

In Your Face

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FADE IN:

EXT. ATHLETIC BOXING CLUB - NIGHT

A fancy name for a three-story brown brick gymnasium.

An old car sits outside parked in the shadows. Two figures move from the car to the building entrance.

A moment at the door and they're in.

INT. ATHLETIC CLUB - NIGHT

SAM STAUBER, 17, muscled upper body, stands by the door, his hands on the light switch. The light reveals:

A boxing ring in the center of the facility surrounded by work out stations include punching bags and weights. A front desk.

SAM  
Ours for the evening.

Sam bows with a flourish.

JESSICA BAXTER, 17, her skin tight jeans fit tighter than tight, leans against the front desk.

Sam walks by, she grabs him around the waist. His hands rest on her buttocks. She squirms closer.

SAM  
Whoa, what's got into you?

She snuggles his neck.

JESSICA  
This could be so much nicer in a training room, say, in a hot tub?

SAM  
Don't you want to play on the equipment, take a tour?

She laughs as he spins her round. He carries her in his arms.

JESSICA  
Rub a dub in the hot tub.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Sam eases Jessica down on her feet.

JESSICA  
This isn't a hot tub.

Sam fiddles with a locker.

SAM  
My dad's hot tub key is in here.

Sam rummages around, hands back a key.

SAM  
Hang on, I found something.

Jessica places her hand on his shoulder as she leans over him.

JESSICA  
What you got?

SAM  
I thought I'd find booze, porn or  
maybe some cash but not this.

JESSICA  
Will you turn around and show me?

He holds a .357 Magnum. He checks the safety. Holds the long  
barrel hand canon.

JESSICA  
(urgent whisper)  
Why does he have a gun?!

SAM  
Why does he do anything?

He locks the gun back in the locker. Shakes his head.

SAM  
He sure hates your dad --

JESSICA  
Aren't you freaked out about the gun?

Sam rubs her shoulders. She resists.

SAM  
You just relax. Hot tub? You got key.

He lifts her hair, kisses her neck. She melts.

JESSICA  
I love you.

SAM  
Me too.

She smiles then gets serious.

JESSICA  
Let's not talk about fathers, okay?

EXT. ATHLETIC CLUB - NIGHT

A second car parks in the lot. License plates read BOXER.

ROGER BAXTER, 42, muscles bulge under his pull-over shirt, exits the car.

He walks to the club entrance, checks his cellphone.

ROGER  
She's here.

INT. ATHLETIC CLUB - NIGHT

Roger enters by the front desk, stops at the sight of the boxing ring.

The room blurs, spins. He's transported to the middle of the ring. Sounds of a crowd.

MALE VOICES  
Baxter takes a brutal beating.

Roger flinches at the phantom sound of a ref's whistle.

MALE VOICES  
His opponent, Kent Stauber, leads the crowd in a chant.

Roger touches his face.

MALE VOICES  
In your face! In your face!

A phantom bell rings. The room returns to normal, he's transported back to the front desk.

Roger exhales, saunters toward the locker room.

INT. TRAINING ROOM - NIGHT

A hot tub, rub down table and a stack of towels.

A neat pile of women's clothes on the table. A sloppy pile of men's clothes lies nearby.

Door's open.

Jessica, neck deep in the water, enjoys the hot tub. She also enjoys kisses from Sam.

She laughs as Sam blows bubbles on her skin.

JESSICA  
Rub a dub dub dub...

Two towels land next to the hot tub.

ROGER (O.S.)  
Use the towels kids.

JESSICA  
Daddy!

Roger stands in the doorway with his muscular arms crossed.

ROGER  
I'll wait for you in the office.  
Jessica first. Stauber next.

Sam stays in the water as Roger exits.

SAM  
He doesn't seem very mad.

Jessica grabs a towel, manages to cover herself.

JESSICA  
He's on delayed fuse.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

A storage room with a desk, phone, chairs and an angry father. A small window overlooks the parking lot.

Roger leans on the desk, Jessica sits on a chair, her wet hair soaks her top.

Roger moves to one side of Jessica, yells in her ear.

ROGER  
What in the hell were you thinking?!

JESSICA  
Daddy, I'm eighteen in two months --

ROGER  
And with Kent Stauber's kid!

JESSICA  
Sam.

He moves to the other side of Jessica, yells in that ear.

ROGER  
I don't care!

Roger looks out the window, shakes his head.

ROGER  
I'll never hear the end of this.

Sam, dressed, enters. Roger glares. Sam glares back.

ROGER  
Will it do any good to tell your dad?

SAM  
If he hears your name, he'll tell me  
the "in your face" story. He loves  
that story.

JESSICA  
Sam!

Roger's expression turns cold. Jessica gets out of her chair.

ROGER  
Careful boy.

SAM  
I'm not going to apologize or act all  
sorry, I love Jessica.

Jessica goes to Sam's side, smiles.

JESSICA  
Sam.

KENT (O.S.)  
What's going on?

KENT STAUBER, 44, athletic, leans against a door frame. Roger, Jessica are surprised. Sam is disappointed.

SAM  
Dad, why are you here?

KENT  
The place is lit up like a whorehouse  
on fire, your car is out front and so  
is Baxter's car. I had to come in.

Kent glares at Roger.

KENT  
BOXER on your plates? Really Baxter?  
Now what's going on? Sam?

SAM  
Jessica and I were in the hot tub.

Kent considers, gazes at the kids then Roger.

KENT  
So what?

Roger strains to keep a civil tone.

ROGER  
Kent --

KENT  
This is the girl you been banging?  
Roger "The Dodger" Baxter's daughter?

Roger eyes Kent. Jessica steps away from Sam.

