

THAT KILLER INSTINCT

Written by

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FADE IN:

F/X: FAINT BEEPING, SIRENS, SCREAMS

INT. BARN - NIGHT

PEOPLE running for their lives: some well-dressed and elegant, others rough and dirty. All trying to escape.

Blue lights emerge through cracks.

F/X: BEEPING CONTINUES - it's stable.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

F/X: BEEPING OVERTAKES THE ROOM

An occupied bed.

Numerous wires poking out, plugged into a life-support machine.

F/X: BEEPING FADES

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Standard: table, two chairs one side, one chair opposite.

F/X: HURRYING FOOTSTEPS

SLICK (O.S.)

Jeez, I'm walkin', I'm walkin'! You don't gotta keep pushin' me.

The door bursts open and SLICK (60s) flies in, crashing to the floor. Epitome of a wide boy with gold chains and rings. Slick scrambles to his feet.

SLICK (CONT'D)

This ain't fuckin' right, it's miss-fuckin'-treatment.

He even has a few gold teeth.

The door slams shut.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The battered and bruised OPPONENT (30) his nostrils plugged with bloodied cotton.

F/X: UNSTABLE BEEPS

They fade out.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Slick charges towards the door.

SLICK  
Were you listenin' fuckin' peeler?  
I said...

The door swings open, an OFFICER enters.

A punch drops Slick, followed by a kick to the gut.

OFFICER  
Now sit over there and shut up!

A hulking Tongan enters, TOMUA (37) hands cuffed, knuckles dripping blood. OFFICER 2 grips onto him.

Tomua eyes Slick as he's escorted into a seat.

Slick struggles to his feet and takes a seat.

OFFICER (CONT'D)  
(to Tomua)  
You, sit still.  
(to Slick)  
You, sit still and shut the fuck  
up.

Slick spits at the Officer as he leaves.

SLICK  
I'll do the talkin'.

Tomua acknowledges with a grunt and a nod.

The door opens. SOPH (30) in smart-casual clothes enters. A cup of coffee in one hand, a file under her arm.

She sits opposite them, opens the file.

SOPH  
Concussion, cracked skull, brain  
haemorrhage, broken nose, two  
cracked ribs, two broken, ruptured  
liver. Countless bruises and cuts,  
teeth missing, left eye swollen  
shut. Could lead to permanent  
blindness.

She glances up with tired eyes, then back at the file.

SOPH (CONT'D)

One charge of aggravated assault.  
One charge of assault and battery.  
One charge of GBH. One charge of  
illegal gambling. And possibly a  
murder charge... if he doesn't make  
it.

F/X: FAINT BEEPING

SOPH (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna bullshit you. We're  
willing to look past all this if  
you'll cooperate in our  
investigation.

The BEEPING becomes erratic then stabilises.

INT. BARN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A blood-thirsty CROWD encircle a makeshift boxing ring that's  
no more than wooden posts and a flimsy length of rope.

Tomua and the Opponent stand at opposing posts.

Slick's leaning over the ring, whispering in Tomua's ear.

SLICK

You're better than this guy, he's  
smaller than you so he'll probably  
fight 'smart': try and read you,  
try and draw counters. But you're  
smarter. Don't give him nothin'.  
Once you've found your rhythm 'n  
you're movin' surprise 'im.

Tomua nods.

SOPH (V.O.)

How's it work?

SLICK (V.O.)

No rounds, it's just like  
Thunderdome: two men enter, one man  
leaves.

SOPH (V.O.)

What about the gambling?

To one side, suited MEN take bets from CROWD MEMBERS handing  
over all sorts: coins, notes, wads of cash.

A timer ticks down as people yell to get their bets in.

CROWD  
(variously)  
I'll take four-to-one on big boy.  
Fifty quid on Bobby. Ten g's on  
Slick's boy.

F/X: BUZZ

SLICK  
Give 'im hell, lad.

Tomua and the Opponent square up to each other.

They're circling. The Opponent bobs his head from side-to-side looking for an opening to exploit.

He feints a jab but Tomua gives nothing away.

Tomua's found his rhythm... surprises the Opponent with a jab. Followed by a cross. The Opponent shells up as he staggers back.

A third is parried. Tomua cover blocks, taking the Opponent's punches on his forearms.

Tomua is forced back against the rope and almost into the crowd.

He swats a punch away and delivers a crippling liver-shot. The Opponent backs off, pained but standing.

Tomua charges after him. The Opponent retreats. Tomua switches stances, catches the Opponent with a hook.

He turns this into a collar tie and pulls the Opponent in.

The Opponent is trapped and Tomua batters him.

Tomua goes from throwing punches out to punching downwards as the Opponent goes to ground.

