JAMES'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

James comes in, exhausted and drunk.

He falls down on top of his bed and passes out.



EXT. CITY PARK - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

James and Katie are back on the basketball court dribbling and passing the ball back and forth between each other.

Each trying out a few different tricks with the ball to show off in front of the other.

James then takes control of the ball and shoots from way out but gets it.

He can't believe it.

Katie cheers loudly then laughs at him.

They come together continuing the celebrations and kiss, wrapping their arms around each other.

INT. KARATE SCHOOL - DAY

Alex stands at the front of room, in his karate robes and hands held behind his back.

Graham stands in front of him, dressed smartly in a suit.

ALEX

My class in about to begin, you must make this quick before I ask you to leave.

GRAHAM

I need to know if you've given any more thought to my offer?

Alex rolls his eyes, annoyed.

ALEX

I thought I made myself clear?

GRAHAM

But my offer is twice what this place is worth?

ALEX

It doesn't matter.

Graham loses his cool, barking out at him enraged.

GRAHAM

How does that not matter?

ALEX  
I'm not selling. You're money  
doesn't mean anything to me.

GRAHAM  
You're being a fool.

ALEX  
And you're wasting your time.

GRAHAM  
I never fail in business Alex.  
Sell.

ALEX  
It's time for you to go, my  
students will be arriving soon.

GRAHAM  
Don't do this, don't me silly.

Alex gestures to the door on the other end of the room.

ALEX  
Please.

GRAHAM  
Don't force my hand, I always get  
what I want.

ALEX  
Enough, you're embarrassing  
yourself.

Graham want's to say more but bites his tongue.

He spins around and marches towards the exit, muttering  
angrily to himself.

INT. ABANDONED WEARHOUSE - DAY

Graham stands with Robert, staring into his eyes, nervous.

ROBERT  
What do you need?

Graham's hands are shaking, scared.

GRAHAM  
You'll do it?

Robert nods.

ROBERT  
I already have your money.

GRAHAM  
He's a grandmaster. Has his own  
karate school.

Robert smiles.

ROBERT  
Then I'll enjoy the fight even  
more.

GRAHAM  
He wont sell it.

ROBERT  
Sell what?

GRAHAM  
His school.

ROBERT  
Are you a grandmaster too?

Graham's voice shakes.

GRAHAM  
No.

ROBERT  
Then why do you want it?

GRAHAM  
The land it's built on, that's what  
I want, I need you to make him sell  
it to me.

ROBERT  
I'll kill him then you can just  
take it for yourself.

Graham's eyes grow wide with horror.

GRAHAM  
No, not kill. Just make him sell.

Robert swiftly reaches out and grabs a hold of Graham's neck.  
He could easily break it if he wanted to.

ROBERT  
Listen to me, you've already paid.  
Now this man must die.

Graham closes his eyes shut, terrified.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

James moves along with purpose, a small bottle of vodka in  
his hand and drinking from it.

INT. ABANDONED WEARHOUSE - DAY

James enters, still drinking.

He stops in the center of the warehouse, searches for Robert,  
he's not here.

But over in the far corner are two TEENAGE THUG, sitting and  
smoking.

They now see him, stand up and walk over towards him.

THUG ONE  
Who the hell are you?

James yells back to them.

JAMES  
Where's the guy who owns this  
place?

THUG ONE  
Why, who's asking?

JAMES  
I am, and I'm here to smash his  
face in.

THUG ONE

Well he hires us to keep watch and to keep anyone who doesn't belong here out whilst he's away on business, so you better just leave before we make you.

James smiles.

He now drinks down the rest of the vodka and drops the bottle to the floor.

Drunk, he instantly starts to stagger around with both arms held out in front of him.

The second thug points at him, excited.

THUG TWO

He's pissed.

THUG ONE

Let's get him.

They sprint over to him and attack.

But James is in full drunken boxing mode, they can't lay a single attack on him.

Throwing out punch after punch James sways from left to right.

He pushes the first thug away before then dropping down to his knees in front of the second and delivering several furious punches to his gut.

As he then collapses to the floor in pain the first thug tries again.

James rolls away as the thug tries to stamp down on him but misses every single time.

James then jumps back up onto his feet and still swaying launches into an attack of his own.

Punching the first thug about the face before finishing him off with a solid kick to the chest.

He hits the floor hard, the wind knocked out of him.

The second thug now manages to get gingerly back up to his feet and tries again.

Trying to land a punch James simply blocks him and then throwing out a hard chop to his throat.

Game over for the second thug as he collapses down in a heavy heap knocked out cold.

The first thug staggers back to his feet, trying to catch his breath back.

