

FIGHT

By

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(alfy)

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE SPACE - DAY

Busy WORKERS occupy rows of cubicles.

In one such cubicle, DUNCAN(26), bed head hair and stubble chin, stares at a monitor of data.

He loosens his tie and shakes his head with frustration. A yawn and a stretch raises him above the partition, where he notices a small group of WORKERS gathered by a water cooler.

He puts his curiosity aside, looks back at his work and squints at the screen for answers, but finds none.

Over his shoulder, PETER(30), stick thin and immaculately dressed, breaks from the group and approaches. He stops beside Duncan's cubicle.

PETER

Duncan.

Startled, Duncan spins.

DUNCAN

Peter.

Peter hands over a post-it note. Duncan reluctantly accepts. It reads; *Fight*.

PETER

You know where and when.

He leaves.

Duncan stares at the note. His breaths quicken.

A glance over to the group catches them staring at him. They quickly disperse.

He turns back to his work, intakes a large lung full of air and sticks the post-it to his monitor.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Tables and chairs are pushed against the walls to free up the floor space.

Suited WORKERS huddle round GEORGE(50), red faced and jowly.

GEORGE  
I'll give you five to one on a  
four hit knock out.

Some workers nod agreement, others shake their heads.  
Their chitter chatter volume increases.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Narrow and claustrophobic. The walls lined with portrait  
photographs beneath a the heading; *wall of fame*.

Duncan hovers by a door, hands in pockets. He looks up at  
one of the photos. He shakes his head.

Slowly he grabs the door handle and reluctantly opens.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Duncan enters and the room falls silent.

The workers part and form a circle around him.

JEFF(40), bald and bearded, penetrates the circle and  
stands beside Duncan.

JEFF  
Gentlemen, and lady, the  
committee has decided to throw  
Duncan into the pen today to face  
our champion.

The baying crowd whistle and holler with excitement. Jeff  
hushes them with a wave of his hand.

JEFF  
Can Duncan defeat Goliath? Can  
he end the twenty two match  
winning streak?

A break in the circle and MATTHEW(20), tanned and toned,  
enters with a crack of his neck and shrug of his shoulders.  
Jenny(20), slender and beautiful, follows in his shadow.

JEFF  
Our champion.

The crowd cheer.

Jenny swings her arms around Matthew's neck and plants a  
kiss on his lips. She breaks away and loiters close by.

The two competitors stand, eyeball to eyeball.

JEFF  
You know the rules. Wait your  
turn and no pulling.

Matthew and Duncan nod.

JEFF  
Then lets fight.

Another roar of excitement.

The two fighters part. They remove their jackets and ties  
and receive encouragement. Both return to the centre.

Duncan stretches out his arm, his fist tightly clenched. A  
blue shoelace is wrapped around his middle finger.

Matthew holds out his fist, a yellow shoelace around his  
finger.

Jeff flicks a coin and catches it.

JEFF  
Call.

DUNCAN  
Heads.

Removing his hand, Jeff reveals a head. Duncan gently nods  
and withdraws his hand.

Matthew opens his hand and the lace drops to its twelve  
inch limit. Attached is a golden brown CONKER. It gently  
swings back and forth, captivating the crowd.

Duncan grips his conker in his left hand and cocks his  
right. He eyes the target and fires. A swing and a miss.

The crowd jeer his misfortune.

Matthew beams a relieved smile in his direction.

Duncan drops his conker and waits for the inevitable  
strike.

Wrapping the shoelace round his finger twice, Matthew  
shortens his attack swing. He aims, fires and hits his  
target with a sickening thud.

Cheers and applause echo round the room. Caught up in the  
atmosphere, Jeff whoops. Immediately embarrassed, he  
quietens the crowd.

JEFF  
That's a good clean hit, Matthew.

Duncan checks the damage to his conker. None is visible.

DUNCAN  
I'm good to go.

Jeff nods.

Duncan cocks his wrist and swings. The conker misses high and the blue and yellow laces become entwined.

The crowd gasp in unison.

JEFF  
No pulling, no pulling.

He jumps in and carefully separates the fighters.

Matthew again reels in his lace and aims well. Another hit.

A nod from Duncan toward Jeff.

JEFF  
He's okay.

Duncan shortens his lace and aims. A quick glance at Matthew shows a concerned look on his face.

Matthew's conker slowly rotates on its lace axis and brings a hairline crack into Duncan's view.

Duncan slowly extends his shoelace to its maximum. A broad smile and a glint in his eye. He readies his swing.

A smash as conker hits conker. A plume of dust hides the two fighters momentarily. It clears to reveal only one remains. The yellow shoelace is bare.

Matthew looks to his feet. His once champion conker is now two halves.

The crowd are silent, their breath held.

Duncan stomps down on the defeated champion and raises the new to a cacophony of noise.

Jenny smacks a lip stick souvenir on Duncan's cheek and hangs on his arm.

Peter pushes through the ecstatic crowd and snaps a photograph of a triumphant Duncan.

FADE OUT.