

Two Beers

By

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INT. PUB - DAY

CLOSE on a WALL-CLOCK.

"11:45 a.m."

Seconds tick away as... nothing... nothing is happening.

A ray of SUNLIGHT barely squeezes in through the clouded diamond-shaped windowpane on the entrance door. Perhaps the only sign of life in this benighted shit-hole.

The PROPRIETOR sits on a bar stool, alone, mildly awake, wishing the evening rush would come. ...and go.

Seconds tick away...

Light suddenly FILLS the room-- at the front door-- a MAN. A customer. In a suit? He enters.

The Proprietor stands, dully. Starts his way around the bar:

PROPRIETOR

What can I get ya.

MAN

Cheapest beer you got-- two of em'. Keep em' in the bottles.

The Proprietor obliges. He sets TWO BEERS on the counter. The caps are still on.

PROPRIETOR

(jokingly)

You want em' on or off?

The Man sorts through his cash, ignoring the Proprietor. Intentionally.

He lays a \$10 bill on the counter. He then looks at the bottles. He looks at the bartender. He looks at his cash. He looks at the bartender. The bartender removes the caps.

MAN

Thanks.

The Man, with his TWO BEERS in hand, makes his way towards the exit--

(CONTINUED)

PROPRIETOR
(yelling from behind)
Hey boss! You can't take--

MATCH CUT

EXT. PUB

The Man makes his exit.

In the light, he looks a little different. Not quite a million bucks, but he's not exactly struggling either... or so he doesn't appear. But regardless, he's a Suit. A middle-aged Suit.

He hooks a left and heads up...

THE STREET

A HOMELESS MAN, about fifty yards up, sorts through a SHOPPING CART filled with... who knows?

Closing the distance, the Man WHISTLES. The Homeless Man turns. His eyes light up. They meet.

ANOTHER ANGLE (LATER)

The two men sit with their backs against a wall. A brew in their hands. They tap bottles!

HOMELESS MAN
What time you got?

MAN
(sarcastic)
What, you got an appointment?

HOMELESS MAN
Believe it or not. I don't plan on spending the rest of my life drinking away my sorrows with you, buddy. I may be a "hobo," but that's only in the eyes of man.

The Homeless Man stands to his feet.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
Same time tomorrow?

MAN
Why mess up a good thing.

(CONTINUED)

And the Homeless Man leaves. He never even got the time. Our Man, the Suit, he sits back, and finishes his beer.

ANOTHER ANGLE (LATER)

Our Man glances at his watch:

MAN
(disappointed)
Damn.

He stands up and walks down the street. Heading back towards the bar. He reaches the bar. He walks pass the bar.

Up ahead, a PROSTITUTE, leaning against the wall, her head tilt to the sky. Eyes peering up. Lost. In La-La-Land. Our Man walks pass her. He stops. He looks back at her. She lowers her eyes from the sky, and matches hers with his.

PROSTITUTE
(dryly)
You want a date?

The Man stares at her, eerily. He looks down the street at a parked POLICE CAR. He looks across the street at THEE ROACH MOTEL. He looks back at the Prostitute.

MAN
How bout I buy you a beer?

CUT TO

EXT. MOTEL (LATER)

The Prostitute exits, followed by our Man. They go their separate ways; his being back towards the pub.

EXT. PUB (MOMENTS LATER)

Our Man exits the pub--

PROPRIETOR (O.S.)
(yelling)
...I'm not gonna keep serving you
if--

The door slams shut.

(CONTINUED)

Our Man, TWO BEER BOTTLES in hand, sits down at the curb. He takes a sip from one of the bottles. He looks to his left, where the Homeless Man once stood. No one's there. He looks to his right, where the Prostitute was. She's gone. He looks across the street. He holds his stare...

OUR MAN'S POV - A parked 1977 Pontiac "piece-of-shit" Trans Am.

TEEN (V.O.)

No shit...

SMASH CUT

EXT. STATE PARK, PICNIC GROUNDS - DAY

TEEN (CONT'D)

...you still got that car!

MAN

For the time-being. Just waiting on the right offer.

Our Man sits beside his new drinking buddy, a Teen, in matching folding chairs, each holding a glass of lemonade. Our Man's suit has been replaced by shorts and a tee. The SIGHTS and SOUNDS of family and friends non-methodically fill the b.g.

TEEN

(bemused)

So Unk... why you tellin' me all this?

MAN

Well... they say the first step to beating an addiction is admitting you have an addiction. And you know me, I'm not the one to be givin' public speeches-- to strangers at that! Besides, I trust that you know *when*, and *when* not to keep your mouth shut.

A WOMAN is approaching the two. Our Man quickly and covertly shoots the Teen, "the look".

The Woman meets them. She greets our Man with a kiss. On the lips.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

So what are you two boys talkin'
about?

MAN

Love... pain...

He pulls a set of CAR KEYS out of his pocket and hurls them
at the teen--

MAN (CONT'D)

...and commitment.
(to the Teen)
Take her around the block--
(he looks around him)
...or the park. Tell me if you
think she's a good fit for ya.

The Teen looks at our Man in disbelief.

TEEN

You serious?

Beat.

MAN

Only *if*... you think you can handle
it.

The Teen thinks it over. He looks over at the Woman, now
sitting on our Man's lap...

He tosses the keys back to our Man.

TEEN

(to the Woman)
Hey Auntie... I got a question for
ya...

FADE TO

BLACK

TEEN (V.O.)

How well do you know your husband?

END