

Episode 057-Million-Dollar Match

Written by Jeff Jubinville

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(the episode begins with a knocked out Tribourn being loaded onto a stretcher and carried out. Drakon is watching this and looks furious.)

Drakon: This can't be happening! How are they defeating my team of elite fighters!? I'm down to one and they still have three!

Dredsor: What are you so concerned about? It's still nothing I can't handle.

Drakon: Good, but keep this in mind...our deal is you get paid the rest of the money *after* we win the tournament...don't forget that.

Dredsor: I haven't, you'll get your championship. Besides, you still have influence of the tournament committee.

(Drakon looks over at them)

Drakon: Yes, they're working for me just like you are.

Dredsor: Then there's nothing to worry about, we'll win the tournament no matter what.

(meanwhile in Ozana's waiting area, Hanzo is in the back, wrapping bandages around his ribs. Breta is stretching getting ready for her match with Dredsor.)

Musa: Are you ready to go, Breta?

Breta: Honestly I'm not looking forward to this match. Dredsor seems invincible.

Musa: No one is invincible, trust me.

Lock: No one except my dad.

Musa: (smiling) I'd say your father was as close to invincible as humanly possible.

Lock: (thinking) He had a silver aura by now...I'm way behind him.

Larina: It's now time for the semi-finals!

(the crowd cheers)

Targon: For the first time in the history of these tournaments, Drakon School only has one fighter remaining while Ozana School has three.

Larina: I still can't believe that, things are usually just the opposite.

Targon: Is this the year Ozana School finally wins another championship?

Drakon: (thinking) Over my dead body.

Larina: The next match is Dredsor vs. Breta.

Targon: Fighters, please head to the ring.

Dredsor: I'm going to annihilate her, and send a message to whoever faces me in the finals. Lock and Hanzo will see how powerful I really am.

Drakon: Good, I'm counting on you. Failure is not an option.

Dredsor: I heard you the first time.

(he walks to the ring)

Breta: (sighing) Well, here goes.

Lock: Don't worry Breta, if things start to get out of control I'll step in.

Breta: No, promise me no matter what you'll stay here.

Lock: I don't think I can make that promise-

Breta: (cutting him off) You can't get disqualified, I'd rather get injured and have us win the tournament than be safe and have us lose.

Musa: You have a true warrior spirit, Breta.

Lock: Alright, I promise I'll stay here. Just promise me you'll be okay.

Breta: I promise.

(they smile at each other and she heads to the ring. Hanzo finishes wrapping his ribs and puts his shirt and belt back on.)

Hanzo: (thinking) My ribs are broken and my spirit energy is drained. Hopefully Breta and Dredsor fight long enough so I can recover. I'll need every second I can get to rest since I'm fighting Lock next.

(as Breta walks to the ring all the cheerleaders cheer for her)

Maxi: Alright Breta!

Cheerleader 2: Come on, one more win and you're in the finals!

Cheerleader 3: Get revenge for what that guy did to Juzan!

Breta: (thinking) Juzan's even stronger than I am, and he couldn't inflict any damage on Dredsor. I've got to rely on my speed, it's probably the only area I can hope to match him.

Juzan: I hope she doesn't wear herself out with offense. Dredsor's endurance is ridiculous.

Musa: It's all because of that energy redistribution technique.

Juzan: His what?

Musa: During your match with him, we figured out he's using an energy redistribution technique which gives him the ability to withstand any attack.

Juzan: Is that what he was doing when his aura was absorbed through his mouth?

Musa: Yes. Basically he's able to redistribute the full power of his spirit energy anywhere on his body to block any attack.

Juzan: So that's why none of my attacks worked! Breta could be in trouble facing something like that.

Musa: I know, I'm worried about her.

Lock: You're not the only one.

(Breta and Dredsor face off in the ring)

Dredsor: I'm going to make an example out of you.

Breta: If I go down, I'm taking you with me.

Dredsor: Do you really think you can succeed where Juzan failed?

Breta: We'll just have to wait and see. I'm going to avenge Tino and Juzan no matter what.

Dredsor: So be it.

(he charges his aura in the defensive stance, and once again absorbs his aura through his mouth)

Breta: Energy redistribution, huh? Isn't that trick getting a little old?

Drakon: What!?! They know!?

