

A brief history of an alcoholic

By

Stephen Brown

(c) 2008

ste_spike@yahoo.co.uk
Blyth, Northumberland
England

FADE IN:

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

A dusky night sky hangs over a busy selection of bars.

FOOTSTEPS, CHATTER and LAUGHTER is heard from the revellers who walk along.

ALFIE(V.O)
...and that's when the policeman
came.

Raucous LAUGHTER fills the air.

INT. BAR

ALFIE(26) stands in a group of LADS by the bar. He laps up their LAUGHTER with a smile. Takes a draw of his cigarette.

TONY(25) pats Alfie's back, his laughter replaced by a smile.

TONY
You're off your head Alfie, you
know that?

Alfie downs his pint of lager and shakes his head.

ALFIE
Aye, aye get the round in before
you start swinging cowboy.

The group of lads are all smiles as Tony approaches the front of the bar. Waits for the BARMAN.

Alfie spots an OLD MAN in the corner of the bar, he sits alone. A half glass of Guinness on the table in front of him.

The smile drops from Alfie's face as he stares at the man. Possibly the most depressed man you're ever likely to see. His face droops almost below his neck. His gaze moves to Alfie.

Tony hands Alfie a fresh pint. He grabs it without taking his eyes off the old man. Takes a sip.

The group behind Alfie carry on with the festivities. Alfie draws closer to the old man, as if not of his own desire. He seems to glide.

The old man smiles at Alfie. A CHUCKLE from him as the room spins.

BEGIN MONTAGE - SPEEDED-UP MOTION

- Alfie downs his pint in one go. CHEERS from the lads around him.
- Alfie dances with a PRETTY BLONDE.
- Alfie downs another pint of lager.
- Alfie staggers home alone.
- Alfie downs a pint.
- Alfie in a fight with a large group of LADS.
- Alfie downs a pint.

END MONTAGE.

INT. BAR - DAY

Alfie looks around the empty bar.

He gazes at the half-glass of Guinness, untouched, on the table in front of him.

He reaches out to take hold with a shaky hand, but stops...

His arm and hand wrinkled beyond recognition. He holds both hands in front of him.

ALFIE(75) sits dumbfounded. He is alone in the corner of the same bar. His whole body with an unnatural, unintentional shake.

TONY(74) walks through the doors. Holds a weary hand up in Alfie's direction.

Alfie's head turns, the corner of his mouth curls into a smile. His eyes remain stunned.

Tony walks over with a pint of bitter in his hand. Takes a seat next to Alfie.

TONY

What's up with your face?

Alfie stares forward. Caught in his own world.

Tony holds a hand to his lips, leans in to Alfie.

TONY
I said...
(shouting)
What's up with your face?

Tony rests back in the chair. CHUCKLES, shakes his head at Alfie.

Alfie turns his head to Tony, his wrinkled face in a deep frown.

ALFIE
Huh?

TONY
Losing your hearing aswell now I
see.
(takes a long gulp of his
drink)
Well drink up, it's ladies night
tonight.

Alfie looks closely at Tony. He takes in every wrinkle, every liver spot, the creased-up bald head.

Tony raises an eyebrow, leans back away from Alfie.

TONY
You okay old boy?

ALFIE
What happened to us Tony? This is a
dream right?

Tony LAUGHS and looks around the bar.

TONY
Seems like a pretty shitty dream if
it is, doesn't it?

Alfie doesn't laugh. He points to the bar.

ALFIE
I was over there. We were all over
there, laughing. We were young.

Tony takes a closer look at Alfie, worry in his eyes.

TONY
We've been over there a lot Alfie.
What are you talking about?

Alfie stands up, his eyes fixed on the bar.

ALFIE

I mean just now. We were all over there, planning a big night.

Tony watches Alfie walk over to the bar. He stares back at Tony and points.

ALFIE

There was an old man sitting there. He was so sad, so depressed. I couldn't take my eyes off him, then...then, I don't know.

Tony stands up and walks to Alfie. Puts his arm around him.

Tears form in Alfie's eyes as he stares at the table in the corner.

TONY

Maybe you need to go home Alfie?
You don't look right.

Alfie's legs tremble as he loses balance. He falls but Tony keeps him up.

BLACK

TONY(V.O)

(shouting)

Could I get an ambulance please?
Hey, can I get an ambulance? I think he's having a heart-attack!

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Alfie lies on a stretcher. An oxygen mask over his face. He holds Tony's hand.

Tony looks down at Alfie, deep sorrow in his eyes.

Alfie's eyes close.

BLACK

TONY(V.O)

Come on buddy, stay with me. Don't leave me alone.

EXT. ROAD

The ambulance flies by a graveyard.

The grass overgrown and a yellowy-brown colour.

A fresh, clean -

GRAVESTONE:

ALFRED GODFREY

1933-2008

A GOOD FRIEND

BACK TO SCENE

A vicar stands by the grave. Reads from the bible in his hands. His voice MUTED.

Tony, in black suit and tie is the only one there. His head bowed.

The coffin lowers into the open grave.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Tony sits alone in the corner of the busy bar. He still wears his funeral suit, his head still bowed.

ROWDY CHEERS and LAUGHTER rings out.

Tony looks up towards the noise. A group of twenty-odd year old LADS. They are all oblivious to him...all except one. One LAD returns his look.

The lad moves closer, almost glides towards Tony.

A wry smile fades onto Tony's face. He watches the lad and lets out a CHUCKLE.

The room spins.

FADE TO: BLACK

THE END.