

THERE WERE THREE

Written By

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Based on, if any

Address  
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INT. BAR FRONT - NIGHT

We are in a bar; not the sort with happy faces, smiling eyes and bustling laughs. No, this is the sort of place one goes to drown out the ill sufferings of life's daily commute.

Here sits MANFRED, 72 years old. Paper and hand, scribbling words into a journal. The old guy finds comfort in scribing his thoughts into this book of his.

Down with the pencil and up with a glass of liquid pushed firm upon his lips. One of water and alcohol, one after the other.

Through framed eyes, Mannie's vision pans over to CLYDE the bartender.

Christ, the poorest soul of all, washing glasses, tapping benches with impatient fingers in ever waiting for a single customer. It's a droll cycle, and we are watching it.

Empty bar stools along the line, chairs the same. Manfred and the barkeep the only two in the damned place

MANFRED  
How's business?

CLYDE  
Midst of the week, working men pass  
through to rest the pain of the  
working day with a glass of  
intoxication. Weekends? Another  
story.

And to that, Manfred takes up his water; down with it and next the alcohol.

Manny lifts the empty glass in a gesture speaking the words, "I'll have another"

Clyde takes a bottle from a shelf, and whilst walking over to Manfred"

CLYDE  
Isn't a place of well thought and  
serenity. People come here to drown  
the demons of life. and you know  
what? Some of 'em can swim.

And to that Manfred grins, Clyde fills the glass with brown liquid.

Manny lifts it to his lips and places it down again once empty.

MANFRED  
I'll fit right in then.

Clyde returns to his place behind the bar, while the old man picks up his pencil and begins to write.

MANFRED  
Fuck my old hands.

Places the pencil down, bending and twisting his hand  
Clyde smiling impartially... A happy frown of sorts.

CLYDE  
Haven't had enough to drink?

Manfred lifts the glass up and takes another gulp, places it down and laughs.

MANFRED  
Just fucking old I think.

The two share a moment, a certain connection; an understanding.

Manfred pulls a little machine closer to him, a phonograph. Or a gramophone as others may know it.

MANFRED (O.S)  
Lucky I have you. Insert new  
chapter. Wandering Souls.

We fly toward an entry door, and through it walks LADY LOUISA, an aura of strength and prowess, however, followed with an underlying pain.

In her hand a cigarette holder of great length and a magazine held up against her chest.

We watch her walk and Clyde work as Manfred speaks

MANFRED (O.S)

As I sat there in that booth, the monotonous bartender and mysterious woman irked at my need to know; a need to know what brought them here. What brought me here.

Lady takes a seat in a corner booth way away from Manfred, puffs her cigarette, unfolds the magazine and flicks through some pages.

She laughs, turns pages and smokes.

Clyde passes her a glance and:

CLYDE

Anything to drink miss?

Without even a head turn she:

LADY LOUISA

My husband loved a drink. Me? the thought of it makes me uneasy.

CLYDE

And so you come to a place with such volumes of alcohol?

LADY LOUISA

Where else can a woman come to find a man if not the local speakeasy?

CLYDE

Your husband-

LADY LOUISA  
Has all the women he could ever  
dream of in gods place.

She spares a look for Clyde, passes a grin and gets back to her reading.

Manfred takes a swig of alcohol.

MANFRED  
Places like this, people come to be  
lonely, yet not alone... Loneliness  
is purely a state of the mind.

LADY LOUISA  
A state of the mind, yes.

CLYDE  
But to escape, not so simple.

LADY LOUISA  
I can give you an escape, over here  
with me.

Clyde gives just a look.

LADY LOUISA  
What, serving your loyal customer?

MANFRED  
The old man can solve both  
problems. Only work you're doin'  
tonight is serving me alcohol, got  
no one else here. So, you two come  
over here, you can talk. And bring  
a bottle or two of that there  
drink, no need to get up then.

Clyde stops what he's doing and stares at Manfred's cheeky,

smug, smiling face.

Lady stands, as walking over to Manfred she:

LADY LOUISA  
Here's a man who can think.

She takes a puff, places her magazine on the table and shakes Manfred's hand.

LADY LOUISA  
Lady Louisa, don't use a sir name  
and lady sounds nice.

MANFRED  
Manfred Lynch.