Dredsor: So you've figured it out. Oh well, it's not like that knowledge will make a difference. Just because you know what it is doesn't mean you know how to stop it.

(Breta charges her aura in the offensive stance)

Breta: (thinking) Speed don't fail me now.

Larina: Let the match begin!

Dredsor: I'll tell you what...I'm in a sporting mood, and since you're a girl I'll give you a break. You get one free hit before I destroy you.

Tino: I'd use that time and run away.

Juzan: Good idea.

Hanzo: Like you'd really be able to out run Dredsor.

Dredsor: Well, what do you say?

Breta: I accept...but you're going to regret that offer dearly.

Dredsor: Come on, let's see what you've got.

(Breta flies at him, readying a punch)

Dredsor: (thinking) A straight punch to the face? Does she think that will actually hurt?

(all of a sudden she releases her fist and swings her leg for a kick, Dredsor is surprised)

Dredsor: Huh?

(she kicks him extremely hard in the groin. Everyone is shocked. Dredsor is in complete pain and falls over in slow motion, his sunglasses fall off. Breta stands there with a smirk as Dredsor holds his groin in total pain.)

Breta: I told you I'd make you regret offering that free hit.

Dredsor: (still on the ground) Why...you!

Musa: She faked the head punch so he'd redistribute his spirit energy there...leaving his...male area...completely open for a kick with all of her strength.

(all the guys in the waiting room flinch or shudder thinking about that)

Tino: That must have hurt so much!

Lock: Even I feel sorry for him.

Tino: There go his chances for having kids.

Juzan: Now he and Tino actually have something in common.

Tino: Hey!

(Headmaster Ozana is laughing hysterically)

Headmaster Ozana: (laughing) That was great! Can we get a replay?

Ms. Hancock: (thinking) That's one way to take down a strong opponent.

Drakon: That was a cheap shot! (to the committee) Disqualify her!

(one of the committee members stands up)

Member: That was an illegal low-blow. Breta is disqualified. Dredsor moves onto the finals.

Breta: Oh well, that was probably going to be the outcome of the match anyway. At least this way I get to leave in one piece.

(she leaves the ring, Dredsor is still on the ground holding his groin)

Larina: Wow, Breta has been disqualified for hitting below the belt!

(Targon looks uneasy)

Larina: (to Targon) Anything you'd like to add?

Targon: I'm just trying to get that image out of my head...man that must have killed!

Hanzo: (thinking) Damn it! That took no time at all! I've barley recovered anything! How am I supposed to fight Lock in this condition?

(the cheerleaders cheer for Breta as she heads back)

Maxi: Yeah! You got him!

Cheerleader 2: Way to take that guy down!

(she enters the waiting area)

Musa: Normally I'd discourage any cheap-shots...but at least you didn't get hurt out there.

Breta: I feel the exact same way.

Lock: That was brutal.

(Dredson returns to Drakon's waiting area, he's very red in the face)

Drakon: Dredson?

Dredson: (embarrassed) Someone get me an ice-pack.

Headmaster Ozana: Now that's called going out with a bang!

Ms. Hancock: What are you talking about, sir?

Headmaster Ozana: You know what they say...what's good for the goose is good for the gander.

Ms. Hancock: (confused) Huh?

Drakon Senior: What kind of nonsense is your team trying to pull Harry!

Headmaster Ozana: (getting up and making a fist) Drakon Senior!

Drakon Senior: (making a fist) Harry Ozana!

Ms. Hancock: Not again!

Drakon Senior: I won't stand for any of your school's shenanigans! Your delinquent fighters need to learn how to play fair!

Ms. Hancock: (sarcastically) Yeah you're right, all Drakon School does is hire ringers to fight, bribe the tournament committee, and send hitmen after their opponents.

Drakon Senior: I'll teach those young whipper-snappers of yours some respect even if I have to go down there and belt whip them myself!

Headmaster Ozana: Not if I belt whip you first!

(they both start to take their belts off)

Ms. Hancock: No one's taking anything off here. Especially you sir, the court said anymore indecent exposures from you and you'll lose your position as Headmaster.

Headmaster Ozana: I just wanted to go skinny dipping...who knew it was a public pool?

(Ms. Hancock shudders and shakes her head)

Drakon Senior: I'll take you down, Harry Ozana! Even if I have to go through her first!

