

A CHAMPION FOR ALL

by

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THIS TEXT APPEARS OVER BLACK:

Beijing, 1996

BEGIN OPENING TITLE CARD SEQUENCE INTERCUT WITH SCENE MONTAGE

1 EXT. BEIJING PARK - DAY 1

It's a lovely spring day. Trees are in bloom. Birds chirp.

2 MENG HAN, A LOVELY YOUNG CHINESE WOMAN, AND JACK WYATT 2
CONNORS, A LESS-LOVELY YOUNG AMERICAN MAN, POSE FOR A POLAROID
PHOTO.

Jack Wyatt pays for the photo and gives it to Meng Han.

They walk off, hand-in-hand. Come upon flowering bushes.

Jack Wyatt plucks a flower that he presents to Meng Han.

She takes the flower. They kiss.

They lie down, hidden by the flowering bushes.

TITLE CARD

3 EXT. BEIJING AIRPORT - DAY 3

To establish.

4 NOW PREGNANT MENG HAN 4

weeps as Jack Wyatt enters the terminal.

TITLE CARD

5 EXT. BEIJING APARTMENT BUILDING COMPLEX - DAY 5

Thousands of apartments. A jumble of anonymity.

6 INT. MENG HAN'S APARTMENT - DAY 6

Clean. Spartan. A shower is running.

THE POLAROID PHOTO OF MENG HAN AND JACK WYATT

and the now wilted flower are pinned to a wall.

TITLE CARD

THE POLAROID OF MENG HAN AND JACK WYATT

has aged and is dog-eared. The flower is gone. A baby cries.

MENG HAN

feeds a baby boy. Nearby --

AN ENVELOPE

addressed to Jack Wyatt Connors -- stamped REFUSED!

TITLE CARD

AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD BOY

touches the photo of Meng Han and Jack Wyatt. The boy's name is Jack. He is Jack Wyatt's son.

TITLE CARD

MENG HANG

comes home exhausted wearing her bus conductor's uniform. She cooks dinner -- watches Jack eat -- falls asleep at the table.

JACK AT AGE 10

alone at home. Looks out the window at the world while gripping a "Learn English" book. Talks to his father in the photo.

TITLE CARD

JACK AT AGE 14

places an envelope stamped REFUSED atop a stack of envelopes.

Jack leans close to the photo, scrutinizing it.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - JACK WYATT IN PHOTO

A fist obliterates Jack Wyatt!

THE PHOTO

is now smashed and embedded in the wall.

TITLE CARD

7

INT. KUNG FU KWON (MARTIAL ARTS HALL) - NIGHT

7

Jack (14) practices Kung Fu. He is focused -- very focused.

TITLE CARD

8 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY 8
Meng Han is gravely ill. Jack, now 18, is by her side.

TITLE CARD

JACK

lights incense placed next to a memorial photo of his mother.

TITLE CARD

9 INT. KUNG FU KWON (MARTIAL ARTS HALL) 9

JACK

in martial arts attire simultaneously fighting two opponents.

TITLE CARD

JACK (EARLY 20S)

studies with great interest --

A JAPANESE-TEXT MIXED MARTIAL ARTS POSTER

that features --

A GLISTENING CHAMPIONSHIP BELT

We hear a rowdy Japanese crowd. Grunts. Fists hitting flesh.

END OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

THIS TEXT APPEARS OVER BLACK:

Southern California

-- and we hear weird mumbles and faint Native American chant.

10 EXT. DESERT - CENTERVILLE - DUSK 10

A vast expanse. Dust devils. Cacti. Carcasses. Condors.

A GREYHOUND BUS

approaches a wind-blown, sun-bleached town.

THE BUS

raises dust as it lumbers over a bridge/culvert and past --

A SIGN

that says:

Welcome to Centerville
Home of Judd's Gold Mine

Past that sign is --

ANOTHER SIGN

that says:

Mine Closed

THE BUS

passes --

A SIGN

that says:

No Cars And Trucks Beyond this Point!

A LARGE ARROW

with the text:

Park Here!

points to --

11 A WIND-BLOWN, TUMBLEWEED-FILLED DIRT FIELD 11

with dusty abandoned cars and trucks.

A LARGE SIGN

with the text:

NO ENTRY!

is posted by a well-traveled road leading to distant --

12 INDUSTRIAL BUILDINGS 12

fed by impressive power-lines.

THE BUS

passes --

13 EXT. CENTERVILLE'S CREMATORIUM - DUSK 13
Smoke rises from an ominous chimney.
A walkway lined with blooming potted flowers leads to --
AXEL
in a tank top, bare arms covered with crossed-out tattoos of
men's and women's names, sprinkling ashes into a pot from --
A MOUND OF ASHES
on a table. A wind gust sends the ashes flying.

14 EXT. CENTERVILLE - DUSK 14
The bus raises dust on unpaved streets and lawn-less homes.

15 EXT. CENTERVILLE - MAIN STREET - DUSK 15
The bus stops at the post office. The bus doors open.
SOMEONE
with an athletic bag exits the bus.
SOMEONE'S FEET
raise dust as they step out into the street -- and we hear a
few bars of "*The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly*".
THE 'SOMEONE' IS JACK
who now looks the town over.
JACK'S POV
Not a person in sight.
A DOG
sleeps on a sidewalk.
THE BUS DRIVER
exits the bus, looks around, dons vinyl gloves and approaches --
SEVERAL LARGE PLASTIC-WRAPPED BUNDLES
on the sidewalk.

JACK

sniffs the air and asks the bus driver:

JACK
What's that smell?

THE BUS DRIVER

ignores Jack and loads the heavy bundles into the bus's cargo compartment that he locks and tests to make sure it is secured.

He removes his gloves gingerly, dropping them into a trash can, puts the cargo compartment key in his breast pocket, and climbs back in --

THE BUS

that speeds off in a cloud of dust.

EXT. CENTERVILLE - HIGH ANGLE - DUSK

Jack with his bag.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Behind Jack is the post office. Someone is inside it.

16 INT. CENTERVILLE POST OFFICE - DUSK

16

A grizzled man in his 60s.

THE BADGE

on his uniform says CHIEF OF POLICE.

THE NAME TAG

bears the name JEBEDIAH JUDD.

JEBEDIAH

picks up a container with a picture of a CRIPPLED CHILD, empties the container and pockets the money.

He looks at the picture of the Crippled Child, returns a nickel to the container, and notices --

THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR

Jack outside on the sidewalk.

17 EXT. CENTERVILLE - MAIN STREET - DUSK

17

A door SLAMS behind Jack. Jebediah approaches Jack.

JEBEDIAH
What brings you to my town, son?

JACK
A bus.

JEBEDIAH
A bit smart in the mouth there, aren't you?

JACK
No, Sir. Just honest.

JEBEDIAH
Visiting someone in my town?

JACK
No, Sir.

JEBEDIAH
Why are you here then?

JACK
Bus stopped here and the driver said this is where I need to get off.

JEBEDIAH
Why?

JACK
Cause the bus doesn't go to Hammond.

JEBEDIAH
Why are you go -- THERE'S ONE! HALT!!

Jebediah draws his revolver. Fires at something. Turns to Jack.

JEBEDIAH
Did you see it?

JACK
See what?

JEBEDIAH
(leans close to Jack)
Are you one of them?

JACK
I don't know. I'm one of me.

JEBEDIAH

growls and looks like he is about to shoot Jack.

JACK

gets in a fighting stance with his bag in hand.

JEBEDIAH

'smiles', showing his teeth and unconcealed ire.

JEBEDIAH

What's in the bag there? Open it.

JACK

Why?

JEBEDIAH

Why? Because I said so.

JEBEDIAH

raises his revolver.

JACK

opens the bag.

JEBEDIAH

Now show me what's in there.

Jack pulls out a fancy, glistening championship belt.

JEBEDIAH

That's quite a thing you got there.
Must be some story behind it --

Jebediah puts on reading glasses and studies the belt.

JEBEDIAH

Champion. Never met a champion
before... and in Mixed Martial Arts...
(scrutinizes Jack)
What's in Hammond?

JACK

My father.

JEBEDIAH

Really? Your father?

JACK

Yes, why?

JEBEDIAH
Why? The way you said "my father".

JACK
Well, I... I've never met him.

JEBEDIAH
Really? Never met your father?

JACK
No.

JEBEDIAH
So how you getting to Hammond?

JACK
Don't know. Maybe you can tell me.

JEBEDIAH
Well, there's no bus from here and I don't see how you're gonna get there this time of day, so come with me.

JACK
Where?

JEBEDIAH
It's late, son. You need a place to stay an' I got just the place for you.

JACK
(firm)
I'd rather get to Hammond.

JEBEDIAH
(firmer)
I'd rather get to that in the morning.

He places his arm around Jack and walks off with him.

18 A RAVEN IN A TREE 18
CAWS ominously.

19 INT. DORIS' B & B - LOBBY - NIGHT 19
Jack stares at the dusty turn-of-the-century furniture and the TICK-TOCKING cuckoo clock.

JEBEDIAH
It's the town's first two-story building. Has the original wallpaper.

THE ORIGINAL WALLPAPER

is peeling in big chunks. Here and there -- a bullet hole.

JACK

heads for the door but is stopped by Jeb.

JEBEDIAH

Has that lived-in feeling, doesn't it? Doris, our mayor, owns it. Having a B & B is kind of a hobby of hers. She was born right there in that room. Still lives in it too. Considering how people move around these days, that's pretty amazing, don't you think?

JACK

I...

JEBEDIAH

Ri-ight. WHOA! THERE'S ONE!

Jebediah draws his revolver and fires two rounds into a corner!

BANG! BANG! Dust flies.

JEBEDIAH

I think I got it.
(re-holsters revolver)
Place might need a bit of dusting here and there but it's homey. No breakfast, though. Doris doesn't like to cook for strangers.

THE CUCKOO

pops out and CUCKOOS.

JEBEDIAH

sighs.

JEBEDIAH

You'd think that bird would wear itself out after all these years, but no such luck. It seems to get louder with each passing year. And Doris loves it. She has no real children.

(sighs)

Oh, well, you go right ahead and take the last room down the hall on your left. Best room in the house. Has its own privy.

(MORE)

JEBEDIAH (CONT'D)

(another sigh)

Doris says I snore so I have my own room.

(clears his throat)

Well, you go right ahead and unpack. I have things to do.

(beat)

What's your name?

JACK

Jack.

JEBEDIAH

Really? Jack? You sure? Where you from "Jack"?

JACK

Does it matter?

JEBEDIAH

No. What's your father's name?

JACK

Jack Wyatt.

JEBEDIAH

Jack Wyatt what?

JACK

Connors.

JEBEDIAH

Jack Wyatt Connors. In Hammond. Right. Well, be seeing you -- Jack.

Jebediah heads for the door.

JACK

What about a key?

JEBEDIAH

Doris doesn't believe in 'em. But don't get your hopes up. When she sleep walks it's to my bed.

(beat)

Anything else?

JACK

What about something to eat?

JEBEDIAH

Why, thank you, son. I appreciate the invite.

Jack's face tells us that's not what he meant.

JEBEDIAH

I'll meet you at Betty's Diner. Out that door and turn right. Early-Bird Special is from 5 to 6. The food is guaranteed to keep you regular. I know, been eating there for many years.

(beat)

You don't *have* to buy me supper, you know.

JACK

I don't?

JEBEDIAH

But I appreciate it. Food tastes better when someone else pays for it and I welcome the company. Doris is nurturing a stiff neck. She gets a little carried away sometimes when... well, let's leave it at that. Passion is a wonderful thing, son. It's like being one with God. And I *like* being one with God.

Jebediah gets a distant look on his face.

JEBEDIAH

Ever wonder what God looks like?
What God thinks? Feels?

He moves closer to Jack.

JEBEDIAH

If we knew that we would change our lives, wouldn't we? We would do just about anything to end up there with Him when we're done on Earth. All we need is a sign.

Jebediah leans very close to Jack.

JEBEDIAH

Are you a sign?

JACK

Not that I know.

JEBEDIAH

Right. We never know, do we?

(sighs)

Well, I'd better get back to work. Can't have strangers coming here snooping around. What's that?

Jack has taken out his cell phone and is looking at it.

JACK
My cell phone.

JEBEDIAH
They don't work here.

JACK
I see that. Why not?

JEBEDIAH
I don't want them to.

JACK
Oh. Does that phone work?

Jack points to an older wall phone.

JEBEDIAH
Who are you going to call?

JACK
My father.

JEBEDIAH
You seem nervous.

JACK
Well, I've never talked to him.

JEBEDIAH
Why not?

JACK
Like I said, I've never met him.

JEBEDIAH
Right. You said that. You *have* met
your mother, I hope. Where is she?

JACK
She's dead.

JEBEDIAH
Oh. Sorry.
(beat)
I can be a bit... overbearing.

JACK
A bit.

JEBEDIAH
Siblings?

JACK
No.

JEBEDIAH

Relatives?

JACK

No. So, does that phone work?

JEBEDIAH

Don't know. Never use it. Don't have anyone to call.

He grabs his belt and pulls his pants up a bit.

JEBEDIAH

I appreciate you buying me supper, son. Makes eating more festive. See you at the diner, then.

Jebediah heads for the door. Stops and turns to Jack.

JEBEDIAH

If you shower, keep it short.

JACK

Why?

JEBEDIAH

Town needs the water for something far more important than showers.

