

DOGFIGHT

By

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BLACK

The sound of a rowdy crowd. Cheers, aggressive in nature, echo...

FLASHING SHOTS:

Tiny cuts of what looks like a fight pop up between the black.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

GINNY (mid 20s) sits alone, bloody and bruised, panting heavily. The fabric wrap around her knuckles is speckled with blood.

She looks at her OPPONENT (mid 20s). They sit also, heavy breathing, being given water by their coach.

The sounds of a rowdy crowd surrounds them.

In that crowd is MATT FITZGERALD (early 50s). He stares back at Ginny, stoic. He wears a wrist guard.

The fight is to start again. Ginny can barely hear them as they call for her to get into position.

REFEREE

Positions!

Ginny stands in the middle of the circled crowd. Looks up at Opponent. Opponent jumps and has her hands up, in the zone. Her eyes look scary - like a feral animal. Sweat drips down Ginny's face. Wipes her clammy hands on her leggings.

Ginny locks in. It's almost as if it's just her and the opponent.

CUT TO:

INT. BLANK, DARK ROOM

Ginny and Opponent now stand alone in the dark room, a single light hanging above them. They are both locked into the fight.

They start to fight-

FLASHBACK:

INT. TYPICAL BRITISH PUB - HOURS BEFORE

Ginny approaches Matt who sits on a booth at the back of the pub.

MATT  
you took a while

GINNY  
sorry

He looks away, sipping on his pint. She's barely looked at him. Ginny takes a sip of her orange squash.

MATT  
I'm excited for this one, you know

Ginny replies with a sound of acknowledgement.

MATT (CONT'D)  
We've trained hard for this. You've  
gotta beat the crap out of that bitch.  
We've got a lot riding on this one

GINNY  
I know

She nods. Its obvious she's heard this speech before.

MATT  
you could take some time off from that  
crappy little bartender job if you  
win. More time for training then.

She lets out a quiet, pissed off chuckle under her breath. Quiet enough so he doesn't hear.

MATT (CONT'D)  
you won't let me down?

GINNY  
I won't

She looks up at him for the first time since she sat down.

MATT  
We can't afford to lose again. You  
won't lose again

GINNY  
I won't lose

MATT  
you're gonna win

GINNY  
I'm gonna win

Ginny looks down, trying to conceal her disbelief.

A dog barks loudly in the background. Ginny JUMPS, turning to look at where the sound came from. Matt doesn't even flinch.

MATT  
You've always been a little fighter,  
you have. My little twin.

FLASHBACK:

INT. BRITISH COUNCIL HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ginny, a child, sits on the floor, bored. Matt sits on the sofa, watching the TV.

Matt has a cast on his wrist. Photos of him boxing hang around the room. A funeral booklet of a young woman hangs on the wall - a photo of what can be assumed to be Ginny's mother.

In a desperate bid for attention, Ginny begins to punch her teddy bear.

Matt looks at her, chuckles, then back to the TV.

REAL TIME:

INT. TYPICAL BRITISH PUB - HOURS BEFORE

Matt puts his hand on Ginny's shoulder. She flinches slightly at this.

MATT  
Don't fuck this up

She just nods, staring back at him.

MATT (CONT'D)  
I'm going for a piss

Matt leaves. Ginny waits a moment... then reaches into her sports bag and pulls out a bottle of vodka. Pours a drop into her glass. Takes a swig.

BACK TO REALITY:

INT. BLANK, DARK ROOM

Ginny and Opponent pace around each other for a while.

The rowdy crowds can be heard still, muffled, sounding far away.

Opponent lunges at Ginny. Catches her off guard. They hit her a couple times in the stomach. She retaliates. Opponent hits again-

FLASHBACK:

INT. GARAGE - EVENING - A WHILE AGO

Ginny is practicing on a punching bag, hitting it with gloves. Matt watches.

MATT

good form

She stops, out of breath. Takes her gloves off and reaches for her water bottle-

MATT (CONT'D)

hang on... we aren't finished yet

GINNY

are you joking? I've been in here for hours

He stares at her for a moment, thinking... then-

MATT

hit the bag with your gloves off

GINNY

what?

MATT

hit the bag with your gloves off

GINNY

won't that hurt?

MATT

it'll make your skin tougher

Ginny seems unsure.

MATT (CONT'D)  
come on, I used to do it. It's called  
bare knuckle

GINNY  
aren't you meant to wrap your hands  
for that?-

MATT  
- just try it. Let out some  
frustration.

She hits the bag a couple times. Then steps back, looking at  
her knuckles, already red and sore.

MATT (CONT'D)  
keep going!

She hits the bag again. And again.

GINNY  
it hurts!

MATT  
what are you, weak? Keep going!

She follows his instruction... hits the bag, over and over.  
Her hits get harder... harder...