A stand off.

James swaying, waiting.

The first thug charges only to be met with a hard leg sweep from James, knocking him straight back down to the floor.

James then finishes him off with a elbow drop to the side of his head.

The first thug too it now out cold.

James gets back up and check on them both.

It's over.

James smiles then heads for the exit, but genuinely drunk it's hard to keep walking in the straight line that he wants to.

INT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Charles with a coat on and carrying a large backpack is at the table, waiting.

James enters, still a little drunk.

Charles stands up.

James sees the backpack, doesn't understand, points at it.

JAMES  
What's going on?

Charles is just as surprised to see James as he is.

CHARLES  
You're drunk?

JAMES  
Never mind that, where are you going?

CHARLES  
I'm leaving.

James is shocked.

JAMES  
What?

Charles smiles.

CHARLES  
We're done and now we must go our sperate ways.

JAMES  
What?

CHARLES  
You've being drinking, why?

James breaks into a smile.

JAMES  
I got into a fight, but I won. You should have seen me. I drank like you said, took the extra step and they couldn't get near me.

Chalres shakes his head.



CHARLES

You shouldn't do it again.

JAMES

What are you talking about, I won.

CHARLES

But look at me. I won many fights in my life but look at where it's got me.

James nods.

JAMES

Yes, and you're a great fighter.

CHARLES

No James, I'm a drunk. And I don't want you to become one as well. You promise me only to use the style I showed you when you have to. But only when you really have to. Use it too much and it'll destroy you like it's destroyed me.

JAMES

Uncle?

Charles steps towards James and hugs him lovingly.

CHARLES

I must go now.

JAMES

But what about your house?

He laughs.

CHARLES

This isn't mine. Alex owns it. He let me live here for free so that I wouldn't be homeless. Your father is a good man, and now it is time that you returned to him.

JAMES

You should stay.

CHARLES

I cant. I'm happy to have gotten to know you, I respect you, so please don't try and stop me as it's not what I want.

(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Now it is time for me to leave. Our journey is complete and now you must start your own.

Charles moves towards the exit.

James reaches out a hand to stop him.

JAMES

Uncle!

CHARLES

It's alright, I'll be fine. Now go, return home to your father.

Charles pushes past him and exits.

James watches him leave. Totally shocked as he stumbles over to the table and collapses down onto a chair.

INT. KARATE SCHOOL - DAY

Alex is leading another one on one lesson with Katie, showing her attacks for her to then copy.

Both are really into the training session and working hard.

Robert then suddenly bursts in through the doors bringing their practice to an unexpected and sudden stop.

He hurries over towards them.

Alex points at him, outraged.

ALEX

You the hell are you, how dare you burst unannounced into my school like this!

Robert stops in front of him and laughs it off.

ROBERT

Are you ready to fight?

ALEX

What?

ROBERT

I have my money and you have yourself an enemy.

ALEX

What are you talking about?

ROBERT

My job is to get rid of people like you, prepare yourself to fight and prepare yourself to die.

Katie gasps in horror.

ALEX

Why do you want to kill me?

ROBERT

People know me as thunder fist, the money has already been paid and now I must end your life.

Robert then attacks and gives a lightning quick chop across Alex's chest, catching him off guard.

Alex stumbles backwards but Robert keeps coming throwing out a few more punches and chops.

Alex blocks them but is still moving backwards off balance.

Robert keeps coming lands a few more blows.

Katie watches on feeling helpless.

Robert knocks Alex to the floor, but a careful placed kick from Alex onto Robert knee knocks him down too.

Both men then perform a flip and get back to their feet.

Evenly matched, punching, kicking and blocking.

They're sizing each other up.

Robert is stronger though and is breaking through Alex's defence.

He slaps Alex's blocking arm down and delivers a hard head butt to the bridge of his nose breaking it.

Alex collapses down to the floor and Robert kicks him hard in his ribs.

Alex rolls away and gets back up to his feet.

Bringing out all his strength he charges forwards and fights back catching Robert a couple of times across the head.

Robert smiles back at him, enjoying it.

A few more blocks and twists and turns.

Robert using his lightning fast hands, a four move combo, Alex is able to block the first three but the last gets through and connects across his jaw.

Again Alex collapses down to the floor.

The fight is almost over.

Robert moves across to him victories.

He kicks out at Alex's throat, BANG.

Alex wriggles around in pain, coughs out a mouthful of blood, short of breath.

Robert's about to finish him off with one last stamp to destroy his windpipe but Katie throws herself at him, blocking his foot and kicking Robert in the stomach sending him backwards.

Robert turns to her now, blocks her attacks and with one hand grabs at the back of her hair whilst getting ready to chop her neck with the other.