Jebediah heads for the door and is gone.

Jack dials a number on the wall phone and HEARS:

DORIS' VOICE

May I help you?

JACK

Jack Wyatt Connors, please.

20 INT. DORIS' B & B - DORIS' BEDROOM

20

A nice-looking mature woman wearing a neck brace and a white lab coat embroidered with *Doris Diddle, Ph.D.* and a Cannabis leaf, DORIS wears a headset and talks into a microphone at a small PBX board.

DORIS

This is Doctor Diddle, the mayor. Who is this?

INTERCUT WITH:

JACK

holding the wall phone receiver.

JACK
Jack Connors.

DORIS
Who are you calling, Mr. Connors?

JACK
My father.

DORIS
I'll put you through.

A DIAL TONE is followed by RINGS.

21 EXT. CONNORS FARM - MOON LIGHT - NIGHT 21

A farmhouse bathed in moonlight. A phone RINGS.

22 INT. CONNORS FARM - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 22

The PHONE RINGS next to JACK WYATT CONNORS, a man in his late 40s, early 50s sitting in a worn Lazy Boy with a self-help book.

ON WALLS AND SHELVES

Religious and spiritual items and books of every kind.

THE TELEPHONE

continues to RING.

JACK WYATT

picks up the telephone receiver and answers meekly:

JACK WYATT
Jack Wyatt Connors. Who's calling?

23 INT. DORIS' B & B - LOBBY - NIGHT 23

Jack articulates each word carefully.

JACK
Jack... your... son...

24 INT. CONNORS FARM - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 24

Jack Wyatt takes the receiver from his ear. Stares at it.

JACK'S VOICE
Hello --

Jack Wyatt brings the receiver to his ear.

JACK WYATT
Uh... where are you?

JACK
Centerville.

JACK WYATT
Cen...

Jack Wyatt hangs up. He is in utter shock. Clasps his head.

25 INT. DORIS' B & B - LOBBY - NIGHT 25

Jack gets a disconnect tone. Again dials the number.

26 INT. DORIS' B & B - DORIS' BEDROOM 26

Doris has been listening.

DORIS
You'd like to be reconnected.

27 INT. CONNORS FARM - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 27

The phone RINGS.

JACK WYATT

clasps his head harder.

THE PHONE

continues to RING.

JACK WYATT

disconnects the call -- and MOANS, unable to confront reality.

28 INT. DORIS' B & B - LOBBY - NIGHT 28

Jack listens to a few more rings, then hangs up, fails to SEE --

DORIS'S EYE

peering out through a bullet hole in the peeling wallpaper.

29 INT. DORIS' B & B - JACK'S ROOM - NIGHT 29

We hear Jack turn off the shower. His bag and belt are on the dresser. Jack enters, drying himself with a towel.

ON HIS BACK

-- a tattoo with two palm-size Japanese *kanji* characters.

There's a KNOCK on the door. Jack opens it.

30 INT. DORIS' B & B - HALLWAY - NIGHT 30

Axel, the androgynous person from the crematorium stands there.

AXEL
How much do you weigh?

JACK
Why?

AXEL
I need to know.

JACK
Why?

AXEL
In case something happens to you.

JACK
Like what?

AXEL
Something.

Axel walks off toward the lobby.

JACK
Hey! I asked you a question.

Axel stops, turns and calmly studies Jack.

AXEL
What makes you think you get an answer?
Axel smiles mockingly and is out the door.

31 EXT. BETTY'S DINER - NIGHT 31

A BETTY'S DINER sign blinks atop a 1950s diner.

32 INT. BETTY'S DINER - NIGHT 32

Purple tablecloths. Glowing lava lamps. Tie-dyed fabric booths. Grateful Dead posters. Stoned elderly men and women. Silence.

A TICKING CLOCK

shows 8 PM.

A JUKEBOX

plays the Grateful Dead's "Truckin'".

JACK AND JEBEDIAH

are having supper in a booth.

JACK
What's that smell?

JEBEDIAH
I'm not much for small-talk so people
around here know it best not to ask
me a question unless they know they
will like the answer. I'll give you
the same prerogative.

Jebediah picks up a salt shaker and pitches some salt over
his shoulder.

JEBEDIAH
Now, prerogative, there's a good
word. Pre-ro-ga-tive. Taste it.
Roll it around in your mouth. Pre-
ro-ga-tive. Sounds foreign, doesn't
it? Ever wonder what it really means?

JACK
Can't say that I have.

Jebediah points at Jack with his fork.

JEBEDIAH
You're measured by what you know,
son. Learn something every day.
Read a book if you have to. How's
your food?

JACK
It's --

JEBEDIAH
Right. I knew you'd like it.

Jack forks a glob of food and holds it up.

JACK
What is this?

JEBEDIAH
What does it taste like?

JACK
I don't know, chicken maybe.

JEBEDIAH
 Things and people aren't always what
 they appear to be, son.

JACK
 I'll try to remember that.

JEBEDIAH
 Never *try*, son -- DO! *Try* allows
 for failure, *do* less so.

JACK
 Okay. I will *do*. So, what is this?

JEBEDIAH
 Prairie oysters.

JACK
 There are no oysters on the prairie.

JEBEDIAH
 Don't think so?

We hear a motorcycle arrive. The sound subsides and stops.

JACK
 So, what am I eating?

JEBEDIAH
 Calf testicles.

Jack pushes his plate away.

PLI-ING!

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR

RHONDA RHODES

An attractive Caucasian woman with a motorcycle helmet in hand
 heads for Jack, plops down beside him and slides in tight.

RHONDA
 Hi! I'm Rhonda Rhodes with *Ultimate
 Fighting Magazine* --
 (sniffs the air)
 What's that sme -- naw -- is it? Naw --
 really? Really?!

JEBEDIAH
 Can I help you?

RHONDA
 Absolutely! Like -- yeah --
 (MORE)

RHONDA (CONT'D)
 (notices Jack's food)
 Wow! Prairie oysters! Love those
 little rascals. Miss!

She hails the waitress, KENNISHA, who is African-American,
 pretty, smart and temperamental -- and someone you don't hail!

RHONDA
 Yoo-hoo! Over here, miss! Prairie
 oysters, but hold the gravy!
 (to Jack)
 I like to see what I'm eating.
 (to Kennisha)
 Thanks, miss, that's all I wanted.

Kennisha comes to the table and puts her hands on her hips.

KENNISHA
 That's *all* you want?! Well, let me
 tell you what I want! I don't want
 you to "Miss" me! I was married! So
 don't come in here jive-assing like
 you own the place. My name is Kennisha.
 K-e-n-n-i-s-h-a. Just like it says
 here on my name-tag. It doesn't say
 'Miss', does it? It says Kennisha,
 and Kennisha is going to get your
 babybullballs *after* she serves the
 nine orders ahead of you. And Kennisha
does own the place. Got that?

RHONDA
 Got that. Thank you, Kennisha.

Kennisha snorts and leaves.

RHONDA
 Kennisha is so... sweet. And you are?

JEBEDIAH
 Jebediah Judd. Chief of Police.

RHONDA
 Chief of Poh-lice!! Wow! I bet you
 can tell a few stories, but so can
 Jack here --
 (leans in on Jack)
 You did an amazing job of disappearing
 when you left Tokyo. Amazing.

JACK
 If I did such an amazing job, how
 come you found me?

RHONDA
I'm real good at what I do.

JEBEDIAH
You didn't answer his question.

RHONDA
(proud smile)
His destination was on his landing
card.

JEBEDIAH
You two know each other?

RHONDA
Not really.

JEBEDIAH
But you know of him?

RHONDA
Oh, yeah.

JEBEDIAH
How's that?

RHONDA
He's like real big news in mixed
martial arts. He is Yakuzano.

JEBEDIAH
An' that means what?

RHONDA
That he is owned by the Yakuza.

JEBEDIAH
And who is that?

RHONDA
The Japanese mob. Tokyo branch.
(to Jack)
May I? I'm starving.

She skewers a bunch of Jack's prairie oysters with a fork,
stuffs them in her mouth and chomps away.

RHONDA
(mouth full)
You should have seen him at this
Yakuza mobster lady's mixed martial
arts championship in Tokyo!

33 INT. SMOKE-FILLED FIGHT ARENA (STOCK) - NIGHT 33

Japanese men and women watch with great interest as --

34 JACK FIGHTS HANZU 34

Hanzu is a really bad-ass fighter -- but so is Jack!

JEBEDIAH (V.O.)

You were there, were you?

BACK TO:

35 INT. BETTY'S DINER - NIGHT 35

Jack, Jebediah and Rhonda sit as before.

RHONDA

Oh, yeah! And Jack here was amazing.
Beat her champion! Really amazing.
Knocked him flat out. Quite amazing.

JEBEDIAH

Really? That amazing? And a mobster
lady? A gangster?

RHONDA

You bet. A bad one. Anyhow, *Ultimate
Fighting Magazine* is putting out a
special edition on Jack here and --

JEBEDIAH

You're rambling! Slow down.

RHONDA

Jack, you wanna tell him or should
I?

JEBEDIAH

You. He doesn't talk that good.

RHONDA

Right. Okay. Jack here gets to live
in a fancy penthouse, can have
anything he wants, money, girls, you
name it, an' all he has to do now
and then is fight someone.

JEBEDIAH

How is it that you know all this?
What were you doing over there?

RHONDA

I can't believe I'm here! This is so *exciting*! There's this price on Jack here! They put this tattoo on his back and whoever brings that tattoo to the Yakuza lady gets all that money and the penthouse. It's so *major*! It's like the biggest story ever! I might get a Pulitzer and I'm from Idaho!

Rhonda takes a breath -- and notices other diners staring at her -- as is Kennisha.

RHONDA

Oh. Hi, Kennisha. Was I too loud?

KENNISHA

You were.

RHONDA

I'll simmer down.

KENNISHA

That's good. Then I won't have to ask you to leave.

Kennisha walks off.

JEBEDIAH

Miss, what's your name again?

RHONDA

Rhonda Rhodes.

JEBEDIAH

Miss Rhodes, how do you know all this?

RHONDA

I have really, really good sources.

JEBEDIAH

So what does all this mean?

RHONDA

That some really, really *bad* people will be coming here, and --

PLI-ING! CRASH!

The front door comes off its hinges and lands on the floor.

A PAIR OF SIZE 22(!) GREEN ALLIGATOR BOOTS

step onto the door. In the boots is --

TEX MCNEMESS

-- a HUGE, mean-looking man with a filleting knife in one hand and a bad-ass-looking gun in the other.

TEX

Listen up, people! I'm looking for Jack somebody and you people better point him out to me or I'll kill every damn one of you. You got ten seconds.

THE CLOCK

is suddenly VERY LOUD.

RHONDA

locks her eyes on Jack.

JACK

can't believe this is happening.

JEBEDIAH

can't believe something is happening.

TEX

can't believe no one says anything.

TEX

SOMEONE SAY SOMETHING! DON'T MAKE
ME KILL A BUNCH OF INNICENT PEOPLE!

'INNICENT' PEOPLE

slide under their tables.

JEBEDIAH

decides he, too, is 'innicent' and slides under the table.

TEX

raises the huge gun.

TEX

People, I really don't wanna do this --

HIS FINGER

squeezes the trigger.

THE GUN

fires!

THE REVOLVING DESSERT DISPLAY

is HIT and showers --

THE JUKEBOX

with glass shards, bits of pies and puddings -- and the phrase "... light's all shining on me..." repeats over and over.

TEX

shoots --

THE JUKEBOX

that SHATTERS and the Grateful Dead leave the building.

TEX

takes a deep breath and ROARS:

TEX

LAST CHANCE, PEOPLE! GIVE ME JACK OR...
OR... OR... OR I'LL SHOOT THE FISH!!!

THE GOLDFISH

disappear behind plastic seaweed.

JACK

stands up.

JACK

I'm Jack.

RHONDA

is impressed.

RHONDA

Wow, Jack, you're *The Man*! Good
luck!

She slides under the table and joins Jebediah as --

KENNISHA
SIT DOWN, JACK! YOU, BIG BOY! GET
OUT!

KENNISHA

has a carafe of hot coffee in her hand.

KENNISHA
GET OUT!

TEX

sneers at Kennisha.

TEX
Miss, don't you tell me what to do!

He shouldn't have said that --

KENNISHA

smacks Tex with the carafe of coffee.

TEX

SCREAMS as he is drenched with scalding-hot liquid.

KENNISHA

reaches for another coffee carafe.

KENNISHA
Stop hollering or I'll smack you
with another one!

TEX

is in agony.

TEX
BUT IT *BURNS!!*

KENNISHA

is unrelenting.

KENNISHA
OF COURSE IT BURNS! IT'S HOT COFFEE!
Get out of my place! GET!

TEX

pleads:

TEX

Lady, I kind'a need Jack --

JACK

stands and faces Tex.

JACK

I'm right here. What do you want?

TEX

ROARS and charges at Jack like a bull does a matador.

37 THE FIGHT BETWEEN JACK AND TEX

37

is much like a wasp battling a rhino. It goes on for quite a while during which the equally tough combatants just about destroy the diner, when suddenly --

TEX

clutches his chest and drops, his head contacting the floor with a sickening thud.

THE GOLDFISH

come back out from behind the aquarium's plastic seaweed.

TIME LAPSE:

38 EXT. BETTY'S DINER - NIGHT

38

Jack, Rhonda, Jebediah and others watch Axel load a gurney with Tex into a Judd's Funeral Home hearse.

