

0A EXT. CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

0A

Engines hum as vehicles pass one another on the endless freeway. Marie rests her face on her hand, staring to the cloudless sky between passing billboards. She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath, and sighs.

MARIE

(Bored)

...Femur, patella, the tibia, the fibula...

She raises her head and looks to the driver's seat.

Do I have to do the foot again?

Mr. Rivers makes eye contact through the rearview mirror. He nods his head with a glued-on smirk.

...Tarsals, metatarsals, and two more sets of phalanges.

MR. RIVERS

(Ecstatic)

YES! That's it! That's my girl!

The big man leans over from his seat for a high-five. Marie's eyes shoot open.

MARIE

Dad! Dad!! The road!

The car veers from their lane.

SFX: CAR HORN HONKING

MR. RIVERS

Oh don't leave me hanging now.

Mrs. Rivers calmly reaches over and rights the steering wheel. Marie high-fives her dad and he returns to driving. She worriedly looks back and forth between her parents.

MRS. RIVERS

(Proud)

Our little girl, the anatomy expert.

MARIE

Hey mom, can we turn the radio back on?

MRS. RIVERS

Sure thing dear.

She turns the volume knob. Hip-hop music slowly pours in from the car speakers. Marie's mood lightens as she bobs her head to the tune. Mr. Rivers turns the volume back down.

MR. RIVERS

Uh-uh, not right now.

Marie's face sours. She throws her arms up in disbelief - crossing them and sulking.

We're on the way to the most important test of our lives. Ain't nothing on the radio we need to hear right now.

Marie returns to daydreaming out the window. Her dad slips deeper into his rant.

...None of those "rappers" talk about anything anyways! Just boasting and complaining. Does Jay think he's the only man with 99 problems? At least he's rich. I got a hundred problems... At least!

She zones out until a billboard catches her eye. Two martial artists stand opposed with fists clinched. A large logo hangs between them: SFC 2004.

MARIE

So they really went and did it, huh? Those two are real-life crazy...

She glances up to see her father still rambling and mother thumbing through a medical textbook.

I'm even crazier for wishing I was with them. What will it be like? The SFC...

QUICK CUT

1A TEXAS - OUTSKIRTS

1A

MAN 1

Has nothin' on this!

An enthusiastic man dressed in all white stands before a huge sporting venue. His muscular frame is on the verge of bursting through his gold-trimmed western attire. Between the bushy brown beard, large amber visor sunglasses, the American flag bandana wrapped around his forehead, and his ten-gallon hat, little of the man's face is actually visible. Speaking directly into a news camera, he flashes a million-dollar grin.

*The whole gosh darn realm of super-powered sports entertainment ain't never reckon with somethin' like this before!
My name is 'Big Bucks' BILL BARNETT
& this here-*

He takes a big step back (the top of his hat extending out of the camera's frame) - giving clearer look at the arena. Sunlight beams down atop the white, barn-like building. Despite looking newly renovated, it carries a retro charm. Large red letters stretch across the main entrance, spelling out its name.

*This here is the Dallas Sportatorium
2!*

Bill presses the red button on the device in his hand, sending signals up the cord to the title sign. The Sportatorium name lights up with a neon glow.

QUICK CUT: TEXAS - MOTEL

Jak sits cross-legged just inches from the small TV in a dated motel room. Jeysin is seated on a nearby bed, counting funds and looking over the map. Kimo is on the further side of the room, his hair pulled back as he continues a set of push-ups.

BILL

(via TV)

*Many remember the original Sportatorium as the greatest arena in Texas wrestlin' history, but S2 is bigger and badder and better than ever before!
Regular old pro wrestlin's a thing of the past! Crowds go crazy fer the good stuff - I'm talking live superhuman action here in Dallas fer one night only!*

JAK

You guys peep this?

KIMO

(Faintly)

55... 56... 57...

JEYSIN

Real Jensai users competing in a sideshow in the middle of nowhere? Sounds fishy to me.

KIMO

59... 60.

He pushes himself up to his feet and dusts his hands.
I think it sounds like a good warm-up round before we get to the real deal.

He joins the brothers by the TV set, listening in as Bill continues his pitch.

BILL

Here's one of our larger-than-life talents vying the big-time cash prize: martial arts master CAMERON THOMSON!

CUT SPORTATORIUM

Bill's big arms point to his right with jazz hands. The cameras turn to a modestly shaped white-skinned man in his 40s. Cameron dresses in a white Karate uniform with navy trimmings and matching headband (to cover his partial balding.) A group of his students (young men dressed in similar garb) surround him - studying their master's every move.

Thomson here is the human taser with the invisible laser - He can knock a man out without even touching eem!

Thomson murmurs to himself. He steps into a forward stance, approaching one of his students. The targeted student grows weary as Thomson draws closer. Thomson steps firmly and extends a palm in the young man's direction. On queue, the student faints. Thomson takes a bow and the rest of the class applauds.

CUT - HOTEL

The brothers look to each other. Kimo burst into laughter and walks away. Jeysin shakes his head as a smirk brews on his brother's face.

JAK

This I gotta see.

TRACK 4: ASSESSMENT

2 EXT. SPORTATORIUM

2

BILL

Action starts this evenin'! Don't miss out!

Bill seizes the camera with both hands and finishes his spiel inches from the lens. Releasing his hands, Bill steps back and adjusts his collar. He brims with pride and the camera pans over to a newswoman side-eyeing Bill. With a sigh, the young woman fakes a smile and looks to the camera.

REPORTER

(Dryly)

...You heard it here first folks, don't miss out. This has been ERIN ANDREWS, Dallas Action News. We now send you back over to our team in the studio.

CAMERAMAN

Ok. That's a wrap.

He sits down the camera and gives his partner a thumbs-up. Erin is visibly annoyed. Rubbing the back of his head, the cameraman approaches Bill. Bill checks himself in a handheld mirror. Without breaking his gaze, he extends his free hand to the cameraman.

BILL

You're welcome.

CAMERAMAN

..I'm sorry, what?

BILL

Well obviously you were headed over here to thank me for the best piece of broadcastin' that station of yours'll see all summer.

CAMERAMAN

Actually, I was gonna-

BILL

Honestly, it's nothin'. Been in show biz long as I have kid, and it all comes natural. I breathe in greatness-

Bill lets out a deep breath through his nostrils.
And exhale charisma.

The cameraman rolls his eyes and reluctantly shakes Bill's hand.

Make sure you and sweet thang over there come out to the show tonight!

Erin spits in Bill's direction. The cameraman kneels to pack his equipment.

ERIN

What a jerk. I'd call him a pig, but that'd be mean to pigs.

CAMERAMAN

Never know what to expect with these weekend jobs.

ERIN

Especially this season. Every time that SFC thing rolls around, a slew of weirdos come out of the woodwork to cash in on the fake fighting.

She groans.

Why couldn't I have it like my sister and cover the Olympics? Or anything other than grown men with egos pretending to beat each other up?

The cameraman finishes packing and stands to his feet.

CAMERAMAN

I don't know. He was kinda funny, in a weird way.

He tries to lift the mood as they approach their van in the venue's dirt road parking lot.

ERIN

He completely took over our broadcast! It was my story, but I could hardly get a word in.

CAMERAMAN

I am probably going to have to disinfect my lens.

He peers inside his lens with a look of concern.
I just got this one too!

ERIN

Complete disregard for anyone but himself. I swear, it's like some men don't even think before they speak.

CUT CALIFORNIA - HIGH SCHOOL

MR. RIVERS

Here we are babygirl, the biggest test of our lives! ...So far.

Marie stands in the mostly empty parking lot of a large school. The engine of her parents' car growls as the couple stares at their daughter with pride.

MRS. RIVERS

How are you feeling?

MARIE

Me? I'm good. Great. Totally not feeling pressured. At all.

MR. RIVERS

Hear that? Girl's a diamond - she was made under pressure!

He throws an arm around his wife and pulls her close.
She got that Rivers blood running through those veins.

MRS. RIVERS

Your father and I are headed into town. We'll be back in 3 hours flat.

She blows a kiss to her daughter.
Make us proud sweetie!

Marie watches the rickety vehicle drive off and lets out a deep sigh. She turns to the massive, impressive institution before her. Sunlight shimmers off the crystal-like glass windows. She adjusts her lenses to see past the glare and moves forward.

3 INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAYS

3

Marie steps inside - the front door creaks to a close behind her. The long halls ahead are void of any noise. Sun sneaking in through scattered windows. Contrasting darkness bathes the building in a hazy blue glow. She scans her environment, in awe of the space's size.

MARIE

Definitely not in Rosace anymore..

Right after left, Marie's footsteps echo through the hollow halls. With each step, the building feels bigger and she feels smaller. BAYSIDE HIGH: HOME OF THE LIGERS reads across the walls, adorned in royal blue, white & gold. Photos and plaques of students and alumni give a strong sense of school spirit - trophy cases carry an air of prestige. She stops to get a closer look at the collection of trophies.

Stacked high & spread wide, the awards glisten in gold. Marie marvels at the display for a moment longer - the sound of a

harsh cough brings her back to reality. She turns to see a lone custodian further down the hall. Illuminated from behind by the sunlight outside, the older man's posture is firm. He keeps his head down and continues his work. Marie softly bites her lip, looking to the trophy case once more. She looks back over to the janitor and presses on.

EXAM REGISTRATION reads the sign above a concession booth connected to the school's gym. This corner of the building is more evenly lit. Marie crosses the room and approaches the booth.

WOMAN 1

How can I help you?

The older woman speaks to her without raising her head. With a cold demeanor, she files information like a machine.

MARIE

Good afternoon! Miss-

Marie adjusts her glasses to read the woman's nametag.

*TAMMY! I'm here to sign in for the
Future Med Exam.*

The woman raises her head - squinting to stare at the girl. The two share a moment of uncomfortable eye contact. She returns her gaze to the paperwork.

TAMMY

Name?

MARIE

Marie Rivers.

Tammy thumbs through a list. She searches down the line and checks off Marie.

TAMMY

Date of birth?

MARIE

March 26th, 1991.

TAMMY

School?

MARIE

Jaime Escalante Middle School.

Tammy pauses, eyebrows pressed.

TAMMY

Middle school?

MARIE

Yes.

She returns to her work.

TAMMY

Professional recommendations?

MARIE

*Doctor Anne Rivers & Registered
Nurse Chase Rivers.*

TAMMY

Got it. Thank you.

As the woman continues filing, Marie looks to the floor - gathering her thoughts.

You're all set.

She snaps her attention back over to Tammy.

*You'll be directed to the testing
from the cafeteria. Head back the
way you came in, three halls up
it'll be on your left.*

Tammy hands Marie a slip of paper. Reaching out to grab it, Marie feels the woman hold on for a moment. She looks to Tammy's eyes.

You do your best, Marie Rivers.

Tammy shares a small smile. One soon spreads across Marie's face.

MARIE

(Confidently)

I sure will.

4 INT. CAFETERIA

4

Marie opens a double-door to the wide, warmly-lit room. Around a dozen students (all of which older than her) spread across the room. They lift their heads from their studies to get a look at the newcomer. Marie scouts her competition and marches on to an open table. Settling in, she slides off her backpack and unties the green hoodie from around her waist. With her small hands poking from the sleeves of the oversized sweatshirt, she retrieves her notes.

MARIE

(To herself)

Let's take it from the top.

Vital signs... Body temperature should be- 98.6 degrees - that's easy. Blood pressure should be less than 120, more than 80... Respiration rate between 9 and 20 breaths per minute...

CLAP! A textbook slams shut. The sharp sound echoes across the room. The students look to the source: a white-skinned teenage boy with small-framed glasses and a smug grin on his face. His pink polo shirt is tucked almost too tightly into his baggy cargo shorts. Sitting atop a table, he places the book onto the small stack beside him. He picks up a notebook and continues to study - the other students follow suit. Shifting attention back to her own notes, Marie's eyes linger on a trio of teen girls sitting a few tables down from her.

GIRL 2
(Scoffing)
What a lame.

GIRL 1
Hey NESSA. Where were we?

'Nessa sits between her two friends, leading their studies. She is mature for her age and carries herself well. Her long brown hair was curled - light eyeshadow complements her tanned skin.

NESSA
Should be.. on to the four kinds of tissue. I'm turning to that section now.

Marie resumes her own studies. She reviews quickly, yet carefully before turning each page. With her next page turn, another cafeteria door opens. Heels click against the hard floor as a woman enters. She's dressed in a white blouse, grey sweater, and black pencil skirt. Her greying black hair stops at her shoulder - framing her golden-brown skin. She clutches a manila folder under one arm and commands attention with every stride.

WOMAN 2
Good afternoon, medical professionals of tomorrow.

She smiles politely at the assembly of teens.
*It is a pleasure to meet you all.
You may refer to me as MRS SANCHEZ.
I will be proctoring today's exam.
Gather your belongings and follow me
this way.*

Taking a deep breath, Marie composes herself and follows the line of students exiting the room.

CUT: TEXAS - OPEN ROAD

Streaks of black asphalt slice through barren flats of clay dirt - scattered cacti the only life in sight. An armadillo creeps from behind the shadow of a cactus. The creature carefully looks around before scampering along. It approaches the twin roads, readying to cross when a fierce roar sounds in the distance. The creature retreats into its shell by the side of the street - just shy of the red blur rushing by.

With thunderous flare, a red muscle car zooms down the road. Orange dust and tumbleweeds kick up in its wake. The car speeds on a while longer, kicking up a large dust cloud as it sharply turns into a lot. The dust clears, revealing the Sportatorium's big red letters. Grinning ear to ear, Bill approaches the vehicle as its ignition switches off.

A pair of tall, tanned-skin, muscular men emerge from the car. Curly blonde locks fall onto the wide shoulders of the driver. The man dresses in a pair of western boots, denim adorned with a large buckle, and a sleeveless black graphic t-shirt. His passenger rocks a silky, dark mullet and a bushy mustache/goatee combo. A vest, dark-colored pants, and a pair of spurred boots make up his attire. The duo rests on the hood of the car as Bill nears.

BILL

SNAKE! DIAMOND! Just the two gentlemen I needed to see. How the hell are ya?

He extends his arms to shake hands with both men.

DIAMOND

Lookin' good, feelin' better.

The blonde man flashes a pearly white smile.

SNAKE

Sure got a lot of fresh meat this time around.

The dark-haired man looks ahead at the various visitors in and around the venue.

BILL

Thanks in part to a little big-time media coverage. Might just end up being our most lucrative show to date.

DIAMOND

So I take it we're running with the same plan as usual?

BILL

Yessiree!

He drops the chipper attitude.

Make sure the money stays with the home team.

SNAKE

No problem at all.

He cracks a smirk and approaches the car's back seat.

The king of promo brought us an audience.

He sticks an arm through the open window and his cohorts smile. Snake emerges, standing below the hot sun with a large python coiled around his upper body.

Now it's time for us to do what we do best.

QUICK CUT

A bus stops across the street from the Sportatorium - kicking up a large cloud of orange dust as it departs. Jeysin coughs, standing beside Jak and Kimo who get a good look at the venue.

KIMO

So this is the place?

JAK

Looked bigger on TV.

5 INT. SPORTATORIUM

5

The boys join the dozens of competitors and wrestling fans buzzing in and around the building. The Sportatorium stretches far - arena seating lines the length of the venue. In the shape of a larger square, four wrestling rings are centered in the space with walkways between. An AV team runs the show from a raised platform at the far end of the building.

The Sportatorium as a whole has that "Great American" feel to it. Decades' worth of wrestling promo decorates the walls - matching the mix of fans young and old. A trio of son, father, and grandfather stand together. The old man is alive with joy sharing his stories and secrets. Jak can't help but

stare at the family as he passes by. He turns his head & walks backward to keep his sight on them.

Competitors for the event come in a wide, bizarre variety. There are more like Cameron - dressed in martial arts gear and shadowed by students. Next are randoms and one-offs - a cowboy, an astronaut, and an Elvis impersonator. The rest are more conventional wrestlers - musclebound & spray-tanned, dressed in tights & protective padding. Contestants fill in the open space between seating & rings to sell themselves to the audience. A pair of the grapplers draws in a crowd, standing before each other and flexing their guns.

WRESTLER 1

You want a piece a'me?!

WRESTLER 2

I will rip you TO PIECES!

With each exchange: more veins bulge, more fans gather, and the men inch closer to one another.

WRESTLER 1

*I EAT CHUMPS LIKE YOU FOR
BREAKFAST!!*

WRESTLER 2

*THEN I HOPE YOU'RE HUNGRY - CUZ I'm
SERVING KNUCKLE SANDWICHES FOR LUNCH
AND DINNER!!*

Both reach peak strain - struggling to hold their breath. They drop the flexing and meet eye to eye for an intense staredown.

WRESTLER 2

We'll settle this in the ring!

WRESTLER 1

In the ring!

Hyped, the small crowd cheers. Kimo isn't impressed.

KIMO

*Basura. Is all American wrestling
like this?*

Jeysin, eyes locked onto his portable game, follows Kimo's wide frame to avoid the crowd.

JEYSIN

*Over the top, boastful, hyper-
aggressive - pretty sure all of
America is like this.*

Kimo peeks over his shoulder and shakes his head at Jeysin still glued to his game. Pacing Jak catches up to his friends with his hands behind his head.

JAK

*Don't tell me the brave jungle cat
is afraid to play for the away team.*

He sticks out his tongue to taunt Kimo who scoffs at the idea.

KIMO

*Not at all. I'll be happy to show
the locals some style.*

Jak shrugs his shoulders.

JAK

*Long as I'm here, it'll have to be
some second-place style.*

Kimo locks him into a headlock.

KIMO

*I won't be taking it easy this time
so you'll have to tell me all about
that second place style.*

JAK

Yeah right!

He jams an elbow into Kimo's ribs.

*I don't care who shows up - I'm
coming out on top!
Jeysin agrees with me. Right Jeysin?*

JEYSIN

Yes!

KIMO

Huh?!

The bickering boys look to Jeysin who tightens a fist in excitement.

JEYSIN

Oh, my bad.

Noticing the miscue, he scratches the back of his head.

*I just leveled up and learned a new
move! The next gym battle will be a
breeze!*

WOMAN 3

(via intercom)
 LAST CALL FOR TONIGHT'S WESTERN
 RUMBLE! LAST CALL FOR TONIGHT'S
 WESTERN RUMBLE!

Kimo releases Jak and approaches the younger brother. Jeysin returns to his game - Kimo snatches it from his grasp.

Hey! What are you-

Kimo grips Jeysin up by his shirt.

KIMO
 (Sternly)
Why are you here?

JEYSIN
W-what do you mean?

KIMO
Why are you here at this event?

Jak grows concerned.

JEYSIN
*I... I thought it'd be a good
 opportunity to study more fighting
 styles, and to support you two.*

KIMO
*Is that why you're on this journey?
 Going to the tournament? To take
 notes and root from the sidelines?*

Kimo stares right into him. For once, Jeysin has no answer. He can't maintain eye contact. Jak steps forward.

JAK
*That's enough man. He doesn't have
 to if he doesn't-*

JEYSIN
No, Kimo's right.

He waves his brother off.

*I left home to fight just like you
 two did. I have to get my hands
 dirty at some point, don't I?*

Jak is caught off guard by Jeysin's words - they bring a confident smirk to Kimo's face.

KIMO
That's more like it.

Kimo releases his grip Jeysin stumbles before finding his footing.

KIMO
Let's get a move on.

JEYSIN
Right behind you.

JAK
Need me to come with?

JEYSIN
I got it.

Jeysin fixes his shirt and follows Kimo. Alone and with nothing to do, Jak puts his hands back behind his head and watches the spectacle assembling around him. Stand-offs between contestants become big photo-ops as more visitors entered the Sportatorium. Elvis facing off against the astronaut builds a sizable crowd.

BOY 1
Quite the sight to see, huh?

A passing stranger shares a word with Jak.

JAK
*Right. Looks like a stuntman
convention robbed a Halloween store.*

The stranger lets out a hearty laugh. Jak looks to see a boy about his age. Ear-length black locks, tan skin, a navy blue short-sleeve button-down, olive green corduroy shorts, and low-top white sneakers make up his look. The boy opens his eyes, revealing green irises.

BOY 1
*Never heard that one before. Thanks
for the laugh.*

Jak raises an eyebrow.

JAK
*That one's free. Next one'll cost
ya.*

BOY 1
*Then I'll be sure to use it wisely.
Enjoy the show.*

With a polite wave, the stranger vanishes into the crowd just as quickly as he appeared.

JAK

...Weird guy.

Venue speakers screech as the intercom turns on again. Bill clearing his throat echoes through the building.

BILL

(Via speaker)

*If I could now direct all attention
to the far end of the venue.*

Bill stands atop AV platform, clutching a gold-clad microphone. A group of men in 'SPORTATORIUM STAFF' t-shirts surround him, inserting paper slips into a large board.

*With our final three slots filled,
it's high time we reveal your
challengers in tonight's
Sportatorium Superhuman Western
Rumble!*

Kimo and Jeysin return to Jak. The list of 60 combatants displays from a big board above the AV booth for all to see. The older brother puts a hand over his eyes, trying to make out some names.

JAK

*Hey maskless, you still going as
Jaguar?*

Kimo chuckles.

KIMO

*That name stays home. This crowd
will have to know their winner as
'The Ravishing Rivera.'*

He flexes his biceps. My spot was number 58.

JAK

*58.... Found it.
You're down in ring 4.*

KIMO

Sucks for whoever's stuck with me.

