

FIGHT

INT. LOCKER ROOM - EVENING

BROCK is warming up before his big fight. He is throwing some jabs, throwing knees and kicks. In walks LESTER.

LESTER

Hey champ.

Brock continues to work out.

BROCK

Hey Lester. What's up man?

LESTER

Oh you know. How ya feeling?

BROCK

Like I am going to wipe the floor with this guy.

LESTER

Great.

There is silence as Brock moves around. Lester is hesitant.

BROCK

Is that all you need? I gotta finish my warm-up.

Defeated Lester looks at Brock.

LESTER

I need to ask a favor.

BROCK

Sure thing. What's up?

LESTER

I need you to throw the fight.

Brock stops working out. He studies Lester for a second before laughing.

BROCK

You almost had me going there for a moment. That's a good one.

Lester laughs along with Brock.

LESTER

Yeah, pretty funny.
(beat)
I'm not kidding.

(CONTINUED)

BROCK
Lester, what are you talking about?

LESTER
Look man, you know I would never
ask you for anything if I didn't
really need it.
(beat)
I'm in trouble.

BROCK
What kind of trouble?

LESTER
I owe some people. They found out
that I know you and I had to make a
deal.

BROCK
A deal? When were you going to tell
me about it?

LESTER
I'm telling you now.

BROCK
A little late don't you think?

LESTER
I know and I'm sorry.

BROCK
Did you tell them that I would win?

LESTER
Look man, these guys are smart.
There is no guarantee that you
would win, but if you throw the
fight, they know the outcome.

Brock shakes his head. There is a long pause as he thinks.

LESTER
So will you do it?

Brock shakes his head no.

BROCK
I can't man.

Defeated, Lester tries pleading.

(CONTINUED)

LESTER
Brock, they are going to kill me.
Please, just throw the damn fight.

BROCK
Who do you owe?

LESTER
Mr. Delifonte.

BROCK
What the hell are you doing mixing
up with that guy?

LESTER
I know, it was stupid. My backs
against a wall here. You gotta help
me out.

BROCK
No I don't. You got yourself into
this mess.

LESTER
Brock, please. Think of Emily.

BROCK
That's just low, even for you.
(pause)
How much do you owe?

LESTER
Fifty.

The number floors Brock. He tries to calculate.

BROCK
I might be able to come up with 25
right now. And with my winnings
tonight...

LESTER
Don't you get it!? They want you to
throw the fight! That's it.

BROCK
I can't do that! That's how it all
starts. First one fight, then they
want you to throw another, next
thing you know, they control you.

LESTER
Brock, please.

(CONTINUED)

BROCK
I'm sorry, no.

Lester starts towards the door. He looks back.

LESTER
You just got me killed.

FADE TO BLACK.