THE UNDERDOGS: ONE FIGHT, ONE CROWN

Ву

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EXT. TRAIN STOP

Two high school males stand at a train stop. The train guard rails begin to come down and one of the men throws up his hands, turns around and sits on a near by bench.

MAN # 1

(Angry)

Great.

Man # 2 stretches his head to find the end of the train.

MAN # 2

Looks like a long one.

Man # 2 sits next to man # 1.

MAN # 2

You got a smoke?

MAN # 1

Quittin' for baseball.

MAN # 2

Me to. So you hear about the fight?

MAN # 1

What fight?

MAN # 2

(Shocked)

You don't know?

MAN # 1

I guess not.

MAN # 2

You really don't know. My lord I thought everyone knew.

MAN # 1

So why don't you tell me about it.

CUT TO:

INT. A HIGH SCHOOL NEWSPAPER OFFICE

A female student walks behind her teacher in full excitement about the fight. The teacher is uninterested, paying more attention to turning off a row of computers.

STUDENT

It's an underdog story. It's about these two nobodies. They face each other in a back yard boxing match, winner becomes somebody.

TEACHER

Why would I want to run something like that?

STUDENT

Because it's entertainment. We need some entertainment in this school. After all the sports teams blow and this paper's a joke.

TEACHER

And I call you my head writer?

Student gives teacher a poppy dog face.

TEACHER

Don't give me that look. That look could get me five to ten. (Giving In To The Look) All right tell more about this fight.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Two Hall dwellers walk the halls. One is in complete excitement the other is in a daze.

HALL DWELLER # 1

So Shamus, the little leprechaun, has this beef with Khali.

HALL DWELLER # 2

Who?

HALL DWELLER # 1

Khali. Skin and bones Pakistani kid, transfered into here from there last semester. Anyway this beef just drives Jon, Ray, and Juan crazy and I don't mean crazy as in pull your hair out, I mean crazy like hysterical. They just can't get enough of it. So they're setting up a match.

HALL DWELLER # 2
Oh Yeah? What started the beef?

HALL DWELLER # 1 I don't know it probably went like this.

INT. SCHOOL LUNCHROOM

Khali is walking with a tray full of food to his table. Walking toward him, with his hand glued to the cellphone on his ear, is Shamus. They collide.

SHAMUS

Hey Sand nigger, watch where you're going.

KHALI

Ah...

Khali tosses his tray and attacks Shamus.

Sitting at a table in behind the men fighting is Jon, Ray and Juan. Each of them have two girls for each of there shoulders. They tell the girls to stop so they can watch. Juan looks at Jon and gives him the money single. Jon goes wide eyed.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

The Hall dwellers continue down the hall.

HALL DWELLER # 2 Just because the kids Pakistani? That's kind of racist.

HALL DWELLER # 1
Well I don't think there promoting it like that.

Hall Dweller # 2 pulls a sheet of paper off a locker. He Reads it aloud.

HALL DWELLER # 2 Fight of the century, who will prevail the American or the Terrorist.

HALL DWELLER # 1 Well that's an interesting way to spin it.

Hall Dweller # 2 shakes his head in approval at Dweller 1. Just then a Faculty member walks into the hall they're in.

FACULTY MEMBER

Hey you two, where you suppose to be?

They begin to run.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF SCHOOL

Two Smokers stand outside.

SMOKER # 1

So, who you thinks gonna win?

SMOKER # 2

I'll take the Pakistani.

SMOKER # 1

Why?

SMOKER # 2

Because he's the underdog.

SMOKER # 1

They're both underdogs.

SMOKER # 2

Right. Yo, it's cold out here. I thought it was Spring.

SMOKER # 1

No Spring starts tomorrow.

SMOKER # 2

That explains it.

CUT TO:

INT. WEIGHT ROOM

Close Up of the movement of someones feet, jumping rope.

TRAINER

(Voice Only)

Yeah. Yeah. That's How you do it. Move those feet.

Pull out. A well-looking, in shape man, stops jumping rope and hands it off to the trainer.