JEYSIN

*I'm up in the second ring. Looks
like you're in ring #3, Jak.*

Jak scans the names of the third section. His enthusiasm runs dry seeing his listing.

JAK

(Annoyed)

Why'd you have to pick that name?

In their respective sections, the brothers are listed as 'Jack Omega' & 'Jason Omega.'

JEYSIN

Oh, that? Figured it'd be best to leave part of our identity secret & that was the first thing it came to mind.

JAK

It's the last thing to come to mine.

KIMO

I think Omega's a pretty cool name.

JAK

You can have it. I'm good off it.

Jeysin notices he struck a nerve with his brother, but is without words to say.

BILL

*Every one of the four sacred squares will be home to a gauntlet of power and talent!
The winnin' warriors from each ring face off in the rumble's final round for the glory and the cold hard cash!
60 fighters enter - only 1 walks away with sweet, sweet victory! It's the greatest show in the US of A!
Sportatorium 2's Westerrnnnn
Rumble!!*

Mixed emotions across their faces, the boys look on toward the fray where they are set for battle.

CUT

6 INT. BAYSIDE HIGH - CLASSROOM

6

SFX: TICK-TOCK TICK-TOCK

Bright light shines through the wide windows on the room's left side. Dust outlines from removed classroom decorations make an eerie pattern along the walls. One large analog clock remains. Its bold frame & sharp numbering match the feel of the room. Marie watches every tick of the second hand steadily traveling the clock's face.

MRS. SANCHEZ

Next in line.

Marie approaches the desk and fetches the paper slip from the pocket of her sweatshirt. Mrs. Sanchez crosses the girl's name from the list. The slip is exchanged for two paper packets & a pair of sharpened pencils.

Alright Miss Rivers, please select any seat two desks apart from other students and await further instruction.

Marie takes her seat in the back corner of the room beside the windows. She waits with her packets facedown as Mrs. Sanchez hands materials to the last few students filing into desks. Sanchez checks her wristwatch, synching up with the room clock. She rises from the desk and stands before the students.

Before we begin, I would like to formally congratulate you all on qualifying to partake in today's examination.

The Future Medical Program searches across the country for the bravest & brightest young minds in effort to guide them into becoming tomorrow's lifesavers. To be seated where you are today is a remarkable feat and you should all be very proud of yourselves.

For a moment, tension in the room eases.

However, making it into this room was only the beginning. Your true assessment lies in front of you. You may now turn over the first of your packets.

On command, the sound of papers flapping rolls across the room.

The test will be split into two sections. One hour and ten minutes will be allotted for each, with one 10-minute break in between.

Eyes in the room shifted from the tests to the clock.

The first will consist of multiple-choice, fill-in responses, and short answer questions. The second will consist entirely of short essays. Drafted from the insight of our network of healthcare experts, the exam is designed to test your technical knowledge as well as your

*critical thinking as caretakers. We
will begin at 4pm sharp.*

In synch, the second and minute hands of the clock inch forward - marking 3:55. Marie cracks the knuckles on her right hand one by one. Glancing around the room, she catches Pink Polo rubbing his hands together as if hatching a sinister scheme. He notices Marie looking his way and winks at her. Creeped out, she shivers. Turning away she notices Nessa and her two friends. The trio silently encourages one another with head nods. Mrs. Sanchez watches her wrist. Marie watches the wall. The final moments pass in an instant.

You may begin.

CUT

6A INT. SPOTATORIUM - EVENING

6A

Red rays from the setting Texas sun shine into the venue. Cheers and chatters ring out from the restless crowd. The four rings are equally packed - each filled to near capacity with an assortment of fighters. In ring #4, Kimo stretches his shoulders to loosen up. Over in ring #2, Jeysin nervously surveys his surroundings. In ring #3, Jak stands with his arms folded and eyes closed. Bright lights shine down from the rig suspended above the rings. The lights cut dramatically. A spotlight shines from the AV booth to the walkway leading to the four squares. Fog fumes in from smoke machines on the ground, setting the stage for a special entrance.

BILL

(Intercom)

*Now headed to the ring! Your special
guest competitors - two living Texan
Legends: Ssssssnake! Aaaaaand
Diamond!!*

Dressed in wrestling pants and protective padding, the duo march down the lane side by side - receiving a warm welcome from the home crowd. Diamond flexes his guns and grins to the crowd. Snake holds a menacing glare, fearlessly accompanied by his pet python. Jeysin and Kimo make sure to get a good look at the headliners as the lighting returns to normal. Larger competitors in rings 2, 3, and 4 turn their sights on the boys. One ring 4 wrestler lunges toward Kimo.

WRESTLER 3

Alright! Small fries go first!

Kimo doesn't budge as the grappler draws close.

KIMO

I agree.

The young fighter tucks and rolls forward between his attacker's open legs. With great agility, Kimo rotates and springs back to his feet - locking his arms around the man's waist. Swiftly swinging straight back, he dunks the man directly onto his neck with a German Suplex. The man is knocked out cold - sending a shock through the rest of ring #4. Resting his hands on his knees, Kimo stretches his shoulders again. He takes a breath and huffs toward the other men.

Who's next?

Jeysin is circled by a group of wrestlers and martial artists. He raises a guard though his face is conflicted.

JEYSIN

Really rather not have to hurt anybody.

A team of four martial artists loom forward. His mind maps out every strike aimed his way - as well those positioning to follow up.

Guess it can't be helped.

Sending Jensai to both hands, Jeysin activates his telekinesis. He redirects the fists from his oncoming attackers. Confused but unable to stop, the group of four knocks one another out - falling atop each other in a heap. Jeysin sighs then calmly evades two wrestlers lunging in on both sides. The two men slam into each other head-first. Jeysin stands to his feet, now faced with an even bigger heap of bodies, and shakes his head.

A fighter in ring #3 lets out a battle cry rushing in toward Jak. The young man swing a strong kick with impressive form. Without opening his eyes, Jak fires a gunshot of an uppercut into the fighter's gut. The young man hunches over, holding his stomach and gasping for air. Jak glares down the rest of ring #3.

JAK

Kinda pissed right now so we can do this in two ways.

He raises two fingers.

You can come at me, or I can come after you. You don't want me to come after you.

He shakes his head at the other men. A small group charges in. Jak tightens his fists and takes a stance.

QUICK CUT

6B INT. BAYSIDE**6B**

Ten minutes had passed. Frustrated, Pink Polo puts an elbow to his desk, resting his face on his fist. He taps his eraser to the top of his third page. His eyes wander the room - noticing Marie nearing the end of her second page. He sits up in his chair, spinning his pencil back to the page. All the while, Marie keeps on. Face calm, she paces herself carefully through every question.

MARIE

Each of the lungs has... 3 lobes.

Her handwriting glides across the underlined space then her eyes move to the next line.

The two largest portions of the heart are its... atriums. Cool.

She quietly turns her packet over. The entirety of this next page consists of an unlabeled skeleton diagram with a word bank of bone names. She pushes up her glasses. **SHEEN!** The lenses glare over with white light from the window. The sound of speedy scribbling catches the other students' ear. As Marie flies through her page, Pink Polo rushes to power through his. **SMACK.** Pink Polo flinches - snapping his attention across the room to Marie. Without breaking her stride, she continues through the exam. Having overseen the exchange from her desk, Mrs. Sanchez smiles.

