

MY HERO (1-4)

Written by

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**INT. LUXURY HOTEL SUITE - DAY BREAK**

An elegant room fit for a king, modern art PAINTINGS stain the walls, CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES litter the room and Two(2) naked women asleep, draped across a king sized BED.

TAHJ(37 years old, broad shouldered, scarred back, dark skin, wrapped in a black leather suit)

Sits on the edge of the BED. He stares out at the Seattle skyline, the city just now waking up. A harsh beam of light threads through skyscrapers and crawls up the carpeted floor. Tahj waves his hand against the warmth of the sun.

A GUN cocks.

Tahj turns to see a man, dressed in a super hero uniform, SHOTGUN in hand.

TAHJ

What do think you're doing? You're not supposed to- what are you wearing?

Tahj steps forward. A finger slides against the TRIGGER.

TAHJ (CONT'D)

Alright, that's enough, we both know you don't have it in you. Come on now, put it down before you hurt yourself.

SHOTGUN fires. Tahj, stumbles back. GLASS SHATTERS. His body spews out of the 13th story LUXURY SUITE.

SLOW MOTION:

**EXT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY BREAK**

Tahj barrels down the outside of the building. HOTEL WINDOWS whizz past as Tahj falls through frame.

TAHJ (V.O.)

Where did it all go so wrong?

END OF SLOW  
MOTION:

The screams of a woman are heard from street level below.

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. BOXING ARENA - NIGHT**

Arena lights glare into the crowd, a sweaty musk envelopes the room as ears ring out from the roaring of the fans.

FIGHTER (25, burley welterweight, rugged man, red shorts, sweat glistens off his bald head)

Is slammed against the MAT. Crowd cheers.

DING!

GRIZZY(34 years old, chubby, curly hair) jumps up from his SEAT in the stands to get a better look.

GRIZZY  
Come on! Get up you lazy piece of  
shit! Light work!

Grizzly swings his fists in the air. Referee counts down.

COACH (63, thin grey hair slicked back across his scalp, speckled sun spots splatter across his skin and a tight jumpsuit stretches across his body) presses his face against the base of the ring.

COACH  
Get up! Get up you son of a bitch!

Fighter stands back up, disoriented.

COACH (CONT'D)  
That's it! Come on!

Fighter continues to get wailed on. Body blow after body blow. Impact of bones crunching.

COACH (CONT'D)  
Cover! Cover!

DING!

**INT. BOXING ARENA- CORNER RING - NIGHT**

Boxing team swings a STOOL through the ROPES. Fighter collapses onto the STOOL. Team goes to work. Coach rips out the Fighter's MOUTHGUARD and rinses it out.

FIGHTER  
I can't see. I can't see!

COACH  
You're alright.

Coach splashes cold water across fighter's bloodied forehead. He wipes him down with a fresh CLOTH. Blood continues to gush out.

COACH (CONT'D)  
(to team member)  
Hand me that bottle.

Coach grabs a SQUEEZE BOTTLE. Water floods into Fighter's mouth. Tahj grabs a TUBE OF EPINEPHRINE from his RING KIT and smears it across the Fighter's open cut.

COACH (CONT'D)  
What are you doing waiting?!  
You're throwing it all away! If  
you're gonna do it, you gotta do it  
now!

Tahj grips a stainless steal COLD PRESS and rubs it into the Fighter's swollen eye.

COACH (CONT'D)  
I want you work'n him, swim without  
getting wet, you hear?! You're  
fast! He ain't got nothing on you!  
See that man...

Coach points to the other corner of the ring.

COACH (CONT'D)  
He's dead out there, he's ready to  
quit. Don't let up!

Tahj swabs VASELINE over the Fighter's cut. Coach grabs fighter's chin and twists it towards him.

COACH (CONT'D)  
Listen to me!

Fighter locks eyes with his Coach.

COACH (CONT'D)  
Let's separate the men from the  
boys. Control the outside! Make  
your move! And never let up!

Coach shoves the MOUTHGUARD back into the Fighter's mouth.

COACH (CONT'D)  
Otherwise... don't you dare come  
back to this fucking corner, you  
hear me?!

Fighter nods. Coach shoves him back into the center ring.

COACH (CONT'D)

Let's go!

Fighter marches forward. DING! The roar of the crowd is heard in the distance.

CUT TO: