

POWER STRUGGLE!

written by

Hank Biro

London, Ontario, Canada
519-859-3339
henb240@gmail.com

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FADE IN:

INT. PARSEP'S CAR - DAY

A tall and rugged young man, PARSEP, parks his vehicle across the street from a dingy, run-down building. He wears his police uniform.

Beside him sits his partner in law-enforcement, JAMISUN.

Parsep picks up his walkie-talkie, presses the on button and speaks into it.

PARSEP

This is Parsep. Send us the profiles. Quickly this time.

A small monitor turns on between the officers on the dashboard. The screen shows overlapping photos of offenders.

The first of the four photos fills the screen and another officer speaks through POLICE RADIO built-in to the vehicle.

POLICE RADIO

Feeo Blam. Threat level is four.

The photo of Feeo slides off-screen, then the next photo fills the monitor.

POLICE RADIO

Rubik Tafi. Threat level is three.

Rubik's photo exits the frame, then the third perp's photo enlarges to fill the screen.

POLICE RADIO

Fyshur Plink. Threat level is nine.

Fyshur's photo slides away, while Parsep fumbles with his walkie before he turns it back on and talks through it.

PARSEP

Wait. What did you just say?

POLICE RADIO

Threat level is nine.

PARSEP

A level niner. That's all the info I need.

The monitor shuts off and Parsep lets go of the button on his walkie-talkie and turns to Jamisun excitedly.

PARSEP

Do you know what that means?!

JAMISUN

I can read you like a book, partner,
and it scares me.

PARSEP

Full force is required.

JAMISUN

The rulebook states only if
necessary.

Parsep has tunnel-vision and barely heard his partner.

PARSEP

A challenge for once.

Parsep opens the car-door and is about to exit. He turns back
to his partner.

PARSEP

Will you be joining me, Jamisun? Or
will you be turning tail?

JAMISUN

You going to ask me that before
every raid?

PARSEP

(laughs)
Good answer.

Parsep and his partner exit the vehicle.

INT. DRUG DEN - DAY

The windows and the front and back doors have been messily
duct-taped shut.

The drug dealers sit inside an empty house, except for the
single cushioned chair and couch that the crooks sit in and a
table in front of them.

A large knife rests on the table.

The perp named FEEO sits in the chair.

In the middle of the couch sits FYSHUR, with RUBIK and MARKIS
on either side of him.

They sit comfortably in complete silence for some time.

Fyshur turns his head slowly and glares at Markis. He smacks Markis hard in the back of his head.

MARKIS

Ow! What the-- Fyshur!? What the heck, man?!

FYSHUR

I heard that.

MARKIS

Heard what?! I didn't say anything!

FYSHUR

Not with your mouth you didn't. I read your thoughts, brother.

MARKIS

(beat)

Maybe we should open a window? Get some air in here?

FYSHUR

You move, you're dead.

Markis tries his hardest not to move.

FEEO

I'm with Fyshur. What's the matter, Markis? Fume-box too much for you.

RUBIK

Paying for drugs is for suckers!

FEEO

Free highs are the best highs.

Parsep busts the front door down and he and Jamisun enter with their pistols drawn.

JAMISUN

Freeze!

The criminals do not seem to notice the new arrivals.

FYSHUR

That's funny.

Fyshur looks away from Markis finally and towards the cops.

FYSHUR

We were just finished discussing how beneficial it would be for us to go to prison.

FYSHUR

You know how it is in there. More a school teaching how to become most dangerous, than it is a rehab centre. Besides, it's about time we taught our unique skill sets to others.

PARSEP

You done with the history lesson?

JAMISUN

By skill sets you must mean producing and selling illegal narcotics to innocent citizens. To mothers! And children! All you scum wish for is they lose their innocence, like you did! You're all under arrest, and you will be for a long time.

PARSEP

Not yet, they aren't.

Parsep lowers his gun, then quickly snatches Jamisun's gun from him. He proceeds to bend the barrels of both guns.

PARSEP

I'm here to teach you so-called teachers the meaning behind pain! I'm here for the fight to end all fights! So, who's worthy?

The criminals look at one another, and smile while still in their seats.

FEEO

If it's an epic fight you're after, just give us ten seconds.

PARSEP

Precisely ten seconds is all I'm going to give you punks. Well, that and some severely hefty hospital bills.

The perps all get up quickly and take drug dispensers from out their back pockets.

The dispensers look like cigarettes wrapped in black paper.

The dealers stick a dispenser up each of their nostrils, then they pull out double-barrel lighters from their other pocket to ignite the ends of them.

The perps inhale deeply through their noses and the paper rapidly burns down to the filter, then they blow out the smoke-drug from their mouths.

Soon after, the criminals's muscles nearly double in size and their facial features change slightly.

Parsep smiles.

PARSEP

If that's what it takes, so be it!

Feeo picks up the knife from off the table, and lunges at Parsep with the filters still up his nose. Parsep stops the blade when he grabs the criminal's wrist and squeezes.

