

LUCOZADE "MOVE"

CHRISTOPHER HEWITT

SMUGGLER





WATFORD, UNITED KINGDOM. 1989





MOVE

A title on a black screen appears: 'WATFORD, UNITED KINGDOM. 1989'.

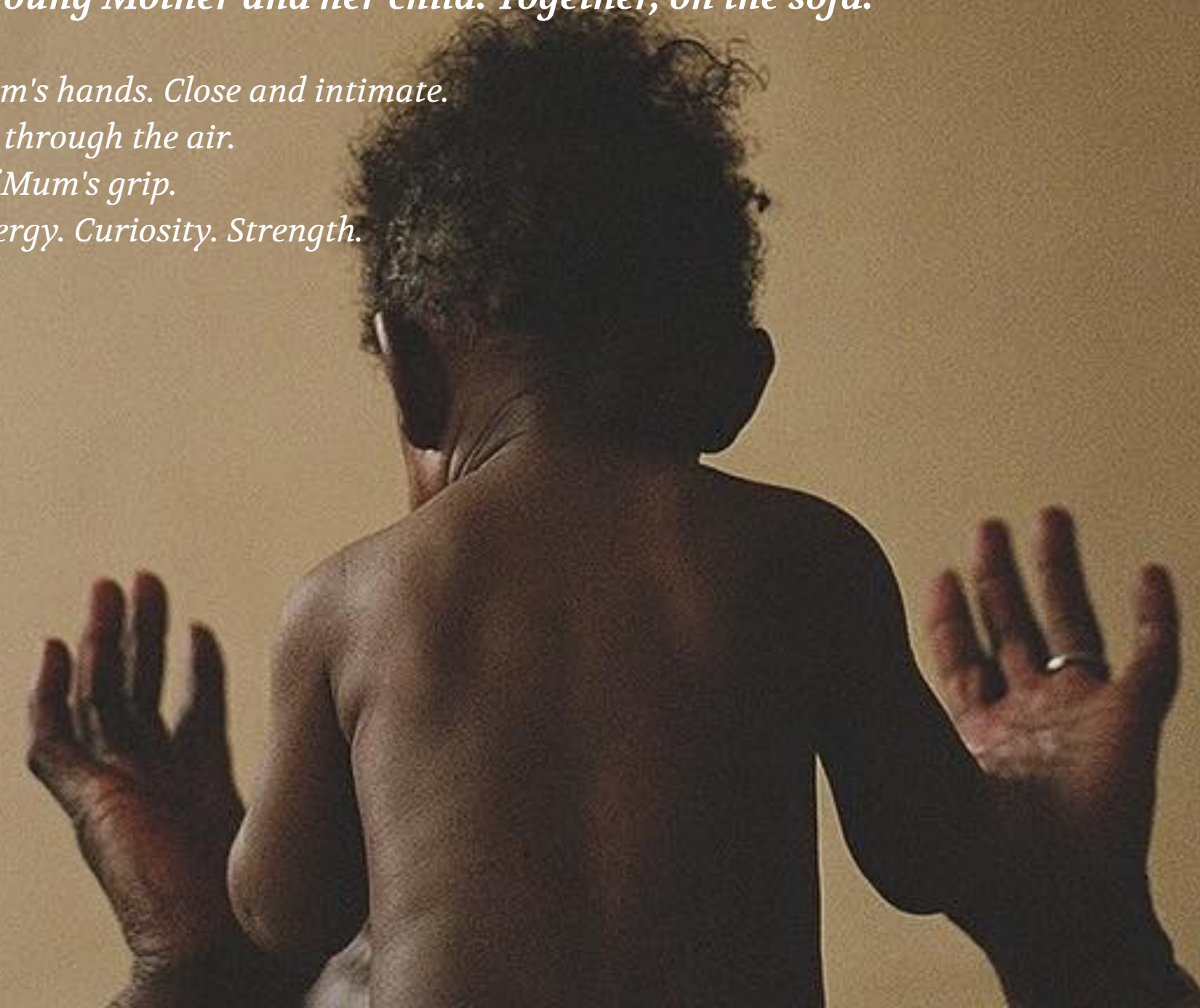
OFF-SCREEN: Unfiltered sounds of real life play over the type. We hear the close texture of a young Mother and her Baby. The sounds of skin on skin, gurgles and giggles, 'Umms' and 'Ahhhs', the TV in the background, the bus pulling up outside Tesco's. It's real and alive.