SAM  
Dad, you promised --

KENT  
Nothing to this guy.

Roger walks forward, gets nose to nose.

ROGER  
Please, insult my daughter again.

Kent locks eyes with Roger.

KENT  
See you in the ring in ten. Sam,  
you're in my corner.

Sam hesitates, uncertain look at Jessica.

SAM  
I love you.

She nods.

Kent puts his arm around his son as they exit.

Roger looks uncomfortable.

JESSICA  
I'll be in your corner.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Kent gets ready. Sam tapes his hands, ties his gloves.

SAM  
Dad, you don't have to do this.

KENT  
The hell I don't! Baxter needs another  
ass whooping.

SAM  
You're just going to fight, right?

Sam gazes at Kent with earnest eyes.

KENT  
You saw the gun.

SAM  
Ah, yeah.

KENT  
Won it at cards. Don't mean nothing.

SAM  
I really like Jessica. All I wanted to  
do was have a good time.

KENT  
That you did. You're going to ref.

SAM  
We should call the paramedics now.

Kent tilts his head toward Sam.

SAM  
I'll get towels for wiping up the  
floor.

Kent grunts his approval, exits.

Sam opens the locker and removes the gun.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Jessica helps Roger with his tape and gloves.

JESSICA  
I'm sorry.

ROGER  
Me too.

JESSICA  
Good, let's go home. You and me. Now.

She pulls at his arm.

ROGER  
I want this, Jessica. I need to do  
this. Even if no one else sees it.

JESSICA  
Who's acting like a teenager now?

Roger pretends he didn't hear that.

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

The overhead lights shine on the canvas flooring.

In one corner, Kent warms up, stretches on the ropes.

Roger and Jessica enter, set up in the opposite corner.

Sam and Jessica glance at each other, miserable.

Roger warms up, looks good.

Kent steps to the middle.

KENT  
Let's do this. Sam will ref. That  
okay, contender?

Roger nods.

SAM  
One, clean fight. Two, go to your  
corners when told. Three, don't kill  
each other.

Kent and Roger bump gloves for the traditional handshake.

Jessica rings the bell.

Both men bob and weave, stick and move as they seek advantage,

KENT  
I stole your shot at the title.

A quick combination of punches beats Roger back a few steps.

ROGER  
You lost the next round.

He responds with his own combination of punches.

Roger prefers precision boxing. Skills over clout. Kent  
prefers mauler boxing.

Kent lands a solid punch. Blood trickles from Roger's temple.

KENT  
Looks like you forgot to dodge that  
one, Dodger.

ROGER  
All I hear is whining.

Sam maneuvers around the ring. Both fighters seek advantage.

Jessica stands in Roger's corner, checks the towels, notices a silver object under the towels.

She lifts up the towel, gasps at the .357 Magnum.

She looks at Sam who points at the bell. She blushes and rings the bell.

The fighters retreat to their corners.

Jessica strides to Sam.

JESSICA  
Are you nuts?!

SAM  
Last place my dad will look if he  
decides to do something stupid.

Sam assures her with a kiss. Jessica returns to her corner, worry on her face.

ROGER  
I can get my own water, thank you.

Back in Kent's corner.

KENT  
Eyes on the prize.

Sam's not listening. Kent slaps a glove against Sam's head.

KENT  
Forget the Baxter girl.

SAM  
She is the prize, not some stupid  
vendetta.

Kent ignores him, steps to the center. Sam follows, stands next to the boxers.

SAM  
We can stop anytime. No?

Kent and Roger bump gloves again. Jessica rings the bell.

KENT  
Who knows? I might give her a hot tub  
adventure.

Jessica and Sam gasp. Roger runs at Kent like a madman.

Kent anticipates his opponent's rage, evades him. Unleashes a  
flurry of hits at Roger's face.

KENT  
In your face!

SAM  
Dad! Stop it!

JESSICA  
Daddy! Sam!

Sam grabs Kent's shoulder, yanks. Kent turns and slugs Sam in  
the chest. Sam goes down. Kent returns to Roger's face.

SAM  
Jessica! Gun!

JESSICA  
No!

SAM  
He's your dad!

Jessica slides the .357 across the canvas to Sam's  
outstretched hand. He grabs the gun, points it at Kent.

Roger's face looks like tomato stew.

SAM  
Dad stop! I'll shoot.

Kent stops. Jessica moves out of her corner towards Roger.

KENT  
Gutless wonder... It ain't loaded.

Sam's hand quivers.

CRACK!

The recoil from the gunshot surprises Sam.

No one is hit.

KENT  
Damn.

Jessica reaches her dad with a towel. Tries to clean him up.  
Kent grabs Jessica and pulls her in front of him as a shield.

KENT  
Wouldn't want to shoot hot tub girl.

SAM  
D-Dad. Don't make me choose.

Sam places the gun on the canvas. Jessica struggles with Kent.

SAM  
I am so sick of you and your crap. All  
I wanted was some time with Jessica  
and you two meatballs ruin it with  
your ancient history.

KENT  
Pussies! All of you

Kent holds onto Jessica. She squirms away. Behind Kent, Roger  
struggles up, draws his arm back and punches Kent.

ROGER  
In your face!

Kent drops like a brick. Roger falls. He's caught by Sam and  
Jessica.

ROGER  
Could one of you call 911?

INT. ATHLETIC CLUB - NIGHT - LATER

The fighters lie on the canvas flooring next to each other,  
their heads propped up on towels. Both look terrible, eyes  
closed.

Sam and Jessica kneel next to them.

SAM  
They should be here any second.

JESSICA  
You think they learned anything?

Roger slides his hand and hits Kent.

Sam and Jessica close in for a kiss.

JESSICA  
In your face.

FADE OUT.