RHONDA

You can't blame Jack for this, Chief.

JEBEDIAH

I do. He killed that poor man.

RHONDA

Come on, Chief! The guy obviously died of a heart attack. Besides, Jack acted in self defense -- damn!

JEBEDIAH

What is it?

RHONDA

I should have taken *pictures!* I'm so *stupid!* How *could* I forget to take pictures? Can y'all hold it a minute? I got a camera in my ba --

JEBEDIAH
 YOU TAKE OUT A CAMERA AND I'LL HAVE
 YOU EAT IT!

TICK-TOCK, TICK-TOCK.

39 INT. DORIS' B & B - LOBBY - NIGHT

39

Jack and Jebediah stand near the TICK-TOCKING cuckoo clock.

JEBEDIAH

(low)

I put what's-her-name in the room
 behind the cuckoo clock. Those two
 should get along fine. They're just
 about as annoying.

(beat)

Son, this is a peaceful town and I
 aim to keep it that way. I'll cover
 for you. Big Boy isn't likely to
 have relatives wanting to claim him
 so Axel will have him planted by
 morning. Well, best you move on
 tomorrow.

JACK

Okay.

JEBEDIAH

Axel will give you a ride to where
 you need to go. But I don't want to
 seem unfriendly so let's have breakfast
 before you leave. Let's meet at Betty's
 at 9. You and Axel can leave after
 that. Nothing personal, you understand?

Jack nods and walks off to his room.

JEBEDIAH

watches Jack leave and then walks off to his own room.

RHONDA'S DOOR

closes surreptitiously.

THE CUCKOO

cuckoos.

40 INT. DORIS' B & B - JACK'S ROOM - NIGHT

40

Jack is fast asleep. Moonlight filters in through the window.

THE DOOR

to his room is slowly opened. Someone enters the room stealthily, closes the door and approaches Jack's bed.

A HAND

approaches Jack's exposed throat.

JACK

wakes up.

JACK

What the --

Rhonda's hand moves from his throat and caresses his cheek.

RHONDA

Sssh. I can't sleep. It's the cuckoo clock. And there's no lock on my door.

JACK

Put a chair against it.

RHONDA

The door opens out.

JACK

So what do you want?

RHONDA

To sleep next to you.

JACK

Why?

RHONDA

Why? I *like* you, Jack. It'll be okay. We'll just sleep, okay?

She slides under the covers next to him.

In the distance, a LOVE-SICK CAT HOWLS for a mate.

A moment passes.

RHONDA

-- you smell nice --

Another moment passes.

JACK

Hey!

RHONDA
Shhh. It's okay.

She kisses him on the cheek. Disappears under the covers.

41 EXT. BETTY'S DINER - MORNING 41

Jack comes walking down the street, still caught up in 'Love's Haze', half asleep and fresh out of the shower.

He smells something in the air and looks up at --

THE SKY

against which a thin streak of smoke rises.

JACK

finds --

A LONG LINE OF PEOPLE

at the diner's door-less entrance.

SOMEONE

notices Jack and nudges the next person.

MORE PEOPLE

poke each other and stare at --

JACK

as he approaches, perplexed by all the people and the attention he is getting as he joins the end of the line.

SOMEONE
Uh, sir, you can go ahead of me.

JACK
(points to smoke)
Is there a fire?

SOMEONE
Nah, just the Chief cremating some --

Stops mid-sentence as he SEES --

JEBEDIAH

in the doorway of what was Betty's front door.

JEBEDIAH
Let's take a drive, son.

42 INT. JEBEDIAH'S POLICE CAR - DAY

42

Jebediah is driving. Jack is in the passenger seat.

JACK

What's with all those people?

JEBEDIAH

It's really something, isn't it?
How are you feeling, son?

JACK

Fine. Sorry I was late.

JEBEDIAH

No problem, son. You had a hard night.

JACK

How's that?

JEBEDIAH

Thin walls, son. You were amazing.
Sure were. Youth is amazing. I still
remember mine, there was this one time --
(gets lost, comes back)

Oh, well, that was then, an' this is
now an' here we are in my little town.

JACK

What about Axel? He was to drive me --

JEBEDIAH

Forget leaving, son! You saw all those
people! They're here to see you! Heard
all about you. You're a celebrity.

JACK

I'd like to get to Hammond, if you
don't mind.

JEBEDIAH

I do mind. Doris will be at Betty's
in a bit. The three of us need to
talk. Seems you've been sent to us
for a reason, and that's important,
son, real important. Can't beat it.
Well, here we are. Thought you'd
like to see one of my enterprises.

Jebediah stops outside --

43 EXT. CENTERVILLE'S CREMATORIUM - DAY

43

Jebediah gets out and walks around the old-style police car and pointedly opens the door for Jack who gets out and SEES --

AXEL

pulling off long purple latex gloves, having just placed --

TEX'S SIZE 22 GREEN ALLIGATOR BOOTS

side-by-side and planted with Ivy Geraniums at the end of a long row of boots and shoes, all with flowers in full bloom.

JEBEDIAH

Gardening is a hobby of Axel's. Well, seeing that Axel's work is done, let's get back to Betty's.

44 INT. BETTY'S DINER - DAY

44

Jebediah and Jack enter. Jebediah heads for his booth, Jack heads for Kennisha cleaning up a table at a distant booth.

KENNISHA

Young man, I did *not* appreciate what you and that big man did to my diner!

JACK

I'm sorry, ma'am. I'm very sorry.

KENNISHA

You really are, aren't you?

JACK

Yes, ma'am.

KENNISHA

What do you need?

JACK

I'd like to use a phone.

Kennisha looks off at Jebediah, then steps closer to Jack.

KENNISHA

You any good at listening?

JACK

Yes, ma'am. Sorry about your place.

KENNISHA

You said that. Sit.

Kennisha pushes Jack into the empty booth, sits down across from him and says hushed:

KENNISHA
You need to leave Centerville. Today.

JACK
Why?

KENNISHA
Want to die here?

JACK
I don't want to die anywhere.

KENNISHA
Then leave. This town is bad for you.

JACK
How bad?

KENNISHA
So bad that you don't want to know how bad. Don't let the Chief fool you with his -- never mind.

JACK
No, I want to hear. Tell me.

KENNISHA
He is evil. Evil! Rules this town.

JACK
How?

KENNISHA
Pays people's bills, keeps 'em high, takes care of their problems -- and you don't want to know how. People go against him disappear but no one minds.

JACK
How can he get away with that?

KENNISHA
I told you! Keeps 'em high!

JACK
Isn't that against the law?

KENNISHA
Pot's legal here! Where you been?! You're ignorant for a white boy.

JACK

So educate me.

KENNISHA

Pot is a big business and laws are written by the strong so they control the weak and Jeb isn't weak. He has powerful investors and friends in high places. Politicians. Bankers.

JACK

So?

KENNISHA

So who's gonna stop him!

A moment passes.

JACK

So why are you here? Why not leave?

KENNISHA

I can't. The diner is all I have.

JACK

But you're smart and pretty. You could do well anywhere.

KENNISHA

I'm *black*! What's *wrong* with you, boy?! What planet are you from?!

(sighs)

I'm sorry. Shouldn't have said that. My son was in the Army. Got killed over there. Wasn't much of him left to bury. I'm bitter. Angry. Fed up.

JACK

I'm sorry.

KENNISHA

There you go again with the sorry.

JACK

You just did the sorry yourself.

KENNISHA

Smart ass.

JACK

Yes, ma'am. Sorry.

A moment passes.

JACK

Why do you call your place Betty's
when that's not your name?

KENNISHA

You seen any black people here?

JACK

No -- well, you.

KENNISHA

I'm it. Others were smart and left.
You ask why Betty's. White people
want black people to have names that
fit. Simple names, like Betty.

(beat)

My van is sitting at the parking field
outside town. Says Betty's Diner on
it. Key is on the right front tire.

AXEL (O.C.)

You got my lunch?

Axel stands there.

KENNISHA

It's on the kitchen pass-through.

She watches Axel walk off.

KENNISHA

Axel grew up here. Was a girl. Went
away and came back a boy.

(beat)

Axel seeing you with me isn't good.
You need to get going. And that's my
only van key so don't lose it. Call
me when you're done with it and let
me know where it is. Phone number is
in the glove box.

(beat)

You wanted to use a phone. I got one.

JACK

Why are you nice to me?

KENNISHA

Gotta be nice to someone. You're it.

45 EXT. BETTY'S DINER - REAR - DAY

45

Kennisha hands Jack a land-line receiver through a window.

KENNISHA

It's ringing.

JACK

listens to the rings. Hears the phone be picked up and the call be disconnected. Hands Kennisha the phone. Walks off.

KENNISHA

writes down the number showing on her phone display.

46 INT. BETTY'S DINER

46

Jack approaches the booth with Jebediah, then just stands there.

JEBEDIAH

You look a bit long in the face.

JACK

Yes, well, I need to leave.

JEBEDIAH

You can't leave, son. Doris!

Jebediah waves to someone off-camera and beams a big smile.

JEBEDIAH

Here she is. Aw, just look at her!!

Doris is greeting other diners, bringing them into 'the Now'.

JACK

Did you hear me? I need to leave!

JEBEDIAH

Did you hear *me*? You *can't* leave. Grand jury has to clear you of killing that poor fellow last night. You don't want to be a fugitive from justice, son, not in my town and State. And to make sure you will stay in my town, I have asked some folks with law enforcement experience to assist you. Burt! Virgil! Meet the champ!

BURT AND VIRGIL

two bad-ass-looking bad-asses two booths away point their index fingers at Jack as in a promise of things to come.

JEBEDIAH (O.C.)

Hello, darling!

DORIS

slides in next to Jebediah who beams with pride and puts his arm around his honey.

JEBEDIAH

Jack, this is Doris, our Mayor.
Doris, this is Jack, our Champ.

DORIS

It's so nice to meet you in person!
(ever so bubbly)
It's so exciting to have you here!
Someone must have let the Internet
know. A travel agent booked rooms for
some Oriental people at \$1,000 a night!
They specifically asked to be near
you, Jack. You're a real *celebrity*!

JEBEDIAH

Celebrity is good, son. Real good.

DORIS

They paid extra to have two cars in
town.

JEBEDIAH

You lifted the ordinance for them?

DORIS

I did. Doris has a present for Jeb later.

JEBEDIAH

You're a naughty girl, Doris.

He grins and hugs Doris. Turns to Kennisha at a nearby table.

JEBEDIAH

Kennisha, may I order, please?

Kennisha approaches. Wipes her face with her apron.

JEBEDIAH

Some coffee for the young man or
whatever else he wants.

JACK

I really don't want anything, ma'am.

KENNISHA

You don't? Well, best you all vacate
that table then and get going.

DORIS

Kennisha, are you upset about something?

KENNISHA

Upset!?! Now, why would I be upset?! Just because my place is all tore up and my regulars are angry as hell cause they can't find empty seats?!

DORIS

Oh, Kennisha, a couple of days ago you were complaining about a lack of customers and too many empty seats.

KENNISHA

That was then and this is now! A couple of days ago I had a front door and time to watch Oprah! Today I got aching feet and no time to do nothing but wait on people. Don't sit there and glare at me, Chief of Po-lice! You've been sitting there all morning drinking free coffee! Now finish that cup and move your skinny butt out of that seat and make room for a paying customer.

JEBEDIAH

Now, Kennisha --

KENNISHA

Don't you "Now, Kennisha" me! I know you work for nothing, but I don't!

JACK

Ma'am --

KENNISHA

Yes, I'll get you some nothing.

(beat)

But you really ought to eat something.

Kennisha walks off.

DORIS

Jeb, maybe Axel should talk to Kennisha about some kind of medication?

(big smile for Jack)

Jack, it's so nice to have you here.

JEBEDIAH

Sure is. Forget what I said last night, son. We *like* having you here.

DORIS

We sure do.

JEBEDIAH

Sure you don't want steak and eggs, son?

DORIS

The town is paying.

JACK

I don't want anything to eat, thank you. I just want to leave.

JEBEDIAH

We went over that. You're staying. Now, let's get to the nitty gritty.

He places a large sketch pad on the table.

JEBEDIAH

I've been playing with some visual concepts.

DORIS

Jeb is quite an artist. He's done some interesting charcoal studies of me. Would you like to see them?

(leers shyly)

Although, they are a bit naughty.

JEBEDIAH

Drawing has always been a hobby of mine, son.

JACK

Please don't call me son.

AXEL (O.C.)

Excuse me, Chief.

Axel stands there, leans down over Jebediah, whispers something in his ear, hands him a key and leaves.

Jebediah absentmindedly places the key on the table near the window.

JEBEDIAH

Drawing lets my mind wander. And I like it when my mind wanders --

His mind wanders. A moment passes. He comes back.

JEBEDIAH

Thank you. So, what do you think of
this, son?

He holds up a poster-like sketch of Jack in a fighting stance
with the caption: CENTERVILLE'S FIGHT TO THE DEATH!

JEBEDIAH

It's just a draft but you get the idea.

JACK

I sure do.

JEBEDIAH

Good. I'll work on it some more, color
it in, and Doris will make copies
that Axel can distribute. It'll be
good, son. Real good. Trust me.

JACK

Trust *you*?

JEBEDIAH

Thank you, I appreciate that. Doris
and I aim to squeeze this for all we
can.

DORIS

We sure do.