But almost out of thin air James suddenly appears and blocks the attack, free's Katie from him and kicks Robert backwards.

Alex sees him, but can only stay down on the floor, no strength left to get him back up to his feet.

ALEX  
James, get out of here.

James calls back.

JAMES  
I won't let him hurt you.

Robert wipes himself down so he can study his new opponent.  
He points at James.

ROBERT  
I remember you.

JAMES  
As well you should.

ROBERT  
And he is your father?

James nods.

Robert lets out a deep belly laugh.

James turns to Katie.

JAMES  
Katie, go into the house and get me  
whatever alcohol you can find  
there.

She stares at him, confused.

KATIE  
But why?

James screams at her, it's urgent.

JAMES  
Just do it!!!

She nods, then running out through the back door as fast as she can.

ROBERT  
A drink?

James needs to stall for as long as he can.

JAMES

Sure, you don't mind do you?

Robert shrugs.

ROBERT

A drink to mark your fathers  
passing, sure, why not.

JAMES

But first you fight me!

Robert laughs again.

Alex is terrified.

ALEX

James no, get out of here.

ROBERT

Sure, like father like son I'll  
destroy you both.

Robert attacks, going right for James's throat.

James drops into the drunken boxing stance, but he's suddenly  
not as good at it.

But he's still successfully blocking all of Robert's attacks  
although something is just not right.

Robert switches to leg attacks, but swaying, turning and  
bending James is able to keep him at bay.

Robert smiles.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

You've tried this style on me  
before don't forget.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Katie bursts into the kitchen in a frantic hurry.

She searches through the cupboards and finds an old bottle of cheap but strong wine.

She grabs it and quickly exits.

INT. KARATE SCHOOL - DAY

Still Robert's trying to land an attack but James is still keeping up great blocks.

But as James then tries to connect with a punch of his own Robert lands a chop on his neck and then a kick into his ribs.

James falls down to the floor, but keeping with his drunken boxing is able to roll away and avoid all of Robert's follow ups.

Katie appears back in the doorway.

She throws the bottle up into the air.

KATIE

James, catch!

James has to turn his back on Robert but catches the bottle.

Robert then lands a couple hard punches into James's back, painful.

But James spins around on the spot and cracks the top of the bottle open across Robert head forcing him backwards.

Smashed, James now just has to throw all the wine down his throat.

Drinking as much as he can he's almost instantly drunk. Red in the face he turns to Katie.

JAMES

What is this stuff?

She shrugs.

KATIE

First thing I found.



He checks the label.

JAMES

Seventy percent, wow that's great.

He drops the bottle down to the floor and falls back into his drunken boxing stance, now swaying and staggering about.

Robert laughs at him.

ROBERT

Drinking to give you courage, do  
you think it'll help you to face  
your death better?

He runs back into attack but James is quicker and better now.

He quickly moves through all the different drunken boxing styles, blocking and landing his attacks perfectly.

Robert is now the one who's hurting.

Robert continue to fight back, but dropping down and dodging more punches James attacks successfully with his legs catching Robert before James then leaps back up to his feet to deliver a powerful uppercut sending Robert to the floor.

James's still staggering and swaying as he waits for Robert to get back up to his feet but as Robert moves towards him to fight on James spins and jumps up in the air attacking with terrifying speed and power.

James catches Robert all over, the face, chest, stomach and inner thighs with powerful punches, chops and kicks.

Robert's defence is down.

James now reaches in and grabs a hold of Robert throat with his thumb and fore finger, he breaks and crushes it before delivering a few final punches to Robert's chest, killing him.

AS James stumbles away from him he watches on.

Robert now stands there perfectly still for a moment before he then drops lifelessly to his knees and then falling forwards and landing flat on his face.

It's over.

James has defeated him.

He moves over to Alex and they're both joined by Katie.

James moves both arms under his dad and helps him to sit up.

JAMES

Father are you OK?

Alex nods but is still hurting.

ALEX

I'm fine, I'm just glad you came back.

KATIE

You did great.

James smiles.

A beat.

JAMES

Father, I would like very much to come back to your school.

ALEX

But why?

JAMES

To learn your technique, to no longer mess around and to really study it this time.

Alex shakes his head.

ALEX

I don't want you to.

JAMES

But why?

ALEX

I need you to teach me your drunken boxing technique instead.

James laughs.

JAMES

Are you sure?

Alex nods.

ALEX

I'm sorry for ever doubting you.

James looks across to Katie.

JAMES

Help me to get him up.

James and Katie then take an arm each, lifting Alex up from the floor they help move him towards the back door and out.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END.