QUICK CUT:

INT. BLANK, DARK ROOM

A few quick flashes of Ginny fighting Opponent.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. GARAGE - EVENING - A WHILE AGO

She steps back suddenly. Looks down at her knuckles. The skin  
is split, blood starting to show.

MATT  
your form was off

He leaves the garage. Ginny is left to massage her bleeding  
hands.

REAL TIME:

INT. BLANK, DARK ROOM

The fight continues. Many more punches are thrown.

Ginny is distracted. Everything is too blurry.

She stumbles back.

GINNY  
(to herself)  
come on, come on...

She looks up. Matt stands at the back of the room, watching intensely. This throws Ginny off.

Opponent comes back at her, eyes wide with concentration. They punch her again.

FLASHBACK:

INT. BRITISH COUNCIL HOUSE LIVING ROOM - EVENING - NOT LONG

AGO

GINNY SITS ON THE SOFA. SHE CAN'T FIND THE COURAGE TO LOOK UP AT MATT, WHO PACES BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE ROOM. HER HANDS ARE CRACKED AND SORE.

GINNY  
I'm sorry

Matt continues pacing.

MATT  
do you know how much that money  
could've helped us?

GINNY  
I tried my hardest-

MATT  
not hard enough! You weren't  
concentrating at all. You were all  
over the place!

Ginny stands and heads over to the mini fridge, full of beer. Pulls out a bottle.

MATT (CONT'D)  
hey! Don't you even think about  
drinking that!

GINNY  
Don't you think I deserve a beer?

MATT  
no. Nothing that will effect your  
training, especially after that  
display tonight!

Ginny looks at him for a moment in disbelief. She musters up  
a bit of courage:

GINNY  
(quietly)  
you're such a dick

MATT  
Do not talk to me like that. I am your  
coach! Show me some respect!

GINNY  
you're also meant to be my dad!

Matt slows... then, suddenly picks up an empty bottle and  
goes to throw it-

REAL TIME:

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Someone in the crowd smashes their bottle. The shouting  
intensifies.

INT. BLANK, DARK ROOM

Ginny jumps at this sound, looks around to try and see where  
it came from. Her heartbeat becomes faster and louder.  
Everything moves so quickly.

The fight continues. Ginny is getting destroyed. She takes  
another punch to the face:

FLASHBACK:

INT. GARAGE - EVENING - A WHILE AGO

Ginny, lifting weights, struggling. Matt stands behind her,  
watching. It looks like they've been at it for hours.

MATT  
Christ, it's not that heavy. Look-

Ginny passes him the dumbbell. He curls it.

MATT (CONT'D)  
you need to lift it like this!

BACK TO REAL TIME:

INT. BLANK, DARK ROOM

The fight continues. Ginny's energy is dwindling.

INT. DINGY PUB TOILETS - HOURS BEFORE THE FIGHT

QUICK SHOTS:

Ginny sits on the toilet, locked in a small, graffiti covered cubicle... except, she's not peeing.

She reaches into her sports bag. Pulls out a small glass vial of clear liquid.

She fiddles with the bottle for a moment.

Pulls out a needle and some alcohol wipes.

Pulls her shorts down and takes out a wipe.

Traces her fingers over her leg to a certain spot on her quads, poking the muscle a few times to check. A couple of faint marks show this isn't the first time.

Wipes the spot and the top of the glass vial.

Plunges the needle into the vial. The needle struggles to go in as its worn from multiple uses.

She puts this close to her eyes as liquid is pulled up into the syringe.

The needle is then positioned, then pushed in. She inhales sharply as it pokes the skin.

GINNY  
(under her breath)  
shit

Then injects. Leaves the toilets:

REAL TIME:

INT. BLANK, DARK ROOM

Matt looks at Ginny, and she glances at him. Matt is screaming at her, flailing his arms around like a dying bird. His screams are drowned out by the sounds of the crowd.

She tries to start fighting again. She sees flashbacks of events throughout her life:

QUICK SHOTS:

-Matt playing with her on the park, a long, long time ago. She falls over, begins to get upset. Matt scoffs in annoyance.

-screaming at her in the pub, knocking his glass off the table.

-screaming at her in the garage during practise, her fists bloody and bruised.

INT. BLANK, DARK ROOM

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Ginny puts her hands up:

GINNY

stop!

Opponent lunges at her.

GINNY (CONT'D)

stop!

Opponent doesn't.

GINNY (CONT'D)

I said stop!

REFEREE

stop!

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Ginny pushes her off. The echoing shouting starts to dwindle.

REFEREE

what's up? are you injured? Are you done?

Ginny doesn't answer. The crowd is confused, almost silent. The world has stopped for a moment.

Ginny starts to walk away, push through the circle and barging past Matt. He watches her walk away. She doesn't turn back to look.

Matt's face is of pure shock. The boos seem to grow in intensity, eating him up on the inside.

Ginny chucks her blood splattered wraps on the floor. She walks, disappearing into the distance.

THE END.

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