All goes quiet.

No one is stepping in to stop it.

F/X: BEEPING

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

F/X: INFREQUENT BEEPING

The heart rate drops.

SOPH (V.O.)  
I wanna know about who's in charge!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Slick and Tomua sit opposite Soph.

SOPH  
All we've got is a name: Anderson.

Soph removes a photo from the file and slides it over.

Both men scrutinise it.

PHOTO: A HEAVYSET MAN (45) in a distinctive suit. He's surrounded by WOMEN in elegant sexy dresses and MEN in sleek suits. They stand out in comparison to the rest.

SOPH (CONT'D)  
We've been cracking down on Anderson's other fronts: the brothels, the gambling dens, the laundrettes to funnel the money. Every time we've just missed the man himself.

SLICK  
How'd you find out about the boxin'?

SOPH  
A prostitute squealed during the raid, so we planted someone in the crowd, and to add insult to injury, she had a sizeable bet on your friend here. Apparently overheard he was guaranteed the win.

Tomua grunts at Slick, displeased.

Slick smirks.

SOPH (CONT'D)  
(to Slick)  
Where's Anderson!?

SLICK  
(smug grin)  
Wouldn't know.

Tomua glances at Slick, chuckles.

SOPH  
(to Tomua)  
How about you, know where he is?

Tomua shakes his head.

SOPH (CONT'D)  
You mute or something?

He grunts.

TOMUA  
My fists do the talking.

Tomua stares Soph down, the blood on his fists has pooled on the table, which unnerves her.

F/X: BEEPING

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The bedridden Opponent.

OS: DOOR OPENS

The Opponent's battered face.

A shadow leans over him, then hands cover his nose and mouth.

F/X: BEEPING DROPS

His body convulses...

F/X: FLATLINES

A hand pulls the cord from the machine.

OS: DOOR CLOSES

THE PHOTO

INT. BARN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

F/X: CROWD ROARS

F/X: PUNCHING

The Heavysset Man, a few WOMEN and a SUITED MAN watch the action unfold.

SOPH (V.O.)  
Where's Anderson!?

SLICK (V.O.)  
Long gone by now.  
(beat)  
And soon, we will be too.

F/X: PHONE RINGING

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Lips at a receiver.

ANDERSON  
Hello, police... I've got a  
location for the mob boss known as  
Anderson... but you must let the  
two men currently in custody go,  
the fight was mutually agreed by  
both fighters, so Tomua's opponent  
knew what he'd signed up for.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The Suited Man sits at his desk staring at the door.

It bursts open and the Suited Man is pinned to his desk by  
POLICE. No reaction.

ONE slams the picture from the fight on the desk. He points  
the Suited Man out. He can be seen with the Heavysset Man and  
some WOMEN.

The Suited Man is cuffed and dragged out. Still no reaction.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The Officer enters.

OFFICER  
They got Anderson.

Soph is stunned.

OFFICER (CONT'D)  
(re: Slick & Tomua)  
Let 'em go, Soph.

SOPH  
Seriously?!

The Officer nods.



SOPH (CONT'D)  
But what about...

OFFICER  
Just let 'em go.

Soph begrudgingly retrieves the key from her pocket.

Slick holds his hands out.

SLICK  
(smug grin)  
We're glad to have been of  
assistance.

A look of disdain as Soph unlocks his cuffs.

Slick smiles at Soph.

Slick and Tomua are escorted out.

Fuming, Soph throws her coffee against the wall.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A car parked over the road.

SLICK  
There's our ride.

Slick and Tomua head towards it and get in.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Slick and Tomua settle in the back. Someone's sat opposite.

ANDERSON (O.S.)  
Drive.

The car starts moving.

ANDERSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Gentlemen.

SLICK  
Anderson.

Sat there is ANDERSON (30s) she's one of the women from the photo.

Tomua nods a hello.

ANDERSON

My apologies for making you wait so long, I had some other, urgent business to attend to.

SLICK

So what's the plan now? Sooner or later they'll catch up. That detective had a ton of info on you. What've you got left?

ANDERSON

I'll move on, start again. There are some other ventures I've been involved in that the police still don't know about.

SLICK

Oh yeah.

ANDERSON

And the boxing's easy to start up again. Lots of the fighters built their reps while inside, so it's easy money for them when they get out. Others are just local toughs who've knocked out the odd drunkard.

(at Tomua)

Then there's those like your boy: has some experience in the amateurs, maybe even a few pro fights, they're always a draw.

Anderson pulls a gun.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

First I've got to fix any existing problems.

She thumbs back the hammer.

Slick and Tomua are on edge.

She shoots them both.

FADE TO BLACK.