

Pride

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FADE IN:

INT. DUKE OF YORK PUB - EVENING

A crowded and fairly hectic bar. Music plays loudly, occasionally interrupted by some glib comment by TINA, the drag-queen DJ on the corner of the stage.

KIT-KAT, a good looking, well dressed man in his late thirties or early forties is serving behind the bar. A few men perch on uncomfortable looking stools.

JIM, mid thirties, scruffily dressed, and STUART, of similar age but presented immaculately, weave their way towards the bar.

KIT-KAT

You two are late tonight! I didn't think you were bothering.

JIM

Of course we're bothering. I'm always here in time for the stripper. Just didn't fancy the bingo, that's all. Did we?

STUART

No, You didn't, did you?

Kit-kat smirks as Jim flashes an evil look towards Stuart.

KIT-KAT

Ladies, ladies. Please! Where've you been then?

STUART

The Lion.

KIT-KAT

The Lion? You've actually been to a straight pub? I'm getting worried about you, Jim.

STUART

Yeah, me too.

Stuart half-smiles. The expression on his face makes it hard to tell if he is joking or not.

JIM

Piss off about worried. What d'ya mean?

KIT-KAT

You're not the Jim I used to know.
Look at the state of you- you
couldn't look more straight if you
tried.

JIM

I'm not trying to fucking look
anything. Any chance of a drink?

KIT-KAT

Yes, sir. Guinness is it?

Stuart and Kit-kat burst into fits of laughter.

JIM

White wine and soda, please.

KIT-KAT

I take that all back! You're a
queen through and through. You've
just let yourself go a bit, is all!

JIM

Pack it in, now. Drink!

Kit-kat pours Jim's drink.

STUART

Anyway Kit-kat, you ought to have
the odd venture down into the
normal pubs. You'd be quite
surprised at what you might see.

KIT-KAT

I don't think so, Stu. I've got all
on with all the *curious* married men
that we get in here. I tell you,
those glory holes in the toilets
were designed for them. How many
openly gay men do you honestly know
that's used one of those?

Stuart nods in agreement. Jim looks uneasy, almost
embarrassed. He grabs his drink from the bar.

STUART

Strongbow, please.

He nods towards the cider pump.

KIT-KAT

And black?

Stuart smiles in agreement.

STUART

Well, you'd be quite interested in what we've seen tonight, wouldn't he Jim?

JIM

Yes, just hurry up and tell him. I'm dying for a piss.

STUART

You'll tell us anything. I know why you can't wait to get in those toilets.

JIM

Get fucked.

STUART

Yeah, that's what crossed my mind too.

Kit-kat laughs at the bickering, as do a few of the customers

KIT-KAT

I'm pretty busy, guys. You were saying...?

STUART

We went out onto the beer garden. At the Lion. You'll never guess.

KIT-KAT

No, I probably won't. Just fucking tell me.

STUART

Out at the barbeque... Daniel.

Kit-kat almost spills the pint of cider-and-black as he hands it over to Stuart.

KIT-KAT

Daniel? Daniel fucking Willis?

JIM

I'm not sure what his middle name is. Pretty certain it aint fuckin' though!

KIT-KAT

Very funny, Jim. Daniel Willis,
he's back 'round here? I don't know
how he dare.

Stuart offers out a ten-pound note to pay for the drinks.
Kit-kat pushes his hand back.

KIT-KAT (cont'd)

Keep it, Stu. Let's call it a thank
you, eh? How long ago?

STUART

Thanks, buddy. I dunno, twenty
minutes or so.

An air of excitement tinges Kit-kats voice.

KIT-KAT

So he'll still be there?

JIM

I'd imagine so.

KIT-KAT

Was he on his own?

STUART

No, he had his brother with him.

KIT-KAT

Perfect! Do me a favour, Stuart -
cover the bar for me.

STUART

I don't work here anymore, Kit-kat.
I don't know how to work the new
tills.

KIT-KAT

You'll work it out, you always were
good with your hands.

He dashes from behind the bar, winks at Stuart and heads to
the door.

STUART

Me and my fucking big mouth.

Stuart wearily makes his way behind the bar. He feigns a
smile as a customer chirps his order.

STREET - SECONDS LATER

The pavement is thriving with activity as revellers make their way from pub to pub. Kit-kat dodges his way through the crowd, almost running.

He stops outside 'The Red Lion' public house. He checks his hair in the reflection in the window, then heads inside.

THE RED LION - LOUNGE

The pub is pretty busy, but with all the atmosphere of a wake. Kit-kat circles the room, checking all the tables.

