

8 Count  
by  
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INT. BOXING GYM - HEAVY BAG AREA - DAY

1

Welcome to the dirty, boxing gym. Standard boxing workout bric-a-brac is scattered about: a line of heavy bags, speed bags, tires and a large boxing ring centre piece. Walls are plastered in mirrors, murals and posters of champions.

Five boxers (the "BOXERS": BASS HEAVYWEIGHT, SNARE FEATHERWEIGHT, COWBELL TRIANGLE BANTAMWEIGHT, TOMTOM TEEN LIGHTWEIGHT, FLOOR TOM MIDDLEWEIGHT) all different ages, weight classes, and heights are poised to box, waiting at the heavy bags.

ANGLE TO REVEAL RAY, 70's, a former heavyweight champion and their coach. He grins like a proud papa, and claps his punch mitts together...

A pipsqueak of a boy, JUNIOR FLYWEIGHT, strikes the speed bag like a pro, creating the bed percussive track... whacketa, whacketa, whacketa...

Boxers each take a turn punching the heavy bags. Each boxer's punches represent a different drum sound... heavyweight is the bass, lightweight is the toms etc. The sound of their breath exhaling forms the high hat and cymbal tracks...

Jab... One-two punch... one-two-three punch... they build upon each other's rhythms... forming an intricate percussive ensemble.

Ray merrily taps his toe to the beat.

Boxers continue their catchy rhythm until the TomTom Teen Lightweight, launches into a complicated solo. Lost in the moment, he is oblivious all the Boxers have stopped punching.

Annoyed, Bass Heavyweight, launches an uppercut - a massive haymaker that sends the heavy bag swinging up on its chain toward the ceiling. TomTom Teen Lightweight sheepishly stops his solo.

Annoyed, Ray claps his mitts for them to restart.

TomTom Teen Lightweight three-counts the Boxers back in by doing pushups and clapping his hands behind his back.

ALL RESTART. Their rhythm interlocks. About to reach a frenzied crescendo when;

Suddenly OFF-SCREEN jarring WHIRLING like a helicopter taking off interrupts the Boxers.

In sync they whip turn their heads around to SEE:

2

INT. BOXING GYM - SKIPPING AREA - CONTINUOUS

2

JACK, late 20's, in his boxing prime, shirt off, exposing washboard abdominal muscles, skips to the hyper 120 beats per minutes. Taketa, taketa his rope strikes the wood floor.

Jack, in ninja-martial-art-style, whips his skip rope skillfully around the side of his body: Woosh, Woosh. Taketa, taketa, woosh, woosh.

Mesmerized, the Boxers drift toward Jack, abandoning Ray. Ray is instantly jealous. He sucks in his gut.

CLOSE ON Jack's feet dance lightly, skipping up and down.

OFF-SCREEN sound of another rope skipping.

REVEAL Ray has snuck up behind Jack and is now competing to overthrow his rhythm.

Jack, at first oblivious to Ray skipping challenge, effortlessly picks up his pace. Ray skips faster.

Jack busts out a rapid succession of skipping rope tricks: a twist, switches and toe-heel. He returns to regular skipping.

Ray's turn to solo: he does half-jumping-jacks, a passable can-can, then finishes with a 360 degree turn.

Jack becomes aware of ray's challenge and tops him by busting some "Russian kazatskis" (squat kicks), spinning his skip rope flat on the floor under his feet.

#### BOXER BOYS

Hey!

Ray, panting, busts double jumps, over and over again like a human pogo-stick.

Amazed, the Boxer's heads bob up and down.

VFX: sweat sprays off Ray's body; a perspiration river pours down his bare legs.

A puddle has formed on the floor - he slips, landing smack on his rump.

Boxers wince. Jack, disrespectfully scoffs at Ray and turns around as;

Annoyed, Ray grabs a boxing glove off the floor and tosses it toward Jack... Ray instantly regrets what he has done... Boxers' heads all turn as they follow the glove...

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2

SLOW MOTION the glove twirls midair aiming right for Jack's head. At the last second he turns and stops the glove in his hand. Jack puts the glove on. Squints his eyes at Ray.

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON Ray's concerned face. ROUND BELL rings.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

3 INT. BOXING GYM - BOXING RING - CONTINUOUS

3

Ray is in the ring, gloves on, ready to fight Jack.

Junior Flyweight continuously taps the bell with a wee hammer. It plays as the back beat musicality of the bout.

Jack exhales short spurts of breath that create a syncopated beat. Ray's heavier pants add a layer to Jack's crisp breath.

This boxing fight is a sexy blend of straight-up boxing meets a hip hop/break dancing routine. Ray's moves are strictly old school boxing technique. Jack is all mad street hip hop trickster.

Ray tries to hit Jack. Each combo he throws only meets air as Jack avoids his gloves by:

Ray's first punch - Jack avoids by bobbing.

Second punch - Jack weaves.

Ray launches a wicked five punch combo - Jack smoothly hip hop grooves away from each blow.

Mad, Ray unleashes a haymaker - Jack pops a breaking trick - a freeze handstand.

Jack's turn. He answers Ray with a series of punishing blows.

As Jack's punches land on Ray's body, they layer the percussive beat. Whenever he strikes Ray's noggin we hear a high pitched bell ring, Ray's stomach represents the bass drum sound, etc. Jack plays Ray's body like a wicked drum kit solo.

Gassed and dizzy, Ray wobbles and clinches Jack. For a few bars, Jack leads Ray around the ring, carrying his exhausted body. Jack looks over at the Boxers who watch, disheartened by their coach's performance.

Suddenly Jack's temple receives a left-hook. Ray capitalizes on Ray being distracted and follows with a right smack to the kisser.

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3 CONTINUED:

RAY'S P.O.V.: Jack's head snaps back.

Jack's head bounces on the mat. Jack's blurry P.O.V: Ray leaning over offering him a hand-up.

Ray is congratulated by his Boxers.

Now in the doorway, Jack glances back at the celebration and grins. Workout bag in tow, he quietly, respectfully, turns to slip out of the gym...

SMACK - he bumps into LOUIS, (40s), a retired champion. Louis glares and busts into a confrontational dancierly-boxing move, challenging Jack to go toe-to-toe. When Louis is done, he looks up only to find Jack is long gone.

FADE TO BLACK.