

FAST HANDS

written by:

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INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

JAKE, 58, a hard face and made of a stocky build wakes up, groggy and coughing. On the wall beside his bed there's hundreds of award ribbons tacked in place.

Jake gets out of bed and looks around. On the other three walls even more awards, all for boxing.

He puts on some clothes and exits, though more sleep is clearly what he both wants and needs.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Jake has his coat on, checks he has his keys, phone and wallet.

On the wall behind him, a pair of signed boxing gloves. And next to these is a couple of old photographs of himself in action inside a boxing ring.

Boxing is all he knows, surrounds himself in his past glories which is must be very proud of.

EXT. CHELSEA'S HOUSE - DAY

A cute two bedroom home, with an impressive well looked after front garden.

A friendly neighbourhood where children play freely on the streets.

Jake arrives at the house, he rings the door bell. Waits. No answer. He knocks on loudly but still no one comes to let him in.

Jake tests the door, it opens and lets himself in.

INT. CHELSEA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Jake shuffled his way through. The hall is crammed with boxes, balloons, posters, flowers and all other sorts of wedding paraphernalia.

There's barely enough space for him to make this way deeper inside.

INT. CHELSEA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

CHELSEA, 21, sits at the table, a pair of scissors in her hand and a big happy smile. The kitchen is rammed full of

more wedding stuff.

She's creating menus for the big day.

Jake enters, comes over and stand at her side.

JAKE

You need more help, so let me do more.

CHELSEA

Dad, sit. You want something to drink?

JAKE

Your wedding is right around the corner. It'll be the big day before you know it. But I've got no more money to give you. I wish I did. I'm wiped out. My next payday isn't until the twenty fifth.

She doesn't stop what it is that she's doing, only shakes her head at him.

CHELSEA

Did I ask for any more money from you?

JAKE

No.

CHELSEA

Well there it is then.

JAKE

But that's not the point.

CHELSEA

All that I want from you now is for you to turn up.

JAKE

You deserve that best wedding ever. It should be huge. A massive celebration. You should get that. This is the next chapter in your life. I don't want it to be less. I don't want you to be embarrassed.

She can't help but laugh at him, thinking him as being very silly.

CHELSEA

I'm happy with what I've already got.  
I'm happy you're retired. I'm happy  
you're here with me now. Can't you see  
that?

He forces a smile and nods back at her. But it's obvious he's not happy at all.

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

The street is lined with shops, it's raining so there's not many people about. Those who are have their umbrellas up and move quickly.

Jake, head soaking wet with no cover carries several shopping bags in both hands and is now gazing through a shop window that's selling men's clothes.

DANNY, 21, comes up behind him, slaps his hands down onto Jake's shoulders causing him to spin around startled. Ready for action, drops his shopping bags and holds his fists up ready for a fight.

Danny instantly holds his own hands up in surrender, takes a big step back. Smiling, giggling to himself like an idiot.

DANNY

I come in peace. I'm a huge fan.  
You're Jake O'Neil aren't you? There's  
no doubt in my mind. I grew up  
watching your fights. Greatest middle  
weight boxer in history if you ask me.

Jake eyes Danny up then slowly relaxes, picking his shopping bags back up from the floor.

JAKE

I don't like being sneaked up on like  
that.

Danny reaches out to shake his hand, but Jake refuses and keeps a tight hold of his shopping.

Danny pull his hand back, suddenly looking sheepish.

DANNY

No disrespect, I'm sorry. I'm a mega  
fan. I would never forgive myself if I  
didn't come on over and tell you what  
an amazing fighter you were. Are you

training?

Jake is puzzled.

JAKE

Little too old to still be fighting  
don't you think?

Danny looks dumbstruck, an act. Everything about him is a put on, no way to know what his true personality is, or what he's really thinking.

DANNY

But you must be training other boxers?  
You're still in the sport right?

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE

Gave it all up.

DANNY

What a damn shame. You've got to come  
by my gym. Super gyms. I've got twelve  
of them running around the country.  
But my main one, my original one and  
the one I use myself is like five  
minutes walk from here. I'd be honored  
for you to come by. And please know  
I've got plenty of customers who'd  
love to meet you too.

Jake thinks this seriously over.

JAKE

Super gym? Yeah, I've heard of that  
place.

DANNY

Well I own it.