CUT

6C INT. SPORTATORIUM**6C**

All four pools of fighters thin out. Diamond downs one wrestler with a strong elbow strike and another with Pile Driver slam. A martial artist rushes him as he rises to his feet. The big man redirects his attacker, lifting him over the top rope and out of the ring.

SFX: AUDIENCE SCREAMS

Using his python to scare another fighter stiff, Snake knocks his challenger out with a back-dropping slam. Screams and cheers ring out toward the ring as he stands. He's shocked to see they aren't for him. The cowboy crashes outside the ring onto a heap of other competitors. Kimo dusts his hands. Two men rush in, each seizing an arm.

WRESTLER 4

Gotcha now!

Despite the grasp, Kimo stands firm. He taps into his Jensai, letting out a powerful yell. His strength rises - lifting

both men from their feet. Hype builds up within the audience and explodes over as Kimo tosses the two from the ring. Kimo blows a kiss and waves to a section of fans. Snake scratches his head. The python shudders and hisses.

SNAKE

(Vexed)

Where the hell'd they find this guy?

Jeysin awkwardly stares down Cameron - the two are among the last few in ring #2. The elder martial creeps forth carefully.

JEYSIN

Is he going for the "invisible laser" thing? How's that supposed to work?

Jeysin raises two fingers to his temple to activate his Jensai.

CAMERON

(Thinking)

Make him believe it. Make him believe it. Please, make him believe it.

The boy chuckles to himself before mirroring Cameron's stance.

JEYSIN

(In Cameron's mind)

Do you believe it? Do you believe it? Do you? Do you??

Cameron's eyes shoot wide open. He drops his stance grabs both sides of his head.

CAMERON

*Do I believe in it?! Do I believe??
Do I??!*

The man flees the ring runs from the venue. His students chase after him.

Three fierce punches from Jak send three more ring #3 competitors to the mat. Another fist from him cracks through the spaceman's helmet. Jak lets out a battle cry as he punches through Elvis's guitar & sunglasses - knocking the man out cold. His rage cooling down, he sighs..

CRAAASH! The room is hushed. All eyes turn to ring #1. Diamond's big body lays defeated - tossed over the ropes and through a table ringside. In the crowd, a man with thin

glasses and a black western hat rises to his feet - his face in disbelief.

MAN 3

*Good gawwd almighty!!
HE'S BEEN BROKEN IN HALF!*

Inside ring #1, a teen boy sits alone. His eyes covered with small frame sunglasses, ears with sleek headphones. He rocks a flashy violet windbreaker, black athletic shorts, matching socks, and kicks matching his shirt. He appears older than Kimo. His skin is a light tan shade and his undercut straight black hair stops just shy of his ears.

Men from the mounds of defeated contestants pick themselves from the ground and exit the stage. Angrily, Snake looks up to the AV station. Bill looks back at him & shrugs his shoulders. Snake retrieves the python and rushes to Diamond's aid.

Jeysin stands beside the ropes of ring #2. He tries to make sense of the scene.

JEYSIN

Even if Diamond wasn't a Jensai user, he was still billed as one of the strongest in this contest. Yet, whoever that is tossed him aside like an amateur.

BOY 2

Aw man! I swore I'd be first to cash out!

Jeysin looks to his side over to see a teen boy about his age, size, and build. Carefree, the boy hangs his arms over and leans on the ropes. He's white-skinned with messy blonde hair - spiked up in two parts and dyed black at the tips. He dresses in loose-fitting denim overalls over an orange ripped-sleeve tee and athletic sandals. The nails on the boy's hands and feet are sharpened to points.

Hey VIC, check it out! Put lunch on the line and all of a sudden he's raring to go.

BOY 1

It was your bet, not mine.

A voice responds from within ring #3. Jak turns to see the same boy he'd shared a joke with before the fights started.

JAK

*(Confused)
When did he..?*

Peering over to Vic's corner, Jak sees bodies stacked outside the ring.

...Don't tell me-!

JAK AND JEYSIN

(Thinking)

Are they Jensai Users too??

BOY 2

(Whining)

Ahh! That's no fair! Picking up his tab will ruin me.

VIC

A deal's a deal, LINX. You wagered on your honor.

LINX

Okay dad, whatever. How'd you do over there?

The two friends converse as if nothing happened. Vic strolls by Jak to the opposite side of ring #3. He leans on the ropes to speak face to face.

VIC

Not too bad, though there is some kid left over here with me.

Jak's head tilts. His rage heats up.

LINX

No kidding? I got one left over here too! SAM the man just barely had us beat.

Jeysin grows tense, analyzing his next opponent. Linx cups his hands and calls over to ring #1.

Hey long, tan, and silent - can you hear us over here?!

In ring #1 Sam eases up to his feet. Save for Linx and Vic, everyone is amazed as the teen boy reveals his tall frame - Standing comfortably over 6 feet. His smallest of movements are graceful and under control. He removes his headphones and reaches into the large zipper pocket on the front of his windbreaker. He retrieves a CD player - pressing the stop button and placing it back in along with his headphones. Raising one long arm to his mouth, he lets out a long yawn.

SAM

*Finallyyy...
Feels like I can breathe again now
that it's not so crowded in here.*

He raises his long arms high, breathes deep and stretches.
Were you guys saying something?

Linx palms his own face in frustration.

LINX
You're never listening!

SAM
There's always too much noise. This space is still way too cramped.

Easing his arms back down, Sam takes in another deep breath. He straightens his right palm and kneels down. **WHOOOM.** Air shoot through the venue. Snacks are blown from the hands of guests in the front rows of the stands. Three of ring #1's corners collapse to the ground. The mat follows, slumping into a slant. Sam never loses his balance. Left standing on the raised square platform, he breathes out. The arena is left in awe. The Ortega brothers are wide-eyed at the feat.

JEYSIN
I've.. I've never seen such strength before..!

JAK
All three..

Jak looks from Sam, to Linx, to Vic.
Must be on a whole 'nother level..

THUMP. Footsteps land in the space between the rings.

KIMO
Big and strong don't matter when you're laid out on the mat.

Kimo marches from ring #4 - straight across to Sam in ring #1. Seeing his friend rise to the challenge lights a fire in Jak. Kimo punches a fist into his open hand.

(Confidently)
I'm gonna dunk him on his freakin' neck.

He sprints toward Sam. Linx catches Jeysin watching. He lunges at him, swinging his nails like claws. With his quick reflexes, Jeysin narrowly evades by diving forward. Linx lands with a one-handed handstand before standing upright. Wincing in pain, Jeysin looks to see blood dripping from his forearm.

LINX
You tried to lay low earlier, but moves like yours don't go unnoticed.

You're good as expected.

Linx grins, scratching his claws together. Sparks of orange Jensai scatter from the friction.

Let's see how good you really are.

Jeysin clutches his arm and stands to his feet.

JAK

Yo.

Vic turns his head - his eyes open wide with surprise.

VIC

Hey! I know you! You're the funny guy.

He smiles, remaining calm as can be.

Had no idea you were in for the showdown.

JAK

I'm not just in - I'm gonna win the damn thing.

And my name's not "some kid!"

Vic picks up the intent in Jak's tone. He stops leaning on the ropes - standing to face his opponent.