Headmaster Ozana: (to Ms. Hancock) Be careful, he's extremely strong for his age. He can still land a punch without breaking all of his knuckles!

(Ms. Hancock sighs as Drakon Senior steps up to her and punches her in the leg...a second later he starts screaming, holding his hand)

Drakon Senior: My knuckles!

(Ms. Hancock sighs again and lifts him up by the collar and walks over to a trash can)

Drakon Senior: Hey let me go! What are you doing!?

Ms. Hancock: (annoyed) It's time to take out the trash.

(she drops him in the can and closes the lid, then flips it upside-down so he can't get out. She claps the dust from her hands as she walks back to Headmaster Ozana.)

Headmaster Ozana: Now that's called going out with a bang!

(Ms. Hancock covers her face with her hand)

Larina: It's now time for the second match of the semi-finals between Hanzo and Lock!

Targon: Which of the two surviving Ozana fighters will advance to the finals to face Dredsor?

Larina: Fighters, please head to the ring.

Lock: (thinking) I never would have guessed I'd face Hanzo again so soon...and I still have Dredsor waiting for me even if I win. I'm not sure I have the strength to fight both of them back to back. Hopefully the tournament committee will give me some time to rest before the finals. I'll just have to give it my all and see what happens.

Musa: Good luck out there you two.

Lock: Hey Hanzo, may the best fighter win.

(Lock extends his hand...and Hanzo just walks past him)

Breta: That's strange, he usually says something derogatory first.

Lock: So much for mutual respect.

Tino: Good luck Lock.

Juzan: Yeah, you can take him.

Lock: Thanks. Wish me luck.

Juzan: We just did.

Lock: Oh yeah.

(he heads to the ring as well, the cheerleaders all cheer for him)

Maxi: You can do it, Lock!

Cheerleader 2: Don't let Hanzo win!

Cheerleader 3: Go Lock!

(as Hanzo waits for Lock to enter the ring, Dredsor steps next to Drakon to watch)

Drakon: It seems things are still in my favor. No matter who wins this match, they won't be able to recover in time for the finals. You'll clean up whatever's left of them easily.

Dredsor: Maybe I should fight them both at once? That would make things fair.

Drakon: Stop being noble, you'll fight whoever survives between these two.

Larina: We are witnessing history folks, this is the first time two Ozana School fighters have ever faced off in the semi-finals.

Targon: My sources tell me Lock and Hanzo already fought once this year for the position of Ozana School's champion.

Larina: This should be an extremely entertaining fight.

(Lock and Hanzo face off in the ring, Hanzo is holding his ribs)

Lock: (thinking) Our last fight was so close, and he's even stronger now. This won't be easy.

Hanzo: (thinking) Even if I beat Lock, what chance would I have at fighting Dredsor immediately after?

(Hanzo looks over at Drakon who's smirking)

Drakon: I can't wait to see these two tear each other apart.

Hanzo: (thinking) Maybe that's Drakon's intention all along. And if he controls the tournament committee...that means he could...

(Lock charges his aura and gets into stance)

Hanzo: (thinking) I've got no choice.

Tino: Come on Lock! Go for it!

Breta: You're almost in the finals!

Larina: Let the match begin!

(Lock starts to fly at Hanzo, who holds out his hand and Lock stops)

Lock: What is it?

Hanzo: Don't be such an idiot, Lock. This is just what Drakon wants us to do.

Drakon: Hey! What's going on!?! The match already started! Fight!

Juzan: What's Hanzo up to?

Musa: It seems he's smarter than I gave him credit for.

Juzan: (confused) Hmm?

Hanzo: Let's face it Lock...whoever wins between us is going to be annihilated by Dredsor.

Lock: I'm not thinking past this match, I plan to take things one step at a time. Besides, it's not like you to say you'd lose to anyone.

Hanzo: If I had my full power I could defeat him...but neither of us have a chance if we kill each other before the finals. We're playing right into their hands.

Lock: There's nothing we can do about it though.

Hanzo: Heh, I guess I shouldn't expect you to understand...your intelligence isn't close to mine.

Lock: Hey! For your informa-

Hanzo: (cutting him off) Shut up! Let me finish.

Drakon: What in the world is going on!?

Hanzo: My last match took it out of me. My ribs are broken and my spirit energy is drained. Instead of taking you down with me, I'm going to do the tactical thing.

Lock: What do you mean?