Emotional strings begin to play...

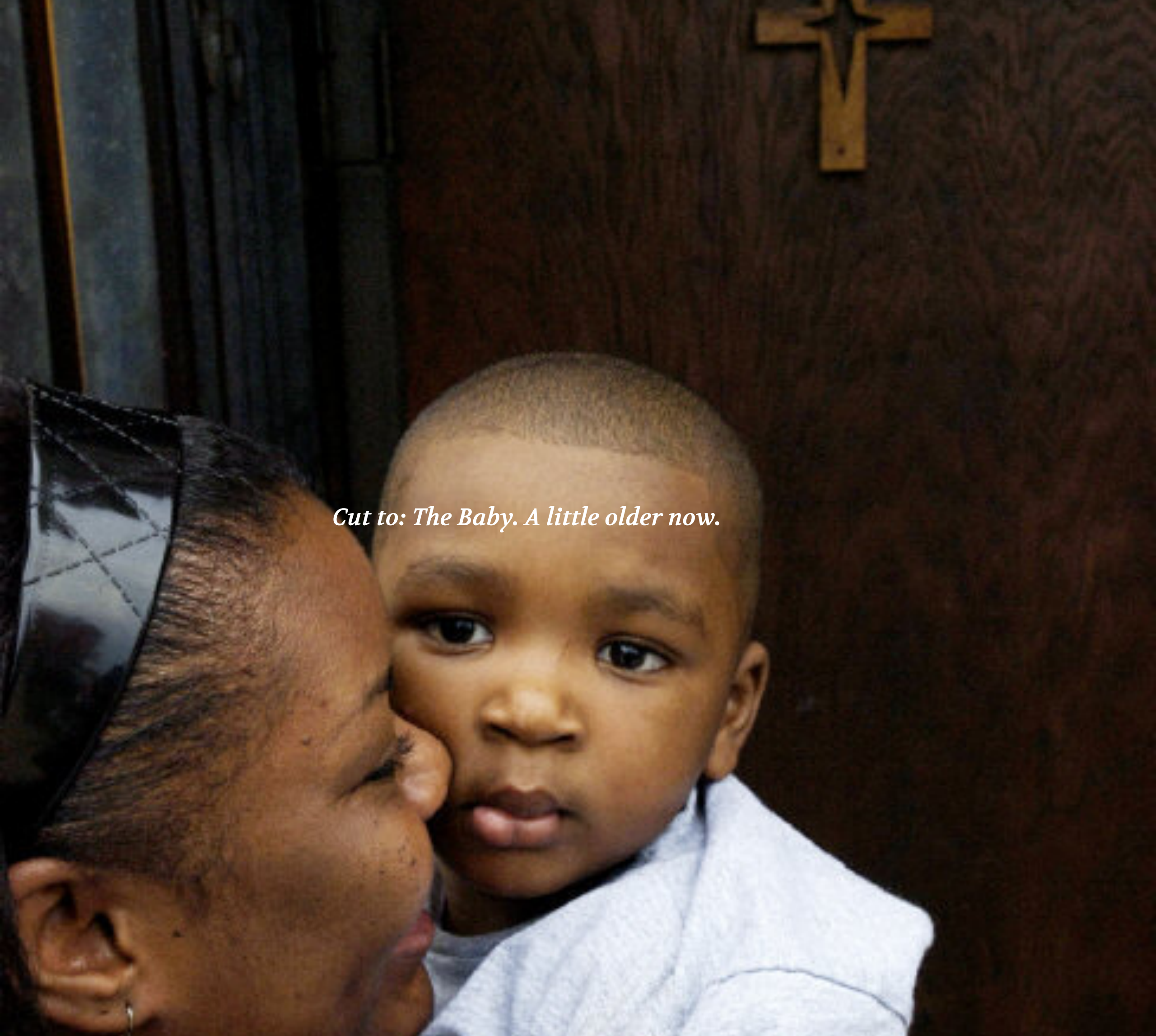
We open on the living room wall. Old patterned wallpaper. Seen partially - A young Mother and her child. Together, on the sofa.

