

COUNT OF TEN.

By:

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INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

A boxing ring in the corner. Weights. Punching bags. Top quality equipment everywhere you look.

SCOTT, 15, muscular and handsome works a punching bag. Jogs on the spot. Drenched in sweat. Breathes hard. Exhausted. He keeps it up. Trains hard.

HUGO, 40, bald and with a beer belly paces back and forth. Watches him with an intense stare.

HUGO

Come on, don't quit on me now.
Keep going. Hit it!

Scott has little to no energy left. But still he digs down deep and tries to go faster and harder.

Hugo moves closer to him. Raises his voice even louder.

HUGO (CONT'D)

You want to be a champion don't you. Well I want you to be a champion too. And I always get what I want. Come on! Show me you want it! Show me!

CUT TO:

INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

Scott sits on a bench. Takes a break. Leans back against the wall. His bare chest heaves.

He pours a bottle of water all over his head. Coughs and splutters. He finds it hard to breathe normally. As if his lungs could explode.

He reaches down into a brown paper bag and fetches out a sandwich. He eats.

LUKE, 15, and JOE, 15, stand in front of him. They look across at one another. A shared worried glance.

Scott lets out a long sigh.

LUKE

So this is what you do all day
everyday?

Scott nods.

JOE

Intense.

SCOTT

I've just got to think. Whoever I'm fighting. They're probably training just as hard. But if they're training harder than me. I've got no chance of winning.

JOE

Nicky's been asking about you too.

Scott blushes, has to turn away from them.

SCOTT

And?

JOE

She misses you.

Both his friends laugh at him.

Scott still keeps his head turned away from them.

LUKE

It's so cool that you're already done with school. Never have to go back. Never have to study for an exam ever again.

JOE

If I asked my Dad to pull me out of school. He'd disown me first.

SCOTT

This isn't so great. I'm up at six am. Here. Work out all day. Go home and straight to bed. Before I'm up again at six. This place. My Dad's car. And my bed. That's all I see. These past two months, I've never been so lonely.

Hugo appears and marches over to Luke and Joe. He claps his hand loudly out in front of him.

HUGO

Hey. Can I help you guys. Is there a reason you're here? You want to talk to Scott? Well then you come to me first, yeah?

They don't argue. Or even wait to say goodbye. Frightened by Hugo they both hurry away and exit the gym.

CUT TO:

INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

Scott is on the weights. On his back he tries to push but the weight is just too much for him. Can't move the bar. Can't move it at all. A huge weight. It's crazy to even attempt it.

Hugo stands over him, hands held together behind his back. An unimpressed shake of his head.

HUGO

Come on. Aren't you embarrassed?
What if the man you're fighting
can lift this. Are you really so
weak?

Scott puts everything he has. His face turns a bright red. Unable to reply. He gives it all he's got. But there's just no way.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Are you even trying? Is this what
110% looks like. Who are you
kidding. Have I really just been
too easy on you?

Scott gives up. Out of breath. His arms flop down. He can't do it.

CUT TO:

INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

Now in the ring Scott has a pair of boxing gloves on. He moves with quick feet. Faced by Hugo who's armed with a heavy wooden stick.

Hugo swings and hits the stick hard across Scott's back.

HUGO

Watch that footwork.

Scott takes the blow but it's obvious it hurt. Scott speeds up, moves in to throw a soft jab at Hugo.

Hugo sidesteps out of the way and hits him again with the stick. Hugo doesn't hold back.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Come on. Hit me. You're never
going to land a single punch on
anyone moving like that. Your
grandmother has better footwork.
And she's in a wheelchair. This
isn't impressing me at all!

Scott gets in close, catches Hugo with a gentle jab to the stomach. Hugo replies with a hard hit to the back of Scott's head.

Scott stumbles backwards. Whilst Hugo has that stick, he doesn't stand a chance.

Hugo follows it up with another hit. Red marks swell all over Scott's body. Hugo simply doesn't care about hurting him.

CUT TO:

INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

Scott sits on the bench. Ice pack on his shoulder. He's hurt and in pain. It's been a long hard day.

The door on the far end of the gym opens.

Scott looks over and grimaces. Fears another appearance from Hugo. But it's NICKY, 16, long blonde hair in a ponytail, pretty face.

She cautiously pokes her head inside and takes a look around.

Scott relaxes and smiles. Nicky smiles back at him once she sees him on the bench.

She leaves the door open behind her and hurries over to him.

NICKY

Hey. Everyone's been saying this is where you spend all your time now.

SCOTT

What are you doing here?

She shrugs. Comes over to him and sits down on the bench beside him. They turn to face each other.

NICKY

Come to see if you were still alive. Nobodies really heard from you or seen you since you left school.

SCOTT

Yeah. Well I've been here.

NICKY

Is this really what you want? I didn't think you were the violent type.

(MORE)

NICKY (CONT'D)

Nice guy is how I would have described you. You were always nice to me. Helped me in class when I was stuck. And now this is your life. Happy with that?

He shrugs, too tired to think.

SCOTT

I honestly don't know. I thought it was. But I've never felt so bad.

NICKY

You need to get out of here. Come to a party with me tonight. It will be good to do something different I think.

SCOTT

Have you missed me?

She blushes red embarrassed. Nods. She has.

Hugo appears and marches over to them.

HUGO

Come on. Talk to your friends later. Up. Come on. Get up.

Hugo grabs Nicky by the arm and drags her over towards the door.

NICKY

Hey what the hell?

HUGO

He's busy. Can't you see that?

Hugo gets rough and nasty with her. Squeezes her arm and forces her out.

Scott gets up off of the bench.

SCOTT

Dad don't. Let go of her.

NICKY

You're hurting me.

Hugo throws her out and slams the door shut behind her.

Scott sprints over to Hugo.

SCOTT

You didn't have to do that. What the hell is wrong with you?

HUGO

When you've been as bad and as lazy as you've been today you don't get to take a break. You don't get to have friends around.

SCOTT

I've worked my ass off today.

Hugo laughs in his face.

HUGO

You call that work. If you got in the ring with anyone you've be destroyed.

Scott snaps. He slams his hands hard into the middle of Hugo's chest.

SCOTT

Then you fight me. A real boxing match this time. No sticks. Put some gloves on and face me. Or are you too much of a coward?

Hugo eyes him up angrily.

CUT TO:

INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

Scott and Hugo face off inside the ring. Each with a pair of boxing gloves on.

HUGO

Alright. Set the ground rules...

Scott doesn't allow Hugo to finish his speech. He charges head first straight for him and delivers a quick and hard one, two to his chin.

Hugo staggers backwards, hurt.

Scott doesn't let up. Attacks Hugo's stomach before he returns to the head. A powerful blow to the temple.

Hugo goes down, hits the canvas. Scott follows him down. Stands over the top of him.

Punches Hugo a few more times right to the face. Blooded, battered and bruised. Hugo lays on his back. And he doesn't breath. He's dead.

SCOTT

I win.

Scott stares down at his dad's lifeless body. Struggles to come to terms with what he's just done.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END