The perp's bones shatter. He reaches for his dangling wrist and screams out in frustration.

Parsep then punches Feeo straight in his chest, and multiple ribs are heard breaking. The first perp is dropped.

The next two perps, Rubik and Markis, jump over the table in front of them. They rush Parsep and both fight him at the same time.

Parsep blocks their swift punches and kicks with ease, until he doles out his own counterattacks that render the crooks unconscious in mere seconds.

The final perp standing, the level niner named Fyshur, prepares to fight Parsep next.

Fyshur says a quick prayer in his head with his eyes closed and does some hand motions afterwards.

PARSEP

You'd better bring it, because the crew you roll with are a bunch of pip-squeaks!

Fyshur opens his eyes and rushes towards Parsep.

Parsep lets Fyshur punch him in his face. Parsep falls, catches the ground with his hands, and smiles.

Fyshur walks over and places his hand on Parsep's shoulder.

Parsep grabs the hand on his shoulder and stands up before Fyshur can toss him across the room. Parsep spins Fyshur around in circles.

Fyshur's feet leave the floor and his body is horizontal.

Parsep lets go and the perp crashes into a wall, which bends and cracks from the force of his body.

Fyshur lifts himself up, shakes the drywall from his hair and body, then does multiple front flips in Parsep's direction.

When he's a few metres from Parsep, the criminal jumps high in the air, then performs a half-flip off of the top of Parsep's head.

Fyshur's legs reach the ceiling, and he leverages it with his feet to launch himself back down to Parsep.

He lands a devastating elbow right into Parsep's noggin.

Parsep drops to the floor, dazed.

PARSEP

I thought we were fighting? Not playing leap frog.

Fyshur gets up and watches Parsep attempt to stand.

Parsep looks up and sees Jamisun enter the fray. He runs at Fyshur and launches his body into the perp's.

Fyshur stumbles a couple steps, then turns his attention to Jamisun. He moves towards Parsep's partner.

Parsep is back up and kicks the wooden table so that it slides across the floor and takes out Fyshur's legs.

Fyshur lands on his back on top the table. They both come to a halt after the table hits the wall.

Parsep runs over beside them. He jumps high in the air, about to land on Fyshur's chest with all his weight feet first.

Fyshur rolls out of the way and off the table in the nick of time. The table beneath Parsep's feet breaks into pieces.

Parsep hops on top of Fyshur and pins him down, then turns to his partner.

PARSEP

You weren't supposed to interfere!

JAMISUN

You're joking, right? We'd both be dead if I didn't!

Fyshur struggles to break free.

PARSEP

Just stay out of this!

The perp bites Parsep's arm. Parsep screams and examines his wound bleeding through his uniform, freeing Fyshur's arms.

PARSEP

You dirty tweaker!

Fyshur reaches for the broken leg of the table and smashes it into pieces against the side of Parsep's head. Parsep rolls off of Fyshur.

Parsep tries to get up, while Fyshur is already up.

Fyshur gets behind Parsep and kicks him hard on his behind, launching him forward a few metres and onto his stomach.

Fyshur hurries over, lifts Parsep back on his feet, then spins him around to face him.

Parsep attempts to smack the perp's temples with the palms of his hands, though Fyshur blocks the strike with his forearms.

Fyshur swiftly punches Parsep in his stomach and he drops to his knees. The perp knees Parsep under his chin, knocking him hard onto his back.

Jamisun once again runs at Fyshur, though the perp swats him away into a wall without looking.

Fyshur grabs Parsep by the collar of his shirt and attempts to lift him onto his feet again.

Parsep is unable to stand he's so dazed.

FYSHUR

Not so tough now, are you?

Parsep regains focus.

Fyshur holds Parsep in place and readies his fist for the final hay-maker.

Parsep headbutts Fyshur in his nose before being punched. The white filters shoot from Fyshur's nostrils.

Parsep plants his feet, while Fyshur stands wobbly.

Parsep very quickly bends his right knee and does a side-kick hard under Fyshur's chin.

Fyshur is sent flying across the room, and his body does backflips through the air.

He breaks through the wall and into the kitchen, where something boils inside a pot on a lit stove.

Fyshur lifts his head to look at his attacker once more, then passes out cold.

Parsep stands in place and relishes his victory.

Jamisun limps over to him, blood streaks his face and he clutches his side.

JAMISUN

I hope you're happy, partner.

PARSEP

Honestly, I'm underwhelmed.

Feeo is awake and quietly crawls towards a firearm hidden under the couch. He takes hold of the pistol, spins around, and quickly fires it at Jamisun.

All the bullets except the last are off course.

Before the final bullet shoots through Jamisun's face, Parsep kicks it with his steel-toed boot.

The bullet ricochets and is redirected into the ceiling.

Jamisun stands petrified, while Parsep walks over to the conscious perp and boots him once in his face.

FADE OUT.