

DENTON

Written by

RS

Based on

Mr Denton On Doomsday (S1, Ep3)

Copyright (c)

INT. COUNCIL ESTATE PUB - NIGHT

Torn seats, dark red stains on the twenty-year-old carpet, and a nicotine-stained ceiling tell the story of The Nags Head in one ugly glance.

BARRY, 20s, takes in that view as he enters the pub.

BARRY  
(under breath)  
F'kin shithole.

Danny, 50s, collecting glasses to Bazza's left eyes up his youngest customer by a good thirty years.

DANNY  
Sorry didn't catch that?

Barry swivels on a heel to eye Danny.

BARRY  
Looking for Denton.

DANNY  
Who?

BARRY  
Denton, Destroyer Denton.

DANNY  
Oh.

Barry waits for some sort of follow up.

BARRY  
You know him?

Danny points to a pile of rags in the corner that appears to be concealing a man sitting at a table.

BARRY (cont'd)  
Can you bring us two of whatever he's drinking?

DANNY  
He'll drink what's in front of 'im.

BARRY  
Two beers then.

Danny nods and retreats to the bar to pull the pints.

Barry heads over to the corner.

BARRY (cont'd)

Ahem.

DENTON looks up from within a moth-eaten scarf that obscures his lower face.

DENTON

Who's asking?

Barry smiles and pulls up a chair at Denton's table.

Denton sits up, his shape obscured by the multiple layers of clothing common to those sleeping rough.

BARRY

Barry, I'm Barry.

DENTON

Barry?

BARRY

Yes, Barry.

DENTON

Well, Barry why don't ya just fuck off and take whatever ya selling along wit ya.

Danny appears with two pints.

BARRY

I've bought beer.

Danny plonks the glasses down.

DANNY

Fiver.

Barry hands over the cash and Danny wanders off.

Denton grabs one of the pints and downs half of it before Barry can react or speak.

DENTON

Got till I sup rest a this.

BARRY

You're a legend.

Denton sips from his pint.

BARRY (cont'd)  
Ma Dad still talks about when you put  
O'Leary in the hospital.

DENTON  
Lucky shot.

He takes another sip, not much left in the pint glass now.

BARRY  
Not as Dad tells it.

Denton shrugs, takes another sip and swirls the dregs.

BARRY (cont'd)  
Have this.

He pushes the other pint over.

DENTON  
Two more minutes... then ya fuck off.

BARRY  
Dad says O'Leary cheated, knees, eye  
gouge, elbows, biting, the works.

DENTON  
Bare-knuckle son, no such thing as  
cheating. O'Leary taught me that.

BARRY  
But you still floored him.

Denton shrugs again.

DENTON  
What's it to you?

Denton takes another drink.

BARRY  
I wanna fight.

Denton splutters, beer, and spittle flying everywhere.

DENTON  
Nah, ya don't son, you're barely off  
ya ma's tit.

BARRY  
I'm plenty old enough, won a bunch of  
fights already.

DENTON

So?

BARRY

I'm the best on the estate, but --

DENTON

No.

BARRY

I didn't finish.

DENTON

Every couple of years a whelp like you comes through those doors and calls me out.

BARRY

Never heard of em.

DENTON

That's coz they lose, crawl off back into the gutter to lick their wounds, and pretend they never found me.

Barry laughs.

BARRY

They ain't me though.

DENTON

They all said similar.

BARRY

Still a no then?

Denton nods.

Barry pulls a wad of cash from his pocket.

BARRY (cont'd)

A grand.

DENTON

No.

The glance at the optics behind the bar betrays an alcoholics' lack of conviction.

Barry spots this and presses his point.

BARRY

A grand buys a lot of beer.

Denton gulps and drains the last of his second pint.

Sighs, resigned.

DENTON

Now?

BARRY

No time like the present.

Denton climbs from his seat, his frame surprisingly large now he's stood up.

DENTON

Hey, Danny.

Danny looks over from the bar.

DANNY

Not another one?

Denton nods.

DENTON

You hold this for us?

He grabs the cash from Barry and throws it to Danny.

DENTON (cont'd)

He'll hold it till after.

EXT. PUB YARD - CONTINUOUS

Danny stands by the pub doorway watching as Barry and Denton walk into the centre of the concrete.

DENTON

Last chance.

BARRY

Nah, this is gonna make me.

DENTON

It didn't make me.

BARRY

You're just an old drunk, threw it away when you could have had --

DENTON

Had what son? Look around, this  
shithole is your life, ain't climbing  
outta here even if you put me down.

Barry makes some fancy Ali moves with his feet, jabs the air  
a couple of times, and grins.

BARRY

It's a start.

He turns from Denton and takes his jacket off, aping a ring  
boxer taking his robes off.

Denton moves like lightning.

The first punch is to Barry's kidneys, followed by a series  
of furious blows to the side of his head.

Barry, turns, shock, and pain on his face.

Denton's elbow is next, rising sharply and connecting with  
his opponent's jaw.

Barry's feet leave the floor by a good couple of inches.

As he comes back down, Denton steps closer and knees him  
squarely in the testicles.

He raises his fist to land the coup de grace...

Barry slumps to the floor, the last punch not needed.

DANNY

Whiskey?

DENTON

And one for yourself.

Danny retreats inside. Denton follows and glances up at the  
Pub's Licensee sign as he does. Smiles.

INSERT: Licensee Sign

Danny O'Leary  
Licensed to sell intoxicating liquor for consumption on  
these premises.