Clyde watches the two with a sense of "Get over there and talk" His face says it all.

Lady takes a seat and:

Clyde grabs two bottles from a shelf and takes a seat beside the other two.

Louisa smoking her cigarette, Manfred pouring alcohol, clyde tapping fingers on the table.

A slight silence, each to their own devices.

CLYDE  
May I ask the both, what is it that  
brought you here?

LADY LOUISA  
My husband loved to drink... I  
hated it when he would do so. In a  
way he was banished from drinking  
in my presence. violence and  
bitterness would replace love and  
tenderness. So, he found peace in  
places such as this. Places where  
men could be intoxicated... A place  
away from life... Away from the

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

wife... Away from me.

Both Manfred and Clyde intently listening, no drinking or finger tapping. Total emotional engagement.

LADY LOUISA

Years of life hating these... These rotting rat pits, full of men so... So arrogant and... Think any of 'em, the ones who would drink, and drink, and drink. Think the love for their wife was closely matched?

Manfred takes a drink.

Clyde taps away on the table.

Louisa, welled up in the eyes takes a deep draw on the cigarette.

A short silence.

CLYDE

A glass of drink is yet to have touched my mouth. Don't have a wife to praise me for it though. I-

Manfred interrupts, leans forward, grabs his sound machine and:

MANFRED

Apologies. May I capture your voices for my memoirs?

Louisa nods yes, her face wet with tears thinking about her husband.

CLYDE

That is quite alright with me.

Manfred smiles, begins turning a small handle.

Louisa smoking, facing Clyde.

Clyde tapping fingers on the table

CLYDE

Worked amongst the devils drink  
since the age of 11. This bar was  
my fathers. He left it to me when  
he left. Would have been fine with  
him leaving if it was through  
death... I guess he was tired of  
taking care of me. Mother helped me  
run this place... She died a year  
later.

Louisa motions her arm, places a hand on his shoulder,  
Manfred drinking and turning the handle.

As he continues, we fly through the empty bar, seeing  
stools, chairs, booths, bottles and other things.

CLYDE (O.S)

I have been in this place since  
then, night after night filling the  
drinks of men... If they can be  
called men.

We fall in close on Clyde and hold then:

To Louisa smoking and Manfred drinking and turning the  
handle.

With a silence, Clyde creating a beat with taps upon the  
table. Tap... Tap... Tap... Tap... Tap...

MANFRED

You know, I was never the man to  
come to a place like this... Well,  
until I had reason.

Manfred takes a drink.



MANFRED

Could never stand being away from her, the wife. Not even a thought of alcohol. You know, after it happened I began drinking... Not heavily, but enough to dull my ill mind... To quiet the demons who oft speak in such high volumes.

CLYDE

The wife, did she leave you for-

MANFRED

Another man? If god can be defined as man then yes... I guess so.

Manfred finishes off his drink and pours another.

Louisa puffs her cigarette and:

LADY LOUISA

Seems as such we all have our reasons for being here.

We spin around the table, each with their own personas.

The smoking.

The drinking.

The tapping.

We fall in on Manfred turning the handle, but is it Manfred?

CLYDE

Stories are but the aid to ones soul. I... I find a certain interest... An intrigue... Something about a story in general... it aids my heart... my mind... What else is a man to do in

(MORE)

a lonely place such as this? But to  
create stories... To create  
characters so powerful... So raw...  
So natural.

Clyde turning the handle of the small machine.

Smoking the cigarette and reading the magazine.

He seems to be the only one in the bar. Alone with his  
alcohol, his cigarette, magazine, journal and pencil.

CLYDE

End chapter. Insert Chapter 7.  
Loneliness. State of Mind. As I sat  
there in that booth, I thought to  
myself. Why must I do this... To be  
here in this place alone each  
night. Loneliness is a state of  
mind.

Clyde stops turning the handle, picks up a pencil and writes  
into the journal.

CLYDE (V.O)

As I sat there in that booth, the  
monotonous bartender and the  
mysterious woman irked my need to  
know; what brought them here; what  
brought me here. After all,  
loneliness is but a state of mind  
after all.

We fly away from the table where upon Clyde smokes and  
writes, as the phonograph plays Clyde's voice.

We glide through the empty bar. Chairs, stools and booths  
all desolate.

Through the nothingness then:

END