Hanzo: The thought of losing to you again disgusts me...but it would be even worse if I lost to you, and then you lost to Dredsor. There's only one option in this situation...I'll forfeit so you can fight him fresh.

(everyone is shocked)

Lock: What!?! You're quitting!?

Hanzo: When Drakon expelled me from his school, I vowed that I'd stop him from winning the tournament, and this is the only way I'll see that happen.

Lock: But last year when Rondo was tired before the finals, the committee gave him a full day to recover. I'm sure they'll do the same for us.

Hanzo: Not a chance. Trust me, if we fought...the instant our match was over, they'd start the finals.

Lock: You're right, I forgot Drakon can make them change things.

Hanzo: I hate to admit it...but right now we have a better chance at winning the tournament if you fight Dredsor. You're...stronger than I am.

(everyone is shocked to hear Hanzo say that)

Lock: Hanzo...

(Hanzo turns and faces Targon and Larina)

Drakon: (thinking) No! He'll ruin everything!

Hanzo: I fo-

Drakon: (running out of his waiting area) Wait Hanzo!

(Hanzo turns to face Drakon)

Drakon: Don't do this...I...I'm sorry for expelling you from my school. It was all just a misunderstanding!

Musa: Don't listen to anything that comes from that two-pronged tongue, Hanzo.

Drakon: You do have a place in my school after all. I clearly didn't recognize your talents before...so now I'm offering you a place by my side. Fight for me, and you will be rewarded.

Lock: I wouldn't trust him, Hanzo.

Drakon: If you fight Lock right now, you'll be a hero of our school, you don't even have to win, just fight him as much as you can. This is your chance to show the world what power you really have! Please Hanzo, fight him!

Hanzo: (smirking) To think I'd see Drakon himself groveling for my help.

(Drakon looks annoyed)

Hanzo: I can see your lies a mile away...no deal.

Drakon: Fine! Your right, I was lying. I don't give a damn about you. But I'll make you one offer that's strictly business. I'll give you one-million dollars to fight him, Hanzo.

(people can't believe it)

Tino: A million dollars!?

Juzan: I'd fight Lock for that much, even if it meant us losing the tournament!

(Breta smacks him in the head)

Juzan: Oww!

Dredson: (thinking) That's more than I'm getting paid!

Drakon: What do you say, Hanzo? You don't like me and I don't like you...but this is business. Just take this offer and we'll never have to see each other again.

Hanzo: All I have to do is fight him?

Drakon: Yes, just wear him down as much as you can.

(Hanzo looks interested)

Breta: If Hanzo accepts then Lock's doomed. He can't fight Hanzo and Dredsor back to back!

Musa: Hanzo's holding the fate of this tournament in the palm of his hands right now.

(Hanzo looks at Lock, then back to Drakon)

Drakon: Think what that kind of money would mean to someone like you...coming from such a poor family this could change everything.

Hanzo: One-million dollars is a small price to pay...to see you lose!

(he shoots an energy blast that hits Drakon in the face, knocking him over)

Hanzo: (to Targon and Larina) I forfeit this match.

Larina: Are you sure?

Hanzo: Yes.

Larina: There you have it folks, after an incredible turn of events, Lock is the winner by default.

Targon: The final match is now decided. Dredsor will meet Lock in a battle of school champions.

(Hanzo starts leaving the ring)

Lock: Hey Hanzo, wait!

(Hanzo stops but doesn't turn around)

Lock: I just wanted to say...thanks.

Hanzo: Just make sure to win.

(he leaves the ring)

Lock: Count on it.

Hanzo: (thinking) I just gave up a million dollars so Lock could fight someone he's probably going to lose to anyway...when did I get so noble!?

Lock: (thinking) What a change. The old Hanzo would have never done something like that.

(he enters the waiting area)

Musa: Way to be a team player, Hanzo.

Breta: That was so selfless of you, thanks.

Hanzo: Stop, it's bad enough I had to do that. Don't brand me a good guy now. This doesn't change anything, I still hate all of you...I just happen to hate Drakon even more.

Juzan: Works for me.

Tino: Now we actually have a chance to win the tournament.

(Drakon gets up and looks furious)

Drakon: (pointing to Lock) No more games! Dredsor! Crush him! Show him no mercy!

Dredsor: He's mine.

(the episode ends with Dredsor and Lock staring each other down)