A bunch of well-practised drinkers, all of them with the complexion of haslet, sneer at Kit-kat as he passes. One of them calls out -

PISS HEAD

Oy! There's nothing for you here.

Kit-kat briefly scans the punters at the table.

KIT-KAT

You can say that again.

Noticing the sign for the beer garden, he heads outside.

THE RED LION - BEER GARDEN

Not a garden per se, but a grey slabbed court yard housing bench seats, outdoor heaters and a grotty looking barbeque.

Kit-kat coughs effeminately as he passes through a cloud of cigarette smoke.

At a table in the far corner sits DANIEL, late twenties, short spikey hair, bottle in hand, and CHARLIE, early twenties, weasle-like features, scruffily dressed.

Charlie leans forward, grabs his bottle of Becks. He takes a huge swig.

Kit-kat yells as he approaches.

KIT-KAT

Well well well.

Daniel lethargically turns his head. His expression drops. He tries to force a smile.

DANIEL
Fuck me! Kit-kat!

Kit-kat confidently swaggers to the table. He sits opposite Daniel.

KIT-KAT
I don't think so, Daniel. Thanks for the offer, but I'm not going there again.

Charlie flashes a puzzle look to Daniel.

DANIEL
He's joking Charlie. Old work mate.

Charlie nods, satisfied with the explanation.

KIT-KAT
Work mate? Work mate. I think laddo here would be quite interested to know how we actually know each other, don't you Danny boy?

DANIEL
Leave it Kit-kat. I'm just having a quiet night out with my brother. I don't want no trouble.

KIT-KAT
No trouble. You should have thought of that before you ripped my fucking world in two. And my wallet.

Daniel's face reddens. He turns to Charlie, speaking almost in a whisper.

DANIEL
Chaz, give us five minutes, eh? Go and play on the gambler.

Charlie stands without any protest. He heads inside.

DANIEL (cont'd)
We used to call him Moth Boy. Can't keep away from the flashing lights!

KIT-KAT
Look, I'm not here for small talk. I want my money.

DANIEL

I'm drinking in this shit hole. Do you reckon I'd be in here if I'd got any cash?

KIT-KAT

I'm not interested in any fuckin' sob stories. You promised me the world. Where did you go?

DANIEL

I needed space. I needed to sort my head out.

KIT-KAT

And my five hundred quid helped you do that, did it? And what about the wife?

DANIEL

What about her?

KIT-KAT

You still with her?

DANIEL

Yeah, we moved away. Fresh start, you know.

KIT-KAT

Yeah. I do fuckin' know. My money helped pay for your moonlight flit and deposit on a new flat, I'm guessing.

DANIEL

Yeah. Summat like that. I'm sorry Ki...

KIT-KAT

I don't give a flying fuck about sorry. 'I've had enough of her' you said, 'It's not what I want'. You were gonna leave her. I'd started making room for you in my house, and my life.

DANIEL

I'm sorry. I couldn't do it to her. She didn't deserve that. I... I still lov...

KIT-KAT

Don't even go there. Not interested. How is it playing happy families? Have you told your wife you're thinking of sucking cock whilst your shagging her, just to help you get off?

DANIEL

Stop it. Please.

KIT-KAT

Why are you even here? After dropping off the face of the earth for nearly a year?

DANIEL

I came to see my Mum. She's not well. I don't know how long she's got...

KIT-KAT

Put the sympathy card back in your pocket. I'm not interested. I want my money.

DANIEL

I haven't got your money.

Charlie meanders back towards the table. He sits.

KIT-KAT

Spent up, buddy?

CHARLIE

Yeah.

KIT-KAT

Tell me about it.

Daniel downs the remains of his drink. He slams the bottle down onto the table.

KIT-KAT (cont'd)

Good idea. I'll have a vodka and coke if you're offering.

DANIEL

We were going...

KIT-KAT

To get a round in? Good on you. Run along.

Daniel stands. He shakes his head at Kit-kat as he pushes past and away towards the bar.

Kit-kat smiles at Charlie.

KIT-KAT (cont'd)
He's a nice lad, your bro.

CHARLIE
Yeah. He's alright. He's a bit tight at times.

Kit-kat holds back a knowing smile.

KIT-KAT
Yeah. He certainly was. How's Joanne?

CHARLIE
She's okay.

KIT-KAT
Is she here?

CHARLIE
Nah. She's at home in Scarborough.

KIT-KAT
That's a shame. I'd love to have seen her. I don't suppose...

CHARLIE
S'pose what?

KIT-KAT
You haven't got her number by any chance? I could give her a surprise.