Baby AJ held in his Mum's hands. Close and intimate. AJ's little feet treading through the air. Trying to burst free of Mum's grip. He won't keep still. Energy. Curiosity. Strength.

The music shifts gear.







Cut to: The Baby. A little older now.

*The Baby. He crawls along the upstairs landing.
Fast. Focused. On a mission.
Mum struggling to keep up with him.*

We see him as a glimmer through the open bedroom door.

*We intercut this with pencil marks scribbled on the kitchen wall.
AJ's height recorded by Mum over the years.*

The camera glides poetically down the hallway.

We cut to - The ESTATE at DUSK. Bathed in Purple Light.

*Close up we see Mum and AJ.
Mum holding the toddler up by his hands as the two walk together.*

As the camera moves beside them, AJ shakes off his Mum's grip, eager to surge free.





We cut to AJ now 10 years old, sprinting on a flood lit running track at night.

*We see him powering forward and over taking the boys in front.
The more of the boys he over takes, the faster he goes.
The louder the crowds cheer.*

Overtake after overtake after overtake.

We observe as the young AJ runs past the finish line and beyond...



We match his position as we cut to a FOOTBALL FIELD at NIGHT.

*Wider on AJ, a little bit older and a little bigger now.
Still fast, tearing through a football pitch.
We can see the cold in the air as he breathes.*

He dribbles the ball gathering speed, he passes, and immediately the ball returns to him as he shoots and scores. But he continues to run off the pitch and beyond as we...





Cut to THE ESTATE -

Suddenly, a gang of dirt bikes roars through frame.

*AJ and his mates. Ever moving dots on the horizon.
Cutting in close, we see AJ'S eyes through his
HELMET.*

The roars of the engine carry us into...





Cut to the Estate at Night.

AJ older now. An adolescent.

Close up. Frenetic.

Left to right. His hood up and almost over his eyes.

Covered in sweat, his breath pounding. He's being chased.

He's sprinting away from blue flashing lights...

Cut to - the Police arresting AJ.

The camera now alive and in the moment.

Searching.

The sound real and unfiltered.





SILENCE - We cut to AJ walking out of Prison.

Wide and left to right, we see him walking down the prison corridor with a guard. The left to right tracking camera suddenly comes to a halt. At the far right end of the corridor we see his MOTHER. She is waiting for him. The two hold eyes from the opposing ends of the corridor. It's a powerful moment.

Cut to - A close up of the MAN'S ankle. We see him pulling on work boots over the police tag.

We cut again as our young man has a job laying bricks on a building site.

We observe him from the side as he skilfully moves each brick into place with a rhythm and speed we've become accustomed to seeing from him. As the bricklaying gets faster and faster, the camera moves around towards him and eventually becomes his point of view.

His hands are moving each brick into place.


A match cut as we see his hands turn from laying bricks to throwing punches.

Faster and faster we cut between punches and bricks being laid. Each punch is thrown towards a different boxing opponent, punch bag or pads.