JAKE

Successfully guy?

DANNY

I like to think so. But the only  
reason I got into physical fitness in  
the first place was after watching you  
kick so much butt in the ring. You  
should still be a house hold name but  
I've not seen or heard anything from

you in years. I'm a mega fan so believe me I would have seen or heard about it. Have you been hiding under a rock?

JAKE

Not quite.

DANNY

You should be making bank, charging for lessons. Sitting up on stage whilst thousands of paying fan listen to your stories. I've got regulars who'd pay good money just to speak to you, see you work out a little. You know what I mean.

The talk of money has got Jake's attention.

JAKE

Yeah, sounds kind of interesting. never really thought about doing anything like that.

DANNY

Well if you want to start making some money you stay by me.

Danny reaches into his jacket and pulls out a business card and hands it over to Jake.

Jake takes it and studies the information on it carefully. Can't help but smile, hopeful at what might be.

JAKE

Alright, I will.

INT. SUPER GYM - BOXING RING - DAY

A state of the art modern gym. Lots of people working out. In the far corner there's a small boxing ring set up.

Jake stands in the middle of it, dressed up in boxing shoes and shorts. A pair of big red gloves on.

Danny is here with him, tracksuit and hair slicked back.

On the outside of the gym are a crowd of in shape MEN in their early 20's. They're all in their own boxing shoes, shorts and gloves on.

Jake looks at them and at Danny, nervous.

JAKE

I thought I was just going to work out  
with these guys?

Danny puts an arm around Jake and laughs off his obvious fears.

DANNY

And that's all you're going to be  
doing. Sparring. That's working out.  
These guys are fans of you like me.  
They want to be able to say they  
sparring with a once great middle  
weight champion. No, the greatest.

Danny reaches into his pocket and pulls out a fat stack of cash. Waves it at Jake.

JAKE

How much is that?

DANNY

One thousand for a couple of rounds  
with each guy.

Jake considers, but falling to his feared need for cash he reluctantly nods.

Danny exits the ring, slaps the first waiting fighter on the back.

DANNY

Go. Don't pussy out on me. This is one  
of the greatest living boxers. Don't  
hold back. You've paid good money.  
Fuck him up.

The young man enters and instantly goes on the attack, throwing and landing hard punches onto Jake's arms and body.

Jake tries to move around, to get away. To create some distance between them. But he's old, knees are hurt and clearly carrying more than couple of injuries.

He might be a once great champion but he's no match for this younger, stronger man.

He tries to defend himself as the punches keep on coming. That's all he can do.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPER GYM - BOXING RING - DAY

The next fighter is hitting Jake, tired, drenched in sweat  
Jake is cut and hurting all over.

The sound of a bell rings out.

This young fighter leaves only to be replaced by another.

Jake is dead on his feet but keeps on going. Blocking and  
throwing out weak shots of his own.

This new fighter just throws punch after punch at Jake, he's  
being pummelled.

The other young men and Danny who are all watching on are  
loving it. Excited laughter and cheering. It's all fun and  
games to them.

But Jake is only just barely staying up on his feet. Head  
shot, on the nose. Back to the body. Almost anyone else would  
have crashed to the floor long ago from such a beating.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPER GYM - DAY

On the opposite side of the gym, Jake sits on a bench,  
battered, cut and splashed with his own blood.

He gulps down a bottle of water as he fights hard and  
struggles painfully to get his breathing under control.

Feels like his lungs might explode and his heart burst out of  
his chest.

Danny stands over him counting out several thousand in cash.  
Put it all into a large envelope then places it down onto the  
free space on the bench next to Jake.

DANNY

Great workout. See you same time  
tomorrow.

Still out of breath all Jake can do is nod to confirm.

Danny slaps Jake hard across the back and lets out a loud  
whoop in celebration then walks off leaving Jake to himself.



Jake grabs a hold of the envelope and begins to count out the money for himself.

INT. CHELSEA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

The front door slowly opens. Chelsea inside, Jake on the step. She's stunned, confused at the terrible state of his face.

Jake holds out the envelope of money to her, a big smile.

JAKE

Here.

she still doesn't see the envelope, keeps her eyes on his face.

CHELSEA

What the happened to you, you look terrible.

JAKE

It's OK.

