

GIRLS FIGHT CLUB

Written by

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**TEASER**

INT. A CHILD'S BEDROOM - DAY

**CHYRON: 1996**

JACKIE CHAN is being chased down the roofs of Tibetan temples, throwing kung fu kicks to his enemies as he makes his way to the edge.

OPEN TO

NORA (6), a fierce girl dressed in a KIMONO several times her size. She is watching her idol on the screen of an OLD TV, copying his moves as she stands on top of a pile of cushions.

Jabs, back kicks, HIYAH, HIYAH.

NORA

HIYAH!

She jumps to execute her own flying kick onto a big teddy bear she's dressed as a ninja... but misses by an inch.

The pile of toys collapses. Loudly.

MOM (O.S.)

NORA! Why is the VCR missing from the living room, AGAIN?

Nora's MOM is home, and she doesn't sound happy. When she enters her daughter's bedroom and finds it in a total state of CHAOS, her neck palpitates.

MOM (CONT'D)

This is... You treat this house, OUR house, like garbage. You're grounded. And you can't take the VCR to watch your Chinese movies again - there's three other people living in this house!

She unplugs the VCR from the TV abruptly and walks around the mess like the floor is lava.

MOM (CONT'D)

Why can't you be more like the other girls?

Nora watches her leave, still sitting on the floor where she landed after her jump.

Where her mom was standing, we now see JAIMIE (9), also dressed in a karate kimono with a GREEN BELT. It's clear that Nora's oversized kimono is actually his.

MOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And Jaimie, don't you play with  
your sister. She's grounded!

JAIMIE  
(offering his sister a  
hand)  
You need to learn how to land.  
Karate is all about falling.

NORA  
(re: Jaimie's belt)  
You got it.

JAIMIE  
One day, you'll get yours too.

Jaimie starts reassembling the pile of cushions, patiently.

**END OF TEASER**

ACT 1

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

**CHYRON: 2023**

Adult NORA CLYDE (33), slim, nerdy glasses, she's grown up to become the philosophy teacher nobody listens to. As she writes on the blackboard, we see a tattoo on her wrist that says JAIMIE.

NORA

The Spartans had a fundamentally different *cosmvision*, or view of the universe, than the Athenians.

Every student has a tablet and not a single one is following the class. Private school at its finest.

SLAP-FACE BOY is showing a dance TikTok posted by ATHLETIC GIRL to his buddy, BEANIE GUY; they both chuckle loudly. Athletic girl gives them the middle finger.

NORA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The Spartans were warriors. They believed the strongest man should govern the polis.

MARGA (16), a short chubby girl with an artistic spirit, is scribbling a manga-like naked man with a sword in the place where his pennis should be.

NORA (CONT'D)

The Athenians were philosophers. They believed in a democracy where the wisest men should be elected.

REGINA (16), Alpha personality, the overachieving queen B, and her best friend, GABRIELLE (15), a sophisticated blonde with sad eyes, are texting nonstop.

Gabrielle is sending Regina screenshots of dresses, despite the fact that they're both sitting front row.

NORA (CONT'D)

So what do you all think? Is there an argument for an oligarchy in a context of war? Should the strongest man rule?

Crickets. SLEEPING GUY in the last row begins to snore and the entire class bursts into laughter.

NORA (CONT'D)  
Anyone?

POTHEAD DUDE  
(yelling) WHAT'S AN  
OLIWARCHY

Class laughs again.

NORA  
(tries again)  
Who can answer that? Regina?

REGINA  
(bored)  
An oligarchy is a government of the few, where the majority has no saying in the ruling of their own lives. Much like this school.

NORA  
That's right. But you have to pay attention in class, or else...

REGINA  
Or else, what? This class is pointless. Everything you'll ever say is already on the internet. We're not exactly reinventing the wheel here. You want us to write an essay for our midterm? Fine (holding her phone to her chin): Write a boring-ass essay about the different forms of government in the Greek Classical period. Oh (giving Nora a mean look) and with a *gender lens*.

Chat GPT starts dictating an perfect essay in a robotic voice.

REGINA (CONT'D)  
There. I'm sure it's worth more than your thesis.

She stands up ready to leave, and before Nora can stop her, the bell rings.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Welcome to Eagle High. This is definitely a 21st century school, with huge screens on the walls and top-notch research facilities.

Nora walks down the corridor.

NORA (V.O.)

Sparta had the most rigorous education system in Ancient Greece. At the age of 7, boys were separated from their families and sent to be trained by the State to become warriors. It was like boarding school, but they lived like monks and were fed sparsely.

Most kids are on their phones, some are taking selfies or vlogging as they walk.

On a huge screen, we see a poster for Gabrielle Liszt's sweet 16 birthday party; the carousel of pictures then swipes and shows a teachers assembly TODAY AT 5 PM.

NORA (V.O.)

Spartans were the perfect athletes. But they didn't encourage body worshipping or individual egos. They all belonged to Sparta.

As she passes a group of school athletes with sports jackets.

NORA (V.O.)

Cowardice was so heavily punished that it was preferable to die in combat than desert. Many kids died during their school years because training was so extreme.

She approaches the student counselling office.

NORA (V.O.)

It was a brutal education system, yes. But on days like these, I wonder if they didn't have a point after all.

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INT. STUDENT COUNSELLING OFFICE - DAY

Nora waltzes into the office, takes a Jackie Chan mug from the cupboard with her name tag on it and fills it with coffee from the pot.

She then takes a lollipop from a crystal bowl with the sign "For students only" and collapses on the couch.

From her desk, SAMARA (32, beautiful Indian woman with a no-bullshit attitude), the school's counselor, observes her friend while talking on the phone with IT.

NORA

I have a PhD in classical philosophy.

SAMARA

(to herself)

I guess we're doing this now.

(to the phone)

No, not you, Carlos.

Actually, let me call you back.

NORA

I spent 4 years of my life writing about the influence of Greek female thinkers in Plato's Academy. And I couldn't come up with a single comeback to a 16-year-old girl.

SAMARA

Regina Alderman is not a 16-year-old girl. I'm pretty sure she's the reincarnation of Bin Laden.

NORA

(with her mouth full of lollipop)

And how does she know the topic of my thesis, anyway?

SAMARA

Hmm, because her mother is the President of the Evil's Party? She's probably had us all background-checked down to like kindergarten.

NORA

Has she been here? On this couch,  
eating your lollipops and telling  
you that chat GPT could do your  
job?

SAMARA

She's actually the only one of your  
students that's never been here.

Samara looks at a shelf of binders, Nora follows her gaze. An  
idea downs on her.

Nora reaches out for a binder. Samara tries to stop her, but  
Nora is quicker. She opens the binder and starts reading:

NORA

Bla bla bla... unresolved Oedipus  
complex, wants to sleep with his  
counselor...

SAMARA

You're making shit up.

NORA

(pause) This is actually  
good. It's like having  
counterintel. I could use  
this against my class!

SAMARA

That's the most unethical thing a  
Philosophy teacher has ever said.

NORA

Samara Chandra, will you be my Alan  
Turing?

SAMARA

I will not have us both fired.  
We're already on thin ice with this  
administration - today's 5pm  
assembly stinks of bad news.

Samara takes her folder back. Nora turns to leave but grabs a  
bunch of lollipops on her way out.

NORA

You should start filling this with  
condoms

SAMARA

And you should stop using Nazi  
references - it's *your* class!