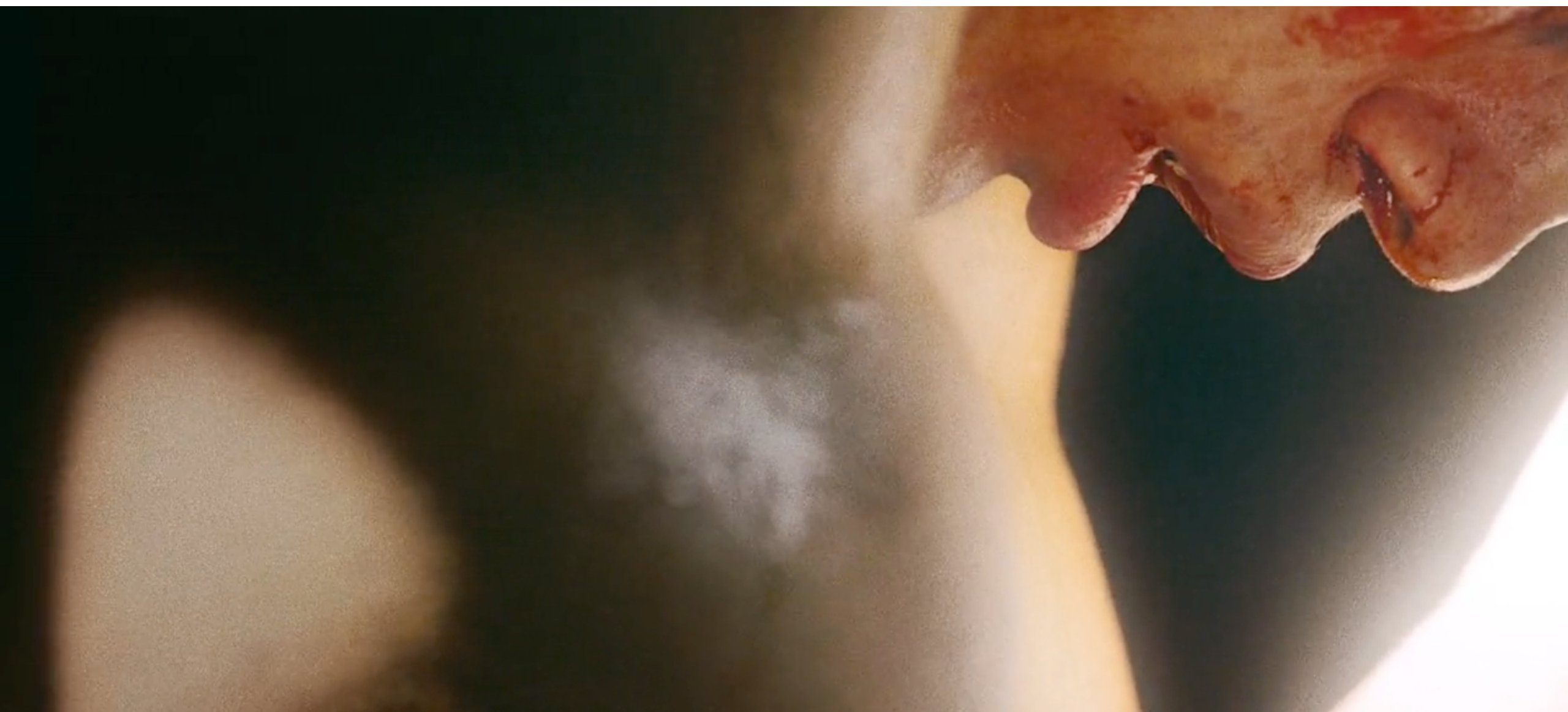






The music builds to a crescendo as the cuts get so fast it's difficult to tell where the bricklaying begins and the boxing ends.

Just before cutting we intercut through archival footage of AJ fighting Pro. Each knockout frenetically linking to the next.





Still from his POV we observe a massive slow motion straight right hand connecting with the opponent's jaw, in the middle of a ring, set in a crowded arena.

As the opponent crashes slowly to the floor the music stops as time passes slowly.

On impact we ramp into slow motion and cut wide. The opponent falling into the shadowy realm.

A moving painting - sweat and limb tumble to the mat. The crowd roar.

We cut wide and high, looking down over the ring.





Cut to - the camera wide and close over shoulders.

The drowned out sound of the fight announcer. Almost dream like. The camera tracks closer and starts to pivot around AJ.

In profile we see AJ. Still slightly obscured. Then, as the announcer calls his name and he reflifts his arm we track further revealing him in full. Standing strong. Hundreds of rounds left in him.

AJ holds aloft a bottle of Lucozade Sport.

The crowd roars.

We now return and cut to AJ back on the original sofa from the beginning of the film, sat with his Mum. The house recognisable and mostly the same; just a little more modern now.

AJ back from the fight. Back from his journey. Full circle, at home. His IBF World Heavy Weight belt on his lap.

His mother holds his hand and looks proudly at her son. We feel the intensity of this special moment.

*His eyes meet the camera. A powerful stare.
As a title appears and says:*

Nobody ever moved forward standing still.

*Anthony Joshua
MADE TO MOVE.*

Lucozade Sport.





A black and white photograph of a man's back and shoulder, illuminated against a dark background. The lighting highlights the contours of his muscles and the texture of his skin. The man's head is turned slightly to the left, and his ear is visible. The overall mood is contemplative and powerful.

"We acquire the strength we have overcome."
— *Ralph Waldo Emerson*