The trainer is a nappy-haired black male wearing a Jamaican t-shirt.

The well shaped male leaves screen and the Trainer turns around and hands it over to Khali. Small skin and bones type of kid.

TRAINER

Now you try.

Khali puts the end of the rope in each hand. He looks puzzled.

TRAINER

Come on baby, you seen him do it. Girls like guys with fast feet.

KHALI

Girls like guys with big --

TRAINER

-- Expectations. Let us work on one impossibility at a time.

Khali shrugs off the Trainer's comments.

Close up on Khali's hands. Khali tightens his grip on the ropes and begins to swing it over his head.

Close up on upper body of Khali. Only Khali, his hands and the rope are seen. The rope goes around three or four times and then a loud slapping noise is heard. Khali makes and oops kind of face. He turns around.

The Trainer stands with his hand holding is face.

KHALI

I'm sorry.

The Trainer forcefully takes the rope from Khali.

TRAINER

Give me the rope. Let me show you how my peoples use to train.

He grabs the robe and whips Khali in the back.

KHALI

AH.

EXT. TRACK

Close Up of feet in no movement what so ever.

SHAMUS

(Voice Only)

I don't want to do this. I feel stupid.

TRAINER # 2

(Voice Only)

You look stupid. But speed is the only way you're gonna beat this kid. And how do you get speed?

SHAMUS

(Voice Only)

Not Like this.

TRAINER # 2

(Voice Only)

Hey crying is for babies, now you get out there and run.

Pullout we see Shamus, a Full blooded Irish Leprechaun, stands outside of a fence in a trench coat.

Trainer 2 stands to his left leaning on the fence. He's not Irish but still white. He cares more about the cigarette in his mouth then Shamus.

Trainer 2 takes a drag of his cigarette, blows it out, then looks over at Shamus.

TRAINER # 2

Now you go out there and show them what you got little mama.

SHAMUS

Why do I get the white trainer?

TRAINER # 2

Hey that hurts. Hurts me right here.

Trainer 2 points to the right side of his chest.

SHAMUS

Your lung? Doesn't surprise me. What's that your fourth smoke in two minutes?

TRAINER # 2

(In a childish voice)
No it's not my fourth one. (Normal Voice) It's my third. And it doesn't hurt my lung re-re. This (points to the same spot) is my heart.

Shamus exhales not wanting to correct his Trainer.

TRAINER # 2

'Come on baby, Eye of the Tiger.'
You want a black guy, I believed a black guy side that. Now let's go.

Trainer 2 claps his hands.

Shamus walks up to the opening of the fence. Trainer 2 turns over to a man to his left with a camera.

TRAINER # 2

Video tape this. This ought of get a thousand clicks on you tube.

Close Up on the back of Shamus' leg. His trench coat covers them. Then all of a sudden a marching band begins to play. Shamus flings his coat off. All we see is tube socks and a pair legs as he begins to run forward.

EXT. FIELD

Shamus' bare chest glides around the field like an idiot.

The Marching Music stops.

The Band is rolling on the floor laughing and pointing. Girls measuring his member with their fingers.

EXT. TRACK

Trainer 2 is on the floor kicking up dirt and the camera man can't control his laughter.

CAMERA GUY

How does this help him?

TRAINER # 2

I don't know. But it's funny.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - BACK YARD

Three guys, Jon, Ray and Juan stand at the back door of someone's house. Jon walks up the stairs to the door. Ray and Juan stop and lean against the post of the railings.

Jon is a bit portly compared to the other two. Ray is the shortest of the three by a couple of inches. Juan is the strongest looking of the three.

Ray taps Juan on the shoulder.

RAY

You're right, that is a big back yard.

JUAN

Ray, that's not nice, it's not his fault he's fat.

JON

Shhs. Get into character.

Juan and Ray muscle up. Pretend to be big timers. Jon knocks on the door.

A short kid opens the door.

JON/RAY/JUAN

Justin!!

Jon snaps his fingers and Ray and Juan shut up.

JON

You know you're my favorite cousin right?

JUSTIN

Why, what do you want?

