Pride
Part One
By
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INT. DUKE OF YORK PUB - EVENING

A crowded and fairly hectic bar. Music plays loudy, 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 puzzled 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 toys with the label on his bottle, avoiding all eye contact.
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 rips the label clean off.

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... still think about you though. 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 MY 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.

Kit-kat stands.

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.

Stuart gestures towards Tina as she pulls a pint with a face like thunder.

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. Probably spunk-drunk!
Stuart conceals a dry heave with a forced laugh.

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

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 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
My point 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, eh?

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

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.

CASH POINT - LATER

Daniel feed the card into the hole-in-the-wall machine, as
Charlie glances around edgily.

He taps the PIN into the machine, and fidgets for what seems
to be like an eternity. A button is pressed.

A few seconds pass before Daniel lashes out, kicking and
punching the wall furiously.

DANIEL
Fucking students. Available balance
nil. What fucking use is that?

Charlie shrugs.

CHARLIE
What ya gonna do?

DANIEL
Dunno.

Daniel retrieves the card from the machine. He launches it
into the air as they walk away.

DANIEL (cont’d)
C’mon, I got an idea.

CHARLIE
What?

DANIEL
There’s gotta be some old folk
round here. Let’s see if we can
blag our way into someone’s house
again.
Charlie stops dead in his tracks.

CHARLIE
You’re fucking kidding. I’m not doing that again... You don’t know when to stop. You went way too far last time.

Daniel grabs Charlie by the neck of his T-shirt.

DANIEL
 Fuckin’ grow up, eh? That was ages ago. I wasn’t married then.

CHARLIE
What the fuck’s being married got to do wi’ anything?

DANIEL
Cos I can empty my sack whenever I want now. I only want money this time, nowt else.

CHARLIE
You promise?

DANIEL
On me life.

FADE OUT