JACK

(caustic)
You do, do you?

DORIS

(big smile)
Oh, yes!

JEBEDIAH

Gotta strike while the iron is hot
and it's hot now. A friend of mine
at the Attorney General's office
called and said --

DORIS

(interrupts)
Let me! One of the people coming for
you was arrested at an airport! Some
Oriental man wanted for murder in six
countries! Isn't this *exciting*?!

JACK

It sure is.

DORIS

Oh, Jeb, what if people can't find our little town?

JACK

You could put a sign on the highway.

DORIS

Jeb, I *like* that idea!

JEBEDIAH

I do too, darling, but the sign would have to be pretty big and those take time. And this could be over in a couple of days, right, son?

JACK

Right. Maybe even sooner.

JEBEDIAH

Really? Uh --

Jebediah is distracted by the silence in the diner.

JEBEDIAH

Son, you might want to acknowledge the folks in here --

Jack looks up and notices --

PEOPLE IN THE DINER

have come out of their pot fog and are now staring at him.

JEBEDIAH

waves to someone.

JEBEDIAH

Do something. Make 'em feel appreciated. Some walked a long way to see you.

JACK

Really?

JEBEDIAH

Yes. We'll have a meet-the-press and autograph session later today.

JACK

Meet the press, huh?

JEBEDIAH

Just our local paper.

(MORE)

JEBEDIAH (CONT'D)

Doris is the editor. People have
been told to not bother you in person.
Oh, hello, Sam. Nice to see you.

Jebediah shakes an older fellow's hand.

JEBEDIAH

Like the action, Sam? I knew you
would.

SAM

tries to speak but is overcome with emotion and leaves.

JEBEDIAH

leans closer to Jack.

JEBEDIAH

Son, you need to acknowledge their
presence.

JACK

Why?

JEBEDIAH

(hard)
Because I asked you to!
(forced smile)
Nod, son. Smile. Wave to them.
Anything. Just -- do something!

Jack glares at Jebediah. Turns to the crowd and nods.

CAMERAS FLASH.

JEBEDIAH

Smile at them, son.

JACK

attempts a smile. Can't. His lips stick to his teeth.

JEBEDIAH

leans closer yet to Jack and hisses with a forced smile.

JEBEDIAH

You're *scaring* them. *Wet* your lips,
son, *then* smile.

JACK

complies, albeit reluctantly, and smiles at the crowd.

THE CROWD

waves to Jack.

MORE CAMERAS FLASH.

JEBEDIAH

pats Jack's shoulder.

JEBEDIAH

Atta boy. You made 'em happy. Strange
people have been arriving all morning --

He moves the window curtain aside, opens the window and looks
outside.

JEBEDIAH

Cheese and rice! Looks like your
Oriental people are here, Doris.

47 EXT. CENTERVILLE MAIN STREET - DAY

47

A DARK MERCEDES LIMO and ECONO VAN pull up near the diner.

ON THE LIMO'S BACK DOOR

are two palm-size Japanese *kanji* characters like the tattoo
on Jack's back!

IN THE LIMO'S BACK SEAT

MATSUI, an attractive young Japanese woman wearing an old-
fashioned black hat with a lace veil, lifts the veil and
blots her damp forehead with the back of her hand, revealing
a forearm that is heavily tattooed from the wrist up.

IN THE VAN

Heavily tattooed Japanese thugs.

THE STREET

is quiet. No one moves.

It's quiet -- too quiet.

A LOCAL

placing lawn chairs near a 'CHAIRS FOR RENT' sign notices
the quiet and scurries into his home.

THE VAN

shatters the quiet with blaring Japanese 'New Age' music.

A CATERING TRUCK

playing "America The Beautiful" pulls in near where --

A LEMONADE KID

setting up a lemonade stand yells protests at the driver.

THE CATERING TRUCK DRIVER

gives the Lemonade Kid his middle finger.

48 INT. BETTY'S DINER - DAY

48

Jebediah slowly closes the curtain. Grins.

JEBEDIAH

Looks like show time.

DORIS

Oh, goodie!

JACK

Goodie?

DORIS

Aw, we *like* you, Jack. Don't we, Jeb?

JEBEDIAH

We sure do.

DORIS

And we're not going to let anyone take this away from us, are we, Jeb?

JEBEDIAH

Nope. We're on this 24/7.

JACK

24/7. Can't ask for more than that.

JEBEDIAH

Nope. Since the people coming for you are highly motivated, and since they found you here, there's no reason to believe they wouldn't find you just as easily somewhere else, right?

JACK

Right.

JEBEDIAH

Plus here you are with friends -- and we've got everything under control.

DORIS
You've done such a good job, Jeb.
Doris has something for you later.

She squeezes Jebediah's thigh and turns to Jack.

DORIS
Jeb has everything under control,
Jack. He really does.

JACK
Oh, good. Well, since you don't
need me for anything.

Jack gets up from the table.

DORIS
He's not planning to leave
Centerville, is he, Jeb?

JEBEDIAH
Of course not, Doris. He might be
fast but he knows that a bullet is
faster. Don't you, son?

JACK
You said it.

JEBEDIAH
So where are you off to, son?

JACK
Oh, for a run. A light work out.

JEBEDIAH
Good. Light work outs are good.
Real good. Gets that blood going.

DORIS
Jack, I'd like to learn a light work
out. I have these little -- bumps
I'd like to get rid of.

JEBEDIAH
I like your little bumps.

DORIS
You're so romantic, Jeb --

She squeezes Jebediah's thigh again, then turns to Jack.

DORIS
So, how do you work out?

JACK

Uh -- how --

Jack starts to walk off but is stopped by Jebediah.

JEBEDIAH

Jack, you didn't answer Doris' question
and I don't like that one bit.

JACK

Chief, you are keeping me from my father
and I don't like *that* one bit!

They glare at each other. Tension mounts. No one notices as --

THE LEMONADE KID

reaches through the open window, takes the key and is gone.

DORIS

Well, now, boys. Let's be friends.

That's not to be. Jack walks off.

49 EXT. BETTY'S DINER - DAY

49

People in line wave to Jack as he heads for Doris' B & B.

JACK

does not wave back, nor does he *look* back -- if he did he
would notice --

A RED-CLAD FIGHTER

stealthily following Jack from a distance among the trees
that line the street, and --

A PURPLE-CLAD FIGHTER

stealthily following Jack at a distance among the trees on
the *other* side of the street.

THE FIGHTERS

let it be known with angry gestures and *subtitled grunts*
that each sees the other as an intruder.

JACK

is near Doris' B & B when some distance behind him --

THE FIGHTERS

engage each other in a spirited brawl.

LEMONADE KID (O.C.)
 Hey, Champ, you're gonna need this.

THE LEMONADE KID

appears and shows Jack a car key.

LEMONADE KID
 You need a key to drive Kenisha's van.

JACK
 (a beat, then)
 I can't drive.

LEMONADE KID
 Why not? I can and I'm only 12.

JACK
 I didn't need to drive where I'm from.

LEMONADE KID
 You're here now so get on with it.

The Lemonade Kid throws Jack the key and walks off.

50 INT. DORIS' B & B - LOBBY - DAY

50

Jack enters and finds:

MATSUI

in an arm chair, quite drunk and with a tall glass in her hand, her hat askew and her face obscured by the veil.

MATSUI
 How are you, Jack?

JACK

can't conceal his anger and frustration and hisses:

JACK
 Been better. Been much, much better.

MATSUI

looks away.

MATSUI
 You soon much, much worse.

She finishes her drink and raises the empty glass.

OKAGA

-- Matsui's snake-like assistant appears, hands her a full glass, takes the empty glass and slithers off.

MATSUI

takes a long sip of her drink.

MATSUI

Why you not want be my champion?

INTERCUT:

JACK

I just wanted to win the championship.
I didn't know about all the stuff
that went with it.

MATSUI

Was in rules.

JACK

The rules were in Japanese and I
don't read Japanese.

Matsui takes another sip of her drink.

MATSUI

Why you no come Tokyo with me? Then
all problem go away.

JACK

Not true. I would be owned by you.

MATSUI

I WANT YOU COME MY HOME TOKYO!

JACK

I DON'T WANT TO COME TO YOUR HOME!

The outburst ECHOES. They glare at each other. Her head sags.

JACK

Please don't cry.

MATSUI

My heart not your carpet, Mr. Connors.

She staggers off to her room. Closes the door behind her.

SWOOSH! SWOOSH!

DEMYAN

A Mongolian fighter with a badly scarred face, twirls a pair of glistening three-pronged scythes -- but he doesn't attack Jack, he merely needles him.

SWOOSH! SWOOSH!

JACK

ignores Demyan and enters his room, fails to see --

OKAGA

exit Rhonda's room, embrace her, and walk off.

51 INT. DORIS' B & B - JACK'S ROOM - DAY

51

Jack sees his world championship belt, grabs it in sudden, blind fury and smashes it against the bureau.

A CIRCUIT BOARD

with blinking L.E.D. lights falls from the belt.

JACK

stares at the blinking device, HEARS his door CREAK open, and SEES --

IN THE REFLECTION OF THE BRASS PLAQUE

at the belt's base --

A PISTOL

-- that FIRES!

JACK'S HEAD

is creased by the bullet.

JACK

is stunned and drops to the floor.

A CAUCASIAN ASSAILANT

in the doorway takes renewed aim with his pistol.

JACK

has nowhere to hide.

THE CAUCASIAN ASSAILANT'S FINGER

tightens against the trigger. We hear a THUD, then a GASP.

THE CAUCASIAN ASSAILANT'S THROAT

has been pierced by a three-pronged scythe and he crumples to the floor, writhing and gasping for breath.

DEMYAN

appears, removes the three-pronged scythe, wipes it clean on the dying Caucasian Assailant's clothes, and steps aside as --

MATSUI AND OKAGA

enter.

MATSUI

Gun against rules. Not honorable.

JACK

Any other rules I should know about?

The Caucasian Assailant groans horribly.

JACK

He needs a doctor.

MATSUI

He soon dead.

JACK

And you don't care, do you?

MATSUI

I am so sorry.

JACK

If you're so sorry why don't you stop this? It's your championship!

MATSUI

No, not my championship.

She leaves.

JACK

turns to Okaga.

JACK

Not her championship? Whose is it then?

OKAGA
 Matsui-san father. Big Yakuza boss.
 Die with Matsui-san mother and brother
 in accident.

OKAGA

is distracted by a not-so-distant POLICE SIREN, leans close
 to Jack and whispers conspiratorially.

OKAGA
 I have idea. You me talk later.

He scurries off.

52 EXT. CENTERVILLE - DAY

52

Jebediah tries with flashing lights and blaring siren to get
 his police car through the large crowd surrounding the red-
 and purple-clad fighters who are still slugging it out.

JEBEDIAH

gets out from his car and climbs up on its roof.

JEBEDIAH
 HOLD IT!

THE CROWD

ignores Jebediah and CHEERS as --

THE RED-CLAD FIGHTER

nails the purple-clad fighter with a back-handed fist.

JEBEDIAH

fires a shot into the air.

THE PURPLE-CLAD FIGHTER

stops in mid-air a swing at his red-clad opponent -- an
 opportunist who nails his purple-clad opponent in the keister.

JEBEDIAH

fires his gun again.

JEBEDIAH
 I SAID *HOLD* IT!

THE CROWD AND THE TWO FIGHTERS

cower.

JEBEDIAH

bares his teeth.

JEBEDIAH

This tournament will be orderly,
people! No improvisation -- what!?

OKAGA

waves an arm for attention from the back of the crowd.

JEBEDIAH

motions impatiently with his gun.

JEBEDIAH

Make room for that child back there!

THE CROWD

parts, and there's --

OKAGA

totally out of breath.

OKAGA

Gu... gu... gu... gun --

JEBEDIAH

What? It's a free country. Speak up!

OKAGA

B... B... B...

53 INT. DORIS' B & B - JACK'S ROOM - DAY

53

Jebediah enters and finds Jack and --

THE CAUCASIAN ASSAILANT

who expires with a SIGH at the sight of Jebediah.

JEBEDIAH

I know this loser. An opportunist of
the worst kind. Are you okay, son?

JACK

Learning something every day.

Jebediah turns the dead man's head with the toe of his shoe.

JEBEDIAH

Best Doris doesn't see this. She just had that floor refinished.

He reaches for his radio.

JEBEDIAH

Axel, bring the hearse, a mop and bleach to the B & B.

(turns to Jack)

Son, you need to wash up. We have a photo op in a few minutes.

JACK

We do, do we?

JEBEDIAH

We do. And wear what you wear when you do what you do. And be barefoot, son. Barefoot is good. Gives you that real authentic look.

(brings out a camera)

I need a head shot of you for some art work. Look at the camera and smile, son.

(aims the camera)

A *smile*, son, not a sneer! *Love* the camera. Look at the lens and say cheese.

JACK

I don't think so.

JEBEDIAH

Really? Fine. Be that way.

He takes the picture. Reaches for his radio.

JEBEDIAH

Where are you, Axel? Get over here! The Champion and I need to be somewhere in five. Let's go, Axel! Great things are happening! Go! Go! Go!

54 EXT. BETTY'S DINER - DAY

54

A HORDE OF PEOPLE photograph and video --

JACK

as he stands ill-at-ease in his street-clothes next to --

JEBEDIAH

who has water-combed his hair and smiles big while holding his stomach in and pushing his chest out, as --

DORIS

walks around in the crowd collecting money in a pail.