CUT TO:

EXT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE - BACK YARD

Close up on Justin's face.

JUSTIN

No. No.

RAY

(Voice Only)

What?

Pull out to reveal a yard full of people.

JUSTIN

You didn't mention there was gonna be this many people.

JUAN

Don't worry it's safe these are all cool people.

JUSTIN

They look like crips and bloods and people who defiantly don't get along.

RAY

Well that is defiantly not your problem.

JUSTIN

Not my problem? They're gonna set my house on fire.

JON

Better for you. Your family collect on insurance.

JUSTIN

My family doesn't have insurance.

Jon, Ray and Juan look at each other then look down, pat Justin's back and walk away quickly.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY GATE

Two large man dressed in suits stand at the gate, collecting money from people flooding into the place.

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE

Close up on feet moving rapidly up and down. Fog from a fog machine blows out covering up whoever it is. A pair of legs runs threw the smoke as we pull out, revealing Khali and his trainer. The Trainer still holding the whip.

Khali walks to the center of the ring, which is the grass in the yard, and pumps his fist.

EXT. DECK

Many spectators find seats. A bet collector walks around with a hand full of money and a note book.

BET COLLECTOR

Place a bet, place a bet. 6 to 1 for the Leprechaun. 3 to 2 for the sandman.

MAN IN CROWD

Give me The sandman.

The bet collector walks next to him.

MAN IN CROWD

All I got is fifty. You got change?

The bet collector stands there looking threw his handful of cash trying to find change. The Man In Crowd goes wide eyed, licks his lips and then reaches out towards the cash.

MAN IN CROWD

He...here let me help you, I give you this and you give me that. (Pauses) Wait, I took to much here.

He gives him back some dollars and takes some more plus taking back his fifty. Ending up with more money then he started off with. Bet Collector moves on.

BET COLLECTOR

Place a bet.

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE

Shamus runs out with his hands in the air. His trainer and camera man follow closely behind.

Ext. Center of the Ring

Both men, Shamus and Khali stand face to face. Khali has a bit of a height advantage to Shamus. The Ref is shorter then both of them. They have to look down to see him.

REF

(Defensive)

What you two looking at? Don't look at me, Look at each other.

They look up at each other.

REF

Ok. There ain't no ring, ain't no ref that's gonna stop the fight if your nose is bloody, ain't no rules so...

JUSTIN

Ah. One little thing. If anything or anyone breaks, me or the owners of this house are not to blame.

REF

Yeah that's a good rule. He's poor as it is.

INT. RINGSIDE

Jon, Ray and Juan are ringside.

JON

Speaking of that, I think we should have at least had some medical personal here or something.

JUAN

Jon, it's a stick verse a stick, the worst that'll happen is they start a fire.

JON

Good point.

Justin walks over to Ray.

JUSTIN

I just had to add that little bit in. I do not want to be responsible.

RAY

You should of got it in ink.

Justin goes from looking at Ray to looking at the action as soon as he turns his head the bell rings.

EXT. CENTER OF RING

Close Up Bell. DING.

Shamus throws the first punch. Khali blocks it then throws a quick jab, it lands. Shamus returns the punch. Then it's a fist fight.

EXT. KHALI'S CORNER

Khali's Trainer is talking to his boxer.

TRAINER

That's right nigger. 'We Fly High, No Lie, You Know This.' 'BRAWLING.'

EXT. CENTER OF RING

After they both start landing a couple of good punches. They both cock back and throw a hay maker. Both land their punch and they both hit the ground.

Both of the corners are disappointed. Both fighters regain the ground under their feet. Bell rings end of round.

INT. RINGSIDE

Jon sits up and Juan pulls him back down. Juan smirks.

JON

All right it's over.

JUAN

It's the first round.

JON

You're right. There might be more money to make.

Ray looks over at Justin.

RAY

Damn this blows. Speaking of blowing, is your mom still a prostitute?

JUSTIN

Shut up.

RAY

She home?

Ray sits up and Justin pulls him down.

EXT. SHAMUS' CORNER

Shamus comes in and sits on a lawn chair.

