

The Tiger and The Lady

by

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INT. WRESTLING RING - NIGHT

The audience - raucous. The battle - choreographed mayhem.

KENNY 'KRAKATOA' CARTER (a mountain of muscle aging rapidly to flab) pins THE BENGAL TIGER (6ft 6in of coiled-steel power, masked and dangerous) to the mat in a headlock.

Krakatoa's mouth is right by Tiger's ear.

They're both looking straight at MINDY (bottle-blonde, hard as the diamonds she wears so well.)

KRAKATOA
(whispers)
She's mine. Always was. Always will
be.

The REFEREE (a dapper little penguin who knows his place - in control) runs over. Raises his hand for the count.

REFEREE
One! Two!

The Tiger heaves himself free.

The fighters circle. Mindy simpers.

Tiger's eyes blaze with genuine fury. He jumps onto the ropes. Hurls himself onto Krakatoa, who stumbles back.

Falls.

Tiger balances on the ropes. Leaps down on to Krakatoa.

Again. And again.

The fight goes out of Krakatoa like gas leaving a punctured hot air balloon.

REFEREE (CONT'D)
One! Two! Three!

Tiger smiles at Mindy.

REFEREE (CONT'D)
Four! Five!

Her eyes are bright. Her tongue curls across her cherry lips.

Tiger puts out his hand to her. But she has eyes for only one man.

The Referee.