VICTOR

Then tell me friend, what is your name?

Jak looks aside before looking Vic in the eye. He points a fist toward him.

JAK

My name is Jak Omega! You better remember it!

VIC

Jak Omega you say...?

His tone shifts as well. With a first step Jak couldn't even see, Vic speeds forth and unloads a barrage of kicks. On his heels, Jak is pushed back on his heels. His guard is pummeled as he struggles to keep up with each following strike. Vic fakes a kick towards Jak's face. Jak flinches - raising his guard high. Vic switches legs and shoots a knee up from below - drilling Jak in the chin. Switching legs again, Vic pivots and swings his heel across Jak's face.

Coltello Blu (Blue Blade).

The boy is sent skidding across the mat. Noise around the ring falls silent. With Jak irresponsible, Victor turns his back to his friends in action.

JAK
...That all you got?

Grabbing onto the middle rope for support, Jak forces his way back his feet. Vic turns back around and smiles.

VIC
Any one of those kicks was enough to knock those other men out cold.

JAK
Be happy you got to them first.

Jak turns his mouth and spits blood to his side.
I ain't going away so easy.

VIC
My name is VICTOR VENTURA.

JAK
Why the hell are you telling me that now?

Victor laughs.

VICTOR
*There goes the one I owe you.
 I don't take names of those I don't plan to remember - and don't give my name to those who won't remember me.
 You're full of intrigue, Jak Omega.
 We signed up for the rumble in hopes of a decent fight. You just might be my chance at it.*

Jak raises his fists again.

JAK
Oh, I'll be more than decent.

Victor slams a heel downward - cutting into the mat. He takes up his stance.

VICTOR
I'm counting on it.

CUT

Beads of sweat roll from Marie's forehead. She looks up to the clock - the hour hand creeps toward the 4. Every tick of the second hand strikes through the classroom. She writes as fast as her hand could move.

MRS. SANCHEZ

Pencils down.

Tension in the room deflates. Marie's last answer is written into its blank - the head of her pencil snaps from pressure.
Line up single file and hand in the first portion of your exams.

Marie stares down at her broken pencil and wipes her forehead.

Please make use of this time to stretch, rehydrate, and use the restroom. We will resume testing in 10 minutes sharp.

7 INT. HALLWAY

7

Exam students spread across the brightly lit hall. Despite the lighting, the space feels heavy - filled with the students' uncertainty. Marie sits on a bench - hunched forward, hands to her face. Her expression is blank, but her body language is defeated as her mind races. She tugs gently at the curled ends of her hair over and over.

Other students come and go from the restrooms nearby - the flowing water the only sounds cutting the silence. Marie leans in over a water fountain, using one hand to operate and the other to hold back her hair. Wiping her mouth and turning from the fountain, she overhears a conversation.

NESSA

Try to relax, you're going to be alright. We just-

GIRL 2

I can't relax! And "we" can't do anything - I didn't even finish the first part of the damn test!

One of Nessa's friends leans against the lockers - arms folded.

GIRL 2

(Softly)

...I studied so hard for this, put all those hours into this...! It wasn't supposed to be like this.

Her friend on the verge of tears - Nessa places a hand onto her shoulder.

NESSA

"We" did study hard for this; we put those long hours in at the library together. You can do this. Look at me.

The girl wipes her tears and looks Nessa in the eye.
You can do this. We will do this!

GIRL 2

But I already...!-

NESSA

The first half was only the first half. All that matters now is that we finish strong.

The girl found her smile. She reached out and wraps Nessa up in a big hug. Startled at first, Nessa smiles too - sharing in the embrace. Headed back to the classroom, Marie passes the pair. Nessa's words rekindle a fire within her.

MARIE

She's right. That wasn't everything I've got.

Pushing the bridge of her glasses back up into the proper place, she looks ahead with confidence.
I'm not done yet.

CUT

7A INT. SPORTATORIUM

7A

THUMP! Kimo hits the ground on all fours. The roar of the crowd rages as he bursts forth with another quick step. Sam composes his stance and responds with a fierce palm strike. Kimo takes the hit dead on, breaking his fall with back a handspring. He rushes in again - shooting over to Sam's blindside and leaping forth with a spinning kick.

SAM

Not happening.

In a single fluid motion, Sam rotates and parries. Kimo falls hard onto his back. Winding his arms into another defensive stance, Sam poses.

SFX: CROWD CHEER

KIMO

Damn! Haven't even made him flinch yet.

Rolling over and taking a knee, Kimo pants for air.
There has to be some way to shake him off his game.

Jeysin cautiously keeps pace with Linx's barrage of slashing attacks. With each dodge, Linx inches closer and closer to hitting his target.

JEYSIN

(Thinking)

Dodging's the most I can do right now. His movements are too wild for me to get a read on..!

The two find themselves standing before one another - pausing to share a breather. Jeysin's eyes dart around to see the claw marks now patterning the ring.

LINX

You're real good at running away, kid. I'll give you that. Thing is, weak as those bozos in our ring were, running away wouldn't have been enough to take out half the pack before I could get my hands on them.

Linx crouches, turning his body and extending an arm backward.

So show me...

Pouncing up from one leg, he slashes downward.

What you can do!

Jeysin analyzes the angle of Linx's attack - carefully sidestepping between two of the five slashes. **SCHINKT!** Linx's slash is packed with Jensai - ripping through the mat and tattering one side of the ring's ropes. Jeysin dashes in and lands a strong kick to the ribs. Linx flies toward another set of ring ropes. He grimaces from the pain before grinning at Jeysin's strength. Grabbing onto top & middle ropes, he breaks his momentum and lands standing in the ring.

LINX

I knew it! You were holding back a bunch of power this whole time! You'll need it if you're going to keep up with me.

Jeysin tenses - awaiting the next move.

Let's have it! What else you got?!

Crouching down once more, Linx pounces toward Jeysin.

JEYSIN

*Jumping from there with that much
arc should land him right about...*

Jeysin spaces out the distance and angle of the oncoming attack.

There!

He readies to intercept with another kick. Linx grins. Rolling his body in mid-air, Linx digs one clawed hand into the mat to halt his lunge. He steers himself around Jeysin's kick - countering with double-legged kick of his own.

LINX

He took the bait! Rookie move!

Jeysin takes the shot straight to chest. He's sent flying through the gap in the ropes Linx slashed open. Jeysin barrels across the floor - rolling over and holding his chest. He sees Kimo's feet planted near his head and scrambles up to his feet.

JEYSIN

(Fearful)

Kimo! You have to-!

KIMO

(Annoyed)

Kinda busy right now.

ZOOM! Linx flies through the air - claws forth. Jeysin hesitates, looking between friend and opponent. Time seems to slow for Jeysin. He latches onto Linx's wrists, brings a foot up to Linx's chest, and leans back onto Kimo's shoulder. He redirects Linx and launches him skyward. Kimo catches onto everything the moment after it happens. The sight of Jeysin defending them both brings a grin to his face.

Without missing a beat, Sam catches Linx like a fastball. He glides in place - cutting a perfect circle and launching his friend back downward. Unable to dodge, Jeysin closed his eyes and braces for impact. Drops of blood dropped to the ground.

KIMO

Keep those eyes open.

He's pierced in both shoulders by Linx's claws. Without flinching, Kimo hoists Linx high.