JEBEDIAH

isn't happy and HISSES at Jack out of the corner of his mouth:

JEBEDIAH

You could have put that pajamas outfit
on for me. Wouldn't have killed you.
Wouldn't have hurt you a bit, but you
had to pull a power play, didn't you?

PEOPLE IN THE CROWD

begin to SHOUT questions.

JACK

holds up his hands in surrender and turns to Jebediah.

JACK

That's it. I'm leaving.

JEBEDIAH

What! You can't leave *now*!

JACK

Really? Watch me.

JEBEDIAH

But -- all these people, they're
here to talk to you.

JACK

You talk to them.

JEBEDIAH

Where are you off to?

JACK

A run. That light work out.

Jack strides off. A CROWD follows him.

JEBEDIAH AND DORIS

field questions from the remaining crowd.

KENNISHA (O.S.)

You can be proud of Jack, Mr. Connors.

55 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CENTERVILLE - ROAD

55

Kennisha is talking with Jack Wyatt Connors standing by his car, an older Volvo station wagon bedecked with "See Yourself in Others" and "One World, One People, One Chance" stickers.

JACK WYATT

How can I? He is a *fighter*!

KENNISHA

He is your *son*!

Jack Wyatt looks off. Gets in his car. Drives away.

56 EXT. CENTERVILLE - DAY

56

Jack strides through a residential part of town with a HORDE OF PEOPLE trailing him at a safe distance.

A SLOW-MOVING, DENTED CHEVY MONTE CARLO

pulls in behind the horde.

JACK

turns to the horde, raises his arms in a threatening, Frankenstein-like gesture and ROARS mightily.

THE HORDE

scatters.

JACK

takes off running with an impressive speed.

THE MONTE CARLO

takes off after Jack with an impressive ROAR.

JACK

dashes across a lawn.

THE MONTE CARLO

comes around the corner with SQUEALING tires.

JACK

hurdles a fence.

THE CHASE

is on --

57 MONTAGE - THE CHASE 57

Through alleys and homes, rose gardens and hedges.

58 INT. HARRY'S GARAGE/WORKSHOP - DAY 58

Jack dashes in through an open side-door -- and almost knocks down HARRY using a metal-cutting chop-saw.

HARRY

Hey!

JACK

Hey!

Jack continues out the open garage door.

59 THE CHASE CONTINUES 59

over lawns and rooftops, across parks and streets.

60 EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - DEAD END - DAY 60

Jack comes around a corner and finds himself at a dead end.

He looks for an escape route --

THE WALLS

are topped with razor-blade wire. VROOOOM!

THE MONTE CARLO

appears and SCREECHES to a stop.

BURT AND VIRGIL

step out -- dressed in full prison guard riot gear.

JACK

assumes a fighting stance.

JEBEDIAH'S POLICE CAR

comes around the corner and SCREECHES to a stop.

JEBEDIAH

steps out -- pissed off, but hiding it fairly well.

JEBEDIAH

That was some light work out, son.
You probably covered several miles.

JACK

Probably.

JEBEDIAH

If I didn't think you and I had an
understanding I would think you were
looking to leave town.

JACK

Really? You think so?

JEBEDIAH

I do. With the key to Kennisha's van
you could have disappeared for good.

JACK

Really?

JEBEDIAH

Yes, really. Burt and Virgil will now
make sure you don't get lost again.

Burt and Virgil march closer, shuffling their feet prison
guard style, Billy clubs in hand.

JACK

Got yourself a full service department
there, don't you, Chief?

JEBEDIAH

You don't seem very friendly, son.

JACK

I don't feel very friendly.

JEBEDIAH

Why not? Doris and I like you.

JACK

But not well enough so I can meet my
father.

JEBEDIAH

I can't let you leave, son. You're
this town's salvation! Doris got
real worried when you went running.

JACK
That's real nice of her.

JEBEDIAH
She *is* nice. Right now she is over at the high school gym having it spruced up for the tournament. And more contestants have arrived.
(sighs)
You need to keep any unscheduled altercations away from her B & B, son. Doris doesn't want any more blood stains on her floors or any furniture breakage.

JACK
I'll see what I can do.

JEBEDIAH
See, you *can* be nice when you want to. Good. Now I'd appreciate that you let Burt and Virgil give you a ride back to the B & B. And get some rest, son! You might last longer.

61 INT. DORIS' B & B - LOBBY - DUSK

61

Jack enters with Virgil who pointedly and repeatedly smacks his Billy club against the palm of his hand.

JACK
That might hurt after a while.

Virgil stops with the Billy club.

VIRGIL
You aren't gonna be a problem, are you?

JACK
What do you think?

Virgil bares his teeth threateningly and HISSSES:

VIRGIL
I'll be right outside.

He smacks his hand again for added effect -- a bit too hard. That hurt! He grimaces, stifles an "OW" and goes to open the door, but can't get it open, no matter how hard he pushes.

JACK
It opens in.

VIRGIL
Right.

Virgil leaves.

VIRGIL'S SILHOUETTE ON THE FRONT DOOR'S FROSTED GLASS

shows him smack the Billy club against the palm of his hand --
and we hear an OW!

OKAGA (O.S.)
Ask Matsui-san change rules.

JACK

turns and finds --

OKAGA

with beer bottle in hand.

OKAGA
If Matsui-san change rule, she no
more *yakuza* boss. Maybe I new *yakuza*
boss. Maybe more better for you.

62 INT. DORIS' B & B - JACK'S ROOM - NIGHT

62

Jack comes out from the shower wearing only a towel, revealing
his fabulous physique and, on his back, the tattoo -- the
same Japanese *kanji* character logo as on Matsui's limo door.

He can't find his street clothes, only his fighting clothes and --

THIS NOTE:

Dear Jack,
Your street clothes are in the laundry.
Love,
Doris

JACK

reluctantly puts on his fighting pants when --

THE WINDOW

EXPLODES into a myriad of GLISTENING shards through which --

A BLACK-CLAD FIGURE

leaps into the room.

JACK

engages --

HANZU

the fighter Jack beat for the championship!

THE FIGHT BETWEEN JACK AND HANZU

is intense. Both combatants are exceptionally fast and agile.

HANZU

is a powerful puncher, but he is evenly matched with --

JACK

who punches Hanzu so hard that Hanzu loses his balance and back-peddles out the door, across the hall and through another door and into --

63 INT. DORIS' B & B - DORIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

63

The combatants continue the slugfest in Doris' dainty boudoir.

DORIS

WHIMPERS as she peers out from under her covers -- under which is the SHAPE of yet another person.

This isn't Doris' day...

HER ANTIQUES

are smashed to bits.

DORIS

gets angrier and angrier with the demise of each piece, but she also SHUDDERS at the sound of the BLOWS.

HANZU'S FACE

becomes unrecognizable.

JACK

backs off and assumes a neutral stance, giving Hanzu an opportunity to save himself, but --

HANZU

is a fool and attacks

JACK

who unleashes a spinning back-kick to Hanzu's head.

HANZU

drops.

DORIS

pokes the body under the covers next to her.

DORIS
Do something, Jeb!

JEBEDIAH
(from under the covers)
I've got no clothes on, woman!

DORIS
At least ask him to leave!!!

JEBEDIAH
(from under the covers)
Son, would you please leave.

JACK

leaves.

HANZU

groans.

DORIS

tries to pull the covers off Jebediah, but he resists.

DORIS
Jeb, don't just *lie* there! You want
any more of Doris you'd better *do*
something! Look at my room! Look at
my things! And look at that man
bleeding on my rug! *Do* something!
You are the Chief of Police!

JEBEDIAH

peers out from under the covers. Reaches for a phone.

JEBEDIAH
Axel, pick up.

RHONDA'S VOICE
What's going on?

RHONDA

stands in the doorway. Sees Hanzu.

RHONDA

Oh, when did *he* get here?

JEBEDIAH

He who? You know him?

RHONDA

He's the fighter Jack beat for the championship. Guess he really liked that penthouse, money, and girls.

DORIS

He is bleeding on my rug.

RHONDA

Aw, he's tough. Will no doubt live to fight another day, as they say.

JEBEDIAH

Really? Fight another day.

We hear Axel on the phone.

JEBEDIAH

Axel, find Burt and Virgil and have them come to take the Oriental on Doris's rug for a ride to your place.

We hear the soft CHANTING of a Buddhist prayer.

64 INT. DORIS' B & B - MATSUI'S ROOM - NIGHT

64

Matsui prays by a portable shrine with pictures of an older Japanese man and woman and a boy of Jack's age and look.

65 INT. DORIS' B & B - JACK'S ROOM - NIGHT

65

Distant chanting. Rhonda watches Jack perform a remarkable strength and stretching exercise.

RHONDA

Can I ask you a couple of questions for my story? Why did you leave Tokyo? You could have had that penthouse. Money. Anything you wanted.

JACK

I'm not for sale.

RHONDA

You're so sweet.

(beat)

You knew people would come after you?

JACK
Yes, Matsui told me.

RHONDA
Does the champion have to have a
tattoo?

JACK
Apparently. Why?

RHONDA
How did you get it?

JACK
Her people jumped me in the locker
room right after the fight. Gave me
an injection that knocked me out.
When I woke up I had the tattoo.

RHONDA
Does it hurt?

JACK
Why?

RHONDA
(a beat, then)
I got this *thing* about pain.

JACK
What do you know about pain?

RHONDA
I don't want to talk about it.

JACK
But you want me to talk about this
and that.

RHONDA
Sorry. Okay, ask me another question.

JACK
I can't think of anything I want to
know.
(off her look)
Fine. What kind of high school did
you go to?

RHONDA
A big one.

JACK
How big?

RHONDA

So big that no one heard me scream
when the football team raped me.

Jack stops with the exercises. Stares at her.

RHONDA

What?

JACK

I, uh --

RHONDA

You what? You don't have a clue
what that feels like, do you?

JACK

No.

RHONDA

DON'T MAKE LIKE YOU'RE SOME GODDAMN
EXPERT ON PAIN THEN!

A deafening silence follows, then:

JACK

Hey, I didn't know that --

RHONDA

That what?! Skip the violins! You're
clueless just like all other men!

And with that Rhonda leaves the room, slamming the door shut.

JEBEDIAH (O.S.)

Jack, come out here! I need to talk
to you!

66 INT. DORIS' B & B - LOBBY - NIGHT

66

Jebediah rages at Jack now dressed in his fighting garb.

JEBEDIAH

Axel is working as fast as he can
with the bodies, but you and I need
to get some things straight!

He sees Matsui looking at them from her door.

JEBEDIAH

Walk with me.

He puts his arm around Jack and walks him out the door,
pushing aside Burt and Virgil who are standing guard outside.

67 EXT. DORIS' B & B - NIGHT

67

Burt and Virgil follow at a respectful distance as --

JEBEDIAH

walks Jack away from Doris' B & B.

JEBEDIAH

Didn't I ask you to keep all mayhem outside? But you didn't listen, did you? You just had to wreck Doris' bedroom, didn't you? I've never seen her this upset!

She is absolutely convinced this will mess with her orgasmic ability, and she likes her orgasmic ability, son, as do I. So I need you to --

JACK

shakes off Jebediah's arm.

JACK

You need to stop patronizing me! And stop calling me "son"! And don't pretend to be my friend because I'm not your friend! I'm just fodder for your self-serving bull-shit!

JEBEDIAH

looks like he is about to have a stroke.

JEBEDIAH

Burt! Virgil!

BURT AND VIRGIL

draw their Billy clubs.

JACK

gets in a fighting stance.

BURT AND VIRGIL

quickly put away their Billy clubs.

JEBEDIAH

draws his revolver and aims it at Jack's head.

JEBEDIAH

I can end you right here.

JACK

faces Jebediah.

JACK

Sure you can. Go ahead. Shoot me.
Show us what you're made of.

JEBEDIAH

wavers -- but cocks the revolver.

JACK

is unrelenting.

JACK

Go ahead and shoot, Chief. Go ahead.
Shoot!

JEBEDIAH'S FINGER

quivers on the revolver's trigger.

JACK

gets deeper into that Zone in which nothing matters but the
righteousness of the moment.

JACK

Go ahead and shoot, big man. Go
ahead! SHOOT, DAMMIT! SHOOT!!!

JEBEDIAH

feels this to be the moment of reckoning.

JEBEDIAH'S FINGER

squeezes the trigger.

BURT AND VIRGIL

just stand there with eyes like saucers.

JEBEDIAH

is totally committed. His face hardens.

JEBEDIAH'S TRIGGER FINGER

begins to move the trigger -- BANG!

MATSUI

stands there with a smoking pistol in her hand.

MATSUI

He my champion! I say when he die!

JEBEDIAH

is white in the face, looks up at --

HIS UNIFORM CAP

that is askew and has a bullet hole in its crown.

JEBEDIAH

Burt... Virgil, do something.

BURT AND VIRGIL

reach for their Billy clubs.

CLICK! CLI-ICK!

MATSUI'S THUGS

aim major automatic weapons at the three *gaijin*.

BURT AND VIRGIL

freeze.

MATSUI

aims her pistol at Jebediah.

MATSUI

Which eye you no like?

JEBEDIAH

swallows hard.

HIGH ANGLE

Everyone holds their ground. No one moves. Silence -- except for an idling motorcycle.