Charlie fumbles around in his jeans. He produces a mobile phone then taps away at buttons.

CHARLIE
Do you want her mobile or home number?

KIT-KAT
You know what, send me both. Can you bluetooth them?

CHARLIE
Yep. Is ya bluetooth on?

KIT-KAT
It's always on.

CHARLIE
What's your phone's name then?

KIT-KAT
You'll know when you see it.

Charlie mutters the names as they appear on his phone -

CHARLIE
Brian... Zammo... Chick... Serial
Bummer...

He raises his voice -

CHARLIE (cont'd)
Ser... Serial Bummer?

Kit-kat winks and grins. Charlie presses 'send' on his phone, just as Daniel approaches the table.

Daniel offers a drink out towards Kit-kat. He snatches it; downs it in one.

Kit-kat turns back to Daniel. He lowers his voice -

KIT-KAT
I want my money. Tonight. I don't care how, where or who you get it from. You know where I work. I'll expect to see you later.

DANIEL
I can't just find five hundred quid like that.

KIT-KAT
I don't care. If I don't get my cash later, you're gonna be much more than out of pocket.

DANIEL
Is that a threat?

KIT-KAT
It would be good to catch up with Jo. Thanks for giving me her number, Chaz.

Charlie nods, Daniel's mouth drops open. Kit-kat breezes away with an extra spring in his step. He doesn't look back.

CHARLIE
Is he... is he bent?

DANIEL
Yeah, you could be right there.

INT. DUKE OF YORK PUB - LATER

The lounge is even more crowded than before. Stuart has been joined behind the bar by Tina, whose DJ booth now stands empty.

Kit-kat makes his way back to his serving position. His confident swagger looks to have wained somewhat.

He slaps Stuart on the back.

KIT-KAT
Thanks buddy. You're a fuckin' star, you know that?

STUART
It has been said. It's frantic in here.

KIT-KAT
Yeah, I can see. It's always the same on a Sunday.

STUART
You certainly pick your moments. I had to get Tina to come and give me a hand.

KIT-KAT
Good.

STUART
No, not good. Fucking bad. She's... He's a fucking 'mare. He's off his tits on something, and it's not G and T, I can tell you.

KIT-KAT
She's alw... He's always like that.

Kit-kat yells to Tina at the far end of the bar -

KIT-KAT (cont'd)
Tina! Tina!

Tina glares in his general direction, whilst clumsily pouring a pint.

KIT-KAT (cont'd)
 Thank you, babe. Finish off serving
 that punter and you can go back to
 your little booth.

Stuart squeezes past Kit-kat, as he heads to his usual side
 of the bar. He perches on a stool.

KIT-KAT (cont'd)
 Where's Jim?

STUART
 Where d'ya think. Dirty bastard.

KIT-KAT
 I don't know why you put up with
 it. You're supposed to be an
 item... You know, you'd never know
 you two were a couple. He treats
 you like a mate more than a
 boyfriend.

STUART
 I don't know why I put up with it
 either. It's not even as if he's a
 good shag. Not with me, anyway.
 Anyway, enough of that. What
 happened?

Tina clops past in his huge heels. He mutters in an almost
 gruff voice-

TINA
 Thank Christ. You taking the piss!
 I've had to put 'Now 65' on in the
 DJ booth.

KIT-KAT
 And the punters never even noticed,
 eh?

Kit-kat laughs as Tina scowls.

KIT-KAT (cont'd)
 You're hugely appreciated, Tina.
 Love ya...

TINA
 Get fucked.

Stuart and Kit-kat watch in silence as Tina staggers back
 towards the stage. He lurches towards the microphone.

TINA (cont'd)
Gentlemen and gentlemen, Miss Tina
Bortion is back in your life.

Zero reaction from the crowd.

STUART
Come on then, what happened?

KIT-KAT
One sec...

He grabs an empty glass from a customer, then pours a drink.

KIT-KAT (cont'd)
I found him.

STUART
Yeah, I gathered that. What did you
say to him? Can you move on now?

KIT-KAT
That's not why I wanted to see him.
It was the money.

STUART
The money? Since when have you
cared about money?

KIT-KAT
It's a matter of pride, Stuart.

He offers the pint out to the customer.

STUART
So did you get it?

KIT-KAT
Not yet. I gave him an ultimatum.

He turns his back for a moment to deal with the cash
register.

STUART
Oh, mate. Don't get into mind-game
territory. It's not you.

KIT-KAT
Well, it is today. I've got Jo's
phone number from Chaz... What's
the deal with his brother, is he
thick, pissed or just retarded?