LINX

Oh crap-!

KIMO

We got a fight to win!

He dries Linx into the floor below with a slam. Jeysin enters the ring-less square, still catching his breath. **WHOOSH**. A wide, sweeping kick from Sam swings overhead - carrying a wave of condensed Jensai. Jeysin drops flat to the floor to dodge. Lying there he notices the ropes, turnbuckles, and poles Sam had knocked down earlier. Jeysin springs into the square, squatting low and watching Sam closely.

He dashes forth. Sam swings around another powerful kick. Jeysin slides to slip beneath the strike. Aiming at Sam's off leg, he glides in with a kick of his own. The crowd oohs and aaahs as Jeysin brings the bigger fighter down to one knee. Sam's sunglasses are knocked into the air - he sees Jeysin clearly as he appears for a finishing blow.

Seeing a vulnerable target, Jeysin hesitates. His punch lands, but Sam powers through. He shoots a palm into Jeysin's torso - blasting the boy back down to the floor. He catches his glasses as he stands to his feet. He looks to his opponent.

SAM

*Had me there, but second-guessed
himself.*

He places the glasses back on.

He won't get that chance again.

QUICK CUT - RING #3

Victor smirks as he dodges and parries Jak's every attack - gracefully gliding across the mat. Jak lunges in with a strong left hook. Victor steps aside. He leans back onto the ropes - opening a trap Jak falls right into. Angry, Jak latches onto the bottom rope. Pouring his Jensai in stretches the rope - Jak slings himself back into the fray. Victor dances just out of reach as another Jak punch comes crashing in. He jumps to the center of the ring and Jak lines up another attack.

JAK

Nowhere to run!

Jensai spreads across his arm as he winds back. He steps in and fires.

VFX: SLOW MOTION

Blue Jensaï lights up within Victor's eyes. He focuses on the Jak's attack - a red burst of energy becomes clearly visible. He gently tilts his head aside. **FWOOM**. The blast rustles Victor's hair as it grazes by.

JAK
How in the hell??

He looks from his fist up to Victor.
Did he see that?

VICTOR
*So he's got some tricks up his sleeve.
I'll have to return the favor.*

As Jak prepares another shot punch Victor places one foot back.

JAK
(Thinking)
Let's see him do it again.

They step forth and fire in unison. With his Jensaï vision, Victor sees his kick let off 5 blue bursts. Jak's one red shot is overpowered. **THOOM THOOM THOOM THOOM**. All four of Victor's shots lands with force, bringing Jak down to one knee.

VICTOR
That's Fucile de Caccia! The Shotgun.

Reeling from the hits, Jak gasps heavily.

JAK
*...One more...
Hit me with one more.*

VICTOR
*Think I have you mistaken.
You want-*

JAK
You to hit me with that move again.

He forces his way back up.
Wait too long and I'll go first.

He raises his left fist.

VICTOR
(Amused)
As you wish.

Shots fire. This time, Victor counts five red bursts lined up to collide with his five blue.

So he's a fast learner as well. Most entertaining.

Invisible to the audience, the twin attacks collide with a thundering boom.

QUICK CUT: AV TABLE

Bill's jaw is dropped open as he watches the action unfold. Snake and Diamond approach. Diamond winces in pain, his arm draped over Snake's shoulder.

SNAKE

You ain't tell us we'd be jobbing tonight.

Bill raises his arms in defense.

BILL

This wasn't part of the plan.

Diamond reaches over to grip him up by his collar.

DIAMOND

You tellin' me you have no idea who these kids are?!

BILL

Not in the slightest.

Diamond releases him, turning his head back down to the action.

DIAMOND

Must have some kind of big budget connections - their effects are ridiculous.

SNAKE

That big-name stuff is phony. It's way too over-the-top for me, but the crowd's eating this crap up.

The three men look across the arena surging with energy.

QUICK CUT: RING #3

Hand to hand, Jak breaks through Victor's with quick fists - winding up for a punctuating punch. Seeing his opponent aim high, Victor swings a kick across Jak's face. Jak rides the force of the hit - somehow swinging around his own heel of his own. Both stumble back to catch their balance. In this

brief pause for breath, the crowd begs for more. From the looks on their faces, neither fighter plans on quitting. They rush for again - clashing fist to knee.

7B BAYSIDE

7B

SFX: TICK-TOCK, TICK-TOCK

Marie turns a page. She gasps in surprise then sighs of relief.

MARIE

Alright, last one.

She checks the time then looks back to her page.
And we're doing good on time.

She shakes her nerves out and psyches herself up.
Let's bring it home.

(Reading)

"Doctors and Nurses worldwide boast knowledge and skills only honed through hours of intensive study. Equally essential, however, is their compassion towards those they have sworn themselves into treating. We would like to get to know you, thus this last question shall be scored entirely.. on the content of your character?"

She raises her brows at the idea.
Wasn't what I was expecting, but okay.

(Reading)

"In your own words, tell us what is most important when caring for others."

She taps her eraser to the paper, mulling over the question.
...What is most important to me?

Marie flips her pencil over to write. She stops just before making a mark. Now tapping the metal of the pencil to her frames, her mind races. Mrs. Sanchez finishes her leisure read - placing it onto her desk. Looking around the classroom she catches Marie gazing through the window at the world outside.

In a room full of students with heads buried in their work, Marie looks to the bright light beside her. She smiles, returning to her test with new energy.

CUT

7C SPORTATORIUM - RING #3**7C**

Jak and Victor's faces are emotionless. Victor kicks the tip of each shoe into the mat. Jak wipes blood from his mouth onto his red t-shirt and rushes forward. Using a clever fake-out, Jak lands a strong blow. Gritting through the pain, Victor counters with another strong kick.

While Jak stumbles towards the set of ropes, Victor runs a hand across his shorts. He conducts a buzz of static electricity - juicing them up into sparks with his Jensai. A current of blue electricity surges through his hand. He places his electric palm onto the nearby top rope - sending a shockwave down the line. Jak reaches out to the ropes for support and is instantly zapped with electricity. **KSSHK.**

VICTOR
Parlare (Spark).

Victor speeds forth to blast Jak out of the ring with a flying kick.

Outside the four rings, Kimo raises a guard. His upper arms are covered in scrapes and scratches. Linx approaches - also looking worse for wear.

LINX
*Made sure to use all the polite ones
first, but since you're somehow
still standing..*

He runs his claws against one another to sharpen them - scraping out bigger sparks of orange Jensai.
I'll pull out all the stops!

On all fours, Linx dashes forth and leaps high.

KIMO
Try me!

Kimo pounds a fist into his chest and raised his guard again. Linx reaches a light fixture hanging above - kicking off with both legs to boost speed. With Jensai coursing through his claws, Linx becomes a blur as he speeds and spirals toward his target.

LINX
Rager!!

GRPPP. The claws make contact, but Linx stops spinning. Kimo tanks the hit - grabbing onto Linx's arms didn't falter.

Blood lightly drips from his arms as the golden glow of his Jensai radiates across his skin. With a big boot to the chest Linx is sent sliding back into the side of Ring #1. Shaking his head, he looks to the ceiling and cracks a smirk.

On the other side of the square, Jeysin's death-defying acts keep the crowd cheering. His evasions protect him from Sam's powerful swings. Each gives off the faint violet aura of his Jensai - the excess force nearly knocks Jeysin from his feet.