JEBEDIAH

removes his finger from the trigger and lowers his revolver. Takes off his cap. Looks at the hole in its crown, then at --

MATSUI

aiming her pistol at him, ready to both kill and die.

JEBEDIAH

thinks. Spits. Thinks some more. Grimaces and clears his throat.

JEBEDIAH

Well now, maybe we can compromise.

MATSUI

bares her teeth and HISSES:

MATSUI

I already compromise. You not dead.
Now we make deal.

JEBEDIAH

stares at her.

JEBEDIAH

What kind of deal?

MATSUI

growls something to her thugs who grab Okaga.

MATSUI

You kill him --
(points to Okaga)
-- and I give you him!

She points to Jack.

JEBEDIAH

Throw in some cash and you got a
deal.

A motorcycle drives off.

68 EXT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - NIGHT

68

An older, somber building.

JEBEDIAH (O.S.)

I know you're upset, Doris.

69 INT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - JEBEDIAH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

69

Jebediah sits with a phone cradled to his ear at a desk littered with poster-sized sketches of Jack facing fierce-looking foes and text announcing 'A FIGHT TO THE DEATH.'

JEBEDIAH

I can hear it in your voice, darling.

He straightens a framed photo of Donald Trump hanging crooked on the wall. It tilts right back -- will not hang straight.

JEBEDIAH

No, it will not happen again.

Again he tries to get the picture to hang straight. It won't.

JEBEDIAH

He is right here.

70 INT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - CELL - NIGHT

70

Dark and dank. Foreboding.

A RAT

sniffs the air.

A SPIDER

approaches a fly trapped in a web.

JEBEDIAH (O.S.)

No, he's not going anywhere.

JACK

is unconscious and his hands are shackled behind his back to an eye-bolt fastened half-way up the wall.

His championship belt lies atop a stainless steel bunk.

JEBEDIAH (O.S.)

Burt and Virgil are fine. A little banged up, that's all.

VIRGIL

stands there severely banged up, balancing on crutches.

JEBEDIAH (O.S.)

Yes, I'll tell them you're concerned.

Virgil lifts Jack's head with the tip of a crutch, revealing --

JACK'S FACE

that is badly bruised.

JEBEDIAH (O.S.)

Well, I was thinking ten percent of
the gate to the city and ninety
percent to you and me as organizers.

VIRGIL

hobbles out from the cell and into --

71 INT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 71

-- where Burt studies his face in a locker door's mirror.

BURT'S FACE

is also a mess. One eye is shut, the other nearly so.

JEBEDIAH (O.S.)

Right. And we want to comply with
the tax code and the city charter.

72 INT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - CELL - NIGHT 72

Jack begins to come to.

JEBEDIAH (O.S.)

Right. I agree, nothing illegal.

73 INT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 73

Burt dabs a cut on his cheek with iodine. Winces.

VIRGIL

Hurts, huh? Damn kid. I'll be right
back. I'm gonna ask the Chief a favor.

JEBEDIAH (O.S.)

We don't want to be looking over our
shoulders, do we, Doris? No, there's
no time for an LLC. No, they cannot
get DNA from ashes.

Virgil hobbles toward an open door and into --

74 INT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - JEBEDIAH'S OFFICE - NIGHT 74

Jebediah sees Virgil and angrily motions him away.

VIRGIL

starts to say something anyway.

JEBEDIAH

throws a heavy book at Virgil and reaches for another.

VIRGIL

flees.

JEBEDIAH

I lost you there for a minute. Your
battery might be getting low.

ON A NEARBY DESK

are various artist's supplies such as paints, brushes and
containers of PAINT THINNERS and ACETONE.

JEBEDIAH

No, Doris, that was not a metaphor
about you.

FIGHT TO THE DEATH POSTERS

are tacked to the walls, as is --

A PALM SPRINGS POSTER

JEBEDIAH (O.C.)

Right -- and we're better organized.

OKAGA

sits shackled to a chair, his mouth duct-taped shut.

JEBEDIAH (O.C.)

Of course it's for the good of the
town.

JEBEDIAH

goes to work on a poster as he talks.

JEBEDIAH

And it's fun and progressive, isn't
it?

OKAGA

MOANS.

JEBEDIAH

glowers at Okaga.

JEBEDIAH

Of course I remember that was the
slate you were elected mayor on.

OKAGA

MOANS again.

JEBEDIAH

waves angrily at Okaga.

JEBEDIAH

Just a second, darling.

He cups the phone's speaker with his hand and HISSES at Okaga:

JEBEDIAH

Be quiet!

He selects another paint brush and color as he listens.

JEBEDIAH

Absolutely. If we hadn't, some other
town would have and with us he'll be
in a nice urn. Bronze? I'll tell Axel.

75 INT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - CELL - NIGHT

75

Jebediah drones on in the distance as we hear --

LEMONADE KID (O.S.)

Hey, Champ, you okay?

JACK (O.S.)

-- not really --

JACK

has his feet against the wall and is slowly 'walking' in a
counter-clockwise direction -- unscrewing the eye-bolt to
which his handcuffs are attached.

76 EXT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - NIGHT

76

The Lemonade Kid stands atop a trash can, whispering:

LEMONADE KID

Wanna talk?

77 INT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - CELL - NIGHT

77

Jack stops 'walking' the wall. He now hangs upside down, straining to talk:

JACK
-- not really --

INTERCUT:

LEMONADE KID
Why not? What are you doing?

JACK
I'm -- kind -- of -- hanging around.

LEMONADE KID
Shouldn't you be planning an escape?

JACK
Shouldn't -- you be home -- in bed?

LEMONADE KID
I don't live at home. I live under a bridge. Kennisha says you can save Centerville. Will you?

JACK
Why -- do you -- live -- under -- a bridge?

LEMONADE KID
I have a sister. Well, are you going to put Jebediah out of business?

JACK
I -- hadn't -- thought -- about it.

LEMONADE KID
You should. Be a real champ.

RHONDA'S VOICE
Be quiet, kid -- and get lost.

78 EXT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - NIGHT

78

Rhonda leans unfriendly-like over the Lemonade Kid.

LEMONADE KID
Fine, but not because you said so. Jack, think about what I said. Be a champ, not a chump. Bye.

The kid leaves. Rhonda gets on the trash can.

RHONDA
You okay?

INTERCUT:

JACK
I'm fine. Busy.

RHONDA
Wanted to make sure you're okay.

JACK
I am. Good night.

RHONDA
Good night.

JEBEDIAH (O.S.)
No need for death certificates.

79 INT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - JEBEDIAH'S OFFICE - NIGHT 79

Jebediah is doing knee bends with the phone to his ear.

JEBEDIAH
No need to bother with paperwork, Doris.
Stretches his hamstrings while cradling the phone to his ear.

JEBEDIAH
There's no problem, trust me.

80 INT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - CELL - NIGHT 80

As Jebediah drones on, Jack 'walks' the wall, unscrewing the eye-bolt -- that suddenly SQUEAKS!

BURT'S VOICE
Hey, uh, I think I heard a rat in the kid's cell.

VIRGIL'S VOICE
So?

BURT'S VOICE
I never liked rats. Go check it out.

JACK

jumps down to the floor and just stands there as if he was still shackled to the eye-bolt as --

VIRGIL

shuffles in on his crutches, keeping a safe and respectful distance from Jack while scrutinizing the cell floor.

VIRGIL
See a rat in here?

JACK

looks Virgil straight in the eye.

JACK
Sure do.

VIRGIL

starts to say something. Decides not to. Leaves.

JACK

re-climbs the wall and continues to unscrew the eye-bolt.

81 INT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

81

Virgil hobbles to Burt who is still gazing in the mirror and assessing the damage to his face.

VIRGIL
No rat. Would you stop looking at yourself! You're worse than a girl.

BURT
Look what the kid did to my face!

VIRGIL
So? He knocked out my best tooth.

He withdraws a tooth from his shirt pocket, holds it daintily between his thumb and finger, studying it.

BURT
So put it back in.

VIRGIL
Oh, yeah. Move over.

Virgil pushes Burt aside, looks at his mouth in the mirror and tries to stick the tooth back into its hole in his gum.

VIRGIL
Ow! That hurts, man.

Virgil holds up his tooth and looks at it with great sadness.

VIRGIL

Damn -- and not a single cavity.

He throws the tooth into a trash can.

VIRGIL

I hate that kid. Remember when we whacked that guy who disrespected us at Pelican Bay, how sorry he was as he died. I wanna be there when this kid gets whacked.

BURT

You will be. Chief wants us to whack the kid tomorrow night.

VIRGIL

Why not today?

BURT

The kid's got a bunch of fights tomorrow during the day. Then there's the main event tomorrow night and that's gonna be something really special. It's first come, first serve.

VIRGIL

Hey, our *dinner*! Axel hasn't brought our dinner! Where the hell is he?

BURT

Probably burning the one from the B&B. Each one takes a couple of hours.

VIRGIL

I'm hungry. Go tell tell the Chief.

BURT

Uh-uh. He's pissed off with us as it is. Might put us back in our cells.

VIRGIL

And we only had two more weeks. We shouldn't have taken his offer. Should have said, "Thank you, Chief, but we'll take our chances in court."
(beat)

Can he really get us life for the bank job we did?

BURT

Probably. It would be our third felony an' he's got the video tape and powerful friends in powerful places.

VIRGIL
Yeah, he does.

We HEAR a distant SQUEAK.

VIRGIL
There's that rat again.

82 INT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - CELL - NIGHT 82

Jack is half-way up the wall and upside down when the eye-bolt SQUEAKS again, then comes out -- and he falls face down to the floor and inadvertently lets escape a MOAN.

83 INT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 83

Virgil cups a hand to his ear.

VIRGIL
I think I heard the kid moan.

He shuffles off on his crutches toward Jack's cell, stops and turns to Burt.

VIRGIL
Why do I care that the kid moaned!
He could die right now for all I care! He should die, the son-of-a-bitch, after what he did to us!
(hit with an idea)
Hey, Burt, you could kill the kid in the ring! You'd look good as champion. You got all your hair and all your teeth. You should kill the kid!

BURT
How? The Oriental lady said no guns.

They fail to notice Jack peer out from his cell.

VIRGIL
Use a Billy club! It's a martial arts weapon!

BURT
It is?

VIRGIL
Oh, yeah! They use 'em in Martial Law! You could *club* the kid to death! Be a piece of cake since he's handcuffed and all!

With his hands still shackled behind his back to the eye-bolt, Jack slips out of his cell and toward an emergency exit.

BURT

Virgil, whacking some smart-ass in the yard is one thing, whacking this kid is something else. And I don't wanna live in Tokyo. Having fish on Fridays is enough. Naw, I'll stick to robbing convenience stores. An' this kid is no perp, he's an athlete.

VIRGIL

Son-of-a-bitch should be a dead one.

BURT

Tomorrow he will be. Chief said to whack the kid no matter what after the main event.

VIRGIL

Be nice if we could shoot the son-of-a-bitch. Be a lot quicker than beating him to death.

Behind them --

JACK

opens the emergency exit and slips out into the dark night.

84 EXT. CENTERVILLE - NIGHT

84

Jack moves from shadow to shadow. He stops and listens.

It's quiet -- too quiet.

JACK

begins to run.

A MOTORCYCLE

starts up with a PURR and --

A BLUE-CLAD FIGHTER

appears from out of the shadows, following Jack and swinging a menacing bola.

85 INT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - JEBEDIAH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

85

Still on the phone, Jebediah is distracted by Okaga, now blue in the face and frantically tapping the floor with his feet to get Jebediah's attention.

JEBEDIAH

Doris, I have to call you back.
Someone here wants to talk to me.

He hangs up the phone and approaches Okaga.

JEBEDIAH

What's *wrong* with you? Don't you people have any manners? Can't you see I'm on the phone? Now, I'm going to take that tape off, but no more hollering. Got that?

Okaga nods.

Jebediah tears the tape off Okaga's face -- which HURTS!

Okaga HOLLERS. Jebediah raps him on his head with a knuckle.

JEBEDIAH

Stop! We have a deal. No hollering!

Okaga lets escape a MOAN.

Jebediah leans close to Okaga.

JEBEDIAH

Now what is it? D'you need to go?

Okaga struggles to speak.

JEBEDIAH

You got something to say, say it!

Okaga struggles to gather talking strength.

OKAGA

-- heart -- my -- heart --

JEBEDIAH

Don't start with that heart routine again! Next you'll probably try the old "There's someone behind you" trick.

He re-tapes Okaga's mouth.

JEBEDIAH

I'm not going to say this again.
(MORE)

JEBEDIAH (CONT'D)

I have work to do. You and I have a deal and it's real straight forward. All you have to do is sit here until Axel has room in the oven. Make the best of it. Think nice thoughts.

Okaga groans and rolls his eyes.

JEBEDIAH

Stop groaning! Think of some of the nice things you've done in life.

Another desperate grunt from Okaga.

JEBEDIAH

You must have done something nice in your life!

Yet another desperate grunt from Okaga.

JEBEDIAH

I really don't know what else to suggest.

An anguished-filled grunt from Okaga.

JEBEDIAH

That's enough! I have things to do.
(articulates)
Things-to-do.

Okaga lets out a beauty of a GRUNT. Jebediah raps him on the head with a knuckle.

JEBEDIAH

Think of a good dinner. A nice sunset. Anything. Just don't be a problem. I have enough of those. Now, for the last time: Tap-your-feet-only-when-you-need-to-go. Got that?