She moves deeper inside the hallway, over to a coat rack. She grabs a pulls down a jacket.

CHELSEA

I'm taking you to the hospital.

Jake steps inside the house, he comes over to her. Grabs a hold of her wrist with his free hand and brings her to a stop.

JAKE

It's OK. I did this for you.

She frowns.

CHELSEA

For me?

JAKE

I sparred in a gym with these guys. Teaching them how to box.

CHELSEA

By being a punching bag? What did they do, just string you up and take turns hitting you in the face because that's what it looks like to me.

He grips onto the envelope tighter, holds it in front of Chelsea's face.

She pushes his hand away.

He opens the envelope for her and shows her that it's stuffed fat with money.

She sees it but it doesn't change how she's feeling, disgusted and let down.

JAKE

What's wrong?

CHELSEA

I made you give up boxing because it almost killed you. Six months in a coma. Doctors thinking you might never walk again. It was a miracle that I got you back. But I tell you now, don't show up for my wedding if this is what you're thinking of doing with your life. I won't watch you kill yourself.

JAKE

I did this for you. I want this wedding to be something special.

CHELSEA

It already was. I'm marrying a man I love. And all my friends are going to be there. I was happy. It's you who was disappointed. It's you who wants my wedding to be bigger and better. And that's just said.

He again tries to put the envelope into her hand. She crosses her arms and turns her back to him. Looking up at the ceiling and fighting back her tears.

Jake looks around him, unsure on what to do next.

He returns to Chelsea, staring at the back of her head. She's unflinching and this is how she's going to stay.

Jake shrugs, giving up. All he can do is leave. Heads out of the house.

INT. SUPER GYM - DAY

The gym is yet again filled with people working out. Loud dance music booms out.

Jake walks in gingerly, feeling out of place with the young, energetic people all around him.

Danny comes over to him, seeing Jake before Jake sees him. He goes to slap Jake hard against his back.

An open palm, he swings but Jake senses it coming and is able to dodge out of the way.

DANNY

Hey whoa, faster reactions that you had yesterday. You're early. No one has showed up yet.

JAKE

I'm only here to tell you in person, I'm done with this. With whatever the hell I was doing in the first place.

Danny face changes, furious. In his mind this is totally unacceptable.

DANNY

No. You can't do this. I've got more coming, paying you good money. Paying me good money. Don't be stupid.

JAKE

I've said my peace and now I'm leaving. My daughter is the most important thing in my life, and I'm going to be with her. I thought I was being a good father by doing what I did here yesterday. But now I understand all that she wants is for me to be in her life. Goodbye.

Jake turns to leave. Danny grits his teeth, the rage inside him boiling over.

With a clenched fist he takes aim and swings for the back of Jake's head. Goes in as hard as he can.

Again Jake is able to sense this attack and ducks, Danny's punch missing completely.

Jake turns on his heels, comes back to Danny and delivers a powerful uppercut.

His fist connects clearly with the bottom of Danny's chin. You can hear the bone on bone contact. A brutal hit.

Danny's eyes roll into the back of his head and his tongue flops out of his mouth, a stupid looking face.

Knocked out cold he falls backwards and lands on the ground with a bang.

Jake can't help but smile, he's still got it.

He exits the gym as those working out suddenly stop and rush over to Danny's aid.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

The tap is running, hot water and filling the sink up to the top. Once it's there Jake spins the tap off.

He inspects his face closely in the small mirror hanging up on the wall in front of him.

Dirty, specks of dried blood in his eyebrows still.

He then without warming splashes his face with the water and vigorously clean his face.

Next: a close shave, fresh face.

Next: combs and styles his hair with styling wax.

He looks a whole lot better.

INT. CHELSEA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

The front door opens and Chelsea stands staring down at her fresh face looking father.

He reaches out to her hands, holds them for a moment before bringing them up to his mouth where he kisses the tops of them.

He stares into her eyes.

JAKE

I'm sorry. I need to be at this wedding. No more boxing. I've had my last fight. I'm going to stop being an

idiot and just listen to you from now  
on.

She can't stay mad at him. Though barefoot she steps out of  
the house to join him on the front step outside.

onto her tiptoes she wraps her arms around him and hugs him  
tight.

CHELSEA

Well, there's no one else who can walk  
me down the aisle is there?

**FADE TO BLACK**

**THE END**