JEYSIN

*Wait for an opening... There's always
an opening.*

Linx springs up to the ring then up and off of Sam's shoulder. Vaulting up high, Linx channels Jensai to his claws. **SCHINK!** In a flash, he lets out a spinning slash - severing the cables and wiring securing ring's 1's lights. Kimo hurries to the square - the lighting structure on a crash course to collapse atop of him.

VFX: SLOW MOTION

Indigo Jensai surges through Jeysin's mind. From Sam, to Linx, to the lights, to Kimo, Jeysin visualizes the course of all motion in and around the square. He fires a burst of Jensai past Sam - shooting through the bigger fighter's open legs. Jeysin's tightens his firing hand into a fist and stands tall. Sam channels violet Jensai into both arms for a devastating double palm strike. Just before the hit lands, Jeysin opens his hand.

JEYSIN

Now.

He releases his hold on one of the fallen ring poles - right beneath Kimo's feet. Kimo is slingshot above the square - past the falling lights. **CRACK!** The speeding pole blindsides Sam, cutting into the power of his attack. Jeysin is knocked from his feet - taking the brunt of the blow. Flying in from the ring post, Kimo meets Linx midair.

LINX

Oh shi-

Kimo KO's him with a flying knee. Falling towards the mat, Kimo sees Sam finally off balance. Straining his body, he rolls forward and latches onto Sam's neck. **BOO-BOOOM!** Linx hits the square just before Kimo slams himself and Sam down onto it.

KIMO

...Told you so.

The last of Kimo's gold glow fades. The sudden elimination leaves the crowd stunned. Linx cutting some lights dims the room.

QUICK CUT: AV TABLE

Snake, Diamond, and the python snack on popcorn - eager to see what happens next. Bill frantically taps one of his crew members' shoulder.

QUICK CUT: WRESTLING RINGS

The remaining arena lights are directed down upon Victor and Jak. They stare each other down - standing 10 paces apart in the space between the four squares. Victor smiles.

VICTOR

So this is what it comes down to?

JAK

An old-fashioned Texas shootout.

He cracks his knuckles.

VICTOR

Then we'll settle it in one last clash. I'm sure we're both busy men.

JAK

Wouldn't want it any other way.

Blue Jensai gathers in Victor's right leg. Red Jensai in Jak's left hand. A chilling breeze rolls through the silent Sportatorium before footsteps pound the ground.

JAK

(Thinking)

Here goes!

With Victor in striking range - Jak launches his punch. Raising his leg to meet strikes head-on, Victor smirks.

VICTOR

(Thinking)

You fought well, down to the very end.

Victor's Jensai vision reads every motion of Jak's body language. He fakes his right-legged kick and leans into Jak's chest - disrupting his balance with a shoulder check. In that moment's separation, Victor's Jensai surged from his right leg to his left.

But that's checkmate, Jak Omega.

KRACK! He rockets a super-powered knee directly up into Jak's gut. The strike knocks the wind from Jak and the entire venue. Victor lowers his leg and Jak collapses to the floor - out cold.

7D CUT: BAYSIDE

7D

Mrs. Sanchez reads through a notepad when she notices an exam placed onto her desk. Marie stands before her, breathing hard but smiling.

MARIE

I'm all done.

The proctor is pleasantly surprised.

MRS. SANCHEZ

I wish you the very best.

MARIE

Thank you.

Slinging her bag's straps onto her shoulders, she departs the room. 20 minutes remain in the testing time. Frustrated, Pink Polo runs a hand through his hair. His answer for the final question runs over the space given in the lines. Nessa notices Marie exiting the class first, nodding her head and returning to her test.

8 INT. HALLWAY

8

Marie closes the door gently and heads for the school's entrance. Walking through the silent, empty halls, she jumps up and pumped her fist. She follows with a victory dance - playing her celebration off by peering around to see if anyone saw.

8A SPORTATORIUM

8A

Murmurs roll through the audience awaiting more action. Jeysin looks down to his brother before lifting his head to Victor.

VICTOR

Turns out I'm not the last man standing.

Victor returns to his carefree manner.

Picking up where he left off?

Jeysin notices Jak had done some damage to Victor. He looks to Sam, Kimo, and Linx all KO'd in a heap. His body aches from Sam's strikes. His arm stings from Linx's slashes. He makes eye contact with Victor and shakes his head "no."

Phew. What a relief.

He lets out a big sigh, surprising Jeysin.

I am beat. Besides, there's no winner here.

Rules say fighters are eliminated by knockout or ringout. We all jumped outside by choice.

Jeysin scratches the back of his head.

JEYSIN

Oh yeah... You've got a point.

Victor looks up towards Bill. Cupping hands around his mouth, he channels Jensai to his voice.

VICTOR

Excuse me, Mr. Barnett.

Bill is startled to hear the boy from such a distance.

BILL

(Thinking)

Now what? Darn kids already tore my venue to shreds...

VICTOR

Award the championship to whomever you see fit. According to the rules of the rumble, the six of us have been eliminated

SNAKE

Is he serious?

DIAMOND

(Lost)

Maybe I got dropped too hard... These kids are freaks of nature.

VICTOR

You should also put the prize money towards repairing your arena. My companions and I got rather carried away. You have our apologies.

Bill removes his hat and scratches his head.

BILL
He's got a point...

Victor lowers his hands.
*Now, if you'll excuse me. Have to
 peel my friends from the mat over
 there. Ciao.*

As if nothing happened, Victor waves to Jeysin and strolls
 towards ring #1.

CUT

8B CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY - EVENING

8B

Mr. and Mrs. Rivers brim with pride driving their daughter
 home. In the backseat, Marie rocks a paper crown from 'Burger
 Queen' - digging into her bag for fries. Snacking away, she
 looks to the sun as it begins descending into the ocean.

MARIE
*The most important part of caring
 for others is healing the body and
 the heart. Anyone can learn and
 follow the steps of first-aid.
 Care givers are those who encourage
 others to fight another day.*

Staring to the sky Marie thinks back to her mending Jak's
 wounds.

FLASHBACK: THE DOJO, YO

JAK
*Ow ow ow! You know that stuff
 stings, right?*

They sit together. Marie cleans and bandages his outstretched
 arm.

MARIE
I do know. That means it's working.

Patiently, she continues her process. Upon her finishing, Jak
 raises his arm to examine the work - opening and closing his
 hand.

Feel any better?

JAK
*A lot better, actually. I don't know
 what I'd do without you.*

He flashes a huge grin. She smiles and shakes her head.

MARIE

*I don't know what you'd do without
me either.*

FADE CUT

9 TEXAS ROAD - NIGHT**9**

Laying on his back, Jak stares up into the cloudless starry sky. Hands behind his head, his face is expressionless. He reclines atop the bus stop's awning. Jeysin and Kimo sit on the bench below. Kimo's hand wraps bandage his shoulders. Arms crossed, he stares blankly ahead. Jeysin retrieves his game from his bag. The battery light on the system blinks bright red before the display screen shuts off. He let out a fatigued sigh. Without a word, Kimo placea a hand on his shoulder. Jeysin looks to his friend who salutes him with a head nod. Jeysin nodded in return then looks up toward his brother. The older brother gazes into the field of stars. The longer he looks, the greater it grows.