TRAINER # 2

What was that Champ? What was that? What we practice? Speed. Wheres' the Speed? I didn't see any. I saw you brawling out there. Who showed you that?

Shamus looks as if to be in a daze.

TRAINER # 2

Where's my fighter?

P.O.V. of Shamus. Shamus sees two cartoon figure, a rabbit and a mouse fighting.

SHAMUS

Mommy the Rabbit and the Mouse are fighting again.

TRAINER # 2

Oh Jesus. I hope Khali sees the same thing or the American dream is over.

EXT. KHALI'S CORNER

Khali's Trainer smacks him in the face.

TRAINER

(Jumping Up and Down)
Yeah baby. Yeah baby. Keep it up.
(Stops Jumping. Sniff The Air) You
smell that, that's the smell of
pussy ready to get fucked. To get
fucked by you baby.

A spectator runs on top of Khali.

SPECTATOR

Yo how you feeling.

KHALI

Feeling good.

The trainer pushes the spectator off.

EXT. CENTER OF RING

They begin to fight. And the rounds begin to fall off.

EXT. SHAMUS' CORNER

Trainer 2 looks over to his camera man.

TRAINER # 2

This sucks, you wanna go have a smoke with me.

CAMERA GUY

Beats this shit.

They leave. A few beats later the bell rings and Shamus comes into the corner and sees no one. He looks confused, then sits down.

SHAMUS

I'm better at coaching myself.

EXT. DECK

The teacher looks over toward Jon, Ray and Juan.

P.O.V. of teacher. Over by Jon, Ray and Juan, the two large men who collected money over by the driveway earlier, hand Jon a large sack of cash.

The teacher goes wide eyed and then smirks.

Next to him, filing her nails is the female student.

TEACHER

Amazing.

The Female Student picks up her head.

STUDENT

Boring is more like it.

TEACHER

No, no, it's got headline all over it.

STUDENT

This fight sucks. I can't write a story on this shit.

TEACHER

Not the fight. Those guys.

He points toward Jon, Ray and Juan and she slaps his hand down.

STUDENT

Don't point you Narc.

TEACHER

That's your next story.

STUDENT

Do you know who those guys are? They're like the Black Hand, if they find out I'm writing a story on them I'll get shot on my way home. And I could be prom queen, so that can't happen.

TEACHER

Where's that excitement you had before?

STUDENT

I didn't know you would come along. I was trying to get a give me assignment. Like an assignment I could make up.

TEACHER

Write it. For me.

Teacher gives her a poppy dog look.

STUDENT

It's cuter when I do it.

EXT. CENTER OF RING

They're hitting hard now. The crowd is really into it. Some of them are making the ring smaller and smaller by getting closer to action.

EXT. DRIVEWAY GATE

Jon, Ray and Juan begin to leave. Justin stops them.

JUSTIN

Where you going? Don't you wanna see who wins?

RAY

We really don't care now.

Ray shows a sack full of cash.

They leave.

EXT. CENTER OF RING

Khali throws seven back to back punches.

Shamus stumbles back. He puts a glove to the floor to regain strength and with that same hand he comes out of no where and lands a punch square in Khali's face.

Knockout.

Everyone goes crazy and crowds around Shamus.

SPECTATOR

How do you feel?

SHAMUS

Alive.

Khali lies on the ground, people walking over him. The Rabbit and Mouse fighting over his head. His Trainer stands over him.

TRAINER

Don't worry. I could still probably get you a laid. I think I see a bitch who owes me a favor. Ah yo Yolanda.

The Trainer runs off after her.

KHALI

Run Bunny Run.

EXT. DRIVEWAY GATE

Exiting.

MAN # 1

What a waste of hype.

MAN # 2

So predictable.

EXT. CENTER OF RING

Justin stands in the middle of his yard, people exiting around him. Trash all over the place.

JUSTIN

(Aloud)

Any Mexicans in the house.(To Himself) I ain't cleaning this shit up.

No one pays him any mind, so this forces Justin to throw up his hands and give up.

JUSTIN

Fuck It.

He walks towards his house.

THE END