STUART

Oh Shit. I'm pretty sure you'll get your fucking cash then! Did he try and squirm his way out of it?

KIT-KAT

No, no he didn't he just...

STUART

Just what.

KIT-KAT

He's just... fucking my head up again. I thought I'd met Mr. Right, thought I'd landed on my feet.

Stuart's voice changes. More of a shout than concern.

STUART

Do not go back down that road. You're better than that, than him. Once you've got you're cash, it's a closed book. You can move on.

Kit-kat stalls for a second as he gathers himself.

KIT-KAT

You're right, you're right. My ideal bloke could be right around the corner.

STUART

Not around this corner. You'll never meet a keeper in a place like this.

KIT-KAT

You met Jim here.

STUART

Exactly. What ya gonna do with the cash, then?

KIT-KAT

I dunno. I'm not interested in money. I'll probably take my mum over to Gran Canaria for a week.

STUART

Good choice. Don't take her near the dunes.

KIT-KAT

She'll be fast asleep when I make
my way to the dunes, believe me.

CITY CENTRE - DUSK

Daniel and Charlie lean awkwardly on the wall of a building positioned opposite a bank in a quiet street.

Daniel watches nervously as three TEENAGERS walk past them, and cross the road towards the cash machine.

One of the teenagers GAVIN, steps forward, then feeds his card into the slot. Daniel's face tics. He waits.

Gavin taps in his PIN, then presses another button, and the familiar whirring sound of the cash being counted can be heard.

Daniel lunges forward. Charlie grabs his arm.

CHARLIE

No, Daniel. There's three of them.

DANIEL

Come on. Look at them!

They hurriedly cross the street, meeting up with group just as Gavin spins around with notes and the cash card in his hand.

Daniel snatches them cleanly out of Gavin's hand.

DANIEL (cont'd)

I'll have that, thanks.

GAVIN

Hey! What ya doing?

Gavin's friends scurry away like frightened little children.

DANIEL

Some good mates you've got there,
kid!

(counting the money)

Thirty quid? Is that it, thirty
spunkin' quid?

GAVIN

Have it, just leave us alone. Take
it.

DANIEL

I already have. Unfortunately, I was expecting a little bit more than that. Any ideas?

Gavin inhales, his voice trembling with false bravado -

GAVIN

Get a job?

Daniel's fist meets with Gavin's stomach in one fluid movement, almost before the sentence is finished.

Gavin hits the pavement, already in the foetal position as he lands. He sobs silently, clutching his abdomen.

A gang of WOMEN crane their necks from across the road as they pass. Charlie alerts Daniel to their existence with a quick tap to the ribs. He reacts quickly -

He crouches down raising his voice to an almost shout -

DANIEL

You okay mate? We'll get the bastards for ya.

He points to a nearby alleyway.

DANIEL (cont'd)

He says they went down there, Char... Er... Adam. Peg it after them, eh?

He winks. Charlie nods in agreement, and paces away after the imaginary assailants.

Daniel looks up and smiles towards the group of women.

DANIEL (cont'd)

'Sall right, loves. He's okay, don't worry.

The women head away. Some of them look back occasionally.

Daniel grabs Gavin by his hair, tugging it slightly.

DANIEL (cont'd)

Now then, bell-end. Where was we before you decided it was a good idea to get lippy? Let me think.

Gavin murmurs as he tries to release himself from Daniel's grasp.

DANIEL (cont'd)
Oh yeah. You were just about to
give me your PIN number.

GAVIN
Fuck off.

DANIEL
I'm sorry? Missed that...

He lunges at Gavin's neck, holding him tight by the throat.

DANIEL (cont'd)
Give me your fuckin' PIN number...
Now!

Gavin forces out his words through Daniel's firm grip.

GAVIN
One...

DANIEL
One. Good lad. Keep going.

GAVIN
Doub... Double 'o'.

DANIEL
And...

GAVIN
Seven.

Daniel smirks. He sneers his response -

DANIEL
One 007? You sad cunt. Now fuck
off, before I 007 you.

Gavin struggles to his feet and takes off at great speed.

Daniel stands, noticing the crowd of spectating smokers
standing outside a nearby pub.

He acknowledges then with a half wave and a smile.

He yells -

DANIEL (cont'd)
Me little brother. Too much cider!
Good fuckin' job I got 'old of 'im
before me old man!

The onlookers accept the explanation without any sort of reaction. The usual weekend behaviour of over zealous youths.

He dusts himself off then casually heads away down a side street with a disjointed whistle.