C/U OF OKAGA'S EYES

Filled with despair.

86 EXT. CENTERVILLE - PARK - NIGHT

86

C/U OF JACK'S EYES

Filled with caution.

C/U OF JACK'S EAR

listening to the night.

It's quiet -- too quiet.

JACK

studies the surroundings.

JACK'S POV

The sleeping town.

HIGH ANGLE

Jack starts to run with his hands cuffed behind his back.

C/U OF MOTORCYCLE ENGINE

-- as the high-tech bike stealthily takes off.

C/U OF THE BLUE-CLAD FIGHTER'S BARE FEET

-- as they stealthily take off.

C/U OF THE BOLA-LIKE WEAPON

-- swinging menacingly from the blue-clad fighter's hand.

JACK

runs through a residential neighborhood.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The blue-clad fighter gains on Jack.

BURT'S VOICE

Pawn shop won't give us much for the
kid's belt. It's all beat to shit.

VIRGIL'S VOICE

It's gotta be worth *something*.

87 INT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - CELL - NIGHT

87

Jack's smashed belt lies on the stainless steel bunk in the
otherwise empty cell.

BURT'S VOICE

So?

VIRGIL'S VOICE

So go get it.

BURT'S VOICE

Why should *I* get it?

VIRGIL'S VOICE

Because I can't carry dick shit on account of my crutches and because you owe me.

BURT'S VOICE

After this I don't owe you squat.

Burt's steel-heeled boots approach.

BURT'S VOICE

Oh, shit. Oh, shit.

VIRGIL'S VOICE

Oh shit what?

BURT'S VOICE

Oh shit the kid is gone. Oh, shit!
Chief! CHIEF!!

88 EXT. CENTERVILLE - NIGHT

88

Jack is running hard and fails to notice his stealthy blue-clad pursuer gaining on him with the WHOOSHING BOLA.

JEBEDIAH'S VOICE

GOD DAMN IT! GOD DAMN IT! FIND
HIM! FIND THAT SON-OF-A-BITCH!

89 INT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - JEBEDIAH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

89

Enraged, Jebediah literally kicks Virgil and Burt out of his office, opens a window and inhales the night air and HEARS --

OKAGA

gasping for breath.

JEBEDIAH

turns around and stares at --

OKAGA

who just then stops breathing and lets out a last breath.

JEBEDIAH

loses it.

JEBEDIAH

Oh, no! God damn it! GOD DAMN IT!

He kicks a trash can. Papers fly. He kicks the flying papers.

JEBEDIAH
GOD DAMN IT!

He kicks a wall -- and hurts his foot.

JEBEDIAH
Ow! Ow!! OW!!!

He jumps around on one foot, composes himself and leans into the face of the now very dead Okaga.

JEBEDIAH
You just had to go and die on me,
didn't you?

Jebediah grabs Okaga by the collar and shakes him violently.

JEBEDIAH
You just couldn't wait until Axel
was ready for you, could you? You
just had to become another problem
for me, didn't you? WE HAD A DEAL!
YOU AND I HAD A FUCKING DEAL!

He lets go of Okaga, mutters "Asshole", and pushes Okaga's head with his index finger.

OKAGA'S CHAIR

begins to teeter.

JEBEDIAH

pushes a little harder.

OKAGA'S CHAIR

slowly topples backwards.

OKAGA'S HEAD

hits a table with a THUD and knocks over --

A PLASTIC JUG LABELLED ACETONE

that loses its cap and --

ACETONE

begins to pour onto the floor.

JEBEDIAH
Now look what you did!

JEBEDIAH

gives Okaga's head a shove.

OKAGA

topples onto the floor -- under the splashing acetone stream.

90 EXT. CENTERVILLE - RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

90

A lit fountain splashes serenely in someone's front yard.

The serenity is disturbed by --

A MOCKINGBIRD

on a branch rendering a lovely medley of calls.

THE BLUE-CLAD FIGHTER

approaches in the street below, running stealthily and gamely swinging his bola-like weapon while closing in on Jack and --

A PARKED CAR

with an arguing TEENAGE COUPLE inside.

SHE

suddenly opens the passenger door and dashes out.

HE

goes to follow her and opens the driver's door -- which the blue-clad fighter runs into. SMACK!

THE BOLA

flies through the air. WHOOSH! WHOOSH! WHOOSH!

SMACK!

The mockingbird's lovely medley ends.

BIRD FEATHERS

float to the ground, revealing --

THE DARK ECONO VAN

with Matsui in a front seat.

MATSUI

snaps her fingers.

THE VAN'S SLIDING DOOR

opens and several dozen(!) Asian fighters exit.

91 EXT. CENTERVILLE - STREET - NIGHT 91

Jebediah's police car comes around a corner.

92 INT. JEBEDIAH'S POLICE CAR - NIGHT 92

Burt is behind the wheel. Virgil is in the passenger seat, fumbling with the radio.

BURT

Virgil, it's not that complicated!
You've seen it used enough times!

VIRGIL

Chief got me rattled, Burt! Fifteen
to life! Life!

BURT

Just push the damn button on the mike!

VIRGIL

Okay. Okay.
(keys the mike)
Hello? Chief?

JEBEDIAH'S VOICE

Found him yet?

VIRGIL

Uh, no, any idea where he might be?

INTERCUT WITH:

93 INT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - JEBEDIAH'S OFFICE - NIGHT 93

Jebediah comes un-glued.

JEBEDIAH

IF I DID, WOULD I BE HERE IN MY
OFFICE?

VIRGIL

Uh, right. Okay if we whack the kid
when we find him, okay?

JEBEDIAH

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

VIRGIL

Right. Just wanted to make sure. 10-4.

Virgil stares at the mike, then at Burt.

VIRGIL

Burt --

BURT

What?

VIRGIL

If we whack the kid, what about the Chief's tournament?

94 EXT. HARRY'S GARAGE/WORKSHOP - NIGHT 94

Jack tries the side-door. It's not locked.

95 INT. HARRY'S GARAGE/WORKSHOP - NIGHT 95

Jack flips the light-switch on with his shoulder, and there's --

THE METAL-CUTTING CHOP-SAW

Jack had seen when he tried to get out of Centerville.

JACK

turns on the chop-saw that begins to HOWL.

96 EXT. HARRY'S GARAGE/WORKSHOP - NIGHT 96

Lights go on in nearby houses.

SOMEONE'S VOICE

It's Harry being creative again --
(through open window)
I'M CALLING THE COPS, HARRY!

97 INT. HARRY'S GARAGE/WORKSHOP - NIGHT 97

The CHOP-SAW HOWLS and SPARKS fly as Jack - strictly by feel and on pure guts as he cannot see what he is doing behind his back - cuts off the link that joins the handcuffs.

His hands now free, Jack turns off the chop-saw and leaves.

JEBEDIAH'S VOICE

Burt, Virgil. Number 6 Pot Lane.
Code 4.

98 INT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - JEBEDIAH'S OFFICE - NIGHT 98

Jebediah hangs up the radio mike and turns to Doris as she enters with tears in her eyes.

JEBEDIAH
Sorry, Doris. I had a business call.
You were saying?

DORIS
You hung up on me, Jeb.

JEBEDIAH
When?

DORIS
Before.

JEBEDIAH
I'm a bit stressed, darling.

DORIS
Let's call off the tournament an'
retire to Palm Springs. I'll get a
boob job. New teeth. Huh, Jeb? Huh?

JEBEDIAH
Doris, we can't call off the
tournament. It's all *arranged*!

DORIS
But --

JEBEDIAH
THE GYM IS SOLD OUT, FOR GOD'S SAKE!

DORIS
You're yelling and using His name in
vain.

JEBEDIAH
I'm so goddamn sorry!

DORIS
Jeb, let's take the money and run.

JEBEDIAH
With dozen of contestants in town
who for the sheer fun of it would
unscrew our heads and crap in them?
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?!

DORIS
You're stressed, aren't you?

JEBEDIAH
A bit.

DORIS
They say stress can be good for you.
Brings a man religion. And I'm an angel.

JEBEDIAH
You sure are.

DORIS
(sniffs the air)
What's that awful smell?

JEBEDIAH
Acetone.

RHONDA'S VOICE
Hey Chief --

Rhonda stands in the doorway.

RHONDA
What's new with Jack and the
tournament?

JEBEDIAH
Why?

RHONDA
Well, remember, I'm a reporter and --
(sniffs the air)
What's that awful smell?

JEBEDIAH
Acetone.

DORIS
Dear, exactly what is Jack to you?

RHONDA
He's quite special.

JEBEDIAH
How special?

RHONDA
(smiles)
He's the key to my future.

99 EXT. HARRY'S GARAGE/WORKSHOP - NIGHT

99

Hiding in the shadows, Jack ponders which direction to go.

A FAINT, DISTANT POLICE SIREN.

Jack takes off, running flat out.

- 100 EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - STREET - NIGHT 100
 Jebediah's police car comes around the corner with BLARING SIREN and FLASHING LIGHTS -- pursued by Matsui's econo van.
 VIRGIL (O.S.)
 There he is!
- 101 EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - STREET - NIGHT 101
 Jack in the distance.
 VIRGIL (O.S.)
 Faster, Burt! Faster!
- 102 INT. JEBEDIAH'S POLICE CAR - NIGHT 102
 Virgil beats on Burt.
 VIRGIL
 Go! Go! Go!
- 103 INT. MATSUI'S ECONO VAN - NIGHT 103
 Matsui and her thugs beat on the driver to drive faster.
 MATSUI AND OTHERS
 @*%&**! @*%&**! @*%&**!
- 104 EXT. LONG DEAD END ALLEY - NIGHT 104
 Jack runs into a dead end alley, followed by Jebediah's car -- that is followed by Matsui's econo van.
- 105 EXT. DEAD END STREET - BURT AND VIRGIL'S POV - NIGHT 105
 Jack slows as he sees the wall.
 VIRGIL (O.S.)
 He's trapped! Ha-haa! We got him!
 WE HEAR Burt ease off the gas.
- 106 EXT. LONG DEAD END ALLEY - NIGHT 106
 Matsui's van closes in on Jebediah's car.
- 107 INT. JEBEDIAH'S POLICE CAR - NIGHT 107
 Virgil is elated and beats on Burt some more for good measure.

VIRGIL
We got the son-of-a-bitch!

108 EXT. DEAD END STREET - BURT AND VIRGIL'S POV - NIGHT 108
Jack leaps over the razor-blade wire and disappears.

VIRGIL (O.S.)
Damn! We don't got him, Burt!

109 EXT. DEAD END STREET - NIGHT 109
Matsui's econo van tries to pass Jebediah's police car.
SPARKS FLY as the two vehicles grind to a stop, wedged between the walls.

BURT (O.S.)
Now what?

110 INT. MATSUI'S ECONO VAN - NIGHT 110
Matsui and her thugs try to open the doors. Can't. Argue and swear in Japanese (subtitled in English).

MATSUI AND OTHERS
@*%&**! @*%&**! @*%&**!

111 INT. JEBEDIAH'S POLICE CAR - NIGHT 111
Burt and Virgil try to open the doors. Can't. Argue and swear in English (subtitled in Japanese), then simmer down.

BURT
The kid could get away. Call the Chief.

VIRGIL
What do we tell him?

BURT
We? Tell him you lost the kid.

VIRGIL
Why do I have to tell him I did?

BURT
Cause you're holding the mike! Never mind! Hang on!

112 EXT. DEAD END - NIGHT 112
Burt suddenly floors it and backs Jebediah's car up with SQUEALING tires. SPARKS FLY as it brushes against the wall.

Matsui's econo van driver floors it as well and backs up SQUEALING tires. SPARKS FLY as it brushes against the wall.

The two vehicles race backwards side by side until they reach the street, then turn in different directions and race off.

113 EXT. CENTERVILLE - NIGHT 113

Jebediah's police car races along with Burt at the wheel.

114 INT. JEBEDIAH'S POLICE CAR - NIGHT 114

Burt and Virgil look for Jack.

VIRGIL

So what do we tell the Chief?

BURT

What's with the we again?! You tell him!

Virgil sighs. Keys the mike.

VIRGIL

Say, Chief --

115 INT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - JEBEDIAH'S OFFICE - NIGHT 115

Jebediah watches Doris put on fresh lipstick.

VIRGIL'S VOICE

Chief?

Jebediah reaches for his mike.

THE PHONE

rings.

JEBEDIAH

keys his mike.

JEBEDIAH

Hold on, Virgil.

He picks up the phone.

JEBEDIAH

Chief Judd. Who? Ultimate Fighting Magazine? Yes, I called. Well, I've been a bit busy myself. Right, I called about one of your writers. Rhodes... Rhonda Rhodes --

Listens. His face tightens.

VIRGIL'S VOICE
-- uh, Chief, we lost the kid --

JEBEDIAH
YOU WHAT!?!

Jebediah loses it and kicks --

THE TRASH CAN

that hits --

A DESK LAMP

that falls to the floor next to the acetone-drenched Okaga.

THE LIGHT BULB

shatters!

AN EXPLOSION

blows apart --

THE WOODEN CHAIR

to which Okaga is shackled and --

OKAGA IGNITES

into a fire ball, RISES into the air, his head aglow in a corona and his arms flung to his side somewhat reminiscent of "Passion Of The Christ" -- and then CRASHES behind a desk.

JEBEDIAH

gets on his feet and gestures toward the ceiling with gratitude.

JEBEDIAH
Hallelujah.

DORIS

too gets on her feet and, equally awe-struck, she too looks up at the ceiling and beyond.

DORIS
Thank you, Lord. I'm with him.

She points at her Jebediah.

ACETONE AND PAINT-THINNER JUGS

licked by flames EXPLODE!

DORIS

is sent into the Palm Springs poster. SMACK!

116 EXT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - EXPLOSION - NIGHT 116

JEBEDIAH'S BODY

comes flying out of the EXPLODING building.

JEBEDIAH

lands in some bushes with the wind knocked out of him.

He stirs. GROANS. His belt-radio CRACKLES:

VIRGIL'S VOICE

Uh, Chief, about the kid --

Dazed, Jebediah reaches for his belt radio.

JEBEDIAH

About who?

VIRGIL'S VOICE

The kid.

JEBEDIAH

What kid?

VIRGIL'S VOICE

The kid. You know, the kid --

As Jebediah tries to collect himself --

DORIS' FAINT VOICE

-- Jeb --

Jebediah keys his belt-radio.

JEBEDIAH

Axel --

117 EXT. PARK - NIGHT 117

Jebediah's police car comes around a corner.

Matsui's econo van comes around another corner.

The two vehicles head right at each other.

118 ON JEBEDIAH'S POLICE CAR 118
 Burt's and Virgil's eyes widen as they SEE --

119 THE ECONO VAN 119
 as it approaches rapidly.

120 ON BURT AND VIRGIL 120
 as their their eyes now narrow.

BURT
 (in English with
 Japanese subtitle)
 I'm not yielding for no foreigner.

VIRGIL (O.S.)
 (in English with
 Japanese subtitle)
 Hell no.

121 IN ECONO VAN 121
 Matsui's and her thugs' eyes widen as they SEE --

122 JEBEDIAH'S POLICE CAR 122
 approaches rapidly.

123 ON MATSUI AND HER THUGS 123
 as their eyes narrow.

DRIVER
 (in Japanese with
 English subtitle)
 I'm not yielding for no foreigner.

MATSUI
 (in Japanese with
 English subtitles)
 Hell no.

124 EXT. PARK - NIGHT 124
 The two vehicles race toward each other.

A GOPHER

shuts its eyes and turns away its head. KA-BOOM!

125 EXT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - NIGHT 125

Jebediah stands. His body CREAKS. His belt-radio CRACKLES:

VIRGIL'S VOICE

-- uh, Chief --

JEBEDIAH

What?

Much static on the radio.

JEBEDIAH

Where are you?

VIRGIL'S VOICE

-- Sandstone Park --

JEBEDIAH

Come and pick me up.

VIRGIL'S VOICE

-- can't --

126 INT. JEBEDIAH'S POLICE CAR - NIGHT 126

Burt is smashed against the steering wheel.

Virgil is wedged against the smashed windshield, the radio mike jammed against his mouth.

VIRGIL

Not -- that -- I wouldn't -- like to --

127 EXT. PARK - NIGHT 127

Jebediah's police car is wedged under Matsui's econo van, out of which crawls --

MATSUI

with banged up face.

MATSUI'S THUGS

crawl out behind her. Their faces are banged up as well.

JEBEDIAH (O.S.)

I love you, honey bun --

128 EXT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - DAWN 128

Jebediah waves to Doris on a gurney in Axel's hearse.

DORIS

mumbles something. We can't hear what. Just as well.

JEBEDIAH

closes the hearse door.

THE HEARSE

drives off.

JEBEDIAH

sighs and shields his eyes from --

THE SUN

peeking over the horizon with its first rays of the day.

129 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CENTERVILLE - ROAD - DAWN

129

The morning sun finds Jack striding out of Centerville at a good clip. He comes to --

A CULVERT/BRIDGE

and HEARS:

LEMONADE KID'S VOICE

Looks like you're a chump, not a champ.

Jack looks --

UNDER THE BRIDGE

There's the Lemonade Kid with everything a youngster might want: solar charger for the iPad, tent and sleeping bag, 10-speed bike -- and a whole lot of unhealthy packaged snacks.

JACK

Looks like you're living here.

LEMONADE KID

Looks like you're leaving here.

JACK

Looks like it. Why are you all the way out here? Town is back there.

LEMONADE KID

Life is out there. Being here gives me a head start.

JACK
What will you do when you get there?

LEMONADE KID
Make a difference.

Off Jack to --

130 INT. CENTERVILLE JAIL - MORNING 130

Jebediah is in a deep funk at his charred desk in his charred office when he is startled by:

JACK'S VOICE
Let's go. Let's do this.

Jack stands there. Focused. On a mission.

JACK
Here's the deal: I win, you and Doris
leave town.

131 EXT. CENTERVILLE GYM - DAY 131

Late arrivals dash from parked cars and trucks toward the entrance decorated with hundreds of balloons.

132 INT. CENTERVILLE GYM - DAY 132

The din of lots of people and the Centerville School Band.

BLEACHERS

packed with people.

AT THE GYM'S CENTER IS A BOXING RING

In a row of wheel chairs placed side-by-side, sit --

DORIS

in complete body cast with large openings for her eyes and mouth -- around which someone has painted red lips;

BURT

with bandaged head, blackened eyes and both arms in casts;

VIRGIL

with bandaged head and jaw, a broken arm and leg;

MATSUI'S THUGS

in an array of assorted bandages; and

MATSUI

in a tennis umpire's chair, her hat's veil failing to conceal the splint on her broken nose and her hateful glare at --

JEBEDIAH

in his tattered and burned uniform berating Axel.

JEBEDIAH

For Heaven's sake, Axel, you've known these people all your life!

AXEL

is water-combed and dressed in a tuxedo.

AXEL

I've never talked to live ones, Chief -- and these are looking at me.

JEBEDIAH

leans close to Axel and hisses:

JEBEDIAH

They'll be looking at your corpse if you don't get this show going.

AXEL

jumps up into the ring with microphone in hand.

AXEL

La... ladies and ge... gentlemen!

THE CROWD

hushes.

AXEL

points with elegant flourish to Doris.

AXEL

The Yoram of Diddleville, Doris Hidden!

DORIS

growls with anger over having her name mispronounced.

AXEL

catches his faux pas.

AXEL

Uh, the Mayor of Centerville, Doris
Diddle!

DORIS

strains to be noticed inside the plaster and bandages.

AXEL

Proudly presents --
(dramatic pause)
Twelve back-to-back fights!

THE CROWD

goes crazy.

AXEL

And now, Diddleville's Piece of
Chalice -- Jebediah Judd!

JEBEDIAH

takes stage in pain and announces with difficulty.

JEBEDIAH

Let -- the -- games -- begin!

THE CROWD

goes wild.

133 INT. CENTERVILLE GYM - DAY

133

THE BAND

plays what sounds very much like an Olympic Overture.

CONFETTI

falls from the rafters as --

JACK

enters with Rhonda carrying water bottles and towels.

THE CROWD

rises and cheers as --

JACK AND RHONDA

climb into the ring.

THE CROWD

gasps as --

THE CHALLENGERS

appear. Twelve of the meanest-looking fighters ever seen line up in front of Doris and the others on Infirmary Row.

MATSUI

consults the fight card.

MATSUI

Who Dong Poo?

AXEL

grimaces.

AXEL

I... I... I didn't mean to.

DONG POO

raises his hand.

DONG POO

Me Dong Poo.

MATSUI

You ready?

DONG POO

No. Laotian.

MATSUI

rolls her eyes and motions for Dong Poo to enter the ring.

THE SPECTATORS

grow even more quiet. The tension is unbearable.

A SPECTATOR

can't take the tension and runs SCREAMING from the building.

Rhonda whispers something to Jack and gives his neck a squeeze.

JEBEDIAH

gives a signal.

THE BAND

again renders an Olympics-like overture.

MATSUI

gives the signal to begin.

JACK'S FIGHT WITH DONG POO

doesn't last long.

DONG POO

is wheeled out on a gurney by Axel.

JACK

returns to his corner. Rhonda hands him water and a towel.

135 INT. CENTERVILLE GYM (CONT'D) - DAY

135

MATSUI

consults her fight card. Can't make out the name. Gets irritated. Points to another fighter.

MATSUI

You go.

OLAF TRYGGVASON

a blond giant of a man, shakes his head.

OLAF

No. Norwegian.

MATSUI

bares her teeth.

MATSUI

You go!

OLAF

is quite proud of his Norski heritage and starts to correct her -- but decides not to when he SEES --

THE PISTOL

in Matsui's hand.

OLAF

enters the ring and faces Jack. Tension mounts.

IN THE BLEACHERS

The interest gets more intense, the betting heavier.

THUD!

OLAF

lands spectacularly on Doris -- who is amazingly LOUD!

ANOTHER FIGHTER

enters the mat.

POW! CRUNCH! WHAP!

Another fighter is carried out.

A MONTAGE OF SPECTACULAR FIGHTS

ends with Axel wheeling out the last fighter and Rhonda leaving.

JACK

stands in the ring, exhausted, bruised and bloodied, being cheered by the spectators when --

KENNISHA

appears.

KENNISHA

I went to see your father. He is --

JACK

is blindsided by a kick to his head that knocks him down to the canvas.

RHONDA

stands there in black fighting attire and fighting stance.

RHONDA

Get up.

JACK

gets to his feet. Stares bewildered at Rhonda.

JACK
Why -- what --

RHONDA

delivers a round house kick that returns Jack to the canvas.

JACK

struggles to get back on his feet.

RHONDA

kicks Jack a third time -- and again he goes down.

JACK

gets to his feet ever so slowly. Another vicious roundhouse kick returns him to the canvas yet again.

RHONDA

pummels Jack with blows and kicks -- and HISSES:

RHONDA
Die, you son-of-a-bitch! I want
that championship!

JACK

gets back on his feet -- but is just about unconscious.

RHONDA

unleashes a vicious spinning back-kick to Jack's head.

JACK

manages to block the kick but just stands there, reeling.

RHONDA

pummels

Jack

with blows when someone taps her on the shoulder and there's --

MATSUI

in a fighting stance.

RHONDA AND MATSUI

duke it out in one heck of a fight when -- a SHOT RINGS OUT!

RHONDA

drops -- shot through the head.

JEBEDIAH

lowers his still-smoking revolver.

136 EXT. CENTERVILLE POST OFFICE - DAY

136

A Greyhound bus pulls in at the bus stop.

THE BUS DRIVER

exits the bus with a stack of newspapers and passes --

JACK AND MATSUI

facing each other, Matsui dreading the moment.

MATSUI

Where you go now?

JACK

To see my father.

MATSUI

If you come *my* home I change rules.

JACK

I can't do that.

MATSUI

Why not?

JACK

It wouldn't be me.

MATSUI

But I *like* you, Jack.

JACK

I've come to prefer people who don't.

MATSUI

You make big mistake.

JACK

It's mine to make, isn't it?

(beat)

I have to go.

He walks off toward Kennisha's van idling nearby with Kennisha at the wheel.

Jack gets in and the van drives off.

137 EXT. CENTERVILLE - DAY 137

The van drives past the post office door and --

A NEWSPAPER RACK

displaying the headline

Governor Honors Chief
Killed Serial Killer

138 EXT. CENTERVILLE - MONTAGE - DAY 138

The van continues past --

BETTY'S DINER

where Axel is waving goodbye, continues past --

CENTERVILLE'S JAIL

now recognizable only by the sign, through --

CENTERVILLE

that now seems to be a brighter and happier place, over --

THE BRIDGE/CULVERT

under which there's no trace of the Lemonade Kid, and past --

THE WELCOME TO CENTERVILLE SIGN

when we HEAR:

DORIS' VOICE
Be gentle with me, Virgil.

139 EXT. PALM SPRINGS VILLA - DAY 139

Wearing a wide-brimmed hat and a gauzy, flowing Gatsby-esque negligee, Doris reclines on a lounge chair while getting a manicure from Virgil wearing a smock and apron.

DORIS
That's nice. Oh, thank you, Burt.

BURT

in a waiter's outfit, shows Doris a silver tray with two tall glasses with colorful liquid and adorned with umbrellas.

DORIS

reaches for a glass, takes a sip, smiles broadly with great satisfaction and raises her glass to --

JEBEDIAH

dressed in polo shirt and shorts and reading the Wall Street Journal in a lounge chair and being offered a glass by Burt.

JEBEDIAH

That will be all for now, Burt.

Burt slinks off.

DORIS

You to, Virgil. Off with you. Here's to you, Jeb darling.

Virgil slinks off.

JEBEDIAH

raises his glass.

JEBEDIAH

And here's to you, darling.

They toast each other and their newfound, blissful existence.

DORIS

That nice boy, Jack. Wonder what happened to him?

140 EXT. CONNORS FARM - DAY

140

Jack and Jack Wyatt working side-by-side, getting to know each other.

DORIS' VOICE

Oh, we must not forget that nice Japanese lady.

141 EXT. PALM SPRINGS VILLA - DAY

141

Jebediah and Doris take another sip.

JEBEDIAH

Here's to the nice Japanese lady.

Glasses CLINK.

MATSUI'S VOICE
(in Japanese, subtitled)
Yes -- find Jack -- kill him.

142 EXT. TOKYO SKYLINE - ROPPONGI HILLS TOWERS - NIGHT 142
To establish.

143 INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 143
Matsui hangs up a phone. Looks out the window. Weeps quietly.

FADE OUT:

NOT THE END